

## **K O G 1261**

### Chapter 1261 – A Name that Shakes the Ziling Zone

The Spiritual Race disciples down below instantly felt a strength that was impossible to defy crushing down on them. Their bodies groaned as they were on the verge of snapping, and their souls were battered and barraged to point of breaking.

Zhao Feng suffered under pressure not one bit inferior to anyone else's. If not for his formidable physical body, firm soul, and the protection of his God Eye, he would have already bent the knee to this half-step God Lord.

"Correct; I want a few days to think!" Zhao Feng barely managed to squeeze these words out from between his clenched teeth.

These words made the hearts of everyone present freeze. The disciples present cursed Zhao Feng's name countless times.

In the sky, even some Ancient God Elders broke out in a cold sweat. In front of a half-step God Lord and the pressure he exuded, Zhao Feng still refused. Not even these Ancient God Elders dared to do such a thing.

At this moment, the oppressive energy suffocating the world suddenly vanished.

"I will give you three days. After that, I will return to secluded cultivation!" With these words, the Third Elder vanished.

He knew that Zhao Feng had actually already rejected him, but he would not treat Zhao Feng any differently because of this. After all, Zhao Feng had directly attained Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm, so as long as the Spiritual Race was willing to nurture him in general, he would become a God Lord without any problem.

God Lords were the supreme experts of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods. Zhao Feng even a tiny hope of reaching the very peak of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods and become a God King!

But since the Third Elder of the Spiritual Race was a half-step God Lord, he found it somewhat demeaning to be refused by Zhao Feng. Thus, he gave the excuse that he was very busy and could only give Zhao Feng three days. If Zhao Feng could not make his decision soon, he would lose out on this opportunity. These words not only raised the Third Elder's prestige but also greatly reduced the awkwardness that came from Zhao Feng's refusal.

When the Third Elder was gone, everyone in the Spiritual Race breathed a sigh of relief, some people even dropping to the ground.

Everyone had very complicated looks in their eyes as they looked at Zhao Feng.

At the start, Zhao Feng had been rejected by everyone. However, now that Zhao Feng had attained Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm directly, he had become the most brilliant genius of the Spiritual Race, making them all feel rather envious. Then, Zhao Feng defeated a Rank Six True God of the Life Sacred Land, which came as a pleasant surprise and made them rather admire him. In the end, Zhao Feng went and offended the Spiritual Race's Third Elder.

After all these events, the Spiritual Race disciples had no idea how they should treat Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng also sighed. He was sure that the Third Elder wouldn't do anything to him, but that world-crushing pressure was something that not even he could endure. He had been worried that, if enough time passed, the Third Elder would've seen through his secrets.

"Brother Feng!" A graceful figure dressed in violet floated to Zhao Feng's side. This person was none other than the number one beauty of the Spiritual Race, Zhao Yufei.

Zhao Yufei said no more. She only stared with affectionate eyes and an enchanting smile at Zhao Feng. It was like she would never doubt Zhao Feng no matter what he did.

Zhao Yufei's attitude warmed Zhao Feng's heart. After all, Zhao Yufei had spent decades in the Spiritual Race, and by refusing the Third Elder just now, Zhao Feng was basically opposing the entire Spiritual Race.

As everyone looked at the goddess of their hearts being so close to another man, all sorts of feelings welled up in their hearts.

In the distance, Quasi-God Luo Yu and Wei Qingying looked at Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei with an indescribable feeling in their hearts. In the beginning, they had treated Zhao Feng as a tool to poke fun at Zhao Yufei, but now, Zhao Feng was the most dazzling genius of the Spiritual Race. Even if they wanted to form a relationship with him now, they wouldn't be able to.

*Whoosh!*

Ancient God Floating Spirit drifted down.

"Zhao Feng, we finally meet!" Ancient God Floating Spirit smiled.

"I must thank Senior for taking care of Zhao Yufei in the Spiritual Race over the years." Zhao Feng respectfully bowed.

Ancient God Floating Spirit was none other than the member of the Spiritual Race who had descended to the Continent Zone to take Zhao Yufei away. Zhao Feng could not possibly forget him.

"Zhao Feng, you are now a core disciple of the Spiritual Race. Why don't you move next to Zhao Yufei?" Ancient God Floating Spirit's face was beaming.

"Master!" Zhao Yufei blushed to the shade of a ripe apple.

The Spiritual Race would now only try to keep Zhao Feng, not try to impede their relationship.

"That's fine." Zhao Feng gave an indifferent nod.

Zhao Feng followed Ancient God Floating Spirit and Zhao Yufei to the territory of the core disciples.

The crowd in the peripheral disciple area also dispersed. Everything that happened today had left an indelible mark on their minds.

*Whoosh!*

At this moment, a golden-robed youth exuding waves of majestic dignity arrived.

“Jin Wei, what’s the situation?”

This golden-robed youth was somewhat similar in looks to Jin Wei, but there was a sharpness about his face.

“Big Bro, you only got here now? You missed a good show....” Jin Wei told his big brother Jin Kun everything that happened. His big brother had the Spiritual Race bloodline and was an outstanding genius of the previous generation. He was currently an Ancient God expert.

“Rank Six True God!?” Jin Kun had a look of stunned disbelief on his face.

“It’s true! Even the Third Elder wanted to take him as a personal disciple.” Jin Wei also knew that his brother had a proud personality and would never believe that an outsider was capable of directly becoming a Rank Six True God.

“Hmph, that kid actually dared to refuse the Third Elder?” Jin Kun coldly snorted in displeasure.

“He truly did miss out on an excellent opportunity. If he had become the Third Elder’s disciple, no one in the Spiritual Race would have dared to provoke him, but he insisted on refusing,” Jin Wei said in confusion.

“There’s a chance.... I want to see this person!” Jin Kun’s eyes flashed with a sharp light.

Long ago, Jin Kun’s ancestor had recommended him to the Third Elder in the hopes that the Third Elder would take Jin Kun as a disciple, but the Third Elder only glanced at him before rejecting the notion. Now, the Third Elder personally asked Zhao Feng to be his disciple, but Zhao Feng refused him. This left Jin Kun’s heart burning with injustice.

...

Upon arriving at his new residence, Zhao Feng entered a period of seclusion. He had just broken into the Ancient God realm, meaning that his cultivation was extremely unstable. He would need a great deal of time to stabilize it. In addition, he had comprehended some things through the battles earlier.

“On the surface, I’m a Rank Six True God, but I’m really already an Ancient God. This will be my trump card.” Zhao Feng had a calm look on his face.

He was now protected by the five-star faction that was the Spiritual Race. However, the talent and potential he had displayed were far too shocking, meaning that he might encounter some unpredictable dangers.

While cultivating, Zhao Feng also began to nurture the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon.

“Master, I will return to my peak strength soon!” the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon respectfully said.

It had been cultivating in the Spacetime Robe this entire time and knew nothing about what was happening outside. Thus, when Zhao Feng began exuding the aura of an Ancient God the moment he came in, it was almost scared out of its wits. It then learned that Zhao Feng had directly attained the Ancient God level and became extremely respectful to him.

“Mm.” Zhao Feng nodded and went to his own cultivating area.

As the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon recovered its strength, it was also cultivating new things. By the time it returned to its peak, it would definitely be even stronger than it was back then.

In addition, he didn't know what sort of precious resources the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon had received from Zhao Wan, but its Destruction Dragon Race bloodline appeared to be a little thicker.

Of course, this was exactly what Zhao Feng wanted to see. If the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon couldn't keep up with him, it wouldn't be very useful.

Zhao Feng shot a glance at the gray egg beside him.

"This thieving cat tricked me!"

Zhao Feng felt at a loss for words. The little thieving cat had said that it was going to break into the Heavenly Divine Realm, but did breaking into the Heavenly Divine Realm require becoming an egg? Did it really need this much time?

At this moment, Zhao Feng didn't really care about such things though. He just wanted to see what the little thieving cat would look like when it emerged from the egg.

Closing his eyes, Zhao Feng entered a cultivation state.

...

A peerless genius who had become a Rank Six True God in a single breakthrough had appeared in the Spiritual Race; this news immediately swept through the Ziling Zone, unleashing a massive earthquake.

Directly becoming a Rank Six True God was the stuff of legends, with no verifiable event existing on record. No one had expected for it to truly occur.

Of course, the vast majority of people doubted this news. After all, no one would believe such an absurd thing unless they personally witnessed it.

A few days later, several of the peak four-star factions near the Spiritual Race dispatched people to pay a visit. However, Zhao Feng happened to be in the middle of seclusion at this time. Thus, not one of these visitors was able to see Zhao Feng himself.

As a result, they all believed this genius to be a fabrication of the Spiritual Race. The goal was naturally to intimidate the Blazing Gold Race.

The Ziling Zone, Blazing Gold Race:

Deep underground, in a secret hall exuding a searing light, the upper echelon of the Blazing Gold Race had gathered.

The mood in the hall was extremely oppressive, with everyone focused on one person. They were so fearful that they didn't even dare to breathe too loudly. An authoritative elder floated in the air, his seemingly steel body blazing with golden flames. He was a half-step God Lord.

"Explain the situation," the half-step God Lord of the Blazing Gold Race suddenly said.

“Based on the reports of our spies in the Spiritual Race, there truly was someone called Zhao Feng who managed to reach Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm in his breakthrough!” a middle-aged man down below said.

These words caused the hall to buzz with conversation. Even the face of the half-step God Lord turned gloomy.

“This boy can’t be left alive!”

“He must be removed, or else the Blazing Gold Race will never be able to rest easy!”

Ruthless expressions appeared on the faces of some of the upper echelon members.

“Directly attaining Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm... an outsider?” the half-step God Lord elder softly asked.

“Correct. Apparently, for the sake of pursuing Zhao Yufei, this person entered the Spiritual Race as a worker disciple...” The middle-aged man said everything he knew.

“Keep a close eye on this Zhao Feng. Try to lure and recruit him, and if he refuses... exterminate him!” the half-step God Lord coldly said.

...

In the Spacetime Robe, Zhao Feng opened his eyes.

“I need to search for new techniques now, or else my cultivation speed will be too slow.” Zhao Feng sighed.

He previously cultivated the Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique and the Golden Kun Sacred Lightning Body, but both were complete and no longer possible to cultivate.

“Master, there’s no need to worry. The Spiritual Race is a five-star faction, and you are its most brilliant genius. They will offer any technique to you that happens to catch your eye!” the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon respectfully said.

Zhao Feng nodded and prepared to leave so that he could search the Spiritual Race for a suitable technique.

But at this moment, his soul received an urgent message.

“Zhao Wan’s in trouble!” Zhao Feng’s face froze in shock, and he immediately sent his mind to the dream-like silver ball in his God Eye Dimension.

## **Chapter 1262: Suppression of the Ancient Dream Realm**

At the center of a massive scorched crater in the Ancient Dream Realm:

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng’s figure suddenly appeared.

“Instant Movement!”

The moment he arrived in the Ancient Dream Realm, Zhao Feng immediately used Instant Movement to leap through space. Zhao Feng emerged in the sky five hundred thousand li away.

“My Instant Movement can now travel five hundred thousand li!” Zhao Feng was elated.

Breaking into the Heavenly Divine Realm was a process where one mingled with heaven and earth and constantly comprehended their principles. At this point, Zhao Feng’s Space Intent had smoothly reached Level Five while his Five Elements Intent and Wind Lightning Intent had all reached Level Four. His Lightning Intent and Metal Intent in particular were on the verge of reaching Level Five.

Zhao Feng also sensed that he could fuse with the world at any time and use the power of the Ancient Dream Realm to increase his strength. If he could familiarize himself in the control of the Ancient Dream Realm’s energy, he could further increase the distance his Instant Movement could travel.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng put on the Spacetime Robe. A profound Space Intent attached to his body, bringing his own Space Intent to near Level Six.

On his journey, he continued to comprehend Space Intent and the principles of the Ancient Dream Realm. Gradually, Zhao Feng sent part of his mind to fuse with the Ancient Dream Realm.

At this moment, Zhao Feng seemed to become the sky and was able to look down at his journeying self.

*Bzzzz!*

This part of his mind that was fused with the Ancient Dream Realm could control the energy of the world, including space. Zhao Feng immediately felt the resistance to his Instant Movement plunge, with both the distance and the stability of the spatial passage increasing.

In this fashion, Zhao Feng rapidly traveled through the Ancient Dream Realm. It didn’t even take five days for him to reach Zhao Wan’s location.

“Based on the news that Zhao Wan sent, the ancient beasts under his control apparently provoked some powerful faction of the Ancient Dream Realm.” Zhao Feng had a rather glum expression.

Zhao Wan currently had the strength of only a Rank Four Quasi-God. He could not control anyone that was too powerful. He mainly relied on vast numbers of ancient beasts to drive his expansion in the Ancient Dream Realm. However, when one’s opponent was at a certain level of strength, numbers became meaningless.

...

“Get back!” Zhao Wan ordered the ancient beasts under his control.

Behind him, a vast herd of ancient beasts madly rushed about. Each of these ancient beasts had reached the True God realm, and their number was uncountable. But at this moment, all of them had fear in their eyes.

“The Blood Flame Qilin Race isn’t pursuing us with all their power. It seems like they’re playing with us?” a Phoenix-Tailed Bird glimmering with violet flames spoke in a clear and crisp voice.

This Phoenix-Tailed Bird was none other than Little Ling.

As Zhao Wan was expanding the territory under his control and was about to reach the Phoenix-Tailed Bird Race, he went and recruited Little Ling. Her cultivation was that of a Rank Six True God, making her one of the strongest experts in this herd of ancient beasts.

But even a Rank Six True God could only flee at this time.

*Brrrooom!*

Behind time, a red cloud seething with flame and exuding an intimidating pressure was constantly advancing. One could faintly make out the figures of several large Qilins in the middle of this red cloud, their bodies entirely aflame.

“Iron Fire, this is really too boring. Why don’t we just kill them all? The person patriarch is searching for definitely isn’t here!” A red Qilin with a broken horn gave a wicked smile and spat out a scorching gout of flame.

“Don’t do anything extra. Just complete the patriarch’s mission,” the other, larger red Qilin indifferently replied. This Red Flame Qilin was precisely that Ancient God expert who had fought against the three Sacred Lands and Zhao Feng for treasure.

“Damn, we didn’t even invade their territory. They just attacked us for no reason!” an enormous crocodile-shaped ancient beast next to Zhao Wan indignantly said.

Other than this place, Zhao Wan’s forces in other areas were also being suppressed by the Blood Flame Qilin Race.

“Zhao Wan, why isn’t he here yet?” Little Ling asked.

The “he” Little Ling spoke of was naturally Zhao Feng, the true master of all these ancient beasts.

But the danger this time was no minor matter. Even if Zhao Feng came, there would still be no hope.

“He’s here,” Zhao Wan calmly said.

When Zhao Feng was about to arrive, Zhao Wan stopped worrying so much. After all, no matter what danger was encountered, Zhao Feng could take him away. It was just a pity about these ancient beast factions that he had managed to get control over with such great difficulty.

Several million li away, Zhao Feng floated in the air. With his basic control over the Ancient Dream Realm, he could clearly see what was going on from this distance.

“It’s him?” Zhao Feng was rather surprised.

Zhao Feng had a deep impression of the Red Flame Qilin in that red cloud. When that secret dimension inside the Ancient Dream Realm opened, the Red Flame Qilin had suddenly attacked, causing all the elite True Gods of the three Sacred Lands to join together to fight back against it.

At that time, Zhao Feng didn’t even dare to approach the battlefield.

“It seems like Zhao Wan offended a top-notch four-and-a-half-star faction at the very least!” Zhao Feng slightly grimaced.

If it was an ordinary four-and-a-half-star faction, Zhao Feng might have been able to rely on his advantage in the Ancient Dream Realm to resolve the crisis and perhaps even assume control over the faction. However, a powerful four-and-a-half-star faction would not have something as simple as two or three Ancient Gods. They could even have Rank Eight and Rank Nine Ancient Gods.

He could only take things one step at a time. Unless it was absolutely necessary, Zhao Feng didn’t want to abandon this ancient beast herd.

“Zhao Feng!” Little Ling, who was leading the herd, was the first to see Zhao Feng.

She was instantly entranced by Zhao Feng’s beautiful hair and eyes. The Phoenix-Tailed Bird Race was one of the four most beautiful races of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races, and they also had an intense fondness for beautiful things.

“Master!” A little less than half of that massive ancient beast herd respectfully called out to Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng had used the Dark Heart Seal on all of them.

“Good Sir, if you have any issues, please speak directly!” Zhao Feng unleashed the aura of an Ancient God as he roared.

This roar was suffused with the power of the Ancient Dream Realm, imbued with an enormous power and aura.

*Brrrooom!*

The world rumbled and boomed under the pressure exerted by Zhao Feng’s words. Even the two Ancient Gods in the red cloud were taken aback.

“Ancient God!?” Little Ling yelped in surprise.

When she was working with Zhao Feng, Zhao Feng was just a Quasi-God while she was a Rank Five True God. But now, in their next meeting, she had become a Rank Six True God while Zhao Feng had become an Ancient God!

“Iron Fire, this kid’s strength isn’t simple,” the Qilin with the broken horn coldly said.

“Mm.” Iron Fire nodded.

Zhao Feng’s Ancient God energy wasn’t very strong, but the worldly pressure he exerted was truly astonishing.

Iron Fire’s gaze fell upon the Spacetime Robe Zhao Feng was wearing.

“The Spacetime Robe. He was one of those people....” Iron Fire’s expression froze in shock.

The vast majority of those humans were only Quasi-Gods and True Gods, with the strongest being Rank Five True Gods. However, this person wearing the Spacetime Robe was an Ancient God. Had the owner of the Spacetime Robe managed to mature so quickly in just a few decades?



Iron Fire gradually calmed down. Following the patriarch's orders, he sent a message using a secret technique. A few moments later, a timeworn voice echoed in his soul; "Go. Fight him!"

Iron Fire was surprised, but he didn't question his orders.

*Kaboom!*

Iron Fire stepped forward, his eyes burning with bloody fire as he stared at Zhao Feng.

"Mm?" Zhao Feng was rather surprised.

His furious bellow suffused with the power of the Ancient Dream Realm had enough pressure to intimidate an ordinary Rank Seven Ancient God. In addition, the Blood Flame Qilin Race clearly had the ability to pursue and kill Zhao Wan's group, but they hadn't gone for the killing blow. These Ancient Gods had instead chosen to only occasionally attack and kill some ancient beasts.

Thus, Zhao Feng conjectured that they had some other goal in this pursuit. But now, this Red Flame Qilin appeared ready to fight to the death with him.

"Iron Fire?" The Qilin with the broken horn was also stunned and confused.

"It just so happens that I have not fought an Ancient God yet. I'll use you as practice!" Zhao Feng's body also exploded with fighting intent.

In the Spiritual Race, Zhao Feng concealed his true cultivation. The strongest opponent he had faced was the peak Rank Six Xiahou Wu. This would be the first battle since he had become an Ancient God where he would fight with his full strength.

*Boom!*

The Red Flame Qilin's body suddenly grew dozens of times larger, transforming into a fiery mountain that pressed down upon Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng didn't dare to be careless. He activated the Sacred Lightning Body and charged forward, his entire body crackling with five-colored lightning.

"Scatter!" The ancient beasts around Zhao Wan immediately fled in all directions, trying to get as far away from this battle of Ancient Gods as possible.

*Boom! Bang!*

Zhao Feng and the huge Red Flame Qilin clashed. Lightning and flame madly battered against each other as the two figures parted.

"What powerful strength!" Zhao Feng felt the blood in his body boiling.

In the clash just now, even Zhao Feng's powerful physical body felt a searing pain.

"Again!" Zhao Feng bellowed as he circulated his Divine Power and Intent energy into an enormous palm of light.

With no restraints to worry about in this battle, Zhao Feng's body felt free and relaxed.

“Seven kinds of Intent!?” Iron Fire’s eyes widened in shock.

Normal Ancient God experts could use many kinds of Intent, but they were only proficient in one or two. However, there were seven Intents in Zhao Feng’s palm, and each of them was at Level Four.

*Brrrooom!*

Iron Fire didn’t dare to be careless. He activated his ancient bloodline, and his entire body exploded with fire. Iron Fire’s fighting power multiplied upon activating the Blood Flame Qilin Race bloodline. By relying on his powerful body and his flames, he was able to shatter Zhao Feng’s technique.

“So powerful! He already managed to reach this level!?” Little Ling’s eyes shone with wondrous light as she observed the battle between the Red Flame Qilin and Zhao Feng.

The other ancient beasts were also stunned as they watched their master battle with an Ancient God of the Blood Flame Qilin Race.

*Boom! Bang! Crash!*

The sky exploded with fire and lightning as Zhao Feng and Iron Fire exchanged several dozen blows.

*This kid... just what is going on with him?* Iron Fire was flabbergasted.

At the start, he and Zhao Feng were an equal match, but after ten rounds, Zhao Feng gradually began to gain the advantage. After twenty rounds, Iron Fire was finding it difficult to keep up!

### **Chapter 1263: Lord God**

Zhao Feng, who had never fought at full strength, found himself very unsuited to his current level of power at the start of this battle. There were many areas that he found difficult to control.

However, he quickly matured and began to control everything, upon which he was able to battle to his heart’s content. Coupled with the comprehension and judgment abilities granted by his God’s Spiritual Eye, Zhao Feng was not an opponent an ordinary Rank Seven Ancient God could fight against.

Of course, there was another reason he could so rapidly take the advantage: the Spacetime Robe. The Spacetime Robe was a supreme-quality divine artifact. Now that Zhao Feng had become an Ancient God and had reached Level Five in Space Intent, he could now use a few of its other abilities.

The Blood Flame Qilin Race was skilled in Fire Intent, and their attacks were powerful and explosive. However, the Spacetime Robe was capable of greatly mitigating most of this power. The remaining power in these attacks posed little harm to Zhao Feng.

“Master is so strong!” As they saw Zhao Feng slowly suppress Iron Fire, the ancient beasts began to call out in pleasant surprise.

Little Ling was in a daze. She never would have imagined that, when they next met, Zhao Feng would have become so strong such that she could only look up at him.

“This kid has the Spacetime Robe, so Iron Fire is no match for him!” The Qilin with the broken horn had a glum expression.

“Let’s go together to deal with this person!” The other Blood Flame Qilins began to look to the Qilin with the broken horn.

“I alone am enough!”

The Qilin with the broken horn already had a plan. Besides, the other members of his race simply didn’t have the strength to harm Zhao Feng. More numbers would only create more problems.

He would attack at a crucial moment of the battle with the hopes of taking Zhao Feng by surprise and heavily injuring him. He would then work together with Iron Fire to steal the Spacetime Robe.

But at this moment, a voice rang through the Qilin’s soul; “Staying there and watching will be good enough!”

The voice made the soul of the Qilin with the broken horn tremble.

“Patriarch!” The Qilin naturally knew who the expert was that had messaged him.

He suddenly understood why Iron Fire had charged forward to fight with Zhao Feng. This was definitely the patriarch’s order!

Even though he didn’t know the reason, he could only comply with the order.

*Boom! Bang!*

Zhao Feng circulated his Divine Power and Intent energy into a powerful palm that sent Iron Fire flying several li.

Iron Fire’s body was currently covered in wounds, and his energy was flagging.

“Too weak! Why don’t you come as well?” Zhao Feng smiled at the Qilin with the broken horn.

Despite what he said, Zhao Feng understood that there were two reasons he was able to so easily defeat Iron Fire.

One: This was the Ancient Dream Realm. Zhao Feng could borrow a part of this world’s strength with a thought and strengthen his attacks.

Two: The Spacetime Robe was a powerful defense that made Zhao Feng almost invulnerable. Of course, if Zhao Feng used the other abilities of the Spacetime Robe as well, Iron Fire would be even worse off.

“Kid, don’t get too full of yourself!”

The Qilin, keeping in mind the patriarch’s orders, could only stomach his rage and give an angry roar.

This attitude was truly surprising to Zhao Feng. Was this Blood Flame Qilin going to just watch as Iron Fire was defeated, perhaps even killed, by him?

As he was thinking about this, Zhao Feng suddenly sensed a dangerous and scorching energy.

He saw that Iron Fire, who he had sent flying, was beginning to swell with power. The scarlet flames on his body exploded and soared, forming a massive Qilin of fire that engulfed Iron Fire.

*Awoooo!*

Iron Fire howled as a torrid wave of heat swept through his surroundings and dyed the world red.

“How terrifying! What’s going on?”

“His strength is rapidly rising!”

The ancient beasts around Zhao Wan were all stunned and dejected by this sight. The Blood Flame Qilins, on the other hand, were all excited by this.

*Patriarch is secretly helping him!* the Qilin with the broken horn mentally noted in surprise.

Iron Fire’s strength was swiftly increasing, and he was on the verge of becoming a Rank Eight Ancient God.

At this moment, he was still wondering, *why is the patriarch doing this? Could it be... this youth is the person the patriarch is searching for?*

*Boom!*

The ever-strengthening Iron Fire charged at Zhao Feng like a blazing sun.

“Since you’re borrowing outside strength, I won’t be polite!” Zhao Feng’s eyes focused as he began to circulate his Space Intent.

In an instant, the dark silver robe on his body began to create layers of spatial blurs that blocked out the power exuded from Iron Fire’s body.

*Swish!*

As these spatial blurs appeared around Zhao Feng, he vanished and then appeared at Iron Fire’s side.

Circulating his Five Elements and Wind Lightning Intent, Zhao Feng struck out with a palm. This palm was suffused with the power of the world, melded with the natural force of the Ancient Dream Realm. It was more powerful than any attack Zhao Feng had previously used.

“Blazing Fire Dragon!” With this bellow, a long red dragon shot out from Iron Fire’s mouth.

This red dragon was incredibly real and tangible, its scales of fire glimmering with red light and seething with heat. It crashed into Zhao Feng’s five-colored palm of light.

*Boom! Bang!*

In this clash, Zhao Feng’s palm of five-colored lightning was the first to crumble. But before that happened, Zhao Feng used the ability of the Spacetime Robe to blink behind Iron Fire.

“Heaven Engulfing Palm!” Zhao Feng used Spacetime Intent to fire off a massive palm that filled the heavens.

This palm transcended space to descend upon Iron Fire’s body. At the same time, the power of Time Intent rippled through the world, depriving Iron Fire of the time to defend or dodge.

*Boom! Bang!*

The massive palm struck Iron Fire and weakened him.

“He’s still no match for this kid!?” The Qilin with the broken horn was wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

*This is Iron Fire with the assistance of the patriarch! Even if that kid has the Spacetime Robe, there’s no reason for him to be this strong!*

But at this moment, Iron Fire’s body once more swelled with energy.

“Rank Eight Ancient God!” The Qilin with the broken horn was absolutely dumbfounded.

Iron Fire’s strength had crossed that threshold and reached Rank Eight!

*Someone is helping him!* Zhao Feng’s face flickered.

This time, Zhao Feng was able to sense through his control over the Ancient Dream Realm that an expert extremely far away was using a special method to transfer his energy to Iron Fire.

*Someone who can raise the strength of a Rank Seven Ancient God to Rank Eight must be a Rank Nine Ancient God at the least!* Zhao Feng suddenly began to panic.

*Wait, if that person behind the curtain wanted to deal with me, why didn’t they just personally come? Why use a method like this...?* Zhao Feng couldn’t help but be confused.

Regardless, he was now rather wary. The moment that expert appeared, Zhao Feng would rush to Zhao Wan’s side and leave the Ancient Dream Realm together with him.

“Blazing Fire Dragon!” Iron Fire’s savage mouth once more began to gather a scorching and dangerous energy.

Zhao Feng’s gaze immediately cooled. At this moment, he finally turned serious.

*Buzz! Bzzz!*

Zhao Feng’s left eye slowly began to turn, the silver eye rippling with wondrous and dreamy ripples of light.

*Hwoooooom!*

A savage scarlet flame dragon shot out from Iron Fire’s mouth. This flame dragon seemed to have broken out from an underworld of fire, bringing with it berserk energy as it rushed at Zhao Feng.

*God Eye Disintegration!*

Zhao Feng had already been accumulating energy for his eye-bloodline technique, and at this moment, his left eye sent out a surge of peerless Eye Intent.

However, Iron Fire was now a Rank Eight Ancient God, so disintegrating his supreme technique was much more difficult.

*Boom! Bang!*

The roaring scarlet dragon appeared about to swallow Zhao Feng. But it was still several hundred feet from Zhao Feng when suddenly, the dragon’s head disappeared, and then its neck, body, tail.... In the end, it completely vanished!

“What?” Iron Fire was left dumbfounded.

His supreme technique that he had unleashed with the help of his patriarch suddenly disappeared, and he couldn't even understand how it happened.

The Qilins and the beasts were all dumbfounded, standing in a daze like fools. All of this was far too bizarre.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng's body flickered, and he instantly appeared next to Iron Fire.

*God Eye Duplication – Blazing Fire Dragon!*

Zhao Feng's left eye immediately unleashed a dreamy mist.

*Brrrooom!*

A massive scarlet dragon exploded out of the mist and surged toward Iron Fire with a world-shaking momentum.

“Impossible...!” Iron Fire was shocked out of his wits. How had Zhao Feng used his supreme technique? The power was also on the level of a Rank Eight Ancient God.

*Boom!*

Iron Fire was swallowed up by this familiar technique.

All the world was silent. Everyone who witnessed this sight seemed to be petrified on the spot, so stunned they were. All of this was simply too inconceivable!

*Boom!*

After being struck by his own ultimate technique, Iron Fire lay on the ground, his body covered in wounds. The patriarch had already stopped sending him energy.

Iron Fire had lost!

At this moment, an incredibly oppressive and searing hot energy began to approach. A scarlet cloud of fire suddenly surged over from the horizon. In the next moment, a massive dark red figure appeared before everyone's eyes.

This was a savage and frightening monster of flames, a devil that had crawled out from the lava of the underworld.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng's body blinked and appeared at Zhao Wan's side.

The aura of this dark red giant was slightly weaker than the Spiritual Race's Third Elder, but it was still a dreadful existence that Zhao Feng could not contend against.

“Good Sir, please wait!” a deafening and astonishing voice suddenly resounded through the heavens.

The ancient beasts around Zhao Feng immediately trembled in instinctive fear.

Zhao Feng had a grim expression, his left eye focused on that approaching supreme expert. If he noticed things going the slightest bit awry, he would immediately leave.

“For what matter does Senior call upon this junior for?” Zhao Feng coldly asked.

A dark red Qilin appeared, his entire body seething with bloody flames, his expression wrathful and mighty... this was a being that could dominate the entire world, a powerful hegemon.

“Patriarch!” the Blood Flame Qilins deferentially called out.

“Is Good Sir’s eye a God Eye?”

The dark red Qilin’s question immediately left everyone stunned.

*God Eye!?*

In their minds, a God Eye was comparable to the terrifying bloodlines of the top ten ancient races. Each one was a legend, a godly existence that no one could reach.

Everyone looked at Zhao Feng’s left eye. As they thought about all the inconceivable things that just occurred, they looked at Zhao Feng’s left eye in a different light.

“Yes!” As Zhao Feng spoke this word, his figure seemed to become majestic and imposing.

“Lord God, please accept the service of the Blood Flame Qilin Race!” The dark red Qilin that was still several li away from Zhao Feng lowered its body and respectfully spoke.

This didn’t just make everyone else widen their eyes and drop their jaws in shock; even Zhao Feng’s calm face went stiff from the tremendous shock he received.

### **Chapter 1264: The Ninth God Eye**

“Lord God, please accept the service of the Blood Flame Qilin Race!” The dark red Qilin that was still several li away from Zhao Feng lowered its body and respectfully spoke.

“...Patriarch!” All the Blood Flame Qilins were dumbstruck and speechless.

The countless ancient beasts around Zhao Feng were also stunned, and their eyes immediately turned passionate as they looked upon Zhao Feng. Even the Blood Flame Qilin Race wanted to serve their master. Just how powerful was their master?

They now had even more faith in Zhao Feng. Even those ancient beasts that Zhao Feng had not used the Dark Heart Seal on began to regard him with extreme respect, not daring to show the slightest hint of rebellion.

“Just who is he?” Little Ling’s mind was still reeling from the shock, her eyes glimmering with brilliant lights.

Zhao Feng was someone who had only just reached the Ancient God level while the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch stood at the peak of Ancient Gods. But at this moment, the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch seemed to be begging Zhao Feng to accept the service of his race.

Everyone was focused on Zhao Feng.

“Senior, have you perhaps made some sort of mistake?” After a long while, Zhao Feng helplessly asked.

The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch was a peak Ancient God. In a direct battle, Zhao Feng had no chance of winning. Zhao Feng found it very strange for this expert to be treating him with such respect.

“Patriarch, he’s just an Ancient God. His strength isn’t bad, but he doesn’t have the right to be our ally. How could you...?” The Qilin with the broken horn began to talk the moment he came back to his senses.

The other members of the Blood Flame Qilin Race all nodded in agreement.

“Shut your mouth!” the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch angrily bellowed. The energy nearby formed into a massive red storm that engulfed the area.

All the Blood Flame Qilins immediately shut their mouths and stood straight up.

“You are a God Eye holder. There will come a day when you will become a God Eye Ruler that reigns over a world as a god!” the dark red Qilin solemnly said.

All the ancient beasts felt respect well up in their hearts.

A God Eye Ruler! These words were carved in their hearts. They represented an absolute strength that reigned over a world – the strongest existence in the universe!

*Could this person really mature into that kind of expert?* Iron Fire’s eyes shone with sharp light as he examined Zhao Feng.

*But his eye is not any one of the Eight Great God Eyes!*

This question suddenly emerged in Iron Fire’s mind. In his battle with Zhao Feng, he had experienced the inconceivable power of Zhao Feng’s God Eye, but this power did not belong to any one of the Eight Great God Eyes.

This question also appeared in the minds of others. They all knew a little about the abilities of the Eight Great God Eyes, but the abilities of Zhao Feng’s eyes did not appear to belong to any of them. Could it be... a ninth God Eye?

“I speculate that Your Excellency’s God Eye should be the Ninth God Eye!” the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch solemnly said.

Everyone’s mind trembled!

There had always been many theories about the Ninth God Eye in the universe, but none of them were provable, nor had the Ninth God Eye ever appeared.

“Impossible! How could this kid be the Ninth God Eye!” The Qilin with the broken horn immediately rejected this notion.



Ever since the Eight Great God Eyes had appeared, countless experts of the universe had speculated about the Ninth God Eye. But even after countless eons, the Ninth God Eye had never appeared! Consequently, more people were of the opinion that the Ninth God Eye simply didn't exist!

"The Ninth God Eye, huh?" Zhao Feng softly muttered. Not even he was clear about this point.

"How did you manage to sense me?" Zhao Feng suddenly asked.

He felt that the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch's goal was to seek him out. How had this Qilin managed to detect his God Eye?

"Some time ago, I sensed a shift in the world, that the Origin energy of this dimension was moving strangely...." the dark red Qilin straightforwardly began to explain.

As it turned out, the dark red Qilin noticed something strange when Zhao Feng's left eye began to act up during his breakthrough in the Ancient Dream Realm. He began his search based on this reaction he had sensed, but just when he was about to find Zhao Feng, Zhao Feng finished his breakthrough and left the Ancient Dream Realm.

Thus, the dark red Qilin used the members of his race to make trouble in the region to force Zhao Feng out. After finding Zhao Feng, the dark red Qilin confirmed his speculations by having Iron Fire fight with Zhao Feng. In addition, he increased Iron Fire's strength in an attempt to force Zhao Feng to use the abilities of his left eye.

In the end, he came to the firm conclusion that Zhao Feng possessed a God Eye!

"Please forgive me for using this unreasonable method!" the dark red Qilin apologetically said.

The people of the Blood Flame Qilin Race were still frozen as their minds tried to digest everything they were hearing. They finally understood why their patriarch had ordered them to come here and suppress the ancient beasts. It was to force out Zhao Feng.

But why was their patriarch so sure that the abilities of Zhao Feng's God Eye were the abilities of the Ninth God Eye? Zhao Feng was also very curious to hear the answer to this question.

"It is difficult for a God Eye to mature, and one might encounter many powerful foes in the process. The Blood Flame Qilin Race is willing to serve the Lord God!" After giving his explanation, the dark red Qilin once more respectfully made his proposal.

"I'm naturally willing to accept all of them, but *you* are too dangerous!" Zhao Feng said with a smile.

The Blood Flame Qilin Race was a peak four-star faction at the very least. Zhao Feng was all too willing to accept such servants. However, the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch was far too powerful. Zhao Feng could not be sure that he was not scheming something. Thus, he could not rest easy with such a person at his side.

"I am willing to sign a blood oath with Your Excellency!" The dark red Qilin had apparently expected that reply.

"Patriarch, how could you?" The Blood Flame Qilins were all dumbstruck.

Their patriarch wanted to sign a blood oath with this measly youth! If this youth really was the holder of the Ninth God Eye, they had no objections, but the Ninth God Eye was a thing of vague legends and rumors. How could they believe such a thing?

“Your people are apparently very unsatisfied. This also unsettles me.” Zhao Feng’s gaze swept over the Blood Flame Qilins.

“You...!” The Blood Flame Qilins were all infuriated, but their fear and respect for their patriarch meant that they did not dare to act on their rage.

“If Your Excellency is willing, you may instruct the people of my race. They will be completely convinced by Your Excellency’s powers!” the dark red Qilin advised.

Zhao Feng’s eyes flashed.

The Blood Flame Qilin Race was a peak four-star faction. Besides Rank Seven Ancient Gods like Iron Fire, there were definitely Rank Eight and even Rank Nine Ancient Gods. Did this dark red Qilin hope to see him defeat Rank Eight and Rank Nine Ancient Gods? The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch was clearly confident that Zhao Feng could convince the people of his race.

“Okay.” Zhao Feng decided to agree. He wanted to see what this dark red Qilin was planning.

All the Blood Flame Qilins present immediately relaxed. As long as one of them could defeat Zhao Feng, their patriarch would not sign a blood oath with this youth.

*Once the real experts of the race arrive, this kid will lose for sure!* the Qilin with the broken horn viciously said in his mind.

The Blood Flame Qilins present were only a small portion of their race. They had other members of the race in other areas tasked with the same mission as themselves, and the rest were back at home.

“Your Excellency, please wait a moment. The people of my race will all arrive soon!” The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch smiled.

Both sides decided to wait in this region.

Zhao Feng’s side maintained a large distance with the Blood Flame Qilin Race. This race was far too powerful, so if they were too close, Zhao Feng’s forces wouldn’t feel safe at all.

“Your Excellency, if my judgment is correct, the power of your God Eye can control the strength of this world.” At this moment, the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch messaged Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng faintly smiled. The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch apparently had a clever trick up his sleeve.

“Correct,” Zhao Feng directly said.

As his God Eye continued to awaken, his control over this world expanded.

“Each God Eye rules over one kind of strength. Although I do not know which strength Your Excellency’s God Eye rules over, I witnessed Your Excellency control the power of this world. Not even I can control the strength of this world like that,” the Blood Flame Qilin Race slowly explained.

Zhao Feng carefully listened. The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch knew much more than he did.

“Your Excellency can try to use the God Eye’s Origin energy to control this world,” the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch proposed his idea.

“Perhaps it’s like that....” Zhao Feng fell into a contemplative mood after he finished listening.

Before his God Eye had awakened, he used the God Eye’s Origin energy to close this dimension and expel the prodigies of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods. After the awakening, Zhao Feng’s mind could fuse with the Ancient Dream Realm, which granted him several abilities. As a result, he had not tried to use the God Eye’s Origin energy yet.

“Zhao Feng, there will definitely be problems with the Blood Flame Qilin Race. They will send Rank Eight and Rank Nine Ancient Gods,” Little Ling worriedly said.

How could Zhao Feng defeat Rank Nine Ancient Gods? She was also rather skeptical about Zhao Feng having the Ninth God Eye.

“You should leave first. If the situation looks fishy, I have means of escaping safely.” Zhao Feng was preparing to try out the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch’s idea.

*Bzzzz!*

A dreamy haze flitted across Zhao Feng’s left eye. Zhao Feng’s mind mixed with the God Eye’s Origin energy and fused with the world.

*Boom!*

At this moment, all living beings in a radius of several hundred thousand li felt an unprecedented pressure from the world. It felt like the world itself now had a mind of its own, its every thought able to dominate this land and decide whether they lived or died.

“This... what’s going on?” All the Blood Flame Qilins trembled as they fearfully surveyed their surroundings.

They suddenly felt like some supreme expert was watching them. The pressure from the world was enormous. The ancient Origin energy, the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi, and all the other kinds of energy in this world seemed to be under the complete control of this supreme master.

*It really is a little different!* Zhao Feng’s lips curled into a smile.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng’s mind and the God Eye Origin energy returned to his body.

*As expected, this person’s God Eye Origin energy can control this dimension!* The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch’s eyes twinkled.

## **Chapter 1265: To Serve Your Excellency**

“What’s going on?”

All the experts of the Blood Flame Qilin Race stood up in consternation. However, their patriarch appeared unperturbed, causing their concern to slowly fade.

“Patriarch, just now-” The Qilin with the broken horn prepared to ask.

“There’s no need to worry,” the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch immediately interrupted him.

On the other end, some of the more perceptive ancient beasts around Zhao Feng had noticed powerful ripples of energy coming from him a few moments ago.

*What’s going? Was that peculiar sensation in the world because of him?* Little Ling turned her stunned eyes to Zhao Feng.

Had the Ninth God Eye bestowed this ability on Zhao Feng? Was he really the owner of the Ninth God Eye?

*If I control the Ancient Dream Realm using this method, not even a Rank Eight Ancient God is a match for me!* Zhao Feng was inwardly a little happy. But in the end, this was only an advantage he possessed in the Ancient Dream Realm.

He proceeded to stabilize his strength and research his God Eye’s abilities.

Meanwhile, more and more members of the Blood Flame Qilin Race arrived. One month later, all of the Blood Flame Qilin Race had gathered.

“Your Excellency, we can begin now!” the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch called out.

*Thwish!*

Zhao Feng was already flying over, though he still maintained a set distance between himself and the Blood Flame Qilin Race.

The members of the Blood Flame Qilin Race examined Zhao Feng and chatted with each other, their eyes shining with surprise, contempt, or disdain.

“Let me see if you’re really the owner of a God Eye!” A savage-faced red Qilin charged out from the Blood Flame Qilin Race.

“Rank Eight Ancient God!” Little Ling cried out in alarm.

Zhao Feng had defeated Iron Fire, who had the strength of a Rank Eight. However, Iron Fire was secretly assisted by the patriarch, and his strength was only temporarily at Rank Eight. In all other aspects, he was still Rank Seven, so it was impossible to compare him with a real Rank Eight Ancient God.

*Awoooo!*

The red Qilin howled at the sky as he activated his bloodline. A scarlet flame swelled and began to twist like a tornado of fire.

“Since you want to experience it, I’ll let you experience it!” Zhao Feng’s silver hair began to move on its own as his left eye began to twinkle with a strange radiance.

*Bzzzz!*

A hazy luster flickered through his left eye. Part of Zhao Feng's Soul Intent carried some God Eye Origin energy and fused with the world.

Zhao Feng immediately felt like this part of the world had become his body. With a single thought, a supreme pressure descended.

The enormous power of the world crashed down upon the Red Flame Qilin.

*Hissss!*

The raging flames on his body appeared to have encountered the ocean, and his power dropped as his flames dimmed.

"This... what's going on?" The Flame Qilin was stunned.

The strength he had obtained from activating his bloodline was almost instantly suppressed. His current level of strength was even weaker than before he had activated his bloodline.

"So, he was the one responsible for that strange activity!" Some of the Blood Flame Qilins immediately understood what was going on and blurted out their conclusions.

They all originally believed that it was because some supreme expert on par with their patriarch was about to descend, but now...

"This is the Origin energy of the world!" the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch muttered in shock. As he looked at Zhao Feng, his eyes instantly became excited!

"You're just a Rank Seven Ancient God. Even if my strength is suppressed, you're still no match for me!" the Red Flame Qilin crazily roared.

*Boom!*

He transformed into a scorching ball of fire that shot at Zhao Feng.

"Is that so?" Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

There was a massive explosion in the air.

*Kaboom!*

The part of his soul that was merged with the world unleashed an energy that locked space around the Red Flame Qilin.

This Red Flame Qilin was planning to use Space Intent when he discovered that he was incapable of doing so. In fact, his body seemed to be spatially restricted, resulting in him moving much more slowly.

*Swish!*

A spatial blur appeared around Zhao Feng. He then vanished, reappearing right behind the Red Flame Qilin.

"Heaven Engulfing Palm!"

Zhao Feng used his Space Intent. At this moment, his Space Intent was not only boosted by the Spacetime Robe, but by the spatial energy of the Ancient Dream Realm as well.

An illusory palm appeared and then disappeared.

*Boom! Bang!*

When the palm appeared again, it was right in front of the Red Flame Qilin, crushing down on his body.

“Ah...!” The Red Flame Qilin screamed as he was slammed into the ground. Even with his Blood Flame Qilin body and the strength of a Rank Eight Ancient God, he was still not able to endure the power of this palm.

But he would never concede so easily.

*Boom! Bang!*

A storm of fire exploded from the ground as the Red Flame Qilin charged at Zhao Feng.

“Blazing Sun Flame!” The Red Flame Qilin used his supreme bloodline technique, and a searing red light shot out from his mouth. This flame devoured everything in its path. The heat it radiated was enough to scald many of the ancient beasts in a radius of ten thousand li.

*God Eye Disintegration!*

Zhao Feng’s left eye slowly came to life, unleashing a ripple of Eye Intent together with a dreamy multi-colored light.

*Whoosh!*

As the red glow shot toward Zhao Feng, it began to dissipate. To outsiders, it appeared like the area around Zhao Feng was a forbidden zone that would cause all outside energy to disappear!

*Whoosh! Whoosh!*

Zhao Feng used Spatial Blink to make it impossible for the Red Flame Qilin to predict where he would eventually appear and attack from.

*God Eye Duplication – Blazing Sun Flame!*

Zhao Feng didn’t get too close to the Red Flame Qilin before using the God Eye Duplication.

*Bzzzz!*

With a powerful ripple of Eye Intent, a dreamy mist burst out of his left eye. Suddenly, a scorching red light shot out from the mist.

“This is... my ultimate technique!” The Red Flame Qilin was stunned to the extreme.

“This is the power of his God Eye?” In the distance, Iron Fire was also deeply shocked. As a bystander now, he was once more witnessing Zhao Feng’s inconceivable abilities.

Not even Iron Fire realized that he had already acknowledged Zhao Feng as the holder of the Ninth God Eye.

*Boom! Bang!*

The searing red flame accurately struck the Red Flame Qilin. After this attack landed, Zhao Feng followed up with several Soul eye-bloodline techniques.

“Ah...!” The Red Flame Qilin miserably screamed in the middle of a blackened pit of flames. The physical and spiritual attacks coupled with the pressure and repulsion of the world had completely deprived him of the ability to fight back.

“Defeated!?” All the Blood Flame Qilins were dumbfounded.

If they had not seen it for themselves, they would have never believed that a Rank Seven Ancient God would be able to so easily defeat a Rank Eight Ancient God Blood Flame Qilin.

“Fight with me!” In a scarlet cloud, an Ancient God of peak Rank Eight wanted to fight with Zhao Feng to wash away the Blood Flame Qilin Race’s shame.

“Hmph!” Zhao Feng coldly snorted, and his left eye exuded a powerful ripple of Eye Intent.

A moment later, Zhao Feng’s left eye had become an ordinary black eye, but a massive silver Eye of Heaven had appeared in the sky. This silver eye was utterly enormous and had many different colors flowing within it. It was cold and callous, as if it represented the might of the heavens that looked down upon all living beings.

*Hwoooooom!*

The dream-like silver eye suddenly began to turn.

This sight struck fear in the hearts of all the living beings down below. This eye was simply too enormous. If this eye belonged to some creature, it would be difficult to imagine just how enormous this creature would be.

In the end, this silver eye locked onto the Blood Flame Qilin that was preparing to fight.

*Boom!*

The boundless majesty of the world combined with a shapeless mental energy descended upon the Qilin.

“This... is...!?” The Blood Flame Qilin instantly felt like the sky was falling. His entire body trembled as he tried to resist the might of the heavens, but that mental energy made his soul tremble in fear.

The Blood Flame Qilins around him were also caught up in this invisible pressure. They looked up to the sky, a feeling of insignificance and helplessness in their hearts.

The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch also looked up at that massive divine silver eye that obscured the sky, his shock indescribable.

“Lord God!” the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch suddenly spoke.

The other members of the Blood Flame Qilin Race trembled both physically and mentally.

“Lord God!” another Blood Flame Qilin called out.

“Lord God!”

“Lord God!”

More and more Blood Flame Qilins were adding to the cries. Their worshiping voice echoed through the world.

On the other end, the ancient beasts serving Zhao Feng also began to sincerely cry out, “Lord God!”

At this moment, all the living beings for millions of li around raised their heads up to that silver eye in the sky. As the cries of “Lord God” shook the heavens, they also added their cries to the mix.

In the sky, Zhao Feng had placed most of his mind into that massive Eye of Heaven. He never would have imagined that the Eye of Heaven would become like this when used with God Eye Origin energy. At this moment, he could see incredibly far, and as he looked down upon the world, he could hear the countless living beings worshiping him.

He was also extremely stunned by all of this. It was like he truly had become the Lord God who reigned over all in this land.

*Not good! My God Eye energy is rapidly dwindling!*

A wave of fatigue swept through Zhao Feng’s soul. With a *Swoosh!*, the enormous silver eye disappeared.

The world returned to serenity. Zhao Feng’s left eye regained its silvery luster.

*It consumes a lot!* Zhao Feng sensed that his left eye was no longer capable of using any Origin energy.

After all, he had used this energy in his battle and then when he used that Eye of Heaven, so the Origin energy was consumed even more quickly.

At this moment, Zhao Feng sensed that something strange was happening. All the members of the Blood Flame Qilin Race had lowered their heads while the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch was slowly stepping forward.

“Lord God, please allow my race to serve Your Excellency!”

### **Chapter 1266: Watched**

With the Blood Flame Qilin Race willing to serve Zhao Feng, Zhao Feng made a blood contract with the Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch. The contents of the contract were simple; the Blood Flame Qilin Race would heed Zhao Feng’s orders and not attack him. Similarly, Zhao Feng would not intentionally try to harm the Blood Flame Qilin Race.

Soon after, Zhao Feng and the many ancient beasts under his command moved to the territory of the Blood Flame Qilin Race.

The Blood Flame Qilin Race was a peak four-star faction and occupied a large region in the middle of the Ancient Dream Realm. This area had many more resources than the outer edge.



Now, the territory of the Blood Flame Qilin Race had become Zhao Feng's main base in the Ancient Dream Realm. In the future, Zhao Wan could use the power of the Blood Flame Qilin Race to expand and harvest many times more resources than before.

"It's about time for me to leave."

Zhao Feng stayed with the Blood Flame Qilin Race for only a few days.

The techniques and skills of the Blood Flame Qilin Race were all meant for the Blood Flame Qilin bloodline. Although Zhao Feng had the Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline, the effect of training in these techniques would not be comparable to when the Blood Flame Qilins cultivated them.

For techniques, one naturally had to select the ones most suitable to oneself, and ones of the highest quality. Once one began to cultivate a technique, changing to another one midway was extremely troublesome. Thus, Zhao Feng preferred to spend a little more time finding a technique appropriate for him.

Before leaving, Zhao Feng took a stroll around the Blood Flame Qilin Race and snatched up some precious resources that he required.

"When I'm not present, the Blood Flame Qilin Race won't possibly obey Zhao Wan completely." Zhao Feng suddenly realized something.

The Blood Flame Qilin Race only respected him because of his God Eye. Although Zhao Wan had the Eye of Myriad Forms, he was not an actual bloodline descendant. Moreover, he was also weaker in terms of strength.

In the end, Zhao Feng decided to have Zhao Wan break into the Heavenly Divine Realm.

Originally, Zhao Wan had enough potential and talent to keep on building up energy, but there was nothing to be done now. If Zhao Wan could not keep up in strength, he wouldn't be able to be very useful.

"I'll take a trip to the Five Elements Palace!"

A five-colored crystal sphere appeared in Zhao Feng's hand, in which a dazzling and ornate palace quietly lay.

*Swish!*

With a thought, Zhao Feng entered the palace.

"Zhao Feng!" Someone immediately noticed the moment Zhao Feng appeared in the Five Elements Palace.

The Quasi-Gods and True Gods imprisoned here all had lofty statuses in their own factions. They would not easily bend the knee to Zhao Feng. Moreover, they had only been imprisoned for a few decades, which was only a brief moment in their perspective.

In addition, the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi and Intent energy within the Five Elements Palace were extremely dense. This was a place where the Five Elements God Lord had secluded himself, and he had even left

behind profound combat skills inside. This was an ideal place for cultivation. Although they were imprisoned here, they were spending every moment cultivating so that they could get stronger and break free from Zhao Feng.

“Activate the array!” a Rank Five True God bellowed.

*Kaboom!*

A complicated multi-colored array immediately appeared under Zhao Feng’s feet. At the same time, powerful ripples of Intent converged in all directions to lock Zhao Feng within four five-colored walls.

“Attack!” Nearly eighty experts immediately used their most powerful skills and secret techniques.

*Boom!*

Powerful ripples of Divine Power filled the air as a flurry of attacks passed through the seal of the array and descended upon Zhao Feng.

“Still so stubborn?” Zhao Feng couldn’t help but chuckle at the force deployed against him.

Zhao Feng could tell that all of these people had gotten much stronger. For example, Quasi-God Zi Feng of Violet Night Hall was now probably stronger than the strongest Quasi-God of the Spiritual Race.

*Swish!*

A dark silver robe draped itself over Zhao Feng’s body. He circulated his Divine Power and Space Intent to activate the power of the Spacetime Robe.

“Spatial Barrier!”

Flickering spatial images appeared around him. As the Divine Power attacks hit these spatial images, their power was greatly reduced, as if they had been sent to another dimension. In the end, all the attacks vanished before they could even touch Zhao Feng.

At the same time, powerful energy swept out from Zhao Feng. All the experts immediately felt a stifling pressure.

“How could this be? This energy, it’s... Rank Seven Ancient God!” a peak Rank Five True God blurted out in fear and trepidation.

“Impossible, impossible! He must be using the power of the palace to imitate the energy of an Ancient God!” Quasi-God Zi Feng shook his head in utter disbelief.

The last time Zhao Feng had come here was only half a year ago, and he was still just a Quasi-God then. Even if a Quasi-God became a True God, they couldn’t possibly cultivate to Rank Seven Ancient God in such a short amount of time.

None of them could have imagined that Zhao Feng had directly attained the rank of Ancient God.

“I intentionally let all of you stay here to enjoy the excellent cultivation resources here, but it seems like none of you have made much progress.” Zhao Feng chortled, ignoring their shock.

In truth, Zhao Feng was completely capable of sealing these people in one zone of the palace and preventing them from using the cultivation resources of this place. But Zhao Feng did not do this, instead allowing these people to get stronger.

The first reason was because Zhao Feng wasn't worried about the possibility of escape. The second reason was that Zhao Feng planned to use these people, so he hoped that their strength would continue to climb.

*Boom! Bang!*

As Zhao Feng stepped forward, he shattered the special array that was sealing him.

"I'm now an Ancient God. Once my strength reaches a certain level, you won't even have the right to be my slaves!" Zhao Feng's voice suddenly turned a bone-chilling cold, stabbing into their hearts like frigid needles!

Zhao Feng's cultivation speed was simply too incredible. He was now a Rank Seven Ancient God, far above all the people present. Who could predict just what level Zhao Feng would be at when he appeared next time?

*Hwoosh!*

Intent Crystals detached from the walls and floated into Zhao Feng's hand.

At the Ancient God level, Zhao Feng no longer had any use for ordinary Intent Crystals. Only high-level Intent Crystals were of any use to an Ancient God. Fortunately, this five-colored palace had quite a number of such Intent Crystals.

This time, Zhao Feng took so many Intent Crystals that it was actually affecting the operation of the Five Elements Palace. However, Zhao Feng was already an Ancient God, so he simply wasn't worried that these people might escape.

After taking the Intent Crystals, Zhao Feng moved to the cultivation hall.

His gaze focused on the three murals. Using his control over the Five Elements Palace, Zhao Feng took away the techniques and skills on the three murals.

As Zhao Feng was preparing to leave:

"Zhao Feng, hold on!" a hesitant voice called for Zhao Feng to stop. "I'm willing to be your slave!"

The speaker was an ordinary Quasi-God. He had a somewhat weaker personality and was no longer able to endure this kind of imprisonment. This, together with Zhao Feng's intimidating Ancient God cultivation, made him the first to submit.

One person submitting would shake the resolves of the others. Just as expected, another voice spoke, "I as well!"

This Quasi-God belonged to the same faction as the first Quasi-God.

Afterward, five more people chose to submit to Zhao Feng.

“Hmph, good-for-nothings!” Quasi-God Zi Feng coldly snorted, his eyes brimming with disdain.

“Your choice is very wise. I will treat you far better than the factions you once belonged to.” Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

With a thought, Zhao Feng took himself and these people from the palace. The people left behind fell into silent thought.

In the Ancient Dream Realm, the seven people were brought to the Blood Flame Qilin Race.

Zhao Feng planted the Dark Heart Seal in all seven of their souls.

“In the future, all of you will stay here.” Zhao Feng had no plans to release them to the outside world.

“The Blood Flame Qilin Race in their original forms! What kind of place is this?” a True God expert said in shock.

“The Wild Ancient Secret Dimension.” Zhao Feng gave a mysterious smile.

“How could this be?” The seven immediately felt their minds short-circuit. How could they appear in the Wild Ancient Secret Dimension?

After giving the seven people and a portion of the Intent Crystals to Zhao Wan, Zhao Feng left the Ancient Dream Realm.

Upon returning to the Spiritual Race, Zhao Feng once more concealed his energy, even using a God Sealing Stone to seal one Divine Stage.

Zhao Feng was currently residing in a palace meant specially for core disciples. Not even the Spiritual Race Elders were allowed to brashly scan the area with their Divine Senses.

Upon leaving his palace, he encountered an inner disciple standing by his gate. The moment the inner disciple saw Zhao Feng, he immediately told Zhao Feng what was going on and took out a large stack of invitations. After explaining everything, the inner disciple left.

“These are all invitations from various major factions...?” Zhao Feng felt a headache coming on as he closed the gate of his palace and threw the letters into his Interspatial Dimension. “I shouldn’t show off too much for now.”

These factions that paid a visit to the Spiritual Race probably hadn’t left yet.

“I’ll first leave the Spiritual Race for a while. I might as well bring Zhao Hui back to this place.” Zhao Feng made his plans.

That night, Zhao Feng messaged Zhao Yufei saying that he was leaving the Spiritual Race for a spell and there was no need for her to worry. Afterward, with the help of Kong Die, Zhao Feng left the Spiritual Race without alarming anybody.

After leaving the territory of the Spiritual Race, Zhao Feng put on a white veil and set off on his journey. After all, the color of his hair and eye were far too obvious. Anyone in the know would immediately recognize who Zhao Feng was. This was also why he had sought Kong Die’s help to depart the Spiritual Race.

...

Near the outer edge of the Spiritual Race, Ancient God Night Dragon and his group had been waiting this entire time.

“You can’t stay hiding in the Spiritual Race forever!” Ancient God Night Dragon had a cold and gloomy face.

The Spiritual Race and Violet Night Hall were both five-star factions, and there were three zones in between them. Even if he killed Zhao Feng, the Spiritual Race wouldn’t do anything to Violet Night Hall. At most, they would just demand compensation. Comparing this compensation to killing a genius like Zhao Feng and also obtaining the five-colored palace and saving the people of Violet Night Hall, the choice was immediately obvious.

“Senior Night Dragon, the search instrument is reacting!” On this day, Ancient God Night Dragon received a message.

“He’s finally left the Spiritual Race!” Ancient God Night Dragon gave an elated smile. “Move out!”

After sending a message, Ancient God Night Dragon used Instant Movement to leave.

### **Chapter 1267: Spacetime Seal**

The Spiritual Race was located in the center of the Ziling Zone, while the Life Origin Sect where Zhao Hui was located was on the outer edge.

In Zhao Feng’s journey from the Life Origin Sect to the Spiritual Race, he needed more than half a year, and this was even though he used teleportation arrays. But now, Zhao Feng possessed such incredible power that he could cover this distance in half the time just by using his Instant Movement.

He also had the token identifying him as a core disciple of the Spiritual Race, so he could use the teleportation arrays of any faction along his route. When Zhao Feng passed through some of these factions, the upper echelons would come out to personally welcome him.

“The identity of a Spiritual Race core disciple is very useful!” Zhao Feng exclaimed.

He thought back to how, when he was fleeing from the Gulong Zone, he couldn’t even use the teleportation arrays of major factions for fear of being hunted down. He spent the majority of the time flying.

At a certain moment, a massive mountain that soared tens of thousands of feet into the air appeared in front of Zhao Feng. It was tens of thousands of li in circumference. As Zhao Feng was passing by this mountain, he suddenly sensed a heaven-shaking energy explode from the clouds ahead.

Zhao Feng suddenly focused his eyes as he rapidly began to retreat.

*Boom!*

At this moment, Space Intent surged out from the surroundings. Curtains of violet darkness appeared in every direction. Within these curtains of darkness were dark clouds, a violet moon, and countless stars.

In the end, these curtains of violet darkness linked together and sealed off the area for tens of thousands of li around. The entire world seemed to become a violet-colored night, cut off from the outside world.

“Junior, you were finally willing to come out!” Ancient God Night Dragon’s figure slowly emerged from the violet night.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng immediately put on the Spacetime Robe.

“Don’t waste your strength. This Illusion Space Violet Domain Array was prepared especially for you. If you were a little stronger, you might have been able to use the power of the Spacetime Robe to leave, but...” Ancient God Night Dragon gave a vicious laugh.

Zhao Feng was a Rank Six True God with the Spacetime Robe and the five-colored crystalline palace. Moreover, he had been acknowledged by the Spiritual Race, so if the Spiritual Race had given Zhao Feng some trump cards to save his life, not even Ancient God Night Dragon was confident that he could kill Zhao Feng quickly.

Thus, Ancient God Night Dragon moved ahead of Zhao Feng and put down this powerful array in his path. In this Illusion Space Violet Domain Array, even his own Space Intent was restricted.

“Who said that I wanted to leave?” Upon putting on the Spacetime Robe, Zhao Feng didn’t use any of its powers. Instead, he smiled at Ancient God Night Dragon.

“If I hadn’t intentionally limited my speed so that the people of your race could follow me and also traveled in a straight line, would you really have been able to get in front of me and had time to lay down this array?” Zhao Feng exposed everything.

The evolution of his God’s Spiritual Eye had greatly increased his range of vision. He noticed the people of the Violet Night Race following him the moment he left the Spiritual Race.

Zhao Feng walked into his enemy’s trap for one purpose – to kill this Ancient God that was pursuing him!

“I naturally know that, but do you really think that, just because you became a Rank Six True God in one go, you can defeat me with some treasures and divine artifacts?” Ancient God Night Dragon laughed.

He had noticed that Zhao Feng’s route was too straight, as if he was doing so deliberately. However, would he – an Ancient God – be afraid of a Rank Six True God? Even if the Spiritual Race had given Zhao Feng some trump cards that made it impossible for him to kill Zhao Feng, he wouldn’t lose much from the effort. And once he killed Zhao Feng, he would obtain all the treasures Zhao Feng owned!

“How would I know if I don’t try?” There was something sly and cunning about Zhao Feng’s smile.

“Heheh!” Ancient God Night Dragon chuckled in derision.

*Boom!*

Ancient God Night Dragon activated his bloodline. His entire body transformed into a thick violet liquid that fused with the surrounding darkness.

Zhao Feng immediately noticed a pressure being exerted upon him by the surrounding space. At the same time, the stars, the violet moon, and the dark clouds began to move according to strange laws.

“Illusion Dao power?” Zhao Feng’s left eye exuded a supreme Eye Intent that allowed him to remain clear-minded.

*This kid’s eye-bloodline is truly unusual. It can actually ignore the Illusion Dao power of the Illusion Space Violet Domain Array?* The hidden Ancient God Night Dragon was rather surprised.

The Illusion Space Violet Domain Array had three major uses:

One; isolate a region from the outside world and prevent an opponent from using Space Intent.

Two; create Illusion Dao power that average experts of the same level would find very hard to resist.

Three; boost the bloodline power of the Violet Night Race.

*Whoosh! Whoosh!*

Two figures formed from sparkling violet liquid appeared in the violet night. These figures thrummed with dreadful power as they charged at Zhao Feng.

“Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Domain!” Zhao Feng’s body immediately unleashed dazzling five-colored lightning.

With Zhao Feng as the center, the area suddenly became a dimension of five-colored lightning. As soon as those two violet figures entered the Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Domain, they were suppressed by the power of the Five Elements Tribulation Lightning.

*Swish!*

Ancient God Night Dragon’s attack was weakened by more than twenty percent.

“Eh? This kid’s not bad!” Ancient God Night Dragon was taken aback.

The gap between a Rank Six True God and a Rank Seven Ancient God was very large. Moreover, the Violet Night Race’s bloodline would be boosted in the Illusion Space Violet Domain Array, which meant that Ancient God Night Dragon was far stronger than usual.

Despite that, Zhao Feng’s skill was still capable of weakening his attack.

“Appear!” A five-colored pearl appeared in Zhao Feng’s hand.

The five-colored pearl floated in the air and unleashed a vortex, transforming into a massive five-colored palace that blocked the rest of the attack’s power.

“Haha, I was waiting for you to take it out!” Ancient God Night Dragon gave a sinister smile.

The five-colored palace Zhao Feng owned was a supreme defensive divine artifact. Even Ancient God Night Dragon would find it very difficult to break through it.

*Whoosh!*

Ancient God Night Dragon's body suddenly emerged on the other side of the five-colored palace. He held a fan of violet crystal in his hand, which he used to send out a wave of violet light.

*Shwoosh!*

Fine tendrils of violet light stabbed at Zhao Feng like lightning bolts.

"And I was waiting for you to show yourself!" Zhao Feng suddenly sneered, and his left eye exploded with supreme Eye Intent.

*Swish!*

A violet-silver bolt of fiery lightning appeared in his silver eye. The dreadful Tribulation Lightning energy in this flame immediately made Ancient God Night Dragon feel that something was wrong.

*Kacrack!*

The violet-silver Tribulation Lightning flame exploded on Ancient God Night Dragon's soul.

"What a powerful soul attack...!" Ancient God Night Dragon yelled in shock. He was more and more sensing that there was something wrong about the situation.

At this moment, he suddenly sensed a powerful and majestic energy.

*Ancient God!* These words suddenly emerged in Ancient God Night Dragon's mind.

Zhao Feng chose to stop hiding his strength!

*Ding! Bangbang!*

Ancient God Night Dragon's attack, weakened by the Spacetime Robe, fell against Zhao Feng's body and stirred a few arcs of electricity.

"Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Palm!" After receiving Ancient God Night Dragon's attack, Zhao Feng gathered Tribulation Lightning energy and unleashed a massive palm of dense five-colored lightning.

"What a powerful attack! This is no weaker than an average Ancient God!" Ancient God Night Dragon shook free of the pain that wracked his soul, and his face contorted in shock.

"Violet Void!" Ancient God Night Dragon activated his bloodline power, and his body was immediately shrouded in layers of flickering violet light.

This palm was Zhao Feng's true attack, and Ancient God Night Dragon had to face it with all his strength.

*God Eye Disintegration!*

Zhao Feng's left eye rippled with Eye Intent. There was an illusory flicker of light, and then a dreamy mist poured out.

The flickering violet lights around Ancient God Night Dragon suddenly dimmed and then vanished.



“This... how?” Ancient God Night Dragon’s face was stricken with fear and confusion. His secret defensive bloodline technique and the strength he had poured into it had both vanished.

*Boom! Hisss!*

The five-colored lightning palm infused with the terrifying physical power of Tribulation Lightning rumbled toward him. In the Illusion Space Violet Domain Array, Ancient God Night Dragon’s Space Intent was also partially restrained.

He knew that he couldn’t dodge, so he took out a high-quality divine artifact.

*Boom! Bang!*

Ancient God Night Dragon activated the divine artifact to its maximum extent.

“A high-quality divine artifact!” Zhao Feng’s eyes flashed.

Based on what his God Eye could observe, this divine artifact wasn’t too great, but it had barely crossed the threshold into high quality.

*God Eye Disintegration!*

Zhao Feng’s left eye focused on this high-quality defensive divine artifact.

*Bzzzz!*

A layer of dreamy mist shot forward. The divine artifact in Ancient God Night Dragon’s hand suddenly lost some of its luster.

“What... what’s going on here!?” Ancient God Night Dragon’s eyeballs almost fell out of their sockets.

When he used his defensive bloodline technique, the strength within it had inexplicably vanished. Now, the energy of the divine artifact in his hand was also dropping.

*Boom! Hisss!*

However, there was no time for him to be stunned, as Zhao Feng’s attack was already colliding against the divine artifact.

Even though the power of the defensive divine artifact had decreased, it was still able to block Zhao Feng’s attack.

*God Eye Disintegration!*

Zhao Feng focused the power of the God Eye Disintegration on a certain crucial area of the divine artifact. In a flash, all the disintegrative power converged on that area.

*Cha!*

A thin crack appeared on the high-quality divine artifact. In an instant, the energy of the Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Palm charged at that weak area.

The destructive nature of this clash almost caused this divine artifact’s quality to drop down to average quality.

*Boom! Bang!*

The rest of the power in Zhao Feng's attack threw Ancient God Night Dragon all the way to the edge of the Illusion Space Violet Domain Array.

"Heaven Engulfing Palm! Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Palm!"

Zhao Feng continued to pile on the attacks, giving Ancient God Night Dragon no chance to catch his breath.

"Damn, this kid... he's too strange!" Ancient God Night Dragon's violet body was extremely dim.

He had lost this time. He was no match for Zhao Feng!

The primary reason for that was that Zhao Feng was actually an Ancient God. In addition, the abilities of his eye-bloodline were terrifying and extremely bizarre.

*But he should be here soon. This kid will still die!* Ancient God Night Dragon snorted.

*Swish!*

Ancient God Night Dragon left the boundary of the array and prepared to flee. If Zhao Feng pursued, he would only be speeding up his death.

"Where are you going!?" Zhao Feng coldly barked.

His left eye once more unleashed a powerful Eye Intent together with a supreme Spacetime Intent.

"Spacetime Seal!"

Spacetime Intent descended upon Ancient God Night Dragon.

"This is... the power... of Spacetime... Intent!" Ancient God Night Dragon blurted out in shock.

To any bystanders, his words appeared to be spoken very slowly, like a child learning how to speak.

Zhao Feng had started cultivating the Spacetime Seal a long time ago, but the extreme difficulty meant that Zhao Feng was not capable of exhibiting this technique's power. Now that he was an Ancient God, the situation was different.

At this moment, not only could Ancient God Night Dragon not use Space Intent, but he was also bound by Time Intent. He was in a slow-motion world where Zhao Feng could cut him down as he pleased!

### **Chapter 1268: Another Visit to the Life Origin Sect**

After being struck by a spacetime eye-bloodline technique, Ancient God Night Dragon was in a world of slow motion. Even his thoughts moved at an extremely slow pace.

And this was an eye-bloodline technique that was locked onto his body, so no matter where he ran, the effects of the eye-bloodline technique would remain.

But Ancient God Night Dragon was still a Rank Seven Ancient God. He was also skilled in Space Intent and had built up some resistance. Moreover, Zhao Feng had barely grasped this eye-bloodline technique, so it was difficult for him to maintain its effects for a very long time.

“Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Palm!” Zhao Feng immediately used his Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Divine Power, fusing it with his physical strength into several massive palms of lightning.

*Damn! This kid obtained the Spacetime Robe, comprehended Spacetime Intent, and even learned some spacetime eye-bloodline techniques....* Ancient God Night Dragon watched as Zhao Feng’s attacks descended, but he couldn’t dodge. He didn’t even have time to use any defensive techniques. He could do nothing except use his damaged divine artifact to try to block the attacks.

*Boom! Bang!*

Ancient God Night Dragon’s body was sent flying several li. The massive mountain of rock was almost instantly flattened.

*I’ve recovered quite a bit.* Ancient God Night Dragon sensed that the Spacetime Intent afflicting him was rapidly weakening. However, his injuries were also incredibly severe, so he needed to leave as quickly as possible.

*Swish!*

With a wave of Zhao Feng’s left hand, a man covered in pitch-black scales appeared.

“Kill him!” Zhao Feng coldly said.

“Heh, a heavily injured Ancient God?” The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon licked its lips and gave a bloodthirsty smile.

It had spent most of this recent period in the Spacetime Robe Dimension and had now recovered all of its former strength. It had been many years since it had last seen blood.

The Destruction Dragon Race bloodline had always been fond of killing and destruction. This period of secluded cultivation was rather arduous for the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon.

*Boom!*

The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon’s body seethed with demonic flames that exuded a dreadful energy that could incinerate all living beings. Wherever it went, he left an aura of destruction and calamity.

At this moment, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon had returned to its Rank Six True God cultivation!

“Destruction Dragon Race...!” Ancient God Night Dragon blurted out in shock.

Even his Violet Night Race bloodline faintly trembled and was suppressed by the thin bloodline of the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon. In the blink of an eye, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon and Zhao Feng reached him.

“Destruction Dragon Blast!” The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon formed a massive claw of black and red flames and fired it.

“Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame!” Zhao Feng’s ability to deal physical damage was perhaps not on par with the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon, so he chose to attack Ancient God Night Dragon’s soul.

*Boom! Bang!*

A burst of lightning and flame engulfed Ancient God Night Dragon.

At this moment, the Spacetime Seal on Ancient God Night Dragon's body had completely dissipated, but his injuries were so severe that he was now teetering on the edge of death.

"Hmph, die!" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon saw that Ancient God Night Dragon was still trying to resist and immediately pushed its bloodline to the limit to suppress him. At the same time, it also launched a Destructive attack.

Zhao Feng also continued to barrage Ancient God Night Dragon's soul.

"Ah...!" Ancient God Night Dragon shrilly screamed as his mauled body was engulfed in lightning and flames.

"Die!" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon slashed down with a claw seething with Destructive draconic flames.

*Boom!*

Ancient God Night Dragon's body and soul were finally destroyed, transforming into dust that was blown away with the wind.

"I finally killed you...." Zhao Feng's eyes glimmered with vicious light.

Twenty-five years ago, while he was fleeing from two Ancient Gods, he had resolved himself to one day purge himself of that humiliation. Today, one of those Ancient Gods had finally died at his hand.

"Someone strong is approaching!" Zhao Feng and the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon suddenly sensed a powerful aura rapidly approaching.

"It's him!" Zhao Feng's eyes went cold.

*Swoosh!*

The newcomers were none other than Ancient God Black Heaven and the two True Gods from Violet Night Hall.

"That's..." Ancient God Black Heaven's face immediately turned gloomy.

Near Zhao Feng, the dust of Ancient God Night Dragon's body was slowly scattering in the air.

"Senior Night Dragon!" the two True Gods of Violet Night Hall cried out in shock.

How could they have expected for Ancient God Night Dragon to die at the hands of their target? Wasn't Zhao Feng just a Rank Six True God? How could he now be a Rank Seven Ancient God with the ability to kill someone of the same level?

"You've been chasing me because you want this, right?" A triangular piece of metal appeared in Zhao Feng's hand as he stared at Ancient God Black Heaven.

In order to evade Ancient God Black Heaven, Zhao Feng had used the God Sealing Stone to completely suppress this metal triangle. But now, he revealed this item to Ancient God Black Heaven.

Ancient God Black Heaven's entire body trembled at the sight of this object. His eyes were entirely focused on the metal triangle as if Zhao Feng didn't exist.

"Just what sort of secret is inside this thing?" Zhao Feng and the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon couldn't help but examine this piece of metal.

It was capable of forcing an Ancient God to doggedly pursue someone for several decades. This metal triangle definitely wasn't as simple as it seemed on the surface.

"Zhao Feng, if you give that to me, Ancient Soul Hall won't make any trouble for you in the future!" Ancient God Black Heaven took in a deep breath to calm himself and then turned his gaze to Zhao Feng.

In the past, he would have not wasted time exchanging words with Zhao Feng and would have just attacked him. However, just a moment ago, Ancient God Night Dragon had fallen at Zhao Feng's hand, forcing him to take another look at Zhao Feng.

In battles against those of the same level, it was very difficult for one to kill the other. Despite that, Zhao Feng had only just become an Ancient God and yet was already capable of killing an Ancient God of the Violet Night Race.

Moreover, Zhao Feng also had a black serpent dragon with the bloodline of the Destruction Dragon Race. Although Ancient God Black Heaven had two Rank Five True Gods of Violet Night Hall at his side, they were completely useless. If their two sides were to fight, Ancient God Black Heaven would undoubtedly be the disadvantaged one.

"Did I say anything about letting you off?" Zhao Feng couldn't help but sneer.

Zhao Feng couldn't control whether Ancient Soul Hall would leave him be, but Zhao Feng did know that he would not let Ancient God Black Heaven off.

"You...!" Ancient God Black Heaven wanted to threaten him.

However, Zhao Feng was now a core disciple of the Spiritual Race, a genius who had directly become a Rank Six True God and then reached the Ancient God level in a short year. The Spiritual Race definitely wouldn't sit back if Ancient Soul Hall wanted to deal with Zhao Feng.

"You will regret this!" Black Heaven coldly spat out and then turned to leave.

"Senior Black Heaven...!" The two True Gods of Violet Night Hall saw that Ancient God Black Heaven was preparing to leave and immediately called out.

If not even Ancient God Night Dragon could kill Zhao Feng, the two of them were certainly no match. Thus, they hoped that Ancient God Black Heaven would take them with him at least.

"Seeking death!" Ancient God Black Heaven's face savagely contorted as he angrily bellowed.

In his foul mood, these two True Gods dared to bother him?

*Swoosh!*

A black and violet light exploded from Ancient God Black Heaven's claws, tearing apart the bodies and souls of these two True Gods of Violet Night Hall.

After killing these two, Ancient God Black Heaven left.

"Heheh!" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon smugly laughed.

It had returned to its prime and even killed an Ancient God. All this was simply far too refreshing.

"I'll leave him alive for now." Zhao Feng harrumphed.

In comparison to Ancient God Night Dragon, he would've preferred to kill Ancient God Black Heaven. However, Ancient God Black Heaven was far stronger than Ancient God Night Dragon. Moreover, he had just gone through a major battle that taxed his strength. Even if he worked together with the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon, he didn't have the confidence to kill Ancient God Black Heaven.

Unless... he used the strength of the Blood Flame Qilin Race! But this was no guarantee. After all, the Blood Flame Qilin Race had only promised to serve Zhao Feng without harming him. If they emerged and escaped Zhao Feng's control, they were completely capable of divulging Zhao Feng's secret and getting others to kill him.

"Leave him alive?" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon was stunned. It knew that Zhao Feng had obtained the aid of the Blood Flame Qilin Race, so killing Ancient God Black Heaven was not a difficult task at all.

*His future is inestimable!* The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon internally sighed.

In the past, Zhao Feng wasn't even an ant in its eyes, but now, even at its peak, it was no match for Zhao Feng.

After putting away the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon and the Spacetime Robe, Zhao Feng continued on his journey.

This time, he used Instant Movement to travel at full speed. After a little more than two months, he finally arrived at the Life Origin Sect.

Zhao Feng, wearing the white-veiled hat, entered the Life Origin Sect.

"Who is visiting?" Several guards immediately went to stop him.

*Swish!*

Zhao Feng took out the token showing that he was a core disciple of the Spiritual Race.

"This one had eyes but could not see, not knowing that Good Sir was a core disciple of the Spiritual Race. Please forgive this offense!" All the guards in front of Zhao Feng got down on their knees.

The Life Origin Sect was a peak four-star faction, but it was under the administration of the Spiritual Race. Even the core disciples of the Life Origin Sect would have to treat the core disciples of the Spiritual Race with great respect, let alone these guards.

"What matter brings Good Sir to the Life Origin Sect?" a guard asked.

“I’ve come to find Yu Bingcheng!” Zhao Feng coldly said.

Zhao Feng followed a guard into the Life Origin Sect. It didn’t take long before the guard had led Zhao Feng to Elder Yu Bingcheng’s residence.

“Good Sir, this is Elder Yu’s residence. I will go and inform him of your visit.” The guard gave a fawning smile.

“There’s no need. You’re dismissed,” Zhao Feng flatly replied.

Once the guard was gone, Zhao Feng went right up to the door.

*Thump!*

Zhao Feng threw open the gates to the hall.

“Who is it that dares to intrude on an Elder’s residence!?” a furious roar came from the depths of the palace.

In a flash of light, Yu Bingcheng appeared in front of Zhao Feng.

“It’s you!?” Yu Bingcheng was flabbergasted, and then his eyes turned as a powerful energy rose from his body.

“Whoever you are, intruding on an Elder’s residence is a major crime. I will personally carry out the punishment!” Yu Bingcheng righteously declared.

He had never expected for Zhao Feng to return. It seemed like he had failed in his pursuit of Zhao Yufei and returned to the Life Origin Sect to seek Yu Bingcheng’s aid.

But Yu Bingcheng could not allow Zhao Feng to ruin his plan. Thus, he pretended to not recognize Zhao Feng and kill him.

“Elder Yu truly has a good memory. You so quickly forgot about this Zhao!”

Zhao Feng didn’t move, but the Divine Stages in his body slowly began to exude their energy.

### **Chapter 1269: Rescue**

Elder Yu stared at Zhao Feng with cold and harsh eyes as he gathered tremendous energy to crush him. However, at this moment, Zhao Feng’s body also unleashed a vast surge of energy.

“Rank Six True God!?” At this moment, Elder Yu could keenly sense Zhao Feng’s cultivation level.

But how could this be? Zhao Feng had come to the Life Origin Sect as only a Quasi-God. How could he now be a Rank Six True God?

“Zhao... Feng? Could you be...?” Elder Yu seemed to think of something, and his face twisted in extreme shock.

When Zhao Feng brought Han Ning’er to this place, Elder Yu only heard Han Ning’er mention Zhao Feng’s name once or twice. At the time, Zhao Feng was so insignificant that Elder Yu never imagined he would ever see Zhao Feng in the future. As a result, he couldn’t be bothered to remember this name.

After sending off Zhao Feng, Elder Yu remained indoors, too busy with his own affairs to worry about anyone else, but he had occasionally heard some news about some “Genius Zhao Feng.”

Elder Yu would have never associated this Genius Zhao Feng with the person he had sent to the Spiritual Race to be a worker disciple, but now that Zhao Feng displayed his Rank Six True God cultivation, how could he not understand what was going on?

“Why is Elder Yu in such a rush to kill me?” Zhao Feng nonchalantly asked.

“I was in the middle of seclusion when someone suddenly disturbed me. The rage got to my head, so I was acting somewhat rashly. Brother Zhao, please do not take offense....” Elder Yu squeezed out an extremely ugly smile.

He had no grudges with Zhao Feng, and even if he had displayed some killing intent just now, he hadn’t actually attacked Zhao Feng. In addition, Zhao Feng had only been able to enter the Spiritual Race through his assistance. Thus, Elder Yu didn’t believe Zhao Feng would do anything to him.

*I didn’t think that this kid would have such terrifying talent to directly attain Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm....* Elder Yu’s mind was extremely unsettled.

Elder Yu was a Rank Six True God, an Elder with the lowest status among the many Elders of the Life Origin Sect. Zhao Feng was also a Rank Six True God, but he was a core disciple of the Spiritual Race, one of its most dazzling geniuses. Even the ordinary Elders of the Spiritual Race wouldn’t dare to provoke Zhao Feng.

As for the Life Origin Sect, it was actually one of the factions administered by the Spiritual Race. Consequently, as an Elder of the Life Origin Sect, he was of a far lower status than Zhao Feng.

“Where is Han Ning’er?” Zhao Feng’s expression remained unchanged.

“She... is outside on a mission!” Elder Yu’s face flickered for a moment before regaining its composure.

*Why is this kid asking about Han Ning’er as soon as he gets here!? He’s the most brilliant genius of the Spiritual Race. He should be getting together with Zhao Yufei!*

Elder Yu was beginning to panic.

In his view, Zhao Feng was only responsible for sending Han Ning’er to the Ziling Zone. The two shouldn’t have any deeper of a relationship. But now, Zhao Feng was bluntly asking about Han Ning’er.

If Zhao Feng found out how he had treated Han Ning’er, Elder Yu would find it hard to predict what the consequences would be.

Elder Yu could only imagine that Zhao Feng was casually inquiring about how she was doing. Thus, he lied and said that Han Ning’er was out on a mission.

“Elder Yu truly knows how to make a joke. Isn’t she in your residence?”

Zhao Feng’s left eye could see through all, and he had long ago detected that Han Ning’er was being held in a certain hall of this palace.

“How... how did you know?” Elder Yu’s face grimaced in shock.



Zhao Feng's face turned cold and gloomy as he silently stepped into the palace.

Before leaving the Life Origin Sect, he had left Zhao Hui behind. Zhao Hui just managed to mix into the Life Origin Sect, but he had been paying constant attention to the situation in the Life Origin Sect the entire time.

There had not been even a sliver of news about the Eye of Life appearing in the Life Origin Sect. Thus, Zhao Feng began to guess that something was wrong quite some time ago.

One of the reasons for his visit to the Life Origin Sect was to pick up Zhao Hui, but the other reason was to see how Han Ning'er was doing.

A powerful array had been sent up around one of the innermost halls of this palace, cutting it off from the outside world. Even the Divine Sense of an Ancient God would find it difficult to get through. Alas, this array could not stop the see-through ability of Zhao Feng's left eye.

*He actually knows!* Elder Yu followed behind Zhao Feng, a ghastly look of horror on his face.

He had not left his home recently, nor had anyone else come in, so how did the news that Han Ning'er was imprisoned here get out? And how did it manage to reach Zhao Feng's ears? Elder Yu couldn't think of how this had transpired.

Upon arriving at the sealed hall, Zhao Feng stretched out a hand.

*Swish!*

A tidal wave of physical lightning energy rumbled forward. Endless Tribulation Lightning exploded on the array.

*Cling! Crack!*

A crack appeared at the area that Zhao Feng had reached out to.

Zhao Feng punched.

*Thump!*

The array exploded into countless crystalline specks of light that scattered into the world.

*How could this be!? No one weaker than an Ancient God should be able to break this array!* Elder Yu felt like he had been struck by lightning.

The moment the array shattered, the door to the hall opened, and the green-clothed Han Ning'er shot out.

"Zhao Feng?"

Han Ning'er didn't know how the array shattered, only to use this chance to escape, but to her surprise, the first person she saw was Zhao Feng. Han Ning'er was instantly frozen to the spot, her dark green eyes shrouded in a misty haze.

Han Ning'er no longer had her naive and amiable face. It had been replaced by a haggard and panicked expression.

Suddenly, her soft and delicate body lunged into Zhao Feng's chest. Whether it was because she had been too hard-pressed lately or because she was too happy, Han Ning'er began to weep, her crystalline tears drenching Zhao Feng's clothes.

"What's going on here?" Zhao Feng softly asked, not rejecting her.

"He kept me imprisoned here and tried to persuade me to become his cultivation companion...." Han Ning'er then told Zhao Feng everything that had happened after he left.

As it turned out, the moment Zhao Feng left, Elder Yu imprisoned Han Ning'er in this hall and began to persuade her to become his cultivation companion. Han Ning'er refused to agree, which meant that she had not left this hall ever since.

In addition, Elder Yu needed an actual cultivation companion, not a puppet. Consequently, he didn't do anything too out of line, only constantly attempting to persuade her.

He didn't want Han Ning'er to hate him too much. After all, once Han Ning'er agreed, her Eye of Life would give her a bright future. Elder Yu would be able to follow along and ascend higher and higher.

"Brother Zhao, I sincerely love Han Ning'er. I haven't done anything to her...." Elder Yu saw that there was something off about the look on Zhao Feng's face. Gathering his courage, he said, "If Brother Zhao also loves Han Ning'er, you can take her with you. In the Spiritual Race, Han Ning'er won't need long to become an expert!"

Seeing that Elder Yu was afraid of Zhao Feng, Han Ning'er wiped the tears from her eyes and left Zhao Feng's warm chest.

"Zhao Feng, you met with Zhao Yufei?" Han Ning'er directly asked.

In her view, Zhao Feng had definitely met Zhao Yufei and obtained an excellent status while he was at it. Otherwise, why would Elder Yu be so afraid of Zhao Feng?

"How do you want to handle him?" Zhao Feng nodded and pointed at Elder Yu.

At this time, Han Ning'er gave Elder Yu a cold and harsh glare.

Elder Yu slightly grimaced. Zhao Feng's words made him rather unhappy. Even though he was an Elder of the Life Origin Sect, Zhao Feng appeared to be ready to judge whether he lived or died.

"Let's cripple his cultivation," Zhao Feng straightforwardly said.

He knew that Han Ning'er would find it very difficult to work up any desire to kill Elder Yu.

"Brother Zhao, you were able to enter the Spiritual Race because I helped you...!" Elder Yu paled and immediately began to protest.

In the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, even death was preferable to having one's cultivation crippled.

The look on Zhao Feng's face didn't change as he slowly strode over toward Elder Yu.

“Zhao Feng, don’t get too ahead of yourself. You might be stronger than me, but it’s impossible for you to cripple my cultivation. In addition, this is the Life Origin Sect, and I am one of its Elders!” Elder Yu saw that the soft approach wasn’t working and immediately turned tough.

“You were once a member of Spirit Grass Gate, but you didn’t help Han Ning’er or help revive Spirit Grass Gate. Instead, you only thought about yourself. And besides, look at a mirror; do you really think you can match up to her?” Zhao Feng disdainfully stared at him.

Elder Yu saw that Zhao Feng’s mind was set and essentially impossible to change.

“Hmph, even if I have to leave the Life Origin Sect—leave the Ziling Zone, I won’t let you cripple my cultivation!” Elder Yu’s face became resolved.

With his Rank Six True God cultivation and status as a doctor, he could go to any other zone and live quite the fine life in any random four-star faction.

*Thwish!*

Elder Yu immediately fled.

“You can’t run!” With a cold snort, Zhao Feng transformed into a bolt of lightning and pursued Elder Yu.

“Bramble Binding!” Elder Yu sent out a stream of dark green Divine Power.

Thick vines, thorns, and brambles immediately began to grow around the palace, creating a sea of thorns.

*Boom! Bang!*

The entire palace immediately exploded as countless thorny vines reached for Zhao Feng.

*Thwish!*

Elder Yu gave a smug smile as he continued to flee, but a moment later, a domain of five-colored lightning appeared in the terrifying sea of thorns. All the thorns and vines in this domain were pulverized into bits of charred wood.

*Thwish!*

Zhao Feng shot toward Elder Yu, seemingly transcending space as he instantly appeared above Elder Yu.

“So fast!” Elder Yu was startled.

A moment later, he felt a pain that bored all the way into his soul.

*Boom! Bang!*

Zhao Feng’s punch smashed Elder Yu into the ground, where he vomited blood.

He was a Wood element cultivator as well as a doctor. In terms of fighting ability, he was far weaker than a normal Rank Six True God.

*This kid is very strong, and he’s way faster than me!* Elder Yu was now keenly aware that he was no match for Zhao Feng, nor could he escape.

*Whoosh!*

Suppressing his injuries, Elder Yu flew toward Han Ning'er.

"Zhao Feng, you forced me to do this!" Elder Yu's body surged with Divine Power as he prepared to capture Han Ning'er and use her life to threaten Zhao Feng so that he could escape.

"Nooo...!" Elder Yu's intimidating pressure made it difficult for Han Ning'er to breathe.

Elder Yu was on the verge of capturing Han Ning'er.

"Seeking death!" Zhao Feng's eyes instantly chilled as he extended a palm. A blade of five-colored lightning transcended space and cut Elder Yu at his thighs.

"Ah...!" His body nearly cut in half, Elder Yu howled in pain while his immense aura of energy instantly collapsed.

At this moment, powerful ripples of energy came from the surroundings.

"Who is it that dares to make trouble in the Life Origin Sect!?" a withered elder with black-green skin suddenly bellowed.

An old lady holding a cane rushed to the scene from another direction.

"Third Elder, Fourth Elder, he's going to kill me! Save me...!" Elder Yu immediately yelled.

"Stop!"

"How audacious, to dare intrude upon the Life Origin Sect and commit murder!"

### **Chapter 1270: Life Sacred Land**

"Stop!"

"How audacious, to dare intrude upon the Life Origin Sect and commit murder!"

The two Elders of the Life Origin Sect who just appeared saw that Elder Yu had been cut in two and bellowed in indignation.

The Life Origin Sect was a peak four-star faction, and yet someone had dared to intrude and attack an Elder.

"The two of you came at just the right time." Zhao Feng suddenly turned to the two Ancient God experts who were charging at him.

"What do you mean?" The old man with black-green skin stopped, his eyes turning gloomy.

This young man had actually chosen not to run in the face of two Ancient God experts, instead turning to face them. The Elder found this situation to be extremely strange.

The other Elder began to carefully inspect Zhao Feng.

"Third Elder, Fourth Elder, don't listen to his nonsense! Hurry and kill him!" the mangled Elder Yu began to strenuously shout.

But the two Elders examined Zhao Feng with profound gazes, not daring to act rashly.

“You are...!”

As the two Elders examined Zhao Feng, they suddenly remembered something and grimaced.

They had long ago heard that some peerless genius had appeared in the Spiritual Race, one who had reached Rank Six in his breakthrough. This genius’s left eye and hair were of a very unique color.

They had only heard rumors and not seen this genius for themselves, so they didn’t recognize Zhao Feng at the start.

“I am a core disciple of the Spiritual Race, Zhao Feng!” Zhao Feng finished the words of those two Elders.

“It really is him!” The two Elders were shocked, and then they became confused. The Life Origin Sect was one of the factions under the Spiritual Race. Why had Zhao Feng come to make trouble here?

“A year ago, I escorted a bloodline descendant of the Eye of Life to the Life Origin Sect in the hopes that the Life Origin Sect could nurture and train her. But I didn’t expect that, after I left, Yu Bingcheng would act on his private desire, seeking to take her for his own by keeping her imprisoned this entire time.” Zhao Feng coldly laid out the situation.

“The Eye of Life!” the two Life Origin Sect Elders both blurted out in surprise.

The two simultaneously turned to Han Ning’er.

“It really is the Eye of Life!” After confirming the truth through their sharp senses, the two Elders were even more stunned.

*It’s over!* Elder Yu knew that he would no longer be able to escape. But even if his cultivation was crippled, he had means of restarting his cultivation, though the process would be much more difficult.

“Hmph! Elder Yu, you’re very bold!” The two Elders suddenly turned grim as they coldly glared at Yu Bingcheng.

There was no need to mention the potential of the Eye of Life. If this person had become part of the Life Origin Sect, she would have certainly become one of its strongest experts. Perhaps they could have sent the Eye of Life to the Life Sacred Land; she would still have a bright future while the Life Origin Sect would also stand to greatly benefit.

Elder Yu had also noticed this potential, so he tried to make Han Ning’er his cultivation companion. If he had succeeded, he would have stood to benefit the most, and the Life Origin Sect wouldn’t have blamed Elder Yu.

But crucially, he failed! Now, not only would the Life Origin Sect lose the Eye of Life, but they had also offended Zhao Feng, a core disciple of the Spiritual Race.

“You two came at just the right time. I am currently planning to personally execute him,” Zhao Feng flatly spoke to the two Elders.

“Execution!?” Elder Yu immediately reeled his head back in shock.

Didn't Zhao Feng say that he was only going to cripple his cultivation? When had it become execution?

"If you hadn't threatened Han Ning'er's life just now, perhaps I might have permitted you to continue struggling at death's door." Zhao Feng sneered.

He originally planned to spare this person's life, but Yu Bingcheng made the wrong choice.

The Third and Fourth Elder of the Life Origin Sect exchanged glances and began to message each other.

Good or bad, Elder Yu was still a Rank Six True God and an Elder. He still had value for the Life Origin Sect. However, if they incurred Zhao Feng's displeasure for the sake of Yu Bingcheng, the loss would outweigh the gain.

"Friend Zhao, Elder Yu – good or bad – is still a Rank Six True God and an Elder of the Life Origin Sect. We hope that you can spare his life for the sake of the Life Origin Sect!" the withered Elder spoke.

"The Life Origin Sect is willing to pay a large sum of God Crystals and herbs to compensate Friend Zhao and pay for Yu Bingcheng's life!" the old lady hurriedly added.

The Elders spoke up one after the other.

Their words were the result of their discussion. Through this method, they could both curry Zhao Feng's favor while also sparing Yu Bingcheng's life.

After all, Zhao Feng simply had too much potential. He was even friends with a descendant of the Eye of Life. If they could form a friendship with this pair, the Life Origin Sect would only benefit.

On the side, Yu Bingcheng rejoiced to see that the two Elders of the sect wanted to save his life.

"I was informing you, not asking!" Zhao Feng growled, his expression unchanged.

The three Elders of the Life Origin Sect immediately grimaced at these words. There was a hint of slight displeasure on the faces of the Third Elder and Fourth Elder, but there was only fear on Elder Yu's face. He never expected for Zhao Feng to be so unyielding as to not give these two Elders any face.

*Boom! Hisss!*

Countless white arcs of lightning began to crackle within Zhao Feng's left eye, and Destruction Intent that could destroy souls, combined with powerful soul ripples, began to surge.

"No! Third Elder, Fourth Elder, hurry and persuade Zhao Feng...!" Elder Yu sensed his imminent death and immediately began to plead and beg.

But it was all too late. Zhao Feng's eye-bloodline technique was simply too fast.

*Kacrack!*

A twisted bolt of Tribulation Lightning and a writhing flame exploded on Elder Yu's soul. He was only able to put up a tiny struggle before his soul was annihilated.

"Instant death!"

"That was a Soul eye-bloodline technique with Tribulation Lightning energy!"

The two Elders of the Life Origin Sect stared in horror at this sight.

They had heard that Zhao Feng directly attained Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm, but he only needed a glance to kill someone at the same rank!?

They found it difficult to fathom the true power of Zhao Feng's eye-bloodline. It was at least on par with the descendants of the Eight Great God Eyes.

Such talent and strength were simply terrifying!

"Friend Zhao, Elder Yu is dead, but this friend of yours with the Eye of Life can remain in the Life Origin Sect. Let our Life Origin Sect compensate her. The Life Origin Sect can guarantee that such a thing will never happen again...."

With Elder Yu dead, Zhao Feng's anger should have been vented, so the withered old man began to make peaceful overtures.

Zhao Feng couldn't help but laugh as he prepared to refuse.

"No, I don't want to stay here!" Han Ning'er immediately said.

Everyone here was a supreme expert while she was just a Quasi-God, so Han Ning'er had chosen to remain silent earlier. But now, Han Ning'er bluntly stated her opinion.

"Then let's go!" Zhao Feng faintly smiled, swept up Han Ning'er, and left the Life Origin Sect.

"Damn! That kid is very arrogant! He kills an Elder of the Life Origin Sect and then just leaves!" The face of the withered Elder turned icy as soon as Zhao Feng left.

"There's nothing we can do. After all, Yu Bingcheng's crimes were clear, and even if we made a fuss about this, the Life Origin Sect would gain very little. We could even end up offending Zhao Feng. It's not worth the risk." The old lady sighed.

"How formidable! This is Zhao Feng!"

"He dared to force his way in and kill Elder Yu!"

The disciples gathered in the area began to enthusiastically discuss this event.

...

As he was on the verge of leaving the Life Origin Sect, Zhao Feng swept up Zhao Hui into his Interspatial Dimension with his sleeve. With everything done, Zhao Feng left the Life Origin Sect and began his journey back to the Spiritual Race.

"Thank you for saving me again!" Han Ning'er regained her former composure, her face once again lively and amiable.

"I was the one who troubled you. I shouldn't have left you with him in the first place, so it was only right that I save you," Zhao Feng straightforwardly said.

The two had spent more than thirty years together on the journey from the Gulong Zone to the Ziling Zone, and their relationship had slowly changed along this journey. Zhao Feng noticed that something about Han Ning'er's situation wasn't right, so he naturally couldn't just leave her there.

Zhao Feng didn't rush on his way back. He would occasionally stop and rest at Exchange Spiritual Halls.

On a certain day, Zhao Feng took out the large stack of invitations he had received and began to look them over.

The news of Zhao Feng directly attaining Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm had sent shockwaves throughout the entire Ziling Zone. However, Zhao Feng had only ever shown his power in the Spiritual Race, so the other factions remained doubtful about the authenticity of Zhao Feng's situation.

When they came to the Spiritual Race to visit Zhao Feng, Zhao Feng was in seclusion. Thus, they issued Zhao Feng invitations.

Once Zhao Feng came to visit, these factions could verify the facts for themselves. At the same time, if it was true, these factions would inevitably try to recruit to Zhao Feng and form a good relationship with him.

"Eh? Even the Life Sacred Land sent an invitation!"

Zhao Feng extracted a letter with strange green inscriptions on it from the pile.

The Life Sacred Land was the overlord faction of the Ziling Zone. Although it didn't really matter if he went or not, Zhao Feng had never been to a God Realm Sacred Land before. He was rather curious to see what they were all about.

*Perhaps I can send Han Ning'er to the Life Sacred Land.* An idea suddenly occurred to Zhao Feng.

Although he could ensure Han Ning'er's safety in the Spiritual Race, in terms of her future prospects, there was no better place than the Life Sacred Land. Moreover, Han Ning'er also had the important and heavy burden of reviving Spirit Grass Gate. As a result, Zhao Feng felt that the Life Sacred Land was the ideal choice for Han Ning'er.

"Fortunately, it's not too far off the path." Zhao Feng looked over the map in his mind.

After resting for a while, the two set off again.

"Han Ning'er, let's go take a look around the Life Sacred Land," Zhao Feng said before leaving.

"The Life Sacred Land? Can we actually go?" Han Ning'er's eyes sparkled with vivacious light.

As a member of a faction specialized in the Medicine Dao, she naturally knew about the Life Sacred Land. The Life Sacred Land could be considered a sacred land for every practitioner of the Medicine Dao, the land of their dreams.

"Then let's go!" After receiving Han Ning'er's approval, Zhao Feng adjusted their route.

...

Four months later, the pair reached the center of the Ziling Zone, near the lands of the Life Sacred Land.



Even before they reached the actual Life Sacred Land, Zhao Feng could already sense that the concentration of Heaven Earth Yuan Qi was on the same level as the area occupied by the periphery disciples of the Spiritual Race. Moreover, the air was thick with vitality; just breathing it in would make one's body feel relaxed.

Zhao Feng used his left eye to peer into the distance.

In the center of a vast, light green fog was an incomparably massive ancient tree of life. This ancient tree seemed to connect heaven and earth. The area covered by its canopy was larger than the entire territory of the Spiritual Race.

"What a massive tree!" Zhao Feng was blown away by this sight. This was the largest tree he had ever seen in his life.

The area covered by this massive tree was an independent dimension. It was surrounded by layers of arrays that cut it off from the outside world. At this distance, Zhao Feng wasn't able to see inside.

"Eh?" Just as he was preparing to head toward the Life Sacred Land, Zhao Feng's left eye suddenly sensed something strange nearby underground.