

Overlord 1171

Chapter 1171: Is Everyone This Stupid?

The old man was called Xiang Qianren, one of the Xiang Clan's sacred elders. He was a third-stage Heaven Battling Realm expert with a long lifespan thanks to his cultivation level, which was also why he had a rosy complexion despite his age. He had thought that with his strength, he alone could crush the entire Ziling Sect.

However, the toad's flux goldthorn energy was too terrifying. Both Duo Ji and the taurus were no easy opponents either. It was incredibly hard for him to protect both Xiang Zixuan and Ji Honglei while fighting.

"Stay here. I doubt they will dare to touch you. I'll defeat these people before coming back to deal with this kid," said Xiang Qianren before flying into the sky to fight Duo Ji, the toad, and the taurus.

As Heaven Battling Realm experts, they wouldn't be able to fight with all their strength without taking it to the sky. Xiang Zixuan, Ji Honglei, and the young lady called Xiang Lingyu did not appear fearful despite losing the old man's protection.

In fact, Xiang Zixuan even turned more brazen when he challenged Xiang Shaoyun, "Xiang Shaoyun, fight me if you have the guts!"

He had been defeated by Xiang Shaoyun in all three trials at the Holy Hall. Because of that, he had failed to ask for Tuoba Wan'er's hand in marriage. He had held a grudge against Xiang Shaoyun and did not want to miss out on this opportunity to challenge Xiang Shaoyun.

"Just you?" Xiang Shaoyun sneered.

He was already a peak second-stage Soul Foundation Realm expert that could enter the next stage at any time. He could deal with a third-stage Soul Foundation Realm expert like Xiang Zixuan easily.

There was only the difference of one stage between the two. For someone like Xiang Shaoyun, that difference might as well not exist. Against him, only a difference in realm would matter.

"Why? Are you afraid, you coward?" Xiang Zixuan pushed on.

"Hehe, you're too weak. I'm afraid that you won't be able to survive an encounter with me," said Xiang Shaoyun with a smile.

"What a joke. With your strength, I can easily beat up even two of you at the same time," declared Xiang Zixuan confidently.

"Sure, let's have a go. I'll teach you that there is always someone stronger out there," said Xiang Shaoyun, stepping forth with an amused expression.

"Young sect master, why don't you let me teach him a lesson," the guide suddenly suggested.

Xiang Shaoyun looked at the guide in astonishment before asking with a smile, "What is your name?"

"Replying to the young sect master, I'm Tian Ji," the guide hurriedly replied.

"Tian Ji? As in a frog?" Xiang Shaoyun was stunned.

"No, Tian as in farm, and Ji as in opportunity," explained the guide in a somewhat bashful manner.

"Oh, Tian Ji. Good name," praised Xiang Shaoyun. "You can stay by my side and work for me from now on."

Tian Ji was overjoyed. He said, "Many thanks, young sect master." He then turned around and faced Xiang Zixuan. "I will pluck his skull off his shoulders for you, young sect master."

Tian Ji seemed to have become too excited. He was only an Emperor. How could he be Xiang Zixuan's match?

Before Tian Ji could do anything, Xiang Shaoyun held his shoulder, pulled him back, and said, "This is not the place for you to fight."

"Bring it on. Since you're a guest, I'll allow you to make the first move. If you can stop more than three of my moves, I'll follow all your arrangements," said Xiang Shaoyun as he beckoned at Xiang Zixuan.

"How arrogant. Die," roared Xiang Zixuan as he bolted toward Xiang Shaoyun like lightning.

Xiang Zixuan was someone who could fight even a sixth-stage Sovereign. He could see that Xiang Shaoyun was only a second-stage Sovereign. He could easily crush an opponent at this level.

An overbearing lightning fist shot forth with an oppressive pressure.

Looking at the incoming fist, Xiang Shaoyun could feel that Xiang Zixuan was truly a remarkable youth from the Xiang Clan. The punch contained a thick fist intent that granted one the ability to fight those with higher cultivation levels. Nobody with the same cultivation level should be able to stop such a punch.

Unfortunately, this was nothing for Xiang Shaoyun. Right as the punch reached Xiang Shaoyun, he grabbed the fist with the speed of lightning.

Bzzt! Bzzt!

Xiang Zixuan used an extraordinary high-tier mutated lightning power that could instantly scorch anyone who touched it. Unfortunately for him, Xiang Shaoyun was immune to his lightning.

It was as though Xiang Zixuan's lightning energy had sunk into the endless abyss, failing to do anything whatsoever to Xiang Shaoyun. An expression of overwhelming shock covered Xiang Zixuan's face when he realized what was happening. His first thought was to retreat before advancing again with a different attack. However, the grip holding his fist was too strong. He failed to pull his fist back.

"This little strength you have is nothing before me," said Xiang Shaoyun, sneering as he slightly flicked his wrist.

Crack!

A crisp sound of bones fracturing rang out. Next, a loud, miserable wail sounded. Ji Honglei and Xiang Lingyu could almost feel the pain from the wail. However, Xiang Zixuan was not complete trash. He endured the pain and drew a purple sword with his other hand before stabbing at Xiang

Shaoyun. At the same time, he also summoned a rain of lightning from the sky, trying to kill Xiang Shaoyun with a bombardment of lightning bolts.

"Worthless struggle," remarked Xiang Shaoyun as he launched a lightning-fast kick at Xiang Zixuan.

The kick struck Xiang Zixuan's stomach, sending him flying far away like a dead dog. Even after crashing onto the ground, he continued sliding away. All the lightning energy around his body had fully dispersed. Xiang Zixuan was not a match for Xiang Shaoyun.

Looking at Xiang Zixuan who had suffered a crushing defeat, Xiang Lingyu ran toward Xiang Shaoyun and shouted, "How can you be so barbaric!"

"I'm barbaric?" Xiang Shaoyun was stunned by the accusation.

"That's right! You're barbaric! We're here as your guests, but you have people beat us up! You're a bad man!" shouted Xiang Lingyu as she pouted angrily.

"Is everyone educated by the Xiang Clan this stupid?" asked Xiang Shaoyun bluntly.

In the past, he would not be bothered to care about someone like Xiang Lingyu who was clearly still innocent and unaware of the ways of the world. But it was very obvious that the Xiang Clan was the party acting overbearing. For Xiang Lingyu to criticize him instead, he wondered if she had a problem with her head or something.

Xiang Lingyu had never been scolded like this before. She felt so wrong she started crying.

Ji Honglei rushed over, patted Xiang Lingyu's shoulders, and said, "Don't cry, Lingyu. This is their territory. We were the ones who were rude first. We have no grounds to criticize them."

"Finally, there is someone who isn't completely stupid," said Xiang Shaoyun with a nod.

Chapter 1172: Storm Against Storm

"Thank you for the praise. But it's not really smart of you to offend the Xiang Clan. You should know well that we are essentially only envoys," said Ji Honglei.

She thought to herself, This young man is really quite amazing. His domineering unyieldingness is basically the same as that ancestor.

At that thought, some emotions rippled in her heart.

Xiang Shaoyun replied with a stern tone, "So is the Xiang Clan going to leave seclusion? Bring it on."

In truth, he currently had no chance of winning against the Xiang Clan. But there were things that he would have to face sooner or later. Perhaps he would have to even expose his actual identity.

"You are a descendent of the Xiang Clan, and that isn't something you can change. In that case, why don't you return and recognize your ancestors? That will be the same as returning to your roots. I believe your father will also be willing to accept this offer," said Ji Honglei.

"If my father was here, he would have probably killed all of you directly," said Xiang Shaoyun coldly. "Just wait. It won't be long before those two get their asses down here and leave with you two."

He then returned to the hall coldly. Right after entering the hall, his soul clone flew into the sky. His soul could assume both a corporeal and an incorporeal form, which was a big advantage he had over others. He was going to back up his people fighting in the sky. He would not allow any mishaps to happen.

High in the sky, the turtle battled Xiang Fengchen. The two were evenly matched, and the battle was intense. The turtle had a slightly lower cultivation than Xiang Fengchen. However, the flux goldthorn energy had granted him an enhanced offensive prowess that completely erased the gap between them.

Xiang Fengchen was a late second-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator. He had thought that he could easily suppress the turtle. Only now did he realize just how wrong he was. The lightning power he was immensely proud of failed to break through the turtle's shell, causing him to feel rather helpless.

On the other hand, the turtle's punches were incredibly powerful. Each punch was extremely destructive and caused space itself to crack, forcing Xiang Fengchen to fight with his saint weapon.

It would take them quite a while to decide on a victor unless both were willing to fight with their lives on the line.

As for Xiang Qianren, he alone faced three opponents and still held the upper hand. He did not cultivate the power of lightning. Rather, he focused on the power of wind, granting him an advantage in speed over his opponents.

An endless storm of wind blades assaulted the toad, Duo Ji, and the taurus, forcing them to retreat again and again. If it wasn't for the toad blocking a vast majority of the attacks, Duo Ji and the taurus wouldn't have been able to survive Xiang Qianren's attacks.

"You are not enough against me. Time for your defeat," said Xiang Qianren. The more he fought, the more aggressive he became. He transformed into a gust of wind and appeared behind Duo Ji, trying to first defeat Duo Ji.

A terrifying whirlwind appeared around Duo Ji, threatening to tear him apart.

"Dream on!" The toad reacted rapidly. He transformed into his main form, opened his massive mouth, and unleashed a suction force that pulled Duo Ji over, saving him from death.

Xiang Qianren did not give up on his attack. He sent six whirlwinds out, unleashing havoc in all directions as he tried to kill the toad, the taurus, and Duo Ji.

The entire battlefield turned into a world of unimaginably powerful chaotic storms. The toad managed to protect himself with great difficulty, but he could no longer help Duo Ji and the taurus.

Both Duo Ji and the taurus hurriedly retreated, their bodies covered in numerous new wounds. If they were even a tiny bit slower, they would already be mincemeat.

"A tiny Ziling Sect dares to be so brazen? I will teach all of you a lesson today!" said Xiang Qianren as he rushed the toad. Trying to finish him off, he crossed his arms and combined two whirlwinds to create an even more powerful whirlwind.

But the moment he created the whirlwind, an indescribable power abruptly appeared and shot toward him. Despite his quick reflexes, he wasn't able to react in time and was caught in surprise. The attack struck his back, splitting his skin and causing blood to flow. He was actually injured by the power of wind he was most familiar with.

"Which rat is this? Show yourself!" roared Xiang Qianren, pushing his defenses to the maximum.

At the same time, he used his senses to scan his surroundings in search of the hidden opponent. Alas, he couldn't find anything no matter how he tried. More terrifying wind attacks appeared behind him, and they weren't any weaker than his wind attacks. They forced him to defend himself with full strength.

However, the attacks were only meant to distract him. An even more powerful attack appeared and shot toward him from elsewhere. He had no way of guarding against it, and the attacks forced him to retreat repeatedly. His clothes were ripped apart. If this continued, it would only be a matter of time before he was left completely naked.

"Bastard! I refuse to believe I won't be able to find you!" Xiang Qianren was furious. With a roar, a pair of swords appeared in his hands. He started swinging them madly.

Storm of Destruction!

It was as though a natural calamity had descended, creating absolute chaos in his surroundings. The overbearing destruction was powerful enough to flatten a city. This was the strength of a Heaven Battling Realm cultivator, an overwhelmingly powerful strength.

Xiang Shaoyun, hidden, transmitted to the toad, the taurus, and Duo Ji, "Go help the turtle and end the fight as quickly as you can. Let me deal with him."

He no longer dared to hold anything back. Since he wanted to temper the strength of his saint soul, real combat like this was necessary. His wind star stirred, pushing his saint soul to a combat-ready state. Wind currents started spinning around him, forming a powerful storm.

"Kill!" Xiang Shaoyun roared with elevated battle intent. He squeezed all power he could from the profundity of wind, pushing the speed of his wind to its limits and creating numerous destructive wind blades that collided with Xiang Qianren's storm.

The two storms clashed, tearing space itself apart and bringing the two combatants into the void. The chaotic energy currents in the void turned even more chaotic with the inclusion of their energies.

The longer the battle lasted, the better Xiang Shaoyun's condition. His grasp on his power constantly improved while Xiang Qianren was forced to retreat repeatedly. Eventually, Xiang Shaoyun's storm swallowed Xiang Qianren and ultimately transported Xiang Qianren's body to an unknown destination.

Xiang Shaoyun blankly stared ahead for a very long time.

"I couldn't have banished him with a storm, right?" muttered Xiang Shaoyun to himself.

He did not waste any time thinking about it. Instead, he tore the void and returned to the battlefield. He knew that Xiang Qianren would only be seriously injured at most, and it was unlikely that he had banished Xiang Qianren. After all, someone at the Heaven Battling Realm could already move in and out of the void as one wished.

Chapter 1173: It Has Been a While

When Xiang Shaoyun returned to the sky high above the Ziling Sect, he found that Xiang Fengchen had been captured by the turtle and the others.

"Young sect master, what should we do with him?" asked the turtle.

"Xiang Shaoyun, you better free me, or your Ziling Sect will cease to exist," threatened Xiang Fengchen unyieldingly despite his status as a prisoner.

"Take him back to the sect. We'll wait for the Xiang Clan to come and pay a ransom for him," said Xiang Shaoyun after giving it some thought.

Since he had already offended the Xiang Clan, there was no longer any need to be courteous. And thus, Xiang Fengchen was taken back to the sect. Xiang Zixuan, Ji Honglei, and Xiang Lingyu were completely stunned. Xiang Fengchen was their uncle. Someone like him had been captured by the Ziling Sect just like that?

Where is Xiang Qianren? He couldn't be dead, right? If he's really dead, then this would develop into a much bigger issue.

"Stop daydreaming. You'll be staying at the sect as well. Let's wait for the Xiang Clan to pay the ransom fee for all of you," said Xiang Shaoyun indifferently.

He initially planned to let the three go, but he had changed his mind. The three couldn't resist at all, so they could only obey and follow him back to the sect.

Xiang Lingyu was crying pitifully, as though Xiang Shaoyun was about to torture her or something. Inwardly, she cursed, This stinky man! He will suffer a terrible fate in the future!

Xiang Shaoyun did not torture them. However, he didn't treat them too nicely either. All of them had their cultivation sealed before they were dumped to some deserted mountain. The turtle was assigned to watch over them so that Xiang Fengchen couldn't recover his strength and escape.

As for Xiang Shaoyun, he returned to his cultivation room. There, he started going through Xiang Zong's storage ring, trying to see if there were any treasures inside. Xiang Zong was a Saint with an astral cosmos sea. However, an astral cosmos sea was limited in space. Thus, he would still store a lot of things in his storage ring.

When the gravekeeper elder killed Xiang Zong, everything in his astral cosmos sea had been taken out by the gravekeeper elder. All those things were stored in a storage ring that was handed over to Xiang Shaoyun.

Someone like the gravekeeper elder couldn't care less about the belongings of a Saint. However, that was not the case for Xiang Shaoyun. When Xiang Shaoyun saw the contents inside the ring, he was pleased beyond his expectations. There were actually a decent amount of saint-grade items in it.

Of the saint-grade items, there were some saint herbs, some materials, and even some saint crystals. There were also some other items of considerable value. What caused Xiang Shaoyun's heart to beat faster was that there were some void stones in the ring as well.

Void stones were one of the essential materials needed to construct a teleportation formation, and they were also the material he lacked most at the moment.

The materials he had gotten from the Holy Hall master were almost used up. As for the materials gathered by Qian Furen, many important materials were still missing. The void stone was one of the missing materials.

"Next, I need to look for some spirit sense stones. This is an essential material to connect both formations together, and they're also the hardest material to find. All the other materials can be bought so long as I have enough spirit crystals or saint crystals," muttered Xiang Shaoyun.

He stored all the materials into his astral cosmos sea in an orderly fashion. While storing them, he found to his astonishment that there was a sealed jade case in the ring. His curiosity was piqued. He took the case out and erased the seal with the power of his saint soul.

He then carefully opened the case. He was anxiously waiting to see just what kind of treasure the case contained. But when it was opened, he was stunned. There was no shocking treasure in the case. Rather, there was only a damaged map. The map looked incredibly familiar. He picked it up and sank into thought before muttering, "Is this a treasure map?"

A different damaged map appeared in his hand. He discovered that both maps were actually made of the same material. Also, the two maps could be joined perfectly. Unfortunately, about a third of the map was still missing.

"Is this a map leading to some big secret?" muttered Xiang Shaoyun.

Unfortunately, the map was incomplete, so he could only place it back into the jade case. Everything would be clear if he was lucky enough to find the third map in the future. Since Xiang Zong was storing the map so carefully, it could only prove that the map was of considerable value.

After leaving his cultivation room, Xiang Shaoyun wanted to head to the Holy Hall. But he was afraid that the Xiang Clan people would come during his absence. His mind was conflicted.

The Holy Hall master had not given him a jade slip. Otherwise, he could just crush the jade slip to call the hall master over and have the spatial node connected. Also, no outsiders could enter the Holy Hall. He had to make a trip personally.

"I need to think of a solution," muttered Xiang Shaoyun.

He went to visit the Yao Peak. He had heard that Yao Qian had left her seclusion. He wanted to see how far her cultivation had reached. At Yao Peak, Yao Qian was brandishing a sparkling green axe. Strands of translucent greenish radiance swirled around the axe, looking sharp and dazzling.

Generally, men would be the ones preferring to use axes. But when a sweet and cute young lady like Yao Qian brandished such a weapon, she radiated a unique kind of beauty.

Just as Xiang Shaoyun arrived, Yao Qian sensed him. She stopped, gently pushed her hair to the side to reveal her beautiful face, and said with a smile, "Young sect master, what are you doing here?"

"It has been a while since I last saw you, so I'm here to visit," said Xiang Shaoyun with a smile.

The current Yao Qian looked entirely different from the previous weak and delicate Yao Qian. Her body and soul were in a healthy state, and her entire body was brimming with vitality, exuding a strong feeling of youthfulness.

"That's so thoughtful of you," said Yao Qian cheerily.

She had always had a crush on Xiang Shaoyun. She now had the feeling stored away, something she would not let out before reaching the same level as him. She was determined to uphold this oath.

"Your cultivation speed is really quite amazing. How long has it been? You're already a fourth-stage Skysoar Realm cultivator. If this continues, it won't be long before you surpass me," said Xiang Shaoyun with a praising look in his eyes.

"If you can be surpassed so easily, you won't be the young sect master," said Yao Qian as she pursed her lips. "Look at how your brows are furrowed. Have you encountered some trouble? You can talk to me about it."

Xiang Shaoyun sank into a short silence before saying, "Our internal issues have been resolved, so we only have external aggression to worry about. We have many powerful enemies, yet we are without any assistance. How can I not be worried?"

"I heard from Grandpa. Someone from your clan came knocking?" Yao Qian asked.

"Yes. We are still not strong enough to stand against them. We do have some helpers, but I'm afraid the clan will arrive before help can come. I really don't know what to do," said Xiang Shaoyun as he sat down with a sigh.

Yao Qian stood behind him and started kneading his temple with her tender fingers. She said, "This is easy to solve. You have merely been overthinking it."

Chapter 1174: Captured Again

"Easy? What do you mean?" asked Xiang Shaoyun in a somewhat confused manner.

As someone who owned the Light of Wisdom, he was able to see through many complications. However, this issue that was troubling him so much had actually become a simple issue for someone else.

"Since it has already happened, there is no point in continuing to think about it. You also won't be able to change the fact that you're the weaker party even by staying here. You might as well leave as soon as possible and search for help. Before finding you, they won't dare to easily destroy the sect. You can always reverse the situation after coming back with help," said Yao Qian.

Xiang Shaoyun's eyes brightened. That was true. It wouldn't matter much if he stayed or not. In that case, he might as well leave and bring help as quickly as possible. Perhaps there would still be hope if he did that.

"Little Qian, you're right. This matter should not be delayed. I will depart immediately," said Xiang Shaoyun as he patted his forehead in realization.

He stopped so suddenly that he knocked into Yao Qian, who was behind him, causing her to fall.

Xiang Shaoyun reacted quickly and pulled her into his arms. He apologized, "Sorry, I got too excited."

As Yao Qian leaned against Xiang Shaoyun, a bashful look appeared on her face. She said, "I'm fine."

"Um. I'll be going then. Keep cultivating hard. In the future, the sect will be relying on you," said Xiang Shaoyun as he rushed off.

The axe reappeared in Yao Qian's hand, and Yao Qian, looking at Xiang Shaoyun leaving in a rush, muttered, "Don't worry, Big Brother Shaoyun. I will definitely protect the sect for you in the future."

Just as Xiang Shaoyun was about to give up on everything and leave to seek help, more people from the Xiang Clan people arrived at the sect.

"Xiang Shaoyun, release our Xiang Clan members immediately, or today will be the day your sect is destroyed," Xiang Qianren's voice sounded in the sky.

"A mere defeated opponent dares to be so brazen?" roared the toad as he flew into the sky.

The turtle, the taurus, and Duo Ji also rushed out, not giving their opponent the chance to catch them by surprise. Xiang Shaoyun naturally wouldn't stay hidden either. He followed the Saints into the sky as well. He found that only a single additional person came with Xiang Qianren.

But this person gave off a feeling that he was much stronger than Xiang Qianren. The second person was a calm middle-aged man. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back. He had a straight and tall stature, his eyes akin to a pair of stars. His aura was completely withdrawn, as though he had perfectly blended into the natural world. If one wasn't paying attention to him, one wouldn't even notice his presence.

"Elder Ge, watch out. They also have a hidden Saint Realm wind cultivator here," transmitted Xiang Qianren.

The middle-aged man was Xiang Chenge, someone with incredibly high seniority in the Xiang Clan. He was two generations older than Xiang Qianren and was a seventh-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator.

This level of strength earned him a place among the strongest existences in the world. He had been ordered to investigate Xiang Zong's death. However, he had failed to discover anything, as though all traces had been completely erased. Thus, he eventually decided to come take a look at the Ziling Sect. To his surprise, he stumbled upon Xiang Qianren, who was fleeing miserably.

After Xiang Qianren told him the whole story, the two hurried to the sect. There were two reasons they were here: firstly, to rescue their own people and, secondly, to settle the issue of having Xiang Shaoyun return to the clan's fold.

Looking at the two, Xiang Shaoyun said, "So you really think our Ziling Sect has no other people? You are actually coming after us again and again?"

At this point, Xiang Shaoyun's only choice was to stay unyielding to the end regardless of their strength. Xiang Cheng's gaze landed on Xiang Shaoyun, giving Xiang Shaoyun the uncomfortable sensation that his entire body had been seen through.

"You indeed look exactly the same as Ancestor Xiang Dingtian. You are a descendant of his branch," said Xiang Cheng. "Return to the clan's fold. Only when you're with the clan will you be able to grow better. This place is too small for you."

Xiang Shaoyun met Xiang Cheng's gaze and said, "I won't mind if I will receive all your support after returning. But that is definitely not something you people will do. The blood that flows in my and my father's veins is merely the blood of a branch family. This was why my father left the clan back then. He saw through your hypocrisy."

"Looks like you have misunderstood the clan. We have always taken good care of outstanding young talents. We won't discriminate against anyone based on whether one is from the main line or the branch family," said Xiang Cheng. "That also wasn't the reason your father left the clan. If you find that hard to believe, feel free to get him to come to me instead."

"If my father was present, you wouldn't even be given the chance to come and go as you wish like this," said Xiang Shaoyun with a sneer.

"From how you're behaving, are you declaring war against me? You can't stop me," said Xiang Cheng as he unleashed his aura.

The expressions of Xiang Shaoyun and the others turned incomparably solemn. An expert of this level was someone they had no chance of stopping.

"I'll return them to you. As for our return to the clan, we'll talk after my father comes back," Xiang Shaoyun finally compromised.

He wouldn't be able to defeat an expert of this level even if he went invisible. He might as well compromise. If Xiang Cheng was angered, Xiang Cheng might really destroy the entire sect.

"I'll naturally take them with me. But you'll be coming as well," declared Xiang Cheng as he reached out for Xiang Shaoyun.

Before anyone could react, Xiang Shaoyun was already grabbed.

"Young sect master!" shouted the Ziling Sect Saints in alarm. They all attacked Xiang Chenge.

"Make one more move and I'll kill him," said Xiang Chenge with a sharp look.

The threat was effective. None of the Saints dared to move anymore.

"Don't mess around! Otherwise, you won't be able to withstand our sect master's fury when he returns," said Duo Ji.

"Xiang Yangzhan is a decent child. But he alone won't be able to do too much," said Xiang Chenge indifferently. He looked at Xiang Qianren and said, "Go gather up the others. Time for us to go back."

"Yes, Elder Ge," Xiang Qianren replied respectfully before rushing to where Xiang Fengchen, Xiang Zixuan, and the others were kept.

Soon, the captured Xiang Clan members were brought out, and they saluted and greeted Xiang Chenge.

"Grandpa Ge, it's great to see you capture this bad fellow," said Xiang Lingyu joyfully when she saw the captured Xiang Shaoyun.

"Hand him to me, Grandpa Ge. I'll make sure he suffers a fate worse than death," said Xiang Zixuan maliciously.

"Enough. Our mission is to bring him back. Other matters do not concern us. Follow me back," said Xiang Chenge. With a flick of his sleeve, energy enveloped everyone, and he entered the void with them.

Chapter 1175: Arriving at Xiang Clan

An overcast atmosphere enveloped the Ziling Sect. Their young sect master had been kidnapped right before their eyes, and none of them could do anything. This was too humiliating.

"This won't do. I'm going to go find the sect master. Only the sect master can save the young sect master," said Duo Ji with his teeth clenched.

He had previously heard from Xiang Shaoyun that Xiang Yangzhan was still alive. With his current strength, he was entirely capable of entering the forbidden Wumo Pass and searching for Xiang Yangzhan. He could only place his hope on the sect master.

"If even you are leaving, there won't be anyone left to supervise the sect," said the turtle.

"That's right. Tell me where the young sect master's father is at. We'll go look for him," offered the toad.

"I'm afraid you won't know that place even if I tell you about it. Also, it's very dangerous. A slight carelessness can get you killed. Just guard the sect and keep the sect safe. Someone with great fortune like the young sect master will be fine," said Duo Ji.

He then entered the sect and had a talk with Pang Tongyuan and Old Yao, telling them what to watch out for during his absence. They had to ensure that the sect remained stable during this period of time. The turtle, toad, and taurus could only continue their duties as sect guardians.

Demonic beasts like them placed extreme importance on oaths. The moment they agreed to do something, they would basically not change their mind anymore. The other Ziling Sect members were unaware that Xiang Shaoyun had been captured. They only knew that with the Saints around, they could be at ease.

Meanwhile, Xiang Shaoyun was no longer struggling. He wanted to see if the kidnapper was really bringing him back to the Xiang Clan. If that was the case, he didn't mind paying the clan a visit. After all, it was still a place he once stayed at during his previous life. He was also quite curious as to how that place looked now.

"Release me. I'll go with you. Not like I can escape anyway," said Xiang Shaoyun, who did not enjoy having his movement restricted by Xiang Chengge.

"Um. I doubt you can try anything with me here," said Xiang Chengge. He was not worried that Xiang Shaoyun would do something. He released Xiang Shaoyun and only kept his energy around Xiang Shaoyun like the others as he dragged them along.

When one reached Xiang Cheng'e's level, one would be able to travel quickly even without using teleportation formations. About seven days later, they arrived at a seemingly desolate place. Upon his arrival, numerous scenes surfaced in Xiang Shaoyun's mind.

Once, this was a place with an unending mountain range, a paradise fit for immortals. There were dragon veins on the ground, phoenix aura in the air, numerous spiritual herbs in the area, and saint-grade springs dotting the landscape. This was a cultivation paradise that any cultivator would yearn for.

A big city also used to be right beside one of the mountains. Back then, it was one of the biggest cities in the Western Desert and had an enormous population. Alas, all that was no more.

Xiang Shaoyun remembered that back when the eight major organizations attacked this place, the attacks of the Rebirth Realm experts had flattened the landscape. This place was the ruins of the previous Xiang Clan, with nothing but desolation left. No trace of their past glory was visible. The Xiang Clan was forced to live in seclusion not far from here. With the use of spatial techniques, the entire place had been sealed from the outside world.

"This is where our clan used to be, a place where we enjoyed boundless glory. Unfortunately, we lost everything because of one person," said Xiang Cheng'e with a sigh when he looked at Xiang Shaoyun, who was blanking out.

"10,000 years ago, our Xiang Clan was the overlord of the Western Desert. Even the Yu Clan was afraid of us. Before long, our Xiang Clan will once again dominate the Western Desert," said Xiang Qianren with a look of yearning.

"One day, I will reach the Rebirth Realm and lead the Xiang Clan to glory!" vowed Xiang Zixuan with his fists clenched tight.

Xiang Shaoyun smiled calmly and said nothing, but his current emotions were extremely complicated. In his previous life, he was valiant and bold, aiming to become the strongest overlord of the world. He had led the Xiang Clan and waged war everywhere. Ultimately, he had provoked too many enemies, resulting in the near destruction of his clan.

He found the hatred he had for the clan vanished completely. They all shared the same roots. What was the point in hating each other?

Xiang Chenge brought them to a certain spot and activated the formation there. They all vanished into thin air.

The group reappeared in an old city exuding a thick ancient aura. It gave one an illusion that one had traveled back in time. Everything in the city looked like an antique. There were few pedestrians, but each person had a solemn and steadfast aura, as though everyone had undergone the baptism of blood.

With his sharp senses, Xiang Shaoyun realized that they had to be trained from a young age to develop such an aura. From these people, one could see that although the Xiang Clan had been in seclusion, they had not forgotten to constantly temper and train their descendants, granting each descendant a tough physique and strong faith since childhood.

They were currently within a place that was essentially a city within a city, a place that had existed since his previous life. This was a city constructed by the clan's first patriarch, a city protected by a powerful god-grade formation with earth-shattering power.

This formation was the reason why the eight organizations didn't dare to launch a direct offensive into the city during their invasion back then, and it had prevented the Xiang Clan from the fate of extinction.

When the pedestrians saw Xiang Chenge's group, they gave the group a salute before moving on with whatever they were doing. They weren't overly deferential, only giving a salute in accordance with the etiquette of meeting one's elders.

"Each disciple of the Xiang Clan is an iron-blooded soldier. Not a single one is a coward," declared Xiang Zixuan proudly.

He was obviously saying these words for Xiang Shaoyun. Xiang Shaoyun smiled calmly, not saying anything.

"Bastard, are you looking down on our Xiang Clan?" said Xiang Lingyu unhappily.

Xiang Shaoyun shrugged and said, "I don't really feel anything. It's not like I have that much of a relationship with the clan."

"Are you still not sensing the resonance in your bloodline even now?" asked Xiang Chenge.

"Are you referring to the lightning bone?" said Xiang Shaoyun as he released the power of his lightning bone, enveloping his entire body with a deep purple radiance. The instant he released the power of his lightning bone, a certain power within the clan stirred.

Deep inside the city, a statue abruptly emanated a powerful aura. A terrifying purple radiance emanated from the statue, flooding the entirety of the city, alarming the clan's many big shots. The people around Xiang Shaoyun were completely stunned.

"Th-this is the recovery of the ancestor's bone power!" Xiang Chenge exclaimed in alarm.

Chapter 1176: Equipping the Blood-Soaked Robe, the Overlord's Recovery

Within the Xiang Clan were eight worshipped statues. Each statue represented a valiant hero who had once appeared in the clan, a person capable of looking over the entire world with disdain.

The first statue was the first patriarch of the clan. With an astonishing talent in cultivation, he had tempered his bones into the lightning bone through perseverance alone, forging the bloodline unique to the Xiang Clan. As a Rebirth Realm God, he was someone who had turned the Xiang Clan into a super organization.

The second statue was the third patriarch. This was someone who had made his name during his youth. His tyrannical might had spread in all directions as he had singlehandedly expanded the clan's territory by several times, even having an entire province named Xiang Province after the clan. Stories of his exploits were something the Xiang Clan descendants talked about to this day.

The third statue was the eighth patriarch. At the time, the clan was declining. This patriarch had led the clan to a new height, bringing the clan back to the right path and eliminating many of the clan's enemies.

As for the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh statues, they also represented the different outstanding ancestors who had contributed greatly to the clan. As for the eighth statue, it represented Xiang Dingtian, a person shrouded in controversy.

He was exceptionally talented in cultivation and was the strongest in the clan during his generation. He also had the intelligence and wisdom of his ancestors, which allowed him to recruit capable individuals from all over the world. He was the one who had once again brought the clan to the very peak of the world.

However, Xiang Dingtian was too ambitious. Not satisfied with dominating the Western Desert, he had wanted to dominate the entire dominion. He had thus led the powerful Xiang Army into numerous wars. Ultimately, he had provoked too many powerful enemies, resulting in the clan's near destruction.

He had thus become someone who the future descendants of the clan would constantly argue about. In fact, when this statue was erected, many people in the clan had objected. Ultimately, someone had suppressed all voices and had the statue erected.

Within each statue, there would be some belongings or even the blood essence of the person the statue represented. Within Xiang Dingtian's statue was a certain item of his that had soaked in his blood essence.

When Xiang Shaoyun stirred his bloodline and activated his lightning bone, the item in the statue flew out and rushed toward Xiang Shaoyun. The item was none other than a badly damaged, blood-soaked robe.

As Xiang Shaoyun gazed at the incoming blood-soaked robe, a gentle look appeared in his eyes, and he muttered, "So you survived. Good."

He then grabbed the robe and draped it over him. A resonance formed between the blood essence in the robe and the blood in his veins, instantly transforming the aura around him. The Overlord Skyslaying Saber appeared in his hand, and a thick battle intent radiated from his eyes as he roared, "The Xiang Army will never be defeated, kill!"

His sonorous voice rumbled all over the clan.

An indescribable sensation rose in all the Xiang Clan disciples as they all shouted uniformly, "The Xiang Army will never be defeated!"

A massive uproar erupted within the clan. This was the slogan of their clan, one that had been passed on for generations, one that had been etched into the very bone of every single Xiang Clan member. This slogan was where they derived their motivation from, the source of their warlike temperament.

Xiang Chenge, Xiang Qianren, Xiang Fengchen, and the others around Xiang Shaoyun were completely stunned. They could all sense a certain power recovering within their bloodline, a power they couldn't suppress even if they wanted to. When they looked at this man before them, they had an illusion that they were before the presence of their ancestor, giving them an urge to prostrate before him.

Xiang Zixuan and Xiang Lingyu, who were the weakest of the bunch, were already on their knees. What they saw before their eyes was not only an ancestor but also a unique and unrivaled war god. They had no way of defying him. At this time, numerous figures rushed over from all directions, including Heaven Battling Realm experts.

"What happened exactly? Who activated the ancestor's statue?" shouted someone.

At this time, Xiang Shaoyun's blood was reaching boiling point. It was as though he had returned to the Rebirth Realm, turning into the real Xiang Dingtian. He gazed at the newcomers with a cold expression that disdained the entire world.

"Before the presence of this Overlord, why haven't you gotten your asses down here yet? What are you waiting for?" demanded Xiang Shaoyun with a high and mighty attitude.

His imposing aura had exceeded the Heaven Battling Realm, and his words were akin to an imperial edict that pounded on the hearts of everyone present. Even those Heaven Battling Realm Saints in the air descended from the sky, fear rising involuntarily in their hearts.

One of them was an old man. As a Great Saint, he could withstand Xiang Shaoyun's aura. He pointed his staff at Xiang Shaoyun and shouted, "Who are you? You dare pretend to be our ancestor? You deserve death!"

As he spoke, he unleashed his strength as a Great Saint. Strands of lightning energy danced about his staff as he swung it at Xiang Shaoyun. This Great Saint was Xiang Youjing, the current first elder of the clan. He had an extremely high status in the clan, and even the current patriarch had to show him respect. He was also Xiang Zong's ancestor. He had always loved Xiang Zong greatly, but unfortunately, Xiang Zong had been killed.

"Ignorant old man," said Xiang Shaoyun with scorn.

With a casual swing of his Overlord Skyslaying Saber, he released an ordinary and mediocre slash that actually contained an indescribable power. The slash destroyed Xiang Youjing's attack.

Xiang Youjing's eyes flickered as he stabilized his footing. He shouted, "Come clean. Who are you? Otherwise, I'll take you down even if I have to die today!"

At this time, the other Saints had also broken free of their suppression and surrounded Xiang Shaoyun.

With the image of Xiang Shaoyun holding the Overlord Skyslaying Saber in one hand and wearing the bloody robe around him, it was as though the statue of their ancestor had come alive.

"I-is this Ancestor Xiang Dingtian? Has he come back from death?" someone exclaimed in alarm.

"They look exactly the same. The saber and the robe are definitely real. Both were the ancestor's belongings when he was alive," said someone else.

"There is no mistaking this. His aura and his bloodline give me an intimate sensation."

"Ancestor, please accept this descendant's respects."

...

Even the Saints kneeled down before him. They were all sure that Xiang Dingtian had returned to him.

"You have all gone crazy. He is definitely not Xiang Dingtian. Look at him. How can Xiang Dingtian be so young? He is fake! Let me expose him!" said Xiang Youjing, who couldn't accept this fact. He attacked once again.

The space before him warped as his staff instantly reached Xiang Shaoyun's chest. He was trying to kill with one strike, and it was obvious he showed no regard for their ancestor, Xiang Dingtian.

Chapter 1177: Prevailing Over a Great Sage

Nobody there could stop Xiang Youjing, and they could only watch on as the attack reached Xiang Shaoyun. Xiang Youjing had thought that his attack would be enough to kill Xiang Shaoyun. But when his staff struck Xiang Shaoyun, he found he had hit nothing.

Meanwhile, Xiang Shaoyun moved to the side. With a calm tone, he said, "Looks like you really have no respect for this Overlord. In that case, this Overlord shall teach you a lesson."

After saying that, Xiang Shaoyun used his palm as a saber and hacked at Xiang Youjing. The palm tore through space itself and instantly reached Xiang Youjing's shoulder. Xiang Youjing couldn't even avoid the attack and was struck on his shoulder. The saintly aura around his body cracked, and he was sent stumbling backward.

Xiang Shaoyun chased after him like a specter and launched another attack with his bare hands.

Nine Overlord Skyslaying Saber Technique!

He fully displayed the might of the technique and pushed his saber intent to the maximum, allowing him to steer the saber attack like it was an extension of his body. He repeatedly attacked, forcing Xiang Youjing to dodge in all directions hastily without being able to strike back.

Xiang Youjing felt incomparably sullen. As a Great Saint, he was actually suppressed to such an extent. He roared in an unreconciled manner, "I don't care what you did to take on the appearance of the ancestor, but you will show your real face before me!"

As he roared, he gathered all his energy into his staff. Terrifying lightning explosions erupted around him as he gathered a dreadful amount of lightning energy that caused even the city to shake.

"No, first elder! You will ruin the city as well!" Xiang Chenge shouted.

"Join hands and put a seal around this place! We can't allow this energy to ruin the city!" said someone.

The speaker was someone with an immeasurably deep strength and was no weaker than Xiang Youjing. With a wave of his hand, strands of spatial energy appeared and sealed their surroundings, ensuring that the battle's backlash would not spread anywhere else. The other Heaven Battling Realm experts also did not dare to wait around. They all worked alongside the speaker to seal the area.

Facing Xiang Youjing's astonishing strength, Xiang Shaoyun showed no fear. Rather, a look of yearning appeared on his face as he said, "Playing with lightning before me? What a joke."

He faced the domineering lightning attack head on. The blood-soaked robe around him granted him full immunity to the lightning. A powerful suction force appeared from within his body as he absorbed all the lightning energy. He was completely unharmed, as though he was the god of lightning who no lightning could harm. Xiang Youjing was completely stunned.

"This is not possible! I refuse to believe you're really that strong!" shouted Xiang Youjing in disbelief as he charged forward to fight in melee range.

Just Staff's Punishment!

The staff split into two and attacked Xiang Shaoyun from above and below, both attacks reaching Xiang Shaoyun at the exact same time. Even a mountain would be turned into fine powder if hit by this staff, and even a Saint would not survive it.

Xiang Shaoyun's gaze turned sharp as the Overlord Skyslaying Saber in his hand spun around and blocked both attacks. He then launched a counterattack. He moved just enough to avoid the staff and then stepped forward and hacked out with his palm yet again. This time, he aimed for the bridge of Xiang Youjing's nose.

Once again, Xiang Youjing failed to move away in time and had his nose deformed by the attack. He was sent flying far away, some of his teeth flying out of his mouth.

Xiang Shaoyun used the Overlord's Nine Nether Steps and dashed forth. He stomped on Xiang Youjing's body, smashing him into the ground and creating a cloud of dust.

"You dare question this Overlord? You must be tired of living," said Xiang Shaoyun as he coldly overlooked Xiang Youjing from above.

The people around them didn't even know how to react. Xiang Youjing was their first elder, so they should be helping him. But Xiang Shaoyun seemed to be their ancestor. That unrivaled overbearingness of his was something nobody could imitate and was very convincing. And thus, they could only stare blankly.

Xiang Chenge, Xiang Qianren, and Xiang Fengchen swallowed. Xiang Shaoyun was someone they had forcefully brought back. After witnessing this strength of his, they felt a chill creep up their spines.

Xiang Youjing crawled out of the hole, looked at Xiang Shaoyun unyieldingly, and said, "Y-you're not Xiang Dingtian! You're definitely not him!"

His eyes were filled with unwillingness and a trace of killing intent, as though he would only be satisfied with Xiang Shaoyun's death.

When Xiang Shaoyun sensed Xiang Youjing's killing intent, he frowned. A familiar face flashed through his mind, and he asked, "You're Xiang Feidong's son, right?"

"H-how do you know that?" asked Xiang Youjing, his pupils contracting.

Even he was now starting to believe that Xiang Shaoyun was Xiang Dingtian.

"If you weren't Xiang Feidong's son, why would you hate me so much?" said Xiang Shaoyun with a sigh. "It's understandable that you hate me. Your father is a real man with a pair of shoulders wide enough to bear the sky. He is worthy of being a Xiang Clan member and a Xiang Army member."

"But you sent him to his death. You're a devil!" roared Xiang Youjing with his teeth gnashed in anger.

During the massive war 10,000 years ago, Xiang Feidong was a fierce soldier in the Xiang Army, and he was also a deputy commander whom Xiang Dingtian had high opinions of. However, during the chaotic war, every single Xiang Army member had a likelihood of dying.

At that time, Xiang Dingtian was personally battling eight powerful God Realm experts and could no longer spare any attention to the Xiang Army. To ensure the army's survival, volunteers were required to block the enemies while the rest of the army retreated in batches.

The five fiercest generals under Xiang Dingtian had battled to the death one after another, and someone had to step out and take some of the pressure off the army. That someone was Xiang Feidong. He was a peak Saint at the time. In terms of strength and status, he was the most suitable candidate for the task. Thus, he watched the rear as the army retreated, blocking a majority of their

enemies by himself. He allowed a portion of the Xiang Army to survive. Alas, he was killed in the battle.

Xiang Youjing did not know the full story. At the time, he was still very young. He had only heard that Xiang Dingtian was the one who had ordered his father to march to his death. Because of that, he held deep hostility toward Xiang Dingtian. Even now, he still constantly suppressed all descendants from Xiang Dingtian's branch, not giving them a chance to rise again.

Chapter 1178: Kowtowing to the Departed

When Xiang Shaoyun told Xiang Feidong about his father's feats, Xiang Youjing teared up. He still wasn't fully convinced that Xiang Shaoyun was telling the truth, but deep inside, he already believed him.

"Xiang Feidong is the pride of our Xiang Clan. He is the reason the clan has been able to survive until today. Of course, I was at fault too. If I hadn't obstinately persisted in war, the clan wouldn't have fallen to such an extent," said Xiang Shaoyun with a sigh.

His eyes were filled with guilt as he recalled the Xiang Army from back then and how glorious the clan used to be. The strong sense of guilt he felt was stifling. He was remorseful of his decision back then. If he had taken the clan into more consideration at the time, many people would probably not have to die.

"Y-you're really our Ancestor Overlord?" asked someone with a shiver.

That person was a Saint that was so old his vitality seemed to be on the brink of completely drying up. He was someone from Xiang Youjing's generation. He had not participated in the war back then, but he was close to those who did and had heard of Xiang Dingtian's feats.

Looking at the old Saint, Xiang Shaoyun replied with a sad tone, "Yes and no."

He then ignored everyone and strode toward the clan's forbidden zone. He moved quickly, instantly vanishing from where he was.

"What are you trying to do?" shouted Xiang Youjing in alarm as he gave chase.

Although he had been injured, Xiang Shaoyun never intended to kill. Xiang Youjing wasn't even seriously injured, so he was naturally able to keep up with Xiang Shaoyun. The other Saints also followed them, leaving behind the regular disciples who were still in a daze.

"W-what is going on? Is he capable of transforming his personality or something?" asked Xiang Lingyu in confusion.

Xiang Zixuan shook his head and said, "I have no idea. The world is confusing. I need to clear my mind."

No matter what, Xiang Zixuan wasn't willing to accept that Xiang Shaoyun was Xiang Dingtian. The strength Xiang Shaoyun demonstrated earlier was way too scary. Not even their first elder was a match for Xiang Shaoyun. Xiang Zixuan felt his confidence shattering.

As for Ji Honglei, she had a look of reverence as she thought, So is this the most outstanding person of the Xiang Clan, the Overlord? He is truly boundlessly charming and attractive.

The Xiang Clan's forbidden zone was where the clan's graveyard was located. There, the martyrs of the clan were buried and the heroes of the clan were worshipped. Generally, entry was forbidden to everyone. Only during ritual offerings would the forbidden zone be opened up to the clan members. Of course, those at the Heaven Battling Realm were allowed to enter more often.

Xiang Shaoyun went straight to the graveyard. When he saw the eight lofty statues, his gaze landed on Xiang Dingtian's statue. With the sun and the moon above his head and his feet stepping on stars, he held the Overlord Skyslaying Saber and held his head high with a look that disdained the world. This was a statue with an appearance that evoked a sense of reverence.

When Xiang Shaoyun looked at the statue, he felt like he was looking at himself from his previous life. The statue was completely the same as him. He had no idea who forged this statue, but the resemblance was uncanny. His gaze then landed on the other seven statues. Both his knees dropped heavily onto the ground as he kowtowed to the seven ancestors.

He knocked his head heavily onto the ground, creating numerous muffled sounds. Not one of the Xiang Clan Saints dared to stop what he was doing. They could sense his sincerity in paying his respects to the ancestors. After kowtowing three times to each statue, Xiang Shaoyun stood up and continued deeper into the graveyard.

Soon, he arrived before a certain tomb. He trembled as he lightly stroked the tombstone with the gentleness one would only show the person one loved most. Everyone present knew that this particular tomb belonged to Xiang Dingtian's parents. When they saw what he did, their belief that he was really Xiang Dingtian deepened. If he wasn't Xiang Dingtian, how would he recognize this tomb, and why would he stroke it?

After a while, he once again dropped on his knees and kowtowed to the tomb. He remained completely silent as he had no words to say. He then stood back up and started walking among the graveyard again. Soon, he came to a remote corner with some burial mounds. Those buried here weren't any important individuals of the clan. Rather, they were those only qualified to have their names included in the clan records.

A lot of people were buried here. This spot, in particular, was where the dead Xiang Army members were buried. These were those who had sweated blood for the clan. Alas, they had all ended up six feet under the ground.

Xiang Shaoyun took out a jar of liquor and shouted at the mounds, "The Xiang Army will never be defeated. The children of Xiang are the strongest. Brothers, let's finish this glass of wine."

He then threw his head back and took a swig of liquor. The liquor splashed onto his clothes, drenching them wet, yet he didn't care. He then poured the liquor before the burial mounds. The Xiang Clan people looked at Xiang Shaoyun's bleak figure. He looked so very lonesome, yet they had no idea what they should say to him.

Only after standing there for two hours did Xiang Shaoyun turn around to leave. His body flickered, and he arrived before the Xiang Clan's grand hall. Looking at the familiar surroundings, he felt like it was only yesterday when he had left. Nothing seemed to have changed.

The grand hall was built like a palace, looking incredibly luxurious and imposing. Held by the 12 towering dragon pillars was a roof with carvings of divine beasts. A thick fortuitous aura gathered around the hall, making the hall look incredibly majestic. A purple divine stone hovered atop the roof, constantly radiating a glorious radiance.

Two Saint Realm lightning beasts were standing guard before the hall. When they saw Xiang Shaoyun, they did not dare to act rashly. They could feel a dangerous sensation from Xiang Shaoyun and sense the Xiang Clan bloodline flowing within him.

Xiang Shaoyun did not remain outside for long. He directly stepped into the hall. The hall was incomparably expansive, as though it was an entirely different space that one would feel good just being there.

The hall was decorated gorgeously. Everywhere one looked were high-tier materials, which made the place look incredibly noble. A regular person would instantly be assaulted by a sense of inferiority the moment they stepped inside.

Xiang Shaoyun scanned the room, his gaze ultimately landing on the main seat. It was a dragon throne shining with a gold and purple radiance that seemed capable of pulling one's soul in.

"Our dream of becoming the ruler of the world has remained a dream. What's the point of keeping this throne?" said Xiang Shaoyun with a sigh.

He started approaching the throne, but after taking several steps, he fainted.

Chapter 1179: A Widow Can Easily Give Rise to Many Issues

When Xiang Shaoyun woke up, he was at an unfamiliar location.

"You're awake?" asked a clear and sweet voice.

Xiang Shaoyun looked over and saw the seductively dressed Ji Honglei slowly walking toward him. A certain intoxicating fragrance wafted about her, one that could infatuate anyone. However, Xiang Shaoyun had strong willpower and wouldn't be bewitched so easily.

He asked indifferently, "Where is this? Are we within the Xiang Clan?"

Ji Honglei came beside him, sat down, and said, "Have you forgotten everything?"

"You guys caught me and brought me here, right?" asked Xiang Shaoyun.

The memories of what had happened were reappearing in his mind. He instantly understood what he had done, but he couldn't show it since he wouldn't know how to face the Xiang Clan people otherwise. Thus, he could only play the fool.

"Looks like you have forgotten everything," said Ji Honglei as she scanned Xiang Shaoyun. "That's good, I guess. Otherwise, I don't know how much more trouble you will create."

"Why did you people hide me here?" asked Xiang Shaoyun.

"Hehe, naturally so that I can take care of you," said Ji Honglei as a smile bloomed on her face.

"Take care of me? Are you trying to seduce me into returning to the clan? I'm not that kind of person," said Xiang Shaoyun firmly.

Ji Honglei tapped at Xiang Shaoyun's forehead and said, "Seducing you? Dream on."

"If that's not the case, I'll be taking my leave then," said Xiang Shaoyun as he got off the bed.

He was still wearing the blood-soaked robe. He could feel a deep sense of closeness between him and the robe. However, Xiang Dingtian's power had completely disappeared from it.

This robe was extremely important to him as it was something the person he loved most during his previous life had given him. It was something she had personally weaved for him. He was very sure that the person was none other than Yu Caidie's past life. They had encountered each other yet again in this life.

That was why the moment he had met her, he had decided that she would be his woman and that she could only be his woman. After stabilizing the Ziling Sect and gaining enough strength, he would take a trip to the Yu Clan and ask for her hand in marriage. Of course, he was still far from that point. He still needed to take the time to grow.

"You can leave this room, but you can't leave the clan," said Ji Honglei.

"I know," said Xiang Shaoyun with a wave of his hand.

He then strode out of the room. Ji Honglei was a widow. It wouldn't be good for her reputation to stay alone with him in a room for too long. Thus, he had to take that into consideration.

After leaving, Xiang Shaoyun found himself in a serene and elegant courtyard filled with numerous rarely seen plants. It was an incredibly beautiful courtyard. He also found that the surroundings were completely uninhabited. It seemed like he was currently at the outskirts of the Xiang Clan territory.

Ji Honglei walked out of the room and said, "What are you doing blanking out there? Are you finding yourself unable to part with me?"

She spoke with a frivolous tone, giving off a feeling that she was a woman who had gone mad from loneliness. In truth, that was the case. She hadn't been married to the Xiang Clan for long before her husband was killed. She had remained a widow for many years and had stayed loyal to her status as a widow. But when she saw Xiang Shaoyun, she found the defenses in her heart crumbling apart.

During her time as a widow in the clan, she had read the clan's history and had a deep impression of Xiang Dingtian, the ancestor shrouded in controversy. Personally, she loved ambitious and powerful men like Xiang Dingtian. She had regretted she was born in the wrong era. If she could be born in the same era as Xiang Dingtian, she would be willing to be the woman behind him.

Thus, when she had seen Xiang Shaoyun, something had started tugging at the strings of her heart. Because of that, she had volunteered to take care of Xiang Shaoyun after he had fainted. In any case, Xiang Shaoyun's identity was still unclear.

The big shots of the clan were still discussing what to do with him, so they decided to let her look after him for now. They were confident that Xiang Shaoyun wouldn't make things hard for Ji Honglei, so they had him wait until they came to a conclusion.

"Why did they make you stay here alone?" asked Xiang Shaoyun.

"I requested it. I can't be bothered to face all those men all day long," said Ji Honglei with a weary look.

"A widow living alone can easily give rise to many issues," said Xiang Shaoyun with a sigh.

"Do you look down on me as well?" asked Ji Honglei with a somewhat distressed look.

Xiang Shaoyun shook his head and said, "Who am I to look down on you? Since you're not happy where, why don't you leave?"

"You know the clan's situation. How can we leave easily? If it wasn't for you, I would probably stay here until old age without a chance of leaving," said Ji Honglei with a self-mocking laugh.

Xiang Shaoyun felt his heart ache. He wasn't feeling sad for her. Rather, he was feeling sad for the fact that this would only happen because the clan had been forced to enter seclusion. If the clan could leave seclusion, they might not be so lonely and conservative anymore.

Perhaps I really should do something to atone for my past sins, thought Xiang Shaoyun with a deep sigh.

At this time, a visitor came. The visitor was none other than Xiang Fengchen.

When his gaze landed on Xiang Shaoyun, fear covered his face. He bowed and said, "A-ancestor, you're awake."

Xiang Shaoyun did not reject the bow and nodded. "Um. Are the people from the clan asking to see me?"

"Yes, ancestor. The elders are waiting," answered Xiang Fengchen.

"Let's go," said Xiang Shaoyun with a nod.

He then followed Xiang Fengchen to the grand hall.

Meanwhile, Xiang Fengchen was stealing glances at Xiang Shaoyun as he thought, His aura seems different now?

Xiang Shaoyun did not know what Xiang Fengchen was thinking about. Even if he knew, he wouldn't care. He was Xiang Dingtian in his previous life, and that was something nobody in the clan could deny.

Soon, he arrived at the grand hall.

"Ancestor Xiang Dingtian has arrived," Xiang Fengchen announced.

Many Xiang Clan Saints were seated in the hall, including several incredibly old Saints. When their turbid eyes fell on Xiang Shaoyun, it was as though they could see right through him.

Xiang Shaoyun ignored them all. He looked toward the main seat and found it empty. Even Xiang Youjing was only seated to the right of the main seat.

Is the current patriarch absent? thought Xiang Shaoyun.

Chapter 1180: Little Ancestor

Xiang Shaoyun faced the dozens of people in the hall calmly, showing no fear.

"Are you really Xiang Dingtian?" asked an old man.

Xiang Shaoyun looked at him and replied, "Yes and no."

"What does that mean?" asked the old man.

"Xiang Dingtian is my previous life. In this life, I am a descendant from a branch family, Xiang Shaoyun," he confessed.

"So you're the reincarnation of Xiang Dingtian?" asked a different old man in astonishment.

Xiang Shaoyun nodded, "Yes."

"How do you prove that?"

"My battle robe and my saber."

"That's not enough."

"I'll talk about the clan. Our first patriarch used to be a scholar attendant and had taken a long time to rise in power. The second patriarch had succeeded the throne after the first patriarch went missing for three years—"

"You're only talking about our history. Tell us about Xiang Dingtian instead. Give us direct proof."

"I, Xiang Dingtian, have been well-versed with all sorts of books since I was six. At seven, I started condensing my astral energy. At ten, I entered the Transformation Realm. I was already at the Skysoar Realm before adulthood. My rise was smooth, and I broke through all records of the clan repeatedly. At eighteen, I killed nine powerful Demon Kings, tamed my mount, Black Nimbus, and proclaimed myself the Overlord. I aimed to lead our Xiang Army and pacify the world, making us the number one clan under the sky..."

The more Xiang Shaoyun spoke, the more spirited he became. Even he himself felt proud of his past life. Someone so powerful should naturally have the ambition to dominate the world. When the people present heard Xiang Shaoyun speaking about Xiang Dingtian in great detail, they firmly started believing that he was really their ancestor.

Of course, Xiang Shaoyun's performance from two days ago had also helped greatly in convincing them. It was as though Xiang Dingtian had taken possession of his body. His terrifying strength at the time couldn't be explained otherwise.

"He really is Ancestor Xiang Dingtian reincarnated!" cried out one of the old men. He knelt down toward Xiang Shaoyun, acknowledging that Xiang Shaoyun was really the ancestor. With the old man on his knees, the others were left with no choice but to get on their knees as well.

Only Xiang Youjing continued questioning, "You claim to be the reincarnation of Xiang Dingtian. Tell me then, what position did my father Xiang Feidong hold in the clan back then? And what was his cultivation level?"

Xiang Shaoyun threw him a glance and said, "Your father was a peak Heaven Battling Realm cultivator, only a step away from the Rebirth Realm. He was the deputy commander of the Xiang Army and was equally famous as the five greatest generals under my command. I remember he had a daughter called Xiang Zuoying as well. She must be your little sister?"

Xiang Youjing's expression changed. He had no choice but to believe that Xiang Shaoyun was telling the truth. His little sister had passed away thousands of years ago because she hadn't been able to reach the Heaven Battling Realm. Without the additional lifespan of the new cultivation realm, she had passed away. As time passed, few people still remembered her. Even many of the old

fellows present had forgotten about her. Since Xiang Shaoyun knew about his little sister, there was no doubt that he was Xiang Dingtian's reincarnation.

"Ancestor," greeted Xiang Youjing as he knelt down.

After finding out that his father had fought to the death for the clan instead of dying to Xiang Dingtian's scheme, his hatred toward Xiang Dingtian had dropped considerably.

Xiang Shaoyun said, "You should address me as uncle. I am from your father's generation. In fact, he's my cousin."

"U-Uncle," Xiang Youjing called out with great difficulty.

Sure, Xiang Shaoyun was Xiang Dingtian's reincarnation, but he was also currently a young descendent of a branch family.

Xiang Shaoyun said to everyone, "You may all rise. In the future, just address me as Xiang Shaoyun. Xiang Dingtian is already a part of history."

Everyone stood up and looked at him with complicated expressions, not knowing what to say. Regardless of the controversy surrounding Xiang Dingtian, he was still one of the strongest experts to have ever emerged from their clan. Thus, he deserved their reverence. However, this reincarnation of his was also their junior, so the seniority seemed to have gone to a complete mess.

One of the old men said cautiously, "Ancestor, we can't allow the seniority to sink into chaos. But since you have reincarnated, we will have the juniors of the clan address you as the little ancestor from now on. As for us, we will address you as the Overlord. What do you think? You are the Overlord, after all."

A different person voiced his agreement, "Yes, yes, we'll address you as the Overlord while the others can address you as the little ancestor. This is the aptest solution for the issue of seniority."

Nobody dared to disagree, and they voiced their agreement one after another.

"Little ancestor? That's a good idea," said Xiang Shaoyun as he rubbed his chin.

He was more than qualified to be the clan's little ancestor. Of course, he was also completely surprised that he could so easily obtain the clan's acknowledgment. Nevertheless, it was still great that things had developed this way. It saved him a lot of trouble.

Next, he spent some time getting to know these Heaven Battling Realm experts. Xiang Youjing was in charge of introducing everyone to him. He no longer held any hatred for Xiang Shaoyun. Rather, he even felt a slight sense of closeness.

After all, this was his uncle, someone from his father's generation. Furthermore, Xiang Shaoyun knew his father well. In a way, Xiang Youjing's emotions for his father had played a role in changing his opinion of Xiang Shaoyun.

One ought to know that almost everyone from that generation had passed away. Very few people who knew about the events back then were still alive. However, a certain person still couldn't fully accept Xiang Shaoyun.

He was Xiang Yangxuan, someone who had newly risen in power in the clan. He was Xiang Yangzhan's cousin. Looking at Xiang Shaoyun, he said, "I don't believe a single word you said."

Instantly, the temperature of the hall seemed to have dropped. Since most of them had already acknowledged Xiang Shaoyun's identity, it was quite surprising that someone would still dare to voice a different opinion.

"Yangxuan, what nonsense are you speaking? Apologize to the Overlord!" berated one of the old men.

"I am speaking the truth. I do not believe he is Ancestor Xiang Dingtian's reincarnation," said Xiang Yangxuan confidently.

"What proof do you have?" asked someone.

Xiang Shaoyun also looked at him curiously. He could feel a clear sense of hostility coming from Xiang Yangxuan.

"Without a doubt, he knows everything about the ancestor. But I think he has probably inherited the ancestor's inheritance by fluke due to the Xiang Clan bloodline flowing in him. If anyone else from our clan had met the same encounter, they could have also obtained all that knowledge about the ancestor. Therefore, he is definitely pretending to be the ancestor. He is insulting our ancestor! A junior like this deserves execution!" said Xiang Yangxuan with a sharp look in his eyes.

He even unleashed his Heaven Battling Realm's aura and sent it crashing down on Xiang Shaoyun.