

Chapter 4431: Kill Him

To Long Chen's surprise, three people in that group had the aura of a Heavenly Doyen. Two of them matched the strength of Netherdragon Tianye, while the one in the middle was a fair-skinned man with a subtle divine light trailing behind his head. Astonishingly, his aura surpassed that of Netherdragon Tianye by manyfold.

When he appeared, Long Chen and the others sensed a change in the Heavenly Daos. These three figures stood like towering trees, their crowns eclipsing the sunlight, emanating an overwhelming presence that cast immense pressure over the surroundings.

"Wenyu, let me introduce you. This is Long Chen, the person I mentioned earlier. Long Chen, meet Jiang Wenyu, our Jiang clan's number one expert in the junior generation," said Feng Fei.

"I've long since heard of your great name, Brother Long. Now that I've seen you in person, you really live up to your reputation." Jiang Wenyu cupped his fists to Long Chen and smiled slightly.

Jiang Wenyu's movements resonated with the heavens, and even a single greeting from him seemed to contain the essence of the Heavenly Daos.

"Brother Wenyu is too courteous. It seems that Brother Wenyu is going to become a Doyen at any moment. I'll congratulate you in advance here." Long Chen also cupped his fists toward him.

"These two are also my Jiang clan's heavenly geniuses..." Feng Fei was about to introduce the other two, but the two of them simply cupped their fists to Long Chen and walked away, embarrassing Feng Fei.

Seeing the flames of anger start to appear in her eyes, Long Chen smiled and congratulated her. "The Jiang clan has produced some real talent this time. Congratulations."

"Brother Long, I pray for your victory today. I won't disturb your preparation any longer." Jiang Wenyu cupped his fists to Long Chen again and left.

The rest of the Jiang clan left with him. Although Jiang Wenyu had said his greetings, his gesture clearly lacked sincerity. For him, this was simply a formality.

"I'm sorry. I was..." Watching as they left, Feng Fei let out a long sigh.

"Are you tired?" asked Long Chen.

Feng Fei was startled and looked at Long Chen. Looking into his eyes, she found that the person who understood her best was actually him.

"I'm tired. But what can I do about it?" Feng Fei smiled bitterly.

She was truly exhausted. No one had ever acknowledged her efforts, leaving her feeling like she was very pitiful sometimes.

However, she couldn't do anything about it. She was a member of the Jiang clan and had to work for their glory. Hence, she was doing her best to create a good relationship between the Jiang clan and Long Chen, but there were just too many people in the clan who despised her.

Amongst the junior generation, many youngsters felt her to be too soft and not fit to be a leader. Hence, when Jiang Wenyu and the other two geniuses emerged, her position plummeted.

If it weren't for the support of the Jiang clan's patriarch, perhaps no one would even pay her any attention. She felt very bitter inside.

However, with a single question, Long Chen almost made Feng Fei tear up. Only Long Chen understood her pain.

"Do you still not understand? No matter how strong a person is, they can only look after themselves, and you can only help those who trust you. A clan has its own destiny, and if it is fated to decline, it's going to be very difficult for you to stop it yourself," explained Long Chen.

"Difficult doesn't mean impossible. Some things only have meaning because of their difficulty. Since I am a daughter of the Jiang clan, and the Jiang clan has given me so much that I cannot repay them, I have to protect the Jiang clan even at the cost of my life. I'm sorry for today's embarrassment. I hope you won't mind." Feng Fei forced out a smile, barely concealing the tears on the verge of falling from her eyes. She then bid her farewell and departed.

Watching her leave, Yu Qingxuan said, "She has a long vision, and she's also stubborn."

"Sometimes long vision isn't a good thing. If you can see the result but are powerless to change it, it's a terrible torture." Long Chen shook his head.

In truth, Feng Fei had done her best to build a good relationship between the Jiang clan and Long Chen. Even if they weren't friends, they shouldn't be enemies.

Having seen Long Chen's growth step by step, she had a kind of strange confidence in Long Chen. She felt like he would definitely reach the peak of this world.

She believed that anyone who dared to block his way would be crushed by him, and she didn't want the Jiang clan to become one of those obstacles. Also, it seemed that only Long Chen could understand her.

Long Chen was someone who believed in reciprocating kindness and avenging enmity. Recognizing his principles, Feng Fei had made repeated appeals to the higher-ups to assist Long Chen. If they couldn't make him owe them a favor, they should at least foster a good relationship with him. However, her pleas fell on deaf ears.

As for Long Chen himself, he had faced danger on numerous occasions and managed to survive each time. At times, the Jiang clan wouldn't even need to take direct action. Just by showing up, they would be able to form a good relationship with him, but they refused to listen to Feng Fei's plan.

Although Feng Fei had the patriarch's support, the Jiang clan had many important decisions that required the council's approval. If a proposal failed during the discussion, then Feng Fei would be powerless to change it.

This time, she had arranged for Jiang Wenyu to meet Long Chen to build a good relationship between the Jiang Clan and Long Chen. While Jiang Wenyu did give her some face, the other two intentionally disregarded her, leaving her extremely displeased.

This proved that the Jiang clan was an enormous existence, and its interior was extremely complicated. It seemed like no clan or sect could escape being entangled in such complex political dynamics.

“Long Chen, why did you come so early? Have you come to check the terrain and prepare yourself? Do you not have the confidence to win?” At this time, a sinister voice rang out in the distance.

Hearing this, the Dragonblood warriors were incensed. However, their anger wasn't directed at the person's words but rather at his status.

This person was a human. While they didn't know what faction he was from, his potent aura marked him as a budding Heavenly Doyen, so he couldn't be a nameless figure.

However, despite being from the same race, this person was trying to disturb Long Chen. He was quite malicious.

Guo Ran was about to curse back when Long Chen stopped him, shaking his head. “He can lack a brain, but you can't. If you start cursing him, it will only make the world laugh at you.”

First of all, ignoring whether or not Guo Ran could beat this person in a cursing competition, even if he did win, he would still be a laughingstock. The experts from other worlds would simply see it as dogs biting each other.

Guo Ran clearly hadn't thought that far, which enraged him even more. Being cursed at without retaliating was something he couldn't tolerate.

Just like that, Long Chen and his companions ignored that guy, but he didn't stop. “What? Cat got your tongue? The youngest Dean of the High Firmament Academy, the Sage King of the Sage King Convention, are those titles just for show? How about I see whether or not you really have the qualifications to represent the human race? If you can't even beat me, then you should just scram. Otherwise, you'll bring shame to the entire human race.”

This person went even further this time. He wanted to fight Long Chen? Just what was he thinking?

“Courting death!” exclaimed Guo Ran, his temper flaring alongside the rest of Long Chen's companions. This person really liked to play with fire.

“Either don't attack or go for the kill,” said Long Chen indifferently.

Hearing that, Guo Ran and the others directly smiled. Bai Xiaole swiftly formed hand seals, and three flowers swirled in his eyes.

“What? You don't dare to, is that it? Then- courting death!”

Seeing Long Chen's lack of response, this person was about to keep provoking him when the space around him twisted. He was sucked into a spatial vortex.

BOOM!

People heard a furious shout from that guy as the spatial vortex shattered. To his surprise, he was no longer in his original location and had been transported right in front of the Dragonblood Legion.

“Kill him!”

Chapter 4432: Guo Ran vs. Half-Step Doyen

As Bai Xiaole swiftly formed hand seals, the Violet Pupil Nine Tail Fox on his shoulder also had the three-flower image swirling in its eyes—identical to Bai Xiaole’s.

Their combined power managed to capture that half-step Doyen. While the latter managed to escape the spatial bindings, he was already dragged over to the Dragonblood Legion’s.

Considering the anger the Dragonblood warriors felt toward this fellow, letting him go was out of the question.

Guo Ran was the first to attack. As his battle armor manifested on him, he swung his golden sabers at the half-step Doyen. The latter was shocked, not expecting the Dragonblood Legion to scheme against him. With a furious roar, he summoned a divine light out of him, and a sword appeared in his hand.

BOOM!

Divine light illuminated the sky as both the half-step Doyen and Guo Ran were knocked back at the same time, causing ripples in the void.

This left countless onlookers in astonishment as they gazed at the formidable figure of Guo Ran in his armored state.

They hadn’t expected that even without Long Chen’s interference, one of his subordinates would be able to match evenly against a budding Heavenly Doyen.

The half-step Doyen seethed with rage. Before this, he had been prepared to challenge Long Chen, but now, one of Long Chen’s subordinates proved sufficient to handle him. This was an absolute disgrace.

“Die!”

In his fury, he somehow harnessed a fraction of a Doyen’s power, and heavenly might erupted out of his manifestation.

Gripping his sword with both hands, this fellow exerted such power that his Eternal divine weapon rumbled explosively. Seeing his scene, the onlookers were shocked to see that he was actually capable of unleashing the true might of an Eternal divine weapon.

Oddly enough, he was simply a World King—a vast distance away from the Eternal realm. Thus, he naturally didn’t have the Eternal energy to truly unleash the power of an Eternal divine weapon.

If he was using the power of a Doyen in place of Eternal energy, then perhaps he could activate the power of an Eternal divine weapon. However, the cost of doing that was immense. At most, he would be able to unleash such an attack twice.

In other words, he was planning on deciding victory or defeat right at the start against one of Long Chen's subordinates. It seemed that he had quite the temper.

"If an idiot like you is still alive, why would I die?"

Guo Ran didn't retreat. Against this full-power attack, he shot forward. When his imitation Kunpeng wings appeared, Long Chen noticed a pair of foreign immortal characters on them.

BOOM!

In front of everyone's eyes, their weapons clashed in an explosion of divine light. Many believed that Guo Ran would be obliterated by the power of an Eternal divine weapon, but then a shocking scene unfolded.

Guo Ran's Kunpeng wings unleashed two rays of divine light that were like sharp swords piercing the heavens.

"That's...?"

This time, even those familiar with Guo Ran were surprised. They had never seen such a technique before.

"He is actually dispelling the half-step Doyen's power!" exclaimed one of the World Kings of the Jiang clan as rays of divine light shot out of Guo Ran's wings.

From a distance, they could see that the half-step Doyen's power was being split in two by Guo Ran and injected into the void. Two huge holes were left in the void—black as ink and filled with spatial blades, resembling the eyes of a fiend.

This World King was one of the two budding Doyens of the Jiang clan. Now, their arrogance had vanished, replaced with shock.

"Long Chen has such a terrifying subordinate? What's his name?" asked the other budding Doyen.

He clearly directed the question to Feng Fei, but she merely gave him the cold shoulder. The two had clearly shown disdain toward her. Now after witnessing Guo Ran in action, they expected her to answer their questions? Seeing this, Feng Fei just sneered. She had given them a reminder out of the kindness of her heart, only to be snubbed. Did they now comprehend the terrifying power of the Dragonblood Legion?

"Feng Fei, you—" That budding Doyen got angry.

"Just watch!" Jiang Wenyu interrupted him, not wanting the Jiang clan to start fighting amongst themselves. Otherwise, they would be laughingstocks.

Although Feng Fei had not yet become a budding Doyen, her status was unique. With the backing of the clan's patriarch, even Jiang Wenyu didn't dare to be too disrespectful to her.

The only reason Jiang Wenyu had greeted Long Chen was that the patriarch had told him not to get into Long Chen's bad side.

As a peak heavenly genius of the Jiang clan that had been sealed back in the ancient era, Jiang Wenyu was an unrivaled existence in his clan. However, the patriarch wanted him to not provoke Long Chen? With his pride, Jiang Wenyu was naturally displeased. Even so, just because he was a bit unhappy didn't mean that he dared to go against the patriarch's orders.

If he wanted to one day lead the clan, other than the support of the council, he also needed the approval of the patriarch. As a result, Jiang Wenyu didn't dare to ignore the Jiang patriarch's orders.

Not only members of the Jiang clan were astonished, but everyone present shared the sentiment. Although Guo Ran was using a trick to redirect his opponent's power, that kind of power wasn't something just anyone could redirect. In battles between experts, every move held purpose—there were no mere coincidences.

That half-step Doyen was astounded by the sight. His unleashed power surged forth like a torrent of wild horses, yet it proved ineffective against Guo Ran, causing no harm. He immediately pulled back to reduce the strain on him.

"Idiot!"

Seeing him suddenly retract his power, numerous experts shook their heads. This person's actual fighting experience was far too lacking.

As expected, the moment he pulled back, the divine light shooting out of Guo Ran's wings vanished. In response, various runes lit up all over Guo Ran, and he shoved his sabers forward, summoning a surge of energy that hurtled toward the half-step Doyen. Like a kite whose string was cut, the latter tumbled backward, blood spraying out of his mouth.

"What an idiot. The reason for his loss is so stupid." Many experts cursed upon seeing this scene.

Someone aspiring to become a Heavenly Doyen actually committed such a basic mistake. With this glaring opening, Guo Ran directly inflicted a significant injury to the half-step Doyen, conclusively sealing the outcome of the battle.

"Damn bastard, you only rely on your tortoise shell and some tricks! Just wait, next time, I'll blow that tortoise shell apart!" the half-step Doyen cursed furiously.

His defeat left a bad taste, and he refused to accept it. However, it didn't matter what he felt. Having utilized his Doyen power to wield an Eternal divine weapon, he was now depleted of energy.

Seeing Guo Ran coming after him, he snorted, and Heavenly Dao energy flowed around him. With a burst of divine light, he vanished.

Just as he did, a streak of sword-light fell, slicing apart the divine light that filled the sky.

Chapter 4433: No Rest Until Death!

In the blink of an eye, everything—be it the divine light filling the sky, the very fabric of heaven and earth, or the half-step Doyen—was sliced apart. A hidden figure slowly materialized, revealing its form in the aftermath.

“What?”

The onlookers gazed in dumbfounded shock as the half-step Doyen hovered in midair, motionless. His eyes slowly looked down, and his sword started to split apart.

“You aren’t fit to use a sword.”

An icy snort echoed, accompanied by the distinct sound of a sword being sheathed, its resonance penetrating deep into the hearts of the spectators.

The half-step Doyen’s gaze abruptly dimmed, and the fire in his soul extinguished along with the sheathing of the sword.

Following that, the bisected corpse plummeted to the ground, the impact echoing like a hammer striking at the hearts of those who witnessed it.

As their gazes lifted up from the corpse, they saw a white-robed man with a sword strapped to his back. In an instant, their expressions changed simultaneously.

They did not recognize Yue Zifeng. Despite his name gaining recognition during Long Chen’s triumph at the Sage King Convention, the limelight had been squarely on Long Chen. As a result, figures like Guo Ran, Yue Zifeng, and others were simply viewed as Long Chen’s subordinates, drawing little attention.

Now though, Guo Ran had defeated a half-step Doyen, and Yue Zifeng was even more amazing, killing that idiot in one move. Just how terrifying was that?

At this juncture, not a single person could be called a true Heavenly Doyen yet. Even the Jiang clan’s heavenly genius, Jiang Wenyu, was a step shy from being one. Despite the seemingly minor gap, it proved to be an uncrossable gulch for many experts.

Even someone as powerful as Jiang Wenyu could only be considered a budding Doyen. Witnessing someone of his caliber fall in battle left him profoundly shaken.

“You... you... you dared to kill my family’s young master?! Our Heaven’s Gate will have no rest until we avenge him!”

When that half-step Doyen was slain, the dozens of Eternal experts accompanying him were both shocked and enraged. They had never dreamed that their young master would meet his end here.

Furthermore, the killer gave them no chance to save their young master. By the time they reacted, he was already deader than dead. Seeing the corpse of their young master, they felt like they were trapped in a nightmare.

“No rest until you avenge him? Fine, then let there be no rest until death!” Long Chen eyed them coldly.

Suddenly, the whole Dragonblood Legion vanished. When they reappeared, they were already surrounding those Eternal experts and hundreds of others wearing the same robes as the slain half-step Doyen.

Just like that, blood flew through the air, and Sword Qi tore through the world.

In less than a single breath, the Dragonblood Legion was back in their original location. The onlookers were astonished to find that the Eternal experts had vanished from where they stood, leaving behind only bloodstains on the ground. Not even a trace of their corpses remained.

“Since there’s no rest until death, there’s nothing more to say. Despite being humans, you only know how to bully your fellow humans, while submitting to others. I detest such people the most. Who else wants to have no rest until death with us? Step forward. As the commander of the Dragonblood Legion, I will accomplish your wish,” announced Guo Ran.

The Dragonblood Legion’s sudden assault scared everyone. In an instant, dozens of Eternal experts and hundreds of heavenly geniuses were instantly wiped out, not having a chance to even scream.

The Dragonblood Legion was so powerful that the battle ended in the blink of an eye. Their terrifying killing power gave others goosebumps.

Originally, many experts here wanted to sneer at Long Chen and test him. Now, they were too scared to try.

As for the Jiang clan’s experts, especially the two budding Doyens, they were fully stupefied. Just now, they hadn’t even bothered to greet Long Chen or look at his subordinates.

However, the *ants* they had looked down upon now displayed a power that sent shivers down their spines. They couldn’t stop their hearts from pounding crazily.

The most terrifying thing was how everyone from the Dragonblood Legion, from top to bottom, showed indifferent expressions, as if nothing significant had just occurred.

Even the most ordinary Dragonblood warrior showed no emotion after slaying those Eternal experts. It was as if they had just done something trivial.

Such calmness, coupled with an unyielding ruthlessness, sent shivers down the spines of even the battle-hardened warriors. The Dragonblood warriors were like reapers from hell, their gazes piercingly cold and merciless.

“Hmph! No wonder he brings so many people even though the occasion later is a solo fight. He’s using his strong subordinates as a powerful backing,” said one of the Jiang clan’s budding Doyens.

“Even if you don’t constantly talk, people won’t assume that you’re a mute!” Feng Fei finally couldn’t endure it any longer. “If Long Chen didn’t have absolute power, who would be willing to follow him? Have you seen a little brother willingly call himself little when he’s stronger than his boss? Do you think everyone is as brainless as you?”

“You...!”

“What you? Why don’t you go challenge Long Chen right now if you feel so confident!? Don’t worry, I can ask Long Chen not to kill you! Of course, you’ll need to have the guts to try it,” said Feng Fei, her tone so cold it could freeze the flame.

“You...” The budding Doyen was enraged, but he truly didn’t dare to challenge Long Chen. After all, he wasn’t tired of living yet.

He had only said that idiotic sentence because he was jealous. He didn't want to admit that Long Chen was powerful.

Now, with a few words, Feng Fei completely exposed him. Fuming with anger, he could only shoot her a glare. If it weren't for her having the support of the patriarch, he'd have long since taught her a lesson.

"That's enough. Let it be, or others will laugh at us. However, Shaoyun, your words really are a bit naive. Don't say things like that in the future, or others will look down on you," commanded Jiang Wenyu.

Although Shaoyun had a good relationship with Jiang Wenyu, he often spoke without thinking. In the end, Jiang Wenyu also couldn't save him from his foolishness.

The actions of the Dragonblood Legion had served as a stark warning, forcing Jiang Wenyu to abandon any notion of underestimating them. Feng Fei was correct—the strength of the soldiers was a reflection of the general. If the soldiers displayed such formidable might, it left no doubt that the general, Long Chen, had to be even more formidable.

Now, Jiang Wenyu knew why the first Heavenly Doyen in the nine heavens and ten lands would challenge Long Chen to a duel.

"It's time. Why isn't Netherdragon Tianzhao here yet?"

The set time had arrived, but Netherdragon Tianzhao had not shown himself.

"It couldn't be that he doesn't dare to come, right?"

Just then, a thunderous rumble rang out, and the void shattered, revealing an enormous figure in front of everyone. At the same time, a dense black qi filled the sky.

Chapter 4434: Ten Thousand Dragon Nest

The void ruptured like a fractured mirror, revealing an enormous object moving through it. It resembled a mountain covered in honeycomb-like caves.

"Ten Thousand Dragon Nest!"

Numerous startled exclamations rang out as people recognized this colossal object—a giant dragon nest made from mostly bones of innumerable dragons over countless years.

This unique nest was a fusion of lives from generations of dragons, incorporating their bones, blood, and souls. It transcended being a mere nest, serving as a sanctuary for later generations to thrive, rest, and engage in battle. Its power could destroy heaven and earth.

When this Ten Thousand Dragon Nest appeared, even Eternal experts were suffocated by its terrifying aura. The sheer terror it emanated paralyzed them, leaving them hesitant to make a single move.

Black qi roiled on top of it, and its aura seemed to force heaven and earth to submit.

No one had expected the nether dragon race to mobilize their Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. After all, this was their strongest, most priceless inheritance. Just what was going on?

“Hehe, are they trying to intimidate us? How laughable. My boss isn’t one to be frightened so easily,” sneered Guo Ran.

Despite him sneering, he was also shocked. This Ten Thousand Dragon Nest could be considered a gigantic ancient divine weapon, a culmination of the nether dragon race’s terrifying foundation.

For a mere duel, the nether dragon race had brought out their entire nest, showing off an overwhelming and oppressive aura. Although it felt a bit childish, the sheer terror evoked by the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was undeniable. In deploying it, the nether dragon race had undeniably intimidated most experts here.

“Their objective is probably beyond mere intimidation,” remarked Ye Ling solemnly. “The nether dragon race is showcasing their power and determination. They want Netherdragon Tianzhao to recruit followers.”

“Recruit followers? What’s that mean?” asked Guo Ran.

“Awakened Doyens have a complete Doyen divine radiance and Doyen divine seal. With these two, if they wish, they can sacrifice a portion of their power to help budding Doyens awaken. However, their divine radiance and divine seal are part of their core energy, so using them to awaken others comes at an immense price and also poses some danger. As a result, Doyens will not help others lightly unless those people are willing to bear a slave seal. Unless someone consents to become their loyal servant, Doyens won’t help others become Doyens, even their own blood.”

“So that’s the case. The nether dragon race is planning on using this battle to show Netherdragon Tianzhao’s power and attract budding Doyens,” muttered Long Chen. That was quite the plan.

“As the first awakened Doyen of the nine heavens and ten lands, Netherdragon Tianzhao wants to maintain his superiority. Otherwise, once others awaken, he will no longer be special. This is why he was in a rush to fight as soon as he became a Doyen. In truth, even if you hadn’t slain Netherdragon Tianye, he would have still challenged you since you are the Sage King,” explained Ye Ling.

Netherdragon Tianzhao’s challenge toward Long Chen appeared to be revenge for his little brother, but there was an even greater meaning behind it. The nether dragon race wanted to borrow this chance to shake the world and recruit experts.

For this purpose, they had even brought out their Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, conveying to the budding Doyens that this was a golden opportunity for them.

However, the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest alone wasn’t sufficient; another crucial condition had to be fulfilled. Netherdragon Tianzhao had to either kill or defeat Long Chen, the Sage King of this era. Achieving this would undoubtedly sway numerous budding Doyens to align with the nether dragon race.

Their targets were the talented heavenly geniuses without powerful backgrounds. If they flocked toward the nether dragon race, Netherdragon Tianzhao would have countless fighting servants, and the nether dragon race’s power would reach an unprecedented height.

“Hahaha, they’re thinking quite far ahead. Is the nether dragon race really so confident? Do they think that Netherdragon Tianzhao will definitely win against me?” laughed Long Chen as he eyed the enormous Ten Thousand Dragon Nest.

Just then, the colossal nest touched down on the ground, surrounded by swirling black qi. It seemed as if an entire world had just descended, evoking an indescribable sensation.

A massive gate then opened at the heart of the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. One figure after another came out of the black qi, and their leader was a golden-robed elder with a golden crown and belt.

Long Chen's pupils contracted. When the elder directed his gaze at him, Long Chen experienced a sharp pain in his soul, as if an invisible hand had seized hold of it. The sensation was utterly terrifying.

"A Saint."

Long Chen let out a cold gasp of air. This Saint was not like the red-haired monster he had encountered in the humanless world; this was a genuine Saint.

"With the support of the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, his realm isn't suppressed within its range. Long Chen, you have to be careful," Ye Ling cautioned.

Despite being a fellow Saint, her realm was suppressed here. However, the elder faced no such thing. Empowered by the nest, he was unrivaled and could exterminate all existence with a mere thought.

Behind this elder was a young man with a similar golden crown and robes, looking somewhat similar to Netherdragon Tianye. Long Chen directly knew that he was Netherdragon Tianzhao.

When people looked at him, they couldn't help but let out startled cries. The budding Doyens in particular harbored fervent and envious gazes.

Netherdragon Tianzhao bore a golden sun at the back of his head. What triggered envy among the budding Doyens was not Netherdragon Tianzhao himself, but the radiant golden sun he possessed.

The golden sun illuminated the world in its divine light, and people could see spheres of light fill the entire heaven. Those spheres of light were somehow prostrating themselves to Netherdragon Tianzhao.

Those spheres were originally invisible, but when they were illuminated by Netherdragon Tianzhao's golden sun, they materialized dazzlingly.

"Is this the essence of the Heavenly Daos? Are the Heavenly Daos prostrating themselves toward him? He is the god of this world!"

"So this is a true Heavenly Doyen? He hasn't even unleashed his aura, but everyone's soul is already quivering. There's no resisting him."

"A true Heavenly Doyen has finally appeared. The strongest heavenly genius of this era is right here. Netherdragon Tianzhao is unstoppable."

Numerous people were excited by his appearance. Seeing a true Heavenly Doyen, the budding Heavenly Doyens felt like they were glimpsing their future selves.

"You are Long Chen?"

Just then, that crowned elder of the nether dragon race spoke.

Chapter 4435: I'm Your Daddy

This elder was the race leader of the nether dragons and also their strongest expert, wielding absolute authority within their race.

His voice was filled with power and unquestionable might, causing the hearts of countless experts to tremble as it reverberated. A wave of dizziness swept over them, nearly compelling them to kneel.

This was the might of a Saint. As the difference in power was too great, it sparked something like an innate subservience in the hearts of the weaker experts.

Even Eternal experts found themselves affected by this pressure. His voice filled their minds, stirring a desire from the depths of their souls to revere him.

However, in front of this almighty expert, Long Chen simply sneered. This old bastard already knew the answer to this question, so why bother asking?

Long Chen had killed his son, but he acted like he didn't recognize Long Chen? Long Chen actually shook his head.

"I'm not Long Chen. I'm your daddy."

This audacious retort left everyone stunned. Long Chen's arrogance was really off the chart.

Even in front of a terrifying Saint, he dared to be so brazen. Did he not value his life any longer? With a single thought, this elder could reduce him to ashes.

Long Chen's response injected an unexpected twist into the tense atmosphere. Countless experts were taken aback, and while some found it amusing, no one dared to laugh. In an instant, the nether dragon race leader's expression visibly darkened.

"Ignorant brat, do you know who you are speaking to? Even the Dean of your High Firmament Academy wouldn't dare to speak to this Saint like that!" shouted the nether dragon race's leader.

"I am a Dean of the High Firmament Academy, and I'm speaking to you like this, am I not? Is there a problem? This is a battle between me and Netherdragon Tianzhao. What are you doing here? Do you teach seniors beating up juniors in your family? If I beat Netherdragon Tianzhao, will you take his place? What if I beat you too? Will your dad come out of his grave?" asked Long Chen lightly.

"Shut your mouth, you dumb brat!" the nether dragon race leader roared.

Following his roar, the void exploded and countless spatial fragments flew about. His projected soundwave then surged toward Long Chen.

Long Chen's hair and clothes billowed backward, but he stood unwavering, not even batting an eye. He just stared at the nether dragon race leader coldly.

On the other hand, the soundwave blasted through the ears of Guo Ran and the others, piercing their souls. Its violent pressure attacked their wills, trying to force them to submit.

Luckily, every warrior in the Dragonblood Legion possessed a powerful will. Even as this soundwave tried to bend them, they stood tall like immobile mountains.

This one roar contained no physical attack, purely filled with an explosion of the will. As a result, those with weaker wills were directly compelled to submit. This was the overwhelming pressure of a Saint.

A Saint's will was formless yet strong enough to make the Heavenly Daos collapse. However, it was unable to shake Long Chen's iron will.

The soundwave passed through this entire area, causing the surrounding experts to cover their ears in agony.

People with weaker wills couldn't help but kneel to alleviate the pain. After all, submitting would make the nether dragon race leader's will stop attacking them.

Tens of thousands of experts directly dropped to their knees. While they were excellent figures with immense power within the junior generation, raw talent alone couldn't turn them into true experts. They just had not suffered enough setbacks in this lifetime to temper their wills.

These experts were pale and embarrassed, wanting to find a hole to hide in. This one roar had stripped them of their dignity. Now, they even felt like they didn't have the qualifications to continue watching from here.

This earth-shattering roar was felt by all of them. Therefore, when they observed Long Chen's indifferent demeanor, they were especially astonished. After all, the primary focus of this soundwave had been on him. By the time it reached those on the outer edges, its intensity had already diminished. Yet, even budding Doyens were left with splitting headaches.

Based on that, Long Chen's will had to be terrifyingly powerful. Furthermore, he wasn't the only one. As the onlookers glanced at the Dragonblood Legion, there was a new hint of horror in their eyes.

Amongst the Dragonblood Legion, only one seemed somewhat affected—Little Crane. She now had a tense expression and was cradled by one of the maidens of the rainbow crane race.

Unaffected by this roar, the three maidens were calmly standing at the rear.

"Reality tells us that powerful throats are useless. Otherwise, donkeys would rule the world." Long Chen shrugged.

"You...!" The nether dragon race leader seemed on the verge of spitting up blood upon hearing this audacious insult. His powerful roar had failed to subdue Long Chen, and he was insulted instead.

"Brat, I'm only talking so nicely to you due to your great talent. Although you accidentally killed my son, if you turn over a new leaf and sincerely swear loyalty to my nether dragon race, I am willing to give you a new chance."

Hearing this offer, numerous people were shocked. When did the nether dragon race become so easy to talk to? The race leader's son had been slain, and yet he was still willing to compromise?

"What do you mean, a new chance? I haven't missed any chances. As for turning over a new leaf... did you have a concussion? It was no accident that I killed Netherdragon Tianye. I acted with a clear

purpose. Furthermore, your entire nether dragon race will accompany him soon, so you don't need to waste your saliva," responded Long Chen with indifference.

Gasps resounded amongst the crowd. Was he out of his mind?

To openly declare his intention to annihilate the entire nether dragon race—such audacity! In the minds of the onlookers, even the High Firmament Academy wouldn't dare utter such words, so Long Chen had to be insane.

Just how powerful was the nether dragon race? Their genius was the world's first publicly acclaimed awakened Doyen, and this showed that their race's karmic luck had also awakened. Their future was filled with prosperity.

However, Long Chen, a little World King, actually dared to challenge such a formidable power? Despite being surrounded by numerous halos of light, Long Chen still seemed like a praying mantis attempting to halt a carriage.

"Since I gave you a chance and you won't cherish it, fine. I have a question for you. What's the origin of your dragon blood?" The race leader's expression suddenly grew sinister.

Chapter 4436: Primal Chaos Dragon Sovereign

For some reason, when the nether dragon race leader asked this question, Long Chen felt a tightening in his chest. He vaguely had a bad feeling, as if this question seemed to implicate that mysterious dragon expert.

The mysterious dragon expert, who had helped Long Chen countless times, was shrouded in mystery. Despite this, he knew he could fully trust it.

Long Chen wished to learn a bit more about this dragon expert from the nether dragon race leader, but he refrained from doing so. His intuition warned him that the karma entwined with this matter was far more formidable and terrifying than he could imagine.

"Call me daddy and I'll tell you," snickered Long Chen.

"Courting death!" the nether dragon race leader shouted furiously. Long Chen refused to submit to any of his threats or offers, so he was unable to get anything from Long Chen.

"Father, you should leave him to me. Only with absolute power can we make the human race submit." Netherdragon Tianzhao finally spoke up. In truth, he had long since lost his patience and was on the verge of exploding. The powerful nether dragon race had come out in full force today to make a name for themselves. However, Long Chen's continuous insults and disdain had enraged all of them.

"If you can capture him alive, do so. His dragon blood aura is weak, but its sacred energy is of an unimaginable purity—similar to that of the legendary primal chaos Dragon Sovereign. If we can obtain the secrets of the primal chaos Dragon Sovereign, then our nether dragon race will truly soar," transmitted the race leader.

"I understand." Netherdragon Tianzhao nodded.

At this moment, the enormous Ten Thousand Dragon Nest slowly fell back, leaving the center of the battlefield to Netherdragon Tianzhao.

When the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest reached the border of the mountain, numerous figures strolled out from its caves. Shockingly, tens of thousands of Eternal experts emerged from within.

Among the younger generation, there were over ten budding Doyens. As for the Triple Supremes, there were just too many to count.

They quietly stood behind the race leader, not saying a word. Even though the onlookers were aware that the nether dragon race was displaying their might, the sheer magnitude of their presence still sent shockwaves through the crowd.

Their power was truly incredible. Other than those ten-plus budding Doyens, the rest were all actual members of the nether dragon race.

Everyone was silent as their gazes concentrated on Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao.

Seeing that the battle was approaching, the Dragonblood warriors also retreated to the edge of the battlefield.

For a moment, everyone was silent, staring at two people: one was this generation's Sage King and the other was the first awakened Doyen of the nine heavens and ten lands. Today, there would be a life-and-death battle between the two of them. Even the spectators were so nervous that they found it hard to breathe. The only thing they could hear was the sound of their heartbeat.

Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao locked eyes from mere meters away. Their gazes were like four sharp swords clashing, and an imperceptible killing intent started to emanate between them.

"You shouldn't have insulted the great nether dragon race. Now, it will be hard for me to leave with your intact corpse. Do you have any last words?" asked Netherdragon Tianzhao.

His voice was icy, devoid of any emotion. It was as if all his anger had vanished, leaving behind an air of absolute calmness.

"I have many last words, but there's no need for me to say them here. As for you, did you bring your whole family with you so that they could save your life in the end?" asked Long Chen lightly.

"You're overthinking it. In this world, no one in the same realm can match me," asserted Netherdragon Tianzhao confidently.

"How coincidental. I feel the same way. From the mortal world to the immortal world, after countless battles, I've never encountered an opponent who could match me in the same realm. It's always been consecutive battles, group skirmishes, or fights across realms that posed a challenge. But no one in the same realm has ever bested me. So you will definitely lose. Bringing so many people here, to me, is just for them to save you when you lose," replied Long Chen.

"Are you trying to provoke me? Long Chen, you've really disappointed me. You're too naive," remarked Netherdragon Tianzhao with a faint smile.

“Provoke you? No, no, I often say that in front of absolute power, all schemes are worthless. I'm saying this not to hold you to any promise but just so that everyone can hear it. This way, when you do lose, we can all witness whether your nether dragon race values its reputation more than your life.” Long Chen shrugged.

Hearing their conversation, the spectators felt their hearts pounding crazily inside their chests. Both Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao seemed to have absolute confidence in themselves. However, in this decisive battle, one would definitely lose, perhaps even meeting their demise.

If Long Chen lost, without a backer to save him, he would die. On the other hand, Netherdragon Tianzhao was backed by his father and their Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. Supported by so many nether dragon race's experts, even if he lost, death seemed like an unlikely outcome.

When people looked at Netherdragon Tianzhao and the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, they also wondered now. Could Long Chen be telling the truth?

“What a petty person's view, the judgment of a fool. When has my proud nether dragon race ever been afraid? The winner is the king. If Netherdragon Tianzhao were to lose to you, he wouldn't be worthy to be my son, and I would personally kill him,” sneered the race leader.

“Did you hear that? There's no need to keep arguing. Your little schemes are really laughable,” said Netherdragon Tianzhao.

“No, no, no. This is not arguing. This is making it clear. So when I slap you in the face, it will be even more resounding,” replied Long Chen with a smile.

“Are you done talking?” asked Netherdragon Tianzhao.

“You can make your move at any time,” responded Long Chen indifferently.

As they were done talking, an eerie silence settled over heaven and earth. The world appeared to have fallen into an absolute silence, devoid of any sound. The spectators couldn't even hear their own breath or heartbeat.

Suddenly, their hair and clothes started to flutter. Their expressions grew serious, and two pairs of eyes locked onto each other like leopards staring at their prey.

All of a sudden, majestic dragon roars resonated through the air, and a golden and black light erupted at the same time.

BOOM!

The two of them collided like two stars crashing into each other.

Chapter 4437: Who Is More Inferior?

Two angry dragon roars shook the world. When Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao attacked, two giant dragon images appeared above the nine heavens.

One black and one golden dragon manifested above the sky, exuding a vast dragon might.

BOOM!

Netherdragon Tianzhao and Long Chen's fists collided, unleashing torrents of black and golden light that engulfed the world in a furious tempest. Astral winds then swept away the clouds, forcing the spectators to retreat even further.

"Are the two of them monsters?" cried out the Jiang clan's budding Doyen.

Although the spectators knew that awakened Doyens were incredibly powerful, they had never expected the two of them to unleash such terrifying power without summoning their manifestations or relying on Heavenly Dao energy. This was purely a clash of physical strength.

Everyone was stunned. Those who could stand here were all powerful figures, and they could tell that these two were clashing with their raw physical power.

In other words, the power of their physical bodies had reached the point of suppressing the Heavenly Daos and the laws of the world, exceeding the scope of their understanding.

A Heavenly Doyen was powerful because of their Doyen power, not their physical bodies. However, Netherdragon Tianzhao wasn't even using his Doyen power, and Long Chen followed suit.

This was the clash of the two most formidable physical bodies the onlookers had ever seen. Two enormous force fields appeared, one emanating in golden hue and the other shrouded in black.

People could clearly see Netherdragon Tianzhao covered in black dragon scales, as well as Long Chen in golden dragon battle armor. Their domains violently clashed against each other.

Both of their Blood Qi surged, igniting and intensifying in potency.

The resonating dragon cries persisted as Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao remained in a deadlock. With one hand behind their backs, they relied purely on their dragon blood domains to fight.

"You are merely a human who absorbed some dragon blood, and I am a Doyen of the noble nether dragon race. To use a dragon blood domain to fight me... you really overestimate yourself," said Netherdragon Tianzhao coldly.

Spectators were astonished to witness Netherdragon Tianzhao maintaining such a powerful domain while effortlessly conversing. Moreover, his voice remained steady and his Spiritual Strength unwavering. This indicated that he had not unleashed his full power.

Normally, summoning such a terrifying domain would require the undivided attention of even Eternal experts, rendering them unable to chat like this. Hence, Netherdragon Tianzhao's ability to effortlessly do this struck fear into the hearts of people.

"Are you trying to make me laugh to death? Noble? If the nether dragons were noble, why would you join the Netherworld and ruin your pure bloodline as dragons? Is becoming a dog of the Netherworld really noble?" scoffed Long Chen.

Long Chen stayed fearless even against this dragon blood domain. Under Netherdragon Tianzhao's pressure, Long Chen sensed the dragon blood in him undergoing a transformation.

Back then, the mysterious dragon expert had imparted its cultivation technique to Long Chen—the Dragon Soul Body Forging Art. After cultivating it to the next stage, Long Chen then transformed his dragon blood into egg-like cores.

Within those cores resided dragon-shaped runes that had taken on an embryonic form, and they maintained that state until now.

Unfortunately, Long Chen's connection with the dragon expert was severed after that, so there was no one to guide him with the Dragon Soul Body Forging Art. As a result, Long Chen's progress in it had stagnated ever since.

Now though, under Netherdragon Tianzhao's dragon blood pressure, Long Chen's dragon-shaped runes seemed to be stimulated and were starting to grow once more.

Long Chen had completed the transformation of his dragon blood into dragon tendons, so he could store the excess dragon blood energy in his tendons now. As the dragon-shaped runes became clearer, Long Chen's dragon blood energy also grew increasingly pure and vast.

Long Chen's dragon blood seemed to have endless potential, allowing him to feel extremely relaxed under this pressure. So, he had responded to Netherdragon Tianzhao's mockery with a sharp retort that not only infuriated Netherdragon Tianzhao but also cut deep into the heart of the entire nether dragon race.

From the leaders to the subordinates, furious killing intent appeared in their eyes. If their looks could kill, Long Chen would have died countless times over.

When it came to the nether dragon race, many people knew that they were traitors of the dragon race, having sided with the Netherworld. However, no one knew the details.

Of course, even if they knew, they wouldn't bring it up for fear of drawing a calamity upon themselves and their families. This was a taboo subject.

For Long Chen to reveal this in front of countless people, it went beyond merely slapping the nether dragon race in the face. This was akin to ruthlessly picking at their most ancient and sensitive scab.

"Inferior human, how dare you spout such nonsense?!" shouted Netherdragon Tianzhao.

"Inferior nether dragon, are you not clear on the truth? Since you could betray the dragon race, you've long since lost your spine. Why worry about other people talking behind your back?" asked Long Chen lightly.

BOOM!

Suddenly, Netherdragon Tianzhao's dragon blood domain ignited, and black flames appeared throughout it.

His domain rapidly grew. Originally, both of their domains were the same size, but now the black domain instantly grew ten times larger, devouring Long Chen's golden domain.

As the black domain grew and the dragon might raged, it was like millions of invisible dragons were violently attacking the surrounding area. Its explosive power forced the spectators to retreat even further.

Netherdragon Tianzhao was enraged. He seemed to have lost patience and was no longer playing this little game. He wanted to crush Long Chen right here and now.

“You damn human! You’ll pay the price for blaspheming the great nether dragon race!”

His thunderous roar sent shockwaves through the world, leaving the spectators in a dazed state.

Finally, everyone here could personally experience the terrifying side of a legendary Heavenly Doyen.

Chapter 4438: Are You a Mixed Breed?

“You will pay the price of your insolence!”

Netherdragon Tianzhao’s voice echoed throughout heaven and earth, as if the very world was transmitting his will.

His voice didn’t just echo throughout heaven and earth; it also reverberated within everyone’s minds. They were powerless to resist it.

Netherdragon Tianzhao’s wrathful will was transmitted through the Heavenly Daos. This demonstrated the terrifying aspect of a Heavenly Doyen.

The Heavenly Daos were just a tool for him and could be controlled effortlessly by him. In his presence, the heavens had to bow to him.

Before this, he had only used the might of the nether dragon race, intending to crush Long Chen with his dragon power. However, Long Chen’s skill at infuriating people was simply unmatched. Each of his words accurately struck the nether dragon race in their weak spots. Overwhelmed by anger, Netherdragon Tianzhao couldn’t hold back anymore and used his Doyen power.

Although this roar of his didn’t injure anyone, it was immensely shocking, showing the true terrifying side of a Heavenly Doyen.

At this moment, his black dragon blood domain rapidly expanded, pressing down on Long Chen’s golden domain.

Netherdragon Tianzhao’s black domain was now over ten times larger than Long Chen’s, completely surrounding and compressing it. Under this pressure, Long Chen’s domain started to deform, looking as if it would explode at any moment. However, no matter how it was pressed, it didn’t explode.

Netherdragon Tianzhao was well aware that Long Chen still had hidden cards to play. Even if he crushed Long Chen’s golden domain, it wouldn’t be enough to kill Long Chen.

However, shattering Long Chen’s golden domain would symbolize that the nether dragon was superior to the true dragon. After all, this battle wasn’t just a competition between the two of them but also a showdown between the nether dragon race and the true dragon race.

On the Dragonblood Legion's side, Bai Shishi, Yu Qingxuan, Bai Xiaole, and the others were clenching their fists, their palms covered in sweat.

Little Crane was still hiding in her aunt's embrace, covering her eyes. She didn't dare to watch, but she would occasionally peek through the cracks between her fingers.

On the other hand, Guo Ran, Xia Chen, and the rest of the Dragonblood Legion weren't worried at all. Their confidence in Long Chen was off the chart. Having followed Long Chen for so many years, they believed that no matter what kind of monster he encountered, as long as they were in the same realm, Long Chen would not lose.

In their hearts, this was an iron rule, so they were calmer than everyone else.

Long Chen's golden dragon blood domain was deforming and making creaking sounds as if it would explode with just the slightest bit of pressure. However, it never happened.

Now, Long Chen no longer provoked Netherdragon Tianzhao. He wasn't in the mood to. Instead, he focused on the dragon blood runes within his dragon tendons, which were undergoing a transformation.

The egg-like cores were growing, resembling tiny curled-up tadpoles at first, making their shape difficult to tell. However, as Netherdragon Tianzhao's power stimulated them, they seemed to incubate, and their curled-up forms gradually spread out.

After stretching out, they still didn't look like dragons but more like earthworms. However, they suddenly tightened as they were forced to compress.

This compression triggered a vast and explosive power to erupt from them, sending dragon blood energy throughout every inch of Long Chen's body. It felt like he was struck by lightning, and his dragon blood energy entered a completely new state.

It was a qualitative uplift, and Long Chen was delighted by this unexpected discovery. When stimulated by danger, the Dragon Blood Body Forging Art would automatically draw out its potential and improve.

At first, using dragon blood energy to fight Netherdragon Tianzhao was a stretch for Long Chen. After all, he wasn't part of the dragon race, lacking their massive bodies to store up so much energy. This was a significant drawback compared to the pure-blooded Netherdragon Tianzhao. Long Chen realized that using this weakness to fight against his enemy's strength was very foolish.

However, who asked him to inherit the mysterious dragon expert's legacy? Since he had taken up its inheritance, he had to clean up any traitors for it. As a result, Long Chen had to use the dragon expert's technique to fight Netherdragon Tianzhao. Even if Long Chen lost this way, he still had to do it.

Otherwise, the mysterious and prideful dragon expert would be greatly disappointed. With this in mind, Long Chen simply gritted his teeth and pressed forward with this foolish fighting style.

Of course, he hadn't expected his dragon blood runes to advance. Realizing this, Long Chen hastily calmed himself and shouted, "Hey, you're quite arrogant for someone so weak. I already told you that a loud throat doesn't matter or donkeys would rule the world. Is this your so-called nether dragon divine abilities? The pride of the nether dragon race? Could it be that this is really all your power? How foolish."

Countless jaws dropped. They had thought that Long Chen was pressed to the point of not being able to speak. Unexpectedly, he remained relaxed enough to insult his opponent.

"I'm only defending against your domain, not even attacking. Yet, you still can't do anything? It seems that the nether dragon race really is nothing in front of the true dragon race. I'm just a human and only have the slightest trace of true dragon blood. But you, a pureblooded nether dragon..."

Suddenly, a bewildered expression appeared on Long Chen's face. He shifted his gaze to the nether dragon race leader in the distance and then back at Netherdragon Tianzhao. His mouth moved a few times, and he gasped in shock.

"Could it be that you're not pureblooded and are a mixed breed?"

Countless people almost coughed up blood. In this tense atmosphere, Long Chen suddenly said such a thing?

Numerous glances turned toward the nether dragon race leader, whose expression was as dark as the bottom of a pot. His teeth were clenched so hard that they were about to shatter.

If this were not a duel between two youngsters, the dragon race leader would have joined in and crushed this bastard. Long Chen's sharp tongue and toxic remarks were unparalleled. Even in all his years, the dragon race leader had never encountered such a venomous person.

"You insolent wretch, you've crossed the line!" Netherdragon Tianzhao roared, his rage causing his hair to stand on end. His contorted face seemed on the verge of spewing flames as he forcefully slammed his hands together.

BOOM!

His domain exploded, transforming into a black halo that expanded in all directions, nearly enveloping the spectators. They then fled in terror.

Netherdragon Tianzhao's domain had surged to an astonishing scale, leaving the onlookers stunned.

Once the domain reached its limit, Netherdragon Tianzhao's hand seals changed, causing the giant domain to shrink rapidly. A berserk power then radiated, crushing everything in its path.

Chapter 4439: Silently Profiting

Everything inside the dragon blood domain creaked as it compressed, and the space near it twisted crazily. Unable to see inside the twisted space, the spectators could only rely on their other senses to observe.

"He's trying to crush Long Chen alive!"

"What a terrifying domain. Even Eternal experts would be unable to move inside."

Everyone was shocked by this scene. Ordinary experts would be instantly crushed out of existence.

Most terrifying of all, this domain was still compressing around Long Chen's domain. Long Chen was like a bubble inside a raging sea, and his domain might pop at any moment.

“Tianzhao, remember to capture him alive!” the nether dragon race leader shouted loudly, afraid that Netherdragon Tianzhao was too angry to hold back.

After all, he was eager to find out the origin of Long Chen’s true dragon essence blood. He wanted to know if it really was related to the legendary primal chaos Dragon Sovereign.

“Capture me alive? Based on this little bit of power? Are you joking with me?” sneered Long Chen from inside his golden dragon blood domain.

Facing the overwhelming pressure, the golden domain constantly warped, appearing on the verge of shattering. Despite this, Long Chen maintained a calm expression.

Even now, he was still so arrogant, so many people were wondering whether he was really so calm or if he was putting on an act to cover up his panic.

After being surrounded by such a terrifying domain, anyone would be at an absolute disadvantage and feel afraid. Yet, Long Chen’s demeanor remained disdainful, giving rise to suspicions that his expression was perhaps a false bravado, and he was barely hanging on.

“I want to see how long you can keep up this act,” sneered Netherdragon Tianzhao coldly.

Netherdragon Tianzhao’s domain was constantly strengthening, fueled by the burning of his essence blood. Within the domain, black flame dragons proliferated, emitting a scorching heat that seemed to engulf the very heavens and earth. This was his life flame, an existence capable of incinerating all things.

“Even after I pointed out that you’re a mixed breed, you refuse to accept it. I might not have a lot of dragon blood in me, but it is incomparably pure. To draw a comparison, your power is like a mountain of grass, whereas mine is like refined steel. No matter how much grass you pile on, you can’t crush a steel wire. Although quantity can sometimes make up for quality, your power is clearly inferior. I only have a trace of dragon blood, but even when you use all your power, you can’t break my domain. That, my friend, is the difference between us,” Long Chen remarked with nonchalance.

While his expression was calm, he was overjoyed inside. The increasing intensity of Netherdragon Tianzhao’s power acted as a catalyst, accelerating the growth of Long Chen’s dragon blood runes.

Those tadpole-like cores grew solid and clear, and millions of them were coursing through Long Chen’s body, akin to millions of active volcanoes moving through him. Once they erupted, they would unleash endless destructive power.

Previously, cultivating the Dragon Soul Body Forging Art had been perilous for Long Chen. Even though he managed to succeed in condensing these runes, further improving them would be as difficult as ascending the heavens.

However, today, he found this secret. By using the power of his enemies to stimulate the growth of the Dragon Soul Body Forging Art, Long Chen wouldn’t need to put in any real effort to grow them. Feeling delighted, he couldn’t possibly let this chance go.

Long Chen continuously provoked Netherdragon Tianzhao, locking him into this competition of dragon blood domains.

“Bullshit! What’s so great about the true dragon race? They’re just a bunch of old fossils! My nether dragon race left the dragon race long ago and formed our own lineage! Our power has long since surpassed the true dragon race! Today, I will show you that the true dragon race’s so-called pure bloodline is nothing more than a joke!” roared Netherdragon Tianzhao.

“Alright, then I’m waiting.” Long Chen shrugged indifferently. His apathetic appearance frustrated all the nether dragons.

Long Chen was quite happy. He had initially worried about Netherdragon Tianzhao changing tactics and potentially losing this opportunity. However, he successfully tricked this idiot. For the face of the nether dragon race, Netherdragon Tianzhao couldn’t give up on using his dragon blood domain to crush Long Chen. Furthermore, in his opinion, he was at an absolute advantage.

Netherdragon Tianzhao’s domain continued to shrink, causing the entire earth to shake. His domain was clearly growing stronger as it shrank. But at the same time, it came at the cost of further depleting his dragon blood power.

On the other hand, Long Chen’s dragon blood domain was constantly being suppressed. Like a bubble in the wind, it looked like it would pop at any moment. However, even after so long, it didn’t pop.

When it came to his art of provocation, no one would believe Long Chen if he said it was inferior to his combat skills. Every word he uttered stabbed the nether dragon race in the most painful spot. Now, all the nether dragon race’s experts wanted to tear Long Chen apart.

Time passed bit by bit.

Netherdragon Tianzhao’s dragon blood domain had shrunk to the point that it could crush budding Doyens to bits in an instant. However, Long Chen’s dragon blood domain continued to remain there, looking like it would explode, but not really.

Now, people started to feel that something was off. The nether dragon race’s people were also getting suspicious, gradually smelling a scheme.

Long Chen was only defending the entire time. Was he trying to exhaust Netherdragon Tianzhao’s energy? Just what kind of scheme did he have up his sleeves?

“Netherdragon Tianzhao, you should just give up. Your blood is so mixed and impure that you can’t do anything to me. How about I take back what I said? I won’t say that you’re a mixed breed anymore. I admit that you are your dad’s son, and no one helped you. Let’s stop this senseless competition, and we can fight seriously with our real skills instead. How’s that?” Seeing that Netherdragon Tianzhao seemed to have sensed something, Long Chen immediately spoke up solemnly.

“Keep dreaming!”

Netherdragon Tianzhao roared, and his hand seals changed. His dragon blood domain once more compressed upon Long Chen.

Chapter 4440: Invoking Rage

Netherdragon Tianzhao was already suspicious, thinking that Long Chen was brewing some scheme. But as soon as Long Chen said this, those suspicions vanished.

In Netherdragon Tianzhao's idiot head, Long Chen's calm appearance simply showed that he had reached his limit and was about to lose.

Hence, Netherdragon Tianzhao unleashed his full power, compressing his domain to the limit to crush Long Chen's domain.

As long as Long Chen's golden domain exploded, it would be the greatest victory for the nether dragon race. It would be extremely significant.

"How foolish. Do you think I'm afraid of you? I only feel like this kind of battle is too boring, so I kindly suggested something else. Fine, if you want to fight using domains, we can keep going. Whoever puts their domain away first has to call the other daddy!" cursed Long Chen angrily.

His flustered curses convinced others that he was on the verge of defeat and unable to last much longer. Hence, Netherdragon Tianzhao continued forming hand seals, concentrating the power of his domain even further, unaware that Long Chen was already reveling in the situation.

The dragon blood runes in Long Chen were constantly transforming. They were like tadpoles at first with no head or tail, but under Netherdragon Tianzhao's dragon blood domain pressure, they grew, elongating and gradually taking the form of serpents.

Long Chen's bones started to creak. Because his bones were connected to his dragon tendons, the dragon tendons' power started to permeate into his bones, strengthening them.

In order to avoid being noticed, Long Chen worked hard to prevent his bloodline fluctuations from changing, hoping others wouldn't notice these changes.

Time continued to pass. One incense stick, two incense sticks... soon, ten incense sticks had burned away. Netherdragon Tianzhao finally started to feel like he was running out of energy.

Pushing his dragon blood domain for so long at this intensity was a heavy burden for him. As for Long Chen's domain, it still looked like it would explode at any moment, so Netherdragon Tianzhao finally regretted it. When Long Chen had suggested switching away from a domain battle, he should have agreed. However, the big words had been said, so there was no stopping it.

The spectators had been in high spirits at first, but they were starting to get bored. Was this really a clash between the top geniuses of two worlds?

Right off the bat, it became a staring contest, completely different from the intense clash they had been anticipating. This kind of fighting style was too dull, too boring.

If it were someone else fighting, they'd have long since left after seeing such a thing. Who would just sit around and watch such a boring fight? However, they were also anticipating the rest of the battle, so they forced themselves to wait patiently.

"I told you that you wouldn't be able to do it, but you refused to believe it. True dragon is the master of the dragon race. How could a traitor like you possibly use your bloodline to suppress your master?" said Long Chen upon seeing Netherdragon Tianzhao want to retreat.

It was quite the malicious curse. Netherdragon Tianzhao had no choice but to keep trying to crush Long Chen's domain. As soon as he switched to something else, it would be like admitting that he had lost to Long Chen.

After all, Long Chen was a human, with only a trace of true dragon blood. On the other hand, Netherdragon Tianzhao was the heavenly genius of the nether dragon race. How could the power he excelled in the most be unable to crush Long Chen's minute amount of dragon blood? Even if he ultimately won this battle, it would leave a mark on that victory.

Netherdragon Tianzhao was enraged. However, he didn't know how to escape this deadlock. Continue using his dragon blood domain? It wasn't working. Putting it away? He couldn't.

"How long are we supposed to watch this kind of boring domain battle? A real battle between experts isn't a competition of domains; it's pitting their lives against each other. Did we really come from so far just to see this nonsense?"

Suddenly, an angry roar came from the distant crowd.

"Hurry up and start fighting! What is the point of this? This is the battle between the Sage King and the world's first Heavenly Doyen? Are you two trying to make everyone die laughing at you?"

"Stop wasting time! The nether dragon race wants to show off their power, right? Then bring out your real power!"

"That's right, if Netherdragon Tianzhao really is strong enough and the nether dragon race is sincere, we don't mind joining the nether dragon race!"

After one person shouted, others also joined in. They were really bored of this domain battle and were about to fall asleep.

Netherdragon Tianzhao suddenly retreated, retracting his dragon blood domain. "Fine, for you all, I don't mind ending this domain battle. It's a pity though; I already had the advantage and was about to crush him."

"Will you die if you don't brag? Even if I gave you another ten thousand years, you wouldn't be a match for me in a domain battle," said Long Chen lightly, also putting away his domain.

Long Chen knew when enough was enough. After all, toward the end, the power of Netherdragon Tianzhao's domain could only barely stimulate his dragon blood runes.

Currently, the dragon blood runes in him had taken the shape of serpents, and despite the seemingly minor change, their significance was substantial. His dragon blood energy had undergone a qualitative transformation.

"Keep acting arrogant and people won't like you. However, I'm willing to give you a chance. As long as you swear loyalty to me, I can still provide you the opportunity to change your fate," said Netherdragon Tianzhao.

"Hahaha!" Long Chen raised his head and laughed as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the world. "In this world, no one is worthy of me swearing loyalty to. Who do you think you are to dare say such a thing? Are you not afraid of slapping your own face in a bit?"

“Hmph, it seems that there’s no saving you. I gave you your final chance, but you didn’t want it. Then don’t blame me for being ruthless.” Netherdragon Tianzhao’s voice gradually sank, and killing intent suddenly erupted out of him.

The land behind Netherdragon Tianzhao darkened abruptly, yet this time, it wasn't due to a domain. Within the boundless darkness emerged two colossal eyes.

A layer of black divine light covered Netherdragon Tianzhao, and a pair of black dragon horns appeared in his flowing hair.

As those dragon horns manifested, Netherdragon Tianzhao’s aura erupted like a volcano, and a towering column of black light soared into the sky.

Finally, Netherdragon Tianzhao unleashed his real divine power, revealing that the giant eyes behind him were dragon eyes. The dragon was so enormous that the world seemed to not be able to contain it, so its immense size condensed to only reveal two eyes within the vast darkness.

In a swift motion, Netherdragon Tianzhao pointed a finger at Long Chen, and a streak of black lightning tore through the world.