

Nine Star 4451

Chapter 4451: Then I Won't Stand on Courtesy

Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao collided once more, and this time, the collision was greater than ever.

Following that, the entire world twisted. The stars and the vortex in the sky entwined, creating a chaotic fusion. A sense of disorientation enveloped everyone as if their vision had been stripped away. These people were all experts, so they knew that Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao were entering the climax of their fight.

Through numerous tests and exchanges, both had proven equally matched in technique and combat experience. Growing impatient, they came to the conclusion that the only way to win was through ultimate power.

This wasn't a battle of finesse or technique; it was a relentless struggle to determine whose power stood supreme.

BOOM!

There was another explosive sound. From within the chaotic storm of broken Grand Dao runes, a figure came wretchedly flying out.

"It's Netherdragon Tianzhao!"

"Did Netherdragon Tianzhao lose?!"

Just then, Long Chen also came charging out, pursuing Netherdragon Tianzhao. In their third round of battle, Netherdragon Tianzhao was sent flying. That proved that in terms of pure power, he was slightly weaker than Long Chen.

This result left people dumbfounded. Although they had known that there would be a decisive battle today, most people had felt that Netherdragon Tianzhao's odds of victory were higher.

However, he turned out to be the loser. Even after using his Doyen power, he was still sent flying; this signified that he was inferior to Long Chen.

Witnessing this, the Dragonblood Legion let out heaven-shaking roars. If Long Chen won in terms of pure power, then Long Chen would definitely win this battle. Their boss was always unrivaled.

"Not good!"

Suddenly, Ye Ling let out a startled cry.

Just as people thought that Long Chen would keep pressing Netherdragon Tianzhao, a stunning turn of events unfolded. Blood splattered through the air.

Long Chen was suddenly retreating, his golden blood spraying in all directions. They saw a gaping wound on his chest, its depth revealing the bare bones underneath.

Turning their gaze to Netherdragon Tianzhao, they noticed him wielding a strange spear. The spearhead was unusually large, nearly half the length of the entire weapon.

This pitch-black spear flickered with draconic runes, casting an ominous glow. When it appeared, a malevolent aura enveloped the world, sending temperatures plummeting and inducing shivers among the onlookers.

This was a terrifying divine weapon. It exuded an air of bloodthirst, resembling a savage beast driven by an insatiable urge to kill.

"If your reactions had been even slightly slower, you'd be in two pieces now," declared Netherdragon Tianzhao, glaring at Long Chen with icy killing intent.

He was genuinely furious, as his entire life had been dedicated to the pursuit of battle. Countless times, he had tricked the vigilant gaze of the nether dragon race to embark on perilous adventures alone, so the bulk of his achievements came from willingly risking his life in such endeavors. This was also the reason why, among the two brothers, he was regarded more favorably. After all, true experts could not be greenhouse flowers raised within the safety of their homes.

Throughout his existence, defeat had been a foreign concept to him. Whether it was fighting across realms or against multiple opponents, regardless of the disadvantageous circumstances, he had never lost.

Yet, on this day, he found himself defeated thrice over. In the domain battle, he suffered defeat. In the contest of the dragon race's divine abilities, he was vanquished. In the end, even in the unfettered clash of pure power, he succumbed to Long Chen.

This was an absolutely merciless blow to his confidence, and he could not accept it. Just now, had he not used this divine weapon of the nether dragon race, he would have fallen to Long Chen's tempest of attacks.

Originally, they had been fighting barehanded. For him to abruptly take out an inherited divine weapon to save his life, especially given his prideful nature, was an unacceptable humiliation.

"What kind of weapon is that?!" exclaimed Guo Ran. Just by looking at it, he could tell that it was no ordinary weapon.

"It's a Saint weapon. It is merged with a Saint's soul, so it is innately capable of unleashing a Saint-level attack. In this kind of situation, Long Chen will definitely lose! Have him run!" warned Ye Ling.

As the name implied, it was a weapon for Saints, and only someone with Saint power could use it. However, Netherdragon Tianzhao's Saint weapon was fused with a Saint soul. Thus, even though he wasn't a Saint, he was still able to unleash its power, making this attack almost equivalent to the full-power attack of a Saint.

Ye Ling was well aware that Long Chen was a peak expert with great pride, so she knew that she alone couldn't convince Long Chen to retreat. However, if everyone were to tell him just how unfair this fight was, even if he did run, it wouldn't affect his prestige.

“Time for you to die, you damn ant-like human! You aren’t qualified to be mentioned in the same breath as me!” Netherdragon Tianzhao roared, his face contorting with fury. Unable to accept his defeat, he spiraled into madness.

“Nether Dragon Heavenly Wrath!”

As the spear descended, a black dragon materialized behind Netherdragon Tianzhao. In an instant, this spectral image seamlessly fused with the spear, and a roar resonated, seemingly coming from ancient times. The draconic runes on the spear seemed to come to life.

A profound silence enveloped the world, as if the only existence in this reality was that very spear. It stood as a supreme force. These experts were suddenly shocked to find that they were rendered immobile, stripped of even the ability to think.

While unaware of what kind of weapon that spear was, they knew that it was an attack that no one could block.

The race leader of the nether dragon race let out a sigh when he saw Netherdragon Tianzhao take out this spear. In the end, things had still progressed to this point, and this was not what he had expected.

Long Chen was too powerful. Although the race leader was a bit unwilling, he had no choice but to let Netherdragon Tianzhao kill Long Chen. Even if it meant sacrificing Long Chen’s secrets, they had to maintain Netherdragon Tianzhao’s sharpness. If Netherdragon Tianzhao could not kill Long Chen right here and now, he would face a setback he would probably never recover from.

“Everyone saw it. He was the one to take out a weapon first, so I won’t stand on courtesy,” Long Chen declared, showing no fear in the face of the formidable Saint weapon. Instead, an air of excitement surrounded him. Much to the astonishment of onlookers, he produced a bronze cauldron.

In a dramatic turn of events, the Saint weapon collided with the cauldron and, just like that, it exploded before the eyes of the stunned crowd.

Chapter 4452: Unrivalled Heaven Earth Cauldron

“What?!” Shocked cries rang out, and the eyes of the nether dragon experts almost flew out of their sockets.

The race leader himself was completely stunned, disbelief clouding his eyes.

The spear in Netherdragon Tianzhao’s hands was their ancestral treasure, housing the soul of a nether dragon Saint from generations past. Its power was truly extraordinary.

This was why the race leader was not worried about Netherdragon Tianzhao losing to Long Chen. He was fully confident in the outcome of this battle.

However, this Saint spear somehow exploded upon contact with the bronze cauldron, disintegrating into powder. The turn of events left everyone in a state of shock.

“Could it be...?”

“Are the rumors true?”

“Does Long Chen really possess the primal chaos divine item, the Heaven Earth Cauldron?”

People looked at that cauldron in disbelief. Despite Long Chen’s initial claim that he possessed the Heaven Earth Cauldron and was selling it, later revelations exposed it as a con. After that, Long Chen earned himself the title of a grand conman.

Even when Long Chen insisted that the Heaven Earth Cauldron was in his hands and was up for sale to the highest bidder, after the debacle with the Soaring Dragon Company, who would be foolish enough to fall for it a second time?

Also, who in their right mind would publicly claim that they had found the Heaven Earth Cauldron if they really had it? They would need to have something wrong with their head.

The nether dragon race, like everyone else, had heard of this incident and dismissed it as a con.

However, in a stunning turn of events, the nether dragon race’s Saint weapon was obliterated upon contact with that bronze cauldron. A formidable Saint weapon vanished into nothingness, while the bronze cauldron remained unscathed, without even the slightest mark on its surface.

“Is that the real Heaven Earth Cauldron?”

People looked at the bronze cauldron in bewilderment. If it wasn’t the Heaven Earth Cauldron, how could it effortlessly obliterate a formidable Saint weapon without sustaining the slightest damage? The question lingered in the minds of those witnessing the inexplicable feat.

BOOM!

Just as everyone was shocked by the appearance of the Heaven Earth Cauldron, Long Chen transformed into a bolt of lightning, hurtling toward Netherdragon Tianzhao. In the blink of an eye, he sent a kick into Netherdragon Tianzhao’s chest while the latter was still stunned.

Netherdragon Tianzhao reacted quite quickly, sidestepping and stamping on the air to retreat. He successfully dodged Long Chen’s follow-up attack.

However, the moment he dodged, Long Chen’s figure swayed. This kick was actually a feint. Seeing this, Netherdragon Tianzhao instantly had a bad feeling, knowing that the real attack had yet to come.

As he rapidly fell back, a figure suddenly appeared, causing his head to buzz. Long Chen had astutely anticipated his movements and positioned himself along the retreat path.

BOOM!

Long Chen’s fist collided directly with him. Netherdragon Tianzhao, in his hasty retreat, had essentially exposed his back to Long Chen. The resonating sound of bones breaking filled the air as Netherdragon Tianzhao spat out a mouthful of blood. His spine was shattered by Long Chen’s force, causing him to almost bend in two.

BOOM!

Netherdragon Tianzhao suddenly transformed into an enormous nether dragon. Unable to move half of his body anymore, his giant dragon head turned back. Opening his mouth, he shot a black sphere toward Long Chen.

Long Chen, however, didn't attempt to dodge. With a casual wave of his hand, he caught the sphere. He then sneered. "You've already used up your dragon blood energy, yet you persist in using the dragon race's divine abilities? Who are you trying to trick?"

With a forceful push of his hand, Long Chen directed the black sphere back into Netherdragon Tianzhao's open mouth.

BOOM!

The sphere detonated inside Netherdragon Tianzhao's mouth, eliciting a miserable scream from him.

In their previous clash over the dragon race's divine abilities, he had depleted the power of his dragon blood and had to resort to his Doyen power.

Now, with his dragon blood energy still unrecovered, his divine abilities were severely weakened. Moreover, once the sphere left his control, it should have exploded upon reaching Long Chen. However, Long Chen managed to intercept and manipulate it, erasing the feeble Spiritual Strength it carried and replacing it with his own. He then pushed it back into Netherdragon Tianzhao's mouth and triggered the detonation.

Suffering injury from his own technique was not only physically painful for Netherdragon Tianzhao but also dealt a blow to his mental state.

Utilizing his Kunpeng wings, Long Chen shot after Netherdragon Tianzhao once more. However, a sudden sense of alarm gripped him. With a quiver of his Kunpeng wings, he swiftly changed the direction of his flight.

At that very moment, a divine light pierced through the air. Had Long Chen continued on his initial trajectory, he would have been struck by that light.

"How shameless. You claimed you wouldn't interfere before this, yet you are swallowing your own spit now. Is this the pride of the great nether dragon race? Hahaha, truly great," sneered Long Chen.

As expected, at the critical moment, the nether dragon race leader finally intervened. After all, he couldn't just watch as his son was slain.

Previously, the race leader refrained from intervening because he believed Netherdragon Tianzhao would emerge victorious. However, with Netherdragon Tianzhao's repeated defeats, the race leader found himself powerless to resist any longer. He had no choice but to step in.

Long Chen's words were like poison arrows, stabbing into the race leader's ears. The so-called great nether dragon race had been turned into a joke, and this was no different from slapping him in the face.

When the nether dragon race arrived in full force, Long Chen had repeatedly asked them if they were here to use numbers and seniority to gang up on a junior. At the time, the nether dragon race had replied explicitly and loudly.

Now, the situation had taken a sharp turn, transforming into a resounding slap in the face. However, there was no avoiding it. While the face of the nether dragon race was important, Netherdragon Tianzhao's life took precedence.

"Damn human, you've humiliated my nether dragon race multiple times. Do you really think I can't kill you?!" roared the race leader, and he shot toward Long Chen just like that.

The nether dragon race leader's personal assault on Long Chen left the onlookers in shock. If he wanted to save his son, it was indeed shameless but only natural. However, attacking Long Chen was simply ridiculous. An almighty Saint was targeting a little World King—did the nether dragon race no longer care about their reputation anymore?

"I already knew you were shameless. The word of a traitor simply can't be trusted."

Long Chen had anticipated that the nether dragon race would not sit by when he was about to kill Netherdragon Tianzhao. However, he had assumed they would only attempt to prevent him, not launch a direct attack.

Even if the nether dragon race wanted to kill him, one would expect them to handle it discreetly, rather than openly and brazenly. What about the preservation of their future and reputation?

It seemed that Long Chen had underestimated the extent of the nether dragon race's shamelessness. Not caring about shame, their race leader directly tried to kill him.

Facing a formidable Saint head-on was an impossible task, especially in Long Chen's current state after a prolonged all-out battle. Clenching his teeth, Long Chen was about to run and settle things later, when he heard a buzz.

The sky illuminated with sacred light as a hand descended, and a snow-white shield intercepted the nether dragon race leader.

"Race leader Ye Ling?"

Long Chen was both shocked and delighted when he recognized who had come to his rescue.

Chapter 4453: Earth Spirit Divine Seal

Long Chen hadn't expected Ye Ling to take action now. Furthermore, sacred light was flowing around her, and her aura was completely different from before. Bathed in a Saint's divine radiance, she stood no weaker than the nether dragon race leader.

Had Ye Ling recovered her Saint power? How was that possible? Long Chen turned back and looked in the direction of the Dragonblood Legion.

There, he saw Little Crane dancing, and her three aunts were surrounding her, their hands clasped in front of them as if they were praying.

Long Chen instantly understood. They were using the rainbow crane race's divine blessing to temporarily restore Ye Ling's Saint power despite the suppression of the Heavenly Daos.

BOOM!

The nether dragon race leader struck the snow-white shield. With an explosive sound, the shield exploded, while his attack was stopped.

“You dare to block me?! Courting death!”

The nether dragon race leader was enraged. With him wanting to save his own son, no one could stop him.

Ye Ling had anticipated that the shield alone wouldn’t suffice. Swiftly forming hand seals, she summoned enormous leaves that filled the sky, enveloping the nether dragon race leader.

The massive leaves swiftly wound around him, forming multiple layers until he was thoroughly ensnared and trapped.

“Earth Spirit Heavenly Prayer! With the manifestation of the holy spirit, all things will turn to dust, and the laws will nourish all spirits! I beseech the heavens to unleash the supreme divine energy! Earth Spirit Divine Seal!” Ye Ling intoned with piety. As she chanted, millions of ethereal images materialized behind her, all resembling her.

They were just illusions that echoed her chants. Sacred sounds filled the world as the illusions joined her in the divine invocation.

“You are courting death! Let me out of here, or I’ll destroy your entire race!” Within those green leaves, the nether dragon race leader roared furiously. However, it felt like his voice was coming from a distant world, sounding indistinct.

Cracks appeared in those layers of leaves, as the nether dragon race leader was trying to break them and escape. Those leaves didn’t look like they would last much longer.

However, Ye Ling remained composed and continued her chant. Suddenly, divine light poured forth from heaven and earth. As it descended upon the leaves, runes manifested on their surface.

These runes seemed imbued with life, interconnecting to form runic chains. Following peculiar paths along the leaves, the runic chains intricately shaped multiple seals.

A sacred energy then flowed throughout heaven and earth. In front of this vast sacred energy, people felt an unprecedented shock.

Previously, the battle between Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao had been remarkable, but compared to a clash between Saints, it was akin to a stream compared to a sea. The disparity was immense.

Even though she had managed to seal the nether dragon race leader, Ye Ling didn’t dare to relax. She continued to chant, supporting the seals.

Those seals were constantly being reinforced and broken apart. It went without saying that the nether dragon race leader was exerting all his might to break free from within.

However, Ye Ling had made her move first, and so she had the initiative. Temporarily, the nether dragon race leader remained unable to escape.

“Damn! Save the race leader!”

The nether dragon race’s experts had never expected their leader to be captured the moment he entered the fray. Ye Ling’s power had clearly been stripped away by the Heavenly Daos, so how did she restore it? They were unable to figure it out for a while.

“Only the race leader can use the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest! We can’t beat a Saint ourselves!” exclaimed one of their Eternal experts.

The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was their most potent killing item, but only their race leader possessed the ability to control it. With him now ensnared, this formidable trump card became nothing more than a decorative element, stripped of its efficacy.

“Ignore the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. Just attack that woman! As long as we can distract her, the race leader will be able to escape on his own!”

“We should send a few people to sneak attack those dancing girls. The recovery of that woman’s power is definitely related to them! We’ll pull the rug out from under them!”

“No, they’re rainbow cranes. If we were to kill them, it would enrage the Heavenly Daos, and our nether dragon race’s karmic luck would be stripped away. In the end, we’d still be doomed.”

“We’re just going to interrupt their ritual! There’s no need to kill them. Are you stupid?”

“What are you old idiots doing? You’re just talking instead of fighting? Young Master Tianzhao is going to be slain!”

The one talking was a member of the junior generation. Hearing their seniors just discussing what to do, he lost his patience and shot toward the battlefield.

“AH!”

Right at this moment, Netherdragon Tianzhao’s miserable scream rang out. Long Chen had lost his best chance to kill Netherdragon Tianzhao due to the nether dragon race leader’s attack. However, with Ye Ling sealing him, Long Chen once more shot after Netherdragon Tianzhao, shattering his dragon claw with a punch.

Seeing this scene, the nether dragon race’s experts were in a panic. In the end, they clenched their teeth, and countless people flooded toward Long Chen.

They knew that their race leader wasn’t in danger. However, if Long Chen were to kill Netherdragon Tianzhao, the race leader would be enraged, and they would have to deal with his wrath. They didn’t want that.

“Die!”

The nether dragon race’s experts moved with incredible speed. Just as Long Chen was about to unleash a fatal punch on Netherdragon Tianzhao, his fist collided with a black barrier.

BOOM!

That barrier exploded, and dozens of the nether dragon race's Eternal experts spat out blood at the same time.

At this critical moment, they used the divine ability of the nether dragon race to block Long Chen's attack through space.

However, Long Chen was in his Seven Star Battle Armor state, so the power of his punch instantly delivered a massive backlash to the nether dragon race's experts, making them truly comprehend his terror.

During this momentary pause, Netherdragon Tianzhao seized the opportunity to flail his tail, intending to escape. He was about to get away when Long Chen roared, "Where do you think you're going?!"

Long Chen's fingers, resembling hooks, snatched onto Netherdragon Tianzhao's tail, and his astral power surged through him as he dragged Netherdragon Tianzhao back.

Just as the nether dragon race's experts were charging forward, Long Chen shouted and, astonishingly, swung the enormous Netherdragon Tianzhao toward them.

Chapter 4454: Who Dares to Fight Me?

"Dodge!"

The nether dragon race's experts were shocked to see Long Chen grab Netherdragon Tianzhao and use him as a whip. They hesitated to block the attack directly, fearing they might injure Netherdragon Tianzhao.

As a result, the nether dragon race's experts scattered with this one move.

Long Chen abruptly pulled, causing Netherdragon Tianzhao's head to swing toward him. Seizing the moment, Long Chen delivered a powerful fist, aiming squarely at him.

BOOM!

Long Chen thought that this attack would blow up Netherdragon Tianzhao's head. However, the Doyen rune on his forehead suddenly blazed with light. Long Chen's arm went numb, and the dragon scales on his fist shattered.

At the same time, the terrifying will of the Heavenly Daos charged into his mind. It felt like the heavens were rejecting him.

"Fuck off!" Long Chen roared. An invisible sword then shot out of his forehead and pierced the void.

What he just shot out was the will of the Heavenly Daos. As Long Chen attempted to strike down Netherdragon Tianzhao, the will of the Heavenly Daos intervened, seeking to aid Netherdragon Tianzhao in killing him.

However, Long Chen's will was exceptionally formidable. The will of the Heavenly Daos encountered immediate rejection as soon as it tried to invade his soul.

Long Chen was startled and enraged. When this will attacked him, Long Chen sensed the scent of death. If he had reacted any slower, he might have been killed.

This incensed him to no end. It was like having a fair fight with someone, only to have the referee sneak attack him at the critical moment. This blatant partiality was so enraging that he couldn't describe it with words.

"So in the end, being Sage King means dogshit! What chosen of the Heavenly Daos—I spit on you! Starting today, I, Long Chen, am going to defy the heavens in everything! If gods block me, I'll slay gods. If immortals block me, I will kill immortals!" Long Chen roared with fury and shot after Netherdragon Tianzhao.

Netherdragon Tianzhao's guts were completely broken. Even he had not expected his Doyen mark to save him at that critical moment.

It could save him once, but not twice. It instantly went dark after unleashing its divine light.

"Save me!" Netherdragon Tianzhao cried out in terror. He had managed to escape Long Chen's devil claws thanks to the attack from this Doyen mark. However, as he saw Long Chen coming at him again, his soul almost fled in terror.

"Protect the young master at all costs!" shouted the nether dragon race's experts as they formed a human wall—no, a dragon wall in front of Netherdragon Tianzhao.

"Warriors of the various races, are you planning on just watching as the despicable humans act arrogantly? As the vice race leader of the nether dragon race, I request all of you to fight together with us against Long Chen! We definitely will not let the human race stand above our heads and shit on us! As long as you help us, the nether dragon race will remember this favor. In the future, we will definitely repay you!" shouted an elder of the nether dragon race.

"All budding Doyens, this is your best chance to form a friendship with my nether dragon race! By aiding us now, not only will you receive the support of the nether dragon race, but the young master will also assist you in awakening as Doyens!" shouted another expert.

Although the nether dragon race had over ten thousand Eternal experts, in front of the crazed Long Chen, they felt no confidence at all.

Countless experts were moved by this offer. The experts of various worlds comprised at least eighty percent of the experts here, and their sentiments toward humans were far from favorable. In fact, many could be deemed outright hostile.

Killing a genius of the human race was crucial for them. Not only would it eliminate a potential future threat, but it would also establish an amicable relationship with the nether dragon race. There was only upside in helping the latter.

"Long Chen is already exhausted and can't last much longer! As long as he is slain, the treasure that looks like the Heaven Earth Cauldron will go to everyone!" shouted another expert from the nether dragon race. As soon as the spectators heard this, greed instantly appeared in their eyes.

The Heaven Earth Cauldron—one of the primal chaos era’s ten great divine items—was an unmatched divine weapon. Anyone who controlled it would be the future master of the world.

While there were doubts about whether the bronze cauldron in Long Chen’s possession was genuinely the Heaven Earth Cauldron, its capability to annihilate a Saint weapon with a Saint’s soul made it apparent that it was no ordinary item. If fortune favored them, it could indeed turn out to be the Heaven Earth Cauldron.

“Killing an exhausted Sage King would be an unfair contest. I would rather experience the skills of the human race’s heavenly geniuses.” At this moment, a budding Doyen actually chose to go after the Dragonblood Legion.

Following that, many other budding Doyens also shot toward the Dragonblood Legion, and one of them even shouted, “Those two pretty girls are mine! Don’t blame me for being rude if anyone fights over them with me!”

Hearing this, Bai Shishi and Yu Qingxuan were enraged, particularly Bai Shishi. Icy killing intent filled her eyes.

“Fuck! Brothers, kill them all!” roared Guo Ran. These idiots really did view them as weaklings. They wanted to fight over Bai Shishi and Yu Qingxuan? That was the greatest insult to Guo Ran and the others.

“Kill!”

When the fury of the Dragonblood Legion erupted, their battle cries shook the heavens. Guo Ran took the vanguard, his battle armor shining as he slashed his saber.

BOOM!

One of the closest budding Doyens was directly sent flying by this one blow. “If you have guts, let’s fight to the death! Whoever runs first calls the other daddy!”

Just like that, Guo Ran left the formation of the Dragonblood Legion and dove into the crowd of budding Doyens.

Those budding Doyens were incensed. Guo Ran had actually charged into their midst? He was completely looking down on them. Hence, over ten of them immediately attacked him at the same time.

However, they were shocked to find that when their attacks landed on his armor, an immortal character appeared on his chest and front.

Block—this immortal character radiated like a sun, effortlessly absorbing all of their attacks.

“Die!”

Guo Ran raised his saber, and in response, the *Block* character dimmed. With a furious roar, Guo Ran swung his saber downward.

BOOM!

A budding Doyen instantly had a bad feeling and tried to run, only to find that he was locked down. He could only roar and block with all his power but was wiped out of existence along with his weapon.

Most terrifying of all, Guo Ran's saber continued, unleashing a tempest that blew away the surrounding budding Doyens.

Seeing this scene, all those experts were taken aback. Long Chen's subordinates weren't as easy to bully as they had expected.

"Who dares to fight me?!"

Guo Ran raised his head and roared. With his armor aglow, he shot deeper into their midst, resembling an invincible battle god.

Chapter 4455: As You Wish

"Kill!"

Guo Ran was like an unstoppable battle god as he charged through the budding Doyens. The Jiuli immortal characters on his battle armor fluctuated, blasting away the budding Doyens.

"His armor is strange! It can absorb our power and return it to us! Don't waste time on him and kill the others. Stop that girl's dance—!" A budding Doyen tried to go around Guo Ran to sneak attack Little Crane, only to be struck by a streak of sword-light and cut in two.

In an instant, Yue Zifeng had slain a budding Doyen. Then, with a swift flick of his sword, streaks of sword-light shot through the air.

Hundreds of budding Doyens were directly driven away from Little Crane, riddled with bloody holes. Some had seven or eight holes, while others were riddled with dozens of wounds.

A sense of terror gripped them. Yue Zifeng's sword Qi was able to ignore their Heavenly Dao protection. Shields condensed of Heavenly Dao energy could block divine weapons, but in the face of Yue Zifeng's sword, they were as feeble as paper.

Gu Yang, Li Qi, Song Mingyuan, Xia Chen, Bai Shishi, Yu Qingxuan, and the others also joined in the battle, firmly blocking thousands of budding Doyens.

With thousands of budding Doyens attacking at once, people simply assumed that the Dragonblood Legion would instantly collapse. However, no such thing occurred.

Suddenly, one fish managed to slip through the net and got close to Little Crane. Little Crane remained entirely absorbed in her dance, while her aunts had formed a triangle around her, murmuring as if in prayer.

Seeing that they had no defenses up, that budding Doyen was delighted. While he dared not harm Little Crane directly, merely interrupting her could lead to Ye Ling's realm weakening and the release of the nether dragon race leader.

However, as he approached within ten miles, a barrier resembling a giant pupil appeared before him, and the three-flower pattern spun inside of it. With a startled cry, he was involuntarily transported away.

“Big Brother Guo Ran!” cried out Bai Xiaole.

Hearing that, Guo Ran didn’t even look back and just stabbed his saber behind him.

Guo Ran’s saber struck nothing more than thin air, but curiously, that budding Doyen was suddenly impaled by it.

Everyone jumped in fright upon seeing this. But in truth, Guo Ran and Bai Xiaole were smart and had long since discussed a cooperation tactic.

Bai Xiaole’s Three Flower Pupils could transport people wherever he wanted, but this was really more of a defensive tactic, as it didn’t possess killing power.

Having seen through this problem, Guo Ran and Bai Xiaole then discussed making a combination technique together. Bai Xiaole could transport the enemies to Guo Ran, and Guo Ran would deal the killing blow. This way, enemies who weren’t on guard against them would definitely die.

Ever since the Dragonblood Legion had gathered, Bai Xiaole no longer stuck right behind Long Chen all day. Instead, he spent most of his time with Guo Ran and Xia Chen.

Instead of dedicating his time to cultivating, the mischievous Guo Ran was always concocting cheap tricks like this. He felt that conning people to death was the most satisfying thing to do.

With his childish character, Bai Xiaole was swiftly ensnared by Guo Ran’s mischievous ways. Most importantly, he felt a great sense of accomplishment to use a move that they came up with themselves.

Who knew just how many times they had practiced this in secret? This move of theirs had been refined to the point of being flawless.

The angle of Guo Ran’s saber, the way he stood—everything about him appeared suave and domineering. It was simply perfect.

Now, the heavens had presented him with an opportunity. Guo Ran’s self-assured and graceful movements left the onlookers genuinely astonished.

After piercing through the budding Doyen, Guo Ran lit up the runes of his sabers, and the power he had long since accumulated burst forth, blowing up his enemy.

This budding Doyen had no inkling of what had occurred before meeting his demise; everything unfolded too quickly. After all, Bai Xiaole’s divine ability was so well-trained that it could be instantly activated.

Actually, most people believed that the budding Doyen had used some substitute technique to launch a sneak attack on Guo Ran, only to be seen through and slain.

Yet, these aspiring Doyens were resilient, and they weren’t ready to retreat. Their bloodthirsty killing intent surged forth.

While feeling startled and incensed, they were still mighty budding Doyens. If they were unable to even beat Long Chen's subordinates, would they still have the face to live in this world?

Furthermore, they were hostile toward humans, so they weren't just attacking the Dragonblood Legion to gain favor with the nether dragon race. They were doing it to help themselves.

"Kill!" Those budding Doyens roared and continued to charge forward. The Dragonblood Legion fought back fiercely, creating a battle of attrition to determine who would yield first.

What shocked people, however, wasn't Guo Ran, Yue Zifeng, and the other top experts. Instead, it was the collective effort of around thirty Dragonblood warriors that proved remarkable. Collaborating effectively, they managed to withstand the attacks of several budding Doyens and even launched sharp counterattacks against them. Looking down on them, one arrogant budding Doyen ventured too close and was directly dismembered.

The five thousand Dragonblood warriors were fully capable of holding their ground against the budding Doyens, without being at the slightest disadvantage. This sight left spectators in awe.

On the other side of the battlefield, loud explosions persisted, and it was even more shocking there. Tens of thousands of Eternal experts and budding Doyens were attacking Long Chen at the same time.

These budding Doyens were extremely conceited, looking down on the concept of attacking Long Chen's subordinates. Their goal was to vanquish the human race's Sage King personally.

Even after seeing Long Chen's terrifying power, they were still fearless. After all, the allure of slaying the human race's Sage King was too great, and whoever killed him would obtain the Heaven Earth Cauldron. This kind of temptation could drive anyone mad.

As Long Chen was already exhausted after fighting for so long, if they didn't take advantage of this, they would be fools.

BOOM!

While chasing after Netherdragon Tianzhao, Long Chen found himself thwarted by the combined power of the nether dragon race's Eternal experts. And to make things worse, the attacks of thousands of other Eternal experts forced him back, causing him to cough up blood.

Long Chen's fury exploded as he witnessed the combined forces of the nether dragon race's Eternal experts around Netherdragon Tianzhao, along with a multitude of experts from other worlds joining the fray.

"Since you want to die so badly, I'll fulfill your wish!"

Long Chen took out a medicinal pill and swallowed it. In an instant, his declining aura grew explosively once again.

Chapter 4456: Once More Seeing the Heavens Weep Blood

BOOM!

The pill Long Chen had just devoured was the Sacred Light Snow Lotus Pill. The next moment, powerful medicinal energy spread throughout Long Chen, and his aura instantly erupted.

Long Chen's realm instantly leaped from the fifth Heavenstage to the sixth Heavenstage, and his exhausted energy directly recovered to his peak.

From this, it could be seen that the Sacred Light Snow Lotus Pill's medicinal effect was absolutely shocking. Not only did Long Chen fully recover his energy, but his realm also increased by a whole level.

Long Chen was incensed. His title as Sage King was dogshit, and the Heavenly Dao was so partial that it had helped Netherdragon Tianzhao to kill him, causing him to lose the last shred of his patience. If the Heavenly Daos were unfair, what could possibly be fair in this world?

In the end, witnessing a flood of experts converging to attack him, he couldn't endure it anymore. His blood rushed to his head, causing his eyes to turn scarlet. Unbeknownst to him, specks of black also appeared within his eyes. All he knew in that moment was the overwhelming desire to embark on a slaughter of every lifeform before him.

"DIE!"

Long Chen let out a heaven-shaking roar, summoning a flame lotus in his left hand and a lightning sphere in his right.

BOOM!

Unable to bear the force of his raging power, the world rumbled and quivered.

As Long Chen forcefully slammed his hands together, the world lost all color, and the merged lightning sphere and flame lotus created an awe-inspiring spectacle.

"Lightning Flame World Extermination!"

Long Chen unleashed a sinister roar that echoed like a malevolent force from the depths of hell. A torrent of lightning and flames then surged, overwhelming the gathered experts.

As lightning and flames tore through the fabric of reality, the very void collapsed and the stars quivered.

In the heart of the tumult, everyone bore witness to the annihilation of thousands of experts. The blood of Eternal experts and budding Doyens showered the battlefield, and countless individuals coughed up blood, propelled backward in wretched retreat.

They stared at Long Chen in horror as if he was a wild devil god from the depth of hell.

Just then, rain fell from the nine heavens, but what left people in awe was its crimson hue.

"The heavens are weeping?!" Terrified exclamations echoed. According to legend, when tribulations befell and numerous heavenly geniuses died, the heavens would feel such grief that they wept tears of blood.

"You have the audacity to cry now?! Why do you pretend to care?! Your righteousness, your benevolence, your impartiality, they're all nothing but a sham! Since you want to die so badly, I'll make you cry until you drown in tears!"

Long Chen looked up at that rain of blood and unleashed a thunderous roar.

He had never provoked someone, but countless tribulations always befell him. He also refrained from bullying others, yet it seemed everyone wanted to bully him. Before this, Netherdragon Tianzhao clearly sought his demise, yet the Heavenly Daos inexplicably sided against him, attempting to orchestrate his demise.

A batch of suicidal budding Heavenly Doyens then wanted to kill Long Chen, only to be slain by him. However, the heavens wept tears of blood for them as if they were the heroes and he was the villain.

This pushed Long Chen to the brink of madness, to the point where he summoned his bloody manifestation. In an instant, his seven-color divine radiance lit up, painting the world with seven crimson hues. The very fabric of reality then caught fire as flames voraciously devoured the heavens.

“Boss is really angry!”

Guo Ran and the others let out startled cries, as they could feel Long Chen’s berserk killing intent enveloping Heaven and Earth.

“Supreme Blood Ignition, Ten Thousand Swords Fly!” Long Chen roared. With swift hand seals, he conjured millions of Seven Peak Swords, creating a vast sea of blades that surged in all directions.

“Not good!”

“Block them!”

“Run!”

Some were left only able to shout, while others sought allies, and the rest simply fled. It was chaotic.

Long Chen was so fast with his techniques because he was now strong enough, not fearing any backlash. This formidable move unfolded with minimal casting time, almost instantaneous, giving people no time to react. This sea of swords then fell upon those experts, and the air resounded with the cacophony of despair-laden screams and the sickening noise of flesh being torn apart.

After the torrent of blades passed, countless bodies lay strewn on the ground, dead. The surface of the region was littered with grim corpses and broken limbs.

“Divine Dragon Tail Pendulum!”

After that attack, a dragon cry rang out, and a golden dragon tail swept through this space.

Apparently, the Sacred Light Snow Lotus Pill not only increased Long Chen’s realm, healed his injuries, and nourished his soul, but it also replenished his mostly exhausted dragon blood energy.

In his fury, Long Chen unleashed his ultimate moves like they were freebies. He teetered on the edge of madness, consumed by a singular desire—to kill! That was the only way for him to quell the fury raging within him.

After the first onslaught, no one knew the extent of the carnage. While some experts managed to survive that first wave of attacks by joining forces, they had no time to celebrate before Long Chen’s next attack arrived.

The nether dragon race's experts had a bad feeling. Long Chen was practically unstoppable, and a paralyzing fear now held sway over the experts from other races, making them hesitant to intervene. After all, Long Chen's relentless assault had claimed the lives of nearly half of them, leaving the survivors demoralized and unwilling to continue the fight.

If this continued, the nether dragon race would stand alone against Long Chen. After losing their reinforcements, they didn't know how long they could survive. If they couldn't last until their race leader escaped, they would all go extinct.

"Block together!" shouted an elder of the nether dragon race. Whether it was seniors or juniors, they summoned their nether dragon power to form a shield.

They had to endure this attack to let their reinforcements see hope. Otherwise, everyone would flee, and there would be no way to gather them again to fight.

The nether dragon race had no other choice. In the end, saving these people was also saving themselves. In an instant, a colossal dragon-shaped shield materialized, forged from the collective power of thousands of their experts. This formidable barrier stood resolute before Long Chen's Divine Dragon Tail Pendulum.

BOOM!

Long Chen's attack exploded along with that shield, causing the nether dragon race's experts to cough up a mouthful of blood. They were pleasantly surprised though as they had managed to block Long Chen's attack.

"Quick, now's our chance to counterattack!" shouted an expert of the nether dragon race.

Immediately, the fleeing experts seemed to understand. With powerful shouts, they came charging back, but they instantly regretted staying here.

"Cloud Dragon Immolation Claw!"

An enormous dragon claw stretched out of Long Chen's divine ring.

"How can this be?!"

The nether dragon race's experts let out furious shouts. How could Long Chen unleash such powerful moves consecutively? There should at least be a brief moment that Long Chen was unable to unleash another technique like it.

BOOM!

Just as they were terrified and enraged, that dragon claw fell, wiping countless experts out of existence.

A powerful shockwave then rippled outward from the point of impact, incapacitating even those fortunate enough to evade the direct impact.

The death toll on the nether dragon race was devastating—less than a tenth of their once-numerous experts remained. Even among the survivors, many were half-crippled and unable to keep fighting.

They were scared shitless now, realizing that Long Chen was no human. He was a devil, a devil with limitless power!

“A Doyen controls the fate of the heavens? Then I want to see who can stop me from killing someone that I want to kill!” roared Long Chen.

With a powerful sweep of his Kunpeng wings, he shot after Netherdragon Tianzhao who was hidden in the rear.

Chapter 4457: Nether Emperor Son?

Netherdragon Tianzhao didn't immediately flee after being saved by the nether dragon race's experts. He simply focused on recovering, as he still wanted to beat Long Chen.

He knew that he had lost. However, as long as he could kill Long Chen, it wouldn't count as a complete defeat. After all, the real goal extended beyond mere victory or defeat; it was about survival.

Hence, Netherdragon Tianzhao hoped that everyone could block Long Chen until he recovered. Being a Heavenly Doyen, he wouldn't need that long to recover most of his energy.

As long as he recovered to sixty or seventy percent, adding on everyone else's support, he could easily launch a sneak attack, and they could slay Long Chen together.

However, Netherdragon Tianzhao had never dreamed that Long Chen's recovery would be almost instantaneous, facilitated by a single medicinal pill that swiftly restored him to peak condition.

The lifeless bodies of his many bodyguards now lay scattered on the ground, facing annihilation at the hands of Long Chen, and most of his race's people had been slain. The moment Long Chen set his gaze on Netherdragon Tianzhao, an overwhelming sense of dread enveloped the latter, as though a harbinger of death itself were casting its gaze upon him.

Following that, Long Chen transformed into a bolt of lightning shooting at Netherdragon Tianzhao. The nether dragon race's experts were powerless to stop Long Chen, and his father was still trapped by Ye Ling. In this dire situation, there was no one left to save Netherdragon Tianzhao.

A merciless glint appeared in Netherdragon Tianzhao's eyes. Suddenly, he thrust his own forehead with his weapon.

The unexpected sight of Netherdragon Tianzhao mutilating himself left everyone in shock. He created a bloody hole in his forehead, and as his essence blood spilled out, Netherdragon Tianzhao abruptly slammed his hands together, chanting an incantation. A shroud of black qi then enveloped him.

“Long Chen, watch out! That's the Nether Emperor's aura! He's a son of the Nether Emperor!” shouted Yu Qingxuan in terror.

BOOM!

Long Chen's fist struck Netherdragon Tianzhao. However, to everyone's shock, Long Chen's full-power attack was unable to penetrate that black qi. Instead, he was forced back.

Long Chen was startled; this was not his first time encountering this black aura. He already saw it when he saved Yu Qingxuan.

“He’s a son of the Nether Emperor? Has he offered himself to the Nether Emperor?!”

Hearing that Netherdragon Tianzhao was a son of the Nether Emperor, countless people were shocked. The so-called sons and daughters of the Nether Emperor were the seeds that the Nether Emperor had left in the world.

When those seeds grew to a certain level, they would be recalled by the Nether Emperor. Nevertheless, some of these seeds would spontaneously emerge, while at other times, individuals could proactively seek and acquire them.

Some people would even offer their own children to be adopted by the Nether Emperor, yearning for the Nether Emperor’s karmic luck to bestow blessings upon them and alter their destinies.

These devoted individuals were all fervent followers of the Nether Emperor, and the Nether Emperor wouldn’t take the initiative to recall those seeds.

However, by actively seeking the Nether Emperor’s aid, Netherdragon Tianzhao surrendered himself, willingly consigning his fate to the Emperor’s influence.

“Damn you, Long Chen! Just you wait, I will return! When I come back, I will use the Nether Emperor’s power to slaughter you and your whole family!”

Netherdragon Tianzhao glared at Long Chen like he wanted to tear Long Chen into pieces. His voice underwent a transformation, taking on the sinister resonance of an evil fiend, saturated with curse power and resentment.

Within that black qi, Netherdragon Tianzhao’s aura completely changed, deepening significantly. An ancient power surged through him, instilling an instinctive terror in the depths of people’s souls. The experts present quivered in response to this overwhelming force.

The Nether Emperor, ruler of the Netherworld in the primal chaos era, held dominion over the rules of that realm—a supreme existence in this world. Hence, no one dared to fight him.

By sacrificing himself, Netherdragon Tianzhao obtained the protection of the Nether Emperor. Now, let alone Long Chen, even a Saint wouldn’t dare to touch him.

However, Netherdragon Tianzhao was slowly fading away. By offering himself as a sacrifice, he would vanish, and no one knew whether he would live or die.

Netherdragon Tianzhao was filled with rancor. After all, he was different from Yu Qingxuan. If he reached the Eternal realm, he could have inherited the Nether Emperor’s ancestral tablet, becoming one of his followers.

However, the prerequisite was to reach the Eternal realm, yet before he could do so, in order to obtain the Nether Emperor’s protection, he sacrificed himself.

If the Nether Emperor took a liking to his potential, Netherdragon Tianzhao would still have a chance to become one of his followers. However, if the Nether Emperor felt that he was too weak, he would likely be directly absorbed, fully gone from the world.

As a result, he harbored intense resentment toward Long Chen, the one who had ruined his bright future. While Netherdragon Tianzhao said that he would come back, he wasn't sure of his survival chance.

Right now, he could only cast his hopes on the nether dragon race. If they could contribute significantly to the Netherworld, accomplishing meritorious deeds, then perhaps the Nether Emperor would give him a chance.

The Nether Emperor's aura instilled such terror in the surrounding people that they were rendered immobile. Even Ye Ling and the trapped nether dragon race leader came to a halt in response to the overwhelming presence.

"The Nether Emperor? Is he so amazing?! If I want to kill someone, not even the Nether Emperor can stop me!" Long Chen suddenly roared and charged back at Netherdragon Tianzhao.

"Long Chen, don't!" Yu Qingxuan cried out. She had once been a daughter of the Nether Emperor, so she knew how terrifying the power covering Netherdragon Tianzhao was. It could even kill a Saint.

"Hahaha, foolish human, I'm right here! Come and kill me if you can!" Netherdragon Tianzhao hadn't expected Long Chen to dare to attack him in this state. Delighted by the prospect, he deliberately provoked Long Chen.

As long as Long Chen dared to come over, he wouldn't merely be sent flying. The Nether Emperor's energy was intensifying, and any subsequent attack by Long Chen would likely kill him.

This energy didn't belong to Netherdragon Tianzhao; he was merely the sacrifice and couldn't harness this power himself. However, he yearned to witness Long Chen be slain by this potent force.

Seeing Long Chen recklessly flying like a moth attracted to a flame, the Dragonblood warriors felt a tightness in their hearts.

However, they refrained from shouting at him. They understood that shouting would be futile—once Long Chen made a decision, no one could deter him. Any attempt at shouting would only serve as a distraction.

Yu Qingxuan covered her mouth, tears streaming down her face. She was fraught with worry, but she couldn't stop Long Chen.

Everyone else was stunned to see this scene. Long Chen's guts were truly terrifying. Challenging a supreme being from the primal chaos era went beyond mere courage—it bordered on sheer audacity.

When Long Chen appeared in front of Netherdragon Tianzhao, a golden lotus seed appeared above his head, and its golden divine radiance enveloped him.

Following that, a shocking scene occurred. Wreathed in that golden light, Long Chen's arm passed through the black qi and grabbed Netherdragon Tianzhao.

“What?!”

Netherdragon Tianzhao’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

Chapter 4458: Repaying a Debt

As Long Chen’s hand pierced through the black qi, a clash ensued between the golden light and the dark aura, and flames erupted between them. When Long Chen firmly gripped Netherdragon Tianzhao’s shoulder, a terrified scream escaped the latter. As a sacrifice, he could only speak and not move.

Netherdragon Tianzhao had never dreamed that Long Chen possessed a trump card capable of resisting the Nether Emperor’s power. Everyone was left stunned by this revelation.

Long Chen was simply a monster, not even placing the Nether Emperor in his eyes. He was fighting over someone inside the Nether Emperor’s barrier.

As Long Chen pulled, the black qi exploded, exuding a supreme divine might. It felt as if a heavenly emperor had descended, and countless lifeforms involuntarily knelt on the ground, unable to resist the overwhelming pressure.

Long Chen’s actions had clearly triggered the manifestation of the Nether Emperor’s will. Every expert here felt their soul quiver in response. They were akin to frightened rabbits; whether they were Eternal experts or budding Doyens, they found themselves like ants in the presence of this terrifying will—capable only of prostrating themselves and not daring to raise their heads.

Just then, Netherdragon Tianzhao grew transparent, while the golden lotus seed above Long Chen’s head dimmed a bit.

The golden lotus seed clearly didn’t have enough power to resist the will of the Nether Emperor. At most, it could temporarily help Long Chen resist its power.

It was understandable though as the Nether Emperor was an unfathomable existence. Just like that, Netherdragon Tianzhao was on the verge of being transported to another world.

“Long Chen, you can’t kill me in the end! Just you wait! Once I come back, I’ll kill your whole family, your whole race!” Grasping the situation, Netherdragon Tianzhao didn’t cower anymore and barked in response.

“Get out here!” Long Chen roared.

As he pulled with all his might, blood sprayed through the air, accompanied by a miserable scream. Long Chen suddenly flew back.

The black qi dissipated, and Netherdragon Tianzhao vanished. On the battlefield, only Long Chen remained, gripping a lone arm severed from Netherdragon Tianzhao.

At this moment, Long Chen’s expression was frighteningly dark, and killing intent was exploding out of him. In the end, he was unable to kill Netherdragon Tianzhao.

Both the heavens and the Nether Emperor didn't let him kill Netherdragon Tianzhao, causing flames of fury to blaze in Long Chen's heart. Even with all of his power, he was unable to kill a single traitor of the dragon race.

Long Chen looked at the spot where Netherdragon Tianzhao had disappeared, his killing intent intensifying. Many people trembled in terror at the sight of his figure.

He was an existence that even dared to resist the Nether Emperor. Was there anything in this world that he didn't dare to do?

In this battle, Long Chen's domineering and fierce actions had completely terrified them. They had never seen such a ruthless character before.

Just then, the void exploded, causing Ye Ling's expression to change. There were now countless cracks around her seal, and its divine mark had shattered.

"Long Chen, he's about to come out! I cannot contain him any longer. Run!" shouted Ye Ling.

Once the nether dragon race leader came out, it would be too late for them to leave. While she had managed to bind him, that didn't mean that her power was equal to his.

The main reason she was able to seal him was because he had been too careless at the start. However, once he broke free, there would be no way to stop him.

If he activated the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, he would be able to wipe everyone here out of existence.

As Ye Ling cast a worried glance at the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, Long Chen too directed his gaze toward it, but a sudden and vicious glint ignited in his eyes.

"Since Netherdragon Tianzhao has run off, I'll be taking your Ten Thousand Dragon Nest to pay off his debt!"

Long Chen suddenly shot straight toward the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, drawing countless shocked gazes.

"What is he planning to do?!"

"It couldn't be...!"

"Impossible!"

"That's the priceless treasure of the nether dragon race! Other than the race leader, no one else can control it!"

When they saw Long Chen standing on top of the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, everyone was stunned. They seemed to grasp what Long Chen wanted to do, but they couldn't believe he could do it.

"Is he crazy?!"

Even the nether dragon race's experts were bewildered. Had Long Chen really set his sights on the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest?

The nest was a condensation of innumerable dragon corpses, and each of them had to at least reach the Eternal realm to qualify for it.

In fact, some weaker Eternal dragons didn't meet the criteria to merge with the nest. Only the powerful nether dragons could have their corpses incorporated into it.

When all their power was combined, the user could use the attack of millions of dragons at once. Furthermore, amongst those dragons, were many Saints.

The strength of the nether dragon race stemmed from the accumulation of power across generations. Each race leader who was in the prime of their life would opt to merge into the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, sacrificing their life to enhance the collective might of the race.

This method wasn't exclusive to the nether dragon race. With the exception of the true dragon race, all other dragon races could employ this method.

Through the continuous accumulation of power, akin to rolling a snowball, they bolstered the strength of their respective races.

While Netherdragon Tianzhao had become the first awakened Doyen with his own talent, this accomplishment was intricately tied to this unique treasure—the nether dragon race's accumulation of power over millions of years.

This Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was the nether dragon race's home, and Long Chen's audacious intention to claim it left the experts of the nether dragon race staring at him as if he were a hopeless fool.

Not even their vice race leader possessed the authority to control the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest; that privilege was reserved solely for the race leader.

In a sudden burst, Long Chen slammed the severed arm he held onto the dragon nest. As a result, the armor of the nest exploded, and black blood merged into it.

Long Chen then pressed his hands on it, and his golden dragon blood flowed into the black nest.

"Not good! He's using the young master's blood as the guide to invade the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest!" Suddenly, one of the nether dragon race's Eternal experts cried out.

The only one capable of controlling the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was the race leader. However, given that Netherdragon Tianzhao was his son, Long Chen might be able to exert control over the nest using his blood.

Golden runes streamed from Long Chen's hands, tracing Netherdragon Tianzhao's essence blood. They resembled roots invading the nest.

The experts of the nether dragon race watched in horror as their home began to tremble unexpectedly.

"Stop him!" They let out terrified cries and surged forward. The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was moving somehow. Although that didn't mean that Long Chen could control it, this was enough to drive them nuts.

Just as they charged forward, the void quivered, and the Dragonblood Legion appeared out of nowhere, blocking their way.

“Kill!”

With a collective heaven-shaking roar, the Dragonblood Legion collapsed on them.

Chapter 4459: Who Is the Idiot?

Bai Xiaole directly transported the Dragonblood Legion on the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. As his pupil arts were growing increasingly refined, even in this complex environment, he was still capable of easily transporting everyone.

It was all thanks to the elder of the Heavenly Eye race who had bestowed his inheritance on Long Chen. Wanting to respect that elder’s wish, Long Chen then passed the inheritance down to Bai Xiaole.

To tell the truth, Bai Xiaole’s talent was remarkable. However, a glaring flaw accompanied it—he had a penchant for playing around and an aversion to hardship, such a *strangely* familiar trait.

It was no wonder he was following Guo Ran everywhere; birds of a feather really flock together. Fortunately, the Violet Pupil Nine Tail Fox was keeping an eye on Bai Xiaole. Their connected souls allowed the fox to unleash its power through Bai Xiaole, but he was just too weak, limiting its potential. Thus, the Violet Pupil Nine Tail Fox compelled Bai Xiaole to work as if his life depended on it.

Approximately, eighty percent of Bai Xiaole’s power could be attributed to the support of the Violet Pupil Nine Tail Fox. When fighting alone, his strength would be way lower compared to when the two merged their abilities.

As soon as the Dragonblood warriors got in front of the nether dragons, they unleashed their sharpest killing blows.

They were like unleashed divine weapons. In just a few exchanges, the nether dragons were forced back, unable to break through the blockade, and dozens of their Eternal experts were cut apart.

This time, the Dragonblood Legion didn’t press the attack. After forcing the enemies back, they returned to their original location, guarding Long Chen.

At this moment, the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was trembling intensely with Long Chen’s hands on it. This action left countless people stupefied. Could Long Chen truly control the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest?

If he really was capable of such a thing, then the nether dragon race would be in danger. After all, an attack from the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was not something that even the nether dragon race leader could block.

Thinking of this, many onlookers had a bad feeling and hastily fled. The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest held unimaginable power; if Long Chen were to unleash it, the entire region would be obliterated. Time was of the essence—if they didn’t run now, it could be too late.

“You idiot, you can’t use the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest!” shouted an elder of the nether dragon race.

The vice race leader whispered, "Ignore him. Let him waste his energy. We'll kill him once he's exhausted."

The vice race leader and other senior experts of the nether dragon race had noticed that even with Netherdragon Tianzhao's essence blood, Long Chen couldn't control the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest.

Although its movement made them panic for a bit, the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest's nine core runes were still silent. They knew that unless Long Chen could activate all nine of them, he wouldn't be able to control the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. Seeing this, the vice race leader didn't let others warn Long Chen, so he would be wasting his energy for nothing.

Runic chains flowed from Long Chen's arms, intertwining and anchoring themselves within the nest. Once firmly bound, Long Chen pulled, and the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest slowly moved. The intense rumbling of the heavens and earth accompanied its movement, causing cracks to materialize in the void.

"What terrifying power!" startled cries resounded, as Long Chen used brute power to move such an enormous nest. That was absolutely shocking.

However, the nether dragon race's experts wore sneers on their faces. Despite being shocked by Long Chen's strength, they knew that brute power alone couldn't control the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. It was a waste of power.

"Retreat a bit. Just help me hold the line," said Long Chen.

Hearing this, Guo Ran and the others nodded and spread out while maintaining a defensive line around Long Chen. Anyone who dared to sneak attack Long Chen would be instantly blocked.

In front of countless shocked gazes, the enormous nest slowly moved, being lifted into the air.

The nest was truly enormous, resembling an entire world. Originally, it had been beneath Long Chen's feet, but now it was slowly raised to the top of his head.

"What is he planning on doing? Is he going to use it to smash people?" frightened cries echoed. Astonishingly, Long Chen had successfully lifted the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest.

With his veins throbbing, Long Chen unleashed his full power. But as a result, the void beneath his feet fractured, unable to bear the immense weight of the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest.

The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was simply enormous. As it was lifted, it seemed so high above the nine heavens, almost reaching the stars. In the broader view, a single ant-like figure had lifted the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest—a scene so incredibly stunning that people would never forget in their lifetime.

"Idiot, if you think that you can use the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest to smash us, you are insane. The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest is already locked in position. Once it leaves your hand, it will automatically go back to its original location," sneered the vice race leader. He was very delighted to see Long Chen waste his energy.

Still, Long Chen's power was truly astonishing. The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest resembled an entire world, and any other individual would have been crushed attempting to lift it.

As Long Chen single-handedly bore the entire pressure of the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, sneak attacking him now was their best chance. As soon as Long Chen was distracted, he would be crushed by the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest.

However, no one dared to take advantage of this opening. If he were to let go of the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest suddenly, the attackers would also be crushed, and not even ten thousand backup lives would be enough to save them.

The void continued to rumble and shake, but no one knew what Long Chen was doing. At this moment, the cracks on Ye Ling's seal grew, a sign that the nether dragon race leader was about to break free.

While Ye Ling didn't know what Long Chen was doing, she chose to believe in him. She then gritted her teeth and summoned strange flames above her head. Despite the evident strain on her increasingly pale face, she burned her core energy to buy Long Chen more time.

In the distance, Little Crane was still dancing, though the radiant rainbow light surrounding her had diminished from its initial brilliance. Her aunts were covered in sweat, trying hard to persevere, but it didn't seem like they would last much longer.

All eyes were fixed on Long Chen, yet everyone remained in the dark about his intentions. The entire world held its breath in anticipation.

BOOM!

Suddenly, the void beneath Long Chen's feet exploded, causing the enormous Ten Thousand Dragon Nest to rise several feet.

"Get in here!" Long Chen bellowed with fury. A colossal black hole materialized behind him, resembling a gaping maw as it gradually consumed the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest.

"What the fuck?!"

The spectators were left dumbfounded, their eyes nearly popping out of their sockets at the unexpected turn of events.

Chapter 4460: Fighting a Saint

An enormous black hole appeared in the void, directed toward the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. A portion of the nest had been drawn to it.

"He's trying to take the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest?!" Shocked exclamations reverberated as the audacity of this crazy idea left them stunned.

The first requirement to put something into another space was to have the power to lift it. Now, they understood why Long Chen had put so much effort. It wasn't to use it to attack people but to put it away.

They were all dumbfounded because not even a Saint could possibly snatch the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest like this. Whether it was an astral space, a spiritual space, or any other space, they would directly explode if the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest entered it.

However, when the majority of the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest had been sucked into the black hole, people finally believed that Long Chen was intent on taking it away.

“Kill!”

Finally, the experts of the nether dragon race went crazy, and their sneers became terror. If the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was taken away, their nether dragon race would be doomed. Without it, it would be as if their cultivation bases were crippled, and they would have to start over to build a new one.

With furious roars, they charged at Long Chen crazily, but they forgot the existence of the Dragonblood warriors.

Like an impregnable iron wall, they effortlessly intercepted the oncoming nether dragon experts. When their focus switched to defense, the nether dragon experts found that they were unable to shake the defense in the slightest.

Now reduced to less than a tenth of their initial numbers, the nether dragon experts appeared notably weak against the might of the Dragonblood Legion. They could only watch as the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was taken away.

“Patriarch, you must come out! Otherwise, our nether dragon race will be doomed!” wailed an expert of the nether dragon race.

“Friends of the various worlds, please help our nether dragon race! We will definitely remember your favor!” shouted the vice race leader.

However, this time, no one came to their assistance. Their earlier involvement had been motivated by potential benefits: gaining favor from the nether dragon race, acquiring Long Chen’s treasures, and eliminating a potential threat from the human race. However, Long Chen’s power had broken their courage. Many of them had met miserable ends at the hands of Long Chen and the Dragonblood Legion.

Although there were still plenty of them, the strongest amongst them had mostly been slain by Long Chen. Hence, joining the fray now posed too great of a risk for them.

At this moment, the nether dragon race leader was sealed. Their awakened Doyen was beaten like a dog by Long Chen and was left in an uncertain state of life and death. Moreover, the nether dragon race’s elites had been annihilated, with less than a tenth of the original numbers remaining. Even the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest that they relied upon was being taken away. Now, the nether dragon race was not in any position to make a deal.

As a result, any promises made by the nether dragon race held little value. No one was willing to undertake the risk for the sake of their friendship.

The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest continued to be devoured, flickering and flashing as if trying to resist. However, without the nether dragon race leader, it was unable to unleash its power.

The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was like a powerful beast caught in a cage. Despite all of its power, it couldn’t unleash it and could only be devoured.

“No!”

The nether dragon experts let out heart-rending cries. That was the foundation of the nether dragon race and their hope for the future. Without the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, the entire nether dragon race would be doomed.

BOOM! BOOM!

Two simultaneous explosive sounds reverberated through the air. Ye Ling's seal had finally reached its limit and exploded, while the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was fully absorbed, causing the black hole to close.

"Hand over the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest!" the nether dragon race leader roared furiously. Despite being confined within the seal, he had observed everything transpiring with perfect clarity. As a result, his emotions had already spiraled into madness.

With his son's fate unknown, his elites decimated, and the very foundation of their race seized, how could he not be going crazy?

"Guo Ran!"

Once the nether dragon race leader appeared, Long Chen didn't hesitate.

Guo Ran instantly understood and appeared in front of Long Chen in a flash.

Long Chen pressed a hand on Guo Ran's back. Following that, Gu Yang, Xia Chen, Li Qi, Song Mingyuan, and all the other Dragonblood warriors, other than Yue Zifeng, placed a hand on the back of the person in front of them.

Buzz.

Long Chen's dragon blood energy erupted, flowing into Guo Ran's armor like a tsunami. The rest of the Dragonblood warriors also concentrated all of their power onto Guo Ran. The next moment, Guo Ran's armor lit up like a blazing sun.

All his runes, including the Jiuli immortal characters, lit up at once. He then crossed his sabers in front of him and pointed them at the nether dragon race leader.

"Dragonblood Cross Slash!"

This attack, containing all of the Dragonblood Legion's power, smashed toward the nether dragon race leader.

"Die!" The nether dragon race leader roared and unleashed a single punch empowered by the force of a Saint.

BOOM!

Long Chen and the others were sent hurtling through the air. To their surprise, their combined might was unable to overcome the blow of a Saint.

However, the nether dragon race leader's arm now resembled a bloody pulp. It had lost all sensation, rendering him unable to raise it.

Shock rippled through the onlookers. The fact that Long Chen and the others could inflict such damage on a Saint was almost unbelievable.

“Hand over the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest!” the nether dragon race leader bellowed. His right hand no longer listened to him, so his left hand reached for Long Chen.

Somehow, the Dragonblood warriors found that they were unable to move. Even Long Chen was taken aback, not expecting a true Saint to possess such overwhelming strength. Their combined power was unable to deal a serious injury to him.

As the nether dragon race leader closed in on Long Chen, the only recourse available to him was to take out the Earth Cauldron.

However, the Earth Cauldron was only capable of passive defense. While Long Chen wasn’t worried about blocking other divine weapons with it, an actual Saint’s attack could just pass through the Earth Cauldron and kill him.

With things having developed to this point, this was all Long Chen could do. Just as he was about to take out the Earth Cauldron, a figure descended from the heavens and appeared in front of Long Chen.

Seeing that unshakeable figure, Long Chen let out a delighted cry. “Palace master!”

Long Chen hadn’t expected the palace master to come save him at this critical moment.

The palace master then unleashed his own claw at the nether dragon race leader, his movements mirroring his opponent’s.

BOOM!

A powerful explosion shook the world. Long Chen and the others didn’t even get to see what happened before being blown away by terrifying astral winds.