

INVINCIBLE 1721

[Chapter 1721: Entering the Spirits World](#)

If something was troubling Huang Xiaolong, it was definitely something that had to do with the Fortune Emperor Palace's Disciple, Fang Mingyu.

Before coming to Hell, he had promised Fang Xuanxuan that he would look for her older brother.

Even though Fang Gan hadn't said anything regarding this, Huang Xiaolong was sure that it was his intention as well.

Hence, Huang Xiaolong had to exert all his effort into finding Fang Mingyu no matter what! He had finally obtained news about Fang Mingyu! He was in the Spirits World!

Even though the Spirits World was extensive, he was sure that he would locate Fang Mingyu as long as he did not give up!

He had also obtained news about the grandmist aura! Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but feel pleasantly surprised.

Even though his strength had soared after entering Hell, the Grandmist Parasitic Medium had been stuck in the third level, and he was unable to break through to the fourth level no matter how hard he tried.

Now that he knew about the possibility of finding a trace of grandmist aura in the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's treasury, he had to make a trip to the Spirits World no matter what.

"Spirits World."

Huang Xiaolong's eyes flickered.

Before long, Huang Xiaolong emerged from the Heavenly Hall, and he flew towards the entrance of the cave.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong saw the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin.

"Your Majesty." The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin welcomed Huang Xiaolong with a face full of joy.

Huang Xiaolong smiled, "Have you been waiting for a long time?" He then threw a chaos spiritual fruit at Hao Ren.

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin opened its mouth and caught the fruit in mid-air. "Not long, Not long at all! Did Your Majesty finish refining all thirty-six holy fruits? I expected you to take several hundred years..."

Some geniuses like He Jingyi, Shi Yinyu, and Song Litao would need tens or even hundreds of years to refine one holy fruit!

Initially, the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin had thought that even with Huang Xiaolong's heaven-defying talent, he would need hundreds of years to refine all thirty-six fruits.

Huang Xiaolong smiled, “That’s right, I have refined all the holy fruits. Twenty years—it took me longer than expected.”

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin was speechless, “You consider twenty years too long?!”

If it were Shi Yinyu, it would be a miracle if he could even refine a single fruit in twenty years.

Suddenly, the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin’s eyes widened, “Your Majesty, you... you are already in the late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm?!”

Huang Xiaolong wasn’t surprised when he saw the shocked look on the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin. “Fortunately, I was able to increase my strength by a bit during my seclusion. However, I am still too weak.”

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin felt an explosion going off in its head.

Fortunately, able to increase his strength?! He has advanced from the mid-Fifth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm to the late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm! What about me?! I’ve been stuck in the mid-Fourth Order Emperor Realm for thousands of years!

“Let’s go.” Huang Xiaolong mounted the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin.

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin kicked off and soared into the sky, causing the entire mountain range to tremble.

“Your Majesty, where are we going now?” The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin asked casually.

“To the Spirits World!” Huang Xiaolong looked in the direction of the Spirits World.

“Spirits World?!” The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin felt its jaws drop in shock.

“Your Majesty, the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe occupies the entire Spirits World. Are you sure you want to go there?” The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin asked nervously.

Huang Xiaolong chuckled, “That’s convenient... We can go and destroy the headquarters of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe along the way.”

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin broke out in a cold sweat. However, it decided to pretend it didn’t hear anything, and the two of them continued on their merry way.

To go to the Spirits World from the Hell Asura World, one had to pass through the Spirit Corpse Boundary River.

The Spirit Corpse Boundary River was also known as the Spirit Corpse Boundary River as it was the river that separated the Hell Asura World from the Spirits World.

With their speed, they needed at least two to three months to reach the river. Of course, it was under the assumption that they sped up their journey using teleportation arrays along their way.

Two months later...

The two of them finally arrived at the Spirit Corpse Boundary River.

On their way there, Huang Xiaolong had sent an order to Tai Yue and the others using his summoning signal. He had instructed them to find out the exact location of Fang Mingyu and verify if the grandmist aura actually existed within the treasury of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe.

“What an overpowering corpse energy!” Huang Xiaolong said as he stared at the Spirit Corpse Boundary River.

“It’s extremely troublesome to deal with the corpse energy within the river. Please be careful, Your Majesty.” The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin said solemnly.

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head. The Spirit Corpse Boundary River was one of the most dangerous places in Hell, and the corpse energy was too concentrated. If a Heavenly Monarch was careless and allowed the corpse energy to invade their body while crossing the river... They would turn into a spirit corpse before they knew it.

Even though Huang Xiaolong wasn’t afraid of the corpse energy, there was no harm in being careful.

The other thing they had to worry about was the spirit corpses! Some of them even had the strength of an Emperor!

“Let’s head over.” Huang Xiaolong mounted the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin and soared into the sky above the river.

Even though it was called a river, the Spirit Corpse Boundary River was extensive and was even comparable to the Nethersea. If the two of them wanted to cross the river, they would take a month of flying at the very least.

As soon as they entered the sky above the Spirit Corpse Boundary River, the corpse energy started gathering around them.

In response, the two of them dispersed the corpse energy before shooting forward.

Not long after, one of the spirit corpses drifted towards Huang Xiaolong.

This corpse was very tall, had rounded arms, and had sharp fingers like blades. At first glance, the mid-Eighth Order Heavenly Monarch spirit corpse looked no different from ordinary disciples who had cultivated the spirit arts. The only difference was the absence of life force in its body.

Before the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin could take action, Huang Xiaolong reached out and pressed down with his palm. A sacred light flashed and attacked the mid-Eighth Order Heavenly Monarch spirit corpse, causing it to let out a miserable shriek before it dissipated.

Usually, killing a spirit corpse wasn’t a simple matter. But with Huang Xiaolong’s sacred light he had inherited from the Heavenly Hall, weak spirit corpses weren’t strong enough to put up a fight against him. His sacred light was the strongest radiance energy in the world, and it wasn’t surprising for him to one-shot a weak spirit corpse.

They then continued flying forward.

As the two of them continued forward, more and more spirit corpses appeared. They seemed to be getting stronger, and Huang Xiaolong could only let the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin deal with the Emperor Realm ones.

When they arrived at the Spirit Corpse Boundary River center, Huang Xiaolong finally utilized the Heavenly Hall. They continued their journey without any further obstruction.

One month later, the two of them finally passed through the Spirit Corpse Boundary River and arrived at the Spirits World.

The Hell Asura World was filled with the stench of blood and bloody qi. As for the Spirits World, it seemed a little gloomy as it was filled with death qi.

“Let’s head to the Death Tomb City.” Huang Xiaolong pointed.

The Death Tomb City was the nearest city from the Spirit Corpse Boundary River, and it was also one of the top ten most famous cities in the Spirits World.

The Netherworld King’s Organization had a branch inside the Death Tomb City, and it was also a critical branch of the organization.

[Chapter 1722: Piece of Sh*t Nether King](#)

The branch inside the Death Tomb City provided all the other branches of the Netherworld King’s Organization in Spirits World with spiritual medicines. Due to this, the branch in the Death Tomb City was important.

The branch inside Death Tomb City was supervised by two senior commanders who were the subordinates of the Great Commander, Jiang Fenghuang. One of them was called Zhang Long, and he was a peak mid-Tenth Order Emperor. The other was called Ma Lairui, and he was a mid-Tenth Order Emperor.

Looking at the two Senior Commanders stationed here, one could see how important this branch was to the organization.

One hour later...

Huang Xiaolong and the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin saw a large city floating in the Spirits World’s boundless starry sky. From far, the city looked like a giant tomb, and the four sides were covered up. Only the top was exposed with a small rounded corner.

The four walls of the Death Tomb City were densely packed with runes, and death qi lingered everywhere. There were even some spots where the death qi seemed to congeal into something corporeal.

Huang Xiaolong and the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin flew to the entrance of Death Tomb City.

He planned to stay in the Netherworld King’s Organization branch in Death Tomb City for a few days. Since he hadn’t confirmed the grandmist aura’s presence inside the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe’s treasury, he wasn’t in a rush to go to their headquarters.

As for Fang Mingyu—if Huang Xiaolong tried searching for Fang Mingyu in the boundless Spirits World, it would be like finding a needle in a haystack. Hence, Huang Xiaolong decided to settle down and wait for news from Tai Yue and the others before making his next move.

It wouldn't be too late for him to move off after Tai Yue and the others confirmed the news.

Furthermore, Huang Xiaolong had heard about a Death Volcano inside Death Tomb City. It erupted day and night, spewing out magma death qi that was very beneficial for tempering his body and soul. He wanted to make use of this opportunity to temper his True Dragon Physique and soul.

After the two of them handed over some spirit stones at the city entrance, they were allowed entry. After entering, Huang Xiaolong immediately made his way to the Netherworld King's Organization's branch.

As he walked, he noticed that the city was more lively and prosperous than he had imagined. It was mostly because the city was built like a tomb, making it dark, due to which many of the buildings were embedded with various night pearls.

The pearls lit up the city, giving an impression of the daytime, all the time! The streets were brightly lit, shops were lined up, and the stream of people passing through was never-ending.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the experts that passed through the streets.

In the Spirits World, most of the sects cultivated the spirit arts, with a small minority cultivating something related to darkness energy. However, the races of the Spirits World were generally tall and huge with ugly appearances.

As they made their way to the branch, they were greeted with a sorry sight. A bloody mess laid before them with the corpses of Netherguards scattered around the ground.

These Netherguards had died miserably, and some of them had all four of their limbs chopped off, some had their heads cut off, and the others were directly torn into countless pieces.

Broken arms and heads filled the ground.

There were six sections to the branch, and the innermost one held the main hall.

Inside the main hall, Zhang Long and Ma Lairui were covered in blood, and numerous injuries riddled their bodies. The two of them glared at the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's members who had already surrounded them.

Several experts who wore the Junior Commander's robes from Netherworld King's Organization lay motionless on the main hall's floor. Two of them had already lost their breath and it was evident that they had died not too long ago. The other two were convulsing on the ground, weren't too far off from death.

A tall, red-faced old man from the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe looked at Zhang Long and Ma Lairui as he chuckled, "Zhang Long, Ma Lairui, what's the point of doing this? Is there any point in serving your Great Commander? Isn't serving our Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe better? Even though the Netherworld King's Organization has treated you pretty well, our Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe won't mistreat you. If you join

us, we will provide you with any cultivation resources that you want. Your life will be infinitely better than being the subordinates of Jiang Fenghuang.”

Zhang Long sneered, “Gao Ning, stop wasting your breath, we won’t betray the Netherworld King’s Organization and our master!”

Meanwhile, Ma Lairui glared at a middle-aged man who was clad in a Junior Commander’s robe. He gritted his teeth in anger, “He Xin, you traitor! How dare you join the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe? You are just a dog to them! I must have been blind to trust you for so many years!”

That was also the reason the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe was able to take over the branch. He Xin had poisoned both Senior Commanders in the stronghold, making it all possible.

He Xin laughed, “You should know what is good for you. There are not many chances left for you. It will be better for you to surrender to the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe before it’s too late.”

Zhang Long and Ma Lairui looked at him coldly but didn’t say anything.

The red-faced old man, Gao Ning, said, “To tell you the truth, our Ancestor and your Great Commander, Lu Kun, are joining forces to refine a grandmist artifact. As soon as the artifact is refined successfully, our patriarch, Shi Wushuang, and your Great Commander, Lu Kun, will surpass the Emperor Realm!”

As Zhang Long and Ma Lairui had both been poisoned and lost their godforce; they no longer had the strength to resist and escape. There was no harm in revealing their secret.

Zhang Long and Ma Lairui’s faces changed drastically.

“Once they refined the grandmist artifact, it will be the doomsday of that piece of sh*t Nether King all of you worship. Do you know why our old Ancestor has yet to make a move? That is because he wants to allow your dog sh*t, Nether King, to live for a few more years. We already have plans to invite experts from all the superpowers over to witness how we kill him! We’ll crush his body and hang his corpse on the gate of our main headquarters!”Gao Ning sneered.

“Damn your mother!” The two of them shouted furiously.

Gao Ning’s face sank, “Zhang Long, Ma Lairui, there’s a limit to my patience. I’ll give you two more minutes to consider. Live or die—it’s your choice!”

“It is not easy for the two of you to reach your current height of cultivation. I hope that you can consider your decision carefully.”

Ma Lairui smiled coldly, “There’s no need to consider, just kill us now.”

Gao Ning’s eyes flashed with a trace of coldness, “Since there is nothing more to say, I shall fulfill your wish! However, before you die, I will let you enjoy the taste of our Nine Yin Corpse Worms.” He waved his hand and signaled to one of the disciples beside him.

The disciple nodded his head and took out two finger-sized worms that looked like pieces of white jade.

Zhang Long and Ma Lairui’s complexions changed drastically as they were aware of the horrifying might the Nine Yin Corpse Worms possessed.

As the disciple brought the worms before them, a brilliant white light tore through space and shocked everyone present before the disciple could chant the incantation to activate the worms.

[Chapter 1723: Death Volcano](#)

The white light was swift and instantly penetrated the eyebrows of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's disciple.

As the disciple fell to the ground, his eyes were filled with shock and disbelief.

Everyone was dumbfounded when they looked at the scene before them.

"Who?!" Gao Ning turned around suddenly and yelled, "Show yourself!"

As soon as the words left his lips, a streak of light shot through the air and smashed into Gao Ning's chest before he could react.

Gao Ning flew out with a scream and slammed into the main hall's walls, causing cracks to spider-web across it. His chest continued to sizzle as white smoke emerged from it.

Everyone felt their jaws drop in shock.

This!

Gao Ning was a late-Tenth Order Emperor! But an anonymous party had injured him severely!

Even Zhang Long and Ma Lairui had a face full of shock.

Everyone turned to look at the object that had smashed into Gao Ning.

"This is?!"

Zhang Long and Ma Lairui's eyes brightened.

Miserable screams suddenly sounded one after another from outside the main hall.

Those were the screams of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's disciples who were standing guard outside.

Under everyone's gaze, an Asura noble entered the main hall, riding a black lion.

"Your... Your Majesty!" Zhang Long and Ma Lairui greeted him emotionally.

The faces of all the experts from the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe changed drastically as they retreated in panic.

Zhang Long and Ma Lairui stumbled as they walked towards Huang Xiaolong, and the experts from the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe didn't dare to move a muscle.

"Zhang Long and Ma Lairui greet Your Majesty!" The two of them came up to Huang Xiaolong and knelt in excitement as they bowed in unison.

Huang Xiaolong reached out to help them get up.

“Your Majesty, we...,” Zhang Long got up and tried to explain himself. However, Huang Xiaolong shook his head and reassured them, “Don’t worry, I’ll make sure they pay the price for spilling our men’s blood!”

Zhang Long was shocked initially, but soon after, he retreated behind Huang Xiaolong as he stood with his hands behind his back.

Without warning, a figure suddenly flashed, and a very fierce blade light slashed towards Huang Xiaolong. In an instant, it arrived in the space above Huang Xiaolong’s head.

The blade light surged, and it tore the space it had traveled.

Just as the blade light was about to reach Huang Xiaolong, a tall figure appeared and blasted it away with a punch. With no suspense, the blade light dispersed. The figure who had launched the sneak attack was sent flying away.

Everyone looked over and saw that the person who had launched the attack was He Xin, who had betrayed the Netherworld King’s Organization.

He Xin landed among the stone pillars located in the main hall, and his internal organs were destroyed. The meridians in his body were torn to shreds, and he vomited a mouthful of blood.

Huang Xiaolong glared at him with a cold expression.

“Cough, cough.” Gao Ning, who had been sent flying earlier, struggled to get up from the ground. Looking at Huang Xiaolong, a sinister smile appeared on his face. “So you are that piece of sh*t Nether King? Brat, you are practically seeking your death by coming to the Spirits World! Since you are here, you can forget about leaving! Our old ancestor will kill you and hang your corpse on the gates of our headquarters!”

Instead of raging, Huang Xiaolong looked at him with an indifferent expression. “I don’t know if your old ancestor is going to hang my corpse on the gates of your headquarters or not. But I do know that your corpse will be hanging on the gates of Death Tomb City. Moreover, your death will be extremely miserable!”

After Huang Xiaolong spoke, he waved his arm. The Heavenly Hall turned into a streak of light as it shot through Gao Ning’s chest and heart.

A miserable cry filled the air.

Under the corrosion of the power of sacred light, the pain in his heart spread throughout his body, and the distorted expression on his face was enough to express the pain he felt.

When the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe experts saw the scene before them, their faces turned pale. No one knew who was the first to scream, but everyone scattered and fled in horror.

As soon as they raised their leg, a brilliant white light brushed across their bodies. They dropped onto the ground in succession, and anyone could see a hole between their eyebrows.

Very soon, all the experts lay dead on the floor, leaving behind Gao Ning and He Xin.

A few hours later...

The bodies of Gao Ning and He Xin, who had betrayed the Netherworld King's Organization, were hung on the city gates of Death Tomb City by Zhang Long and Ma Lairui, shocking almost every expert present in the city.

Their corpses were in a horrible state, and some people vomited when they saw them.

The original lively and bustling city suddenly became a lot quieter, and soon, it fell into a state of complete silence.

When night fell, Huang Xiaolong rode on the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin across the streets of Death Tomb City as if nothing had happened.

"Refining a grandmist treasure artifact..." Huang Xiaolong's eyes flickered.

Before killing Gao Ning and He Xin, Huang Xiaolong had performed a soul search on them. He had learned about a lot of happenings in the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe.

One was about a Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's old ancestor, Shi Ming combining forces with Lu Kin to refine a grandmist artifact. Even though he didn't know what it was, he knew that once they successfully refined it, Lu Kun and Shi Wushuang would rely on it to surpass the Emperor Realm.

If this were the case, things would start to get troublesome.

As he thought of the possible implications, the two of them arrived before a massive mountain.

The mountain was entirely crimson, and it looked as if it was made up of red-hot iron.

"Death Volcano?" Huang Xiaolong was startled.

This should be the famous Death Volcano in Death Tomb City... right?

The Death Volcano seemed to be deeply integrated with the Death Tomb City. As for why it was able to continuously erupt death qi and magma for the past billions of years, nobody knew the real reason.

After standing there for a while, Huang Xiaolong proceeded towards the Death Volcano's crater with the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin.

Within the Death Volcano, there were countless numbers of cultivation rooms. As long as one paid several spirit stones, one could enter those rooms to cultivate. Of course, depending on the location, the magma death qi's concentration would be different—the denser the death qi, the more expensive the room.

When the two of them arrived at the crater, the Death Tomb City guards stopped them.

"Give me a cultivation room that's on the lowest level. I want to use it for a month." Huang Xiaolong threw a spatial ring to the guard, and it contained precisely thirty low-grade chaos spirit stones.

He knew that the cultivation room at the lowest level was the best for cultivating, and he had heard from Zhang Long that one needed to pay a low-grade chaos spirit stone to cultivate inside for a single day.

After looking at the thirty low-grade chaos spirit stones inside the spatial ring, the guard looked at Huang Xiaolong and said, "If you are not a disciple from a race inside Death Tomb City, you have to pay sixty low-grade chaos spirit stones."

Huang Xiaolong frowned. According to Zhang Long and Ma Lairui, the price should be the same regardless of where one came from, but the guard was asking him twice the amount.

[Chapter 1724: Who Cares About His Identity](#)

"However, from what I know, regardless of whether I'm a disciple from Death Tomb City, the price should still be a low-grade chaos spirit stone per day." Huang Xiaolong stared at the city guard captain and said indifferently, "Aren't you afraid that I will report this to the city lord's mansion?"

The city guard captain looked at Huang Xiaolong in amusement, "Brat, since I dare to act like this, do you think I will be afraid if you report me? Our young master is directly in charge of the Death Volcano! Do you even know who our young master is? Our young master is precisely the second young master of the city lord's mansion in Death Tomb City!"

He snorted, "Alright, you brat, I don't have all the time in the world to mess with you. If you can't bring out the sixty low-grade chaos spirit stones, then get lost! I'll take these thirty low-grade chaos spirit stones for wasting my time."

After he kept the thirty low-grade chaos spirit stones into his spatial ring, he waved his hand with an impatient expression as he tried to blast Huang Xiaolong away with a wave of his hand.

He was obviously trying to steal Huang Xiaolong's spirit stones upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong was an outsider to Death Tomb City. Since he hadn't recognized Huang Xiaolong, he felt that Huang Xiaolong couldn't be related to the city's prominent forces.

They had also done this many times in the past, and all the disciples who had been chased away hadn't dared to retaliate. They could only leave with their tail tucked between their legs.

Moreover, the city guard captain's strength wasn't weak as he was a peak late-Eighth Order Heavenly Monarch.

A trace of coldness flashed past Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

However, he didn't need to take action at all as the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin raised his foot and sent that guard captain flying into the volcano's crater.

A miserable scream resounded in the air.

All of the guards surrounding Huang Xiaolong were shocked.

Despite their anger and indignation, none of them dared to move under the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin's pressure.

"Key." Huang Xiaolong said with indifference when his gaze landed on one of the guard captains.

That captain panicked and hurriedly took out a key.

After receiving it, Huang Xiaolong didn't bother with the rest of them as he flew towards the center of the Death Volcano with the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin.

"Master Zhao Chu, should we report this matter to the young master?" One of the guards arrived behind a deputy captain and asked cautiously.

Zhao Chu shook his head, "Young master and Chen Bin are hunting spirit corpses at the Spirit Corpse Boundary River. They should be back in a few days. Since there's no need to rush, it won't be a missed opportunity to report to the young master when he returns."

At this moment, Huang Xiaolong and the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin followed the crater as they made their way deeper into the volcano.

Faint bursts of hot air brushed against them as they flew deeper and deeper.

The crater was in the shape of a round ladder, and from top to bottom, there were numerous hidden stone walls all around it.

The two of them arrived at the lowest level of the volcano crater eventually.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the jade key and saw a character 'nine' engraved on its handle. It represented the number nine cultivation room at the lowest level of the crater.

As there were only ten cultivation rooms at the lowest level, Huang Xiaolong quickly found the ninth one.

After opening the entrance to the room, the two of them went in.

The cultivation room was neither big nor small, and it was approximately a hundred square meters. Numerous rare, faint red jades were embedded on the floor and four walls of the room. Moreover, there was also an ancient fire array on the ground.

Huang Xiaolong made his way to the middle of the array, and summoned his avatars before taking out three hundred Brilliant Sun Divine Pills.

Now that he was in the late-Sixth Heavenly Monarch Realm, he only needed a single day to refine three hundred Brilliant Sun Divine Pills.

Huang Xiaolong circulated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium, and immediately, the Brilliant Sun Divine Pills exuded radiance, and strands of magma death qi continuously gushed out from the ground. They were turned into pure death fire qi by the ancient fire array. Huang Xiaolong then used it to temper himself and his three avatars.

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin guarded the room as Huang Xiaolong closed his eyes to cultivate.

One day passed in a blink of an eye, and Huang Xiaolong used up all three hundred Brilliant Sun Divine Pills.

After a day of cultivating and tempering his body with the magma death qi, Huang Xiaolong decided to take a break as he discovered that his True Dragon Physique and soul had indeed improved slightly. Even

though the increase wasn't noticeable, it was still considerable, as it was challenging to even raise his strength in his current cultivation realm.

Huang Xiaolong continued and took out another three hundred Brilliant Sun Divine Pills.

Very soon, four days passed.

Huang Xiaolong continuously refined the Brilliant Sun Divine Pills everyday and used the magma death qi to temper his True Dragon Physique and soul. As he cultivated without worry, a group of disciples appeared outside Death Tomb City. They were riding mounts that were rarely seen on the streets. These disciples laughed as they entered the city."

Amongst them, the disciples in front had a frightening aura around them. All of them were above the Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm.

"Brother Chen Bin, it's rare that you guys come to Death Tomb City, please do stay here for a few days before leaving! Let me play the part of a good host." Feng Qi, who was wearing a black cape, laughed.

They had indeed reaped quite a big harvest from their trip to the Spirit Corpse Boundary River.

The short Chen Bin, seated on a beast beside him, smiled, "Alright, since it's rare for me to come to Death Tomb City, how can I possibly miss a chance to cultivate in the Death Volcano? I had entered the Death Volcano once and raised my physique and soul by quite a bit a few hundred years ago."

"Alright, since that's the case, let's head over to the Death Volcano."

Everyone rode their mounts as they proceeded towards the Death Volcano inside the city. On their way there, they stirred up quite a lot of dust along the streets. When experts from all around noticed them, they cleared the way in fright.

A few hours later, they arrived at the Death Volcano.

Seeing Feng Qi's return, the guards outside the Death Volcano hurried forward and kneeled to greet him.

He pardoned the guards and told them, "Arrange four cultivation rooms at the lowest level for me, young master Chen Bin, and the rest of them."

"This..." The captain hesitated, "Reporting to the young master, there were four empty rooms. However, an outsider arrived a few days ago and booked a room for an entire month. He was extremely arrogant and even injured me because he felt that I was moving too slow for his liking."

Chen Bin and the others stared at each other.

Feng Qi squinted his eyes, "That outsider... Which cultivation room is he in again? Is he really a disciple from outside the city? Have you investigated his origin?"

"He's in room number nine of the lowest level. Furthermore, we have also investigated that he arrived at Death Tomb City four days ago. We have yet to investigate his background, but his mount is a Black Lion in the Emperor Realm. He only managed to injure us with the help of his mount. He is merely a late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch." The guard captain reported hurriedly.

Chen Bin smiled and said, "Who cares about his identity? How dare a disciple from outside Death Tomb City hurt your people? Feng Qi, if you have too many concerns, then let us take care of this for you. It's merely an Emperor Realm mount. In the Spirits World, other than the young master of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe, there isn't anyone else that we should be scared of."

In the Spirits World, besides the Netherworld King's Organization, the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe was considered the number one superpower. The Immortal Hall was the second. Chen Bin was the third son of the Immortal Hall's hall master.

Of course, Feng Qi's identity wasn't simple either. He was one of the core disciples of the Death God Sect and his father was even the city lord of the Death Tomb City! His father also had an identity as the second brother of the sect master of the Death God Sect.

The Death God Sect was ranked third in terms of strength in the Spirits World.

[Chapter 1725: Who's Your Master?](#)

If the Immortal Hall and the Death God Sect were to join hands, even the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe would hesitate when dealing with them. Hence, Chen Bin didn't take anyone else seriously other than the young master of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe.

After hearing what Chen Bin said, the concerns in Feng Qi's heart dissipated, and he smiled. "How can I bother brother Chen Bin to take care of such a small matter? I can settle this myself."

Chen Bin smiled, "Alright."

Feng Qi asked the guards captain about Huang Xiaolong's mount's strength. After some consideration, he sent out a summoning signal to the second and third stewards, Yang Ruitian and Yu Jifei, from the city lord's mansion. He requested that they make a trip to the Death Volcano immediately.

There were a total of five butlers in the city lord's mansion.

Both the second steward, Yang Ruitian, and the third steward, Yu Jifei, were Emperor Realm experts. One of them was a mid-Eighth Order Emperor, while the other was a late-Seventh Order Emperor.

The two of them were more than enough to handle the situation.

Not long after, both of them arrived in front of Feng Qi and the others.

Feng Qi didn't dally and quickly briefed them on the situation and Huang Xiaolong's mount's strength. He brought everyone to the lowest level of the crater.

"This brat dares to continue staying in the cultivation room after injuring someone from the city lord's mansion!" A pretty lady next to Chen Bin groaned, "Maybe he really has some kind of backing."

This pretty lady was called Wang Qingying, and there was a butterfly tattoo at the corner of her eye. She belonged to the Black Butterfly Race, and every single member of this ancient race had an extreme innate charm.

The Black Butterfly Race was ranked eighth in the Spirits World, and even though they were incomparable to the Immortal Hall and Death God Sect, they possessed rather incredible strength. As for Wang Qingying, she was the daughter of the current patriarch of the Black Butterfly Race.

“So what if he has some kind of backing?” Chen Bin smiled disapprovingly, “In the three worlds of Hell, there is no lack of young masters who have some kind of backing.”

Very soon, everyone arrived at the number nine cultivation room’s door at the lowest level of the crater.

“Go, open the door.” Feng Qi said to the captain.

There was naturally more than one key to the room. Other than the key in Huang Xiaolong’s hand, there were two more keys.

“Yes, young master.” Once the captain arrived in front of the door, he took out the jade key. He circulated his godforce and inserted the key into the keyhole on the door.

In an instant, the door swung open.

The instant the door opened, the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin, who had its eyes closed, felt something unusual. It snapped its fiery eyes open.

In the same instant, Huang Xiaolong’s eyes slowly opened as he stopped cultivating.

After taking a look at the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin, the gazes of Feng Qi, Chen Bin, and the rest of them fell on Huang Xiaolong, who was sitting in the middle of the array.

“Mid-Fourth Order Emperor,” Yang Ruitian looked at the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin and said.

Feng Qi relaxed quite a bit after hearing that.

“Brat, did you injure my men?” Feng Qi looked coldly at Huang Xiaolong as he pointed to the guard captain.

Huang Xiaolong replied indifferently, “That’s right.”

A frigid expression formed on Feng Qi’s face. “Very good.” He then turned to Yu Jifei and said, “May I trouble Steward Yu to throw them out of the room? Don’t kill them yet; I need to ask him some things.”

Yu Jifei nodded his head, and his right hand turned into a claw as it abruptly stretched towards Huang Xiaolong and the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin. Two large grey handprints appeared above their heads.

A white light flashed out of nowhere and destroyed the two handprints.

Everyone was startled.

What was that white light? Even though they felt that it was some sort of divine artifact, none could identify it.

Huang Xiaolong stood up and walked towards the door.

Yu Jifei’s expression changed. In the end, he retreated a few steps and allowed Huang Xiaolong and the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin to walk out from the cultivation room.

“Young Master, you are...?” Feng Qi looked at Huang Xiaolong indifferently as he said in a solemn tone.

Huang Xiaolong didn't speak, but the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin threw a token over in his stead.

Once Feng Qi saw the token, his entire face changed. There was a character etched on top of the token—'Nether'.

“Netherworld King's Organization!”

Everyone yelled out in shock.

For the past few years, with the appearance of the new King of Hell, the might of the Netherworld King's Organization had soared sky-high. No one dared to go against them.

For a moment, everyone was 'stuck' in place.

Chen Bin was the first one to regain his senses. He looked at Huang Xiaolong as he smiled coldly, “No wonder you are so arrogant. It turns out that you are from the Netherworld King's Organization. Who's your master? Which Great Commander do you serve under? Jiang Fenghuang? Lu Kun? Could it be He Lianfeng?”

Huang Xiaolong's status was high from Chen Bin's perspective as he had a mount in the mid-Fourth Order Emperor Realm. It was very likely that he was a direct disciple of a Great Commander. Since there were only three Great Commanders stationed in the Spirits World, he named all of them.

Huang Xiaolong ignored the question before throwing Chen Bin an indifferent gaze. “Before I change my mind, you better leave now.”

Everyone was startled.

Chen Bin's face sank, and he smiled, “Brat, do you really think that I won't dare to move against you just because you are from the Netherworld King's Organization? Even if your master is Lu Kun or Jiang Fenghuang, you will still have to give an explanation for injuring someone related to the city lord's mansion.”

Huang Xiaolong let out an "oh" and looked at the other party with interest. Huang Xiaolong saw the insignia on his robe and said, "You're from the Immortal Hall."

Chen Bin said proudly, “That's right, I am the third young master of the Immortal Hall, Chen Bin.”

However, the moment he finished speaking, the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin raised its leg and kicked his chest. With a miserable shriek, he flew out and smashed into the stone wall across the crater.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Nobody had expected the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin to attack so suddenly.

“I don't care if you belong to the Immortal Hall or Death God Sect. After ten breaths of time, I don't want to see any of you here,” Huang Xiaolong said calmly.

“Brat, you are looking to die!” One of the mid-Seventh Order Emperor ancestors from the Immortal Hall regained his senses and yelled in rage. He sent out a palm that contained raging death qi, and the roars of countless skeletons filled the air.

However, the shocking thing was that the death qi contained a kind of immortal aura. It was as if this death qi would last forever.

Not long after the Immortal Hall’s ancestor attacked, the white light from earlier appeared once again and clashed with him.

A miserable cry could be heard in the next instant as the ancestor cried out in pain. He retreated, and everyone could see a hole in his palm.

Everyone sucked in a breath of cold air.

Even the mid-Eighth Order Emperor from the city lord’s mansion, Yan Ruitian, had eyes filled with terror.

“There’s still six breaths of time left.” Huang Xiaolong said with indifference.

Everyone’s face changed drastically.

“Take brother Chen Bin and leave.” Feng Qi gritted his teeth and said gloomily.

Of course, he wasn’t planning to let the matter rest here. He wanted to investigate Huang Xiaolong’s identity before making the next move.

[Chapter 1726: Hes Likely...!](#)

Huang Xiaolong watched Feng Qi, Chen Bin, and the others leave, then stepped back into the cultivation room.

“Your Majesty, letting Chen Bin go will be a loose end; he definitely would come looking for payback and investigate Your Majesty’s identity,” said the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin.

“Let them investigate then.” Huang Xiaolong was nonchalant about it. In truth, he was afraid that they wouldn’t investigate him, hmph.

In the cultivation room, Huang Xiaolong once again sat cross-legged at the formation array’s center. An afterthought later, he took out his communication talisman and contacted Desolate Giant Tai Yue, ordering him to release a piece of news.

Lu Kun colluded with the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe to usurp the Nether King’s throne. He has betrayed the Netherworld King’s Organisation. Due to this, he is expelled from the Netherworld King’s Organisation from today onwards and is no longer one of the Netherworld King’s Organisation’s Great Commanders.

This was the news Huang Xiaolong ordered Tai Yue and the other eight Great Commanders to release.

Although Huang Xiaolong had long known that Lu Kun was in cahoots with the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe, he had not taken any action towards Lu Kun until now. He had drawn a clear line between the Netherworld King’s Organisation and Lu Kun.

Additionally, Huang Xiaolong also ordered the nine Great Commanders to issue a task. This task stated that the person who would kill Lu Kun would receive a ten million low-grade chaos spirit stones reward! Bring Lu Kun's head to him to collect the prize.

Huang Xiaolong believed that ten million low-grade chaos spirit stones were sufficient to tempt many super forces.

Once this task was issued, he believed that the Netherworld King's Organisation's Senior and Junior Commanders who were planning to betray the Netherworld King's Organisation and follow Lu Kun would think twice.

The most critical part of this was whether it was worth following Lu Kun and betraying the Netherworld King's Organisation at the end of the day.

After issuing his orders, Huang Xiaolong took out three hundred Brilliant Sun Divine Pills and continued cultivating.

After killing the red-faced old man Gao Ning and the traitor Junior Commander He Xin, Huang Xiaolong's identity was already exposed. He didn't know whether that Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Old Ancestor Shi Ming would rush over to the Death Tomb City to kill him or not, but he could not linger in Death Tomb City. He only had a month at most.

Roughly a month later, he would leave the Death Tomb City regardless of whether Tai Yue could identify the grandmist aura or confirm Fang Mingyu's location.

At this time, Feng Qi and the rest of his group left the black mountain and dashed towards the Death Tomb City's City Lord Mansion.

"His mother, I'll order the surrounding planes' Immortal Hall's experts to gather here. That bast*rd, I'll make him kneel in front of me, begging for his life!" Chen Bin's face was warped with anger. As the Immortal Hall's third young lord, never had he been so humiliated.

Feng Qi's eyes gleamed as he thought of something and turned to say to the second steward, "Steward Yang, have people identified that kid."

Yang Ruitian moved his lips as he hesitated in how to respond.

"Steward Yang, just say what you want to say." Seeing his reaction, Feng Qi stated.

Yang Ruitian spoke, "Frankly, a few days back, the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Ancestor Gao Ning, and the Netherworld King's Organisation's Junior Commander He Xin were killed. Their bodies were hung on our Death Tomb City's city gates."

Everyone was stunned for a second and were agape with astonishment.

"What, Gao Ning? The late-Tenth Order Emperor Realm Gao Ning?" Feng Qi exclaimed in a highpitch voice with apparent disbelief.

Yang Ruitian nodded and went on, "That is so. Moreover, their bodies were personally hung on the city gates by the Netherworld King's Organisation's Senior Commander Zhang Long and Ma Ruilai. This incident happened ten days back."

The third steward Yu Jifei chimed in, "Their bodies were still hung on the city gates two days back. Later, a Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's expert risked his life to take away their bodies."

The dots connected in Chen Bin and the others' minds. No wonder they hadn't seen any corpses above the city gates when they returned.

"Who killed them? Zhang Long and Ma Lairui?" Chen Bin asked with a doubtful expression. Logically speaking, Zhang Long and Ma Lairui couldn't have had the strength to kill Gao Ning.

"Not Zhang Long and Ma Lairui." Yang Ruitian shook his head, and his voice grew solemn as never before, "However, rumors are circulating that the Nether King has come to the Death Tomb City."

"What?!"

"His Majesty, the Nether King!"

Feng Qi, Chen Bin, and the others paled with apprehension.

"Gao Ning and He Xin were killed by His Majesty, the Nether King? But, why did he kill He Xin?" Wang Qingying of the Black Butterfly Race stammered, and the others noticed her hands shaking.

"I've heard it was because He Xin betrayed the Netherworld King's Organisation by colluding with the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe. He wanted to capture the Netherworld King's Organisation's Death Tomb City Branch. Coincidentally, His Majesty, the Nether King, arrived at this time." Yang Ruitian breathed out loudly. When speaking about the new His Majesty, the Nether King, everyone's voice quivered unknowingly as if these five words weighed a trillion catties.

"Gao Ning and He Xin were killed ten days ago? That means His Majesty, the Nether King, arrived at Death Tomb City ten days ago?" Chen Bin's expression looked even worse as he combed through the details. His head jerked up to look at Yang Ruitian and Yi Jifei in shock while exclaiming, "Could it be...?"

Feng Qi, Wang Qingying, and several other young lords seemed to arrive at the same thought, turning pale almost simultaneously.

The captain had mentioned earlier that that kid had come to Death Tomb City ten days ago. To top it off, he was a member of the Netherworld King's Organisation!

Didn't that mean?

"Yes, he's likely to be!" Yang Ruitian affirmed but did not speak further. He dared not say more.

But everyone present knew to whom Yang Ruitian was referring.

"Why didn't you tell us earlier?" Feng Qi questioned as his expression became uglier by the second.

Yang Ruitian added, "At first, we did not think in this direction. Only after he showed his Netherworld King's Organisation's token and injured the Immortal Hall's Ancestor Huo Li did we guess his identity."

Everyone fell silent, recalling their arrogant attitude earlier and wanting to assemble the surrounding planes' Immortal Hall's experts to make that kid beg for mercy on his knees... Chen Bin shuddered, and a cold shiver ran down his spine.

In the battle above the Nethersea, several hundred of the Massacring Gods Gate, Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe, and Howling Moon Wolf Race's Emperor Realm Ancestors had fallen at the hands of the Nether King's subordinates. That was several hundred Emperor Realm Ancestors, ah!

Even the Massacring Gods Gate's Young Lord Song Litao and the Howling Moon Wolf Race's Young Lord Yi Qing were killed! And also Peng Zhengfei!

The more Chen Bin thought about it, the colder his limbs felt.

Had they left the cultivation room a few breaths slower just now, they would have...!

"Younger Brother Feng Qi, I have some matters to attend to, I'll bid my farewell here," Chen Bin suddenly said as he cupped his fists at Feng Qi and dashed away without waiting for Feng Qi's reply. The rest of the Immortal Hall's disciples hurried after him.

He did not dare to remain in this Death Tomb City a second longer.

Feng Qi was rendered agape by Chen Bin's action.

"Brother Feng Qi, I'll take my leave here." The Black Butterfly Race's Wang Qingying also hastened to bid her farewell, raising her left hand to signal the other Black Butterfly Race's experts to follow her.

Other forces also left in groups.

In a short while, everyone was gone.

"Second Young Master." Yang Ruitian called out, seeing Feng Qi was still in a daze.

"Return to the City Lord Mansion." Feng Qi snapped out from his daze and nudged his mount back to the City Lord Mansion.

Ten days went by.

Everything was calm and peaceful in Death Tomb City.

Huang Xiaolong was fully immersed in cultivation inside the cultivation room. People from the Immortal Hall and Death God Sect did not appear again, and Huang Xiaolong was happy to be left in peace. It looks like they had guessed his identity.

Another two days passed when Tai Yue sent a message to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong smiled when he read the message. The message said they had already confirmed the grandmist aura was at the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's treasury, and the Fortune Emperor Palace's disciple Fang Mingyu's location had been determined. He was at the Nine Yin Plane!

[Chapter 1727: Night Sea](#)

"The Nine Yin Plane?" Huang Xiaolong stood up, his brows locked tightly together.

The Nine Yin Plane was where the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's headquarters was located. What was Fang Mingyu doing there?

Feeling baffled, Huang Xiaolong took out his communication talisman and ordered Tai Yue and the others to find out why Fang Mingyu was on the Nine Yin Plane.

Huang Xiaolong and the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin exited the cultivation room.

By this hour, the dusky skies outside signaled the coming nightfall, and the volcanic environment rich with fire spiritual energy made everything in sight seem to glow in ember red.

Huang Xiaolong leaped onto the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin Hao Ren's back, and both flew out through the volcano's mouth.

It was time for Huang Xiaolong to leave Death Tomb City.

Before leaving, Huang Xiaolong made a trip to the Death Tomb City's Netherworld King's Organisation's branch.

By this time, the thick scent of blood inside the branch building had already cleared. The Netherworld King's Organisation and Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's corpses were also taken care of.

As compared to before, the branch's security had more than doubled.

Netherguards were patrolling the four corners of the branch building.

These Netherguards were transferred from other branches. Their strengths averaged at Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm and above.

Huang Xiaolong met with Zhang Long and Ma Lairui, and exhorted various tasks to both of them. After that, he left the Death Tomb City with the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin and did not dally around.

When leaving the Death Tomb City, Huang Xiaolong did not deliberately conceal his movements. Thus the various forces of Death Tomb City promptly got the news of his departure.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong left the Death Tomb City on the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin, as the Death Tomb City Lord's Second Young Master, Feng Qi also got first-hand news. His hanging heart returned to his chest, hearing it.

Feng Qi was filled with unease the entire time Huang Xiaolong was cultivating in the Death Volcano. He lived every day in anxiety, afraid that Huang Xiaolong would suddenly think of him and show up on his doorstep to 'play' with him. Finally, that 'demon' was gone.

"Young Lord, should we send people to investigate Duwei's whereabouts after leaving Death Tomb City?" The captain guard inquired Feng Qi's opinion.

But the captain guard had just asked his question when Feng Qi sent him twirling in the air with a hard slap. The captain guard grunted on the floor with a glaring five-fingered palm print on his right cheek. Feng Qi rushed up to the captain guard and stomped his foot on the captain guard's chest as he cursed, "You, do you want me to die? Do you think that I couldn't die any earlier, is that it? Telling me to investigate that Duwei; do you have any idea who he is? You're a pig, aren't you? You pig brain!"

Feng Qi went amok, stomping and kicking the captain guard as he scolded, and his kicks were all infused with godforce.

The captain guard was soon bashed into a bloody pulp, on the verge of death.

“Come, drag this pig out of here, throw him out of Death Tomb City. He’s forbidden to take one step into Death Tomb City in the future!” Feng Qi roared, his eyes were bloodshot as he stormed out the door.

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After Huang Xiaolong left the Death Tomb City, he headed west of the Spirits World on the Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin.

The Nine Yin Plane was located in the west region of Spirits World.

The two journeyed nonstop.

Half a year later, Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the Nine Yin Plane’s transmission array.

However, Huang Xiaolong looked completely different; a burly middle-aged man clad in a Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe’s Grand Elder robe. On his face were faint colorful runes, which added an aura of mystery to him.

Huang Xiaolong had decided to ‘borrow’ the identity of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe’s Grand Elder Luo Haoming.

Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe’s Grand Elder Luo Haoming also had the same cultivation of late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm. More importantly, Luo Haoming was more or less a loner that rarely associates with other Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe’s experts. He also did not have any disciples under him, making it more convenient for Huang Xiaolong to move freely.

Of course, Huang Xiaolong had killed the real Luo Haoming when he had stepped out a few days ago. Therefore, Luo Haoming didn’t exist anymore.

Huang Xiaolong swaggered out of the transmission array on a Thunder Bone Tiger mount.

This Thunder Bone Tiger was Luo Haoming’s mount, but it was now under Huang Xiaolong’s control through the grandmist worm.

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin could have changed its outer appearance to resemble the Thunder Bone Tiger. However, as a precaution to prevent Shi Wushuang and the others from noticing anything, Huang Xiaolong had decided to use Luo Haoming’s original mount.

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin was left to cultivate inside the Heavenly Hall by Huang Xiaolong.

The Scarlet Flame Dark Qilin could only benefit by cultivating inside the Heavenly Hall, with the Heavenly Hall’s holy light tempering its body.

As the Thunder Bone Tiger walked out from the transmission array, Huang Xiaolong determined his bearing and flew towards the Nine Yin Plane’s north side.

During this half a year, Tai Yue had already learned why Fang Mingyu had come to the Nine Yin Plane. It seemed like Fang Mingyu had heard from somewhere about the Fallen Divine Flower on Nine Yin Plane. Thus he had come searching for it.

The Fallen Divine Flower was a rare wonder among Hell's many blossoms. It was said to have many uses. One of the most popular benefits was the accumulation of everything nefarious and the darkness of hell for 999,999,999 million years before it bloomed. The person who consumed the flower would never fear being corrupted by all evils.

There was also a myth about this flower. It claimed that by consuming the Fallen Divine Flower, one's godhead would generate a fallen qi that could increase one's chances of breaking through to Emperor Realm by fifty percent!

"Fifty percent?" Huang Xiaolong shook his head, finding the said myth ludicrous. Fang Mingyu, that guy really doesn't want to live anymore. He actually dared to come searching for the Fallen Divine Flower on the Nine Yin Plane.

Even taking out the dangers of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe, just the Night Sea where the Fallen Divine Flower was said to be, was not a place Fang Mingyu, a mere Heavenly Monarch should venture into.

The Night Sea was one of the perilous lands on the Nine Yin Plane, that even high-level Emperor Realm would face the risk of dying inside it. The Fallen Divine Flower was said to be in the depths of the Night Sea.

While Huang Xiaolong pondered this matter, a group of Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's disciples came toward him.

This group of disciples wore the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's elite disciple robe. All of them had the strength of high-level God King Realm.

"Greetings to Grand Elder." Upon seeing Huang Xiaolong, the group of disciples stopped in the distance and greeted respectfully.

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head. There was no other response other than that, and he left on the Thunder Bone Tiger. Only after Huang Xiaolong was far away, these disciples continue flying onwards.

Along the way, Huang Xiaolong encountered several groups of Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's disciples.

However, the Nine Yin Plane was not entirely dominated by the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe. Other than the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe, there were many other forces' disciples. There were many big trading houses and super forces' branches here.

For example, the Immortal Hall, Death God Sect, Black Butterfly Race, and even the Netherworld King's Organisation also has branches on the Nine Yin Plane. But the Netherworld King's Organisation branch here had always been managed by a Senior Commander under Lu Kun.

Huang Xiaolong saw the Night Sea half a month later.

The Night Sea, like its name indicated, was a sea of darkness. Here, there was only night and no daylight. The sky around the Night Sea territory was forever black, and the environment was so dark that one could barely see their own five fingers. Even their divine sight would be hindered here.

There was a city in the Night Sea called Nightless City.

The Nightless City was similar to the Death Tomb City, being one of ten Spirits World's top cities. According to the information from Tai Yue, Fang Mingyu was at Nightless City. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong came to look for Fang Mingyu first.

As for the grandmist aura within the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's treasury, he would have to wait for an opportunity. It couldn't be rushed.

[Chapter 1728: Piercing Moon Cult](#)

Six days later...

Huang Xiaolong, who had been flying across the sea, finally stopped. Ahead of him was a megacity floating above the sea surface. The majestic city walls were made from materials unknown to Huang Xiaolong, reflecting rings of opulent white halos. This white halo illuminated the surrounding several million li radius sea area.

This was the Nightless City.

The entire Night Sea resembled a giant black hole, and the Nightless City was the bright shining pearl on the Night Sea, giving a ray of hope to those in despair around the Night Sea.

Huang Xiaolong nudged the Thunder Bone Roger to accelerate. Moments later, they reached the Nightless City's gates.

The guards at the Nightless City's gates were core disciples of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe. These disciples escorted Huang Xiaolong, no, 'Grand Elder Luo Haoming' into Nightless City upon his arrival.

Other forces' disciples were required to pay a large number of spirit stones to enter Nightless City, but Huang Xiaolong was naturally exempted from this.

The brightness inside Nightless City resembled day time in the Divine World. Almost in every corner of the city was luminance night pearl and radiant stone walls. Grand architectures decorated the streets. However, Huang Xiaolong was not in the mood to appreciate the Nightless City's scenery. He headed straight to the Nefarious Dragon Inn.

Fang Mingyu was currently residing at the Nefarious Dragon Inn.

As Huang Xiaolong headed to the Nefarious Dragon Inn, Fang Mingyu was frowning deeply. His eyes were filled with uneasiness and anxiety.

Fang Mingyu had disguised as a devil to sneak into the Nine Yin Plane, and his current identity was a Grand Elder of Piercing Moon Cult called Yang Jun.

He had already killed the real Yang Jun.

The Piercing Moon Cult ranked sixth amongst the Spirit World's super forces. Initially, Fang Mingyu had thought that Yang Jun's identity as the Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder would be more convenient for him to take actions. However, today, he had learned through some channels that the Piercing Moon Cult's higher echelons had begun to suspect him. Probably, they had already sent someone over to capture him.

Although the Piercing Moon Cult wasn't aware that he was the Divine World's Fortune Emperor Palace's Emperor's Disciple, his identity would be exposed once they captured him. At that time, he would surely die.

"What to do?!" Fang Mingyu inwardly asked himself again and again.

Right about now, the Nightless City was probably on high alert to prevent him from escaping. The Piercing Moon Cult's experts were probably waiting to ambush him at the city gates, and even if he wanted to make a run for it now, he would fail to leave Nightless City.

At every corner of the Nightless City were Piercing Moon Cult's experts, and it won't take long for them to find him in this inn.

Fang Mingyu had been hiding in Nightless City for some time now. Initially, he had wanted to wait for an auction that was scheduled half a month later, to buy a better divine armor so he could withstand the frigid qi in the depths of the Night Sea. At the same time, he planned to find a group that would venture deeper into the Night Sea. This would make it safer to deal with the sea beasts in the Night Sea.

Had he known that he would fall into this predicament, he wouldn't have entered Nightless City a few days back, entrapping himself in the city.

The more Fang Mingyu pondered his current situation, the more desperate and helpless he felt.

In the end, Fang Mingyu decided to leave Nightless City. An inn was too conspicuous after all. He would search for a way out of Nightless City later.

Fang Mingyu changed his disguise before stepping out of his room.

Fang Mingyu barely took one step out from the inn, and his footsteps halted. At the end of the street stood more than a dozen Piercing Moon Cult's experts blocking his path. Three of them were clad in the Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder's robes.

Each of them exuded a more substantial pressure than him.

Fang Mingyu's face tightened.

The Piercing Moon Cult's people arrived so fast?

"Grand Elder Yang Jun, where are you going ah?" One of the Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elders asked with a sheepish smile as he stared fixedly at Fang Mingyu. "We were just about to look for you to have a few drinks."

Fang Mingyu squeezed a smile on his face as he said, "What Grand Elder Yang Jun? I think you have got the wrong person."

The three Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elders exchanged a glance then laughed a little too loud.

Some passersby noticed the tense atmosphere, and their curiosity was stoked. Thus more of them stopped to watch.

The first Piercing Moon Cult Grand Elder who spoke laughed, "Kiddo, I know you're not Grand Elder Yang Jun, once we've captured you, we'll know who you really are."

Fang Mingyu's face turned ash-gray. In the next moment, his body blurred in a flicker as he sped away. But his feet had just left the street when someone faster than him blocked his path. It was the same Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder, who had spoken earlier.

Fang Mingyu couldn't even react, the other side's actions were a series of blurry images, and in the next second, Fang Mingyu felt a dull pain as an overbearing force knocked him in the chest. He was lying on the street a moment later.

His cultivation was merely at the mid-Fourth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm while the Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder was a peak late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch. Against him, Fang Mingyu was powerless to resist.

The Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder landed lightly on his feet while looking at Fang Mingyu. He strode slowly until he reached Fang Mingyu. He looked at Fang Mingyu condescendingly and said with absolute coldness, "Take him away!"

"Yes."

Other Piercing Moon Cult's experts complied and stepped in to carry Fang Mingyu away.

However, just as these Piercing Moon Cult's experts moved towards Fang Mingyu, suddenly, numerous sword qis shot towards them. These sword qis contained a terrifying death qi, and each ray of sword qi had a small, ethereal skull swirling around it.

The Piercing Moon Cults experts were alarmed as they dodged by reflex.

Many of them were injured by these sword qis and tumbled in the air by the sword qi force. For a moment, screams reverberated in the air.

The three Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elders' faces darkened.

Fang Mingyu stood blankly for a second.

The others turned to look and saw a middle-aged man clad in the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Grand Elder's robe sitting on a Thunder Bone Tiger mount coming towards them.

This person was naturally Huang Xiaolong.

After seeing that Huang Xiaolong was clad in the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Grand Elder's robe, the Piercing Moon Cult's experts' faces tightened nervously.

Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of Fang Mingyu as he rode on the Thunder Bone Tiger, while the Piercing Moon Cult's experts gave way vigilantly.

"I am the Piercing Moon Cult's Chen Dongyue, may I know who you are?" The peak mid-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder took a step forward and cupped his fists at Huang Xiaolong.

"Luo Haoming." Huang Xiaolong flatly stated.

"I see, the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Grand Elder Luo Haoming. We suspect this person here killed our Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder Yang Jun, and our Head has ordered us to capture this person.

Please make it convenient for us. I hope Grand Elder Luo Haoming won't interfere in this matter. I will express my gratitude to Grand Elder Luo Haoming on another day." Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder Chen Dongyue said politely.

If someone else had killed his Piercing Moon Cult's disciples, Chen Dongyue would have retaliated, but due to Luo Haoming's identity, he had to be polite.

"This person has a grudge with me, so I cannot give you this person. You can leave now." Huang Xiaolong brushed off Chen Dongyue's request.

Chen Dongyue and other Piercing Moon Cult's experts' faces turned ugly. Saying there was a grudge was merely an excuse.

"Are you bent on interfering in our Piercing Moon Cult's affair?" Chen Dongyue regained his composure, but his thoughts were already swaying.

[Chapter 1729: Shi Yinyu Recovered](#)

"I don't like to repeat my words twice." Huang Xiaolong calmly stated, but there was a glint of killing intent in his eyes.

The Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder Chen Dongyue had an ugly expression on his face. The other side had insulted the Piercing Moon Cult.

He had explicitly indicated that their Head had ordered them to capture this person.

However, due to Luo Haoming's identity as the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Grand Elder, Chen Dongyue tried to calm his anger by taking a deep breath before speaking, "My Master and your Hall Master Li Buqun are good friends. I hope that you will not interfere in this matter, considering the relationship between Hall Master Li Buqun's relationship with our Head."

Li Buqun was one of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Hall Masters and had a high status within the tribe.

Before Huang Xiaolong had killed Luo Haoming, he had scoured through Luo Haoming's memories. Therefore, he had an understanding of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's external connections.

Had Huang Xiaolong been the real Luo Haoming, he wouldn't have interfered in this matter. However, Huang Xiaolong was not Luo Haoming, and Fang Mingyu was a person Huang Xiaolong had to save.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong snorted at Chen Dongyue's words, "I don't care which Hall Master your Head knows. You and your group can scam now."

The expressions of Piercing Moon Cult's experts' faces turned gloomier.

Even the spectating passersby were surprised by 'Luo Haoming's' uncompromising attitude.

"Fine then, we have no choice but to be rude." The Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elder Chen Dongyue narrowed his eyes as he spoke. Black rays of light suddenly erupted from his body, turning into a swarm of giant black pythons.

Before Chen Dongyue could attack, a shadow blurred, and Huang Xiaolong was already in front of him.

Chen Dongyue was startled and took a step back by reflex.

But Huang Xiaolong struck his palm accurately on Chen Dongyue's chest. Metallic ember flames interweaved, and death qi swirled around Huang Xiaolong's palm.

Chen Dongyue was knocked backward from Huang Xiaolong's palm strike, smashing onto the streets far away. His divine armors shattered into pieces, and blood stained his face and torso.

"You, the Metallic Corpse Palm!"

The spectating crowd retreated in alarm.

The Metallic Corpse Palm was the supreme technique of a Spirits World's ancient super force. The technique was lost in time, and Luo Haoming happened to have learned it due to a fortuitous adventure.

Huang Xiaolong's Archdevil Supreme Godhead, his Lord of Hell's inheritance, and the heart of hell enabled him to imitate any supreme divine art of Hell with ease. More importantly, others couldn't tell whether it was genuine or fake.

This time, two different rebuking voices sounded. Two figures lunged towards Huang Xiaolong with their palms outstretched. Overlapping shadows of palm imprints formed a great palm mountain, pressing down on Huang Xiaolong from above.

The other two Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elders had joined hands to attack Huang Xiaolong.

Both of them were mid-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch experts.

Not even a late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch could escape unscathed after facing two mid-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarchs' combined sneak attacks.

Unfortunately, their opponent was Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong didn't even spare them a side glance. He raised a hand and waved. Overwhelming palm force dispersed the other side's attack. Then, he repelled both Piercing Moon Cult's Grand Elders high into the air.

Two tragic screams shook the air. A long time later, two bodies crashed to the streets, demolishing buildings.

Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze swept across the rest of the Piercing Moon Cult, and he asked, "Anyone else wants to attack me?"

The Piercing Moon Cult's experts immediately retreated. No one dared to step forward.

Several Piercing Moon Cult's Elders helped Chen Dongyue and the other two Grand Elders up. Chen Dongyue glared venomously at Huang Xiaolong as he spoke, "Piercing Moon Cult will demand an explanation from the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe for today's matter."

"Let's go!"

In a second, the Piercing Moon Cult's group left decisively.

Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze swept over the spectating crowd, frightening them away. Everyone quickly scattered away. Who could guarantee Huang Xiaolong won't suddenly use them as targets because of his bad mood.

Only then did Huang Xiaolong turn to look at Fang Mingyu.

Huang Xiaolong was confident that the person in front of him was Fang Mingyu because of the jade Fang Xuanxuan had given him. Fang Xuanxuan had told him that Fang Mingyu also carried a jade on him. Within a specific range, the jade Fang Xuanxuan had given him would sense Fang Mingyu's Jade.

"Many thanks for this friend's helping hand." Despite his doubts about why an unknown person would save him, Fang Mingyu quickly stood up and cupped his fists in gratitude at Huang Xiaolong.

"Swallow this pill." Huang Xiaolong threw a healing pellet at Fang Mingyu.

Fang Mingyu caught the pellet with an astonished expression, "Is this a top-grade grandmist spiritual pill?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head, "It's Great Brahma Sarira Pill."

The Great Brahma Sarira Pill was a kind of top-grade grandmist spiritual pill specifically for healing injuries.

Fang Mingyu checked the Great Brahma Sarira Pill in his hand with his divine sense. After confirming there was nothing wrong with the pill, he swallowed it. In an instant, warm streams of energy filled his whole body, and his injuries healed at speed visible to the naked eye.

Huang Xiaolong silently watched Fang Mingyu as he checked the pill with his divine sense before consuming it. It was clear that Fang Mingyu did not trust him. Huang Xiaolong didn't mind his actions at all.

"Alright, I'll send you out of the city now, then send you back to the Divine World." Huang Xiaolong stated strictly.

"This..." Fang Mingyu hesitated.

"You're still thinking about the Fallen Divine Flower?" Huang Xiaolong hit the nail on the head at Fang Mingyu's reaction. Even under these circumstances, Fang Mingyu was still thinking about the Fallen Divine Flower.

"You know that I came to look for the Fallen Divine Flower? Who are you?" Fang Mingyu stared warily at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong did not answer his question. Instead, he took out the jade Fang Xuanxuan had given him before. The jade emitted soft resplendent halos, and it looked indescribably beautiful.

Fang Mingyu was overjoyed when he saw the glowing jade and stammered, "You, this, how, how come you have this jade?"

"Your sister gave it to me." Huang Xiaolong went on, "When we're out of the Nightless City, I have my way to send you back to the Divine World. Decide for yourself whether you want to return to the Divine

World or stay here searching for the Fallen Divine Flower. However, if you choose to stay, I won't accompany you while you go looking for that Fallen Divine Flower. I have my own things to do."

Fang Mingyu's eyes flickered with hesitation.

"Fine, I'll go back to the Divine World." In the end, Fang Mingyu agreed with much difficulty. His identity was exposed, and the Piercing Moon Cult was targeting him. Remaining on the Nine Yin Plane was equivalent to wooing death. Furthermore, the chances of finding the Fallen Divine Flower had always been slim, and now, those chances were even slimmer.

"Very good, let's go!" Huang Xiaolong said. Without delay, he brought Fang Mingyu towards the Nightless City's gates.

It was somewhat inconvenient to summon the Gates of Hell within the Nightless City, as they would be easily detected. Hence, Huang Xiaolong decided to summon the Gates of Hell outside the Nightless City, and then send Fang Mingyu back to the Divine World.

While Huang Xiaolong brought Fang Mingyu out through the city gates, inside one of the corpse pools within the Nine Yin Mountain Range, dense corpse qi roiled. Suddenly, a deafening roar shook the ninth heaven as dense corpse qi above the corpse pool roiled violently, growing stronger. A silhouette gradually became clearer above the corpse pool. This was none other than the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Young Lord, whose physical body was destroyed by Huang Xiaolong. It was Shi Yinyu!

"Congratulations to Young Lord's new body." Several Emperor Realm Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Ancestors flew over to congratulate Shi Yinyu.

During the time at the Nethersea, Huang Xiaolong had nearly killed Shi Yinyu. He had suffered severe injuries. Ever since his return to the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe, he had been in healing in seclusion, and now, more than a decade had passed, when he was as good as new.

Shi Yinyu nodded with satisfaction as he examined his newly reconstructed body. He then faced several Ancestors and asked, "Do you have that punk Duwei's news?"

One of the Ancestors smiled and said, "Young Lord, we were just about to report this matter to you. That Duwei is here in Spirits World."

"What? That punk's in Spirits World!" Shi Yinyu was astonished at first, then exploded into manic laughter, but his laughter contained chilling killing intent.

[Chapter 1730: Entering the Nine Yin Mountain Range](#)

"Yes, Young Lord." The Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Ancestor smiled as he went on, "Seven months ago, Duwei appeared at the Death Tomb City." His voice turned icy speaking of this, "At that time, Gao Ning was sieging the Death Tomb City's Netherworld King's Organisation Branch. No one had expected that punk would suddenly appear at Death Tomb City."

"What happened then?" Shi Yinyu's face darkened, urging the Ancestor anxiously.

The Ancestors hesitated. They were aware that Gao Ning had a close relationship with the Young Lord.

Gao Ning had mainly guided Their Young Lord's cultivation. Although their Young Lord had never worshipped Gao Ning as his master, their relationship was no different than that of a master and disciple.

"Speak!" Shi Yinyu barked at their slow response.

"Brother Gao Ning... was killed by that punk." The Ancestor lowered his head, sighing heavily in reply. "On top of that, Brother Gao Ning's corpse was hung above the Death Tomb City gates!"

Hearing that, Shi Yinyu's eyes turned scarlet like blood. He roared with anguish towards the sky, as cold and violent killing intent surged around his body.

"Duwei, you bast*rd, I'm going to kill you, kill you bast*rd!"

"I'm going to kill that bast*rd motherf*cker!"

Shi Yinyu's roars continued to echo in the mountain range, and he punched madly with fists at the things around him.

The manic look in his eyes sent cold shivers down the Ancestors' hearts.

Shi Yinyu finally stopped after a long time. He was panting heavily, but the redness in his eyes did not diminish at all. Green veins on his neck, bulged to the surface.

None of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Ancestors dared to utter a sound.

"Why didn't you all say this earlier? Why didn't any of you tell me?" Shi Yinyu glared fiercely at the Ancestors.

The Ancestors exchanged silent glances among themselves. One of them stepped up and said, "Young Lord, it was a critical time during your recovery. Thus the Patriarch had ordered us not to tell you about this matter before your full recovery."

"Where is that bast*rd Duwei right now?" Shi Yinyu strongly suppressed the boiling fury in his heart and demanded. The hatred and resentment in his eyes were stronger than ever.

"He left the Death Tomb City as early as half a year ago. We haven't yet located him, but when he left Death Tomb City, he was heading towards the west side." The Ancestor replied.

"West." Shi Yinyu's eyes narrowed as he said, "It doesn't matter where he is right now, but he absolutely must not be allowed to leave Spirits World."

"Rest assured, Young Lord, we've layout arrays around the Spirit Corpse Boundary River and Ghost Tomb. He won't be able to flee from our hands this time. Whenever he dares to appear at the Spirit Corpse Boundary River or Ghost Cemetery, our Old Ancestor would personally take action to capture and kill him." The same Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Ancestor explained.

Duwei coming to the Spirits World, was like he was literally seeking death. This was the best opportunity for them to kill Duwei. Naturally, the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe would not miss this god-given opportunity.

One must cross the Spirit Corpse Boundary River to reach the Spirits World from Asura World, while the Ghost Cemetery was the boundary between Spirits World and Ghost World. Both of these places were now heavily guarded by the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's army and numerous layers of ancient formations.

There's no escape for Duwei when the time comes!

"Good, this time, we'll catch him in one fell swoop!" Shi Yinyu laughed crazily, hearing that. "If the Old Ancestor takes action, that Duwei's death is certain. But it's a pity to let him die so easily."

The Ancestor laughed as he said, "Don't worry, Young Lord. Our Old Ancestor said that he'd hang that punk's corpse on the gates of our Nine Yin Giant Corpse's headquarters and invite various forces' experts to appreciate it. After that, we'll refine him into a ferocious corpse puppet, making him obey every order. At that time, he will have no choice but to obey Young Lord's orders."

Shi Yinyu's eyes lit up as he exclaimed with anticipation, "Did the Old Ancestor say so? Good! Very good!"

"But from the news that we've received, when that punk left the Death Tomb City, he was already a late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch." The Ancestor added.

"WHAT?!" Shi Yinyu's face sank.

Late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm!

When they were still at the Nethersea, Duwei was still a mid-Fifth Order Heavenly Monarch.

"How, how come so fast?!" Shi Yinyu blurted out.

"We were surprised too. We think it might be related to the thirty-six holy fruits he received." The Ancestor stated solemnly.

Shi Yinyu's face darkened as the words came out of him through gritted teeth, "Even I would take more than a decade to absorb one holy fruit, do you think that punk could have refined thirty-six holy fruits in a dozen years?"

He won't believe it, no matter what.

The Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Ancestors felt speechless.

In all honesty, none of them believed that Duwei had refined all thirty-six holy fruits in a dozen years... but they could not think of any other logical explanation for Duwei's rapid cultivation speed.

"Regardless of the reason why his cultivation rose so fast to late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm, what you all need to do now is to dig out where that punk is as soon as possible!" Shi Yinyu ordered with a twisted expression, "I don't care what method is used, force him out, quickly!"

"Young Lord, please rest assured, we have already arranged all our manpower to search every corner of Spirits World, and every late-Sixth Order Heavenly Monarch Realm expert. On top of that, we are secretly watching all Netherworld King's Organisation's branches in Spirits World. As soon as that punk appears at any Netherworld King's Organisation's branch, we will get altered right away!"

.....

Roughly two weeks later.

Huang Xiaolong entered the Nine Yin Mountain Range on the Thunder Bone Tiger.

Two weeks ago, Huang Xiaolong had brought Fang Mingyu out of the Nightless City, safely. Then, he had summoned the Gates of Hell and sent Fang Mingyu back to the Divine World. Before sending Fang Mingyu through the Gates of Hell, Huang Xiaolong had given him many high-grade and above grandmist spiritual pills.

At that time, Huang Xiaolong had also given Fang Xuanxuan's jade to Fang Mingyu so that he could take it back to the Divine World.

After Huang Xiaolong had dealt with Fang Mingyu's matters, he had rushed to the Nine Yin Mountain Range.

Looking at the Nine Yin Mountain Range before him, Huang Xiaolong gathered his wandering thoughts and flew towards its center.

Being the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's headquarters, the Nine Yin Mountain Range was massive, and it spanned across two mainlands! It had numerous peaks, and the buildings and palaces built here surpassed a hundred million. Some had even built a city on some of these peaks.

Within the cities and palaces on the Nine Yin Mountain Range were the tribe's disciples. Occasionally, one could see Elders and even Grand Elders flying over.

Patrol teams flew by like clockwork, indicating disciplined and strong defenses.

Whether it was at the foot of a mountain peak, around a city, or even a large palace, Huang Xiaolong sensed restriction arrays everywhere. There were probably several hundred thousand grand formation arrays laid out in the Nine Yin Mountain Range, and each grand formation array had the power to destroy an entire plane surface.

As a Grand Elder, Huang Xiaolong held a high status within the tribe. No-one stopped to question him along the way. Between traveling and resting, Huang Xiaolong arrived at a peak that resembled a giant wolf after three days.

This was the Giant Wolf Peak. As one of the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Grand Elders, Luo Haoming was allocated his own peak and a cultivation palace. Luo Haoming's cultivation palace was located on this Giant Wolf Peak.

Heavy layers of protection guarded the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's treasury. Forcefully breaking in was definitely a no-go. Now, Huang Xiaolong's only option was to find the method of opening the treasury and then find a way inside.

Then again, even after entering the treasury, the grandmist aura would be heavily guarded. As soon as he touched the grandmist aura, it would alert the Old Ancestor Shi Ming. Therefore, even if he got the secret method to enter the treasury, he still had to wait for the opportune time—wait for the Nine Yin Giant Corpse Tribe's Old Ancestor Shi Ming to leave the headquarters.

