

Chapter 4461: Either Scram or Die

The palace master hovered in the air, exuding powerful Blood Qi and divine pressure that seemed to fill the world. Behind him, the silhouette of a colossal black dragon soared above the heavens, its gaze piercing down upon the world.

With a single palm, the palace master forced the nether dragon race leader to retreat. Each step backward resulted in the collapse of the space below the nether dragon race leader, and he only managed to regain stability after seven steps.

“You are...!” The nether dragon race leader was shocked and enraged. The expert in front of him was clearly only in the Eternal realm, but his Blood Qi was so powerful that it shook the very stars.

“Scram!” The palace master didn’t pursue the nether dragon race leader after forcing him back. He just clasped his hands behind his back and indifferently said, “Traitor of the dragon race, I should tear all of you to pieces and grind your bones to dust. However, you’ve lost your Ten Thousand Dragon Nest and exhausted a great deal of your energy. With you being so weak, killing you now would damage the prestige of the barbarian dragon race. My barbarian dragon race disdains taking advantage of other people’s precarious situations, so you can just fuck off.”

The palace master gained control over the entire battlefield as soon as he appeared. Numerous experts had heard of his reputation, but before this, they had regarded him as nothing important. After all, in an era dominated by heavenly geniuses, Eternal experts seemed commonplace, and their prominence had seemingly waned.

However, the palace master was capable of fighting head-on against a terrifying Saint, proving that he was no ordinary Eternal expert. Moreover, his disdain for fighting the nether dragon race leader, combined with his overwhelming power, made people realize that, despite the High Firmament Academy’s decline, their foundation remained strong.

The nether dragon race might be powerful, but compared to the High Firmament Academy, it was still greatly lacking. Just a single Long Chen and Dragonblood Legion had almost wiped them out. Now, with the palace master intervening and compelling the nether dragon race leader to retreat, it became evident that the true power of the High Firmament Academy was still concealed, as if the ongoing events were merely the tip of the iceberg.

“Hand over the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, otherwise...!” the nether dragon race leader roared, unwilling to let the matter rest.

His son could be dead for all he knew, and the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest had been taken. If he left like this, the nether dragon race would be truly destroyed. There would be no stopping their decline.

“Either scram or die. Those are your options. If you can give me a reason to kill you, I’d be very happy to help,” stated the palace master coldly, shutting down any kind of negotiations.

The nether dragon race leader quivered with rage, casting resentful glares at Ye Ling in the distance, at Long Chen and the others, and finally at the unyielding palace master. Regret filled him as he faced the harsh consequences of his actions.

The reason he had let Netherdragon Tianzhao challenge Long Chen was for fame. If his son won, the name of the first awakened Doyen would be set in stone, and they would push that advantage.

As long as Netherdragon Tianzhao defeated Long Chen, the name of the nether dragon race would be elevated. Additionally, by being the first to challenge the High Firmament Academy, they would bask in glory after showcasing their true power.

Then, countless factions would want to join the nether dragon race. If they had the allegiance of all the budding Doyens, creating an enormous army, who would dare to fight the nether dragon race?

However, they just had to count their chickens before they hatched. Instead of getting a big piece of fatty meat, they found themselves biting down on unbreakable stone—there was no fat to be had, and they instead broke their own teeth.

Previously, to escape Ye Ling's seal, the nether dragon race leader had depleted the majority of his core energy, leaving his actual combat power at less than seventy percent of his peak.

Then, the palace master's attack shocked him. Although it was just a brief exchange, his expert's intuition told him that the palace master was incredibly powerful. Even at his peak state, he wasn't assured of being able to beat the palace master. So, in his weakened state, he knew he had no chance at all.

If he were to force it, rather than gaining the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, he could just lose his own life.

If he died, then the nether dragon race might as well just kill itself. If that were to happen, their enemies would have no further misgivings, and the nether dragon race would be ripped out by the roots.

"Good, good, good!" The nether dragon race leader gritted his teeth, uttering three "goods" before continuing, "This time, my nether dragon race admits defeat. We're leaving."

The onlookers were stunned by the unexpected turn of events. The nether dragon race was actually admitting defeat?

Long Chen and the palace master were also taken aback. Considering that Netherdragon Tianzhao could be dead and his Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was now in Long Chen's possession, the nether dragon race leader should have gone for broke and fought to the death.

However, he actually admitted defeat? That was beyond Long Chen's expectations and served as a warning. The nether dragon race leader was a ruthless character who might resort to unimaginable actions now that he had nothing else to lose.

To be able to maintain his composure even in this state, it meant that he was quite the character.

"Race leader, we can't!" wailed an Eternal expert. The nether dragon race couldn't lose their Ten Thousand Dragon Nest.

"Shut up!" the race leader roared. When he swung his hand, those experts instantly fell silent.

After that, the race leader looked back at Long Chen and the palace master. "This enmity will be remembered by the nether dragon race."

Long Chen looked at him and nodded. "You are correct. The debt between us still exists. This time, I took your Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, and next time, I'll take your corpse. I will show all traitors that those who sell out their own race won't have good endings."

The nether dragon race had betrayed the dragon race to join the Netherworld, resulting in the extermination of many members of the dragon race.

This was also why the nether dragon race was so detested. In the clash between Long Chen and the nether dragon race, only one could prevail and exist in this world.

"Then we'll wait and see!"

The nether dragon race leader snorted and walked off just like that, while the other experts of the nether dragon race were silently weeping as they followed him.

When they first arrived, the nether dragon race made a grand entrance, showcasing their power with the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest and millions of elite members. Now, with less than ten percent of their forces remaining, their once formidable presence had dwindled to a dejected state, shocking everyone.

In a single battle, the nether dragon race had plummeted from being the strongest to experiencing an instantaneous decline. This dramatic fall was beyond anyone's imagination.

In less than a day, a mighty race at the peak of their existence had experienced an instantaneous fall. The shock it instilled in everyone lingered for a long time.

When people looked at Long Chen, there was a new reverence in their eyes. Just as the nether dragon race withdrew, the various factions started to move toward the battlefield.

"Anyone who dares to touch a single corpse on the battlefield will be killed on the spot!" announced Long Chen coldly.

Chapter 4462: Don't Go Too Far

The nether dragon race had started to withdraw. The higher-ups left first, leaving behind a group to pick up the bodies of their fallen experts.

The nether dragon race wasn't the only one to do this; other races also wanted to gather the bodies of their fallen kin. Although some of the corpses were in pieces, if they were identifiable, they needed to be salvaged. Allowing the remains of their people to rot in the wild was unthinkable.

Hence, Long Chen's words enraged them. How could he forbid them from retrieving the corpses of their fallen?

The higher-ups of the nether dragon race hadn't gone far, so the race leader roared at Long Chen furiously.

"What are you intending?!" he demanded.

“Is it not obvious? This entire battlefield is my spoils of war. Since you all wanted to take my life, you have to pay the price,” replied Long Chen coldly.

“We will not allow others to humiliate our martyrs! A warrior can be killed, but not humiliated—!”

The expert was cut off midway through his words as a hole appeared in his head, causing him to drop dead on the spot. Guo Ran lowered his crossbow, sneering.

“Idiots. You were the ones who chose to attack us. You should accept the consequences. Cannot handle the humiliation? Well, who can then? Stand out, and my Dragonblood Legion promises to only kill you, not humiliate you. You can all die in peace.”

Guo Ran sneered at those people. These idiots coming from various worlds could only be intimidated through power; there was no point in talking reason with them. If one tried, it would be like playing the zither for a bull.

Hearing Guo Ran’s response, those experts were startled and enraged but didn’t know what to do, so they looked at the nether dragon race. Since the nether dragon race had suffered the most casualties, they wanted to see how the nether dragon race would react to such insults.

“Long Chen, don’t go too far!” roared the nether dragon race leader. He didn’t know that Long Chen really needed these corpses and thought that Long Chen was simply intentionally trying to humiliate them.

“And if I do go too far, what will you do?” asked Long Chen indifferently.

The nether dragon race leader was so enraged that his hair stood on end. He then turned to the palace master and coldly said, “We’re all part of the dragon race. Are you going to let him commit such an outrageous act?”

The palace master curled his lips. “Traitors like you dare to call yourselves part of the dragon race? It would have been better if you didn’t mention the dragon race. That only makes me want to kill you. Before I change my mind, you better scram!”

The nether dragon race leader could do nothing but quiver with rage. Gritting his teeth, he then turned and left, accompanied by the remaining nether dragon race experts, all filled with anger.

Unable to recover the bodies of their fallen comrades, it was a monumental humiliation for the nether dragon race. Yet, they were powerless to resist.

Seeing the nether dragon race abandon their deceased, the other races were left with no choice but to suck it up. They didn’t even dare to gather the divine weapons that were scattered throughout the battlefield. The taste of defeat was bitter and tormenting.

“Clean up the battlefield! Hehehe, we made a killing this time!”

Even before their enemies were gone, Guo Ran and Xia Chen already shouted excitedly. They shot forward and started to go through the battlefield with the Dragonblood warriors.

Clearly, Xia Chen and Guo Ran were doing this intentionally to enrage those people. The latter were truly incensed, but they could do nothing. They could only quicken the pace to get out of here.

“Do you want to say goodbye?” In the distance, within the Jiang clan’s camp, Jiang Wenyu probed Feng Fei.

Feng Fei shook her head. “If you didn’t have the courage to help when he needed it, attempting to curry favor after his victory would only make you appear small. Not only would others look down on you, but you would look down on yourself as well.”

He wanted to play this move now? What was he doing beforehand? All of them had acted badass before, but now wanted to suck up? Other than losing face, what else would this accomplish?

Feng Fei truly understood Long Chen. At least, by maintaining distance now, perhaps he would still feel a bit better toward her. If she were to go over, that trace of good feeling would scatter with the wind.

“Let’s go!”

Feng Fei gathered the Jiang clan’s people. In any case, they hadn’t come for nothing. Watching such a shocking battle had benefited everyone.

The Jiang clan’s heavenly geniuses had been extremely arrogant when they first arrived. Even Jiang Wenyu, who did his best to stay humble, could not hide that it had just been an act. He only reserved himself to compete for the position of the clan leader.

In truth, he was no different from the other two budding Doyens. His only good point was that he knew how to act a bit better.

After witnessing Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao’s battle, these arrogant fellows seemed to deflate. The shocking battle had shattered their confidence, letting them know that there was a qualitative difference between them.

The most significant blow to them was the realization that they not only fell short in comparison to Long Chen but also lagged behind Guo Ran, Xia Chen, Yue Zifeng, and other members of the Dragonblood Legion. Even the ordinary Dragonblood warriors surpassed them, leaving them feeling like frogs at the bottom of a well.

The Jiang clan’s elders also had mixed feelings but mostly deep regret. If they had helped Long Chen when he was weaker, they would have had a good relationship with him.

However, now that Long Chen had reached this level, even if the Jiang clan used all their might to form a good relationship with him, it would probably still be futile. Once an opportunity had passed, sometimes, there was just no way to mend things.

Just as Feng Fei was talking sense to everyone in the Jiang clan, she suddenly sensed something and turned back. She saw Long Chen staring at her and nodding ever so slightly.

Immediately, Feng Fei’s eyes reddened as she almost teared up, but she did her best to stop those tears and remain calm. She then nodded back to him and turned away.

When the Jiang clan’s disciples saw that, they were excited. One of them exclaimed, “Big Sister Feng Fei, why don’t you invite senior apprentice-brother Long Chen over as a guest of the Jiang clan!?”

“Scram!” Feng Fei shouted at that person, actually feeling angry. That disciple was so terrified that everyone shut their mouth and no longer made a sound.

Feng Fei felt a deep bitterness inside. The nod from Long Chen was a form of pity, and she knew it as well. They understood each other, and it was this understanding that formed a bond between them.

However, while she appreciated the goodwill, she also felt a mix of happiness and sadness. As someone with her own pride, she didn't want others to pity her. The sense of charity in that good feeling was something she found difficult to accept.

The bitterness in Feng Fei's heart was known only by Long Chen. However, these disciples actually thought that Long Chen was expressing his fondness for her, and they wanted her to invite him over as a guest? Feng Fei was so enraged that she almost wept.

Once Feng Fei led the Jiang clan away, the other spectators also felt like it was time to leave.

With only their own people left on the battlefield, Long Chen's mind sank into the primal chaos space. He was eager to savor the rewards of his hard-fought victory.

Chapter 4463: Dealing With the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest

The enormous Ten Thousand Dragon Nest floated in the primal chaos space. In the outside world, it was an apocalyptic killing weapon, but it didn't even dare to move here.

“How are you planning to deal with it?” asked the Earth Cauldron as it appeared in front of Long Chen. It was the only existence capable of freely moving between Long Chen's primal chaos space and his spiritual space.

“Do you have any guidance, senior?” asked Long Chen.

“When it comes to the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, you have two options. The first is to borrow the power of this space to make it submit. Then, you can use it and will have the power to challenge Saints,” said the Earth Cauldron.

“The power to challenge Saints? So if I do encounter Saints, I still won't have the power to kill them with it?” asked Long Chen.

“The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest contains the will of countless generations of experts from the nether dragon race. It won't readily submit, even under the influence of the primal chaos space's pressure. To command its power, you'll need to use your core energy. As you are not a Saint, at most, you can unleash ten percent of its power. Furthermore, when it doesn't wish to cooperate with you, ten percent might be an optimistic estimate—sometimes even less. While this nest grants you the ability to defend against ordinary Saints, defeating or killing one would still be an arduous task.”

Long Chen nodded. It was about what he had expected. Activating the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest would require the nether dragon race's bloodline.

As Long Chen possessed true dragon essence blood, perhaps he would be able to control a different Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. However, since the nether dragon race had betrayed the dragon race, their nest

would not obey Long Chen's true dragon blood. This explained why he had to use Netherdragon Tianzhao's essence blood to draw the nest into the primal chaos space.

"Then I'll take the second option," said Long Chen.

The Earth Cauldron seemed baffled. After a moment, it said, "I haven't even said what the second option is."

Long Chen smiled. "The second option is to directly toss it into the black soil and turn it into fertilizer. The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest is composed of countless dragon corpses, so once it is devoured, it will unleash unimaginable life energy. Then I'll be able to grow even more Thousand Leaf Sacred Light Snow Lotuses and refine more Saint Light Snow Lotus Pills. It is immensely beneficial to both of us."

The Earth Cauldron was silent for a moment. "In truth, the second option is most beneficial to me, and it doesn't provide substantial assistance to you. Given my characteristics, I can't help you too much in battle. Most of the time, I can only help you block a few attacks. For example, if Netherdragon Tianzhao had used his spear to launch a divine ability instead of directly slamming it into me, I wouldn't have been able to break it. Although the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest may not offer extensive support, it can still be regarded as a life-saving trump card."

The Earth Cauldron was one-half of the Heaven Earth Cauldron, and it resembled water that nourished all things. Unable to change its characteristics, it was known as a true-blue refining divine item, not a killing one.

Killing went against its innate nature, so it wasn't able to help Long Chen too much in a battle. While it wanted to refine more Sacred Light Snow Lotus Pills, it refrained from being selfish and made things clear to Long Chen, letting him make his own choice.

Long Chen simply smiled. "In this world, is there such a thing as an absolute life-saving trump card? You can't trust such things too much. Otherwise, Netherdragon Tianzhao wouldn't have been beaten so badly. If he hadn't sacrificed his own life in the end, he would have died like a dog. Rather than keeping life-saving trump cards in reserve, it would be better to use them to increase your own power. The Sacred Light Snow Lotus Pill is capable of upgrading both of our powers. So in my opinion, the two options can't be compared."

"You should take your time to consider. After all, I am only capable of offering you a limited amount of help," advised the Earth Cauldron.

It was worried about Long Chen encountering danger in the future and unable to deal with it without the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest. As one of the ten great primal chaos divine items, the Earth Cauldron had its own pride. It wouldn't deceive Long Chen for its own gain.

"I've thought it through. The Ten Thousand Dragon Nest's runes are all used in the nether dragon race's cultivation arts. As my brothers train in the Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art, they have the true dragon race's divine abilities and would look down on absorbing this filthy essence blood. As for myself, as the heir to the true dragon race, I have inherited the dragon race's pride as well. I'm not going to use something from traitors for anything except fertilizer," replied Long Chen.

Although Long Chen knew that the Ten Thousand Dragon Nest was a terrifying existence, he didn't want it. He could extract the Saint essence blood inside it and let the Dragonblood warriors absorb it, allowing their realms to rise to a shocking level.

However, the Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art came from the true dragon race, so how could he use the blood of traitors to increase his brothers' power? It wouldn't be any different from a betrayal.

The Earth Cauldron expressed satisfaction with Long Chen's decision. "Then I'm at ease. I don't want to influence your judgment of the pros and cons in this case."

Long Chen spoke with gratitude, "Senior, our encounter was destiny. You've helped me several times, and I am extremely grateful to you already. Even if I die because of this decision, I will not hold the slightest resentment toward you."

The Earth Cauldron suddenly fell silent. As Long Chen didn't get any more responses, his mind left the primal chaos space.

Inside the primal chaos space, the Earth Cauldron's runes suddenly flowed around it, and the golden lotus seed in the sky also unleashed a blaze of light. The two seemed to be communicating.

Finally, the Earth Cauldron sighed. "What is right? What is wrong? Even after countless years, I still don't know. Fine, I'll wait for the Heaven Cauldron to return first. After all, I am too foolish, and the Heaven Cauldron has the best ideas."

After that, the Earth Cauldron also left the primal chaos space, returning to Long Chen's spiritual space to rest.

"Boss, don't be in a rush! These corpses are too valuable! We have to slowly process them before giving them to you!" Seeing Long Chen walk over, Guo Ran hastily cried out.

There were too many corpses here, and their crystal cores and Neidans were priceless treasures. As some corpses needed Xia Chen and Guo Ran to personally go through them, they were progressing rather slowly with cleaning up the battlefield.

It took three whole days before they finished. Fortunately, the palace master had brought the sleeping Little Crane back to the academy.

This time, in order to help Ye Ling resist the power of the Heavenly Daos and regain her power as a Saint, Little Crane had exhausted herself, which hurt Long Chen and the others. It could be said that without Little Crane, they wouldn't have managed to win this time.

Three days later, they finally finished tidying up the battlefield, and the Dragonblood warriors left in high spirits, leaving behind only a devastated Heavenly Fiend Prefecture.

Chapter 4464: Your Chance Has Come

The news of the battle in Heavenly Fiend Prefecture shook the nine heavens and ten lands. The battle between the Sage King and the first awakened Doyen was called the greatest battle of heavenly geniuses in the present era.

Long Chen's name also quickly spread throughout every corner of the nine heavens and ten lands due to this.

However, many people had not personally witnessed the fight and could only learn of it from someone else. As a result, they felt the rumor was exaggerated and didn't truly believe that Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao were that powerful. After all, rumors were called rumors because there was a great deal of exaggeration.

There was no way around it. Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao's battle contained the secrets of the Heavenly Daos, so it could only be watched and not recorded. To make the rumors worse, many people had only watched through formations and were unable to truly sense their terrifying pressures.

From the way the heaven and earth collapsed and the ten thousand Daos were torn apart, they could only imagine it. After that, they started to add their own details, narrating the story as if they had been right in the middle of it.

For them, being able to witness such a terrifying battle was the peak of their life. In any case, since a lot of people hadn't seen it, any details that they added would have no way of being verified.

One spoke to ten, and ten spoke to a hundred. Each storyteller then infused their own embellishments, transforming Long Chen into a three-headed, six-armed monstrosity in people's imagination.

In the end, there were thousands of versions of the story, but Long Chen's victory over Netherdragon Tianzhao remained constant. That detail never changed.

The human race's Sage King had defeated this era's first Heavenly Doyen. It was an undeniable fact that made countless budding Doyens feel a sense of disappointment.

Their goal was to become an awakened Doyen, and they felt that if they could do so, they would be unrivaled. However, the first awakened Doyen was still defeated by Long Chen, which caused quite a blow to their confidence.

"Hmph, Netherdragon Tianzhao bragged so much, but he's worse than dogshit. When I become a Doyen, I will take Long Chen's head and show the world that this Sage King is still an ant in front of a Doyen."

Some people spat out some big words, however, they didn't dare to appear in public.

No one knew if they went into seclusion to awaken as Doyens, or if they were afraid of Long Chen suddenly strolling by and beating them.

Most of the spectators of Long Chen and Netherdragon Tianzhao's battle were from the Darklight Heaven, and the experts of other heavens were unaware of it. Thus, when this news spread, it shook the various worlds.

When they heard that someone from the Darklight Heaven had awakened as a Doyen, they were shocked—such a swift awakening. However, hot on the trail of that information was that this awakened Doyen had been bested.

Reactions varied among the experts—some were astonished, some were reverent, and some were too stubborn to accept it. Whether it was the human race or the other races, they all had doubts about the veracity of this battle.

Yet, despite the skepticism, all the heavenly geniuses of the world were now working hard to awaken as Doyens and were too busy to investigate the truth of this matter. Nevertheless, this battle did push Long Chen into the heart of the storm.

Everyone knew that the Darklight Heaven had produced the first awakened Doyen, only for Long Chen to swiftly topple him from the pinnacle.

Now, the only one standing at the peak was Long Chen. Since that mountain peak couldn't hide two tigers, Long Chen became the sole target of countless experts. Just like that, the stage was set for a looming and inevitable bloody battlefield.

However, Long Chen remained indifferent to the attention and the brewing conflicts. He wasn't even thinking about how the recent battle would affect the future, as he had completely changed his attitude toward cultivation. Contemplating the long view was too exhausting for Long Chen.

Long Chen brought the Dragonblood Legion back to the High Firmament Academy. The academy's atmosphere remained serene, seemingly untouched by the recent events.

However, the tranquility swiftly gave way to explosive reactions the next day. Only now did the disciples realize that while they were in seclusion, Long Chen had defeated the world's first awakened Doyen.

The news traveled slowly here because the academy was essentially on lockdown. After all, they had to do so as they were targeted by many powerful factions inside the various worlds.

A few days prior, when the Dragonblood Legion ventured out, numerous disciples engaged in quiet conversations, speculating about the purpose of their mission. Then, the shocking news that followed made it clear—the Dragonblood Legion had done something amazing and then silently came back. They were too low-key.

The High Firmament Academy's higher-ups didn't mention a word about this matter, and even the disciples who had been present during the delivery of the challenge letter had been ordered to keep that matter secret.

As word spread that Long Chen not only vanquished Netherdragon Tianzhao but also seized the nether dragon race's Ten Thousand Dragon Nest, slaughtering numerous Eternal experts and budding Doyens, the academy's disciples erupted in excitement.

Ever since the other worlds opened and countless other races started targeting them, the disciples had endured a sense of oppression and humiliation. They were even instructed to remain within the academy and cower. Thankfully, Long Chen's vicious counterattack let them vent all those negative emotions.

When some disciples checked the outside world, they found that some of the lifeforms that had been constantly shouting from outside had already vanished, perhaps scared away.

The academy's disciples felt almost god-like now, and their worship and reverence for Long Chen could no longer be described with words.

The sound of a brush sweeping rang out. The ground was already clean, yet when this broom swept over it, it still brought out some dust.

The broom was firmly held by the knobbly hands of an elder in weathered robes. Despite the apparent wear, the robes remained pristine, untouched by a single speck of dust.

"Sweeping elder, when are you going to let me go all out? Cleaning up after others doesn't suit me. I'm going to explode at this rate." The palace master stood beside the sweeping elder, frustration etched on his face.

Now, the palace master no longer appeared like a mighty expert and was like a complaining child instead.

The elder continued sweeping. "You still haven't restrained yourself enough. Keep going!"

"But-!" The palace master shook his head. "Sweeping elder, at this rate, my body is going to rust."

Finally, the sweeping elder stopped his movements, and his turbid eyes stared at the palace master. The palace master instantly stood at attention, waiting for his teachings.

"Your chance has come." The sweeping elder smiled slightly.

The palace master was baffled to hear this. However, he also quickly sensed someone walking over.

Chapter 4465: The Sweeping Elder's Reminder

"Palace master, you're here too?"

Long Chen was surprised to see the palace master present as well.

"Cough, I was just passing by, so I wanted to greet the sweeping elder," said the palace master. He naturally couldn't say that he had come to complain like a child.

"Greetings, sweeping elder." Long Chen hastily bowed to this old man.

The palace master smiled and said, "I saw your battle with Netherdragon Tianzhao. It was truly marvelous."

"You overpraise me," replied Long Chen humbly.

With Long Chen's arrival, the sweeping elder put his broom on the stairs and sat down beside it.

"It's a good thing that you came. I have something to tell you."

"This little one is listening." Long Chen hastily sat down on the ground, and the palace master followed. Even someone like the palace master had to act like a disciple in front of the sweeping elder.

"This matter relates to the Nether Emperor. You must be careful," warned the sweeping elder.

“Isn’t the Nether Emperor still in the process of nirvanic rebirth? Long Chen still hasn’t reached the point of drawing his attention, right?” asked the palace master. He knew more about the Nether Emperor than Long Chen.

“With Long Chen’s cultivation base and power, it still isn’t enough to draw the Nether Emperor’s attention. However, Long Chen has become entangled with the Nether Emperor’s karma. Firstly, one of his women is the Nether Emperor’s daughter, and Long Chen forcibly removed the Nether Emperor’s seal on her. Secondly, Netherdragon Tianzhao, a son of the Nether Emperor, was almost slain by Long Chen. He had no choice but to sacrifice himself,” explained the sweeping elder slowly.

“But it doesn’t seem like these two bits of karma are enough to draw the Nether Emperor’s attention in the midst of nirvanic rebirth,” said the palace master.

“His karma is not limited to just these two. Long Chen, in the Netherworld, did you form a relationship with a certain person?” asked the sweeping elder.

Long Chen was startled. His first thoughts went to Leng Yueyan and Ming Cangyue. However, another figure entered his mind.

“You mean Big Brother Wu Tian?” Long Chen’s heart trembled at the possibility.

“Has he told you about his past?” asked the sweeping elder.

“All I know is that he is a Three-Headed Heaven Devouring Beast, the emperor race of the Nether... Wait, the Nether race’s emperor, the Nether Emperor...” Long Chen’s expression suddenly changed. If his Big Brother Wu Tian was the Nether Emperor’s descendant, wouldn’t the two of them be destined to fight?

Thinking of how Wu Tian sincerely viewed and treated him as a brother, Long Chen panicked.

Seeing the change in his expression, the sweeping elder shook his head. “You don’t need to worry. While the Three-Headed Heaven Devouring Beast is indeed an emperor race of the Netherworld, it’s not the sole one. The Netherworld has multiple emperor races. The Nether Emperor, currently undergoing nirvanic rebirth, is the mortal enemy of the Three-Headed Heaven Devouring Beast. Moreover, the Three-Headed Heaven Devouring Beast’s loss of its emperor status is a result of the Nether Emperor colluding with the Underworld race and orchestrating their fall. To put it plainly, their position was usurped through deceit. If you and Wu Tian share a close connection, it naturally triggers karmic ties, making it more likely to attract the Nether Emperor’s attention.”

Hearing that Wu Tian was the sworn foe of the Nether Emperor, Long Chen sighed with relief. Wu Tian was truly like a big brother to Long Chen. Despite their relatively short acquaintance, their bond was exceptionally strong, so if Long Chen had to cross blades with Wu Tian, his heart would break.

“Luckily, the Nether Emperor is still in the midst of nirvanic rebirth,” remarked the palace master. “It would require an exorbitant price for him to issue an edict. Do you think he’d find it worthwhile?”

“You should recall who the Nether Emperor faced back then that he had to enter nirvana,” replied the sweeping elder.

The palace master’s jaw dropped, and he stared in shock at Long Chen, suddenly thinking of something.

The sweeping elder continued, "Long Chen, you don't need to worry about the Nether Emperor personally attacking you. But you do need to worry about Netherdragon Tianzhao."

"Him?"

"Yes. He will very likely be possessed by the will of the Nether Emperor and return as a true son of the Nether Emperor. You must be mentally prepared. You cannot look down on him when the time comes," warned the sweeping elder.

Long Chen smiled. "As long as the Nether Emperor doesn't personally descend, I'm not afraid of his underlings. Next time I run into that idiot, I'll wring off his neck and show him the price of betraying the dragon race."

Long Chen felt newfound confidence after he knew that Wu Tian was not on the same side as the Nether Emperor. As for the potential challenges ahead, he harbored no fear of them.

Who cared about the Nether Emperor's power? Long Chen had the golden lotus seed that Aunt Gong had given him, and it was capable of resisting that power. When the time came, they would fight fairly. In that scenario, Long Chen didn't fear anyone.

"Hahaha, good, I like that attitude!" Seeing that Long Chen was still so confident as to say that he would kill Netherdragon Tianzhao and clean up the trash of the dragon race, the palace master was particularly pleased. He patted Long Chen's shoulder hard as a sign of encouragement.

The sweeping elder continued, "Other than that, I must tell you something. Netherdragon Tianzhao is not the first awakened Heavenly Doyen."

"I understand." Long Chen nodded.

The sweeping elder was slightly surprised. "You knew?"

Long Chen smiled. "It's a guess. But I feel like it's very likely."

"That is a bit unexpected," said the sweeping elder with a faint smile.

"It's simple. My wives still haven't come out of seclusion, and one of them in particular likes to cause trouble. If even she hasn't appeared after all of this, there's no way Netherdragon Tianzhao is the first awakened Doyen. The nether dragon race only announced such a thing because they lacked confidence in their own power, wanting to rope in more budding Doyens to strengthen the nether dragon race. However, the truly prideful races would disdain roping in outsiders. By making such a huge fuss, the nether dragon race was attempting to cover up their weakness—that they were lacking budding Doyens. If the nether dragon race had a lot of budding Doyens, they definitely wouldn't have announced that Netherdragon Tianzhao was the first awakened Doyen. Instead, they would have used his power to create more awakened Doyens inside their race."

The sweeping elder nodded and praised Long Chen. "Not bad. It's quite rare to see such a sharp vision from a youngster."

Long Chen said, "In truth, Netherdragon Tianzhao isn't anything special. Right now, the truly powerful existences have yet to reveal themselves. It's the half-empty bottles that make the most noise. In my battle with Netherdragon Tianzhao, none of my other friends showed up. Clearly, they are in important

junctures in their own cultivation. If only one or two didn't show up, that would be one thing. But the absence of all of them indicates that numerous genuine heavenly geniuses are currently in seclusion."

"The human race's calculations really are frightening. I didn't give much thought to the issue," remarked the palace master, shrugging. "That's right, Long Chen, what did you come to see the sweeping elder for?"

While the palace master's cultivation base was impressive, his intellectual prowess wasn't quite there. What if Long Chen had some secrets to tell the sweeping elder? Wouldn't his question make things awkward then?

Nevertheless, Long Chen replied, "Since the dean isn't present, I decided that I should tell the sweeping elder that I want to seize the Esoteric Spirit World."

Chapter 4466: Move Out, Esoteric Spirit World

"If you want to, then go!"

The sweeping elder simply smiled as if he had long since expected this.

With an awkward tone, Long Chen said, "However, with just the Dragonblood Legion's power, doing such a big thing feels a bit reckless. I need the academy's support as well."

"That's easy. I'll help you!" The palace master promptly offered his assistance, patting his chest before the sweeping elder could respond.

The sweeping elder then looked at the palace master, but the latter didn't dare to meet his gaze. The palace master had intentionally said this first so that the sweeping elder wouldn't be in a good spot to refuse.

The sweeping elder slowly rose and grabbed his broom once more. The two children hastily stood up as well.

As the sound of his sweeping resumed, the sweeping elder said, "There's always more dust to be swept up. As soon as you're done sweeping, more dust appears. Sigh, there's nothing that can be done."

The palace master was lost. The sweeping elder's words sounded as though he were talking to himself. Uncertain whether the sweeping elder was displeased with him or expressing agreement, the palace master just stood there in confusion.

"Many thanks!"

On the other hand, Long Chen was delighted. After bowing to him together with the palace master, they left.

When they were on the way, the palace master couldn't help asking, "What did the sweeping elder mean by that?"

Long Chen smiled. "He meant there's always trash to clean up in this world. As soon as you're done cleaning up one batch, another batch is there waiting for you."

“Then doesn’t that mean cleaning it is meaningless? Is the sweeping elder saying that he doesn’t agree with your decision this time? Does he not want us to waste the effort?” asked the palace master in confusion.

“No, no. Palace master, you are thinking in the wrong direction. If endless dust keeps coming, why does the sweeping elder spend all day cleaning the academy?” asked Long Chen.

“Well...” The palace master fell silent, not knowing how to reply.

“There’s endless dust, and there’s no stopping it. However, this world still needs someone to sweep up the dust. While it looks like they’re working for nothing, as long as they’re here, this world will be relatively clean. The sweeping elder’s broom purifies the academy, as well as people’s hearts and souls. I don’t have such a profound realm, so all I can do is eliminate the trash through brute force. By sweeping the ground, the sweeping elder is subtly telling us what we should do,” explained Long Chen.

“What? If it was such a simple answer, why did he have to make it so complicated?” The palace master found himself at a loss for words. This, he thought, was the distinction between the human race and the dragon race—or perhaps, more broadly, between the human race and all other races. Some humans spoke in such a roundabout way that it left people scratching their heads, irritating others.

Given the palace master’s status, anyone who spoke to him typically got straight to the point, and anyone who didn’t would get a beating. But of course he couldn’t do such a thing to the sweeping elder.

“His words are profoundly aligned with the Heavenly Daos, encompassing many levels. They are enough to cultivate to the pinnacle of the Dao and measure the ten thousand laws of the world. If we were to try to comprehend them, we could come up with countless meanings. However, I’m too foolish to understand more than the most basic meaning. Hehe, but in any case, he’s agreed to our new mission,” explained Long Chen.

“Your human race makes things too complicated. My dragon race has a simpler approach. Power is the ultimate arbiter, not words,” the palace master remarked, shaking his head.

“I approve of that too.” Long Chen nodded.

Compared to the dragon race’s cultivation method, the human race’s techniques were incredibly complicated and obtuse. Worst of all, the more profound the principle, the less clearly it could be explained.

The dragon race operated differently. Their divine abilities were handed down through generations, and the younger generation just had to briefly study them.

In contrast, the human race did possess bloodline inheritances, but magical arts couldn’t be transmitted through the bloodline alone. They had to be studied and comprehended on your own.

There was a difference between bloodline inheritance and comprehending things on your own. If your comprehension was lacking, you would be unable to inherit your ancestors’ magical arts. In other words, if the humans were too lazy, they would be doomed. Thus, the human race’s inheritances were many times more complicated than other races, but that also had its advantages. This meant that these magical arts could be passed down through secret tomes.

Furthermore, these magical arts did not have stringent bloodline requirements. Some of them could be used regardless of bloodline.

Even some magical arts that were already extinct could be revived as long as they were recorded, giving future generations the chance to unlock them. This was something that other bloodline inheritances could not replicate.

To sum it up, every single race had to have its own advantages to be able to survive to this point. Otherwise, they would have long since been washed away by the river of time.

The dragon race possessed its own set of advantages, while the human race had its distinct strengths. It was challenging to determine which was superior or inferior; each had its merits.

“Are you ready?”

The palace master and Long Chen arrived at the Dragonblood Legion’s residence. At this moment, the five thousand-plus Dragonblood warriors had already gathered, as had millions of the Earth Spirit race’s army under Ye Ling’s command.

What shocked the palace master was Ye Xue. She was standing beside Ye Ling, and Heavenly Dao runes were flowing around her as if prostrating toward her. She had clearly become an awakened Doyen.

“No wonder you’re in such a rush to attack the Esoteric Spirit World. So you already have a true Doyen,” said the palace master.

Ye Ling said, “In truth, it’s a bit hasty for us to attack now. But Dean Long Chen said that the faster the better.”

Long Chen nodded. “Helping the Earth Spirit race reclaim the Esoteric Spirit World is crucial. Furthermore, I trust that those fellows in the Esoteric Spirit World are aware of our intentions and are starting to prepare. If we are too slow, they might be fully prepared by the time we are ready. Hence, striking while the iron is hot is better. Before the impact of killing Netherdragon Tianzhao is gone, we will strike the Esoteric Spirit World. However, according to race leader Ye Ling, the Esoteric Spirit World has two Saints on their side and even managed to enlist a Saint from another world to force the Earth Spirit race out. To reclaim the Esoteric Spirit World, we will be facing at least three Saints. So I’ve come to ask the palace master’s help.”

Three Saints? I can finally exercise a bit. The palace master’s eyes lit up, and he rejoiced inside. On the outside though, he simply declared, “Leave those Saints to me.”

Hearing that, the Earth Spirit race was delighted. With the palace master’s aid, everything would be easier. Soon, they would make their enemies pay back the blood debt they owed.

“Move out!”

Long Chen gave the order, and an army of millions charged out of the High Firmament Academy, heading straight for the Esoteric Spirit World.

This time, he had no intention of moving secretly. He brazenly swaggered right up to the Esoteric Spirit World, startling countless experts on the way who then quickly spread the word.

“We’ve arrived!”

When they reached the gates to the Esoteric Spirit World, the expressions of the Earth Spirit race’s experts changed. That was because these gates had been sealed shut by a barrier.

Chapter 4467: Saint Sneak Attack

“They knew that we would come back, so they sealed off the Esoteric Spirit World in advance. This barrier uses the Esoteric Spirit World’s power. We have to break it from the inside. Otherwise, even the combined might of four Saints would prove ineffective against it if attempted from the outside,” said Ye Ling.

All the expressions of the Earth Spirit race’s experts changed. Breaking this barrier from the outside would be like facing the laws of the entire Esoteric Spirit World.

“Xia Chen, what do you think?” asked Long Chen.

Xia Chen was already examining the formation closely. After a while, he smiled. “The structure of this barrier is simple and crude. It’s a minor matter for me to dismantle it.”

After saying that, Xia Chen started to take out formation discs. With Guo Ran’s help, thousands of formation discs were quickly set up around the barrier in a set pattern. Despite looking random, there was a vague meaning behind their positions that felt just out of reach.

After two hours, the runes on the formation discs started to light up and pulse according to their own rhythm.

It was like there was a tide scrubbing against the barrier, and the barrier started to flow with it as well. At first, their rhythms were off, but after a while, they gradually merged into one.

As the barrier rumbled and shuddered, it started to twist.

“The human race’s formation arts really are amazing. To use external objects and forces to control a power millions of times greater than yourself, in this aspect, the human race is unmatched.” The palace master let out a deep sigh. Although he didn’t know formation arts, he could tell that Xia Chen had used these formation discs to imitate the laws of the Darklight Heaven and dismantle the barrier.

Xia Chen’s power wasn’t strong. However, with his formations, he was able to shake a barrier that even Saints could do nothing to. Witnessing this, the palace master had no choice but to sigh in amazement at the human race’s ingenuity.

The Earth Spirit race’s experts felt a renewed sense of vigor. They had seen Xia Chen in action before—his commanding wave of hands filled the air with talismans, effectively beating back budding Doyens. Now, as he demonstrated the ability to dismantle such a terrifying barrier, their admiration for the Dragonblood Legion deepened.

Suddenly, Xia Chen waved his hand, and all the formation discs were drawn back toward him, leaving everyone baffled. The barrier still wasn’t broken, no?

There was still the tide pattern on top of the barrier. It was quivering, but it showed no signs of breaking.

“Boss, what do you think?” asked Xia Chen.

“Leave the formation intact and just create an opening for us. We’ll catch them like turtles in a jar,” said Long Chen.

“Alright!” Xia Chen took out a dozen new formation discs and embedded them in the fluctuating barrier.

Originally, Xia Chen had been planning on directly shattering the barrier. That would be simpler. However, if they did that and wanted to slaughter all their enemies, they would have to spend a great deal of effort guarding the exit.

Now, since Long Chen wanted to preserve the barrier to prevent that from happening, Xia Chen needed to use more meticulous formation arts to make a hole in the barrier without breaking it. He also needed to change his method of dealing with the barrier.

To put it frankly, this barrier had been put up by the people inside. It resembled a chained door, and Xia Chen’s goal extended beyond merely opening it. He wanted to change their chain so that their key could no longer open it.

Two hours later, a vortex appeared on the barrier—the entrance to the Esoteric Spirit World. However, it was a one-way entrance. Once you were in, there was no getting out.

“I’ll go first.”

Without hesitation, the palace master entered the vortex and vanished.

After the palace master entered, Long Chen didn’t move, causing Ye Ling to feel baffled. “Are we not going as well?”

“We’re going to wait a minute. The people inside knew that Xia Chen was opening the gate, so they likely laid a trap for us within. The palace master will disrupt their plans, providing us with a secure deployment zone. However, it’ll take some time,” explained Long Chen.

Just then, the barrier started to flicker and shudder intensely, and a terrifying pressure came from the other side of the barrier.

“As expected, there were Saints lying in wait!” Ye Ling’s expression changed as she recognized those auras. Two of them belonged to her mortal enemies, but surprisingly, aside from those two, two other Saint auras were unfamiliar to her.

In other words, when the palace master entered, he directly faced an attack from four Saints all at once. Ye Ling’s heart clenched.

“No need to worry. The palace master’s power surpasses all our imaginations,” assured Long Chen. Long Chen had absolute confidence in the palace master.

Although the palace master was only an Eternal expert, Long Chen trusted his power unconditionally. Certain individuals transcended the limitations of their realm, and the palace master was one such person. Long Chen, too, belonged to this exceptional category.

The barrier shuddered intensely before quickly becoming still again. Long Chen shouted, “Now!”

Summoning his divine ring and donning the Dragon King Battle Armor, Long Chen held a flame lotus in his hand and propelled himself through the vortex. Without sparing a glance, he thrust the flame lotus forward.

“Explode!”

Long Chen instantly detonated the flame lotus, unleashing a wave of raging fire.

Within that wave of fire, Long Chen saw countless figures and weapons succumbing to its wrath, accompanied by the furious roars of countless lifeforms.

Just as Long Chen predicted, while the palace master had charged in, countless experts lingered near the entrance to ambush them. However, Long Chen struck first. Regardless of whether there were indeed individuals guarding the entrance, he opted for an offensive approach.

As a result, his sudden attack caught these experts off guard. Still in the midst of launching their assault on Long Chen, they were abruptly interrupted and sent flying by the force of the flame lotus.

Many miles away, Long Chen sensed terrifying auras that shook his heart. These were not Saint auras; instead, they emanated from seven awakened Doyens who bore the brunt of his fire wave, along with over ten thousand budding Doyens.

“Die!”

A furious roar rang out, and sharp qi pierced through the heavens, heading straight for Long Chen.

BOOM!

Long Chen also roared and unleashed a punch covered in flowing stars, blowing the sharp qi apart. To his surprise, this attack was actually a wooden thorn.

“A wood element cultivator?”

Just as Long Chen shattered that wood-element Doyen’s attack, vines silently snaked around his legs. With Long Chen’s attention on the wooden thorn, the vines succeeded in wrapping around him.

“Not good!”

Long Chen was startled, and before he could react, the vines constricted around him. Long Chen instinctively tried to break them, only to find that they were incomparably tough. Now rendered powerless and immobile, he couldn’t unleash any of his strength.

At this moment, a warhammer smashed through the air at him. Another terrifying Doyen appeared, and their cooperation was seamless.

Just as that warhammer was about to land, a ray of Sword Qi severed the vines wrapped around Long Chen's feet, delighting him. Yue Zifeng had come. Regaining his freedom, Long Chen took out a bronze cauldron and smashed the warhammer with it.

Chapter 4468: Corrupt Blood Tree Demon

Long Chen's previous attack had come out of nowhere. However, to his surprise, the enemies had their countermeasures in place, and they executed their trap flawlessly.

Fortunately, Yue Zifeng arrived just in time to help Long Chen out of his predicament. Otherwise, Long Chen would have struggled under the binding vines.

As soon as Long Chen escaped the vines, he smashed the warhammer with the Earth Cauldron. Direct exchanges like this were what he feared the least.

BOOM!

The warhammer instantly disintegrated. This terrifying Saint weapon was nothing in front of the Earth Cauldron.

After the impact, a large lifeform spat out a mouthful of blood as he was pierced through by the fragments of his warhammer.

A golden saber slashed down right at this moment, directly beheading that large lifeform.

"Guo Ran is here! Who dares to fight me?!" shouted Guo Ran. As soon as he arrived, he directly dealt the killing blow to that Doyen, taking advantage of the Doyen's severe wounds.

Upon the Doyen's demise, blood rain once again descended from the heavens. It seemed that the heavens were weeping.

Just then, Gu Yang, Li Qi, Song Mingyuan, Xia Chen, Bai Xiaole, Bai Shishi, Yu Qingxuan, Ye Ling, Ye Xue, and the rest of the Dragonblood Legion also charged in.

Seeing those Doyens, Gu Yang and the others' eyes reddened. Now, they finally had a chance to fight a group of Doyens. They definitely wouldn't let this opportunity go to waste.

As for Guo Ran, after killing the first Doyen, he chose to be generous and refrained from contending with others for the spoils. Instead, he took the lead, directing the Dragonblood warriors against the opposing army.

With one Doyen down, six remained. In an instant, Gu Yang, Li Qi, Song Mingyuan, Yue Zifeng, Xia Chen, Bai Shishi, Bai Xiaole, and Yu Qingxuan surrounded them.

This was the case of "there are many wolves but not enough meat". Other than Yu Qingxuan who decided to take responsibility for providing support, the others engaged in an intense clash.

After all, these six were Heavenly Doyens, the strongest heavenly geniuses of the world. To be able to beat them was a great achievement.

Yue Zifeng confronted his opponent solo—a lifeform entwined in vines. The resilient vines proved no match for Yue Zifeng's Sword Qi, easily severed with relentless precision. There was no stopping him, so that lifeform had to repeatedly retreat.

Golden light blazed out of Bai Shishi. In her manifestation, the goddess statue unleashed a concentrated divine light onto her golden sword. Each swing of her sword sent shockwaves through the world, resonating with formidable power.

Bai Shishi was extremely powerful and ferocious, unleashing a barrage of vicious moves that allowed her to contend evenly with a Doyen on her own.

Adjacent to her on the battlefield, Bai Xiaole and the Violet Pupil Nine Tail Fox had merged, transforming into the true form of the Violet Pupil Nine Tail Fox. As its sharp claws raked through the air, it also fought evenly with a Heavenly Doyen.

The Violet Pupil Nine Tail Fox finally showed the true face of a desolate beast, its horrifying killing intent sending shivers down the spines of those present.

Gu Yang was also fighting solo, while Li Qi and Song Mingyuan joined forces against one Doyen. When the two worked together, their earthen giants unleashed unprecedented power, pressing back their opponent so hard that they could only defend.

Xia Chen swiftly wove intricate hand seals, launching a barrage of talismans against the Heavenly Doyen. On this battlefield, Xia Chen's battle was the most captivating one.

The detonation of each talisman resembled a burst of fireworks, each manifesting tens of thousands of distinct divine abilities. The infuriated Doyen found himself repeatedly pushed back, unable to break free from the encirclement of Xia Chen's talismans despite several attempts.

Seeing that the Dragonblood Legion could handle things here, Long Chen stopped fighting. The Earth Spirit race's elites also dove in, and with the Dragonblood Legion as the vanguard, they swept through the battlefield.

As Ye Xue glowed, divine light fell upon the Earth Spirit race's experts. With that sacred light supporting them, it was like they had endless power.

Long Chen knew that Ye Xue's ability was not for attacking but for supporting. She could bestow the power of the Heavenly Daos to all of her people, greatly increasing their battle prowess.

The battlefield descended into utter chaos, teeming with innumerable experts and unfamiliar lifeforms unseen by the Dragonblood Legion before. To make things worse, tree demons emerged sporadically from the ground, attempting sneak attacks on Long Chen's side.

However, with the Dragonblood Legion's experience in countless battles, this kind of little trick was nothing. They waged a relentless slaughter, turning the battleground into a landscape where rivers of blood flowed freely.

Hovering in the air, Long Chen overlooked the battle. Although their enemies outnumbered them and there were too many Eternal expert enemies to count, Long Chen saw that everything was under control. Victory was merely a matter of time.

At first, he was a bit worried that these Doyens would be too much for them. However, he quickly found that these Doyens were actually weaker than Netherdragon Tianzhao.

Long Chen didn't know why there would be such a difference between Doyens. But whether it was their manifestations, auras, or power, they were clearly a whole level weaker than Netherdragon Tianzhao.

Long Chen wasn't the only one who noticed it. The ones fighting them also saw this difference and quickened their pace of attacks. If they couldn't even beat people like this, how could they have the face to follow Long Chen?

"Long Chen, let's go support the palace master!"

Ye Ling also joined the battle at the start. Due to just returning to the Esoteric Spirit World, her power was still rising from the Eternal realm to the Saint realm. Although she hadn't recovered to her peak, seeing that the fate of this battle was already determined, she wanted to help the palace master.

After all, the palace master was fighting one against many. If something happened to him, then this battle would ultimately end in their defeat.

"Alright."

Long Chen was also somewhat worried about the palace master. Originally, according to Ye Ling, there were only two other Saints in the Esoteric Spirit World. With the support of the Earth Spirit race's karmic luck, even one against two, she was able to fight them.

Later, they managed to invite a helper, and the three of them joined forces to break her defenses. After that, the Earth Spirit race was forced to flee.

According to reason, the Esoteric Spirit World should only house three Saints, but the discovery of two additional ones made Ye Ling uneasy. After recovering a bit, she set off with Long Chen.

As they traversed the terrain, they encountered widespread devastation, providing a clear trail to follow along with distant rumblings. They quickly saw some enormous figures in the distance.

When she saw who was fighting, Ye Ling was shocked and enraged.

"Corrupt Blood Tree Demon!"

Chapter 4469: Slapping a Saint in the Face

Two enormous trees hung in the air, exuding a malevolent aura that tainted the entire world.

However, these trees weren't tangible; they were manifestations behind two elders. Wielding emerald walking sticks, the two elders launched relentless attacks on the palace master.

Ye Ling's fury exploded when she saw those two elders. In fact, she was so enraged that she was shaking.

"They've actually colluded with the Corrupt Blood Tree Demon race, aiming to completely destroy the foundation of my Earth Spirit race! No wonder I couldn't sense the ancestral blessing upon my return!" Ye Ling gritted her teeth. It was Long Chen's first time seeing her so agitated.

The Corrupt Blood Tree Demon was universally despised by countless races and deemed inherently malevolent. They liked destroying things, especially sacred lands. They would first infect their purity and transform that holy energy into fertilizer for themselves.

Seeing them, Ye Ling had a bad feeling. The Earth Spirit race's ancestral land was very difficult to destroy, so temporarily losing that land hadn't been a major concern for her.

However, the Corrupt Blood Tree Demon race posed a different threat. If they destroyed the foundation of the Earth Spirit race, it would be a nightmare for Ye Ling.

Amidst the turmoil, three additional Saints joined the siege against the palace master. Summoning his barbarian dragon manifestation, the palace master unleashed dragon claws that tore through the heavens, rending the fabric of the world. With every devastating punch and kick, his dragon blood energy erupted. Even one against five, the palace master didn't appear to be at a disadvantage.

Finally, the palace master showed off his terrifying side. The barbarian dragon within his manifestation executed a relentless onslaught, its movements resembling a dance that conveyed a sense of limitless power as he battled against the five Saints.

The two enormous tree demons were constantly splashing black liquid onto the palace master's manifestation. After that, his manifestation would light up, driving away this black liquid. Long Chen could see that this liquid possessed a terrifying corrosive effect, causing black spots to emerge in the surroundings of the palace master's manifestation.

"Even a manifestation can be corrupted?" Long Chen was startled.

"That is the special divine ability of the Corrupt Blood Tree Demons. They're extremely hateful and can corrupt everything in the world, whether it has form or not," explained Ye Ling.

"Scram!"

Suddenly, the palace master roared, and with a single punch, he blew away the two old men. His fist then smashed toward one of those tree demons.

The palace master seethed with anger as these two were too hateful. They were constantly corroding his manifestation. Their incessant corrosion of his manifestation weakened its support, thereby diminishing his overall combat power.

They had just been fighting for a few minutes, but countless spots had appeared on the edges of the palace master's manifestation. His power was clearly weakening. At this moment, he could only use ninety percent of his maximum power.

He felt a twinge of regret. He should have swiftly eliminated these two troublesome fellows upon entering. If he had dealt with them promptly, he could have relied on his own abilities to dispatch the other Saints without concern.

One of the tree demon Saints formed hand seals, creating eighteen muddy water shields in front of him. As they were blasted apart, rotten branches and leaves flew out of that muddy water, along with an incomparably repulsive stench that could make a person vomit with a mere whiff.

In an instant, the entire sky was filled with the air of decay. Despite being sent flying by the palace master's punch, the tree demon remained unharmed after the impact had been softened by his shields.

"This barbarian dragon is only this strong. Today, I will corrode you into bones, and I'll be absorbing your flesh for myself, hahaha!" That tree demon laughed arrogantly.

"Long Chen, what do we do? Their power counters mine, and we only have one chance for a sneak attack," said Ye Ling frantically.

As a member of the Spirit race, her power relied on purity. Hence, if the Corrupt Blood Tree Demons corrupted her aura, her power would plummet as well.

Despite his inherent dark aura as a black barbarian dragon, even the palace master was not immune to their corruption. So, Ye Ling would be even more affected by them.

Moreover, she had just started recovering her Saint power and wasn't at her peak yet. If corrupted, her realm would instantly plummet from the Saint realm. Therefore, she genuinely only had one chance to launch a sneak attack.

Long Chen understood. These two Corrupt Blood Tree Demons were a pain in the butt. Without their special divine ability, even facing them in a one-against-five scenario, the palace master would be able to beat them black and blue.

"You don't need to join in. If I can't endure, remember to save me," said Long Chen.

"You...!"

Ye Ling was startled. She didn't know what Long Chen was planning on doing, but he suddenly charged toward one of those Corrupt Blood Tree Demons with his Kunpeng wings.

The instant he joined the battlefield, a terrifying pressure struck him, almost crushing him.

This was the power of Saints. Without being one as well, an individual wouldn't even have the power to stand against them. Hence, the moment Long Chen entered this region, it was like he had become a mortal again, the pressure almost shattering his bones.

It was at this point that Long Chen truly comprehended the formidable nature of a Saint. The disparity between him and a Saint was immense.

"Seven Star Battle Armor!"

Long Chen didn't bother concealing himself. If he didn't unleash his full power now, he wouldn't be able to reach the center of the battlefield. If that happened, his sneak-attack plan would instantly crumble.

"Where did this ant come from? Scram!"

Too focused on the palace master, the Corrupt Blood Tree Demons truly didn't take note of where Long Chen had come from. But the moment Long Chen summoned the Seven Star Battle Armor, he drew their attention.

A wooden spear shot toward Long Chen like a bolt of lightning, and violent killing intent instantly locked onto him.

Seeing this attack, Long Chen let out a shout and sent a seven-color sword to intercept it. Then the sword exploded upon contact with the wooden spear, unable to endure a single blow from it.

However, that was within Long Chen's expectations. The moment he stepped onto the battlefield, he already knew the difference between him and a Saint. He wasn't so arrogant as to believe that he could block the full-power attack of a Saint.

The wooden spear's path was deviated by the Seven Peak Sword, and it flew past Long Chen.

"Oh?" That Corrupt Blood Tree Demon was startled, not expecting Long Chen to deflect his attack.

Most importantly, his attack had locked onto Long Chen, but the timing and angle of Long Chen's counterattack were perfect. This caused the lock on him to temporarily lose its effect, and that split-second was just enough to make the attack miss.

Just as the Corrupt Blood Tree Demon was startled, Long Chen's Kunpeng wings flapped, and he shot toward the elder, sending a kick at the elder's face.

"Brat, you're asking for it!" The Corrupt Blood Tree Demon was incensed, revealing fingers like claws that were grabbing for Long Chen's foot.

However, to his surprise, Long Chen's attack turned out to be a feint, and the elder's hand closed on nothing but thin air. At that moment, a hand viciously slapped him across the face from an inconceivable angle.

Chapter 4470: Barbarian Dragon Slaughters Saints

POW!

With an explosive sound, Long Chen's palm solidly landed on the Corrupt Blood Tree Demon's face. At that moment, even the vigilant Ye Ling was stunned.

The instant Long Chen dodged the wooden spear, he used seven different movement arts, creating afterimages that filled the air. The dazzling display left her unable to tell where he really was.

However, what perplexed her was why Long Chen would go through all the effort to get close to this Saint, only to slap him in the face.

BOOM!

Following that, an even more inexplicable scene occurred. The moment Long Chen's palm struck the Corrupt Blood Tree Demon's face, black soil burst out and buried the tree demon Saint.

"AH!"

All of a sudden, a miserable shriek came from that Corrupt Blood Tree Demon. When the black soil landed on him, it resembled boiling water being thrown on snow. Giant holes instantly corroded through him.

The Corrupt Blood Tree Demon roared. With an explosive sound, that black soil flew off, and a figure shot backward like a shooting star.

The black soil had been thrown off, but the Saint's entire face had sunk in, leaving only half his head intact. His appearance now resembled that of a sinister ghoul.

As he flung off the black soil, the black soil filled the air, blocking everyone's vision. The other Corrupt Blood Tree Demon was stunned by the state of his comrade.

"What are you looking at?"

Just then, the other Corrupt Blood Tree Demon felt a gust of wind behind his head. A hand then struck him in the back of his head.

More black soil poured out, drowning him as well.

Long Chen had known from the start that if he pulled off his first attack, the first thing the tree demon would do was fling off this black soil.

Thus, he had made a fake that was blasted away along with the black soil to make them think that he was no longer present amongst them. Just as their attention was drawn to the state of that Corrupt Blood Tree Demon, Long Chen used their obstructed vision to slip behind his next target.

"DIE!"

That Corrupt Blood Tree Demon roared and instantly swung his staff behind him.

The wooden staff exploded upon contact with a bronze cauldron, and the tree demon's arm was broken due to the impact.

His counterattack was also within Long Chen's expectations. He had long since been holding the Earth Cauldron in wait.

However, what Long Chen hadn't expected was for the attack of a Saint to be so terrifying. Although the Earth Cauldron managed to block ninety percent of the attack's power, the shockwaves still struck him, causing him to cough up blood. It felt like his insides were shifting, and he was sent flying.

"Die!"

Seeing the opportunity, the palace master punched the Corrupt Blood Tree Demon. Having just lost an arm, the latter was weakened and could do nothing but let the palace master's fist blast his head apart.

This turn of events was too shocking. The other Saints had never imagined that a little World King could break the balance of the battlefield.

When the Corrupt Blood Tree Demon's head exploded, a ray of light shot out of him. That was his soul and his Yuan Spirit.

Even if a Saint's body was destroyed, as long as their soul was not extinguished, their power could still not be underestimated. His then Yuan Spirit moved toward his manifestation so that they could merge. If that were to happen, he could keep fighting.

However, his Yuan Spirit had just moved when an enormous mouth appeared and devoured him.

"No!" His Yuan Spirit cried out, but it was too late.

The palace master had transformed into a black barbarian dragon, instantly devouring his Yuan Spirit. After that, his aura instantly grew.

“Die!” The palace master’s dragon claw slashed through the air again, locking the space around the other Corrupt Blood Tree Demon. To the surprise of the other Saints, when the palace master consumed the Yuan Spirit, his aura grew explosively, going from the Eternal realm all the way to the half-step Saint realm.

The other Corrupt Blood Tree Demon had his head torn apart by the dragon claws. The palace master opened his mouth, and before his Yuan Spirit could even emerge, he directly bit off his head, devouring the Yuan Spirit.

Explosive rumbling came from the palace master after consuming both those Yuan Spirits. Black qi swirled around him. Black qi swirled around him, and his aura grew increasingly terrifying. It appeared as if he were undergoing some kind of transformation.

Seeing this scene, the other three Saints were terrified. The palace master was on the verge of a breakthrough and was now unrivaled. They could no longer defeat him.

“Run!”

One of those Saints turned to flee, but just as he moved, a sharp claw collapsed on him.

BOOM!

His head exploded, his Yuan Spirit was absorbed by an irresistible force, and his body was tossed aside.

The other two Saints also fled in different directions, and the palace master’s huge dragon form suddenly vanished.

“No!”

“Please- ah!”

Two screams rang out, and two auras disappeared. While holding the Earth Cauldron, Long Chen was completely stunned.

The palace master was actually capable of devouring other people’s Yuan Spirits to increase his realm? What kind of heaven-defying ability was that?

“Long Chen, I’m about to break through, so I must return to the academy immediately. I owe you a favor for this!” shouted the palace master.

Following that, there was an immense explosion near the entrance to the Esoteric Spirit World. Long Chen and Ye Ling hastily rushed back to see that the exit had been torn through, and the palace master was gone.

Ye Ling was stunned. The barrier surrounding the exit was made by the Esoteric Spirit World’s power, something that even over ten Saints working together might struggle to destroy. Yet, the palace master had instantly torn through it. Just how powerful was the palace master?

The five Saints had been killed, and of the seven Doyens, five had died. Numerous budding Doyens had also met their end here. The Esoteric Spirit World's experts instantly crumbled, rushing desperately toward the open exit.

Anticipating their attempt to escape, Guo Ran had laid a trap for them. Like moths drawn to a flame, they found themselves ensnared in the trap, with no one making it through.

Recognizing the futility of their escape, they started to kneel and beg for mercy. Seeing them pitifully begging for mercy, the Earth Spirit race's experts cursed them, "I don't recall you giving our Earth Spirit race a chance to beg for mercy! A blood debt must be paid in blood! You can all die!"

The Earth Spirit race's experts that had come were their elites, and they had personally witnessed their comrades die beside them. The haunting expressions of their fallen allies would forever be etched in their memories.

All they harbored for these people was hatred; there was no room for pity. Mercilessly, their butcher blades slammed down to settle the blood debt.

The battle continued, but Long Chen wasn't interested in it, so he started to go through the battlefield.

"Hehe, the body of a Saint must be something good!"

Long Chen's heart heated up when he saw some treasures.