

I, Thanks To My Unlimited Investment, Am Admired By All Races

Chapter 309: Is My Cousin Still Alive?

At the same time, millions of li away.

A palace-shaped flying Dao Weapon cruised through space.

Onboard sat two figures, one older and one younger, both sitting upright with solemn expressions.

“My son, you seem to be troubled?”

A black-clad man opened his eyes and looked to the side. His strength was unfathomable; the powerful aura he emitted was suffocating. His jet-black hair fell like cascading waterfalls, and his eyes were unfathomably deep.

Faintly, the aura of a Saint spread through the air.

He was none other than the Patriarch of the Xiao Clan, Xiao Tianzheng.

Several days earlier, he had just attained Sainthood. Up to now, this news was still a top secret. Across the entire Desolate Ancient Continent, only a handful of people knew that he had become a Saint.

“Father, do you know who is attacking the Spirit Clan?” Xiao Chen spoke slowly.

He wore a divine-gold sacred crown. His face was peerlessly handsome, his bearing godlike, his bones imbued with divinity. He was dressed in a moon-white robe, spotless and immaculate. Every movement of his seemed to contain Daoist essence.

He was like an immortal lord from the nine heavens, stepping into the present era from ages long past.

“I do not know either,” Xiao Tianzheng shook his head.

The message sent by the Spirit Clan had been far too urgent, as though they had encountered an unsurpassable enemy, leaving them no time to convey detailed information.

Thus, the Xiao Clan had only received fragmentary news. They knew only that the Spirit Clan was facing a life-and-death crisis, but how dire the situation truly was, who exactly was attacking the Spirit Clan, and how many powerful experts the enemy possessed—about all of this, the Xiao Clan knew nothing.

To be on the safe side, Xiao Tianzheng personally went to the back mountain and invited a Saint King ancestor to intervene. That Saint King ancestor had already rushed ahead to the Spirit Clan’s ancient star.

If nothing unexpected happened, he should at least be able to preserve some of the Spirit Clan’s descendants.

“However, my son, rest assured. The Sixth Ancestor has already gone to the Spirit Clan. No matter who is making a move against them, today they will all pay in blood!” Xiao Tianzheng said with a faint smile.

Although his tone was gentle, his words carried a chilling killing intent that made one’s heart tremble. The temperature inside the flying spiritual treasure seemed to drop abruptly.

“With the Sixth Ancestor taking action, I am at ease.” Xiao Chen nodded lightly.

His eyes were deep as he gazed into the void outside. In the depths of his pupils, billions of symbols flickered and vanished, containing terrifying power, as if capable of shattering heaven and earth.

This was his Divine Physique, the Ten Thousand Dao Immortal Eyes.

From the moment he stepped onto the path of cultivation until now, no one had ever seen him use his Ten Thousand Dao Immortal Eyes. The reason was simple: anyone who fought him was defeated long before he could be forced to that point.

“I heard that my cousin is still alive?”

As if recalling something, Xiao Chen casually asked. His voice carried no emotion, as though he were inquiring about a matter entirely unrelated to himself—light and offhand.

“Yes.” Xiao Tianzheng nodded.

He was the Patriarch of the Xiao Clan, Xiao Chen’s father, and a Saint in his own right. Yet before Xiao Chen, he could not maintain complete composure. This was not because of strength, but because of potential, and status.

Xiao Chen’s current position might not yet surpass his, but everyone knew that Xiao Chen had merely cultivated for too short a time. In the future, he was destined to become an immortal or ancestral figure.

Even Xiao Tianzheng himself would one day have to rely on Xiao Chen for survival.

Adding to this was Xiao Chen's own personality, which was extremely cold and detached. As a result, even members of the Xiao Clan held him in deep awe, let alone ordinary people.

"My son, rest assured. That little beast Xiao Fan— even if he was lucky enough to survive— your father has countless ways to send him back onto the underworld," Xiao Tianzheng said in a deep voice.

"Father, you misunderstand." Xiao Chen slowly turned his head and met Xiao Tianzheng's gaze. The corners of his lips curved into a distant, detached smile that sent chills down one's spine. Even Xiao Tianzheng frowned slightly.

He truly could not tell what his son was thinking.

"My cousin is nothing to speak of. But if the Ninth Ancestor does not die, I cannot sleep."

The Ninth Ancestor of the Xiao Clan was an extremely terrifying figure. Looking at the present world as a whole, there might be individuals more dazzling than him, but none of those individuals are on the Desolate Ancient Continent.

Back then, when the Xiao Clan's Quasi-Emperor was in the prime of his life, after seeing the Ninth Ancestor, he personally passed judgment, saying that the Ninth Ancestor might one day surpass him.

At that time, the Xiao Clan's Quasi-Emperor already stood at the very pinnacle of the world.

And the one who surpassed him—

There was only a single possibility: an Emperor.

In other words, the Ninth Ancestor of the Xiao Clan already possessed the bearing of one destined for emperorship. Thousands of years ago, he had become a Saint King, and twenty years ago, he had broken through to become a Great Saint.

If not for Xiao Fan's birth—which triggered the phenomenon of the Immortal Body—that Ninth Ancestor might still have been in seclusion at the Xiao Clan's back mountain.

It was precisely because of Xiao Fan's birth that the Ninth Ancestor was overjoyed. He personally traveled overseas to search for spiritual medicines to solidify Xiao Fan's foundation, and that trip lasted more than a decade.

Judging by the time, he should be returning soon.

If a Great Saint were to learn that his own descendant had had his Immortal Marrow extracted, he would likely go mad on the spot. At that time, throughout the entire Xiao Clan—aside from that Quasi-Emperor—there would probably be no one capable of dealing with the Ninth Ancestor.

But the problem was, the Xiao Clan's Quasi-Emperor already had little lifespan remaining. If he were to fall because he had to take action against the Ninth Ancestor, the entire Xiao Clan would suffer a devastating blow.

Even more worrying was the possibility that the Ninth Ancestor might target Xiao Chen himself. That would be even more troublesome—unless Xiao Chen stayed within the Taiyin Divine Mansion at all times.

But that possibility was extremely low.

Because if Xiao Chen were so frightened by the Xiao Clan's Ninth Ancestor that he dared not step outside the Taiyin Divine Mansion, then within the Taiyin Divine Mansion, the evaluation of Xiao Chen by all its experts would inevitably drop by quite a margin.

After all, what they wished to cultivate was an unparalleled overlord with an invincible will, not a flower raised in a greenhouse.

After careful consideration, Xiao Chen concluded that sending the Ninth Ancestor on his final journey was the best choice.

Looking across the entire Desolate Ancient Continent, those who could reliably send the Xiao Clan's Ninth Ancestor to his death—aside from the Xiao Clan's own experts— simply did not exist.

The main reason was that only one's own people could most easily strike down their own.

After all, no matter how powerful the Ninth Ancestor was, how could he ever imagine that someone within the Xiao Clan itself would want him dead?

