

King Eye 631

Chapter 631: Replacing

At the disciple ceremony, Duanmu Qing retracted his gaze and started to communicate with the other Emperors present.

“Elders, I have something to discuss with all of you.”

Duanmu Qing suddenly spoke. The Emperors exchanged glances, and some of them revealed thoughtful expressions.

“Emperor Duanmu, is this related to the Demigod Forgotten Garden?”

Emperor Gu Luo smiled.

“That’s right.”

Duanmu Qing nodded his head, “The list of people going to the Demigod Forgotten Garden has already been decided and, usually, the spots wouldn’t change.”

Hearing up to there, the other Emperors already understood what Duanmu Qing was trying to say.

He wanted to get his disciple a spot to enter the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

If it were in the past, when the list still hadn’t been decided yet, it wouldn’t have been hard for Duanmu Qing to get a spot due to his status and strength. The problem was that the list was already confirmed.

“The Demigod Forgotten Garden is split into the nominated and the open-competition sections. It’s hard to change the list of people from the open-competition section, so we can only switch the nominated section.”

Emperor Gu Luo said deeply.

The True Martial Sacred Clan had a total of fifty spots for the Demigod Forgotten Garden. This was ten times more than the Golden Mountain Sect, a peak two-star force.

However, being a three-star superpower, the Mystic True Sacred Clan's geniuses were as bright as stars, and there were even prodigies with a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races.

There were dozens of Emperors and Kings present, and every King and Emperor each had at least a couple disciples. Therefore, the competition for the fifty spots was extremely fierce.

"There's ten nominated spots. How about this..."

Emperor Gu Luo soon had an idea, and the Emperors interacted with their Divine Senses before they soon came to a conclusion.

"Looks like that's the only way."

Emperor Duanmu Qing sighed.

Nominated geniuses all had strong backgrounds, so trying to switch someone in or out would definitely offend someone.

However, the Demigod Forgotten Garden only appeared once every five hundred years, and Emperor Duanmu Qing had finally obtained a disciple, who was also related to his Aunt. He would definitely provide as much help as he possibly could to his new disciple.

As time passed, the disciple ceremony was starting to come to an end.

Zhao Feng met many Core disciples from the Mystic True Sacred Clan.

“Head disciple Nan Gongsheng didn’t come.”

“Nan Gongsheng’s been cultivating a secret technique in the Sacred Land for the past half-year, and he already reached the half-step Void God Realm long ago.”

Some of the Core disciples discussed.

Nan Gongsheng was the number one genius of the Mystic True Sacred Clan. He was also one of the top geniuses amongst the entire Sacred Land.

When talking about Nan Gongsheng, even Jiang Fan, who had a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races, revealed respect.

“If my cultivation reaches the Great Origin Core Realm, I’ll be able to fight even someone at the half-step Void God Realm.”

Jiang Fan clenched his fists.

His talent and bloodline potential were amongst the best within the Mystic True Sacred Clan, but he was only in his twenties at the moment; he wasn’t able to catch up to those other geniuses that were already in their thirties.

“Brother Jiang, don’t be angry. There’s only two geniuses in the entire Sacred Land with a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. In the future, your true opponent will be Meng Xi from the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.”

Chen Yilin patted his shoulder.

In reality, with his Ten Thousand Ancient Races Bloodline, Jiang Fan’s strength had already surpassed some Great Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lords.

“There’s still three months left till the Demigod Forgotten Garden. I will charge into the Top Ten Sacred Land Geniuses like Brother Chen.”

Battle-intent glowed in Jiang Fan’s eyes, and his bloodline seemed to burn. His fighting will had been ignited during this disciple ceremony, all because of the pressure from Zhao Feng.

The change in Jiang Fan didn’t escape Emperor Gu Luo’s eyes, and he secretly nodded his head. In the past, Jiang Fan was extremely arrogant due to his Ten Thousand Ancient Races Bloodline, so he didn’t put in too much effort into his cultivation.

“Fan’er, I will teach you myself for the next three months.”

Emperor Gu Luo’s Divine Senses sounded in his head.

“Thank you, Master.”

Jiang Fan suppressed the excitement in his heart. His goal was to become one of the Top Ten Sacred Land Geniuses. Only with more strength would he be able to come out on top in the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

Emperor Gu Luo’s eyes scanned over Emperor Duanmu, and he thought that the latter’s disciple also had a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. There was no way he would lose to Emperor Duanmu and his disciple.

Half a day later, the disciple ceremony came to an end. From now on, Zhao Feng was Duanmu Qing’s official disciple and a member of a three-star superpower.

Zhao Feng understood Duanmu Qing’s intentions.

“Zhao Feng, if everything goes to plan, you will receive a spot to enter the Demigod Forgotten Garden, but at the same time, you need to be ready to be challenged.”

Duanmu Qing said before he left.

—

Demigod Forgotten Garden?

Zhao Feng shook. He was overfilled with surprise and joy.

He had talked to some Core disciples during the disciple ceremony and found that those entering the Demigod Forgotten Garden had already been confirmed. He didn't expect Duanmu Qing to help him get a nominated spot.

"Thank you, Master."

Zhao Feng's heart was filled with gratitude. Duanmu Qing would have had to pay a price to obtain this spot because there was more than just one or two Emperors in a three-star superpower. The number of Kings alone had reached dozens.

Furthermore, above Emperors were Mystic Light Realm Sacred Lords.

After returning to where he was staying, Zhao Feng sat down and tried to calm himself down.

After meeting Duanmu Qing, his status, identity, and his entire life had been flipped.

Zhao Feng's eyes looked toward the garden outside, and the moonlight filled the garden with a silver glow.

He didn't know why, but his thoughts suddenly drifted toward the Azure Flower Continent.

In his mind, the image of a quiet, elegant goddess appeared.

“True Martial Sacred Land... Demigod Forgotten Garden... I need to grasp this chance.”

Zhao Feng took a deep breath and started to cultivate.

Now that he had arrived in the True Martial Sacred Land, he had already completed half of his journey.

In the morning of the second day:

“Zhao Feng, get the fuck out here! Let’s see who dares to take my spot after entering the Sacred Clan.”

A voice full of hatred sounded from outside.

Many experts and geniuses from the Mystic True Sacred Land were standing outside.

The owner of the voice was a youth who had angry eyes, and his expression was twisted.

“Brother Zuo Hong, your nominated spot was taken by that Zhao Feng?”

The disciples outside were extremely sympathetic.

In terms of background, Zuo Hong’s master was an old Void God Realm King who had real power. In terms of cultivation, he had reached the late stages of the Small Origin Core Realm, and he wasn’t even thirty years old yet.

As the chattering sounded outside, a blue-haired youth walked out.

“Zhao Feng, you’ve finally come out.”

Many disciples had angry expressions.

“It’s utterly shameless how you used your identity as a disciple of an Emperor to steal a spot.”

Many people were sympathetic toward the “victim.” After all, the spot had already belonged to Zuo Hong.

“I don’t dare to disobey the orders of the upper echelon, but I want to see if Brother Zhao has the ability and qualifications to replace me.”

Zuo Hong snickered coldly.

His master had told him to do this.

Not many people were on the same level as Emperor Duanmu in the Clan, and the Emperor Projection that day increased Duanmu Qing’s fame even further.

However, although they couldn’t disobey him on the surface, they could use other tricks.

If Zuo Hong defeated Zhao Feng, then it would be hard for the disciple of Emperor Duanmu to take his spot “righteously.” After all, even in three-star superpowers, strength was everything; three-star superpowers wouldn’t waste a spot on someone useless.

All he needed to do was defeat Zhao Feng.

At the same time, Zuo Hong’s master could also ask other Emperors for help. If it came to the worst, things could be reported to the Grand Elder.

The plan was complete. Zuo Hong only needed to do one thing; challenge Zhao Feng. That was the first step.

“Okay, I accept your challenge.”

Zhao Feng didn’t hesitate at all.

Yesterday, Emperor Duanmu Qing already warned him. Those that were able to become Emperors were all extremely wise.

A while later, hundreds of people had gathered outside an ancient arena stage within the Mystic True Sacred Clan.

There were many Core disciples present.

“Brother Chen and Brother Nan are both here....”

Many Core disciples in the crowd glanced at two figures.

Chen Yilin and Brother Nan were expressionless as they looked at the two figures on the stage. Their cultivations had reached the late-stage Great Origin Core Realm.

“Brother Chen and Brother Nan are both within the Top Ten Sacred Land Geniuses.”

“Apparently, they’ve challenged half-step Void God Realms before.”

The eyes of the crowd were filled with respect.

At this point, on the stage, Zhao Feng and Zuo Hong were floating above a mountain.

The stage of the Mystic True Sacred Clan was extremely profound; it had a small dimension within it that could replicate different sceneries, such as mountains, streams, and rivers.

People were looking forward to this battle.

There were more than a dozen Void God Realm Divine Senses in the air. There were even Emperor Divine Senses.

“Hmph, everything’s ready. As long as Zuo Hong wins, I will ask the Grand Elder to put this right.”

A Void God Realm King Divine Sense looked down with coldness.

“Brother Zuo Hong, just fighting isn’t interesting.”

Zhao Feng said.

“What do you mean?”

Zuo Hong paused slightly.

“Let’s have a bet. If you win, I’ll just directly give the spot to you.”

Zhao Feng spoke.

“You really mean that? You’ll give the spot to me?”

Zuo Hong was overjoyed. He didn’t think it would be this easy.

“As long as you can last more than ten moves, victory is yours. But... what will you do if you lose?”

Zhao Feng asked slowly.

Ten moves?

Zuo Hong paused, and the entire crowd broke out into discussion.

“Hahaha, ten moves? Brat, you’re too cocky. It seems like you don’t know the strength of a Core disciple of a three-star superpower. We all have the strength to challenge those with higher cultivation.”

Hearing this, Zuo Hong was filled with happiness.

Although he was only at the late stages of the Small Origin Core Realm, he had defeated Great Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lords in the outside world.

Chapter 632: Top Ten Sacred Land Geniuses

On top of the battle stage in the Sacred Land, all the disciples and experts of the clan watched with surprised expressions.

“Ten moves? Zhao Feng still dares to be so arrogant?”

“This brat just became a Core disciple of the Mystic True Sacred Clan, and Zuo Hong’s cultivation is higher than his.”

Not many out of the couple hundred spectators thought well of Zhao Feng. After all, Zuo Hong was an old Core disciple who seemed to surpass Zhao Feng in every aspect.

Furthermore, that brat Zhao Feng arrogantly proposed a ten-move bet.

“What, you scared?”

Zhao Feng smiled.

The reason he came up with a ten-move bet was to prove that he had the strength and potential to replace someone.

If he won such a bet, no one would mock him or disdain his master's – Duanmu Qing's – name.

"Why would I be scared? If I lose, I will apologize to you and retreat whenever I see you."

Zuo Hong laughed. He seemed to have already obtained victory.

His heart was overfilled with joy as he looked at Zhao Feng like he was looking at a retard.

"Hong'er... don't underestimate Zhao Feng. That brat's mental energy and bloodline aura are both not simple. He must have something to rely on to be so confident."

The Divine Sense of a King sounded in Zuo Hong's mind. The owner of the voice belonged to Zuo Hong's Master.

"This disciple understands."

Zuo Hong's heart jumped, and he took back his underestimation. After all, his master was a Void God Realm King, so he had a greater grasp of the opponent's strength.

"Start."

A half-step Void God Realm acted as the judge.

"No matter who Zhao Feng is, I should be able to last ten moves."

Zuo Hong's figure flashed as he used a technique of the Sacred Land.

Flying Cloud Albatross Leap!

In the next instant, a large condensed figure of a green-and-silver albatross formed in the air.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Zuo Hong's body seemed to merge into the green-and-silver albatross, and sharp feathers one after another swept toward Zhao Feng.

"What a profound skill."

Zhao Feng felt his skin start to tingle in pain. It would be hard for him to catch sight of Zuo Hong if he didn't use his eye-bloodline.

"Purple Wind Lightning Ring!"

Zhao Feng lightly exclaimed as he circulated his Purple Destruction Wind Lightning against the sharp figures that blotted out the sky.

Bam! Bam!

Zhao Feng was covered in an eye-catching current of purple-colored lightning as beams of Destruction swept out.

Rings of purple lightning expanded as they clashed against the figure of the albatross.

The aura of Destruction raged chaotically as the two powers hit each other.

Crack!

A crack soon appeared on the figure of the green-and-silver albatross.

The victor of the clash was immediately decided.

“Purple Destruction Wind Lightning? It’s the inheritance of the Wind Lightning Emperor....”

The Void God Realm Divine Senses in the air were slightly surprised.

There were many experts in the True Martial Sacred Land, and they soon recognized the history of Zhao Feng’s skills.

“Wind Lightning Emperor? He used to reign supreme with his speed. He was a legendary existence even amongst Emperors.”

“The Ten Thousand Lightning Sect in the Sacred Land also has the inheritance of the Wind Lightning Emperor, but they don’t have the essence of it....”

A few King Divine Senses started to discuss.

“Wind Lightning Emperor?”

The Divine Sense of an Emperor swept across with a sigh.

There were many ancient Emperors here in the Sacred Land that may have known the Wind Lightning Emperor personally.

Back then, the Wind Lightning Emperor had once cultivated in the Ten Thousand Lightning Sect. At this moment, the Purple Destruction techniques of the Wind Lightning Emperor were suppressing the techniques of another force of the Sacred Land.

“A brat from the outside world actually has the inheritance of a legendary Emperor?”

Zuo Hong gritted his teeth in the air.

Flying Albatross Sweeping Shadow!

Zuo Hong suddenly circulated his bloodline power, and the figure of the albatross in the air started to condense even firmer as wind and lightning flashed around it.

Shua!

In the next instant, the image of an albatross swept across the air.

The spectators seemed to see a divine bird radiating an old intent screech as it flashed through the clouds.

Hmm?

Zhao Feng felt a pressure bear down upon him, and his blood flow started to slow down.

He didn't expect Zuo Hong's bloodline technique to be so unique. His peak battle-power was comparable to a Great Origin Core Realm Sovereign Lord.

"Wind Lightning Hundred Figures!"

Zhao Feng roared as waves of shining purple lightning and wind glowed around him.

Shua! Shua! Shua~~~~~

In that moment, a ball of purple-colored Wind Lightning split into two. The two balls then split into four.

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

In just a moment, a couple dozen purple lightning doppelgangers had formed and were spread out amongst a one-mile radius.

Shu~~~~~

The flying albatross instantly shattered a few doppelgangers, but no one knew where Zhao Feng's true body was at.

It was hard to distinguish which body was the real Zhao Feng, and each doppelganger had attacking abilities.

Shua! Shua! Shua!

The doppelgangers charged one after another toward the flying albatross Zuo Hong had turned to.

Zuo Hong became filled with anger as wind and lightning erupted across his body.

Most of the geniuses watching were stunned.

"Blade of Purple Destruction!"

A thin, dark purple blade suddenly formed on one of the doppelganger's hands, and it radiated an aura of Destruction as it glimmered with lightning.

Crack!

The blade of Wind Lightning was extremely eye-catching, and it suddenly expanded to more than a dozen yards long as it released an aura of Destruction and sliced the figure of the albatross in two.

Siiii!

Zuo Hong in his albatross form groaned.

Shu~~

A scorched, dark red mark could be seen on his body, and the power of Destruction had entered his body.

Even with his powerful bloodline, the injury couldn't be healed very quickly. Destruction was the antithesis of healing, which made recovering from the aura of Destruction very difficult.

"Not good! This Zhao Feng's attack, speed, and skill all surpass Hong'er...."

The Divine Sense of a King exclaimed.

Zhao Feng's Blade of Purple Destruction had broken through Zuo Hong's bloodline skill and caused an injury.

However, Zhao Feng's attack didn't end there.

"Wings of Wind and Lightning!"

Wings of Purple Destruction Wind Lightning dozens of yards long started to extend across Zhao Feng's back, making him seem like an ancient demon surrounded by wind and lightning.

Boom!

A terrifying surge of wind and lightning appeared on the stage and created a storm of Destruction.

"Break!"

Zhao Feng's speed, attack, and intent had reached an entirely new level.

With each palm, he seemed to create dragons of Destruction that howled in the storm.

"So strong!"

The spectators watching the blue-haired youth felt their hearts shake.

"No~~~~!"

Zuo Hong gave it his all and circulated his bloodline power to the maximum, but his figure started to fade in front of the unparalleled dragon of Destruction, and he flew out of the stage.

Plop!

Zuo Hong's body was entirely black when he landed. He wanted to move, but he was completely numb, and his lifeforce had been injured.

"Brother Zuo!"

A few Core disciples ran over and helped Zuo Hong.

"Thank you."

Zhao Feng walked out of the stage amongst wary and fearful gazes.

"It was indeed accomplished within ten moves...."

The half-step King judge looked at Zhao Feng weirdly.

At the last moment, with the addition of the Wings of Wind and Lightning, Zhao Feng's battle-power was enough to threaten even those at the middle-stage Great Origin Core Realm or above.

Such battle-power was enough to stand out amongst most geniuses in the Sacred Land.

"His strength is okay."

Brother Nan said emotionlessly from the crowd.

For someone like him – one of the Top Ten Sacred Land Geniuses – that level of battle-power didn't surprise him.

One had to know that many of the Top Ten Sacred Land Geniuses could challenge normal half-step Kings.

On the other hand, Chen Yilin was full of surprise.

He was also one of the Top Ten Sacred Land Geniuses, but he had seen Zhao Feng one year ago. Back then, Zhao Feng was only at the half-step Origin Core Realm. At that time, he probably couldn't have even blocked one blow from Jiang Fan.

"Luckily, Jiang Fan isn't here. The strength that Zhao Feng just displayed was already on par with Brother Jiang."

Chen Yilin murmured.

After the disciple ceremony, Jiang Fan had followed his master, Emperor Gu Luo, and gone to cultivate.

Right at this moment:

“Zhao Feng, your performance wasn’t bad. Come to me.”

Emperor Duanmu’s voice sounded.

It was obvious that he also watched the fight.

The other Kings couldn’t help but sigh. Emperor Duanmu had just taken in a new disciple, and he was already so strong.

A while later:

“Master, is there something you need to tell me?”

Zhao Feng arrived at Duanmu Qing’s palace.

“Zhao Feng, your strength can be ranked within the top five or six Core disciples of the Mystic True Sacred Clan, but there is still a difference between the Top Ten Geniuses of the Sacred Land. It’s still not enough to reap a lot of benefits from the Demigod Forgotten Garden....”

Duanmu Qing said.

Zhao Feng didn’t disagree. He already had to use 60-70% of his Purple Destruction Wind Lightning intent just now.

If the disciples of the Sacred Land at the Small Origin Core Realm already had such strength, then those at the Great Origin Core Realm would be immeasurable.

“I have three things for you before I leave. They might be of help to you.”

A wooden box appeared in Duanmu Qing's hand.

Zhao Feng took the box and opened it. Within, there were two books and a small jade bottle.

There was some kind of crystal the size of a thumb within the jade bottle. It was round and as transparent and perfect as diamond. The pressure radiating from it made even Zhao Feng feel suppressed.

"This is a Crystal Core Pill, which helps those at the peak Small Origin Core Realm break through to the Great Origin Core Realm. Your cultivation isn't enough to use it yet, but I found that the Core Center within your body is already showing signs of turning into crystal, so using this now might have some good effects."

Duanmu Qing smiled and said.

"Crystal Core Pill?"

Zhao Feng couldn't help but become excited. He had heard of this pill's value; it was extremely rare even in the Void Ocean Spiritual Palaces.

His eyes then landed on the two books.

There were a few words on the first book: Dark Eye Secret Manual

"Hmm?"

Zhao Feng couldn't help but be surprised. What was the connection between this and the Dark Eye Incomplete Page?

"Hehe, this Dark Eye Secret Manual was something I got in an exchange with the Emperor of Death a long time ago, and it contains many of his techniques..."

Chapter 633: Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique

“Hehe, this Dark Eye Secret Manual was something I got in an exchange with the Emperor of Death a long time ago, and it contains many of his techniques....”

When Zhao Feng heard that, he was filled with disbelief.

Duanmu Qing had the Emperor of Death’s secret technique? It sounded incredible.

Of course, Void God Realm Emperors had their own circles, and it wasn’t surprising for them to trade items with each other.

The Emperor of Death and Duanmu Qing were both ancient Emperors whose strengths were close to each other.

“That was a very long time ago, and I paid a price for it. However, the Dark Eye Secret Manual isn’t of much use to me; I only wanted this technique due to my curiosity toward the Eye of Death.”

Duanmu Qing sighed.

The lifespan of an Emperor was extremely long; they could live up to dozens of thousands of years. With such long lives, Emperors would touch upon multiple fields at the same time just to gain that little bit of insight.

“Master, what’s the relationship between the Dark Eye Sacred Manual and the Death Dark Eye?”

Zhao Feng remembered the Dark Eye Incomplete Page. Because it was incomplete, Zhao Feng never really cultivated it aside from consulting some of its theories.

Apparently, the Dark Eye Incomplete Page had nine pages in total, and when all nine were combined, one could cultivate the ultimate Death Dark Eye.

“Out of the entire Cang Ocean, probably only the Emperor of Death can cultivate the Death Dark Eye. The Dark Eye Secret Manual is an incomplete part of the Death Dark Eye, and it doesn’t have many true offensive skills. However, it has a lot of theories about souls and Death....”

Duanmu Qing answered.

Hearing that, Zhao Feng let out a breath. The Emperor of Death obviously wouldn’t give the secret of the Death Dark Eye away.

“However, the Dark Eye Secret Technique contains many skills of the Emperor of Death, and it contains more than just information about the Death Dark Eye.”

Duanmu Qing looked at Zhao Feng solemnly.

Zhao Feng was full of gratitude. He knew what Duanmu Qing was doing.

Facing the Pursuit of Death, Zhao Feng would eventually meet with the Emperor of Death.

The reason Duanmu Qing gave the Dark Eye Secret Manual to Zhao Feng was to let him understand the Emperor of Death’s skills and find a method to counter them.

Zhao Feng silently took the Dark Eye Secret Manual.

His gaze then landed on the other book.

This book was at the bottom of the box. From that, one could see that its value probably wasn’t lower than the Dark Eye Secret Manual.

“Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique?”

Zhao Feng picked it up.

Looking at this book, reminiscence seemed to appear on Duanmu Qing's face.

"This is my Duanmu Family's secret technique. It's a supreme soul technique. The skill has reached Heaven-Grade, but it's slightly incomplete."

Duanmu Qing's voice was low and raspy.

Zhao Feng seemed to realize something. The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique and the Duanmu Family seemed to touch the bottom of Duanmu Qing's heart.

My God's Spiritual Eye definitely specializes in cultivating the soul.

Zhao Feng was very confident. He instinctively merged his Spiritual Sense into the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique.

Weng~

A mysterious source of mental energy led Zhao Feng into a separate world. All the contents of the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique were recorded in this mental energy world.

"This technique helps one's soul evolve and breakthrough to the Void God Realm. When mastered, one thought can turn into ten thousand."

Duanmu Qing's voice sounded in his ear, but Zhao Feng's consciousness had already entered the world of mental energy and was starting to learn the knowledge.

Hearing Duanmu Qing's introduction, Zhao Feng couldn't help but be surprised.

Firstly, the complete Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique had reached Heaven-Grade.

Techniques were split into Mortal-, Spiritual-, Earth-, and Heaven-Grade.

Amongst them, Spiritual-Grade was already rare in the Azure Flower Continent, while Heaven-Grade was the highest grade in the world.

Secondly, the skill increased one's chances of breaking through to the Void God Realm.

"Many other Emperors wanted this skill, but I didn't agree to exchange with them. Even I haven't cultivated it to the highest 'One Thought into Ten Thousand' level. Maybe it's because I'm not very talented when it comes to the soul...."

Duanmu Qing had a complex expression. The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique had a unique place in his heart.

"Master, why are you giving me the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique?"

Zhao Feng asked carefully.

Duanmu Qing didn't hide the reason.

"There's two reasons. Firstly, your eye-bloodline is related to the soul, and even I can't see through it. Maybe you can surpass me in mastering the technique.

"Secondly, intent from the Eye of Death hides in your soul. I don't specialize in the soul, and the intent of an Emperor is too strong. If I enter your soul to remove the intent, I might cause unthinkable problems."

Zhao Feng wasn't surprised by the first reason.

Even First Elder from the Broken Moon Clan saw that Zhao Feng was talented in mental energy. Emperor Duanmu Qing probably understood it even better.

It was the second reason that surprised Zhao Feng and filled him with happiness, “Master, do you mean that the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique can help dissolve the intent left by the Emperor of Death in my soul?”

“That’s right.”

Duanmu Qing spoke in a solemn tone, “I can help you for limited time, but not your entire life. In the end, you’ll need to face the Emperor of Death by yourself.”

Zhao Feng admired Duanmu Qing’s wisdom.

Instead of giving people fish, it was better to teach them how to fish.

Giving the Dark Eye Secret Manual and the Duanmu Family’s Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique to Zhao Feng, Duanmu Qing wanted him to face the Pursuit of Death by himself.

Zhao Feng took the wooden box carefully before bowing to Duanmu Qing then leaving.

Although he only just entered the Sacred Land a couple days ago, Duanmu Qing didn’t treat Zhao Feng as if they had just met.

Zhao Feng silently remembered this with gratitude.

After returning to the place he was staying, Zhao Feng immediately took out the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique and started to cultivate it.

His consciousness soon entered the world of mental energy and started to absorb the knowledge hungrily.

An hour later, Zhao Feng had started to understand the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique.

The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique wasn't just a simple technique that cultivated the soul. It also included secret skills and how to use the power of the soul.

The Dao of the Soul had always been a forbidden area of cultivation.

Only those at the Void God Realm, whose souls had evolved, had the ability to truly use the power of the soul. However, they had only just stepped past the door.

The soul was too mysterious and dangerous. It was hard to learn its origin.

"The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique's specialty is to turn one thought into two, then one into a hundred, then one into a thousand... and increase the efficiency of using the power of the soul."

Zhao Feng couldn't help but sigh.

It was hard for normal people to do multiple things at once, but the thoughts of the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique were more unique.

Each of these thoughts were individualized and could do their own things. They didn't really affect each other.

Of course, the speed of these thoughts would be much slower.

For example, if one reached the 'One Thought into Two' level, then Zhao Feng's mind would become two individuals. One could cultivate the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique while the other could cultivate the inheritance of the Wind Lightning Emperor.

This splitting of the mind had exceeded mere multi-tasking.

Of course, that was just the theory behind the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique; it was much more difficult to actually accomplish it.

“Let’s try.”

Zhao Feng was somewhat excited as he started to cultivate the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique.

Currently, he had no Divine Sense. He only had Spiritual Sense.

One had to be at least at the half-step Void God Realm to have Divine Sense. However, Spiritual Sense and Divine Sense operated under the same principles.

While he was cultivating, Zhao Feng’s God’s Spiritual Eye unknowingly became involved since it was the core of his soul-power.

Half a day later:

“Hmm? It doesn’t seem to be too hard....”

Zhao Feng’s Spiritual Sense easily split into two.

Thinking back to the past, Zhao Feng’s God’s Spiritual Eye could easily control an army of beasts and order them around as he wished.

Normal beast tamers usually controlled an army of beasts by controlling the beast leader and ordering it to order the other beasts around. On the other hand, there were some unique eye-bloodlines that had the ability to control a beast army by themselves, such as Zhao Feng’s.

“One Thought into Ten.”

Zhao Feng’s Spiritual Sense easily split into ten on the second day.

Shua! Shua!

Zhao Feng's thought-power appeared as he circulated the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique.

In the next instant, three birds from different directions were restricted by the power of his thoughts.

With just a thought, Zhao Feng then made several wooden barrels float in the air.

"This is the power of mental energy thoughts."

Zhao Feng felt extremely satisfied.

His God's Spiritual Eye was a treasure, and the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique was a key to open it.

In just a short span of two days, Zhao Feng's Spiritual Sense had already split into ten.

In theory, each of these thoughts could control an army of beasts. All of them could unleash mental energy attacks or use their Spiritual Sense.

"As expected of a Heaven-Grade soul technique; it's heaven-defying."

Zhao Feng was full of praise.

He didn't know how terrifying his current cultivation speed was.

Back then, Duanmu Qing used ten years to achieve the One Thought into Ten state. Zhao Feng felt as if he was merely progressing as expected.

The talent of his God's Spiritual Eye in terms of the soul was heaven-defying, and it was currently like a fish in water as he cultivated the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique.

On this day, Zhao Feng decided to get ready to learn the Dark Eye Secret Manual.

“Zhao Feng, I will be leaving the Sacred Land soon and heading toward the Tianlu Islands. Don’t leave the Sacred Land in this period of time. If you need anything, you can tell me right now.”

Chapter 634: Soul Eye Bloodline Techniques

Zhao Feng knew that Duanmu Qing going to the Purple Saint Ruins was great news for Zhao Yufei.

After thinking for a while, he realized that, after entering the Sacred Land, all he needed to do was cultivate quietly. There were no other requirements.

The only other thing was to take care of the people on the Blue Lightning Sea Sky Ship, but he didn’t need an Emperor just for that.

“How long will Master be gone for?”

Zhao Feng asked.

“At least a month or two, at most half a year. It won’t be hard to stop the problems that the Purple Saint Ruins is facing, but it’ll be hard to recover the dimension itself. Time is also needed for the inheritance to become complete.”

Duanmu Qing answered.

Before he left, Duanmu Qing sent a stream of information about the Demigod Forgotten Garden into Zhao Feng’s mind.

Although the Demigod Forgotten Garden only opened once every five hundred years, the Sacred Land’s history was extremely long.

The two three-star clans and the many two-star sects had scouted it quite a bit over the course of history, so they knew most of the situation within.

“The requirement for entering the Demigod Forgotten Garden is to be below 50 years old. There are many restrictions in the Demigod Forgotten Garden, and the dimension is different from the outside world....”

Zhao Feng summarized.

There was still about two or three months till the Demigod Forgotten Garden opened.

Currently, Zhao Feng decided to focus on cultivation, so he didn't have much time to read the information in detail.

“I should first take care of everyone aboard the Blue Lightning Sea Sky Ship.”

Zhao Feng got up and walked out.

Being a Core disciple of a three-star Clan, Zhao Feng could easily walk around the Sacred Land with his status.

However, he was still extremely careful because the aura of Death in the bottom of his soul was still extremely close.

Many of the four Death Spirit Lords and thirty-six Death Guards were in the True Martial Sacred Land.

After walking out, Zhao Feng took out his Core Disciple Token and sent a message to the Golden Mountain Sect.

An hour later, Old Li from the Golden Mountain Sect received a letter.

A wisp of mental energy with Zhao Feng's voice sounded as the letter was opened, “Old Li, there's something I need your help with....”

Old Li was stunned. Someone below the Void God Realm could imbue their mental energy into a letter? Furthermore, the voice sounded instantaneously.

Due to the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique, Zhao Feng's mental energy thoughts could be split into many.

If his mental energy was attached to a letter and sent far away, he could still connect it with his soul. This was just a basic method of the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique.

Through the letter, Zhao Feng and Old Li didn't need any other methods of communication.

"Little Friend Zhao, you don't need to worry. I will report this to the upper echelon of the sect and give your friends some positions. That isn't much of a problem."

Old Li said.

On that very day, the blue-robed King went to get everyone aboard the Blue Lightning Sea Sky Ship.

On the second day, Li Yunya, Loulan Zhishui, and company aboard the Blue Lightning Sea Sky Ship became outer members of the Golden Mountain Sect.

Zhao Feng finally felt relaxed.

The True Martial Sacred Land wasn't his final stop, and he still needed a ship after going to the Floating Dream Sacred Land.

After taking care of those aboard the Blue Lightning Sea Sky Ship, Zhao Feng entered seclusion.

He had three current paths he was taking.

One was the Wind Lightning Emperor's inheritance.

He had almost completely mastered the purple color level, so he could try to cultivate the scarlet-colored Wind Lightning soon.

The second was the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique.

The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique was even greater than the Wind Lightning Emperor's inheritance, and it could even help dissolve the intent of Death within his soul.

The third path was the Death Dark Eye.

Amongst the three, Zhao Feng placed the greatest importance on the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique. The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique strengthened Zhao Feng's soul and allowed him to use it more efficiently.

However, after Zhao Feng reached the One Thought into Ten state, the rate of improvement slowed down dramatically.

It was already a miracle Zhao Feng could reach the One Thought into Ten state so quickly. His rate of cultivation had already far surpassed the speed of the experts from the Duanmu Family.

On the second day, Zhao Feng started to look into the Dark Eye Secret Manual.

He was fully lost in it as he absorbed its knowledge.

The Dark Eye Secret Manual contained the theories and techniques of the Emperor of Death and, although it didn't have much information about the Death Dark Eye, there was a lot of information about supporting and controlling eye-bloodline techniques.

"All of these techniques are biased toward Death and the Soul. The Emperor of Death is pretty cunning; he didn't write much about the offensive eye-bloodline techniques or any core information."

Zhao Feng used an entire day and night to scan over the contents.

One had to know that Zhao Feng's mental energy was extremely powerful; he had the ability of memorizing everything he saw. He also had great comprehension and learning ability.

The Dark Eye Secret Manual allowed Zhao Feng to understand more about Death and Soul techniques.

What was more surprising was that the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique and the Dark Eye Secret Manual complemented one another.

The two both regarded how the soul worked, and Zhao Feng had comprehended the Dark Eye Incomplete Page before, so he was able to understand the Dark Eye Secret Manual.

Half a month passed in the blink of an eye. Zhao Feng's consciousness was fully absorbed in the Dark Eye Secret Manual as he learnt the theory behind it.

Since many of the skills recorded in the Dark Eye Secret Manual were about the element of Death, Zhao Feng couldn't learn them, but he could learn the basic Soul techniques.

In this half a month, Zhao Feng also invented a couple other eye-bloodline techniques. They were mainly Soul-based, and since they were based on the Dark Eye Secret Manual, these techniques were mainly supporting skills.

"Soul Chains!"

A surge of mental energy eye-bloodline power appeared in Zhao Feng's left eye.

In the next instant, the skeletal Division Leader in the Ten Thousand Ghost Pearl became unable to move.

Transparent purple-colored lightning chains wrapped around the skeletal Division Leader's body.

In reality, what was actually bound was the skeletal Division Leader's soul. The transparent purple-colored lightning chains existed within the soul-dimension, and they restricted the opponent's soul.

"I only used 50% of my strength and you already can't fight back."

Zhao Feng took back his eye-bloodline power with dissatisfaction.

The skeletal Division Leader struggled for several breaths before finally breaking free.

Apart from the Soul Chains, Zhao Feng had also comprehended more than a dozen Soul-based techniques, some weak and some strong.

"Dark Heart Seal, Mental Energy Spike, Eye of Nightmares, Soul Searching Eye, Demonic Eye...."

Techniques, theories, and intents appeared in Zhao Feng's mind.

Although some of the skills were of the element of Death, Zhao Feng could use them with other elements.

After all, his eye-bloodline powers could change, which gave him a big advantage over other eye-bloodlines.

Amongst the techniques, Zhao Feng understood the Dark Heart Seal extremely well. It was an improvement on the Dark Heart Seed.

In the past, the Dark Heart Seed could merge into the opponent's soul and threaten the opponent's life and even enslave them.

However, the Dark Heart Seed's power was limited; it couldn't control the victim's thoughts.

If they didn't care about their life, then the Dark Heart Seed had no meaning. If the target wanted to counterattack, they could do so at any time, so the risk was high.

"The Dark Heart Seal imprints one's own soul-power into the depths of the opponent's soul and can change their thoughts. Those that are imprinted with the Dark Heart Seal will obey their master from the bottom of their heart."

Zhao Feng knew how terrifying this skill was.

The Dark Heart Seal was basically an enslaving seal. Once imprinted, the victim would obey their master like a true slave.

For example, although the skeletal Division Leader was controlled by Zhao Feng, it still had malicious thoughts, but if it was imprinted with the Dark Heart Seal instead, the skeletal Division leader would obey Zhao Feng until the end.

The Dark Heart Seal could be considered a forbidden enslaving technique.

Of course, the skill had its own limits.

Firstly, the success rate depended on the difference in soul-strength.

Under normal situations, if the target fought back and the skill failed, the target's soul would most likely be destroyed.

Of course, the success rate was related to control. With the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique and the God's Spiritual Eye, Zhao Feng's control was extremely precise.

Zhao Feng even thought that he could maybe control several slaves at once if he split his thoughts.

Apart from the fact that the rate of success wasn't very high, the Dark Heart Seal also used a lot of energy, which also depended on the difference in soul-strength.

“Dark Heart Seal.”

A wisp of cold eye-bloodline power radiated from Zhao Feng’s body.

Shua!

A True Spirit Realm bird in the air several miles away froze.

A breath or two later:

Whoosh!

The True Spirit Realm bird flew over and landed on Zhao Feng’s shoulder respectfully.

“En, its mind has been fully enslaved. Even if I was at the Ascended Realm, it would obey me.”

Zhao Feng nodded his head.

This was the tenth time he was testing out the Dark Heart Seal.

Apart from a mistake on the first try, the other nine tries all ended in success.

Zhao Feng’s control was extremely precise to begin with, and he had also learnt the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique, meaning that his usage of soul-power had reached another level.

Zhao Feng then tried to control nearby beasts using ten different thoughts. Each of the beasts were at least at the Ascended Realm.

A few breaths later, eight of the ten beasts at the Ascended Realm were enslaved by Zhao Feng.

The two failures were due to Zhao Feng multi-tasking.

If Zhao Feng could cultivate the Dark Heart Seal and the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique to a higher level, the rate of success would become higher.

Within the Ten Thousand Ghost Pearl, the skeletal Division Leader saw Zhao Feng's new Soul techniques and became filled with fear. Everything imprinted by the Dark Heart Seal became truly enslaved by Zhao Feng.

Chapter 635: Breaking Through to the Late Stage Small Origin Core Realm

Zhao Feng didn't use the Dark Heart Seal on the skeletal Division Leader.

The Dark Heart Seal had its advantages and disadvantages.

The main advantage was that the target would fully obey the user, but they would become something similar to robots. Their minds and way of thinking were limited, and they would have limited potential.

Therefore, Zhao Feng didn't use the Dark Heart Seal on the skeletal Division Leader. The latter's cunning was better than a mere doll that knew how to take orders.

Furthermore, the skeletal Division Leader wasn't much of a threat to Zhao Feng anymore at this point anyway.

Besides, the Dark Heart Seed already in its heart could still decide its life or death in just one thought.

After comprehending more than a dozen new skills, Zhao Feng's seclusion still wasn't over.

"There's still two more months left. I need to strengthen and consolidate my cultivation."

Zhao Feng closed his eyes and continued to cultivate.

He decided to not touch the Death Dark Eye for a while. He focused on the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique, and he also tried to comprehend the scarlet-colored Wind Lightning.

At the same time, he would enter the Ancient Dream Realm every couple days.

He could stay there for a long time now, and the amount of Ancient Dream Realm aura he was absorbing was enormous, which was all being infused into his bloodline, soul, and body.

The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique could also be strengthened by the Ancient Dream Realm aura, and Zhao Feng's soul was increasing by leaps and bounds

Half a month later, Zhao Feng's Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique had reached the level where he could split his mind into twenty thoughts. His Spiritual Sense and his soul were becoming stronger by the day.

Unknowingly, Zhao Feng's soul had reached the peak Great Origin Core Realm, only below the half-step Void God Realm.

His improvement could be described as "travelling a thousand miles in one day."

The God's Spiritual Eye was a treasure box hidden in Zhao Feng's soul. The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique was a key to opening it, and the Ancient Dream Realm aura was a catalyst.

"If things continue at this rate, my soul will be comparable to a half-step King two months later."

Zhao Feng was quite looking forward to it.

The Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique was indeed worthy of a Heaven-Grade technique that could increase one's chances of breaking through to the Void God Realm.

Even some Emperors wanted the technique, but Duanmu Qing never agreed.

Although Zhao Feng's soul was weaker than those at the half-step Void God Realm, his mastery and usage of soul-power exceeded them. This meant that half-step Void God Realm intents no longer posed a threat to him.

On this day, Zhao Feng entered the Ancient Dream Realm once more.

Zhao Feng slowly walked over the barren lands.

Nowadays, he no longer entered the Ancient Dream Realm purely to absorb the aura; he also wanted to scout the place out.

"I walked four or five steps last time and appeared at that spot."

Zhao Feng paid attention to every detail.

Whenever he entered the Ancient Dream Realm, he would appear at the same spot he left the previous time.

There was a patch of grass ahead.

"I probably need to take a couple thousand steps to reach that patch of grass."

Zhao Feng walked seven or eight steps before standing still for a long time and absorbing a large amount of Ancient Dream Realm aura.

Before he left, Zhao Feng gazed ahead.

The grass was his first target. Further ahead was a stream.

Right at that moment, Zhao Feng's God's Spiritual Eye saw an ancient bird, around four to five feet long, flying in the air.

"What a terrifying aura!"

Zhao Feng's body and soul felt a powerful Yao aura. The Yao aura emanating from the bird was hundreds, if not thousands of times stronger than its descendants.

As if sensing Zhao Feng, the red eyes of the bird flashed.

Boom!

Zhao Feng's heart shook. He felt as if he was facing a Void God Realm King.

"Retreat!"

Zhao Feng felt a strong sense of danger and quickly left the Ancient Dream Realm.

Inside the room, Zhao Feng's back was drenched in cold sweat.

Just a random bird within the Ancient Dream Realm was so strong.

In that place where he could barely manage to even walk, he had no chance against such a beast.

The scouting this time made Zhao Feng wary. While there may be fortune in the Ancient Dream Realm, accompanying it was also danger. There were obviously strong beings in there.

For the next two months, Zhao Feng stopped his comprehension and focused on his cultivation.

The signs of his Core Center becoming crystal-like were becoming more obvious.

At this moment, Zhao Feng took out the third item from the wooden box – the Crystal Core Pill.

Duanmu Qing had given Zhao Feng three items. Amongst them, the Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique and the Dark Eye Secret Technique had given Zhao Feng a lot of supporting techniques, but there was still this pill.

—

—“This is a Crystal Core Pill, which can help those at the peak Small Origin Core Realm break through to the Great Origin Core Realm. Your cultivation isn’t enough to use it yet, but I found that the Core Center within your body is showing signs of turning into crystal, so using this now might have some good effects.” —

What Duanmu Qing said echoed in Zhao Feng’s mind.

Normally, only someone at the peak stage Small Origin Core Realm trying to break through to the Great Origin Core Realm would be suitable to use the Crystal Core Pill; those at the middle- and late-stage either wouldn’t be able to withstand the power, or they’d end up wasting a large portion of its energy.

However, being an Emperor, Duanmu Qing had good eyes.

Not only did he see that Zhao Feng’s state of existence had reached the limit of the Great Origin Core Realm, he also saw that the Core Center in Zhao Feng’s body was already showing signs of turning into crystal. Therefore, Zhao Feng would be able to withstand the pill.

“Crystal Core Pill... let’s see its effects.”

Zhao Feng gulped down the smooth pill.

The Crystal Core Pill showed no signs of dissolving like other spiritual pills when it entered his body.

Circulating his True Yuan, Zhao Feng absorbed the power of the Crystal Core Pill.

The energy contained within it was extremely pure. It was on par with a Core Center of someone at the Great Origin Core Realm.

Di! Da!

The power of the Crystal Core Pill turned into streams of dominating energy that entered Zhao Feng's Core Center.

The Core Center of a normal Origin Core Realm wouldn't be able to withstand such energy, but Zhao Feng could do so easily since his state of existence and his body had both reached the limit of the Great Origin Core Realm.

Even some half-step Void God Realms didn't have a state of existence or a body that were as strong as Zhao Feng's. On top of that, part of his Core Center had already turned crystal-like, so he could handle this energy as long as he didn't rush.

As time passed, the Core Center within Zhao Feng's body started to expand and condense. The crystal-like changes were becoming more obvious as well.

Two months passed, and Zhao Feng completely absorbed the energy from the Crystal Core Pill.

During that period of time, he didn't enter the Ancient Dream Realm due to his wariness of the ancient Yao bird.

Luckily, through hard work and the help of the Crystal Core Pill, Zhao Feng's Core Center had almost become fully crystal-like, and it had expanded to the size of a normal late-stage Small Origin Core Realm.

"The strength of my Core Center isn't much different from a Great Origin Core Realm. The only difference is the size."

Zhao Feng inspected quietly.

His cultivation was now at the late-stage Small Origin Core Realm. There wouldn't be any bottleneck preventing him from breaking through to the Great Origin Core Realm since his Core Center had already become almost fully crystalline.

All he needed to do now was slowly condense and expand his Core Center into a Crystal Core, then he would reach the Great Origin Core Realm.

"There's still a couple days left till the Demigod Forgotten Garden opens."

Zhao Feng let out a long breath.

In these last couple days, he decided to enter the Ancient Dream Realm and condense his Core Center with the Ancient Dream Realm aura.

After all, he had used a lot of outside help to break through to the late-stage Small Origin Core Realm, so he wanted to stabilize himself with some Ancient Dream Realm aura..

When he entered the Ancient Dream Realm this time, he was extremely careful.

Shua!

Zhao Feng stood on an ancient barren land.

The bird he saw last time didn't appear.

Zhao Feng absorbed a large amount of Ancient Dream Realm aura and merged it into his Core Center to consolidate his foundation.

At the same time, all the geniuses in the True Martial Sacred Land that were attending the Demigod Forgotten Garden were also preparing themselves.

In the Mystic True Sacred Clan, within Emperor Gu Luo's palace:

"Late-stage Small Origin Core Realm – success!"

Jiang Fan's face became faintly red with victory.

"Not bad. With my help, you managed to absorb all the energy of a Crystal Core Pill."

Emperor Gu Luo praised.

Over the last couple months, Jiang Fan had been working hard, and his strength had increased by leaps and bounds.

"Now that my Ten Thousand Ancient Races bloodline and my cultivation have both increased, my strength should be enough to challenge the Ten Geniuses of the Sacred Land."

Jiang Fan was full of confidence.

The bloodlines of the legendary Ten Thousand Ancient Races had the ability to fight against people with higher cultivations.

For example, although he was only at the late-stage Small Origin Core Realm, he could challenge those at the late-stage Great Origin Core Realm.

"Hmph, that Zhao Feng..."

Jiang Fan felt extremely satisfied. His cultivation speed was insanely quick. That Zhao Feng would be left behind in the dust.

On one of the main Spiritual Peaks, in the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan, in a secret underground palace:

“According to our deal, my master – the Scarlet Demon Emperor – has given you a spot, and he paid a big price for it....”

The figure of a scale-covered man could be faintly seen.

If Zhao Feng was present, he would immediately recognize this person as Tu Wanli, the person who had charged over to the Golden Mountain Sect before.

Facing Tu Wanli was a warm youth.

“Many thanks to the Scarlet Demon Emperor. My master, the Emperor of Death, will be exiting seclusion soon, and he will give many rewards.”

The warm youth said peacefully.

Tu Wanli’s heart gently trembled when he heard that.

Being an ancient Emperor, the Emperor of Death’s name was known across all three Spiritual Sacred Lands.

In this world, apart from Mystic Light Realm Sacred Lords, no one dared to say that they could suppress the Emperor of Death.

“We’re only responsible for giving you a spot. As for killing Zhao Feng, that is not related to us. Hehe, are you not scared of Emperor Duanmu Qing’s revenge?”

Tu Wanli laughed.

Although the Emperor of Death was strong, Duanmu Qing was strong as well, and this place was the True Martial Sacred Land.

“As long as he enters the Demigod Forgotten Garden, no one will be able to save Zhao Feng. Coincidentally, Emperor Duanmu has left. This is the perfect chance.”

Although the warm youth’s smile was the same – bright and sunny – there was a coldness that passed through his soul.

“Zhe zhe, don’t get too cocky. Many of the geniuses entering the Demigod Forgotten Garden are personal disciples of Emperors. The strength of that Nan Gongsheng and our clan’s Meng Xi are far stronger than normal half-step Void God Realms. Your Death Guards probably won’t even be enough to be their appetizer.”

Chapter 636: Opening of the Forgotten Garden

In a forest covered in purple mist on the main Spiritual Peak of the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan:

“Xi’er, although you have a legendary bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races, it isn’t a battle-type bloodline. Your chances of winning against Nan Gongsheng don’t exceed 50%.”

A voice sounded from a bamboo room.

The inside of the room was dark and had a nice smell to it.

A peerless beauty with eyes like stars stood there. Her hair reached the ground, and she seemed to be a goddess.

“Hmph, although that Nan Gongsheng is the number one genius of the Sacred Land, he’s lost a few times against me.”

Meng Xi touched her hair and seemed to be slightly unwilling.

In front of her sat a silver-haired figure with an infinitely powerful aura.

One couldn't tell the gender of the figure, and although it seemed to actually be there, it also seemed to be just a ball of air at the same time.

"Hehe, you are my most outstanding disciple. How could I have not prepared anything for the once-every-five-hundred-years Demigod Forgotten Garden?"

The figure slowly opened its hand.

Shua!

A unique, purple unicorn's horn landed on Meng Xi's palm.

"This is...?"

Meng Xi was slightly surprised. The purple unicorn's horn contained a profound aura of mental energy, but it didn't seem to be a weapon.

"With this, you will be almost completely unparalleled in the Demigod Forgotten Garden. Even Nan Gongsheng will be wary of you."

The figure smiled faintly.

On the morning of the second day, on a large arena stage on the main Spiritual peak of the Mystic True Sacred Clan, several half-step Void God Realm auras clashed.

Three of them were on the same side: a middle-aged man with a long beard, a cold youth, and a female in a green dress.

On the other side was a sharp youth in mystic clothes with one hand behind his back. His other hand released a silver light that pushed back the three half-step Void God Realms.

There were many spectators watching, including Core disciples, several Kings, and even an Emperor.

“This Nan Gongsheng is facing three half-step Void God Realms with such ease!?”

The Core disciples below watching felt their hearts twitch. He was too monstrous.

Nan Gongsheng was the Head disciple of the Mystic True Sacred Clan. At the same time, he was also the strongest genius in the entire Sacred Land. No one apart from Meng Xi, who had a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races, had even lasted more than ten moves against him.

Ta!

Three half-step Void God intents suddenly merged together and crushed toward Nan Gongsheng.

The Heaven Earth Yuan Qi seemed to freeze as forces clashed in the soul-dimension. All thoughts were unable to move.

The three half-step Void God intents had become one, and the Core disciples below didn't dare to breathe.

Even though Nan Gongsheng had reached the half-step Void God Realm, it was hard for him to break through the combined attacks of three half-step Void God intents.

“Break!”

Silver light flashed around Nan Gongsheng as his half-step Void God intent started to rise.

Boom!

A loud explosion sounded within the soul-dimension, which then passed into the physical dimension.

In that instant, the arrays around the stage became dim.

“Void God intent!”

Everyone broke out into discussion. Only the Emperor had a calm expression.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The hearts of the three half-step Void God Realms shook. They were sent flying by the Void God intent, and blood dripped from their mouths.

“An intent of a King? Has Nan Gongsheng become a King?”

“No, his cultivation is still at the half-step Void God Realm, but his soul has already formed true Void God Realm King intent.”

The spectators broke out into chaos.

In this instant, all the geniuses looked at Nan Gongsheng with respect and admiration.

Forming true Void God intent meant that Nan Gongsheng had no bottleneck.

Boom!

A brand-new Void God intent shot up into the sky and ignited the power of the universe.

In their sight, Nan Gongsheng seemed to become one with heaven.

From now on, his intent had the ability of a King and could easily kill normal Origin Core Realms.

“A new King intent.”

“Has someone become a King?”

The Divine Senses of many Void God Realm Kings and Emperors flashed across the air.

However, their hearts shook when they realized that this new King intent came from a junior.

“Nan Gongsheng’s only thirty-something years old and has already formed King intent.”

“As expected of the number one genius of the Sacred Land who has the peerless Spatial Spirit Body and the peerless Heaven Spirit Body.”

Some Kings sighed.

Normal experts needed more than a hundred years or even several hundred years to become a King.

However, Nan Gongsheng was indeed talented.

The cultivation bodies of the world were split into the Mortal, Spiritual, Earth, and Heaven ranks.

Normal cultivators only had Spiritual bodies.

Back in the Guanjun Province, Zhao Feng and company’s bodies were only half Spiritual bodies.

Earth ranked bodies were already extremely rare, and this Nan Gongsheng had the highest Heaven ranked body.

On top of that, he had the unique Spatial Spirit Body.

The Spatial Spirit Body meant that his compatibility with Space, Heaven, and Earth was extremely high. This was a body that couldn't be inherited; it was completely random.

Such talent meant that Nan Gongsheng was one of the most talented people in the Sacred Land. Only the two people with Ten Thousand Ancient Races bloodlines could be compared to him.

Inside his garden, Zhao Feng opened his eyes as he felt a new King intent spread across the main Spiritual Peak.

"He is Nan Gongsheng?"

Zhao Feng's mind split into twenty or thirty thoughts that leapt into the air.

Over the last couple days, Zhao Feng had absorbed a large amount of Ancient Dream Realm aura to consolidate his cultivation.

However, just after he broke through, he witnessed the magnificence of the number one genius of the Sacred Land, Nan Gongsheng.

"The intent of a King...."

Zhao Feng sighed in his heart. Everything seemed tiny against such a thing.

This was the Spiritual Sacred Land, a place where cultivation could increase by leaps and bounds.

Nan Gongsheng was at the top of the top ten geniuses, and he led the “clash between Sheng and Meng.”

Sheng represented Nan Gongsheng, who had the three-star Mystic True Sacred Clan behind his back.

Meng represented Meng Xi, who had the three-star Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan behind her back.

After witnessing Nan Gongsheng’s strength, Zhao Feng thought about Meng Xi, who apparently had a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races. She shouldn’t be too far off from Nan Gongsheng.

As the day of the Demigod Forgotten Garden opening was approaching, the disciples in seclusion came out.

Each of the top ten geniuses of the Sacred Land came out, and they had all improved.

At this moment, Zhao Feng also stopped cultivating and started to read the information regarding the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

Although the Demigod Forgotten Garden sounded like a garden, in reality, it was a secret realm that was ranked even higher than the Purple Saint Ruins.

After all, the Purple Saint Ruins was already extremely weak, not even one tenth as strong as when it was at its peak.

“Junior Martial Brother Zhao.”

A voice sounded from outside.

Hearing that, Zhao Feng’s Spiritual Sense instantly scanned outside and saw a disciple.

The disciple was a youth in green robes who seemed to be somewhat lowkey.

“Senior Martial Brother Dong.”

Zhao Feng smiled faintly and walked out.

He met many Core disciples during the disciple ceremony, and this Senior Martial Brother Dong, whose full name was Dong Wenjian, was one of them.

More importantly, Dong Wenjian was Duanmu Qing’s in-name disciple, and his father was a half-step Void God Realm in the middle echelon.

Back then, Duanmu Qing took Dong Wenjian as his in-name disciple because he saw that the latter’s father was extremely hard working and was moved.

Dong Wenjian’s talent was only considered to be average in the Sacred Land.

Normally, Duanmu Qing would spend most of his time in seclusion, and he would spend many years every time he entered seclusion. This meant that Duanmu Qing didn’t have many chances to truly give pointers to Dong Wenjian.

“Junior Brother Zhao, there’s still three days till the opening of the Demigod Forgotten Garden, and Master’s not here. How is your preparation?”

Dong Wenjian was extremely warm.

The two were both under the same Emperor, but one was a Personal disciple while the other was only an in-name disciple.

Although there was a difference in status, they at least had the same master.

As Zhao Feng wasn’t familiar with many people, he could only walk with Dong Wenjian.

“I’ve made a small improvement in my seclusion. Although I might not be on the Top Ten Geniuses’ level, I won’t lose Master’s face.”

Zhao Feng smiled faintly and he was relatively humble.

Dong Wenjian looked at Zhao Feng with complex emotions, including jealousy and wariness.

Zhao Feng was only 23 years old at most and he already had such cultivation.

Dong Wenjian had also watched Zhao Feng’s battle with Zuo Hong, and he guessed that he probably wouldn’t have been able to last thirty moves if it were him.

And now, Zhao Feng’s cultivation had increased even more and reached the late-stage Small Origin Core Realm. There was also a power in his body that brought a lot of pressure.

That day, Zhao Feng and Dong Wenjian started to talk to others around the Sacred Land, mainly for two reasons.

One was information about the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

The Demigod Forgotten Garden had existed for an extremely long time, and the information that every King and Emperor possessed had slight differences.

Some Emperors and Kings might have more complete information.

For example, Duanmu Qing was usually in seclusion and acted lowkey, which meant that the information he had was not the most complete.

On top of that, people could help each other in the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

Due to these reasons, Dong Wenjian went to talk with other Core disciples.

After all, the two superpowers and the thirty-three two-star sects were about to enter the Demigod Forgotten Garden, and it was normal for there to be casualties.

Time flew, and the three days passed in the blink of an eye.

On this day, the once-every-five-hundred-years Demigod Forgotten Garden finally opened.

Boom!

The outline of a garden appeared in the corner of the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak with a magnificent power that shook Heaven and Earth.

Chapter 637: Wen Luoan

On the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak, two or three hundred disciples of the True Martial Sacred Land gathered in front of a tattered palace.

The outline of a garden could be seen above their heads.

At the beginning, the outline was extremely blurry and existed in a void-like state, but as time passed, the outline of the garden became clearer and clearer, as if it was trying to materialize.

At the front and back of the garden, there were ancient, rusty green doors with divine beasts made from marble next to them. Although they were fake, they gave off a metallic feeling and seemed as if they were still alive.

“The Demigod Forgotten Garden usually takes one hour to fully open.”

Dong Wenjian’s voice sounded in Zhao Feng’s ear.

Zhao Feng and Dong Wenjian were standing amongst the crowd from the Mystic True Sacred Clan.

The two or three hundred geniuses below the entrance of the Demigod Forgotten Garden were comprised of disciples from the two Sacred Clans and the thirty-three two-star sects.

Being a three-star superpower, the Mystic True Sacred Clan had 50 spots, while normal two-star sects only had five. The stronger two-star sects had more – around eight to ten.

For example, the Ten Thousand Lightning Sect had ten spots, whereas the Golden Mountain Sect only had five.

Before the Demigod Forgotten Garden opened, Dong Wenjian told Zhao Feng about the top ten geniuses of the Sacred Land, as well as some other strong figures.

Nan Gongsheng led the Mystic True Sacred Clan. After him were Che Yilin and Senior Martial Brother Nan*, who had both reached the late stages of the Great Origin Core Realm. These three were all amongst the top ten geniuses.

Of course, apart from them, there were also a couple geniuses from the Mystic True Sacred Clan that were just a tier below the top ten geniuses, like those at the early and middle stages of the Great Origin Core Realm.

Apart from them, Jiang Fan and his bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races might also be able to challenge the top ten geniuses.

At this moment, Jiang Fan's gaze landed on Zhao Feng, and his expression became somewhat ugly.

"That Zhao Feng's cultivation has also reached the late stages of the Small Origin Core Realm."

Jiang Fan tightened his fists together, and he felt somewhat defeated in his heart.

Back at the Void Ocean Spiritual Palace, Zhao Feng was just a "tiny figure" who would never interact with him anymore in his eyes.

Chen Yilin, who was next to Jiang Fan, also noticed this.

Zhao Feng's improvement wasn't just quick, it had surpassed even Jiang Fan, who had a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races.

"Junior Martial Brother Jiang, don't think too much about it. Even with the same level of cultivation, you have a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races, so you'll definitely win. Your opponents are the top ten geniuses of the Sacred Land."

Che Yilin smiled and comforted.

Hearing that, Jiang Fan's expression calmed down a little. He decided to surpass Zhao Feng by getting better rewards in the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

"Disciples of the Mystic True Sacred Clan, after entering the Demigod Forgotten Garden, you need to help each other. Do not attack or kill one another."

A powerful Emperor's intent sounded in the minds of the disciples.

Regulations Elder!

The hearts of the Core disciples shook as they agreed.

With Dong Wenjian's introductions, Zhao Feng was able to recognize some other experts from other forces.

"She is Meng Xi. Only she can counter Nan Gongsheng amongst the top ten geniuses, and she has a bloodline of the Ten Thousand Ancient Races."

Their gazes landed on a young female in a blue dress.

The girl had a perfect face and starry eyes. Her hair fell to the ground and blew gently in the wind, yet it was somehow not dirty and seemed to present a perfect image.

When the gazes of all the disciples landed on Meng Xi, their hearts were shaken.

In every aspect, Meng Xi fulfilled the image of a goddess.

“What a weird bloodline aura.”

When he saw her, Zhao Feng felt as if he wanted to protect her.

Peng! Peng! Peng! Peng!

The God’s Spiritual Eye gently jumped, and Zhao Feng became calm again as he escaped the beautiful sensation.

“That Meng Xi’s bloodline power is biased toward the soul.”

Zhao Feng concluded.

Hmm?

The gaze of the girl in blue with long hair suddenly turned and landed on Zhao Feng.

A powerful pressure descended on Zhao Feng’s soul, and Meng Xi’s eyes locked on to Zhao Feng’s body for a breath or two.

Dong Wenjian, who was next to Zhao Feng, felt his thoughts, bloodline, and power freeze.

Meng Xi's actions raised the attention of other geniuses. Someone that was able to raise Meng Xi's interest was definitely not simple.

"He's that new Core disciple?"

Nan Gongsheng couldn't help but glance toward Zhao Feng, but he wasn't surprised.

"That's right, he's that Zhao Feng who became Emperor Duanmu's Personal disciple...."

Another Core disciple nearby said.

At the same moment, Zhao Feng felt many pressuring eyes land on him. They were from the top ten geniuses of the Sacred Land.

Amongst them, Zhao Feng felt a gaze full of enmity and killing intent.

"Zhao Feng, life is so. We meet again. This time, we shall dance on the same stage."

A warm and smiling youth from the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan inspected Zhao Feng.

Right at this moment, Dong Wenjian spoke, "That warm-looking youth is called Wen Luoan, a disciple that has just joined the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan, and he shouldn't be weaker than the top ten geniuses. He's most likely the biggest dark horse this time."

The cultivation of the warm-looking Wen Luoan had reached the late stages of the Great Origin Core Realm.

"Wen Luoan?"

Zhao Feng's eyes twinkled as he became on guard.

The warm youth gave him a dangerous pressure.

“Apart from the two Sacred Clans, Lei Zhen from the Ten Thousand Lightning Sect has the rare Ancient Lightning Spiritual Bloodline, and he focuses on the power of Lightning. His battle-power is extremely strong.”

Dong Wenjian warned.

Lei Zhen?

Zhao Feng looked over and saw a bulky, barefooted man with a large sword on his back.

This Lei Zhen’s cultivation had reached the middle-stage Great Origin Core Realm, and the aura of lightning from his body made even Zhao Feng’s Wind Lightning True Yuan shake.

“What a powerful aura of Lightning.”

Zhao Feng could sense how terrifying this person was just by the power of Lightning radiating from him.

“Hmph, the inheritance of the Wind Lightning Emperor? Back then, the Wind Lightning Emperor came to the Ten Thousand Lightning Sect and comprehended many techniques here, otherwise he wouldn’t have become so famous.”

Lei Zhen murmured to himself.

The Ten Thousand Lightning Sect was one of the most elite forces in the Cang Ocean that cultivated in lightning.

Their strength was also incredibly close to a three-star superpower, and they easily surpassed the Golden Mountain Sect.

Even the Wind Lightning Emperor had once cultivated in the Ten Thousand Lightning Sect. Without the Ten Thousand Lightning Sect, there would be no Wind Lightning Emperor.

“None of the top ten prodigies of the Sacred Land are simple.”

Zhao Feng paid special attention to every one of the ten that Dong Wenjian told him about.

As time passed, the outline of the garden above became clearer, and the air on the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak shook slightly.

It was as if two spaces were squeezing together, and Zhao Feng’s God’s Spiritual Eye could see something.

If space were compared to bubbles, then a smaller bubble had just merged into a bigger bubble.

The Demigod Forgotten Garden was a secret realm that was created by a Demigod with heaven-defying methods.

“The Demigod Forgotten Garden will open soon.”

The two or three hundred Sacred Land geniuses above the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak raised their heads.

At this moment in time, all they could see was the outline of the Demigod Forgotten Garden and two green doors.

“There’s two entrances to the Demigod Forgotten Garden. One at the front, the other at the back.”

Information regarding the Demigod Forgotten Garden appeared in Zhao Feng’s mind.

The two green doors were guarded by the Mystic True Sacred Clan and the Thousand Darkness Sacred Clan.

Behind them were the stronger two-star sects.

Weng~~ Boom!

Space shook again.

Luckily, the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak's space was extremely stable, and it had spatial stabilizing arrays.

A corner of the Demigod Forgotten Garden dropped down and fully landed on the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak.

"A corner of the Forgotten Garden has merged onto the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak."

"The Demigod Forgotten Garden has been successfully opened."

Divine Senses from experts of the sects and clans filled the air.

"Let's enter the Demigod Forgotten Garden."

Nan Gongsheng charged at the front and turned into a silver streak of light that sped into the green door.

At the same moment, Meng Xi with her extremely long hair flashed by.

Sheng and Meng, the two super prodigies, stood at the peak and entered the Demigod Forgotten Garden with unparalleled speed.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The geniuses from the two Sacred Clans sped into the green doors.

“Junior Martial Brother Zhao, you should meet up with the other disciples of the clan when you enter. That way, you won’t be disadvantaged....”

Dong Wenjian warned as he also leapt into a green door.

Zhao Feng nodded his head and left a purple Wind Lightning afterimage behind as he disappeared.

“So, it’s the Purple Destruction Wind Lightning.”

A cold intent came from Lei Zhen of the Ten Thousand Lightning Sect behind.

Weng~~~

As more and more people entered the Demigod Forgotten Garden, the two green doors started to become unstable. When all two or three hundred disciples went in, the color of the green doors had faded to the limit.

Bang!

The two green doors shut at the same time.

Only a corner of the Demigod Forgotten Garden could be seen on the Ten Thousand Ancient Sacred Peak.

Even the Divine Senses of Kings and Emperors found it extremely hard to enter the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

Shua!

Zhao Feng's body dropped into an old forest.

A crushing pressure from the Demigod Forgotten Garden instantly descended upon him.

"As expected."

Zhao Feng's figure paused slightly before starting to walk.

The space of the Demigod Forgotten Garden was much stronger than the Sacred Land. Zhao Feng learned this several days ago.

Around the same point in time, many of the geniuses that entered the Demigod Forgotten Garden stumbled.

"What a strong pressure."

These geniuses had red faces and found it hard to breathe.

Those with Small Origin Core Realm cultivations couldn't even fly here. Even those at the Great Origin Core Realm could only barely do so.

Apart from that, all types of powers and intents were restricted here.

For example, in the outside world, a wide-area attack from a Great Origin Core Realm could sweep across dozens of miles and destroy a small city, but in the Demigod Forgotten Garden, the same attack would only cover ten or twenty yards. Every other aspect, such as speed, was also restricted.

Chapter 638: Belief of a Loner

Within the Demigod Forgotten Garden, everyone that entered felt a powerful pressure descend upon them and suppress their powers.

Some of the geniuses at the Small Origin Core Realm found it hard to move or even breathe. They needed some time to get used to the pressure here.

Zhao Feng's figure froze for a moment before starting to walk.

Although the pressure here was strong, it was nothing compared to the pressure in the Ancient Dream Realm.

Zhao Feng's God's Spiritual Eye inspected every flower and piece of wood in the Demigod Forgotten Garden and felt a weird sensation.

There seemed to be an immortal intent somewhere controlling the power of Heaven and Earth.

"Skeletal Division Leader."

Zhao Feng tried to connect with the skeletal Division Leader within the Ten Thousand Ghost Pearl, but he found that the skeletal Division Leader couldn't leave the pearl.

He wasn't surprised. Over the last couple days, he read a lot of information regarding the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

The Demigod Forgotten Garden had its own laws.

Firstly, those that entered the Demigod Forgotten Garden had to rely on their own powers without using any "outside help."

Under that law, the skeletal Division Leader was suppressed within the Ten Thousand Ghost Pearl.

Zhao Feng then tried to reach out to the little thieving cat and it ended in success.

Miao miao!

The little thieving cat appeared on Zhao Feng's shoulder.

This was because the little thieving cat was Zhao Feng's pet. Pets weren't under the restriction, otherwise all the beast tamers wouldn't be able to do anything in the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

At the same moment, in another corner of the Demigod Forgotten Garden, a warm youth gazed at a black bracelet on his wrist.

Weng~~

The black bracelet gently shook as a Void God Realm aura surged from within.

"Third Prince, the Demigod intent in the Demigod Forgotten Garden controls Heaven and Earth here. I can't help you."

A voice sounded from the bracelet.

"The Demigod Forgotten Garden is indeed not simple. Let's slowly enjoy this game."

The warm youth Wen Luoan smiled.

Within the Demigod Forgotten Garden, the geniuses that tried to cheat revealed disappointed expressions. All types of outside help were useless here.

Of course, nothing was absolute.

“It succeeded! As expected of Master, a Mystic Light Realm Sacred Lord who left behind this trick in the Demigod Forgotten Garden a long time ago.”

Meng Xi’s hand flipped, and a purple unicorn’s horn appeared in her hand.

The purple unicorn’s horn seemed to be just a simple tool; it didn’t contain any kind of stored entity or “outside help.” However, with this purple unicorn’s horn, Meng Xi smiled with confidence.

“If that’s the case, then I’ll first go to the Hundred Flower Garden, then toward the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower or maybe the Heart Healing Palace....”

With a plan in mind, Meng Xi’s figure flashed. Even with the Demigod Forgotten Garden’s suppression, her speed was extremely quick.

Although the Demigod Forgotten Garden sounded like a mere garden, it was actually a large secret realm that contained many fortunes and treasures, but there was also an accompanying danger.

Every genius in the Sacred Land knew most of the information about the Demigod Forgotten Garden. The only difference between them was how much they knew.

“En, according to the plan, I should go to the Purple Smoke Lake first. I have the biggest advantage there.”

Zhao Feng had his own plan.

He had studied some information about the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

Sou!

Zhao Feng’s figure moved with a purple flash.

The path below him was made from a green jade stone, which is what most of the pathways in the Demigod Forgotten Garden were made of. Everywhere else consisted mainly of grass and wood.

According to the experience of the people that had entered this place in the past, if one went on the pathways of this green jade stone, they were less likely to meet the attacks of powerful beasts.

After all, the entire place was filled with forests and grass, and there were some places that had hidden threats.

Spiritual Sense was also restricted within the Demigod Forgotten Garden, so people would normally not enter the places outside of the green jade stone.

At a certain moment:

Teng!

Zhao Feng's figure jumped onto a big tree. He opened his God's Spiritual Eye and looked down in order to observe the landscape.

"Luckily, the God's Spiritual Eye can help a lot here."

Zhao Feng soon figured out where he was.

Although everyone that came into the Demigod Forgotten Garden had information, not many had a complete map.

The Demigod Forgotten Garden only opened once every five hundred years, and the entire True Martial Sacred Land had only scouted out 60-70% of the place. There were still a lot of unknown forbidden places.

Through his God's Spiritual Eye, Zhao Feng could see the landscape and analyze where he was relative to what he knew, which meant that he knew how to get to the Purple Smoke Lake.

Ceng!

Zhao Feng increased his speed, but he didn't fly. It had been a long time since he used such techniques.

On the way, he met some geniuses from the Sacred Land.

When entering the Demigod Forgotten Garden, everyone was sent to a certain position on the green jade stone.

Boom!

The sound of fighting came from the mountain ahead.

A bunch of geniuses had found a rare plant that was extinct in the outside world, and it could help strengthen one's bloodline.

However, next to the rare plant was a beast comparable to the Great Origin Core Realm, so the place was filled with fighting.

A total of four or five geniuses entered the fray.

Zhao Feng looked them over and saw that there was no one from the Mystic True Sacred Clan.

Although the value of the rare plant was great, Zhao Feng was too lazy to go over.

There were plenty of fortunes here. His target was the Purple Smoke Lake.

Zhao Feng continued to go on his journey, avoiding everyone else from the Sacred Land. However, the Demigod Forgotten Garden was huge, and everyone's speed was limited.

Half a day later, Zhao Feng had only passed two-thirds of the distance there.

Right at this moment, a tower that glittered with gold appeared in the forest in front.

Although it was far away, Zhao Feng could feel an air of treasure radiating from that golden tower.

"Hmm? Could that tower in front be the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower?"

Zhao Feng's footsteps paused.

The Ten Thousand Treasures Tower contained the savings of a Demigod. These treasures were all earth-shaking and had unique abilities.

Apparently, there were rumors that any random treasure within could change the destiny of a mortal.

Over the last dozen millennia, the treasures from the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower had created many legends.

A mysterious ring created a Void God Realm King.

A weird token created a two-star super-sect.

A mysterious coin changed the fate of someone normal.

Apart from that, the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower also contained items similar to Void God Protections that could be used within the Demigod Forgotten Garden. Because these items came from the Demigod Forgotten Garden to begin with, they weren't restricted by Heaven and Earth.

All these reasons made the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower an important target of all the geniuses.

As expected, when Zhao Feng reached the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower, there were already many people there – around forty or fifty.

One had to know that this was only the beginning of the Demigod Forgotten Garden opening. Every time it opened, there was only half a month's time.

“There’s already so many geniuses gathered here on the first day.”

Zhao Feng couldn’t help but sigh.

He had thought about tackling the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower first earlier, but he decided to give up.

The competition here was too fierce, and the tower itself was full of dangerous challenges.

It was hard for a single person alone to accomplish anything, unless they were as strong as Nan Gongsheng or Meng Xi.

Simply put, it was best to create a team.

“Junior Martial Brother Zhao.”

A voice sounded from a group of five or six in front of the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower.

The voice belonged to Dong Wenjian.

The leader of Dong Wenjian's group was Brother Nan, who was from the Mystic True Sacred Clan and one of the top ten geniuses.

Zhao Feng stopped.

He currently had two choices:

One, join the Mystic True Sacred Clan's group.

Two, don't.

"Junior Martial Brother Zhao, why not join our group? The more people we have, the stronger we will be. We can enter the Ten Thousand Treasures Tower together."

Dong Wenjian said warmly.

Zhao Feng hadn't been with the Mystic True Sacred Clan for long, so the only person he somewhat knew was Dong Wenjian, and that was only because they were both under Emperor Duanmu.

"Hehe, Junior Martial Brother Zhao's strength is not bad. I saw him personally defeat Zuo Hong."

Some of the others within the group revealed their good intents.

The competition within the Demigod Forgotten Garden was fierce, and there were many forces here. It was best for those from the same force to help each other.

Senior Martial Brother Nan was expressionless, but he didn't decline. The more people they had, the stronger they were. In his eyes, Zhao Feng's strength was average, so at least he wouldn't drag them down.

Zhao Feng was silent. His eyes flashed with decisiveness.

“Senior Martial Brother Dong, I’m very sorry, I have my own plans, so I can’t join your group for now.”

Zhao Feng said slightly regretfully.

His first target was the Purple Smoke Lake. The Ten Thousand Treasures Tower wasn’t suitable for Zhao Feng.

He only just joined the Mystic True Sacred Clan, so he wasn’t familiar with the other Core disciples yet.

Although Dong Wenjian was also Duanmu Qing’s disciple, he still felt slightly jealous and unbalanced.

Zhao Feng knew all of that clearly.

This wasn’t the Floating Crest Palace from the Broken Moon Clan. He didn’t have any true friends here in the Demigod Forgotten Garden that he could rely on. Therefore, in Brother Nan’s group, he would only be used without receiving much in return.

“The Ten Thousand Treasures Tower... isn’t currently suitable for me.”

Zhao Feng’s figure turned into a purple streak as he continued on his way after declining.

He was prepared to be a loner in the Demigod Forgotten Garden, and he was confident in himself.

Even if he was a loner, he would fight a path for himself.

“That Zhao Feng doesn’t know what’s good for him....”

Zhao Feng's rejection made Dong Wenjian's expression slightly ugly. In the bottom of his heart, he didn't like Zhao Feng due to jealousy, but he also didn't dare to offend him. After all, Zhao Feng was favored by Duanmu Qing while he was only an in-name disciple.

"Hmph, let him go alone and perish on his own. Without the strength of one of the top ten prodigies, loners will die."

Brother Nan's expression was ugly. Zhao Feng declining to join his group made him lose face.

Chapter 639: Zhao Feng's Plan

Four hours later, Zhao Feng safely arrived at a faint purple-colored lake.

The lake was several hundred miles wide. When one looked from afar, it seemed to be a perfect piece of jade.

"This is the largest lake in the Demigod Forgotten Garden – the Purple Smoke Lake."

Zhao Feng slowed down and became cautious.

At this moment, he had strayed from the path of the green jade stone and was currently approaching the slightly wet mud near the lake.

There was an intent that controlled the laws in the Demigod Forgotten Garden, and most beasts didn't dare to enter the green jade stone path. For outsiders, the green jade stone path was relatively safe, but now Zhao Feng had left the path and was about to enter the Purple Smoke Lake area.

"The Purple Smoke Lake is one of the places with the best fortune in the entire Demigod Forgotten Garden. It has many unique treasures and resources."

Zhao Feng stepped onto the mud and approached the faintly purple-colored lake.

The lake contained a spiritual power within it, which created rare and precious resources but also created powerful water beasts at the same time.

“Purple Scaled Grass!”

Low exclamations came from several geniuses near the shore.

Bam!

A male covered in a layer of water grabbed a weird-looking scaled grass, leapt out of the water, and ran toward the shore.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Dozens of nearby fish bared their teeth and followed.

The weakest of these fish were at the True Lord Rank, and the strongest ones had reached the Origin Core Realm.

The environment of the Demigod Forgotten Garden meant that the growth of anything living inside was at least ten times and up to even a hundred times faster than the outside world.

—

The Purple Scaled Grass is a grass that can strengthen one’s body and help anyone below the Void God Realm.

Information surfaced in Zhao Feng’s mind.

The Purple Scaled Grass was almost extinct in the outside world, but there were vast quantities of it in the Purple Smoke Lake.

In the entire Cang Ocean, over 90% of the Purple Scaled Grass came from here, so there was basically no supply for it.

Apart from strengthening the body, the Purple Scaled Grass had another weird effect; if one ate a large amount of Purple Scaled Grass, they might be able to obtain a defensive Water bloodline.

Simply put, it could give someone a Water element bloodline. This sounded incredible, but anything that sounded incredible was normal in the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

After all, the owner of the Demigod Forgotten Garden had taken half a step into the realm of the gods.

“Help me...!”

The male screamed as several hundred fish attacked him.

In the Demigod Forgotten Garden, the pressure from Heaven and Earth was extremely strong, and normal Origin Core Realm cultivators weren’t even able to fly. Even those at the Great Origin Core Realm could only momentarily travel in the air.

Although the male specialized in Water element techniques, he was facing the attacks of several hundred fish in the lake.

Most of the fish in the Purple Smoke Lake were carnivores, and they had a sharp sense of smell toward strangers and would attack them instinctively.

“Quick! Help Junior Martial Brother Zhu!”

There were two disciples on the shore. One of them pulled out a bow while the other used a soul technique that sent mental energy through the air in order to stop the attacks from the fish. However, even with all that, as the man was about to reach the shore, his entire body was covered in blood.

It was at that moment that something unexpected happened.

A chaotic wave surged out from the lake as the giant figure of a dark, scaled creature could be seen.

“Watch out!”

“It’s an ancient crocodile!”

The other two disciples, who were both at the late-stage of the Small Origin Core Realm, unleashed attacks on the crocodile.

However, the crocodile’s scales were extremely tough. It took the attacks of the two Small Origin Core Realms head-on, and there were no signs of obvious damage anywhere.

Boom!

The ancient crocodile’s scales had a faint purple color to them as it leapt toward the male.

“Arghh!”

The male that trained in Water techniques ran as fast as he could but was still bit on the leg.

Crack!

After losing a leg, the male managed to escape the danger zone with the help of the other two disciples.

“The number of beasts in the Purple Smoke Lake and their strength are greater than we imagined.”

The three were shocked.

Although they had gotten one stalk of grass, one of them had lost a leg. While the value of a Purple Scaled Grass was high, the price they paid was too much.

“One needs at least a dozen Purple Scaled Grasses to obtain that defensive Water bloodline.”

The expressions of the three were bitter.

At the same time, the figures of other geniuses started to appear near the Purple Smoke Lake.

Only those at the Great Origin Core Realm would be able to obtain some good stuff without being injured.

The Purple Scaled Grass was only one of the rare treasures in the Purple Smoke Lake.

“The depths of the lake contain more valuable treasures. Apparently, there’s even a mermaid race in the depths of the lake, as well as a secret palace....”

Zhao Feng started to think; he wasn’t in a rush.

As they were unable to fly, even those at the Great Origin Core Realm could only test their luck near the shore.

Zhao Feng’s train of thought became clearer, and he decided what to do.

“Hmm? That brat’s alone. Which sect’s Core disciple is he?”

“He looks pretty new.”

The gazes of the three-man team from before landed on Zhao Feng, who was slowly approaching them.

The three had wary expressions. One of them gripped his bow, another started to circulate his secret soul technique, and the last male, who trained in the element of Water, put the Purple Scaled Grass away.

Zhao Feng didn't bother with the three. He sat down near where the ancient crocodile had appeared.

"The ancient crocodile is a rare race in the Purple Smoke Lake that can also attack on land."

Zhao Feng's eyes twinkled as he sat down in front of the three wary gazes.

The three were secretly stunned. Was this blue-haired youth arrogant or just retarded? An ancient crocodile had just attacked right there and he still dared to sit there?

"The three of us come from the Dark Cloud Sect. May we know which sect you come from?"

The archer spoke.

"Mystic True Sacred Clan, Zhao Feng."

Zhao Feng said nonchalantly with his back toward the three.

Mystic True Sacred Clan.

The three from the Dark Cloud Sect instantly revealed wary expressions. They didn't dare to underestimate him at all.

The two Sacred Clans stood at the peak of the Sacred Land.

Even in the Demigod Forgotten Garden, the disciples of the two-star sects were disadvantaged against those from the three-star Clans.

“Retreat for now.”

The three retreated back to the green jade stone path and recovered.

They didn’t leave. Instead, they stayed and watched the progress of other geniuses nearby.

Most of the geniuses were chased away by the fish within the lake. Only a couple Great Origin Core Realms and a female beast tamer got any rewards.

The female beast tamer had tamed more than a dozen fish to gather treasure in the lake.

Zhao Feng’s gaze landed on the female beast tamer and he nodded his head.

Right at this moment, a chaotic wave surged toward Zhao Feng.

The ancient crocodile!

The hearts of the three Dark Cloud Sect geniuses jumped.

The battle-power of the ancient crocodile was almost at the peak Small Origin Core Realm, and it could even defend against attacks from Great Origin Core Realms.

“Good!”

A smile appeared on Zhao Feng’s face as he locked on to the crocodile with his God’s Spiritual Eye.

Dark Heart Seal!

A cold intent shot out from his left eye and into the crocodile's soul.

The body of the crocodile instantly froze in midair before falling to the ground.

Zhao Feng sat unmoving, and his expression didn't change.

After a breath or two, the ancient crocodile respectfully walked next to Zhao Feng.

"En, this is the first."

Zhao Feng nodded his head. Although the physical defense of the crocodile was strong, its soul was average.

"This...!"

The expressions of the three from the Dark Cloud Sect changed dramatically.

"He managed to control an ancient crocodile so easily?"

The genius who specialized in the soul was shocked.

The strength of one's soul usually needed to be at least at the Great Origin Core Realm to control an ancient crocodile, but even a Sovereign Lord who specialized in the soul couldn't control one so easily.

The three then watched as Zhao Feng sat down on the crocodile. The crocodile started to swim around the shore, which was its territory.

Zhao Feng sat on the crocodile, and the other fishes didn't dare to come near it.

A while later, Zhao Feng met a second ancient crocodile.

“Dark Heart Seal!”

Zhao Feng’s left eye circulated his soul technique and successfully enslaved the second ancient crocodile.

This meant that Zhao Feng now had two ancient crocodiles already.

The eyes of the three from the Dark Cloud Sect bulged. With two ancient crocodiles, Zhao Feng didn’t need to fear anything near the shore. However, Zhao Feng didn’t use the crocodiles to gather treasure as they expected.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

The two ancient crocodiles continued to swim around the shore.

An hour later:

“Three... four... five....”

The number of ancient crocodiles under Zhao Feng’s control was increasing.

At this moment, he even caught the female beast tamer’s attention.

“That guy’s eye-bloodline power can control five ancient crocodiles so easily?”

The female beast tamer was stunned.

One had to know that she had spent a very long time and only managed to control one ancient crocodile and more than a dozen fish.

Furthermore, she needed to continue using her secret soul technique or else they would escape her control, whereas Zhao Feng's Dark Heart Seed fully enslaved the target.

His technique was extremely efficient.

"He's already controlled five or six ancient crocodiles and can easily gather some of the precious resources near the shore."

The female beast tamer looked at Zhao Feng with puzzlement. Zhao Feng had already enslaved five or six ancient crocodiles, but there were no signs of him gathering anything.

From that, one could see how ambitious he was. He probably had a bigger goal.

Finally, after enslaving ten ancient crocodiles, Zhao Feng let out a breath and became slightly tired.

"Ten ancient crocodiles. The battle-power of each of them is comparable to the peak Small Origin Core Realm, and their defense can stop attacks from the Great Origin Core Realm."

The hearts of the three from the Dark Cloud Sect trembled.

The female beast tamer watched Zhao Feng's every action with envy. She couldn't help but wonder what this heaven-defying genius that specialized in the soul had in mind.

Chapter 640: Ruling the Purple Smoke Lake (1)

After enslaving ten ancient crocodiles, Zhao Feng would be able to dominate the shore of the Purple Smoke Lake with these subordinates alone.

At this moment, all the geniuses nearby, including the two Great Origin Core Realms, were wary of Zhao Feng.

His every action and movement raised attention.

After resting for a while, Zhao Feng ordered the ten ancient crocodiles to slowly swim toward the center.

He didn't dare to go too far in.

There were many beasts in the Purple Smoke Lake. Some fish species numbered in the thousands and tens of thousands. If one was trapped by them, even half-step Void God Realms would need to retreat.

The ancient crocodiles were only at the top of the food chain around the shore of the Purple Smoke Lake.

Right at this moment:

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

A group of fish numbering up to a hundred appeared in the water ahead. The weakest of them had reached the True Lord Rank, and there were almost ten Origin Core Realm auras.

The fish sensed the auras from the crocodiles and didn't dare to approach.

"Go."

Zhao Feng sat on a crocodile and ordered the other crocodiles to move closer to the group of fish.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The group of fish instantly panicked.

Without several hundred of them, it would be hard for them to threaten the ten ancient crocodiles.

“Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique – One Thought into Ten.”

Zhao Feng’s mind suddenly split into tens of thoughts, which all used the Dark Heart Seal on the fish.

Since they were panicking and scared, they were easily enslaved by the Dark Heart Seal.

In just one breath, Zhao Feng enslaved eighteen fish with his Dark Heart Seal.

All of the fish were at least at the True Lord Rank, but the Dark Heart Seal used by Zhao Feng’s Ten Thousand Divine Thoughts Technique was still able to control them.

Whoosh~~

The enslaved fishes swam up to the ancient crocodiles respectfully.

“He managed to control that many fish with just one thought?”

The female beast tamer couldn’t believe it. Her eyes were full of admiration.

She trained in mental energy as well, so she knew that Zhao Feng’s mastery had reached an extremely high level.

Splitting one’s mind into ten or twenty different thoughts and using a soul technique at the same time through each individual thought... to her, this was already a grandmaster.

However, enslaving eighteen fishes was just Zhao Feng’s first wave.

The second wave came as Zhao Feng’s mind split once again and enslaved ten or twenty more fish.

The third wave... the fourth wave... the fifth wave.

After five waves, Zhao Feng already had a hundred fish and ten Origin Core Realm fish leaders.

The female beast tamer was dazed.

“How strong is his soul? Even if he has an eye-bloodline that can reduce the amount of energy spent, it can’t be used infinitely....”

The female beast tamer couldn’t believe her eyes.

She analyzed that Zhao Feng’s soul was at least at the late-stage Great Origin Core Realm or stronger, and he had a Soul-based eye-bloodline that increased his efficiency on top of that.

Zhao Feng now had ten ancient crocodiles and around a hundred fish.

“En, the first step’s about complete.”

Zhao Feng nodded his head. The number of troops he had was now enough to rule the shore of the Purple Smoke Lake.

After resting for an hour to recover his energy, Zhao Feng sent some orders down.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The fishes started to move around the outer edges of the Purple Smoke Lake.

With Zhao Feng’s command, the fishes formed groups and started to gather resources around the Purple Smoke Lake.

“The Purple Smoke Lake has many rare and precious resources. The efficiency of one person alone is too low, and there are too many threats in the lake anyway.”

Zhao Feng didn't do anything himself, he simply handed everything off to his subordinates.

The crocodiles were more familiar with the environment here, and they were actually rather intelligent.

The hundred fishes were the main force for gathering resources while the ancient crocodiles were the bodyguards, and Zhao Feng's God's Spiritual Eye was responsible for finding the resources in the lake.

“Purple Scaled Grass!”

Zhao Feng's eyes lit up as he found traces of Purple Scaled Grass.

Purple Scaled Grass was a resource that the Purple Smoke Lake created, and it had weird powers. Half the reason the geniuses came was for the Purple Scaled Grass.

“Not bad.”

Zhao Feng held a few stalks of Purple Scaled Grass and confirmed they were genuine.

With such a force under him, he believed he could find more.

To test the effects of the Purple Scaled Grass, Zhao Feng decided to eat one.

A cold aura instantly entered his flesh and blood, which started to burn.

A faint layer of purple flames started to glow around Zhao Feng's body. He revealed a pained expression and struggled slightly.

A normal Origin Core Realm cultivator would need at least half a month to absorb the energy from a single Purple Scaled Grass.

However, Zhao Feng's state of existence wasn't simple after being strengthened by the Ancient Dream Realm aura. His absorption speed couldn't be thought of logically.

"The Purple Scaled Grass does indeed have an effect on my body and state of existence, but the effect for me isn't very strong."

Zhao Feng felt it clearly because his state of existence and body had reached the limit of the Great Origin Core Realm and were closing in on the Void God Realm.

Even the body and state of existence of a half-step Void God Realm weren't as strong as Zhao Feng's.

Of course, Zhao Feng wanted the Purple Scaled Grass more because of its defensive Water bloodline.

An item that could give someone a bloodline was rare throughout the entire Fan Universe. This was the most valuable aspect of the Purple Scaled Grass.

As time passed, the army that Zhao Feng controlled gathered many resources, placing greater importance on the Purple Scaled Grass.

As they gathered resources, it was unavoidable that there would be losses to the troops, but he was also enslaving more. Half a day later, the number of fishes under Zhao Feng's control had actually increased instead. The number had reached more than two hundred.

As long as a target was enslaved by the Dark Heart Seal, they would obey him from the bottom of their soul, meaning that the energy used to control them afterwards would be extremely small.

"Purple Scaled Grass... Black Water Insect Grass... Water Precious Stone... Guwu Shell..."

Rare treasures and resources of different kinds were sent to Zhao Feng. Furthermore, Zhao Feng only went for treasures and resources that were useful to the Origin Core Realm or extinct in the outside world. Amongst them, his main focus was still the Purple Scaled Grass.

The other resources and treasures were mainly used for either outside help, pill making, weapon forging, or antidotes, whereas the Purple Scaled Grass could directly increase one's strength.

He placed the greatest importance on that type of resource. *freewebnovel.com*

The efficiency of two hundred fish was extremely high, and the amount of Purple Scaled Grass in Zhao Feng's hands kept on increasing.

"Eighteen... nineteen... twenty...."

Zhao Feng's Purple Scaled Grass kept increasing just by ordering his subordinates around, whereas others would use half a day's time to find one or two while facing the pursuit of many beasts in the process.

Every hour or so, Zhao Feng would eat a clump of Purple Scaled Grass. As the amount he ate continued to add up, Zhao Feng's body became stronger, especially in terms of defense.

When he ate ten pieces of Purple Scaled Grass, Zhao Feng felt his bloodline undergo a weird change. There seemed to be a dark purple Water aura within his flesh.

Hmm?

Zhao Feng tried to control this aura in his body.

Weng~~

A layer of dark purple markings appeared on Zhao Feng's skin, which soon turned into scales.

“Success!”

Zhao Feng was overjoyed. He now had a new bloodline power in his body.

Zhao Feng could feel that the defense of the scales was strong, similar to the scales on the bodies of the ancient crocodiles.

Ancient crocodiles were all only at the Small Origin Core Realm, and yet their defense could block attacks from the Great Origin Core Realm.

Bloodline powers were usually based on how strong one's body was. Zhao Feng's state of existence and body had both absorbed a lot of the Ancient Dream Realm aura, so the strength of his new defensive bloodline was shockingly powerful.

“This defensive bloodline just increased my overall defense by 30%.”

Zhao Feng's heart shook, and this was just the beginning. He was still eating more Purple Scaled Grass in order to increase the concentration of the bloodline.

At the same time, Zhao Feng momentarily went into the Ancient Dream Realm to absorb its aura and purify the bloodline.

“Twenty-eight... thirty... thirty-five....”

Zhao Feng's small army was still expanding, and their efficiency was still increasing.

The beasts were all intelligent to a certain degree, and Zhao Feng sent the image of the Purple Scaled Grass to the minds of the leaders and ordered them to focus on this special grass.

On the second day, the number of Purple Scaled Grass pieces he had on hand had reached about forty.

He was receiving Purple Scaled Grass faster than he could eat it.

At this moment, his new bloodline power had evolved as well. He only needed a single thought to form the dark purple Water markings on his body, and the scales had become more condensed.

“My defense is now two times stronger than before, but this defensive bloodline doesn’t affect my Water bloodline’s defensive barrier.”

Zhao Feng felt that his body, especially in terms of defense, had become stronger.

All of this landed in the eyes of the other geniuses of the Sacred Land.

A day and a half had passed since the opening of the Demigod Forgotten Garden.

There were twenty or thirty geniuses currently gathered around the Purple Smoke Lake, and Zhao Feng’s harvests made them all jealous.

However, Zhao Feng’s army was becoming bigger and bigger. It was enough to make most of the other geniuses quite scared of him.

“Twenty ancient crocodiles and four hundred fish....”

The female beast tamer looked at Zhao Feng like she wasn’t looking at a human.

At another corner of the lake:

“A measly Small Origin Core Realm’s taking over 90% of the Purple Scaled Grass.”

“His army has already taken more than half of all the resources and treasures here. We don’t even get any bones to chew on.”

Five or six geniuses gathered together. They looked at the army of water species with anger and unwillingness.

Two of them had reached the Great Origin Core Realm. One of them was a male with a dry and withering face while the other was a youth who cultivated in the Sword Dao.

The male with the withering face specialized in the Dao of Ghost Corpses and had an army of a hundred skeletons. Amongst them, eight had reached the Origin Core Realm, and a golden skeleton had reached the Sovereign Lord Rank.