

Conqueror 2631

Chapter 2631: Finally Transforming

As Chan Wuwo spread his Golden Buddha Body to its limit, he exclaimed haughtily, "Huang Xiaolong, no one under the Primal Ancestor Realm has been able to break my Golden Buddha Body! Once my ancestor arrives, you'll be dead!"

The memory of his beloved woman withering before his eyes made his blood boil. Hatred welled up in his heart, and his desire to kill Huang Xiaolong only grew stronger.

Completely unfazed by the threat, Huang Xiaolong sent a punch flying towards Chan Wuwo's chest, and popping sounds could be heard as Chan Wuwo's body started to give way.

In an instant, Huang Xiaolong destroyed the Golden Buddha Body Chan Wuwo was so proud of. Even though Chan Wuwo's body was by no means weak, Huang Xiaolong's fist emerged from his back as a gory hole was blown right through him.

Chan Wuwo stared at the wound in silence, and he slowly turned to look at Huang Xiaolong.

At the same time, the experts of the Golden Buddha Race felt a bomb going off in their heads.

Casually glancing at them all, Huang Xiaolong muttered in Chan Wuwo's ear, "Even if your ancestor arrives, there is no way in hell he'll be able to save you."

"You are not a Primal Ancestor! There is no way you can break through my Golden Buddha Body!" Chan Wuwo wailed. He was still stuck in a state of shock, and he couldn't understand how Huang Xiaolong had shattered the defense he was so proud of. Moreover, the other party had done it with a single punch!

Huang Xiaolong sneered, "You overestimate yourself. Nothing is absolute in the world. Even though you have never heard of them, some things exist." After the words left his lips, Huang Xiaolong started to devour the man.

Chan Wuwo shrivelled up instantly like a deflated balloon.

“Young Patriarch!”

“Young Master Chan Wuwo!”

The experts of the Golden Buddha Race shrieked in terror, and they rushed at Huang Xiaolong without much thought for their lives. They unleashed everything they had on him.

“Huang Xiaolong, release Young Master Chan Wuwo right now! He is a Mansion Master Candidate, and if you kill him, even Long Shengtian wouldn’t be able to protect you!” Several disciples of the Golden Buddha Race yelled.

Huang Xiaolong wasn’t daunted at all, and he stared at them impassively. He allowed them to attack him however they wished as he focused on devouring Chan Wuwo.

No matter how hard they tried, Huang Xiaolong didn’t budge.

Feitian Longpeng and the experts of the Flying Heaven Race were shocked when they saw what was going on. They couldn’t believe the scene before them, where a Third Heaven True Saint was taking on the attacks of several hundred experts without so much as flinching!

Those attacking him were high-level True Saints, and there were some at the Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm! Yet, with so many experts attacking him in unison, he was able to remain unfazed!

A miraculous scene played out as they looked like tiny little ants trying to shake a tree.

No... They weren’t trying to shake any ordinary tree, but they were trying to shake the gigantic tree that was Huang Xiaolong!

Feitian Longpeng and the experts of the Flying Heaven Race were so shocked that they forgot to assist him!

In fact, there was no need for them to help as they would be troubling Huang Xiaolong to take care of them.

When Huang Xiaolong had devoured the last of Chan Wuwo's complete dao saint godhead, he threw the man's holy soul into the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

As expected, Chan Wuwo didn't disappoint him. Huang Xiaolong felt the change in his godheads as soon as he was done with the devouring process. Brilliant rays of light started to emerge from all three godheads and Huang Xiaolong felt that they were growing stronger by the second!

This feeling was stronger and more invigorating than the previous time, and he realized that there was one last thing he needed.

Nourishment!

His godheads needed more energy in order to complete their transformation!

Turning to look at the 'ants', who were attacking him relentlessly, a frightening gaze formed in his eyes. The experts of the Golden Buddha Race stopped dead in their tracks when they noticed the weird look in his eyes.

"There's no need to be afraid! Our ancestor will be here soon! As long as we stall him out, we'll be able to save the young master!" someone in the crowd screamed.

"Attack with full force!"

"Attack Huang Xiaolong!"

The experts of the Golden Buddha Race charged at Huang Xiaolong with no regards for their lives.

Feitian Longpeng and the others were about to join in the fray, but Huang Xiaolong was even faster. Every time his figure flickered, an expert from the Golden Buddha Race would turn into a dried-up corpse.

One, two, three...

They were like heaps of straw going through the harvesting machine that was Huang Xiaolong.

In an instant, only half of the experts from the Golden Buddha Race remained.

Initially, they had thought that their ancestor, Chan Yuli, would be arriving soon to assist them. That was the reason they were fearless when confronting Huang Xiaolong! They had felt that they could stall Huang Xiaolong for half an hour, but more than half of them were slain in a minute! Fear gripped the hearts of those present and panic finally started to set in.

Eventually, one of them failed to suppress their inner demons and started to make their escape.

There was no way Huang Xiaolong would allow them to escape, now that he was about to break through. Finally, his complete dao saint godheads would enter the top ten ranks!

There was no way for him to hold himself back.

Those who were trying to escape desperately were devoured one after another as he increased his speed once more.

When there were only ten of them left, rays of resplendent light emerged from all three godheads and Huang Xiaolong knew that the time for evolution was upon him!

In the blink of an eye, he devoured the last of them. As soon as he was done, three pillars of light shot up into the skies and erupted like a volcano that had been dormant for billions of years! An astonishing power coursed through his godheads as they started to transform.

The light they emitted started to change, and the transformation process started.

As an indescribable comfort coursed through Huang Xiaolong's veins, he felt an amazing feeling spreading through his body. He kept a straight face as he didn't wish to embarrass himself in front of the experts of the Flying Heaven Race.

Nevertheless, Feitian Longpeng and the others stared at him in utter amazement.

"What is that?!" An expert from the Flying Heaven Race stammered as he stared at rays of light enveloping Huang Xiaolong's body.

Chapter 2632: Son of Creation

"He's probably experiencing some sort of transformation!" One of the Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm experts from the Flying Heaven Race exclaimed in shock.

"Young Master Huang Xiaolong's strength is already so frightening... If he levels up once again, wouldn't that mean that his combat strength will be..." everyone was astonished.

Wouldn't that mean that he would be comparable to a Primal Ancestor?!

No matter what, it was a fact that they couldn't believe easily. After all, Yuan Qianxing's ability to fight Primal Ancestors when he was only at the Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm had caused shockwaves through the Alien Lands. Likewise, Huang Xiaolong was only a Third Heaven True Saint, but he had managed to reach the same level of power!

This...

"He's not just experiencing any sort of ordinary transformation!" Suddenly, Feitian Longpeng's expression changed drastically, and he screamed in excitement.

As someone who possessed a complete dao saint godhead ranked in the top ten ranks, he could experience the transformation in Huang Xiaolong's body clearly.

He is most definitely not undergoing an ordinary transformation!

In fact...

"What do you mean?"

Experts of the Flying Heaven Race were dumbfounded when they heard what their young patriarch said.

They couldn't see the need to be so worked up when the person involved wasn't even Feitian Longpeng himself.

"Young Patriarch, what do you mean?" The elder, who had once said that it was an ordinary transformation, spoke up all of a sudden.

Even at his level, he had no idea what was going on.

However, what else could it be?!

Feitian Longpeng took a deep breath and stared at the rays of light emerging from Huang Xiaolong's body. His pupils trembled a little, and a look of reverence formed on his face. "His complete dao saint godhead! His godhead is experiencing an evolution!"

"Godhead evolving?" Everyone from the Flying Heaven Race was shocked. Evidently, they didn't think that it was possible! After all, there were too many different godheads in the world and everyone had their secrets. Likewise, there were even several variant godheads that had the ability to split themselves up!

Whatever the case, there was only one outcome if a godhead experienced a transformation. When it was complete, the individual would experience a heaven-shaking change in terms of their strength when it was complete!

Dong Ming, an elder of the Flying Heaven Race, gasped in shock, “Young Patriarch, do you really think that Huang Xiaolong’s godhead is turning into a variant godhead? Wouldn’t that mean that Young Master Huang Xiaolong’s strength would take a huge leap forward?”

Ordinarily, only when a godhead turned into a variant godhead would such a change occur.

From what had happened in the past, there were several experts who had become two times stronger after the transformation!

“Young Master Huang Xiaolong has three complete dao saint godheads! Are all of them turning into variant godheads at the same time?” Another elder from the Flying Race said in shock, “If that really happens, won’t his strength increase by an even larger amount?!”

Everyone from the Flying Heaven Race stared at the elder in shock.

If Huang Xiaolong’s strength could double, he would truly turn into a frightening force.

From the battle earlier, they could already see that Huang Xiaolong’s combat prowess was terrifyingly strong. Their brains failed to process what would happen if it doubled!

“Primal Ancestor! Huang Xiaolong’s strength is definitely comparable to an early-First Resurrection Primal Ancestor!” Someone else exclaimed in shock.

In the Alien Lands, Huang Xiaolong would be the second person whose strength would be comparable to the Primal Ancestor Realm when he was only in the True Saint Realm! Of course, Yuan Qianxing was the first.

Previously, they weren’t sure that Huang Xiaolong had the ability to match up to a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor. Now, they could be completely certain!

Feitian Longpeng laughed bitterly. Variant godhead? He wasn't talking about a variant godhead...

Since everyone from the Flying Heaven Race was inclined to believe so, Feitian Longpeng didn't bother explaining any further. He was afraid they would faint from fright if he did.

As rays of light continued to emerge from Huang Xiaolong's body, the entire region around him was lit up.

Mythical figures appeared from the void, and majestic figures were formed from the power contained in the heavens and earth. There were even several incomprehensible runes among them.

"What is this? It looks like an auspicious sign!" one of the elders muttered in shock.

"No! This... This... It's the legendary heavenly eulogy!" the same elder screamed in fright.

"What? Heavenly eulogy?! This... This can't be real, right? The heavenly eulogy is rumored to only happen when the Son of Creation is born! If that's true, wouldn't that mean that Huang Xiaolong...?" Another elder, who spoke, didn't dare to complete his sentence.

"Son of Creation." All the experts from the Flying Heaven Race stared at each other with their eyes widened.

"There's no way... Isn't the God of Creation just a myth?!"

Feitian Longpeng didn't say anything as he continued to look at Huang Xiaolong.

In the past, Feitian Longpeng had tried his best to estimate Huang Xiaolong's abilities, and he had felt that Huang Xiaolong would definitely be able to suppress Yuan Qianxing as long as they reached the same level of cultivation. According to him, Huang Xiaolong would have a sixty percent chance to defeat Yuan Qianxing in twenty years' time!

Now... It seemed as though the chances of Huang Xiaolong winning had far surpassed sixty percent!

Is he really the Son of Creation? Feitian Longpeng murmured in his heart.

There were always myths and rumors about the Son of Creation and the God of Creation, but everyone had thought that it was an absurd concept. However, there was no other way to explain the heavenly eulogy happening in front of their eyes!

None of them had seen what a heavenly eulogy looked like, but even so, they managed to recognize it when it was happening in front of them.

Just as everyone was amazed by Huang Xiaolong's splendor, a roar rang through the skies.

"Huang Xiaolong, how dare you?! How dare you injure the experts of my Golden Buddha Race?! You shall leave your life behind today!"

A terrifying might engulfed the world as a horrifying pressure descended from the skies.

The expressions of those from the Flying Heaven Race changed drastically.

"Chan Yuli is here!"

"We have to leave right now!"

As the experts of the Flying Heaven Race wanted to make their escape, they realized that the space around them was sealed. The aura from Chan Yuli was like a mountain pressing down on them as they found it hard to even move!

That was a Primal Ancestor's ability to control the space around him!

"Use the Heavenly Escaping Talisman! Quick!" One of the elders screamed.

“There’s only one Heavenly Escaping Talisman!”

“Send the Young Patriarch away!”

A snort left Chan Yuli’s lips when he noticed what they were trying to do. “Still thinking of escaping? There’s no way I’m going to allow that to happen!” A huge palm print formed in the skies as it shot at those from the Flying Heaven Race.

As an attack was unleashed by Chan Yuli himself, the experts of the Flying Heaven Race knew that all of them would die if they faced it head-on.

Shock overwhelmed those present as they looked at the giant palm crashing down on them with a helpless look on their faces. Just as they thought that their lives were forfeit, a figure appeared in front of them.

Staring at the palm print descending from the skies, Huang Xiaolong snorted before sending out a punch of his own. Waves of light surrounded his fist, and it contained the power to shatter the heavens and destroy the earth!

Chapter 2633: Send Someone Better

Boom!

A heaven-shaking blast rang through the skies as Huang Xiaolong’s fist slammed into Chan Yuli’s palm.

“He stopped it!” The members of the Flying Heaven Race cried out when they saw that Huang Xiaolong had stopped Chan Yuli’s strike. They seemed to have caught sight of the light at the end of the tunnel as hope ignited in their hearts.

Luckily for them, Huang Xiaolong didn’t stop there. Instead, his fist pierced through Chan Yuli’s giant palm and continued moving towards the man himself.

Bang!

The energy that Chan Yuli had gathered to form his giant palm scattered like dust in the wind.

Members of the Flying Heaven Race felt their jaws dropping in fright when they observed what happened.

That strike from Chan Yuli had contained the power of a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor, but it was slapped away by a punch from a Third Heaven True Saint!

It was a scene that no one could have ever imagined. They would never forget what they had just witnessed as long as they lived.

“We’re leaving!” Huang Xiaolong didn’t hesitate as he reached out to grab Feitian Longpeng and the others. He didn’t plan on staying around to fight a Primal Ancestor.

“Do you think you can leave?”

“Die!”

Chan Yuli’s voice rang through the skies once again, and his rage could clearly be felt. Dense killing intent filled the space around them and Chan Yuli’s desire to kill Huang Xiaolong grew even stronger when he realized that the kid had shattered his attack seconds ago. There was no way he could allow Huang Xiaolong to leave the Golden Buddha Region alive.

If Huang Xiaolong managed to escape, he would have allowed a tiger to return to the woods. Moreover, Huang Xiaolong was no ordinary tiger. He was the king of tigers!

Even when he hadn’t reached the mid-level True Saint Realm, he was able to shatter the attack of a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor! His terrifying battle prowess was clear to all, and if he managed to enter the high-level True Saint Realm, he would be able to trample on them anytime he wished!

Boom!

Chan Yuli's giant palm came slamming down once again.

This time, the old man sent out two palms, and they were so large that they were comparable to massive supercontinents. A terrifying golden glow emerged from the humongous palms as Chan Yuli revealed his true strength.

As a Primal Ancestor, Chan Yuli was undeniably talented. After all, someone with insufficient talent would never be able to become a Primal Ancestor. The power of the Golden Buddha Bloodline he unleashed was something Chan Wuwo and the others would never be able to compare to.

Before his palms could crash into the group, a suffocating pressure descended on the lands. Everyone felt that the air around them had solidified, and breathing became difficult. It even felt that they would be crushed to nothingness before the palms could arrive.

There was a reason Primal Ancestors were hailed as the strongest beings in the Holy World. A single palm could shatter a Holy Ground, and it could erase the space between the heavens and earth as though it hadn't existed in the first place.

Huang Xiaolong turned around to face the incoming attack as a frigid light flashed in his eyes. It seemed as though Chan Yuli wasn't going to back off if he didn't show off his power.

No longer running away, Huang Xiaolong stood firm as he waved his arm to send the members of the Flying Heaven Race flying off to a safe spot. A thousand arms appeared behind him as soon as Feitian Longpeng and the others were no longer in danger.

The Thousand Armed Holy Devil made its appearance!

With a thousand arms moving in unison, a thousand fists were sent flying towards Chan Yuli's attack.

In the instant their attacks collided, everyone in the Golden Buddha Region managed to feel the tremor running through the lands. It was as though the entire region was flipped over by an unspeakable power.

Purple rays of light emerged from the fists of the Thousand Armed Holy Devil, and the light seemed to form a giant purple sea. Waves larger than one could imagine, slammed against Chan Yuli's palms.

The purple light that appeared, swallowed the heavens and earth as it threatened to decimate everything in its path.

That was the grand dao art of the Purple Spider Race. When Zi Dongping had made the wager with Huang Xiaolong, this was his final attack. Even though Huang Xiaolong was not of the Purple Spider Race and didn't have the power of the Purple Spider Race coursing through his veins, he had three saint godheads. With his complete attributed saint godheads and the assistance of the Thousand Armed Holy Devil, the strength behind his strike was god knew how many times stronger than Zi Dongping.

Boom!

Horrible explosions threatened to split the heavens apart as several weaker cultivators fainted from the frighteningly powerful soundwaves that swept through the lands.

When the purple waves crashed into the two golden palms, Chan Yuli's attacks were forced backwards as the light they emitted started to dim. After several seconds of futile resistance, the golden light was submerged in a sea of purple.

After smashing apart the two golden palms, Huang Xiaolong's Thousand Armed Holy Devil continued charging towards an unknown target in the distance. No one knew how far it went, and no one knew where it landed. All they knew was that Huang Xiaolong's strike had shattered Chan Yuli's attack without losing all its power. When they realized that they had underestimated Huang Xiaolong's strength once again, they didn't know what to think.

As for the experts in the surroundings, they didn't dare to believe their eyes. The purple sea that had shattered Chan Yuli's attack turned into a massive purple river that stretched on for eternity as it swept through the skies of an uncountable number of holy grounds before heading towards the border.

Upon retrieving his thousand arms, Huang Xiaolong stared at the border before bringing the members of the Flying Heaven Race away.

Even though the battle went on a little longer than he had expected, Chan Yuli didn't show up.

Somewhere in the space at the border of the Golden Buddha Domain, Chan Yuli revealed a flabbergasted expression as he raised both of his arms to block the unending river of purple light. By the time the purple light was gone, he was several hundred thousand miles away from his previous location.

The robe around his body was no longer as neat as it once was, and a troubled expression could be seen on his face. He was actually forced to retreat by a Third Heaven True Saint!

Several moments later, the current patriarch of the Golden Buddha Race, Chan Yongxu, rushed over with several experts of the Golden Buddha Race. When he saw Chan Yuli staring into space, he felt a trace of doubt forming in his mind.

"Ancestor, this...?" Chan Yongxi asked.

"It's nothing." Seeing as the juniors of his race had arrived, Chan Yuli quickly gathered his thoughts.

"What about Huang Xiaolong and the Flying Heaven Race? Are they...?" Chan Yongxu wanted to press on and obtain victory, but Chan Yuli interrupted him after a slight hesitation.

"There's no need to give chase. There is a horrifyingly strong expert at the Primal Ancestor Realm protecting Huang Xiaolong. There's no longer a point in hunting them down."

Everyone sucked in a cold breath when they heard what Chan Yuli said.

"A Primal Ancestor Realm expert?! Could it be that Primal Ancestor Corpse Puppet he brings around? According to Yuan Qianxing, the corpse puppet is faring worse than Zi Dongping after his injury! The corpse puppet's body was shattered by Yuan Qianxing during the battle..."

“HOW WOULD I KNOW?” Chan Yuli snapped all of a sudden, scaring everyone around him.

Chan Yongxu no longer dared to continue his line of questioning as question marks formed in his mind.

One day later, the members of the Flying Heaven Race managed to cross the Golden Buddha Domain with Huang Xiaolong’s assistance. Their hearts were pounding in fear as they were afraid that Chan Yuli and the members of the Golden Buddha Race would mobilize everyone at their disposal to hunt them down. However, they failed to catch sight of a single member of the Golden Buddha Race, or anyone out to kill them, for that matter.

Even though Feitian Longpeng and the others had a ton of suspicion in their hearts, they didn’t dare to question Huang Xiaolong.

“Your Highness, many thanks for your assistance. Our Flying Heaven Race will never forget this favor.” Feitian Longpeng turned to Huang Xiaolong to express his thanks.

The members of the Flying Heaven Race followed suit, and Huang Xiaolong chuckled softly when he saw their actions. “There is no need to thank me. I have something I need your help with!”

Chapter 2634: Evolved Saint Godheads!

Feitian Longpeng and the others responded hastily when they heard what Huang Xiaolong said, “Your Highness, how can we help you? We are willing to do anything for Your Highness!”

The Flying Heaven Race felt that it would be their honor to be of use to Huang Xiaolong.

Even though they didn’t know why the members of the Golden Buddha Race had let them off, they could make several guesses in their minds. They knew that it had to do with Huang Xiaolong’s final attack.

No matter what, Huang Xiaolong’s display of strength had shocked Chan Yuli into backing off. When anyone thought up to that point, no one dared to continue thinking about it.

Huang Xiaolong's image in their hearts was comparable to a Primal Ancestor. No, it had long since transcended the Primal Ancestor Realm. He was like a god to them! If anyone were to ask them to evaluate Huang Xiaolong's future accomplishments, the members of the Flying Heaven Race would say that he would be the next Mansion Master!

No, it would be more appropriate to say that Huang Xiaolong's image in their hearts had already eclipsed the current Mansion Master. To them, Huang Xiaolong was the son of the Almighty Creator!

As such, they were extremely willing to be of help to him.

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head slowly when he noticed the look in their eyes. His initial plan was to head over to the Flying Heaven Race, but he hadn't thought that he would be saving Feitian Longpeng and the rest when crossing the Golden Buddha Region. With their assistance, the pressure he would face when trying to obtain their hidden treasury would decrease by a whole bunch.

After all, Feitian Longpeng was the young patriarch of the Flying Heaven Race. After saving him and several doyens in their party, Huang Xiaolong's words in the Flying Heaven Race would hold some weight.

Without hesitation, he retrieved the Flying Heaven Blood Stele.

"This... This... Flying Heaven Blood Stele!" The experts of the Flying Heaven Race widened their eyes in shock when they noticed the artifact in Huang Xiaolong's hands.

The Flying Heaven Blood Stele is back!

After several hundreds of millions of years, the Flying Heaven Blood Stele had appeared in the hands of a human!

"This..." Even someone like Feitian Longpeng didn't know what to say. Even though Huang Xiaolong hadn't said anything, he had a slight guess as to the favor he wanted.

However, it was something he couldn't agree to easily!

The Flying Heaven Blood Stele belonged to the first generation's patriarch of the race, and it was the inheritance treasure meant to be passed down through the ages. It was also the reason the members of the Flying Heaven Race had expended ample resources in order to locate it!

The experts of the Flying Heaven Race stared at each other in silence.

Keeping silent, Huang Xiaolong waited for them to come to a decision.

If Feitian Longpeng could agree to help him, everything would be great. If they refused, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't mind it either. After all, his Saint godheads had already advanced into the top ten ranks. He wouldn't be worried if Chan Yuli showed up personally, and a mere Flying Heaven Race wouldn't be able to stop him!

Feitian Longpeng's expression started to flicker, and he didn't know what to do. The gazes of everyone from the race gathered onto him, and his next words would determine their actions. After all, he was the young patriarch of the race. His words carried the most weight out of everyone present.

"Alright." After a long while, Feitian Longpeng gritted his teeth, and he nodded in acknowledgment. "We said it before. We will agree to anything Your Highness requests."

Even though the hidden treasury of the race was extremely important to them, Feitian Longpeng decided to bet on Huang Xiaolong's future.

Also, he knew that it didn't matter if he refused. With Huang Xiaolong's strength, they wouldn't be able to force him to return the blood stele. Since they couldn't beat him, they might as well join him.

Whatever the case, they were not able to locate the hidden treasury of their race without the stele. Therefore, helping him could do them no harm.

A smile formed on Huang Xiaolong's face when he saw their reactions. A look of appreciation appeared in his eyes, and he reassured Feitian Longpeng, "Relax. I only wish to obtain the grand dao treasures within. I'll leave everything else to you guys."

The reason Huang Xiaolong had wanted to locate the hidden treasury was for him to increase his strength as best he could. Breaking through to the Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm was the most important matter right now, and everything else could wait.

Looks of excitement formed on the faces of everyone present when they heard that Huang Xiaolong was willing to return everything else to them.

“This... Many thanks to Your Highness!” Feitian Longpeng took the lead and kneeled down to thank Huang Xiaolong.

The members of the Flying Heaven Race followed suit.

“Let’s go. Shall we head over to the Flying Heaven Region now?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

Feitian Longpeng and the others didn’t hesitate to lead the way.

As such, the group continued on their way.

Along the journey, Huang Xiaolong didn’t reveal the existence of the Cangqiong Dao Palace. He boarded the Flying Heaven Race’s flying ship and allowed the members of the Flying Heaven Race to do their thing. Of course, the flying ship was a high-grade holy artifact. Despite its grade, its speed was incomparable to the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

Right now, Huang Xiaolong’s goal was to hide the fact that he was the disciple of the Cangqiong Old Man. If his identity was exposed, it would be nearly impossible to retain his position in the Otherworldly Mansion. It was likely that Long Shengtian would immediately retract his support.

Whatever the case, Huang Xiaolong was assigned the best cultivation room on the ship.

The decorations and facilities of the best room could be said to rival most of the luxurious cultivation palaces out there. The holy spiritual qi in the air was shocking.

It was even better than the Chaos Essence Cultivation Cave in the Otherworldly Mansion!

Of course, none of it mattered to Huang Xiaolong.

Sitting in the middle of the room, Huang Xiaolong's godheads appeared in the space above him as all twelve Saint Fates surrounded them.

Since the last time they had evolved, the three Saint godheads were no longer the same as before. Their appearances were completely different, and the light they emitted was something that even the most precious of treasures would lack.

A giant dragon beast formed one of the godheads, and it had the body of a dragon and the face of a man. It emitted a terrifying amount of dragon's might that no other creature possessed.

Looking at the other godhead, one of them emitted boundless devilish light that contained both darkness and frost attributes.

As for the final Saint godhead, it seemed to contain the beginning of Heaven and Earth. The creations of the heavens were captured perfectly by Huang Xiaolong's final godhead.

After the evolution, Huang Xiaolong possessed the second, third and fourth-ranked godheads! They were the Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon Saint Godhead, Nefarious Origin Saint Godhead, and the Great Immemorial Saint Godhead, respectively!

The aura they emitted after appearing together was terrifying! It was enough to shake the heavens, and it was a might no individual should possess!

As a horrifying amount of holy spiritual qi descended from the void, all of it poured into Huang Xiaolong's body. The grand dao didn't remain idle either as it nourished his Inextinguishable Dao Heart. His Saint Fate Memory Imprint flashed steadily in the middle of his eyebrows.

His Saint godheads weren't the only thing that had evolved. One had to know that his Saint bloodlines and physiques had entered the top ten ranks during the evolution.

Despite the repeated breakthroughs, Huang Xiaolong knew that his Saint godheads were no longer as stable as they once were. He had to solidify his foundations through focused cultivation.

As Huang Xiaolong made his way over to the Flying Heaven Race with Feitian Longpeng and the others, the Alien Lands trembled.

"What?! Huang Xiaolong has returned?! How can he be in the Golden Buddha Region? He killed hundreds of experts before leaving?!"

"I heard that Huang Xiaolong has a Primal Ancestor as his bodyguard... He even managed to stop Ancestor Chan Yuli of the Golden Buddha Race from chasing him down!"

As the news started to spread around the Alien Lands, Yuan Qianxing soon caught wind of it.

Chapter 2635: Suppress Huang Xiaolong?

After Yuan Qianxing received the news, his complexion darkened. "Another Primal Ancestor?! How can there be another Primal Ancestor protecting Huang Xiaolong other than the corpse puppet?!"

"For someone to threaten Chan Yuli... The other party has to be a late-First Resurrection Primal Ancestor!" Yuan Wangfeng turned serious as he estimated.

However, a sneer soon formed on Yuan Qianxing's face. "Whatever! It doesn't matter even if he manages to find another Primal Ancestor to protect him! When I become the Mansion Master's successor in twenty years, he'll be dead all the same!"

"Your Highness is correct!" Yuan Wangfeng heaved a sigh of relief and continued, "Since he saved Feitian Longpeng, they should be on their way to the Flying Heaven Race. They should be holding their sacrificial ritual soon, and Feitian Longpeng is definitely heading back to participate!"

“Flying Heaven City...”

“It’s possible!” Yuan Wangfeng thought about it before drawing a finger across his neck, “We can borrow the power of the Flying Heaven Race to lure Huang Xiaolong over to...”

“We have to be able to bring out enough to move the Flying Heaven Race...” Yuan Qianxing shook his head. “Fei Yanzi will definitely not move easily.”

After all, Huang Xiaolong was a Mansion Master Candidate and had a Primal Ancestor Realm bodyguard.

The Flying Heaven Race wouldn’t dare to move against him easily.

As such, the only things that could push Fei Yanzi to action would be a Primal Ancestor Dao Artifact. However, Yuan Qianxing wouldn’t be able to bring that out! Even with his status and identity, he didn’t have a dao artifact of his own!

“We might be able to get rid of Huang Xiaolong even if Fei Yanzi doesn’t move,” Yuan Wangfeng leaned in and whispered something into Yuan Qianxing’s ear.

A satisfied smile appeared on Yuan Qianxing’s face as he nodded his head in approval. “Alright! We shall do as you say! Contact the doyens of the Flying Heaven Race!”

If they could kill Huang Xiaolong right now, it would be for the best. After all, something might go wrong in twenty years.

“Your Highness, leave it to me.”

...

Another three years passed in the blink of an eye, and Huang Xiaolong had been cultivating non-stop in the Flying Heaven Holy Ship.

The number of times he left his cultivation room could be counted on one hand, and after three years of cultivation, he finally solidified the foundations of his saint godheads. With his Xuanhuang Supreme Dragon Saint Godhead, Nefarious Origin Saint Godhead, and his Great Immemorial Saint Godhead, the speed at which he devoured holy spiritual energy increased by more than ten times!

With his speed, he would be able to enter the Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm without the assistance of the Flying Heaven's hidden treasury!

He would smash through his previous estimation and enter the Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm before the battle to become the Mansion Master's successor!

That was the horrifying difference of possessing saint godheads in the top ten ranks!

In the past, Huang Xiaolong knew that there was barely any hope of him entering the Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm before fighting for the position of the successor. That was the reason he had planned to obtain the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury. With the transformation of his godheads, he was more than seventy percent sure he would be able to break through before the battle!

Of course, if he managed to obtain the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury, he would become a hundred percent sure.

After he returned to his cultivation, the days passed as usual.

One fine day, Feitian Longpeng and three Eminent Elders appeared to inform Huang Xiaolong that they had entered the Flying Heaven Domain. In half a month, they would be able to enter the headquarters of the Flying Heaven Race.

"Your Highness, our patriarch has emerged from seclusion to welcome you," one of the Eminent Elders laughed.

After three years of interaction with Huang Xiaolong, their impression of him had improved by quite a bit.

Of course, they weren't being overly courteous with Huang Xiaolong. It was true that Fei Yanzi had emerged from seclusion in order to welcome Huang Xiaolong.

If Huang Xiaolong was a mere candidate for the position of the Mansion Master, there was no way a Primal Ancestor Realm patriarch like Fei Yanzi would appear personally to greet him. However, Huang Xiaolong was no mere candidate.

An indifferent expression remained on Huang Xiaolong's face when he heard of Fei Yanzi's actions. He wasn't even slightly surprised that Fei Yanzi would appear to greet him.

"You should tell your patriarch about the matter with the hidden treasury." Huang Xiaolong spoke to Feitian Longpeng.

None of those on the ship had dared to speak about the matter with their patriarch before they returned. However, now that Huang Xiaolong had given them the instruction, they were able to heave a sigh of relief and relay his intentions.

"Yes, Your Highness!"

Half a day later, the doyens of the Flying Heaven Race gathered together in the main hall of their headquarters.

"I wonder why the Patriarch gathered us here...?" one of the Eminent Elders, Feitian Hao, frowned as he asked the others.

"It definitely has something to do with Huang Xiaolong's arrival." Feitian Cheng, another Eminent Elder, frowned. "From what I see, His Highness Yuan Qianxing is definitely going to become the successor of the Mansion Master! Huang Xiaolong is going to die either way! If His Highness hears of our intentions to welcome Huang Xiaolong with a banquet, how do you think this will end?"

"That's right!" Feitian Jin sneered. "We should lay down the Flying Heaven Grand Formation to capture Huang Xiaolong the moment he arrives! After handing him over to His Highness Yuan Qianxing, we will be able to gain a lot of merits!"

“Yeah! Even if he has a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor to protect him, no one can save him if he’s trapped in the Flying Heaven Grand Formation!”

The Eminent Elders of the Flying Heaven Race nodded in approval.

Other than three doyens who refused to carry out the plan, more than thirty of them agreed to lay down the Flying Heaven Grand Formation to capture Huang Xiaolong.

“Are you stupid?” a majestic voice rang through the hall, and an absolute beauty sashayed into the hall.

The Eminent Elders got to their feet instantly to welcome her. “We greet the Matriarch!”

It was clear that the beauty was Fei Yanzi, the matriarch of the Flying Heaven Race. She was wearing court attire, and her beauty eclipsed everything in the hall. She was the daughter of the previous patriarch, and she was one of the two female Primal Ancestors in the Alien Lands.

She only allowed them to rise after she took her seat in the middle of the hall.

“Huang Xiaolong saved dozens of experts of our Flying Heaven Race, including the young patriarch! He’s a benefactor of our race, and I refuse to hear any more ideas of trying to capture him with the Flying Heaven Grand Formation!” Her cold gaze swept through the hall.

The Eminent Elders could only lower their heads in resignation.

“I gathered you here not only to speak of Huang Xiaolong’s arrival, but I have another piece of good news to tell you guys.” Fei Yanzi continued, “Longpeng found traces of the Flying Heaven Blood Stele.”

“What?!”

The hall buzzed with excitement instantly.

“Huang Xiaolong has it.”

The Eminent Elders, who were ready to celebrate, stared at each other as the atmosphere in the hall died in the blink of an eye.

“Matriarch, the Flying Heaven Blood Stele is the inheritance treasure of our race! We can’t allow it to remain in the hands of Huang Xiaolong!” The Eminent Elder, who had suggested suppressing Huang Xiaolong with the Flying Heaven Grand Formation, stood out immediately and yelled.

Chapter 2636: Conspiracy!

“That’s right! The Old Ancestor only managed to refine the stele after enduring endless dangers. We can’t allow an outsider to hold on to the Flying Heaven Blood Stele!” Someone else screamed.

As the Eminent Elders started to clamor, even the three who were unwilling to suppress Huang Xiaolong spoke out against him.

After all, this concerned the fate of the race. The Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury was too important to them!

Fei Yanzi’s expression didn’t change as she asked, “Are you planning to snatch it away from Huang Xiaolong?”

“Yes! As soon as Huang Xiaolong arrives, we shall lure him towards the heart of the Flying Heaven Grand Formation! We shall trap all of them in the formation!” Feitian Jin continued, “We’ll definitely be able to obtain the stele from him!”

“That’s right! I suggest capturing him with the Flying Heaven Grand Formation before forcing him to hand over the stele!” Feitian Cheng sneered, “Once we obtain the treasures in the hidden treasury, we will be able to rise through the ranks! The grand dao arts and holy pills that are contained there will be more than enough for us to break through!”

The Eminent Elders of the Flying Heaven Race agreed with his suggestion instantly.

According to them, Huang Xiaolong would be as helpless as a newborn chick as soon as they trapped him in the Flying Heaven Grand Formation.

Once they obtained the Flying Heaven Blood Stele, the entire race would be able to rise up!

Their hearts pounded in excitement when they thought of the possibility.

When Fei Yanzi noticed the malevolent looks on their faces when they spoke of capturing Huang Xiaolong, a wave of disappointment smashed against her heart. She had never thought that every single one of them would be such disappointments. Their short-sightedness shocked her. If there were only a few of them who couldn't see the big picture, she would still be able to accept the fact that there were several competent Eminent Elders in the race.

The Eminent Elders turned to Fei Yanzi and noticed the strange look on her face. Thinking that she was concerned about their reputation, Feitian Jin suggested, "Matriarch, if you're afraid of tongues wagging, we'll just give him several holy pills after opening the treasury to thank him for saving Longpeng!"

"Eminent Elder Feitian Jin is right." Feitian Cheng continued, "We didn't force Huang Xiaolong to save the members of our race. He shattered the physical bodies of Chen Wuwo and enraged the Golden Buddha Race himself. They turned their anger to our Flying Heaven Race in response, and Huang Xiaolong was obligated to save them! He was the reason they were targeted in the first place! Giving him several holy pills is more than enough compensation."

"Chan Wuwo was a Mansion Master Candidate. Huang Xiaolong destroyed his physical body and laid down a huge grudge with the Golden Buddha Race. The members of the Myriad Origin Race, Enchantress Race, and the others are coming up with plans to capture him! It's better for us to keep our distance from him in case anything happens!" Feitian Renhe, another Eminent Elder, piped up.

The other Eminent Elders quickly voiced their agreements, and they were more than happy to draw a clear line between the Flying Heaven Race and Huang Xiaolong.

Of course, there were also some who felt that they should give Huang Xiaolong at least ten holy pills in compensation.

As the discussions came to an end, Fei Yanzi raised her hand to stop everyone. “Longpeng only reported to us the matter of the blood stele when Huang Xiaolong gave him the permission to.”

The Eminent Elders stared at her in shock.

“Huang Xiaolong intends to return everything to us anyway when he opens the hidden treasury. He only wishes to obtain the grand dao treasure within,” Fei Yanzi continued.

“What?! Huang Xiaolong is too greedy! Who does he think he is?! How dare he covet the grand dao treasure of our Flying Heaven Race?!” Feitian Jin leaped to his feet and yelled at Fei Yanzi.

“Since that’s the case, we won’t be giving him a single holy pill! We’ll trap him with the grand formation and hand him over to His Highness Yuan Qianhang!” Feitian Cheng yelled.

The other Eminent Elders roared in anger, and all of them felt that Huang Xiaolong had gone too far. All of them wanted nothing more than to kill him right here and now!

Hearing the rage coming from the Eminent Elders, Fei Yanzi could no longer contain the rage in her heart, and she snapped, “Enough!”

“A bunch of retards! Do you really think that a single Flying Heaven Grand Formation can stop him? Yuan Qianxing led the experts of the four races over to kill Huang Xiaolong in the Chaos Essence Holy Peak! Look at what happened to them! Do you really think that our Flying Heaven Race has the ability to stop Huang Xiaolong?”

“Since he dared to reveal the matter of the Flying Heaven Blood Stele, he is more than confident that he can deal with all of us! Since he only wants the grand dao treasure in the hidden treasury, we’ll give it to him! After all, he has already shown his compassion to our Flying Heaven Race!”

“What if Huang Xiaolong decides to sweep everything clean in the hidden treasury? What do we do then?”

“Enough. I have already made my decision. There shall be no more talks of capturing him! When he arrives, I will open the hidden treasury with him. He shall obtain the grand dao treasure, and we shall keep the rest,” Fei Yanzi left them with a final sentence before leaving.

As the Eminent Elders left the hall, a secret plan formed in their minds.

Half a day later, more than twenty of them gathered in Feitian Cheng’s palace.

“The young patriarch is getting muddle-headed! How can he agree to give Huang Xiaolong the grand dao treasure of our race? The only reason Huang Xiaolong managed to survive was because Long Shengtian appeared to save him that day. Long Shengtian isn’t here! As long as we use the Flying Heaven Grand Formation, we will definitely be able to capture him!” Feitian Jin spoke to the rest.

“That’s right! Matriarch is growing muddle-headed too! No! The hidden treasury was left to us by the old ancestor. We cannot allow Huang Xiaolong to destroy the future of our race! I refuse to allow him to obtain anything from our treasury!” Feitian Cheng roared in anger.

“Why don’t we lure Huang Xiaolong into the heart of the grand formation?” Feitian Renhe explained, “We shall capture him and obtain the Flying Heaven Blood Stele! He won’t be able to do anything to us!”

“What about the Matriarch? Won’t we offend her by doing so?” Someone else hesitated for a moment and brought up the true question.

“As long as we manage to obtain the blood stele and open the hidden treasury, she won’t have reason to blame us,” Feitian Jin explained.

Soon after, the doyens in Feitian Cheng’s palace formed a secret plan, and they returned to carry it out.

Half a month passed in a flash and Huang Xiaolong and the others arrived.

“Your Highness, that’s the Flying Heaven City!” Feitian Longpeng pointed towards a massive city, and he introduced everything to Huang Xiaolong. “Our Matriarch is currently leading the doyens over to welcome you.”

Nodding his head, Huang Xiaolong moved slowly towards the city. However, a group of them appeared in his sights before he could arrive at the gates.

Chapter 2637: First Meeting with Fei Yanzi

Huang Xiaolong's gaze landed on Fei Yanzi when he looked at the group of experts approaching him.

His heart trembled slightly the moment he laid eyes on her. Since the start of his journey, he had met tons of beauties and was surrounded by them, but he had to admit that Fei Yanzi was extremely pretty. Out of the women he had seen in his life, she would probably rank number-two!

Fei Yanzi's facial features were like intricately carved treasures, and she looked like a goddess who came from the heavens. The aura she emitted was something no other woman could produce, but that was probably because she was a Primal Ancestor.

When he was mesmerized by her looks, her gaze also landed on him. In the past, there was no way for a Third Heaven True Saint to enter her eyes. However, a seedling seemed to have sprouted in her heart when she stared at the man before her.

There was something special about the man before her, something different from every other man she had encountered in her life.

"Matriarch Fei Yanzi," Huang Xiaolong greeted her as soon as they approached.

"Your Highness Huang Xiaolong," a mesmerizing smile appeared on her face as she returned the greeting.

Her smile seemed to light up the world around her, as the sun lost its shine in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, albeit slightly. The experts of the Flying Heaven Race were taken aback when they saw the expression on their matriarch's face.

Soon after, Fei Yanzi thanked Huang Xiaolong for saving Feitian Longpeng and the others before chatting about other matters.

As they returned to the headquarters of the Flying Heaven Race, Fei Yanzi led Huang Xiaolong to the main hall where a feast had already been prepared.

Throughout the banquet, Fei Yanzi didn't stop toasting Huang Xiaolong.

It didn't take long for the topic of the Flying Heaven Blood Stele to be brought up, and the two of them knew that they would have to join hands in order to open the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury. An agreement was soon made for them to open the hidden treasury ten days later.

Since Huang Xiaolong had already asked Feitian Longpeng to relay his terms to Fei Yanzi, there was not much to discuss. Huang Xiaolong agreed to return everything to the Flying Heaven Race after opening the hidden treasury. As for Fei Yanzi, she hesitated for a moment before asking, "Your Highness, can you return the blood stele to us after opening the treasury? Of course, you managed to obtain the blood stele with your own abilities. You even managed to turn it into a pseudo-dao artifact. My request might sound overbearing, but the Flying Heaven Blood Stele was refined by my father after a lot of effort. It means a lot to my race, and if Your Highness agrees to the request, my Flying Heaven Race will be willing to take out several treasures in exchange. We are willing to take out any item in our treasury in exchange for the stele."

Huang Xiaolong chuckled softly when he noticed Fei Yanzi's pleading gaze. "Matriarch Fei Yanzi is being too polite. The Flying Heaven Blood Stele belongs to you guys. There's no need to trade it back from me. I'll give it back after we open the hidden treasury."

It was just a pseudo-dao artifact. Huang Xiaolong didn't care about treasures at that level.

To him, Flying Heaven Blood Stele was only useful for opening the treasury. After that was done, the blood stele meant nothing to him. Returning it to the Flying Heaven Race was something he could accept.

A look of joy flashed on Fei Yanzi's face, and she stood up from her seat in excitement. "Are you serious?!"

She failed to control her emotions, and she didn't address Huang Xiaolong appropriately.

A blank expression could be seen on Huang Xiaolong's face when he looked at her bubbly expression.

As he nodded slightly, Huang Xiaolong's actions looked a little stiff.

"Thank you!" Fei Yanzi could feel that her reactions were a little over the top, and she sat down quickly.

"Matriarch Fei Yanzi is too polite."

As night fell, the banquet came to an end and Huang Xiaolong was arranged to one of the residences in the core of the Flying Heaven Race. It wasn't too far away from Fei Yanzi's palace.

In Feitian Cheng's cultivation palace, the group of Eminent Elders gathered once again.

"I want nothing but to kill Huang Xiaolong with a single slap when I think of his gaze when he was looking at the Matriarch!" Feitian Cheng snorted.

As the matriarch of the Flying Heaven Race, Fei Yanzi was not only the top-ranked beauty in the race, but she was also known as the number one beauty in the Alien Lands! She was a goddess in the eyes of the experts in the Alien Lands. The Eminent Elders of the Flying Heaven Race were no exceptions.

Feitian Cheng was extremely protective of the matriarch, and she was a sacred existence in his heart.

He was already p*ssed off at Huang Xiaolong, but after the banquet, the irritation he felt had turned into hatred.

"Since they plan to open the hidden treasury in ten days, we have to make our move before then! Also, we have to keep this a secret!" Feitian Jin growled.

The Eminent Elders nodded their heads in agreement.

As for how they would lure Fei Yanzi away before dealing with Huang Xiaolong, they had long since formed a detailed plan.

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Huang Xiaolong looked into the skies as Shi Xiaofei's face appeared in his mind.

Since he had arrived in the Holy World, there were several ladies who followed beside him. However, the one who held the greatest place in his heart was Shi Xiaofei.

Her image had surfaced in his mind when he had seen Fei Yanzi that day.

The night soon passed, and the Flying Heaven City bustled with excitement the moment dawn broke.

Since it was the city that housed the headquarters of the Flying Heaven Race, it was one of the largest cities in the Alien Lands. There were tons of auction houses and the largest trading market in the Flying Heaven Region was located in the city. They were the source of attraction for disciples everywhere in the domain.

Huang Xiaolong didn't tell Feitian Longpeng or the others as he left the palace on his own.

Even though Hei Luo was injured by Yuan Qianxing previously, he had managed to recover a considerable amount after so many years. However, he was unable to make a full recovery. Huang Xiaolong planned to look for some undead spirit holy stones to aid in his recovery.

It didn't take long for him to arrive at the trading market as it was located pretty close to the headquarters of the Flying Heaven Race.

In the Alien Lands, Huang Xiaolong had only been to the trading market of the Yang City in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. If he were to compare that to the trading plaza he was in, the trading plaza in the Yang City would be nothing more than a joke. The trading market in the Flying Heaven City was like a

world of its own! There were flying ships in the air and experts riding on spiritual beasts streaming through the market.

Of course, those who had the ability to steer a flying ship into the market or ride on spiritual beasts in such a crowded area were disciples of the super races.

Huang Xiaolong, like ordinary disciples of the Alien Lands, strolled around the streets.

However, he soon caught sight of a group of disciples from the Flying Heaven Race strolling about with a group of human race female disciples following behind them.

“Young Master Feitian Zhan, Rou’er was pretty good last night, right?” Someone in the group chuckled.

The person who was addressed as Feitian Zhan stared at one of the ladies behind him, and he reached his hand into her bosom without so much as a warning. He kneaded her breasts between his hands in broad daylight as he laughed to himself, “She was pretty good. However, she’s a little too small for my liking! Hahaha!”

Laughter rang through the streets as tears welled up in the woman’s eyes. No matter how angry she was, she couldn’t lash out at Feitian Zhan.

Chapter 2638: Have a Taste of This!

“Mother f*cker! Why are you crying? Are you insulted because I touched you?!” Feitian Zhan roared at the woman as a sinister smile formed on his lips. “Humans are such vile creatures!” As soon as he spoke, he sent her flying with a single slap.

Muffled cries escaped her lips as blood streamed down the side of her cheeks.

Everyone around them formed a wide berth, as no one dared to approach the members of the Flying Heaven Race.

“B*tch! Why aren’t you crawling back here?” Feitian Zhan snapped at her, “If you don’t crawl over here immediately, I’ll strip you naked in the streets and let everyone see how much of a slut you are!”

The lady called Rou’er felt the blood draining from her face as she hastily crawled over to Feitian Zhan.

Roaring laughter rang through the skies as he addressed the disciples of the Alien Race around him. “Do you see that? Hahaha! These humans are vile creatures! Look at the women of the human race! They’re worse than sluts!”

The members of the Alien Race laughed along with him when they heard what he said.

In the Alien Lands, scenes like that were aplenty.

The people from human race were lower existences in their eyes, and the female disciples of the human race were treated as playthings.

Huang Xiaolong couldn’t help but frown when he noticed their treatment.

Since everyone in the crowd left when Feitian Zhan slapped Rou’er, Huang Xiaolong’s position became extremely eye-catching as he was the only one left in the middle of the street.

When Feitian Zhan caught sight of Huang Xiaolong, he couldn’t help but sneer, “Brat, are you planning to save the beauty? Get over here now! If you bark several times, I can lend her to you for a few days! Hahaha!”

Roaring laughter filled the air once again.

Since Huang Xiaolong was greeted by Fei Yanzi and the various Eminent Elders, not many people knew of his existence.

With Feitian Zhan’s status, he wouldn’t know that Huang Xiaolong was in the Flying Heaven Domain even if he exhausted all his connections.

“Brat, why are you still standing there? Come over here and bark like a dog! You can have the woman then!” Another disciple of the Flying Heaven Race, Feitian Qingyi, snorted, “Look at her! If you miss this chance, you will never be able to embrace a beauty like her again!”

It was too bad that his mocking laughter turned into a miserable shriek as soon as he completed his sentence. Drawing a beautiful arc across the sky, he slammed into the side of the street, shattering the ground under him.

The laughter stopped instantly as everyone stared at Huang Xiaolong with a look of disbelief on their faces. The members of the Flying Heaven Race couldn't believe that Feitian Qingqi was sent flying.

Even the lady from the human race, Rou'er, was stunned.

It took quite some time for Feitian Zhan and the others to snap back to reality, but when they did, rage bubbled in their hearts. “Brat, did you do that?”

He had no idea who had made the move earlier, but his suspicion was directed to Huang Xiaolong.

“That's right.” Huang Xiaolong didn't plan to deny it.

“How dare you?!” Feitian Zhan hadn't expected Huang Xiaolong to admit it so easily, and a sinister smile soon formed on his face. “Don't you know that even if the young sect master of the Chen Luo Sect, Chen Muguang, meets me, he will have to lower his head like an obedient dog?”

“Oh? I didn't know that,” Huang Xiaolong responded casually. However, his hand didn't remain idle. With a single slap, he sent Feitian Zhan flying.

“Who cares about what Chen Muguang must do when he meets you?” Huang Xiaolong's voice rang through the air, and it was rudely interrupted with Feitian Zhan's shrill cry. Like Feitian Qingyi, he was sent flying too. When he finally landed, he crashed into Feitian Qingqi's body.

The sound of bones snapping could be heard.

No one could believe what they were seeing. Even the members of the Flying Heaven Race were confused. One had to know that Feitian Zhan was a terrifying existence when compared to Feitian Qingyi! He wasn't just a core disciple of the Flying Heaven Race, but he was also the son of Eminent Elder Feitian Jin!

Of course, confusion was one thing. They were stunned when Huang Xiaolong revealed his strength. One had to know that Feitian Zhan was a True Saint Realm expert, and he was at the peak of the late-First Heaven True Saint Realm! However, he was sent flying with a single slap from the human!

The lady from the human race, Rou'er, stared at Huang Xiaolong in shock

In her eyes, Feitian Zhan was an indomitable existence! He could walk sideways even if he wanted to in the Flying Heaven Race, and not a single person dared to go against him! However, Huang Xiaolong had sent him flying with a single slap!

Feitian Zhan crawled to his feet when everyone was still stuck in a state of shock. As he held his swollen face, killing intent burst out from his eyes.

He roared, "How dare a slave like you slap me?! How dare you?! Do you even know who I am?!"

Even if Chen Muguang was present, he would have to lower his head before Feitian Zhan. Even so, Huang Xiaolong had the guts to slap him in front of so many people, including his slaves!

He felt extremely humiliated, and the only thought in his mind was to kill the man!

"You're dead! Your entire clan will be exterminated!" The rage in his heart burned bright as he continued to scream at Huang Xiaolong.

Reaching out with a single finger, Huang Xiaolong lightly flicked it and sent Feitian Zhan flying. After flying away, the man popped like a balloon, and blood rained down from the skies.

Those around him were drenched in sticky red blood, and Feitian Qingyi, who was about to rage at Huang Xiaolong forgot what he wanted to say. He stared at Huang Xiaolong with his mouth open and pieces of flesh rained down from above. They were none other than the remains of Feitian Zhan, and the pieces of flesh slowly slid down his face.

Unprecedented fear gripped his heart as Feitian Zhan's holy soul tore through the skies to escape.

Ignoring the b*stard, Huang Xiaolong couldn't be bothered with the holy soul of a First Heaven True Saint. After all, the holy souls of Chan Wuwo and several other high-level True Saints were stuck in the Cangqiong Dao Palace. He didn't care if a First Heaven True Saint Realm's holy soul escaped.

"You!" Feitian Qingyi no longer dared to remain in the plaza as he left with the disciples of the Flying Heaven Race. The women from the human race were left behind as they made their escape.

In Feitian Jin's cultivation palace, discussions were going on with the other Eminent Elders as a golden light charged into the hall. As he looked at it carefully, Feitian Jin saw his son's holy soul flying towards him.

"Zhan'er, you!" Feitian Jin jumped in fright when he saw what had happened.

"Father, you have to save me! Take revenge and kill that mongrel of the human race!" Feitian Zhan screamed, "He destroyed my physical body!"

"What?!" Feitian Jin and the other doyens stared at him in fright.

"What's going on?! Who did this to you?!" Feitian Jin roared in anger.

Going through the entire series of events, Feitian Zhan painted Huang Xiaolong as someone who had destroyed his physical body just because of a slight misunderstanding.

"Could it be the same Huang Xiaolong?!" One of the Eminent Elders asked.

“Huang Xiaolong?!” The other Eminent Elders screamed in fright.

“It must be him! Which other human will behave so arrogantly in our Flying Heaven Race?! He even dared to shatter Zhan’er’s physical body...”

A trace of hatred flashed in Feitian Jin’s eyes as he gnashed his teeth in a fury. “Huang Xiaolong, I’ll shatter your physical body with the Flying Heaven Grand Formation! How dare you lay your hands on my son?!”

Chapter 2639: Toad!

The happenings from at the trading market soon reached Feitian Longpeng and Fei Yanzi.

Feitian Jin wanted to gather the Eminent Elders to lodge a report on Huang Xiaolong. At the same time, they wanted to request Fei Yanzi to deal with Huang Xiaolong! However, they were sent away after a vicious scolding from Fei Yanzi.

That wasn’t all, but Feitian Jin was brought over by Fei Yanzi to apologize to Huang Xiaolong. She made him kneel before Huang Xiaolong after bringing out Feitian Zhan’s holy soul. As for Feitian Qingyi and the others, they were thrown over for Huang Xiaolong to deal with them as he pleased.

After considering his relationship with Feitian Longpeng, Huang Xiaolong decided to let them off.

Even though Huang Xiaolong let them off without any punishment, their hatred for Huang Xiaolong pierced through the roof after they returned.

As soon as they returned to Feitian Jin’s cultivation palace, Feitian Jin shattered one of the jade ornaments decorating the hall.

“I won’t be able to vent the anger in my heart without killing that brat!” Feitian Jin roared.

When Yuan Wangfeng had contacted him and Feitian Cheng in secret previously, he had requested that they capture Huang Xiaolong with the Flying Heaven Grand Formation. He had agreed as they had promised him a ton of compensation, but he no longer cared about that. Even without their deal, he would do his best to capture Huang Xiaolong. No, it was better to say that he wanted nothing more than to kill Huang Xiaolong! With or without the help of the Myriad Origin Race, he would stop at nothing to kill the brat!

“Huang Xiaolong! I’ll let you live for a little more!” he snarled.

Four days later, the Eminent Elders would lure Fei Yanzi away! As long as Huang Xiaolong didn’t receive Fei Yanzi’s protection, they felt that the plan to capture him with the Flying Heaven Grand Formation would go without a hitch! The moment they activated the formation, he would be completely helpless!

The days passed quickly, and the day of the plan arrived.

Huang Xiaolong was sitting in the inner hall with Hei Luo beside him, and they were both submerged in their cultivation.

Several days ago, Huang Xiaolong had managed to obtain several undead spiritual holy stones, and he had passed them over to Hei Luo immediately. With their assistance, Hei Luo’s injury had healed at a frightening pace. Meanwhile, with Huang Xiaolong absorbing holy spiritual qi and the grand dao beside him, he had also managed to benefit slightly.

All of a sudden, a disciple of the Flying Heaven Race entered the hall and announced the arrival of Eminent Elder Feitian Cheng and Feitian Jin. Huang Xiaolong’s cultivation was soon disrupted.

“Why are they here to pay me a visit?” Huang Xiaolong felt a trace of suspicion rising in his heart. However, he finally decided to greet them.

Entering the other hall, Huang Xiaolong saw the two of them. Their attitude towards him was enthusiastic, to say the least, and they were being extremely respectful. They threw out a lot of praises before finally getting to the topic.

“Are we really heading over to open the hidden treasury tonight?” Huang Xiaolong frowned. “Is this your Matriarch’s decision?”

“Of course! She has said that the earlier we manage to open the hidden treasury, the better it will be for everyone! After all, we can only rest easy after obtaining the treasures in the hidden treasury!” Feitian Jin lied without batting an eyelid. “Moreover, the hidden treasury is covered in frigid qi all year round. The frigid qi will be at its weakest tonight, and our matriarch decided to bring forward our plans.”

“Is that so?” Huang Xiaolong stared at the two of them and a sneer formed in his heart.

Feitian Cheng hastily added, “Our Matriarch was planning to tell you personally, but something came up, and she needed to brief our Young Patriarch about some matters concerning the race. So we are here in her stead.”

“Alright.” Huang Xiaolong nodded his head ‘seriously.’

After the two of them sat for a little longer, they took their leave.

Huang Xiaolong’s gaze turned cold the moment they left. Their excuse was subpar at best, and Huang Xiaolong couldn’t be more doubtful of their words. If Fei Yanzi really wanted to open the hidden treasury earlier, she would have appeared personally. The most important thing to the Flying Heaven Race was the artifacts and treasures in the hidden treasury! Why would she brief Feitian Longpeng about other matters?

There was no way he believed their words.

However, he was really curious about their plan.

With the power he possessed, there was no need for him to bother with their petty tricks. Moreover, he had the Inextinguishable Dao Heart. No amount of scheming could stand up to absolute power! Those who schemed against him were nothing more than clowns.

After returning to the inner hall, Huang Xiaolong continued to cultivate.

Very quickly, night fell.

As darkness covered the lands, Feitian Cheng and Feitian Jin soon arrived to escort Huang Xiaolong towards the 'hidden treasury.' Their minds were trembling as they were afraid of raising suspicion. However, there was also a trace of joy hidden in their eyes.

"Your Highness, please!"

With the two of them leading the way, Huang Xiaolong left his palace.

Flying ahead of Huang Xiaolong, the two of them led him towards the restricted area of the Flying Heaven Race.

Even though the hidden treasure was located in the restricted region, the heart of the grand formation was also located nearby.

"Where's your Matriarch?" Huang Xiaolong casually asked.

"She is currently waiting for Your Highness at the hidden treasury!" Feitian Jin replied hastily, "According to her orders, we have already prepared a banquet for Your Highness after you successfully open the hidden treasury!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head, and he chuckled under his breath.

The further they ventured into the restricted area, the colder it became.

Of course, the road became darker and darker, and it felt as though there was something covering his vision.

"This is the void devil frigid qi that covers our restricted area," Feitian Jin explained.

“I know about the void devil frigid qi. There is no need for Eminent Elder Jin to explain it to me,” Huang Xiaolong laughed.

“Yes, yes, yes. I didn’t think that through. With Your Highness’ vast experience, why would you not know about the void devil frigid qi that surrounds our restricted area?”

As they chatted ‘casually’ for more than an hour and used various topics to ‘distract’ Huang Xiaolong, they finally arrived at the heart of the formation.

A sigh of relief escaped their lips when they arrived at the heart of the formation. They were finally able to relax their tense minds as they were afraid that Huang Xiaolong would discover something was off about them along the way.

They stopped in their tracks and, their gazes turned cold as they glared at Huang Xiaolong. Simultaneously, the killing intent in their heart was released.

“This...?” Huang Xiaolong pretended to be clueless as he asked about their sudden change in behavior.

“Huang Xiaolong, who would have thought that you would meet a sorry end at our hands? You dared to shatter my son’s physical body! Tonight, I shall shatter your physical body and allow you to experience the pain he felt! You’ll wish you were dead!” Feitian Jin roared in anger.

“Weren’t we going to open the hidden treasury?” Huang Xiaolong’s expression ‘sank’ as he tried to control himself from bursting out in laughter.

Feitian Cheng couldn’t help but laugh when he saw Huang Xiaolong’s expression of confusion. “Opening the Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury? Huang Xiaolong, who do you think you are? How dare you covet our treasures? Look in the mirror to observe the piece of sh*t you really are! Are you fit to possess the treasures our old ancestor left behind?”

“Where’s your Matriarch? I wish to see her.” Huang Xiaolong frowned.

“Brat, do you really think that your little actions can be hidden from us? You’re just a toad lusting over a swan’s flesh! No! You’re a disgusting toad from the human race! If you wish to meet our matriarch, pray that you reincarnate as a god of our Alien Race!”

Chapter 2640: Dao Spirit of the Grand Formation

Huang Xiaolong didn’t get mad when he heard how Feitian Cheng mocked him. “Are you planning to kill me? Do you think you have the ability to take my life?”

Feitian Jin roared with laughter, “Huang Xiaolong, you might have a Primal Ancestor Corpse Puppet and a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor to protect you, but we have the Flying Heaven Grand Formation!”

Their figures blurred as they disappeared from where they once stood.

When they reappeared, they were several thousand miles away.

Other than the two of them, there were plenty of Eminent Elders present. All other Eminent Elders of the Flying Heaven Race had showed up, except for the ones Huang Xiaolong had saved in the past.

As the formation opened, brilliant rays of light pierced into the skies as they surrounded Huang Xiaolong from head to toe. The space around him was clamped down by the pillars of light.

The Flying Heaven Grand Formation wasn’t just a random formation the old ancestor had left behind to protect the race. It was something he had worked extremely hard on, and even Huang Xiaolong could feel a horrifying pressure pressing down on him when he stood in the middle of the formation. It was as though the grand dao energy of the world was turned against him.

It was no wonder they were so confident of their plan. After all, it wasn’t every day that they could find a formation that called upon the grand dao.

However, Huang Xiaolong remained expressionless when he felt the crushing pressure. He stared at the Eminent Elders standing outside the formation and said, “It seems like all of you have thought of a plan to kill me with the help of this formation.”

Feitian Renhe chuckled, "It seems like you're not stupid."

"Hahahahaha!"

Shaking his head slowly, Huang Xiaolong gave them one final chance, "If you open the formation right now and kneel before me, I will spare your life. The only reason I am willing to do so is because of my friendship with Feitian Longpeng."

Feitian Zhileng mocked, "You're really cocky for someone who is about to die! Huang Xiaolong, we should be the ones saying that! If you kneel before us and apologize, we'll spare your life since you're a Mansion Master Candidate. However, regardless of what you do, we'll shatter your physical body today!"

"Huang Xiaolong, hand over the blood stele right now! Otherwise, you can't blame us if we ramp up the torture we were planning to unleash upon you." Feitian Cheng snorted, "Since you're planning to hand it over anyway, just give it to me now. The Flying Heaven Hidden Treasury isn't something you can lay your hands on, much less the grand dao treasures within. In fact, you're not qualified to even breathe the air in the treasury!"

"If you really want the stele, come get it," Huang Xiaolong suspended the blood stele before him and taunted.

The eyes of the Eminent Elders lit up when they saw the Flying Heaven Blood Stele.

"There's no need to waste our time speaking to him! Suppress him with the formation, and we'll grab the stele!" Feitian Shiyuan roared.

Feitian Cheng and Feitian Jin nodded after looking at each other.

As their figures started to shake, the Eminent Elders appeared in the air above the formation as they surrounded Huang Xiaolong.

With a mysterious hand seal, all of them poured their power into the heart of the formation and the pillars of light that surrounded Huang Xiaolong increased in intensity. Soon after, a horrifying pressure descended on the lands.

As the pressure increased by several tens of times, the weight on Huang Xiaolong's holy souls increased accordingly.

Grand dao runes slowly appeared in the heart of the formation and they carried with them enough power to destroy the heavens. Every single rune could seriously injure a Ninth Heaven True Saint.

With the assistance of the Eminent Elders of the Flying Heaven Race, Hei Luo's strength was severely compromised. It was difficult for him to even use half his fighting power.

As for Huang Xiaolong, he managed to feel the might of the formation. However, the only emotion he felt was a mild trace of surprise.

When Feitian Cheng and the others were done, they threw a rune towards Huang Xiaolong while yelling, "Huang Xiaolong, get on your knees right now!"

Even a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor would be hard-pressed to withstand the power of the rune, much less a Third Heaven True Saint like Huang Xiaolong. Or so, they thought.

In the next instant, everyone realized that rays of light were emerging from Huang Xiaolong's body to dissolve the power of the rune.

"What?!" Feitian Jin and the others yelled in surprise.

"Kneel!" Once again, the aura emitted by Feitian Jin and the others increased. Waving the rune around, they slammed it towards Huang Xiaolong in another attempt to force the man into submission. The strength of the rune increased by more than two times and the aura it emitted doubled.

However, the rays of light emitted by Huang Xiaolong forced the runes to come to a stop several feet away from him. Regardless of how hard they tried, it wouldn't budge.

“What’s going on?!”

“How can this happen?!”

Feitian Jin and the others stared at the scene before them in shock.

Looking at the Eminent Elders with a placid gaze, Huang Xiaolong tutted, “A bunch of weaklings like you won’t even be able to use a millionth of the formation’s power. I guess I’ll have to disappoint you. You won’t be getting the blood stele, and you won’t be able to force me to my knees.”

Feitian Jin and the others stared at each other in shock.

“Impossible!” Feitian Cheng roared, “We can suppress a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor with the grand formation! It’s impossible for you to be unaffected!”

“Release the dao spirit!”

A sinister smile formed on Feitian Cheng’s face as the rune between his eyebrows started to flash. The formation lit up once again, and he sliced his palm to pour his blood into it.

The others didn’t hesitate as they mirrored his actions. They pushed themselves to their limits as they no longer planned to hold back.

With the assistance of the essence blood from the various Eminent Elders, the formation started to emit cracking noises as more pillars of light emerged.

A horrifying pressure that came from the suppression of the grand dao finally descended on the lands as the blood essence of the Eminent Elders gathered to form a supreme dao spirit!

The dao spirit contained the will of the old ancestor, and it possessed endless vitality!