

Conqueror 1161

Chapter 1161: The Preliminary Round

The All-Islands Great War was divided into the preliminary round and the finals, and this time was no different.

However, the preliminary round consisted of various tasks that differed every term, from sending the disciples to annihilate bandits to infiltrating to sea tribes' cities and kill their soldiers, or hunting demonic beasts on islands uninhabited by humans. There was also a task that required disciples to clear devils and evil spirits in devil caves.

Although the preliminary round tasks varied, more often than not at least ninety percent of the All-Islands Great War participants were usually eliminated. The remaining ten percent or so were the ones that would proceed to the final round.

Among tens of thousands of participants, only five thousand would make the cut every term. Five thousand, this was the number set in stone. Only five thousand disciples would advance to the final round!

As the participating disciples waited, Elder Gong Fei did not reveal any details of the preliminary round, only saying that he and a group of Fortune Gate disciples would send Huang Xiaolong and other participating disciples to the relevant location.

On the other hand, the final round of every All-Islands Great War was the same, stage battle.

The five thousand disciples that advanced to the final round would determine the top one thousand, top one hundred, top ten, top three, and the first place rankings through stage battle.

Lastly, Gong Fei announced the rewards, "This term's rewards are the same as all previous terms except for first place rewards. This time, other than the usual rewards for the first place, there are also ten Blue Flaming Heart chaos spiritual fruits!"

Ten Blue Flaming Heart Fruits!

The crowd broke into a furor of excitement.

Although many participants heard of this Blue Flaming Heart Fruit for the first time, just the mention of chaos spiritual fruits was enough to cause these disciples' eagerness to soar.

Even for big island forces like the Dragon Origin Sect and Twin Cities Sect, chaos spiritual fruits were extremely precious.

Just like everyone else, Huang Xiaolong was feeling excited. One of the five chaos spiritual fruits he had been searching for to refine the Reverse Incarnation Pill was exactly this Blue Flaming Heart Fruit!

So far, Huang Xiaolong already found the Nine Petals Spiritual Lightning Lotus at the Golden Dragon Gate, hence there were four more chaos spiritual fruits left to gather. Lu Zhuo, Zhu Huan, Ren Changhai, and the others had been searching for clues of their whereabouts, who would have thought he'd find the Blue Flaming Heart Fruit in the Fortune Gate!

It was even used as a reward for the All-Islands Great War!

Unconsciously, Huang Xiaolong's hands clenched into fists, a determined light flickering in his eyes. He must get those Blue Flaming Heart Fruits!

"Alright, now, please be ready, I'm taking you all to the preliminary round location." Gong Fei's voice sounded in all the participants' ears, causing the furor caused by the Blue Flaming Heart Fruit to die down.

In the next moment, resplendent five-colored lights flew out from Gong Fei's palm, enveloping the entire square in the blink of an eye. Then, the transmission array concealed below the square rose to the surface.

The transmission array emitted five brilliant colors, the energy vibrating from it akin to great waves in the sea, rushing to every corner of the square.

"Start the transmission!" Gong Fei's sonorous voice rang in the square.

Simultaneously, the thousand Fortune Gate disciples behind him formed seals with their hands, circulating their godforce to help Gong Fei activate the transmission array.

The array on the square hummed louder and louder. In the next second, a bright light exploded in front of everyone's eyes, and they felt heaven and earth being flipped over as they disappeared from the Fortune City square.

A second later, Huang Xiaolong and other participants appeared in the boundless outer space.

Huang Xiaolong looked down. Below them was still an enormous square, however, it was no longer the same square like the one in Fortune City. It was floating in space, and outside the square was land that was neither big nor small, resembling a nebula.

Before Huang Xiaolong or any of the disciples understood anything, the transmission array under their feet activated again.

There were six continuous transmissions before they finally stopped.

When Huang Xiaolong saw the giant black shadow of roiling devil qi ahead of him, he and everyone else was dumbfounded.

The black shadow was no stranger to Huang Xiaolong, in fact, he was extremely familiar with it.

The Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield!

The All-Islands Great War preliminary round this time was set at the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield!

The other participants were just as surprised as Huang Xiaolong was.

“It is exactly as what you all are thinking now, the preliminary round for this term’s All-Islands Great War is held here, in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield!” Gong Fei’s voice sounded as if he saw through these disciples’ thoughts.

Gong Fei appeared before the group of participants accompanied by one thousand Fortune Gate disciples. Hearing Gong Fei’s confirmation, many faces became ashen.

They were really conducting the All-islands preliminary round at the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield!

Even on the mainlands and planets on the farthest edge of the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, the weakest magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits were at least at Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm; in short, disciples below Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm cultivation had a ninety percent chance of losing their lives here!

Even Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm participants’ chances of surviving didn’t look too good. The Ancient God Realm participants were only a little better, but it didn’t reduce the layers of various dangers here.

Gong Fei continued indifferently, “Similar to previous terms of All-Islands Great War, the points are counted based on the number and strength of magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits you kill. Each creature below the Ancient God Realm is one point, First Order Ancient God Realm is worth one hundred points, and Second Order Ancient God Realm is one thousand points!”

Disciples below the Ancient God Realm paled further, one kill below the Ancient God Realm was only worth one point!

Even though magic beasts below Ancient God Realm were easier to kill compared to Ancient God Realm and above, the disparity between the two was simply overwhelming, clearly favoring the Ancient God Realm disciples.

“Considering the dangers present in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, the preliminary round duration is reduced to three months.” Gong Fei added.

In the past, preliminary rounds went on for half a year. The participants were slightly relieved hearing the duration was reduced by half. The longer they stayed at the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, the higher the probability of them dying grew.

“Elder Gong, I want to ask, during the competition, it is considered as violating the rules if we kill other participants?” A disciple asked.

Everyone turned to look and saw that it was the Dragon Origin Sect’s Zhou Xu who asked the question.

Seeing who it was, Gong Fei’s face loosened, explaining, “During the competition, you can kill other participants, but you won’t obtain their points.”

“Could we employ external help? For example, beast mount? Or corpse slaves?” Tan Lin of the Twin Cities Sect asked.

Gong Fei solemnly answered, “You can. However, the kills made by these external forces aren’t counted, only your own kills are worth points.”

Eyes were shining when Gong Fei answered that external help was allowed, but the words at the end shattered these participants’ schemes.

Some time later, when the participants had no further questions, Gong Fei waved his hand, making an opening leading to the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield from the square. The preliminary round had begun.

Through the opening, Zhou Xu, Tan Lin, and others entered the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, disappearing into the roiling black devil qi.

So did Huang Xiaolong.

The moment Huang Xiaolong was out of the square's perimeter, devil qi, death qi, and nefarious qi rushed to submerge him.

Huang Xiaolong took a deep breath in, he never thought he would be back in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield so soon, in less than a year.

Feeling this familiar devil qi, there was a glimmer of excitement in his eyes.

To other participants, this place filled with unrestrained thick devil qi, death qi, and nefarious qi was equivalent to endless peril, but to Huang Xiaolong it was a holy land for cultivation.

However, just as he wanted to leave in a certain direction, a group of participants, about twenty of them, was flying straight at Huang Xiaolong from behind. The two disciples leading in front were early First Order Ancient God Realm.

"This brother," One of the early Ancient God Realm disciples spoke, "Here in this Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, there are dangers at every corner. Acting alone makes it hard to collect points, why don't you join us? With more people, we can take care of each other."

As that disciple spoke, he steadily approached Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze swept over that person, indifferently replying, "Not interested."

Take care of each other? What nice words, however, these two Ancient God Realm disciples' intention was to use Huang Xiaolong and others below the Ancient God Realm as cannon fodder.

"How dare you!" Behind the person who spoke to Huang Xiaolong, a young man carrying a large blade walked out, coldly reprimanding. "Punk, do you know who our Senior Brother is?! Our Senior Brother Sun Zhenyu is our Zhang Family Island's number one genius, he had already entered the Ancient God Realm twenty years ago! The fact that our Senior Brother has invited you means that he appreciates you, yet you dare to refuse!"

Without a word, the group of disciples spreads out, encircling Huang Xiaolong.

There was not a trace of panic or fear on Huang Xiaolong's face watching their actions, "According to your words, I should be thanking this so-called Senior Brother Sun Zhenyu?"

Sun Zhenyu revealed a benign smile, "No need for thanks; trust that I'm doing this for Brother's benefit. Although Brother is a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm, such cultivation is still a little weak for surviving in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield. If Brother comes with me, I can protect you from time to time."

Huang Xiaolong was impatient, not in the mood to deal with these people. Without a word, he swung a fist at Sun Zhenyu.

'Didn't this kid hear? Senior Brother Sun Zhenyu is an early First Order Ancient God Realm cultivator!'

Sun Zhenyu was surprised, but only for a brief moment, the corner of his lips curved into a sneer. Since this brat didn't know what's good for him, he would seize this chance to show his own strength while teaching him a lesson, so that this brat would be obedient in the future.

Thinking of this, Sun Zhenyu too punched out as well. Due to Huang Xiaolong's overly arrogant behavior, he decided to be a little heavy-handed, using two-tenths of his strength in his attack.

In Sun Zhenyu's eyes, two-tenths of his strength was sufficient to tame this person.

At the center of the encirclement, two fists collided.

The confident smile on Sun Zhenyu's face collapsed as fear dilated his pupils. Just as he thought of channeling all of his godforce into his fist, it was already too late.

Powerful shockwaves swept outward.

In the next instant, Sun Zhenyu's body shot backwards like a meteor, knocking back several people encircling him. He then crashed several thousand li away, drawing a straight path on the ground.

The remaining disciples were dumbfounded, especially the young man carrying a large blade who reprimanded Huang Xiaolong earlier.

The other early Ancient God Realm cultivator looked at Huang Xiaolong in astonishment, no words coming from his mouth.

“The Zhang Family Island’s number one genius? He broke through to Ancient God Realm twenty years ago?” Huang Xiaolong’s derisive voice sounded. “Looks like your meager strength cannot protect me.”

The surrounding disciples’ faces warped in anger, but no one dared to utter a word.

At this time, Sun Zhenyu climbed up from the ground. Godforce surged from his body, shaking away the sand on his clothes. He glared at Huang Xiaolong with hate and killing intent, “Brat, not bad. Your strength exceeded my expectations, but do you really think you can fight me? Now, I’ll use half of my full strength and let you know what true power is!”

“Go to hell!”

Sun Zhenyu’s godforce surged around him in a frenzy, emitting bursts of golden light.

‘This fella has a metal element godhead.’ Standing in the distance, Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

A light flashed on Sun Zhenyu’s right hand, turning into a large golden blade condensed from godforce. Sun Zhenyu slashed down with his right hand, ignoring the distance.

A golden blade cut through space, exuding a powerful blade qi. Although his target was Huang Xiaolong, the surrounding disciples felt as if the blade was aimed at them, causing them to retreat far away.

Huang Xiaolong sneered watching this before he casually pointed a finger in the air. Almost in the same instant, space shook and the powerful blade qi slashing down on Huang Xiaolong cracked and shattered, whereas Sun Zhenyu was thrown backwards as if he was hit by a giant pillar, howling in pain.

High in the air, Sun Zhenyu began vomiting blood, and when he fell on the ground this time he no longer moved.

“Half of your strength?” Huang Xiaolong spoke in disdain as he glanced at Sun Zhenyu, motionless as he laid on the ground. He didn’t even use two-tenths of his strength.

Huang Xiaolong looked around him, inquiring, “Who else wants to protect me?” In the end, his gaze fell onto the other early Ancient God Realm disciple.

That disciple paled instantly, shaking his head frantically as he cautiously stepped back.

Too lazy to delay here further, Huang Xiaolong walked away in space. In just a few steps he was already out of sight.

A long time later, the remaining disciples finally dared to move their feet and went to Sun Zhenyu’s side.

When they reached him, lifting their Senior Brother Sun Zhenyu, all of them sucked in a breath of cold air. The divine armor he was wearing cracked and blood was flowing out of his body.

The divine armor Sun Zhenyu wore was the Zhang Family’s ancient divine armor. With Sun Zhenyu’s godforce flowing into it, the armor could withstand the attack of a late-First Order Ancient God Realm, yet a single point of a finger from that young man caused the divine armor to crack to this extent!

Sun Zhenyu’s condition was even worse, barely breathing as if he was about to breathe his last in the next second.

Everyone felt coldness spread through their limbs looking at Sun Zhenyu’s condition; blood drained from the face of the person carrying a large blade.

“W-who is that black-haired young man? He, he, how could he...?! A peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm, how could he have such terrifying strength!” Another disciple stammered.

“Maybe he isn’t a peak-late Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm but a peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm disciple. He concealed his strength!” Another disciple deduced.

“A peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm, is he one of the top ten islands’ disciples? But we have seen Zhou Xu, Tan Lin, and the others’ faces!”

“That black-haired young man’s strength is probably on the same level as Zhu Xu and Tan Lin!”

As they fed Sun Zhenyu a healing pellet, these disciples weren’t idle, guessing the black-haired young man’s identity.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong was ten thousand li away from them.

Suddenly, a peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm magic beast that had been hiding in the void pounced on Huang Xiaolong. The magic beast resembled a blood wolf, a common creature in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield called Roaring Sky Wolf. They had deadly speed and sharp claws that were tougher than divine weapons refined by Ancient God Realm cultivators, being able to easily cut through divine armors!

The Roaring Sky Wolf had just pounced toward him when the Blades of Asura appeared in Huang Xiaolong’s hands. A dazzling sword light cut through dense devil qi in the blink of an eye, causing the Roaring Sky Wolf to freeze in midair before plummeting to the ground. Hitting the ground, its head rolled off its body.

Chapter 1163: The Preliminary Ranking

After killing that Roaring Sky Wolf, Huang Xiaolong’s registration token emitted a faint glow as one hundred points appeared.

With a light pick of his Mulberry Sword, he dug out the Roaring Sky Wolf’s godhead, threw it inside his Asura Ring, then flew on ahead.

Almost every few minutes in between, there would be magic beasts, evil spirits, or ghouls of varying strengths die in Huang Xiaolong's hands, from First Order to Second Order Ancient God Realm, as well as weaker ones of Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm and below.

When dealing with these magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits, Huang Xiaolong merely needed one strike.

Three hours later, he had accumulated over five thousand and five hundred points, and he hadn't even gotten serious yet.

Moving along, Huang Xiaolong came across some rare herbs which he picked and ate on the spot. At the same time, his Archdevil Supreme Godhead continuously consumed the all-present devil qi of the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield.

While Huang Xiaolong and other participants continued to kill, in the Fortune Gate square, various cultivators were staring at the rapid changes on the crystal wall floating above the square.

Names of participants within the top five thousand would be shown on this crystal wall.

Currently, the brightest and most dazzling name on the crystal wall was none other than the Dragon Origin Sect's Zhou Xu who had the Thousand Dragon Physique, lighting up the entire square.

Just a little over three hours passed, yet Zhou Xu's points reached an astonishing 7,453! Ranked below him was the Twin Cities Sect's Tan Lin, his points chasing closely behind Zhou Xu's, with around three hundred points less at 7,121.

In the third place was the Heavenly Dan Island's genius, Luo Yunjie. Surprisingly, his accumulated points were also in the seven thousand range, just a dozen points behind Tan Lin. Further down was the Anyang Island's Guo Yuanhui, with an accumulation of points above 6,700. The fifth to the tenth place were mainly occupied by the strongest genius disciples from the top ten islands.

Yao Chi, Lu Zhuo, Zhu Huan, and Ren Changhai were also at the square, staring fixedly at the twenty-fourth place on the ranking. The three sects' Ancestors were especially excited, their faces red looking at the name displayed in the twenty-fourth place: Green Cloud Island, Huang Xiaolong, 5,561 points.

Huang Xiaolong was actually at the twenty-fourth place!

A position none of the three Ancestors had dared to dream about!

Lu Zhuo, Zhu Huan, and Ren Changhai knew that Huang Xiaolong had broken through to peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm and had extraordinary battle prowess, but on the other hand, this term's All-Islands Great War had more than two hundred Ancient God Realm participants. In these three Ancestor's eyes, it was already a great achievement if Huang Xiaolong could enter the top two hundred!

Neither Zhu Huan or Ren Changhai, or even Lu Zhuo had ever seen Huang Xiaolong's true strength, hence, seeing his name on the twenty-fourth position was surreal for them.

But Yao Chi who understood more of Huang Xiaolong's strength wasn't surprised nor excited at his ranking. In her opinion, only the top ten islands' genius disciples could be stronger than Huang Xiaolong, therefore, she believed he could rise further into top twenty.

Not far from Yao Chi, Lu Zhuo, and the others was the Ouyang Clan's group. They too were staring fixedly at the name on the twenty-fourth place, especially Ouyang Jiang and Ouyang Xun, looking sullen.

That damned Barbarian God Sect disciple named Huang Xiaolong or whatever actually ranked higher than their Young Lord!

'How can this be!'

Although Ouyang Yunfei was within the top one hundred, he was more than an arm's length from Huang Xiaolong on the ranking. His points were around 2,240, currently ranked ninety-second.

Standing in front of Ouyang Jiang and Ouyang Xun were the Ouyang Clan's Ancestor, Ouyang Bin, and Patriarch Ouyang Xuguang.

Ouyang Bin and Ouyang Xuguang knew that Ouyang Yunfei had sent several Grand Elders to rob the Black Flame Sea Emperor Beast from the Barbarian God Sect. The two of them were clear about the cause and reason between Ouyang Yunfei and the Barbarian God Sect's grudge.

Ouyang Bin's gaze once again fell on the twenty-fourth place, his brows furrowed, "That Barbarian God Sect disciple is ranked so high!"

Ouyang Jiang smiled and reassured him, "Ancestor, that Huang Xiaolong brat is but a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm. Him getting such a high ranking must be due to some dog shit luck as he managed to find and kill a group of injured magic beasts, which is why his point rose rapidly."

Ouyang Xun chimed in, "That's right, it has only been three hours so far, and the preliminary round lasts three months, he won't be able to maintain the twenty-fourth spot forever. Who knows, he might fall out of the top one hundred before the day ends. If he can remain within the top three hundred by the end, it would be considered an achievement."

Ouyang Bin and Ouyang Xuguang nodded, and the frown between their brows disappeared.

When Ouyang Jiang and Ouyang Xun spoke, they deliberately raised their voices slightly; without any doubt, what they said reached Yao Chi's group clearly, every single word.

Lu Zhuo, Zhu Huan, and Ren Changhai's faces distorted in anger but they only dared to be angry inside and dared not rebuke the Ouyang Clann group.

'I hope Xiaolong can stay within the top one hundred.' Lu Zhuo prayed inwardly.

Soon, the day passed.

Within the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, Huang Xiaolong looked at the roiling devil qi and darkened sky, he went and found a cave to rest for the night. Swallowing one hundred drops of Phoenix blood, he practiced the Grandmist Parasite Medium while comprehending the purple grandmist aura.

To Huang Xiaolong, the preliminary round ranking wasn't that important, for the All-Islands Great War's final ranking depended on the battle stage next round. As long as he was one of the top five thousand disciples, that was sufficient.

In these three months, he planned to hunt magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits during the day and cultivate at night.

The Grandmist Parasite Medium was essential to Huang Xiaolong cultivation path further down the road. This was also why he was so urgent in grasping the technique.

Next day when the roiling devil qi thinned, Huang Xiaolong came out from the cave. Taking out his token, in a quick sweep of his divine sense he learned his ranking had fallen to the sixty-second place in a single night.

At the first place was still Zhou Xu, breaking the fifty thousand points threshold. His name shone brighter than the sun, as if announcing his sovereignty to the world.

In the second place was no longer Tan Lin of the Twin Cities Sect but the Heavenly Dan Island's number one genius, Luo Yunjie!

His points had also broken past the fifty thousand threshold, only several hundred points below Zhou Xu. Tan Lin was relegated to third place in the forty-nine thousand points range.

"Luo Yunjie." Huang Xiaolong muttered.

This Luo Yunjie actually shot past Tan Lin, doggedly chasing Zhou Xu. This was something out of Huang Xiaolong's expectation. It seems this Luo Yunjie's true strength was also Second Order Ancient God Realm?

At eighty-fifth, Huang Xiaolong spotted Ouyang Yunfei's name and couldn't help snickering at his result.

In a flicker, his figure disappeared from the waves of devil qi.

As experts from various forces kept a close watch on the crystal wall, the first month of the preliminary round went by.

Chapter 1164: Don't Be In A Hurry To Leave Ah

In this month, the names and rankings on the crystal wall had seen numerous changes and were still moving up and down. However, no matter how the ranking changed, the Dragon Origin Island's number one genius Zhou Xu stood firmly in the first place.

From the beginning until now, Zhou Xu's spot had never been shaken by anyone, including Luo Yunjie and Tan Lin who were persistently chasing. As a result, Tan Lin and Luo Yunjie's positions kept alternating between second and third place.

One hour ago, Tan Lin was in the second place, while in the next hour it was Luo Yunjie in the second place.

On the Fortune City square, Ancestor Ouyang Bin, Patriarch Ouyang Xuguang, as well as Grand Elder Ouyang Jiang and the rest did not look very happy as they stared at the crystal wall's twenty-eight place.

In the twenty-eighth place was Huang Xiaolong's name, emitting a radiant light.

A month prior, they loudly claimed that Huang Xiaolong would be kicked out of the top one hundred very soon, however, a month later, not only had Huang Xiaolong not fallen out of the top one hundred ranking, he had also maintained his ranking in the top thirty.

In the early days, Huang Xiaolong's ranking rose and plummeted; the lowest was over seventy but very soon it rose back up to twenty-something.

On top of that, as the days passed, Huang Xiaolong's ranking seemingly stabilized within the top thirty whereas Ouyang Yunfei actually fell out of the top one hundred the day before!

One hundred and two, this was Ouyang Yunfei's current position on the ranking.

At this instant, the Ouyang Clan group felt that Huang Xiaolong's name was jarring to their eyes.

If there was no grudge between them and the Barbarian God Sect, the Ouyang Clan group couldn't care less about Huang Xiaolong's performance in the All-Islands Great War, it would have nothing to do with them. But now, every time they thought of certain a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm brat that was in the twenty-eighth place, many times higher than their Ouyang Clan's number one genius, it was like thorns repeatedly stabbing into their hearts.

"It's been over a month! This damn brat, how could his ranking remain so high? How could it be so much higher than Yunfei's?!" The Ouyang Clan's Ancestor, Ouyang Bin, was extremely dissatisfied.

"Perhaps this Huang Xiaolong found some Buddhism scriptures and cultivated one or two Buddhism related techniques. If this is the case, dealing with the magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield would be much easier." Ouyang Clan Patriarch Ouyang Xuguang made an assumption.

"That should be it!" Ouyang Bin nodded in agreement to Ouyang Xuguang's conjecture. "Buddhist techniques were the bane of all magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits." Saying this, Ouyang Bin suddenly frowned, "Judging from this brat's strength, he can probably rank in the top three hundred in the final round; meaning to say, he could very well enter the Fortune Gate."

The top one thousand All-Islands Great War participants were qualified to become Fortune Gate disciples. Participants below the Ancient God Realm would be received as outer disciples, while those in the Ancient God Realm would be inner disciples.

Huang Xiaolong becoming a Fortune Gate disciple wasn't something Ouyang Bin was willing to see happen.

"Ancestor, rest assured, before the final round begins, I'll give Elder Gong Fei some benefits, arranging this Huang Xiaolong to be on the same battle stage as Yunfei," Ouyang Xuguang said, adding, "Even if this brat passes the preliminary round, he's bound to die in the final round! At that time, Yunfei can take this brat to practice and vent some anger."

Although the final round stage battles were determined through drawing lots, a five-time All-Islands Great War Overseeing Elder like Gong Fei could easily change the name list of each battle stage.

Arranging for Huang Xiaolong to fight Ouyang Yunfei was only a small matter.

Ouyang Bin's eyes lit up hearing this, nodding in appreciation: "This would be best!"

Contrary to the gloom and anger among the Ouyang Clan group, Lu Zhuo, Zhu Huan, and the rest were ecstatic looking at Huang Xiaolong's ranking, smiles etched on their faces. On the first day of preliminary round, Lu Zhuo was worried that Huang Xiaolong would be kicked out of the top one hundred before the end of the day, but now, he felt like his earlier worry was in vain.

However, it was undeniable that danger lurked in every corner of the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, with countless magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits roaming around. Every day there were deaths among the participating disciples. When a disciple in the top five thousand died, their names would explode and disappeared into nothing, thus Lu Zhuo, Zhu Huan, and Ren Changhai's nerves were stretched taut.

Yao Chi grew increasingly nervous as she watched the changes of Huang Xiaolong's ranking, her small hands clenched into fists.

In a particularly luxurious mansion within the Fortune City, the Fortune Gate's Young Lord Zhu Feng listened to a subordinate disciple's report about the ranking of the preliminary round, nodding calmly. No one could tell what he was thinking.

"Young Lord, it seems this term's All-Islands Great War's first ranker is none other than the Dragon Origin Sect's Zhou Xu. According to the word on the street, this Zhou Xu has a low grade emperor rank godhead, just like Young Lord." Elder Lu Tai said while looking up at Zhu Feng. "If this is true, this Zhou Xu is worth the effort of pulling him into Young Lord's camp."

Zhu Feng nodded, changing the subject when he spoke, "Miss Li Lu is still in the Fortune City's Pure Snow Manor?"

The Pure Snow Manor was Li Lu's residence in Fortune City.

“Yes. After Miss Li Lu came out of the Fortune Divine Kingdom and went to inquire about this term’s participants from Elder Gong Fei, she has remained inside the Pure Snow Manor. There is seemingly no intention of returning to the Fortune Divine Kingdom for the time being.” Lu Tai answered.

“Could it be that Miss Li Lu is waiting for the All-Islands Great War results, which is why she’s staying in the city?” Lu Tai speculated.

Zhu Feng’s eyes narrowed, a second later, he ordered, “Go find out if there are any participants that ascended from the lower realm.”

Lu Tai was momentarily stunned, but soon reacted, “Understood.”

At this time in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, a female disciple clad in the Golden Dragon Gate robe was flying over a mountain at rapid speed. It was naturally Hu Dan.

Compared to her neat appearance a month ago when she entered the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, her golden-colored robes were now stained with magic beast blood in various places while her hair was messy; she was in quite a sorry state.

Hu Dan’s breathing was heavy and chaotic. Half an hour ago, she had just escaped from being the prey of an early Ancient God Realm magic beast.

Although she was a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm and had almost no rival below the Ancient God Realm, at this point, she could only run. Having managed to run away from an early First Order Ancient God Realm magic beast was a feat she could feel proud of.

Flying over the mountain, Hu Dan descended on another area when she smelled an intoxicating scent. ‘This is?’ Her eyes looked around and immediately locked onto a white flower on the wall of a cliff not far from her. The flower was shaped like a cauldron with a thumb-sized purple-colored bead at the center, emitting a faint purple halo.

“Nine Cauldron Golden Pearl Flower!” Hu Dan exclaimed in joy.

This Nine Cauldron Golden Pearl Flower was a rare herb, and the one in front of her was at least fifty million years old.

In a flicker, Hu Dan rushed to the cliff wall, picking the Nine Cauldron Golden Pearl Flower. However, just as she was about to leave, a crisp voice sounded, "Little beauty, don't be in a hurry to leave ah, this Nine Cauldron Golden Pearl Flower is something I have my eye on, you want to leave after stealing my treasure?"

A young man clad in golden purple robes appeared in Hu Dan's line of sight, blocking her path.

Looking at the emblem on the young man's robe, a life-like ancient dragon, Hu Dan gasped, "Dragon Origin Sect!"

Chapter 1165: Brat, Are You Sure?

"This lil' beauty's got quite the good eye." Seeing that the female disciple knew he was from the Dragon Origin Sect, Liu Lei flashed a grin and strode toward Hu Dan with complacency.

Hu Dan's feet glided backward, panic rising in her eyes. It was clear to her that this Dragon Origin Sect disciple in front of her was an Ancient God Realm master.

Liu Lei flashed a radiant smile watching Hu Dan's little action, "I'm a man who knows how to treat the fairer sex with tenderness, especially a beauty like you."

Hu Dan took a deep breath to calm her nerves, sullenly asking, "What do you want?"

Liu Lei chuckled, "What do I want? Lil' beauty, you stole my herb, what do you think I want?" Deliberately pausing a moment longer than necessary, Liu Lei smiled, adding, "You might not know, but I'm actually very good-natured. Firstly, put down the Nine Cauldron Golden Pearl Flower; secondly, I found an ancient cultivation technique that requires the coupling of a man and a woman."

"Practicing this technique with me also brings you benefits, even breaking through to Ancient God Realm in a decade's time. This is a hundred times better than that Nine Cauldron Golden Pearl Flower."

Liu Lei was full of smiles, his self-righteous words implied that Hu Dan had obtained a great bargain by dual cultivating with him.

Hu Dan's delicate face was green with fury; she had seen many shameless people, but she has never encountered this degree of shamelessness. Thick-faced enough to claim that a herb in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield was his, and sounding so righteous about it!

"You!" Hu Dan pointed at Liu Lei's face shouting in anger, "You're shameless!" In a split second, a long sword appeared in her hand, slashing at Liu Lei. Sword qi whistled out for several li, cutting a path through the surrounding devil qi.

The whelming sword qi reached Liu Lei in an instant.

Liu Lei exclaimed softly in interest, this Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm female disciple was many times stronger than he had anticipated.

Despite Hu Dan's shocking sword qi, he didn't even give it a second glance. Raising two fingers, Liu Lei restrained the sword qi between his fingers, seemingly pinned in place by a giant hand.

Liu Lei slightly turned his fingers to the side and Hu Dan's sword qi snapped into countless fragments, crumbling to nothing.

Whereas Hu Dan, after a slash of her sword, she did not attack again. Instead, she arrived several hundred li away in a flicker, fleeing at her fastest speed. As she fled, the scattered devil qi regrouped again, veiling her from Liu Lei's sight.

Watching this, Liu Lei sneered. With a single Greater Space Teleportation, his figure disappeared from the spot. When he reappeared, he was blocking in front of Hu Dan, pointing a finger at her.

Purple lightning godforce slithered out, turning into a purple dragon halfway, rushing toward Hu Dan. Crackling lightning drummed in her ears as space shook.

“Purple Dragon Meteoric Finger!”

The Purple Dragon Meteoric Finger was one of the Dragon Origin Sect’s more powerful offensive techniques, but it was limited to the scarce few highly talented disciples.

Hu Dan was shocked, but with a twist of her body she swam back like a golden dragon, faintly discernible. However, the purple dragon from Liu Lei’s Purple Dragon Meteoric Finger had locked onto her, no matter how Hu Dan changed her direction or if she turned almost invisible, she was unable to shake off the attack.

This was the frightening point of the Purple Dragon Meteoric Finger. Regardless of how one fled or hid, they wouldn’t be able to dodge its attack.

The purple dragon caught up to Hu Dan, but just when she thought she wouldn’t be able to escape from injury, the purple dragon circled around her body like a rope, binding her.

Hu Dan violently struggled, attempting to break free, only to realize that her surrounding space froze, completely restricting her movements.

Liu Lei arrived in front of Hu Dan with the same radiant smile on his face, “I already said that I’m quite good-natured. Had you obediently agreed to my two conditions and put down the Nine Cauldron Golden Pearl Flower, then dual cultivate with me for a few years, I would have set you free once you advanced to the Ancient God Realm. Aren’t these excellent conditions?”

Then Liu Lei shook his head looking disappointed, “But you did not appreciate my kindness, so now I can only suck your yin essence dry!”

Hu Dan was bloodlessly white in an instant.

Losing all yin essence meant that nine-tenths of Hu Dan’s life was gone, her cultivation greatly damaged. To a woman, especially a female cultivator, having their yin essence sucked away was worse than death.

Not to mention she was in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, death was certain!

Despair rose to Hu Dan's face, if she knew this earlier, she would have rather died under the jaws of that Ancient God Realm magic beast.

Liu Lei chuckled as his hand grabbed Hu Dan's shoulder, lifted her up and flew away rapidly. What he had to do now was search for a cave as soon as possible.

At one point when Liu Lei flew carrying Hu Dan, they heard the sound of whistling winds. A black-haired young man was flying towards them from the opposite direction.

Hearing the sound of wind, the despair on Hu Dan's face receded, shouting as loud as she can: "Help!"

Huang Xiaolong heard a cry for help and recognized it was one of the Twin Golden Dragons, Hu Dan's voice. His gaze fell onto Liu Lei who was holding Hu Dan captive. Huang Xiaolong's brows creased then relaxed recognizing the Dragon Origin Sect emblem on Liu Lei's robe.

Under most circumstances, other participating disciples preferred not to provoke the Dragon Origin Sect's disciples; the first reason was that all of Dragon Origin Sect's participating disciples were strong, and the second reason was the sect's overall power.

Right at this time, Liu Lei tapped his finger in the air in Huang Xiaolong's direction, aiming for his forehead.

In a rapid flicker, Liu Lei's finger attack fell on empty space, passing through Huang Xiaolong's afterimage, piercing a hole through a mountain in the distance. Huang Xiaolong stood calmly some distance away.

"Eh?" Liu Lei was surprised. He didn't expect his sudden finger attack to be avoided by the person in front of him.

Initially, seeing that Huang Xiaolong was just a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm, Liu Lei thought this annoyance could be dealt with in one move and then he could continue looking for a cave.

"It's you!" Hu Dan finally recognized Huang Xiaolong a moment later. Wasn't this the disciple who had been looking at her lasciviously at the Fortune City square? That black-haired young disciple?

Liu Lei's expression darkened seeing that Hu Dan knew this black-haired young man. He coldly told Huang Xiaolong off, "Brat, don't be nosy. Scram now and I'll spare your life. My patience is limited, you have three seconds."

Liu Lei was confident that Huang Xiaolong could tell he was a Dragon Origin Sect disciple, moreover, with this person's peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm strength, Liu Lei was also confident Huang Xiaolong could see he was an Ancient God Realm master.

Huang Xiaolong's expression was just as indifferent, "Put the person down, you have two seconds. Scram, or die!"

Both Liu Lei and Hu Dan were dumbfounded. Liu Lei laughed despite his boiling anger, "You're giving me two seconds to scram or die? Brat are you sure?"

Right in this tense atmosphere, a dazzling sword qi shot through space. Liu Lei felt a swift coldness across his neck, and in the next second, he saw his head separated from his body.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Liu Lei's head that fell off his shoulders, icily answering, "I am sure." For two seconds had passed.

He had seen Liu Lei once in the Fortune City. At that time, he was walking beside Zhou Xu, seemingly close.

Hu Dan's beautiful eyes were wide with shock as she watched Liu Lei's head being separated from his body. Her brain went blank. With Liu Lei's death, the restriction on her body disappeared.

Hu Dan's mind was still blank when the tip of the Mulberry Sword in Huang Xiaolong's hand slightly tilted, picking out Liu Lei's godhead from his head before putting both the godhead and Liu Lei's spatial ring into his Asura Ring.

A moment later, Hu Dan came to her senses. She turned to look at Huang Xiaolong with disbelief, "Y-you, you killed him!"

Previously at the square in the Fortune Gate City, Hu Dan felt that this black-haired young man's strength was on par with hers, never had she imagined that his strength would actually be so terrifying.

Killing a Dragon Origin Sect early First Order Ancient God Realm with just one slash of the sword? What concept of strength was this?

Not to mention the fact that this black-haired person had the guts to kill a Dragon Origin Sect disciple! Perhaps he couldn't tell that Liu Lei was a Dragon Origin Sect disciple? No, that was impossible, she would never believe he couldn't tell Liu Lei's Dragon Origin Sect disciple identity.

The buzzing noise in Hu Dan's head didn't seem to stop.

Huang Xiaolong was too lazy answer a silly Hu Dan asking if he killed a Dragon Origin Sect disciple, the question was literally stupid. A sliver of flame flew out from Huang Xiaolong's finger, burning Liu Lei's corpse until nothing remained.

Then, he walked away.

"You, hey, wait!" Realizing Huang Xiaolong was leaving, she called out in panic.

Huang Xiaolong stopped and turned around, looking at Hu Dan.

Huang Xiaolong really stopped and turned around, but Hu Dan didn't know what to say, stammering nervously she asked, "You, you're not afraid of the Dragon Origin Sect?"

Huang Xiaolong joked, "If I'm not telling and you're not telling, then the Dragon Origin Sect won't know. You won't go out and tell the Dragon Origin Sect, right?"

"No no no no!" Hu Dan shook her head and waved her hands.

Huang Xiaolong continued half-jokingly, "If you dare to leak a word about this, I'll have Song Chengli and Liu Zhuo to banish you from the Golden Dragon Gate."

Hu Dan dazed for a second blurted out, "You know our Ancestor and Gate Chief?!"

Huang Xiaolong smiled, neither admitting nor denying. Not only did he know them, after he obtained the Golden Dragon heritage, Song Chengli and Liu Zhuo had to call him Ancestor.

Then, what should Hu Dan call him? Great-Great Ancestor?

In a flicker, Huang Xiaolong sped away.

Hu Dan looked lost as she stared in the direction where Huang Xiaolong's figure sped away, contemplating how this black-haired young man knew their Golden Dragon Sect's Ancestor and Gate Chief.

'Once the preliminary round ends, I'll go ask the Ancestor and Gate Chief.' Hu Dan decided. Her gaze then fell onto the place Liu Lei was killed; even now, she had a surreal feeling.

A moment later, Hu Dan sped away.

At this point of time at the Fortune City square, the Dragon Origin Sect Chief Chen Ding and other Dragon Origin Sect experts saw, on the crystal wall, their eighty-third ranked disciple Liu Lei's name exploding in a shower of light. After the glaring light dissipated, the names on the ranking shifted.

Chen Ding and the present Dragon Origin Sect experts were dumbfounded.

The spectators on the square also noticed Liu Lei's demise. After a while, more and more people noticed, causing the square to be in an uproar.

The Dragon Origin Sect was the head of the top ten islands, thus their disciples were the subject of attention during the All-Islands Great War. In fact, disciples in the top one hundred attracted the most attention.

No one had ever expected the eighty-third ranked Liu Lei to actually die!

"It seems this Liu Lei's luck wasn't good, did he die in the hands of a magic beast, ghoul, or evil spirit?"

"If Liu Lei didn't die, in the end, he could have definitely stayed in the top one hundred!"

People in the crowd shook their heads at Liu Lei's unexpected death. The general opinion was that Liu Lei's death in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield was most likely due to a magic beast, ghoul, or evil spirit, for none of them thought that other participants would dare to kill a Dragon Origin Sect disciple.

Chen Ding sullenly ordered, "After the preliminary round ends, find out Liu Lei's cause of death." Each of the Dragon Origin Sect's disciples participating in the All-Islands Great War had been nurtured by numerous herbs and other resources, each of their deaths was a great loss to the Dragon Origin Sect. Not to mention that Liu Lei wasn't just a Dragon Origin Sect disciple but also the nephew of Chen Ding's distant relative, and he had always appreciated Liu Lei's talent.

"Yes, Sect Chief!" The group of Dragon Origin Sect Grand Elders respectfully complied.

A cold light glinted in Chen Ding's eyes, exuding an overwhelming pressure from his body, if Liu Lei's death was related to the nature of the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, nothing could be said, but if other disciples dared to kill their Dragon Origin Sect's people, they were seeking death!

...

Huang Xiaolong continued flying toward the deeper part of the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield after killing Liu Lei.

Even though the preliminary round duration was limited to three months, Huang Xiaolong wasn't worried that he wouldn't be able to make it back in time. The token given to each participant had a small transmission array inscribed within. Once three months' time was up, Gong Fei would activate the transmission array on the token, transferring all disciples back to the starting place.

As the sword in Huang Xiaolong's hand slashed and cut on the way, magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits were turned into points, rising at a rapid pace that, by the end of the day, Huang Xiaolong's position had risen to twenty-sixth! This was his current position.

The surroundings slowly darkened. Just as Huang Xiaolong decided to look for a safe cave and cultivate for the night, he suddenly sensed two strange energy fluctuations ahead of him.

This wasn't the same type of energy fluctuations coming from magic beasts, ghouls, or evil spirits, yet these two energy fluctuations felt familiar to Huang Xiaolong.

Asura!

This was a Hell Shura's energy fluctuation!

When Huang Xiaolong was still in the lower realm, he cultivated the Asura Tactics and had, at one time, refined an Asura, obtaining the Asura bloodline.

There were Asuras in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield?! This was unexpected news for Huang Xiaolong.

'Could it be?!' A second later, he remembered. A few years back, the Soul Tribe's Young Lord Hun Dishan came to the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield precisely for these two Asura Kings.

Huang Xiaolong immediately flew in the direction of the two Asura Kings' energy fluctuations. Soon, he spotted two burly monsters with a thick horn at the center of their heads and bodies covered with scales.

Indeed, they were two Hell Asuras!

But these two Asuras in front of him were several times bigger than the Asura he had refined in the lower realm, not to mention the alarming pressure from their bodies. Huang Xiaolong could feel their frightening Asura force.

The two Asura Kings that were feasting on raw magic beasts' flesh when they sensed Huang Xiaolong approaching them. Raising their heads, their scarlet eyes were looking straight at him, a ferocious light gleaming inside. In the next instant, they lunged at Huang Xiaolong.

These two late-Fourth Order Ancient God Realm Asura Kings' strength was comparable to the regular early Fifth Order Ancient God Realm cultivator. Their movements were too fast for Huang Xiaolong to see clearly. Fortunately, he had prepared himself in advance. The moment the two Asura Kings moved, Huang Xiaolong had summoned out the Black Baboon.

A second later, the Two Asura Kings were slapped away by the Giant chaos spiritual beast, crashing into the mountain in the far distance.

The earth shook as rocks and pebbles rolled down.

In a few breaths' time, Huang Xiaolong was standing in the air, observing the two Asura Kings. The Black Baboon's attack did not kill these two Asura Kings, merely rendering them unable to resist.

Huang Xiaolong believed that after refining these two Asura Kings' blood, his strength would rise once more, as well as strengthening his True Divine Dragon Physique.

Pulling the two Asura Kings out, Huang Xiaolong's eyes glimmered, he was curious to know how these two Asura Kings arrived in the Divine World from hell. Of course, he also wanted to know their purpose in coming to the Divine World.

Huang Xiaolong quickly began searching through their memories.

Chapter 1167: The Ghost Buddha Depository

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong had finished scouring through the two Asura Kings' memories. He didn't expect these two Asura Kings to have arrived at the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield after accidentally running into a black hole in the Asura World.

The two Asura Kings coming to the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield was an accident, there was no purpose at all.

"Asura Gate." Huang Xiaolong muttered the name under his breath.

Even though the appearance of the two Asura Kings in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield was an accident, he got to know there was a force called Asura Gate in Hell!

Moreover, this Asura Gate was one of the hegemon forces in Hell with numerous experts, ruling one direction of Hell.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes glimmered, the Asura Gate in Hell and the Asura Gate in the lower realm, was there a connection between them?

Although it was common for similar sect names to appear in the vast universe, Huang Xiaolong felt there were only so many coincidences in the world.

For one, the Asura Tactics that his first Master Ren Wokuang had left behind enabled him to absorb the frigid cold qi from Hell, and upon reaching the tenth stage, he could also summon the Gate of Hell!

Another reason was, Huang Xiaolong had always believed that his Master Ren Wokuang wasn't dead and had actually entered the Asura World.

'Looks like the trip to Hell is inevitable!' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

The first reason why he was planning to go to the Asura World was to cultivate, and secondly, he had to clarify the relationship between Hell's Asura Gate and the lower realm's Asura Gate. His strength was

too low to go now, hence Huang Xiaolong decided to consider it again after he stepped into the Ancient God Realm.

Remembering how he recklessly stepped through the Gate of Hell back when he had just broken through to the God Realm, Huang Xiaolong had a sense of delayed trepidation. At that time, he was truly a newborn calf unafraid of the tiger. Fortunately, he did not come across any danger, otherwise he would now be deadlier than dead, without a single piece of him remain.

Huang Xiaolong's thoughts returned to the present. He then ordered the Black Baboon to carry the two Asura Kings and went to the nearby mountains, opening a cave for himself. Inside the cave, Huang Xiaolong began refining the two Asura Kings' bloodline.

When he completed the refinement, half a month had gone by.

Standing in his self-made cave, Huang Xiaolong punched at the wall. From the belly of the mountain, his fist force made a hole all the way to the side and pierced through another nearby mountain, travelling through a dozen mountains before dissipating.

Huang Xiaolong once again compressed his strength. Even though he had yet to break through to the Ancient God Realm, his power and physical defense had almost doubled, especially his True Divine Dragon Physique that had improved even further.

Even Huang Xiaolong himself did not know to what degree his True Divine Dragon Physique has changed. By a rough estimation, he guessed that even a Third Order Ancient God Realm cultivator's physical body wasn't as strong as his. After he finally broke through to the next realm, his True Divine Dragon Physique would strengthen to an unimaginable level.

Initially, Huang Xiaolong only had half the confidence to break through to the Ancient God Realm after the end of the All-Islands Great War. Now that he had refined two Asura Kings' bloodline, however, his confidence soared sky high.

Taking out his competition token, in a quick sweep of his divine sense, Huang Xiaolong saw that his ranking had fallen all the way down to the ninety-sixth place. Then again, after spending half a month to refine the two Asura Kings' bloodline, this was within his estimation.

“I’ll have to use a little bit of effort now.” In a blur, Huang Xiaolong was already flying out from the hole that his punch had made earlier. Although he wasn’t overly concerned about the preliminary round ranking, it was better to maintain a position within the top one hundred.

A short distance from the mountain Huang Xiaolong just left was a swamp area. Right at this moment, a Barbarian God Sect disciple named Zhang Danming was standing in front of an inconspicuous hill with an ecstatic expression.

He was just passing by when he noticed a glimmer on this hill. Thinking it was strange, he came closer to take a look. At first, Zhang Danming wasn’t really expecting anything, but when he moved the weeds away, there was a steel door that seemed to lead to a cultivation dwelling.

The door was about three to four meters in height, wide enough to accommodate three people passing through at the same time.

“Ghost Buddha Depository!”

Ghost Buddha!

‘Could it be the same Lord Gui Fu from a million years ago?’

A million years ago, there was a super force on the Fortune Mainland called Ghost Buddha Sect. At that time, the Sect Chief was named Gui Fu, possessing unfathomable strength that caused even the Fortune Gate Ancestor and Chief of that time to be wary. However, for unknown reasons, the unfathomably powerful Gui Fu went missing not long after.

At that time, there were a lot of rumors going around in the Vientiane World; some said that Lord Gui Fu went to the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield and died there, another rumor claimed that Lord Gui Fu went to the Ghost Abyss, some said that something went wrong when Lord Gui Fu was cultivating, causing him to succumb to heart devils and die.

There were various rumors regarding Lord Gui Fu’s disappearance that spread over the years. From then on, Lord Gui Fu had never appeared again.

The disappearance of Lord Gui Fu left the Ghost Buddha Sect without a support pillar; at the same time, the sect had to withstand the pressure and attacks of various other sects of the Fortune Mainland. Its strength began to decline, reducing the once grand Ghost Buddha Sect to an unremarkable small sect a million years later.

Recalling this million-year-old legend, Zhang Danming could barely suppress his excitement. Some time later, he finally managed to calm himself a little and began studying the Ghost Buddha Depository's steel door.

The surface of the steel door depicted a Great Buddha sitting cross-legged. There was a large circle of golden light behind it, and outside the golden circle were layers of ghosts.

Looking at this carving on the steel door, Zhang Danming was even more certain that this Ghost Buddha Depository had been left behind by that Lord Gui Fu a million years back, for he was born with a Buddha Physique yet cultivated a strange ancient technique involving ghosts.

In the end, Zhang Danming's gaze returned to the Great Buddha. On the surface of its raised palm, Zhang Danming could see some barely noticeable shining lines.

An idea flashed through his mind and he raised his right palm, pressing it against the Great Buddha's palm. Seeing that his palm fit perfectly, Zhang Danming circulated his godforce.

However, to his disappointment, no matter how much godforce he sent into the steel door, there was no reaction at all, except for making the golden circle behind the Great Buddha brighter.

Half an hour later, Zhang Danming was completely disappointed.

He understood that it was because his strength wasn't high enough to open this Ghost Buddha Depository's steel door. Or perhaps only Buddhism force could open it?

"Haha! Brother Chen is right, there really is an ancient cultivation dwelling here!"

At this time, four figures came whistling through the air, one of them laughing happily.

Zhang Danming's face tightened; it seems when he circulated his godforce, attempting to open this steel door, the bright golden circle behind the Great Buddha had attracted the nearby disciples' attention.

'Spirit Lake Cult!' Zhang Danming's mind screamed when he saw the emblems on these four young men's robes.

They were from the Spirit Lake Island, one of the top ten islands!

Even though the Spirit Lake Cult's strength was far from the Dragon Origin Sect, it was still acknowledged as being one of the top ten islands. The strength of their disciples was much higher than the Green Cloud Island's disciples. Most of the cultivators coming from the top ten islands to participate in the All-Islands Great War were of Ancient God Realm strength.

Descending to the ground, the four Spirit Lake Cult disciples directly ignored Zhang Danming, greed burned in their eyes as they stared at the steel door.

"Ghost Buddha Depository!"

The four exclaimed simultaneously.

"The cultivation dwelling of that Lord Gui Fu from a million years ago!" The thin-faced Spirit Lake Cult disciple exclaimed as the thought crossed his mind.

Chapter 1168: You've Come At The Right Time

Lord Gui Fu's cultivation dwelling!

Hearing that, the other three Spirit Lake Cult disciples' eyes brightened, shivers of excitement coursing through their bodies.

“Haha, the cultivation dwelling of Lord Gui Fu! Our luck is really good ah, this is heaven’s blessing!” Spirit Lake Cult stout disciple Sun Fangliang laughed heartily.

“Haha, really the biggest dog shit luck! If it wasn’t so, how could we ever discover Lord Gui Fu’s cultivation dwelling?” The first thin-faced disciple Wang Haiyao echoed, laughing loudly.

The others also laughed loudly to express the elation in their hearts.

Zhang Danming felt unprecedented coldness spread through his limbs as he watched the four people, his face was white as a sheet. The earlier joy in finding the Ghost Buddha Depository vanished, taken over by despair.

Since it was related to the Ghost Buddha Depository, the four Spirit Lake Cult disciples would absolutely kill to silence him. There was no chance they would ever let him leave here alive.

Not to mention, Zhang Danming had already given up all thoughts of running.

Run? Maybe his death would be twice as tragic. How could he, a late-Ninth Order Heavenly God Realm disciple, outrun several Ancient God Realm masters?

At this time, Sun Fangliang, Wang Haiyao, and the other two finally looked at Zhang Danming.

Looking at Zhang Danming’s face filled with fear and despair, Sun Fangliang smiled playfully, “Kid, which sect do you belong to?”

Zhang Danming swallowed nervously, his voice strained, “Green Cloud Island, Barbarian God Sect.”

“Green Cloud Island’s Barbarian God Sect?” Zhao Jianyu was bemused, “I think I’ve heard of this Barbarian God Sect.”

Sun Fangliang, Wang Haiyao, and another disciple turned to look at Zhou Jianyu.

“Right, there’s a Barbarian God Sect disciple named Huang Xiaolong, currently ranked ninety-sixth.” Zhao Jianyu blurted out as he remembered. “No wonder, that’s why I felt this name to be so familiar!”

Zhao Jianyu was currently ranked at ninety-fifth, one place above Huang Xiaolong. He had seen the Barbarian God Sect and Huang Xiaolong’s name when he checked his token earlier, which was why he felt it sounded familiar.

Sun Fangliang and the other two quickly took out their token and checked. Indeed, at the ninety-sixth place was a Barbarian God Sect disciple named Huang Xiaolong.

“He’s merely ranked ninety-sixth, he should be a peak early First Order Ancient God Realm at most.” Sun Fangliang spoke with nonchalance, “Even if he’s really nearby and rushed over here, the four of us could easily take his life at any time!”

Sun Fangliang was a peak mid-First Order Ancient God Realm cultivator, currently in the forty-fifth position on the ranking, while Wang Haiyao was also a peak mid-First Order Ancient God Realm cultivator ranked forty-seventh at the moment.

Zhao Jianyu and the other disciple were slightly weaker, but their cultivation still reached peak early First Order Ancient God Realm. The four of them naturally wouldn’t put a person ranked ninety-sixth in their eyes.

Sun Fangliang’s gaze fell on Zhang Danming, once again saying, “Seeing that you’ve helped us find this Ghost Buddha Depository, I’ll give you a quick death.” Finished saying that, Sun Fangliang pointed his index finger at Zhang Danming. In a split second, a piercing finger force rushed out, piercing through Zhang Danming’s head.

Zhang Danming crumbled to the ground.

However, before the finger force penetrated his head, Zhang Danming managed to crush his Barbarian God Sect rescue talisman.

This rescue talisman could alert other Barbarian God Sect disciples within a certain distance. Of course, if other disciples were too far, then...

Sun Fangliang's group of four did notice that Zhang Danming crushed a rescue talisman, but no one stopped him.

"Alright now, let's not waste more time and quickly open this steel door." Wang Haiyao urged his companions.

This Ghost Buddha Depository was too important and precious, they had to hurry inside and collect all the treasures before other disciples found this place.

Sun Fangliang and others nodded in agreement.

Wang Haiyao approached and stood in front of the steel door, looking at the Great Buddha's palm. A moment later, he pressed his palm onto it and subsequently circulated his godforce.

In the next instant, the golden circle behind the Great Buddha emitted a bright golden light, spreading to the surrounding hill, however, there was no other reaction from the steel door.

Wang Haiyao's expression was slightly ugly, but he could only retrieve his palm.

"What's wrong? Is our strength insufficient to open this door to the Ghost Buddha Depository?" Wang Haiyao's voice was extremely sullen.

Sun Fangliang and others frowned watching this.

"Let me try." Sun Fangliang stepped forward, placing his palm on the same spot as Wang Haiyao, but no matter how much godforce he sent into the steel door, the result was the same. The door did not budge an inch.

"Lord Gui Fu had an innate Buddha Physique, in order to activate the Great Buddha and open this steel door, perhaps we require Buddhism energy?" Zhao Jianyu spoke in a solemn tone.

Three pairs of eyes stared at Zhao Jianyu.

“In the past, I found a piece of bone from a high-level Ancient God Realm Arhat. Let’s cooperate and see if we can force out the remnant Buddhism force within. If we are successful, we can use it to open this steel door!” Wang Haiyao proposed. A golden light flashed in his palm as a piece of bone appeared. Its surface was a pure golden color as if it was painted with a layer of gold.

This was the arhat bone he spoke of. However, a portion of the bone was chipped, rendering it incomplete, but even so, the four of them could feel the remnant Buddhism force inside the bone.

Without delay, the group of four joined hands to extract the remnant Buddhism force from the bone.

While they were trying to open the door, Huang Xiaolong had received Zhang Danming’s rescue signal earlier and was rushing over.

He was traveling at a rapid speed, crossing ten thousand li in a flicker, akin to a streak of light traversing over the dark Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the inconspicuous hill just as Sun Fangliang, Wang Haiyao, and the two others were extracting the Buddhism force from the bone, channeling it into the Great Buddha’s palm.

Almost immediately, the lines on the Great Buddha’s palm began to rotate, emitting a brilliant light. The Great Buddha seemed to come alive as the steel door slightly shook.

Watching this scene, Sun Fangliang and the rest felt triumphant. As expected, opening the steel door required Buddhism force!

Just when the four thought the door was going to open, the shaking gradually stopped and the door grew quiet, there was no longer any reaction from the Great Buddha.

Sun Fangliang and the others were flabbergasted. The buddhism energy from the arhat bone was exhausted.

“I know Senior Brother Chen Weiping has a few pieces of arhat bone, how about we invite him over?” Zhao Jianyu suggested.

Sun Fangliang and Wang Haiyao frowned, but they nodded their heads in the end. They had no other option.

Chen Weiping was the Spirit Lake Cult’s number one genius, his cultivation having reached peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm. He was close to breaking through to the Second Order, moreover, his battle prowess was even higher than the average Second Order Ancient God Realm cultivators.

Chen Weiping was currently ranked eighth.

However, if they invited Chen Weiping, even if they could open the door to the Ghost Buddha Depository, their harvest would only be a small portion of what was inside.

Unfortunately, there was no other way.

Subsequently, with all four people’s agreement, Zhao Jianyu crushed a sect talisman that sends their message to Chen Weiping.

Huang Xiaolong watched this coldly. In the next second, he descended to the ground.

Sun Fangliang and the rest were alarmed, noticing Huang Xiaolong only after they looked up. When they noticed the Barbarian God Sect robe he was wearing, all four breathed out in relief.

“Hehe, you’re that Barbarian God Sect disciple, Huang Xiaolong, ranked ninety-sixth?” Sun Fangliang chuckled, “You’ve come at the right time.”

Being unable to open the Ghost Buddha Depository caused Sun Fangliang to be both frustrated and angry. A straw bag to vent his anger was what precisely he wanted right now.

Chapter 1169: Stronger than Zhou Xu!

Huang Xiaolong's attention was not on Sun Fangliang's group of four, instead falling on the corpse lying on the ground in the distance that was wearing the same Barbarian God Sect robe as him, Zhang Danming's body.

Sun Fangliang's group was in a hurry to open the Ghost Buddha Depository's steel door, ignoring Zhang Danming's body, leaving it on the ground.

"Who killed him?" Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze was directed at Sun Fangliang's group of four.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong not only ignored them but also questioned them in return about Zhang Danming's death, Sun Fangliang, Wang Haiyao, and the other two chuckled in anger. Especially Sun Fangliang, his chuckles were the loudest of all.

"Punk, I killed him, so what? You want to avenge him?" Sun Fangliang grinned, "Relying on your measly peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm strength?" He further taunted Huang Xiaolong, "I really don't understand what kind of dog shit luck you ran into to reach the ninety-sixth position!"

Just as Sun Fangliang finished, a figure blurred and Huang Xiaolong reached where he stood. Huang Xiaolong's right hand reached out, clutching Sun Fangliang's neck, lifting him into the air as if he was holding a tortoise.

Sun Fangliang's eyes bulged out from his sockets, gasping at Huang Xiaolong. By reflex, he raised his hands attempting to counter, but just as he did so, Huang Xiaolong exerted force in his right hand, crushing Sun his.

Sun Fangliang's hands and feet went limp, his eyes filled with disbelief. He got so far into the preliminary round, currently ranked forty-fifth, strength at peak mid-First Order Ancient God Realm, yet he died. His throat was crushed by a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm disciple in just one move!

He died!

Before Sun Fangliang completely sank into oblivion, he heard three angry roars. Three figures lunged at Huang Xiaolong, violent godforce surging from their bodies, attacking Huang Xiaolong from behind.

Huang Xiaolong ignored them, letting their attacks land on his back, causing a rumbling noise to reverberate in the hill area.

The other three Spirit Lake Cult disciples' attacks struck accurately onto Huang Xiaolong. Watching this, their eyes shone with madness and excitement. In the next second, however, all three were dumbfounded, looking unbelievably at Huang Xiaolong.

Despite their attacks, he remained standing like an immovable mountain.

'How, how is this possible?!'

Even their Senior Brother Chen Weiping would suffer heavy injuries taking their combined attack. Even the current first ranker, the Dragon Origin Sect's number one genius, Zhou Xu, couldn't withstand their earlier attack and not budge an inch!

This Barbarian God Sect disciple was stronger than Zhou Xu!

No, absolutely impossible!

Zhou Xu possessed the Thousand Dragon Physique and a low grade emperor rank godhead. How was it possible for this Barbarian God Sect disciple to be stronger than him!

Huang Xiaolong looked over his shoulder, directing a contemptuous gaze at Wang Haiyao's group of three.

He was about to deal with three of them when, all of a sudden, sounds of whistling wind came from the distance as a group of people clad in blue robes appeared on the horizon. In the blink of an eye, the group of people arrived at the hill where Huang Xiaolong, Wang Haiyao, and the others were.

"Senior Brother Chen!" Wang Haiyao and the other two terrified disciples had found hope once more when they saw this group of people and hurried towards them.

This group was led by Chen Weiping, who Wang Haiyao's group contacted earlier; the Spirit Lake Cult's number one genius. Arriving with Chen Weiping were four other Spirit Lake Cult geniuses, all four being Ancient God Realm experts.

Chen Weiping immediately saw Sun Fangliang's corpse not far away as he descended. His eyes narrowed, exuding sharpness as his gaze locked onto Huang Xiaolong. In a heavy tone, he questioned, "What is going on here?"

Wang Haiyao stepped up, hurriedly explaining, "Senior Brother Chen, we discovered the Ghost Buddha Depository and were going to open the steel door, but we didn't see this Barbarian God Sect disciple sneaking up on us. Before we could react, he ambushed us and killed Senior Brother Sun Fangliang. He was going to kill all of us to rob the treasures inside the Ghost Buddha Depository!"

From Wang Haiyao's description, the Ghost Buddha Depository was discovered by them, whereas Huang Xiaolong and Zhang Danming become despicable robbers.

Huang Xiaolong harrumphed coldly and did not say a word.

Hearing Wang Haiyao's story, Chen Weiping's group glared daggers at Huang Xiaolong, but even more obvious were their burning gazes directed at the steel door.

"Ghost Buddha Depository!" Chen Weiping's eyes gleamed with desire, "Lord Gui Fu's cultivation dwelling?"

Earlier, when Zhao Jianyu contacted him, he had merely mentioned that they discovered an ancient cultivation dwelling and required Buddhism force to open it, not mentioning anything about the Ghost Buddha Depository.

Suppressing the burning desire in his chest, Chen Weiping looked at Huang Xiaolong again, sneering, "Peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm? Since your sneak attack managed to kill Junior Brother Sun Fangliang, it seems your strength is not bad."

Although Chen Weiping was inwardly shocked that Huang Xiaolong, a Heavenly God Realm kid, was capable of killing Sun Fangliang, he didn't really put him in his eyes. After all, Wang Haiyao emphasized on the fact that it was an ambush.

Wang Haiyao noticed Chen Weiping's nonchalant attitude toward Huang Xiaolong and couldn't help cautioning, "Senior Brother Chen, be careful! That punk is quite strong, the three of us together are probably not his match!"

The four Spirit Lake Cult disciples who came with Chen Weiping were astounded and were doubtful of Wang Haiyao's claim.

Wang Haiyao's group of three wasn't not this punk's match? How could that be?

Wang Haiyao was a peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm, while Zhao Jianyu and the other disciple were peak early First Order Ancient God Realm, these three people together could not deal with a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm disciple?

"Senior Brother Wang, you, are you mistaken?" One of the Spirit Lake Cult disciples couldn't resist asking.

Right at this time, Huang Xiaolong walked toward Chen Weiping. In a single stride, he was already within an arm's length from Chen Weiping, before his fist punched out.

Chen Weiping was truly deserving of his Spirit Lake Cult number one genius disciple title. He reacted almost immediately as Huang Xiaolong attacked, pushing his godforce to the limit.

"Imperial Ice Tactic, Spirit Deity Fist!"

Chen Weiping bellowed, his fist striking out at Huang Xiaolong.

Ice element godforce rushed out howling madly. At the same time, a giant ice fist struck out at Huang Xiaolong, causing waves of cold energy to surge forth, condensing into the figure of an ancient deity, freezing Huang Xiaolong's surroundings.

This attack, however, had no effect.

Under Huang Xiaolong's fist force, all coldness dissipated and the ancient deity condensed by waves of cold energy disintegrated. Huang Xiaolong's fist force flew forth, landing on Chen Weiping's body.

Crack!

The ancient divine armor on he was wearing cracked and shattered like fried crispy skin. Chen Weiping's chest caved in, causing flowers of blood to bloom on his blue robe.

Chen Weiping stood dazedly without moving, looking at Huang Xiaolong's right fist sinking into his chest with disbelief. Although he did not possess any of the unique physiques, he had consumed various precious herbs, tempering his body to a terrifying degree. The average Second Order Ancient God Realm cultivators were incapable of injuring him at all.

However, right now, there was a fist stuck in his chest!

His body's defense was broken by a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm!

"You, who are you?" Chen Weiping's hoarse voice sounded in everyone's ears, weakly protesting, "How could you be stronger than Zhou Xu?!"

Stronger than the Dragon Origin Sect's number one genius, Zhou Xu!

Chen Weiping said this because not even Zhou Xu could do what Huang Xiaolong just did, easily breaking his body's toughness as well as his divine armor.

"Barbarian God Sect, Huang Xiaolong." Huang Xiaolong introduced himself. He exerted more strength in his first, rapidly corroding Chen Weiping's vitality. In a split second, Chen Weiping's body was thrown into the air.

Chen Weiping was still in the air when he heard miserable screams from his fellow disciples below. At this time, he noticed that the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield's sky was so dark.

Chapter 1170: Did You Just Say Chen Weiping?

At this moment, Chen Weiping actually thought of the first time he had killed after entering the Spirit Lake Cult.

The scene flickered in his mind repeated, but a heavy crash jarred him. He had crashed to the ground, feeling his consciousness slipping further away. His numb body didn't feel anything, but he heard screams and shouting; Wang Haiyao's voice, Zhao Jianyu's voice, and the others as well.

Wang Haiyao, Zhao Jianyu, and the others arrived at Chen Weiping's side. Everyone was sucking in cold air, horrified by the large fist hole in Chen Weiping's chest. These Spirit Lake Cult disciples looked deathly pale.

Huang Xiaolong's terrifying fist force rendered them fearful and forgot to immediately rescue Chen Weiping.

With an indifferent expression, Huang Xiaolong slowly walked to Wang Haiyao's group.

In truth, he barely used five-tenths of his strength. Purely half of his True Divine Dragon Physique's physical strength, he had yet to use even a shred of godforce.

In a way, it was fortunate that Chen Weiping was not the average peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm disciple, otherwise that punch earlier would have reaped his life in a split second.

Even though Chen Weiping's vitality was slowly leaving his body, he had yet to die. At the end of the day, he was the Spirit Lake Cult's number one genius disciple, an exceptional talent. Killing Chen Weiping without employing any godforce was difficult to do.

Detecting Huang Xiaolong approaching them, Wang Haiyao, Zhao Jinayu, and the others backed away in fear. Especially the four Spirit Lake Cult disciples who arrived with Chen Weiping, they looked at Huang Xiaolong as if he was some ferocious beast.

Wang Haiyao previously reminded Chen Weiping to be careful of Huang Xiaolong, that he was quite strong, but no one believed him. Now, however, they realized that Huang Xiaolong was not only quite strong, he was simply heaven-defying!

The Dragon Origin Sect's number one genius disciple Zhou Xu, with his Thousand Dragon Physique and low grade emperor rank godhead, was admired by all talented participants, but compared to this black-haired young man, Zhou Xu was akin to wet paper, no different than garbage.

Wang Haiyao and the rest fell to their knees, begging for mercy.

At this time at the Fortune City square, the Spirit Lake Cult Head Chen Fangzhen was extremely gloomy. Moments ago, their Spirit Lake Cult disciple ranked forty-fifth, Sun Fangliang, had fallen!

The Spirit Lake Cult experts standing behind Chen Fangzhen looked just as bad.

According to the All-Islands Great War rules, disciples within the top one hundred would be accepted as personal disciples by Elders of the Fortune Gate, whereas the top ten disciples would be accepted as personal disciples by the Grand Elders!

Chen Fangzhen believed, based on Sun Fangliang's talent and strength, that he absolutely could maintain a position within the top fifty. At that time, he would become the personal disciple of a Fortune Gate Elder, but now, Sun Fangliang was dead!

Right at this time, the Spirit Lake Cult group saw Wang Haiyao's name at forty-seventh on the ranking crystal wall suddenly burst like a star.

The crystal wall shook from the impact.

Chen Fangzhen and the Spirit Lake Cult experts were momentarily dumbstruck, fury filled their hearts.

“Wang Haiyao is a genius disciple of the Spirit Lake Cult! They actually lost such a talented disciple!”

“Sun Fangliang had just died, now it’s Wang Haiyao, what’s happening there?!”

The surrounding crowd at the square was in a commotion.

Two disciples ranked in the top one hundred died at the same time! On top of that, both of them belonged to the Spirit Lake Cult, this was definitely a rare occurrence in the All-Islands Great War.

In the past terms’ preliminary rounds, very rarely would there be deaths amongst the top ten islands’ disciples.

The crowd’s discussions turned to the Dragon Origin Sect disciple Liu Lei who died ten days ago. Counting him, three of the top ten islands’ genius disciples had met their ends!

Following this, a bright burst of light attracted everyone’s attention, and the rankings changed once more.

All eyes were focused on the crystal wall. Zhao Jianyu’s name at the ninety-fifth place burst apart, causing sparkling lights to spread over the square.

Everyone in the crowd was dazed; yet another Spirit Lake Cult disciple had died! Another disciple in the top one hundred!

A palpitating killing intent surged out crazily from Spirit Lake Cult Head Chen Fangzhen, almost corporeal, scaring other cultivators nearby to retreat far away in shock.

“Find out immediately!” Chen Fangzhen roared, “Find out what exactly happened!”

The group of Spirit Lake Cult experts behind Chen Fangzhen was shivering in answer. Before they left, a burst of light came from the crystal wall again.

Chen Fangzheng and all Spirit Lake Cult experts' hearts trembled as they looked at the crystal wall and saw that it was another disciple of their sect, ranked below one hundred and ten.

The crowd was startled seeing Spirit Lake Cult disciples dying consecutively, this scene was simply too strange.

This was already the fourth dead Spirit Lake Cult disciple.

In less than a second, a burst of light came from the crystal wall again.

Another Spirit Lake Cult disciple had died!

Subsequently, almost every second, there was a Spirit Lake Cult disciple's name disappeared from the ranking.

Watching one disciple after another dying, pain threatened to tear out the hearts of the Spirit Lake Cult's group. Even if Chen Fangzhen was an Ancestor God Realm master, he had a feeling that his heart was about to stop beating in the next moment.

When the eighth Spirit Lake Cult's disciple died, the crystal wall stopped emitting bright lights.

Just as everyone thought things had calmed down, the entire crystal wall shook violently as if it was attacked. Ranked eighth, the Spirit Lake Cult's number one genius disciple Chen Weiping's name burst into a bright glaring light akin to thousands of stars exploding at the same time.

All the cultivators in the crowd were stunned by the glaring light.

Chen Fangzhen was dazed, all Spirit Lake Cult experts were dazed, everyone, including Fortune Gate disciples at the square were dazed.

Chen Weiping was dead!

Someone likely to be accepted as a personal disciple by a Fortune Gate Grand Elder actually died in the preliminary round!

This...! Everyone's mind was buzzing, finding it hard to believe.

The Ouyang Clan's Ancestor and Patriarch, Ouyang Bin and Ouyang Xuguang, were stunned agape looking at the ranking on the crystal wall.

Briefly, after Chen Weiping's name disappeared from the ranking, inside a luxurious manor in Fortune City, the Fortune Gate's Young Lord Zhu Feng was enjoyably sipping tea when Elder Lu Tai walked into the room, reporting, "Young Lord, just now, the Spirit Lake Cult's Chen Weiping died!"

Zhu Feng was dazed for a good while before asking, "Did you just say Chen Weiping?"

Although this term's All-Islands Great War preliminary round was set at the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, being slightly more dangerous than previous terms, before the preliminary round began, the Fortune Gate's Ancestor God Realm cultivators had swept the mainland where the disciples were supposed to appear and even the several mainlands nearby, therefore it was impossible for magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits above Third Order Ancient God Realm to appear.

This was a form of protection for Zhou Xu, Tan Lin, Chen Weiping and other genius disciples.

For top geniuses like Chen Weiping, the Fortune Gate did not allow any accidents to occur.

"Yes, it's Chen Weiping!" Lu Tai nodded, looking solemn, "Other than Chen Weiping, Sun Fangliang, Wang Haiyao, and six other Spirit Lake Cult disciples have also died!"

It didn't matter that Sun Fangliang and other Spirit Lake Cult disciples were dead. Chen Weiping, on the other hand, was the Spirit Lake Cult's number one genius of this generation, his death showed there was a problem.

"Have Gong Fei investigate this matter." Zhu Feng said solemnly, his fingers tapping on the table surface.

Lu Tai nodded and went out.