

## **Conqueror 1781**

### Chapter 1781: This Is An Order

Two days later, Huang Xiaolong and the Fortune Emperor Palace's group stepped out from the competition's transmission array.

"Huang Xiaolong!"

"Huang Xiaolong's here!"

The moment Huang Xiaolong appeared, the whole plaza was in a hoo-ha. Experts from several Emperor Palaces, sects, and families looked in Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Roughly a month ago, when Huang Xiaolong had stepped out from the transmission array to participate in the preliminary round, people had greeted him with mocking jeers and ridiculing expressions. But now, there was apprehension, fear, astonishment, and even burning admiration!

That's right! Female disciples from countless families, sects, and Emperor Palaces had locked their burning gaze on Huang Xiaolong. And within their sparkling, burning eyes was a hint of hungry green glint.

"These wenches!" Fang Xuanxuan suddenly cursed under her breath.

Huang Xiaolong was dumbfounded. He, Zhao Lei, as well, as Li Shan shuddered inexplicably.

Huang Xiaolong had discovered long ago that Fang Xuanxuan, as the daughter of an Emperor Palace's Emperor, Fang Gan, had quite a sturdy personality.

"My Eldest Miss, please lower your voice. Didn't you see the expressions on their faces? They looked like they would swallow Huang Xiaolong if they could. If they hear you—can you fight them all?" Peng Xiao spoke with a helpless smile.

Fang Xuanxuan returned with a sheepish smile and retorted, "When I can't fight them all, isn't my Xiaolong here to help me?" She deliberately looked in Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Peng Xiao couldn't help laughing, "Right, right, your family's Xiaolong is invincible."

Fang Xuanxuan's face blushed irresistibly.

Huang Xiaolong continued to walk forward as if he couldn't hear a word.

Leading the Fortune Emperor Palace's group, Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Lei, and the others headed straight to zone sixty-one.

This time, they did not see Gudu Wuyi's Solitude Emperor Palace's group monopolizing the waiting zone sixty-one.

"Uncle!"

"Young Master Huang!"

Bei Xiaomei, Mo Xiao, Peng Yi, and the others quickly greeted Huang Xiaolong when they saw him arrive.

Huang Xiaolong smiled and nodded at Bei Xiaomei. Seeing this girl always puts him in a good mood.

However, this time, apart from Bei Xiaomei, Peng Yi, and the usual Emperor Palaces and sects' Ancestors, Emperor's Disciples, and Patriarchs smiled and greeted Huang Xiaolong as his group passed by zone sixty-one.

These Emperor Palaces' Ancestors, Emperor's Disciples, and family Patriarchs unanimously projected goodwill.

Huang Xiaolong had never interacted with these Emperor Palaces' Ancestors, Emperor's Disciples, and Patriarchs, but since they took the initiative to show goodwill, Huang Xiaolong would never scorn them. He nodded at each party that greeted him.

From the transmission array until zone sixty-one, Huang Xiaolong's neck felt stiff from nodding his head at the various forces' Emperor Palaces, Patriarchs, and sects. He inwardly heaved in relief as he stepped into zone sixty-one.

"Are you alright?" Fang Xuanxuan asked with concern, but there was a gleam of gloating in her beautiful eyes.

Huang Xiaolong twisted his neck around and smiled in reply, "I have the True Dragon Physique. Moreover, it's a variant type. How could I not be alright?" He blinked mischievously at Fang Xuanxuan.

Fang Xuanxuan curled her lips and snorted, "Sweet-talker."

Zhao Lei interjected from the side, "I say, can you two converge your lovey-doveyness a little, and stop showering your affection in public."

Both Huang Xiaolong and Fang Xuanxuan turned red in embarrassment for a second.

Peng Xiao was laughing silently on the side.

"Uncle Zhao, you're being mean to me." Fang Xuanxuan glared at Zhao Lei, "What lovey-dovey?!"

Zhao Lei let out hearty laughter, "Alright, Alright, I won't say anything anymore. I will just let Xiaolong bully you in the future."

Fang Xuanxuan was red-faced as she gave Zhao Lei another fierce glare, fuming till her cheeks were puffed up, but did not say another word. If she said another word, Zhao Lei would probably say something that would make her want to run away.

At this time, in the Grandmist Emperor Palace's waiting area not far away, Han Qing's venomous frosty gaze was fixed on Huang Xiaolong like a poisonous viper.

After a month of healing using many of the Grandmist Emperor Palace's rare and precious herbs, Han Qing's injuries had recovered well on the surface, but it was only on the surface. There was terrifying darkness energy inside her body wreaking havoc. Based on her judgment, as well as Zhang Renjie and other Ancestors' judgment, only an existence that had surpassed the Emperor Realm could expel the darkness energy from her body.

Only by expelling that darkness energy could her injuries heal genuinely.

Otherwise, in this lifetime, she would never truly recover.

"Li Junhua." Han Qing suddenly called out.

"Li Junhua is present. What order does Ancestor Han Qing have?" An impressive looking young man stepped out from the side and asked respectfully. He was the Grandmist Emperor Palace's disciple Li Junhua.

Li Junhua, the strongest amongst the Grandmist Emperor Palace's participating disciples, was ranked sixth in the preliminary round.

"On the battle stage, if you come across Huang Xiaolong, you must do your best, and use every method you can think of to kill Huang Xiaolong!" Han Qing ordered icily. "As long as you successfully kill Huang Xiaolong, the Grandmist Emperor Palace's five million low-grade chaos spirit stones bounty is yours!"

Li Junhua opened his mouth, and his expression looked troubled as he tried to say, "Ancestor Han Qing, this...!"

"This what? This is an order!" Han Qing's piercing gaze fell on Li Junhua, "Are you going to defy my order?"

Li Junhua lowered his head and replied, "Disciple wouldn't dare."

“That’s good then. Go, I know that you did not exert your full force during the preliminary round. That is not the extent of your true strength. As long as you kill Huang Xiaolong, you would have performed a meritorious deed for the Grandmist Emperor Palace. Apart from the Grandmist Emperor Palace’s five million low-grade chaos spirit stones bounty, this Ancestor will give you an additional reward!” Han Qing’s tone was irrefutable.

Li Junhua could only comply respectfully and stepped back to his position.

But Zhang Renjie, who watched everything, hesitated at this point, “Ancestor Han Qing, that does not seem to be a good idea... What if our Emperor finds out about this, would he...?”

Han Qing sneered, “Huang Xiaolong killed two of our Grandmist Emperor Palace’s Heavenly Monarch Realm core disciples. Hence Li Junhua killing him on the battle stage is like avenging Grandmist Emperor Palace’s disciples. This is right and just. My order is also right and just. Not to mention, our Grandmist Emperor has no relationship with Huang Xiaolong. Do we still need to think twice and consider so many things to avenge our disciples? Is our Grandmist Emperor going to protect Huang Xiaolong after all of this?”

Zhang Renjie’s mouth opened and closed silently.

Other Ancestors exchanged a silent glance, and none of them utter a word.

Han Qing was in charge of the Grandmist Emperor Palace’s Task Hall, so issuing task orders was under her jurisdiction, and it was inappropriate for others to stop her. Moreover, Han Qing’s arguments seemed sound and concrete, and Huang Xiaolong had admitted to killing two Grandmist Emperor Palace’s disciples.

Han Qing looked in Huang Xiaolong’s direction again. Her gaze fixed on Peng Xiao beside Huang Xiaolong, and an idea came to her mind. She sneered coldly then walked towards several Grandmist Emperor Palace’s disciples, and ordered, “Later, on the battle stage, if you come across the Fortune Emperor Palace’s Peng Xiao, use your full force, kill her if possible. If you succeed, I will heavily reward you.”

“This is an order, do you all understand me?”

“Yes, Ancestor Han Qing.”

Han Qing nodded with satisfaction. Another cold sneer curved at the corners of her mouth as she thought inwardly, ‘I want you to watch your woman die right before your eyes so that you can enjoy the pain!’

These disciples’ rankings were much higher than Peng Xiao, and there was a high chance they would encounter Peng Xiao on the battle stage.

Killing Huang Xiaolong could be difficult for them, but these disciples were likely to kill Peng Xiao.

“The Heavenly Emperor arrives—!”

As everyone waited for the semi-finals to begin, a Heavenly Court’s Marshal suddenly announced in a loud voice.

On the horizon, celestial maidens sprinkled petals in the air. Petals floated down as a group of experts, who flew towards the Terrace of Heaven and surrounded a chariot pulled by nine dragons. On the dragon chariot sat a middle-aged man clad in a brocade robe embroidered with nine flying dragons.

He was the Heavenly Emperor! This person had finally appeared.

The Heavenly Emperor was going to watch the semi-finals in person.

Chapter 1782: Why Aren’t You On Your Knees?

Besides the dragon chariot, Heavenly Prince Di Jing and the princes were present other than experts of the Heavenly Court.

The arrival of the dragon chariot brought majestic coercion over the Terrace of Heaven.

“Your Majesty!”

“Greetings, Your Majesty!”

The Heavenly Court’s soldiers and marshals knelt uniformly in salute, their armors glistening under the sunlight.

Apart from Emperor Realm experts, everyone at the plaza knelt in salute. Then again, proud as Emperor Realm experts, they still lowered their heads and bowed to the Heavenly Emperor.

“En?!” Suddenly, the Heavenly Prince Di Jing looked over to the Fortune Emperor Palace’s group. He saw that Huang Xiaolong had remained standing along with the two odd monsters behind him. The three figures stood out from the rest in more than one way.

The princes that followed behind the dragon chariot also spotted the three standing figures a beat later.

“Insolent!”

“His Majesty is here, and you did not kneel in salute!”

The experts around the dragon chariot yelled at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong was not an Emperor Realm expert. According to the rules, he was required to kneel in salute to the Heavenly Emperor. However, not only Huang Xiaolong did not kneel and salute, but he didn’t even bow.

In the Heavenly Court’s experts’ eyes, this was an act of contempt to His Majesty. A contempt to the whole Heavenly Court!

This was a crime punishable by death!

According to the Heavenly Court's law, Huang Xiaolong could be beheaded on the spot!

"Kneel now! Beg His Majesty for amnesty!" One of the Heavenly Court's marshals suddenly exerted pressure on Huang Xiaolong with his palm, intending to force Huang Xiaolong to kowtow in salute.

This Heavenly Court Marshal was the right-hand man to the Heavenly Emperor, called Yan Tianchen. Yan Tianchen was a late-Tenth Order Emperor Realm expert.

The force of this palm strike was akin to a chaos divine mountain slamming down on Huang Xiaolong.

Just one fraction of a million of this palm force could pulverize an ordinary Heavenly Monarch Realm disciple to dust.

Even Zhao Lei and Li Shan, who were by Huang Xiaolong's side, felt like heaven itself was falling on them. Their faces turned deathly pale. It had never occurred to them that Huang Xiaolong wouldn't salute the Heavenly Emperor.

Han Qing, Gudu Wuyi, Chen Jianwei, and a few others watched excitedly from a distance.

The chaos divine mountain size palm imprint was seconds from reducing Huang Xiaolong to dust. Right at this time, one of the odd beasts behind Huang Xiaolong moved.

The odd beast's claw collided directly with Yan Tianchen's palm in midair.

Thunderous booms shook the sky.

The crowd's mind buzzed as if the explosions had taken place in their heads, and they lost their senses momentarily.

Terrifying aftershock waves swept out across the plaza.

At the same time, the mighty Heavenly Court's Grand Marshal Yan Tianchen staggered back unsteadily. On the contrary, the odd beast behind Huang Xiaolong did not even budge an inch.

This result shocked the Heavenly Court's experts.

A golden glimmer flickered across the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun's eyes at this was an unexpected result.

Another late-Tenth Order Emperor Heavenly Court's Grand Marshal, Xiao Yi, raised his arms and helped steady Yan Tianchen's staggering figure. The two of them had cooperated many times, and with one look, both leaped forward with four fists aimed at the odd beast behind Huang Xiaolong.

The odd beast sped forward towards them at lightning speed.

R~rumble!

Thunderous booms rang again as the plaza quaked violently.

Both Xiao Yi and Yan Tianchen were sent backward in the air, whereas the odd beast merely retreated one step back and immediately regained its balance.

Jaws dropped at this sight.

"What?!" The Heavenly Court's experts were in a furor. Xiao Yi and Yan Tianchen were two of the top Heavenly Court's experts. But even with their combined strengths, they were repelled by Huang Xiaolong's monster!

This!

The shock was written all over Xiao Yi and Yan Tianchen's faces. When they had heard that Huang Xiaolong had two powerful monsters by his side, they had simply scoffed it off as a rumor. But now, it was clear that what they had heard was true.

Their blood was still chaotic from that attack, and the sweet taste of blood at the back of their throats was real enough.

Just as Xiao Yi and Yan Tianchen were about to attack again, the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun stopped them with an inviolable tone, "Enough!"

"Retreat!"

Xiao Yi and Yan Tianchen's hearts tightened nervously, but they still complied respectfully, "Yes, Your Majesty!" Both retreated to their positions swiftly.

The Heavenly Emperor Di Jun looked fixedly at Huang Xiaolong as he spoke, "Huang Xiaolong is preliminary round's first-place winner. Therefore he won't need to kneel in salute to me."

"As per Your Majesty's edict!"

The Heavenly Court's soldiers responded stiffly.

Huang Xiaolong cupped his fists at the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun and uttered a word of thanks. However, it should be noted that he did not refer to the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun as His Majesty. Huang Xiaolong did not kneel in salute to the Heavenly Emperor, nor did Huang Xiaolong address him as His Majesty. This was not because Huang Xiaolong was arrogant, but because his status was the same as Di Jun since he was the King of Hell, the lord of Hell's three worlds. How could he kneel and salute to Di Jun?

However, Huang Xiaolong's actions were madness in others' eyes, especially Han Qing, Gudu Wuyi, and Chen Jianwei.

Han Qing sneered and gloated inwardly, Huang Xiaolong ah Huang Xiaolong, such arrogance. You even dared to slight the Heavenly Emperor. You're literally crashing into the path of death!

"Everyone rise." Heavenly Emperor Di Jun's deep and majestic voice reached every corner of the plaza.

“Thank you, Your Majesty!”

Only then did everyone rise to their feet.

Zhao Lei stood up anxiously and ‘admonished’ Huang Xiaolong through voice transmission, “Kiddo, you, really...! Look at the situation! What should I say about you?! Even if you won first place in the preliminary round, if the Heavenly Emperor wants to kill you, it’s only a matter of an excuse.”

Huang Xiaolong laughed calmly, as he reassured his Master Zhao Lei, " Don't worry, Master, it's fine."

This is called fine?

Zhao Lei rolled his eyes and ultimately gave up. He didn’t have the energy to waste saliva on his disciple anymore.

This disciple of his, sigh~!

The Heavenly Emperor Di Jun soon arrived on the high stage at the center of the plaza.

A while later, one of the Heavenly Court’s Grand Marshal began reading out the semi-finals’ rules as well as the rewards after obtaining the Heavenly Emperor’s permission.

The rules of the Battle of the Heavenly Court’s semi-finals were slightly different this time, but there were no significant changes.

As for the rewards, on top of the usual rewards, there were a few newly added ones.

After the rules and rewards were announced, the Grand Marshal looked at the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun. Upon obtaining Di Jun’s nod as a sign of approval, he announced, “The semi-finals begin!”

Immediately, the qualifying disciples went forward to collect their participation numbers.

According to the rules, the top ten disciples from the preliminary round had automatically entered the semi-finals rankings. Hence, in the first few matches of the semi-finals, Huang Xiaolong didn't need to battle until it was time to determine the top one hundred rankings.

After all the qualifying disciples had gotten their numbers, more than ten thousand battle stages rose to the surface at the center of the plaza. Each battle stage was a hundred square meters in size.

Peng Xiao got number thirty-six, and her opponent was a disciple from the Golden Imperial Emperor Palace that ranked forty-second among the Emperor Palaces. The Golden Imperial Emperor Palace's disciple was only a Ninth Order God King, and he was not an overly powerful opponent.

The Fortune Emperor Palace had thirteen disciples who made it into the semi-finals, including Huang Xiaolong and Peng Xiao; however, two disciples lost their first matches.

Match after match, the battles progressed in an orderly manner.

When all the disciples had finished their first match, only five hundred thousand disciples were remaining. After the second bout of matches, half of them would get eliminated, and so on in the third and fourth bout, until only ten thousand remained.

When only ten thousand disciples were remaining, Peng Xiao drew a number once again, and her opponent was determined. Her opponent on battle stage number twelve was the Grandmist Emperor Palace's disciple named Wu Yanxi. He was a peak late-First Order Heavenly Monarch.

Seeing this, Han Qing smiled delightedly, and her eyebrows were bent into crescent-shaped.

### Chapter 1783: Kill That Peng Xiao

Han Qing immediately called the Grandmist Emperor Palace's disciple Wu Yanxi to her side. She exhorted with a beaming face, "Later, on the battle stage, you must go all out. More importantly, never give that Peng Xiao the chance to admit defeat. Attack the moment you're on the battle stage and kill her in one strike! You're a peak late-Heavenly Monarch Realm expert. If you can't even kill a peak late-Tenth Order God King Realm girl, then you know the consequences!"

Wu Yanxi looked at the beaming Han Qing, and his heart tightened inexplicably, but on the surface, he respectfully complied, "Yes, please rest assured, Ancestor Han Qing."

"Go on, kill that Peng Xiao, and I will reward you heavily!" Han Qing nodded, extremely pleased with herself.

"Yes, thank you, Ancestor Han Qing." Wu Yanxi complied respectfully, then walked towards battle stage number twelve.

Far away in zone sixty-one, Fang Xuanxuan was full of worry as she faced Peng Xiao and said, "Xiaoxiao, you must be extra careful on the battle stage. I'm afraid that Grandmist Emperor Palace's Wu Yanxi bears ill-will towards you and will attack you lethally."

Li Shan's face was lined with worry as well. "That's right, Xiao'er. If the opponent is too tough, just admit defeat. You're a supreme godhead genius, and you can break through to Emperor Realm; a moment of victory or defeat is unimportant."

Although he had previously agreed to Peng Xiao and Sun Shihai getting together, Peng Xiao was his disciple, and he was genuinely concerned about her well-being.

Zhao Lei also looked worried, afraid that Peng Xiao would make a careless mistake. Only Huang Xiaolong appeared calm as he stood there.

Peng Xiao gave Fang Xuanxuan and the others a reassuring gaze, and went up to battle stage twelve.

Looking at the peak late-First Order Heavenly Monarch Realm Wu Yanxi standing opposite her, Peng Xiao did not have thoughts of retreat. A surging desire to battle filled her chest, instead.

Under the stage, Han Qing sneered when she saw this. It was true that Peng Xiao was a supreme godhead genius and possessed the Purple Phoenix Physique. However, could Wu Yanxi be that simple to defeat?

Wu Yanxi, too, was someone with a unique physique—one that was much stronger than the Purple Phoenix Physique. Although Wu Yanxi was not a supreme godhead genius, he had a top emperor rank godhead—a variant top emperor rank godhead!

Not to mention, Wu Yanxi had once encountered a big fortuitous adventure, and he had successfully practiced a powerful ancient secret technique. Wu Yanxi had no problem killing an early Second Order Heavenly Monarch Realm expert, then what was a mere peak late-Tenth Order God King Realm, like Peng Xiao, when compared to his strength?

Though the difference between a peak late-Tenth Order God King Realm and an early First Order Heavenly Monarch Realm may seem minuscule, the gap in their strength was akin to the difference between heaven and earth. Generally speaking, ten peak late-Tenth Order God King Realm experts were no match against one early First Order Heavenly Monarch Realm expert.

Han Qing had been worried that Peng Xiao would immediately admit defeat when she went up the battle stage but watching Peng Xiao's warring expression, she felt reassured.

A sinister smile spread over Han Qing's face, imagining the sight of Peng Xiao being killed on the battle stage, and Huang Xiaolong's anguished expression following her death.

Wu Yanxi was a little surprised, seeing Peng Xiao's warring intent, but his gaze turned icy immediately. Golden light burst out from his body, as if his skin was painted with a layer of golden Buddha's luminance.

"Is this the Great Buddha's Golden Physique?!"

After seeing this, the experts noticed movements on battle stage twelve.

The Great Buddha's Golden Physique ranked tenth among the three thousand unique physiques! Even though it only ranked at tenth place, any physique that made it into the top ten was undoubtedly powerful.

Furthermore, with the higher rank in the top ten physiques, the wider was the gap in strength between each physique.

Huang Xiaolong was also surprised by Wu Yanxi's unique physique.

Generally speaking, only the freak geniuses among Buddhism cultivators could possess the Great Buddha's Golden Physique; thus it was really a surprise that Wu Yanxi had this unique physique.

Peng Xiao raised her vigilance seeing this and did not dare to act carelessly. She circulated her Purple Phoenix Physique bloodline power to the limit. Wisps of purple flames appeared on the surface of her skin as a faint shadow of a purple phoenix twirled around her body.

This purple phoenix was condensed from purple flames and had the power to incinerate mountains and seas.

"Begin!"

The referee on battle stage twelve announced sharply.

The instant the referee's word sounded, Wu Yanxi's figure disappeared into a blur from where he stood. When he appeared again, he had closed the space in between him and Peng Xiao. Many spectators were caught off guard by his move.

"That seems like the Ancient Heaven Buddha Sect's Transmigration Grand Movement, doesn't it?"

A Martial Demon Emperor Palace's Ancestor voiced his doubt aloud.

The Ancient Heaven Buddha Sect was a famous hidden sect since ancient times. The sect's power was comparable to the current top ten Emperor Palaces; however, it had been many billions of years since the Ancient Heaven Buddha Sect last appeared.

Some said the Ancient Heaven Buddha Sect had offended a peerless expert and was annihilated by him. Others said that the Ancient Heaven Buddha Sect's Chief had entered death seclusion to break through the realm above the Emperor Realm.

On the battle stage, Peng Xiao tensed from an invisible pressure.

Inside the Heavenly Court Secret Region, a total of five disciples from the Brightness Emperor Palace and Grandmist Emperor Palace had besieged her. One of them was named Zhuo Ran. He was a late-First Order Heavenly Monarch Realm. However, even though all five of them were put together, they wouldn't last when fighting against this Wu Yanxi.

Wu Yanxi suddenly struck out with his palm, breaking past the protective purple flames around Peng Xiao and went straight for Peng Xiao's heart. He obviously intended to shatter Peng Xiao's heart in one strike.

Although a God King Realm expert's body was powerful and could be said to be immortal, it was still subjective. Moreover, the heart was the most fragile yet essential organ; once the heart was gone, a person's body was half-crippled.

"Xiaoxiao, watch out!" Fang Xuanxuan shouted a warning, as her face paled in an instant.

Just as everyone thought Wu Yanxi's palm strike would shatter Peng Xiao's heart, a rumbling dragon's roar came from Peng Xiao's body.

Everyone was dumbfounded by this unexpected factor.

Wasn't Peng Xiao's physique the Purple Phoenix Physique? Why was there dragon's roar coming from her body?

Subsequently, everyone saw nine huge dragons flying out from Peng Xiao's body, letting out deafening roars that shook the heavens. A majestic dragon might swept over, their condescending gaze peered over the battle stage.

A black-colored armor rose to the surface of Peng Xiao's body.

A burst of numbing pain shot up Wu Yanxi's arm when his palm strike landed on the black divine armor as if he had just struck his palm against a giant wall. The collision force sent him staggering back in a sorry state.

This result astounded the spectators.

Even the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun, who was sitting on the dragon chair on the high stage, looked towards the battle stage twelve, more accurately, at the black divine armor on Peng Xiao's body.

"What kind of divine armor is that?! It's so powerful!" A Brightness Emperor Palace's Ancestor sucked in a breath of cold air.

A peak late-Tenth Order God King Realm disciple actually repelled a peak late-First Order Heavenly Monarch Realm expert purely relying on the divine armor alone. This defensive power could only be described as terrifying.

"That, that is the Desolate Era's Black Dragon Clan's Black Dragon Divine Armor! A top-grade grandmist spiritual artifact ah!" One of the Grandmist Emperor Palace's Ancestors shrieked, and his eyes rounded in astonishment.

"What?! The Desolate Era's Black Dragon Clan's Black Dragon Divine Armor!"

Those words sent a wave of shock through the plaza, and the crowd was in a furor.

A top-grade grandmist divine armor, ah! This was a treasure that many peak late-Tenth Order Emperor Realm experts could only dream of. Even existences that had surpassed the Emperor Realm did not necessarily have this high grade of divine armor!

Zhao Lei, Fang Xuanxuan, Li Shan, and the others were genuinely shocked but soon showed an appreciative expression. Even though others didn't know, they were well aware that the Black Dragon Divine Armor belonged to Huang Xiaolong. It looks like Huang Xiaolong gave it to Peng Xiao for her protection.

“No wonder a no-conscience guy like you wasn’t worried earlier.” Fang Xuanxuan fumed at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong sweated inwardly—how come his ‘conscience’ was dragged into this.?

Chapter 1784: Battling the Brightness Emperor’s Disciple Lan Tailong

“If the person going up to the stage were you, I would have let you wear the armor too.” Huang Xiaolong firmly stated to Fang Xuanxuan.

Fang Xuanxuan’s angry puffed up cheeks turned red at Huang Xiaolong’s words. She raised her chin up and proudly said, “That’s more like it.”

Huang Xiaolong smiled wryly.

While the shocked crowd stared at the Black Dragon Divine Armor on Peng Xiao’s body on battle stage twelve, Han Qing’s face was twisted in anger. Resentment and greed burned in her eyes. There was greed in her eyes for the Black Dragon Divine Armor, and resentment at why a top-grade grandmist spiritual artifact, like the Black Dragon Divine Armor, would be on Peng Xiao!

Peng Xiao, who was wearing the Black Dragon Divine Armor, was invincible. Even if Wu Yanxi was stronger than he already was, he would still fail to break past the Black Dragon Divine Armor’s defenses. It was clear how powerful the Black Dragon Divine Armor’s defenses were, judging from how it had repelled Wu Yanxi’s attack.

It was as expected of a top-grade grandmist divine armor ah!

Even though the Grandmist Emperor Palace had one, it was their ultimate treasure.

While everyone was astonished and as they stared at Peng Xiao’s Black Dragon Divine Armor with burning greed in their eyes, Peng Xiao yelled and lunged forward. The long sword appeared in her hand, and it slashed at Wu Yanxi.

The powerful Black Dragon Divine Armor boosted her confidence, allowing her to concentrate on attacking,

For a second, criss-crossed sword lights lit up the battle stage. Dragon roars and phoenix cry rumbled in the air.

There was a purple phoenix flying between nine black dragons.

Everyone watched with bated breaths, as they fixed their eyes unblinkingly on Peng Xiao. More accurately, they were staring at her Black Dragon Divine Armor.

There was a scarcity of top-grade grandmist divine armors. Even though the Black Dragon Divine Armor was not graded as a grandmist treasure artifact, it wasn't far from one.

Standing beside the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun, the Heavenly Prince Di Jing too couldn't move his gaze away from the Black Dragon Divine Armor. Even though he had the number one unique physique, he was tempted.

When he was inside the Heavenly Court Secret Region, Di Jing had once encountered an Emperor Realm Heavenly Demon imprisoned within a valley. At that time, he had wanted to enter the valley to kill the Heavenly Demon, but he had hesitated. Even though he had the number one Heaven's Dao Physique, his opponent was an Emperor Realm Heavenly Demon after all. No doubt, he would have suffered heavy injuries battling against an Emperor Realm Heavenly Demon.

Therefore, he had given up on the idea in the end and had not entered the valley.

Things would have significantly been different if he had the Black Dragon Divine Armor.

With the Black Dragon Divine Armor to support his Heaven's Dao Physique, he wouldn't even need to worry about being injured by the Emperor Realm Heavenly Demon.

The Heavenly Prince Di Jing sucked in a breath of cold air, his eyes flickering with unknown thoughts.

Black Dragon Divine Armor!

Di Jing clenched his fists tightly.

As everyone watched the ongoing battles, an hour soon passed. Relying on the Black Dragon Divine Armor's sturdy protection, Peng Xiao defeated the Grandmist Emperor Palace's Wu Yanxi by sending him out of the battle stage.

Eyes followed Peng Xiao as she walked back to zone sixty-one.

"Thank you." Peng Xiao thanked Huang Xiaolong with a bright smile when she was back at his side.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Peng Xiao's exhausted face and shook his head. Without a word, he took out a Great Brahma Sarira Pill and had Peng Xiao swallow it.

After taking the Great Brahma Sarira Pill, Peng Xiao's pallid complexion looked better. Even though she had the Black Dragon Divine Armor, she had consumed a lot of godforce to defeat Wu Yanxi.

However, after winning against Wu Yanxi, she had successfully made it into the top five thousand.

As long as she could win another match, she would enter into the top three thousand rankings!

Peng Xiao's goal was to make it into the top three thousand in the Battle of the Heavenly Court. Therefore, she needed to win the next match.

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Several hours later, an extremely pale Peng Xiao stepped off the battle stage.

She had won a place in the top three thousand rankings. However, in the qualifying match for the top five hundred, her opponent was a peak mid-Second Order Heavenly Monarch Realm Fiend God Emperor Palace's disciple. She lost this match in the end, as she was thrown off the battle stage.

Fang Xuanxuan hurried to Peng Xiao's side and put her arm around her to lend her some support. "Xiaoxiao, are you alright?"

Peng Xiao squeezed a smile on her pale face and reassured her, "I'm alright."

Although she had lost the match, she was satisfied by entering the top three thousand rankings. Despite being a supreme godhead genius, her cultivation time was shorter than the majority of participants. It was an outstanding achievement to enter into the top three thousand rankings with just peak late-Tenth Order God King Realm cultivation.

The matches on the battle stages continued, so did the whispers and gossips in the spectating crowd.

In the end, it came down to ninety disciples. Counting Huang Xiaolong and the rest of the preliminary round's top ten disciples, the semi-finals' top one hundred disciples were determined.

Disciples from the top ten Emperor Palaces and hidden ancient forces, like the Purple Flames Sword Sect, dominated the top one hundred rankings.

Then again, there were the occasional surprises like Huang Xiaolong, and the True Divinity Sect's Long Shaozhen, for instance.

Other than Huang Xiaolong and Long Shaozhen, several disciples from the lower-ranking Emperor Palaces' had managed to enter the top one hundred.

Of course, had Gudu Canyang survived the preliminary round instead of being killed off by Huang Xiaolong, he too could have entered the top one hundred rankings.

"Now, may I have the top one hundred participants here to draw a lot?" The Heavenly Court's Marshal Yu Shi shouted as he stood on the high stage.

Huang Xiaolong stepped forward.

It was finally starting!

The moment he had been waiting for has finally arrived.

Just as Huang Xiaolong stepped forward, the Brightness Emperor's Disciple Lan Tailong and Grandmist Emperor Palace's Li Junhua also stepped forward. They went up to the high stage with Huang Xiaolong to draw a lot.

The Heavenly Prince Di Jing and two other princes, who had also entered into the top one hundred, also stood up.

As the top one hundred disciples went up to the high stage, streams of invisible energy collided loudly in the air.

Many of the crowd were paying attention to the Heavenly Prince Di Jing, Huang Xiaolong, Lan Tailong, Li Junhua, and Long Shaozhen.

"Who's going to be the Heavenly Prince Di Jing and Huang Xiaolong's first opponent? It would be exciting if they drew the same number!"

"That would be such a thrill! No one had ever seen the Heavenly Prince Di Jing battle. This is the battle the entire universe wanted to see the most. Moreover, Huang Xiaolong was the preliminary round's champion. This made everyone believe that the battle between Huang Xiaolong and the Heavenly Prince Di Jing would be an epic showdown!"

"Huang Xiaolong has merely gotten first place in the preliminary round. There is nothing more to him than that which could compare him to the Heavenly Prince Di Jing. I'll say it first that Huang Xiaolong won't be able to take one strike from the Heavenly Prince Di Jing on the battle stage!"

“In this one month, the whole Divine World had talked about Huang Xiaolong. Even the other four great worlds’ top experts were paying attention to Huang Xiaolong, and many of them looked favorably upon him. Some even thought that Huang Xiaolong could become the pinnacle of existence in the future, surpassing Emperor Realm. But, if he were to lose his life on the battle stage, slapped to death by Heavenly Prince Di Jing, then that would be the funniest joke ever!”

While the crowd was discussing excitedly, Huang Xiaolong had drawn a number.

Number six!

“Huang Xiaolong has got number six. I wonder who has gotten the other number six?!” Everyone craned their necks, looking around.

Right at this time, the Brightness Emperor’s Disciple Lan Tailong flipped over his participation token number, and an eye-catching ‘6’ appeared in plain view.

“It’s the Brightness Emperor’s Disciple! The Brightness Emperor’s Disciple has the number six!”

Someone hollered. As his voice rang through the plaza, the crowd stirred in excited anticipation.

Even though Huang Xiaolong’s first opponent in his first match was not the Heavenly Prince Di Jing, the fight between him and the Brightness Emperor’s Disciple Lan Tailong was enough to drive the crowd into a frenzy.

In everyone’s eyes, this was going to be an exciting and intense battle!

#### Chapter 1785: Lan Tailong’s Real Strength

When the Brightness Emperor’s Disciple Lan Tailong saw he had gotten the same number as Huang Xiaolong, he was stunned for a moment. But then, he raised his head and looked at Huang Xiaolong with a raging desire for battle.

He had been waiting for a long time for this battle!

Soon, all of one the hundred disciples had drawn their lots. The Heavenly Prince Di Jing's opponent was a disciple from the Fiend God Emperor Palace. On the other hand, the Fiend God Emperor's Disciple Feng Chan's opponent was a disciple from the ancient hidden Purple Flames Sword Sect.

Therefore, there was not much suspense around the Heavenly Prince Di Jing and Fiend God Emperor's Disciple Feng Chan's match results.

Almost all eyes were focused on battle stage six.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong and the Brightness Emperor's Disciple were standing on the battle stage, facing each other and waiting for the battle to start.

"Our Emperor's Disciple is winning for sure!"

"Emperor's Disciple, defeat that Huang Xiaolong! Kill Huang Xiaolong!"

A short distance away, the Brightness Emperor Palace's disciples shouted.

Lan Tailong's icy gaze was fixed on Huang Xiaolong as he spoke, "Huang Xiaolong, you killed two hundred and forty-five disciples of my Brightness Emperor Palace during the preliminary round. During this one month, I have thought about beheading you at every waking second, slicing off your flesh piece by piece as an offering to appease those two hundred and forty-five Brightness Emperor Palace's disciples!"

"Honestly, I was a little worried that you might die at Heavenly Prince Di Jing's hands on the battle stage, but now, I am delighted!"

"My luck must be good since I am encountering you in the first match of the top one hundred rankings!"

Lan Tailong sneered, "Another thing, I hope you have no intention of throwing in the towel because I won't give you a chance!"

Lan Tailong did not conceal his killing intent at all, and a murderous aura soared from his body to the sky.

Even though the preliminary round's first place was Huang Xiaolong, Lan Tailong was extremely confident in his own strength. He did not think that Huang Xiaolong could defeat him.

He had been cultivating diligently for several tens of thousands of years and had encountered a few fortuitous adventures. Not to mention, he had the highest level of talent amongst several generations of Brightness Emperor's Disciples, not even his father and the Brightness Emperor Palace's Ancestors knew his real strength.

Lan Tailong also had the confidence of facing the Heavenly Prince Di Jing.

Huang Xiaolong watched as Lan Tailong babbled on with confidence and a burning desire for battle. He couldn't help snickering, "Very good. I feel the same. You won't have the chance to throw in the towel later, and after I kill you, the number of Brightness Emperor Palace's disciples that I have killed would increase to two hundred and forty-six."

A ruthless glint flickered across Lan Tailong's eyes. "Huang Xiaolong, enough with your b\*llshit. I'll show you my real strength now!" With that said, his momentum intensified, and he no longer concealed his real strength.

Radiance rays shot out from Lan Tailong's body, forming intense beams of pillar light.

The light pillars pierced through the sky, and a scary energy whirlpool spun rapidly high in the air. Tsunami of bright light spread out from the energy whirlpool to the four directions at a shocking speed.

"The peak late-Seventh Order Heavenly Monarch Realm!"

The crowd was shocked and reacted dramatically.

Even the Grandmist Emperor Palace and Fiend God Emperor Palace's experts were surprised.

The rumors circulating outside claimed that Lan Tailong's strength was at the early Seventh Order Heavenly Monarch Realm. But who would've thought that Lan Tailong had already reached the peak late-Seventh Order Heavenly Monarch Realm! Though it was the same 'Seventh Order Heavenly Monarch Realm,' the two scales' strength-gap was massive.

Ten pairs of wings appeared behind Lan Tailong's back; ten pairs of wings condensed out of his supreme radiance godforce.

"Brightness Divine Saint Manual!"

"Lan Tailong's cultivation of the Brightness Divine Saint Manual had reached the major completion stage!"

In the next second, the crowd saw a stalwart shadow materializing behind Lan Tailong. This shadow emitted glaring white crepuscular rays of light and exuded a faint aura of an Emperor.

"Is this an Emperor's divine soul will?!"

"I have long heard about Lan Tailong obtaining the Brightness Emperor Palace's founder's supreme inheritance. It looks like it's true! This Emperor's divine soul will is most likely the Brightness Emperor Palace's founder's divine soul will. The regular Emperor Realm experts could not exude such a powerful Emperor aura!"

At first, everyone was merely astonished, but now, they were astounded.

In general, it was rare to find people who had obtained the founder's inheritance, and even rarer to find someone who could successfully withstand the weight of the founder's divine soul will. It was so rare that one hardly appeared in ten billion years.

A peerless Emperor Realm expert's divine soul will, ah! Even though the so-called divine soul will was not a real Emperor's will, its power was still startling. Imagine being enveloped by the immense pressure of an Emperor Realm expert, where the foe couldn't even muster the idea of resistance. One could only surrender obediently.

This was one of Lan Tailong's trump cards.

It was also due to the Brightness Emperor Palace's founder's divine soul will that Lan Tailong was confident to battle Di Jing.

After summoning the Brightness Emperor Palace's founder's divine soul will, Lan Tailong stood with his hands behind his back as he enjoyed the crowd's astounded expressions. He looked condescendingly at Huang Xiaolong as he spoke, "Huang Xiaolong, feeling stupefied, aren't you? In truth, during the preliminary round, I did not at all summon the founder's divine soul will. Otherwise, you could have never taken first place in the preliminary round. And this isn't even my full strength yet."

The crowd was in a furor listening to Lan Tailong's words.

This is still not his full strength?!

Although astonished, some people were suspicious if Lan Tailong was merely sensationalizing himself?

While these people were suspicious, dark radiance energy suddenly surged from Lan Tailong's body.

"Is that a darkness supreme godforce?!"

Everyone was beyond shocked, including the Brightness Emperor Palace's Chen Wenqian and other Ancestors. There was darkness element supreme godforce surging out from Lan Tailong's body. It clearly meant that Lan Tailong possessed a radiance supreme godhead and a darkness supreme godhead!

Lan Tailong has two top supreme godheads!

None of them had ever heard of this before.

Even the Heavenly Court's experts on the high stage stirred slightly due to Lan Tailong's revelation.

"This is a surprise, Lan Tailong actually has two top supreme godheads—one light and the other darkness—two contradicting energies." Sitting on the dragon throne, Heavenly Emperor Di Jun was full of praise, "This Lan Tailong has even surprised me."

Grand Marshal Yan Tianchen, who was standing a step behind him, spoke, "Lan Tailong's strength has completely surpassed the strength of a peak late-Eighth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm. It is comparable to most of the Ninth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm experts. Considering the Emperor's divine soul will, it looks like it's even possible for him to kill some early Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm expert."

"It seems like Huang Xiaolong's absolutely dead!" Xiao Yi agreed at the side, nodding his head.

But the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun shook his head with a wry smile, "Not necessarily."

Both Yan Tianchen and Xiao Yi were surprised.

"Huang Xiaolong placed first in the preliminary round, forcing Jing'er to second place. He must have his own trump cards." Heavenly Emperor Di Jun went on earnestly, "Perhaps, both of them might suffer heavy injuries in this battle, or Huang Xiaolong might barely defeat Lan Tailong at a great cost."

"Both sides might suffer, or Huang Xiaolong might even defeat Lan Tailong at a great cost?" Yan Tianchen blanked for a second, and weakly denied, "Not, not possible... right?"

Zhao Lei, Fang Xuanxuan, Peng Xiao, and Bei Xiaomei had confidence in Huang Xiaolong. But now that Lan Tailong had exposed the existence of a second supreme godhead, and the Brightness Emperor Palace's founder's divine soul will, they couldn't help feeling worried.

"Elder Fu, do you think Uncle can hold on? He can, right?" Bei Xiaomei asked Elder Fu.

Elder Fu smiled wryly.

This question was tough to answer.

Inwardly, he didn't look favorably on Huang Xiaolong's current situation. In his opinion, the chances of Lan Tailong winning this battle were extremely high. Anyone with an understanding of an Emperor's divine soul will's power would think the same way.

Chapter 1786: Defeated So Fast?

"That is hard to say." Elder Fu pondered cautiously before answering Bei Xiaomei.

Bei Xiaomei's eyebrows furrowed as she said, "If Uncle really loses, then you must save him immediately, even if you have to violate the Heavenly Court's rules."

A wry smile rose in Elder Fu's heart, looking at Bei Xiaomei's solemn expression. He could only nod and reassure her, "Don't worry, Miss!"

In reality, Elder Fu wanted to highlight to his Miss that Huang Xiaolong's two monsters would protect him if he were to face danger. The two monsters were more powerful than him.

"Huang Xiaolong, aren't you preparing for battle?" On the battle stage, Lan Tailong nonchalantly shook his ten radiance wings as he went on coldly, "After losing, don't say that I didn't give you a chance to prepare."

At that point, the battle on the stage had yet to start officially.

The referee was giving the two participants some time to get ready.

Huang Xiaolong remained blase. "I believe that my strength is still sufficient to defeat you, so there is no need for me to prepare."

The crowd below was stupefied after hearing Huang Xiaolong's words.

Lan Tailong chuckled coldly. As he responded, there was a sharp glint in his eyes that was akin to rotating needles emitting glaring light, "Good, in that case, I do not need to worry about anything."

Lan Tailong had decided to use the founder's divine soul will's power to suppress Huang Xiaolong until he could not move, and then behead him!

No, first, he would slice off two hundred and forty-five pieces from Huang Xiaolong's flesh as sacrificial offerings to the Brightness Emperor Palace's disciples he had murdered inside the Heavenly Court Secret Region. After that, he would kill Huang Xiaolong!

A golden light flashed as a long radiant sword appeared in Lan Tailong's hand.

"Radiance Flames Divine Sword!"

In the distance, Zhao Lei's face tightened in tension.

Other Emperor Palaces' experts watched nervously.

The instant the long sword in Lan Tailong's hand appeared, the surrounding temperatures rose sharply. Faint wisps of white flames dominated the entire battle stage environment.

Yet these faint white flames were akin to piercing swords that penetrated one's soul.

Even though the long sword's sharpness was not directed at the crowd, they could still feel prickling pain in their souls.

The Radiance Flames Divine Sword was the Brightness Emperor Palace's ultimate treasure sword with earth-shattering power. It was a top-grade grandmist spiritual weapon, and it was needless to explain the divine sword's sharpness. It was said that it could slash and pierce through anything.

On top of that, the Radiance Flames Divine Sword contained incredible radiance energy. After cutting its victims, the divine sword's radiance energy would invade the victim's body, destroying it from within, down to the godhead.

The Radiance Flames Divine Sword was the Brightness Emperor Palace's Emperor's weapon. Who would've thought that Lan Tailong would bring it to participate in the Battle of the Heavenly Court?

Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed when the Radiance Flames Divine Sword appeared.

"Start!"

Right at this time, referees on numerous battle stages shouted simultaneously.

In a split second, figures on various battle stages lunged towards their opponents. Lan Tailong was the same. He turned into a streak of white light, accelerating forward. He was so fast that even some Tenth Order Heavenly Monarchs couldn't capture his movements.

The instant Lan Tailong moved, he employed the Brightness Founder's divine soul will behind him. The white light enshrouding the shadow intensified, as it's majestic momentum enveloped the whole battle stage. Under the Brightness Founder's divine soul will's pressure, even the experts in the crowd were pinned in place by an invisible pressure. They were astounded to discover that they could not move at all.

Even the peak late-Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm experts weren't spared.

Moreover, the Brightness Founder's divine soul will's power was not actually aimed at them, but at Huang Xiaolong. One could only imagine the amount of pressure Huang Xiaolong was experiencing.

Lan Tailong aimed the Radiance Flames Divine Sword's tip at Huang Xiaolong's head and slashing down.

Huang Xiaolong stood motionless on the battle stage as if welcoming the attack. It looked like he had turned silly, as the Radiance Flames Divine Sword's tip was ten meters away from his head.

“An Emperor’s might is indeed, terrifying! Under the Brightness Founder’s divine soul will’s pressure, one can only be fish on the chopping board! Huang Xiaolong’s dead for sure!”

“I thought it would be the battle of the millennium, but who could have guessed that Huang Xiaolong would die so fast!”

Experts in the crowd shook their heads.

“It looks like Huang Xiaolong overestimated his own strength. If he would’ve made some preparations earlier, he wouldn’t have got defeated in one strike!”

“He just wasted those forty million low-grade chaos spirit stones!”

At this point, some people were still obsessed with Huang Xiaolong’s bet of forty million low-grade chaos spirit stones.

Finally, before the crowd’s eyes, Lan Tailong’s Radiance Flames Divine Sword pierced Huang Xiaolong’s head!

Zhao Lei, Fang Xuanxuan, Bei Xiaomei, and the others turned deathly pale at this sight.

On the other hand, Lan Tailong’s face twisted in an insane smile.

But in the next second, his expression stiffened as his Radiance Flames Divine Sword felt no resistance at all like he was cutting through the air.

This!

An afterimage!

Lan Tailong was dumbfounded.

The Radiance Flames Divine Sword cut through the air and slashed the battle stage floor, leaving a long cut across the surface.

The crowd was stunned. What happened?

“It is a good sword, but your speed is too slow!” Right at this time, a voice sounded behind Lan Tailong. Lan Tailong’s eyes widened in astonishment as he spun around to see that Huang Xiaolong was standing behind him.

Lan Tailong’s breathing became a little heavy as he looked at Huang Xiaolong in disbelief, “You, how could you...?!”

Huang Xiaolong was unaffected by the Brightness Founder’s divine soul will’s suppression?!

Those under the stage were just as flabbergasted.

Zhao Lei, Fang Xuanxuan, and Bei Xiaomei were at a loss for words.

“Did you two understand what happened?” Heavenly Emperor Di Jun asked in a casual tone, but his eyes glimmered as he looked at Huang Xiaolong on the battle stage.

Yan Tianchen came to his senses and shared his thoughts, “Huang Xiaolong has a grandmist grade soul defense artifact!”

Xiao Yi, who was standing by his side, nodded in agreement.

Heavenly Emperor Di Jun fell silent. Yan Tianchen’s judgment that Huang Xiaolong had a grandmist grade soul defense artifact was accurate, but it was more complicated than that. One could not remain unaffected by an Emperor divine soul will by merely relying on a grandmist soul defense artifact.

But that was the Brightness Founder’s Emperor divine soul will! Even if it was only a tiny portion!

Lan Tailong bellowed loudly on the stage, and he once again aimed the Radiance Flames Divine Sword at Huang Xiaolong. This time, the Radiance Flames Divine Sword emitted rays of great sword light, and the burning white flames sizzled the air.

Lan Tailong refused to believe he could miss again. He employed the Brightness Founder's Emperor divine soul will once more, and a mammoth of pressure slammed down on Huang Xiaolong.

Lan Tailong's ten radiance wings flapped as he accelerated forward.

"Die!"

Lan Tailong bellowed as white light shot out from his eyes.

The Radiance Flames Divine Sword in Lan Tailong's hand once again advanced towards Huang Xiaolong's head, but this time, Huang Xiaolong did not dodge. Instead, he reached out with two of his fingers and clipped the sword's tip, as if that was Lan Tailong's intention all along.

Sword rays disappeared, and time froze.

Chapter 1787: Is the Brightness Emperor's Disciple Lan Tailong Dead?

Everyone stared blankly at battle stage six, looking specifically at Huang Xiaolong's two fingers.

His sword got caught!

Various endings had flashed across the spectators' minds, moments before Lan Tailong had bellowed and pierced his sword through Huang Xiaolong. For example, Huang Xiaolong would dodge Lan Tailong's attack like he had done earlier since the Radiance Flames Divine Sword in Lan Tailong's hand was a top-grade grandmist artifact. No one would have the guts to test its sharpness head on!

But that terrifying sword was now caught between Huang Xiaolong's two fingers!

Everyone was flabbergasted.

Lan Tailong could barely hide the shock on his face, and panic flitted across his eyes. He raised his full force and attempted to free his sword from Huang Xiaolong's fingers, but he failed!

Huang Xiaolong's fingers were akin to two insurmountable chaos pillars.

"Your speed is still too slow." Huang Xiaolong looked indifferently at Lan Tailong and went on, "Is this your fastest and strongest attack? In that case..."

Huang Xiaolong's words trailed off as he shook his head with disappointment.

Lan Tailong's face turned red from embarrassment and anger as he felt thoroughly humiliated.

He was confused. 'Why was Huang Xiaolong unaffected by the Brightness Founder's Emperor divine soul will's coercion? Even if Huang Xiaolong really has a grandmist-grade soul defense artifact, Huang Xiaolong should not be completely unaffected.'

Why is it like this?!!

"It's my turn now." Huang Xiaolong's cold and indifferent voice sounded in Lan Tailong's ears, and before he could react, Huang Xiaolong lightly flicked his finger onto the Radiance Flames Divine Sword. An overwhelming force rushed towards Lan Tailong. His arm holding the Radiance Flames Divine Sword became numb, and his grip over the sword hilt loosened.

The Radiance Flames Divine Sword hummed as it was hurled into the air.

Next, Huang Xiaolong's fist snaked out. Space shook from the inertial force, threatening to collapse. Rules of time and space became chaotic.

The power of his fist seemed to have arrived from the ancient time, passing through time and space. The entire battle stage quaked violently in protest.

The power of one fist shook the entire plaza.

While Lan Tailong and the crowd were still confused, Huang Xiaolong's fist landed accurately on Lan Tailong's chest. Cr-cra-cck! Cracking noises rang from the stage, as the divine armor, glimmering in numerous ancient radiant runes on Lan Tailong's body, broke and shattered like the withered bark of a tree.

Huang Xiaolong's fist went through Lan Tailong's protective godforce barrier, into his chest, and came out from his back without any resistance.

Emperor Palaces' experts could see Huang Xiaolong's fist protruding from Lan Tailong's back with blood dripping onto the stage.

Lan Tailong let out a blood-curdling scream.

Huang Xiaolong subsequently retrieved his fist from Lan Tailong's chest, and in a split second, his fist struck forward in another punch.

World-shaking radiant flames and lightning energy swirled as his fist punched out, carrying a world-destroying force as it landed on Lan Tailong.

However, this punch was not aimed at Lan Tailong's chest but on Lan Tailong's neck.

Looking at the radiant flames and lightning energy around Huang Xiaolong's fist, unprecedented fear exploded in Lan Tailong's eyes. He smelled death from Huang Xiaolong's punch.

"Save me!"

Lan Tailong bellowed towards the Brightness Emperor Palace's Ancestors in desperation. At the same time, godforce flooded out frenziedly from his two supreme godheads. Boundless radiant and darkness supreme godforce roiled around his body.

"Young Lord!"

Brightness Emperor Palace's Ancestor Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin jumped to their feet in boiling anger and leaped on the battle stage with their fists aimed at Huang Xiaolong.

"Huang Xiaolong, how do you dare to hurt him?"

Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin couldn't be bothered with adhering to the Heavenly Court's rules and whatnots if Lan Tailong died on the battle stage. Their Brightness Emperor would....!

Seeing Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin disregarding the Heavenly Court's rules and interfere in the Battle of the Heavenly Court, Heavenly Emperor Di Jun casually waved his hand to stop the surrounding Heavenly Court's soldiers to remain at their positions.

Zhao Lei, Li Shan, Mo Xiao, Peng Yi, Elder Fu, and the others also leaped into the air simultaneously.

But two figures were faster than any of them. In a blurry flicker, the two odd beasts were already blocking Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin.

The two odd beasts' claws struck out, and an overwhelming force akin to a chaos mountain slammed onto Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin. They were flustered, but quickly circulated their godforce to the limit to defend themselves.

Even though both odd beasts were not in their actual forms, their claws' power was too strong for Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin.

In a split second, Chen Wenqian, Chen Wenxin, and the rest of the Brightness Emperor Palace's Ancestors were sent flying like withered leaves in the hurricane.

When Chen Wenqian and the others were sent flying, Huang Xiaolong's fist struck Lan Tailong's neck simultaneously, instantly scattering Lan Tailong's radiant and darkness godforce's protective barrier.

Kacha—!

Noises similar to breaking branches sounded on the stage as Huang Xiaolong's fist slammed into Lan Tailong's neck, breaking it! But that was not the end of it! The destructive force of Huang Xiaolong's punch was rampaging through Lan Tailong's body.

Lan Tailong's head and body exploded into blood fog in the blink of an eye, and his two supreme godheads appeared in front of the crowd.

The two supreme godheads' first reaction was to flee. Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong sneered coldly as a suction force from his palm captured both godheads. No matter how much the two supreme godheads struggled, or how brightly godforce erupted from them, neither could successfully break free.

Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin, who were sent flying earlier, struggled up from the ground. When they saw this sight, their eyes widened in horror. But Chen Wenqian reacted and pointed at Huang Xiaolong in a fury, "Huang Xiaolong, if you dared to kill our Young Lord, our Brightness Emperor Palace will annihilate the Fortune Emperor Palace from top to bottom, down to the last dog!"

"Quickly release our Young Lord!"

On the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong was indifferent to Chen Wenqian's threat. Suddenly, two groups of purple flames appeared on Huang Xiaolong's palms that flew straight towards the two supreme godheads.

Lan Tailong's anguished screams reverberated across the plaza until the noise was cut off abruptly.

The plaza's tranquility returned.

Everyone looked dazedly at the battle stage.

The Brightness Emperor's Disciple Lan Tailong's dead?!

For real?

A chilling coldness wrapped around everyone's heart.

That was the Brightness Emperor's Disciple they were talking about. Even if Lan Tailong's identity and status couldn't be compared to the Heavenly Prince Di Jing, he was still someone who could gather thousands of strong warriors with a call and was respected wherever he went.

But he was killed before the crowd.

"Ahhhh!" Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin bawled in anguish, and like madmen, the two lunged towards Huang Xiaolong with scarlet eyes. But before they could get closer, they were slapped away by one of the odd beasts.

Huang Xiaolong's face was emotionless.

The chance of reconciliation between him and the Brightness Emperor Palace was long gone before today. On the battle stage, if he wouldn't have killed Lan Tailong, then Lan Tailong would have killed him.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong had never thought of sparing Lan Tailong from the beginning.

Some distance away on another battle stage, the Fiend God Emperor's Disciple Feng Chan had already defeated his opponent. He felt a chill around his limbs as he witnessed the purple flames from Huang Xiaolong's palm burn Lan Tailong's two supreme godheads. His face went deathly pale, and the chill went deep into his soul.

If he would have drawn number six instead of Lan Tailong, then would it have been him who had died...?!

## Chapter 1788: Rest Assured, Imperial Father

In fact, not only the Fiend God Emperor's Disciple had that feeling, but other Emperor Palaces' disciples also felt the same way. Their faces paled, and their knees went weak. Before the preliminary round had started, the Fiend God Emperor Palace had issued a lucrative bounty of five million low-grade chaos spirit stones for anyone who killed Huang Xiaolong. Many of them had been tempted.

The majority had fantasized themselves killing Huang Xiaolong. Not only could they collect the five million low-grade chaos spirit stones, but they could also obtain the supreme treasures on Huang Xiaolong.

Hence, during the preliminary round, various disciples had searched high and low for Huang Xiaolong inside the Heavenly Court Secret region.

Now, these Emperor Palaces' disciples stood petrified.

Had they found Huang Xiaolong inside the Heavenly Court Secret Region, then...!

The purple flames on Huang Xiaolong's palm grew larger, and everyone heard cracking noises from Lan Tailong's two supreme godheads.

All eyes turned towards the two supreme godheads in the air, and they saw fine spiderweb-cracks on their surface.

A moment later, the two supreme godheads broke into many pieces.

This scene shocked the crowd further.

Lan Tailong's two supreme godheads were infinitely close to king of supreme godheads. In general, there was almost nothing that could destroy this rank of the supreme godhead. Even if a top-grade grandmist spiritual artifact was slashed on it a million times, there wouldn't be a crack on the supreme godhead. Yet, they had actually crumbled into pieces under Huang Xiaolong's purple flames in a few short moments!

Even the Heavenly Prince Di Jing looked solemn.

What kind of flame is that?!

Heavenly Emperor Di Jun felt like Huang Xiaolong's purple flames looked familiar, but he couldn't be sure.

"Huang Xiaolong, I'm going to kill you!" Chen Wenqian roared from afar. His voice was hoarse with anger, after watching Lan Tailong's two supreme godheads shatter.

Even after a cultivator's soul was destroyed, if his godhead remained intact, there was the slimmest chance of resurrecting. But now, even Lan Tailong's supreme godheads had shattered. That was real death, without even a fraction of a millionth chance of resurrection!

When Chen Wenqian barely got up from the ground, he violently coughed up blood.

The odd beast's two claw strikes from earlier had injured Chen Wenqian greatly, and he couldn't even stand steadily.

Huang Xiaolong watched without any expression. Then he turned to the referee, who was on the edge of the battle stage, and said, "The battle has ended, right?"

Coincidentally, the referee was the same general who had kicked Huang Xiaolong's group out of Manor 61. His name was Zhou Han. Huang Xiaolong's question jarred Zhou Han back to reality. When he saw the look in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, it sent a chill to his soul as he hastened to announce, "Battle stage six, Fortune Emperor Palace's Huang Xiaolong wins!"

At this point, no matter how he tried, his voice did not sound as calm as he had wanted to, and it was quivering like the strings of a zither.

However, after Zhou Han's announcement, there was no thunderous applause from the crowd; there were no cheers or triumphant shouts. The world was silent as the various Emperor Palaces' disciples looked at Huang Xiaolong with fear, still immersed in the scene of Huang Xiaolong killing Lan Tailong.

Huang Xiaolong leisurely walked off the stage.

"Excellent!" While the world was enveloped in solemn silence, Bei Xiaomei shouted at the top of her lungs.

Huang Xiaolong glanced in her direction and saw Bei Xiaomei clapping her hands with a bright smile on her face. Under the sunlight, her fair, slender arms were a pretty sight.

This girl! A smile finally spread over Huang Xiaolong's face.

"Very good!" Zhao Lei joined in with his sonorous laughter.

A second later, thunderous cheers erupted from the Fortune Emperor Palace's disciples, reverberating through the plaza. Every disciple of the Fortune Emperor Palace wore an expression of smug pride and glory on their faces.

During the preliminary round, the Fortune Emperor Palace's disciples were hunted by the disciples from the Brightness Emperor Palace and Fiend God Emperor Palace. They had to turn tail and run every time they came across other Emperor Palaces' disciples, but now, the fury and depression they had been suppressing erupted at this moment.

The waves of cheers and laughter from the Fortune Emperor Palace's group grew increasingly louder. These cheers and laughter sounded harsh in the Brightness Emperor Palace's disciples ears.

Chen Wenqian and Chen Wenxin, who were being helped up by several Brightness Emperor Palace's disciples, looked uglier than ever. Chen Wenqian's hateful gaze was fixed on Huang Xiaolong, who was stepping down from the stage. His gaze was nothing less than wanting to swallow Huang Xiaolong alive.

Huang Xiaolong returned to zone sixty-one. He sensed Chen Wenqian's strong killing intent, but he remained unbothered.

"What divine fire is that purple flame? It's so terrifying that it was capable of incinerating Lan Tailong's supreme godheads!" Yan Tianchen, by Di Jun's side, spoke in a hushed whisper, still in shock.

"Even the Desolate Era's divine fires are not this frightening!" Xiao Yi, too, was genuinely astonished.

Heavenly Emperor Di Jun's eyes glimmered, seemingly pondering about something.

"Jing'er," he suddenly called.

Heavenly Prince Di Jing was surprised but responded promptly, "I am here, Imperial Father."

"Do you still have the confidence to defeat Huang Xiaolong?" Di Jun's voice was low and severe.

Initially, he had absolute confidence in his son Di Jing's strength, but now, his confidence was slightly shaken after witnessing Huang Xiaolong kill Lan Tailong on the battle stage.

Lan Tailong's cultivation was at the peak late-Seventh Order Heavenly Monarch Realm. He also possessed two supreme godheads, and had reached major completion in the Brightness Divine Saint Manual, condensing ten radiance wings. Moreover, he had even gotten the Brightness Founder's inheritance and divine soul will, but he was easily killed by Huang Xiaolong!

In fact, Lan Tailong was severely injured by Huang Xiaolong with one punch! The second punch had exploded him! The third move had destroyed Lan Tailong's soul! And the fourth move had crushed his two supreme godheads!

These had more than proven Huang Xiaolong's startling strength, no, his terrifying strength!

The Heavenly Prince Di Jing looked at the Heavenly Emperor Di Jun and smiled suddenly—a bright, sunny, and even adorable smile as he stressed to Di Jun, “Rest assured, Imperial Father. If Huang Xiaolong encounters me, he’s bound to die!”

The Heavenly Prince Di Jing exuded a resilient and confident aura, and his confidence stemmed from his own strength.

Di Jun was surprised for a second but then nodded his head smilingly, “That’s good, that’s good. When the time comes, Huang Xiaolong must not be allowed to leave the battle stage alive!”

Huang Xiaolong’s talent was too monstrous. In less than a thousand years of cultivation, he had reached such terrifying heights. Di Jun really couldn’t imagine Huang Xiaolong’s growth if he continued to cultivate further.

He felt a strong sense of unease and disgust whenever he thought of Huang Xiaolong.

Logically speaking, since he had never met Huang Xiaolong before this, these feelings of unease and disgust should not have existed, but they did. These feelings were strong and intense, as if the two of them were archenemies.

“Please rest assured, Imperial Father.” Heavenly Prince Di Jing nodded lightly.

Similar to Huang Xiaolong, Heavenly Prince Di Jing, Fiend God Emperor’s Disciple Feng Chan, and the others finished their first matches. Other battle stages’ matches also came to an end. The sight of Huang Xiaolong killing Lan Tailong had long extinguished the crowd’s desire to watch the battles on other stages.

Soon, the drawings for the second round of matches for the top one hundred rankings’ lots started.

The Fiend God Emperor’s Disciple Feng Chan and the others were trembling when they went up to draw their numbers with Huang Xiaolong.

A while later, the number Huang Xiaolong had drawn came out. It was number eight.

The Fiend God Emperor's Disciple Feng Chan flipped over the number in his hands, and the instant he saw the number in his hand, his heart nearly jumped out from his chest.

#### Chapter 1789: Massacre Emperor Bead

All eyes in the crowd were on the number Fiend God Emperor's Disciple Feng Chan had drawn, especially the Fiend God Emperor Palace's group. They were tightly clenching their hands in tension.

Number nine!

When they saw that the number in Feng Chan's hand was nine and not eight, everyone in the Fiend God Emperor Palace's group heaved in relief.

Buddha's blessing, ah!

Even Feng Chan had thought that his heart was going to stop beating a moment ago. There was cold sweat all over his palms, but fortunately, it was not number eight!

A feeling of surviving a catastrophe washed over Feng Chan.

Although he had not used any of his trump cards inside the Heavenly Court Secret Region, it was apparent at this point that even if he used his trump cards, he was not stronger than Lan Tailong.

Since Huang Xiaolong had Killed Lan Tailong in two punches, in Feng Chan's opinion, Huang Xiaolong's two punches could send him to hell as well.

Right at this time, the crowd and all the participants were in a furor. Feng Chan turned to look with an uneasy feeling and saw Li Junhua standing among the Grandmist Emperor Palace's group holding the number eight, not far from him.

The person who had drawn the same number as Huang Xiaolong was none other than the Grandmist Emperor Palace's Li Junhua.

The moment Li Junhua drew the lot, flipped it over and saw the number, his expression changed for the worse immediately. His hands were trembling as he held the token number in his hand.

If this were before the first match of the top one hundred rankings, Li Junhua would have felt confident in defeating Huang Xiaolong, despite Huang Xiaolong taking first place in the preliminary round. But now, after witnessing Huang Xiaolong kill Lan Tailong, even if he were given a thousand times more confidence, Li Junhua still wouldn't dare to think he could defeat Huang Xiaolong.

During the preliminary round, participants would, more or less, have kept their trump cards, and so did Li Junhua. But even if he were to throw out all his trump cards now, he would have lost against Lan Tailong, who had two supreme godheads.

With the number eight token in his hand, Li Junhua returned to zone one, walking as if he had lost his soul.

After seeing his demeanor, Han Qing snapped at him angrily, "In this time's Battle of the Heavenly court, you are our Grandmist Emperor Palace's strongest and most talented disciple. You represent our Grandmist Emperor Palace. What are you so afraid of? Are you afraid of that lousy Huang Xiaolong?! Don't tell me Huang Xiaolong would have the guts to kill you?"

Li Junhua's head hung over his chest and did not respond to Han Qing.

"Even though Huang Xiaolong killed Lan Tailong, that doesn't mean he won't die. It doesn't mean no one could not kill Huang Xiaolong." Han Qing added with a cold sneer.

Li Junhua was stunned, failing to register the meaning of Han Qing's words.

In the meantime, Han Qing took something out.

The thing in her hand was round in shape, like marble, the size of half an adult's fist. Its surface was densely covered in black-colored runes. There was nothing special about it other than that.

But when the Grandmist Emperor Palace's Ancestor Zhang Renjie saw this item, his face paled and he blurted out anxiously, "Han Qing, you are planning to give this item to Junhua?!"

Other Grandmist Emperor Palace's Ancestors might not know how terrifying this item was, but Zhang Renjie knew. This bead was found by him and Han Qing during one of their trips to the Devil Abyss.

Neither of them knew what this bead was exactly. However, they had used this kind of bead in the past. Hence, he knew the power of this bead.

This bead contained a frightening chaos lightning energy that resembled a vast reservoir of chaos lightning pool. Once the runes on the bead's surface were activated, the bead would explode. The magnitude of the explosion wouldn't be different from a reservoir of chaos lightning pool exploding, destroying everything in its range.

Forget Huang Xiaolong; even a Tenth Order Emperor Realm expert, would be bombed until nothing was left.

Han Qing scoffed, "It is worth it if Huang Xiaolong can die due to this item. I have been reluctant to use this bead all this while."

Zhang Renjie yelled anxiously, "No!"

Han Qing harrumphed icily and spoke strongly, "Zhang Renjie, don't forget your identity. You are a Grandmist Emperor Palace's Ancestor, and you should think and act for the benefit of the Grandmist Emperor Palace. If you're not helping Li Junhua, then are you planning to help Huang Xiaolong instead?"

For a second, Zhang Renjie couldn't think of any words to refute her.

Han Qing stuffed the bead into Li Junhua's hand, then imprinted the method of activating the bead's runes straight into Li Junhua's mind.

“Remember, the moment you go up to the battle stage, no need to wait for the battle to begin. Immediately use the method I have taught you to activate the runes and kill Huang Xiaolong!” Han Qing stressed icily, “Do you understand?”

Li Junhua was dumbfounded, and he repeatedly muttered, “This, this...!”

Han Qing added, “As for the Heavenly Court’s battle stage rules, ignore it. So what if you violated the rules? You’re Grandmist Emperor Palace’s disciple. How will Di Jun dare to penalize you? Moreover, I believe he wishes for Huang Xiaolong to die. You can help him kill Huang Xiaolong, and he might even shout with joy inwardly.”

“... Still!” Li Junhua looked dazedly at the bead in his palm. Although he didn’t know anything about this bead, judging from Ancestor Han Qing’s tone, she looked absolutely certain that it would kill Huang Xiaolong.

But!

The Grandmist Emperor Palace’s grudge with Huang Xiaolong had not reached this degree.

Furthermore, Huang Xiaolong had met with their Grandmist Emperor. Despite the vague relationship between Huang Xiaolong and Grandmist Emperor, still...!

Li Junhua struggled inwardly, and his determination swayed indecisively.

“This is an order!” Han Qing snapped, “You just need to execute it, you don’t need to bother with other things!”

Sensing the intimidating pressure from Han Qing’s body, Li Junhua lowered his head and replied solemnly, “Yes.”

“The competing disciples please come up to the stage.” At this time, the referee on battle stage eight yelled. His gaze shifted to Li Junhua and Huang Xiaolong.

Li Junhua took a difficult deep breath then stepped up onto battle stage eight.

On the stage, Li Junhua gripped his fingers tightly around the bead. In fact, he was still hesitating.

“Damn!” Han Qing cursed under her breath, seeing Li Junhua had defied her order, delaying the bead’s activation.

She had named the unknown bead as the Massacre Emperor Bead, as it could kill any order of Emperor Realm experts in one strike.

“The battle begins!” The referees on all the battle stages shouted.

Han Qing’s heart sunk to the bottom of the abyss. Li Junhua had missed the best opportunity to kill Huang Xiaolong the moment the battle began!

“I admit defeat!” Just as the referee’s voice fell, Li Junhua looked up and threw in the towel.

The crowd was dumbfounded.

Even though dumbfounded, they could understand Li Junhua’s decision. Even if the person standing on battle stage eight right now was the Fiend God Emperor’s Disciple Feng Chan, he would have likely thrown in the towel as well.

Han Qing was already white with anger, seeing Li Junhua had admitted defeat. Her icy cold glare was fixed on Li Junhua as he stepped down from the battle stage. Anyone could tell from the cold gleam in her eyes that she wanted to kill someone.

“You have the guts to defy my order! When we return, I will have you punished according to the Emperor Palace’s rules!” Han Qing’s voice was low, hoarse, and filled with malice.

“I’m sorry, Ancestor Han Qing.” Liu Junhua returned the bead to Han Qing and did not dare to look in her eyes.

“Battle stage eight, the Fortune Emperor Palace’s Huang Xiaolong wins!” The referee on battle stage eight announced.

Han Qing raised her head, looking coldly at Huang Xiaolong’s figure on battle stage eight. There was still a free round of matches, and Huang Xiaolong would come across more Grandmist Emperor Palace’s disciples as opponents. She believed that the next disciple would follow her order.

She still has opportunities.

Chapter 1790: Is Huang Xiaolong Dead?

However, Han Qing was further infuriated. For the subsequent two matches, Huang Xiaolong did not encounter an opponent from the Grandmist Emperor Palace.

After two rounds of matches, it was time for the top ten rankings round.

The Grandmist Emperor Palace only had one disciple named Zhao Tong, who had successfully entered the top ten rankings battle.

This Zhao Tong was one of the two strongest disciples of Grandmist Emperor Palace participating in the Battle of the Heavenly Court. Though his strength was slightly lower compared to Li Junhua, the gap was almost negligible.

However, amongst the top ten disciples, Zhao Tong’s strength could only rank at the bottom of the ladder. If it weren’t for Lan Tailong and Li Junhua’s elimination early on due to Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Tong’s strength would have been insufficient to enter the top ten rankings.

Soon, a new round of lots was drawn for the top ten rankings matches.

This time, Huang Xiaolong drew the number three.

And the other person who drew the same number was Zhao Tong.

Zhao Tong's mind went blank, looking at the number in his hand.

Han Qing's eyes sparkled with a manic gleam, seeing this result. Initially, she had lost all hope, but based on Zhao Tong's strength, this would be his last match in the top ten. Who'd have thought Zhao Tong's last opponent would be Huang Xiaolong?

Huang Xiaolong!

Excellent!

Han Qing could barely suppress the elation in her chest.

Huang Xiaolong, even the heavens, want you dead! Don't blame me!

When Zhao Tong returned to zone one with the number-token in his hand, Han Qing immediately called him to her side. She gave Zhao Tong the Massacre Emperor Bead, and she imprinted the method to activate the runes straight into Zhao Tong's mind. Like she had done with Li Junhua, she strictly emphasized Zhao Tong in an inviolable tone to activate the Massacre Emperor Bead when he went up to the battle stage.

When Zhao Tong saw the ordinary looking bead in his palm that could annihilate Emperor Realm experts and boom Huang Xiaolong into dust, he was dazed for a second. Then a rush of joy flooded to his eyes.

In the top ten, each higher position promised an even greater reward.

If there was hope, he naturally wanted to advance higher.

Moreover, if he defeated Huang Xiaolong, his reputation would resound throughout the entire Divine World, maybe even reach other great worlds.

“Please rest assured, Ancestor Han Qing.” Zhao Tong quickly reassured Han Qing after accepting the Massacre Emperor Bead.

“Good, you’re doing merit to the Grandmist Emperor Palace by killing Huang Xiaolong!” Hearing Zhao Tong’s guarantee, Han Qing smiled and added, “When we return, the Grandmist Emperor Palace and I would heavily reward you.”

“Thank you, Ancestor Han Qing.” Zhao Tong responded joyfully. Grasping the Massacre Emperor Bead tightly in his hand, Zhao Tong strode purposefully towards the battle stage three.

“Xiaolong, you must be extra careful. That Zhao Tong and Grandmist Emperor Palace’s Ancestor Han Qing’s expressions don’t seem right.” Just as Huang Xiaolong raised his foot to walk towards battle stage three, Fang Xuanxuan spoke to remind Huang Xiaolong of Zhao Tong and Han Qing’s suspicious behavior. Even though she could not see or hear them, their actions gave her a strong ominous feeling.

“That’s right, ah. Xiaolong, just that Grandmist Emperor Palace’s Ancestor Han Qing seems to have given Zhao Tong something.” Peng Xiao chimed in with a worried expression as she added, “They must be plotting something.”

Huang Xiaolong flashed them a carefree smile. “I know. I will be careful.”

Since Huang Xiaolong seemed to have taken their warning lightly, Peng Xiao summoned the Black Dragon Divine Armor and pushed it to Huang Xiaolong, “Put on this Black Dragon Divine Armor.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head and replied, “Alright then.”

In truth, it made no difference to Huang Xiaolong, whether he wore the Black Dragon Divine Armor or not.

He had the Heavenly Hall and City of Eternity protecting his body, even if the opponent had some tricks up their sleeves, they couldn't kill him.

However, he was reluctant to disappoint the two girls' good intentions.

Huang Xiaolong accepted the Black Dragon Divine Armor and let it submerge into his body. After that, he strode to battle stage three. At this time, Zhao Tong was already waiting on the battle stage, watching Huang Xiaolong walk over. He couldn't help himself revealing a jeering sneer. His fingers tightened over the Massacre Emperor Bead in his hand.

As soon as Huang Xiaolong stepped onto the battle stage, he would immediately activate the Massacre Emperor Bead.

Huang Xiaolong reached the battle stage moments later and ascended the stage under various experts' watchful eyes.

When Huang Xiaolong stepped on the battle stage, Zhao Tong's face warped with an insane smile. He activated the Massacre Emperor Bead according to the method taught by Han Qing, then hurled it towards Huang Xiaolong.

"Huang Xiaolong, go die!"

The moment the Massacre Emperor Bead was thrown out, an ear-splitting explosion shook the plaza. It felt like the world had exploded, and countless streaks of chaos lightning snaked out frenziedly and enveloped Huang Xiaolong.

Simultaneously, the entire battle stage was reduced to dust. The explosion even opened a giant hole in space, and the whole plaza quaked violently. Numerous chaos lightning streaks easily pulverized the unbreakable barrier placed around the perimeters of the stage by an early Emperor Realm expert.

Emperor Palaces' experts in the vicinity of battle stage three sensed an overwhelming destructive power rushing towards them, scaring them to dodge away in a panic.

Zii~laa!

The various Emperor Palaces, families, and sects' Ancestors looked pale as they cooperated, defending against the terrifying destructive power.

The unexpected turn of events astounded everyone.

“Xiaolong!”

“Uncle!”

The first to react were Fang Xuanxuan, Peng Xiao, and Bei Xiaomei, as they cried out to Huang Xiaolong in horror.

All three rushed towards the battle stage, disregarding the dangers, but were pulled back just in time by Zhao Lei, Li Shan, and Elder Fu. The terrifying chaos lightning explosion was still roiling in the air, dominating the entire battle stage area. The three girls would die even before reaching the battle stage.

“Let me go!” Bei Xiaomei yelled, with a face full of anguish and despair, and tears rushed down from her red-rimmed eyes.

Fang Xuanxuan and Peng Xiao were desperately struggling to break free from Zhao Lei and Li Shan's restraints.

Standing where she was, Han Qing watched ecstatically as the entire battle stage exploded into dust, and started laughing hysterically. Huang Xiaolong, let's see how you manage to survive this time!

“You did a good job!” Han Qing praised Zhao Tong. “Don't worry. When we return, you will be handsomely rewarded.”

In the meantime, Zhao Tong escaped back to the Grandmist Emperor Palace's zone one.

“Many thanks, Ancestor Han Qing.” Zhao Tong smiled happily.

In the far distance, the Heavenly Prince Di Jing was agape with shock, and a little dazed. Huang Xiaolong died just like that?

On the other hand, the Fiend God Emperor’s Disciple Feng Chan nearly laughed out loud at this sight.

A while ago, he had been worrying that he would encounter Huang Xiaolong as an opponent on the battle stage, but now, this was no longer a problem!

Since Huang Xiaolong’s death, the second place in this time’s Battle of the Heavenly Court was his without any doubt!

“You, shameless Grandmist Emperor Palace! I want all of you dead!” The grief-stricken Fang Xuanxuan suddenly turned around. Her eyes had turned scarlet as she stared at Han Qing and Zhao Tong as if she was going to lunge on them.

“Insolent!” The Heavenly Court’s Marshal Yu Shi barked, and numerous heavenly soldiers surrounded Fang Xuanxuan, Zhao Lei, and the others. “This is the Battle of the Heavenly Court, if you dare to wreak havoc here, all of you will be thrown to the dungeon!

Fang Xuanxuan, Peng Xiao, and the others were about to explode from anger. Clearly, the Grandmist Emperor Palace had violated the Battle of the Heavenly Court’s rules. But these Heavenly Court’s marshals and soldiers were pointing their spears at the Fortune Emperor Palace instead of the Grandmist Emperor Palace!

Suddenly, someone shouted sharply, “Look there!”

The crowd was baffled as they turned to look. The energy rippled on the pulverized battle stage submerged under the overwhelming chaos lightning energy. It seemed like the lightning energy was gathering towards a particular spot.

What’s going on? Han Qing was taken aback as a bad feeling rose in her heart.