

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

Chapter 310: Where Is the Spirit Clan?

“The Ninth Ancestor?”

Xiao Tianzheng hesitated.

No matter what, he was the Patriarch of the Xiao Clan. Taking action against an elder of the clan was, emotionally and morally, hard to justify. Just a single Xiao Fan—and Xiao Fan’s father—had already thrown the Xiao Clan into complete turmoil.

If one of the Ancestors were added to the mix...

If anything went wrong, the future of the Xiao Clan would likely know no peace ever again.

“If Father feels it would be difficult, then find a way to suppress him for a thousand years. After a thousand years, I will surpass the Ninth Ancestor, perhaps even... surpass our Xiao Clan’s Great Ancestor.” Xiao Chen spoke calmly, as if stating a simple fact.

Yet those words were filled with overwhelming confidence.

Even Xiao Tianzheng couldn’t help but look seriously at his son.

A thousand years.

Long? Not really. Short? Not either.

For ordinary people, that would mean at least ten lifetimes. But for a Saint, it was nothing more than less than one-tenth of their lifespan.

The Xiao Clan's Ninth Ancestor was already a Great Saint, while the Great Ancestor was the clan's sole Quasi-Emperor. And yet Xiao Chen had the confidence to surpass both within a thousand years.

To outsiders, this would sound absurdly arrogant.

But coming from Xiao Chen, it somehow felt... reasonable.

That was how terrifying his talent was, so much so that almost everyone could only look up at his retreating back.

"I will remember this matter," Xiao Tianzheng nodded slightly, accepting it, before continuing,

"You've been cultivating in the Taiyin Divine Mansion for a long time. This time, when you arrive at the Spirit Clan and meet your maternal grandfather, do not mention your uncle."

Xiao Chen's uncle had been the previous Patriarch of the Spirit Clan.

Unfortunately, not long ago, the Spirit Clan's Patriarch had fallen in the Abyssal Demons Burial. The news had already begun to spread, dealing a heavy blow to the Spirit Clan. Within the clan, discussion of the matter had been strictly forbidden.

Xiao Chen's maternal grandfather had lost his son in old age. He had originally been on the verge of breaking through to the Saint realm, but failed at the final moment. If he were to suffer any further shock...

Who knew whether Xiao Chen's grandfather—whose lifespan was already nearing its end—might simply die on the spot.

"I already know about my uncle's matter," Xiao Chen said calmly.

"For the sake of a mere Li Xun, he acted too hastily. Give me another ten years, and I will definitely behead him."

In recent years, throughout the entire Desolate Ancient Continent, the name *Li Xun* had been shining like the sun at its zenith. Though he was only at the late stage of the Divine Palace Realm, he had already faintly earned the title of *the strongest beneath the Saint realm*.

Even some half-Saints felt inferior to him.

Coupled with Li Xun's age and the vast network of connections he possessed, many people held him in extremely high regard.

Even Xiao Chen—who possessed two peerless talents—could not compare to Li Xun at present.

This made Xiao Chen feel deeply uncomfortable. In his eyes, Li Xun had unknowingly become a stumbling block on his path forward.

In Xiao Chen's view, a battle between the two was inevitable—and the final victor would certainly be himself.

"It's just that I wonder what the Spirit Clan's current situation is like," Xiao Chen added.

Earlier, news had still been coming from the Spirit Clan. But now, there was no information at all, casting a shadow of unease over both of them.

When something like this happened, there were usually only two possibilities.

Either the Spirit Clan no longer existed—hence no more news. Or the Spirit Clan had already wiped out the invading enemies and was busy cleaning up the battlefield, leaving no time to send messages.

“Presumably, there shouldn’t be any major problems,” Xiao Tianzheng said slowly.

“The Spirit Clan’s mountain-protecting grand formation was set up by a Saint King in ancient times. It can withstand attacks from several opponents of the same level. Moreover, the Spirit Clan still has several Saints guarding it.”

“In the present world, how many forces are there that could wipe out the Spirit Clan in the blink of an eye?” Xiao Tianzheng spoke at length.

In his view, there were certainly forces capable of destroying the Spirit Clan—and not just one or two. However, those terrifying powers had neither old grudges nor recent enmities with the Spirit Clan. There was simply no reason for them to take action.

As for the various Holy Lands or aristocratic families, even if they possessed such strength, it would still be impossible for them to break through the Spirit Clan’s mountain-protecting grand formation in a short period of time.

“My son, look— isn’t that the Spirit Clan’s ancient star ahead?” Xiao Tianzheng spoke.

But before he could finish his sentence, his expression suddenly changed. He abruptly stood up inside the flying Dao Weapon and cried out in shock:

“Where is the Spirit Clan?!”

In his memory, that once prosperous and flourishing ancient star had vanished without a trace. In its place was a pitch-black, riddled-with-holes, utterly devastated dead star.

If he were not absolutely certain that this was the star region where the Spirit Clan’s ancient star had always been located, he would have almost believed that he had come to the wrong place.

“What in the world happened here?”

Xiao Tianzheng was utterly horrified.

Such a massive Spirit Clan had been exterminated in the span of mere moments, what kind of terrifying power was required to accomplish that?

At the very least, it would take the intervention of a Saint King to achieve such a feat!

At the same time, on the Spirit Clan’s ancient star.

A horrifying pressure descended from the heavens. This overwhelming might instantly enveloped an immeasurable expanse of space. Hundreds, even thousands of surrounding stars began to tremble, their radiance flickering erratically, as if they might shatter at any moment.

An old woman appeared upon the Spirit Clan’s ancient star before anyone could even react.

No one saw how she arrived.

No one saw how she appeared.

It was as if she had been standing there since countless ages ago.

She wore a blue palace gown that flowed like liquid mercury. Her white hair fell like a cascading waterfall, gathered high atop her head. Though her face was extremely aged, anyone could tell that in her youth, she must have been a peerless beauty who once captivated the world.

A person's appearance might wither with age, but that kind of bearing and temperament could never fade.

"That person seems to be... the Sixth Ancestor of the Xiao Clan?"

Someone recognized her identity and cried out in shock.

Within the Xiao Clan, there were several ancestral figures, ranked from First to Ninth. Some had already passed away or fallen, but every one of those still alive was unimaginably terrifying.

And this Sixth Ancestor was among the very strongest of them.

The Sixth Ancestor of the Xiao Clan had never married in her lifetime. In her youth, she had been nearly unmatched among her peers and had stepped into the Saint King realm at an extremely early age. As for how far she had cultivated now, no one in the outside world knew.

"Even the Xiao Clan's Sixth Ancestor has appeared. It seems the annihilation of the Spirit Clan has drawn the Xiao Clan's serious attention!"

“After all, the two clans are related by marriage. How could the Xiao Clan possibly stand by and do nothing?”

“Look over there, that should be other Xiao Clan powerhouses arriving. That looks like the Xiao Clan’s Patriarch... Xiao Tianzheng!”

“Xiao Tianzheng has become a Saint!”

The crowd erupted into discussion.

Ordinarily, Xiao Tianzheng’s ascension to sainthood would have caused quite a sensation. But in front of the earth-shattering event of the Spirit Clan’s annihilation, it no longer seemed quite so shocking.