

## Conqueror 2201

### Chapter 2201: Meeting Feng Tianyu

After digging through his memories, Huang Xiaolong did not make things difficult for the other party and released Pan Luo.

“Who are you?!” Pan Luo stared at Huang Xiaolong as anger and shock filled his mind.

“I’m Huang Xiaolong.” Huang Xiaolong said indifferently.

“What? You... You’re Huang Xiaolong?!” Pan Luo and the rest of the disciples retreated hastily when they heard his identity.

They were discussing how Huang Xiaolong had killed the Giant Kun Ruler and Yang Tianchen. Never in their wildest imagination would they have expected Huang Xiaolong to appear before them!

“That’s right, I’m Huang Xiaolong!” Huang Xiaolong wasn’t surprised at their reactions in the slightest.

“Huang... Huang Xiaolong, what are you doing in our 33 Heavens Country? What do you want from us?” Pan Luo boldly asked in a quavering voice.

Huang Xiaolong turned to stare at Pan Luo before shaking his head. He disappeared without replying.

Pan Luo and the rest of the disciples stared at the blank space before them and realized that Huang Xiaolong was gone. They stood rooted to their spot for a long time as confusion filled their minds. Did Huang Xiaolong just let them go?

After he left, Huang Xiaolong flushed towards the next mountain range. Wherever he went, he expanded his divine sense in order to locate Feng Tianyu.

Not long after he left, the news of Huang Xiaolong’s appearance in the 33 Heavens Country started to spread among the higher-ups of the 33 Heavens Race. Even though they didn’t react strongly on the surface, waves of unease battered their hearts.

Everyone was confused as Huang Xiaolong hadn't killed a single expert ever since entering the 33 Heavens Country.

Four days later.

Huang Xiaolong landed on a mountain peak in the north of the 33 Heavens Country.

He had been searching every corner of 33 Heavens Country for the past four days and found no traces of Feng Tianyu.

"Seems like Feng Tianyu isn't here..." Huang Xiaolong frowned.

It seemed as though the only way he could locate Feng Tianyu was to head over to the Desert of Extremities to find his son, Feng Yao!

The Desert of Extremities was a dangerous place in the depths of the Heavens Path located far away from the 33 Heavens Country. The roads were so heavily blocked that it took Huang Xiaolong more than ten days to arrive even when he traveled at his maximum speed.

As he looked at the rolling black sandstorm in the Desert of Extremities, Huang Xiaolong considered riding the Golden Pig Treasure. However, he stopped when he noticed the flash of a shadow rushing inside the black sandstorm. The black figure slowly emerged from the boundless desert.

A lightning dragon curled around himself, and he seemed to be the central figure in the giant sandstorm. He was like an ancient lightning god who had emerged from the Desert of Extremities.

Huang Xiaolong stared at the man with his eyebrows raised.

What a formidable aura!

"Feng Yao?" Huang Xiaolong asked slowly.

The aura the other party emitted was strong and it was clear that his strength was on par with Hao Wei, if not higher. With the way the lightning dragon swirled around him, it went without saying that his control of lightning was much stronger than the super experts of the 33 Heavens Race.

In Yang Tianchen's memory, the 33 Heavenly Race's Young Patriarch, Feng Yao, was the third strongest individual in the race.

"That's right, I'm Feng Yao. I greet Master Huang Xiaolong." The figure who had emerged from the sandstorm greeted Huang Xiaolong politely. It seemed as though he had already predicted that Huang Xiaolong would come to the Desert of Extremities, and he was waiting for him.

"Since you know I'm looking for you, then you should know why I'm here." Huang Xiaolong stared at Feng Yao.

Feng Yao raised his jade green brows and nodded, "I know that Master Huang is looking for my father. In fact, he was the one who told me to wait for you."

"Oh?" Huang Xiaolong felt a trace of shock running through his heart.

"My father is waiting for you at the heavenly gates of the 33 heavens." Feng Yao went on.

Huang Xiaolong stared at Feng Yao in shock.

Feng Tianyu was already waiting for him at the gates of the 33 heavens, namely the 33 Heavenly Gates!

Why was there a need to wait for him?

"Master Huang Xiaolong, please come with me." Feng Yao said as he entered the Desert of Extremities once again.

Huang Xiaolong hesitated for a moment before riding on the Golden Pig Treasures. He followed behind Feng Yao and despite the other party's strength, Huang Xiaolong wasn't afraid that Feng Yao would play any tricks.

Huang Xiaolong used his aura to lock on to the other party. If Feng Yao tried anything funny, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't hesitate to kill him!

As they went deeper and deeper into the desert, the sandstorm grew stronger and stronger. The black sand blocked out the surroundings and Huang Xiaolong couldn't see anything past the curtain of black sand. The lightning around the two of them grew stronger and stronger to the point where ordinary Tenth Order Sovereigns would be injured by it!

The Golden Pig Treasure under Huang Xiaolong released a resplendent golden glow and blocked out both the sand and lightning.

The only surprise Huang Xiaolong had was that the lightning swirling around Feng Yao was strong enough to stop the violent streaks of lightning in the surroundings!

"Don't mind my little skills, Master Huang." Feng Yao turned to Huang Xiaolong and said.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "Your art of lightning control is comparable to Yang Tianchen. It's not weaker than mine..." Huang Xiaolong was not trying to be modest. No matter how strong his battle prowess was, his art of lightning control couldn't be compared to Feng Yao.

As the two of them made some small talk along the way, they learned a little bit about each other.

Huang Xiaolong realized that even though Feng Yao was the young patriarch of the 33 Heavens Race and had impressive strength, he was a modest, polite, and calm individual. He was indeed a person worth befriending.

Two days later, the two of them crossed the Desert of Extremities and continued on their journey.

“Master Huang, there are two paths to the 33 Heavenly Gates, you can head over there from the space outside the 33 Heavens or you can cross the Desert of Extremities. It’s much safer to cross the desert compared to the space outside the 33 heavens...” Feng Yao said.

Huang Xiaolong nodded. He had long since learned about this from the Giant Kun Ruler and Yang Tianchen when he had searched their memories.

Even though the route from the Desert of Extremities to the 33 Heavenly Gates was much safer, it was much longer than if he were to head over there from the space outside the 33 heavens. If he had to choose, there was no way he would cross the desert again. Now that he had gathered all nine great lightning pools, he had no fear of lightning and he could easily destroy the restrictions in the space outside the 33 heavens.

Half a month passed and both of them finally arrived at the 33 Heavenly Gates.

The Heavens Path was covered in lightning and at the edge of the Heavens Path stood an indescribably tall gate that was pearl-white in color. A massive lightning storm was raging above the gates and the power contained behind a single lightning bolt was so strong that it could blast an ordinary Tenth Order Sovereign to dust.

Ten meters below the lightning storm sat a figure who had his legs crossed.

His looks were ordinary and he looked harmless. However, the lightning bolts falling from the lightning storm failed to strike him.

“Feng Tianyu!” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes flickered.

Even though the Giant Kun Ruler was titled as the number one expert in the Heavens Path, the true experts knew that Feng Tianyu, the leader of the 33 Heavens Race, was the strongest person in the Heavens Path!

There were a lot of speculations made about Feng Tianyu’s powers and cultivation realm, but Huang Xiaolong knew that he had long since exceeded the peak of the late-Tenth Order Sovereign Realm. He was a half-step Venerable Realm cultivator!

“Brother Huang, I’ve been waiting for you.” The cross-legged Feng Tianyu opened his eyes.

Chapter 2202: Going to the Holy World together?

“Would you like to take a seat up here with me?” Feng Tianyu continued.

“Sure!” Huang Xiaolong agreed to his invitation. Retrieving the Golden Pig Treasure, he flew up into the air and sat down before Feng Tianyu.

To be honest, he had no feuds with the 33 Heavens Race, and if Feng Tianyu was willing to bury the hatchet, Huang Xiaolong didn’t mind putting down all the grudges they held for each other.

As for Feng Yao, he stood at the bottom of the gate and looked at the two strongest individuals in the Heavens Path.

Even though he wasn’t weak, he didn’t dare to approach the 33 Heavenly Gates.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong’s silent agreement to lay down the grudge, Feng Tianyu laughed heartily, “It’s no wonder you’ve managed to gain the identity as the strongest cultivator since ancient times!” He took out two wine jugs made out of jade, and he threw one to Huang Xiaolong. “Please.”

Huang Xiaolong popped the cap without hesitating, and an intoxicating fragrance entered his nose.

“This is the 33 heavenly fruit wine that I made myself using a hundred natural spiritual fruits found in the Heavens Path. I have only managed to brew two jugs in the past ten billion years, and this is my first time taking it out.” Feng Tianyu laughed, “If Brother Huang doesn’t mind, let’s drink till we’re drunk!”

A smile broke out on Huang Xiaolong’s face, and he raised his jug in a toast to Feng Tianyu. A refreshing feeling washed over his body, and Huang Xiaolong felt a trace of warmth down to his bones.

“Good wine!”

Huang Xiaolong laughed.

The two of them clinked their jugs against each other and only stopped after ten full minutes of drinking.

“Truth be told, I’ve been waiting for Brother Huang at the 33 Heavenly Gates all this time. I plan to head over to the Holy World alongside Brother Huang!” Feng Tianyu wiped his lips and said.

“You plan to go to the Holy World with me?!” Huang Xiaolong was taken aback.

Feng Tianyu nodded, “I’ve been waiting to go over to the Holy World for ten billion years. However, one needs to gather all nine great chaos lightning pools in order to do so.”

In this case, why didn’t Feng Tianyu gather all nine great chaos lightning pools himself?

“Brother Huang, you have no idea how hard it is to gather them all. Not a single person since the beginning of time managed to do so. I’ve tried searching for them in the past, but I failed to gather all nine!” Feng Tianyu added when he noticed the look on Huang Xiaolong’s face.

... So that was the case...

“But, weren’t you the one who sent Yang Tianchen and others to search for the Spatial Domain Lightning Pool in the space outside the 33 heavens?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

Feng Tianyu shook his head, “I only asked Yang Tianchen to look out for the Lightning Origin Divine Fruit. Looking for the Spatial Domain Lightning Pool was his idea.”

So that was the case...

“Even though Brother Huang has gathered the nine great chaos lightning pools, it’s not easy for us to ascend to the Holy World. From what I’ve read in an ancient book, we need to pass through the 33

Heavenly Space Passage after opening the 33 Heavenly Gates before we can arrive at the Holy World.” Feng Tianyu exclaimed.

“The 33 Heavenly Space Passage is filled with spatial lightning storms and a single moment of carelessness will cause us to die! Even after gathering all nine chaos lightning pools, there’s no guarantee that we will be able to pass through the space passage! If we work together to watch each other’s back, the chances of us passing through will be might higher!”

Spatial lightning storms?

Huang Xiaolong frowned.

If what he said was true, working together was Huang Xiaolong’s best choice. After all, Feng Tianyu was at the half step Venerable Realm. With the lightning attributed treasures in the 33 Heavens Race, Huang Xiaolong would be much more confident that they could arrive at the Holy World in one piece.

“Sure!” Huang Xiaolong thought for a while before nodding in agreement. After all, joining forces with Feng Tianyu to enter the Holy World was advantageous for Huang Xiaolong.

It’s better to make a friend than a foe.

Even so, with Huang Xiaolong’s current ability, he wasn’t confident that he could subdue a half-step Venerable like Feng Tianyu. He had no idea how long Feng Tianyu had been around for and how many cards the other party had up his sleeves.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong’s agreement, Feng Tianyu laughed and the estrangement between the two disappeared.

The two of them swore an oath to the heavens to form an eternal alliance between the Huang Family and the 33 Heavens Race.

“I need to make some more preparations to enter the Holy world. You’ll have to wait for another thousand years,” Huang Xiaolong said.



Feng Tianyu laughed, "It's fine, I've already waited for tens of billions of years. What are another thousand more? As long as Brother Huang informs me of the time, we shall head to the Holy World together!"

"Great!" Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Huang Xiaolong planned to make use of the next one thousand years to increase his strength. He planned to head to the space outside the 33 heavens to allow the nine chaos lightning pools to absorb the lightning spiritual qi for its transformation. As soon as it completed its fusion, Huang Xiaolong planned to revive his Senior Brother Jiang Hong. He also planned to look for the purple grandmist aura in order to push his Grandmist Parasitic Medium to the next level.

Of course, in the next thousand years, Huang Xiaolong also planned to accompany his family members and wives.

Half a day later, Huang Xiaolong left after saying goodbye to Feng Tianyu.

After Huang Xiaolong left, Feng Yao asked, "Father, are you not confident that you can take him on? After all, he's only a peak late-Seventh Order Sovereign..."

Feng Tianyu shook his head, "You can't judge Huang Xiaolong by his cultivation realm. The Giant Kun Ruler and Yang Tianchen wouldn't have died at his hands otherwise. My cultivation at the half-step Venerable Realm would only put me on par with him. If he breaks through to the Eighth Order Sovereign Realm, even I wouldn't be able to beat him!"

"With Huang Xiaolong's talent, he would definitely turn into a dragon in the Holy World. It was definitely worth it to forge ties with him beforehand!"

"When Huang Xiaolong and I head to the Holy World, you will be in charge of the 33 Heavens Race. No matter what happens, make the Huang Family your ally!"

"Yes, father!"

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After Huang Xiaolong returned to the Giant Kun Heavenly Country, he announced the alliance he had made with the 33 Heavens Race before renaming the Giant Kun Heavenly Country. In the Heavens Path, the Giant Kun Heavenly Country would cease to exist and the Blue Dragon Heavenly Country would take its place.

Not long after, Feng Tianyu also announced his alliance with the Huang Family.

Several heavenly countries were disappointed at the news as they were looking forward to Huang Xiaolong's showdown with the 33 Heavens Race. After all, fishing in muddy waters was a very profitable move!

Huang Xiaolong remained in the Blue Dragon Heavenly Country for several days before heading to the space outside the 33 heavens to locate the purple grandmist aura.

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Time flew by.

In a blink of an eye, decades passed.

The nine chaos lightning pools had completed their fusion and the Grandmist Lightning Pool was formed. Jiang Hong came back to life and Huang Xiaolong quickly collected the materials to upgrade the Ancient Heavenly Court to a supreme spiritual treasure. Handing it over to Jiang Hong, Huang Xiaolong gave his senior brother the means to regain control of the Divine World.

With the help of the grandmist lightning pool, Huang Xiaolong swept through the space outside the 33 heavens and obtained an uncountable number of treasures. Not only did he manage to find a number of supreme spiritual treasures, but he also found dozens sources of purple grandmist aura.

After refining them all, Huang Xiaolong not only broke into the early-Eighth Order Sovereign Realm, but his Grandmist Parasitic Medium also reached the seventh level!

Soon, Huang Xiaolong returned to the Blue Dragon Heavenly Country. He spent time traveling the world with his family as he quietly improved his cultivation.

#### Chapter 2203: Leaving the 33 Heavens

In the blink of an eye, a thousand years passed.

It was finally time for Huang Xiaolong to meet Feng Tianyu of the 33 Heavens Race.

As it was time for Huang Xiaolong to depart, the atmosphere in the Blue Dragon Divine Palace became depressing.

Huang Xiaolong hugged Shi Xiaofei, Li Lu, Yao Chi, Fang Xuanxuan, and Peng Xiao as he bade them farewell.

“Xiaolong, once you reach the Holy World, you have to be careful! Remember to take care of yourself since we won’t be there with you!” Shi Xiaofei started to tear up.

Initially, all of them wanted to accompany Huang Xiaolong to the Holy World. However, the spatial lightning storm was truly a little too powerful, and he wasn’t confident that he could protect them all. Eventually, everyone concluded that the ladies could only stay behind.

Huang Xiaolong wiped the tears from the corner of Shi Xiaofei’s eyes and nodded, “I will. You need to take care of yourselves too...” Huang Xiaolong put his arms around them, and he wiped the tears off their faces.

No one knew how long Huang Xiaolong would be away. After all, it wasn’t easy for anyone to descend to a lower world.

If he were to return, he had to be in the True Saint Realm.

Moreover, from Wan Zhuoyuan's memory, he knew that even True Saint experts would find it difficult to descend back to the lower worlds.

After the girls, it was the turn of the Huang Family members.

Su Yan hugged Huang Xiaolong tightly and refused to let go.

After an hour, Huang Xiaolong flew into the skies and left under the reluctant gazes of everyone present. The members of the Huang Family soared into the air after him, but none of them could catch up with him.

Soon, his tiny figure disappeared past the horizon.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't worried about the safety of his family. In the past thousand years, he had made a ton of arrangements. As long as the 33 Heavens Race, the Heavenly Saint Country, the Mighty God Heavenly Country, and the Heavens Path were around, there was no chance of them facing any true danger.

Moreover, he had spared no effort in raising the overall strength of his family members. He had left behind a huge number of resources for them, including high-grade spiritual pills, divine pills, top-grade chaos spirit stones, origin treasures, etcetera. The Huang Family didn't lack anything. With the resources Huang Xiaolong had left for them, he was confident that they would break through to the Emperor Realm. There was even a chance for them to enter the Sovereign Realm!

When the Blue Dragon Heavenly Country could no longer be seen, Huang Xiaolong took a deep breath and calmed himself down. He headed straight for the space outside the 33 heavens.

Whatever the case, he had agreed to meet Feng Tianyu at the 33 Heavenly Gates.

When Huang Xiaolong entered the space outside the 33 heavens, he didn't summon the Grandmist Lightning Pool. Instead, he rode on the Golden Pig Treasure, and he cleaved a path through the chaotic bolts of lightning.

In the past thousand years, Huang Xiaolong had searched the entire Heavens Path for purple grandmist aura in order to further his progress in the Grandmist Parasitic Medium. With his efforts, he had managed to reach the tenth layer of the Grandmist Parasitic Medium while pushing his cultivation all the way to the early-Ninth Order Sovereign Realm. He wouldn't be afraid of the lightning spiritual qi with his current strength even without the Grandmist Lightning Pool.

It didn't take long for him to cross the space.

Soon, the 33 heavens disappeared from his sight.

Feng Tianyu and Feng Yao were standing before the 33 Heavenly Gates as they waited patiently for Huang Xiaolong's arrival.

When they felt the overwhelming aura behind them, they turned to face Huang Xiaolong.

"Greetings, Master Huang Xiaolong!" Feng Yao turned around quickly and greeted.

"Brother Huang!" Feng Tianyu smiled.

Huang Xiaolong smiled and bowed towards the two of them.

"It looks like Brother Huang's current strength is far beyond my reach." Feng Tianyu laughed, "Even if we join hands, we won't be able to challenge Brother Huang."

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and laughed, "Brother Tianyu, you don't have to be modest. You've already reached the half-step Venerable Realm. When we arrive in the Holy World, it won't take long for you to break through to the Venerable Realm!"

Feng Tianyu was already a half-step Venerable. Due to the restrictions in the lower world, he wasn't able to enter the Venerable Realm for real. His deep accumulations throughout the billions of years were enough for him to enter the Venerable Realm the moment he entered the Holy World!

Feng Tianyu laughed, "Even after entering the Venerable Realm, I won't be Brother Huang's match."

In the past thousand years, Huang Xiaolong and Feng Tianyu had exchanged pointers frequently. Their battles could last up to several days and the two of them were extremely familiar with each other's strength.

Of course, Feng Tianyu wasn't being modest. Even if he were to enter the Venerable Realm, he wouldn't be Huang Xiaolong's match.

Despite the fact that Huang Xiaolong was only at the early-Ninth Order Sovereign Realm, he had three complete dao saint godheads and three saint bloodlines. With his saint physique, it was more than enough to suppress a First Order Venerable.

They laughed and bantered for quite some time before turning to look at the 33 Heavenly Gates. Turning to look at each other, they realized that they were thinking of the same thing. In unison, they took a step towards the gate.

The two of them stood still in front of the 33 Heavenly Gates.

"Yao'er, the 33 Heavens Race will depend on you in the future!" Feng Tianyu turned around and continued, "You and the Huang family must support each other!"

"Don't worry father!" Feng Yao's eyes reddened as he kowtowed. Who knew how long it would be before he could see his father again.

Following which, lightning flashed above Huang Xiaolong's head and the Grandmist Lightning Pool appeared. As Huang Xiaolong commanded the pool to crash against the gate, resplendent rays of light emerged and blinded Feng Yao.

The lightning spiritual qi from the 33 Heavenly Gates grew more and more intense and lasted for several minutes. However, a gap slowly appeared in the middle of the gate and not too long after, the gates started to creak open.

When the gates finally opened, a spatial vortex appeared as it spat out berserk lightning qi. Despite their strength, Huang Xiaolong and Feng Tianyu felt their scalps going numb when they felt the destructive might of the lightning bolts coming from behind the gate.

Huang Xiaolong took a deep breath and then summoned the lightning bead he had obtained in the Barbarian Space in the Divine World. Feng Tianyu summoned an enormous lightning flower that was covered in layers of pulsating lightning bolts.

“Let’s go!”

Huang Xiaolong and Feng Tianyu leaped into the spatial vortex at the same time.

The moment they entered, terrifyingly strong bolts of lightning shot towards Huang Xiaolong. Wave after wave slammed into him and Huang Xiaolong felt as though he had fallen into an endless sea of lightning.

Inside the endless sea of lightning, Huang Xiaolong reacted quickly as he tried to activate the Grandmist Lightning Pool. To his horror, he failed to detect the presence of the Grandmist Lightning Pool.

In fact, he couldn’t even sense the general location of the Grandmist Lightning Pool, and it was as though it had assimilated itself into the sea of lightning.

Fortunately, he was still protected by the lightning bead, and he was able to resist the waves of lightning bolts rushing towards him.

Unable to rely on the Grandmist Lightning Pool, Huang Xiaolong summoned the next best thing, and the four great divine fires appeared beside him.

“Brother Tianyu!” Huang Xiaolong yelled as he headed deeper and deeper into the sea of lightning.

"I'm here!" Feng Tianyu's voice echoed out intermittently from afar. Due to the deafening roar of thunder, they knew that they wouldn't be able to hear each other clearly even if they were to shout till their throats ran dry. Huang Xiaolong decided to move in the direction of Feng Tianyu's voice the moment he heard it.

#### Chapter 2204: Arriving at the Holy World

Before long, Huang Xiaolong located Feng Tianyu. At the same time, Feng Tianyu was flying towards Huang Xiaolong with a relieved expression on his face.

Just as the two of them were about to meet, a massive bolt of lightning slammed into the space between them and separated the two of them.

Under the shocking impact of the lightning bolt, Hung Xiaolong was sent flying thousands of miles away even with the protection of the lightning bead and the four divine fires. By the time he stabilized himself, Feng Tianyu was nowhere to be seen. Regardless of how loudly he screamed, there was no reply.

No matter how hard Huang Xiaolong tried to search for Feng Tianyu, he failed.

In the next few days, Huang Xiaolong tried his hardest to move forward in the sea of lightning. He used the lightning bead and four great divine fires to surround himself as he forced his way forward.

Despite that, the strength of the lightning bolts in the spatial vortex overwhelmed him. Even the weakest bolt had the ability to kill a peak-late Tenth Order Sovereign. The strongest attack was comparable to an all-out attack from a First Order Venerable!

The deeper Huang Xiaolong went, the stronger the lightning bolts. Even with the lightning bead and four great divine fires, Huang Xiaolong felt as though he was about to be blown apart.

The glow around the lightning bead started to fade, and the four great divine fires began to dim.



No matter how strong the offensive capabilities of the four great divine fires, they weren't good at defending.

As for the lightning bead, Huang Xiaolong had failed to restore it even after a thousand years of effort. At his current level, a saint artifact wasn't something Huang Xiaolong could fix even if he wanted to.

After several more days of protection, the lightning bead and divine fires exhausted themselves. With no choice left, Huang Xiaolong recalled them and activated his saint bloodlines to resist the impact of the lightning.

Initially, Huang Xiaolong succeeded in withstanding the lightning storm. However, the lightning slowly started to increase in strength, and Huang Xiaolong felt as though his body was about to explode.

The terrifying lightning tore apart his defenses and struck at his body directly. His veins and meridians tore in the face of the frightening bolts of lightning.

His body was like a piece of shattered glass as streaks of blood streamed down his skin.

When things seemed bleak, Huang Xiaolong had no choice but to transform into the Primordial Blue Divine Dragon in order to defend himself. It was too bad it wasn't enough as the horrifying bolts of lightning tore apart everything in their path.

The scales on Huang Xiaolong's body shattered one by one, and a burnt smell filled the space around him.

Even if he wanted to use all his strength to activate his tenth layer Grandmist Parasitic Medium, he knew that he wouldn't be able to withstand the lightning storm.

Of course, Huang Xiaolong wasn't a weakling either. No matter how the lightning tried to attack and overwhelm him, his three complete dao saint godheads remained bright as his soul burned with everlasting brightness.

Not stopping for a second, Huang Xiaolong forced his way through the spatial vortex. He knew that there was no way for him to return now, and advancing was the only thing he could do.

He could only live if he passed through the lightning storm to arrive in the Holy World. If he stopped for even a second, there was no doubt he would die.

Throughout the journey, he had already lost count of how many spiritual pills he had consumed. Eventually, he lost track of time. Twenty days passed without him knowing it, and a trace of golden light finally appeared in front of him.

Huang Xiaolong was startled at first, but his surprise soon transformed into joy as he moved towards his new target, the golden light, with all his might.

Just as he was about to arrive at the golden light, a blast of lightning slammed into him with unimaginable force. The last thing Huang Xiaolong felt was a jolt running through his mind before his vision went dark.

The moment he lost consciousness, Huang Xiaolong felt his body become lighter as if he was free-falling.

Crashing into the ground, Huang Xiaolong remained motionless as he fell into a deep slumber.

A few days later...

A group of convoys appeared from afar.

There were approximately three to four hundred people in the group, and each carriage carried the insignia of a fire lion's head. The guards were riding on the same type of divine beast and it was clear that they weren't a force to be trifled with.

Be it the decorations on the carriage, or the Dragon Horse Divine Beasts the guards were riding, it was clear they belonged to a proper force.

However, they stopped all of a sudden when they arrived at the spot where Huang Xiaolong lay.

“What’s the matter?” In the main carriage, a beautiful and charming voice rang through the air.

“Princess, an unconscious man is lying on the ground. He seems to have sustained serious injuries!” A maid who held a sword in her hand arrived beside the main carriage and reported respectfully.

“What do you mean?” The curtains were pulled open and the appearance of a gorgeous lady was shown to the world. She quickly emerged from the carriage with the help of the maid.

“Princess, you must be careful!” One of the guards who was standing at the side yelled when he noticed the princess’ actions.

However, she waved her hand and brushed him off. “There’s no need to worry.” With light footsteps, she made her way towards the unconscious man at the side of the road.

Since the person was lying flat on his stomach, the guards at the side quickly approached to flip him over. They were shocked when they realized the extent of his injuries. He was covered in blood, and he looked like a horrifying beast who had emerged from hell.

After the chief guard confirmed that Huang Xiaolong was unconscious, he stepped forward and started examining his injuries. The more he checked, the greater the shock he received. He quickly completed his diagnosis, and he reported, “Princess, the injuries on his body are extremely serious! His meridians are destroyed, and his internal organs are ruptured! Even his spirit sea has been shattered! Even with his serious injuries, he’s alive!”

Everyone stared at the captain in shock.

How could someone with a shattered spirit sea, ruptured organs, and destroyed meridians be alive?!

The princess took several steps forward to look at Huang Xiaolong’s blood-stained face before taking out a spiritual pill.

“Princess, are you planning on using the Resurrection Pill to save this person? Even if it works, he will be crippled!” The guard captain, Bai Yan, advised.

The Resurrection Pill was a supremely precious pill. According to him, there was absolutely no point in wasting it on the person blocking their way.

“That’s right! Princess, we have no idea who this person is and where he comes from. For all we know, he might be trying to cheat you!”

“Looking at the way he’s dressed, he’s probably not from our country! There’s no point saving someone like that!”

Some of the guards voiced their objections successively.

However, the princess remained unmoved and ordered them to open Huang Xiaolong’s mouth. Pushing the pill through his lips, he swallowed it.

Once the Resurrection Pill was swallowed by Huang Xiaolong, the princess commanded, “Bring him along with us.”

When they heard that the princess was planning to bring the cripple of a man along with them, the soldiers could no longer restrain themselves. They stated their rapid persuasion in hopes that their princess would listen to reason and leave the man to die. However, they failed to change her mind and could only reluctantly bring the man along with them.

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After quite some time, Huang Xiaolong finally woke up.

Chapter 2205: Ugly, Dirty Trash

When Huang Xiaolong woke up, he discovered that he was lying inside a somewhat old and antique room. The room wasn't big, and there were several wood carvings and jade artifacts scattered all around it. The wood carvings were made from agarwood trees that were thousands of years in age, and the jade artifacts were also rather valuable. However, in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, these agarwood and jade artifacts were no different from the trash.

It seems like someone saved me...!

Huang Xiaolong thought inwardly.

When he tried to sit up, Huang Xiaolong experienced the worst pain he had felt in a long time. A sharp pain shot through his body, and he slumped back into bed.

Huang Xiaolong was shocked. Before he could use his soul to check on the condition of his body, he felt a burst of pain shooting up his spine. After a long period of rest, Huang Xiaolong forced himself to examine the condition of his body. He was met with a sorry sight as all the meridians in his body were ruptured.

His internal organs weren't doing better, and it seemed as though his spirit sea was broken.

Even his three complete dao saint godheads were dim as they barely emitted any luster.

Luckily for him, even though his complete dao saint godheads were filled with minute cracks, they were still in one piece. If they were actually broken, Huang Xiaolong would have to wait for thousands of years before he recovered. Repairing a broken godhead would be a complete headache.

Thankfully, with his three complete dao saint godheads, Huang Xiaolong knew that he would be able to recover seventy to eighty percent of his previous strength in a few short years.

With his previous abilities, Huang Xiaolong was confident of sweeping the floor with anyone under the Venerable Realm as long as he recovered eighty percent of his strength.

Sitting down cross-legged on the bed, Huang Xiaolong circulated his three complete dao saint godheads.

When he just started, he felt an immense force resisting him, but after ten or so tries, he finally managed to activate the Holy Dragon Saint Godhead. As it spun round and round, traces of spiritual qi entered his body from the void above.

Even though these strands of spiritual qi were extremely weak, the Holy Dragon Saint Godhead started to heal itself. The dull glow around it eventually started to brighten up.

Feeling the weird energy contained in the spiritual qi of the world, Huang Xiaolong felt both shocked and delighted. It seems like Wan Zhuoyuan was right. This should be the so-called holy spiritual qi from the Holy World!

Only those who possessed a complete dao saint godhead could absorb holy spiritual qi in the Holy World.

Anyone with ordinary godheads could only absorb other types of spiritual qi. Since the quality of holy spiritual qi was several times higher than that of other spiritual qi, absorbing it was much more beneficial for cultivators!

The more Huang Xiaolong absorbed, the brighter his Holy Dragon Saint Godhead became!

After several more rounds, the cracks on the Holy Dragon Saint Godhead started to heal.

After a full hour, the Archdevil Saint Godhead started to suck in the holy spiritual qi and an additional strand of spiritual qi emerged from the void above him.

Even though there were two strands of holy spiritual qi, there were several differences in the source energy absorbed by the Archdevil Saint Godhead and the Holy Dragon Saint Godhead.

Dragon qi streamed into the Holy Dragon Saint Godhead and devil qi entered the Archdevil Saint Godhead.

After another hour passed, the Innumerable Buddha Saint Godhead started to shake.

When the three godheads rotated a full circle, three strands of holy spiritual qi would enter Huang Xiaolong's body.

The more holy spiritual qi they absorbed, the smaller the cracks became. Half a day later, a small portion of the cracks along the tree complete dao saint godheads disappeared.

Despite his willingness to continue his recovery, Huang Xiaolong was forced to stop when he heard footsteps coming from outside his door.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head slowly and thought to himself, 'At this rate, I will only need three more days to repair the cracks on the exterior of the three complete dao saint godheads. I should be able to restore my soul and meridians after that...'

With his three complete dao saint godheads, he could absorb the holy spiritual qi in the Holy World with ease. Within a few years, he would be able to regain more than eighty percent of his strength!

After planning out his road to recovery, Huang Xiaolong sat up in his bed.

Earlier, he had difficulty sitting upright, but now, he could already move about to some degree. Of course, walking normally was another question altogether. He would need several more days before he would be able to stroll around as he pleased.

The footsteps stopped outside his door and a middle-aged man who looked a lot like a housekeeper entered the room. Several guards and maids followed behind him.

The middle-aged housekeeper's strength wasn't too bad as he was a God King. However, to Huang Xiaolong, that was as good as nothing.

As for the guards and maids behind him, they were in the Ancestor God Realm.

When the housekeeper, Wang Junhai, saw that Huang Xiaolong was sitting on the bed, a look of shock flashed in his eyes. However, he nodded his head indifferently, "Who would have thought that an ugly

b\*stard like you would be awake? You can even move... Whatever... It seems like our princess' spiritual pill wasn't wasted."

For someone with Huang Xiaolong's experience, it was clear that the housekeeper was implying that everything was because of the help he had received from the princess.

Regardless, it was true that Huang Xiaolong had consumed quite a number of spiritual medicine in the past month.

When Huang Xiaolong heard the other party calling him an ugly b\*stard with such indifference, a frown formed on his face.

Wang Junhai stared at Huang Xiaolong's face, and he sneered, "What's wrong? Do you have a problem with the way I addressed you?" He turned to look at a maid beside him and ordered, "You, go and bring us a mirror. Show him how ugly he looks. I wonder what the princess was thinking when she wasted so many resources on such ugly and dirty trash!"

"The number of spiritual medicine and pills that were fed to you is more than enough to hire a high-level God King expert!"

Upon hearing the housekeeper's order, the maid retrieved a mirror at the side and brought it to Huang Xiaolong.

Looking at the bloodied face in the mirror, Huang Xiaolong saw the ugly scars that filled his face. It was indeed a terrifying sight.

It was no wonder the other party was calling him an ugly b\*stard.

It was probably due to the traces of fire qi contained in the lightning storm that had caused his body to look like a roasted duck. His skin was black as could be and there were cracks on his skin.

Huang Xiaolong looked completely unrecognizable. However, he didn't care in the slightest. After a few more days of rest and recovery, all the cracks on the surface of his three complete dao saint godheads



would close up. When that happened, he would be able to absorb holy spiritual qi and nourish his body. His wounds and scars would disappear without a trace.

In less than half a month, he would regain his original appearance!

Wang Junhai sneered, "Ugly bastard, haven't you seen how you look in the mirror? I feel like puking every time I look at you. If not for the princess' orders for me to come over to feed you a Resurrection Pill every day, I wouldn't spare a second glance at a piece of sh\*t like you. To tell you the truth, the physicians in the mansion had already told us that your wounds are permanent, and you will never be able to recover!"

"No matter how hard you try, you will never be able to get rid of the scars on your face! Not to mention that your meridians and spirit sea will never be repaired! In the future, you will be the trashiest of all trash!"

#### Chapter 2206: Unable To Cure?

Even though the Resurrection Pill was worth next to nothing to Huang Xiaolong, for a God King like Wang Junhai, it was an extremely precious pill!

Even as a housekeeper in the manor, it was extremely rare for Wang Junhai to be rewarded with a Resurrection Pill. Even so, the princess had ordered him to bring one over to Huang Xiaolong every single day. How could someone like Wang Junhai endure the anger in his heart?

He couldn't be more annoyed.

After working like an ox for the manor and giving them my all, they feed this brat Resurrection Pills instead of giving them to me!

When Huang Xiaolong heard how the other party was insulting him and calling him names, his face turned cold. If this was him at his prime, Wang Junhai wouldn't even possess the qualifications to wipe his shoes!

“Don’t be rude!” Suddenly, a sweet voice rang through the air, and a remarkably beautiful, and noble woman walked in escorted by a group of guards.

The moment she appeared, Wang Junhai and everyone else in the room bowed. “Greetings, Princess!”

Princess!

Huang Xiaolong’s gaze landed on the woman who had entered the room.

From the looks of things, she should be the ‘princess’ who saved me. She should be the one who ordered them to feed me Resurrection Pill every day.

As the direct descendant of the family, her cultivation was much higher than Wang Junhai. She was at the peak late-Tenth Order God King Realm, and she was merely a step away from entering the Heavenly Monarch Realm.

When Huang Xiaolong stared at her, she was doing the same. A look of surprise flashed in her beautiful eyes.

When the princess of the manor, Zhang Wen Yue, had saved him in the past, there were several physicians who had examined his condition. Even their personal physician had said that he would need another three to four months before he could wake up even if he was fed a Resurrection Pill every day. As for being able to move again, Huang Xiaolong was definitely expected to take more than half a year.

After looking at his condition now, Huang Xiaolong was awake in less than a month! He was even able to move!

Did the physician make a mistake?

In actuality, she had no idea why she had made the decision to save him. After all, he was an ugly, and dirty homeless cripple on the side of the road. It was probably because of the sense of familiarity she had felt when she saw Huang Xiaolong.

Since she possessed a lightning-attributed godhead and had cultivated a lightning-based secret art, it was understandable for her to feel a sense of comfort around him. After all, he had already absorbed tons of lightning-based origin treasures such as the Lightning Origin Divine Fruits. He had even tempered his body with the Grandmist Lightning Pool!

It also went without saying that Huang Xiaolong had the lightning bead residing in his body that helped with the feeling.

"It's a surprise that young master is awake. When my subordinate reported it to me, I felt that they were mistaken!" Zhang Wenyue smiled lightly as she walked towards Huang Xiaolong's side.

She was extremely pretty and her dimples were revealed when she smiled.

"Thanks for saving me." Huang Xiaolong nodded his head. Even though this was the first time they met, he had a good opinion of Zhang Wenyue. Of course, her actions of saving him had little to do with it.

"Wait for me to recover from my injuries and I will repay you in full for the matter." Huang Xiaolong added.

Since Huang Xiaolong didn't make promises lightly, a word from him was something even gold couldn't buy.

When Wang Junhai heard what he said, he couldn't help but sneer. "Why are you still dreaming of recovering from your injuries? Didn't you hear what I just said? Your meridians are torn and your spirit sea is shattered. Even the best physician in the dynasty won't be able to save you! What's more, our kingdom's physicians can't compare to those from the dynasty!"

Zhang Wenyue's eyebrow furrowed slightly. Wang Junhai is getting bolder and bolder. Just because he has some relationship with second mother, he dares to interrupt me when I'm speaking!

Zhang Wenyue thought for a second and added, "Young Master, you might not know about this, but I've invited the best physician in our manor to take a look at your injuries. According to him, your injuries were caused by some sort of divine lightning. He hasn't seen anything like it in his life and has no way to

cure you. Moreover, your meridians and spirit sea are no longer intact. A full recovery would be extremely difficult!”

After some consideration, she decided to tell Huang Xiaolong the truth. Despite that, she didn’t tell him that it was impossible for him to recover. After all, she didn’t want to stamp out the last ember of hope in his heart.

In her heart, she knew that the possibility of Huang Xiaolong experiencing a full recovery was zero. Everyone with the slightest bit of common sense knew that once the spirit sea was shattered, it was impossible to restore it.

Huang Xiaolong smiled indifferently, “Okay, I get it.”

With his three complete dao saint godheads, Huang Xiaolong didn’t care in the slightest that his spirit sea was broken! Even if his meridians were burned off completely by the lightning storm, he was completely confident of reconstructing them from scratch! Of course, the only thing he needed was time. As for his spirit sea, he was sure he could restore it soon.

Zhang Wen Yue felt a little startled when she saw his indifferent expression. She shook her head silently. In her opinion, she felt that Huang Xiaolong had already accepted the fact that he was beyond saving.

She stayed for a little while and comforted him before leaving another Resurrection Pill. When she left, Wang Junhai glared at him as though Huang Xiaolong owed him several billion spirit stones.

Huang Xiaolong didn’t care about Wang Junhai as he returned the stare with a cold glance of his own.

When everyone was gone, Huang Xiaolong looked at the Resurrection Pill in his hand and shook his head. A smile slowly formed on his face. Who would have thought that a Ninth Order Sovereign like me would need such trash pills to recover?

It was too bad all the spiritual pills he had on him were destroyed in the lightning storm. No matter how useless the Resurrection Pill was, it was better than nothing. Huang Xiaolong swallowed it in a single gulp and sat down on his bed. He activated all three complete dao saint godheads again to absorb the holy spiritual qi in the air.

Three days passed in a blink of an eye.

For the past three days, Huang Xiaolong had remained in his room, and he had spent all his time cultivating. The most important thing was to regain his strength!

Three days later... The cracks on Huang Xiaolong's complete dao saint godheads were completely gone and rays of light filled the space above his spirit sea.

Even though they weren't exceptionally dazzling, it was completely different from the Huang Xiaolong of three days ago.

It was like comparing a sickly old man to a young teenager! His three godheads were brimming with vitality at the moment.

Moreover, after absorbing the holy spiritual qi over the past three days, the bloody scars on his face and body had faded quite a bit. Even though they weren't gone, his hideous appearance was no more.

Zheng Wenyue had visited him once while he was recovering, but she had left in a hurry. It was as though something important was happening in the manor.

Huang Xiaolong touched the bloody scars on his face and nodded in satisfaction. He estimated that he would need three more days to revert to his original appearance.

...

In a martial arts training grounds not too far from Huang Xiaolong's yard, a young man in a purple dragon robe trained with all his might. He was dignified and his moves were vigorous. His facial features resembled Zhang Wenyue and there were a ton of guards standing around the training grounds, including Wang Junhai.

"Get someone to clean the Elegant Courtyard. When my friend arrives tomorrow, bring him there!" The young man who was training said to Wang Junhai.

The Elegant Courtyard was exactly where Huang Xiaolong was resting in to treat his injuries.

Wang Junhai hesitated for a moment, and he replied, “Young Master, the princess saved someone from the streets a few days ago. He is currently resting in the Elegant Courtyard. This...”

#### Chapter 2207: Can't Even Take Care of a Useless Fool!

The young man was precisely Zhang Wen Yue's younger brother, Zhang Haochen. Of course, in large households such as their family, the family dynamics were a little special. He was her brother from another mother.

Zhang Haochen frowned when he heard what Wang Junhai said. “I've heard about him... Isn't he a cripple with shattered meridians and a broken spirit sea? What's my sister thinking? Why did she rescue such a useless b\*stard? Isn't the Elegant Courtyard reserved for important guests of our Prince Qian Mansion? Why did she arrange for him to stay there?”

“Go. Get some men to chase that kid out from the Elegant Courtyard. When my friend arrives, arrange for him to stay in the Elegant Courtyard!”

Wang Junhai was overjoyed when he heard the young master's order. He had long since wanted to get rid of that ugly b\*stard. With the little prince's order, he could finally vent his frustration! If that piece of sh\*t dared to resist, he wouldn't hesitate to teach him a lesson!

“Yes, Young Master!” Wang Junhai smiled respectfully. However, he paused for a second and asked, “But Young Master, do we chase that kid out of the manor?”

Zhang Haochen thought for a while and shook his head, “Even though he's a useless cripple, my sister saved him and brought him back. Arrange a room in the Cool Breeze Courtyard after chasing him out of the Elegant Courtyard.”

The Cool Breeze Courtyard was the living quarters of the servants of the manor. There was no lack of rooms. It went without saying that the living conditions in the Cool Breeze Courtyard and the Elegant Courtyard were as different as heaven and earth.

Spiritual Wood Jade Artifacts were scattered all around the Elegant Courtyard. It was extremely beneficial for cultivation, and there were numerous spiritual flowers and divine trees planted in the courtyard for one to maintain a peaceful mind.

In the Cool Breeze Courtyard, there was no need to mention Spiritual Wood Jade Artifacts. Even the building was constructed from ordinary materials!

“Young Master, don’t worry! I’ll get rid of the kid immediately!” Wang Junhai replied respectfully.

Zhang Haochen nodded his head before sending Wang Junhai off with a wave of his hand.

Bowing respectfully, Wang Junhai took his leave. He hastily gathered several guards and marched his way to the Elegant Courtyard.

When Wang Junhai was making his way over, Huang Xiaolong was cultivating his palm techniques peacefully in his courtyard.

After three days of recovery, he could already walk around. As the weather was clear and sunny, Huang Xiaolong felt that it was time for him to enjoy the outdoors as he cultivated his Eight Desolate Holy Palm and Final Boundless Sword Art.

He had obtained both skills from Wan Zhuoyuan’s memory, and they were both classified as holy martial arts!

In the past thousand years, Huang Xiaolong hadn’t slacked off in his cultivation and his understanding of both arts was at a pretty decent level.

When Wang Junhai and his men arrived, Huang Xiaolong was currently practicing the Eight Desolate Holy Palm.

After seeing how Huang Xiaolong was moving about and practicing some sort of unknown martial art, a trace of shock flashed through Wang Junhai’s eyes. Never in his wildest imaginations would he have

thought that Huang Xiaolong would be able to move. Didn't the physician mention that it was impossible for Huang Xiaolong to take less than a year to start moving around?

Despite his shock, he didn't place Huang Xiaolong's martial arts in his eyes. A sneer appeared on his face and he mocked, "Who would have thought that a useless cripple like you would be able to practice palm arts? It's a pity your moves are soft and weak. With your current strength, you won't be able to kill a rabbit if it was placed in front of you!"

Since Huang Xiaolong wasn't circulating the energy in his body, the Eight Desolate Holy Palm looked like a common martial art practiced by commoners. Due to Wang Junhai's low realm, he failed to discover the intricacies in Huang Xiaolong's moves.

In fact, even if an Emperor Realm expert was present, he wouldn't be able to discover the mystery and power behind the Eight Desolate Holy Palm.

That was only something Sovereigns could comprehend.

Upon hearing the tone of mockery in Wang Junhai's voice, Huang Xiaolong continued his practice and ignored the man. The Eight Desolate Holy Palm had a total of ten forms and he planned to complete it.

The Eight Desolate Holy Palm wasn't just a set of palm techniques. Constant practice could strengthen one's body.

Wang Junhai was furious when he saw how Huang Xiaolong ignored him. "Brat, I came here on orders of my young master to chase you out of the Elegant Courtyard! The Elegant Courtyard is an important yard in our manor and only esteemed guests have the qualifications to live here!"

"As for trash like you, you are only worthy to live with the servants!"

"Get lost and head over to the Cool Breeze Courtyard now!"

Ignoring the clown jumping in front of him, Huang Xiaolong continued to practice the Eight Desolate Holy Palm.



Wang Junhai felt the rage bubbling in his heart as he yelled, "Keep acting!" He turned to a guard behind him and screamed, "Throw this brat out!"

The guard nodded respectfully and he started to walk towards Huang Xiaolong with a cold smile on his face.

In fact, all of the guards were unhappy that Huang Xiaolong lived in the Elegant Courtyard. Now that one of them was about to teach him a lesson, everyone watched the upcoming beatdown with great gusto.

The guard quickly arrived before Huang Xiaolong and reached out to grab his shoulder. Before he could throw Huang Xiaolong out of the yard, he realized that the youngster before him wouldn't budge no matter how hard he pulled! It was as though he was tugging on the shoulders of an ancient beast!

This!

The guard was taken aback!

He was a high-level Ancestor God. His strength placed him in the middle tiers of the guards in the manor. Even if there was a pile of chaos stones in front of him, he would be able to lift them up with no problems! However, he couldn't move the youngster before him no matter how hard he tried!

With a look of disbelief, he activated his godhead and godforce streamed out from his body. He grabbed at Huang Xiaolong once again but obtained the same result.

Wang Junhai felt that something strange was going on and a sense of unease filled his heart. Too bad he realized it too late. Huang Xiaolong turned around and shrugged. A single movement caused the guard to fly across the courtyard and slam into the sturdy wall.

Wang Junhai and the others stared at Huang Xiaolong in shock.

What's going on?!

Weren't his meridians and spirit sea shattered?! What in the world is happening?!

Wang Junhai scanned the surroundings and found that there was nothing strange. Finally, his gaze landed on Huang Xiaolong and he growled, "I don't believe that I won't be able to take care of a useless fool like you!"

He started walking towards Huang Xiaolong as he planned to personally deal with the 'ugly' youngster in front of him!

"Coiling Dragon!"

Wang Junhai yelled and clawed at Huang Xiaolong. Two long chains of qi emerged and transformed into two cyclones that intertwined with each other as they charged towards Huang Xiaolong.

The move he unleashed was his ultimate move and the moment it coiled itself around its prey, even an ancient beast would be unable to shake it off!

In a flash, Huang Xiaolong was bound by Wang Junhai's ultimate move.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong was no longer able to escape, Wang Junhai and the rest of the guards heaved a sigh of relief.

Just as the few guards were about to flatter Wang Junhai for his skills, Huang Xiaolong shrugged once again and executed the Eight Desolate Holy Palm. In the blink of an eye, the energy cyclones were swept away as though they never existed.

Everyone in the courtyard stared at Huang Xiaolong as their jaws dropped to the ground.

It was perfect timing as Huang Xiaolong completed the last move of the Eight Desolate Holy Palm. Huang Xiaolong tilted his head and walked towards the housekeeper.

## Chapter 2208: Young Master Huang is Fine

Under Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze, Wang Junhai and the rest of the guards felt a sense of fear creeping up their hearts.

"It won't be too late if you guys scram now!" Huang Xiaolong said with indifference.

Wang Junhai was startled for a second before he snapped in rage, "How dare a piece of trash like you tell me what to do? Do you believe..."

Before the words could leave his lips, his eyes were bedazzled, in the next second, a strong force sent him flying. He landed on the ground outside the courtyard.

A loud "thud" echoed through the air.

Wang Junhai slumped on the ground, and no one knew if he was still alive.

The guards who had come along with him stared at the scene before them in fright. Their bodies froze, and none of them dared to make a single move.

Of course, Wang Junhai wasn't the only housekeeper in the manor. Even though he wasn't the strongest amongst them, he was still an expert in the God King Realm! Moreover, he was a late-Third Order God King!

Did the cripple just...?

"Get lost!" Huang Xiaolong yelled.

The guards felt their bodies trembling and they ran out of the courtyard in fright. Grabbing Wang Junhai, they disappeared from Huang Xiaolong's sight.

When they were gone, Huang Xiaolong started to practice the Final Boundless Sword Art.

Even though he no longer had a sword, it was nothing for him to form a sword using the natural spiritual qi in the air. With a single thought, sword light flashed in the courtyard continuously.

The sword qi around his body was like a tide as it flooded the entire courtyard. His control over the sword qi was perfect as not a single bit spilled out of the yard.

As he practiced the Final Boundless Sword Art, Zhang Wen Yue was training her sword art in her personal courtyard. Whenever she waved her sword, a dragon would emerge and soar across her courtyard.

The sword art she practiced was one of the highest grade divine arts the manor possessed. It was called the Coiling Dragon Sword Art, and at the highest level, one would be able to summon ten thousand dragons.

After several moves, Zhang Wen Yue paused as a frown appeared on her face. No matter how hard she practiced, the number of dragons she could produce was capped at nine hundred. She failed to break through the limit of a thousand regardless of the method she used.

When the nine hundredth dragon was condensed, something would go wrong and obstruct the rest of the sword qi she controlled.

“There are only several more days until the Big Dipper Sword Sect starts their recruitment...” Zhang Wen Yue muttered to herself. No matter what, she had to break through the one thousand dragon’s mark before the recruitment exercise!

The Big Dipper Sword Sect was one of the three supreme sects in the Falling Jade Dynasty.

The Falling Jade Dynasty possessed countless kingdoms and there were an uncountable number of races under their umbrella. There were tons of geniuses fighting for a slot in any of the three supreme sects. After obtaining a place in the Big Dipper Sword Sect, her father’s status in the kingdom would rise to insurmountable heights. The Prince Qian Manor would undoubtedly become one of the powerhouses! Even the king himself wouldn’t be able to do a thing to them!

Despite staying at home for a period of time, she had heard from outside sources that Prince Long of the Long Prince Manor was trying to instigate the king to take action against them. According to the rumors, the Long Prince was moving against them under the guise that Prince Qian was of another race! According to Prince Long, the Prince Qian Manor was colluding with the Black Devil Sect to expand their forces!

Due to Prince Long's instigation, the king was losing his trust for the Prince Qian Manor. The moment the king turned his spearhead towards her father, Prince Qian, it would spell their demise!

The only way for her to prevent anything of the sort from happening was for her to enter the Big Dipper Sword Sect. It was even better if she could catch the eye of an elder in the Emperor Realm. If she became a personal disciple of such an expert, all their problems would be solved.

There was one problem though. Entering the Big Dipper Sword Sect was harder than ascending to the heavens!

The Big Dipper Sword Sect only accepted a hundred disciples every time they opened their doors. Every time a selection took place, the number of disciples who signed up would number in the millions. Every genius in the Falling Jade Dynasty would sign up in hopes of joining one of the three supreme sects!

When the Big Dipper Sword Sect recruited disciples, one of the most important tests was to assess the disciple's swordsmanship. No matter what, she had to reach the next level in Coiling Dragon Sword Art in order to be considered!

Just as Zhang Wen Yue was deep in her thoughts, a maid walked in with an anxious expression plastered on her face.

"What's the matter?" Zhang Wen Yue asked.

"Princess, Housekeeper Wang brought several guards over to the Elegant Courtyard to chase Young Master Huang out!" The maid reported.

In the past few days, Zhang Wen Yue had sent the maids to snoop around, and she had managed to learn of Huang Xiaolong's true name.

Zhang Wenyue's expression turned chilly. "How dare Wang Junhai chase my guest out of the Elegant Courtyard?!"

"According to sources from Young Master Zhang's courtyard, Young General Chen is coming over tomorrow and he wanted to empty the Elegant Courtyard to host the general!"

Zhang Wenyue was startled for a second. However, she quickly asked with concern, "How is Young Master Huang's injuries? Did anything happen to him?" Sheathing her sword, she prepared to charge over to the Elegant Courtyard.

"Young Master Huang is fine!" The maid stared at Zhang Wenyue with a weird expression on her face. "Housekeeper Wang was sent flying out of Elegant Courtyard!"

Zhang Wenyue stopped and stared at the maid in disbelief. Were her ears playing tricks on her?

"Housekeeper Wang was sent flying? Are you sure Young Master Huang wasn't the one who was hurt?"

The maid hesitated for a second and she stuttered, "This... I'm not too sure about the specifics! I heard from the others that Housekeeper Wang was sent flying by Young Master Huang with a single strike." The maid was unsure of what she had heard as it seemed completely impossible for the 'cripple' to send a God King flying.

Zhang Wenyue no longer bothered with the maid as she quickly made her way to the Elegant Courtyard.

By the time she arrived in the Elegant Courtyard, Wang Junhai had already arrived in the physician's courtyard.

"Physician Lin, how is Housekeeper Wang's condition?" The little prince, Zhang Haochen, asked the manor's physician.

Physician Lin shook his head, "His opponent's technique is rather unique. Wang Junhai won't be able to regain consciousness without a month of rest. It seems like his opponent showed mercy. When he wakes up, he shouldn't suffer from any long-term injuries."

"Young master, who exactly did Housekeeper Wang offend?" Physician Lin asked.

Zhang Haochen thought for a second, and he growled, "Several days ago, my sister saved an ugly b\*stard whose meridians and spirit sea were shattered. Housekeeper Wang was done in by that \*sshole!"

Physician Lin couldn't hide his shock as he yelled, "What? How is that possible? That kid is on the verge of death and I personally diagnosed him! He's no different from a cripple, and he shouldn't be able to circulate qi in his body!"

Zhang Haochen thought about it for a second and asked, "Is it possible for that brat to fake his injuries?"

"Impossible!" Physician Lin shook his head. "It's absolutely impossible to fake an injury of that degree."

"How else can he harm Housekeeper Wang?" Zhang Haochen continued, "The guards around are sure that the kid was the one who made the move! It's impossible to be staged!"

Physician Lin groaned as he had no idea how to explain the situation to the young master.

A light flickered in Zhang Haochen's eyes. "He shouldn't be that weak if he dealt with Housekeeper Wang with a single move. He might even be a high-level God King Realm cultivator!"

"Young Master, should we... hire Master Yin to take action?" One of the guards stepped forward and suggested.

There were a few esteemed masters in the Prince Qian Manor. Every one of them was a Heavenly Monarch, and the Master Yin they spoke of was an early-Fourth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm expert!

## Chapter 2209: The Vastness of the Holy World

"There's no need." Zhang Haochen contemplated for a second and shook his head. After all, it wasn't easy for them to request the assistance of an esteemed master to make a move. Moreover, his hatred for Huang Xiaolong was not to an extreme degree.

After all, the cripple was someone his sister had saved.

While things were going down in the physician's courtyard, Zhang Wenyue had already arrived in the Elegant Courtyard. When she arrived, Huang Xiaolong was practicing his Final Boundless Sword Art.

She stared at Huang Xiaolong in shock when she felt the dense sword qi that filled the courtyard.

This...?

As a swordswoman, she could tell with a glance that his swordplay was extraordinary. Of course, she was a mere God King, and she couldn't tell the intricacies behind it. Despite that, she stood rooted to the ground as she stared at Huang Xiaolong moving across the yard with his elegant movements.

She immersed herself in the storm of sword qi that blended itself with the world all the way till Huang Xiaolong stopped.

With Huang Xiaolong's senses, he could naturally feel that she was headed over to his courtyard. As a way to repay her kindness, Huang Xiaolong allowed her to experience the sword qi from a holy martial art. However, how much she could understand depended on her talent.

Zhang Wenyue stood rooted to the spot as strands of sword qi swirled around her body. As sword qi gathered in her spirit sea, a sword rune was formed, and it branded itself into her consciousness. The confusion she had towards the Coiling Dragon Sword Art was cleared up in an instant.

A look of shock appeared on Zhang Wenyue's face when she finally came back to reality. Looking up, she saw that Huang Xiaolong was standing in the middle of the courtyard as he looked at her with a gentle smile on his face. Unbeknownst to her, her cheeks flushed red in an instant. She quickly walked forward



to ask, “Young Master Huang, I’ve heard that Wang Junhai came over to chase you out. Did he do anything to you?”

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and smiled, “I’m fine.”

Wang Junhai was a God King, and honestly, God Kings were unable to harm him in the slightest.

Even with broken meridians and a shattered spirit sea, the external recovery of his three complete dao saint godheads allowed him to deal with ordinary Emperor Realm cultivators.

“Young Master Huang, the bloody scars on your face....” A maid behind Zhang Wenyue spoke up suddenly when she realized that the scars on Huang Xiaolong’s face were gone.

At that instant, Zhang Wenyue seemed to have noticed it as well. It seemed as though Huang Xiaolong’s appearance wasn’t as terrifying as she had thought.

This... Didn’t Physician Lin say that the scars on Young Master Huang’s body would never recover? What was going on?

Looking at their shocked expressions, Huang Xiaolong chuckled. “I have a unique physique and it allows me to recover from most injuries.”

“What about your other injuries?!” Zhang Wenyue stared at Huang Xiaolong, and she yelled in surprise. “Did you experience a full recovery?”

She knew that Huang Xiaolong’s meridians and spirit sea were broken. It wasn’t possible to recover from that... right?

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head, “Yup. They are nearly back to normal.”

Zhang Wenyue felt a bomb going off in her head and she had no idea what to say to him.

How could he recover from such serious injuries?! Not to mention that he took less than a month to do so!

Even the maid standing at her side looked at him in disbelief.

“Young Lady Zhang, is there a library in your manor? I wish to expand my horizons by reading more books...” Huang Xiaolong asked.

Since he had just arrived in the Holy World, he had no idea where he was. The most important thing he had to do was to gather information about this unknown world!

Huang Xiaolong planned to leave after the scars on his body disappeared completely! He couldn’t possibly stay there forever!

Most of his ordinary treasures were destroyed and the truly precious ones were kept in the space inside the lightning bead. With his current strength, he couldn’t possibly activate the bead and all the spirit stones he had were out of his reach. Without them, Huang Xiaolong could be said to be as poor as a beggar right now. Other than the clothes he had on him, Huang Xiaolong didn’t have a single spirit stone to his name! He had to find some ways to earn money, otherwise he would really become a beggar on the streets!

“There is indeed a library with thousands of books in our manor. It’s not far from here. If Young Master Huang plans to head there, use my token. You will be able to read any books you want.” Zhang Wen Yue said before passing a token over to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong didn’t refuse the offer. After handing the token over, Zhang Wen Yue stayed behind to ask Huang Xiaolong some questions regarding her sword art.

Deciding not to hide anything from her, Huang Xiaolong explained everything she wanted to know.

Two hours later, Zhang Wen Yue finally left the Elegant Courtyard after the maid reminded her that she had to attend a banquet later in the afternoon. Before she left, she became a notch more respectful to Huang Xiaolong. “Young Master Huang, you can rest in the Elegant Courtyard in peace!” She then reassured him that her brother and Housekeeper Wang wouldn’t appear to disturb his rest.

After she left, Huang Xiaolong didn't continue to cultivate. Instead, he headed straight to the library.

He urgently needed to find out his location in the Holy World.

Only higher-ups and the direct disciples of the Prince Qian Manor could access the collections inside the library in the manor. Of course, none of the guards dared to stop Huang Xiaolong when he brought out Zhang Wen Yue's token.

As soon as he entered the library, he saw shelves stacked full of books. Ignoring all the rare martial arts manuals, Huang Xiaolong headed directly to the books related to geography and history.

Since the topics were not the most important field of study, Huang Xiaolong only managed to locate several thousand books. With his nearly fully recovered soul, he scanned through them in a flash.

When he was done, a better understanding of his situation appeared in his mind.

The Prince Qian Manor was one of the forces located in the Jinyuan Kingdom. Prince Qian's status wasn't low and he could be considered an influential individual in the Jinyuan Kingdom.

Huang Xiaolong also learned that the Jinyuan Kingdom belonged to the Falling Jade Dynasty.

The Falling Jade Dynasty controlled thousands of kingdoms, and Jinyuan Kingdom was only a middle-level kingdom amongst thousands.

Furthermore, the Falling Jade Dynasty was just one of the first-rate forces on the Forceful Heavenly Bull Continent in the Zhuoyuan Holy Lands!

The Zhuoyuan Holy Lands had over ten continents, each of which was vast and boundless. It could be said that each continent was more than ten times the size of the Divine World in the lower realm!

Also, there were tens of dynasties located on the Forceful Heavenly Bull Continent. The Falling Jade Dynasty was one of them.

Other than the dynasties, there were countless supreme sects. In the Falling Jade Dynasty alone, there were three supreme sects, the Big Dipper Sword Sect, the Incineration Valley, and the Nine Heavens Gate. The sect masters of the respective supreme sects were all Venerable Realm experts!

Of course, every single supreme sect was the overlord of their region.

Despite the size of the Zhuoyuan Holy Lands, there was only a single supreme level force. It was the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate and they were the ones who called the shots. Not a single faction could disobey their orders!

Huang Xiaolong closed his eyes and cleared his mind. He knew about the Zhuoyuan Holy Lands from Wan Zhuoyuan's memory because the man himself was once the master of the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate!

Wan Zhuoyuan had created the Zhuoyuan Holy Lands with his supreme holy force, in the past.

Huang Xiaolong wondered if the position of the patriarch of the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate was still vacant as Wan Zhuoyuan had undergone reincarnation.

However, the collections of books in the Manor only had limited information about the Falling Jade Dynasty and the Forceful Heavenly Bull Continent. The information about other continents was limited and there wasn't a need to talk about the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate.

What he did learn from Wan Zhuoyuan's memory was that the Holy World was boundless. Even a super expert like Wan Zhuoyuan had no idea how big the Holy World was. The Zhuoyuan Holy Lands was but one of the many holy lands located in the Holy World.

Chapter 2210: People From the Black Devil Sect?

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong left the library and returned to the Elegant Courtyard.

He sat on the bed and started to plan out his next moves.

From the books inside the library, he learned that every ten of thousands of years, the three supreme sects, the Big Dipper Sword Sect, Incineration Valley, and the Nine Heavens Gate would open up their doors to recruit new disciples.

Based on his calculations, the Big Dipper Sword Sect would start recruiting disciples in half a year. Even though they only accepted a hundred disciples each time, Huang Xiaolong was confident that no matter how strict their criteria were, there was no problem in him passing their test.

However, Huang Xiaolong's ambition didn't stop there.

Even though the Big Dipper Sword Sect was a supreme sect that held unparalleled authority in the Falling Jade Dynasty, it was nothing more than a speck of dust in the Forceful Heavenly Bull Continent. There were countless sects with more power than the Big Dipper Sword Sect in the vast lands.

It went without saying that Huang Xiaolong's goal was to enter the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate!

As long as he entered the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate, he would be hailed as their young master!

With his identity, it would be much easier for him to move about in the Zhuoyuan Holy Lands.

Even though the requirements of the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate were stricter than the Big Dipper Sword Sect, Huang Xiaolong believed that with three complete dao saint godheads, three saint bloodlines, and his saint physique, he would be more than qualified to enter the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate!

With the resources of the faction, Huang Xiaolong knew that it wouldn't take long for him to enter the Venerable Realm!

When all was said and done, Huang Xiaolong couldn't wait to enter the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate. With the memories of the ex-patriarch of the faction, he knew quite a lot of their secrets!

He had also learned that Wan Zhuoyuan had left a ton of treasures and priceless spiritual pills in the treasury! With the help of all the treasures Wan Zhuoyuan had left behind, there was no doubt Huang Xiaolong's cultivation would soar!

Before he could even think of entering the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate, Huang Xiaolong had to work hard to raise his strength to the best of his abilities.

Jinyuan Kingdom was nowhere near the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate and if Huang Xiaolong wanted to head there, he would need to cross more than half of the holy lands. Along the way, he would meet with a ton of dangers. Without recovering a certain amount of strength, Huang Xiaolong didn't need to dream of entering the Zhuoyuan Holy Gate.

With the plan formed, Huang Xiaolong no longer bothered about anything else as he started to circulate his Grandmist Parasitic Medium.

Three complete dao saint godheads started to spin as strands of holy spiritual qi descended from the void and streamed into Huang Xiaolong's body.

Grandmist qi started to leak out from his body as tiny purple grandmist dragons started to revolve around his body.

After looking at the grandmist dragons around him, Huang Xiaolong realized that they were extremely thin. They were as thin as a newborn's thumb!

As strands of holy spiritual qi charged into Huang Xiaolong's body, his internal organs started to heal. The meridians that were torn to shreds started to reattach themselves.

The bloody scars on his face started to disappear.

Huang Xiaolong cultivated through the night and he only stopped when he felt the first rays of sunlight falling on his body.

He recovered quite a bit after a single night of cultivation.

Huang Xiaolong touched his face and noticed the traces of a few small scars that were still present. He wasn't worried in the slightest as he knew that they would disappear in a day or two.

When Huang Xiaolong paused his cultivation session, Zhang Haochen was welcoming his friend, Young General Chen Wei, at the entrance of the manor. He quickly led Chen Wei over to the Wind Mist Courtyard.

Upon seeing that he was brought to the Wind Mist Courtyard rather than the Elegant Courtyard, Chen Wei felt that things were a little strange. "Brother Haochen, do you have a guest in the Elegant Courtyard right now?"

Zhang Haochen hesitated for a moment before he explained everything he knew about Huang Xiaolong.

"Oh, his identity is unknown, and when you guys saved him, his meridians and spirit sea was damaged? He managed to injure a late-Third Order God King several days later?! That's strange..." Chen Wei muttered to himself.

Zhang Haochen nodded, "It's strange indeed. I tried to investigate his identity during the past few days, but to no avail!"

Chen Wei's expression changed. It seemed as though he had figured something out as he exclaimed in surprise, "Could he be from the Black Devil Sect?!"

"What?! Black Devil Sect?!" Zhang Haochen's expression changed drastically.

The Black Devil Sect was one of the biggest evil forces in the Jinyuan Kingdom. It was also the number one target of the kingdom! As the largest demonic force, it had roots and branches everywhere, making it almost impossible for anyone to eliminate them.

Not a single person could remain calm when the Black Devil Sect was mentioned.

Chen Wei nodded his head, "It's not impossible. For the past few years, experts in the Black Devil Sect had pretended to be severely injured before infiltrating the various races and noble households in the Jinyuan Kingdom! If he really is from the Black Devil Sect, Brother Haochen has to be very careful! The Prince Qian Manor might even be dragged into the storm!"

"I have heard that Prince Long has been instigating His Majesty recently. He told His Majesty that your Prince Qian Manor is colluding with the Black Devil Sect and has an intention to rebel. His Majesty's trust is swaying!"

Zhang Haochen's expression sank.

"Brother Chen Wei, are you saying...?"

Chen Wei muttered, "I think it's best for you to send some people to capture him. Torture him until he admits that he's from the Black Devil Sect. If he really isn't from the Black Devil Sect, there is nothing to worry about. If he is, you can capture him and bring him to His Majesty to show off your loyalty to the kingdom!"

Zhang Haochen's eyes lit up and he nodded in agreement, "Brother Chen Wei is right. This matter is of utmost priority. He came from a questionable origin and we can't allow him to stay here any longer. From the strength he displayed, he should be in the Heavenly Monarch Realm. It won't be easy for us to capture him successfully."

"Just report this matter to your father! He can easily invite several distinguished masters to capture that kid!"

A brilliant light flashed through Zhang Haochen's eyes. It was true that the esteemed masters would have to respect his father's orders.

"But... What about my sister?" Zhang Haochen realized that there was another factor, and he hesitated for a moment.

"If your father personally gives the order, your sister won't be able to stop him! It's even possible that your sister has fallen into the hands of the other party! I've heard that the Black Devil Sect has managed



to develop a sinister technique that allows them to control someone in the dark! The victim won't show any signs of being controlled on the outside!" Chen Wei continued, "If your sister has really fallen to his spell, you will save the entire Prince Qian Manor by exposing him!"

Zhang Haochen leaped to his feet, "Brother Chen Wei, take a break here while I look for my father!"

"Okay!"

Zhang Haochen didn't waste a single second, and he ran all the way over to report the matter to his father.

Prince Qian nodded his head and praised his son, "You did a good job noticing this issue. It is indeed true that something is off about this person. He managed to injure Housekeeper Wang even with shattered meridians and a broken spirit sea. This matter is too suspicious! Pass down my order! Summon several esteemed masters and call for all the guards to head over to the Elegant Courtyard!"