

K O G 1271

Chapter 1271 – Intercepting and Killing a God Eye Descendant

“Eh? Underground...” Zhao Feng focused his gaze on an area a hundred thousand-some li underground.

A wicked-looking man wearing a black robe that only showed his face was rapidly shuttling through the earth. This person had taken great pains to conceal his aura, and the activity he created while traveling underground was so little that he was almost undetectable.

Such a superb Earth Escape art was something that even Zhao Feng would find difficult to pull off.

Suddenly, this black-robed man seemed to sense something and look in Zhao Feng’s direction.

“That is...!?” Zhao Feng’s face suddenly froze in shock.

“What’s wrong?” Han Ning’er noticed something strange about Zhao Feng and couldn’t help but ask.

Zhao Feng ignored Han Ning’er and continued to stare at the black-robed man’s right eye.

“The Eye of Myriad Forms!”

One of Zhao Feng’s clones had the Eye of Myriad Forms, so he obviously recognized it.

Of course, the most astonishing thing of all was that this person only had one Eye of Myriad Forms – his right eye.

At this moment, the black-robed man was using the Eye of Myriad Forms to control the power of the earth. This allowed him to rapidly move through the earth while producing very few ripples of energy.

“Hah, that kid actually noticed me? Does he have some special eye-bloodline?” Deep underground, the black-robed man was also rather surprised.

Zhao Feng’s eye seemed to be very abnormal, so the black-robed man assumed that Zhao Feng’s eye was of the sensory type. Otherwise, it would have been impossible to notice him.

“Mm? The Eye of Life!?” The black-robed man suddenly turned his gaze to Han Ning’er.

“Heheh, if you’re delivering it to my doorstep, I won’t be polite!” The black-robed man grimly laughed before changing course and shooting toward Zhao Feng.

Killing intent! He’s also an Ancient God! Zhao Feng’s expression sank.

Zhao Feng couldn’t determine this person’s exact cultivation level, but he could sense that this person was definitely stronger than Ancient God Black Heaven. In addition, Zhao Feng could also see that this person was targeting Han Ning’er.

This made Zhao Feng rather confused. Han Ning’er had basically never appeared in the Ziling Zone, and this was her first visit to the central region. However, this black-robed man saw Han Ning’er and immediately erupted with killing intent.

Regardless, Zhao Feng would not let him succeed!

Whoosh!

The black-robed man shot through the earth toward Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng also made preparations to defend himself.

But when the black-robed man was still twenty thousand li from Zhao Feng, he suddenly stopped.

“The Life Sacred Land’s people have arrived....” the black-robed man muttered.

“Heh, I’ll let you go for now!” The black-robed man sent a message before once more changing directions and fleeing into the distance.

“Who is it?” This sudden message left Han Ning’er panicked and wary. Someone of her cultivation was utterly incapable of detecting the black-robed man’s existence.

Zhao Feng turned his somewhat gloomy gaze to the path ahead. A group of three people exuding a powerful physical pressure was approaching.

“Who are you two?” The leader of this group was a youth wearing a blue robe, and he had an unusual look about his face. This person was an Ancient God while the other two were Rank Six True Gods.

“I received an invitation from the Life Sacred Land,” Zhao Feng indifferently said, the invitation letter appearing in his hand.

The blue-robed youth’s Divine Sense scanned the invitation, and then he turned in surprise to Zhao Feng.

“You are... Zhao Feng?” The youth suspiciously looked over Zhao Feng.

The two people next to the youth also looked at Zhao Feng in surprise.

The matter of Zhao Feng had created no small ruckus in the Life Sacred Land. Everyone had become very interested in this genius.

Han Ning’er cautiously stood at the side. In her eyes, the people of the Life Sacred Land were all noble experts. But at this time, the blue-clothed youth seemed to be examining Zhao Feng with a very surprised look on his face. It was as if Zhao Feng had an even more revered status than the youth.

“If you want to enter the Life Sacred Land, you must pass my inspection. After all, it’s easy to change one’s external appearance. There might be someone who would try to disguise themselves as Zhao Feng and sneak into the Life Sacred Land!” the blue-robed youth sternly said.

Zhao Feng slightly frowned. Even though he had received an invitation, he was still subject to inspection.

“Good Sir, please do not take offense. Normally, there would naturally be no need for such a step, but the current situation is rather unique, so...” The youth appeared rather hard-pressed.

“It’s fine. How will the inspection be done?” Zhao Feng saw that there truly was a reason for this inspection, so he agreed.

“Xiahou Wu once fought with Zhao Feng, and I happen to know a little about this battle. I wish to test your body!” the youth said with a smile.

Although the Life Sacred Land was currently in a special situation, Zhao Feng actually didn't need to pass his inspection to enter. However, the blue-robed youth was interested in Zhao Feng, so he used this excuse to see for himself whether Zhao Feng's strength was comparable to Xiahou Wu's.

"A person's external appearance is easy to change, but it's rather difficult to change the characteristics of one's cultivating technique," the blue-robed youth added.

The two people next to the youth were startled. They knew that Liu Kai purely wanted to see Zhao Feng's strength for himself. But Liu Kai was an Ancient God prodigy of the previous generation while Zhao Feng was just a Rank Six True God. How could this possibly be a fair fight?

"Good Sir, be at ease. I will only use forty percent of my strength. Given that you were able to defeat Xiahou Wu, you should be able to take it," Liu Kai added.

Xiahou Wu had the Eye of Life and had reached the peak of Rank Six. He had a level of strength equivalent to an Ancient God using forty percent of their strength. However, Liu Kai was a genius of the Life Sacred Land's previous generation, so forty percent of his strength was probably stronger than Xiahou Wu's full power.

"Okay." Zhao Feng nodded.

Liu Kai was elated to see Zhao Feng agree.

The other two members of the Life Sacred Land and Han Ning'er immediately retreated a certain distance so as not to be caught up in this battle.

"Let's begin! Good Sir, please be careful!" Liu Kai cautioned with a smile.

A moment later, his body suddenly grew a little larger, silver tattoos emerging on his skin that unleashed a powerful physical pressure that caused the surrounding space to grow heavy.

"Even at only forty percent power, Liu Kai's Silver Star Dense Body still gives off such powerful pressure. It seems like he's made even more progress!" The two other members of the Life Sacred Land were somewhat closer to the area of battle, so they could keenly sense that physical pressure.

Whoosh!

Liu Kai transformed into a silver streak of light and shot toward Zhao Feng. He faintly smiled and punched.

The moment he punched, a silver starry fist appeared in the air, leaving a trail of explosions as it flew through the air.

Unperturbed, Zhao Feng activated his Sacred Lightning Body and circulated his Five Elements Divine Power before throwing a punch of his own.

With just Rank Six True God cultivation, Zhao Feng would have never been a match for Xiahou Wu unless he used his eye-bloodline, so he was naturally no match for Liu Kai. Thus, Zhao Feng exerted all his physical strength.

Boom! Bang!

There was a deafening metallic collision as the two fists met.

Hissss!

Thin, white arcs of lightning crackled all over Liu Kai's body. Liu Kai felt a slight numbness throughout his body.

He managed to take it!? Liu Kai was slightly taken aback.

Based on what he knew, Zhao Feng had only been able to defeat Xiahou Wu because of his eye-bloodline. However, Zhao Feng hadn't used the power of his eye but was still able to block the punch.

His physical strength is even greater than Xiahou Wu said.... Liu Kai inwardly muttered.

He had no idea that Zhao Feng had been hiding his strength back then and that Zhao Feng had also made further progress in the time that had passed.

"How could this be!? He took the attack!?" The other two members of the Life Sacred Land were also startled.

"Take another one of my punches!" Liu Kai had a rather unsightly look on his face.

In truth, if he just wanted to inspect Zhao Feng, that first attack was enough. However, Zhao Feng managed to completely take it without the slightest discomfort. This was a significant mental blow to Liu Kai.

He was an imposing Ancient God, but he couldn't make any headway against a mere Rank Six True God?

Boom!

Liu Kai shot into the sky, built up power, and then shot back down. From a distance, it appeared like some massive silver mountain was falling from the sky.

Liu Kai was still only using forty percent of his strength, but since he was plummeting from the sky, his attack was even more powerful.

Boom!

Zhao Feng took this attack seriously, and his body was immediately surrounded by a domain of five-colored lightning.

Boom! Hisss!

As Liu Kai approached Zhao Feng, he began to feel obstructed and weakened by the power of the Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Domain.

Liu Kai's fist was about to impact with Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng slightly squatted down, and the Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Domain suddenly condensed into his palm, after which he fired off a palm attack.

Zhao Feng had merged all his physical strength with the Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Domain and concentrated it into a single palm.

Boom! Bang!

The two clashed, and Liu Kai was thrown backward by the immense power of physical lightning energy.

“How could this be!?” Liu Kai retreated backward in shock so as to hide the fact that Zhao Feng had pushed him back.

“You truly are Zhao Feng!” Liu Kai gave an awkward smile.

In two places extremely far away from this area, there were two other teams from the Life Sacred Land, each led by an Ancient God.

“I didn’t think that Liu Kai would end up suffering a loss!”

“Zhao Feng is even stronger now than when he defeated Xiahou Wu!”

The two Ancient Gods sighed before leading their teams away.

“I will take the two of you into the Sacred Land,” Liu Kai said to Zhao Feng, and then he turned to his two comrades and ordered, “The two of you continue searching. If you discover anything, immediately let me know!”

Liu Kai led Zhao Feng and Han Ning’er as they slowly made their way to the Life Sacred Land.

“Brother Liu, what’s happened recently in the Life Sacred Land?” Zhao Feng asked.

On this short journey, he saw three more teams swiftly departing. Each of these teams were led by an Ancient God expert. Zhao Feng also spotted many patrol teams on the border regions of the Life Sacred Land, rigorously inspecting everyone who went in and out.

At this time, Zhao Feng cast the matter of him being inspected by Liu Kai to the back of his mind. This was because it was clear that something quite significant had happened at the Life Sacred Land.

“Brother Zhao is an honored guest invited by the Life Sacred Land, so I will tell you a little about what’s going on.” Liu Kai grimaced a little.

Both Zhao Feng and Han Ning’er couldn’t help but focus on him.

“Not long ago, an Eye of Life descendant from the Life Sacred Land was going out, but only moments after leaving the Sacred Land, they were killed!” Liu Kai’s eyes were rather cold and harsh.

“What? An Eye of Life descendant of the Life Sacred Land was killed?” Zhao Feng was taken aback.

Owners of the Eye of Life were definitely under heavy protection from the Life Sacred Land, and yet someone dared to kill one of the Eye of Life descendants after they left the Life Sacred Land.

In addition, based on what Liu Kai said, this Eye of Life descendant was killed not long after leaving the bounds of the Life Sacred Land. This meant that the enemy was hiding right around the Life Sacred Land to intercept and kill these descendants. This was a blatant challenge to the Sacred Land’s dignity!

Could it be him? The image of the black-robed man emerged in Zhao Feng’s mind.

Chapter 1272: The Pool of Life

“There are factions in the Ziling Zone that dare to make an enemy of the Life Sacred Land?” Zhao Feng voiced the shock in his mind.

The Life Sacred Land was the overlord faction of the Ziling Zone. Just which faction did the killer of the Eye of Life descendants belong to that he dared to oppose the Life Sacred Land?

Even if they belonged to some other Sacred Land, the other Sacred Land would never make such an obvious challenge. A war between Sacred Lands was no minor matter.

“This matter still needs more investigation. We still can’t be sure who did it, but don’t believe that a God Realm Sacred Land is the strongest faction in a zone,” Liu Kai shook his head and solemnly warned.

“What do you mean?” Zhao Feng was stunned.

Sacred Lands were the overlord factions of their respective zones. Could there be factions even stronger than Sacred Lands?

“The Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods is incomparably vast, and there are innumerable factions hiding in the shadows. Some of these factions have far surpassed the level of five-star factions and have reached the level of God Realm Sacred Lands....” Liu Kai continued.

Zhao Feng nodded. This wasn’t difficult to understand.

Any world would have powerful factions that lurked in the shadows and were unknown to the common people. How could a place as large as the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods not have such factions?

But what was truly shocking was that one of these secret factions could actually develop to a scale on par with a Sacred Land.

Zhao Feng and Han Ning’er followed Liu Kai through a special path. After going through layers of inspection, they smoothly entered the Life Sacred Land.

The Heaven Earth Yuan Qi is comparable to the core area of the Spiritual Race, and this place is also thick with vitality. The Spiritual Race can’t even compare in that aspect! Zhao Feng mentally sighed.

If he had been born in an environment like this, influenced by this land from the moment of his birth, then his constitution, vitality, and other aspects would be far above normal people. When Zhao Feng was initially refining his body, if he had cultivated in as superb a place as the Life Sacred Land, he would have refined his body dozens of times faster with dozens of times the effect.

“Mm? This energy...?” Liu Kai’s expression flickered in surprise as he turned to Han Ning’er.

The Life energy of the world was surging into her eyes. A pure Life energy was then exuded by her eyes, seemingly capable of bringing the dead back to life.

“This is... the Eye of Life!?” Liu Kai blurted out in shock.

Although the Life Sacred Land was the final home of all the descendants of the Eye of Life, the descendants of the Eight Great God Eyes were not as numerous as one might imagine. Even a descendant of the Eye of Life was an extremely rare existence in the Life Sacred Land.

The thickness of her bloodline is changing! Zhao Feng saw everything through his left eye.

In the Gulong Zone, Han Ning'er was only a disciple of an ordinary four-and-a-half-star faction. Her bloodline had only just awakened and had still not been developed. But now, mere moments after stepping into the Life Sacred Land, the thickness of her Eye of Life bloodline began to transform.

It appeared that this journey wasn't in vain. This place was undoubtedly the ideal place for Han Ning'er.

"Zhao Feng, she is...?" Liu Kai finally asked.

"My friend," Zhao Feng simply replied.

Liu Kai's face froze. Zhao Feng was a Spiritual Race core disciple, and this girl had come together with him to the Life Sacred Land, meaning that their relationship was definitely not normal. In other words, there was a high chance that this girl was already a disciple of the Spiritual Race.

He couldn't help but sigh at the Spiritual Race's recent spell of luck.

"Let's go, up there!" Liu Kai said.

Zhao Feng and Han Ning'er looked up.

The vast tree's canopy blotted out the sun, transforming the sky into a sea of jade green. Many palaces and pavilions of various sizes had been built on the enormous tree, and there were many pools, rivers, and waterfalls flowing through it.

The higher one flew, the more concentrated the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi became while the number of buildings decreased.

In front of a certain vast green palace, a group of nearly ten people was gathered. One of them was a youth that Zhao Feng knew: Xiahou Wu.

"He's Zhao Feng?" A man dressed in an imperial golden robe turned with searing eyes toward Zhao Feng.

This was the strongest Quasi-God prodigy of the Life Sacred Land, Quasi-God Guan Long.

Originally, he was the most dazzling prodigy of the Ziling Zone, comparable to the geniuses of the other Sacred Lands. But then, some Zhao Feng had popped out from the Spiritual Race and directly attained Rank Six, thus surmounting his reputation.

"He truly is at Rank Six, though it's hard to say if he really managed to get there in one go." Quite a few young disciples in the group cast doubtful gazes at Zhao Feng.

Besides the youths in the group, there were three Elders of unfathomable cultivation.

"Junior Zhao Feng pays respects to the seniors of the Sacred Land!" Zhao Feng ignored the doubtful gazes of the youths and looked at the three Elders.

At this time, the three Elders were examining Zhao Feng with sharp and gleaming eyes as if hoping to see through him entirely.

"For the Spiritual Race to take in a person like you is truly a matter to be envious about." A wrinkled elder dressed in silver-gray robes stroked his beard and smiled.

“Senior praises me too much,” Zhao Feng politely said.

“Xiahou Wu, take Zhao Feng and his friend to tour the Life Sacred Land,” the wrinkled elder gently said.

“Yes, Master!” Xiahou Wu respectfully said and then stepped forward.

“Zhao Feng, let me show you around the Life Sacred Land.”

Xiahou Wu had a rather friendly attitude, but when he spoke the words “Life Sacred Land,” he couldn’t help but inadvertently reveal a little pride in his voice.

Once Zhao Feng’s group left, the wrinkled Elder stated, “I tell you all with absolute certainty that Zhao Feng directly attained Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm!”

These words made the young disciples’ faces twist into unsightly grimaces.

There were Quasi-Gods, True Gods, and even a few Ancient Gods among them. They were the strongest prodigies of the Life Sacred Land, but all of them had to lower their heads at this moment.

“Damn!” Quasi-God Guan Long managed to restrain himself to just this one word.

Originally, he had been planning to breakthrough into the Heavenly Divine Realm soon, but now, he wanted to compete a little and try for Rank Six to regain some of his honor.

...

Guided by Xiahou Wu, Zhao Feng and Han Ning’er slowly toured through the opulent and gorgeous Life Sacred Land, which seemed like some enormous work of supreme art.

“Eh? The vitality here is even thicker!” Zhao Feng was surprised.

“Mm. The eastern part of the Life Sacred Land is for cultivation and living while the western part is for growing plants and other cultivation resources,” Xiahou Wu said with a smile.

The spiritual herbs of the Life Sacred Land were famous in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods for their high quality. What were rare and precious plants in the outside world were abundant in the Life Sacred Land.

Xiahou Wu took Zhao Feng through a few of the spirit herb regions, and he even took Zhao Feng to see one of the areas where truly precious plants were being grown.

Even Zhao Feng could only recognize a few of the innumerable precious herbs being grown there. As for the doctor Han Ning’er, she had been unbearably excited throughout the entire tour, her dark green eyes glimmering as she closely examined her surroundings.

“A Sacred Land truly is a wonderful place.” Zhao Feng emotionally sighed.

This place had herbs of almost every kind and shape. In addition, it had a far greater quantity than anywhere else. It was also home to many Soul-type plants that were quite rare in the outside world.

“Zhao Feng, I’ll take you to a good place!” Xiahou Wu suddenly said.

Xiahou Wu led the two of them through a rather winding route before they finally arrived at a large building formed from vines and trees. A powerful array stood guard around it. Inside the building, green portals of light could be found on the walls, each of them supported by many tree branches.

Zhao Feng could tell at a glance that each of these green portals was connected to an independent dimension.

“Let’s go into that one.” Xiahou Wu pointed to a portal of a somewhat darker shade of green.

Swish!

The three arrived in a strange Little World made of plants. This independent dimension was very small, and it was possible to see its boundaries with a single glance.

In front of them was a pool of water formed from mud and vines. A fragrant green liquid floated in this pool. One glance was enough to see that this liquid was extremely valuable.

“This is a Pool of Life. Go in and try it out!” Xiahou Wu smiled.

Thump!

Zhao Feng jumped in.

In an instant, Zhao Feng felt like every cell in his body had been awakened and was doing its utmost to absorb the Life energy in this liquid. Every part of his body was recovering to its peak state.

It didn’t take long before Zhao Feng felt that the level of his vitality had risen.

“This Pool of Life is a cultivation ground created by the Life Sacred Land. If a Life Sacred Land disciple wants to bathe in this pool one time, they would need to accumulate several years’ worth of contributions. The Pool of Life you’re bathing in is for Rank Seven Ancient Gods. It will be of enormous benefit to you!” Xiahou Wu stood on the side and explained.

“Many thanks!” Zhao Feng naturally understood how precious this Pool of Life was.

In that building earlier, there wasn’t even one hundred of those green portals. The Life Sacred Land had countless disciples, but there were less than one hundred Pools of Life, and they were each targeted at different levels of cultivation.

Many of the portals were a darker shade of green, indicating that there was no disciple inside. Of course, it wasn’t that they didn’t want to go in, but that the price was far too great for them to afford.

And yet, at this time, an outsider like Zhao Feng could soak in a Pool of Life meant for a Rank Seven Ancient God.

“You can soak in a Pool of Life for three days each visit. You have to cherish this period of time. I’ll take your friend to look at other areas.”

After saying this, Xiahou Wu took Han Ning’er and left.

“A good place! I can’t let this chance go!” Zhao Feng had a joyful look on his face.

He had just become a Rank Seven Ancient God, and his cultivation was unsteady in many aspects. As for Rank Eight, that was still extremely far away.

Now that he had a chance to soak in a Pool of Life, he could use the opportunity to raise his vitality and also cultivate his Earth and Wood Intents.

Buzz! Bzzz!

Zhao Feng half-closed his eyes, and Earth and Wood Intent energy began to rise from his body to fill this dimension.

He had taken a massive leap by directly attaining Rank Seven of the Heavenly Divine Realm, so his various Intents still had a lot of space to improve.

“In these three days, I have to at least bring my Earth and Wood Intents to the peak of Level Four!”

As Zhao Feng muttered to himself, he took out several Intent Crystals to help himself cultivate.

...

Three days later, Zhao Feng was surrounded by a half-transparent, thin fog of yellow and green. The mud and trees around him slightly swayed, and there were even some flowers budding.

Suddenly, Zhao Feng’s bright eyes opened.

“With the help of the Pool of Life, my Wood and Earth Intents were able to smoothly reach the peak of Level Four.” Zhao Feng gleefully chuckled.

His vitality had also received a significant boost.

At this moment, Xiahou Wu and Han Ning’er suddenly appeared in this dimension.

“Zhao Feng, the Elders of the Life Sacred Land wish to speak with you!”

Chapter 1273: The Blazing Gold Race Attacks

Zhao Feng was somewhat unwilling to leave the Pool of Life.

While walking, Zhao Feng learned that Han Ning’er had also benefited greatly over the last three days. She had visited even more herb planting areas and saw many precious herbs that she had never seen before. She even had a chance to enter the upper floors of the Life Sacred Land’s Life Law Temple, where she browsed a few ancient texts that caught her interest.

Xiahou Wu led Zhao Feng and Han Ning’er to a secret hall. There were three people inside: two elders and one youth.

One of these elders was Xiahou Wu’s master, the wrinkled old man that Zhao Feng had seen at the start. The other elder was rather short, and his white hair had a faint green luster. His aura seemed to be even stronger than the wrinkled elder’s.

Next to them was a youth dressed in a golden imperial robe: Quasi-God Guan Long.

“Junior Zhao Feng pays respect to the seniors of the Sacred Land.” Zhao Feng looked at the two elders.

"Friend Zhao, your last three days in the Life Sacred Land have been rather good, right?" the wrinkled elder directly said.

"This is this junior's first visit to a Sacred Land. Everything I see here I am seeing for the first time...." Zhao Feng frankly said.

Everything he had seen in the Life Sacred Land was the best quality he had ever seen.

"That is natural. The Life Sacred Land has the oldest history of all the Sacred Lands and stands as one of the strongest!" Quasi-God Guan Long proudly said.

Zhao Feng had snatched away his glory, so he desired to surpass Zhao Feng in other aspects and regain some sense of accomplishment.

The two sides exchanged a few more polite words before the wrinkled elder entered the main topic.

"Friend Zhao, the Life Sacred Land needs a talent like you. If you remain here, you will be treated many times better than your treatment in the Spiritual Race. Moreover, you are also a body-refining cultivator with an eye-bloodline. In this aspect, only the Life Sacred Land can offer you the greatest assistance," the wrinkled Elder amiably said.

Zhao Feng's eyes flashed.

From the moment he arrived at the Life Sacred Land, he knew that he would encounter this situation. He also knew that his itinerary in the Life Sacred Land had been decided ahead of time by the Elders of the Life Sacred Land.

First, Zhao Feng would see the Life Sacred Land's resources and treasures, and then they would let him enjoy an enormous boon, the Pool of Life. In the end, they would make him many promises. Any ordinary person would never refuse such an invitation.

On the side, Han Ning'er was extremely excited. She had never expected that the Elders of the Sacred Land would personally invite Zhao Feng. Joining the Life Sacred Land was the dream of every doctor. Han Ning'er herself had once dreamed about this.

On the other side, Quasi-God Guan Long had a rather unsightly grimace. Once Zhao Feng entered the Life Sacred Land, Guan Long's reputation would be completely drowned out by Zhao Feng's.

But Zhao Feng's next words left everyone stunned.

"I am indebted to Elder for this immense favor, but Junior is doing well in the Spiritual Race and does not want to change places so soon."

Zhao Feng refused, and his reason really didn't even count as a reason.

In truth, Zhao Feng had thought about this question before coming.

If he came to the Life Sacred Land, Zhao Yufei would also come with him. He had no ties to the Spiritual Race, but Zhao Yufei had spent more than thirty years there and made friends with many people. Zhao Feng didn't want Zhao Yufei to cut off all these relationships for his sake.

Moreover, Zhao Feng didn't plan to continue on the Dao of Body-Refining, and his eye didn't have much to do with the Eye of Life, so the assistance the Life Sacred Land could provide was not as great as this Elder claimed.

Most importantly, he did not know what sort of attitude the Life Sacred Land held toward his God Eye. The Ninth God Eye was a matter of utmost importance!

He refused? Quasi-God Guan Long was flabbergasted and confused. The Sacred Land that he was so proud of had offered Zhao Feng an invitation, but he refused?

"Friend Zhao, do you have some secret problem that you cannot divulge?" After a few moments of shock, the wrinkled elder came to his senses and asked.

"I came this time in the hopes of leaving my friend with the Life Sacred Land...." Zhao Feng changed the subject and placed everyone's focus on Han Ning'er.

"Junior Han Ning'er pays respects to the seniors of the Sacred Land!" After an initial shock, Han Ning'er cautiously spoke. She then gave Zhao Feng a thoughtful glance.

"The Eye of Life.... She may remain here!" the short Elder spoke for the first time.

"The Eye of Life?" Xiahou Wu and Quasi-God Guan Long looked at Han Ning'er in surprise.

Everyone had been focused on Zhao Feng this entire time, so they naturally placed little regard on the weak Han Ning'er. However, upon carefully inspecting her, they immediately sensed the blood of an Eye of Life descendant flowing through Han Ning'er's body.

"Since you do not plan to stay here, the Life Sacred Land will not be stubborn. If you wish to come in the future, the gates of the Life Sacred Land will open for you whenever you wish!" the short Elder continued.

These words were quite a surprise to the wrinkled elder. Zhao Feng had refused just now, but there should have still been some room for negotiation. They could still offer divine weapons, resources, treasures, or promise him more.

"What?" Quasi-God Guan Long stiffly turned to the short elder. Zhao Feng had refused the Sacred Land's invitation, yet this elder was still so friendly, even proclaiming that the Sacred Land would always be ready to accept Zhao Feng?

"Many thanks, Senior, for your immense favor!" Zhao Feng carefully examined this short elder.

When this elder spoke, everyone else fell silent in agreement. It seemed like the strongest one here was this elder.

"This junior bids farewell...." After exchanging a few more words, Zhao Feng began to say his goodbyes. After all, he had been away from the Spiritual Race for a very long time now.

"Only by staying here can your potential be fully developed. Only here can you complete the mission Spirit Grass Gate entrusted you with," Zhao Feng said to Han Ning'er.

When she thought of Spirit Grass Gate, Han Ning'er's eyes became determined.

After bidding farewell, Zhao Feng left the Life Sacred Land. Afterward, Xiahou Wu and Quasi-God Guan Long led Han Ning'er away.

Only the two elders were left in the hall.

"Sir, why did you let him go so easily?" The wrinkled elder was rather confused.

"His true cultivation is Rank Seven!" the short Elder suddenly proclaimed.

"What? This... how?" The wrinkled elder's face instantly froze in shock.

Of course, it could only be determined that Zhao Feng's current level was Rank Seven. No one could say if he had directly reached Rank Six and then later reached Rank Seven or if he had directly broken through into Rank Seven.

"Although it's quite a pity, Zhao Feng brought us an Eye of Life descendant. This has also allowed the Life Sacred Land to form a relationship with Zhao Feng," the short Elder said these words before vanishing.

...

After leaving the Life Sacred Land, Zhao Feng determined his route and set off for the Spiritual Race.

With his Spiritual Race core disciple token, he was able to smoothly use the teleportation arrays of various factions. But after using these arrays three times, Zhao Feng ran into a problem.

"Come out!" Zhao Feng stood firm as he peered into the horizon.

Fwoosh!

At this moment, a golden ball of flame blazed to life. A tall and upright man who was missing an arm slowly stepped out, his entire body seemingly made of metal. His powerful aura was unmistakably that of an Ancient God's.

I was discovered!? The man examined Zhao Feng in surprise.

This was the first time he was seeing the most brilliant prodigy of the Ziling Zone. He was very curious as to how Zhao Feng managed to notice him while he was concealed.

It seems like the Blazing Gold Race began their operation as soon as they learned that I left the Life Sacred Land, placing people on the route back to the Spiritual Race.... From the man's attire, Zhao Feng could guess at the faction behind him.

It was naturally impossible to conceal the fact that Zhao Feng had appeared in the Life Sacred Land.

"You refused the invitation of the Life Sacred Land, right? Since that's the case, the Blazing Gold Race doesn't need to waste time trying to recruit you!" The man with the severed arm suddenly turned cold and grim.

The Blazing Gold Race naturally knew that, if Zhao Feng had appeared in the Life Sacred Land, the Life Sacred Land had definitely invited him to join it. If Zhao Feng agreed, he would have stayed in the Life Sacred Land. If he refused, he would go back to the Spiritual Race. Thus, the Blazing Gold Race had

planted spies all along the route to the Spiritual Race; if Zhao Feng appeared, the man with the severed arm would immediately move out.

“The Spiritual Race probably gave you a few trump cards, or else you wouldn’t appear so composed in front of me.” The man with the severed arm gave a playful smile. “But I came prepared to kill you. Your fate is sealed!”

The man’s face suddenly turned serious as he shot toward Zhao Feng, his entire body burning with killing intent.

Swish!

A silver ball appeared in the man’s one arm, white inscriptions flowing along its surface.

As he thrust the ball forward, the silver ball fired off a rune-covered silver screen that melted into the air. Spatial binding power filled the world, primarily targeted at Zhao Feng.

“With this space-sealing divine artifact, the Heaven Binding Pearl, you can’t escape!” The man with the severed arm grimly laughed as he charged at Zhao Feng in a ball of golden fire.

Zhao Feng could already sense the searing sharpness of this light.

The Blazing Gold Race was ranked 21st among the Ten Thousand Ancient Races, just behind the Spiritual Race. However, this was a race with incredible battle prowess. It could not be underestimated.

“That thing of yours can be called a space-sealing divine artifact too?” Zhao Feng couldn’t help but sneer.

“Die!” The man’s palm became a sharp blade while his body transformed into a golden flame.

The man with the severed arm had a rather high-level space-sealing divine artifact. It prevented others from using Space Intent while he himself was unaffected.

At this moment, a dark silver robe appeared on Zhao Feng’s body.

Swish!

The robe flapped, allowing a pitch-black figure of flame to appear in front of Zhao Feng.

Boom! Bang!

The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon waved both claws, unleashing scarlet-and-black draconic flames at the one-armed man.

“This is... an expert with the blood of the Destruction Dragon Race!” The one-armed man fell back, a look of consternation on his face.

It appeared that the Spiritual Race had given Zhao Feng a bodyguard. However, even though this foe had a top ten bloodline, the concentration was very low. It was not enough to overcome his Blazing Gold Race bloodline.

“...the Spacetime Robe!”

But when the one-armed man saw Zhao Feng's robe, his shock was even greater than when he saw the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon.

At this moment, Zhao Feng used Space Intent to activate the Spacetime Robe.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Silvery spatial images penetrated through space, and spatial binding energy descended upon the one-armed man.

"Now, you also can't escape!" Zhao Feng coldly smiled as he returned the one-armed man's words to him.

His Spacetime Robe had many uses, and sealing space was naturally one of them.

"Haha, you have no idea how high the heavens are!" The one-armed man suddenly bellowed with laughter, his face appearing even more excited as a golden flame burned in his eyes.

The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon was no match for him, and even if the Spacetime Robe was a supreme-quality weapon, it was primarily meant for support and defense. Thus, Zhao Feng would find it very difficult to hurt him. If he killed the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon, wouldn't Zhao Feng be just a lamb waiting to be slaughtered?

Even if Zhao Feng had other trump cards given to him by the Spiritual Race that made the one-armed man unable to kill him, he was still confident in his ability to escape. After that, now that he had revealed the secret of the Spacetime Robe, Zhao Feng would have far more enemies than just the Blazing Gold Race.

Chapter 1274: Another Battle With a Rank Seven

"Haha, you have no idea how high the heavens are!" The one-armed man's face became ecstatic, his body blazing with golden flames that completely illuminated the surrounding region.

Thwish!

In a golden flash, the one-armed man shot toward the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon like his body was a sharp sword.

In the one-armed man's view, the only thing that could threaten him was the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon. If he could kill it, everything would be settled.

"A body-refining expert skilled in Metal and Fire Intent?" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon turned gloomy.

If it was facing an ordinary Ancient God, it was confident that it could fight to a stalemate, but this one-armed man had an extremely high-level bloodline and had also refined his body. Moreover, he had the sharpness of the Metal element and the explosive power of the Fire element. He was offense and defense packed into one terrifying package. It would be very difficult for the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon to challenge this person that was a cultivation level above itself.

Boom!

The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon immediately activated its Destruction Dragon Race bloodline. Balls of Destruction Dragon Flame burst out from between its scales.

"If you're not an Ancient God, then what does your bloodline matter!?" The one-armed man's eyes were cold as he punched. His fist was clad in golden metal and seething with golden flames.

"Destruction Dragon Blast!" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon extended its claws and slashed at the one-armed man.

Boom! Bang!

The two clashed, but it was the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon that was thrown back several dozen feet. Its entire body was in tatters, but fortunately, its Destruction Dragon body rapidly healed its injuries.

The one-armed man stood as steady as a mountain. Even though his fist and arm were still covered in embers of Destruction Dragon Flame, his special bloodline and his cultivation quickly extinguished them.

"Master?" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon was somewhat confused. Why hadn't Zhao Feng attacked yet?

This kid is probably planning to flee as soon as I start fighting this possessor of the Destruction Dragon Race bloodline seriously! The one-armed man was rather wary of Zhao Feng.

Someone of Zhao Feng's level, without powerful techniques, would find it very hard to harm him. Once the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon began to show signs of losing, Zhao Feng would probably flee. Thus, he needed to get rid of the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon as quickly as possible.

"Let me send you on your way!" The one-armed man stared at the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon, and a heavy and scorching worldly energy began to resonate through the heavens.

The land for a radius of tens of thousands of li suddenly sunk down, and afterward, all this land became a sea of golden flame.

The one-armed man's body also underwent a massive transformation. His body swelled into a ferocious behemoth, his entire body covered in blazing golden scales.

Boom!

At this moment, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon was forced to be cautious and push its Destruction Dragon Race bloodline to the limit.

"Heaven Falls, Earth Rends!" The golden-scaled monster shot with incredible speed to appear above the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon. His massive claw gathered up a strength that could pulverize almost everything and slammed down.

Boom! Bang!

As the one-armed-man-turned-behemoth landed on the ground, the earth quaked, and golden waves of fire swept out in all directions.

"Not good! I can't block it!" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon grimaced.

The one-armed man was seeking to end the battle quickly, activating his bloodline and using a combat skill to finish off the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon in a single blow. If it took the full brunt of this attack, not even the Destruction Dragon Race bloodline would be able to save it. Even if it wasn't dead, it would be so wounded that it would be incapable of fighting.

But at this moment, it received Zhao Feng's order; "Attack with all your power!"

The fear on the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon's face instantly vanished.

"Destruction Dragon Breath!" Fully circulating its bloodline, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon spat out a forbidden divine flame of black and red.

Boom!

This massive ball of black-and-red flame – a blazing sun that would incinerate everything – flew at the one-armed man.

"A puny trick! I will smash it to bits!" The one-armed man was fearless as he sought to rapidly crush it.

But at this moment, he noticed something strange. Silently, a ripple of Eye Intent appeared over his chest.

Suddenly, a blinding white blade of lightning shot out of this vortex. It was taller than a man and exuded the terrible energy of Tribulation Lightning.

Swoosh!

The massive white blade of lightning swept straight over the man's waist, cutting open his stomach.

"Ah, shameless rascal, ambushing me...!" The one-armed man's momentum instantly fell apart, and even the skill that he had been preparing to use suffered a drastic drop in power.

Buzz! Bzzz!

The severed portion of the man's waist began to connect back together. After all, he was a body-refining expert, so he possessed a prodigious defense and recovery ability.

Kaboom!

At this moment, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon's Destruction Dragon Breath struck the one-armed man.

"Ah...!" The man's painful screams could be heard from within that black-and-red sun.

Zhao Feng's Tribulation Lightning Eye Slash had only cut at the man's body, but it hadn't inflicted much actual harm. However, while he was still recovering, the Destructive Dragon Flames of the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon invaded his body, which completely altered the nature of the situation.

The Destruction Dragon Flames of the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon were already extremely powerful, and now that they were able to enter the one-armed man's body through his gaping wound, one could easily imagine the damage being inflicted.

Boom! Bang!

The one-armed man charged out from that black ball of Destructive flames, but by now, the power of his Heaven Falls, Earth Rends skill was so weak that it was of no threat to the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon whatsoever.

This kid has the Spacetime Robe, so he can use Space Intent, but he can also control Tribulation Lightning energy...? The one-armed man was extremely dejected. He had predicted none of this.

His Heaven Binding Pearl was restraining Zhao Feng's Space Intent, but given that Zhao Feng was wearing the supreme-quality Spacetime Robe, these restraints were useless. On top of that, Zhao Feng had control over Tribulation Lightning energy, and he was able to use Space eye-bloodline techniques to directly send those attacks to his body to break his defense.

"Master really knows how to seize an opportunity!" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon smiled as it transformed into a pitch-black flame to keep up the assault on the one-armed man.

Boom! Bang! Crash!

The one-armed recovered from his injuries while fiercely battling with the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon, but he still had the upper hand.

It's time to attack! Zhao Feng condensed two golden wings behind himself and slowly approached the battlefield.

Upon reaching the level of Ancient God, he had long ago lost the advantage of his refined body. He wouldn't even be able to take one blow from a real Ancient God body-refining expert. After all, the Sacred Lightning Body was only meant to be cultivated to Rank Four True God.

Thus, while fighting this one-armed man, Zhao Feng would not attack him from close range.

"Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Palm!" Zhao Feng gathered all his strength and fired a long-distance attack at the one-armed man.

Boom! Bang!

Zhao Feng's massive palm of lightning struck the one-armed man, sending a numbing pain through his body.

Damn! This kid might only be a Rank Six True God, but his Intent energy is powerful, and he even has Tribulation Lightning energy! The one-armed man grimaced.

Even worse was that Zhao Feng wasn't getting close and was attacking from behind the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon.

But he still has gotten a little closer to the battlefield. I might be able to find a chance to directly attack him! The one-armed man began to develop a plan.

Boom! Bang! Crash!

With the advantages conferred by his body and bloodline, the one-armed man managed to keep up with Zhao Feng and the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon. At the same time, he was moving at high speeds to avoid Zhao Feng's Tribulation Lightning Eye Slash.

At a certain moment, Zhao Feng ended being a little too close to the one-armed man.

“Die, Zhao Feng!” the one-armed roared as a golden awl appeared in his hand.

When this awl appeared, the air seemed to suddenly be filled with countless sharp rays of light, cutting the entire world into tiny pieces.

Boom! Swish!

The one-armed man suddenly exploded with his gathered-up strength and shot toward Zhao Feng in a scorching golden light.

“Not good! A high-quality divine weapon!” The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon grimaced.

The one-armed man had never attacked Zhao Feng previously, but that was because he wasn’t used to his level of speed. If he attacked, he had to be absolutely certain that he could kill Zhao Feng.

The one-armed man’s golden awl unleashed a dazzling golden radiance as it fused with him to become an upside-down pyramid.

“Die, brat!” The one-armed man excitedly smiled.

His speed at the moment of the explosion was incredibly fast, and the range of his attack was so huge that there was no way Zhao Feng could dodge. His Rank Seven Ancient God cultivation together with his high-quality weapon were certain to slay Zhao Feng.

“It looks to me like you’re the one seeking death!” Zhao Feng didn’t even try to dodge.

Boom!

Zhao Feng ceased to hide his cultivation and exploded with the power of a Rank Seven Ancient God.

“Even a Rank Seven Ancient God will die!” After his initial shock, the one-armed man only felt an even greater desire to kill Zhao Feng.

He finally understood why Zhao Feng was so fearless; it was because he was already an Ancient God. But Zhao Feng had only just broken into the Ancient God level. There was still a very large gap between him and the one-armed man.

Swish!

A small purple shield suddenly appeared in Zhao Feng’s hand. This was one of the spoils he had obtained from killing Ancient God Night Dragon. Although its quality had dropped somewhat, it was still wholly capable of blocking the one-armed man’s attack.

Boom! Bang!

The two divine artifacts fiercely clashed.

High-quality divine artifact!? The one-armed man’s expression dimmed. He didn’t expect for Zhao Feng to have a high-quality divine artifact so soon after becoming an Ancient God.

However, this high-quality divine artifact was damaged and not suited for Zhao Feng, so Zhao Feng found it very difficult to exert its full power.

“Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame!” Zhao Feng’s left eye suddenly erupted with Destructive lightning energy.

The one-armed man was far too close to dodge.

Kacrack!

The soul attack immediately caused the one-armed man to become dizzy and lose control over his body’s power.

“Destruction Dragon Blast!” The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon unleashed a flurry of attacks on the one-armed man.

“Tribulation Lightning Eye Slash!” Zhao Feng fired off another eye-bloodline technique.

Swoosh!

A blade of white lightning cut open a massive wound on the one-armed man’s body, extending from his head to his waist. With this massive gap in the one-armed man’s defense, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon’s attack became even more effective.

Not good! This guy is a Rank Seven Ancient God with an abnormally powerful eye-bloodline. It’s not possible for me to kill him. I have to spread this information...! The one-armed man suppressed his pain and hurriedly decided on a plan.

A Rank Seven Ancient God with a supreme-quality defensive divine artifact was already extremely difficult for him to kill, and this wasn’t even considering the presence of the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon.

“Heh, where are you running!?” Zhao Feng coldly sneered. He had revealed all his secrets, so how could he let the one-armed man just run away?

Zhao Feng fired off another Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame from his left eye.

Even though the one-armed man was already on his guard, he was still incapable of enduring the tremendous amount of damage. His soul wracked with pain, he fell unconscious.

Swish!

Zhao Feng activated the Spacetime Robe and sent the one-armed man into the robe’s internal dimension.

Chapter 1275: Pure Spirit Sacred Water

After taking the one-armed man into the Spacetime Robe Dimension, Zhao Feng and the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon headed in as well.

Damn! I’m in the Spacetime Robe’s internal dimension?

After recovering from the Soul eye-bloodline technique, the one-armed man dejectedly took stock of his surroundings. Around him was a vast starry sky while below him was an incomparably huge gray stone slab. There was a black-clothed and cold-faced youth on this slab as well as an egg.

The black-clothed youth had a sinister and horrifying aura, but his cultivation was too low for the one-armed man to pay him any mind. What he was truly surprised at was the presence of that egg.

However, he didn't have the time to worry about such things right now.

"Where do you plan to run now?" Zhao Feng had a teasing smile on his face.

He was the owner of the Spacetime Robe, so he could greatly restrain his opponents in the Spacetime Robe Dimension. But enemies could also easily damage the core of the Spacetime Robe in this dimension and severely damage the Spacetime Robe.

Swish!

Zhao Feng's body flashed, and he appeared to the one-armed man's right and fired off a palm. On the other side, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon launched its own Destructive attack.

What powerful suppression! The one-armed man grimaced.

Zhao Feng was the master of the Spacetime Robe, so the one-armed man's Space Intent was extremely restrained here, and using Spacetime Intent was completely out of the question.

Kaboom!

The one-armed man could only push his body to the limit and defend.

The framework of the Spacetime Robe should be in this gray slab! The one-armed man stared straight down.

If he could damage the framework of the Spacetime Robe, he could easily leave this dimension.

"Don't put up a pointless structure. In truth, I could have easily killed you outside, and now that you're in the Spacetime Robe Dimension, you have even less power to resist." Zhao Feng fixed his left eye on the one-armed man and unleashed a powerful Eye Intent coupled with a supreme Spacetime Intent.

"Spacetime Seal!" A Spacetime Intent that was both real and unreal descended onto the one-armed man.

"This is... Spacetime... eye-bloodline technique!" The one-armed man's face twisted in shock as even the speed at which he spoke slowed down.

Spacetime Intent was a supreme Intent that was incredibly difficult to comprehend. For the sake of convenience, an average True God would dip their toe into Space Intent, but they wouldn't even worry about Time Intent.

But at this time, Zhao Feng was using a Spacetime eye-bloodline technique. Moreover, this eye-bloodline technique was incredibly profound, even capable of restraining an Ancient God like the one-armed man.

“Attack now!” Zhao Feng shouted.

“Destruction Dragon Breath!” The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon activated its bloodline and spat out a sun of Destructive black flame that enveloped the one-armed man.

“Death Curse Bind!” Zhao Wang took out the Staff of Death Curse and used a forbidden art.

The Staff of Death Curse, like the Spacetime Robe, had a set of combat skills and secret arts recorded within it. Zhao Wang’s cultivation was rather low, so he primarily relied on the power of the Staff of Death Curse to harm the one-armed man.

Zhao Feng also didn’t stop, firing off three Soul eye-bloodline techniques with his left eye.

“Damn... I’ll destroy... your... Spacetime Robe!” Despair slowly began to appear on the one-armed man’s face.

“He’s going to self-detonate!” Zhao Feng immediately knew what the one-armed man was trying to do. However, since he was bound by the Spacetime eye-bloodline technique, even self-destruction took a very long time.

“Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame!” Zhao Feng immediately began to gather Tribulation Lightning energy in his left eye.

Kacrack!

Twisted Tribulation Lightning flame exploded on the one-armed man’s soul, hindering his attempt to self-detonate.

The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon and Zhao Wang continued to attack.

Gaze of the God Eye!

When Zhao Feng realized through his left eye that the one-armed was on the verge of self-detonating, he used the soul-extracting eye-bloodline technique of his left eye.

Under the Spacetime Seal, the one-armed man was slow in even thinking about putting up a resistance, making him much more susceptible to this attack. Thus, the golden soul of the one-armed man slowly began to be pulled from his body.

The weaker the soul’s control over the body became, the less possible it became to self-detonate.

Boom! Bang!

The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon and Zhao Wang used this chance to frenziedly attack the one-armed man’s body, inflicting terrible wounds upon it.

“The Spacetime Seal’s effect is about to dissipate!” Zhao Feng could sense the one-armed man’s determination to resist was rapidly growing stronger. In the end, he was able to completely resist the Gaze of the God Eye.

“Then go back to your body!” Zhao Feng couldn’t help but chuckle as he stopped the Gaze of the God Eye.

This one-armed man had lived for many years, so his Soul Intent was extremely powerful. It would be rather difficult to extract his soul.

However, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon and Zhao Wang had basically finished destroying his body. Even if the one-armed returned to his body now, he would find it very difficult to produce a powerful self-detonation.

“Damn! The Blazing Gold Race won’t forgive you!” the one-armed man furiously bellowed.

His body was so mangled and torn up that it didn’t even look human. Zhao Feng and the others could clearly sense that the golden blood in his body was rapidly flowing as it attempted to mend his wounds.

“Even if you self-detonate, you’ll be of no threat to me.” Zhao Feng’s indifferent eyes peered down at the one-armed man as he playfully smiled.

“What do you plan to do?” The one-armed man felt helpless.

His injuries were too severe. Even with his bloodline and secret techniques, he would need some time to recover. But since Zhao Feng hadn’t made the killing move yet, it was clear that he still had a chance to live.

“Be my slave.” Zhao Feng’s tone indicated that there was no room to negotiate.

“Haha, you’re delusional...!” The one-armed man raised his head and laughed.

The Spiritual Race and the Blazing Gold Race were enemy factions. If he submitted to Zhao Feng, he would be joining the Spiritual Race. The Spiritual Race definitely wouldn’t be at ease around him while the Blazing Gold Race would definitely want to eliminate a disgrace like him.

But before the one-armed man could finish speaking...

Swish!

Zhao Feng blinked to his side and activated his left eye. Zhao Feng and the one-armed man vanished.

A moment later, the pair appeared in another dimension. This was a range of volcanoes. On the peaks and around these volcanoes, vast and majestic palaces had been built.

“Where is this? Why did you take me here!?” the one-armed man shouted.

He couldn’t recall ever seeing a place like this. It was precisely because it was unfamiliar that he was afraid.

At this moment, a scorching and majestic pressure descended.

“Lord God!” The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch appeared next to the one-armed man and reverently looked at Zhao Feng.

“This is... you are Lord... God?” The one-armed man stared in shock at the powerful Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch, and then he turned in consternation to Zhao Feng.

Why had a terrifying expert like this called Zhao Feng Lord God?

Lord God? The one-armed man suddenly thought of something, and then he stared in consternation at Zhao Feng's left eye.

"Don't let him die, but the rest is up to you," Zhao Feng casually ordered.

"Yes!" The Blood Flame Qilin Race Patriarch immediately gave a savage smile.

A moment later, majestic energy wrapped up the one-armed man, freezing his blood, Divine Power, and thoughts, making him incapable of resisting.

"Where are the things I requested?" Zhao Feng asked.

"Here!" The white-bearded patriarch produced a small red bottle.

Swish!

Zhao Feng took the red bottle and left the Ancient Dream Realm.

...

The area of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods where Zhao Feng and the one-armed man had fought was still burning with black and golden flames. The frightening aura and dreadful heat made other creatures too afraid to approach.

Swish!

The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon suddenly appeared.

"Master was correct. There really is someone!" The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon swiftly left.

While fighting with the one-armed man, Zhao Feng had detected through his left eye other members of the Blazing Gold Race. They were probably all this man's subordinates. This was why Zhao Feng had moved the battle to the Spacetime Robe; to keep some of his trump cards hidden.

Four people were hidden on the distant perimeter of this flame-ridden area.

'Who's that black-scaled man?'

"It's not Zhao Feng and it's not our race's Ancient God!"

...

After he was far enough from the area, Zhao Feng emerged from the Spacetime Robe. He put on his white veiled hat and continued on his journey.

"What's going on with the Spiritual Race?" Zhao Feng muttered.

As he was passing through the factions under the control of the Spiritual Race, he noticed that the atmosphere was abnormally tense.

About a month later, Zhao Feng returned to the Spiritual Race.

"Zhao Feng has returned!"

Zhao Feng's appearance set off an uproar in the worker disciple, periphery disciple, and inner disciple regions.

"Zhao Feng, in the future, don't leave on your own. You're a genius being watched by the entire Ziling Zone. Many factions might try to assassinate you!" In the sky, several Ancient Gods of the Spiritual Race immediately scolded him.

They only learned that Zhao Feng had left when they learned that he had appeared in the Life Sacred Land.

"Zhao Feng, one month from now, the Spiritual Race will distribute Pure Spirit Sacred Water. You just broke through, so this Sacred Water will be of enormous benefit to you. Do not miss out on this opportunity," Ancient God Floating Spirit slowly said.

"I understand." With this casual comment, Zhao Feng returned to his residence.

"It appears that he didn't accept the Life Sacred Land's invitation!" The Ancient God Elders exchanged glances in silence.

When they learned that Zhao Feng had appeared in the Life Sacred Land, their first reaction was to think that Zhao Feng had betrayed the Spiritual Race and chosen to join the Sacred Land, but the result took them by surprise.

...

After returning to his residence, Zhao Feng was preparing to go and see Zhao Yufei, but he soon realized that there was an array around her palace. It was clear that Zhao Yufei was in seclusion.

Swish!

Zhao Feng took out the small red bottle.

"I wonder what the effect of the Blood Flame Qilin Race blood is." Zhao Feng impatiently opened the stopper, poured out some blood, and rubbed it on his arm.

Zhao Feng began to cultivate, circulating the Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline to absorb and refine this blood.

Kacrack!

Instantly, the blood-colored flames on Zhao Feng's body became twice as large. These bloody flames writhed and twisted as if they were fighting and struggling.

A long while later, the blood on Zhao Feng's arm had completely disappeared, upon which he opened his eyes.

"So little, but my Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline has managed to advance ten-some places!"

There weren't many kinds of blood that his ancient bloodline could absorb, but the blood of the Blood Flame Qilin Race was one of them.

“That’s right! The Spiritual Race will be distributing the Pure Spirit Sacred Water soon!” Zhao Feng suddenly remembered, though he still didn’t know what this Pure Spirit Sacred Water even was.

Chapter 1276: The Contest Begins

Zhao Feng knew nothing about the Pure Spirit Sacred Water, so he could only ask someone else. He didn’t know many core disciples, so he went to find the inner disciple Pan Hao.

“Brother Zhao, what matter have you come to find me for?” Pan Hao somewhat cautiously asked.

Zhao Feng’s ascendant rise to become the most brilliant genius of the Spiritual Race had inspired deep respect in Pan Hao. He was well aware that a vast gap existed between himself and Zhao Feng.

“What do you know about the Spiritual Race’s Pure Spirit Sacred Water?” Zhao Feng asked.

“The Spiritual Race’s Pure Spirit Sacred Water is best taken after a breakthrough. You directly broke through into Rank Six of the Heavenly Divine Realm, so the Pure Spirit Sacred Water’s effect on you should be several times the normal effect....” Pan Hao began to explain things to Zhao Feng.

In summary, Pure Spirit Sacred Water was capable of stabilizing Divine Stages and purifying Divine Power, as well as expelling impurities from the body.

Zhao Feng’s eyes twinkled as his attitude went from indifference to extreme interest in the Pure Spirit Sacred Water. If he could take some Pure Spirit Sacred Water after each breakthrough, he could almost immediately stabilize his cultivation level. This would be a massive boon to his development.

“Every faction has their own unique resource. The Spiritual Race’s Pure Spirit Sacred Water is equivalent to the Life Sacred Land’s Pools of Life, to be found nowhere else.” Zhao Feng had developed an even deeper understanding of this topic.

“In truth, the distribution of the Pure Spirit Sacred Water was originally going to be five years later, but it was moved up,” Pan Hao continued.

Originally, Pure Spirit Sacred Water was distributed every ten years. However, the distribution had been moved up this time, with the reason probably being Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng had become a Rank Six True God in one go, which was far too large of a leap. Moreover, Zhao Feng had refused to become a disciple of the upper echelons of the Spiritual Race, and the Spiritual Race feared that, without a master, Zhao Feng would be in such a rush to advance that his foundation would end up unstable, wasting his talent and potential. Thus, the distribution of Pure Spirit Sacred Water was moved up.

But because it was being distributed ahead of time, there were fewer spots available for the distribution.

Zhao Feng nodded. The Spiritual Race was treating him rather well. It was not in vain that he had rejected the Life Sacred Land’s invitation.

“No wonder they were all in seclusion.” Zhao Feng had gone to find Kong Die and Yuan Long, but they were also in seclusion.

"I wonder if I'll ever be able to get any Pure Spirit Sacred Water...." Pan Hao shook his head and sighed.

Pure Spirit Sacred Water was only meant for Spiritual Race disciples between Rank Four and Rank Seven, but Pan Hao was only a Rank three True God. He didn't even have the right to fight for a spot.

"If you cultivate hard, you'll definitely get it!" Zhao Feng patted on Pan Hao on the shoulder.

"Mm!" Pan Hao gave a firm nod. After chatting for some time, he realized that Zhao Feng was the same Zhao Feng. Even though his status had risen, he still treated Pan Hao with the same attitude.

"I look forward to the day where you also enter the ranks of the core disciples!" Zhao Feng earnestly said and then took out several cultivation treasures.

Pan Hao nodded. Before, he hadn't been very motivated to cultivate. But Zhao Feng's astonishing action had lit up his resolve, and he was currently working very hard at cultivation.

"This...!" Pan Hao was so excited that he didn't know what to say.

The cultivation treasures that Zhao Feng had taken out were meant for Rank Five True Gods and above, and even Rank Six True Gods would benefit enormously from using them. Even an inner disciple like him wouldn't be able to get his hands on such resources.

The two chatted a little longer before going their separate ways. Pan Hao was in a rush to go back and cultivate while Zhao Feng planned to take a look around the Spiritual Race's All Spirit Hall.

The All Spirit Hall was where the Spiritual Race stored its techniques and skills. Now that he was an Ancient God, Zhao Feng had yet to find a technique that was suitable for him.

The moment he appeared, a guardian Elder showed up and told Zhao Feng that he needed to exchange contribution points for the techniques of the Spiritual Race.

Zhao Feng had done missions as a periphery disciple, so he was somewhat familiar with contribution points.

"How many contribution points does it take to exchange for a technique suitable for an Ancient God?" Zhao Feng asked so that he could get an idea of the costs.

"One hundred thousand to two hundred thousand."

The guardian Elder's words gave Zhao Feng's mind a jolt.

Zhao Feng immediately left.

The contribution points he had built up as a periphery disciple only amounted to around one hundred. Although he was now a core disciple and could get higher-level missions that offered more contribution points, getting more than a hundred thousand would take an incredible amount of time.

"The All Spirit Hall happens to have a technique that cultivates the Five Elements and can let one break through into the God Lord level. Five hundred thousand contribution points!" the guardian Elder messaged Zhao Feng as he was leaving.

"A technique that can let one breakthrough into the God Lord level... five hundred thousand?" Zhao Feng instantly understood and clicked his tongue.

He finally understood how precious a suitable Ancient God cultivation technique was. Just the ordinary ones cost a hundred thousand-some contribution points, but they would only bring one to Rank Nine at most. Techniques that could be cultivated all the way to the God Lord level were practically priceless.

"There's no rush. I just broke into Rank Seven. I still have time to find a technique," Zhao Feng helplessly said.

Upon returning to his residence, he activated the palace's defensive array and entered the Spacetime Robe Dimension.

"I'm in no rush to raise my cultivation. Let's work on improving my Intent energy!" Zhao Feng made up his mind.

He had many Intents. The stronger ones were the Five Elements, Wind Lightning, and Spacetime Intents. Among his Intents, only Metal, Lightning, and Space had reached Level Five. The rest were at level Four, while his Time Intent was actually at only the peak of Level Two.

Zhao Feng took out many Five Elements Intent Crystals to comprehend Five Elements Intent while he used the Spacetime Robe to cultivate Spacetime Intent.

That was internal comprehension. Externally, Zhao Feng used the blood of the Blood Flame Qilin Race to strengthen his Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline.

Around a hundred days later, Zhao Feng ended his cultivation.

"The Five Elements Intent and Wind Lightning Intent have all been raised to Level Five while my Time Intent has risen to Level Three."

Zhao Feng was quite satisfied with the results. With all five of the five elements having reached Level Five, his strength had been given a significant boost.

Of course, his Intent energies had been able to increase so quickly primarily because his cultivation was simply too high. Ever since he had broken through, he hadn't spent much time raising the levels of his Intents.

For example, if Zhao Feng chose to comprehend any ordinary Intent, he would need only a few days to grasp the basics.

"Today should be the day the Pure Spirit Sacred Water is distributed." Zhao Feng left his palace.

"Brother Feng, you finally came out. Today is the day the Pure Spirit Sacred Water will be distributed!" Zhao Yufei was already waiting for him outside.

The pair went off to the central plaza of the core disciple region.

Four round fighting stages had been set up on the plaza. Many Spiritual Race disciples were gathered around each one.

"Look, it's Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei!"

“I’m so envious! A talented man and a beautiful woman! It’s a perfect match!”

The arrival of Zhao Feng and Zhao Yufei immediately attracted the attention of the crowd.

Zhao Feng was the Spiritual Race’s most brilliant genius while Zhao Yufei was the Spiritual Race’s number one beauty. She was also the most talented female disciple of the Spiritual Race.

A few inner disciples were extremely envious and admiring of this couple. A few of the strong core disciples viewed Zhao Feng with cold looks of hostility.

“His strength is unfathomable!” Only True God Nu Ji and True God Zhi Gang, people who had fought with Zhao Feng, treated him with deep respect.

“He’s Zhao Feng?” Jin Wei’s older brother Jin Kun coldly stared.

He wanted to find a chance to challenge Zhao Feng earlier, but Zhao Feng hadn’t been home. And in this contest for the Pure Spirit Sacred Water, his cultivation wasn’t the same as Zhao Feng’s, so they wouldn’t have a chance to fight.

“Zhao Feng? He’s the one who became a Rank Six True God in one go?” A handsome and icy-faced youth shot Zhao Feng an apathetic glance.

“What? Ancient God Ice Origin isn’t also thinking about attacking him, right?” a Rank Seven Ancient God of the Spiritual Race joked.

The other people in the area instantly perked up their ears.

Ancient God Ice Origin was the strongest prodigy of the last generation. He had just become a Rank Seven Ancient God, but he was already capable of defeating ordinary Ancient Gods of the Spiritual Race.

The Spiritual Race had placed high hopes on Ancient God Ice Origin, and previously, he had been one of the experts with the highest chance of obtaining Zhao Yufei’s hand.

Alas, even someone like Ancient God Ice Origin was met with blunt refusal from Zhao Yufei. Now, the man that Zhao Yufei favored had directly broken into Rank Six and become the strongest genius in the history of the Spiritual Race.

“Hmph, everyone beneath Ancient God is an ant!” Ancient God Ice Origin haughtily proclaimed.

“This really is a five-star faction. There are at least ten Rank Seven Ancient Gods here!” Zhao Feng examined the Rank Seven Ancient Gods around the four fighting stages.

These Ancient Gods were all rather young. The Spiritual Race also probably had a few Ancient Gods that were no longer disciples and naturally didn’t have the right to compete for the Pure Spirit Sacred Water.

“Damn! This kid is ignoring us!” At the Rank Six True God stage, an apish youth with a large body and thick arms grumbled.

Zhao Feng was a Rank Six True God, but when he arrived, he went to examine the Rank Seven Ancient God stage. These Rank Six True Gods believed that Zhao Feng wasn’t taking them seriously.

A little while later, more and more Spiritual Race disciples appeared on the plaza. Almost everyone was here, with the only exceptions being an extremely small number of people who were out on missions and not able to return.

“This distribution of Pure Spirit Sacred Water is early, so the number of spots available has been halved. Let’s all do our best,” a loud voice suddenly rang through the air.

Everyone present immediately fell silent.

The Elder supervising this contest was a prestigious and respected Elder of the Spiritual Race. He was also extremely strong.

Of course, the rest of the Spiritual Race’s upper echelon was still watching this contest in secret.

“After this contest is over, I have another matter to announce!” the Ancient God Elder solemnly proclaimed.

The crowd instantly began to speculate. It was no minor matter if it was being announced before so many disciples of the Spiritual Race.

“Now, let the Pure Spirit Sacred Water Contest... begin!”

The crowd immediately began to buzz with chatter, everyone finding it difficult to restrain their excitement.

Swoosh...

Four Elders suddenly distributed themselves to the four fighting stages.

Before the battles began, the participants at each stage needed to draw lots.

“Now, begin the battle according to the number you drew. Each person will have to fight with everyone else. In the end, you will be ranked by the number of victories!”

The officiating Elder had barely spoken when an apish youth stepped onto the stage.

“Who’s my first opponent!? Hurry and get up here!” the youth scanned the crowd with arrogant eyes as he roared.

“I didn’t think that Bao Yuan would be number one. I wonder who his opponent is. It will be a disaster for them!” The crowd below began to chat.

Bao Yuan was a peak Rank Six, one of the strongest competitors at this stage.

Swish!

Zhao Feng appeared across from Bao Yuan.

The crowd instantly fell silent.

Chapter 1277: Zhao Yufei’s Progress

"It's... him!" The corner of Bao Yuan's mouth twitched.

Earlier, he had fumed over the fact that Zhao Feng was only paying attention to the Ancient Gods while ignoring the Rank Six True Gods. However, he really didn't have the confidence to defeat Zhao Feng in a fair duel, not unless Zhao Feng was injured or exhausted from fighting several more battles.

"Heh, I didn't think that Bao Yuan and Zhao Feng would be number one and number two. If these two powerful fellows go at it first, our chances of winning will increase!"

"That's right! The more intense their fight, the better!"

Quite a few core disciples chuckled to themselves.

My number is rather far back. As long as I conserve my strength, once Zhao Feng's exhausts himself through a few battles, I have a chance of defeating him! Zhang Yutong said to himself.

After being defeated by Zhao Feng, he had trained very hard. His strength had greatly increased, and he had made very thorough preparations.

"Hmph, I've been aching to have a match with you!" Bao Yuan angrily yelled.

Since this battle was unavoidable, he couldn't lose out in terms of attitude.

"I hope that you are worthy of fighting with me." Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

This relaxed and carefree attitude exerted an invisible pressure on the other Rank Six True Gods.

"Hmph!" Bao Yuan angrily snorted. What he hated the most was other people looking down on him.

Boom!

Bao Yuan activated his bloodline, his body growing nearly ten times larger to become a massive black-furred ape. At the same time, a massive dark yellow hammer appeared in his hand. This hammer exuded energy that was pushing up against the limit of an average-quality divine weapon.

But Zhao Feng appeared utterly unperturbed. He didn't activate his bloodline or take out a divine weapon.

"Conceited people don't live for long!" A fierce light flickered through Bao Yuan's eyes as he swung his hammer at Zhao Feng.

Before the massive hammer landed, the sky went dim as an enormous pressure suddenly engulfed Zhao Feng's surroundings.

Swish!

Zhao Feng activated his Sacred Lightning Body and circulated his Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Divine Power! Suddenly, the five-colored lightning around him became dark yellow and wrapped around Zhao Feng's fist.

"Earth Lightning Divine Fist!" Zhao Feng converted his Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Divine Power into Earth Tribulation Lightning Divine Power and punched.

Boom! Bang!

A heavy thump resounded over the stage.

Thumpthump! Bao Yuan was forced back two steps.

“Five Elements Intent!” Bao Yuan’s face was frozen in shock.

The surrounding Rank Six True Gods also became a little dejected. There were strong and weak Intents. Any one of the Five Elements Intents on its own was extremely ordinary, but when they were all together, they created one of the strongest Intents.

The ability of the Five Elements to convert between each other was one of the unique traits of this Intent. Although Zhao Feng’s Earth Intent was only at Level Five, after conversion, it had the power of Level Six.

Thwish!

After this punch, Zhao Feng transformed into a golden lightning bolt and leaped forward.

“Metal Lightning Divine Finger!” Zhao Feng converted the Five Elements Intent into Metal Tribulation Lightning Divine Power and jabbed forward with a finger.

A dazzling flash of lightning shot toward Bao Yuan like a sharp and unbreakable weapon.

His attacks are still so strong, even without a divine weapon! Bao Yuan had an unsightly grimace as he raised his divine weapon in an attempt to block Zhao Feng’s finger.

But this finger was simply too fast!

Swoosh!

A bloody hole appeared on Bao Yuan’s shoulder, from which blood gushed out.

“Wind Devil Hammer!” Bao Yuan saw that the situation was bad and used a combat skill.

His hands madly flailed the hammer like a chaotic devil, and gloomy whirlwinds began to sweep over the stage.

“It’s about time to end this,” Zhao Feng said, an uninterested look on his face.

Swish!

Without relying on his Spacetime Robe, Zhao Feng could still use his powerful Space Intent to blink a certain distance. Appearing behind Bao Yuan, Zhao Feng converted his Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Divine Power into Fire Tribulation Lightning Divine Power.

“Heaven-Incinerating Lightning Fire!” Zhao Feng struck, unleashing storms of lightning-fire at Bao Yuan.

Brrrooom!

A massive palm charged at Bao Yuan like a devil made of lightning and fire, crushing Bao Yuan’s attack to pieces.

All the blood in Bao Yuan's body was boiling as he was wracked by searing hot pain. Only at the edge of the stage did he finally manage to stabilize.

"His attacks are even stronger than Bao Yuan's!"

"Five Elements Intent has always been one of the strongest Intent!"

Many Rank Six True God grimaced as they witnessed Zhao Feng's strength. If even Bao Yuan had lost so easily, what hope did they have?

"So strong!" Bao Yuan knew that he could never defeat Zhao Feng, so he stepped off the stage.

After taking some recovery medicines, Bao Yuan seated himself cross-legged on the ground and began to recuperate from his injuries.

High up in the sky, three Ancient Gods of the Spiritual Race were watching the battles below. These three Ancient Gods were different from the Ancient God presiding over the matches; they were much stronger and wielded far more authority.

"Five Elements Intent, and each Intent is extremely strong!"

"His age is also suitable. Let's choose him!"

"Ancient God Ice Origin's battle has begun!"

After Zhao Feng left the stage, the number three and number four participants immediately stepped forward.

"Look, Ancient God Ice Origin is heading up!"

"Ancient God Ice Origin is definitely one of the strongest of the Rank Seven Ancient Gods!"

The disciples around the other three stage shot glances at the Ancient God stage, and quite a few female disciples squealed in excitement.

Zhao Feng also turned to look.

"Ice Crystal Slash!"

Ancient God Ice Origin gripped a sword of ice, appearing to unleash a massive mountain of ice with each slash. The extremely cold and frigid pressure he unleashed almost completely froze the blood and Divine Power in his opponent's body.

The battle didn't even last for ten exchanges before his opponent conceded. After all, the Pure Spirit Sacred Water contest was decided according to the number of wins. There was no need to waste energy fighting against the best experts. For example, Bao Yuan soon realized that he was no match for Zhao Feng and immediately conceded so that he could recover and prepare for his next matches.

Zhao Feng placed most of his attention on the battles between the Rank Seven Ancient Gods of the Spiritual Race. After all, there was no one at the Rank Six True God stage who could make him fight seriously.

Bzzzz!

Zhao Feng couldn't help but activate his left eye, taking in every detail of the battles on the Ancient God stage, including the way Divine Power circulated through the bodies of both participants.

The Ancient Gods fighting at this time were both equally matched, so their battle dragged on for some time.

Two complete sets of combat skills are now mine! Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

By using his left eye, he could analyze and reconstruct the techniques used by his opponents.

The skills cultivated by these Ancient God geniuses were almost all high-quality divine-rank techniques. In All Spirit Hall, these high-quality combat skills weren't as expensive as high-quality cultivation techniques, but they were still extremely precious.

By observing these Ancient Gods fight, Zhao Feng was browsing through their combat skills. Zhao Feng could derive inspiration from these combat skills so that he could modify and improve his own moves.

In comparison to the battles on the Ancient God stage, the battles of the Rank Six Ancient God proceeded very quickly. The first round finished, and Zhao Feng stepped onto the stage once more.

"I concede!"

This time, Zhao Feng's opponent was rather mediocre in strength and immediately conceded.

The battles continued, with the time taken by each battle getting shorter and shorter. After all, after each battle, the participants would get a little weaker. Those battles in which there was little suspense about the outcome were almost all decided after a few exchanges.

"Zhao Feng, come!" Yuan Long sternly called out from the stage.

"My turn again?" Zhao Feng had been so engrossed in the battles of the Rank Seven Ancient Gods that he hadn't even noticed.

Swish!

Zhao Feng's figure immediately appeared on the stage.

His opponent this time was Yuan Long.

When Zhao Feng first met Yuan Long, Yuan Long was someone who was capable of instantly killing the strongest expert of the Continent Zone, Demigod Dragon Emperor. Zhao Feng wasn't even worth a glance.

Even after Zhao Feng came to the Spiritual Race, Yuan Long continued to disregard Zhao Feng. Thus, it was Yuan Long who had suffered the greatest shock from Zhao Feng's meteoric rise.

But none of this had beaten him down. On the contrary, these events had encouraged him to press forward, and he had just recently broken into Rank Six.

"Wind Shatter!" Yuan Long's eyes shone with resolve as he activated his bloodline power and unleashed his strongest combat skill.

Hwoooo!

Icy storms appeared around Zhao Feng, the storms spinning faster and faster and producing deafening howls.

“Yuan Long has made quite some progress.” Ancient God Floating Spirit was watching everything from nearby. After all, his two disciples were participating in this contest.

Zhao Feng had his usual expression as he slowly raised his palm and waved at the icy storms. A powerful Wind Lightning energy instantly tore at his surroundings.

Cling! Crack!

Yuan Long’s ice storm was like a fierce gale meeting a tornado – it was instantly extinguished.

“I’ve lost!” Yuan Long jumped off the stage.

Zhao Feng didn’t say anything, instead turning his gaze to the Rank Four True God stage.

This stage had the most people gathered around it, almost the same number as the rest of the three stages added together. This was because Rank Four Quasi-Gods were also in this group.

One of the people standing on the stage at this time was Zhao Yufei.

Her opponent was an experienced Rank Four True God, but Zhao Yufei was the one with the upper hand.

“How strong! Zhao Yufei has once again gotten much stronger!”

“As expected of the Spiritual Race’s number one female disciple!”

The nearby disciples were all praising Zhao Yufei’s fighting style.

“Zhao Yufei, please don’t blame me for fighting for the Pure Spirit Sacred Water!” the gray-clothed man standing across from Zhao Yufei suddenly said with a smile.

Swish!

Two swords appeared in his hands, each once far above ordinary average-quality divine weapons. Moreover, these swords had the respective traits of ice and fire. When used together, they could exhibit incredible power.

Zhao Yufei didn’t back up, but actually pressed forward, her body shining with dazzling purple light as her bloodline energy swelled.

“What’s going on?” The gray-clothed man was able to resist Zhao Yufei’s bloodline just moments ago, but now his blood was seething and his Divine Power was going out of control.

“What a powerful Spiritual Race bloodline. Her strength might have already reached Rank Five Quasi-God!” The crowd was almost completely entranced by Zhao Yufei’s battle.

“Yufei has made a lot of progress!” Zhao Feng was amazed.

He could tell through his left eye that Zhao Yufei truly had reached the level of Rank Five Quasi-God.

The Ancient Gods of the Spiritual Race were also carefully observing Zhao Yufei’s battle.

“Her Spiritual Race blood has become even purer!”

“She’s a Rank Five Quasi-God! She’s now surpassed the strongest Quasi-God of the Spiritual Race!”

The Ancient God upper echelon members of the Spiritual Race were all elated.

Although Zhao Feng had amazing talent, he still didn’t have the Spiritual Race bloodline. In fact, his bloodline wasn’t even worth a glance from the Spiritual Race. But Zhao Yufei was different. She was a member of the Spiritual Race!

“It seems that it was actually my two disciples that benefited the most from Zhao Feng’s arrival!”

Ancient God Floating Spirit stroked his beard and chuckled.

Zhao Feng’s arrival had struck a blow to Yuan Long and caused him to diligently cultivate, whereupon he managed to achieve a breakthrough.

Meanwhile, Zhao Yufei had been concerned for Zhao Feng ever since she arrived, her mind too rife with stray thoughts to diligently cultivate. However, these concerns were no more, and her strength had fallen far behind Zhao Feng’s, so her potential was completely stimulated!

Chapter 1278: Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit Vein

With Zhao Yufei using her full strength, the gray-clothed man slowly lost ground. After fighting for a little longer, the gray-clothed man conceded.

There was already no doubt that Zhao Yufei was the strongest person competing at the Rank Four True God stage.

Once the battle was over, Zhao Yufei looked over at Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng nodded, and Zhao Yufei immediately revealed a beaming smile.

With Zhao Yufei’s match over, Zhao Feng took a glance at the battle going on at his stage.

The one fighting at this time was Zhang Yutong. He appeared to have gotten quite a bit stronger than he was before. Together with his Spiritual Race bloodline, he was one of the more outstanding Rank Six True Gods.

Half a day passed. The Ancient God stage had the fewest people, so the contest there was already approaching its end.

“It’s Zhao Feng’s turn again!”

“His opponent is True God Long Yuan!”

True God Long Yuan was a peak Rank Six True God with the Spiritual Race bloodline. He was one of the strongest experts at the Rank Six True God stage.

At this time, the only two people who hadn’t lost yet were True God Long Yuan and Zhao Feng. Thus, this was a highly anticipated match.

“Please instruct me!” True God Long Yuan seriously said.

After saying this, he activated his Spiritual Race bloodline. His entire body glimmered with icy light while the pressure of a dominating bloodline swept through the stage.

Swish!

Zhao Feng immediately blinked next to True God Long Yuan and casually unleashed a palm.

What incredible speed! True God Long Yuan quickly reacted, using his Divine Power and bloodline to bolster the defense of the area Zhao Feng was attacking and successfully blocking it.

Zhao Feng didn't stop though, blinking to another side and once more slapping his palm down.

Long Yuan was forced into passive defense with no opportunity to attack.

"Ha!" True God Long Yuan bellowed, pushing his bloodline to its limits so that he could ignore an attack from Zhao Feng and launch a furious assault of his own.

The crystalline light around him transformed into an enormous ice dragon that charged forward.

"Heaven-Incinerating Lightning Fire!"

Zhao Feng converted his Five Elements Tribulation Lightning Divine Power to Fire Tribulation Lightning Divine Power and fired off a palm.

Brrrooom!

This palm charged into True God Long Yuan's attack like a devil of lightning and fire.

As for Zhao Feng himself, after firing off this palm, he blinked into one of True God Long Yuan's blind spots and launched a fierce attack.

Plush!

True God Long Yuan vomited blood and gradually lost ground. After three more exchanges, he conceded.

"Even True God Long Yuan lost!"

"Zhao Feng is extremely fast while his attacks are strong. Not even True God Long Yuan could do anything about it..."

Previously, only Zhao Feng and True God Long Yuan had been undefeated, but now, True God Long Yuan had lost to Zhao Feng.

In the sky, the authoritative Elders of the Spiritual Race were looking at True God Long Yuan.

"True God Long Yuan's talent isn't bad. At such a young age, he's already managed to reach Rank Six True God. Alas, Zhao Feng has completely outshone him!"

"A Spiritual Race disciple of suitable age. Put him on the list!"

The three Ancient Gods conversed.

Another round quickly came again. In the next round, Zhao Feng's opponent jumped onto the stage with a complicated expression on his face.

"It's Zhao Feng's turn again!"

"His opponent is... Zhang Yutong."

The chatter around the stage died away.

Everyone knew that, after Zhao Feng broke into the Heavenly Divine Realm, he had fought with Zhang Yutong, whereupon Zhang Yutong was soundly defeated. But Zhang Yutong was a Spiritual Race genius of the current generation who wielded a great deal of authority. Many of the people on the same level as him treated him with a great deal of apprehension.

The two participants exchanged no words and directly began to fight.

He hasn't even been injured, nor has he used up much energy!

The moment they clashed, Zhang Yutong understood Zhao Feng's situation. Afterward, Zhang Yutong gave up on attacking and focused on defending and dodging.

The Spiritual Race bloodline had extremely formidable defensive properties, and in a situation where his strength was suppressed and he couldn't use his trump cards, Zhao Feng would find it very hard to overcome this defense.

After fighting for a while, Zhang Yutong suddenly drew back his energy.

"I'm no match for you and there are still more battles later on. I need to conserve my strength!" Zhang Yutong voluntarily conceded.

Zhao Feng was undefeated up to this point, and his opponents had either immediately conceded or conceded after exchanging a few blows with him.

And even though Zhang Yutong conceded, he had fought the longest with Zhao Feng. In this fashion, he was able to conserve some of his pride. Zhang Yutong had decided on this plan before even stepping onto the stage.

"Bao Yuan, Zhang Yutong, True God Long Yuan... none of them were a match for Zhao Feng. They couldn't even wound him!"

"It seems like Zhao Feng will be first place on our stage!"

Quite a few Rank Six True God were depressed by this fact. They had all imagined that Zhao Feng would be wounded or tired out after fighting with these powerful Rank Six True Gods. Perhaps Zhao Feng would even lose one or two matches.

But Zhao Feng had remained utterly unharmed throughout.

"I concede!" In the next round, Zhao Feng's opponent was rather weak and conceded without even stepping onto the stage.

"I might not even need to fight from now on!" Zhao Feng exclaimed.

“This kid is quite arrogant!” Some Rank Six True Gods were infuriated by Zhao Feng’s words.

However, the stronger Rank Six True Gods had already lost to Zhao Feng. No one else could be of any threat to Zhao Feng.

At this moment, the Rank Seven Ancient God matches came to an end.

“In the Rank Seven Ancient God contest for the Pure Spirit Sacred Water, first place: Ancient God True Sea; second place: Ancient God Ice Origin...” an Elder announced the rankings.

The first place Ancient God True Sea was an Ancient God from several generations ago. He was rather old and had extremely deep reserves. He defeated Ancient God Ice Origin to obtain first place.

Ancient God Ice Origin wasn’t even over two hundred, but he had defeated all the other Rank Seven Ancient Gods except Ancient God True Sea. Though he was second, he gained far more glory than the person in first place. Everyone believed that Ancient God Ice Origin wouldn’t need very many years to leave first place in the dust.

With the Ancient God matches over, Zhao Feng began to seriously pay attention to the Rank Six Ancient God matches.

“First place is me while second place should be True God Long Yuan.”

Originally, there was no guarantee to how the match between Bao Yuan and True God Long Yuan would turn out. But Bao Yuan had been wounded in the first battle with Zhao Feng, and his worsened condition caused him to lose to True God Long Yuan.

After Bao Yuan fought with True God Long Yuan, he then fought with Zhang Yutong and was once more defeated. In short, Bao Yuan had bad luck on this day. The first battle with Zhao Feng had caused him to be in poor condition for the rest of the matches.

“He’s actually undefeated?” Ancient God Ice Origin looked at the Rank Six True God stage, his expression icy and gloomy.

Although he had fought on a different stage from Zhao Feng, he still lost a match. The fact that Zhao Feng was completely undefeated left Ancient God Ice Origin very uncomfortable.

This kid is very strong. I have to defeat him in a battle before he becomes an Ancient God! Jin Kun’s eyes flashed with sharp light as he made his plans.

Zhao Feng had defeated almost all the Rank Six True Gods of the Spiritual Race. If Jin Kun challenged Zhao Feng to a battle in this situation, his loss wouldn’t be that shameful.

“I concede!” On this round, Zhao Feng’s opponent, a gray-skinned youth, directly conceded.

“Hmph, conceding without a fight, what use are you!” Ancient God Ice Origin coldly jeered from the crowd of Rank Seven Ancient Gods.

“My apologies.” The gray-skinned youth trembled as he lowered his head and vanished into the crowd.

The Rank Six True God matches were soon concluded.

“In the Rank Six True God contest for the Pure Spirit Sacred Water, first place: Zhao Feng; second place: True God Long Yuan; third place: Zhang Yutong...”

When the results were announced, they still created an uproar.

“As expected, Zhao Feng is the strongest of his rank!”

“Perhaps once Zhao Feng breaks into Rank Seven, he’ll be the strongest Rank Seven Ancient God of the Spiritual Race!”

The disciples of the Spiritual Race felt all manner of emotions about this.

The contest for the Pure Spirit Sacred Water continued. The Rank Five True God and Rank Four True God contests ended soon after.

“The contest for the Pure Spirit Sacred Water is over. I now have an important matter to announce!”

The Ancient God Elder suddenly spoke, his loud and bright voice echoing through the heavens. Everyone on the plaza turned solemn and respectful. The Elder had mentioned this before the start of the contest.

“Everyone knows that, two hundred years ago, a Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein was discovered on the border between the Spiritual Race and the Blazing Gold Race. For this vein, the Spiritual Race has had no small number of conflicts with the Blazing Gold Race, even a war...” the Spiritual Race Ancient God began to solemnly speak.

The Spiritual Race disciples slowly began to realize what was going on.

The Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods had many unique kinds of terrains and environments that could produce ore veins besides just God Crystal veins. This Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein had originally been a high-quality God Crystal vein, but because it had fused with powerful Fire Intent, the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi and Divine Power contained within this vein were far purer than that of a high-quality God Crystal vein.

Besides that, the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit Stones produced by this vein were cultivation treasures to practitioners of the Flame Dao. They could both advance their cultivation and the level of their Intent.

This vein just so happened to be on the border of the two five-star factions. These factions were already enemies, and since this vein could decide the future of one side, the two factions had engaged in countless conflicts and battles over it.

“A while ago, the two races decided to determine the ownership of the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein according to a gambling match!”

After the Ancient God Elder said this, he swept his eyes over the young disciples below.

“A gambling match?” Ancient God Ice Origin’s eyes flashed.

“Both races will send ten young disciples to duel against each other. The final result will be used to determine who owns the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein. Thus, I will select ten of you to participate in this gambling match. When the time comes, for each opponent you defeat, you will be granted twenty thousand contribution points. Besides this, if we obtain the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein, the

participants will gain an extra reward of Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit Stones,” the Ancient God Elder explained.

“Twenty thousand contribution points! Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit Stones!”

The countless disciples immediately began to chatter among themselves, their eyes bursting with golden light.

Twenty thousand contribution points was an astronomical number to Rank Four True Gods, nigh unachievable. Even the Rank Seven Ancient Gods found it hard to resist the allure of twenty thousand contribution points.

“If I defeat two, I’ll get forty thousand, sixty thousand if I defeat three. And there’s even Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit Stones....” Ancient God Ice Origin showed a rare look of excitement on his face.

“Contribution points!” Zhao Feng’s eyes also shone with interest.

At present, his Five Elemental Wind Lightning Technique and Golden Kun Sacred Lightning Body had been both cultivated to the peak. He urgently needed an Ancient God level technique, perhaps even a technique that he could cultivate until the God Lord level. Otherwise, his cultivation would be halted at Rank Seven Ancient God.

If he wanted to obtain a technique from the Spiritual Race, the most direct method was exchanging for one using contribution points.

And besides the contribution points, there was also the reward of Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit Stones. Each Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit Stone was essentially equivalent to a high-quality God Crystal, and it was also extremely valuable to Flame Dao cultivators.

Chapter 1279: Gambling Match Between Two Races

“All of you shouldn’t get too ahead of yourselves. There are only ten spots, and there is another restriction. One’s age cannot be over two hundred!” The Spiritual Race Ancient God Elder once more emphasized that there were only ten spots and also revealed another limit.

These words made the many Spiritual Race disciples down below either shake their heads or become indignant.

To True God experts, centuries could go by in the blink of an eye. Many of the Rank Four True Gods present had long ago passed two hundred years of age.

There was no limit to cultivation in this gambling match, but a limitation of age! The majority of the crowd had not expected this.

“I’m too old!” The Rank Seven Ancient God who had achieved first place, Ancient God True Sea, gave a helpless laugh.

Among all the Ancient Gods, he was probably the very oldest. Although he had managed to get first place in the contest for the Spiritual Race, he had no luck when it came to this gambling match.

"I didn't think that there would be a restriction like this." When Ancient God Ice Origin heard of this restriction, his eyes shone with even brighter light.

He just so happened to be one hundred and ninety years old. Moreover, many of the older generation of Ancient Gods were no match for him. In addition, based on what he knew, he was the only Ancient God of the Spiritual Race whose age did not exceed two hundred.

It seems like the ten people on the other side of this gambling match will all be defeated by me!

Ancient God Ice Origin coldly chuckled to himself. This gambling match would be his personal stage.

The younger disciples present breathed a slight sigh of relief. The age limit of two hundred years immediately ruled out many of the best experts while leaving the rest of them a sliver of hope.

But at this moment, the clouds overhead roiled and a timeworn voice spoke; "This old man was observing the Pure Spirit Sacred Water contest just now and has already determined five spots."

As the voice spoke, a massive illusion of an old man condensed in the sky.

Everyone immediately looked up at this image. A minority of core disciples and the Ancient God Elders were the only ones to recognize this figure as the Fifth Elder of the Spiritual Race.

His words immediately had the crowd in an uproar. It turned out that the upper echelon of the Spiritual Race had been observing the Pure Spirit Sacred Water contest and had already selected some candidates. Five of the spots had already been filled, leaving only five spots for the rest of them.

"Ancient God Ice Origin, True God Long Yuan, Zhao Feng, Zhang Yutong, Bao Yuan; these five people can directly participate in the gambling match between the two races. Do any of you object?" The Elder's face exuded boundless majesty.

"No!" Those people who had been selected naturally would not reject such an excellent opportunity.

"Anyone can compete for the remaining five spots!" the Spiritual Race Fifth Elder continued.

"Elder, I will go back and prepare for the gambling match," Ancient God Ice Origin proudly said.

His words immediately garnered the attention of the crowd.

"It seems like Ancient God Ice Origin is the only Ancient God less than two hundred years old!"

"The strongest person in this gambling match will probably him. He is certain to bring great glory to the Spiritual Race!"

The Spiritual Race disciples couldn't hide their admiration and envy as they looked at Ancient God Ice Origin.

"You may go. If there is anything that you do not understand, seek guidance from a Spiritual Race Elder," the Elder in the sky amiably said.

Of the Ancient Gods of the Spiritual Race, only Ancient God Ice Origin had the right to take part in the gambling match. Ancient God Ice Origin's strength was also top-class. The Spiritual Race had high hopes in him.

Zhao Feng and the other three chosen soon left as well. After all, they were also taking part in the gambling match. Their opponents would be the ten strongest people the Blazing Gold Race could send.

There were still two months until the gambling match. They all wanted to increase their strength a little so that they could put on a better performance.

“Brother Feng!” Zhao Yufei caught up to Zhao Feng so that they could leave together.

Although the gambling match had an age restriction, it had no cultivation restriction. The five remaining spots would probably be mostly taken by Rank Six True Gods. On the other hand, Zhao Yufei had only just reached the level of Rank Five Quasi-God, so she naturally had no hope of getting a spot.

Once these people were gone, the central plaza once more began to buzz with activity. With the contest for Pure Spirit Sacred Water over, it was now time to vie for the spots on the team that would take part in the gambling match between the two races.

The gambling match was set for two months later. If Zhao Feng spent this time in the Spacetime Robe Dimension, he would have five to six hundred days to cultivate.

Swish!

When he appeared in the Spacetime Robe, Zhao Wang and the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon were both in the middle of cultivating.

By now, Zhao Wang had also reached the level of Rank Five Quasi-God. Zhao Feng sent Zhao Wang to the Ancient Dream Realm and arranged an area for him to break through.

A few days later, someone from the Spiritual Race delivered the Pure Spirit Sacred Water.

“This is the Pure Spirit Sacred Water?” Zhao Feng carefully examined the transparent glass bottle in his hand. A light blue liquid slowly flowed through the bottle.

Without another word, Zhao Feng entered seclusion.

Pure Spirit Sacred Water had the greatest effect when taken after a breakthrough, and it had been some time since he had become an Ancient God. But before he used it, he still needed to duplicate it.

One day later, the duplication finished, and Zhao Feng began to cultivate.

Gulp!

After taking the Pure Spirit Sacred Water, Zhao Feng immediately felt an icy liquid surging through his blood and spreading through his body. In the end, this clear stream of energy gathered at his Divine Stages.

Twenty days later, the energy around Zhao Feng’s body slowly began to recede. At this moment, not even Ancient Gods of the same level would be able to perceive Zhao Feng’s true cultivation level. This was proof that Zhao Feng’s Divine Stages had been completely stabilized and their energy perfectly fused. Zhao Feng now had complete control over this power.

“The effects are amazing!”

The effects of the Pure Spirit Sacred Water far surpassed Zhao Feng's expectations.

He also discovered that his body was covered in a layer of dark red filth.

"This should be the impurities the Pure Spirit Sacred Water expelled from my blood while purifying the divine body." A pensive look appeared on Zhao Feng's face.

Normally, after reaching the True God level, the divine body wouldn't have this many impurities.

And yet, Zhao Feng had expelled so much. The problem was clearly with his bloodline.

"It seems like I wasn't being careful enough while strengthening my bloodline." Zhao Feng suddenly understood.

His bloodline had originally been extremely low-level, but now it was within the top thousand of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. This was a massive discrepancy. In this process, his blood had many impurities that were not able to be refined, and they were now expelled.

"With these impurities expelled, my bloodline should rapidly get stronger!" Zhao Feng was elated.

He had experienced the effects of the Pure Spirit Sacred Water. With his duplication ability, he was completely capable of mass producing it. Of course, he couldn't let this matter get out.

After finishing with the Pure Spirit Sacred Water, Zhao Feng entered the Ancient Dream Realm.

At this time, Zhao Wang was in the middle of breaking into the Heavenly Divine Realm. He had just finished condensing his first Divine Stage. Now that Zhao Feng's control over the Ancient Dream Realm had increased so much, there were no phenomena to be seen in the outside world.

After getting some more blood from the Blood Flame Qilin Race, Zhao Feng left.

In the Spacetime Robe's dimension, Zhao Feng activated his Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline and continued to refine his bloodline.

"With the impurities expelled, the effects of refining are even better!" Zhao Feng had a joyful look on his face.

After two months, Zhao Feng's Ancient Blood Devil Sun bloodline had squeezed into the top five hundred of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. This was an astonishing pace that left Zhao Feng pleasantly surprised.

Afterward, Zhao Feng began to comprehend various Intents as well as learn another spatial secret skill: Spatial Shift.

Spatial Shift shared the same nature as Instant Movement, but Spatial Shift placed even more emphasis on distance, maximizing the distance one could travel. One Instant Movement could cover several hundred thousand li, but a Spatial Shift could cover one million li at the minimum – the equivalent of one teleportation array in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods.

Spatial Shift had very high requirements. One had to have at least Level Six Space Intent.

Zhao Feng currently had Level Five Space Intent, but that was boosted to Level Six with the help of the Spacetime Robe. This was enough to meet the standards of Spatial Shift.

At this moment, Zhao Feng could only grasp the essentials of Spatial Shift, which he imitated and conjectured on in his mind.

Zhao Feng spent more than five hundred days in the Spacetime Robe before finally leaving.

At this time, the only people present in the central plaza were several powerful Spiritual Race Elders and the young disciples taking part in the gambling match.

“Fourth Elder, Fifth Elder!” Zhao Feng was astonished.

The Spiritual Race was sending these two powerful experts to lead the group. It appeared that he had underestimated the importance of the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein to the Spiritual Race.

Zhao Feng then began to observe the other members of the gambling match team. The people who were selected first had clearly become much stronger.

“Hurry up!” Ancient God Ice Origin glared at Zhao Feng, his brow creased in displeasure.

As the youngest Ancient God genius of the Spiritual Race, he was the ace for this gambling match. In addition, Ancient God Ice Origin felt some envy and hostility toward Zhao Feng, who had directly attained Rank Six.

This was not merely because Zhao Feng had shown terrifying potential through this feat, but also because Zhao Yufei, whom Ice Origin had been so arduously pursuing, had thrown herself into Zhao Feng’s chest.

Zhao Feng ignored him and joined the crowd. A few moments later, everyone had arrived.

“Elder, we can leave now!” Ancient God Ice Origin walked to the front of the group, acting like he was the captain of the squad.

“Mm!” The Spiritual Race Fourth Elder nodded.

Swish!

A moment later, a magnificent blue and white warship appeared in the sky. The group immediately boarded the ship and set off.

Thwish!

The blue and white warship activated a defensive barrier before transforming into a streak of light.

“This gambling match is extremely important. All of you must do your very best!” the Fourth Elder reminded everyone.

The Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein itself was extremely valuable, but the honor of both races was also on the line. This match would even influence the future situation between the two races. This vein was more useful to the Blazing Gold Race; if they got their hands on the vein, they could surpass the Spiritual Race within one thousand years.

The participants nodded their heads. In these two months, they had received personal training from the Elders of the Spiritual Race, and their divine artifacts had also been upgraded and improved at enormous expense.

“Now, I will inform you all of the rules to this gambling match....”

For this gambling match, each race would send ten people that would be sent out in rotation. When all ten people of one side had been defeated, the battle would be over, and the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein would be divided based on the number of victories.

“After each battle, you can choose to continue fighting or rest. Of course, I advise all of you to not continue fighting, because once your condition is poor, you could suffer from a challenge by the Blazing Gold Race. You can refuse the first time, but on the second challenge, you must fight!” the Fourth Elder solemnly said.

“Elder, be at ease. Based on what I know, only Ancient God Gold Fury fulfills the requirements for this match on the Blazing Gold Race side, and he’s no match for me!” Ancient God Ice Origin gave a confident smile.

This gambling match was the moment for him to spread his reputation across the Ziling Zone. Ancient God Ice Origin was determined to win!

Chapter 1280: First Victory

“Elder, be at ease. Based on what I know, only Ancient God Gold Fury fulfills the requirements for this match on the Blazing Gold Race side, and he’s no match for me!” Ancient God Ice Origin gave a confident smile.

He had fought with Ancient God Gold Fury several times. Ancient God Gold Fury’s strength was beneath his.

The Spiritual Race Elders gave a slight nod. Based on what they knew, the situation truly was as Ancient God Ice Origin described.

However, it was the Blazing Gold Race that had proposed this gambling match, as well as the age restriction of two hundred years. Thus, the upper echelon members of the Spiritual Race were somewhat uneasy. Even if the Spiritual Race appeared to have the advantage, the Spiritual Race Elders would not be careless in the slightest. They had chosen their very best and even assisted them in improving their strength.

The early distribution of the Pure Spirit Sacred Water was partially due to this gambling match.

The Spiritual Race Elders then divulged more information on this gambling match.

The two races would send out their ten people, who would issue challenges to each other.

If the Spiritual Race had one person remaining when the battles were over, it would gain sixty percent of the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein while the Blazing Gold Race would get forty percent. If the Spiritual Race had two people remaining, it would get seventy percent while the Blazing Gold Race would get thirty percent. If the Spiritual Race had five people left, the Blazing Gold Race would get nothing at all.

The Life Sacred Land had demanded this rule. The reason was that they hoped both races could obtain a part of the vein so that the conflict between the two would not worsen.

“I will now state the order in which all of you will go out. We can still change the order if we encounter some special situation.” The Fourth Elder had long ago decided on the order in which everyone would go out.

The first match was the one where victory was the easiest, and the fighter had to be someone with the Spiritual Race bloodline, so True God Long Yuan shouldered this responsibility.

The second person was a girl of a different race that Zhao Feng didn’t recognize.

The third was Ancient God Ice Origin.

Zhao Feng was fifth.

In short, the Spiritual Race Elders had equally distributed their strongest members across their lineup. This was to prevent consecutive defeats which might harm morale.

“If you have any questions, you may ask them now, including those regarding cultivation,” the Fourth Elder continued.

The Fourth Elder was a peak Ancient God of the Spiritual Race. Normally, even getting a meeting with him was a rarity. But now, everyone had a chance to request guidance from a peak Ancient God.

“Elder, I have been unable to break through the eighth level of the Heaven Lightning Earth Mantra this entire time....” A youth with dark black skin was the first to ask a question.

The path of cultivation was fraught with unknowns. At each new height, one would encounter even more questions. Even Ancient God Ice Origin was waiting for a chance for this Elder to dispel his confusion.

Zhao Feng seated himself to the side. He had no technique to cultivate, so his cultivation was stymied. As a result, he had no questions or bottlenecks to ask about. Even if he did, he could just go to the Ancient Dream Realm and asked the Blood Flame Qilin Race patriarch.

Zhao Feng closed his eyes, and numerous combat skills and secret moves appeared in his mind. These were all techniques that he had deduced from using his left eye to observe the battles of others during the Pure Spirit Sacred Water contest.

Zhao Feng’s own offensive techniques were all basically outmoded by now. He was currently attempting to cultivate one or two of these techniques or use the principles derived from some of the higher-level techniques to modify the combat skills he was familiar with.

Several days later, two massive volcanoes appeared before everyone’s eyes. Everyone on the warship appeared rather excited.

These two volcanoes were spewing out scorching clouds of fire, and between these two volcanoes was a stage that was several thousand li wide and long. Around it were five spectating platforms.

When the Spiritual Race arrived, the people on one of these spectating platforms turned to look, their eyes brimming with hostility. These were the people of the Blazing Gold Race.

The spectating platform next to the Blazing Gold Race's had fewer people, but the people here had the highest status. They were from the Life Sacred Land.

The other two spectating platforms were for the other two five-star factions of the Ziling Zone, Divine Tree Ocean and the Heaven-Shaking Alliance.

As for the spectators from the smaller factions of the Ziling Zone, they could only find a spot to watch around the perimeter.

"You're finally here. I even started to think that the Spiritual Race was going to return the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein to the Blazing Gold Race!" an Elder of the Blazing Gold Race, his dark golden body streaked with some black fiery tattoos, spoke in a resounding voice.

"Elder Jin truly knows how to joke around. This Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein has never belonged to the Blazing Gold Race." The Fourth Elder softly chuckled.

They had barely seen each other's face before the two representatives of the races started butting heads. The Elders both spoke in rather gentle tones, but the meanings of their words were plain as day.

The people of Divine Tree Ocean and the Heaven-Shaking Alliance all silently smiled. The conflict between the Spiritual Race and Blazing Gold Race was not a one or two-day affair. If not for the Life Sacred Land suppressing their conflict, the two sides might have already started a war.

"Gentlemen, please keep calm. Let everything be decided through the gambling match." At this moment, the presiding representative of the Life Sacred Land spoke to soothe the tempers on both sides.

Everyone present maintained a modicum of respect for the Life Sacred Land.

"It's him?" Zhao Feng looked to the Life Sacred Land's spectating platform and saw that the speaker was none other than Xiahou Wu's master, the wrinkled elder. This was also the Elder he had interacted with the most in the Life Sacred Land.

Besides the elder, Zhao Feng, also spotted Quasi-God Guan Long, Xiahou Wu, and Liu Kai.

Meanwhile, these people were also looking at Zhao Feng. Elsewhere, everyone else was also observing the members the Spiritual Race had sent.

"Both the Spiritual Race and the Blazing Gold Race have an Ancient God expert, but Ancient God Ice Origin should be a little stronger!"

"Look there! That youth with the dream-like silver hair is that Zhao Feng's who has recently been the talk of the Ziling Zone!"

"His hair and eye really are unique. I wonder what sort of special bloodline caused it...."

Everyone's eyes essentially moved between Ancient God Ice Origin, Zhao Feng, and True God Long Yuan.

Ancient God Ice Origin was the only Ancient God, so he was the ace card for the Spiritual Race. True God Long Yuan was a peak Rank Six whose energy verged on the Ancient God level. He had been a famed and significant individual for some time now. As for Zhao Feng, purely in terms of reputation, he surpassed the other two, but not many people had actually seen him fight.

"He truly is at Rank Six, but who knows if he directly attained Rank Six or if the Spiritual Race fabricated it." A rather loud and doubtful voice rose from the Blazing Gold Race.

This was true. After all, directly breaking into Rank Six was far too stunning. Not even the geniuses of Sacred Lands could accomplish such a feat. Thus, the majority of people were still doubtful about the matter.

"Zhao Feng!" The Blazing Gold Race Elder's eyes also paused on Zhao Feng for a few moments.

The Blazing Gold Race had dispatched an Ancient God some time ago to intercept and kill Zhao Feng, but soon afterward, they lost track of this Ancient God. The people who followed this Ancient God also didn't know what happened because none of them actually saw the battle between the one-armed man and Zhao Feng.

The soul brand that the one-armed man left in the Blazing Gold Race had not disappeared. This meant that he was still alive. But the fact that he hadn't returned to the Blazing Gold Race left the upper echelon of the Blazing Gold Race extremely puzzled.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The people of the Spiritual Race exited their warship and descended to their own spectating platform.

"Elder, please be at ease. Our Spiritual Race is assured victory in this gambling match, and then the Blazing Gold Race won't have the face to continue acting so brashly!" Ancient God Ice Origin whispered to the Fourth Elder.

Although he spoke softly, everyone in the Blazing Gold Race could hear. Other than the upper echelon of the Blazing Gold Race and a few experts, the rest of the members snarled in fury.

"Ancient God Ice Origin, it seems like you still have a habit of talking big!" The white-clothed and straight-backed Ancient God Gold Fury coldly sneered.

"Since the Spiritual Race has arrived, let's begin." Elder Jin of the Blazing Gold Race cared little for Ancient God Ice Origin's words.

Everyone immediately began to chatter among themselves. They were clearly very interested in this gambling match. This gambling match was not only a chance to witness the strength of the young generation of two five-star factions; the result would determine just who the stronger between two hostile factions was and might even decide the future make-up of the Ziling Zone.

"The gambling match between the two races may now begin. The number of people left will decide how the Heaven Crystal Fire Spirit vein is divided!" The wrinkled elder's voice resounded through the heavens.

At this moment, the area around the fighting stage seemed to explode.

Thwish!

The Spiritual Race's True God Long Yuan was the first to step onto the stage.

Based on the Spiritual Race Elder's order, True God Long Yuan needed to challenge a peak Rank Six True God on the opposing side and defeat him. This would raise the morale of the Spiritual Race.

After observing the opposing squad, True God Long Yuan pointed at a golden-clothed youth of the Blazing Gold Race.

Whoosh!

The Blazing Gold Race youth seemed to grimace a little before jumping onto the stage. The two began to fight without a word.

Dingding! Bang!

The two took out their divine weapons from the very start of the battle.

The Spiritual Race bloodline excelled at defense, and True God Long Yuan was a masterful attacker.

The golden-clothed youth of the Blazing Gold Race was a body-refining expert who was skilled in both offense and defense. But in terms of defense, the Blazing Gold Race's bloodline did not have the same special effect as the Spiritual Race's bloodline.

"Dragonform Slash!" True God Long Yuan slashed with his saber, unleashing a powerful blade made of icy crystal.

The Blazing Gold Race youth's face flickered in surprise as he immediately activated his secret defensive technique. His body shone with a golden luster and then transformed into a massive mountain of golden flame.

"If things go as expected, True God Long Yuan is certain to win the first battle!" The Spiritual Race Fourth Elder faintly smiled after observing for a little while.

"It seems like we are still going to lose the first match...." a youth with dark golden skin on the Blazing Gold Race side helplessly and shook his head.

"Isn't this fine? Get the Spiritual Race happy so that we can deal them an even greater blow later on!" Ancient God Gold Fury gave a careless smile. "Just make sure that you're not so vicious that you don't even give me a chance to go up!" he teased the youth with dark golden skin.

At this moment, on the stage, True God Long Yuan pushed his bloodline to the limit and unleashed countless blades of ice with his saber. The entire stage was shrouded in thick layers of white crystalline light.

Boom! Bang!

The golden-clothed youth of the Blazing Gold Race was sent flying outward.

"The first round, Spiritual Race victory!" the wrinkled elder of the Life Sacred Land announced.

The crowd buzzed with chatter.

“The Spiritual Race won the first match, and Ancient God Ice Origin of the Spiritual Race is stronger than Ancient God Gold Fury of the Blazing Gold Race. Based on the situation, the Spiritual Race should be the winner of this gambling match.”

“There’s no guarantee about that. In this ten-versus-ten battle, strategy is extremely important. If the Blazing Gold Race sends a few people to exhaust Ancient God Ice Origin, Ancient God Gold Fury has a chance of defeating Ancient God Ice Origin and reversing the situation!”

The spectators were all stating their own opinions.

The first round was a victory for the Spiritual Race.

As the second round began, a fiery and curvaceous woman of the Blazing Gold Race stepped onto the stage.