

## Conqueror 1171

### Chapter 1171: Ghost Buddha Sect Chief

In the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, Huang Xiaolong looked at the Spirit Lake Cult's now dead Chen Weiping, Sun Fangliang, and several others without any emotion. With a light flick of his finger, he collected all their godheads and spatial rings into his Asura Ring, and with another flick of his finger, nine fireballs fell on the Spirit Lake Cult disciples, erasing all traces of them from the world.

Chen Weiping's death would definitely raise an alarm, however, Huang Xiaolong was not afraid of others finding anything. He then turned around and approached the Ghost Buddha Depository's steel door. Raising palm, he pressed it onto the Great Buddha's palm on the steel door surface, sending out endless pure Buddhism godforce from his Innumerable Buddha Supreme Godhead.

Immediately, the Great Buddha emitted a dazzling golden light, causing the entire door to shake violently.

This continued for more than fifteen minutes when, all of a sudden, the steel door opened, revealing the Ghost Buddha Depository within.

The moment the steel door opened, overwhelming waves of Buddhism energy and divine pellet aura rushed out. Huang Xiaolong couldn't help taking a step back, but his eyes lit up with joy.

Judging from this, it was certain there were high grade divine pellets inside, moreover, Huang Xiaolong was certain they had been refined by that famous Lord Gui Fu, the Ghost Buddha Sect's Chief from a million years ago.

Huang Xiaolong's body flickered into a blur, passing through the steel door.

The door then closed by itself before the Great Buddha glimmered in bright golden light and the entire hill disappeared.

Looking in from outside, there was only darkness, but once Huang Xiaolong passed through the door, he arrived at a bright natural valley that was filled with rare herbs and divine trees.

Merely counting the divine trees, there were almost a hundred of them. These divine trees were laden with various spiritual fruits that emitted a golden halo.

Even with Huang Xiaolong's knowledge, he could only recognize a few of them, not to mention the thousand kinds of herbs growing and covering the valley ground. A large portion of them was at least fifty million years old.

"That is... a chaos spiritual herb, Sun Moon Essence Thistle?!" Huang Xiaolong suddenly shivered with excitement, his feet stopped moving as he looked at a corner where inconspicuous small thistles grew.

Four small thistles, each with five petal-like prickles. They were deep blue, yet gave off a glimmer resembling sunlight and moonlight.

Huang Xiaolong merged three steps into two, hurrying to the corner where the Sun Moon Essence Thistles grew. With great care and tenderness, he picked the four small thistles and kept them away inside his Asura Ring.

Just these four Sun Moon Essence Thistles were a good reason for countless experts to fight until blood would flow into a river.

After putting away the thistles, Huang Xiaolong started harvesting the fifty-million-year-old herbs on the ground, transferring them all into his Asura Ring.

As for those numerous spiritual fruits hanging on the trees, although he couldn't recognize most of them, just by the thick spiritual energy coming from them, it wasn't hard to discern that they were all rare and precious spiritual fruits. Hence, Huang Xiaolong took some of every kind.

After all, once he entered the Fortune Gate, he would be able to check their library for any information about these spiritual fruits.

The valley was surrounded by mountains, their peaks reaching into the clouds. It seems the small hill outside was just an illusion, but Huang Xiaolong had to praise the cleverness of the technique. Even he did not see through the illusion before he entered.

On the four sides of the mountain walls were four caves.

After pondering, Huang Xiaolong first flew toward the cave on the eastern mountain wall. The startling waves of divine pill aura had come from the northern mountain cave.

The cave's stone door was opened, thus Huang Xiaolong was able to enter without any hindrance.

Inside the cave was a space similar to a hall about a hundred square meters. Placed inside was an odd-shaped cauldron, its right half was golden and the left half was black.

On the golden side, Buddha luminance surged, whereas the black side of the cauldron had thick ghost qi roiling about.

There was also a jade drawer in the hall, a mix of scattered jade bottles seemingly casually thrown on it, from which the startling Buddhism energy originated.

Huang Xiaolong walked to the jade drawer and picked up one of the bottles. His divine swept over it and discovered that inside was not a pill, but a Buddha!

A golden Buddha in a cross-legged posture, a real flesh and blood Buddha that emitted Buddhism energy.

Detecting Huang Xiaolong's divine sense passing through his body, the little golden Buddha inside opened his eyes; two glaring golden lights shot out from his eyes.

A sharp pain jolted Huang Xiaolong's mind. Shocked, he swiftly retrieved his divine sense. In this split second, cold sweat dampened his back.

The golden Buddha inside the jade bottle had no doubt been refined by Lord Gui Fu. In a short period of a million years, these Buddhism element divine pellets had developed their own consciousness and their high cultivation had enabled them to take human shape. At least Seventh Order Ancient God Realm?

If it wasn't for the restrictions placed over the jade bottle that blocked most of the golden Buddha's attack, Huang Xiaolong would have suffered heavy injuries

A while later, Huang Xiaolong turned his attention to the other jade bottles on the drawer. Inside every one of them was a small golden Buddha. Each of their cultivation varied, some more powerful than others, but Huang Xiaolong was shocked to discover that one of the golden Buddhas' cultivation was close to the Ancestor God Realm!

Huang Xiaolong pressed down the excitement in his heart as he swept all the jade bottles into his Asura Ring, including that Ghost Buddha Divine Cauldron.

There were over thirty bottles, and Huang Xiaolong's cultivation could rise significantly with them. However, he planned to consume them after breaking through to the Ancient God Realm once the All-Islands Great War ended instead of right now.

These Buddhism divine pellets' energy was too shocking; it would be safer for him to consume them after his breakthrough.

Huang Xiaolong came out from the eastern mountain cave, arriving at the southern cave.

Inside was the body of a middle-aged man in a sitting position. Buddhism energy flowed from this his body, yet it contained layers of cold ghost qi.

Without the need to guess, Huang Xiaolong confirmed that this middle-aged was the Ghost Buddha Sect's long lost Patriarch, Gui Fu.

He then noticed a ring on Gui Fu's left hand finger, it's surface carved with intertwined Buddhas and devils. Huang Xiaolong bent down and saluted Gui Fu's body, then a force from his hand sucked that ring into his palm.

On Huang Xiaolong's palm, the ring felt warm one moment then cold the next, faint Buddhism energy and ghost qi penetrated his skin from the ring.

This Ghost Buddha Ring was similar to the Ghost Buddha Cauldron, forged with materials from the Buddha World and Ghost World, which was why both of them could possess Buddhism energy and ghost qi at the same time.

Other disciples might not be able to withstand the Buddhism energy and ghost qi entering their body at the same time, but Huang Xiaolong, with his three supreme godheads, has nothing to be afraid of.

Huang Xiaolong peeked into the Ghost Buddha Ring. There was a tally inside, and judging from the inscriptions on it, it should be the Ghost Buddha Sect Chief's belonging. Huang Xiaolong looked at Gui Fu, and after some contemplation, he moved the corpse into the Ghost Buddha Ring.

However, the Ghost Buddha Sect Chief Gui Fu was an Ancestor God Realm master before his death, Huang Xiaolong's plan of refining his body into a puppet would require him to breakthrough to the Ancestor God Realm as well.

Coming out from the southern mountain cave, Huang Xiaolong took another look at the northern and western caves. These two caves contained some ancient techniques as well as some rare items collected by the Ghost Buddha Sect Chief.

These rare items ranged from Divine World iron and ores, ancient divine beasts' bones, and Buddha Pearls to Buddhism weapons.

Huang Xiaolong took everything with him.

Taking another look around and determining that there was nothing else, he left the Ghost Buddha Depository.

## Chapter 1172: Li Lu's Discovery

Coming out from the Ghost Buddha Depository, Huang Xiaolong found out that his position in the ranking had fallen to the ninety-seventh place upon checking his token.

He then disappeared into the mountain range in a flicker, his Archdevil Supreme Godhead spinning at high speed. An enormous cloud of darkness appeared above Huang Xiaolong's head, spiraling and absorbing the devil qi in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, as well as nefarious qi and death qi. In an instant, the dark cloud above Huang Xiaolong's head expanded, covering a hundred li radius.

As he moved forward, all the magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits below Third Order Ancient God Realm were sucked into the spiral of darkness, shredded into fragments, and finally, had their remaining energy devoured by Huang Xiaolong.

The points on his token soared at a crazy speed. In just a day, Huang Xiaolong had climbed up to the eighty-ninth position.

During the day, Huang Xiaolong exerted his full effort in hunting magic beasts, ghouls, and evil spirits, while at night he continued to cultivate, swallowing a hundred drops of Phoenix blood and comprehending the purple grandmist aura at the same time.

Huang Xiaolong clearly felt himself becoming a little bit stronger every day.

Half a month had passed and Huang Xiaolong's position had bounced back into the top thirty.

Barely two weeks remained until the end of the preliminary round

On the square, the Ouyang Clan group watched as Huang Xiaolong's name was on the verge of falling out of the top one hundred when, all of a sudden, his name shot up the rankings continuously until now, entering the top thirty!

Whereas Ouyang Yunfei continued to hover outside the top one hundred, unable to advance at all. Ouyang Bin and the rest looked as if they had just swallowed a fly.

"That Huang Xiaolong was about to fall out of the top one hundred, how could he rise back again so fast?!" Ouyang Bin's tone was extremely upset.

"Ancestor, do you think this Huang Xiaolong's strength, could be...?" Patriarch Ouyang Xuguang began to doubt their earlier impression of Huang Xiaolong.

Ouyang Bin's eyes glimmered with doubt, but nodded in the end, "It seems this Huang Xiaolong is not as simple as we thought. In the final round, if Yunfei comes across him, he might not be able to handle this Huang Xiaolong."

Ouyang Xuguang solemnly said, "If that is so, then we should have Elder Gong Fei arrange it so that Huang Xiaolong will battle Zhou Xu. With Zhou Xu's strength, killing Huang Xiaolong is as simple as drinking water."

Ouyang Bin nodded in agreement, "Geniuses from the top ten islands like Zhou Xu receive more attention from the Fortune Gate, Zhou Xu's battles on the stage in the final round aren't something Elder Gong Fei could change as he like."

"What should we do then?" Deep creases appeared between Ouyang Xuguang's brows, "Based on this kid's preliminary round performance, he's very likely to gain a spot in the top one hundred in the final round. At that time, things won't be good once he's accepted as a personal disciple of some Elder."

Ouyang Bin maliciously stated, "Rest assured! In this lifetime, he'll never take a single step into the Fortune Gate."

"Ancestor's meaning is...?" Ouyang Xuguang was confused.

"We can't make Gong Fei arrange this kid to battle Zhou Xu, but we can give him some benefits to arrange this kid to battle other top ten islands' geniuses." Ouyang Bin sneered, "Having other disciples from the top ten islands kill him is the same."

Ouyang Xuguang's face lit up, laughing as he praised, "Ancestor is wise!"

As everyone rubbed their hands in anticipation, the preliminary round's three months duration came to an end. In the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, Huang Xiaolong and the other participating disciples were transferred back to the starting point.

Huang Xiaolong's final ranking was the twenty-fourth place. Twenty-fourth, this was the result of Huang Xiaolong's deliberate control of his points. He preferred not to attract too much attention in the preliminary round.

As a mere Barbarian God Sect disciple, attracting too much attention at this point wasn't a good thing. On top of that, he had killed the Spirit Lake Cult's Chen Weiping and several others and carried the secret of the Ghost Buddha Depository.

Following this, Huang Xiaolong and the remaining disciples were transferred back to the square in Fortune City. The various sects' experts who had been waiting for results at the square revealed different emotions; some sighed heavily in disappointment, while others were cheering happily. Angry roars came from different corners, interwoven with elated mad laughter. Naturally, Lu Zhuo's group belonged to the latter.

Huang Xiaolong actually entered the top one hundred in the preliminary round, moreover, it was at twenty-fourth place, Lu Zhuo suspected there was auspicious smoke coming out from their Barbarian God Sect's ancestral graves.

Yao Chi smiled sweetly, saying, "I knew your rank would be among the top one hundred."

Huang Xiaolong reassured her, "Don't worry, I will definitely get those Blue Flaming Heart Fruits."

Huang Xiaolong's had just said that when a disdainful voice came from a distance, "You really don't know where one stands, a mere peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm dreams of getting first place in the final round?"

Huang Xiaolong looked over his shoulder and saw the person who spoke was a young man clad in a gray brocade robe. On his chest was the emblem of twin cities.

The Twin Cities Sect!

Lu Zhuo's smile disappeared. He cautiously pulled Huang Xiaolong's arm, indicating he shouldn't provoke the other party.



The Twin Cities Sect wasn't an enemy they could afford to make.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the Twin Cities Sect with indifference.

"What, you're unconvinced?" Seeing Huang Xiaolong's expression, that disciple scoffed. "I'm the Twin Cities Sect's Yang Liming, ranked eleven in the preliminary round, cultivation at peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm. If you're lucky to meet me on the battle stage in the final round, I'll have you kneel so that you understand the Blue Flaming Heart Fruits aren't something a small sect disciple like you should have excessive expectations for."

Finished saying that, Yang Liming turned and left.

Huang Xiaolong inwardly sneered. He turned around and saw Yao Chi, Lu Zhuo, and others' worried expressions before he smiled, "It's nothing, let's go back and celebrate."

Although there was nothing worth celebrating, Huang Xiaolong wanted to thoroughly relax.

The final round's stage battle would be held ten days after the preliminary round.

Nearby, Ouyang Yunfei was standing with the Ouyang Clan members; all of them looking at Huang Xiaolong's group with hostility, especially Ouyang Yunfei. His face was slightly warped with anger and hatred, he couldn't accept the fact that an insignificant Barbarian God Sect disciple that was lower than dog shit was actually ranked twenty-fourth!

While he failed to even enter the top one hundred!

"Yunfei, don't worry about that kid, he will never become a Fortune Gate disciple." Ouyang Clan Ancestor Ouyang Bin added, "Initially, I wanted to bribe some disciples from the top ten islands to handle him, but it seems that won't be necessary now."

Ouyang Yunfei, Ouyang Bin, and others had heard the small argument between the Huang Xiaolong and the Twin Cities Sect's Yang Liming.

Ouyang Xuguang laughed, "That kid is ranked twenty-fourth in the preliminary round, causing his arrogance to soar; he's actually dreaming of winning the All-Islands Great War. Coincidentally, Yang Liming heard what he said, that's really seeking death! Come on, let's return and celebrate."

At this time, the Ouyang Clan's five disciples had successfully entered the final round, reaching the top five thousand.

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At the center of Fortune City stood a luxurious mansion that was entirely built with Icy Snow Stones. Regardless of the changing seasons, snowflakes would drift from the air throughout the year, exuding a cold, proud, and holy aura.

This was Li Lu's Pure Snow Mansion.

In the mansion's hall, Li Lu asked her maidservant Qing Qin, "Has the All-Islands Great War preliminary round ended?"

"It has, Miss." Qing Qin answered.

"Let me see the ranking." Li Lu extended her palm.

Maidservant Qing Qin gave Li Lu the top five thousand participants' name list respectfully.

Li Lu took a deep breath and opened to the first page. Her gaze quickly fell onto the first name on the list. First place, Dragon Origin Sect, Zhou Xu.

In the second place the Heavenly Dan Island's Luo Yunjie, while the Twin Cities Sect's Tan Lin was ranked third. The fourth place was occupied by the Anyang Island's Guo Yuanhui, and at fifth place was Luoshan Island's Tao Ming.

After reading the top ten names, Li Lu was disappointed, but she continued reading. All of a sudden, her body stiffened, but her eyes kept staring at one name at the twenty-fourth place, unwilling to blink.

Written there was: Green Cloud Island, Barbarian God Sect, Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong!

Chapter 1173: Is It You?

Huang Xiaolong!

Huang Xiaolong!!

Li Lu's beautiful eyes stared fixedly on the three characters. Her small cherry lips uncontrollably quivered, calling out the name repeatedly in her heart. Her eyes were red-rimmed, tears swimming in her eyes.

"Is it you? Is it really you?" In a voice others couldn't hear, Li Lu muttered to herself more than once. As if she was afraid the three words would disappear from her eyes, Li Lu's gaze fell on the name at the twenty-fourth place again. There was no mistake, written there was 'Green Cloud Island, Barbarian God Sect, Huang Xiaolong'!

It really was Huang Xiaolong!

Li Lu breathed in deeply and wrinkled her nose. All of a sudden, joy and happiness filled her.

He really ascended to the Divine World! Furthermore, he really came to participate in this term's All-Islands Great War!

Although there was a possibility of it being a coincidence and this 'Huang Xiaolong' may not be the same Huang Xiaolong she knew in the lower realm, she was almost obsessed in believing that this 'Huang Xiaolong' was the same person from the lower realm.

The images of the young Huang Xiaolong flashed past in Li Lu's mind.

Her aloof but elegant features suddenly softened into a smile, a smile that could even fascinate flowers.

Standing at the side, maidservant Qing Qin silently watched tears suddenly filled Li Lu's eyes as she looked at the name list, but soon revealed an enchanting smile. In truth, great waves of shock hit her heart. In her impression, she had never seen Li Li either cry or laugh.

A short while later, the Fortune Gate's Young Lord Zhu Feng received a report saying that Li Lu had suddenly cried and laughed while looking at the preliminary round's name list.

When Zhu Feng heard this, he was dazed for a moment. Ever since Li Lu had appeared at the Fortune Gate, no one had ever seen her cry or laugh, including himself. There were times when he imagined how beautiful she would be when she laughed.

Now, Li Lu actually cried and laughed while looking at the name list!

"Looks like Miss Li Lu staying in the Pure Snow Mansion instead of returning to the Divine Kingdom is indeed for the All-Islands Great War." Fortune Gate Elder Lu Tai stated solemnly with certainty.

Zhu Feng gave no response to Lu Tai's words, his face expressionless, no one could guess what was going through his mind.

Although Zhu Feng didn't know which name on the list moved Li Lu's heart, he still felt uncomfortable, enshrouded by a dark shadow.

"How is the investigation on Chen Weiping's incident coming along?" Suppressing the uneasiness in his heart, Zhu Feng suddenly asked Lu Tai.

Lu Tai shook his head, "There is no result as of yet, however, it is estimated that he died in the hands of some magic beasts in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield."

"Continue to check." Zhu Feng asked another question, "I had you check if any of the participating disciples have ascended from the lower realm, how about it?"

"I have already checked, but there is no such person." Lu Tai replied.

"None?" A trace of doubt flashed across Zhu Feng's face.

In truth, Huang Xiaolong had the Barbarian God Sect alter his background, becoming a disciple of a family surnamed Huang from Green Cloud Island. Moreover, he had arranged everything related to the Huang Patriarch and the family's elders, thus, when Lu Tai investigated the matter, he wouldn't be able to find out that Huang Xiaolong had ascended from the lower realm.

Zhu Feng and Lu Tai discussed other things for a while.

In the blink of an eye, the day came to an end.

In the next nine days, Huang Xiaolong and Yao Chi spent their days walking around the city, continuing to cultivate at night, consuming one hundred drops of Phoenix blood. His strength had reached the limit of peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm for quite a while. Compared to the time he had arrived in Fortune City, his strength had more than doubled. The energy in his three supreme godheads surged with vitality.

The nine days passed peacefully.

During this period, the preliminary round's top five thousand ranking was talked about in every corner of the city. Of course, the most talked-about were the top ten disciples, and the most popular one amongst them was naturally Dragon Origin Sect's Zhou Xu.

"I bet on Zhou Xu getting first place, ten million shenbi!"

"I bet on Tan Lin winning second place, and third for Luo Yunjie!"

When Huang Xiaolong and Yao Chi passed by a gambling house, the clamoring noises of people placing bets could be heard from the streets.

Big and small gambling houses in Fortune City had open bets for the top ten in this term's All-islands Great War.

Almost everyone bet on Zhou Xu winning first place, whereas second place was a battle between Tan Lin and Luo Yunjie.

This scene reminded Huang Xiaolong of the time in the lower realm before his battle with the Azure Dragon Institute's Xiang Mingzhi. At that time, almost everyone placed their bets on Xiang Mingzhi.

When passing by a big scale gambling house, Huang Xiaolong felt an impulse. He then turned to Yao Chi and said, "Let's go in and have a look."

Yao Chi dazed for a second, but quickly followed behind Huang Xiaolong.

Inside the gambling house were mostly men. The moment Yao Chi stepped into the hall, she became the sole center of attention, eyes glowing green.

Standing in front of the main counter, Huang Xiaolong said to the young man in charge of bet placement, "I want to bet that first place won't be long to Zhou Xu, what are the odds? Any limit?"

Nine and a half people out of ten were stupefied by Huang Xiaolong's words and everyone quieted down.

'This black-haired young man is betting that the first ranked won't be Zhou Xu?!'

The young man at the main counter was stupefied as well. Most of the people who came over in the last few days bet that Zhou Xu would win first place, this was truly his first time encountering someone who wanted to bet the opposite.

"Five times higher." Recovering from his shock, the young man honestly replied, adding, "No limit."

“Good, I bet three hundred billion.” Huang Xiaolong nodded and flicked a spatial ring onto the countertop.

Three hundred billion! The entire gambling house became so silent that a pin drop would be akin to thunder in their ears.

Huang Xiaolong decided to purchase a residence in Fortune City, however, the residences in Fortune City did not come cheap, the most common residences easily cost one trillion and above. So, when a chance of earning easy appeared in front of him, Huang Xiaolong naturally went all in.

Half an hour later.

Huang Xiaolong walked out of the gambling house with Yao Chi, holding a three hundred billion promissory note in his hand. Such an enormous bet had naturally alerted the gambling house’s higher echelon. When they arrived and confirmed that the three hundred billion were genuine, they quickly processed the bet for Huang Xiaolong.

In a short while, many forces received news of Huang Xiaolong’s bet, including the Dragon Origin Sect.

The Dragon Origin Sect’s Hu Qi teased, “Senior Brother Zhou, this Huang Xiaolong actually bet that you cannot win the first place.”

“Does this brat thinks Luo Yunjie or Tan Lin have a better chance than Senior Brother Zhou?” Another disciple chimed in.

The present Dragon Origin Sect disciples chuckled, including Zhou Xu. To them, it was very obvious that it was impossible.

“I have briefly investigated, this Huang Xiaolong’s preliminary ranking is quite high, at the twenty-fourth place. The strange thing is, his cultivation is only at peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm.” Hu Qi revealed.

Zhou Xu and the others looked amazed.

A peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm actually reached the twenty-fourth place!

“Senior Brother Zhou, do you want me to teach this brat a lesson?” Hu Qi offered. Hu Qi’s ranking in the preliminary round was sixteen. Amongst the Dragon Origin Sect’s participating disciples, his strength was only below Zhou Xu and a disciple named Chen Kai.

Zhou Xu solemnly said, “That’s a good idea, if any of you meet that brat on the battle stage, teach him a good lesson.”

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The much anticipated final round had finally arrived.

The venue was set at the same square where the participants had previously registered.

Huang Xiaolong, Yao Chi, and the others arrived early at the square.

#### Chapter 1174: A Fool Overestimating Himself!

When Huang Xiaolong’s group arrived at the square, many participants and various sects’ experts were already there.

Yao Chi, Lu Zhuo, and the others weren’t allowed on the square, so they stood outside to spectate, just like other sects’ experts.

Among the Green Cloud Island’s five participating disciples, Huang Xiaolong was the only one who had entered the top five thousand in the preliminary round, which was why he walked in the square alone. However, just as he stepped inside, he felt a sinister gaze following him. Looking toward the source, Huang Xiaolong saw Ouyang Yunfei in the distance.



Ouyang Yunfei and the other four participants from the Ouyang Clan were standing beside the Twin Cities Sect's group.

Huang Xiaolong was unperturbed by this sight, musing to himself 'Looks like Ouyang Clan managed to hook onto the Twin Cities Sect.'

On the other side, Ouyang Yunfei sent a provoking gaze when he saw Huang Xiaolong looking over. The corner of his lips curved into a cold sneer as he walked over to the Twin Cities Sect's Tan Lin before his cold sneer turned into a flattering smile, "Senior Brother Tan Lin, that's Huang Xiaolong, the one who bet three hundred billion on Zhou Xu not winning the first place."

Tan Lin and the present Twin Cities Sect disciples followed Ouyang Yunfei's gaze and looked at Huang Xiaolong.

The Twin Cities Sect's Yang Liming looked at Huang Xiaolong and mocked, "So, it was this punk."

Tan Lin directed a confused look at Yang Liming asking, "Junior Brother Yang knows this kid?"

Yang Liming shook his head, "I can't say I know him. On the day the preliminary round ended, this punk told his woman not to worry, as he would get the Blue Flaming Heart Fruit. At that time, I was nearby and heard what he said."

All the Twin Cities Sect disciples let out a whoop of laughter.

"This punk bet three hundred billion on Zhou Xu not winning first place, does he think the first place is already his?" A Twin Cities Sect disciple mocked.

Tan Lin shook his head, "I didn't expect him to be a delusional fool, overestimating himself." Other than this, he could not think of a more apt description.

"However, where did a mere Barbarian God Sect disciple get three hundred billion?" Yang Liming's eyes glimmered with doubt, "Did this punk get some ancient treasures?" Speaking of this, his eyes shone brightly.

Tan Lin and the others had a look of anticipation as well.

Yang Liming decisively approached Huang Xiaolong and came to a stop right in front of him, showing a cold smile, "Punk, I didn't imagine you were so rich, it seems you found an ancient treasure. As long as you hand over the treasure, we'll consider being merciful when you meet me or any Twin Cities Sect disciples."

Huang Xiaolong looked at Yang Liming like he was looking at a fool, throwing out one word: "Idiot."

"What?!" Yang Liming's face warped in anger and godforce burst out madly from his body.

The atmosphere around the Twin Cities Sect disciples in the distance turned palpitating cold in an instant.

Huang Xiaolong directly ignored Yang Liming, looking away.

"Good! Punk, you're dead now!" Yang Liming forcefully suppressed his anger and spat out the words one by one. Participants were not allowed to fight on the square, otherwise their competition qualification would be revoked. Therefore, he could only endure for now, wait until the stage battle began, he was going to make sure this Huang Xiaolong will die miserably.

Yang Liming returned to the Twin Cities Sect group.

The other participants who watched the whole exchange both consciously and subconsciously moved away from Huang Xiaolong, afraid that the Twin Cities Sect would think they were close to Huang Xiaolong.

Noticing this behavior, Huang Xiaolong snickered. This suited him just fine, his ears would have some peace.

"It's you!" All of a sudden, a surprise exclamation rang in the square.

Huang Xiaolong looked over his shoulder. Hu Dan, one of the Golden Dragon Gate 's Twin Golden Dragons, was walking toward him with a happy smile.

Seeing it was Hu Dan, Huang Xiaolong nodded his head at her with a faint smile.

After the preliminary round ended, Huang Xiaolong took a glance at the ranking list, finding Hu Dan's name in the top five hundred. Hence, he wasn't surprised to meet her here.

Standing in front of Huang Xiaolong, Hu Dan smiled brightly, "Hello, my name is Hu Dan, thank you for saving me. You left too quickly, I didn't have the time to thank you." Saying this, Hu Dan's eyes glimmered with goodwill toward Huang Xiaolong.

After returning from the preliminary round, she especially asked her Golden Dragon Gate Ancestor and Gate Chief about Huang Xiaolong's identity. After she described his features to them, Hu Dan didn't expect both elders to clam their mouths tight, unwilling to disclose the black-haired young man's identity.

This caused her curiosity toward Huang Xiaolong to soar.

In short, this black-haired young man was overly mysterious in her eyes.

Huang Xiaolong smiled at her, "A simple helping hand, no need to be polite. I'm familiar with your Gate Chief and Ancestor, helping you is something I should do. I am Huang Xiaolong." When the final round would begin, Hu Dan would know his name, Huang Xiaolong saw no point in hiding it.

"You are that Huang Xiaolong?" Hu Dan's mouth was agape hearing Huang Xiaolong's name, obviously not expecting it.

A Barbarian God Sect named Huang Xiaolong placed a three hundred billion bet, she had also heard about this.

Huang Xiaolong smiled wryly and said, "It seems I'm quite famous."

Hu Dan realized that her question seemed a bit rude and smiled to cover her embarrassment.

A while later, all five thousand participants arrived at the square, followed by the appearance of Elder Gong Fei.

Standing on the stage, Gong Fei first congratulated the top five thousand disciples who successfully entered the final round, then went on to state the final round's stage battle rules.

The final round was divided into three days. On the first day, four thousand out of five thousand participants would be eliminated, while the remaining one thousand participants would be accepted into the sect, officially becoming Fortune Gate disciples.

The second part of the battle stage would take place the next day, and the top one hundred would be accepted as Fortune Gate Elders' personal disciples. The status and benefits of these personal disciples were like heaven and earth compared to the common disciples.

The stage battles on the third day were the most important, as the final round's top ten participants would be accepted as personal disciples by the Grand Elders.

The first day of the battle was conducted on a thousand stages simultaneously. Five participants went up on the stage at the same time, and the last one standing would enter the top one thousand.

"Now, all participants please grab your token." After explaining the rules, Gong Fei shouted. His right hand waved, causing five thousand competition tokens to fall to the ground from above the square.

These five thousand tokens had restrictions placed on them so that no one could tell the stage number inscribed on it.

The crowd of participants leaped into the air to grab a competition token, whereas Huang Xiaolong raised his arm and a competition token fell onto his palm. Opening the restriction, inscribed on the token was the number fifty-six, indicating Huang Xiaolong's battle stage was the fifty-sixth battle stage.

Seeing that all the participants were holding a token, Gong Fei's hands danced in the air. One thousand battle stages rose from the ground, each of them merely twenty square meters.

Huang Xiaolong flew up, descending on battle stage number fifty-six. The other four disciples on the same battle stage descended one after another.

Huang Xiaolong observed the four disciples one by one. Lastly, his gaze fell onto a short and fat young man, a Twin Cities Sect disciple! What a coincidence.

The corner of Huang Xiaolong's lips tilted up in a faint smile.

#### Chapter 1175: Allow Me To Do It On Senior's Behalf

On stage number fifty-six, when other participants saw that the short and fat young man was a Twin Cities Sect disciple, their faces paled, especially when they felt the pressure of an Ancient God Realm master coming from him; the three participants' faces became ashen with despair.

When that Twin Cities Sect disciple named Xiong Dong saw Huang Xiaolong, his eyes lit up, chuckling despite his fierce expression.

Earlier, their Senior Brother Tan Lin had specifically reminded them; regardless which one of their disciples met this Barbarian God Sect disciple on the battle stage, there was no need to be merciful, they could abuse the little punk to death!

Xiong Dong strode toward Huang Xiaolong with a fierce expression, sneering as he came close, "Brat, you didn't expect to run into a Twin Cities Sect disciple in the first battle, am I right?!" Even though he was ranked seventy-sixth in the preliminary round, more than a mile away from Huang Xiaolong's twenty-fourth place, Xiong Dong believed that with his almost peak early First Order Ancient God Realm strength, abusing a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm to death was an easy task.

Just before he was about to make his move, one of the other three participating disciples suddenly stood out with a flattering smile, saying, "Senior, you want to teach this brat a lesson? There's no need for Senior to act personally, I will teach this brat a lesson on Senior's behalf!"

Xiong Dong was piqued by the idea, thus nodded at that person. "Very good, attack with all your strength. No need to hold back, aim to kill this brat!"

This participant had the same cultivation level as Huang Xiaolong, peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm. To Xiong Dong, this was a good chance, using this disciple to test Huang Xiaolong's real strength.

Being granted permission by Xiong Dong, that disciple looked extremely flattered, "Please rest assured Senior, I will definitely make Senior satisfied." With this said, that disciple strode over to Huang Xiaolong.

"Mad Dragon Howling Sea Fist!" Without a word, that disciple lunged forth, his fist attacking Huang Xiaolong.

An enormous water dragon flew out, accompanied by shocking fist force. The water element spiritual energy in the environment surged like a giant tsunami.

The stage wasn't very big and that disciple attacked all of a sudden. In general, cultivators of the same level would be hard-pressed to dodge the attack.

Huang Xiaolong, on the other hand, appeared unusually calm. He simply raised his palm and lightly slapped forward, causing the water dragon as well as shocking first force to turn back to the attacker at an even faster speed, with increased power!

That participating disciple never imagined there would be such a chance. By the time he thought of dodging, it was already too late.

A loud boom shook the air and that disciple was sent flying by the enormous water dragon. He then flew out of the battle stage area, crashing down on the square, causing spider web-like cracks to spread out on the ground.

Xiong Dong and the other two participants were standing woodenly on the spot.

This black-haired young man could actually reflect an attack back to the assailant?! This...!

Changing a person's attack wasn't difficult, many people could do this, but redirecting that attack back to them was extremely difficult! This required absolute control over their own force and space.

Xiong Dong who previously did not put Huang Xiaolong in his eyes now looked gloomy.

The other two disciples who wanted to please Xiong Dong by targeting Huang Xiaolong immediately nipped that intention in the bud. Although they wanted to please Xiong Dong, that didn't mean they were willing to put their lives on the line to do so.

That disciple who attacked just now was lying on his back, gasping for air, very likely already crippled!

"You are indeed strong, completely exceeding my estimations." Xiong Dong coldly looked at Huang Xiaolong, "But it's a pity that your opponent in this match is me, thus, it is destined that you won't be among the top one thousand, thus never become a Fortune Gate disciple!" With that, a radiant earth yellow godforce burst out from his body.

His godforce flowed incessantly, forming a wide earth element boundary around Xiong Dong, looking like a golden circle that made people uneasy.

This was one of the Twin Cities Sect's divine arts named Divine Soul of the Earth World. It was a protective barrier that also attacked the foe's soul at the same time. Very few cultivators of the same strength could break this golden halo.

"Die—!" Xiong Dong lunged straight at Huang Xiaolong with his fist out, so fast that only a few people could capture his movements.

As one of the Twin Cities Sect's genius disciples, Xiong Dong's battle prowess was naturally much higher than the average early First Order Ancient God Realm cultivators.

At this time, on another stage, the Twin Cities Sect's Yang Liming had just kicked the other four participants off the stage and looked over, happening to see the scene of Xiong Dong attacking Huang Xiaolong. He muttered under his breath, "Originally, I wanted to kill you myself, but it seems I won't have that chance."

In his opinion, Huang Xiaolong would have no other end than being defeated. Therefore, he had no chance of being on the same battle stage as Huang Xiaolong on the second day.

Xiong Dong's fist landed accurately on Huang Xiaolong's body.

Xiong Dong was first surprised, then a triumphant smile bloomed on his face. 'This kid is nothing more than a good looking yet fragile spearhead.' Even a First Order Ancient God Realm cultivator would suffer injuries after being hit by his Great Earth Heart Shattering Fist, what's more a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm!

In the next second, however, Xiong Dong's eyes were full disbelief staring at Huang Xiaolong, "You!" Huang Xiaolong was still standing there, uninjured!

"Now, it's my turn to attack." Huang Xiaolong stated in an emotionless tone. His palm struck, instantly shattering the earth element boundary around Xiong Dong, then went forward, slapping Xiong Dong's left cheek.

Xiong Dong let out a blood-curdling scream, feeling as if streaks of lightning were whipping his consciousness. His head twisted at an odd angle from Huang Xiaolong's slap as he fell at the edge of the stage.

"Eh?!" Yang Liming was taken aback by what he saw, his eyes bulged out looking at his Junior Brother Xiong Dong lying at the edge of the stage.

Xiong Dong's lips cracked until they were unrecognizable, his eyeballs protruding out from their sockets, he had completely lost his human features. Lying close to the edge of the stage, only wheezing noises could be heard.

Spectators outside the square were gasping with shock at this sight.

"On stage number fifty-six, the Twin Cities Sect's Xiong Dong ranked seventy-sixth was sent flying with a slap by a black-haired young man, swelling his face into a pig head!"



“Who is that black-haired young man?!”

“He looks like that kid who made a three hundred billion bet, what’s his name again... Oh right, it should be Huang Xiaolong?”

The crowd became noisier.

The Twin Cities Sect Chief Zhou Xuanton who had only been concerned with Tan Lin’s battle dazedly turned to look at stage fifty-six. Seeing Xiong Dong’s miserable state, a sharp glint flickered across his eyes.

Yang Liming’s battle stage wasn’t far. Retrieving his gaze from his Junior Brother Xiong Dong’s body, his icy sharp gaze was fixed on Huang Xiaolong, “Punk, you will soon know how foolish your actions are today!”

Huang Xiaolong reached Xiong Dong in a few steps as if he did not hear Yang Liming’s threat. One of his feet stepped on to Xiong Dong’s head, causing the stage to shake and Xiong Dong’s head to smash a hole into the floor.

Various sects’ experts sucked in a breath of cold air. The stage was made of an extremely hard iron, yet Huang Xiaolong shattered it in a single step!

Watching Huang Xiaolong not only ignoring him but adding another kick to his Junior Brother Xiong Dong, Yang Liming’s face was green from anger; if he could, he wished for nothing more than to kill Huang Xiaolong this instant.

Some distance away, Zhou Xu was calmly observing. ‘Barbarian God Sect’s Huang Xiaolong? A bit interesting.’

Of course, only a little bit.

A peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm wasn’t worth more attention from him.

## Chapter 1176: Sect Chief, Please Rest Assured

With a light push of his foot, Huang Xiaolong sent Xiong Dong rolling off the stage. He then turned to look at the two remaining participants.

The other two participants' faces became ashen when Huang Xiaolong sent Xiong Dong flying. Seeing him look in their direction, the two of them shook their heads and hands frantically, quickly admitting defeat before walking off the battle stage.

On stage number fifty-six, only Huang Xiaolong remained.

Looking neither happy nor anxious, Huang Xiaolong glanced at stage number sixty-nine. On that stage, Ouyang Yunfei had kicked the other four participants out. However, at this moment, there was no hint of elation on his face.

He had witnessed the scene of Huang Xiaolong dealing with Xiong Dong. Although he was confident in his strength, compared to the seventy-sixth ranked Twin Cities Sect's Xiong Dong, he was still a little bit weaker.

Didn't this mean that Huang Xiaolong, who he previously thought he could slaughter at any time, could actually easily slaughter him in return? Moreover, he would only need a single palm strike!

Watching Huang Xiaolong's indifferent gaze falling on him, Ouyang Yunfei's heart trembled inexplicably. He wanted to show a nonchalant smile, but he couldn't.

Huang Xiaolong merely glanced at Ouyang Yunfei, then he looked at Elder Gong Fei.

Generally speaking, the chances of two disciples within the top one hundred appearing on the same battle stage was extremely slim. Although each disciple's battle stage was determined by the token they grabbed, this was too much of a coincidence.

What happened was also unexpected for Gong Fei. The Twin Cities Sect's Xiong Dong actually failed to deal with Huang Xiaolong, a mere peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm disciple.

Gong Fei met his gaze with coldness and superiority.

Although Huang Xiaolong had now entered the top one thousand and would be accepted by the Fortune Gate as a disciple, it didn't matter to Gong Fei. He was an Elder with adequate power, suppressing a common Fortune Gate disciple was similar to teasing a cat.

After the brief exchange with Elder Gong Fei, Huang Xiaolong's gaze fell onto the battle stage Hu Dan was on. From Gong Fei's eyes, Huang Xiaolong already got the answer he was looking for.

He had always been a person who draws a clear line between gratitude and grievance, and he had always paid back what he received; therefore, this matter would not end here.

Hu Dan was on stage number sixty-eight. Although there was no Ancient God Realm on her stage, there was a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm disciple. At this moment, Hu Dan was fighting that disciple; based on Huang Xiaolong's judgment, she could very well defeat him.

As expected, after an arduous battle, Hu Dan forced the other party out of the stage, successfully entering the top one thousand.

A short while later, the battles on all stages came to an end.

Gong Fei had all the top one thousand disciples take out the token they received during registration, then tabulated the first day's ranking.

After the result was announced, he spoke some perfunctory congratulatory words, then had the disciples disperse and prepare for tomorrow's battle.

Huang Xiaolong was about to leave, but his path was blocked by Tan Lin, Yang Liming, and other Twin Cities Sect disciples.

Xiong Dong was standing limply, leaning onto two disciples. After Tan Lin and others' quick rescue effort, his face had regained some human features.

"Brat, you've got some guts to injure our Twin Cities Sect's disciple!" Tan Lin icily glared at Huang Xiaolong.

"Anything else?" Huang Xiaolong was too lazy to entertain these people.

The group of Twin Cities Sect disciples was instantly enraged by Huang Xiaolong's attitude, but Tan Lin raised an arm, stopping them from doing anything reckless.

"I hope you can be this arrogant until then end." Tan Lin's emotions calmed down all of a sudden, "Don't think no one will dare to do anything to you just because you entered the top one thousand, becoming a Fortune Gate disciple. Even if you become an outer disciple, our Twin Cities Sect can make you kneel before us, begging to die!"

Huang Xiaolong retorted without fear, "I'll be waiting," and walked away from Tan Lin's side.

When Huang Xiaolong became a Fortune Gate disciple, he definitely wouldn't be the most common outer disciple!

Tan Lin watched Huang Xiaolong walk away, passing beside him without any trepidation, almost losing control of the killing intent in his heart. In the end, like Yang Liming and the others, he could only watch as Huang Xiaolong walked away.

"All of you, don't underestimate that brat!" At this time, Twin Cities Sect Chief Zhou Xuanton came over with several experts behind him.

"Sect Chief!" Tan Lin, Yang Liming, and other disciples solemnly saluted.

Zhou Xuanton nodded at them before looking at Huang Xiaolong's leaving figure as he said, "With that brat's strength, only Tan Lin and Liming could win over him amongst you all."

“What!” Tan Lin, Yang Liming, and everyone else exclaimed in disbelief.

Tan Lin was the Twin Cities Sect’s number one genius, a Second Order Ancient God Realm disciple. In this term’s All-Islands Great War, it was predicted he could enter the top three, whereas Yang Liming could probably be ranked eleventh, but there was also a chance he could enter the top ten.

According to what their Sect Chief said, didn’t this mean that Huang Xiaolong could be in the top twenty, his strength only below the monstrous geniuses in the top ten?

A Twin Cities Sect disciple named Du Liqiang, ranked eighteen in the preliminary round, refused to believe that Huang Xiaolong might be stronger than him.

“Sect Chief, if it is as you said, then could that brat catch the eye of a Fortune Gate Elder and be accepted as their personal disciple?” Another Twin Cities Sect’s participating disciple asked.

Zhou Xuanton answered, “In principle, that is so, but if that brat is crippled, do you all think a Fortune Gate Elder would accept some waste as a personal disciple? Therefore, Tan Lin, Liming, if you two come across him on the battle stage, you absolutely must cripple that little bastard!”

“Yes, Sect Chief!” Tan Lin and Liming both respectfully complied. Tan Lin even added, “Sect Chief, please rest assured.”

Zhou Xuanton chuckled in agreement, “With your strength, I’m not worried.”

At this time, Huang Xiaolong, Yao Chi, Lu Zhuo, and the rest had left the square.

In a certain building, Li Lu’s eyes followed Huang Xiaolong’s figure the entire time until he disappeared from view.

In Tan Lin, Yang Liming and others’ eyes, Huang Xiaolong was conceited, but in Li Lu’s eyes, he was just as proud, domineering, and confident as before!

It was the same familiar face, that pair of familiar eyes.

‘He’s still the same!’

Li Lu muttered under her breath, “Peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm... but he should be able to enter the top ten!”

Li Lu was quite confident that Huang Xiaolong could enter the top ten, however, the first place would be somewhat difficult, after all, there was a Zhou Xu this time.

...

Huang Xiaolong’s group returned to the courtyard they rented and celebrated until late at night, then Huang Xiaolong returned to his room to cultivate. On this night, he did not consume a hundred drops of Phoenix blood as he usually did, but refined some of the fifty-million-year-old herbs he found in the Ghost Buddha Depository!

He still had over ten thousand drops of Phoenix blood, but he decided to leave them until he broke through to the Ancient God Realm. Using the Blood Phoenix’s blood to refine chaos spiritual pills, he’d be able to enhance its effects.

‘I should repair that Pill Blending Tower as soon as possible.’ Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

It was unprecedented for Ancient God Realm masters to refine chaos spiritual pills, only after repairing that Pill Blending Tower would there be a successful chance of refining them.

During this period, the little cow Xiaoniū had been staying in the courtyard, cultivating, seemingly about to breakthrough to Ancient God Realm. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong did not disturb it.

The night’s darkness slowly receded, faint rays of light shone over Fortune City.

The second day’s stage battle had arrived!

## Chapter 1177: Wants To Stop Him From Entering The Top One Hundred?

When Huang Xiaolong's group arrived at the square on the second day, there were more Fortune Gate disciples standing around the battle stages compared to the day before; of course, there was a sea of spectators crowding outside the square as well.

The second day's stage battle was much more important than the first day, hence, the number of spectators more than doubled.

Similar to yesterday, Huang Xiaolong displayed his registration token and walked in, whereas Yao Chi, Lu Zhuo, and the others waited outside, as did various sects' experts.

After a few steps, Huang Xiaolong saw the Twin Cities Sect's Tan Lin, Yang Liming, as well as Ouyang Yunfei and the rest.

Tan Lin and Yang Liming's eyes were filled with piercing coldness seeing Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong ignored this group of people. Turning his head away, he looked in another direction, but did not find the Golden Dragon Gate's Hu Dan. Seemingly, she had yet to arrive.

Almost all the disciples on the square were furtively looking at Huang Xiaolong, whispering with their companions.

After the battle yesterday, his reputation had risen significantly, and almost all of the participants in the top one thousand had come to know there was a Barbarian God Sect disciple named Huang Xiaolong.

There were participants from close to a hundred thousand islands present, from numerous families and sects. Before this term's All-Islands Great War, not many knew of the Green Cloud Island, and even less had knowledge of the Barbarian God Sect. Now, however, the Barbarian God Sect's reputation rang louder than the Ouyang Clan's.

"That Huang Xiaolong, do you think he could enter the top one hundred in the second day's battle?"

“Not even the Twin Cities Sect’s Xiong Dong is his match, he sent him flying into the air with one slap. Judging from this Huang Xiaolong’s strength, he could definitely enter the top one hundred! How his battle prowess can be so high even though he’s just a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm is a little inexplicable!”

“The crux of the matter is, he offended the Twin Cities Sect, and that means he won’t end well, what a pity!”

Some disciples’ low whispers entered Huang Xiaolong’s ears, but despite what he heard, his expression was calm, no ripples of emotions could be seen.

“Elder Brother Huang.” At this time, someone called out to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong turned around. It was the Golden Dragon Gate’s Hu Dan, walking towards him with a radiant smile.

Huang Xiaolong returned a faint smile, half-jokingly said, “My three hundred billion bet makes me a thorn in the Dragon Origin Sect’s eye, and on top of that, I offended the Twin Cities Sect. Everyone is avoiding me, but you still dare to greet me? Are you not afraid of the Dragon Origin Sect and Twin Cities Sect?”

Hu Dan’s red lips curved into a smile, “What’s there to be afraid of? Are they going to tear me into eight pieces and eat me? Even if they really do that, it’s alright. After all, you saved my life, so my life is now yours. Take it as me returning it to you.”

Hu Dan’s smile was pure and bright.

Then she added, “But I have no hope of entering today’s top one hundred ranking battle.” She went on shaking her head, her smile dimmed, “If I lose, I’ll come to Elder Brother Huang’s stage and cheer for you.”



Huang Xiaolong couldn't help laughing at her words, "It's fine as long as you've done your best. After entering the Fortune Gate, your progress won't necessarily be any slower than the top one hundred disciples."

Hu Dan nodded hardly.

In the distance, Tan Lin watched Hu Dan and Huang Xiaolong talking and laughing. Looking at Hu Dan's bright, pure smile, he commented, "That girl is not bad."

Ouyang Yunfei smiled flatteringly, "That girl's name is Hu Dan, a disciple of the Golden Dragon Gate on Dralion Island. It seems like Huang Xiaolong saved her one time in the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, but how can he be compared to Senior Brother Tan Lin. If Senior Brother Tan Lin is interested in her, you only need to say one word and she will obediently crawl over to Senior Brother Tan Lin's feet!"

Tan Lin chuckled, "Ouyang Yunfei, although I detest brown-nosing little villains, I like what you've just said!"

Ouyang Yunfei smiled widened, "In truth, Huang Xiaolong has a woman named Yao Chi that is much more alluring than Hu Dan." He pointed at Yao Chi who was standing among the crowd of spectators.

Tan Lin nodded, "That Yao Chi, she is indeed a peerless beauty, but I've heard that Dragon Origin Sect's Zhou Xu is interested in her, I wonder if it's true."

"Zhou Xu!" Ouyang Yunfei exclaimed in surprise.

Yang Liming who was standing beside Tan Lin interjected, "We heard it from some of the Dragon Origin Sect disciples, there should be some truth in it. Most likely this Yao Chi possesses a unique physique, and she is still a virgin. Dual cultivating with her after she breaks through to the Ancient God Realm will bring heaps of benefits. It is normal for Zhou Xu to be interested in her."

Tan Lin snickered, "Because of Huang Xiaolong's three hundred billion bet that Zhou Xu won't win the first place, the Dragon Origin Sect disciples will act against him even if we don't do anything."

Right at this time, Elder Gong Fei was seen flying to the square from the distance, but he wasn't alone, being accompanied by three other Fortune Gate Elders. It seems like today's stage battle would be presided by four Elders.

Gong Fei's group of four descended on the main stage.

After sweeping the situation on the square, the four Elders took turns explaining the rules of the second day's battles that would be conducted simultaneously on one hundred stages.

It was more or less similar to yesterday's rules.

One hundred battle stages, ten participants on every battle stage, and the last person standing on each stage would enter the top one hundred.

On the previous day, five disciples battled on the same stage, but today was slightly different. Ten disciples would draw a lot, then they would go on stage two by two until the last winner.

When Huang Xiaolong drew a lot, he got stage number fifty-two. Arriving at the stage, he immediately spotted two disciples from the top ten islands!

One of the two was from the Spirit Lake Cult!

Spirit Lake Cult disciples were no strangers to Huang Xiaolong, in fact, he knew them quite well.

Among the Spirit Lake Cult's fifteen participating disciples, nine of them died in his hands. The remaining six Spirit Lake Cult disciples were quite talented and powerful, successfully entering the top one thousand.

The other disciple hailed from the Dragon Origin Sect!

Huang Xiaolong's gaze fell onto the Dragon Origin Sect disciple. This person was powerful, ranked sixteenth in the preliminary round, named Hu Qi!

Among the Dragon Origin Sect's fifteen disciples, there were three who had a big reputation. One was the preliminary round's first place holder Zhou Xu, the ninth ranked Chen Kai, and the third was none other than the disciple standing in front of him, Hu Qi!

No one expected Huang Xiaolong to be on the same stage as Hu Qi on the second day.

Huang Xiaolong sneered. There was no need to ask, it must be that Gong Fei's underhanded actions. On the first and second day of stage battles, disciples within the top one hundred shouldn't appear on the same stage. However, yesterday he was on the same stage as Xiong Dong, while today it was an even stronger Hu Qi!

Did Gong Fei, the Dragon Origin Sect, and Twin Cities Sect assume this could stop him from entering the top one hundred?

Seeing Huang Xiaolong walked over, Hu Qi flashed him a radiant smile. His teeth were particularly white, but Huang Xiaolong noticed that Hu Qi's teeth were jagged and sharp, reflecting a cold light, akin to an ancient fierce beast's teeth.

Thi Hu Qi, did he also have a unique physique?

Every stage had a Fortune Gate core disciple as a judge. In charge of Huang Xiaolong's stage number fifty-two was a disciple named Di Fei.

#### Chapter 1178: Earth Dragon Divine Ar

Di Fei collected everyone's registration token, and upon checking, he immediately noticed that both Huang Xiaolong and Hu Qi were ranked in the top one hundred in the preliminary round. Di Fei's brows wrinkled and he looked over at the main stage, but he didn't say anything in the end.

He went on, taking out a crystal box and had the ten disciples draw a lot to determine their opponents.

On the crystal box's surface was a formation that prevented divine sense from checking the contents.

Huang Xiaolong and other nine participants stepped up to draw a lot one by one. Huang Xiaolong drew a three, indicating he was in the third match to fight, and the other 'three' went to a Spirit Lake Cult disciple named Liu Yu.

When Liu Yu found out he was in the third match, same as Huang Xiaolong, his face became slightly ashen. He already heard that Huang Xiaolong sent Xiong Dong flying with a slap during the stage battle yesterday.

Although his strength was also at early First Order Ancient God Realm, in the preliminary round he was ranked in the one-hundred and twenties, slightly weaker than Xiong Dong.

The first to fight was Dragon Origin Sect's Hu Qi. His opponent was a disciple from a sect called Primate Cult, whose strength was at late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm.

Participants who were in the top one thousand had both talent and strength, but even so, this Primate Cult disciple was an ant compared to Hu Qi. With Hu Qi's late-First Order Ancient God Realm cultivation, there was not a chance in the world this person could win.

On the battle stage, the Primate Cult disciple strongly suppressed the trepidation in his heart, cupped his fists and greeted Hu Qi, "Senior Brother Hu Qi, please enlighten me."

A smile appeared on Hu Qi's face, his sharp teeth reflecting a palpitating glint. In the next second, he disappeared into a blur, then the Primate Cult disciple was sent flying off the stage with a loud cry, crashing onto the ground.

On the ground, the Primate Cult disciple was twitching uncontrollably, his chest sunk in. From the looks of it, all of his ribs were broken.

Seeing this result, several other participants on stage fifty-two, sucked in a breath of cold air, apprehension shrouding their faces.

Hu Qi turned around and looked at Huang Xiaolong with a smile that fully showed his sharp teeth.

Hu Qi had an average height, looking harmless when he smiled. If it wasn't for what happened just now, no one could tell that Hu Qi was actually a ruthless person.

Facing Hu Qi's provocative look, Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent.

Rules for the second day stage battle were extremely simple, participants were not allowed to kill on stage. Regardless of the heavy injuries, it was fine as long as the opponent was still alive. Participants can admit defeat, but at times when the gap in strength was too high, they wouldn't even have the time to admit defeat. One example was that Primate Cult disciple.

Next, the two disciples for the second match went onto the stage. These two disciples seemed equal in strength, both at peak mid-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm. Their battle was intense and no one could guess who the winner would be.

After an hour of fierce battle, one of the participants won and ended the match.

As the third match began, Huang Xiaolong and the Spirit Lake Cult disciple leaped onto the battle stage.

On the stage, Liu Yu observed Huang Xiaolong opposite him. There was obvious hesitation in his expression, knowing that he couldn't win against Huang Xiaolong, but he was extremely unwilling to give up at this point.

"This one is Spirit Lake Cult's Liu Yu, please enlighten me!" Liu Yu gritted his teeth and said Huang Xiaolong, finding his determination.

Huang Xiaolong nodded. He had killed nine of Spirit Lake Cult participants, including their number genius Chen Weiping, creating a blood feud between them unknown to others. But this Liu Yu, despite knowing he was weaker than the opponent, firmly rose to the challenge. In Huang Xiaolong's opinion, Liu Yu's heart towards the dao wasn't bad.

Therefore, he did not make things difficult for Liu Yu, merely sending him out from the stage area with a palm strike.

The fourth match ended, then the fifth match, soon the first round of matches ended. The remaining five participants continued to draw lots. This time, Huang Xiaolong drew a 'one' and his opponent was Dragon Origin Sect's Hu Qi!

Fortune Gate disciple Di Fei took a glance at Huang Xiaolong and Hu Qi before his voice rang from the stage, "Barbarian God Sect Huang Xiaolong battling Dragon Origin Sect's Hu Qi, please come to the stage."

Almost simultaneously, Huang Xiaolong and Hu Qi both leaped onto the stage.

Hu Qi broke into a smile that showed his teeth, teasing, "Your speed is not slow ah."

"Your speed is not fast." Huang Xiaolong calmly retorted.

Hu Qi was stunned for a moment, grinning as he said, "You bet three hundred billion that our Senior Brother Zhou Xu won't win first place, so I'm morbidly curious who you think is stronger than our Senior Brother Zhou Xu. Is it Luo Yunjie? Or is it Tan Lin will win first place?"

Huang Xiaolong shook his head as he replied, "It definitely won't be you."

Hu Qi chuckled, the glint from his teeth looked even more menacing. "That I know, but it won't be you either! In a short while, you'll be miserably beaten by me!" With that said, a bright gold metallic light flickered and Hu Qi's skin seemed to be painted with a layer of golden liquid. On top of that, his body doubled in size.

Following that, bestial patterns appeared on his face and body. Hu Qi's eyes turned scarlet at this moment, and his sharp teeth grew long, passing his lips, resembling cold, sharp daggers. Even his hair changed, becoming pointed and spiky; from afar, Hu Qi looked like an ancient fierce beast reborn.

"Golden Copper Beast Physique." Huang Xiaolong lightly named out Hu Qi's unique physique.

The Golden Copper Beast Physique, one of the three thousand unique physiques; it had passable strength, ranked below one hundred. Even though there were numerous geniuses in the vast Divine World, people who possessed unique physiques were considered rare.

Di Fei and the other three participants below the stage were shocked, none of them imagined that Hu Qi was someone with the Golden Copper Beast Physique, and there were no rumors about it. This Hu Qi has hid too deeply.

Hu Qi licked his lips and smiled at Huang Xiaolong, "Correct, Golden Copper Beast Physique. In front of others, I very rarely show my Golden Copper Beast Physique, and even amongst our Dragon Origin Sect brothers, only a few know about this. You should feel honored being able to see it!"

Although Hu Qi was smiling, his beastly appearance made him look menacing and sinister.

Due to Huang Xiaolong and Hu Qi's presence on stage fifty-two, a large number of spectators outside the square were watching that stage.

In the distance out of the square area, the Twin Cities Sect Chief Zhou Xuanton, as well as the many experts behind him, were also watching the battle on stage fifty-two.

"Truly unexpected ah, the Dragon Origin Sect's Hu Qi actually possesses the Golden Copper Beast Physique! That means that his strength isn't any weaker than our Yang Liming!" A Twin Cities Sect expert sighed.

"Sect Chief, based on Hu Qi's strength, that Huang Xiaolong is sure to be defeated, right?" A Twin Cities Sect Grand Elder inquired.

Zhou Xuanton solemnly said, "Hu Qi should be a little bit stronger than Huang Xiaolong, but in order to win, there will be a bitter battle."

All present Twin Cities Sect experts were astonished by Zhou Xuanton's reply, Hu Qi whose cultivation was at late-First Order Ancient God Realm, possessing the Golden Copper Beast Physique actually needed to fight through a bitter battle to win against a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm?

This...! The Twin Cities Sect's experts were bemused, Huang Xiaolong's strength was really as high as their Sect Chief said?

Right at this time on the stage, Hu Qi flew into the air, bellowing as his fists punched at Huang Xiaolong.

As his fists moved through space, ear-splitting blasts rang out, exuding a faint dragon qi.

"That is the Dragon Origin Sect's Earth Dragon Divine Art! Hu Qi can already condense dragon qi! Adding on his Golden Copper Beast Physique, he should have no rival in the same cultivation realm!"

As everyone was exclaiming in amazement, Hu Qi's fists were a few meters away from Huang Xiaolong.

#### Chapter 1179: Dragon Origin Sect's Ancient Technique

Hu Qi's gaze was locked onto Huang Xiaolong in front of him, his eyes ferocious. The reason he had exposed his Golden Copper Beast Physique so early and resorted to the Dragon Origin Sect's divine dragon art was to send Huang Xiaolong off the battle stage with the heaviest injuries possible!

In yesterday's battle stage, Huang Xiaolong had defeated the Twin Cities Sect's Xiong Dong with a single palm. Because of this, a lot of people claimed that his strength almost rivaled the top ten islands' genius disciples.

He wanted these people to open their eyes wide, this Huang Xiaolong in front of him, this softshell turtle was nothing before Hu Qi!

As Hu Qi's fists were about to hit him, Huang Xiaolong raised his fists, clashing head-on with Hu Qi's fists.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong's action, Hu Qi snickered in disdain. 'This kid's seeking death?' His Golden Copper Beast Physique could be considered terrifying both in terms of defense and attack, as the average peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm cultivator dares not meet his fists in a head-on clash.



“This Huang Xiaolong actually dares to take Hu Qi’s attack head-on? Ignorant! Stupid!” The spectating masters in the crowd shook their heads.

Bang! A thunderous explosion shook the stage, and before the spectators’ eyes, four fists collided.

However, in the next moment, Hu Qi tumbled backward like a withered leaf carried away by strong winds, finally falling on the stage with another loud thump.

Huang Xiaolong remained standing on the same spot. The exclamations and gasps of wonder regarding Hu Qi’s Golden Copper Beast Physique came to an abrupt stop. Those who loudly called Huang Xiaolong ignorant and stupid were stunned agape.

The noises on the square died down almost instantly.

The Twin Cities Sect experts’ eyes widened watching the situation on stage fifty-two, even the Twin Cities Sect Chief Zhuo Xuantong’s expression froze momentarily in disbelief. Earlier, he had said that Huang Xiaolong’s strength was more than what it seemed on the surface. Although Huang Xiaolong was only a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm, his strength was probably comparable to an average late-First Order Ancient God Realm.

Now, a peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm Hu Qi who possessed the Golden Copper Beast Physique and succeeded in condensing dragon qi was sent tumbling back in the air by Huang Xiaolong’s fists!

On the main stage, Gong Fei and the other three Fortune Gate Elders were also astonished by what happened on stage fifty-two.

One of the Fortune Gate Elders beside Gong Fei named Chen Renfei was looking at Huang Xiaolong with amazement while asking, “A peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm? Which sect is this kid from?”

A female Elder named Chang Yan interjected, “His name is Huang Xiaolong, I’ve heard some disciples below me say that he bet three hundred billion that the first place won’t belong to Zhou Xu. On the battle stage yesterday, he defeated an early First Order Ancient God Realm Twin Cities Sect disciple in a

single strike. His opponent's name was Xiong Dong, ranked in the top one hundred in the preliminary round.”

“What was that kid’s ranking in the preliminary?” Chen Renfei asked.

Elder Chang Yan was the one who answered Chen Renfei. “Twenty-fourth!” Saying this, she glanced at Gong Fei, sneering, “Elder Gong, Huang Xiaolong was ranked twenty-fourth in the preliminary round, while Hu Qi was ranked sixteenth. As the Elder in charge, aren’t you aware of the All-Islands Great War's rules? You’ve actually arranged for the two of them to meet on the battle stage, what is your explanation?”

Gong Fei’s expression turned ugly, he intended to let Hu Qi deal with Huang Xiaolong in order to prevent him from entering top one hundred, but never did he expect Hu Qi to be the one at the other end of the stick. In one strike! Not to mention this matter had attracted various experts, as well as Elders’ notice.

He and Chang Yan had never seen eye to eye. When this matter was reported back, Gong Fei knew he would be unable to escape punishment. Thinking of this, he icily looked at Huang Xiaolong, a piercing gleam in his eyes. ‘This brat has continuously made trouble for me. Judging from his talent and strength, if he doesn't die, he'll cause even more troubles in the future!’

Outside the square, Dragon Origin Sect Chief Chen Ding and his sect members also looked over to the fifty-second stage. The Dragon Origin Sect’s experts were obviously upset right now. Chen Ding, on the other hand, was calmer than the rest, asking, “He’s Barbarian God Sect disciple? What’s his name?”

“Yes, Sect Chief. He’s that disciple called Huang Xiaolong!” A Dragon Origin Sect Grand Elder answered.

“Send someone to check, I want to know this Huang Xiaolong’s godhead rank and other details.” Chen Ding ordered.

The present Dragon Origin Sect experts were astonished by this order.

This Huang Xiaolong, a Heavenly God Realm disciple, was worth this much attention from their Sect Chief? The experts were astonished because he had barely even asked a word about the second and third disciples in the preliminary ranking, Luo Yunjie and Tan Lin.

Still, no one dared to dally on Chen Ding's order. With a respectful sound of compliance, the order was carried out.

While the crowd was still in shock and disbelief, Hu Qi who was sent tumbling back by Huang Xiaolong struggled to his feet. Looking at the crowd's shocked expressions, his gaze finally fell on Huang Xiaolong. All of a sudden, a peculiar aura rushed out from Hu Qi's body like never-ending waves.

Everyone stopped what they were doing after sensing this aura, their gazes falling on Hu Qi with astonishment.

"This is...!" A Heavenly Dao Island expert exclaimed, but the voice slightly hesitated, "It feels like an Ancient God Realm divine beast's aura!"

Hu Qi was cloaked in a greenish azure glow. With a shake of his body, the armor covering his arms shattered, revealing muscular arms with protruding blood vessels extending under the skin as if they were hiding a terrifying ferocious beast that was about to break out.

Finally, when the blood vessels had completely covered Hu Qi's arms, the greenish azure glow around him became glaring, two twisted diagrams of ancient divine beasts appeared on his skin. The two diagrams looked like they were burned into Hu Qi's flesh.

Both diagrams had the head of a dragon, eyes of a lion, waist of a bear, and tail of a cow, exuding majestic divine might.

"That's a qilin!" Someone in the crowd exclaimed. His words stirred the crowd.

Hu Qi sneered, "That's right, divine beast qilin! I was lucky to survive a calamity In the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield, and in a dangerous place I obtained a qilin's egg. I swallowed and refined it, and succeeded in cultivating my Dragon Origin Sect's ancient technique, the Divine Qilin Arms!"

The Dragon Origin Sect's ancient technique, Divine Qilin Arms! The crowd clamored.

“Divine Qilin Arms! The Dragon Origin Sect’s heritage technique. I didn’t expect this Hu Qi to have succeeded in cultivating it!”

“It is said that once a person successfully cultivates this Divine Qilin Arms, they can destroy heaven and earth. They would be filled with inexhaustible strength, nothing could stop them!”

“Now it seems that Huang Xiaolong has little chances of winning . Hu Qi’s Divine Qilin Arms are good enough to bring him into the top ten!”

Similarly like the crowd, the Dragon Origin Sect’s experts were also amazed. Not even Chen Ding knew about Hu Qi successfully cultivating the Divine Qilin Arms. Every disciple had his own secret, it was normal the sect’s higher echelon was extremely common.

Hu Qi glared fixedly on Huang Xiaolong, his voice sounded as if it heritage from a ferocious beast hell, “Go die for me!” His arms attacking Huang Xiaolong, godforce surged like crazy.

Light circulated the two divine beast qilin diagrams on his arms, giving them a life-like appearance, spewing golden flames. This was qilin fire, one of the more powerful divine beast fire.

Before Hu Qi came close to Huang Xiaolong, great waves of scorching heat first arrived.

“Elder Brother Huang, fight!” At this point, a cheer came from below the stage.

The Golden Dragon Gate’s Hu Dan was already standing near the fifty-second stage, her two small fists were clenched, cheering Huang Xiaolong on.

Huang Xiaolong smiled at her, and he still used his two fists to meet Hu Qi’s Divine Qilin Arms.

Dragon Origin Sect’s ancient technique? Then let him completely cripple this Dragon Origin Sect’s ancient technique!

## Chapter 1180: Still A Show-Off

Hu Qi watched as Huang Xiaolong used the same move again, raising his two fists to meet his attack head-on. Seeing this, indignant cruel laughter escaped his lips, "This time, I'm going to repay it with interest!"

Only he knew how terrifying his Divine Qilin Arms were!

The power of his arms before and after he used the Divine Qilin Arms, comparing both defense and explosive power, was akin to heaven and earth.

There was a time at the Extraterritorial Devil Battlefield when he fought a late First Order Ancient God Realm magic beast. Before resorting to his Divine Qilin Arms, simply relying on his Golden Copper Beast Physique, he could not break the magic beast's rough skin at all, but after he used the Divine Qilin Arms technique, that magic beast's defenses were akin to thin paper.

At that time, his fist instantly penetrated the magic beast's body, turning its internal organs into a bloody gore.

Hu Qi could already imagine Huang Xiaolong ending up like that magic beast, blood and flesh flying into the air like arrows.

Bang!

Four fists collided with great force, akin to an exploding star. The stage whined in protest as frightening wind blades flew out from the point of impact, crashing onto the protective barrier, causing lights to ripple over the it as it shook.

The noises from other stages seemed to be drowned in the bang when Huang Xiaolong and Hu Qi's fists collided

All eyes were glued to stage number fifty-two.

Outside the square area, Yao Chi's heart tightened with anxiety. She didn't notice that her hands were clenched tightly.

The world seemingly stopped for a second or two, stopping precisely when Huang Xiaolong and Hu Qi's fists collided, followed by a heart-gripping shriek. It was Hu Qi's voice. His body was sent tumbling back for a second time at an even faster speed. He then crashed onto the stage, blood spurting high into the air.

Hu Qi's body rolled uncontrollably until the edge of the stage. When his body stopped, blood bubbled up his mouth like an endless spring, his body twitching and quivering; at this point, the skin on his arms was ruptured and bloody, with the white of bone peeking through his mangled flesh. The two qilin diagrams were nowhere to be seen.

'Hu Qi's Divine Qilin Arms were incapacitated?!' The faces in the crowd showed similar expressions of shock.

Was this really the fabled indestructible and unstoppable Divine Qilin Arms that could destroy everything in their path?! Weren't they no different than a chicken claw now?

Zhou Xuanton and the experts behind him gulped as if they ate a bunch of chilies, their throat burned so much they couldn't get a word out.

On the other battle stages, the few Twin Cities Sect disciples who had yet to go up for the second battle were deathly pale, including Yang Liming who had previously vowed to make Huang Xiaolong kneel on the stage, begging for mercy, as well as Tan Lin.

Tan Lin could barely maintain a calm appearance, but Yang Liming couldn't hide the astonishment from his face. Although he was ranked eleven in the preliminary round and was a peak late-First Order Ancient God Realm, if he was to fight with Hu Qi's Divine Qilin Arms, he and Hu Qi would probably be equally matched.

Yang Liming's thoughts went further, if the one on could fifty-second stage was him, then right now, wouldn't he be...?!

Farther away, Ouyang Yunfei and the Ouyang Clan members' faces looked distorted from early on. Ouyang Yunfei felt like he was about to control of his bladder.

The enormous square was pin-dropped silent. Almost all spectators' gazes fell onto the fifty-second stage, on Huang Xiaolong's body!

Those who had only been watching Zhou Xu, Luo Yunjie, Tan Lin, and other disciples in the preliminary round top ten were now looking Huang Xiaolong as well.

With indifference on his face, Huang Xiaolong walked towards Hu Qi. In truth, he had only used fifty percent of his True Divine Dragon Physique's physical force, he hadn't even employed his godforce. Just like the time he killed that Spirit Lake Cult genius disciple, Chen Weiping, using only half of his physical strength.

Outside the square, Chen Ding ordered the group of people behind him, "Tell Hu Qi to admit defeat."

The group of Dragon Origin Sect experts was dumbfounded, but they were quick to comply respectfully.

One of the rules of the stage battle was, if any participant was too injured to admit defeat, elders of the same sect were allowed to admit defeat on their behalf.

"Stage fifty-two, Hu Qi admits defeat." A Dragon Origin Sect expert could do nothing but shout to the judging disciple Di Fei. His voice reverberated like thunder in the silent square, sounding especially harsh to the ears.

In this term's All-Islands Great War, a Dragon Origin Sect disciple was the first to admit defeat! Moreover, he hadn't even done it personally, as an elder from the sect threw in the towel on the disciple's behalf!

On stage one, Zhou Xu had already dealt with his opponent. At this moment, his fists were clenched, a scary blue glow flashed in his eyes—Huang Xiaolong!

On stage four, a young man in crimson robes was watching Huang Xiaolong with interest. On the chest of his crimson robe was an obvious emblem of a furnace.

This young man was none other than the person ranked second in the preliminary round, the Heavenly Dan Island's number one genius, Luo Yunjie!

"Thousand Dragon Physique? Doesn't seem like it." Luo Yunjie muttered to himself, a contemplating look on his face.

He could see that Huang Xiaolong body's defense and strength were quite high, which pointed to one of the unique physiques and bore resemblances to Zhou Xu's Thousand Dragon Physique.

After the Dragon Origin Sect's expert admitted defeat on Hu Qu's behalf, Huang Xiaolong was naturally counted as the winner of the battle.

However, when the judging disciple Di Fei announced Huang Xiaolong's win, there was no noise whatsoever, various sect experts were still in a daze from the scene before.

On the main stage, the four Elders had a different expression as they watched Huang Xiaolong walk down the stage.

"Truly unexpected ah, there is such a monstrous disciple outside of the top ten islands!" Elder Chen Renfei praised, "This Huang Xiaolong's godhead and talent must be outstanding for him to be able to defeat a late-First Order Ancient God Realm Hu Qi while being just a peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm disciple!"

"That's right." Elder Chang Yan chuckled, adding, "This Huang Xiaolong can definitely enter the top five in this term's All-Islands Great War! His talent and godhead might be slightly higher than Zhou Xu's, but it's a pity, his cultivation realm is too low. If his cultivation reached Second Order Ancient God Realm as well, first place was sure to be his!"

Hearing their words, Gong Fei sneered coldly, "It's too early to say that, this Huang Xiaolong's talent and godhead may not necessarily be high. His physical body is just a bit stronger, but no matter how strong his body is, there's a limit to it!"



Chen Renfei frowned but could only reply, "That is true, send someone to investigate this Huang Xiaolong in detail, we'll know soon."

In a certain building outside the square, Li Lu was looking at Huang Xiaolong's proud figure, her dainty mouth forming a smile, "Still a show-off as before."

When Huang Xiaolong defeated Dragon Origin Sect's Hu Qi, she was happy for him. But this guy's strength was higher than she estimated...

Inside a certain manor in Fortune City, Elder Lu Tai also came to report to Zhu Feng about the situation on stage fifty-two.

"What? A peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly God Realm crippled Dragon Origin Sect's Hu Qi who possesses the Golden Copper Beast Physique and succeeded in cultivating dragon qi?" Zhu Feng was genuinely shocked.

"That is so." Lu Tai nodded. "On top of that, Hu Qi resorted to his Divine Qilion Arms in the end, but he was still sent flying in one move!"

Zhu Feng dazed momentarily, "What is this disciple's name?"

"Huang Xiaolong!" Lu Tai answered. "During the preliminary round, he ranked twenty-fourth, no one suspected he would be this powerful."