

Overlord 1441

Chapter 1441: Guardians Guild

Xiang Shaoyun might be the young sect master in name, but he was basically a sect master already. Thus, he personally gave the higher-ups their rewards. As for the normal disciples and overseers, others would distribute the rewards on his behalf. After asking about the events of the past two years, he learned that the Di Sect had attacked them once. Fury covered his face when he found out about that.

After learning all he needed to know, he sent everyone away. Only Devouring Ghost, Green Ghost, Despair, Pang Tongyuan, Old Yao, and Qian Furen were left behind. These six would become his close confidants in the sect. This was the very first time Qian Furen had been accorded such trust. He was wild with joy, feeling greatly thankful for his decision years ago to stay loyal to the sect.

Qian Furen was no longer the Ziling City's governor. Instead, a cousin from his clan had taken over the position. As for himself, he now resided in the sect, becoming a high-ranking elder that controlled a portion of the sect's wealth. He wielded much more power in his hands than a governor.

"I'll be making a few announcements. Firstly, Green Ghost will be appointed as a guardian elder. He will continue taking charge of the Ghostface Sect and the sect's information gathering. Secondly, Despair will also be appointed as a guardian elder. He will be in charge of being my personal guard and will answer only to me. His main job will be to protect my family members. Thirdly, Pang Tongyuan will remain the internal affairs elder, in charge of all general affairs of the sect. Fourthly, Old Yao will be the chief elder of the Medicine Hall. He will be given full control over all herbs below the sovereign grade in the sect. Fifthly, Qian Furen will be appointed as the financial affairs elder and will be in charge of all matters concerning the wealth of the sect and our subsidiary organizations," said Xiang Shaoyun solemnly.

Everyone bowed and expressed their gratitude, the wide smiles on their faces showing their joy. In the past, the task distribution in the sect was rather chaotic with Xiang Shaoyun's absence. Furthermore, there was a sense of illegitimacy for them to take on their tasks without an official appointment. Now that everyone had been appointed to a clearly defined position, they were naturally overjoyed.

Xiang Shaoyun continued, "From today onward, I need all of you to work together and accelerate the growth of all our overseers and disciples. We should also start developing the nearby mountains and build independent training bases. The overseers and disciples will be given more tempering of life and death. We can't allow them to continue slacking. If needed, you can even send them to the Devil Domain and have them fight with their lives on the line. I want to fill the sect with experts capable of holding their own."

"As your command, overlord (young sect master)!" everyone answered at the same time.

"Devouring Ghost, I have a task for you. Immediately go and bring Big Brother Du and Big Sister Hua Cheng back. Even if they're dead, I want their corpses back," said Xiang Shaoyun.

Du Xuanhao had left the sect many years ago to get his revenge. Eventually, Hua Cheng also left and went looking for him. With the two still missing, it was understandable that Xiang Shaoyun was worried about them.

"Yes, overlord," answered Devouring Ghost before vanishing into thin air.

"Green Ghost, pay more attention to the Di Clan. They have already ended their seclusion and must have found a place to settle down. A day will come when we settle our scores with them," said Xiang Shaoyun.

"Yes, overlord!" Green Ghost left with his task.

"Anything else? We'll end the meeting here if there's nothing else," asked Xiang Shaoyun.

"Overlord, I think the time has come for us to try advancing into a tier-8 organization," said Pang Tongyuan.

Old Yao agreed, "Yes. I think the same as well."

"The requirements to become a tier-8 organization are quite high. I'm afraid our Ziling Sect is still somewhat lacking," said Qian Furen.

To become a tier-8 organization, apart from sufficient Heaven Battling Realm experts, an organization also needed a large enough population and enough subsidiary organizations and cities under their rule.

At present, the Ziling Sect only ruled 18 cities and 33 subsidiary organizations of different sizes. They were still quite far away from meeting all the requirements to become a tier-8 organization.

At the very least, a tier-8 organization needed to have 20 Heaven Battling Realm experts, no less than 100 Sovereigns, no less than two tier-7 subsidiary organizations, no less than six tier-6 subsidiary organizations, and no less than 50 cities under their rule. Only then would an organization apply for an advancement at the Guardians Guild.

The Guardians Guild was an incredibly powerful organization that was a neutral power. They would not partake in any events of the dominion unless it concerned the dominion's survival. The members of the guild consisted of the members of several ancient organizations and superpowers.

In total, there were nine figureheads in the guild. The Immortal Road Chamber, Guangling Palace, and Celestial Alliance each took two spots among the nine figureheads while the gravekeeper elder was also one of the nine. These people were all supreme existences among humanity. Not to mention meeting them, a regular person wouldn't even know of their existence.

Examples of their worth were the fortresses suppressing the four Devil Domain entrances at the four Bloodsin Cities and the treasures that could be traded with contribution points. All these were provided by the guild. The guild's sole purpose of existence was to protect the dominion against all invaders.

The guild had a base in each region. With their unique status, nobody could disturb their peace unless absolutely necessary. As for the advancement of organizations, that naturally fell within their purview.

"Advancing into a tier-8 organization is something we must do," Xiang Shaoyun made the decision.

The Ziling Sect was something his father had personally built, and his father's greatest wish was to grow the sect into a tier-8 organization. Now that there was a chance for them to advance, Xiang Shaoyun naturally wouldn't give up without trying.

"How should we deal with our lack of subsidiary organizations and cities?" asked Qian Furen.

Pang Tongyuan and Old Yao also looked at Xiang Shaoyun, waiting to listen to his plans.

"Conquer," said Xiang Shaoyun with a smile on his face.

Everyone present blanked out slightly before turning solemn. They found that their young sect master was finally starting to display his ambitions.

Despair had a look of contemplation as he thought, Perhaps this overlord can also help me settle my grudge.

Done with the meeting, everyone left. Xiang Shaoyun had someone summon Liu Yanran over. Xiang Shaoyun had heard that Liu Yanran was here as a guest, but he also wondered if she also had some other reasons to be here.

Liu Yanran was no less beautiful than Gong Qinyin. Dressed in a green outfit, she carried a faint fragrance that could cause one to be intoxicated wherever she went. As her dainty figure arrived in the hall, her eyes rippled with a luster that could cause any man to lose his reason.

"Yanran greets you, Young Master Xiang," said Liu Yanran with a slight bow.

As she stood before Xiang Shaoyun, her heartbeat rapidly. Xiang Shaoyun was way too good-looking. Furthermore, his temperament had changed completely, reaching a level far beyond his previous temperament. He was akin to a majestic child of heavens, so high beyond her that she felt inferior just being in his presence.

"Miss Liu, I have something to talk to you about," said Xiang Shaoyun. His face turned serious as he said, "The Brightflower Chamber should submit to the Ziling Sect."

Chapter 1442: Campaign Against Dragon Society

Liu Yanran merely blanked out slightly upon hearing Xiang Shaoyun's words. She didn't seem too surprised, and that surprised Xiang Shaoyun.

"You're finally making a move, Young Master Xiang?" asked Liu Yanran with a self-mocking smile.

"You don't seem too surprised?" asked Xiang Shaoyun.

Most people would either be afraid or furious when they heard that their organization was about to be conquered. Thus, Liu Yanran's reaction was quite abnormal.

"Why should I be surprised? In fact, I want nothing more than that," said Liu Yanran as she indifferently stroked her long hair.

"Looks like your internal dispute has yet to end. Are those two old fellows still refusing to acknowledge your leadership?" asked Xiang Shaoyun.

Back when Xiang Shaoyun visited the Brightflower Chamber, they were already in the midst of an internal dispute. Liu Yanran might be the chamber master, but she had no way of suppressing the dispute. If it wasn't for Xiang Shaoyun, the Brightflower Chamber might really turn back on their words to the Ziling Sect.

"They have constantly been looking for trouble with me and giving me a hard time. If I hadn't been swallowing my anger and remaining patient, they might have already killed me," said Liu Yanran bleakly.

She was the chief disciple of the previous chamber master. She did not disappoint either, as she was able to reach late-stage Sovereign Realm. However, she was still too weak compared to the two old fogeys in the chamber.

"Very well. I'll lend you some people. Get rid of those two and declare that the Brightflower Chamber will come under the Ziling Sect's rule. You will remain as the chamber master. Each year, the chamber will be required to pay a third of its income as tribute to the Ziling Sect. If you can do all that, I promise that the Brightflower Chamber will only grow stronger and stronger," said Xiang Shaoyun.

Liu Yanran bowed and agreed unhesitatingly, "Thank you, young sect master."

At present, Xiang Shaoyun's reputation was akin to a bright sun. She was aware that she wouldn't be able to stop his advance. In that case, going along with the circumstances of time and submitting to him would be the best option.

Of course, she was still unwilling to remain a mere subordinate. She lightly nibbled on her lips and looked at Xiang Shaoyun before asking, "Young sect master, what do you think of Yanran?"

As she said that, she assumed a seductive posture, her eyes rippling with emotions. Any other man would have his blood boiling by now, but Xiang Shaoyun merely frowned and said, "You're decent, but you have chosen the wrong target. You may leave. Otherwise, I wouldn't mind having a new chamber master as well."

At this point, Xiang Shaoyun's willpower had grown to an unimaginable level. Liu Yanran wouldn't be able to tempt him so easily. Liu Yanran left the hall with a look of shame, cutting quite a sorry figure as she cursed inwardly, What a dull man!

As for Xiang Shaoyun, he felt that he already had enough women by his side. He really had no interest in getting more women.

Next, Xiang Shaoyun sent a group of 13 people led by Tie Ta from the Army of Despair to accompany Liu Yanran back to the Brightflower Chamber. They would be in charge of getting rid of the two old fogeys from the chamber and taking over the chamber.

"After years of hostility with the Dragon Society, it's time we settle scores," muttered Xiang Shaoyun with a sharp look in his eyes.

The Dragon Society was also a tier-7 organization qualified to advance into a tier-8 organization. They were definitely not to be underestimated. Therefore, Xiang Shaoyun decided to personally lead an army and end the Dragon Society.

Once, the Dragon Society had tried to invade them with their 108 generals. And now, Xiang Shaoyun was bringing his own 108 generals to the Dragon Society. For this battle, he did not bring Purple Lightning Marquis and Scarlet Flame Monarch with him. After all, he was already capable of contending against Great Saints. Even if the Dragon Society had their own Great Saints, they wouldn't be his match.

Because Purple Lightning Marquis and Scarlet Flame Monarch knew Xiang Shaoyun's strength, they did not advise against his decision. However, Purple Lightning Marquis still gave Xiang Shaoyun a jade slip that could instantly summon his clone in case they encountered a super expert during the war. At the same time, his main body would also be able to sense the jade slip's activation. This would be his insurance to protect Xiang Shaoyun's life.

Xiang Shaoyun did not refuse the jade slip. He also told Purple Lightning Marquis to tell the Xiang Clan to leave seclusion. He planned to have the Ziling Sect and Xiang Clan work together and expand their rule in the Western Desert. Only by gaining control over more resources and territories would they be able to contend against the Di Clan.

Mounted atop Money and clad in the battle robe Tuoba Wan'er made for him, Xiang Shaoyun looked valiant and heroic. Standing side by side with him were Green Ghost, Despair, Bing Busi, old turtle, old toad, and some other Saints. Behind them was a group of Sovereigns. Each of them was mounted on a mighty mount, looking incredibly mighty and impressive.

Instead of using teleportation portals, the group headed straight for the Dragon Society. In any case, the Dragon Society was located at the Soaring Dragon Province's border, while the Ziling Sect was located at the Celestial King Province's border. The two were basically close neighbors, which was also the reason for the many disputes between them.

The surrounding subsidiary organizations all trembled with fear when they saw Xiang Shaoyun's approaching army. They started wondering if they had done anything to offend the Ziling Sect recently.

Wherever Xiang Shaoyun went, the leaders of the subsidiary organizations personally went out to greet him. They all maintained a humble attitude before him. Not one of them dared to even raise their voice against him.

Xiang Shaoyun couldn't be bothered to pay them too much attention. Like an emperor touring his own empire, he traveled through their territories, emanating a valiant aura that filled all their hearts with fear.

In the past, these subsidiary organizations would always lack sincerity when dealing with the Ziling Sect. But upon witnessing the group of 108 experts led by Xiang Shaoyun, they erased all their thoughts of disobedience. One after another, they sent their envoys to the Ziling Sect, trying to establish an even deeper cooperation with the sect.

At the border of Ziling City's territory was a city called Zhuma City. Zhuma City was ruled by the Ma Clan, a tier-6 organization. Although the clan lacked a Saint, they had a decent number of Sovereigns. It was rumored that one of their ancestors had reached the pseudo-Saint Realm.

Many years ago when Xiang Shaoyun had just retaken the Ziling Sect, Zhuma City had thought of rebelling. They challenged Xiang Shaoyun's authority but eventually stopped all provocations after Xiang Shaoyun killed an important member of their clan.

However, during the Dragon Society's invasion, not only had the Ma Clan not tried stopping the invasion, they even allowed the invading army to pass uninterrupted. Of course, Xiang Shaoyun eventually sent some people to teach the Ma Clan a lesson and installed a new patriarch. Only then did the Ma Clan stop being rebellious.

At present, Xiang Shaoyun had arrived before Zhuma City. All the higher-ups of the Ma Clan came out to welcome his arrival.

"Ma Clan patriarch, Ma Xiaotong, greets the young sect master and the various lords," greeted a middle-aged man with about 20 people behind him.

Xiang Shaoyun did not say anything. Beside him, Tian Ji stepped forth and berated, "Ma Clan patriarch, why did your ancestor not come out to greet the young sect master?"

Tian Ji was an intelligent person and was Pang Tongyuan's disciple. Additionally, he was also Xiang Shaoyun's attendant. Thus, his status in the sect had undergone a complete change.

Chapter 1443: Dragon Society

When Ma Xiaotong heard Tian Ji's words, he broke out in cold sweat and cursed inwardly, The ancestor has ruined our entire clan!

"Lord, our ancestor is currently in seclusion. He is unaware of your visit. Xiaotong hereby apologizes on his behalf," said Ma Xiaotong humbly.

The Ma Clan had made the wrong choice twice and had paid considerably for what they had done. If they continued threading down the wrong path, they would probably suffer so much damage that they ceased being a tier-6 organization.

"Is your ancestor's seclusion more important, or is welcoming the young sect master more important?" questioned Tian Ji with a frown.

Ma Xiaotong wiped his cold sweat and said, "I-I'll go inform the ancestor."

"Forget it. Let me personally invite him out," said Green Ghost with a sneer as he grabbed in a certain direction. A massive palm formed in the sky and pressed down, flattening the Ma Clan ancestor's cultivation room. When the dust settled, a person helplessly being grabbed in a palm appeared before everyone's eyes.

"A-ancestor," the Ma Clan people exclaimed in alarm upon seeing that figure.

Their ancestor had always been their source of confidence. But such an individual had been lifted out like he was a harmless puppy. One could only imagine just how big the gap between their clan and the sect was.

The Ma Clan ancestor had the appearance of a middle-aged man. Surprisingly, he was actually a first-stage Saint. It was no wonder that he was too proud to come out and welcome Xiang Shaoyun. With him being lifted like a little puppy, his face turned red from shame. He tried struggling against the hand, but he found himself completely helpless. Eventually, he panicked.

"Hiding in your room and refusing to greet the overlord? You're courting death!" said Green Ghost. With his powerful senses, he had long detected the Ma Clan ancestor. With a roar, he tightened his grip, instantly causing the ancestor's skin to split open as a lot of blood sprayed out. A miserable wail rang out and reverberated throughout Zhuma City.

The Ma Clan and the people in the city witnessed this scene in its entirety. Fear gripped their hearts, causing some of them to drop onto their knees. The fury of a Saint was enough to create countless corpses. The gap between the Ma Clan and the Ziling Sect was too big. They didn't even have the strength to look straight at the Ziling Sect.

As Green Ghost was about to crush the ancestor to death, the Ma Clan people hurriedly knelt down and pleaded, "Lord guardian elder, we beg you to spare our ancestor's life!"

If their ancestor was really killed today, their entire clan would probably be erased mercilessly as well.

Xiang Shaoyun waved his hand at Green Ghost and said, "The Ma Clan shall hand over three years of your income to the sect. Any disobedience will be met with death."

"Yes, young sect master. I'll get it done immediately. The Ma Clan will be forever loyal to the Ziling Sect," said Ma Xiaotong.

All the Ma Clan members remained on their knees. They were so fearful that they no longer knew what to do. After this event, they no longer dared to think of disloyalty. Instead, they would do all they could to show their devotion.

"Words are pointless. Prove your loyalty with your actions. Send 20 disciples from the Ma Clan's direct line of descent to the sect. They shall be learning and cultivating in the sect," said Xiang Shaoyun. He then signaled to Green Ghost to release the Ma Clan ancestor.

"What a fool," said Green Ghost with a cold snort as he tossed the Ma Clan ancestor toward the ground.

Too ashamed to face anyone, the ancestor directly fainted. Xiang Shaoyun then ignored the Ma Clan and continued heading toward the Dragon Society with his 108 followers. Only when Xiang Shaoyun's group vanished from their vision did the Ma Clan members dare to stand up. This was the most difficult day they had ever faced.

"Gather 20 of the most talented disciples of the clan and send them over to the Ziling Sect," commanded Ma Xiaotong.

He knew very well that the 20 disciples would be Xiang Shaoyun's tool to control the Ma Clan. If the clan showed more disloyalty, the 20 talented disciples would be the first ones to die. However, Ma Xiaotong also saw more than that. If the 20 disciples could rise to power in the Ziling Sect, it might bring their clan more opportunities.

After all, the stronger the Ziling Sect became, the better it would be for the Ma Clan as a subordinate organization. In fact, they had only rebelled previously due to the weakness the Ziling Sect had displayed.

Now that the Ziling Sect had grown strong enough to launch an invasion toward the Dragon Society, the Ziling Sect would definitely become a tier-8 organization upon conquering the Dragon Society. Things had become completely different than before.

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Dragon Society, a peak tier-7 organization located atop a series of dragon veins. This was an organization that had existed for almost 10,000 years. No regular tier-7 organizations could contend against them.

They occupied nine dragon veins that ran through 99 mountains in total. Ancient buildings were erected on the peaks of the 99 mountains, and their entire headquarters was filled with dense draconic aura, lush vegetation, spiritual birds, and hanging waterfalls. From afar, the Dragon Society's headquarters was akin to a palace of the gods.

The nine dragon veins beneath them weren't exactly massive, but they were more than enough for a tier-7 organization. It was all thanks to the nine dragon veins that the Dragon Society had prospered for 10,000 years.

At the spot where the nine veins converged was a steep mountain, the Dragon Society's main mountain. Both their audience hall and their society master's residence were located atop this mountain.

At present, their society master, Long Jun, was seated atop the main seat. He looked to be about 40 years old and had a dragon crown on his head. His expression was resolute, and his eyes were vigorous. Dressed in a robe emblazoned with a dragon insignia, he looked like someone born to be a ruler.

He was a peak eighth-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator only a step away from becoming a Great Saint. Despite not being a Great Saint, he definitely had the strength to contend against Great Saints.

Seated at the lower seats were the old lady, Long Qianqiu the deputy society master, Jin Junyi the deputy society master, the first prince Long Yugang, and some other elders. All in all, about 40 people were gathered in the hall.

"Society master, the Ziling Sect's Xiang Shaoyun has just passed through the Zhuma City with a group of 108 cultivators. They are heading toward the Soaring Dragon Province," reported one of the elders.

"Society master, please allow me to lead our army into battle. I will return with Xiang Shaoyun's head," said Jin Meng, the previous number one Sovereign of the Dragon Society.

He once suffered defeat under Xiang Shaoyun's hands. Since then, he had entered seclusion and had successfully reached the Heaven Battling Realm. He was now a peak first-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator.

"Stand down, Jin Meng!" said Jin Junyi. He then looked at Long Jun and said, "Society master, you are definitely aware of Xiang Shaoyun's feats. He is definitely here to settle the scores with us. He might even be planning to conquer the Dragon Society. I beg you to make a decision on what to do with him."

Everyone looked at Long Jun sitting atop his throne, awaiting the answer of this society master who had not fought anyone for years.

Slowly tapping on the armrest, the society master said, "Fight!"

Chapter 1444: Sweeping Through the Border

With his 108 generals, Xiang Shaoyun headed toward the Dragon Society's border. His advance had caused a massive ruckus in the Dragon Society's territory. All their subsidiary organizations were filled with fear, worried that the Ziling Sect would crush through them on the way to the Dragon Society.

"The Ziling Sect is sending their experts to attack the Dragon Society's territory. What should we do?"

"What's there to be afraid about the Ziling Sect? Didn't the Dragon Society's army reach the center of their territory not too long ago and nearly destroyed them?"

"The hell do you know? Ziling Sect's young sect master, Xiang Shaoyun, is now strong enough to kill Great Saints. Not too long ago, he even entered the Dusk Dynasty's Saintly Forest Ranking. He is among the most exceptional cultivators of humanity. I don't even know if the Dragon Society can resist his invasion."

"That's right. The Ziling Sect does not seem like they're going to return empty handed. However, Long Jun is not to be underestimated either. He hasn't fought anyone for many years so his strength must have reached an extremely terrifying level after years of cultivation. He can probably repel the invasion."

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Xiang Shaoyun's group wasn't in too much of a rush. Like what the Dragon Society did during their previous invasion, Xiang Shaoyun's group also slowly advanced, aiming to create a massive pressure on the Dragon Society before defeating them in one fell swoop.

After they entered the Dragon Society's society, a group of people appeared to stop them. These were the people from the Dragon Society's subsidiary organization. A total of 250 people had arrived. Led by a Saint, the group consisted of Sovereigns, Emperors, and Kings. They looked decently strong, but were too weak compared with Xiang Shaoyun's group.

"I'm Qian Jiuteng from Chiba Sect. May I ask your purpose for intruding into the Dragon Society's territory?" asked the leader as he cupped his fists into a greeting.

The Chiba Sect was a tier-6 organization, one of the three tier-6 organizations under the Dragon Society.

"Sect Master Qian, the Ziling Sect is here to advise the Dragon Society to surrender to us. Your Chiba Sect can be the first to surrender. We will definitely not mistreat you," offered Tian Ji.

Xiang Shaoyun did not need to say anything toward someone like Qian Jiuteng. Someone in his position needed to put on some airs.

"I advise you all to return. The Chiba Sect is loyal to the Dragon Society and will never betray them. If you take another step forward, do not blame us for showing no mercy," said Qian Jiuteng firmly.

"People say that a wise man submits to circumstances. Our young sect master is brilliant and exceptionally talented, slayer of Great Saints. Nobody below the God Realm can stop our advance. The Ziling Sect is already strong enough to advance into a tier-8 organization. Do you not see the circumstances before you, Sect Master Qian?" asked Tian Ji.

"All that has nothing to do with me. Please retreat," said Qian Jiuteng indifferently.

"Fine, looks like the negotiation has failed. Brothers, show them what we're capable of," said Tian Ji.

At those words, the Ziling Sect people unleashed their auras. The numerous auras combined together before crushing down at Chiba Sect's group. The Ziling Sect's Saints hadn't even done anything. Just their Sovereigns were enough to cause the Chiba Sect members to tremble with fear. Not even a Saint like Qian Jiuteng could resist such a powerful suppression. If he continued resisting, only death awaited him.

"Alright. Let's move on," said Xiang Shaoyun. He did not want to waste more time here.

At his command, the Ziling Sect group started charging the opposing group.

Qian Jiuteng's expression changed as he exclaimed, "Everyone, move aside!"

The Chiba Sect members hurriedly dodged aside, but many failed to move away in time. The Ziling Sect crushed over them, instantly creating numerous clouds of blood. Wails rang out repeatedly.

Clearly, the Chiba Sect was no match for the Ziling Sect. Just the Ziling Sect's aura was enough to crush them into death. If they insisted on not moving away, more of them would die. The Chiba Sect members were greatly frightened. Their faces were covered with hatred, but not one of them dared to say anything as that would only invite death.

Xiang Shaoyun did not think that he had done anything wrong. There definitely would be deaths in a war between two organizations. That was the cruelty of war. At present, the only thought Xiang Shaoyun had was that those who obeyed shall live and those who disobeyed shall die.

"Tian Ji, I'm thinking of sending you as an envoy to the Dragon Society. Do you dare to take this task?" asked Xiang Shaoyun.

Being an envoy wasn't a good job. After all, an envoy could very easily be killed in the event of a disagreement.

However, Tian Ji agreed unhesitatingly, "Young sect master, I'm willing to go."

"Very well. Head over to the Dragon Society and tell them that if they do not surrender in seven days, we'll flatten the Dragon Society," said Xiang Shaoyun with a pleased look on his face. He tossed a jade slip to Tian Ji and said, "Take this. If the Dragon Society dares to try anything against you, crush that thing. It will keep you alive."

That was the same jade slip Purple Lightning Marquis had given Xiang Shaoyun. One could see how much importance Xiang Shaoyun attached to Tian Ji from the fact that he had given Tian Ji the jade slip. Tian Ji did not hesitate and accepted the jade slip. After giving Xiang Shaoyun a deep bow, he started heading toward the Dragon Society.

Tian Ji was a brand new Sovereign. With his strength, he couldn't even be considered strong in the Ziling Sect. But his intelligence and courage had won Xiang Shaoyun's appreciation. As Xiang Shaoyun's envoy, he was more than qualified to talk terms with the Dragon Society. Meanwhile, Xiang Shaoyun and the others continued advancing and would only arrive outside the Dragon Society several days after Tian Ji.

Tian Ji traveled on his mount, a massive rooster. The rooster looked incredibly ugly and did not even have a lot of feathers on it. However, the crown on its head was extremely conspicuous while its eyes looked incredibly proud, as though it was the king of chickens.

That was a rooster Tian Ji had occasionally encountered in the Buried Monarch Mountain Range. The rooster had gotten itself injured for some reason, and Tian Ji felt pity for it. Thus, he brought it back to the sect and took care of it. After it recuperated, it decided to stay by his side.

Others might not know the rooster, but it couldn't hide from the likes of Purple Lightning Marquis and Scarlet Flame Monarch. The two could see that the rooster was no ordinary beast. To be precise, it was a sacred rooster, among the strongest chicken beasts in existence. It was a warlike demonic beast that was much more terrifying than many other demonic beasts.

There were very few sacred roosters in existence and they were extremely proud existences. A regular person would not be able to subdue one. Thus, Tian Ji was pretty lucky to be able to get one by his side.

"I will definitely complete the young sect master's mission!" said Tian Ji confidently as he lightly stroked the rooster's neck.

Chapter 1445: Mighty Rooster

Riding on the sacred rooster, Tian Ji arrived before the Dragon Society. With his ordinary looks and the featherless rooster he was mounted on, those who saw him instantly howled with laughter.

"Who's this guy? He actually tamed a chicken as his mount? What a unique individual," said a Dragon Society member.

"Haha. It's a bald chicken. Look at how skinny it is. I doubt it will serve well even as food. Someone using such a mount is probably a trash cultivator," said someone else.

This wasn't the first time Tian Ji was laughed at. He knew what he was here to do, and he did not mind the laughter. As for the sacred rooster, it was also too prideful to pay those commoners any attention. Rather, it shut its eyes and stood there silently, completely ignoring all the Dragon Society members.

Tian Ji continued stepping toward the Dragon Society's main gate. The main gate resembled the jaws of a dragon, looking incredibly majestic and valiant. The gate's appearance and the draconic aura emanating from the gate were enough to cause any visitor to feel reverence.

"Where did this clown come from? This is the Dragon Society. Leave immediately, or you shall be killed!" berated the guard standing before the gate.

Tian Ji indifferently replied, "The Ziling Sect's envoy is here, requesting a meeting with Long Jun of the Dragon Society."

"What? You're the Ziling Sect's envoy?" the guard cried out in alarm.

"That's right. Please report my arrival," said Tian Ji calmly.

"Haha, looks like the Ziling Sect is really running out of talents. They actually sent two chickens as envoys?" the other guard roared with laughter.

"I thought the Ziling Sect was attacking us? Why are they sending envoys? Are they surrendering?" asked the guard.

"Hmph. Is this the manners of your Dragon Society?" said Tian Ji. With a cold snort, his Sovereign Realm aura was released and pressed down on the guards.

The guards were mere Emperors. How could they withstand Tian Ji's suppression? They were immediately sent flying away. If Tian Ji hadn't held back, they would have sustained serious injuries.

Finally, the guards realized that the visitor was not to be underestimated. They hurriedly ran in to report to their superiors. With the Ziling Sect's invasion coming, they couldn't afford to be careless.

Tian Ji thought that he would be summoned inside quickly, but even after he waited for a long time, nobody came out to meet him. He realized that they were intentionally making things difficult for him.

"Ziling Sect's envoy, Tian Ji, requests a meeting with Long Jun," shouted Tian Ji. He was no idiot. Since they were making him wait, he had no choice but to call out himself.

His voice reverberated throughout the Dragon Society. Many of their members heard his voice, but nobody replied.

Tian Ji sneered and said, "As the ruler of a territory and someone with a heart as wide as an ocean, is Long Jun afraid of meeting an envoy from the Ziling Sect? Isn't this an embarrassment to the Dragon Society?"

The Dragon Society couldn't take the insult lying down.

"A mere envoy dares to act so arrogantly before us? Courting death!" someone replied.

Next, several figures flew out from the Dragon Society. These were the Sovereigns of the Dragon Society. With cultivation levels higher than Tian Ji, these people were definitely no weaklings.

"I'm here on behalf of the Ziling Sect, but you decided to act snobbish and make me wait for nothing. Is this how the Dragon Society treats their guests? Aren't you afraid of being laughed at by the world?" said Tian Ji.

"Audacious! I'll kill you right where you stand! Let's see if you can keep running your mouth after you're dead!" said one of the furious Sovereigns as he charged forth and sent a palm attack at Tian Ji.

"Calm down, junior brother. Let's give him a chance. If he can kowtow to us and crawl under our crotch, we can consider sparing him," said a different Sovereign with a sinister smile on his face.

"That's right. A mere second-stage Sovereign dares to come run his mouth at our Dragon Society? He's simply courting death," said someone else.

"Did you hear that? Drop to your knees and crawl under our crotches. Otherwise, die," shouted the first Sovereign.

Immediately, he released his fourth-stage Soul Foundation Realm aura and locked onto Tian Ji, making escape impossible.

Tian Ji showed no fear and shouted, "So this is how the Dragon Society treats their guests? In that case, just wait for your destruction."

Tian Ji had been provoked again and again. He was very disappointed that Long Jun refused to even grant him a meeting. Now that the Dragon Society members were trying to humiliate him, he wasn't about to let them succeed. He even started considering retreating for now.

"How arrogant. Kneel down!" roared the fourth-stage Sovereign as he reached out toward Tian Ji's head.

Tian Ji was one of the key disciples the Ziling Sect had focused on nurturing. Even if he was only a second-stage Sovereign, he was strong enough to stand against fourth-stage Sovereigns. Thus, he sent his own palm attack out unyieldingly.

Boom!

When the two palms met, Tian Ji sensed a power that he could hardly resist. He was nearly blasted off his mount. At this time, an indescribable power appeared and supported him. The Sovereign before him was sent flying away while coughing blood before anyone knew what was happening.

"I'm fine?" Tian Ji was stunned.

As for the Dragon Society people, they were greatly alarmed. None of them had imagined that a mere second-stage Sovereign would have such strength.

"Just you wait until I capture you. You will suffer a fate worse than death," said a fifth-stage Sovereign before clawing at Tian Ji.

Dragon Subduing Claw!

A dragon claw manifested and instantly arrived before Tian Ji. Just as the attack was about to hit him, his arm raised up involuntarily, and a power that did not belong to him appeared yet again. The claw was blasted apart as the power continued on toward the fifth-stage Sovereign.

Pu!

The fifth-stage Sovereign was also sent flying while coughing blood without even knowing what had happened.

Tian Ji was completely dumbstruck. He muttered to himself, "Did the young sect master possess my body? Is that why I'm suddenly so strong?"

"This kid is very strange. Let's work together against him," the other three Sovereigns did not dare to be careless and decided to join hands.

The three Sovereigns attacked from three different directions, using all their strength and determination to kill Tian Ji.

Faced with such a situation, Tian Ji was completely helpless. But for some reason, he once again lost control over his body. With a casual wave of his arm, three attacks flew out, sending the three Sovereigns flying far away while coughing blood.

Tian Ji was still confused, but he grew incomparably excited as he said, "Hahaha, this is the consequences for those who look down on the Ziling Sect. Just wait for your destruction!"

Just as Tian Ji was about to leave, a voice rang out from within the Dragon Society, "Ziling Sect's envoy, please come in."

Chapter 1446: Long Jun's Proposal

Riding on the sacred rooster, Tian Ji started heading toward Dragon Society's main hall. The main hall was grand and imposing. Two massive jiao beasts spiraled around the hall, emanating the strength of peak Demon Sovereigns. Anyone meeting their ruthless eyes would instantly tremble with fear. The moment they saw Tian Ji, their auras pressed down toward him.

Tian Ji was greatly fearful of the two beasts, but he assumed a calm expression because he couldn't afford to embarrass the Ziling Sect. Abruptly, the sacred rooster cried out. Its proudful eyes glanced at the two jiao beasts. With one look, the two beasts seemed to have sensed something that caused them to instantly withdraw their auras. Fear covered their eyes, and they no longer dared to create trouble for Tian Ji.

Even if Tian Ji was a complete idiot, he could see that the sacred rooster had helped him scare off the two beasts. The rooster was probably the one who had helped him during his battle earlier.

"How surprising. You're actually quite a powerful chicken," said Tian Ji cheerily.

The two then entered the main hall. The Dragon Society's higher-ups all looked at Tian Ji as a pressure heavy enough to cause anyone to suffocate descended upon him.

Tian Ji stopped in the middle of the hall and slightly bowed toward Long Jun before saying, "Ziling Sect's Tian Ji greets Long Jun."

"Audacious, why are you not on your knees in the presence of our society master?" berated someone from the crowd.

Tian Ji replied, "I'm a member of the Ziling Sect, not the Dragon Society. Also, I'm here to give all of you a chance to surrender. Before long, all of you will become one of us and get to enjoy the benefits of being a part of a tier-8 organization."

Tian Ji had a proud expression as he spoke. He had long seen the Ziling Sect as his home. Thus, he was proud of how strong his home was, proud of being a member of this powerful organization.

Tian Ji had joined the Ziling Sect during Xiang Yangzhan's era. He was an orphan and had remained in the sect all these years. However, his talent in cultivation wasn't too impressive, so he hadn't received much attention from the sect. The turning point in his life arrived when he encountered Xiang Shaoyun. Thus, he greatly treasured what he had, and he refused to become an embarrassment of the sect.

"How boastful. The Dragon Society gave your sect 10 years' worth of peace, but you actually failed to appreciate the peace. Get on your knees!" roared a Saint Realm elder who was becoming infuriated. With a snort, he released his aura, attempting to force Tian Ji to kneel.

Just as the aura was about to reach Tian Ji, the sacred rooster stood before him. With a flap of its wings, the aura was blasted away. Even the Saint was nearly slapped away by the momentum. All the Dragon Society members in the hall were shocked. None of them had imagined that a chicken so ugly would be so powerful. That was definitely a Demon Saint!

Long Jun frowned and said, "Go back and tell Xiang Shaoyun that we will meet him in battle if that is what he wants. It is impossible for us to submit to him."

From how a normal envoy had a Demon Saint as a mount, it was clear the Ziling Sect was no longer the same. Even so, the Dragon Society would not submit.

"Are you really not going to think about it? My young sect master is ranked first on the Saintly Forest Ranking. He is also the disciple of a lord guardian. It will be beneficial for the Dragon Society to submit under my young sect master," said Tian Ji.

Of course, everything he said had long been spread throughout the dominion. Everyone knew about Xiang Shaoyun, and the Dragon Society was naturally aware of his recent feats as well. In fact, some of them seemed like they were really interested in the offer.

Even if they were to neglect the lord guardian Xiang Shaoyun had as his master, with the potential he had showcased, he was destined to grow into one of the strongest individuals in existence. It was truly quite a decent choice for the Dragon Society to submit to him.

Long Jun narrowed his eyes and said, "A few years ago, the Dragon Society had agreed to a match of three rounds to determine the result of the war. This time, I suggest that we have a match of five rounds. The side with three victories will be considered the victor. The loser shall submit to the winner. Tell that to your young sect master. If he disagrees, the Dragon Society will fight to our last breath."

When Tian Ji saw that Long Jun finally relented somewhat, he decided not to push his luck. He bowed slightly and said, "Tian Ji will deliver your message. Farewell."

He then left with his head raised high.

"Are we letting him go so easily?" asked someone unhappily.

Not only had they failed to suppress the envoy, but they had even gotten their own people injured. That was a total embarrassment for the Dragon Society.

"It is common courtesy to not kill envoys in wars. It doesn't matter if we allow him to leave," said Long Jun. "In the coming fight, we must be the victor. Let us decide on the participants."

"Society master, I thought you were going to fight till the end? Why are we compromising?" asked Long Qianqiu, the deputy society master.

Long Jun smiled and said, "Of course we will fight them, but isn't it better if we can conquer the Ziling Sect without suffering too many losses? Even if we do end up losing the fight, this is still our territory. We have the final word as to whether we're going to abide by the agreement."

Everyone's eyes flickered. They had a feeling that Long Jun must have planned something for the upcoming fight.

...

From that day on, Tian Ji's name started spreading in both the Celestial King Province and the Soaring Dragon Province. One man and one chicken had entered the Dragon Society fearlessly before leaving unscathed. Just his courage alone was enough to earn him the respect of numerous people.

Tian Ji traveled rapidly and returned to the Ziling Sect's group before telling Xiang Shaoyun about the match.

"A three-out-of-five match? Looks like Long Jun still hopes that he can defeat us," said Xiang Shaoyun with a sigh.

"That is merely their final struggle. We will definitely emerge victorious," said Tian Ji.

"Um. I guess that's fine. We will be able to reduce the casualties of both sides and obtain an undamaged Dragon Society," said Xiang Shaoyun with a nod. "Increase our speed. We will end this as quickly as possible."

Xiang Shaoyun was confident that the people he brought would be enough to deal the Dragon Society a crushing defeat. Soon, they arrived at a wasteland near the Dragon Society. On the wasteland was a pavilion named the Dragon Gazing Pavilion.

From the pavilion, one could get a glimpse of the Dragon Society. Many commoners would come here with their children to gaze upon the Dragon Society, hoping that a day would come when their children could rise up and enter the Dragon Society. That was how the pavilion came to be named the Dragon Gazing Pavilion.

The Dragon Society enjoyed a high reputation in the over 20 nearby cities, and it was a holy land of cultivation for the countless children residing in this area. The Ziling Sect's provocation had seriously challenged their reputation. They only had their strength to rely on if they wanted to survive this challenge.

Chapter 1447: Battle

Standing in the Dragon Gazing Pavilion, Xiang Shaoyun gazed at the Dragon Society and muttered, "Nine dragons surrounding a single pearl. What a clever design for the headquarters."

In the past, the Ziling Sect's headquarters would definitely be incomparable to the Dragon Society's headquarters. But after the Ziling Sect's formations were redesigned by Xiang Shaoyun and Purple Lightning Marquis, it had changed completely. In terms of design, their headquarters was already comparable with the Dragon Society's headquarters. The only thing their headquarters lacked was more time to give the place more history.

"Before long, this place will also fall under the Ziling Sect's jurisdiction," said Green Ghost.

Green Ghost was only a step away from entering the Rebirth Realm, but he had been stuck at the same cultivation realm for about 3,000 years. If he remained stuck any longer, he would probably be stuck until the day of his death.

Now that he had submitted to Xiang Shaoyun, he was waiting for an opportunity to break through. He believed that Xiang Shaoyun would allow him to reach an even higher height.

"Yes. After today, this place will fall under the Ziling Sect," said Xiang Shaoyun as a powerful aura erupted from his body.

His divine dao eyes appeared, instantly allowing him to see a large group of people heading in his direction from the Dragon Society. The Dragon Society had sent about 3,000 people out, each of them an expert. When moving together, the 3,000 assumed a powerful battle formation that radiated an aura similar to the flower of incorporeal power the Ziling Sect had recently formed.

That was the aura formed through the Dragon Society's 10,000 years of history. The loyalty they had enjoyed from their people for the past 10,000 years wasn't something that could easily be broken.

Long Jun, the old lady, Long Qianqiu, Jin Junyi, and the others all stood atop a chariot pulled by a nine-headed jiao. The combination of their auras made their approach seem like the approach of a dragon, presenting a shocking scene to all onlookers.

"Guests from the Ziling Sect, please excuse my tardiness," Long Jun's voice rang out from far away. With his powerful cultivation, his voice seemed to strike deep into the hearts of all the Ziling Sect members. With this move, he attempted to plant the seed of fear in all of them and cause their confidence to waver.

"You're too polite. We should be the ones apologizing for intruding upon you," said Xiang Shaoyun.

His voice washed over all the Ziling Sect members like a spring breeze, cleansing their hearts of Long Jun's voice.

This young man is indeed strong, thought Long Jun when he found that his move had been countered.

Soon, the 3,000 Dragon Society members arrived before the Dragon Gazing Pavilion. The two parties differed widely in numbers, but neither seemed weaker than the other.

"I wonder what you're here for? If you're here as guests, you're most definitely welcomed. But if you're here to create trouble, don't blame me for showing no mercy," questioned Long Jun with his hands clasped behind him.

Xiang Shaoyun stepped forth and said, "Long Jun, what's the point of saying all that? Today, this overlord is here to make the Dragon Society submit. It doesn't matter if you agree or not. This will happen."

"How boastful. Are you not worried that you would be made to swallow your own words?" said Long Yu, the Dragon Society's young master.

"That's right. The Ziling Sect should be the one to submit, not us," said Jin Junyi.

"Stop wasting time. Make your choice, Long Jun," said Xiang Shaoyun nonchalantly.

"Looks like you won't give up, Xiang Shaoyun. Fine, let's proceed with the match of five rounds as we agreed. The loser shall submit. What do you think?" asked Long Jun.

"Sure," Xiang Shaoyun agreed confidently.

"Let's start with the weakest one first," said Long Jun. "Long Xing, step forth."

At his command, an incredibly pretty young man stepped out. In fact, he looked even prettier than many women. One might truly assume that he was a woman if one did not look at him carefully.

Long Xing was the Dragon Society's previous crown prince, someone who had reached the fifth-stage Soul Foundation Realm before 100 years old. Back then, both he and Long Yu were popular candidates to inherit the Dragon Society. However, Long Yu descended from the same family branch as Long Jun. Furthermore, Long Yu was also younger than Long Xing yet had the same strength. Naturally, Long Yu eventually won the race.

With one glance, Xiang Shaoyun saw that Long Xing was not weak at all. His opinion of the Dragon Society's strength improved considerably. He turned around and pointed at one person as he said, "Fang Hong, you're up."

"Yes, young sect master. I'll win the fight," answered that person.

Fang Hong was a Soul Foundation Realm expert who had recently risen in power in the Ziling Sect. He was also a peak fifth-stage Soul Foundation Realm cultivator, but he was much older than Long Xing at over 200 years old.

In truth, even reaching the Soul Foundation Realm at 200 years old was considered a rather impressive feat. With a sword in hand, Long Xing charged toward Fang Hong, who was wielding a halberd. Immediately, an intense battle broke out between the two.

Long Xing displayed the strength worthy of being the Dragon Society's previous crown prince. With enough strength to punch above his class, he displayed a strength comparable to a sixth-stage Sovereign. Furthermore, he had even comprehended the sword intent that caused his attacks to be incredibly sharp. His combat style was completely unlike his gentle and reserved appearance.

Fang Hong was a general Xiang Shaoyun had personally appointed. He had a thick cultivation base and rich combat experience. Thus, he was able to match Long Xing evenly.

After exchanging hundreds of moves, Long Xing finally decided to release the draconic battle aura unique to the Dragon Society upon realizing that Fang Hong held the advantage in a prolonged battle. With one ultimate attack, he defeated Fang Hong.

"Haha, looks like the Dragon Society is going to take the first win," said Long Jun in a pleased manner.

The Dragon Society members started shouting, "The Dragon Society will be victorious! The Dragon Society will be victorious!"

Fang Hong, seriously injured, struggled back on his feet and said, "Young sect master, I've let you down!"

He then raised his palm and slammed it toward his head, attempting to pay for his defeat with his own life. However, an incorporeal force stopped his palm before his palm could reach his head.

"Victory and defeat are commonplace in wars. There is no need to be too disheartened over a single defeat. Instead, you should contemplate on your defeat and think of how to do better in your next battle. If you kill yourself after one defeat, others will only look down on us more," said Xiang Shaoyun.

In truth, it wasn't surprising at all for Fang Hong to be defeated. He might be as strong as Long Xing, but he lacked a secret technique. Otherwise, he might have been the one to emerge victorious.

Of course, Xiang Shaoyun was also at fault. He decided that he should really start looking for some secret techniques for his sect members. With the addition of secret techniques, the core members of the sect would grow even stronger.

"Yes, young sect master. I was wrong," said Fang Hong with great shame. He retreated into the group and vowed inwardly, I'll definitely grow even stronger in the future!

"For the next round, we get to make the first pick, right?" said Xiang Shaoyun. "Lady Shura, you're up."

Xiang Shaoyun picked his woman as the next participant. He believed that Lady Shura would be able to pick up a victory for their side. Lady Shura had grown much stronger than when she had first left the Devil Domain. With a cultivation level of third-stage Sovereign Realm, it was clear she had been growing rapidly.

Chapter 1448: The Young Madam Is Amazing

Lady Shura had long stopped wearing masks. Her cold expression and perfect figure made for a combination that could drive any man crazy. Standing there with her weapon in hand, she maintained an expression of complete indifference, making it impossible to see what she was thinking.

During her time at the Devil Domain, she had broken through into the Sovereign Realm. Two years had passed since then, and she had reached third-stage Sovereign Realm. Her growth might not be as fast as the top geniuses, but her growth speed was definitely still impressive.

"Looks like the Ziling Sect is really running out of talents. They're sending a beauty like this to fight for them? What is this cultivation level? She seems weak," said Long Yu with a sneer.

The other Dragon Society members also started sneering. This was one of the ways they could damage the Ziling Sect's morale. On the other hand, the Ziling Sect showed no worry. They all knew very well that Lady Shura was a Dragon Phoenix Academy disciple. Thus, her strength couldn't be judged with just her cultivation level.

Lady Shura pointed at Long Yu and said, "You and me. If I can't defeat you with one move, consider it my defeat."

Her overbearing attitude stunned the Dragon Society members. Like Long Xing, Long Yu was also a fifth-stage Sovereign. He might not be at the peak of the fifth stage, but his cultivation was two stages higher than Lady Shura's. Thus, they were all in disbelief when Lady Shura claimed that she would defeat him with one move.

"Hehe, if you agree, we have no issue," said Long Yu smugly after taking a look at Long Jun.

This match was supposed to be equal fights between those in the same cultivation level. It was unfair for Lady Shura to fight Long Yu due to her lower cultivation, but they would gladly accept it if the Ziling Sect was fine with her challenge.

"I agree," said Xiang Shaoyun.

Nobody in the Ziling Sect disagreed. Xiang Shaoyun's words were good enough to represent all of them. They knew that he wouldn't do anything that would put the entire Ziling Sect at risk.

"Haha, Young Master Xiang is truly courageous. Yu, you're up next," said Long Jun with a hearty laugh.

This was basically a free win for them. Why would he say no? As long as they won this fight, they would only need one more win to swallow the Ziling Sect.

"Yes, society master," said Long Yu. He stepped forth and asked, "Miss, what is your name? With your strength, we will give you a good position if you join us. Also, I'll even take you as my concubine if you agree. You can become a young madam of the Dragon Society."

Lady Shura's beauty had moved his heart.

"Make your move. You only have one chance," said Lady Shura indifferently.

"Fine. I'll first defeat you and let you learn how amazing this young master is," said Long Yu. A powerful aura erupted from his body as though an actual dragon had manifested from within him. A five-layered soul foundation appeared, and a heavy aura pressed down on Lady Shura.

Dragon Elephant Tackling the Heavens!

Long Yu charged forth like a dragon, and his aura manifested the phantom of an elephant. The strength of a dragon and an elephant converged on his sword. He displayed an overbearing strength that could defeat even a peak sixth-stage Soul Foundation Realm cultivator. No ordinary sixth-stage Soul Foundation Realm cultivator could survive this attack of his.

Long Jun, the old lady, Long Qianqiu, Jin Junyi, and the others had a pleased smile when they saw Long Yu's attack. As the Dragon Society's young master, he was expected to display the strength to punch above his class.

As for the Ziling Sect members, they had solemn expressions when they saw the attack. They could sense how powerful the attack was. Very few opponents in the same realm could take on such an attack.

Lady Shura maintained her calm expression as the dragon and elephant came for her. Disdain could be seen in her eyes as her entire body started shining with a bright golden radiance. The phantom of a terrifying asura manifested behind her as her combat strength skyrocketed. Instantly, she swung her sword.

In a flash, the two attacks collided, creating waves of dust that rippled out in all directions. The destructive impact pulverized the surrounding plants. Fortunately, none of the people present was a weakling. They were able to block the shockwaves from spreading farther. Otherwise, even more destruction would have ensued.

When the dust settled, the two combatants were revealed before everyone's eyes. Each was standing on a different spot and had a distance of 10 meters between them. It was still unknown who was the victor, but those at the peak Sovereign Realm and beyond could already see the result of the collision.

"Completely worthless," said Lady Shura indifferently as she spun around and started walking back to the Ziling Sect's group.

As for Long Yu, he was covering his opened belly with both his hands. With an unresigned expression, he collapsed onto the ground.

"Save him," said Long Jun with a frown. He manifested a dragon claw and picked Long Yu up before placing Long Yu before one of the Saints.

During the previous clash, Lady Shura had nearly sliced Long Yu into two. One could only imagine how strong she was.

"Well done!" someone cried out in excitement.

"The young madam is impressive!" someone shouted.

"The young madam is impressive!" the others followed along.

Lady Shura might not be staying in Xiang Shaoyun's rear court, but everyone knew her relationship with Xiang Shaoyun. This was merely the first time they publicly acknowledged the relationship between the two so clearly.

When the Dragon Society members heard their words, they finally realized that the cold and elegant woman was actually Xiang Shaoyun's woman. They couldn't help but sigh, "No wonder that woman is so strong."

With Xiang Shaoyun's reputation, his woman was naturally no ordinary person either.

"Next battle, Qing Jiao," said Long Jun.

At his command, a man with scales all over his body stepped forth. A powerful demonic aura could be felt from his body. He was actually a third-stage Demon Saint green jiao beast. The jiao beasts were basically a minor branch of the draconic family. With enough opportunities, any jiao would be able to evolve into a true dragon and gain access to greater strength.

As for this green jiao beast, he had a powerful bloodline. Despite having assumed a human appearance, he couldn't hide his draconic aura and the scales on his body that were on the brink of turning into dragon scales.

"Which of you are coming to be killed by me?" asked Qing Jiao with a blood-thirsty look.

"What a decent snake. You'll make for an amazing meal!" an excited voice rang out.

"Piss off. I'm the best candidate against this snake," said a different voice.

The voices belonged to none other than the toad and the turtle.

Chapter 1449: Unrivalled Turtle Fist

Both the toad and the turtle had reached the third-stage Demon Saint Realm. Thus, either of them was the perfect opponent for Qing Jiao. However, both wanted to fight, and thus they started bickering.

Xiang Shaoyun made the choice, "Old turtle will take this fight."

The old turtle had always been stronger than the toad. Thus, it would be safer to have the turtle fight.

"Haha, the overlord is wise!" said the old turtle with a carefree laugh.

The toad was left with no choice but to step back in an unresigned manner. He thought to himself, A day will come when I surpass this old turtle.

"Old geezer, you're dead meat!" said Qing Jiao as he glared at the old turtle with his green eyes.

"Bring it on, little snake. Just you see. Your grandpa will teach you a nice lesson before making a nice snake stew out of you," said the old turtle, speaking like a hoodrat.

Qing Jiao did not say anything else and charged at the turtle. The moment he moved, he displayed a combat strength matching a fourth-stage Demon Saint. With his performance, he was indeed worthy of being a demonic beast that had inherited the draconic bloodline.

However, the old turtle was no pushover. Both he and the turtle had resided in the secret space for an extended period of time. Upon leaving the secret space, he was finally able to cultivate properly. He had since broken through repeatedly to become a third-stage Demon Saint. His foundations were far thicker than Qing Jiao's.

The old turtle's punches were incredibly unique. Punch after punch, his attacks were unending. Each punch carried the might to shatter the sky and was powered by a unique fist intent that was extremely hard to guard against. As numerous attacks clashed, space collapsed and created numerous chaotic spatial storms on the battlefield.

"Stubborn snake, eat my punch!" said the turtle, who seemed to only grow fiercer as the battle dragged on. When he sensed that his opponent was also growing stronger as the battle progressed, he turned solemn. Unique golden runes covered his fists as he punched at Qing Jiao. The flux goldthorn energy surrounding his fists was extremely powerful. Not only did the flux goldthorn energy manage to suppress Qing Jiao's energy, it even landed on Qing Jiao's body and tortured Qing Jiao with so much pain he started wailing.

Roar!

Qing Jiao stopped holding back. With a roar, he morphed into a massive green jiao and bit down at the old turtle. After the transformation, Qing Jiao's combat strength further increased, reaching a level comparable to a fifth-stage Demon Saint. Having a combat strength two stages higher than one's actual cultivation level was an extremely impressive feat for any Saint. The old turtle hurriedly moved aside and barely dodged the attack.

"You won't be able to run from me!" Qing Jiao snorted coldly and swept his tail at the old turtle, sending the turtle flying far away.

"Old turtle, you're way too weak. You can't even deal with a little snake?" the toad threw insults at the turtle.

"I was merely giving him a chance. Watch how I crush him!" said the turtle. With a roar, a certain power rippled out of his forehead. At the same time, a terrifying draconic aura erupted from his body. A thick shell formed around his body, enhancing his defenses while his punches became even more ferocious than before. The gold energy his body was emitting was also powerful enough to stop all of Qing Jiao's attacks.

Even so, Qing Jiao had become a much more difficult opponent after he transformed. His entire body was protected by his scales. As he charged the turtle again and again, the turtle would have suffered a defeat if it wasn't for his hard shell.

"I, your grandpa, can crush you without even reverting to my true form. Eat my unrivaled turtle fist!" With a roar, the turtle gathered his draconic aura and powered his fist to the maximum before launching a simple straight punch toward Qing Jiao.

This punch was the strongest punch the turtle could unleash. The attack might look simple, but it was comparable to an attack from a peak fifth-stage Demon Saint. His fist was covered by golden runes that had taken the form of a dragon head with the body of a turtle. That was none other than the legendary gold-scaled dragon turtle.

The old turtle's draconic aura was no weaker than Qing Jiao's draconic aura. In fact, his mutated energy was even more powerful than Qing Jiao's energy. Even after using all his strength in the fight, Qing Jiao's massive body still cracked from the turtle's punch and crashed heavily onto the ground.

Not waiting for Qing Jiao to surrender, the turtle morphed into his true form and fully released the aura of a gold-scaled dragon turtle. The dragon turtle opened its massive jaws and bit down on Qing Jiao.

"This is getting bad! We surrender!" Long Jun hurriedly shouted.

Unfortunately, it was too late. The old turtle had successfully bit Qing Jiao and was hurriedly swallowing Qing Jiao.

"Bastard! Release him!" Qing Jiao was someone Long Jun had attached great importance to. Thus, he was on the verge of personally making a move to help Qing Jiao.

But at this time, Green Ghost immediately locked his aura onto Long Jun and said, "Do not act rashly, or I'll assume that you intend to be my opponent."

When Long Jun and his followers sensed the chilly aura, they exclaimed inwardly, The Ziling Sect really has a Great Saint among them?

If that was truly the case, things wouldn't end well for the Dragon Society.

In the span of a few seconds, the turtle had swallowed Qing Jiao entirely. He belched and said, "That little snake is really quite tasty."

"Old turtle, why didn't you leave some for me?" complained the toad.

"I don't even have enough for myself. Why should I save some for you?" said the turtle as he rolled his eyes. He then returned beside Xiang Shaoyun and assumed a fawning smile before saying, "Lucky me, overlord! I was able to complete your task and obtain a victory for us!"

"Well done. These saint crystals are yours," said Xiang Shaoyun with a pleased expression as he tossed a cube of saint crystals toward the turtle.

The turtle was overjoyed and hurriedly kept the saint crystals away. With that cube of saint crystals, he would be able to further widen the gap between him and the toad. Meanwhile, the toad's eyes turned red with envy.

"Overlord, allow me to fight the next round!" said the toad.

Xiang Shaoyun waved his hand and said, "We need to finish this in the next round. Despair, you're up."

Among those Xiang Shaoyun had brought for this expedition, apart from Green Ghost, Despair was the one whose strength he trusted the most. At this time, Despair took off the bandana covering his face and revealed a handsome and steadfast face. Shrouded in an aura of despair, he looked fiendishly attractive.

"Y-you're Despair from the Army of Despair, one of the top 10 most wanted criminals?" Long Qianqiu cried out in alarm.

"Haha, looks like you know your stuff. So whose turn is it to die?" asked Despair as he roared with laughter.

"Audacious! Despair, you dare submit to the Ziling Sect? Are you not afraid that King Tiele will eliminate you?" questioned Long Qianqiu, who knew about Despair's past.

"It's only a matter of time before I personally take his head. But for now, answer me. Who among you will fight me?" asked Despair murderously.

"We can't afford to suffer another defeat. Let this old woman fight," said the old lady as she started walking forward while holding her dragon staff.

"A granny? I'll finish you instantly!" said Despair with disdain.

Chapter 1450: Visitors From Taiqing Sect

The old lady was someone who had made her name long ago. Before this, she was only a seventh-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator. But after Long Jun left seclusion, he had helped push her to the eighth stage. With her cultivation and an excellent weapon like the dragon staff, she had enough strength to face any peak Saint.

She had 50 percent confidence that she could defeat Despair. Even if she couldn't defeat him, she was still confident she could escape unscathed. Even Long Jun, Long Qianqiu, and Jin Junyi

thought the same. They all believed in the old lady. After all, she was an expert who had made her name many years ago.

Little did they know, they had all underestimated Despair. Despair was a super expert capable of putting up a fight against Xiang Shaoyun. Even a regular Great Saint might not be his match, much less someone like the old lady.

With the dragon staff in hand, the old lady mustered all her strength and unleashed her ultimate attack. She had to recover some of the Dragon Society's prestige from this battle. As she stabbed forth with her staff, a terrifying energy blast tore space apart before her and shot toward the Dragon Society.

Sky Devouring Dragon!

A dragon manifested. As it shot forward, it opened its jaws, which seemed capable of devouring everything in existence. Everything in its path was turned into a void as it advanced with an unstoppable might. This was an attack that could kill peak Saints, and it was also the old lady's strongest attack.

Long Jun, Long Qianqiu, and Jin Junyi were all overwhelmed with shock. Clearly, not even they had expected the old lady to be so strong. Some of the Saints from the Ziling Sect's side also looked anxious. However, Xiang Shaoyun, Green Ghost, and some others still looked completely calm, as though they had complete confidence in Despair.

Facing the incoming attack, Despair smiled and said, "Old granny, you're too weak."

Right after saying that, he swung his saber at the old lady. A boundless aura of despair spread in all directions. At the same time, the saber ray carried a thick saber intent and overbearing might as it beheaded the incoming dragon and continued on toward the old lady.

The aura of despair allowed the old lady to feel the sensation of death. In her eyes, the scene of life slowly dispersing from her body as she perished appeared. Completely shaken by fear, she couldn't even avoid the incoming attack.

Pu!

The attack cut her into two. Not even her saint soul survived.

With one slash, a peak Saint had been killed. Despair, a top-10 most wanted criminal, was indeed the bringer of despair.

"Old lady!" the Dragon Society members howled in grief.

Only four rounds had passed, yet they had suffered three defeats. There was no point in continuing with the final round. The Dragon Society was about to submit under the Ziling Sect.

"Very well. The Ziling Sect will pay for this!" said Long Jun as he roared furiously with a ruthless look in his eyes.

"Long Jun, you have lost. Are you going to go back on your words?" asked Xiang Shaoyun.

"Haha, you think you can take over the Dragon Society so easily? Xiang Shaoyun, all of you will die today! The Ziling Sect will be ours as well!" said Long Jun as he waved his arm, releasing some sort of signal into the sky.

Boom!

"Trying to play tricks on us? You're courting death!" said Despair, his eyes flickering murderously.

Just as he was about to charge forward, Xiang Shaoyun stopped him and said, "Return, Despair. Let's see just what kind of trump card they have."

Despair did not disobey the command and retreated beside Xiang Shaoyun. Both he and Bing Busi took their respective positions and acted as Xiang Shaoyun's guards.

Green Ghost frowned and said, "Ten people are flying in our direction. One is a pseudo-God, two are Great Saints, and the rest are peak Saints."

Xiang Shaoyun had also sensed the newcomers. His face turned cold, as he had not expected the Dragon Society to have such a powerful trump card. Before long, the 10 newcomers arrived. A powerful aura spread in all directions, pressing down upon both the Ziling Sect members and the Dragon Society members.

"Greetings, Lord He Yuan," said Long Jun as he bowed. "Everyone, greet Lord He Yuan. These people are all the elders of a peak tier-8 organization, the Taiqing Sect."

The moment the Dragon Society members heard that these visitors came from a tier-8 organization, they lowered their heads to show their respects. The Taiqing Sect was a famed tier-8 organization based in the Soaring Dragon Province. It was rumored that they had a God Realm expert among their ranks. Many of their disciples had qualified to enter the four academies, with some of them having entered the Dragon Phoenix Academy.

For the Taiqing Sect to send such a powerful group of people to help the Dragon Society, it was clear how important the Dragon Society was for them. Xiang Shaoyun had long heard about the Taiqing Sect, but he had never been involved with them. The Taiqing Sect was in the middle of the Soaring Dragon Province and was the tyrant of that area. Xiang Shaoyun had not imagined that the Dragon Society had actually gotten close to the Taiqing Sect.

"You may rise," said He Yuan, the pseudo-God from the Taiqing Sect.

Next, he glanced at Xiang Shaoyun's group. His gaze eventually landed on Xiang Shaoyun. "You're Xiang Shaoyun?"

Looking down at Xiang Shaoyun from high in the sky, He Yuan acted like a noble talking to a peasant. The incorporeal pressure he emanated was enough to cause any Saint to tremble with fear.

"Who do you think you are to be questioning the overlord like this?" said Green Ghost. He looked straight at He Yuan with his green eyes, showing no fear whatsoever.

"Audacious! You dare speak like that to our lord?" berated one of the Saints.

"I don't care who you are. Piss off, or things won't end well for you," said Green Ghost coldly. A terrifying phantom appeared around him, and a dreadful aura soared toward He Yuan's group. As a peak Great Saint, Green Ghost was nearly a pseudo-God. With his combat strength, he feared no pseudo-God.

"Members of a mere tier-7 organization dare to disrespect the Taiqing Sect? Very well. Let me teach you a lesson," said the Great Saint beside He Yuan.

But before the Great Saint could do anything, He Yuan stopped him. Looking at Green Ghost doubtfully, He Yuan asked, "Is this Green Ghost of the Ghostface Sect from the Bloodsin City?"

As a pseudo-God, He Yuan was naturally a knowledgeable person. He once stayed in the Bloodsin City for a period of time and had naturally heard of the mysterious Green Ghost of the Ghostface Sect.