

K O G 1351

Chapter 1351 – Spatial Shift

Zhao Feng followed the Spacetime Sacred Land team as it flew into the distance.

“Ancient God Luo Ling, who is this person?” a member of the team finally couldn’t help but ask.

Zhao Feng was young, and yet he was already a Rank Eight Ancient God. Moreover, even without an Eye of Spacetime, he was extremely accomplished in Spacetime Intent. Even in the Spacetime Sacred Land, it would be difficult to find a disciple as outstanding as Zhao Feng.

“I got to know him while infiltrating the Heavenly Demon Hall. He was also an infiltrator, and it’s only because the two of us worked together that we were able to survive!” Ancient God Luo Ling shot a glance at Zhao Feng before saying.

In the Heavenly Demon Hall, she never saw Zhao Feng’s true appearance. She was only able to determine through his voice that Zhao Feng was not that old.

Earlier, when she saw Zhao Feng’s true appearance, she was slightly stunned. Zhao Feng had a handsome appearance and excellent bearing. Together with that mysterious left eye and dreamy silver hair, he appeared even more enigmatic and bewitching.

“An infiltrator?” The members of the Spacetime Sacred Land were all taken aback.

They hadn’t expected for this to be Zhao Feng’s identity. They were also interested to hear that Ancient God Luo Ling and Zhao Feng had assisted each other to survive.

Ancient God Luo Ling was now a Rank Nine Ancient God, and anyone who could help her out was definitely not simple.

“What faction is Good Sir a member of?” Ancient God Scarlet Firmament directly asked.

Someone of Zhao Feng’s talent probably belonged to a major faction, perhaps even a God Realm Sacred Land. But if Zhao Feng belonged to a major faction, why did he infiltrate the Heavenly Demon Hall alone?

In addition, he was also interested to hear what Zhao Feng’s objective was in infiltrating the Heavenly Demon Hall. What sort of goal would be worth him venturing alone into such danger?

“Spiritual Race, Zhao Feng,” Zhao Feng directly said.

With his appearance revealed, it would be extremely easy to find out who he was, so there was no need for him to hide it.

“Spiritual Race?” The members of the Spacetime Sacred Land began to think.

“This Zhao will bid farewell first. In the future, when I have the opportunity, I will personally pay a visit to thank all of you!” Zhao Feng immediately bid farewell.

He only borrowed the hand of the Spacetime Sacred Land to escape the Heavenly Demon Hall, but he did not intend to travel with them back to the Spacetime Sacred Land.

“Then goodbye.” Ancient God Scarlet Firmament did not try to keep him.

“Goodbye!” Zhao Feng said his farewells to Ancient God Luo Ling and left.

But after going a little distance, he suddenly stopped.

Let’s try out Spatial Shift.

Spatial Shift required Level Six Space Intent, and long before achieving that, Zhao Feng started trying to comprehend it. At this time, he had already grasped seventy to eighty percent of it.

To increase the chances of success, Zhao Feng put on the Spacetime Robe.

Bzzz! Thwish!

A spatial vortex began to spin around Zhao Feng. Gradually, the spatial vortex shrank, but the spatial ripples intensified.

A moment later, Zhao Feng’s body plunged into the small spatial vortex.

More than ten million li away:

Bzzz! Swoosh!

A spatial vortex suddenly appeared, and Zhao Feng’s figure slowly emerged from it.

“One shift can cover more than ten million li!” Zhao Feng was stunned. This distance was dozens of times greater than the distance covered by Instant Movement.

Of course, this was the first time Zhao Feng used Spatial Shift; he still had room to improve. In addition, although Spatial Shift could cover much more distance than Instant Movement, this art required more time to prepare, time in which he could easily be interrupted.

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“Ancient God Luo Ling, how did you get to know Zhao Feng?”

“What was his goal in infiltrating the Heavenly Demon Hall?”

Quite a few members of the team immediately began to question Ancient God Luo Ling.

“I ran into him while trying to infiltrate the secret hall. His goal was to rescue his pet,” Ancient God Luo Ling directly replied.

“Rescue his pet? Ancient God Luo Ling, you were tricked by that kid, weren’t you?” An elderly blue-haired Rank Eight Ancient God faintly smiled.

In his view, although Ancient God Luo Ling had impressive talent and formidable strength, she was still too young and lacking in experience.

Ancient God Luo Ling coldly glanced at this person, but she did not reply.

“Right, Ancient God Luo Ling, with your strength, even if you ran into any danger, that Zhao Feng shouldn’t have been able to help you with anything,” Ancient God Scarlet Firmament suddenly said. Earlier, with Zhao Feng present, it was too awkward for him to say anything.

“I was able to break into Rank Nine entirely because of him!” Ancient God Luo Ling left it at that, not going into too detailed of an explanation.

“What?” The members of the Spacetime Sacred Land were all stunned to hear this.

Zhao Feng was the one to assist Ancient God Luo Ling in breaking into Rank Nine? There were several people present who were still Rank Eight Ancient Gods, and they were all too anxious to know just how Zhao Feng had helped Ancient God Luo Ling break into Rank Nine.

But at this moment, oppressive Death energy suddenly descended, and the world went dark.

All the members of the Spacetime Sacred Land, including Ancient God Scarlet Firmament, turned solemn. They were all extremely familiar with this energy; it belonged to none other than God Lord Heavenly Solitude.

Swish!

Suddenly, a black figure appeared before them. God Lord Heavenly Solitude’s sinister gaze swept over them, his expression grim and dour.

“Where is Zhao Feng?” God Lord Heavenly Solitude bluntly asked.

With Zhao Feng’s appearance exposed, the Heavenly Demon Hall had immediately identified him.

“Gone,” Ancient God Scarlet Firmament immediately said.

“Gone? Haha, your Spacetime Sacred Land is far too insincere. You actually brought out an outsider!” God Lord Heavenly Solitude coldly snorted, and invisible pressure immediately weighed down on the members of the Spacetime Sacred Land.

All of them grimaced, finding even breathing to be difficult, and some of them glared in discontent at Ancient God Luo Ling.

“It doesn’t seem like we took Zhao Feng with us, but rather that Zhao Feng followed us. And we never said that he was a member of the Spacetime Sacred Land!” Ancient God Scarlet Firmament fearlessly said.

He was confident that God Lord Heavenly Solitude would not do anything to them. After all, they had not done anything wrong, and the intimidating pressure of the Spacetime God was still present.

“Good, good!” God Lord Heavenly Solitude’s eyes bulged as he stared at the group, stifling Death energy spreading through the area.

If not for the fact that God Lord Heavenly Solitude was doing his utmost to restrain himself, all the ordinary Rank Eight Ancient Gods present would have already lost their lives. From this, one could see just how angry God Lord Heavenly Solitude was.

But this was completely understandable. His primary goal in visiting the Heavenly Demon Hall was to take away the Heaven's Legacy Cat. Picking up the research results and other treasures was secondary.

Despite that, during his visit, he ran into the Spacetime God and was humiliated. Even more importantly, the Heaven's Legacy Cat had been lost.

"I trust that all these members of the Spacetime Sacred Land are not intentionally deceiving me." God Lord Heavenly Solitude gradually calmed down.

"That person plundered many treasures and precious resources from the Heavenly Demon Hall and killed many Ancient God experts.... In which direction did he leave just now?" God Lord Heavenly Solitude bluntly asked.

He no longer had a reason to target the Spacetime Sacred Land. Zhao Feng had probably just left and could probably still be caught up to.

The members of the Spacetime Sacred Land couldn't help but sigh. Just what was so special about this Zhao Feng that God Lord Heavenly Solitude would personally go to capture him?

"That way!" Ancient God Luo Ling pointed a finger.

Ancient God Scarlet Firmament's expression flickered, but he remained silent.

Ancient God Luo Ling was naturally pointing in the wrong direction, the exact opposite direction in which Zhao Feng had left.

God Lord Heavenly Solitude was stunned and also said nothing. When investigating Zhao Feng, he had naturally learned that Zhao Feng belonged to the Spiritual Race, and Ancient God Luo Ling was pointing in exactly the opposite direction of the Spiritual Race.

But Zhao Feng might have predicted that the Heavenly Demon Hall would pursue him, so for him to set off in the opposite direction was completely understandable.

Swish!

A moment later, God Lord Heavenly Solitude vanished. The world regained its brightness, and a weight was lifted from everyone's bodies.

"Ancient God Luo Ling, why did you do that? You've offended a God Lord!" the blue-haired old man immediately asked.

All of them felt yearning, respect, and fear toward God Lords.

"He helped me break into Rank Nine, so I will help him this once," Ancient God Luo Ling was unperturbed as she softly replied.

In truth, Zhao Feng helping her break into Rank Nine was part of a deal, and both sides had already fulfilled their ends of the bargain.

"Let's go!" Ancient God Scarlet Firmament barked.

Although Ancient God Luo Ling had deceived God Lord Heavenly Solitude, even if God Lord Heavenly Solitude failed to catch his target, he didn't have any firm evidence to claim that the Spacetime Sacred Land had deceived him. However, if he came back to question them again, it would be rather problematic.

Swoosh!

The members of the Spacetime Sacred Land rapidly left the area.

As for Zhao Feng, he was busy researching Spatial Shift, unaware that he had just dodged a lethal crisis.

Bzzz! Swoosh!

A silver-robed man appeared in the middle of a spatial vortex.

"Although it takes quite a lot of energy, it's completely worth it, given the distance traveled!" Zhao Feng was extremely satisfied with Spatial Shift.

The Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods was immense, and every journey was long and boring. This was also why almost every True God and Ancient God would try to comprehend Space Intent.

Zhao Feng traveled with Spatial Shift, occasionally taking breaks. In less than ten days, he arrived at the outskirts of Black Devil Peak.

"I wonder how Ancient God Floating Spirit and the others are doing...." Zhao Feng mused.

His communication methods were blocked once he entered the Heavenly Demon Hall, so Elder Floating Spirit and the others wouldn't have been able to get in touch with Zhao Feng. By now, the time period for the Spiritual Race's trading mission was long over. The Spiritual Race team had probably gone back already.

Bzzzz!

Zhao Feng used his left eye to observe Black Devil Peak.

Ever since his God's Spiritual Eye evolved, its range of vision had expanded, and it was able to see through even more. Moreover, while using his eye, he wouldn't be discovered by anyone, but Divine Sense would cause him to immediately be detected by experts of the same level.

"They probably left." Zhao Feng observed many areas, but he saw no signs of any Spiritual Race experts.

"I wonder how Kun Yun..." Zhao Feng suddenly remembered something and muttered to himself.

At the time, he was preparing to tell the Spiritual Race Elders to bring Kun Yun with them when they left, but midway, Zhao Hui was kidnapped, so he wasn't able to relay this request. As long as Kun Yun told the Spiritual Race Elders everything, Ancient God Floating Spirit would undoubtedly extend a helping hand.

But when Zhao Feng observed Kun Yun's residence, his gaze darkened.

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In the outer peak, a house was surrounded by outer peak disciples.

“Kun Yun, come out and exchange some pointers with us!” A tall and skeletal youth loudly laughed.

“As long as you defeat me, you can take back the average-quality divine artifact you lost to me and become the number one disciple of the outer peak, bound to enter the inner peak soon!” The youth laughed as he continued to jeer.

“Hurry and come out, Kun Yun, you cowardly turtle!” Several dozen outer peak disciples joined in.

“Kun Yun, I’ve asked for instruction from you many times, but you don’t give me any face. Since that’s the case, I’m going to have to break down your door!” The skeletal youth put on a savage smile and charged at the door.

But suddenly, a dreadful pressure descended.

Boom! Bang!

The skeletal youth vomited blood as he was blown backward.

Chapter 1352: The Person Being Sought

Inside his room, Kun Yun heard that the skeletal youth was about to break down his door and shivered.

As they were both outer peak disciples, the skeletal youth would be punished for forcing his way into the room of a fellow disciple. However, the skeletal youth’s actions were all on the order of True God Cloudbreaker, and True God Cloudbreaker was now a noble and esteemed core disciple. The attendant in charge of the outer peak disciples did not want to offend True God Cloudbreaker, so he turned a blind eye.

Knowing that he couldn’t avoid this fight, Kun Yun opened his door.

But suddenly, a figure descended in front of him. At the same moment, a shocking pressure spread outward.

The skeletal youth was immediately blown back into the ground, unable to get back up for some time. The others in the area immediately felt like there was a mountain on their shoulders, and they found even standing up extremely difficult.

“This- who...? Senior Brother...?” The skeletal youth stared in fear at Zhao Feng.

The power of this person far exceeded his imagination. Only a core disciple could possess such dreadful strength, but the skeletal youth didn’t remember a person like this in Black Devil Peak.

Thud!

All the other outer peak disciples got down on their knees.

“Kun Yun, why are you still here?” Zhao Feng suddenly turned around and asked.

Kun Yun was staring at this expert in shock, wishing to know which senior brother or venerable elder had decided to help him out this time, but when he saw Zhao Feng’s face, he froze.

“You’re... Zhao Feng!” Kun Yun cried out in alarm.

Although the color of his eye and hair had changed, the face wasn't that different. Kun Yun also knew that Zhao Feng's left was constantly evolving.

When Kun Yun called out Zhao Feng's name, one or two of Black Devil Peak's outer disciples grimaced. One of them was the skeletal youth.

"The Spiritual Race's Zhao Feng?" The skeletal youth immediately got up, no more respect on his face.

He originally believed that this was some senior brother or Elder of Black Devil Peak, but it was actually Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng was a member of the Spiritual Race, so it was inherently wrong for him to attack the disciples of Black Devil Peak. Moreover, he had not even done anything to Zhao Feng, but Zhao Feng struck first. In addition, the person backing the skeletal youth, True God Cloudbreaker, was also a core disciple, of similar status to Zhao Feng.

"Zhao Feng, you dare to intrude into Black Devil Peak and attack a disciple!? Just wait here to be punished!" the skeletal youth coldly said.

Zhao Feng showed no fear, not even glancing at the youth.

"It's like this..." Kun Yun was already about to reach his breaking point, so he immediately explained what was going on.

Originally, when Zhao Hui went missing, Black Devil Peak dispatched many people to search for him, but nothing was found. Thus, Kun Yun could only tell the Spiritual Race Elders about everything himself in the hopes of escaping this place. Alas, True God Cloudbreaker secretly sent people to imprison Kun Yun in his residence, causing him to miss the opportunity.

Afterward, Kun Yun was targeted again and again by True God Cloudbreaker with the goal of plundering him of all his treasures and divine artifacts.

Not long ago, Kun Yun was forced to accept a match. He believed that, with his three average-quality divine artifacts, he could fight against the skeletal youth. But to his surprise, the skeletal youth had received an average-quality divine artifact from True God Cloudbreaker. This divine artifact, combined with his own extremely formidable strength, resulted in Kun Yun's loss, and he was forced to give up one of his divine artifacts.

"I will take you from here," Zhao Feng straightforwardly said.

He then turned around and gave the skeletal youth a chilling stare.

In a flash, the skeletal youth felt like the sky was falling, his body under so much pressure that he couldn't move a muscle.

"Die!" Zhao Feng barked.

The skeletal youth's soul was instantly pulverized by a mighty force.

Thud!

His body dropped to the ground. An interspatial dimension floated out of his body and to Kun Yun's side.

As he took the interspatial dimension, Kun Yun became extremely excited. This was power! Killing as one pleased, slaughtering True Gods like ants!

At this moment:

Boom! Boom!

Two devilish energies suddenly shot out from the outer peak.

“Who goes there that intrudes upon Black Devil Peak!?” Two Ancient Gods of the Evil Dao rushed toward Zhao Feng’s location.

Zhao Feng had passed straight through Black Devil Peak’s sensory array. Even if he was not intentionally exuding his aura, Black Devil Peak would have still known about his arrival.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Two figures swiftly appeared. They scanned the area, and when they saw the skeletal youth, their expressions darkened.

“Elder!” The outer peak disciples all bowed.

“Zhao Feng, you’ve brazenly intruded upon Black Devil Peak and killed one of its disciples! Have you no regard for Black Devil Peak?” one of the Elders coldly asked.

“I was helping you clean house.” Zhao Feng’s expression turned grim as he scanned the two Ancient Gods, his body exuding an invisible pressure.

The two Ancient God Elders supervised the outer peak, so they were only Rank Seven. Zhao Feng could kill a person of this level of strength with just a glance.

“Rank Eight...” The expressions on the two Elders’ faces immediately relaxed.

It was just the death of an outer peak disciple. They felt that a junior acting so brazenly needed a harsh lesson, but they hadn’t expected for Zhao Feng to be a Rank Eight Ancient God. Based on what they knew, Zhao Feng had only recently broken into Rank Seven. How did he so quickly reach Rank Eight?!

“Zhao Feng, since you have killed a disciple of Black Devil Peak, you can’t just simply leave. You must give an explanation to our superiors,” the two Elders spoke in a softer tone, deciding to leave this matter for the upper echelon members to handle.

“Okay.” Zhao Feng nodded.

Killing an outer peak disciple was not any big deal, but Zhao Feng also wanted to take away an outer peak disciple as well. These two actions added together truly made Zhao Feng seem to brash and arrogant, showing no regard for Black Devil Peak whatsoever.

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In the conference hall:

“This is Zhao Feng?” Elder Tao carefully examined Zhao Feng and gave a slight nod.

He truly deserved his reputation as the Spiritual Race's most dazzling genius. He had directly broken into Rank Six, recently broke into Rank Seven, and was now Rank Eight. Such cultivation talent was something that not even the Spiritual Race members with the thickest of bloodlines could compare to.

On the other side, the demon-faced Elder's eyes twinkled.

Black Devil Peak was divided into two parties. The party that Elder Tao belonged to wanted a good relationship with the Spiritual Race while the demon-faced Elder's party wanted to worsen relations with the Spiritual Race and build a relationship with a different faction.

"Zhao Feng, for you to casually kill a disciple of my Black Devil Peak is too presumptuous of you!" The demon-faced Elder suddenly criticized Zhao Feng, a powerful energy rising from his body.

Sometime earlier, when the Spiritual Race party first arrived, he had proposed a bout in an attempt to worsen the relationship between Elder Tao's party and the Spiritual Race. However, in the end, Zhao Hui came out of nowhere and ruined his plans. He now wanted to use this chance to harshly punish Zhao Feng, thus earning the extreme displeasure of the Spiritual Race and achieving his goal all the same.

"Elder, I will first speak of another matter. I am extremely good brothers with Zhao Hui, and while I was traveling through the Antian Zone, I heard that he had gone missing, so I began to search for him...." Zhao Feng changed the subject.

"Zhao Hui...?" The demon-faced Elder was startled, and then he adopted an extremely sympathetic tone. "Although he did not go missing at Black Devil Peak, we are still extremely apologetic. Were you able to find anything?"

He had barely finished speaking when Zhao Feng summoned Zhao Hui with a wave of his hand.

This sight gave the demon-faced Elder a rather bad fright. How could anyone who was sent to the Heavenly Demon Hall emerge alive?

"I was kidnapped by disciples of Black Devil Peak!" Zhao Hui immediately said.

"There was something like that?" Elder Tao immediately grimaced.

He never would've imagined that Black Devil Peak was involved in making Zhao Hui go missing. He had to thoroughly investigate this matter.

A moment later, Zhao Hui released his memory image, revealing how he was kidnapped on that day.

"Be at ease. Black Devil Peak will personally handle these two and also compensate the Spiritual Race!" the demon-faced elder righteously declared.

It just two ordinary inner peak disciples. He would send people to finish them off and get rid of the evidence.

"In addition, do Elders know of the Heavenly Demon Hall?" Zhao Feng suddenly said with a smile.

"The Heavenly Demon Hall!?" both Elders blurted out in unison.

The Heavenly Demon Hall was a faction that the demon-faced Elder's party had formed a relationship with in secret. He naturally knew of it, but he hadn't imagined that Zhao Feng would also find out about the Heavenly Demon Hall in his investigation.

Elder Tao was stunned because he had only recently discovered that the demon-faced Elder's party was communicating with some mysterious faction known as the Heavenly Demon Hall. The fact that the demon-faced Elder's party had recently gotten so much stronger was almost certainly because this Heavenly Demon Hall was secretly supporting them, but Elder Tao had yet to turn up any specific information on this faction.

"A while ago, while searching for Zhao Hui, I happened to come across a battlefield. The two sides of this battle were the Heavenly Demon Hall and the Spacetime Sacred Land." Zhao Feng looked at the demon-faced Elder as he slowly spoke.

The demon-faced Elder had an extremely grim expression. They had been working with the Heavenly Demon Hall for some time, so he naturally understood how this faction conducted itself.

Those scoundrels actually dared to seize God Eye descendants from the Spacetime Sacred Land and ended up being discovered...? The demon-faced Elder silently cursed.

They had just started a trade with the Heavenly Demon Hall. In the next few months, the Heavenly Demon Hall would be handing over the resources they promised, but now, the Heavenly Demon Hall had obviously run into difficulties.

"Elder, you seem to be very concerned about this faction?" Zhao Feng faintly smiled at the demon-faced Elder.

Before he got a reply, Zhao Feng continued, "The Heavenly Demon Hall is extremely abnormal and has many experts, but in the end, the Spacetime God sent his power through space to descend, bringing everything to an end. At the moment, the Heavenly Demon Hall has vanished!"

Both of the Elders trembled at these words.

"I didn't think that this Heavenly Demon Hall would actually offend the Spacetime Sacred Land and even cause the Spacetime God to act." Elder Tao was filled with disbelief, but he was internally overjoyed.

The disappearance of the Heavenly Demon Hall was the best result for him.

On the other hand, the demon-faced Elder had a dour expression and said not a word. The Spacetime God had intervened and the Heavenly Demon Hall had disappeared!? In his view, the Heavenly Demon Hall was definitely pulverized until only dregs remained.

"Elders, I have other matters to attend to and must bid farewell." Zhao Feng looked at the demon-faced Elder and sneered before bidding farewell.

The demon-faced Elder had received a severe mental blow and was in no mood to argue with Zhao Feng about his actions in Black Devil Peak.

"Zhao Feng, if you have the chance to come again, Black Devil Peak will treat you with utmost cordiality!" Elder Tao gleefully said.

Zhao Feng's appearance had brought him most wonderful news.

"Kun Yun, let's go." After leaving the hall, Zhao Feng spoke to the worried and anxious Kun Yun.

"We can go?" Kun Yun found it somewhat difficult to believe that he could finally escape Black Devil Peak.

Kun Yun's cultivation was too low, so for the sake of saving time, Zhao Feng placed him in the Spacetime Robe's internal dimension. Even if Kun Yun had any designs on the Spacetime Robe, he was too weak to act on them, so Zhao Feng was not concerned.

Once Zhao Feng left Black Devil Peak, he immediately turned around.

"The two of you can't be allowed to escape!" Zhao Feng activated his left eye and began to search Black Devil Peak.

He quickly found True God Cloudbreaker and Young Master Hai. Zhao Feng used his left eye to secretly leave a mark on their bodies.

One had to realize that Zhao Feng's Soul Intent had reached peak Rank Eight, so the two of them failed to notice anything strange.

After doing this, Zhao Feng prepared to leave, but his God's Spiritual Eye suddenly sensed that two Ancient Gods were approaching Black Devil Peak, and their target was apparently him.

"It's him?" A tall and muscular middle-aged man, his face a little pale, gazed at the nearby Zhao Feng.

"He is the Zhao Feng that Lord Wuheng seeks?" The other individual, a buxom woman dressed in light green, carefully examined Zhao Feng.

Chapter 1353: Giant God Hall

Just as Zhao Feng expected, the two Ancient Gods began to approach him. The two sides stared at each other, the large man and the buxom woman carefully examining Zhao Feng.

"On what honorable task have the two of you come?" Zhao Feng went straight to the point.

These two didn't seem to know him very well, but he was the person they were looking for. This left Zhao Feng very confused.

"Good Sir is Zhao Feng?" the muscular man asked.

"Yes," Zhao Feng affirmed.

The two of them knew his name but didn't recognize him. This probably meant that they weren't from the Ziling Zone or Antian Zone.

"The Ancient God Seal should be in your possession. Hand it over to us!" the muscular man said. At the same time, a heaven-shaking bloodline pressure erupted from his body.

Even Zhao Feng had not predicted this development, and his body faintly trembled.

What a powerful ancient bloodline! Zhao Feng was alarmed. This man's ancient bloodline was definitely ranked very high.

Zhao Feng wasn't able to determine from the man's external traits which bloodline it was. However, for some reason, Zhao Feng found this bloodline extremely familiar, as if he had encountered it before.

"That object belongs to me!" Zhao Feng's face chilled as he exuded his own steady and composed aura.

Up until now, only Ancient God Black Heaven knew the name of the Ancient God Seal, and he was obsessed with trying to get it back. These two had also come to obtain the Ancient God Seal, which made Zhao Feng speculate that they might belong to Ancient God Black Heaven's faction. Moreover, the two of them were Rank Eight Ancient Gods with powerful bloodlines and abnormal strength.

But Zhao Feng had also undergone an immense transformation. Even if these two attacked him together, he would be unafraid. In addition, these two weren't like Ancient God Black Heaven, who immediately attacked Zhao Feng, so Zhao Feng decided to stay his hand for now. But if they began to attack him, he would not be polite.

Boom!

Zhao Feng exuded an energy not one bit weaker than the muscular man's. This was because he cultivated the Chaos Heaven Void Origin Technique and had comprehended many different kinds of Intent energy. It was also because Zhao Feng had personally witnessed the divine might of a half-step God Lord, God Lord, and a God. Zhao Feng's heart had been honed and his mind had been widened. He was now fearless and capable of advancing courageously.

Zhao Feng's aura and attitude startled the pair.

This person isn't simple! the muscular man silently noted. He was wounded at the moment, so in a duel, he might not be able to win.

"I advise you to return it to us. This divine artifact has no use for you and might even bring a lethal calamity down on your head. Moreover, if you have any demands, you may state them." the muscular man relaxed his stance and restrained his energy.

"Why do you want the Ancient God Seal?" Zhao Feng voiced his question.

In truth, the Ancient God Seal really wasn't that useful for Zhao Feng. Moreover, Ancient God Black Heaven's faction desired the Ancient God Seal.

In the past, in this situation, Zhao Feng would have probably handed it over in exchange for some other benefit. But now that Zhao Feng had entered the Spiritual Race and reached the level of Rank Eight Ancient God, there was not much that he feared. Thus, Zhao Feng found himself more interested in the secret of the Ancient God Seal.

"This..." The muscular man was somewhat hesitant. He knew a little about the Ancient God Seal, but he could never give this information to an outsider.

"Enough. Zhao Feng, come with us to Giant God Hall. You can make your decision once you get there." At this moment, the beaming and buxom woman finally spoke.

“If I go with you to Giant God Hall, I would have to do everything you asked of me.” Zhao Feng sneered. He had never heard of Giant God Hall, but it had to at least be a peak four-star faction. Zhao Feng going in alone was far too dangerous.

“I have come on the order of Lord Wuheng to invite you there. I can guarantee that you will not have to worry about your life if you go to Giant God Hall!” The buxom woman’s expression turned solemn.

“Lord Wuheng?” Zhao Feng blurted out in surprise.

This name naturally made him think of Xin Wuheng. Zhao Feng knew that the appearance of the God Corpse in the Continent Zone was intricately linked to Xin Wuheng. And to a certain degree, one could say that Zhao Feng obtained the Ancient God Seal from Xin Wuheng.

At this time, the buxom woman took out a square jade token, which immediately began to shine with white light. This light condensed into a translucent screen, and a large and mighty figure gradually emerged on the screen.

Although his bearing had changed somewhat, his appearance was still extremely similar to the Xin Wuheng that Zhao Feng once knew.

“Zhao Feng, if you are willing, come and visit Giant God Hall.” The Xin Wuheng on the screen suddenly said these words, and then the screen vanished.

Although this was all he said, Zhao Feng could sense that Xin Wuheng wanted to say more, but it was inconvenient for him to do so.

At this moment, Zhao Feng once more sized up the pair. Both of them probably belonged to Giant God Hall, but their attitudes to Zhao Feng were somewhat different from each other. The buxom woman had come on Xin Wuheng’s order, but he didn’t know what the situation was with the man.

These two have different attitudes, but they’re both here for the Ancient God Seal. If I don’t go, they will continue to pester me. Moreover, they seem to have some connection with Xin Wuheng....

After thinking things over, Zhao Feng decided to go to Giant God Hall.

After all, before leaving the Continent Zone, Xin Wuheng had given him the extremely precious Tribulation Lightning God Crystals and had also offered Zhao Feng a clue to finding Liu Qinxin’s whereabouts. In short, Xin Wuheng treated Zhao Feng kindly.

Moreover, to see an acquaintance from the Continent Zone in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods was a matter worth being happy about.

“Okay. I will go with you.” Zhao Feng agreed.

“Then let’s set out immediately!” The buxom woman faintly smiled.

“Please wait a moment. I have another matter to attend to,” Zhao Feng glanced at Black Devil Peak and said.

“What are you planning? We can only bring you to Giant God Hall, no one else!” The muscular man grimaced.

He believed that Zhao Feng was a member of Black Devil Peak and, worried for his own safety, was planning to bring a few friends with him.

“No... let me kill two people first!” Zhao Feng suddenly chuckled, causing the two of them to shiver.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Zhao Feng and the pair of Ancient Gods then left Black Devil Peak.

Within Black Devil Peak:

“They left?” Elder Tao softly muttered.

Three Ancient Gods holding a meeting on the perimeter of Black Devil Peak had naturally earned the attention of its Elders. Fortunately, these three Ancient Gods apparently had other affairs and left after exchanging a few words, allowing the upper echelon members of Black Devil Peak to breathe easy.

“The bloodline energy of the Ancient God just now seemed to be of the Giant God Race!” a white-haired Elder said.

“The Giant God Race? Weren’t they extinct?” Elder Tao asked in shock.

“It’s not that easy to wipe out a race, especially one as powerful as that one!”

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After getting a certain distance from Black Devil Peak, the three Ancients Gods concealed themselves in a gloomy valley.

“The people you want to kill should be members of Black Devil Peak, but what’s the purpose in hiding here?” the muscular man asked.

Zhao Feng didn’t answer, but his left eye began to pulse with powerful Soul energy. A moment later, he was able to vaguely sense through the mark he had placed on True God Cloudbreaker’s body what his current surroundings were.

“What a powerful Soul energy!” The muscular man was rather taken aback.

Zhao Feng’s cultivation was clearly weaker than theirs, but his Soul intent was far stronger. Paired with his mysterious eye-bloodline, he was probably a formidable fighter.

Meow!

At this moment, the little thieving cat jumped out of the interspatial dimension and onto Zhao Feng’s shoulder.

“What a unique cat!” The buxom woman immediately stared at the little thieving cat.

The little thieving cat’s external appearance was extremely different from that of an ordinary cat. Its body was healthy and well-proportioned, giving off the impression that its body was perfectly formed. Meanwhile, its slender ears and tail made it seem like a spirit. Most unusual of all were the various complicated silver runes and characters on the little thieving cat’s body, incomprehensible to the normal person.

The little thieving cat warily stared at the two members of Giant God Hall.

A moment later, the Soul energy coming from Zhao Feng's body suddenly vanished as if he had died. Only the little thieving cat understood that Zhao Feng's vision was now very far away.

In True God Cloudbreaker's residence:

"Now that I'm a core disciple, the treatment really is different. This Seven Reincarnation Blood Essence Pill can help me stabilize my cultivation and advance my vitality." True God Cloudbreaker consumed the translucent red pill in his hand.

But at this moment, a dreamy silver eye the size of a fist appeared over his head, floating in the air. Suddenly, an icy blue ray of light shot out from it.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

This blue ray of light pierced through True God Cloudbreaker's soul, immediately freezing his thought processes. A moment later, it annihilated his soul.

After doing this, the dreamy silver eye vanished.

Zhao Feng used very little strength in killing True God Cloudbreaker, and he did it very furtively, ensuring that he would not be discovered.

Killing True God Cloudbreaker was extremely simple, but if I try to directly kill Young Master Hai, I might be discovered. However, he should be in the middle of cultivating....

In another house, Young Master Hai was in the middle of trying to understand a very high-level Star eye-bloodline technique. His eyes twinkled with faint light, clearly in the middle of simulating this eye-bloodline technique. However, his face was extremely unsightly. Cultivation of this eye-bloodline technique was probably not going very smoothly, and he had encountered some kind of difficulty.

Bzzzz!

A dreamy silver eye emerged behind him. Young Master Hai would have normally noticed it, but he was in the middle of cultivating an eye-bloodline technique, and his mind was extremely unsettled.

Flame Soul Devil Eye!

A scorching hot Illusion energy descended. In a flash, Young Master Hai's face became savage and dreadful, and trickles of blood began to seep from his eyes.

The dreamy silver eye then vanished.

In a cave, a dreamy silver luster appeared on Zhao Feng's gray left eye.

"What's going on?" The muscular man was extremely confused as he observed Zhao Feng's condition.

"He's proficient in the Soul Dao and can have his soul leave his body...." The buxom woman's eyes flashed with a strange light.

"We can leave now," Zhao Feng said.

Although he had not given Young Master Hai a directly lethal blow, Zhao Feng had used his most dangerous Illusion eye-bloodline technique.

The Flame Soul Devil Eye was both an offensive and befuddling illusion technique. Zhao Feng had also fused in energy that could seek out and attack the weaknesses in one's mind. In the best case, being struck by this eye-bloodline technique while cultivating would cause one to be plagued by heart demons for the rest of their life and be forever incapable of advancing any further in cultivation. In the worst case, the soul would be annihilated.

The muscular man and buxom woman gazed profoundly at Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng had said a moment ago that he needed to kill two people of Black Devil Peak before leaving. Now that he was saying they could leave, didn't that mean that he had already killed those two?!

Although it was rather hard to believe, this matter caused the pair to regard Zhao Feng with caution.

Not long after the trio left, news came from Black Devil Peak that, while Young Master Hai was cultivating, his soul had detonated, resulting in his death.

Chapter 1354: Ancient Soul Race

A small flying ship with an ancient and simple appearance flew at an extremely fast speed through the world. This was the flying tool used by the pair from Giant God Hall. It could travel at the speed of a peak Rank Seven and was extremely tough and tenacious, making it extremely expensive.

Giant God Hall resided in the Chixing Zone, which was separated from the Antian Zone by the Yangling Zone. For such a long distance, it was naturally best to use a flying tool.

On the journey, Zhao Feng learned that the muscular man was called Ancient God Sundermount while the buxom woman was called Ancient God Stillmoon. Both of them were members of Giant God Hall and had the bloodline of the Giant God Race.

The race ranked 15th among the Ten Thousand Ancient Races! Zhao Feng was mentally quite shocked.

It was rumored that, when the Giant God Race's bloodline was activated, their bodies would become utterly gigantic, capable of toppling mountains and reversing seas with just a single strike.

He was beginning to think that he had underestimated these people. The race ranked 15th could not be as simple as it seemed on the surface.

"In truth, the situation is not as Young Master Zhao imagines. Although the Giant God Race is strong, the bloodline is rather unique...." Ancient God Stillmoon, who was the more enthusiastic of the pair, began to explain.

Every bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races had its own unique traits. The Giant God Race bloodline was extremely powerful, but it had flaws that the other bloodlines did not. In this case, it was that the chance of inheriting the bloodline was rather low, and the bloodline was very thin and difficult to improve.

For example, although Ancient God Stillmoon and Ancient God Sundermount were both members of the Giant God Race, their bloodlines were very thin, making them unworthy of being called true members of the Giant God Race.

For this reason, although the Giant God Race was ranked 15th, in terms of strength, they were equivalent to the ranked 26th Ancient Soul Race.

“But Lord Wuheng has one of the thickest bloodlines in all of the Giant God Race. If he was given the time...” Ancient God Stillmoon’s face shone with reverence.

Zhao Feng nodded. He did not have a very deep understanding of every race in the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. From Ancient God Stillmoon’s words, he understood that, though the Giant God Race bloodline was powerful, there weren’t many people with it, and even fewer with a thick bloodline.

It seems like Xin Wuheng’s background isn’t ordinary. Zhao Feng fell into a pensive mood.

He was sure that, when he first met Xin Wuheng, he didn’t possess any sort of bloodline. But when he remembered the God corpse of the Giant God Race in the Continent Zone, he quickly thought of something.

Perhaps that God corpse belonged to a previous incarnation of Xin Wuheng. After reincarnating, Xin Wuheng went to the Giant God Race corpse and obtained the memories from his past life along with the bloodline. That Giant God Race God corpse undoubtedly contained major power. Only this could explain why Xin Wuheng had the bloodline of the Giant God Race and was even directly made the Hall Master of Giant God Hall.

But this only created more questions. For example, if Xin Wuheng’s past incarnation was so powerful, why did he fall and die in the Continent Zone? In addition, why did Ancient Soul Hall want the Ancient God Seal? And why did Xin Wuheng’s Giant God Hall also want the Ancient God Seal?

The answers to these questions were probably secrets of Giant God Hall, so Zhao Feng did not pry.

“What is going on with your injuries?” Zhao Feng looked at Ancient God Sundermount. Zhao Feng had earlier noticed that his soul was wounded.

“When we came to find you, the Ancient Soul Race...” Ancient God Sundermount began to explain, an unsightly expression on his face.

At this moment, the small flying boat they were on suddenly began to shudder.

“It must be Ancient God Nethertooth’s group!” Ancient God Sundermount suddenly grimaced while Ancient God Stillmoon became grave.

Bzzzz!

Zhao Feng activated the see-through ability of his left eye. He saw that three people had surrounded the flying boat and were attacking it, faint and confident smiles on their faces.

All three of them were Rank Eight Ancient Gods, and they were led by an old man with white hair. This was the Ancient God Nethertooth that Ancient God Sundermount had mentioned, a peak Rank Eight. He was accompanied by a man and a woman. These three all shared the same trait: a gloomy and translucent body.

“Those of Giant God Hall, obediently come out and accept your deaths!” the short-haired middle-aged man said with a wicked laugh.

“The Ancient Soul Race!” Zhao Feng determined from the external appearances of these people the race they belonged to. Combined with the information he had already learned, Zhao Feng quickly determined that these people were from Ancient Soul Hall.

“How did they know where we were? We’re finished!” Ancient God Stillmoon became worried.

“I’m heavily injured, and they have a peak Rank Eight. We’re no match for them!” Ancient God Sundermount angrily said.

“We have Young Master Zhao with us. The three of us together should be able to put up a fight!” Ancient God Stillmoon looked toward Zhao Feng. Based on their first meeting, she sensed that Zhao Feng was no weakling.

“Although Brother Zhao only recently broke into Rank Eight, he possesses unusual strength. However, Brother Zhao, you are not skilled in the Soul Dao, while the Ancient Soul Race is an ancient race specialized in the Soul Dao.” Ancient God Sundermount looked at Zhao Feng and slightly shook his head.

Although Zhao Feng’s eye was mysterious, since it was not one of the Eight Great God Eyes, it would not be useful here. The Ancient Soul Race was a race that specially cultivated the Soul Dao. There was no way that Zhao Feng could be a match for them, and he might even end up being controlled by them.

“Hiding in here is not a solution,” Zhao Feng flatly replied.

The flying ship had impressive defensive capabilities, but it could not stop the attacks of three Rank Eight Ancient Gods.

Swish!

The three put away the flying ship, immediately revealing themselves.

“Eh? Another person! You must be Zhao Feng, the person with the Ancient God Seal!” The middle-aged man stared in delight at Zhao Feng.

“I didn’t think that letting you live would let us hook the big fish!” The bewitching woman next to him gave a charming smile.

“What? You let us go?” Ancient God Stillmoon’s eyes went slack.

“How else would the two of you have escaped from us?” Ancient God Nethertooth jeered.

When Ancient God Stillmoon and Ancient God Sundermount learned of this, their eyes dimmed.

“You probably know Ancient God Black Heaven,” Zhao Feng suddenly said.

“Hmph, that old fellow, he requested permission to capture you but came back empty-handed. How shameless!” the short-haired man coldly said.

“Since that’s the case, I don’t need to show mercy!” Zhao Feng coldly said, icy killing intent rising from his body.

Back then, Ancient God Black Heaven joined with Ancient God Night Dragon to pursue Zhao Feng, forcing him into desperate straits. Later, Zhao Feng killed Ancient God Night Dragon but let Ancient God Black Heaven escape.

But since Ancient God Black Heaven's faction was still sending people to find him, he naturally would no longer be as polite.

"Zhao Feng!" Ancient God Stillmoon stared in shock at Zhao Feng. Did Zhao Feng not understand the situation? They were clearly the weaker party.

"Haha, it's best if you don't go easy, or else you won't be able to die without regrets!" The middle-aged man brashly laughed.

"Enough chatter! Kill them all!" Ancient God Nethertooth impatiently ordered.

"Fight to the death!" Ancient God Stillmoon clenched her silver teeth and unleashed the powerful pressure of her ancient bloodline.

Whoosh!

The short-haired middle-aged man shot toward Zhao Feng's side as a black silhouette.

"Heh, brat, you'd better not go easy on me!" The man gave a sinister chuckle.

He could see that Zhao Feng had only recently broken into Rank Eight, and his bloodline was extremely weak. He had nothing to worry about.

"Chaos Origin Divine Fist!" Zhao Feng circulated his Chaos Origin Divine Power and made a probing attack.

He had never interacted with the Ancient Soul Race before, but he knew that any highly-ranked race could not be underestimated.

"Such formidable Divine Power!" The middle-aged man appeared surprised, but then he smiled. "But it's too slow!"

Whoosh!

He turned into a dark wave of energy and avoided Zhao Feng's fist.

"My turn now!" The middle-aged man reappeared and fired off a palm of black energy.

This energy palm exuded powerful Soul energy, and in the center of the palm was a lifelike shadowy snake that slowly writhed and hissed.

Soul attack! Zhao Feng's left eye focused as it analyzed this attack.

This palm was a soul attack that was both swift and powerful.

Swish!

Zhao Feng's body flashed as he dodged the attack.

“Spatial Blink... but what use is it?” The middle-aged man was slightly alarmed, but he then wickedly smiled.

The black palm of energy that had missed suddenly turned and once more began to fly toward Zhao Feng.

There really is something strange about it! Zhao Feng’s expression darkened.

Zhao Feng was unable to analyze the shadow snake in the center of the palm, so he suspected that there was something fishy about it.

Swish!

Zhao Feng repeatedly blinked around to dodge the palm.

The black energy palm seemed to have a life of its own as it doggedly pursued him. Crucially, Zhao Feng realized that the middle-aged man was not really controlling this attack.

“Zhao Feng, this is a special technique of the Ancient Soul Race. That shadow snake is a Soul Beast that they can cultivate, equivalent to a pet tamed by a beast tamer.” At this moment, Ancient God Stillmoon, who was battling with Ancient God Nethertooth, warned.

“Is that so?” Zhao Feng was shocked.

It was no wonder that this black energy palm seemed to have a life of its own and its power did not weaken. It was actually a unique cultivation technique that could cultivate a Soul Beast. To the Ancient Soul Race, Soul Beasts were like pets, but they were even easier to control and could be fused into soul attacks.

Meow!

At this moment, the little thieving cat emerged from the interspatial dimension.

“Let’s see which pet is stronger!” Zhao Feng suddenly laughed.

Since the little thieving cat had come out on its own, presumably to play around, it probably had a means of dealing with the techniques of the Ancient Soul Race.

“Hmph! How could some wild cat compare to my Soul Beast?” The middle-aged man snorted, rather angry.

He made a spell with his hands, and his entire body began to pulse with dark energy. At the same time, the small snake in the center of the black palm began to get larger. It flew out from the palm and then devoured it.

Hissss!

The shadowy snake was now the size of a small house. Dreadful and savage, it lunged at Zhao Feng as if it wanted to devour his soul.

Meow!

The little thieving cat immediately extended two paws. Silver runes flashed, and then a silver cat lunged out. This silver cat gradually grew larger until it was even larger than the shadowy snake.

Swoosh!

The silver cat rushed at the snake, leaving deep scratches on its body as it began to rip and tear at it.

“That’s... how do you know the secret blood art of the Ancient Soul Race, Soul Devouring Strike!?” the middle-aged man shouted out in alarm.

The attack the little thieving cat used just now was an extremely high-level secret art of the Ancient Soul Race. When used, it could temporarily condense a Soul Beast that would madly devour an opposing Soul Beast.

“No, my Shadow Snake!” When the middle-aged man finally reacted, his Soul Beast was already on the verge of perishing.

“You will die before it!” An icy voice suddenly resounded by the middle-aged man’s side.

“Oh no!” The man immediately paled.

“Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame!”

The moment Zhao Feng finished speaking. Tribulation Lightning Flame ignited the man’s soul.

Boom! Hisss!

Crackling electricity emitting astonishing Destructive power wreaked havoc through his body.

“What’s going on?” Ancient God Nethertooth noticed something strange going on and immediately reached out with his Divine Sense, upon which he paled.

“Zhao Feng has the upper hand!” Ancient God Sundermount blurted out in shock when he saw how Zhao Feng was faring.

The battle had barely begun, but the Ancient Soul Race expert had already been defeated by Zhao Feng!

Chapter 1355: Pushing Back

The battle had barely begun, but Ancient God Stillmoon was already on the back foot, forced into a completely defensive position in her fight against Ancient God Nethertooth. On the other side, Ancient God Sundermount was already wounded, so he was naturally no match for the Ancient Soul Race woman.

But the situation on Zhao Feng’s side was completely unexpected.

“Ah...!” The middle-aged man screamed as the Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame wracked his soul.

Nearby, his Soul Beast was also being restrained as it was being devoured by the little thieving cat’s technique.

“Eh? As expected of an ancient race specialized in the Soul Dao, his soul is stronger than normal!” Zhao Feng realized that, even after taking his Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame, the middle-aged man still wasn’t dead.

The special trait of Soul Dao races was that their bloodline power was reflected in their souls. The middle-aged man’s soul was somewhat similar to Zhao Feng’s Lightning Soul Body: extremely solid and not easily exterminated. For this reason, imprisonment methods were usually used for this kind of race so that they could be slowly worn down.

“Brat, don’t think I can’t kill you!” The middle-aged man recovered from the Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame, his dark and translucent soul still writhing.

As a member of a Soul Dao race, he had abnormal confidence in dealing with soul attacks. However, Zhao Feng’s soul attack contained extremely powerful Tribulation Lightning energy that dealt severe damage to his Ancient Soul Body.

Zhao Feng’s pet defeating his Soul Beast also made him extremely furious.

“Your soul attack is very powerful, but it can’t kill me! Let me show you what a real soul attack is!” The middle-aged man’s body writhed, transforming into countless dark streams of energy.

The Ancient Soul Race wasn’t just formidable when it came to defending their souls; they also possessed many kinds of soul attacks that were almost impossible to defend against.

“How unusual! His entire body transformed into a Soul Body, and now he’s using his Soul Body as a means to attack!” Zhao Feng watched his opponent with astonished eyes.

“Dark Sea Soul Refining!”

Dark streams of water circled around Zhao Feng, engulfing him like a shroud of black water. A wicked and devilish Soul energy quickly engulfed Zhao Feng.

A normal person in this situation would immediately feel their Soul Intent being affected, and their fighting power and ability to resist would immediately drop.

“Die! Let me eat your soul so that I can recover from my injuries and make up for the loss of my Shadow Snake!” A sinister laugh came from the black water.

The water began to spin even faster, quickly clinging to Zhao Feng’s body and assailing his soul.

“He actually used that move?” Ancient God Nethertooth’s expression chilled.

The souls of the Ancient Soul Race were unique. It was possible to use a secret art that utilized the soul offensively. Dark Sea Soul Refining was a secret art that could use one’s soul to swiftly crush and refine the opponent’s soul. Once it succeeded, the user would obtain the energy and memories of the enemy’s soul.

However, this art was extremely risky. The injuries sustained by the soul during the process would be worsened, and failure would result in an intense backlash.

The middle-aged man used this technique because his Soul Beast was restrained, causing his fighting power to plunge. Thus, he used the secret art to finish off Zhao Feng in a single blow and recover some of his dignity.

“Hmph! Senior Brother’s soul is extremely powerful, so he will be able to instantly refine that brat’s soul.” The bewitching woman giggled.

“Not good, it’s that move!” Ancient God Stillmoon’s face turned grave.

A normal person’s soul was far inferior to an Ancient Soul Race soul. They would be incapable of resisting this move and could only wait to be refined and devoured.

Both she and Ancient God Sundermount were on the back foot, so they had no time to help Zhao Feng.

But Zhao Feng, shrouded in the black water, remained unperturbed.

Bzzzz!

He activated his left eye and observed his surroundings. The black water around him was the manifestation of the middle-aged man. The majority of it was made up of his soul.

Although converting one’s soul into an attack is extremely dangerous, it’s also extremely powerful. The stronger one’s Soul Body is, the more terrifying the attack will be.... Zhao Feng’s left eye began to analyze the secret art.

Slush!

The shroud of dark water had almost closed around Zhao Feng’s body and was about to begin refining his soul.

“What? Your first time seeing this Soul secret art and you’re already giving up?” A dark and translucent face suddenly appeared in front of Zhao Feng and began to laugh.

“This really is my first time seeing this art, but I’m only interested, that’s all.” Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

“Oh no!” The middle-aged man immediately felt that something was wrong. Moreover, just when his soul attack was about to reach Zhao Feng’s Soul Body, he suddenly felt a numbing sensation.

Swish!

At this moment, Zhao Feng’s dark violet soul suddenly exploded with dazzling white arcs of electricity.

“Tribulation Lightning power!?” The middle-aged man immediately took fright.

Slush!

The dark currents of water immediately began to withdraw in preparation to retreat.

What’s going on? Why does his soul have Tribulation Lightning energy!? The middle-aged man was reeling in shock.

The offensive soul secret art was founded on the prerequisite that one's soul was stronger than one's opponent. When both Soul Intentions were on the same level, the user of the art would be the one that suffered. Moreover, Zhao Feng's soul was mutated, containing Tribulation Lightning energy within it.

"Water Lightning Illusion Prison!" Zhao Feng barked.

His soul immediately unleashed soul lightning that formed a cage of electricity. Zhao Feng's left eye then converted this lightning into an enormous and impregnable cage of Water Lightning.

"Retract!" With a thought, the Water Lightning Illusion Prison began to retract around Zhao Feng.

"No...!" The middle-aged man was terrified.

But the Water Lightning Illusion Prison was specialized in imprisonment, and he found it impossible to escape. Moreover, the Water Lightning Illusion Prison was linked to Zhao Feng's Lightning Soul Body; the more the prison shrank, the stronger it became.

"No, let me go...!" the middle-aged man shrieked in terror.

Zhao Feng's face was cold and indifferent, the powerful soul lightning unleashed by his Lightning Soul Body resonating with the Water Lightning Illusion Prison.

One could say that Zhao Feng's soul was a bomb. As the Water Lightning Illusion Prison shrank, the middle-aged man's soul was drawn closer and closer to this bomb.

Boom! Hisss!

The Water Lightning Illusion Prison immediately shrank to a tiny size, and in the remaining space, the middle-aged man's soul was battered by endless lightning.

"Release my senior brother!" At this moment, the bewitching woman pushed back Ancient God Sundermount and charged at Zhao Feng.

On the other side, Ancient God Nethertooth was also preparing to strike.

"Where are you going!?" Ancient God Stillmoon clenched her silver teeth and immediately activated her Giant God Race bloodline.

A moment later, her body exploded with dazzling white light that extended all the way to the horizon. Ancient God Stillmoon's body rapidly began to grow in this light, transforming into a ten thousand foot tall giant. At this moment, all the living beings in a radius of ten thousand li felt an immense pressure.

"Giant God Finger!" Ancient God Stillmoon thrust out a finger.

This finger had gathered up all the energy in Ancient God Stillmoon's body and descended from the sky like an enormous stone pillar, pulverizing all before it. In the face of this immense power, even Ancient God Nethertooth could only dodge.

"The power of the Giant God Race truly is abnormal!" Zhao Feng exclaimed.

Not even Zhao Feng would dare to engage in a direct confrontation with the current Ancient God Stillmoon. He would instead choose to use long-distance or soul attacks.

“Die!” Zhao Feng unleashed all the Tribulation Lightning energy in his Lightning Soul Body. In a flash, the middle-aged man’s soul was electrocuted to death.

“I want you to die!” The bewitching woman’s face turned savage.

“If you want to see your senior brother so much, I’ll send you to see him!” Zhao Feng sneered as he turned his left eye to the woman.

As if sensing the Eye Intent locking onto her, the bewitching woman began to zigzag, making it more difficult for Zhao Feng to lock onto her.

But at this moment, she heard a meow in her ear.

“Not good! The cat!” The woman grimaced.

With the death of the middle-aged man, his Soul Beast had weakened even more and was killed by the little thieving cat.

The bewitching woman also knew that there was something strange about this cat, so she did not dare to carelessly use her Soul Beast.

“Chaos Origin God Suppressing Seal!” Zhao Feng circulated his Chaos Origin Divine Power, gathered it into a seal as large as a mountain, and slammed it down.

The little thieving cat’s appearance made the bewitching woman apprehensive, resulting in her fighting power being reduced.

On the other side, Ancient God Sundermount had joined Ancient God Stillmoon in fighting against Ancient God Nethertooth.

“The situation is bad!” Ancient God Nethertooth’s expression was gloomy.

Zhao Feng’s pet was extremely strange, and he himself was extremely strong. The two people Ancient God Nethertooth had brought with him were no match for Zhao Feng in a one-on-one fight. And at this moment, he was being hindered by two experts of the Giant God Race. Even if he used his trump cards, they wouldn’t have much of an effect.

The defeat of the bewitching woman was an inevitability. When the time came, he would be facing three people and might even die.

“Retreat!” Knowing that everything was settled already, Ancient God Nethertooth immediately messaged the woman.

A moment later, Ancient God Nethertooth transformed into a dark streak of light and fled.

“Want to run away?” Zhao Feng noticed that the woman was also about to run and immediately used his Spacetime Intent to unleash a Heaven Engulfing Palm.

The palm transcended space and immediately reappeared next to the bewitching woman, leaving no time for her to dodge.

Plush!

The bewitching woman vomited blood and instantly slowed down.

“Don’t let her run as well!” Ancient God Stillmoon rejoiced upon seeing Zhao Feng intercept the woman and immediately thrust out a finger.

Ancient God Nethertooth was extremely strong and skilled in escape. It would be pointless for the two of them to pursue him. But since Zhao Feng had stopped the bewitching woman, they would not easily let her go.

“Die!” Ancient God Sundermount activated all his bloodline power, and his energy instantly swelled.

Surrounded by three people, the bewitching woman was swiftly slain.

“We actually pushed them back, and even killed two of them!” Once the battle was over, Ancient God Sundermount was somewhat overcome by disbelief.

“This is all due to Young Master Zhao. He has an even better grasp of the Soul Dao than the Ancient Soul Race!” Ancient God Stillmoon looked at Zhao Feng and said in a friendly tone.

The victory in this battle was entirely due to Zhao Feng swiftly crushing one person and reversing the tides.

Ancient God Sundermount solemnly looked at Zhao Feng, completely acknowledging his strength.

Meow!

The little thieving cat immediately appeared, indicating that it was even more formidable and useful than its master.

“Yes, you were also very formidable.” Ancient God Stillmoon giggled.

What seemed like certain death became a situation where two members of the Ancient Soul Race were killed while the other fled. The members of the Giant God Race were as happy as could be.

“Ancient God Nethertooth has escaped. We have to get moving as quickly as possible, before Ancient Soul Hall can send any more reinforcements!” Ancient God Sundermount suggested.

The three of them once more entered the simple flying ship and vanished.

Three years later, in a mountainous region of the Chixing Zone, the flying ship broke through the clouds.

“We’ll be at Giant God Hall soon!” Ancient God Stillmoon was delighted.

Ever since the battle with Ancient God Nethertooth’s group, they had not encountered any obstacles or dangers and were now on the verge of returning home. They had even brought the Ancient God Seal back. With their mission smoothly completed, their status in Giant God Hall was certain to rise.

Chapter 1356: The Secret of the Giant God Race

“We’re about to arrive?” Within the Spacetime Robe, Zhao Feng had a rough understanding of the flying ship’s situation.

He had spent the last three years in seclusion, and the vast majority of that time in the Spacetime Robe Dimension. In these three years, he had completely stabilized his foundations as a Rank Eight Ancient God, and his Space Intent had reached Level Seven. His Chaos Heaven Void Origin Technique had also been cultivated to the third level.

Besides that, he had finished advancing the fourth level of the Soul Splitting Technique, though he had not split his soul yet. After all, splitting the soul was extremely dangerous and required no interruption. Moreover, after splitting his soul, he would be weak for a period of time.

In addition, Zhao Feng had modified his various eye-bloodline techniques, using the arts he had cultivated and his own experiences to develop new eye-bloodline techniques.

On the other end, the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon had also gained much. With the help of the Destruction Dragon Race reverse scales that Zhao Feng had duplicated, it had long ago become a Rank Eight Ancient God. Moreover, its serpent dragon body was in the middle of evolving into a true dragon. Its Destruction Dragon Race bloodline had also gotten thicker.

It was the one who had matured the fastest in the last three years, and it had gained even more strength than Zhao Feng. Of course, this was due to its outstanding bloodline. One could easily see just how terrifying the bloodline of the supreme race of the Ancient Era – the Destruction Dragon Race, the stubborn foe of the Golden Crow – was.

But after repeated use of the reverse scales, they had lost their original effect. If the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon wanted to advance further, it needed to seek other means.

“Master, at my current level of strength, not even peak Rank Eight Ancient Gods are a match for me!” the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon saw that Zhao Feng had ended his seclusion and immediately said.

It was entirely due to Zhao Feng that it was able to possess its current level of cultivation. The Black Destruction Serpent Dragon even sometimes thought that it was very fortunate that it had submitted to Zhao Feng back then.

However, Zhao Feng had made too much progress and exerted too much pressure. The moment the Black Destruction Serpent Dragon couldn't keep up and was left in his dust, it would feel extremely unsafe.

“This Black Serpent Dragon...” On the side, Kun Yun somewhat enviously sighed.

In these three years, under Zhao Feng's instruction, he had long ago become a Rank Three True God, and his strength had advanced by leaps and bounds such that he was now at the peak of Rank Three.

This cultivation speed would be something to be very proud of in any ordinary five-star faction, but while spending time together with Zhao Feng's group, he was unable to feel any sense of accomplishment whatsoever. He had even heard that one of Zhao Feng's good friends, Xin Wuheng, was already the Hall Master of the Giant God Race's faction. Kun Yun had almost died from the shock.

Swish!

Zhao Feng left the Spacetime Robe Dimension.

“Brother Zhao, your aura is completely restrained. It seems like you’ve already solidified your cultivation!” Ancient God Sundermount said in surprise.

In the ranks of Ancient Gods, many people had already reached the end of their potential, requiring incredible effort to barely break through into the next rank. For this reason, completely solidifying their cultivation was even more excruciatingly difficult.

“We’ve almost arrived?” Zhao Feng asked.

Earlier, he sensed the flying ship slowing down and the two members of Giant God Hall exiting their seclusion, so he was sure that they were almost there. However, he couldn’t see anything unusual around them.

“It’s in the middle of that sea ahead of us,” Ancient God Stillmoon said with a smile.

“In the sea?” Zhao Feng was astonished.

Plush!

The flying ship plunged into the sea. It traveled forward, circling around a few enormous whirlpools, before finally stopping in a forest of blood-colored coral.

After getting off the ship, the group headed to a certain part of the forest of blood coral, where the two members of Giant God Hall formed a spell.

A gloomy path instantly appeared before them. The trio traveled through the path and emerged in a vast area.

There were no clouds to be seen, and massive towering mountains could be seen all around. Countless palaces could be seen atop these high mountains.

“So well-hidden!” Zhao Feng was dazed. It was no wonder he had never heard of Giant God Hall.

One had to realize just how noticeable being ranked 15th among the Ten Thousand Ancient Races made the Giant God Race, and yet this faction was so well-hidden that almost nobody knew about it.

“There’s a reason for this that you’ll learn about soon.” Ancient God Stillmoon sighed and said no more.

At this moment, Divine Senses swept out from several of the nearby mountains. Afterward, several figures immediately flew out from a palace.

An Ancient God expert wearing golden armor flew out from the distance.

“Ancient God Sundermount, Ancient God Stillmoon, you’ve returned. Who is this?” The golden-armored Ancient God gave Zhao Feng an unpleasant stare.

“The possessor of the Ancient God Seal,” Ancient God Sundermount directly said.

The golden-armored Ancient God immediately replied, “Then why did you bring him here?”

His meaning was obvious; bringing back the Ancient God Seal was enough. They should not have brought back Zhao Feng.

“He was invited by Lord Wuheng!” Ancient God Stillmoon coldly said.

In the three years they had spent together after the battle with Ancient God Nethertooth, their relationship was rather good, and Ancient God Stillmoon gradually began to warm up to Zhao Feng.

The name “Lord Wuheng” immediately had the golden-armored Ancient God bowing his head in silence.

At this moment, a loud and bright voice came from the mountains; “Stillmoon, bring our guest to me!”

The world instantly fell silent as everyone lowered their heads and bowed.

Zhao Feng determined that this person was none other than Xin Wuheng, but he could not determine exactly which mountain the voice had come from.

“Let’s go!” Ancient God Stillmoon led Zhao Feng through the mountains to an enormous yellow and ancient mountain.

At the peak of this mountain was a simple and unsophisticated palace, and in front of this palace stood an erect figure. His appearance was ordinary, but his every movement exuded an extremely abnormal air. Just by standing there, he seemed to be fused with the entire mountain. He was vast and imposing, making others feel inferior.

“Zhao Feng, long time no see! Let us go in and talk.” Xin Wuheng casually smiled.

“You truly are unfathomable!” Zhao Feng gave an emotional sigh and entered the palace.

Even though he knew that Xin Wuheng was unusual by the end of his time in the Continent Zone, the actual situation was still beyond his expectations.

Ever since coming to the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, Zhao Feng had encountered all kinds of opportunities and fortunes, and he had even managed to directly become a Rank Seven Ancient God when he broke through. Despite all that, he was still far inferior to Xin Wuheng.

Zhao Feng could sense that Xin Wuheng was, at the very least, a Rank Nine Ancient God, but he was even more unfathomable and inestimable than any other Rank Nine Ancient God he had ever seen.

“I originally thought that you would need at least five hundred years to be able to see me. I didn’t think that would advance so quickly!” After seating themselves, Xin Wuheng began to carefully inspect Zhao Feng.

“Five hundred years?” Zhao Feng faintly smiled. Any other True God that came from an outer zone to the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods could be given one thousand years and still not reach Zhao Feng’s current level, and yet Xin Wuheng had predicted five hundred years? He clearly knew that Zhao Feng’s left eye was unusual.

“I’m returning this.” Zhao Feng took out the Ancient God Seal. After all, this object originally belonged to Xin Wuheng.

Over the last three years, he studied the Ancient God Seal many times. The more he studied it, the more he realized that the Ancient God Seal was not simple. In the end, he understood one thing: he had never

completely refined the Ancient God Seal, because the Ancient God Seal still had a master. That person was none other than Xin Wuheng.

Bzzzz!

The Ancient God Seal flew on its own to Xin Wuheng's side. Gradually, it began to exude powerful energy, and white streams of light began to circle around its surface.

With another layer of seals undone, the Ancient God Seal now exuded the energy of a supreme-quality divine artifact.

"So you already know. Correct! The Ancient God Seal is a verification object belonging to the Hall Master of Ancient God Hall!" Xin Wuheng was clearly surprised as he put away the Ancient God Seal.

"Ancient God Hall?"

Wasn't Xin Wuheng's faction Giant God Hall? What connection did it have with Ancient God Hall?

"Three hundred million years ago, there was an elite five-star faction in the Chixing Zone known as Ancient God Hall, well-known even across the entire Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods. Ancient God Hall was controlled by two major races: the Giant God Race and the Ancient Soul Race...." A nostalgic look appeared on Xin Wuheng's face as he slowly spoke.

As it turned out, the Chixing Zone had not started out with a Giant God Hall and an Ancient Soul Hall, but only a supreme five-star faction known as Ancient God Hall.

The highest ruler of Ancient God Hall was the Giant God Race, but the Giant God Race's special trait was that the chances of their bloodline being passed on was rather low and their blood was rather thin. These two factors caused the power of the Giant God Race to gradually wane.

In comparison, the Ancient Soul Race had more people, and though it was ranked lower than the Giant God Race, its bloodline was thicker and its techniques were bizarre. They were not satisfied with the situation, and after many years of scheming, they finally succeeded in seizing power and overthrowing the Giant God Race.

From that moment on, Ancient God Hall became Ancient Soul Hall!

It had been many, many years since that incident, and only a few old monsters in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods knew these secrets.

"To think that it would be like that!" Zhao Feng listened to all this in complete shock.

He finally understood why Giant God Hall was so well-hidden. Giant God Hall was still much weaker than Ancient Soul Hall, and Ancient Soul Hall would not let Giant God Hall escape.

"Back then, I was surrounded by the Ancient Soul Race. Before my soul was destroyed, I barely managed to open a path to the outside. In the end, my body fell to the Continent Zone. Even though my soul was destroyed and I could not be reborn from a drop of blood, as a God Lord, I could reincarnate through an Origin Seal...." Xin Wuheng spoke with a complicated expression.

Zhao Feng had already expected this kind of explanation. The only thing he hadn't expected was that, in his last life, Xin Wuheng was actually one of the strongest members of the Giant God Race, a God Lord.

Because of that, when Xin Wuheng came to the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods and inherited the position of Hall Master, nobody objected.

"Why did you give something as valuable as the Ancient God Seal to me?" Zhao Feng voiced one of the questions on his mind.

The Ancient God Seal was originally a supreme-quality divine artifact and apparently still had other secrets, and yet, back in the Continent Zone, Xin Wuheng gave such an important object to Zhao Feng. He found this rather hard to believe.

"When I inherited the blood and body of my previous life, Ancient Soul Hall noticed my existence. I predicted that a True God would descend to the Continent Zone, bringing with them a destructive storm. Thus, I took every object that I owned in my last life and made them into legacies, from which all of you could inherit. This was to compensate you but also to increase your strength so that you could deal with the coming crisis. As for the Ancient God Seal, you took it after passing the trial." Xin Wuheng chuckled. He didn't *give* the Ancient God Seal to Zhao Feng. Rather, Zhao Feng obtained it with his own ability.

Besides, after inheriting his past life's strength and entering the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, Xin Wuheng knew he would be hunted down and pursued by Ancient Soul Hall. The Ancient God Seal was of such importance that it could not be allowed to fall into the hands of Ancient Soul Hall. For this reason, he decided to hand it over to someone else to protect it. But protecting the Ancient God Seal was also dangerous. A normal person would not be capable of doing so.

"Do you want to know the secret of the Ancient God Seal?" Xin Wuheng suddenly asked.

Zhao Feng froze. He naturally knew that the secret of the Ancient God Seal was probably extremely important, but it seemed Xin Wuheng didn't intend to hide this secret from Zhao Feng.

"After all, you've been of enormous help to me and could be considered a half-owner of the Ancient God Seal. It's only proper that you know about it..." Xin Wuheng prepared to reveal the secret.

But at this moment, an extremely heavy and oppressive energy descended on the palace.

One had to realize that, when Zhao Feng entered this palace, a defensive array was erected around it. Despite that, the energy of that mysterious expert completely ignored the defensive array.

This energy was as heavy as a mountain, and even through the array, it made Zhao Feng incapable of moving. He felt like he was an insignificant ant, his life in the hands of another.

He had experienced this sensation once before.

"God Lord!" Zhao Feng was mentally alarmed. After experiencing the power of God Lord Heavenly Solitude, he was able to determine the cultivation of this person through their energy.

"Wuheng, you plan to reveal the secret of the Giant God Race to an outsider?" An elderly and dignified voice echoed through the palace.

Chapter 1357: Displaying One's Prowess

"Wuheng, you plan to reveal the secret of the Giant God Race to an outsider?" An elderly and dignified voice echoed through the palace.

"He has been helping me protect the Ancient God Seal all this time, and now he's come to personally return it to me, so I believe in him!" Xin Wuheng had a composed expression.

Zhao Feng clearly understood that the Ancient God Seal held a major secret, yet he still came here and handed it over on his own accord. Thus, there was nothing wrong with telling Zhao Feng the secret of the Ancient God Seal.

"Back then, my Giant God Race also deeply trusted the Ancient Soul Race, but the result?" The elderly voice spoke once more, tinged with helplessness and rage.

"Those not of my race are certain to harbor different ideals!" Before Xin Wuheng could reply, the elderly voice, suffused with boundless majesty, resounded throughout the world.

At this moment, almost everyone in Giant God Hall walked out of their residences and gazed fearfully at the sky.

"Zhao Feng, don't take it personally. The Grand Elder is not targeting you." Xin Wuheng knew that the Grand Elder's hatred for the Ancient Soul Race ran too deeply, and instead of arguing, he decided to speak with Zhao Feng.

In his view, the Giant God Race was in this situation because they relied too much on their bloodline, and they also regarded their bloodline far too highly, scornfully looking upon the weaker ancient races. They were too confident in their power and secure in their position, resulting in that tragedy.

The Giant God Race had learned their lessons. Once they revived, they would rise with an unstoppable momentum. But since the Giant God Race was still threatened by the Ancient Soul Race, they needed an opportunity to stage their comeback.

"Wuheng, the item has been delivered. Send him out!" the Grand Elder continued.

The chance for the Giant God Race to rise again lay in the Ancient God Seal.

"I require his help," Xin Wuheng indifferently said.

"What? You plan to have him stay here?" A furious voice resounded through the hall.

Zhao Feng felt like the sky was falling on top of him.

A moment later, an old man appeared in the hall, his body large and tall, his skin dark red, his face dignified and majestic, and his hair a timeworn white.

"He is a Rank Eight Ancient God, certain to be a top-class expert in any ordinary faction, but to our Giant God Race, he has no use!" the Grand Elder barked.

In truth, Giant God Hall was currently lacking in experts, and they would be more than happy to have another Rank Eight Ancient God in their ranks. It was just that the Grand Elder still harbored hostility

toward outsiders. Moreover, the Giant God Race was at a crucial moment, and no error could be allowed.

"I spent some time with Zhao Feng after I reincarnated, so I have some understanding of him. He has the ability to help us, but we will have to ask him if he's willing to help us!" Xin Wuheng suddenly stood up, exuding his supreme bloodline energy, reducing the pressure being placed on Zhao Feng.

"Since you regard him so highly, let me test him to see if he has such ability!" The Grand Elder's expression did not change as he stared at Zhao Feng.

He didn't pay much regard to Zhao Feng earlier, but he trusted in Xin Wuheng's judgment, so he began to grow a little interested in Zhao Feng.

"If he wishes to remain here, let him have a bout with my registered disciple. Otherwise, he can leave right now!" the Grand Elder spoke.

Xin Wuheng grimaced. The Grand Elder's registered disciple, Ancient God Cheng Yun, had reached peak Rank Eight not too long ago and possessed unusual strength. He believed that Zhao Feng was capable of winning, he was just worried that the Grand Elder's threatening attitude would make Zhao Feng unhappy and cause him to leave.

"This junior is willing to try," Zhao Feng calmly said.

He truly came here with the intention of helping Xin Wuheng, but this God Lord's attitude indeed made him very unhappy. Since this was the case, he would prove his strength and give this person a vicious slap on the face.

Besides, in the last three years of seclusion, Zhao Feng had made great progress, but he never had a chance to try it out, so his hands were getting rather itchy.

Xin Wuheng faintly smiled at Zhao Feng's reply.

"Okay!" the Grand Elder bellowed, and, exerting his enormous power, he immediately took Zhao Feng away from the hall.

At the same time, a voice resounded through the hall, "Wuheng, the Ancient God Seal is in our hands. Go and get ready. I will take care of this child!"

In a flash, Zhao Feng realized that he was standing in a spacious area covered by a protective array tens of thousands of li in circumference.

Suddenly, space rippled, and then a golden-armored man appeared.

"Master, for what matter have you sought your disciple?" Ancient God Cheng Yun respectfully bowed.

"Have a bout with this outsider until a victor is decided," the Grand Elder coldly said.

Among his disciples, only Ancient God Cheng Yun had a similar cultivation level to Zhao Feng's. Although Ancient God Cheng Yun was just a registered disciple, he had the bloodline of the Giant God Race, endowing with abnormal strength.

If a low-level outsider like Zhao Feng was able to defeat Ancient God Cheng Yun, he would prove that his potential and talent truly were terrifying and that he would be of use to the Giant God Race.

Zhao Feng's eyes twinkled. Ancient God Cheng Yun was actually that golden-armored Ancient God who acted in an extremely unfriendly manner to him the moment he entered Giant God Hall.

Many people began to gather around the edge of the array.

"I hear that this outsider is going to have a bout with the Grand Elder's registered disciple, Ancient God Cheng Yun!"

"How could a person from a low-level race be a match for Ancient God Cheng Yun?"

The crowd began to chatter.

"Please instruct me," Ancient God Cheng Yun spoke and then immediately activated his Giant God Race bloodline.

In an explosion of light, a massive golden-armored giant appeared, exuding enormous pressure.

It was clear through Ancient God Cheng Yun immediately activating his bloodline that he wanted to bring a quick end to this battle. After all, he was also not fond of outsiders, and he was representing his master as well, so he needed to win an overwhelming victory.

This person's body is quite a bit larger than Ancient God Stillmoon's! Zhao Feng's eyes flashed. Clearly, the Giant God Race bloodline could not be underestimated.

"Giant God Gale Palm!" The enormous Ancient God Cheng Yun swept out with a palm that blocked out the sky.

A frenzied wind began to sweep through the area as an enormous palm made of wind flew toward Zhao Feng.

Swish!

Zhao Feng immediately used Spatial Blink to get out of the range of Ancient God Cheng Yun's attack.

Boom! Bang!

The palm crashed into the ground and immediately carved out a terrifying abyss.

"Is that all? That outsider's bloodline is low-level. There's no way he can compare to Ancient God Cheng Yun!"

"Ancient God Cheng Yun has gotten much stronger. His Wind Intent has reached the peak of Level Six, and he also has his Giant God Race bloodline. That kid can only dodge!"

The spectators called out in alarm.

At this moment, a bewitching man with long purple-red hair appeared, his eyes fixed on Zhao Feng. This person's arrival immediately attracted the astonished gazes of others.

“Nan Gongsheng, he’s an outsider like you that wants to remain here, but his luck isn’t as good as yours. He has to defeat Ancient God Cheng Yun!” a young Ancient God smiled and said to the bewitching man.

“He will win,” Nan Gongsheng flatly said.

But internally, Nan Gongsheng was extremely uneasy. *I didn’t think that you were already a Rank Eight Ancient God!*

“My Giant God Race bloodline endows me with both strength and defense. My attacks are extremely powerful! Just where do you think you can hide?” Ancient God Cheng Yun was a majestic heaven-spanning giant, his palms surging with high-level Wind Intent.

“Fierce Gale Heavenly Dragon Strike!” As Ancient God Cheng Yun moved his palms, a storm of energy rushed out from them.

“Ancient God Cheng Yun’s supreme technique! Its range is simply massive! That kid has nowhere to hide!”

“It seems like it’s going to end. How boring!”

The crowd originally believed that the battle would last a little longer, but Ancient God Cheng Yun actually used his supreme technique.

A massive storm dragon suffused with frenzied power lunged at Zhao Feng. Zhao Feng appeared tiny in front of this enormous dragon, like a puny insect.

This time, Zhao Feng did not dodge. His body was motionless while he gathered up dazzling Divine Power.

“Chaos Origin God-Shattering Fist!” Fusing his many Intents, Zhao Feng fiercely punched.

A massive fist made of dark energy shot forward with a fearless momentum, as if nothing in the world could stop it.

Boom! Bang! Bang!

Zhao Feng’s fist punched straight through the giant storm dragon.

One had to realize that, now that Zhao Feng had reached the third level of the Chaos Heaven Void Origin Technique, his Chaos Origin Divine Power was essentially unequalled in Rank Eight.

“How could this be?” Ancient God Cheng Yun’s expression went slack. The Divine Power attack of a Giant God Race member had actually lost to an ordinary Rank Eight Ancient God from an outsider race?

At this moment, Zhao Feng’s left eye surged with powerful Eye Intent.

Soul attack! Ancient God Cheng Yun grimaced.

The people outside the array also turned grim. When one mentioned soul attacks, the first thing they thought of was the Ancient Soul Race. Moreover, the soul truly was one of the Giant God Race’s weaknesses.

“Wind Lightning Illusion Prison!” Zhao Feng’s left eye exploded with lightning.

The Lightning energy continued to swell as it absorbed more and more of the surrounding Wind energy. Eventually, it took the form of an enormous Wind Lightning net that restrained Ancient God Cheng Yun.

Swish!

The energy constantly exuded by this net of Wind Lightning dealt terrible damage to Ancient God Cheng Yun's body and soul. Zhao Feng's left eye was also sending powerful Illusion energy into the Wind Lightning net, which worked with the numbing effect of the lightning to influence Ancient God Cheng Yun's mindset and reduce his ability to resist.

His opponent was a member of the Giant God Race, so small-scale eye-bloodline techniques would not be of any use. In his three years of seclusion, Zhao Feng had realized this issue and began to research large-scale soul attacks. This Wind Lightning Illusion Prison was one of them.

This was an extremely flexible eye-bloodline technique. The Lightning energy could also be fused with Wood, Water, or Metal Intent energy.

Ancient God Cheng Yun screamed as he was tortured by Zhao Feng's binding eye-bloodline technique.

Zhao Feng's Soul Intent was already on the verge of reaching Rank Nine. Even though Zhao Feng didn't use any Origin energy, Ancient God Cheng Yun still found it hard to resist this eye-bloodline technique.

Zhao Feng's left eye suddenly pulsed with Eye Intent. It was clear that he was planning to use another eye-bloodline technique.

"Halt!" At this moment, the Grand Elder spoke.

The entire world seemed to freeze. All energy scattered and dispersed as if it had never existed.

"The outcome is decided." The Grand Elder spat out these words.

As a God Lord, he was capable of seeing many things from this short battle. If the battle continued, Ancient God Cheng Yun would definitely lose, so it was better to just end the battle early so that the Giant God Race could preserve some of its dignity.

"No! How could it be like this?" Ancient God Cheng Yun was extremely unwilling, but he did not dare defy the Grand Elder's will.

The battle ended, and Zhao Feng was prepared to leave when he suddenly spotted a bewitching man with purple-red hair standing in the crowd.

Chapter 1358: Ancestral Legacy Treasury

"Nan Gongsheng!?" Zhao Feng blurted out in surprise.

He never would've imagined that he would see Nan Gongsheng here.

Whoosh!

Zhao Feng immediately flew over.

The nearby Giant God Race members still did not like Zhao Feng, but since he had obtained the recognition of the Grand Elder and was also rumored to have some connection to Lord Wuheng, they would not go out of their way to challenge Zhao Feng.

“I didn’t think you would be here as well.” Zhao Feng smiled.

Nan Gongsheng was currently a Rank Six True God. After all, he had inherited the strength of an Ancient God and was endowed with exceptional cultivation talent, so reaching this level was very normal.

Even more surprising though was that the evil thoughts in Nan Gongsheng’s body were clearly weaker compared to back in the Continent Zone.

“When I came to the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, I ran into Xin Wuheng. With nowhere else to go, I followed him to this place,” Nan Gongsheng explained.

Now that he thought about it, he was extremely lucky. He had offended a four-and-a-half-star faction and nearly lost his life to their pursuit until Xin Wuheng managed to rescue him. Afterward, Xin Wuheng helped to suppress the evil thoughts in his body, which allowed his personality to slowly improve.

“That’s right...! Come and meet an old friend!” Zhao Feng smiled as he called Kun Yun out.

“Nan Gongsheng?”

“Kun Yun!?”

The two stared at each other in shock as they simultaneously blurted out.

Kun Yun stared at Nan Gongsheng and, noticing that he couldn’t fathom his cultivation level, immediately became rather envious. However, since Nan Gongsheng had inherited a part of Ancient God Xie Yang’s strength, it wasn’t strange for him to have achieved this level. Moreover, Nan Gongsheng had entered the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods before reaching the True God level.

The three of them looked at each other and couldn’t help but smile. They never would’ve expected that the three experts of the Hall of Gods would all be gathered together in this place.

Now that they thought about it, a very long time had passed since then. When they were in the Continent Zone, the three of them had joined together for the sake of their personal interests, but now that they were no longer bound by self-interest, the three of them walked and chatted with each other more carefreely than they had ever been before.

In the end, Kun Yun was determined to remain here. Although this place discriminated against outsiders, he still found it much better than Black Devil Peak. He wanted to struggle in this adverse environment and get stronger and stronger until he could reach Nan Gongsheng’s level. Zhao Feng was simply too unreachable.

“That’s right! Nan Gongsheng, let me give something to you!” Zhao Feng suddenly remembered something. By now, he had already duplicated many portions of Heavenly God Liquid.

He had already given a portion to Kun Yun, but Kun Yun was keeping it so that he could use it at the right moment.

Swish!

Zhao Feng took out a small glass bottle, within which was a white crystalline liquid.

“This is Heavenly God Liquid. It has a certain chance of assisting anyone within the nine ranks of True God of breaking into the next rank. The lower one’s cultivation level, the higher the chance, and one’s foundation won’t be unstable afterward.” Zhao Feng gave him the Heavenly God Liquid, but it was up to him to decide when to take it.

“To think that there was such a treasure!” Nan Gongsheng was stunned.

From its effect, he could see just how precious this Heavenly God Liquid was. He decided to immediately consume this treasure and try for Ancient God.

In this fashion, Zhao Feng spent several days in Giant God Hall.

One day, Xin Wuheng’s voice resounded in Zhao Feng’s mind; “Zhao Feng, come to my place!”

When Zhao Feng arrived at Xin Wuheng’s palace, he realized that all the experts of the Giant God Race that were Rank Eight or above had gathered here.

“Wuheng, you called him over as well?” Next to Xin Wuheng, the Grand Elder furrowed his brow.

The entire palace immediately fell silent.

There were also some other Giant God Race experts who wanted to exclude Zhao Feng. After all, what they were about to do next involved one of the most important secrets of the Giant God Race. If not for the fact that the Giant God Race was currently lacking in manpower, not even they would have had the right to participate, and now they were even allowing an outsider to participate!?

“Zhao Feng once assisted me in protecting the Ancient God Seal, and he was also pursued by Ancient Soul Hall, and yet he still delivered the Ancient God Seal to me. To reward him, I have decided to let him participate in this matter!” Xin Wuheng solemnly said, his tone tolerating no objection.

Many of the experts slightly shook their heads, but they said nothing.

Zhao Feng was quite taken aback. He didn’t expect that, even though Xin Wuheng had not cultivated to the level of God Lord, he was still so greatly trusted in his position as Hall Master.

However, he had heard a few things from Nan Gongsheng about Xin Wuheng.

In his previous life, Xin Wuheng was a peerless genius of the Giant God Race. He not only had a thick bloodline, but incredible comprehension abilities. In just three thousand years, he had advanced to the God Lord level. Even in the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, this was a legendary feat.

The Giant God Race had entrusted all their hopes on him. If not for the coup in Ancient God Hall, Xin Wuheng might have become a God King, reigning over the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods and guiding its destiny!

At this time, the members of the Giant God Race had probably once more entrusted their hopes to Xin Wuheng, firmly believing that he would guide them to greatness.

“Zhao Feng, this Ancient God Seal is not merely the symbol of Ancient God Hall Master’s identity, but also the key to opening the mysterious Ancestral Legacy Treasury of the Giant God Race!” Xin Wuheng finally revealed the secret of the Ancient God Seal.

Ancestral Legacy Treasury?

His interest piqued, Zhao Feng quietly listened.

In a distant era, the members of the Giant God Race had a thin bloodline and mediocre comprehension abilities. But in a certain era, an ancestor accidentally opened up a mysterious treasury, after which the race produced several God Lords in the span of a short several thousand years, allowing it to become one of the peak five-star factions of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods.

Producing several God Lords in a row? This Ancestral Legacy Treasury seems just a little too ridiculous.... Zhao Feng couldn’t help but inwardly muse.

If this was true, then the moment the Giant God Race could open up this Ancestral Legacy Treasury and take control of its benefits, they would need only a short while to grow strong enough to contend against Ancient Soul Hall.

He found it difficult to imagine that the Ancient God Seal he had been using all this time was actually related to such an important secret.

“Wuheng! Open the Giant God Race’s Ancestral Legacy Treasury! Your group will go in while I will stand guard here!” the Grand Elder coldly said.

He was the strongest, so he had given up his right to enter the treasury to stand guard over the Giant God Race. One could see that the Grand Elder truly was single-mindedly devoted to the Giant God Race.

Buzz! Bzzz!

At this moment, the domain outside the palace began to tremble. The Grand Elder slightly frowned, and he sent out his Divine Sense to communicate with the people outside.

“Not good! Ancient Soul Hall is attacking!” The Grand Elder grimaced.

“If we open the treasury but Ancient Soul Hall manages to break in, we’ll be finished!”

“Damn! Just how did they know where we were!?”

The upper echelon members began to sigh.

“There might be a spy!” a Rank Eight Ancient God with a cold and sinister gaze softly grumbled.

Everyone immediately shot a glance at Zhao Feng.

For Ancient Soul Hall to attack at this crucial moment was far too suspicious. It was very normal to suspect a spy. Zhao Feng was the newest arrival, and he was also an outsider. It was very natural for him to be the first suspect.

“Let’s withdraw!” The Grand Elder’s expression dimmed as he vanished from the hall.

All the others swiftly took their leave.

It didn't take long before all the members of Giant God Hall were gathered.

"Withdraw from this area!" the Grand Elder called out as he took out an enormous steel fortress.

This ancient fortress had wings around it. It was clearly a large-scale flying tool.

It took only a few seconds for everyone to get into the fortress.

Boom!

The ancient fortress rumbled as it flew straight up into the sky. Once it reached a certain height, the fortress passed through the domain and appeared in the sea.

The entire world was pitch-black as if the apocalypse had descended.

"Remnants of the Giant God Race, hand over the Ancient God Seal and submit!"

In the center of a black cloud was a God Lord of the Ancient Soul Race, his body translucent and his facial features blurred. He spoke in a cold and sinister voice.

"Ancient Soul Race... God Lord Gloomheaven!" The Grand Elder furiously glared.

Other than God Lord Gloomheaven, there was one other God Lord that he did not recognize. And given the number of Ancient God experts present, it was clear that the Ancient Soul Race had mobilized all its forces.

"Not good! Ancient Soul Hall is already here!"

In terms of speed, the Ancient Soul Race was far superior to the Giant God Race. Moreover, the Giant God Race was using a large-scale flying tool, slowing them down even more.

The Giant God Race members all understood this.

"Everyone, follow me to intercept Ancient Soul Hall so we can buy Lord Wuheng a chance to escape!" the Grand Elder said. This was the best solution available.

The ancient fortress immediately fell silent. Whether they lived or died hinged upon this choice.

Unexpectedly, however, the vast majority of the members quickly agreed. Nan Gongsheng and Xin Wuheng were members of Giant God Hall, so they had no reason to escape, nor did they choose to escape.

Zhao Feng walked over and gave the two of them a few objects that could save their lives.

"Wuheng, take a few people with you and escape in secret so you can open the Giant God Race's treasury." The Grand Elder solemnly gazed at Xin Wuheng.

All the people in the fortress stared at their hall master. At this moment, no one was burdened with more pressure than Xin Wuheng.

"Of course, we will not fight to the death. After holding them down for a while, we will flee with all our power..." the Grand Elder began to explain his plan.

At a certain point, the Giant God Race's flying fortress came to a stop.

“Want to surrender?” God Lord Gloomheaven sneered.

In truth, they had discovered Giant God Hall’s hidden location a long time ago. They only waited until now because they were waiting for the Giant God Race to get back the Ancient God Seal. After all, the Ancient God Seal had been in Zhao Feng’s possession, and the Spiritual Race, with whom Zhao Feng resided, was very difficult to deal with.

“You look down on the Giant God Race too much!” The Grand Elder flew out from the fortress, erupting with terrifying bloodline pressure.

Dazzling white light exploded outward, scattering away the darkness.

Boom!

A giant so massive that it was difficult to describe loomed over the earth. The world quaked and groaned as if it was experiencing a calamity.

“Giant God Race...” God Lord Gloomheaven solemnly stared at the Grand Elder.

The majority of the members of the Giant God Race had extremely thin bloodlines. Those with thick bloodlines were extremely rare, but the Grand Elder was one of them; a true expert of the Giant God Race. In a one-on-one duel, he would never dare to fight the Grand Elder.

“Someone escaped from that fortress just now!” the other God Lord of Ancient Soul Hall suddenly whispered.

“Go after them!” God Lord Gloomheaven whispered back, and his body vanished, a moment later appearing in front of the Grand Elder.

“Don’t even think about getting past me!” the Grand Elder angrily roared. He waved his palm, immediately erecting an enormous earthen wall behind him that divided the world in two.

At this moment, the other members of Giant God Hall began to emerge.

...

When the Grand Elder revealed his true form, Xin Wuheng secretly escaped with a few people. Zhao Feng was in this group. He was an outsider, so the Giant God Race naturally could not allow him to remain to cover their retreat.

“A God Lord from one of the top twenty ancient races truly is capable of destroying a world!” With his left eye, Zhao Feng could still see how the two factions were faring.

The shock the Grand Elder had given Zhao Feng was greater than that of God Lord Heavenly Solitude. This man could destroy a four-and-a-half-star faction with just a stomp of his foot!

Chapter 1359 – Trap

“Lord Wuheng, where are we going?” Ancient God Cheng Yun asked.

The Grand Elder had chosen three people in total to follow Xin Wuheng: the Rank Eight Ancient God Sundermount, peak Rank Eight Ancient God Cheng Yun, and the last was the peak Rank Eight Ancient God Resplendence.

After all, the majority of the Ancient Gods needed to remain to hold down the forces from Ancient Soul Hall. Three people was the most that could be mobilized.

“Let’s get away from here first. Only then can we allow our comrades to retreat earlier!” Xin Wuheng whispered.

As long as they could escape these dangerous circumstances, the members of the Giant God Race who remained could make their own escape. Thus, Xin Wuheng currently had no other goal except to get away from here as quickly as possible.

“Someone is coming,” Zhao Feng suddenly said.

Ancient Soul Hall had numerous members and formidable strength. Even if the Giant God Race used all its strength, it was not capable of stopping everyone. Moreover, Ancient Soul Hall’s true goal was the Ancient God Seal. They naturally would think of every method to get past the Grand Elder’s defense line.

“What’s the situation?” Xin Wuheng directly asked.

The rest of them were taken aback. They could sense nothing at all, but Xin Wuheng completely trusted Zhao Feng and asked him what was going on?

“One Rank Nine Ancient God and two Rank Eights!” Zhao Feng used his senses to determine the cultivation levels of the opposition.

The three members of Ancient Soul Hall quickly entered the sensory range of the rest of the group.

“It really is the case!” Ancient God Resplendence had a look of disbelief. Was Zhao Feng’s Divine Sense stronger than all of theirs?

“It’s only three people! Even if they catch up, there’s no way they can do anything to us.” Ancient God Cheng Yun breathed a sigh of relief.

If a large group was chasing them down, or perhaps even a half-step God Lord or actual God Lord, they would truly be doomed.

“No, they might not have any plans to fight with us,” Zhao Feng suddenly said.

Ancient God Cheng Yun and the others were confused for a moment, but then they instantly understood.

“In a fight, they would be no match for us. The goal of these three is probably just to follow us....” Ancient God Resplendence’s expression instantly darkened.

As long as the trio managed to keep up, Ancient Soul Hall could continue to send reinforcements, at which point the group from the Giant God Race would find it extremely difficult to escape.

“Damn, to think they would do such a thing!” Ancient God Sundermount was furious.

The Ancient Soul Hall trio kept a fixed distance between them, neither catching up or falling behind.

It would be exceedingly difficult to throw off this group. However, if they turned around and tried to attack, this trio would definitely choose to run, and the Giant God Race group wouldn't be able to do anything. Moreover, if they chose to attack and didn't swiftly bring an end to the battle, the Giant God Race group would just be delaying themselves, and they would be placed in an even greater predicament.

For a moment, the four members of the Giant God Race group and Zhao Feng had grim expressions.

"I have a plan." In this dour mood, Zhao Feng suddenly spoke.

The other members of the group immediately turned to him in surprise.

"What plan?" Xin Wuheng immediately asked. The situation was extremely dire, and not even he had an idea of what to do.

"I'll stay while the rest of you leave first...."

...

Four hundred thousand li away:

"Haha, we just need to follow them, and then once the reinforcements from Ancient Soul Hall arrive, we can exterminate them and seize back the Ancient God Seal!" The black-robed elder of the Ancient Soul Race leading this group coldly chuckled.

Their objective was the Ancient God Seal. In comparison, killing the members of the Giant God Race was rather unimportant.

"Elder, just what is that Ancient God Seal that the Giant God Race possesses? To think that Ancient Soul Hall would go through so much trouble to obtain it!" a red-skinned man asked. He was not a member of the Ancient Soul Race, so there were many things that he was not clear about.

"Long ago, Ancient Soul Hall was ruled jointly by the Ancient Soul Race and the Giant God Race. The reason the Ancient Soul Race had a falling out with the Giant God Race and attacked them was the Ancient God Seal!" The black-clothed elder smiled.

"Just what sort of mysteries does the Ancient God Seal contain?" The red-skinned man attentively listened and continued with his questions.

Just what sort of secrets did the Ancient God Seal hide that it would make two major races turn hostile to each other?

"This Ancient God Seal can open up the Giant God Race's Ancestral Legacy Treasury. You should know that the Ancestral Legacy Treasury allowed the Giant God Race to produce two God Lords in the span of just a few thousand years!"

These words left the two Rank Eight Ancient Gods utterly flabbergasted. Excluding God Kings, God Lords were the supreme experts of the Ancient Desolate Realm of Gods, controlling the very forces of nature.

“That’s too formidable.... We have to get it!” Avaricious looks immediately appeared on the faces of the two Rank Eight Ancient Gods.

“It’s rumored that this Ancestral Legacy Treasury doesn’t just hold the secret to advancing to God Lord; it might even be connected to one of the mythical races in the top ten of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races....” the black-clothed elder whispered.

The top ten ancient races! The two other Ancient Gods felt their hearts shiver.

Even a race as strong as the Giant God Race was only ranked 15th. Those ranked in the top ten were almost all extinct or taboo races. The rank 7th Light Race, rank 8th Golden Crow Race, rank 9th Destruction Dragon Race; every one of them was a legendary and forbidden existence, and that treasury was actually linked to these top ten races!?

“Elder, the situation has changed!” The red-skinned man suddenly slowed down.

“What’s going on? That kid remained behind to stop us to protect the Giant God Race?” The other Rank Eight Ancient God couldn’t help but chortle.

With their Divine Senses, they noticed that Zhao Feng alone had suddenly stopped while the rest were rapidly moving away. Their Divine Senses could detect no change in their soul energies, indicating that this was not a trap. Xin Wuheng and the others had truly left.

“Kill him quickly! We can’t lose their trail!” The elder’s eyes flashed with cold light.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

A moment later, the three of them used Instant Movement to rush at Zhao Feng.

“Zhao Feng, I truly admire your sense of righteousness. You would actually sacrifice your life for the Giant God Race? However, your efforts are pointless!” the black-clothed elder barked, his body surging with powerful ripples of Soul energy.

“Relax. Once you’re dead, they’ll quickly be accompanying you!” The red-skinned man gave a wicked chuckle.

The two Rank Eights and one Rank Nine planned to swiftly obliterate Zhao Feng.

But Zhao Feng stood where he was, completely unflustered.

“Haha, could none of you tell that this was a trap?” Zhao Feng faintly smiled.

“Oh no!” The elder’s expression dimmed.

Although he still hadn’t noticed anything strange, Zhao Feng’s words immediately gave him an ill foreboding.

Of course, Zhao Feng might also just be planning to buy time with these words, so he decided that it was better to kill Zhao Feng first.

“Soul-Destroying Wave!” The elder circulated his soul energy and prepared to unleash a powerful soul attack.

“Come out!” Zhao Feng’s left eye began to turn.

Bzzz! Swoosh!

In front of him, four vortexes of Eye Intent emerged, producing four people.

“This is a Spatial technique!” The elder instantly understood.

It turned out that Zhao Feng had left marks on the four members of the Giant God Race. While the four of them escaped from the range of the Ancient Soul Hall trio’s Divine Senses, they had not fled entirely. Now that the trio from Ancient Soul Hall was here, Zhao Feng used these marks to shift the four members of the Giant God Race through space and bring them here.

“Ancient Soul Hall, die!” Ancient God Resplendence immediately moved out, circulating her bloodline energy as she punched. Although her body did not grow larger, a massive phantom arm appeared around her fist, suffused with enormous energy.

“Giant God Finger!” Xin Wuheng gathered his bloodline energy and the energy of the world and thrust out his finger. The finger exploded with dazzling light, and a massive and nigh tangible image of a finger appeared. Gathering Earth Intent around it, it shot forward like an enormous pillar of heaven.

Even before this finger descended, the members of Ancient Soul Hall felt an enormous pressure on their bodies. The blood in the bodies of the two Rank Eight Ancient Gods froze, and they become incapable of moving, much less escaping.

The black-robed elder stared at this all in shock. The majority of the Giant God Race members weren’t that scary, but those with truly thick bloodlines had the dreadful power to destroy the heavens. An example of this was Xin Wuheng. The elder didn’t even dare to think about trying to oppose him.

“Ancient Soul Body Transfer!” The elder stopped his soul attack and began to execute a secret art. A moment later, his body became translucent black, as if he had completely transformed into a soul body.

The Ancient Soul Race’s techniques were all linked to the soul. Soul bodies were innately immune to many wounds, but the souls of the Ancient Soul Race were even more formidable in their defensive aspects. In using this secret art, one could block lethal attacks from experts who were a little higher in level.

Boom! Bang! Crash!

The attacks of the Giant God Race landed.

“Hmph, nothing but foolish clowns!” Ancient God Cheng Yun coldly sneered.

In this head-on confrontation, the trio from Ancient Soul Hall was instantly exterminated.

At this moment:

Whoosh!

In a fierce gust of wind, a weak black light shot into the distance.

“Not good! The Rank Nine Ancient God used a secret art and managed to escape!” Ancient God Sundermount called out in alarm.

A soul body could move at several times the speed of an ordinary Ancient God and was extremely hard to catch.

Suddenly, a bolt of Eye Intent flew by.

Kacrack!

The black-robed elder, who had already fled more than one hundred thousand li, was immediately struck by Tribulation Lightning Flame.

His soul had already been badly wounded from the attacks of the Giant God Race, and now he was struck Zhao Feng’s Tribulation Lightning Eye Flame. After struggling for a few moments, the black-robed elder was slain.

“Dead!?” Ancient God Cheng Yun was surprised.

All of them couldn’t help but look at Zhao Feng. That eye-bloodline technique was naturally his. He had clearly fired off that eye-bloodline technique almost instantly; it seemed like he had already predicted everything and knew the route the elder would take to escape. The eye-bloodline technique was extraordinarily accurate and had instantly eliminated the black-robed elder’s weakened soul.

“Let’s go!” Xin Wuheng called out.

Every second they delayed was in exchange for the lives of the other members of the Giant God Race!

Swish! Swish! Swish!

They hurriedly used Instant Movement to flee.

One day later, they finally stopped to rest in a deserted area that had very little Yuan Qi.

“What’s the situation?” Xin Wuheng looked to Zhao Feng.

“I don’t see anything. We should be safe!” Zhao Feng said.

“Lord Wuheng, what should we do now?” Ancient God Sundermount immediately asked.

“Open the Ancestral Legacy Treasury! All of you will come in with me!” Xin Wuheng solemnly said.

They all trembled. They had all heard about the Ancestral Legacy Treasury controlled by the Giant God Race, but they had never seen it with their own eyes.

“We have to get a big harvest from the Ancestral Legacy Treasury so that we can help the Giant God Race rise again!” Ancient God Cheng Yun thumped his chest and said.

The group traveled deep underground and laid down a concealment array.

Swish!

Xin Wuheng took out the Ancient God Seal and prepared to open the Ancestral Legacy Treasury.

Chapter 1360: Opening

In an underground space, Xin Wuheng quickly laid down a secret Heaven's Legacy array.

The Ancient God Seal was clearly connected to the Heaven's Legacy Race. In order to open the Ancestral Legacy Treasury, one had to have some understanding of the culture and skills of the Heaven's Legacy Race.

The Ancient God experts of the Giant God Race all knew that the inheritance of the Giant God Race contained significant knowledge of the Heaven's Legacy Race's culture and arts, but one needed sufficient status to be permitted to comprehend it. But only a few of them knew that this knowledge of the Heaven's Legacy Race's culture was passed on specifically for the purpose of opening the Ancestral Legacy Treasury.

Once the array was complete, Xin Wuheng began to form a spell with his hands. Countless dark green characters of various sizes wriggled like tadpoles into the array.

Buzz! Bzzz!

In a flash, an abstruse and cryptic array had formed.

"Go!" Xin Wuheng threw the Ancient God Seal into the center of the array.

A moment later, countless thin green strings flew out of the array and attached themselves to the Ancient God Seal.

Suddenly, the Ancient God Seal began to shudder, and the green strings began to glimmer with bright light.

Clingclang!

Under Xin Wuheng's control, the Ancient God Seal suddenly began to transform. A few moments later, it finished morphing into a black metal gate.

Whoosh!

A straight crack appeared in the center of the gate, timeworn and mysterious light emerging from it. Gradually, the gate opened, completely enveloping the group in that blinding and mysterious light.

Engulfed in this light, Zhao Feng discovered that his Divine Sense and his sensory organs were all severely suppressed. At the same time, he found that all his movements had also gotten much slower.

"Time Intent!" Zhao Feng's heart thumped.

This was only the light emerging from that pathway, and yet it already contained such high-level Intent. It appeared that this Ancestral Legacy Treasury was highly unusual.

The other Ancient Gods also sensed this high-level Time Intent.

"Go in!" Xin Wuheng called out. All of them had already been getting impatient, so they immediately rushed in.

...

After a moment of chaos, Zhao Feng suddenly felt his body get heavy as he appeared above a grassy plain. He was immediately assailed by a timeworn and ancient energy. There was no need to even think to know that this was an extremely old dimension.

Xin Wuheng and the others were all present at Zhao Feng's side.

Their first reaction was to observe their surroundings. After all, they knew nothing at all about the Ancestral Legacy Treasury. Even Xin Wuheng was entering it for the first time.

"Mm?" Zhao Feng was rather startled.

Upon his first attempt at using it, he discovered that this area restricted his Divine Sense and other senses to ten percent of normal.

Originally, as an Ancient God, he should have been able to grasp an area for two to three hundred thousand li around him with a single sweep of his Divine Sense. But now, his Divine Sense covered only around thirty thousand li.

The looks on the others' faces indicated that they were also rather alarmed by this powerful suppression.

But even though Zhao Feng's vision was restrained, it was still far greater than the ordinary person's. He had also discovered that, if he pushed his see-through ability to its absolute limit, he could also increase the range of his vision.

"This is not the extent of this place's restrictions!" Xin Wuheng suddenly called out.

At these words, they also noticed another abnormality; Xin Wuheng had spoken these words a little slower than normal.

"Time Intent." Zhao Feng immediately noticed what was going on. After all, he had reached the peak of Level Four in Time Intent.

"How could this be?" Ancient God Sundermount was in disbelief. At this moment, all of them were speaking a little slower than they usually did.

"Let's not worry about this for now. Searching for the treasury is more important!" Xin Wuheng bluntly stated.

When he inherited the Ancient God Seal, he had heard from the Giant God Race God Lord of the time that the Ancestral Legacy Treasury was a place of many opportunities, but also of many dangers. Moreover, the Giant God Race had built a personal treasury in this place, within which the Giant God Race stored the precious resources it had accumulated over the years.

Swish!

Xin Wuheng took out the Ancient God Seal. Only through the Ancient God Seal could he detect the rough direction of the Giant God Race's treasury.

With a rough idea of where to go, the group traveled along while observing this dimension that had been isolated from the world.

“Look there!” Ancient God Cheng Yun pointed to the left as he cried out.

That place just so happened to be at the very limits of their Divine Senses. It was a group of small puddles, and there were several white flowers growing next to the nearest puddle, giving off a faint luster that made them rather striking.

“It’s just some ordinary Time Origin Flowers. What are you shouting and yelling about?” Ancient God Sundermount growled.

Time Intent was extremely powerful and extremely difficult to grasp. The cultivation resources associated with it were also exceedingly rare.

Time Origin Flowers were rather low-level and more commonplace Time cultivation resources. The vast majority of low-level True Gods would buy Time Origin Flowers and use them to try and comprehend Time Intent. If they found Time Intent too difficult to comprehend, they would give up, but if they managed to comprehend something, this would indicate that they had some talent in Time Intent.

“It looks to me like you didn’t try to cultivate Time Intent when you were still a True God.” Ancient God Cheng Yun faintly smiled.

Ancient God Sundermount’s expression froze. Back then, he found Time Intent to be too difficult and that it provided too little of a boost in offensive power, so he never even tried to cultivate it.

Zhao Feng was listening the entire time. He had directly become a Rank Seven Ancient God, so he didn’t experience what a low-level True God would experience.

“Time Origin Flowers aren’t that valuable, but because they have strong vitality, as they live longer and longer, they slowly gain the strength of Time Intent. And each petal indicates that it has lived for an additional one hundred million years!” Ancient God Resplendence took in a deep breath as she stared in shock.

Zhao Feng focused his gaze and saw that the vast majority of those Time Origin Flowers had more than six petals, and there was even one with twelve petals.

“1.2 billion years!” Zhao Feng muttered in shock.

This was the first time he had ever seen such an ancient cultivation resource.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A moment later, all of them began to fly over to that puddle. Although Time Origin Flowers were low-level cultivation resources, even the most ordinary resource would become precious once it became more than one billion years old.

Once they had finished dividing up the Time Origin Flowers, they discovered that all the other puddles had their own precious resources. Though this array of resources was not particularly valuable for Ancient Gods, they were all extremely old.

“This really is a treasury!” Ancient God Cheng Yun sighed in wonder as he flew forward.

“Wait a moment!” Xin Wuheng suddenly called out.

The Giant God Race elder had warned him that, though the Ancestral Legacy Treasury was a place of many opportunities, it was also fraught with danger.

If they had only discovered some Time Origin Flowers, he wouldn't have thought too deeply about the matter, but since there were many more treasures up ahead, this place could be considered a minor treasure ground with the corresponding danger. With their Divine Senses suppressed to ten percent of normal, and even further lowered by the presence of any physical obstructions, it was best to be a little more cautious.

Brrrooom!

At this moment, all of them sensed that the earth had begun to tremble. Suddenly, a Yao God in the form of a serpent dragon suddenly emerged from the ground in front of Ancient God Cheng Yun. The Yao God's body was a glossy silver, and its white eyes stared coldly at the group.

The moment this Yao God appeared, all of them sensed an enormous aura that was seemingly linked to the world, and all of them felt as if there was an immense weight on their shoulders.

"Only peak Rank Eight, and yet it makes me feel so afraid!" Cheng Yun stared in shock at this Yao God.

"For disturbing my rest and stealing from my territory, I will make you fertilizer for this land!" the serpent dragon Yao God howled as its body writhed forward.

Swish!

The Yao God charged at Ancient God Cheng Yun in a silver flash, its mouth opening wide and unleashing a wave of formidable Divine Power.

"So fast!" Ancient God Cheng Yun grimaced as he fell back.

However, he discovered that the hindrance of the powerful Time Intent made him at least two times slower than normal.

Thwish!

Xin Wuheng activated his bloodline power and charged forward. The formidable Giant God Race bloodline greatly reduced the effects of the Time Intent on him.

"Scorching Gale Palm!" Xin Wuheng circulated Divine Power and began to fuse the Fire and Wind energy of the world into his attack.

Kaboom!

A massive palm of wind and fire howled forward.

The Scorching Gale Palm was supposed to be a swift and explosive attack, but it was much slower in this place.

"Hmph, a petty trick!" The serpent dragon Yao God twisted its body, exuding high-level Time Intent.

Xin Wuheng's attack was instantly slowed down by this Time Intent. The Yao God was then able to dodge the attack by slightly shifting its body.

“This...”

For a moment, everyone, including Xin Wuheng, was speechless.

“This Yao God’s Time Intent has reached Level Seven!” Zhao Feng mumbled in shock.

Although Time Intent could not directly increase the power of Divine Power attacks, there was a reason it was considered one of the strongest Intents. Not even ordinary Rank Nine Ancient Gods would be able to last a few blows against someone of Xin Wuheng’s strength, but this peak Rank Eight Yao God was still able to contend against him.

Boom! Bang!

Ancient God Cheng Yun was forced back several li by the Yao God, but his Giant God Race blood had endowed with incredible defensive capabilities. In addition, he discovered that, though the Yao God arrived with a grandiose momentum and was equipped with powerful and astonishing Time Intent, its Divine Power attacks were only close to that of a Rank Nine Ancient God and weren’t too unreasonable.

“Attack together!” Ancient God Resplendence immediately yelled.

The group of five began to jointly attack the serpent dragon Yao God.

After battling for a while, the Yao God discovered that this group had unusual strength. Even with its Time Intent, it was incapable of defeating them.

During this battle, Zhao Feng attempted to attack with eye-bloodline techniques, but he discovered that this Yao God had an extremely tenacious Soul Intent that could fend off his soul attacks.

“Your damn race...!” The serpent dragon Yao God, its body covered with terrible wounds, attempted to flee.

“Where are you going!?” Ancient God Resplendence immediately called out as she took out a binding-type Divine artifact.

The five of them had ganged up on a single Rank Eight Yao God. If they allowed it to run, they would have no pride to speak of.

In the end, the five of them used some of their true abilities to swiftly slay the Yao God.

Upon dissecting it, they realized that this Yao God’s entire body was a treasure. For example, the Water Spirit Serpent Spine contained both Water and Time Intent, and it was the ideal material for creating binding-type divine weapons. As for the Water Origin Heart Vein, consuming it could allow one to increase their vitality and strengthen the crystal veins of their divine body, repairing hidden injuries. It could also be used to cultivate Time Intent.

Through this dissection, the group realized that this Yao God had lived for more than one billion years. The materials making up its body were so valuable precisely because it had lived for so long.

“No wonder it was so hard to deal with!” Zhao Feng said in shock.

Even the least-talented cultivator would be able to sweep over all cultivators of the same rank if they had stayed at that rank for one billion years.

This Ancestral Legacy Treasury truly was an abnormal place.