

King Eye 621

Chapter 621: Death Soul Hand

In a dark world among the Spiritual Sea, where the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi flowed chaotically:

“The target of the Pursuit of Death has appeared once more.”

A figure wearing a black cloak and holding a Token of Death glanced toward a certain direction in the Spiritual Sea.

His body was like light as he moved unharmed through the chaotic storm.

Weng~~

The Token of Death in the Death Guard’s hand gave off a weird disturbance as it sent and received wisps of information.

“Unfortunately, the Yuan Qi here is too chaotic, so the news can’t travel very far.”

The Death Guard murmured.

A while later, his Token of Death shook as it received some news.

“Very good.”

A cold smile appeared on the Death Guard’s face.

Whoosh!

A beam of dark light merged into the stormy and chaotic Spiritual Sea.

At the same time, the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship was advancing forward within the Spiritual Sea.

“Is it here again?”

Zhao Feng’s eyes opened, and an arc of Destructive purple lightning flashed across his body.

He got up and walked out of his room.

There were still a couple hours till they truly arrived in the True Martial Sacred Land. He didn’t expect to feel the aura from the Pursuit of Death here all of a sudden.

Zhao Feng’s eyebrows furrowed, and his expression became solemn.

Staying here would mean death, but even if he left the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship, he might not be able to escape the Pursuit of Death’s range anyway.

“I can’t miss this chance to enter the True Martial Sacred Land.”

Zhao Feng’s thoughts spun, but he made a decision quickly.

Aside from not missing this chance, he believed that, being a peak two-star sect, the Golden Mountain Sect wasn’t weak. There was a large number of experts currently on the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.

As time passed, the sensation of danger became stronger and closer. An hour later:

Whoosh!

Two or three dark figures flew through the air, and their aura of Death could be sensed by the experts aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship as well now.

“Who’s there!?”

Old Li and another couple half-step Void God Realms roared.

Zhao Feng stood on the deck and coldly looked at the figures of Death.

“Three Death Guards came this time.”

Zhao Feng’s eyes became sharp. The three auras were obviously stronger than the one he had defeated before.

“Guard Twenty-Five and Guard Nineteen, the target is onboard a two-star-sect ship.”

The three Death Guards stopped as they approached the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.

The speaker was Guard Twenty-Eight.

Compared to Guard Thirty-Three, these three Death Guards were, without a doubt, much stronger. In particular, Guard Nineteen’s aura of Death was enough to make even those at the half-step Void God Realm feel uneasy.

However, facing the two or three hundred experts aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship, the three Death Guards were wary and didn’t immediately charge over.

“Hmph, three Death Guard’s aren’t enough to fight against the entire Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.”

Zhao Feng let out a breath.

He wasn't worried anymore with the protection of the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.

"It's indeed quite troublesome... but no one can stop the will of Death."

Guard Nineteen said in a raspy tone.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The three Death Guards communicated with each other before charging toward the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.

"Who are you!?"

There were three half-step Void God Realms aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship, with Old Li as the leader.

A loud explosion appeared within the soul dimension as three half-step Void God Realm intents passed across the limitless ocean, which caused even the chaotic Heaven Earth Yuan Qi to freeze.

Facing these soul-shaking auras, the souls of all the Sovereigns were unable to move, but the three Death Guards weren't scared at all.

"Measly bugs."

Guard Nineteen snickered as an intent of Death pushed away the half-step Void God Realm intents away.

Boom~~~~

Their souls seemed to shake, and some of the elites on the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship below the Origin Core Realm immediately spat out blood and fainted.

“Death intent... could it be the legendary Death Guards...?”

The hearts of the three half-step Void God Realms from the Golden Mountain Sect shook.

At this moment, everyone on the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship acted as if they were facing a powerful foe, and they opened the defensive arrays.

The three half-step Void God Realms, and almost ten late-stage and peak stage Sovereign Lords floated above the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.

“Guard Twenty-Eight, Guard Twenty-Five and I will stall these old bastards. You cultivate in the Ten Thousand Figure Chaos Technique, which is more suitable in chaotic situations, so you go capture that brat. If that brat is troublesome, then just go with the lowest requirement and cut off his head. That will also complete the mission.”

Guard Nineteen said through Spiritual Sense.

“Understood.”

The moment Guard Twenty-Eight replied, his figure split into ten, which then split into a hundred.

Shua! Shua! Shua!

Hundreds and thousands of figures of Death instantly appeared. It was hard to determine which one was real or fake, and each of their auras were spread across the surroundings of the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.

“Don’t even think about it.”

The three half-step Void God Realms from the Golden Mountain Sect tried to stop them, but they found that it was hard to determine which one was the real body within a short amount of time. At the same time, the three half-step Void God Realms were also facing Guard Nineteen's attack.

"Death Soul Hand!"

An air of Death surged from Guard Nineteen, and his body seemed to be covered by a mysterious light so that no one was able to see him clearly.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Three dark hands extended out from the darkness, and the moment the Death Soul Hand appeared, the souls of the three half-step Void God Realms shook.

"Not good, watch out~~~~!"

Old Li roared, but the Death Soul Hand was a unique, soul restricting skill that instantly locked on to the souls of the three half-step Void God Realms.

Wu~~

The souls of all three half-step Void God Realms froze, and they became unable to breathe.

In the next instant, the bodies of the three half-step Void God Realms were grasped by the three respective Death Soul Hands. They all started to struggle and contort in pain.

"Elder Li!"

The others on the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship exclaimed.

The strongest of the three – Guard Nineteen – used just one move to restrict the three half-step Void God Realms.

“Death Soul Hand? There’s such a powerful skill that immediately captures the opponent’s soul?”

Zhao Feng took in a cold breath.

His God’s Spiritual Eye could see more clearly than the others, so he managed to see that the souls of the three half-step Void God Realms were being grasped by the Death Soul Hands and were trying to fight back.

If it were just one half-step Void God Realm, Guard Nineteen’s Death Soul Hand would be able to take their entire soul straight away. However, Guard Nineteen was facing three at once.

Despite that, his strength was heaven-defying.

Of course, being half-step Void God Realms, their souls had also undergone a change. Their half-step Void God intents continued resisting.

“Arghh!”

Guard Twenty-Five attacked and killed a Great Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lord.

“Stop him together!”

Almost ten late-stage and peak stage Great Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lords reacted and teamed up against Guard Twenty-Five.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Guard Twenty-Five’s battle-power was shocking as he fought against the Sovereign Lords.

“How did it end up like this...?”

The bones of the Golden Mountain Sect experts went cold in disbelief.

The strength of the three Death Guards was just too heaven-defying.

Guard Nineteen suppressed three half-step Void God Realms by himself.

Guard Twenty-Five fought against many Sovereign Lords.

Then... what about Guard Twenty-Eight?

“Arghh! Argh!”

Hundreds and thousands of figures of Death jumped onto the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship, and screams sounded everywhere.

The defensive array of the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship seemed to have no effect on Guard Twenty-Eight.

“Dammit!”

The hearts of the three half-step Void God Realms dropped as they sensed what was happening below.

Facing Guard Twenty-Eight, the remaining experts on the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship would be slaughtered.

The top fighters – the three half-step Void God Realms and near ten late-stage and peak stage Great Origin Core Realms – were all detained by Guard Nineteen and Twenty-Five.

Once Guard Twenty-Eight killed everyone and joined the battle, it would be enough to turn the tide.

Guard Twenty-Eight easily killed the resistance but, unexpectedly, seemed to have only one target on the ship.

“Brat, if you don’t let me capture you, I will take your head.”

Guard Twenty-Eight locked on to Zhao Feng and snickered coldly. He wasn’t as dumb as Guard Thirty-Three who wanted to capture Zhao Feng alive no matter what and got killed by Zhao Feng instead.

As long as Zhao Feng fought back, Guard Twenty-Eight would just kill him and take his head instead of capturing him alive. After all, Guard Nineteen and Guard Twenty-Five were facing a large amount of pressure.

“Quick! There’s not much time left.”

Guard Nineteen’s voice sounded.

“The two-star sects that are able to enter the Sacred Land are extremely powerful, so it’ll be very troublesome once a Void God Realm King arrives....”

Guard Twenty-Five said.

Many people on the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship had already sent distress signals to the main headquarters of the Golden Mountain Sect within the True Martial Sacred Land.

The three Death Guards didn’t aim to kill everyone here, and they didn’t care about who won or lost. They only had one goal, and that was to either kill or capture Zhao Feng.

“Die!”

Dozens of figures with the same aura leapt toward Zhao Feng.

“Each of these figures have attacking abilities and different actions....”

Zhao Feng’s God’s Spiritual Eye was circulated to its fullest.

This was the first time he had seen such a monstrous doppelganger technique.

The figures of Guard Twenty-Eight were similar to the Yin Shadow Doppelgangers from his Yin Shadow Cloak, but after entering the limitless ocean, the Yin Shadow Cloak’s grade was too low and its effect was too weak to actually use anymore.

Zhao Feng jumped up in fright after looking closely. The Yin Shadow Cloak he used before was similar to the cloaks of these Death Guards. It seemed as if the one he used in the past was only a replica of the ones that the Death Guards were wearing.

Bam!

As Zhao Feng’s body was about to be enveloped by the doppelgangers:

“Purple Lightning Wind Ring!”

Rings of shining Purple Destruction Wind Lightning radiating that terrifying aura of Destruction swept across everything in their path.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The figures were instantly shattered by the Purple Destruction Wind Lightning.

“The power of Destruction... a power that’s on the same level as the power of Death.”

Guard Twenty-Eight was slightly dazed, and his real body started to smoke after being hit by the Purple Lightning Wind Ring.

Chapter 622: Mega Void Space Eye Slash

“Purple Lightning Wind Ring!”

Zhao Feng waved his hand, and the rings of Purple Destruction Wind Lightning successfully countered Guard Twenty-Eight’s doppelgangers.

If Zhao Feng hadn’t reached the Origin Core Realm yet, this attack of his wouldn’t be able to break through any of the doppelgangers because they all had a defense almost as strong as the Great Origin Core Realm.

“The power of Destruction... a power that’s on the same level as the power of Death.”

Guard Twenty-Eight obviously hadn’t imagined that the intent of Zhao Feng’s Purple Destruction Wind Lightning contained such a terrifying aura of Destruction that could make even him wary.

The Fan Universe had eight Great God Eyes.

Among them, there was the Divine Eye of Death and the Divine Eye of Destruction.

From that, one could see that the power of Destruction contained within the Purple Destruction Wind Lightning was one of the most unique laws.

Now that Zhao Feng had almost fully comprehended the Purple Destruction Wind Lightning, combined with its purification from absorbing a large amount of Ancient Dream Realm aura, its power surpassed the Wind Lightning Emperor when he was at the same cultivation.

“Scythe of Death!”

A grim scythe radiating a cold light condensed in Guard Twenty-Eight's hand, and the instant it appeared, everyone within a hundred miles felt their souls become cold. It was as if their souls had been exposed to the freezing cold as they were awaiting slaughter.

Zhao Feng also felt a coldness and a dangerous sensation from his soul.

Guard Twenty-Eight's Scythe of Death was a skill similar to Guard Nineteen's Death Soul Hand in that it directly threatened the soul.

"Slice!"

The Scythe of Death instantly locked on to Zhao Feng's soul.

Shu~~~

The Scythe of Death flashed through the air in a transparent line, and Zhao Feng's body and soul froze. It was as if his soul had been cut up.

Shua!

Without any chance of evasion, the Scythe of Death landed on Zhao Feng.

At the very last instant:

Bo~

A ripple of water surrounded Zhao Feng's body as if he was in the ocean. Any attack from outside was like a stone sinking into the sea.

Even the powerful Scythe of Death dimmed by more than half when it landed on Zhao Feng.

Weng~~

A crack appeared in the ripple surrounding Zhao Feng and it started to fade.

Guard Twenty-Eight's attack was far too strong. Zhao Feng's Water Bloodline could easily block two or three normal Sovereign Lords, but it wasn't able to stop a single Scythe of Death.

"Hmph, 70% of the Scythe of Death's power is soul-based anyway."

Mockery appeared on Guard Twenty-Eight's face.

Zhao Feng's Water Bloodline cracked from the scythe's 30% physical component; it didn't even block the other 70%.

Shu~

A faint figure of a scythe radiating an aura of Death sliced into Zhao Feng's soul.

Bo~~

Zhao Feng's soul shook, and the sixty-yard-wide lake within the dimension of his left eye started to surge as the scythe created a deep chasm.

Wu~

Zhao Feng's body froze, and he groaned.

Putting aside the soul attack, the physical component of the Scythe of Death already greatly threatened life.

“Using the power of Death to create a soul attack that directly slays the opponent’s soul...”

Struggle appeared on Zhao Feng’s face. A bloody gash was left on his body, and the aura of Death spread across his body.

Even though he had the Water Bloodline, it could only slowly heal the damage.

“Brat... it’s your honor to die by the Scythe of Death.”

A victorious smile appeared on Guard Twenty-Eight’s face. In terms of strength, he was much stronger than Guard Thirty-Three.

The Scythe of Death had a 40-50% chance of killing even half-step Void God Realms, let alone a Small Origin Core Realm. Guard Twenty-Eight could only use such a secret technique four or five times a day.

“Hmph!”

A cold exclamation within the soul-dimension froze the smile on the Death Guard’s face.

Eye of Ice Soul!

Zhao Feng’s left eye gave off a stunning ice-blue as an absolute coldness enveloped the Death Guard’s body.

“He’s... not dead!?”

Guard Twenty-Eight’s heart shook. His thoughts seemed to freeze, and his movements became much slower.

A cold youth with blue hair and a freezing left eye appeared in his sight.

“How could a measly Small Origin Core Realm survive the Scythe of Death?”

Guard Twenty-Eight’s body was cold, and his reactions and movements were much slower than usual.

“Hehe.... Soul attacks?”

Mockery appeared on Zhao Feng’s face. Ever since he had merged with the God’s Spiritual Eye, he had never been defeated in terms of soul-strength, even when the difference was huge.

Bo~~

A mysterious whirlpool appeared in the center of the lake in the dimension of his left eye, which started to control the scythe of death and make it sink.

Zhao Feng’s soul was unharmed.

“Impossible! Even a half-step Void God Realm wouldn’t be unharmed...!”

Shock spread across Guard Twenty-Eight’s frozen face.

The Scythe of Death was 70% a soul attack and 30% a physical attack, yet Zhao Feng seemed to have blocked the 70% soul attack completely while only a bit of the 30% physical attack managed to injure Zhao Feng at all.

However, Zhao Feng’s state of existence and body had reached the limit of the Great Origin Core Realm, and they had absorbed the Ancient Dream Realm aura, so he actually wasn’t that injured physically either.

“Void Space Eye Slash!”

A surge of eye-bloodline power started to gather in Zhao Feng's left eye, and a purple aura flickered across his left eye.

Not good!

Guard Twenty-Eight's heart jumped as he remembered how Guard Thirty-Three lost.

Guard Thirty-Three had the Death Shadow Figure, so he could be revived as long as his soul wasn't destroyed. He had given information regarding Zhao Feng to the other Death Guards, and Guard Twenty-Eight had heard about the Void Space Eye Slash.

He was about to dodge, but he found that his reactions and movements were much slower than usual.

Now that Zhao Feng's soul and eye-bloodline had become so much stronger, the Eye of Ice Soul reduced the Death Guard's reactions and speed much more than before.

Bam!

A sharp blade radiating a stunning aura of Destruction pierced through Guard Twenty-Eight's body.

Si~~

Guard Twenty-Eight did his best to dodge. He managed to make the Void Space Eye Slash miss his heart, but even then, the aura of Destruction ran rampant across his body and attacked his heart.

Now that Zhao Feng had almost comprehended the entirety of the Purple Destruction Wind Lightning, the power of Destruction contained within the Void Space Eye Slash was several times stronger than before.

"Just a little bit more."

Zhao Feng got ready to fire the second Void Space Eye Slash. Now that his soul-strength was so strong, he could use ten Void Space Eye Slashes.

Shua! Shua! Shua!

Guard Twenty-Eight turned into hundreds and thousands of figures.

These Death Shadow Doppelgangers hid the real body while some attacked Zhao Feng.

“Wind Lightning Hundred Figures!”

Zhao Feng snickered as his left eye inspected the intent of Guard Twenty-Eight’s doppelgangers and released a shining ball of purple Wind Lightning.

Shua! Shua! Shua~~~~~!

Zhao Feng’s body instantly split into two purple Wind Lightning figures. The two purple Wind Lightning figures then split once again.

Two... four... eight... sixteen.

In just a short moment, dozens of purple Wind Lightning figures spread across a hundred-yard radius.

“How does that brat... know my Ten Thousand Figure Chaos Technique!?”

Guard Twenty-Eight exclaimed.

Although Zhao Feng didn't have even one-fifth the number of doppelgangers as the Death Guard, the intent used to create them was extremely similar. Even more incredibly, these doppelgangers formed an array and created arcs of lightning and gusts of wind.

—

The intent of these doppelgangers is similar to the Yin Shadow Doppelgangers from the Yin Shadow Cloak, and my Wind Lightning Inheritance also has the intent of the Illusion Lightning Afterimage....

Zhao Feng's true body was hidden amongst the dozen figures.

It was because Zhao Feng already had a foundation that he was able to copy Guard Twenty-Eight's Ten Thousand Figure Chaos Technique.

Merging his two skills, he created the Wind Lightning Hundred Figures. The basis of these doppelgangers was wind and lightning, which helped them display lightning-quick speed.

Boom!

The doppelgangers clashed with one another and shattered.

Due to the restriction in cultivation and the limited amount of Wind Lightning Hundred Figures, Zhao Feng was soon at a disadvantage.

"Brat, I'll be able to find your true body very soon."

Guard Twenty-Eight's face was filled with hatred, and his true body was hidden amongst his doppelgangers.

As the amount of Zhao Feng's doppelgangers decreased:

“Eye of Ice Soul!”

A cold voice resounded across the soul-dimension, and frost started to appear on Guard Twenty-Eight’s body.

“He found me?”

Guard Twenty-Eight’s body froze. His reactions and movements were obviously much slower once again, and he could foresee that the next Void Space Eye Slash was going to appear soon, but he couldn’t accept that Zhao Feng was able to find his true body so fast.

The doppelgangers from his Ten Thousand Figure Chaos Technique had the same aura; even those at the half-step Void God Realm would find it hard to find the real one.

Void Space Eye Slash!

A wisp of eye-bloodline power covered Guard Twenty-Eight.

—

Dodge!

Although his reactions were much slower, he had enough time to make sure that the attack didn’t land on his vitals. Being a Death Guard, he also had an almost-immortal body, so he wasn’t scared of normal attacks as long as they didn’t destroy his heart and other vitals.

Shua~~~

A blade pierced through Guard Twenty-Eight’s body.

Si!

“Argh~~~!”

Guard Twenty-Eight’s body froze, and he screamed. His eyes were full of fear.

A blade radiating an aura of Destruction had cut him at the waist. However, unlike the last one, this blade was half the height of a human and several times bigger than before.

“Hehe. Mega Void Space Eye Slash.”

Zhao Feng gave a light laugh.

Shu~~

“You...!”

Guard Twenty-Eight couldn’t help but look down at himself.

Plop!

His body had been bisected by the Mega Void Space Eye Slash.

Chapter 623: Scared Away

The Mega Void Space Eye Slash was longer and wider.

The most terrifying part about the Void Space Eye Slash was its ability to suddenly teleport and attack a certain point, even if it collided with a living being.

That meant that the attack was hard to avoid, and it could ignore almost all defense.

“Brat...!”

Guard Twenty-Eight’s lower half had been completely cut off, and he roared in shock and anger.

Having a Death Shadow Body, he was still fine for now even with his lower half cut off. Only, his battle-power would be slightly weaker.

“Purple Destruction Eye Flame!”

Zhao Feng was already prepared. He attacked once more.

Whoosh!

A roaring, dozens-of-yards-wide and half-transparent purple fireball radiating an aura of Destruction appeared.

After breaking through to the Origin Core Realm, his Dan Fire was of a higher level, and it was now related to the Purple Destruction, containing both the power of Destruction and Wind Lightning.

“Not good!”

The Death Guard tried to evade.

Under normal situations, an eye-bloodline attack was extremely hard to avoid, and in terms of damage, the Purple Destruction Eye Flame was even stronger than the Void Space Eye Slash, but the Purple Destruction Eye Flame could be seen, so Guard Twenty-Eight could still dodge it.

“Hmph!”

Mockery appeared on Zhao Feng’s face.

Boom!

The Purple Destruction Eye Flame howled as it hit the lower half of Guard Twenty-Eight's body.

Bam!

Guard Twenty-Eight's lower half was instantly scorched by the Purple Destruction Eye Flame.

"My body...!"

Guard Twenty-Eight howled as he watched the lower half of his body turn into black charcoal.

Although the Death Shadow Body had the attribute of immortality, that didn't mean it was fully indestructible. Without energy to protect and support it, it could do nothing against the Purple Destruction Eye Flame.

Let's see how long you can last with half a body.

Zhao Feng snickered coldly in his heart.

Because the Death Guard was too fast, making Zhao Feng unable to lock on to the heart, he could only try to increase the size of the Void Space Eye Slash and cut off a part of the body.

The Purple Destruction Eye Flame just now was aimed toward the cut-off part since not much damage would be dealt to the Death Guard even if it hit him.

"Brat, I'm going to turn you into ashes...!"

When had Guard Twenty-Eight ever been so humiliated before? A Scythe of Death condensed in his hand once more as he leapt toward Zhao Feng with just an upper half of a body.

This time, he changed tactics and used the Scythe of Death as a weapon for close combat.

“Dancing Scythe of Death!”

Insanity appeared in Guard Twenty-Eight’s eyes as he waved the Scythe of Death, and cold lights of Death flashed around.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The remaining doppelgangers around Zhao Feng were instantly shattered.

“Dammit!”

Facing the Death Guard’s counterattack, Zhao Feng felt the danger of a life-or-death moment once more.

At the end of the day, the difference between the two fighters was still rather big.

The Scythe of Death earlier was 30% a physical attack and 70% a soul attack. However, even then, the 30% physical attack had injured Zhao Feng, who only just recovered a bit by now.

This time, the Scythe of Death was 30% a soul attack and 70% physical, aiming to destroy Zhao Feng’s body.

It could be said that the threat this time was much bigger than last time.

“Eye of Ice Soul!”

Zhao Feng's left eye radiated a freezing power that limited the Death Guard's reaction.

Wings of Wind and Lightning!

A pair of purple-colored Wings of Wind and Lightning started to grow behind Zhao Feng's back, and his senses toward wind and lightning, as well as his speed, rose dramatically.

Whoosh!

The wings behind Zhao Feng flapped frantically and increased his speed to the limit.

His speed at this moment had exceeded most Sovereign Lords.

"Get over here!"

At the moment, the Death Guard couldn't catch up to Zhao Feng.

Firstly, he had lost his legs. His battle-power and speed were restricted.

Secondly, Zhao Feng's Eye of Ice Soul had locked on to him.

Meanwhile, Guard Nineteen was still using the Death Soul Hand to stall the three half-step Void God Realms.

The three half-step Void God Realms radiated powerful Void God Realm intents and froze the air within half a mile. Even Sovereign Lords found it hard to get close.

"I can only last a little more than a dozen breaths. Guard Twenty-Eight still isn't done yet?"

Guard Nineteen was feeling a lot of pressure. After all, he was fighting against three half-step Void God Realms at once, and all of them came from a sect that was allowed to stay in a Spiritual Sacred Land.

Elsewhere, Death Guard Twenty-Five wasn't finding things easy either. He was facing many late-stage and peak stage Sovereign Lords at once.

The two Death Guards looked over through the corner of their eye, and they jumped up in fright from what they saw.

The area where Zhao Feng and Guard Twenty-Eight were fighting was filled with light.

Guard Twenty-Eight looked extremely bad. He had lost both his legs and was currently fighting back with just his upper body.

"The information we were given was wrong. The target has now reached the middle-stage of the Small Origin Core Realm, and his battle-power is terrifying...."

The hearts of the two Death Guards dropped.

When Guard Thirty-Three revived, he said that the target was only at the half-step Origin Core Realm and that, if it weren't for some factors and other reasons, any Death Guard could easily kill him.

"Dancing Scythe of Death!"

The Scythe of Death in Guard Twenty-Eight's hand became a huge black whirlwind and charged after Zhao Feng.

Shua!

The Wings of Wind and Lightning behind Zhao Feng flapped frantically. He didn't dare to fight with this attack head-on.

It wasn't hard for spectators to see that Zhao Feng was just stalling for time.

The Death Guard only had half a body. He was severely injured, so his speed was limited, and as time passed, his battle-power would continue to drop.

"The Death Guard's speed and battle-power will drop by half as long as I can drag this out a while longer."

Zhao Feng knew that the longer he stalled, the higher the chance of him winning, so how would Death Guard Twenty-Eight not know that as well? He knew the situation even clearer. Guard Nineteen was suppressing three half-step Void God Realms at once and probably wouldn't be able to last very long.

"Die!"

Guard Twenty-Eight roared, and the Scythe of Death quickly rotated as it flew after Zhao Feng.

Hu~~

With the Scythe of Death at the center, the whirlwind spun over.

"Not good!"

Zhao Feng had been locked on to by the Scythe of Death just like last time, and he couldn't dodge it. The speed of the Scythe of Death was just too fast.

"Hahaha...!"

Guard Twenty-Eight roared with laughter, but the expressions of Guard Nineteen and Guard Twenty-Five changed, "Leave the corpse whole!"

The Pursuit of Death this time was different from the past. The Emperor of Death specifically said it was best to capture him alive, and if that was impossible, to leave a whole corpse.

At the absolute worst, the head needed to be intact.

After all, the Emperor of Death wanted to steal the “Ninth God’s Eye.”

As Zhao Feng was about to be ripped into pieces by the Dancing Scythe of Death:

The Water Bloodline won’t be able to defend against this. I’ll have to use the Water Spirit Divine Change, but...

Zhao Feng’s thoughts spun, but he finally decided not to use the Water Spirit Divine Change. He didn’t even use the Water Bloodline to protect himself.

Boom!

The terrifying whirlpool suddenly broke apart as if it had lost its core.

“What!?”

Guard Twenty-Eight’s expression froze.

Zhao Feng didn’t do anything at all. The terrifying whirlwind of Death faded the moment it got near him.

A wisp of eye-bloodline power was covering the area.

“Could it be...? Not good!”

Guard Twenty-Eight suddenly remembered something, and his heart jumped. He remembered the information Guard Thirty-Three had supplied. The target had the ability to move objects through space, making them appear directly inside the opponent's body.

Dodge!

Guard Twenty-Eight's face went white as he evaded. He knew how strong the Scythe of Death was – it had a chance to kill even someone at the half-step Void God Realm.

However, the spatial movement attack didn't come.

Hmm?

Guard Twenty-Eight was extremely puzzled. He clearly felt a disturbance in space stealing the Scythe of Death, otherwise the black whirlwind wouldn't have faded away.

“Retard. Did you think I would transfer the attack to someone as crippled as you?”

Zhao Feng snickered in disdain. As soon as he finished his sentence:

“Arghh!”

A scream came from the air above the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.

Shu~~~

The Scythe of Death pierced through Guard Nineteen's body.

“Guard Twenty-Eight, you idiot~~~!”

Guard Nineteen, who was suppressing the three half-step Void God Realms, groaned as his body froze.

Zhao Feng transferred the power to Guard Nineteen, who was the strongest. Under normal circumstances, Guard Nineteen would have been able to sense it coming, but he was currently facing three half-step Void God Realms at the same time. Even if he did sense it, he wouldn't have had the time to dodge.

"Good chance!"

The three half-step Void God Realms revealed joyful expressions, and their three Void God Realm intents broke past the Death Soul Hand.

Wah!

Guard Nineteen was injured even further. He spat out a mouthful of blood as his soul was damaged.

"Kill!"

The souls of the three half-step Void God Realms returned to their bodies, and they immediately started to attack Guard Nineteen with all their strength and their greatest killing moves.

"How did it end up like this?"

Guard Twenty-Eight's face went gray. It was as if he had entered a cave of ice. He didn't know whether to keep attacking or retreat.

Zhao Feng smiled without pressing forward.

In reality, he had expended a lot of his eye-bloodline power. The size of the Scythe of Death was much bigger than his Void Space Eye Slash, and using spatial movement on an item of such size took up a lot of energy.

At this moment, Zhao Feng could only use the Void Space Eye Slash one more time. It would be hard to kill Guard Twenty-Eight, who had the Death Shadow Body.

He would rather keep it in case something unexpected happened.

“Retreat.”

Guard Nineteen ordered. He was injured and currently being suppressed by the three half-step Void God Realms.

After all, the three came from a sect inside a Sacred Land, so they surely had special secret techniques. If they used any, they would be a threat to Guard Nineteen’s life.

“Retreat.”

Guard Twenty-Eight let out a breath. He turned into hundreds and thousands of Death Shadow Figures, each with a severely injured body, and covered the other two Death Guards.

“Chase them! How dare you harm our disciples? Even if you’re the subordinates of the Emperor of Death, we won’t let you go.”

Old Li roared with killing intent.

Chapter 624: Power of a King

Zhao Feng returned to the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship and sat down, then watched the three half-step Void God Realms from the Golden Mountain Sect chase after the Death Guards.

Although the victory was hard-fought, it was easier than the last fight against a Death Guard.

Last time, Zhao Feng had used every method possible, including: the little thieving cat, all his True Yuan, and all his eye-bloodline power, whereas this time, apart from the fact that he had used the majority of his eye-bloodline power, he still had more than half his True Yuan remaining.

Bo!

A ripple of water glowed around Zhao Feng and started to heal the injuries created by the Scythe of Death.

The attacks from the Death Guards contained an aura of Death, which greatly threatened living beings.

If it weren't for the fact that his state of existence had reached the limit of the Great Origin Core Realm and had absorbed a ton of Ancient Dream Realm aura, he would have died to the Scythe of Death.

Some other Great Origin Core Realms would have been killed without a doubt.

As time passed, most of Zhao Feng's injuries recovered. While he was healing, the other geniuses looked at Zhao Feng with deep respect, but a small number of them also had vengeful expressions.

"That brat is the Target of Death! He brought disaster to our Golden Mountain Sect...!"

A few Sovereigns gritted their teeth.

Dozens of people died just now, and almost ten of them were Sovereigns.

Half the time it took to burn incense later:

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh~~~~~

The three half-step Void God Realms returned to the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship.

Looking closely at them, the three half-step Void God Realms had grim expressions, and they were ruffled. It was obvious that they didn't gain any advantage in the pursuit just now.

One of them had even lost an arm, and his expression was dark.

“Zhao Feng.”

Old Li’s expression was slightly ugly as he gave Zhao Feng a deep glance.

Zhao Feng got up and followed the three half-step Void God Realms.

Within an elegant room in the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship:

“Zhao Feng, what’s going on? Are you really a target of the Pursuit of Death?”

Old Li spoke, and the other two half-step Void God Realms stared at Zhao Feng with twinkling eyes, while the one-armed half-step Void God Realm had a cold expression.

At this moment, the mental energy of the three half-step Void God Realms put pressure on Zhao Feng and stiffened his body.

However, it wasn’t as if Zhao Feng had never been in intense situations before. He calmed down quickly and replied in a calm tone, “This junior is indeed the target of the Pursuit of Death, but I didn’t expect them to catch up right before we entered the True Martial Sacred Land....”

Zhao Feng didn’t hide it. He was indeed a victim who was being pursued by the subordinates of the Emperor of Death.

He didn’t expect the three Death Guards to suddenly show up.

The three half-step Void God Realms then asked a few more questions, which Zhao Feng just glossed over in response.

Only after a while did the enmity in the expressions of the three half-step Void God Realms fade a bit.

The three then exchanged glances with each other and started to communicate through Divine Sense.

A while later:

“Zhao Feng, although this isn’t your fault, you are partially responsible for it. We need you to tell the upper echelon of the sect when we arrive in the Sacred Land.”

The one-armed half-step Void God Realm said in a deep tone.

Zhao Feng paused. Was the Golden Mountain Sect going to punish him?

“Little Friend Zhao, don’t get it mixed up. The sect has been damaged, so we need to report the cause to the upper echelon. You just need to follow us when we enter the Sacred Land and cooperate.”

Old Li smiled and said.

“Old Li, relax.”

Zhao Feng understood. Old Li was scared that he would run away mid-journey. If that happened, the three half-step Void God Realms wouldn’t be able to report to their bosses.

“Furthermore, you will be safe when you enter the True Martial Sacred Land. Even the Emperor of Death wouldn’t dare to attack you there.”

Old Li comforted.

Zhao Feng nodded his head. He didn’t doubt it; although the Emperor of Death was strong, he wasn’t an Emperor of the True Martial Sacred Land.

Furthermore, the three-star forces of the True Martial Sacred Land definitely had Mystic Light Realm Sacred Lords because that was a requirement for a sect to be considered a three-star force.

Within the golden room, the three half-step Void God Realms sent Zhao Feng away with their eyes.

“Old Li, are you sure that that brat’s related to Duanmu Qing in any way?”

The eyes of the one-armed half-step Void God Realm twinkled. He didn’t have any good feelings toward Zhao Feng since he lost an arm in the pursuit of the Death Guards.

If Zhao Feng didn’t have a strong background, the half-step Void God Realm would have taught him a lesson already.

“It should be true. That brat’s eye-bloodline is extremely unique, so he definitely has _someone_ strong behind his back. Furthermore, Duanmu Qing is often in seclusion in the Sacred Land, so normal people don’t even know his name.”

Old Li said after a while.

“That’s right, Duanmu Qing’s strength is unfathomable, and he’s apparently trying to break through to the Mystic Light Realm.”

The three half-step Void God Realms were full of respect toward Duanmu Qing.

Within the Spiritual Sea, where Yuan Qi formed storms and ran rampant, the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship had returned to normal and was approaching the direction of the Sacred Land.

A few hours later, Zhao Feng’s injuries had completely healed.

At this moment, the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi around the Spiritual Sea had calmed down.

“What dense Heaven Earth Yuan Qi! It’s comparable to the Purple Saint Ruins.”

Zhao Feng was extremely surprised. Ever since entering the outside world, the feeling given off by the limitless ocean was desolate and poor. The Yuan Qi here was nowhere near as dense as inland, but the center of the Spiritual Sea defied logic.

After inspecting it closely, Zhao Feng found that the Spiritual Sea was like the center of a whirlpool of Heaven Earth Yuan Qi in the limitless ocean.

“We’re almost there.”

A couple Great Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lords aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship looked toward the distance, and Zhao Feng also looked with his God’s Spiritual Eye.

Several hundred miles away, there was a hundred-yard-wide circle of light that floated above the Spiritual Sea like the sun.

Multi-colored lights and blurry images could be seen within the circle.

“So that’s the entrance?”

Many people walked onto the deck of the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship and watched.

There were many experts near the entrance, and each of them were at the Great Origin Core Realm.

In the air above the Sacred Land, a shining blue light was floating like a god, and the power radiating from it seemed to freeze both Heaven and Earth.

“Greetings, Grand Elder.”

“Greetings, King.”

Many figures aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship bowed down.

Void God Realm King?

Zhao Feng's eyelids twitched as he looked up at the shining blue god-like figure.

Even he couldn't see the figure clearly within the light, and Zhao Feng didn't dare to use his God's Spiritual Eye or his Spiritual Sense.

In front of this power, all sensing abilities and all Heaven Earth Yuan Qi were suppressed.

The power of a King reigned supreme.

It was a farmer facing an emperor; they didn't even dare to look directly at the emperor.

"Grand Elder."

Old Li and the other two half-step Void God Realms flew over to the Void God Realm King.

"What happened for you to ask the Sacred Land for help?"

The outline of a male within the blue light started to become clearer, and his emotionless voice seemed to descend from afar.

The entire area was pressured by his magnificent power, and the minds of the Origin Core Realm experts aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship slowed down and trembled.

"Lord King, this is what happened..."

Cold sweat appeared on Old Li's forehead.

The three half-step Void God Realms then started to report what had happened.

During this period of time, Zhao Feng suddenly felt the blue-robed man's gaze. In that instant, his soul seemed to shake, and his thoughts became restrained.

Zhao Feng took a deep breath. He didn't dare to fight back, but luckily, the power only flashed by and didn't actually enter his body. Otherwise... just a thought from a Void God Realm could shatter a normal Sovereign Lord's soul.

"So, this is the power of a Void God Realm. Their souls are extremely strong, and no matter how powerful one's physical body is, as long as their thoughts and soul are restricted, they can be killed with just a thought."

Zhao Feng's heart shook. What he just felt was the great chasm between their souls.

Apparently, the Divine Sense of a Void God Realm King could leave their physical body and fly through the air and had incomprehensible power in general.

"Emperor of Death?"

Surprise appeared in the voice of the blue-robed man.

A magnificent power once again descended upon Zhao Feng's soul, shaking his body and mind.

Normal Origin Core Realms would have already kneeled to the ground, but Zhao Feng had been in the Ancient Dream Realm, and the aura there was extremely powerful.

"How dare you bring the target of the Pursuit of Death to the Golden Mountain Sect? This is a disaster...."

The blue-robed man's voice was uneasy.

The hearts of Old Li and company shook, and they became uneasy. Although they knew of the Emperor of Death, it seemed they had underestimated the danger involved.

Being a Void God Realm King, the blue-robed man was even more wary of the Emperor of Death than anyone below the Void God Realm.

"The Emperor of Death has the Eye of Death, and he's an elite amongst Emperors. In the past, an expert of the Golden Mountain Sect about the same strength as myself was almost killed by the Emperor of Death, but he handed over the target of the Pursuit of Death at the last moment to survive...."

The blue-robed man said in frustration.

Apart from the three half-step Void God Realms, only Zhao Feng could catch a bit of the communication going on in the soul dimension.

Zhao Feng's heart suddenly jumped. It seemed as if this King of the Golden Mountain Sect was scared of the Emperor of Death and didn't dare to offend him.

"Grand Elder, this junior also has..."

Old Li tried to explain.

Right at that moment:

Peng! Peng! Peng! Peng!

Aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship, Zhao Feng's soul suddenly became filled with a sense of danger he had never felt before.

“Who’s there!?”

The Void God Realm intent of the man in blue passed through the limitless ocean and caused the Heaven and Earth to change colors.

At the same time, four Death Guards and a tall figure who made the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi become filled with Death walked over.

Chapter 625: Sacred Land Spiritual Peak

“It’s appeared again....”

Zhao Feng felt that the aura of Death within his soul was stronger than ever before.

There were more than just one or two Tokens of Death approaching, and one of them made Zhao Feng’s soul freeze.

Even the blue-robed King from the Golden Mountain Sect sensed something, and his expression changed dramatically.

Zhao Feng’s heart shook. It was obvious that the pursuer this time wasn’t just a normal Death Guard.

Shua!

Zhao Feng’s God’s Spiritual Eye peered into the distance, and he couldn’t help but take a cold breath because of what he saw.

It was as if the entire sun had been blocked by a gray aura of Death that seemed to freeze all Heaven Earth Yuan Qi.

In his vision, the four Death Guards stood around a magnificent figure, who was surrounded by dark flames like a god from hell.

An intent of Death that surpassed all other beings passed through several thousand miles and descended.

“Target of Death... you indeed came to the Sacred Land.”

A cold voice that seemed to come from the depths of hell sounded within the soul dimension.

In that instant, the hearts of all the experts and geniuses from the Golden Mountain Sect shook, and their thoughts seemed to become devoured by darkness. Their existences were tiny in front of this person.

The intent of Death locked on to Zhao Feng.

“Death Spirit Lord!”

Zhao Feng’s heart tightened and his scalp tingled as he felt a burning aura of Death start to spread across his body.

The subordinates of the Emperor of Death consisted of four Death Spirit Lords and thirty-six Death Guards. Amongst them, the four Death Spirit Lords had reached the Void God Realm.

Luckily, Zhao Feng’s body and bloodline were extremely powerful, and his soul had the protection of the God’s Spiritual Eye, so he felt less pressure than some other Sovereign Lords.

“Hmph!”

The expression of the blue-robed King was dim, and a surge of Void God intent surged from him and clashed with the intent of Death.

The two Void God powers instantly intertwined, and the sky was replaced by a shining blue and deathly black as the two auras fought.

It was as if the sky had been ripped into two pieces, forming two separate domains.

The Golden Dragon Scaled Ship was protected by the shining blue light, which stopped the Void God powers of the Death Spirit Lord.

“Is this... the power of a King?”

The hearts of those aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship were shaken.

The two powers blocked the sky and seemed infinitely powerful. Either of them could easily kill Great Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lords.

“This level of cultivation...”

Zhao Feng’s heart shook. His senses were restricted; only his God’s Spiritual Eye could barely look at the powers of the two Void God Realms.

The soul-auras of the two Kings merged into the sky, and their every action seemed to pass into the soul dimension.

This level had exceeded the structure of flesh and blood; it could fly into the universe.

A measly mortal able to enter the universe.

“That’s the theoretical ‘One with the Sky’ level – becoming one with heaven and earth, exceeding the limits of a physical body...”

Within the Ten Thousand Ghost Pearl, the skeletal Division Leader’s heart trembled, but it was hard to tell whether it was from excitement or fear.

The skeletal Division Leader had only heard the Scarlet Moon Patriarch talk about the Void God Realm before. The Scarlet Moon Patriarch was only a half-step Void God Realm at his peak, and he had only barely touched the Void God Realm.

“They’re far too strong. This isn’t a power that ‘humans’ can have.... Even hundreds and thousands of Origin Core Realms are just ants in front of a King.”

Zhao Feng felt tiny.

Boom!

A loud explosion sounded overhead, and part of the power entered the physical dimension.

“As expected of a Death Spirit Lord.”

The blue-robed King’s body shook as he was enveloped by a shining light that made others unable to see him. However, having the God’s Spiritual Eye, Zhao Feng could see that the blue-robed King from the Golden Mountain Sect was at a slight disadvantage.

“I am one of the four Death Spirit Lords under the Emperor of Death – the Black Hell Lord – and I am here to capture that brat under the Emperor’s orders.”

The tall figure covered in darkness didn’t come closer.

Two Void God Realm intents clashed in the sky.

Zhao Feng’s God’s Spiritual Eye could see sweat appear on the blue-robed King’s forehead. Shock appeared on the blue-robed King’s face, whereas the so-called Black Hell Lord had a nonchalant expression.

After testing each other out, the two Kings started to communicate.

“I only used 60% of my strength just now. If you hand over the Target of Death, the Emperor of Death will help you out once with all his might....”

The Black Hell Lord said.

“Hmph. A mere subordinate of the Emperor of Death wants the Golden Mountain Sect to kneel? Where would our face go?”

The blue-robed King snickered.

Although others couldn't hear what was going on, Zhao Feng felt as if his destiny was being decided by others.

His fate was being negotiated by the two Kings.

However, surprisingly, the blue-robed King didn't surrender to the Death Spirit Lord.

“All of you retreat and return to the Sacred Land Spiritual Peak.”

The King in blue glanced deeply toward Zhao Feng before giving an order to the Golden Mountain Sect.

“Let's go.”

Old Li, the other two half-step Void God Realms, and the several hundred others aboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship flew toward the large light rotating in the air, including Zhao Feng.

The blue-robed King stood near the entrance and covered them, while the Black Hell Lord and the four Death Guards stood several thousand miles away and didn't try to enter.

The two Kings' powers travelled through the sky without fighting. Throughout the entire process, the blue-robed King gazed coldly at the Black Hell Lord and the four Death Guards.

“Retreat.”

The Black Hell Lord was emotionless as he turned around and left with the four Death Guards.

“Death Spirit Lord, we’re giving up just like this?”

“With your strength, you should be able to suppress that King.”

A few of the Death Guards were puzzled.

“This is the True Martial Sacred Land, not our Ten Thousand Woods Sacred Land. Furthermore, it isn’t rare for there to be Emperors in the forces that are able to enter a Sacred Land.”

The Black Hell Lord sighed. If it weren’t for the fact that they were so close to the entrance of the Sacred Land, he wouldn’t have given up so easily.

Right at this moment:

Sou!

A cold, black metallic ship flew through the air.

“Black Hell Lord.”

There were a couple Death Guards aboard the cold black ship. In addition, there was a warm youth and a white-eyed little girl.

“Third Prince.”

The Black Hell Lord nodded his head and greeted the warm youth.

“How unfortunate. I didn’t think that the target would be able to mature so quickly....”

The warm youth said in a regretful tone after hearing what happened.

If the Black Hell Lord were able to arrive just a bit earlier, he would have easily caught the target.

“The Target of Death has entered the True Martial Sacred Land. It’ll be troublesome if a strong force from the Sacred Land protects him.”

The Black Hell Lord said grimly.

Even the Emperor of Death didn’t dare to do as he pleased in a Spiritual Sacred Land.

“Hehe, it’s not as if there’s no way at all. Master has some connections with the First Elder of the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan, a three-star force in the True Martial Sacred Land. We’ll have many chances to capture or kill Zhao Feng after we find the First Elder of the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.”

The warm youth laughed lightly.

Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.

The hearts of the Death Guards jumped.

The Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan was one of the most famous three-star super forces within the Cang Ocean. It was a demonic clan.

The Emperor of Death was an extremely old Void God Realm Emperor, so he had some relationships with the experts of the Sacred Lands.

“That’s right, if we can get help from the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan, it’ll be extremely easy to suppress a peak two-star sect.”

Coldness appeared on the Black Hell Lord’s blurred face.

At the same time:

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The group onboard the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship appeared above a large array stand.

Hu~

Zhao Feng let out a long breath as he entered this new dimension.

“Hmm? Arghh!”

Exclamations came from the group.

A couple of the geniuses from the Golden Mountain Sect felt heavy and unstable. The Heaven Earth Yuan Qi gave off a powerful pressure.

“Hmm? This dimension is slightly similar to the Ancient Dream Realm. It’s even somewhat repulsive to the aura of strangers.”

Zhao Feng remained unmoving.

The dimension here radiated a pure and thick ancient aura.

They were on top of a Spiritual Peak on a green mountain.

The sky was a pure blue that seemed to be out of a dream.

“Every blade of grass and all the flowers radiate an aura of the ancient era.”

Some experts and geniuses revealed excited looks as they tried to regain their balance.

Every brick, grass, and piece of wood in the Sacred Land was several times stronger than the outside world due to the unique Heaven Earth Yuan Qi.

“Those that are here for the first time, sit down for an hour and get used to this place.”

Old Li warned.

Hearing that, everyone sat down. Those that were here for the first time felt a powerful pressure come from the Heaven and Earth.

Zhao Feng also sat down. What made him most surprised was that even the worst place here was better than the mysterious canyon of the Purple Saint Ruins.

The entire several-hundred-miles area surrounding the Spiritual Peak was filled with thick and dense Heaven Earth Yuan Qi.

Looking from afar, it seemed as if the Spiritual Peak was surrounded by a separate, dream-like dimension.

Of course, those that were entering for the first time needed to get used to the pressure, but Zhao Feng didn't.

Although the pressure here is strong, it's nowhere near the pressure from the Ancient Dream Realm.

Zhao Feng murmured in his heart.

He didn't feel uncomfortable at all here. His body and soul had absorbed large amounts of the Ancient Dream Realm aura, and it was much purer than the aura here. Therefore, Zhao Feng was soon "approved" by the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi within the Sacred Land, and the repulsive aura from the dimension soon faded.

Zhao Feng started to inspect his surroundings.

The Spiritual Peak was like a foundation that released pure Heaven Earth Yuan Qi, and the Yuan Qi here could turn into mist.

Above the Spiritual Peak, within the dreamy light, there were elegant buildings, small streams, and bridges. It was like a drawing of perfection.

Powerful auras could be sensed flashing across the sky, and extinct ancient beasts could be occasionally seen.

Chapter 626: Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak

"This Spiritual Peak is the entrance to the Golden Mountain Sect."

Old Li stood in front of Zhao Feng and introduced.

As he said that, the half-step Void God Realms from the Golden Mountain Sect had faint signs of pride on their faces.

Zhao Feng's God's Spiritual Eye scanned over what was happening within the Sacred Land.

"There's a total of three main Spiritual Peaks and thirty-three lesser Spiritual Peaks. Anyone who can obtain a lesser Spiritual Peak would be considered an elite two-star sect."

Old Li continued.

As expected.

Zhao Feng saw thirty-three lesser Spiritual Peaks around the outside border of the Sacred Land. Each of them was like a fountain that gave off continuous and dense Heaven Earth Yuan Qi.

Every one of them was covered with mist, and, although the scenery inside wasn't clear, it was still beautiful.

Each lesser Spiritual Peak can fit a peak two-star sect, and the environment here is far better than the mysterious canyon in the Purple Saint Ruins.

Zhao Feng sighed in his heart. These were just the lesser Spiritual Peaks.

In the center of the Sacred Land were the three main Spiritual Peaks that seemed to touch the sky.

The three main Spiritual Peaks were surrounded by the lesser Spiritual Peaks and seemed to exist in harmony with the Heaven and Earth. They radiated a powerful aura that even Void God Realm Kings didn't dare to go against.

"The main Spiritual Peaks are more than ten times bigger than the lesser Spiritual Peaks, and only three-star forces have the right to enter one."

Everyone's gaze turned toward the three blurry main Spiritual Peaks.

The main Spiritual Peaks were in the center of the Sacred Land.

Zhao Feng's God's Spiritual Eye caught sight of the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi emanating from that direction; it was even purer than the lesser Spiritual Peaks, and it radiated in every direction.

"Could it be that all of these Spiritual Peaks are fountains of Heaven Earth Yuan Qi?"

Zhao Feng's heart jumped.

According to the God's Spiritual Eye, Zhao Feng's guesses were correct. The main Spiritual Peaks and lesser Spiritual Peaks were all Heaven Earth Fountains that gave birth to Heaven Earth Yuan Qi.

The entire True Martial Sacred Land was at the center of a Heaven Earth Fountain within the limitless ocean. It was because of this that the Spiritual Sea surrounding the Sacred Land was extremely chaotic and that the number of forces here were much greater than other island zones.

"Hmm? That main Spiritual Peak...?"

An expert with an eye-bloodline from the sect found that something was amiss.

The three main Spiritual Peaks were in the center of the Sacred Land, but the centermost one didn't seem to have any force staying there.

"Hmm? The centermost main Spiritual Peak seems to be abandoned. Its Heaven Earth Fountain isn't as good as the other two."

Zhao Feng's God's Spiritual Eye was able to see it better. The centermost main Spiritual Peak seemed to have no one there.

"That's the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak. No one owns it."

A Great Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lord sighed.

Those that had been to the Sacred Land before looked toward the centermost main Spiritual Peak with complex emotions, but they all contained admiration.

Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Land. Just the name alone wasn't simple.

“Dozens of thousands of years ago, there was a super sect about to reach the rank of four-stars on the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak.”

Old Li’s face was filled with respect.

—

Four-star super sect?

Everyone’s heart shook.

“I didn’t think that the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak was a ruin of an almost-four-star sect.”

Zhao Feng’s God’s Spiritual Eye was blocked by some sort of power from the peak.

It was unusual that no force stayed there.

Zhao Feng’s God’s Spiritual Eye scanned around the entire Sacred Land, then he took back his gaze.

“The Sacred Land isn’t as calm and peaceful as you think it is. All you newbies, don’t leave past five hundred miles of here....”

The one-armed half-step King warned.

Zhao Feng understood. There were only thirty-three lesser Spiritual Peaks, but the number of two-star sects in the True Martial Islands Zone alone exceeded one hundred.

Apart from the Spiritual Peaks, there were large patches of forest, lakes, deserts, and other areas.

“Of course, there’s another important point – never offend anyone from the Mystic True Sacred Clan or the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.”

Old Li added.

When they started speaking about the two three-star clans, all three half-step Void God Realms had solemn expressions and fear in their eyes.

Three-star clans. Mystic True Sacred Clan and the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.

All the newbies here remembered that.

The difference between every star was enormous. Even the difference of half a star represented a huge difference in strength

“Zhao Feng.”

An emotionless voice sounded within his soul.

The next instant, a Void God Realm power descended from the sky and froze everyone’s consciousness.

Zhao Feng raised his head and saw the outline of the blue-robed King in the sky.

“Greetings, King.”

Zhao Feng immediately bowed. Normal experts would all feel excited or scared when a King called out their name.

The King in blue stared at him before speaking, “Come with me.”

As soon as he said that, an overwhelming power raised Zhao Feng into the sky.

He had no chance to fight back at all.

Zhao Feng's heart jumped. Just how strong was the Void God Realm?

Normal Sovereigns didn't even have the ability to think about fighting back.

Shua! Shua!

The blue-robed King's figure flashed once more. In the blink of an eye, Zhao Feng had been taken to a garden.

The blue-robed King stood with his hands behind his back, but he didn't immediately speak.

Just as Zhao Feng was puzzled:

Sou!

Old Li flew through the air and greeted the Grand Elder uneasily.

Zhao Feng found that the pressure within the dimension of the Sacred Land was extremely strong, so even the speed of a half-step Void God Realm was restricted heavily.

Normal True Spirit Realms probably couldn't even fly here.

"You two need to give me an explanation."

The blue-robed King spoke to the two with his back toward them.

Zhao Feng glanced toward Old Li, and the latter's face was filled with bitterness.

If it weren't for the Pursuit of Death, the situation wouldn't have become so complex.

Zhao Feng had obtained the Golden Mountain Sect's guest token through the Eternally Sealed Palace Lord and entered the True Martial Sacred Land. This alone was an abuse of power.

If it weren't for the Pursuit of Death, Old Li could've handled that just fine since he was a half-step Void God Realm. Void God Realms lived up in the sky and didn't have the time to bother with such small situations.

"Grand Elder, this all begins with the Eternally Sealed Palace Lord..."

Old Li didn't dare to conceal anything. He didn't dare to lie because the Void God intent had locked on to him.

When mentioning the Eternally Sealed Palace Lord, Zhao Feng couldn't help but feel guilty. The Eternally Sealed Palace Lord took a big risk to help him.

They soon told the King about how Zhao Feng was able to enter the Sacred Land.

"I'm not interested in all that. You just need to confirm whether one thing is true or false."

The blue-robed King turned around and his eyes landed on Zhao Feng.

At this moment, Zhao Feng was able to see his figure clearly. He was a scholarly male with an overwhelming aura.

"Are you really related to Duanmu Qing?"

The eyes of the blue-robed King twinkled.

“This junior’s ancestor knows him....”

Zhao Feng explained. He told the King the same version that he told to the Eternally Sealed Palace Lord.

“I’ll believe you for now.”

The blue-robed King wasn’t suspicious. He didn’t believe that someone would undergo so much risk to enter the Sacred Land if they were an outsider.

Of course, he couldn’t exclude the possibility that Zhao Feng wanted to enter the Sacred Land solely in order to escape from the Pursuit of Death.

“Go and settle Zhao Feng. I’ll try to reach out to Emperor Duanmu.”

The King in blue waved his hand.

Zhao Feng and Old Li acted as if they had been pardoned and immediately left the garden.

Right now, the main issue was to confirm the situation about Duanmu Qing.

The only problem would be if this Duanmu Qing somehow isn’t the one that Senior Purple Saint was talking about....

Zhao Feng’s emotions were unable to calm down.

Not long after the two left the garden.

Shua! Shua! Shua!

Several shining figures appeared in the garden. They were all different genders, ages, and looks.

“The bloodline aura is unusual. Although it’s not of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races, it’s extremely close to it...”

An old voice sounded.

“Hmph, even if he has the bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races, it’d be hard for him to end up in the Golden Mountain Sect. Our most important task right now is to confirm his relationship with Duanmu Qing.”

“Although our sect also has an Emperor, every force below three stars is wary of the Emperor of Death.”

Several Kings started to discuss.

“Hehe, it doesn’t matter. We won’t be disadvantaged either way.”

The blue-robed King smiled faintly.

“If this Zhao Feng does indeed have a relationship with Duanmu Qing, then we’ll help him and gain a connection with the Mystic True Sacred Clan, which will help consolidate our position in the Sacred Land. If he isn’t related to Duanmu Qing, then we’ll just give him to the subordinates of the Emperor of Death and make him owe us a favor.”

Hearing that, all the shining lights agreed.

“But... Duanmu Qing is always in seclusion, and it’s extremely hard even for Kings to see him.”

A woman’s voice sounded.

“There’s no need to worry. The Demigod Forgotten Garden that opens once every five hundred years is about to begin. No matter how busy Duanmu Qing is, he’ll have heard of this.”

The old voice said.

“Demigod Forgotten Garden? Zhe zhe, have we confirmed our picks? This is a great fortune once every five hundred years.”

Back at the lesser Spiritual Peak, Zhao Feng was put in a guest room. He had the status of a guest as he stayed in the Spiritual Peak of the Golden Mountain Sect.

“Duanmu Qing... I hope the person that Senior Purple Saint told me about won’t have any problems.”

Zhao Feng took a deep breath. He felt that Duanmu Qing was someone who could affect his destiny, just like his master, Lord Guanjun. Without Lord Guanjun, Zhao Feng never would have entered the world of cultivation.

Bo~~

A glowing purple token appeared in his hand.

Chapter 627: Demigod Forgotten Garden

Within the Golden Mountain Sect’s Spiritual Peak, Zhao Feng took out the Purple Saint Token in the guest room.

“Now that I’ve arrived at the True Martial Sacred Land, the most important task right now is to contact Duanmu Qing.”

Zhao Feng put his Spiritual Sense into the Purple Saint Token.

He tried to send information through the Purple Saint Token to the Purple Saint Ruins, which was extremely far away. If he could somehow contact the Purple Saint Partial Spirit, he might be able to see Duanmu Qing quickly.

Although the Golden Mountain Sect had methods of contacting Duanmu Qing, Zhao Feng wouldn't put all his hope and fate on someone else.

However, there was no response even after a long time.

Maybe the Purple Saint Ruins was too far away, or maybe the Spiritual Sacred Land was a separate dimension that made it hard for information to travel out.

Half a day later, Zhao Feng tried again multiple times, but it was like sinking stones into the ocean.

Hu~~

Zhao Feng let out a long breath and shook his head faintly.

He wasn't surprised that the news couldn't travel out.

After trying and ending in failure, Zhao Feng silently put the Purple Saint Token away.

At the same time, in a clean and elegant room in a main Spiritual Peak in the center of the Sacred Land.

"Hmm? That aura just now..."

There was a blurry figure of a male with hair as white as snow surrounded by light.

The light around him started to fade, and reminiscence appeared on the male's face as he murmured in a low tone, "Was it just me?"

Immediately following that, an ancient Divine Sense spread across the entire True Martial Sacred Land, and it even went outside the Sacred Land.

In that instant, the hearts of every expert in the Sacred Land trembled. Even Void God Realm Kings felt uneasy.

“Whose Divine Sense is this?”

“There aren’t many Emperors in the Sacred Land with such strong Divine Sense.”

The ancient Divine Sense made the upper echelon of the Sacred Land break out into discussion.

“It’s him!”

Only a small number of Emperors knew who owned the Divine Sense, and they were moved by it.

The powerful Divine Sense scanned across the Sacred Land and stopped around five or six lesser Spiritual Peaks for a moment.

In the Golden Mountain Sect’s lesser Spiritual Peak, the hearts of several Kings and half-step Void God Realms felt uneasy, including the King in blue. The Divine Sense of an Emperor actually stopped around their peak for a moment.

At this point, Zhao Feng left his room and went for a walk to see the environment of the Sacred Land.

“Little Friend Zhao.”

Old Li respectfully stayed by his side, and Zhao Feng couldn’t help but feel weird. The Golden Mountain Sect sent a half-step Void God Realm to stay by a measly Small Origin Core Realm’s side?

“Little friend, this is an order from the higher-ups.”

Old Li was slightly bitter. Before they managed to learn the full truth, Zhao Feng wasn't to leave the Golden Mountain Sect's lesser Spiritual Peak. At the end of the day, the Golden Mountain Sect was still wary of Zhao Feng.

Zhao Feng didn't take it to heart. Having a half-step King next to him meant that things would be a lot smoother wherever he went.

Old Li took Zhao Feng throughout the Golden Mountain Sect and introduced all the sceneries within.

"Hm? It's Elder Li."

"And Zhao Feng!"

Two voices came from the building in front.

Zhao Feng looked over and saw a few young men and women near the building. They weren't very old, so they seemed to be from the Golden Mountain Sect's younger generation.

The two that spoke were a beauty in white and a skinny male.

Zhao Feng knew these two; he sparred with them back in the Void Ocean Spiritual Palace.

Seeing Zhao Feng here, the two were overjoyed.

"Greetings, Elder."

The disciples all bowed toward Old Li.

"This is Little Friend Zhao, a guest of the Golden Mountain Sect. Yin Yuan, you and the other geniuses of the same generation can interact with each other."

Old Li smiled and said. He purposely called out a tall youth who seemed to be around thirty years old, and his aura stood out amongst the rest.

Great Origin Core Realm.

Zhao Feng couldn't help but take another look at the youth called Yin Yuan. If he was correct, this was the Senior Martial Brother Yin the beauty in white and the skinny male talked about back then. He was the number one genius of the Golden Mountain Sect.

"Relax, Elder. I will take good care of the guest."

Yin Yuan was pretty respectful toward Elder Li. With Elder Li's help, Zhao Feng, Yin Yuan, and some other geniuses from the Golden Mountain Sect introduced themselves.

Most of them were Personal or Core disciples of the Golden Mountain Sect.

Amongst them, the pretty girl in white and the skinny male only just entered the Sacred Land, so their status was low in comparison to the others. Therefore, the two acted warmer toward Zhao Feng.

"Hehe, you youngsters should interact with each other. This old man will leave for a while."

Elder Li smiled and left.

Before he left, Elder Li gave Yin Yuan a warning through his Divine Sense.

"Elder means that I'm not to offend this Zhao Feng and it's best for me to have a good relationship with him?"

Yin Yuan couldn't help but inspect Zhao Feng closely.

Being the only disciple that had reached the Great Origin Core Realm in the Golden Mountain Sect, Yin Yuan's eyesight and knowledge were far better than the others.

If it weren't for Elder Li's warning, he wouldn't have paid much attention to Zhao Feng.

However, after inspecting Zhao Feng closely, Yin Yuan was puzzled.

In his eyes, Zhao Feng was indeed a genius. The aura from his bloodline and his cultivation surpassed others at the middle-stage Small Origin Core Realm. But even then, why did he need to purposely suck up to Zhao Feng?

He, Yin Yuan, was one of the top prodigies even in the Sacred Land.

"That Zhao Feng's strength is incredibly great. We sparred with him before we entered the Sacred Land, and we were nowhere close to him."

The skinny male in the group sighed.

"Apart from Senior Martial Brother Yin, we've never seen such a genius before...."

The beauty in white praised from the bottom of her heart.

Zhao Feng had defeated the two instantly, and at that time, Zhao Feng's cultivation was the same as theirs – only the early-stage Small Origin Core Realm.

The praise from the two came from the bottom of their hearts, but those nearby who heard them felt somewhat unhappy.

"Hmph, how can this brat be compared to Senior Martial Brother Yin?"

There were several super geniuses of the Golden Mountain Sect present who had reached the late and peak stages of the Small Origin Core Realm.

These super geniuses laughed coldly in their hearts.

Hearing them, Senior Martial Brother Yin Yuan smiled without saying anything.

Seeing that no one really believed them, the expressions of the pretty girl in white and the skinny male started to waver.

Zhao Feng, Yin Yuan, and some other geniuses then started to talk while they sipped tea.

“It seems as if Brother Yin has just broken through to the Great Origin Core Realm not long ago.”

Zhao Feng said nonchalantly.

Hmm?

Brother Yin was slightly surprised.

Zhao Feng just arrived at the Golden Mountain Sect, how did he know he only just broke through to the Great Origin Core Realm?

One had to know that, after half a month, he had consolidated his foundation, and his aura was concealed.

It was hard for those with lower cultivation to detect the cultivation of those higher than them.

“Everyone knows that Brother Yin broke through to the Great Origin Core Realm two months ago....”

A late-stage Small Origin Core Realm brown-haired male said faintly.

The brown-haired male wasn't happy with how the Elders and Head disciples were treating Zhao Feng, who was only a measly middle-stage Small Origin Core Realm.

He ignored some details though. This was the first time that Zhao Feng had come to the Golden Mountain Sect and even seen Brother Yin, so how would he know anything about the latter's situation?

Brother Yin, however, paid attention. If Zhao Feng could see that he had broken to the Great Origin Core Realm not long ago just from looking at him, then Zhao Feng definitely wasn't simple.

"On the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship, Zhao Feng's strength was comparable to a half-step Void God Realm, and he was able to retreat unharmed."

Colors appeared in the beauty in white's eyes as she started to talk about what happened on the Golden Dragon Scaled ship.

In reality, none of them actually understood what happened on the Golden Dragon Scaled ship. They thought the reason they won was because of the three half-step Void God Realms, and all Zhao Feng did was stall.

After all, the other side consisted of three half-step Kings.

"Hahahaha! A Small Origin Core Realm fighting with a half-step King? No matter how I hear it, it seems to be just a story."

The brown-haired male roared in laughter.

Indeed. A Small Origin Core Realm fighting a half-step King only appeared in stories or legends, even if they only managed to fight for a couple breaths.

Even Senior Martial Brother Yin couldn't help but smile.

Everything these two were saying was too exaggerated.

Maybe the pretty girl in white just wanted to exaggerate Zhao Feng to raise his status.

“I saw it with my own eyes. If you don’t believe me, ask Elder Li!”

The pretty girl in white said angrily. She felt wronged. Everything she said was the truth. She witnessed it all with her own eyes, and instead of believing her, all of them had mockery on their faces.

If Elder Li was here, he would tell them the truth, but Elder Li wanted to give the juniors a chance to interact with each other, so he left.

The group obviously wouldn’t bother Elder Li for a small matter like this.

“Thanks for your help.”

Zhao Feng acted as if everything was normal, and he gave the skinny male and the beauty in white comforting looks.

After talking for a while, someone soon asked to spar.

“En, the once-every-five-hundred-years Demigod Forgotten Garden will be opening soon. Even the Golden Mountain Sect only has five slots available. Apparently, the competition for the Demigod Forgotten Garden is extremely fierce....”

Senior Martial Brother Yin nodded his head. He had just reached the Great Origin Core Realm, and he wanted to show off his skills at the once-every-five-hundred-years Demigod Forgotten Garden.

Of course, one thing that the Sacred Land didn’t lack was geniuses. There were many people that even Brother Yin was wary of.

One person alone wasn't enough in the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

"That's right, everyone should spar with each other. This will help us in the Demigod Forgotten Garden. Of course, we can't forget our guest."

The brown-haired late-stage Small Origin Core Realm male's gaze landed playfully on Zhao Feng. Because of the "bullshit" spoken by the beauty in white and the skinny male before, many disciples of the Golden Mountain Sect wanted to confront him.

"Demigod Forgotten Garden?"

Zhao Feng revealed interest and didn't take their battle-intent to heart.

"God" referred to the Heavenly Divine Realm, the highest level of cultivation in the Fan Universe. Demigod referred to the peak Mystic Light Realm – someone who was half a step into a God's domain.

Even the Purple Night Sacred Lord at her peak didn't have the right to be called a Demigod.

Chapter 628: Shock

Yin Yuan answered everything that Zhao Feng asked.

"The Demigod Forgotten Garden is a secret garden left behind by an expert from the sect that was about to reach four-stars dozens of millennia ago. Apparently, that expert was only one step away from becoming a God but died from the God Tribulations."

Admiration appeared in Yin Yuan's voice.

Four-star forces and the Heavenly Divine Realm were extremely far away even for children of Heaven. These only appeared in legends. Across the entire Cang Ocean, there wasn't even a shadow of a four-star force, and the Heavenly Divine Realm was even further away.

"Four-star super sect, could it be...?"

Zhao Feng's gaze turned toward the desolate main Spiritual Peak in the middle of the Sacred Land – the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak.

“Correct.”

Yin Yuan's voice contained praise, “The Demigod Forgotten Garden is on top of the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak. The Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak also has many other inheritances and secret dimensions. Some have even lasted since the ancient and immemorial eras.”

Everyone's gaze turned toward the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak with expectation and respect.

Zhao Feng finally understood why the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak was called that.

The True Martial Sacred Land had existed for an extremely long time, and it contained many two-star and three-star forces. There was countless Void God Realms, and there were even Mystic Light Realm Sacred Lords.

However, not every expert was able to find a suitable inheritor before their death. These experts left either their wealth or their inheritance on the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak, awaiting a suitable person.

“Those that were able to leave inheritances behind were all at least at the Void God Realm. Even the oldest Heaven's Legacy Inheritance left behind a high-tier branch inheritance here....”

Everyone was full of respect when they talked about the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak.

Zhao Feng's heart also became full of respect. He didn't think that the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak had such meaning behind it. It had witnessed prodigy after prodigy, expert after expert, era after era, and it continued their legends.

“The Demigod Forgotten Garden is one of the most top-secret realms within the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak, and it contains the wealth and inheritance of a Demigod.”

Yin Yuan sighed.

The Demigod Forgotten Inheritance only opened once every five hundred years, and the entire Golden Mountain Sect only had five spots open, one of which was taken by Yin Yuan.

The topic about the Demigod Forgotten Garden soon finished, and the Core disciples of the Golden Mountain Sect started to spar in the martial arts field.

Two disciples soon started to fight, and Zhao Feng watched with interest.

Although the martial arts field only had a radius of a hundred yards, there was a special array that made the inside expand to ten miles.

Furthermore, the pressure within the Sacred Land was extremely strong; the attacks of normal True Spirit Realms could only cover dozens of yards anyway.

Simply put, all power was restricted here.

Of the two Golden Mountain Sect disciples, one was at the middle-stage Small Origin Core Realm, and the other was at the late stage.

The late-stage Small Origin Core Realm was the brown-haired youth from earlier.

“Chaos Sky Opening Palm!”

Although the brown-haired youth’s attack was slow, it was steady, and it created a mixture of five colors as it broke through everything in its path.

The intent within the attack made even Zhao Feng’s eyes light up.

As expected of a sect from the Sacred Land. His battle technique and bloodline allow him to easily defeat several others at the same cultivation in the outside world.

Zhao Feng secretly nodded his head.

It wouldn't have been easy to defeat this brown-haired youth if he hadn't reached the Origin Core Realm.

Even the skeletal Division Leader wouldn't have a very good chance of winning against the brown-haired youth.

Boom!

A five-colored light in the shape of a mountain sent the other Core disciple flying.

"Brother Wan, your Chaos Sky Opening Palm's intent is almost at the Great Origin Core Realm. This one admits defeat."

The losing disciple's face was filled with bitterness.

The brown-haired youth's cultivation, bloodline, and technique were all the best among the Small Origin Core Realm.

After winning, the brown-haired youth glanced toward Zhao Feng with a smile, "This one isn't talented and is only ranked amongst the top twenty of the Golden Mountain Sect. I would like to ask Brother Zhao for pointers."

His tone was extremely humble.

Top twenty?

Some of the core disciples revealed weird expressions.

“Hehe, Brother Wan is too humble.”

“That brat was so exaggerated before. He can definitely defeat a disciple who’s only in the top twenty, right?”

Many disciples were waiting to watch the show.

Only the beauty in white and the skinny male were tense and uneasy. After all, they praised Zhao Feng’s strength so much earlier.

“Zhao Feng, you’ve got to defeat him.”

The beauty in white clenched her fists with expectation. She admired Zhao Feng from the depths of her heart.

Zhao Feng shook his head and smiled. It wasn’t hard for him to see that the brown-haired youth would actually be ranked amongst the top five of the Golden Mountain Sect with his strength.

“Brother Wan is too humble. Your strength should be enough to be ranked within the top five of the Golden Mountain Sect.”

Zhao Feng smiled faintly.

Hearing that, the brown-haired youth’s heart gently shook. It was obvious that Zhao Feng’s eyes were extremely sharp.

“Take my palm!”

The brown-haired youth didn't think too much before immediately sending a five-colored mountain crushing over.

Zhao Feng's body started to become heavy when facing the attack's intent. It was rare for people of the outside world under the Great Origin Core Realm to give him such a feeling.

—

Purple Destruction Wind Lightning!

Zhao Feng stood unmoving and swiped his hand casually, sending waves of purple-colored Wind Lightning toward the brown-haired youth's palm.

Crack!

The Chaos Sky Opening Palm instantly shattered in front of the Purple Destruction Wind Lightning.

Furthermore, a slightly purple remnant aura of Destruction followed through and forced the brown-haired youth to retreat.

"My Chaos Sky Opening Palm was actually..."

The brown-haired youth revealed shock as he retreated.

Zhao Feng didn't even use an actual skill. Just his True Yuan alone had an aura of Destruction.

"Chaos Mountain Opening Palm – Ninth Sky!"

The brown-haired youth roared as he circulated his True Yuan to its peak and sent wave after wave of five-colored lights in the shape of nine mountains.

This attack was enough to challenge those at the Great Origin Core Realm.

“Break.”

Zhao Feng laughed lightly and punched out. A purple fist travelled through the sky like a dragon and instantly smashed through the brown-haired youth’s Chaos Mountain Opening Palm Ninth Sky simply and brutally.

Crack! Crack! Boom!

The brown-haired youth groaned in pain as purple lightning swept across him.

“So strong!”

The expressions of the other geniuses changed dramatically.

Bam!

The smoking figure of the youth with brown hair was thrown out of the martial arts field.

“Thank you.”

Zhao Feng had controlled his power extremely well or else the brown-haired youth would have turned into dust by now.

“What shocking Wind Lightning intent. The power of his True Yuan is extremely close to the Great Origin Core Realm.”

Even Senior Martial Brother Yin Yuan had a solemn expression.

Zhao Feng's easy victory made the disciples of the Golden Mountain Sect replace their playfulness with wariness and fear.

"Hmph, I told you! Zhao Feng's strength is comparable to the peak geniuses of the Sacred Land."

The pretty girl in white and the skinny male felt much better.

"Let me fight."

A thick-eyebrowed youth jumped out from the crowd. His cultivation was almost at the peak Small Origin Core Realm.

His ranking in the Golden Mountain Sect was even higher than the brown-haired youth.

However, he only managed to last one move as well.

Boom!

The chaotic purple Wind Lightning draconic fist immediately broke through the thick-eyebrowed youth's attack.

Bam!

The thick-eyebrowed youth's body was sent flying at a speed even faster than the brown-haired youth.

All the geniuses took in cold breaths, and even Brother Yin's face changed.

The second strongest Core disciple of the Golden Mountain Sect, with a cultivation at the peak Small Origin Core Realm, went up.

“Break!”

Zhao Feng used the same move and sent the opponent flying once again.

His attack had reached the level of the Great Origin Core Realm. Anyone below the Great Origin Core Realm had no chance against him at all.

As Zhao Feng defeated the second strongest core disciple, several powerful Divine Senses travelled through the air.

“This Zhao Feng isn’t simple.”

A Void God Realm King said.

“From the looks of it, he can even fight with the Head disciple.”

At this moment, several Kings of the Golden Mountain Sect were watching the fight below.

Even Old Li was hiding nearby.

“How would they know how strong Zhao Feng truly is...?”

Old Li started to remember what happened on the Golden Dragon Scaled Ship. Zhao Feng played a vital part in the fight against the three Death Guards.

Right at this moment, Head Disciple Yin and Zhao Feng started to fight.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Two powers that had reached the level of the Great Origin Core Realm started to clash.

Zhao Feng wasn't as casual as before. He started to move around the martial arts field.

—

After all, he's the Head disciple of a big sect.

Zhao Feng circulated his True Yuan and even part of his bloodline power to fight Yin Yuan.

Although Yin Yuan had only broken through to the Great Origin Core Realm not too long ago, his true strength was comparable to the middle-stage Great Origin Core Realm or higher in the outside world.

"Senior Martial Brother Yin, don't lose to that brat!"

The disciples watching started to sweat coldly.

If Brother Yin Yuan lost, then the Golden Mountain Sect would lose a lot of face.

After a hundred moves, Zhao Feng suddenly retreated from the fight and clasped his fists together with a smile, "Looks like this fight will end in a draw."

Brother Yin didn't say anything. He let out a breath before giving Zhao Feng a deep glance. Instinct told him that Zhao Feng was still conserving his strength.

In the air, several Void God Realm Kings were silent for a while.

"If this Zhao Feng went all out, Yin Yuan probably wouldn't even last ten moves."

"Ten? I would say three."

The Void God Realm Kings had reached an incredible height.

Who knew what the disciples of the Golden Mountain Sect – especially Brother Yin – would think if they knew what these Void God Realms were talking about?

“Hmph, I told you all. Zhao Feng’s strength is comparable to Brother Yin.”

The pretty girl in white said proudly.

In the battle just now, Zhao Feng stunned the Golden Mountain Sect.

Several Void God Realm intents travelled through the air.

“If that brat joins the Golden Mountain Sect and enters the Demigod Forgotten Garden, he’ll be a dark horse.”

“That’s probably unrealistic....”

“Oh yeah, Duanmu Qing’s come out of seclusion. Is there any news from him?”

Chapter 629: Emperor Projection

Right as the Void God Realms were interacting with one another:

Sou! Sou!

The sound of flying came from outside the Golden Mountain Sect.

“Who’s there!?”

“Kill whoever dares to enter the Golden Mountain Sect!”

Several experts on patrol roared.

However, the people that were flying didn’t show any signs that they cared.

“Hmph, a measly two-star sect isn’t scared that the wind will cut their tongues?”

One of flying people was a male surrounded by a dark light, and he radiated an evil aura.

“A King of the Demonic Dao!”

In front of this demonic force, the regulators and the patrols around the Golden Mountain Sect felt as if their minds were restricted, and they felt it was suddenly hard to breathe.

Weng!

A male covered in black scales started to appear from within the black light. The man had black scales across his entire body, and he looked extremely ugly but also quite fierce.

“Elder of the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan – Tu Wanli!”

Old Li’s expression changed dramatically when his eyes landed on the newly-arrived Void God Realm King. This King was not only infamous, he also came from a three-star clan – the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.

“All of you, retreat.”

With a flash of blue, the blue-robed King’s figure appeared, and all the Golden Mountain Sect patrols quickly retreated.

Only Kings could fight against Kings, not to mention that the newcomer was an Elder from the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.

“Hehe, may I ask why Elder Tu has come?”

The blue-robed Elder was full of smiles. He didn’t dare to put on any kind of act.

In the Sacred Land, three-star forces were unparalleled superpowers, and many two-star sects were subordinate to three-star forces. Maybe ten two-star sects combined could put up a bit of a fight against a three-star force.

At this moment, the scene in the air also shocked Zhao Feng.

The power of the Demonic Dao King put the entire Golden Mountain Sect in a tense atmosphere, and Zhao Feng couldn’t help but look over.

There were several familiar figures next to Tu Wanli.

“Death Guards!”

Zhao Feng’s heart jumped, and his face lost color.

There was a total of four Death Guards, as well as a warm youth and a white-eyed little girl.

“Is the Golden Mountain Sect hiding a thief named Zhao Feng?”

Tu Wanli asked loudly as he scanned his Divine Sense across the entire lesser Spiritual Peak with a cruel smile.

“Zhao Feng?”

The blue-robed Elder paused, and his expression became somewhat ugly.

The Elder of the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan had come to the Golden Mountain Sect to cause trouble without any wariness or fear.

“Hehe, according to my news, a thief named Zhao Feng is hiding in the Golden Mountain Sect’s territory.”

Tu Wanli saw the expression in the blue-robed King’s eyes.

At the same time, the warm youth and the four Death Guards flew into the air and used their Spiritual Sense or their Divine Sense to search around.

“There! Found him!”

A Death Guard exclaimed as his eyes landed on a genius near the martial arts field.

“You are Zhao Feng?”

The warm youth revealed a smile, as if welcoming an old friend.

The four Death Guards all looked gloatingly toward Zhao Feng in the crowd.

“Take him!”

Tu Wanli laughed and ordered.

The warm youth and the four Death Guards leapt toward Zhao Feng without hesitation.

“Stop!”

A powerful force of a King descended from the sky, which made the warm youth and the four Death Guards freeze.

This force came from the blue-robed King.

“What? The Golden Mountain Sect wants to stop the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan?”

Tu Wanli’s expression became dim.

“This Zhao Feng is a guest of the Golden Mountain Sect. Even if the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan wants to take him, you need to give an explanation.”

The blue-robed Elder’s expression was unhappy, but he was crying bitterly in his heart.

There were several other Kings in the Golden Mountain Sect, and they weren’t scared of Tu Wanli. The only problem was that Tu Wanli might be representing the entire Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.

Furthermore, Tu Wanli’s status wasn’t simple. His master was an ancient Emperor who had a high status in the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.

“Explanation? I’m representing my master – the Scarlet Demonic Emperor – in capturing Zhao Feng.”

Tu Wanli snickered coldly as he took out a scarlet-and-black token.

Weng~~

An ancient intent of a demonic Emperor flashed across the scarlet-and-black token.

In that instant, the hearts of some Kings in the Golden Mountain Sect trembled.

The Void God Realm was split into the early, middle, late, and peak stages.

Only someone at the peak stages of the Void God Realm – someone whose soul had evolved – could be called an Emperor.

Emperors stood at the peak of the Void God Realm. As long as their soul wasn't destroyed, it was difficult to kill them. Therefore, the lifespan of an Emperor was extremely long; they could live dozens of thousands of years.

"It's the intent of the Scarlet Demonic Emperor. No wonder Tu Wanli is so confident."

The blue-robed King took in a cold breath.

The Scarlet Demonic Emperor was extremely famous among the Sacred Lands. Even the Emperor that was always in seclusion within the Golden Mountain Sect wasn't his match.

Kings and Emperors were forbidden-level powers of two- and three-star forces, and the stronger Emperors could destroy an entire two-star sect, such as the Emperor of Death.

"Sigh."

When Tu Wanli took out the item representing the Scarlet Demonic Emperor, the Kings from the Golden Mountain Sect couldn't help but sigh in sympathy.

In this situation, the Golden Mountain Sect couldn't do anything else.

"Zhao Feng, let's see how you will run away this time."

“Even if you hide in the Sacred Land, we can pressure a two-star sect using our connections with the three-star forces. No one can protect you any longer.”

The warm youth and the four Death Guards revealed victorious smiles.

At this moment, after the Void God Realm power faded away, Zhao Feng was left alone. No one would protect him.

“Looks like the Emperor of Death still has some ability. He can actually affect three-star forces in the True Martial Sacred Land.”

Zhao Feng snickered coldly, and a mocking smile appeared on his face.

Hmm?

The warm youth and the four Death Guards felt that something was wrong.

At this point in time, Zhao Feng had neither protection nor a path of retreat. How was he able to be so calm?

Weng~

A purple-colored token trembled slightly in Zhao Feng’s palm.

Hmph!

Zhao Feng’s smile became bigger and bigger.

Not long ago, the silent Purple Saint Token suddenly sensed something, and the aura wasn’t coming from the Purple Saint Ruins – it was coming from the center of the Sacred Land.

The warm youth and the four Death Guards felt slightly uneasy, but they still charged at Zhao Feng.

“You are the subordinates of the Emperor of Death?”

A calm voice sounded, and it seemed both close and far away at the same time. It was as if space was clashing with itself.

The next instant, a powerful Divine Sense passed through the air, and the power of an Emperor caused the Heaven and Earth to shake.

Wah!

The four Death Guards all spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Emperor!”

The warm youth’s figure shook as he suppressed his boiling blood and soul.

“That Divine Sense, could it be...!?”

Tu Wanli’s heart shook as he shouted out.

Weng~

The power of an Emperor caused the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi to roar.

The figure of a hundred-yard-tall male with white hair appeared, and it was surrounded by light. It seemed as if he was a god.

“A Void God Projection!”

“A mere Void God Projection is this strong?”

The hearts of the Golden Mountain Sect Kings shook.

“Greetings... Emperor.”

Tu Wanli bowed his head in front of the hundred-yard-tall white-haired male. His face was completely red, and his breathing was heavy.

Plop! Plop!

The four Death Guards couldn’t handle the pressure, and they fell to their knees.

Only the warm youth barely managed to hold on. He looked up at the Emperor’s Projection with gritted teeth as he spoke in a trembling tone, “You know my Master?”

“The Emperor of Death? I’ve seen him a few times. It makes me envious that he has such an excellent disciple like you.”

The Void God Projection spoke emotionlessly.

At this moment, the entire True Martial Sacred Land broke out into discussion, and many Divine Senses scanned toward the lesser Spiritual Peak of the Golden Mountain Sect.

“It’s Duanmu Qing’s Void God Projection!”

“We haven’t seen Duanmu Qing’s strength in the past thousand years. I didn’t think that he’d be this strong.”

Some of the Kings and Emperors within the True Martial Sacred Land were woken up by the force of the projection, including Tu Wanli's master, the Scarlet Demonic Emperor.

"From the looks of this Void God Projection, it seems that Duanmu Qing's strength is almost unparalleled among Emperors."

The Scarlet Demonic Emperor's expression was solemn.

He watched silently and didn't do anything, but he was also puzzled. Why did Duanmu Qing involve himself in this matter?

Right at this moment, Zhao Feng on the lesser Spiritual Peak finally spoke.

"Greetings, Senior Duanmu. I've come here under the will of Senior Purple Saint."

Zhao Feng held out the Purple Saint Token and bowed toward the Void God Projection in the air.

Senior Purple Saint... which expert could that be?

Divine Senses travelled throughout the Golden Mountain Sect's lesser Spiritual Peak.

The Kings from the Golden Mountain Sect, Tu Wanli, and other Emperors gently murmured these words.

"Purple Saint? Could it be...?"

The heart of an old King in the Golden Mountain Sect shook.

"Purple Night Sacred Lord!"

Several old Emperors within the True Martial Sacred Land exclaimed.

“It’s definitely the Purple Night Sacred Lord. Not many people in the entire Sacred Land can be compared to her....”

“If I remember correctly, the Purple Night Sacred Lord is Duanmu Qing’s aunt, and she comes from a legendary family in a dynasty far away.”

Some old people remembered the past.

In the sky, the figure of the male with white hair couldn’t help but reminisce

“Come with me.”

The male swiped his hand.

Shua!

Zhao Feng’s body was like a piece of paper as he was dragged along by the image of the male and disappeared from the lesser Spiritual Peak.

In the blink of an eye, Zhao Feng and the Emperor Projection disappeared.

Hu~

The experts near the Golden Mountain Sect, including the Divine Sense of a few Kings, all let out a breath.

Tu Wanli’s expression kept flickering, while the warm youth and the four Death Guards had ugly expressions.

None of them would have thought that Zhao Feng had connections with a peak Emperor of the Sacred Land.

Even more incredibly, there was a fallen Mystic Light Realm Sacred Lord behind Zhao Feng's back. Even if a Mystic Light Realm Sacred Lord died, their effect on the future was immeasurable.

"Zhao Feng, it seems like your history is stronger than I had imagined. Looks like it was worth it for the Eternally Sealed Palace Lord and I to send you to the Sacred Land."

Old Li let out a long breath.

Chapter 630: Disciple Ceremony

In the center of the Sacred Land, the three main Spiritual Peaks seemed to connect to the heavens.

The centermost one that was in ruins was the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak.

The left and right main Spiritual Peaks were held by the two three-star forces.

The left main Spiritual Peak was the Mystic True Sacred Clan's territory.

On top of the Mystic True Sacred Clan's main Spiritual Peak, within a pure, clean, and elegant room, Zhao Feng's heart jumped up and down as he looked at the white-haired man in front of him with respect.

This was Duanmu Qing.

Duanmu Qing's hair was pure white, and his eyes lit up like stars. His appearance could be said to be perfect. His skin was white and as smooth as marble.

Furthermore, this Emperor had a warm and calm aura. His every movement and action seemed to be a gentle spring breeze.

All in all, this person seemed to be perfection, yet extremely close and warm to others.

“You are Zhao Feng? There’s no need to be nervous. This is the True Martial Sacred Land. Even if the Emperor of Death himself arrives, he can’t harm you.”

Duanmu Qing inspected Zhao Feng and gave a warm smile.

Zhao Feng’s emotions started to calm down.

Earlier, Duanmu Qing used his Emperor Projection and made the Death Guards kneel. The power of that shocked Zhao Feng, but he started to regain his calm. His sharp senses could see the impatience hiding within the depths of Duanmu Qing’s eyes.

It wasn’t hard to guess that Duanmu Qing really wanted to know what had happened to the Purple Night Sacred Lord.

However, Duanmu Qing had been raised nicely, and his actions were elegant. He didn’t rush Zhao Feng; he calmed Zhao Feng down instead.

Without Duanmu Qing asking, Zhao Feng took out the Purple Saint Token and started to talk about what had happened in the Purple Saint Ruins, as well as his first and second visits.

He did talk about a little bit about himself protecting the Purple Saint Ruins, but he placed importance on how Zhao Yufei had been picked the Purple Night Sacred Lord as the inheritor, as well as the current situation of the Purple Saint Ruins.

When Duanmu Qing heard the danger that the Purple Saint Ruins was in, it was hard for him to conceal his worry.

“I didn’t think that Aunt Purple Night still hid a secret realm in the world, or that she would be able to pick someone with the bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races as the inheritor.”

Duanmu Qing sighed.

After knowing the relationship between Zhao Feng and the Purple Night Sacred Lord, Duanmu Qing's gaze toward Zhao Feng was much warmer.

It was as if he was looking at a descendant of his.

"Zhao Feng, how did you offend the Emperor of Death? This Emperor has the Eye of Death, and no one under the Mystic Light Realm is confident that they can defeat him."

Duanmu Qing's eyes revealed solemnness.

Every King and Emperor was wary of the Emperor of Death.

Zhao Feng then talked about him meeting Grandmaster Yin Kong and how he triggered a Token of Death when he killed him, which brought the Pursuit of Death upon him.

However, Zhao Feng said nothing about the God's Eye. The God Eye only increased the Emperor of Death's desire to capture Zhao Feng.

"So that's what happened. You triggered the Pursuit of Death when protecting the Purple Saint Ruins...."

Duanmu Qing's face was filled with praise and gratitude.

Even after meeting an Emperor, Zhao Feng managed to quickly calm down. This calmness he had wasn't something other geniuses had.

However, Duanmu Qing didn't know that Zhao Feng had the ninth God's Eye. After all, he wasn't a descendant of one of the Eight Great God Eyes. Although he realized that Zhao Feng's eye-bloodline was unusual, he didn't relate it to a God Eye.

The Emperor of Death was just a descendant of a God Eye and yet he was already so incredibly strong. Those with God Eyes were one of a kind, and they were extremely far away even for Emperors.

An hour later, Duanmu Qing had understood everything, including some of the minor details.

“Zhao Feng, if you want to stay in the Sacred Land, you first need an identity.”

Duanmu Qing’s eyes were filled with warmth and love, and Zhao Feng’s face changed.

It was obvious that Emperor Duanmu was going to get Zhao Feng an identity. This was a dream for someone that wanted to enter the Sacred Lands, and even for those in a three-star force, and yet it could be accomplished by Duanmu Qing in just one sentence.

What kind of identity would Duanmu Qing give him? Zhao Feng started to guess.

“How about this? I’ll take you in as my personal disciple. That will help you in the Mystic True Sacred Clan.”

Duanmu Qing smiled and said.

Personal disciple!

Zhao Feng’s eyes bulged. He didn’t expect that at all.

Becoming a Personal disciple of an Emperor would be a turning point in life that would completely affect his destiny.

“What... are you not willing?”

Duanmu Qing smiled.

“This disciple is willing.”

Zhao Feng bowed down.

He now had two masters since the beginning of his cultivation that had changed his fate.

“Hehe. Zhao Feng, I’m taking you in as my disciple not just because of Aunt Purple Night, but also because I am confident in my eyes.”

Duanmu Qing smiled. His eyes were filled with wisdom. How could an Emperor such as him not see Zhao Feng’s body, bloodline, and potential?

Simply put, Zhao Feng had the qualifications to become his Personal disciple on his own merits.

If it were just a normal genius who had a relationship with the Purple Night Sacred Lord, Duanmu Qing would take them in, but only as an in-name disciple.

“Zhao Feng, you can stay here for now. I’ll hold a disciple ceremony in a couple days.”

Duanmu Qing said.

Disciple ceremony?

Zhao Feng paused. An Emperor’s disciple ceremony would be rather awesome, but that didn’t seem to be how Duanmu Qing usually acted. The feeling that Duanmu Qing gave him was that he was low-key and peaceful, not a showoff.

“I’ll be going to the Tianlu Islands Zone soon, and you need an identity that the public knows before then.”

Duanmu Qing explained.

Hearing that, Zhao Feng understood. The reason why Duanmu Qing was going to hold a ceremony was to allow Zhao Feng to integrate into the Mystic True Sacred Clan faster and give him some protection. If everyone knew that Zhao Feng was Emperor Duanmu Qing's disciple, they would be wary of him.

Three days later, Duanmu Qing held a disciple ceremony in his palace.

The disciple ceremony wasn't publicized; it was limited to the upper echelon of every force, as well as some Core disciples. However, the number of Kings and Emperors in attendance wasn't small.

There were countless Sovereign Lords and half-step Void God Realms.

On the ceremony stage, Zhao Feng bowed toward Duanmu Qing. This ceremony shook the Mystic True Sacred Clan, and news spread throughout the two main Spiritual Peaks and the thirty-three two-star sects.

Zhao Feng also saw the Kings from the Golden Mountain Sect at the ceremony.

The blue-robed King was extremely warm toward Zhao Feng, as if the latter was his ancestor.

"Congratulations, Little Friend Zhao."

Old Li was full of smiles.

Zhao Feng talked with Old Li alone for a while and told him to send the news to the Eternally Sealed Palace Lord. The Eternally Sealed Palace Lord helped a lot in allowing him to enter the Sacred Land.

"I definitely will."

Old Li nodded his head. He knew how terrifying Zhao Feng's true strength was, and now he would soar even higher with Emperor Duanmu Qing's guidance.

Zhao Feng also met a few other Core disciples from the Mystic True Sacred Clan at the ceremony.

The Core disciples of the three-star Mystic True Sacred Clan were mainly the disciples of Emperors.

The Mystic True Sacred Clan had at least seven or eight Emperors, and Duanmu Qing had a rather high status amongst them.

"It's him...!!?"

Two Core disciples stared at Zhao Feng with bulging eyes and open mouths. These two were a short-haired youth and a tall, skinny youth.

"Junior Martial Brother Jiang, what's up? Do you know this Zhao Feng?"

Another Core disciple asked in surprise.

The short-haired youth and the skinny male looked at each other with shock.

These two were the two that had appeared at the Void Ocean Arena – Jiang Fan and Chen Yilin.

"Hmm?"

As if sensing something, Zhao Feng looked over at the two.

Jiang Fan and Chen Yilin, these two disciples of the Sacred Land, had given Zhao Feng a deep impression. This was especially so for Jiang Fan, who had a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races and revealed terrifying strength in the arena.

At that time, Zhao Feng was only at the half-step Origin Core Realm and probably couldn't even block one blow from Jiang Fan.

However, at this moment, the ones that were surprised were Jiang Fan and Chen Yilin.

"It's only been a year and his cultivation has already caught up to mine, and now he has an Emperor for a master...."

Jiang Fan's heart shook. He couldn't accept this.

He spent an entire year of hard work to break through to the middle-stage of the Origin Core Realm. In terms of status, he was a Core disciple of a three-star force in the Sacred Land, and now Zhao Feng was on the same level as him with just a single ceremony.

"Senior Martial Brothers."

Zhao Feng smiled as he walked over and greeted Jiang Fan and Chen Yilin.

Jiang Fan and Chen Yilin's smiles were slightly forced as they greeted Zhao Feng in return.

Although Zhao Feng's current status was on par with theirs, they had looked down on Zhao Feng one year ago and thought that they wouldn't have any communications ever again. Therefore, when Zhao Feng had asked the two of them for help, they declined.

"Hehe, Emperor Gu Luo, it seems as if your disciple with a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races seems to know Zhao Feng."

Emperor Duanmu Qing smiled as he talked with another Elder. This Elder was Emperor Gu Luo, Jiang Fan's master.

“This Zhao Feng’s bloodline seems to be on par with a normal Ten Thousand Ancient Races bloodline. What’s more strange though is that even I can’t see through his eye-bloodline.”

Emperor Gu Luo praised.

Normal people were too far away from Emperors, but every Emperor present went to congratulate Emperor Duanmu Qing when they saw Zhao Feng.

“Jiang Fan, that Zhao Feng’s bloodline and potential aren’t any weaker than yours. You need to talk and interact with him more in the future.”

Emperor Gu Luo’s Divine Sense sounded in Jiang Fan’s head.

“This disciple understands.”

Jiang Fan’s heart was filled with mixed emotions.

Firstly, Emperor Duanmu Qing’s strength and status were slightly higher than even his Master’s.

Secondly, in his master’s eyes, Zhao Feng’s potential wasn’t lower than his own.

Jiang Fan didn’t doubt any of the above, especially the second point. Who knew what kind of fortune Zhao Feng had received for him to catch up in just one years’ time?