

INVINCIBLE 2541

Chapter 2541: It's Huang Xiaolong!

After Li Chen's holy soul imprint was utterly shattered, all of the Devil Palace's members from top to bottom celebrated his demise. The celebration continued till the next day, and it was livelier than ever. The wine and laughter were endless.

Suddenly, one of the celebrating Devil Palace's Palace Master had a dazed expression on his face as he turned to look at the holy spiritual stone containing Xie Bufan's holy soul imprint.

The holy spiritual stone with Xie Bufan's soul imprint that originally shone with glimmering radiance was dimming at a rapid speed.

Before long, other Devil Palace's Hall Masters, Vice-Hall Masters, Grand Elders, and Elders, as well as Cao Nan also noticed this matter.

The great hall that was buoyant with festive air just a moment ago was blanketed by an abrupt, heavy silence. Arms raising wine-filled cups for a toast frozen in midair. Whereas, those gnawing on spiritual fruit choked on the fruit in their throats, forgetting to swallow.

All the Devil Palace's experts were wide-eyed and frozen on the spot. Their hearts constricted and chests tightened. Subconsciously, each of them was afraid that if they dared to inhale or exhale, Xie Bufan's soul imprint would dim faster.

Unfortunately, despite not daring to move their ass by a millimeter, or even swallowing their saliva regardless of the dry, itchy feeling in their throats, the light of Xie Bufan's soul imprint continued to dim.

As he watched Xie Bufan's soul imprint flicker unsteadily akin to a candlelight in a stormy night, threatening to go off the moment he looked away, Cao Nan rose from his seat abruptly, and shouted at the top of his lungs, "What the hell is going on? Which motherf*cker can tell me what the hell is going on?! How come it's like this! Why?!"

"Ahhh —!!!" Cao Nan let out an anguished roar.

His roar shook the great hall, raising specks of dust in the air.

Apprehension gripped the hearts of Devil Palace's experts, and no one dared to make a sound, but each of them could see their own fear and worries mirrored in the faces of their companions close to them. They reflected bewilderment, confusion, and shock.

Judging from the current situation, Xie Bufan's soul imprint was surely on the edge of collapsing. Xie Bufan, their Devil Palace's chief Devil's Son, was going to die?!

But... didn't Xie Bufan obtain Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance earlier? Didn't he kill Li Chen?

His Highness Xie Bufan should be accepting Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance right now!

Or could it be that Xie Bufan suffered from some sort of backlash when accepting Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance?

Though a backlash rarely occurs when accepting an inheritance, the chances of it happening was not absolutely nil.

In a split second, various possibilities raced through the minds of these Devil Palace's experts.

"It's Huang Xiaolong, it must be Huang Xiaolong that son of a b*tch!" Suddenly, Cao Nan spat through gritted teeth. His eyes were bloodshot as killing intent surged from every pore of his body.

When Xiao Lengxue had died, followed by Dou Rui, and then Su Biqing, Cao Nan hadn't even batted an eyelid. But this time, his eyes were bloodshot with fury and violent killing intent in an instant, as if they were dyed with blood!

But they were talking about Xie Bufan! He was the most talented disciple amongst the Devil Palace's young generation of geniuses—the disciple on whom the three Palace Masters, Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian, placed all their hopes, and the disciple on whom the three of them had spent countless resources and effort to nurture!

Not to mention, Cao Nan practically regarded Xie Bufan as his son.

Heart-piercing pain! This was what Cao Nan was experiencing right now.

"...It's Huang Xiaolong??!!" Some Devil Palace's experts repeated in disbelief.

Among the various possibilities that crossed these Devil Palace experts' minds, none of them connected the matter with Huang Xiaolong.

Subconsciously, they still thought that it could not be Huang Xiaolong, and it was absolutely impossible that it could be Huang Xiaolong.

"That's right, it's Huang Xiaolong that b*stard!" Cao Nan's eyes glowed red, "It's definitely him. He killed Li Chen. It's him who got the Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance! We were wrong this entire time. No one thought it would be him, but we've really underestimated that b*stard!"

The Devil Palace's experts looked at their companions in astonishment, was it really so?

If the perpetrator was really Huang Xiaolong, then how terrifying was the potential of his talent? How strong exactly was he now? At the very least, certainly, no Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm expert can harm His Highness Xie Bufan that holds the Fiend Moon Blade... right?

Yet, His Highness Xie Bufan is? Even Li Chen too...?!

Right at this time, crisp crumbling noises rang through the great hall. The holy spiritual stone with Xie Bufan's soul imprint cracked to pieces, and the elegant phantom image of Xie Bufan dimmed, and disappeared completely from the world.

"Bufan!" Cao Nan cried out in grief, as hatred and sorrow etched on his face.

Great sorrow gripped at everyone's heart.

The feeling that they had lost something significantly important hit them, as if their hearts were emptied out.

The great hall was blanketed with dead silence until sonorous laughter broke the atmosphere as Tyrant Chu walked in with a group of Holy Heavens' experts. Tyrant Chu laughed as he met with Cao Nan's murderous gaze, "Cao Nan, congrats, congrats to you ah. Your disciple Xie Bufan first got the Cangqiong Blade, then Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance, becoming Old Man Cangqiong's successor."

Cao Nan and all the Devil Palace's experts' expressions turned ugly. This Tyrant Chu definitely came here to congratulate after knowing Xie Bufan's soul imprint had shattered. Coming to congratulate at this time was literally stabbing another knife into Cao Nan's pained heart!

"Tyrant Chu, you—!" Cao Nan glared furiously at Tyrant Chu.

Tyrant Chu let out another bout of sonorous laughter, and said, "The Devil Palace is holding a celebration banquet, I originally wanted to attend, but I was busy yesterday. I came uninvited today, don't take offense, ah."

Cao Nan's face darkened further, and his voice was cold, "Tyrant Chu, don't feel so complacent, your Holy Heavens' chief disciple Li Chen is dead as well!" He chuckled maliciously, letting Tyrant Chu savor his next words, "Li Chen was probably killed by Huang Xiaolong as well. I am waiting to see how you are going to punish Huang Xiaolong when he comes out! Huang Xiaolong killed the Holy Heavens' chief Holy Prince. If you do not handle this matter according to the Holy Heavens' rules, I think all the Holy Heavens' disciples would rebel from dissatisfaction!"

Tyrant Chu was stunned for a split second then laughed loudly, "That is our Holy Heavens' internal affair, so there is no need to trouble yourself about it. Oh right, I will be holding a celebration banquet later, you must be free right? Why don't you head over with me and have a few drinks?"

"Not everyone has a chance to taste my wine."

Cao Nan was beyond indignant, and his gaze was as cold as it could be. "Tyrant Chu, I advise you not to celebrate so early, who knows for sure if it is really Huang Xiaolong who has gotten Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance."

Tyrant Chu snickered upon hearing Cao Nan's words that were no different than a fart. Three people entered the Cangqiong Holy Manor. Both Li Chen and Xie Bufan had fallen, and the only person remaining was Huang Xiaolong. Hence, the result still couldn't be determined at this point?

Tyrant Chu and Holy Heavens' experts swaggered away with beaming faces a while later.

Cao Nan's fist clenched till his fingers dug into his palms, as he wanted to kill, but he suppressed it with much effort. After all, they were not in their own territory. Attacking aggressively at the Cangqiong Dao Palace was like stepping over Old Man Cangqiong's bottom line.

At this time, the Clear Snow Palace also heard about Xie Bufan's soul imprint's destruction, and the three beauties had a strange expression on their faces.

In the end, it was Huang Xiaolong!

Tan Juan didn't say a word, while a plethora of words were racing through Ji Xinyi's head. On the other hand, Lin Xiaoying was dumbfounded.

“Master, that Thirteen, is he going to become my Martial Uncle in the future?” Lin Xiaoying suddenly turned and asked Xue Lingyun.

Xue Lingyun had yet to recover after hearing the news.

Inside the Cangqiong Holy Manor, after refining both Li Chen and Xie Bufan’s holy souls, Huang Xiaolong walked towards the left side of the hall. His hand reached into the air and grabbed, and a blade flew out from the void into Huang Xiaolong’s palm.

Cangqiong Blade!

There were some similarities between the Cangqiong Blade and Fiend Moon Blade. However, the Cangqiong Blade was slightly longer and the blade tip curved upwards. Its body reflected a chilling coldness.

Then, Huang Xiaolong went to collect the Cangqiong Holy Pills.

When all these tasks were done, Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to leave just yet. Hence, he stayed inside the Cangqiong Holy Manor to refine the two dao artifacts, the Cangqiong Blade and Eight-Side Desolate Beast Ring.

Chapter 2542: No One Can Stop Huang Xiaolong Anymore

Refining the Cangqiong Blade was smooth and easy for Huang Xiaolong as he had gotten Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance. In a short period of merely a little over a month, he obtained the preliminary grasp of the Cangqiong Blade's power.

Of course, Huang Xiaolong's inextinguishable dao heart played a big part in speeding up the refinement process. Otherwise, it might have taken Huang Xiaolong ten, twenty, or maybe even more years for him to grasp the preliminary powers of the Cangqiong Blade.

Huang Xiaolong didn't spend much effort to refine the Eight-Sided Desolate Beast Ring, mainly because Li Chen was already dead. The soul imprint Li Chen had left in the Eight-Sided Desolate Beast Ring had scattered, hence Huang Xiaolong didn't come across much resistance when he took ownership.

As for the Devil Palace's Fiend Moon Blade, the Devil Palace Master Qiao Jinyang's soul imprint was still on it, as well as the inextinguishable grand dao of Qiao Jinyang's comprehension, thus it was impossible for Huang Xiaolong to refine the Fiend Moon Blade at his current strength.

Even though Huang Xiaolong had his own inextinguishable dao heart, there was no hope of erasing Qiao Jinyang's markings on the Fiend Moon Blade on his own unless his cultivation reached the Primal Ancestor Realm.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong completely gave up on refining the Fiend Moon Blade after a day's struggle. He was unable to refine the Fiend Moon Blade, but he could ask for help from his Fourth Master after going out.

After refining the Cangqiong Blade and Eight-Sided Desolate Beast Ring, Huang Xiaolong exited the Cangqiong Holy Manor.

Huang Xiaolong saw Old Man Cangqiong the moment he came out. Old Man Cangqiong smiled knowingly at him, caressing the pitifully sparse goatee on his chin as he nodded his head in appreciation.

Other than Old Man Cangqiong, the Clear Snow Palace's three beauties and Palace Master Xue Lingyun, his Fourth Master, Tyrant Chu, and a group of Holy Heavens' disciples and experts were also present.

Of course, the Devil Palace's three Palace Masters with a large group of Devil Palace's experts exuded hostility so strong that they could hardly be ignored.

Apart from these top powerhouses, there were many other forces as well.

Cao Nan's eyes never left Huang Xiaolong since the moment he appeared, and the look in his eyes made others break out in cold sweat, yet Huang Xiaolong treated it as nonexistent.

"Disciple greets Master," Huang Xiaolong stepped forward, standing properly in front of Old Man Cangqiong before he saluted respectfully.

"Good, good!" Old Man Cangqiong nodded with a beaming face, as he moved forward and slightly raised Huang Xiaolong from his bow.

Tyrant Chu approached them smilingly, and Huang Xiaolong greeted respectfully, "Fourth Master."

"Way to go, kiddo. You didn't disappoint us!" Tyrant Chu laughed heartily, "As expected as my disciple!"

Holy Heavens' disciples and experts congratulated Huang Xiaolong with Wu Ge in the lead.

Huang Xiaolong nodded at them, and smiled as he thanked them.

Cao Nan and the Devil Palace's experts approached from the distance, and Cao Nan's gaze was as cold as his voice. "Huang Xiaolong, did you kill my disciple Xie Bufan?"

"That's correct," Huang Xiaolong admitted frankly. In truth, he didn't plan to deny or conceal the matter at all. Moreover, it was an open secret at this point. Naturally, Huang Xiaolong was not afraid that other people would suspect that he had a dao heart, because he had the Opening Heaven Dragon Spear with the Heavenly Master's grand dao imprinted on it. This weapon was more than sufficient to kill Xie Bufan and Li Chen without raising any suspicion.

"Very good!" Cao Nan sneered coldly, "Huang Xiaolong, we really underestimated you!" He then opened his palm towards Huang Xiaolong, demanding, "Where is the Fiend Moon Blade? Hurry up and return it to us!"

Huang Xiaolong responded tepidly, "The Fiend Moon Blade is in my hand. However, if you want it back, it'll cost you ten thousand holy pills!"

"WHAT?!!!" Cao Nan and the Devil Palace's experts yelled in anger.

Tyrant Chu hadn't expected Huang Xiaolong to come up with such a hand that he broke into laughter. Good kiddo, Huang Xiaolong had dared to think of something he didn't... ten thousand holy pills! That was a mind-blowing condition!

Probably, you won't be able to find so many holy pills even if you combed through every inch of the Holy World with a fine-tooth comb.

“YOU—!” Overwhelming killing intent roiled in Cao Nan’s eyes, as he wished nothing more than to tear Huang Xiaolong into pieces with his bare hands.

But with Tyrant Chu present, Old Man Cangqiong, and the rest, he couldn’t touch a hair on Huang Xiaolong, much less tear him into pieces.

“Fourth Master, what do you think?” Huang Xiaolong suddenly asked Tyrant Chu.

Tyrant Chu was dumbfounded for a split second, but then, he laughed and replied in a domineering tone, “That’s it, ten thousand holy pills, and it’s non-negotiable!”

Smoke was rising from Cao Nan’s head from fury as he glared at Tyrant Chu. “Tyrant Chu, I’ll tell you. Don’t dream! You won’t get even one holy pill! Don’t think the Fiend Moon Blade is yours because it’s in your hands!”

As long as the Fiend Moon Blade was not refined by Tyrant Chu, or any of the four Primal Ancestors, it still belonged to the Devil Palace. The Devil Palace Master Qian Jinyang would have an opportunity to take it back in the future.

Tyrant Chu chuckled when he heard that and didn’t bother to waste time bickering with Cao Nan anymore. He turned to Old Man Cangqiong and Xue Lingyun. “Daoist Cangqiong, Daoist Xue Lingyun, we’re one family from hereafter. We should meet more often in the future.”

Old Man Cangqiong smiled amiably and responded, “Naturally.”

Xue Lingyun squeezed an awkward smile as she gave Tyrant Chu a slight roll of her eyes. What does he mean by ‘we should meet more often in the future?’ The choice of words made her speechless.

“Daoist Cangqiong, I have prepared a feast, shall we head over now? Drink a few cups?” Tyrant Chu went on.

Old Man Cangqiong nodded, accepting Tyrant Chu’s invitation.

Subsequently, Tyrant Chu, Huang Xiaolong, Old Man Cangqiong, Holy Heavens’ experts, and Clear Snow Palace’s experts entered the Cangqiong Dao Palace. When Tyrant Chu passed by Cao Nan, he said, “Daoist Cao Nan, why don’t you join us?”

Cao Nan’s cold glare could almost pierce a hole through Tyrant Chu and Huang Xiaolong’s back, as his face looked frighteningly gloomy.

Soon, the news that Huang Xiaolong had obtained Old Man Cangqiong’s inheritance reached the four corners of the Holy World.

The news shook the Holy Lands Alliance from top to bottom. It shook the Holy Race, Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, and the Vajra Race!

The other holy grounds and ancient races had similar reactions.

In a short time, Huang Xiaolong’s reputation rose to a new height.

He was already famous from the stage battles at the Mirage Pavilion. Not to mention his performance through the Trial of Blood, entering the top five and revealing his holy soul. It had further astounded the Holy World to the core.

And now, Huang Xiaolong had killed Li Chen and Xie Bufan, and triumphantly obtained Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance, becoming his successor. He had become Old Man Cangqiong's one and only personal disciple! Thus, this information left the Holy World reeling.

Huang Xiaolong!

Huang Xiaolong! Huang Xiaolong!

Everyone everywhere was talking about Huang Xiaolong.

At the Holy Lands Alliance headquarters, when Mo Cangli heard the news, he fell into a long pensive silence. A long time later, he raised his head and sighed heavily, "In the future, no one will be able to stop Huang Xiaolong's path anymore!"

Huai Po's voice was heavy with sour jealousy as he complained, "Huang Xiaolong got lucky that Lord Long gave him the Opening Heaven Dragon Spear, and the Heavenly Master added his inextinguishable grand dao to it. Without these, how could he have possibly defeated Xie Bufan and Li Chen? Not to mention that he might have had more than one dao artifact in his hand."

He was extremely jealous that Huang Xiaolong obtained Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance and became Old Man Cangqiong's successor, and he was more than a little upset.

He and Huang Xiaolong had never seen eye to eye from the start.

Mo Cangli looked at his disciple. As Huai Po's master, how could he not know Huai Po's thoughts?

"Later on, you must not have any thoughts of deliberately provoking Huang Xiaolong," Mo Cangli warned him sternly.

Huai Po was stunned but nodded and answered, "Yes, Master."

Inwardly, Huai Po didn't really take his Master's warning to heart, insisting that Huang Xiaolong had merely got lady luck shining down on him.

Five years went by in the blink of an eye.

In these five years, Huang Xiaolong had been staying at the Cangqiong Holy Mountain, listening to Old Man Cangqiong preach his way of dao. During this time, the Devil Palace's Qiao Jinyang had personally come to visit, and of course, his aim was to get the Fiend Moon Blade back. In the end, enduring the pain of his bleeding heart, Qiao Jinyang emptied out half of the Devil Palace's treasury to exchange and take back the Fiend Moon Blade.

Chapter 2543: Son of Origin

A period of five years was not a long time, but these five years spent at the Cangqiong Dao Palace had benefitted Huang Xiaolong the most so far. In these five years, Old Man Cangqiong literally imparted to

Huang Xiaolong everything he knew, from his grand dao, holy martial arts, array formations, and other various skills and profound knowledge.

Huang Xiaolong didn't take a step out of the Cangqiong Dao Palace during these five years. In truth, he didn't even leave the palace building Old Man Cangqiong resided in.

With his inextinguishable dao heart, Huang Xiaolong could understand Old Man Cangqiong's preachings of his dao and holy martial arts before entering the Primal Ancestor Realm without trouble. As for array formations, pill refining, and other knowledge was also absorbed by Huang Xiaolong like a sponge.

Old Man Cangqiong was a hundred percent satisfied with Huang Xiaolong as his successor, and he was seen smiling from ear to ear everyday.

There was a test on every floor of the Cangqiong Holy Manor. Huang Xiaolong proved his excellence by being capable of passing the tests on these floors and becoming the person who finally obtained the inheritance. But Old Man Cangqiong had not expected this successor to be better than he had imagined. Infact, he was a hundred times better, no, a thousand times better! Maybe even ten thousand times better!

He wondered if Huang Xiaolong was the Holy World's Son of Origin?

The Holy World's Son of Origin was born from the core of the Holy World, enabling him to grasp every grand dao of the Holy World with little guidance, and he could comprehend deeper. Anything he cultivated required very little effort.

Then again, Old Man Cangqiong was aware that Huang Xiaolong was not the Son of Origin because the Son of Origin was born with the Origin Complete Dao Saint Godhead.

The Origin Complete Dao Saint Godhead ranked number-one!

Looking at his personal disciple, Huang Xiaolong, standing in front of him, Old Man Cangqiong couldn't help telling Huang Xiaolong about the Son of Origin.

"The Holy World's Son of Origin?" This information came as a surprise to Huang Xiaolong.

Old Man Cangqiong nodded. "Yes, the Holy World's Son of Origin is a secret few people know about. Although your four masters are aware of this, none of them have ever mentioned it to you, right?"

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "No."

Old Man Cangqiong went on, "The Holy World's Son of Origin is hailed as the cultivator with the strongest talent, and the future's most powerful cultivator in the Holy World. From the moment he comes into the world, he has the Holy World's first-ranked Origin Complete Dao Saint Godhead. Some time back, I had a small breakthrough in my grand dao and visited the Holy World's core again. I calculated that the Holy World's Son of Origin is likely to have been born!"

"However, I am unable to calculate his location, nor can I sense it," Old Man Cangqiong added, "If you come across the Son of Origin in the future, remember to proceed with caution."

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head, and complied, "I understand Master. If that happens, I will have people pay attention."

Contrary to Huang Xiaolong's expectation, Old Man Cangqiong shook his head, then explained, "The Son of Origin is not necessarily a native of the Holy World, he can also be born in an alien land outside of our Holy World."

"Alien land outside!" Huang Xiaolong was genuinely shocked.

Old Man Cangqiong confirmed, "Yes, although the majority of the super holy grounds categorize the alien land as the Holy World's outer periphery, the alien land is in the same space as our Holy World."

In the same space as our Holy World? A thought occurred to Huang Xiaolong, and he asked, "Master, you mean to say that outside our Holy World, there is another Holy World's space?"

Old Man Cangqiong hadn't expected Huang Xiaolong to ask such a question, and he considered his words before answering solemnly, "It seems that you have comprehended certain things as well. Yes, you are right. After my grand dao's comprehension advanced, I could be certain that there is another Holy World's space in existence outside our Holy World. It's like two halves of the same whole apple, where both halves think that they are a whole apple which is not the case."

"The reason I decided to choose my successor this time was because I plan to head to the Divine Tuo Holy World a few years later," Old Man Cangqiong explained.

"Divine Tuo Holy World? The Divine Tuo Mountain?" Huang Xiaolong blurted in shock.

At the same time, Old Man Cangqiong's eyes widened in surprise as he looked at Huang Xiaolong, then a wave of hearty laughter bubbled from his chest, "It seems like your comprehension towards the grand dao is stronger than I estimated, since you actually managed to touch the edge of the Divine Tuo Mountain's secret."

Huang Xiaolong became slightly embarrassed at having that pointed out, "Disciple barely felt it by chance."

Old Man Cangqiong smiled as he went on, "No need to be humble. With your talent and current level of comprehension towards the grand dao, when you enter Primal Ancestor Realm, you will probably fully comprehend the Divine Tuo Mountain's grand dao and powers, and then connect to the Divine Tuo Holy World. However, I'm afraid it would be difficult to return after going to the Divine Tuo Holy World." He shook his head. "What I mean is, once you go to the Divine Tuo Holy World, there is no way to come back."

Huang Xiaolong's eyes widened and reluctance filled his chest.

Although the amount of time he had spent with Old Man Cangqiong was significantly short, their master-disciple relationship was not thinner than his feelings towards his four Holy Heavens' masters. In these few years, Old Man Cangqiong had not held back in teaching him, and this had increased Huang Xiaolong's gratitude towards him.

Old Man Cangqiong smiled to ease Huang Xiaolong's heavy mood, "Don't feel reluctant. Wait until you break through to Primal Ancestor Realm. After that, come find me in the Divine Tuo Holy World when you want to see me. That way, we, master-disciple, can still see each other again."

Huang Xiaolong nodded sadly.

Primal Ancestor Realm? That was going to be tens of thousands of years later.

Even after having an inextinguishable dao heart, three holy souls, and three evolvable complete dao saint godheads, it would still take him more than ten thousand years to step into Primal Ancestor Realm.

After learning that Old Man Cangqiong planned to leave the Holy World to the Divine Tuo Holy World, Huang Xiaolong doubled his efforts to comprehend the lessons taught by Old Man Cangqiong.

As time flowed by, ten years passed.

By now, there were less than two decades until Saint Fate appeared. Originally, Huang Xiaolong had planned to head to the ancient battlefields to search for the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's treasury after obtaining Old Man Cangqiong's inheritance, but now, he decided to delay the matter.

Even without the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's treasury, after listening to Old Man Cangqiong's teachings through these years and comprehending Old Man Cangqiong's grand dao, Huang Xiaolong's holy souls and inextinguishable dao heart had gone through subliminal improvements.

Huang Xiaolong's strength had also risen during this period, entering the peak of mid-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint. By the time the Saint Fate were to appear, it wouldn't be difficult for him to reach the peak late-Ninth Tribulation.

Another ten years went by.

On this day, Old Man Cangqiong said, "Xiaolong ah, I have passed all I know to you. The rest depends on your effort in cultivation and further comprehension. I hope you can create a dao art that is unique to you, and let it become the Holy World's strongest dao art!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head with determination. "Rest assured, Master. Your disciple will bear in mind all of your teachings."

Old Man Cangqiong stood up and said slowly, "In these twenty-five years, you listened to me speak about the grand dao everyday, and haven't taken one step out from this Cangqiong Dao Palace. Go on now as it's time for you to take a walk outside."

Huang Xiaolong walked after Old Man Cangqiong, stepping out from the Cangqiong Dao Palace. The bright sunlight fell on him, warming his body.

With a wave of his hand, Old Man Cangqiong raised the Cangqiong Dao Palace into the air as he smiled at Huang Xiaolong and said, "This Cangqiong Dao Palace will be my gift to you. After all, it's not of much use being left here."

The Cangqiong Dao Palace was forged with numerous rare materials and repeatedly tempered with Old Man Cangqiong's inextinguishable dao heart. Therefore, it had long risen into the ranks of dao artifacts. Although it was not as powerful as the Cangqiong Blade, it was an excellent transportation medium!

Chapter 2544: Old Man Cangqiong Leaves

The Cangqiong Dao Palace was a dao-artifact-grade flying ship! It was one of the two flying-type dao artifacts in the entire Holy World!

One could imagine how precious the Cangqiong Dao Palace was.

There were merely two of them in the Holy World, which made them worth much more than other dao artifacts.

Yet Huang Xiaolong looked at the Cangqiong Dao Palace and said, “Master, as you are going to the Divine Tuo Holy World, you will need a dao artifact for protection. If you give me all your dao artifacts, won’t you be...?”

Old Man Cangqiong chuckled kindly, hearing Huang Xiaolong’s concern, “Don’t worry about me. With my strength, there probably wouldn’t be more than a few people capable of hurting me even at the Divine Tuo Holy World. Not to mention, the Cangqiong Blade and Cangqiong Dao Palace are not all of my dao artifacts.”

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes widened in surprise. Not merely two dao artifacts? That is so excessive, isn’t it? In order to forge a dao artifact, it was nothing strange to hear a Primal Ancestor emptying his personal wealth. Time and effort were another considerations, and in general, after forging one dao artifact, many Primal Ancestors wouldn’t have the motivation to forge a second dao artifact.

Whereas, Old Man Cangqiong actually had three dao artifacts?!

“Hehe, don’t be so surprised,” Old Man Cangqiong chuckled, “I had an adventure, and ended up with three dao artifacts. I personally forged the Cangqiong Blade and Cangqiong Dao Palace. As for the third item, I got it by accident by a stroke of luck.”

Only then did it dawn on Huang Xiaolong. So that was the case!

No wonder, Huang Xiaolong had thought Old Man Cangqiong had personally forged all three dao artifacts he had.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong accepted the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

“In the future when you’ve broken through to Primal Ancestor Realm, and formed your inextinguishable dao heart, take away this Cangqiong Holy Grounds as well. I won’t be taking it with me.” Old Man Cangqiong gazed into the distant horizon of the ethereal Cangqiong Holy Grounds hovering in space.

The Cangqiong Holy Grounds was one of the things he had spent lots of thoughts and efforts on.

Huang Xiaolong’s lips moved, but he could not find the words to express his thoughts. So in the end, he nodded solemnly and promised, “I will, Master.”

“Go on!” Old Man Cangqiong stopped dallying, calling Huang Xiaolong as he whizzed across the sky.

Out of the Cangqiong Holy Grounds, they entered the Cangqiong Dao Palace once again and dove into the vast Holy World’s space.

Their destination this time was the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds’ Divine Tuo Continent!

“Master, you, can you leave after I have integrated with Saint Fate?” on the way, Huang Xiaolong asked.

Old Man Cangqiong shook his head, “No, I can’t do that. It’s guaranteed a hundred percent that you will be successful. Moreover, with the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, and others protecting you, no danger will come to you. So, I won’t stay. It’ll only make parting harder.”

Knowing it won’t make a difference no matter what he said, Huang Xiaolong stopped insisting.

“After I leave the Holy World, go stop by the Clear Snow Palace more often if you have time. That baby girl, Lin Xiaoying is not bad.” Old Man Cangqiong suddenly joked.

For a second, Huang Xiaolong didn’t know how to respond.

As he watched Huang Xiaolong’s awkward reaction, Old Man Cangqiong was enjoying himself and continued to tease him, “Then again, the other two baby girls, Tan Juan and Ji Xinyi, are also not bad.”

Huang Xiaolong was almost drenched in a cold sweat.

He didn’t expect the old man to have a playful side.

Does the old man suspect that I have netted all three ladies? Where did he get such a ridiculous idea?

Huang Xiaolong protested feebly, “I am their martial uncle.”

Cangqiong Old Man chuckled, brushing off Huang Xiaolong’s protest, “This is not a problem at all. The cultivation path is a long road, and at some holy grounds, there were female disciples that became dao companions to their founders.”

Huang Xiaolong was rendered utterly speechless.

But Huang Xiaolong knew Old Man Cangqiong was speaking the truth.

Along the way, Old Man Cangqiong and Huang Xiaolong talked about various things, from dao arts to the many rumors of strange events of the Holy World. Most of these strange rumors were holy grounds’ and ancient races’ secrets. Huang Xiaolong really could not understand how come the old man knew so much of these ‘gossips.’

In less than ten days of journey, Huang Xiaolong and Cangqiong Old Man arrived at the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds.

The Heavenly Master, Lord Long, Tyrant Chu, and Elder Crow personally appeared to welcome Cangqiong Old Man.

However, Cangqiong Old Man didn’t want others to learn of his arrival. Therefore, there were only the four Primal Ancestors who welcomed him, and no other Holy Heavens’ experts or disciples were present.

Naturally, greetings couldn’t be exempted when old friends gathered.

“I’ll trouble you all to take care of Huang Xiaolong in the future,” Old Man Cangqiong said to the four.

The Heavenly Master nodded, “Fellow Dao Master Cangqiong, don’t worry. With us four old men, Qiao Jinyang won’t get past us to harm the kid.” The four of them had already learned that Old Man Cangqiong was planning to head to the Divine Tuo Holy World.

Old Man Cangqiong chuckled, "With you guys around, I am assured."

Subsequently, Old Man Cangqiong, the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Elder Crow, Lord Long, and Huang Xiaolong reached the Divine Tuo Mountain.

The four Primal Ancestors had ordered a lockdown of one hundred million miles radius around the Divine Tuo Mountain in advance to prevent the leakage of news about Cangqiong Old Man's departure from the Holy World.

Many experts had 'resisted' the abrupt lockdown around the Divine Tuo Mountain, but when they heard that the lockdown was ordered by the four Primal Ancestors, their resistance wilted.

At the foot of the Divine Tuo Mountain, after taking the first step up the stairs, Old Man Cangqiong turned around and exhorted Huang Xiaolong many things. Each matter showed the concern of an elder towards a beloved junior. Huang Xiaolong promised and committed each word the old man said to memory.

Then, Old Man Cangqiong continued to climb the stairs, one step at a time, going upwards, and his figure gradually grew smaller, and then, he disappeared from sight into the thick clouds.

Several days later, the entire Divine Tuo Mountain suddenly lit up, and rays of light soared into the skies as streams of grand dao turned into resplendent profound runes, circulating in the air and finally opening a huge space entrance. The powerful aura rushing out from the space entrance was overwhelming.

The grand dao energy circulating in the air went in to form a great dao array that enveloped the entire Divine Tuo Mountain peak. Cangqiong Old Man vanished from sight and the huge space entrance began to shrink.

A while later, everything returned to normal, yet Huang Xiaolong remained standing on the same spot.

"Xiaolong, let's go," the Heavenly Master persuaded Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong snapped out of his melancholy after hearing the Heavenly Master's voice calling him.

Upon returning to the Holy Heavens City with the four Primal Ancestors, Huang Xiaolong made a trip back to the Blue Dragon Manor. Early the next day, he entered the Primal Ancestor's space for a 'talk' with his four masters.

With the Saint Fate's appearance around the corner, Huang Xiaolong's four masters naturally had to impart some advice based on their experiences of integrating with a Saint Fate to Huang Xiaolong. Although they believed Huang Xiaolong would succeed without a problem, it did not hurt to be cautious.

"Master, can a person only integrate with one Saint Fate?" This question suddenly popped out of Huang Xiaolong's mouth.

The four Holy Heavens' Primal Ancestors were stunned.

"That should not be the case," Elder Crow answered seriously, "Although there is no record of anyone in the Holy World integrating with two Saint Fate, integrating with two or more Saint Fate should be

possible. You have three complete dao saint godheads, so by logic, you should be able to integrate with three Saint Fates.”

The issue was, whether one could really integrate with more than one Saint Fate. And none of the four Primal Ancestors could say with absolute certainty.

In fact, what the four didn't know was that Huang Xiaolong's aim was not merely three Saint Fates, but more, a lot more!

Saint Fate was a good thing ah!

The more one could integrate, the better it would be. According to Huang Xiaolong's deduction, the more Saint Fates one integrated with, the stronger the integrated Saint Fate would be. Then, his future cultivation path into the True Saint Realm would be faster, and his battle prowess would be even more amazing.

Every time Saint Fate appeared, there were definitely more than one, and there were distinctions between these Saint Fates. Though higher-order Saint Fate was harder to integrate with, once successful, the effects were better.

Chapter 2545: Saint Fate Appears

Half a day later, Huang Xiaolong returned to the Blue Dragon Manor from the Primal Ancestors' space.

Back at the Blue Dragon Manor, Huang Xiaolong asked Di Huai about Fu Yunjie's latest update. The moment Li Chen had died, Fu Yunjie had lost his shelter, and it was time to deal with Fu Yunjie once and for all.

But Di Huai actually reported that Fu Yunjie had slid away from the Heavenly Master Holy Ground after getting news of Li Chen's death. Currently, Fu Yunjie and his father, Fan Xia, were hiding in the Holy Lands Alliance.

“He slipped away?” Huang Xiaolong was surprised.

He had exhorted the Departing Sword Sage to keep an eye on Fu Yunjie to prevent this, but Fu Yunjie had still slipped off in the end.

The Departing Sword Sage looked ashamed, “Indeed so, Your Highness. Fu Yunjie is simply too cunning. I don't know from where he got a high-grade escape talisman. That was how he managed to run away. Subordinate failed in completing the task, and he is ready to accept punishment.

Huang Xiaolong waved his hand and said, “It's alright, it doesn't matter if he has slipped away. It's just the same digging them out from the Holy Lands Alliance later.”

Fu Yunjie escaped this time, but he won't be able to do so every time.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't worried even if Fu Yunjie and Fan Xia ran to the end of the world.

However, in order to prevent Fu Yunjie and Fan Xia from fleeing from the Holy Lands Alliance to some obscure corner of some unknown holy ground, Huang Xiaolong ordered people to keep an eye on the father and son's movements.

Counting the time, there were six to seven years until the predicted time of Saint Fate's appearance, and Huang Xiaolong planned to use this time to raise his cultivation to the peak of late Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint. So, dealing with the father and son could only be pushed back until he integrated with the Saint Fate and broke through to True Saint Realm.

In the subsequent days, Huang Xiaolong stayed at the Blue Dragon Manor and focused on improving his cultivation, entering into peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm.

Instead of consuming Cangqiong Holy Pills, Huang Xiaolong consumed Star Transferring Holy Pills. Each Cangqiong Holy Pill was extremely precious. Thus he was saving them for later when he would break through to True Saint Realm.

Though he was only consuming the Star Transferring Holy Pills, Huang Xiaolong was confident that it was enough to help him advance to peak late-Ninth Tribulation before the Saint Fate appeared.

Time flowed by, and six years went by in the blink of an eye.

In these six years, Huang Xiaolong barely took a step out from the secret chamber. After refining the first Star Transferring Holy Pill, he continued with the second, third, fourth pellet, and so on...

Based on Huang Xiaolong's current terrifying absorption and cultivation speed, he could fully absorb the energy within a Star Transferring Holy Pill in two to three days.

In six years' time, even Huang Xiaolong had lost count about how many Star Transferring Holy Pills he had consumed.

He only remembered that he had advanced to the peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm four years ago. He had stopped consuming Star Transferring Holy Pill after that, keeping the remaining holy pills for future use.

After all, at this point, no matter how many holy pills he consumed, they would be wasted as he couldn't break through to True Saint Realm relying on them. Even so, he remained in seclusion, and his half-True Saint power had become even more compact.

Again and again, he tempered, suppressed, and condensed the energy within his body.

Four years ago when Huang Xiaolong's cultivation had entered the peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, his half-True Saint energy had turned a pale golden color. Through numerous repeated condensations, the pale golden color had changed to golden, bright platinum, golden-purple, and crimson-golden.

Now, when Huang Xiaolong released his half-True Saint energy, his entire body was enshrouded by a blinding crimson golden light that seemingly could split a crack through heaven and earth.

On this particular day, with half a year remaining until Saint Fate appeared, the Holy World trembled as coruscating rays of light lit up its skies, and these rays of light were increasingly blinding. All experts in every holy ground and ancient race raised their heads and stared into the sky with a surprised but ecstatic expression.

"Saint Fates are appearing!"

This was a phenomenon the Saint Fate was about to be born.

When these rays of light shone at their extreme brightest, Saint Fates would appear one after another.

“How many Saint Fates are going to appear this time?”

“Normally, when Saint Fates appear, they rarely exceed ten in number. This time, it’s probably between five to ten!”

Nine out of ten times when Saint Fate appeared, there would be five or more Saint Fates. Very rarely there would be more than ten Saint Fates.

“Not necessarily, there were eleven Saint Fates in the last appearance. This time around, it’s likely to be more than ten. Moreover, judging from the intense rays of light in the sky, there might even be high-order Saint Fates appearing!”

“High-order Saint Fate hasn’t appeared for countless years. Among the eleven Saint Fates that appeared the last time, only two of them were of mid-order, the rest were all low-order Saint Fates.”

The various holy grounds, ancient races, and sects’ experts were discussing the same topic. Some were filled with anticipation, some indifference, and some were envious, or feeling jealous. Overall, there were all levels of excitement.

Those looking forward with anticipation were naturally peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm experts, who were especially talented holy princes of superpowers such as Mo Cangli’s disciple, Huai Po. Huai Po hoped with every fiber in his body that a high-order Saint Fate would appear, and another person with the same thought was the Clear Snow Palace Master, Xue Lingyun.

Somewhere within the Holy Lands Alliance, Mo Cangli stood with his hands clasped at his back as he observed the brilliance of the skies. Standing behind him was Huai Po, staring at the bright sky with a burning gaze.

“Master, judging from how bright these rays of light are, there must be high-order Saint Fate appearing this time, and very likely there are more than one!”

Huai Po added excitedly, “There could be three, maybe even four!” Excitement was written all over his face as he went on, “That means, one of them must be mine!”

However, there was no prompt response from Mo Cangli. It was a while later that Mo Cangli spoke, “Competing for the Saint Fate fully relies on yourself. You should have a chance at getting a high-order Saint Fate. However, this time...!”

When Saint Fate appeared, there would be a Saint Fate boundary in the immediate vicinity. Only those below True Saint Realm, and Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm and above could freely enter this boundary area. No one could help them even if they wanted to.

Huai Po’s ecstatic expression froze. He looked a little dazedly at Mo Cangli and asked, “Master is worried about Huang Xiaolong? If there are three high-order Saint Fate this time, he takes one, I take one, and Lin Xiaoying takes one.”

Mo Cangli shook his head, “Don’t forget, he has three complete dao saint godheads!”

Huai Po's face changed from ecstasy to anger, "Master, are you saying that Huang Xiaolong can integrate with three Saint Fates?! But no one has ever done that before!"

"That's because a disciple with two complete dao saint godheads has never appeared in the Holy World before. In the future, when the Holy Race's Xiao Baili reaches the peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint, he will probably integrate with two Saint Fates as well!"

"When the time comes, just choose a mid-order Saint Fate," Mo Cangli sighed.

Huai Po was exasperated and shouted, "No! Why should I choose only a mid-order Saint Fate? Why should I yield to Huang Xiaolong?! Master, I am unwilling! Why should I?!"

Mo Cangli shook his head and sighed, "That is life! Remember my words, do not compete for high-order Saint Fate."

A cold light glinted in Huai Po's eyes as he refuted, "When we entered the Saint Fate's boundary, Huang Xiaolong won't be able to use the power of his holy soul. Master, in that case, I might not necessarily lose to him!"

Chapter 2546: Qiao Jinyang Makes His Move

Hearing Huai Po's rebuttal that was full of unwillingness, Mo Cangli frowned, "Huai Po, you're outstanding, and definitely do not lose out compared to Li Chen or Xie Bufan, but Huang Xiaolong's strength is not as simple as you think. His three complete dao saint godheads have most likely evolved into the top fifteen. Adding the power of his Holy Mandate Imprint, no one under the True Saint Realm can be his opponent!"

"To Huang Xiaolong, there is no difference whether he uses his holy soul or not. He is invincible inside the Saint Fate's boundary! Below the True Saint Realm, no disciple is his opponent, even if there are two of you!" Mo Cangli persuaded in earnest.

But Huai Po didn't take his words to heart, "Master, you're overestimating Huang Xiaolong far too much. At the Cangqiong Holy Manor, he was capable of killing Li Chen and Xie Bufan only because of the Heaven Opening Dragon Spear. How could he have been a match against Li Chen and Xie Bufan? My talent is no worse than Li Chen's or Xie Bufan's. I am at the same cultivation level as them, and without his holy soul, Huang Xiaolong is only a fraction stronger than me."

"Strong as he might be, there is a limit to it. Even if I can't defeat him, he won't be able to do much harm to me. In short, if there are three high-order Saint Fates, I am certain I'd be able to snatch one of them!"

Mo Cangli looked deeply at his disciple and spoke in a solemn voice, "Alright then, just be careful and do the best you can. Don't be dead set to go against Huang Xiaolong."

He knew very well that if he denied his disciple a chance at competing for a high-order Saint Fate, the unwillingness in his disciple's heart would turn into resentment. This would evolve into a demon heart for Huai Po. This would affect Huai Po's state of mind when he would break through to True Saint Realm. In that case, he would give Huai Po a free rein and let him go for it.

Moreover, deep down, a part of Mo Cangli agreed with his disciple that Huang Xiaolong wouldn't be able to use the power of his holy soul within the Saint Fate's boundary. Therefore, Huai Po could have a chance at getting a high-order Saint Fate.

Huai Po smiled confidently and reassured Mo Cangli, "Rest assured, Master. I will."

Mo Cangli smiled and nodded.

With his disciple's potential and talent, if he could integrate with a high-order Saint Fate, his future achievements would be higher, and naturally, there was a slightly higher chance of stepping into the Primal Ancestor Realm.

Inside the Blue Dragon Manor in the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds, Huang Xiaolong looked at the vibrant holy lights flowing in the skies and an exhilarated smile rose on his face.

It looks like three high-order Saint Fates will be appearing this time!

"Three." Huang Xiaolong muttered.

Of course, it would be better if there were four, five, or even six!

Huang Xiaolong had a feeling the number of Saint Fates appearing this time would be a lot more than all previous times.

Therefore, I should make some preparations. Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Generally speaking, with the five months precursor to the Saint Fates being born, there would be a phenomenon around the location of appearance. Hence, about a month later, they would be able to roughly determine the location, and Huang Xiaolong used this one-month buffer to make the necessary preparations before setting off.

In truth, despite planning to make preparations, there was nothing much to do. Once he entered the Saint Fate's boundary, all holy artifacts would be rendered useless, and he wouldn't be able to employ the Holy Mandate Imprint's power either. Additionally, he, or anyone else, wouldn't be able to consume holy pills to replenish their strength, much less take out the dao artifacts. In short, there was nothing to prepare.

In the following month, Huang Xiaolong was no longer in a hurry to cultivate. Occasionally, he would go out to relax, accompanying Di Huai, Feng Tianyu, Zhang Wenyue, and the others. Occasionally, Huang Xiaolong would enter the Primal Ancestor's space to discuss about grand dao with his four masters.

One month soon went by.

On this day, the brilliant rays of light in the skies suddenly shrunk and converged towards a certain location.

A burst of blinding light fell towards that location, akin to millions of golden suns emerging from the dark space at the same time.

"Cambrian Pool Star!"

“The Saint Fates are appearing at the Cambrian Pool Star!” In an instant, the news spread at frightening speed throughout the Holy World, shaking the Holy World’s experts.

In an instant, all Holy World’s holy grounds and ancient races led their forces’ Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm disciples and rushed towards the Cambrian Pool Star.

The moment the Holy Heavens’ four Primal Ancestors determined the Saint Fates would be appearing at the Cambrian Pool Star, they summoned Huang Xiaolong.

“The Saint Fates would be appearing at the Cambrian Pool Star this time,” the Heavenly Master went on, “Be ready, we’ll set off within the hour.”

The Saint Fates’ appearance was a big event in the Holy World. Moreover, this time, their personal disciple Huang Xiaolong was going to integrate with a Saint Fate, the four Primal Ancestors would naturally be going with Huang Xiaolong, and ensure Huang Xiaolong’s safety.

“Understood, Master.” Huang Xiaolong responded.

An hour later, the four gathered Huang Xiaolong and other Holy Heavens organisation’s Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm disciples, and set off towards the Cambrian Pool Star.

The Cambrian Pool Star was a long way from the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds, but with the speed Huang Xiaolong’s group was traveling at, they could definitely arrive before the Saint Fates appeared.

“The Cambrian Pool Star is a short distance from the Black Devil Star Prison. Moreover, we have to pass the Black Devil Star Prison first. Would Qiao Jinyang try to trip us at that time?” On the way, Elder Crow brought up the subject.

This was not Elder Crow overthinking things. After all, Xie Bufan had died at Huang Xiaolong’s hands. Not to mention, once Huang Xiaolong successfully integrated with a Saint Fate, it would be more difficult for Qiao Jinyang to kill Huang Xiaolong. Therefore, Qiao Jinyang was likely to make a move before Huang Xiaolong integrated with Saint Fate.

A sharp light flickered across Tyrant Chu’s eyes as he said, “All the better. Since it’s on the way, we could turn his lair upside down! And smash his Devil Palace into ruins.”

Lord Long agreed domineeringly, “That’s the way. We brothers will join hands and crush his root as well!”

Huang Xiaolong was rendered completely speechless by his two masters.

The Heavenly Master smiled as he shook his head and dissuaded them, “Alright, stop with these childish jokes. When passing by the Black Devil Star Prison, don’t provoke unnecessary trouble if Qiao Jinyang does not make a move. Xiaolong integrating with Saint Fate is more important, and we will prioritize sending Xiaolong into the Saint Fate’s boundary.”

Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow nodded unanimously.

They agreed on the last point.

Their journey progressed smoothly,

Three months later, the Holy Heavens' group reached the Black Devil Prison Star.

As they looked at the star enshrouded in roiling devil qi, like a great beast with its jaw wide open, the Heavenly Master frowned and cautioned everyone, "When we pass by the Black Devil Star Prison, everyone be on their toes."

To reach the Cambrian Pool Star, they needed to pass by the Black Devil Star Prison's Lightning Prison River region. Therefore, if the Devil Palace's experts were going to ambush them, the Lightning Prison River would probably be the place to do so.

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A day later.

As the four Primal Ancestors led the Holy Heavens' disciples to pass through the Lightning Prison River, devil qi suddenly soared high, and the Lightning Prison River's swirling lightning clouds and roiling waves seemed to fall into the abyss of hell.

In the next second, three figures descended from high air with their momentums blazing, and the pressure exuded by these three figures caused the airflow in the entire Lightning Prison River to stagnate.

These three were none other than Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian.

Seeing these three people and sensing the layers of array formations that separated the region from the outside world, Tyrant Chu, and the others' faces darkened.

"Qiao Jinyang, are you really going to break the treaty made in the past and attack personally?" Lord Long questioned as he fixed an icy stare at Qiao Jinyang. "Do you think you can really trap us here relying on this Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation?"

The Holy Heavens, Devil Palace, Clear Snow Palace, and Holy Lands Alliance had a treaty, and unless one of the forces faced destruction, Primal Ancestor Realm experts couldn't take matters into their own hands.

Qiao Jinyang's face was deadpan as he spoke, "If Huang Xiaolong is allowed to integrate with a Saint Fate, my Devil Palace won't be far from destruction. Therefore, we're not really breaking the treaty at all. This Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation might not be able to trap you guys for a long time, I only need it to trap you here for one month, that's more than enough!"

Saint Fate would appear after this one month, and if the Holy Heavens' group was trapped there for a month, they wouldn't make it in time even if they rushed to Cambrian Pool Star after that.

Chapter 2547: Saint Fate Appears!

The Heavenly Master's, Tyrant Chu's, Lord Long's, and Elder Crow's faces were gloomy to the extreme upon hearing Qiao Jinyang's real intention.

With the three Devil Palace Masters' strengths, and the power of the Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation, it was indeed possible for them to trap the Holy Heavens' group at this place for a month, and the possibility was very high!

“Qiao Jinyang, we’ll settle this score with you later,” Tyrant Chu snorted.

Qiao Jinyang was indifferent to the threat in his words. “Right now, I’m getting payback for Bufan first!”

Had it been any other mediocre disciple, Qiao Jinyang wouldn’t have been so pissed, but Huang Xiaolong had killed Xie Bufan!

Xie Bufan being the Devil Palace’s leader of the holy princes, Qia Jiyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian treated him as the Devil Palace’s future pillar!

On top of that, Qiao Jinyang also suspected that Xiao Lengxue’s, Dou Rui’s, and Su Biqing’s deaths were also related to Huang Xiaolong.

“Kill!”

Qiao Jinyang’s cold voice was brimming with killing intent as he swung the Fiend Moon Blade in his hand. In an instant, heaven and earth turned into the devil’s world, as if the entire world was stained with all things nefarious, and the world itself had become the devil.

The fiend moon took over the sky above and the land below!

The Fiend Moon Blade’s blade lights condensed into a devilish moon.

Infused with Qiao Jinyang’s dao power, the dao artifact Fiend Moon Blade finally bared its true fangs. The numerous great fiends within the Fiend Moon Blade were roused from their slumber!

The aura of Primal Ancestors enveloped heaven and earth.

The several hundred million miles of Lightning Prison River’s water churned into a chaotic tsunami, looking agitated and fearful.

Both Cao Nan and Gu Tian also took out their own dao artifacts and attacked without hesitation.

Three top Primal Ancestors’ powers made every expert in the region feel as if there was a mountain pressing down on them.

“Are those Primal Ancestors fighting?!” Fear and panic flickered across the eyes of a True Saint Realm expert who was a patriarch of some holy ground.

“Primal Ancestor Realm!”

Fear spread through holy grounds one after another.

Primal Ancestor Realm experts fighting represented mass destruction! Some low-level and mid-level holy grounds were nothing more than a few grains of sand glued together before the force of a Primal Ancestor, shattered at the slightest touch.

Seeing that the Devil Palace’s three Palace Masters had attacked, the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow knew that a battle was inevitable. The four of them also took out their dao artifacts and seized the time to send Holy Heavens’ Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples far away from the battlefield. They ordered the hall masters to fully activate the Golden Roc Holy Ship’s defenses to protect the disciples.

“Boom!” “Boom!” “Boom!”

Terrifying explosions thundered through the Lightning Prison River region. Feeling the quaking land under their feet, numerous experts were extremely flustered as it seemed like the world was going to crumble right under their feet. Various holy grounds’ patriarchs quickly ordered the defensive formations laid out by the ancestors to be activated. Many ancestors who had not appeared for a long time were stirred from their meditation, and they came out to coordinate the defensive formations.

But all these efforts were useless as cracks began to appear on these powerful defensive formations in front of their eyes, even though they had been repeatedly strengthened through the years. And these cracks were growing bigger as they spread.

All holy grounds’ patriarchs were stupefied. Since the mere shockwaves were this terrifying, then if a Primal Ancestor aimed his attack at their holy ground, wouldn’t that utterly raze that holy ground to dust?

The thunderous rumbles in the sky continued.

In less than half an hour, these holy grounds’ patriarchs grabbed treasures from the treasuries and escaped with all their disciples. At a moment’s notice, they couldn’t empty out the entire treasuries, but they took away as much as they could.

Half a day later...

The holy grounds in the Lightning Prison River region turned into broken lands, magma shot out from underground, and devastating disaster raged across holy lands.

Stretches of primeval virgin forests that had existed for countless years were swallowed by the earth.

These holy grounds that were nurtured by abundant holy spiritual qi were swallowed up by the broken lands, as devastation and despair took over the land.

In less than a day, these holy grounds were reduced into pieces of rocks in the vast space.

These holy grounds were several hundred million miles away from the Lightning Prison River. It took at least two days of flight if an average First Heaven True Saint wanted to reach the closest holy ground from the Lightning Prison River. Yet aftershock destructive powers from Qiao Jinyang and the Heavenly Master’s side reduced these holy grounds to rubbles.

Even the farthest part of Black Devil Star Prison was affected by the destructive waves, as devil qi in the sky roiled in anger.

However, the Black Devil Prison Star had the defensive formations laid out by Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian. Hence, only the outer edges of the Black Devil Prison Star shook due to the aftershock waves.

The war went on.

Soon, the rest of the Holy World got wind of the battle.

“The Devil Palace’s three Palace Masters are fighting with the Holy Heavens’ four Primal Ancestors!”

“The Devil Palace laid out a Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation at the Lightning Prison River in order to block Huang Xiaolong from competing for the Saint Fates! It is said that it would take the Holy Heavens’ four Primal Ancestors at least one month to break the Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation. All the Saint Fates would be taken by the time they rush to the Cambrian Pool Star. I’m afraid Huang Xiaolong won’t be able to get a share of the Saint Fates during this round!”

“The Devil Palace’s three Palace Masters’ method is brilliant! As long as Huang Xiaolong is unable to enter True Saint Realm, it would be easier for them to kill him in the future. Moreover, if Huang Xiaolong is unable to enter True Saint Realm this time, who knows when the Saint Fate will appear next. It could be several hundreds of thousands of years or even tens of millions of years. During this time, there will be countless opportunities to kill Huang Xiaolong!”

Experts of various factions talked about Huang Xiaolong’s predicament with excitement.

Hearing that the Devil Palace was obstructing Huang Xiaolong from dipping his finger into the Saint Fates, there were a lot of holy grounds and ancient races that gloated with glee.

Especially Huai Po, he laughed out loud when he heard the news. He was gesticulating in elation. He thought that without Huang Xiaolong, the high-grade Saint Fate would definitely be his!

Who will dare to compete with me now?

Lin Xiaoying that little lassie was merely a paper tiger in his eyes.

“Since the Devil Palace dares to do this, aren’t they afraid that Cangqiong Old Man would retaliate?” The Ancient Holy Emperor Duan Xuan voiced his doubt despite his joy.

After all, there were distinctions between strong and weak even among Primal Ancestor Realm experts. At the mention of Cangqiong Old Man, any Primal Ancestor expert would feel a great pressure if they had to go against him.

Mo Cangli’s thoughts went further than others, “Most likely Cangqiong Old Man has left the Holy World, and this matter was known by the Devil Palace’s Qiao Jinyang, which is why they dare to do so.”

The Ancient Holy Emperor Duan Xuan, Beast Tamer Holy Emperor Shen Jiewen, and the others were shocked by the news.

“What? Cangqiong Old Man has left the Holy World?!”

“Lord Mo Cangli, is it true that other than our Holy World, there is another Holy World’s space?” Duan Xuan could not help asking.

There had always been a whisper amongst the Holy World’s top experts about the existence of another Holy World’s space. But no one had ever gone there, thus this myth had never been proven.

Mo Cangli nodded his head in affirmation. “I wasn’t certain in the past, but the matter is proved by Cangqiong Old Man’s departure. Cangqiong Old Man must have fully comprehended the Divine Tuo Mountain’s secrets, and when he climbed to the peak, the Divine Tuo Mountain’s grand dao energy sent him to another Holy World’s space!”

Divine Tuo Mountain! It finally dawned on everyone.

Over twenty days passed.

The battle over the Lightning Prison River was still going on, and it had intensified by several degrees.

At this time, speckles of holy light appeared in the dark space, resembling golden fairies dancing in the sky, mesmerizing the beholders. These golden speckles of light that resembled fairies started to converge, gestating, as if something was going to be born.

Below the Cambrian Pool Star's sky, numerous holy grounds and ancient races' experts were looking at the sky with bright burning gazes where these dots of light were converging.

Judging from the sight before them, two more hours, and the Saint Fates would be fully formed and born!

Over an hour later.

Finally, blinding rays erupted from the center of the converging lights.

Chapter 2548: High-order Saint Fate

The blinding rays were akin to a waterfall of light that hung down from the void, fluttering in the sky.

"Quickly get out of the way!"

Seeing the rays of light unfold in the sky, some of the closer holy grounds' patriarchs cried out in alarm and ordered their disciples a hasty retreat.

Wherever these rays passed through, that area would be incorporated into the Saint Fate's boundary. If someone that did not meet the conditions would be trapped inside the boundary, even if they were a True Saint Realm expert, their life could be considered as good as gone!

They would be reduced to ashes!

The source of this blinding light was the Holy World's strongest grand dao, and even a peak Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm expert couldn't guarantee his own life!

Originally, everyone was ready for the moment when the Saint Fates would appear. Thus many of them had been waiting at a far distance, but no one had expected the Saint Fate's boundary to be so extensive this time around. In fact, it was many times bigger than all previous times. Looking at the blinding light descending from the void, the various patriarchs led their disciples in a rapid retreat once again.

Faster than the blink of an eye, groups of True Saint experts and their Ninth disciples fled desperately for their lives.

Even Mo Cangli and Xue Lingyun, these two Primal Ancestor experts had to retreat before the expanding Saint Fate's boundary. Although a Primal Ancestor Realm expert wouldn't die being trapped inside the Saint Fate's boundary, they would be greatly suppressed by the boundary's grand dao power, leaving them unable to move at all. The best scenario would be suffering some physical injuries, and the worst situation would be a damaged soul.

Thus, these experts and disciples retreated faster than the receding tides, leaving only those Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm disciples.

Huai Po was ecstatic as he watched the changes in the sky. In general, the bigger the Saint Fate's boundary was, the higher the number of Saint Fates would appear, and the higher their order would be.

In less than ten minutes, the coruscating rays of light merged into a great boundary barrier, and the Saint Fate's boundary was finally formed!

When the Saint Fate's boundary stabilized, it was time for the Saint Fates to be born.

Shisssss!

A sound resounded in the ears of every person in the Holy World at this moment, as if something had broken out from its shell, or the sound of a butterfly breaking out from its cocoon.

This sound seemed to come from the deepest part of their holy souls and dao souls, shaking their very core. This was the most melodic music they had ever heard, and it was the most beautiful sound of the grand dao.

Subsequently, Huai Po, Lin Xiaoying, and others outside the Saint Fate's boundary, including Mo Cangli and Xue Lingyun, saw a ball of dazzling golden light appear in the void.

This bright golden ball of light contained the purest Holy World's origin energy, transcending life and death, and brimming with all elements of energy and profound esoterics.

The light-ball's surface rippled endlessly as strands of grand dao swirled within, and one could almost make out the shape of a moving infant inside it, but it was extremely vague. Not even a Primal Ancestor could see clearly.

"Saint Fate!"

After seeing the ball of light with grand dao rippling along its surface, almost everyone yelled in excitement.

The first Saint Fate was going to be born!

However, the Saint Fate inside this light-ball was clearly a low-order Saint Fate. Generally speaking, the more grand dao a Saint Fate possessed, the stronger it was, and this Saint Fate's grand dao did not exceed three hundred strands. Thus it was clearly a low-order Saint Fate.

Then, another 'shissss' sound rang in the sky as another low-order Saint Fate was born.

A second later, the third Saint Fate appeared.

Low-order Saint Fates were always the first to be born, and the higher Saint Fates would be born later.

After three consecutive low-order Saint Fates, the blinding light in the skies of Cambrian Pool Star suddenly grew even brighter, reaching the four corners of the Holy World as an enormous golden ball of light appeared. The number of grand dao strands inside this ball of light were over six hundred!

"It's mid-order Saint Fate! Mid-order Saint Fate has appeared!"

The crowd quivered in excitement.

The Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm experts were ecstatic.

Despite the Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples' ecstasy, no one dared to make the first move to snatch the mid-order Saint Fate. It was because when Saint Fates were being born, they were protected by a repelling energy. Only after all the Saint Fates were born would the repelling energy disappear, and that would be the time the disciples could start competing for these Saint Fates.

While everyone waited in a thrill of excitement, another melodic sound rang in the air as another mid-order Saint Fate was born.

The crowd hadn't expected that mid-order Saint Fates would appear consecutively, and there were six of them in total! Mid-order Saint Fates stopped after the sixth one.

"Six, six mid-order Saint Fates!"

A high-level True Saint ancestor was flabbergasted.

He had personally witnessed the appearance of the Saint Fate's several times, but never once had there been so many mid-order Saint Fates.

Moreover, in the Holy World's long history, there had never been a record of six mid-order Saint Fates.

In the last Saint Fate's birth, there were a total of eleven Saint Fates and amongst them, there were only two mid-order Saint Fates, the rest were all low-order.

Most of the time, there had been more low-order Saint Fates than mid-order Saint Fates, yet this time, there were more mid-order Saint Fates than low-order ones, and to be precise, there were six of them!

Not only Huai Po, Lin Xiaoying, and other Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples, but even experts like Mo Cangli, Xue Lingyun, and the various holy grounds' and ancient races' patriarchs and ancestors were astounded.

In the next moment, an explosion of lights dominated the skies of Cambrian Pool Star as rings of holy lights expanded outwards to the horizon like great resplendent waves. Then, a ball of light, more dazzling than any previous light-balls that had appeared so far, emerged from the void and entered everyone's sight.

"High-order Saint Fate!"

All the experts gathered at the Cambrian Pool Star boiled over with excitement.

"High-order Saint Fate! This time, there really is a high-order Saint Fate!" One of the Devil Palace's experts exclaimed in excitement.

"How many billions of years has it been since the last time a high-order Saint Fate appeared? It looks similar to the time when Lord Mo Cangli integrated with Saint Fate!" The Vajra Race Patriarch Jin Nu exclaimed.

It had always been a belief that only with an appearance of a genius disciple with outstanding talent, would there be a birth of a high-order Saint Fate. In order words, high-order Saint Fate appeared whenever there was a disciple with high hopes of entering Primal Ancestor Realm.

“High-order Saint Fate! The high-order Saint Fate is absolutely mine!” Huai Po exclaimed, laughing maniacally.

Hearing Huai Po’s manic words, Lin Xiaoying’s brows were scrunched together, as she felt displeased. But she was frequently looking around, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and there was an obvious urgency on her face.

Now, even high-order Saint Fate has appeared, and it won’t take long before all Saint Fates were born. If Huang Xiaolong still failed to appear at that time, then forget high-order Saint Fate, Huang Xiaolong won’t even get one Saint Fate.

What to do? What should I do?! Lin Xiaoying repeated again and again in her heart.

Then, another burst of intense blinding light lit up the Cambrian Pool Star as a new high-order Saint Fate appeared!

“A second high-order Saint Fate! This is unprecedented!”

The crowd’s excitement reached a high peak.

Though high-order Saint Fate had appeared before, two high-order Saint Fates had never appeared at the same time.

Ripples of excitement were reflected in Mo Cangli and Xue Lingyun’s eyes.

“There are indeed two high-order Saint Fates!” Huai Po could hardly contain himself as he went on, “There should be another one! If I integrate with all three high-order Saint Fates, I will definitely be the first and only person in the Holy World to pull such a feat!”

While the Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples were raring to go, the third high-order Saint Fate entered everyone’s line of sight.

Just as everyone thought that was the end of it, a burst of light lit up the sky once again as the fourth high-order Saint Fate appeared!

While everyone’s attention was on the fourth high-order Saint Fate, in the far-distant horizon, a figure whizzed through the vast space at an alarming speed.

Chapter 2549: Whoever Blocks Me, Die!

No one noticed the presence of this figure that was approaching them silently at an alarming speed. It was as if this figure was one with heaven and earth, and there was no humming or a ripple.

All eyes and attention were on the fourth high-order Saint Fate that vigilance towards their surroundings had long been thrown to the back of their minds.

As the figure got closer, one more bright light erupted in the Cambrian Pool Star’s sky, another high-order Saint Fate had appeared! This was the fifth high-order Saint Fate!

“Five, there are actually five high-order Saint Fates! This, this, this...!” even the Holy Race’s Patriarch Bai Moyang was dumbfounded.

In the past, the appearance of one high-order Saint Fate was considered as a great blessing from the heavens. The knowledge everyone had taken for granted was shattered to smithereens as the second, third, and fourth high-order Saint Fates appeared this time around, and that was not the end of it! The fifth high-order Saint Fate had descended before them!

“...Five of them?” Mo Cangli muttered dazedly under his breath.

“Five!” A sense of euphoria filled Huai Po that his scalp was tingling like it was about to fly off.

Five high-order Saint Fates. If he could integrate with these high-order Saint Fates, who in the Holy World would be qualified to stand against him after stepping into the Primal Ancestor Realm?

And this confidence was not arrogance.

Before entering True Saint Realm, the rank of one’s complete dao saint godhead, saint bloodline, and saint physique were important, but after entering True Saint Realm, one’s holy soul was more important, and the three saint attributes played a lesser role.

The higher the order and number of Saint Fates a disciple integrated with, the stronger one’s holy soul would be in the future!

In short, his holy soul’s future achievements would be higher!

Then, when he advanced to Primal Ancestor Realm, his dao soul would be much stronger than others!

Although in the Holy World’s history, there had never been anyone with one holy soul integrating with two or more Saint Fates, Huai Po had come across an ancient record, and he had learned that as long as one’s soul was strong enough, he could integrate with two or more Saint Fates!

More importantly, the stronger one’s holy soul was, the more and higher-order Saint Fates one could integrate with.

Hence, ever since reading the information in the ancient record, Huai Po had been persistent in tempering and strengthening his soul, trying every method available to him. He had not breathed a word of this to anyone, and even his Master Mo Cangli did not know about it.

While Huai Po was immersed in his fantasy, there were two consecutive eruptions of light in the sky, and there were the sixth and seventh high-order Saint Fates!

In mere moments, two more high-order Saint Fates had appeared!

The crowd had gone beyond speechless now.

“Seven high-order Saint Fates? ... This is not an illusion, is it?” Shen Jiewen stuttered from shock. He was still doubting whether he was hallucinating when the sky lit up once again, as the eighth and ninth high-order Saint Fates appeared simultaneously!

Again, two high-order Saint Fates had appeared at the same time!

All in all, there were nine high-order Saint Fates, floating in high air, emitting the brightest holy light that penetrated the void!

Mo Cangli, Xie Lingyun, Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, and others had an expression of disbelief on their faces.

Three low-order, six high-order, and nine high-order?!

Huang Xiaolong, who was rushing from the other end of the horizon, was dumbfounded for a second, looking at the blinding bright sky where nine high-order Saint Fates hung in the sky.

H*ly cow! Huang Xiaolong used one of the little cow's beloved exclamations.

Could these nine high-order Saint Fates be specifically prepared for me by the Holy World's heart? The unbelievable idea suddenly flashed across Huang Xiaolong's mind.

Others might not be able to do it, but it was not impossible for him. What the general Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples had was a divine soul, but he had already formed his holy soul! More importantly, he had three holy souls!

After Huang Xiaolong had crossed the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth tribulations, even he could not gauge how terrifying his three holy souls had grown, however, he was certain that any one of his three holy souls was stronger than any mid-level True Saint Realm experts' holy soul!

Huang Xiaolong accelerated in excitement, and soon reached the edge of the Saint Fate's boundary.

"It's Huang Xiaolong!"

"How did Huang Xiaolong get here?! Isn't he trapped at the Lightning Prison River?"

At this time, some holy gate's patriarchs were astonished when they finally detected Huang Xiaolong's presence.

Shock swept over the crowd.

Mo Cangli, Xue Lingyun, Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, Bai Moyang, Jin Nu, Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, and other experts, and disciples, including Huai Po and Lin Xiaoying within the Saint Fate's boundary were shocked by Huang Xiaolong's sudden arrival.

Huai Po was fantasizing of becoming the Holy World's number one person in the future after integrating a certain number of high-order Saint Fates, replacing Huang Xiaolong's title and status. But now, after seeing that Huang Xiaolong had suddenly appeared, he dazed for a second, and then his face turned gloomy.

'Damn! Isn't the Holy Heavens' group still trapped at the Lightning Prison River's Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation? From the news received just now, Qiao Jinyang and the Heavenly Master are still fighting, how come Huang Xiaolong appear here?!' Huai Po roared inwardly.

Huang Xiaolong's appearance completely threw off his plans and fantasies.

'No! Huang Xiaolong must not be allowed to enter the Saint Fate's boundary! Absolutely not!' Huai Po's heart roared. He secretly signaled the Holy Lands Alliance's experts.

These experts acted immediately.

However, it was not necessarily for the Holy Lands Alliance's experts to make a move at all. The Devil Palace's experts had drawn their sharp blades and pounced on Huang Xiaolong.

The Devil Palace's experts were the closest to Huang Xiaolong, and most of them were Fourth Heaven True Saints, their speed and action were so quick that others barely reacted.

"Huang Xiaolong, you want to enter the Saint Fate's boundary? Dream on! You won't have the chance even in your next life!" A Devil Palace's expert yelled harshly, "Your Highness Xie Bufan, subordinate will avenge you now!"

The sharp blade in his hand was merely several meters from Huang Xiaolong's back.

After Xie Bufan had died at Huang Xiaolong's hands during the struggle for Cangqiong Old Man's inheritance, the Devil Palace's experts hated Huang Xiaolong to the bones, and they had made killing Huang Xiaolong their ultimate goal.

This Fourth Heaven True Saint Devil Palace's expert was one of Xie Bufan's loyal subordinates since long ago.

After seeing that Devil Palace expert's blade was going to pierce Huang Xiaolong's back, Huai Po's face changed greatly. If the blade really stabbed into Huang Xiaolong's back, his physical body would definitely be destroyed, and Huang Xiaolong could forget about integrating with Saint Fate this time.

Though surprised, Huai Po was happy to see this sight.

Even the heavens are on my side!

Upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong's body was a split second from being destroyed by the Devil Palace's expert, a palace suddenly flew out from Huang Xiaolong's body! Cangqiong Dao Palace!

Weng!

The Devil Palace expert's blade stabbed onto the Cangqiong Dao Palace, and sparks flew everywhere as the blade in his hand snapped into several pieces!

He was stupefied on the spot.

Huang Xiaolong turned around abruptly, and punched out, "Get out of my way!"

One punch!

The Devil Palace's Fourth Heaven True Saint expert let out a miserable cry then exploded to his death!

He exploded in one punch!

Golden colored blood spurted in every direction, scattering like raindrops.

This sight shook everyone. A Fourth Heaven True Saint expert was sent to his death with one punch. Moreover, that person was merely a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint.

After sending the Devil Palace expert to his death, the Cangqiong Blade flew out from Huang Xiaolong's body and split the expert's holy soul that was going to escape into two!

The Cangqiong Blade drew a sharp glint in the air.

"Whoever blocks me, will die!" Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze swept over the astounded crowd.

Whoever blocks me, will die!

This sentence boiled with a murderous aura, and it was overbearing, sending a chill down the spines of Holy Lands Alliance's experts, who were ready to attack.

Chapter 2550: Your Appetite Is Too Big!

"Elder Cheng Feng!"

The Devil Palace experts cried out when they saw that the person, who had ambushed Huang Xiaolong, was sent to his death with a punch from Huang Xiaolong. On top of that, Huang Xiaolong had halved his holy soul with the Cangqiong Blade.

The Devil Palace experts' eyes were bloodshot with fury and hatred, as they stared ferociously at Huang Xiaolong.

"Everyone join hands and kill Huang Xiaolong!"

"Kill him and the Cangqiong Blade is ours! As well as the Cangqiong Holy Pills!"

Several Devil Palace experts shouted loudly.

However, just as these Devil Palace experts renewed their attacks, a curtain of icy hail fell on them, freezing the dozen of Devil Palace experts attacking Huang Xiaolong. In the next second, a finger force directly pierced a bolt through these ice statues.

These dozen of Devil Palace experts' bodies shattered into pieces of ice, and their holy souls were no exception.

Other experts faces paled in dread as countless gazes turned towards the Clear Snow Palace Master Xue Lingyun. The person, who made a move just now was none other than Xue Lingyun.

In a single move, a dozen True Saint Realm experts had lost their lives in vain.

This was the power of a Primal Ancestor expert!

Everyone felt a frigid wind blowing across their hearts.

Other Devil Palace experts retreated in fear, although they were brave and courageous, that did not mean they weren't afraid of death.

"Palace Master Xue Lingyun, do you really plan to oppose our Devil Palace?" One of the Devil Palace hall masters mustered up some courage and questioned Xue Lingyun.

Xue Lingyun didn't even spare a glance at that person. Her gaze swept over other forces' experts who were itching to make a move, and her expression was as cold as her voice, "Huang Xiaolong is the

successor of my godfather. Cangqiong Old Man has selected him, and therefore, he is my Junior Brother. Whoever dares to block Huang Xiaolong's path will be considered as going against me, Xue Lingyun, and going against the Holy Heavens!"

Xue Lingyun's words were not brimming with killing intent, but given her cold temperament, her words hit like an ice pick.

It chilled everyone to the soul.

Those secretly making moves to block Huang Xiaolong stopped their actions abruptly.

Only then did the present experts remember that Huang Xiaolong had another identity, Xue Lingyun's Junior Brother.

Although the Holy Heavens' four Primal Ancestors were absent, Xue Lingyun was there! The Clear Snow Palace experts were there!

The Clear Snow Palace's Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, and other experts' gazes immediately swept across the other experts, as they prepared to battle if needed.

The Holy Lands Alliance experts turned to Mo Cangli, but Mo Cangli remained silent and had a deadpan expression on his face. Those experts, who had received Huai Po's signal and had prepared to attack, ceased their thoughts.

In a sway, Huang Xiaolong's figure shot across space and entered the Saint Fate's boundary.

Seeing this, the Devil Palace's experts and others, who wanted to secretly hinder Huang Xiaolong, immediately regretted that they had not stopped Huang Xiaolong at all cost.

Everything was too late.

Huai Po's heart sank to the bottom of the sea, seeing that Huang Xiaolong had enter Saint Fate's boundary.

Just as Huang Xiaolong appeared within the Saint Fate's boundary, seemingly stimulated by something in Huang Xiaolong's body, the Crimson Pool Star's sky once again lit up with blinding light like never before. It immediately attracted everyone's attention. On the other end of the nine high-order Saint Fates that had appeared were three additional high-order Saint Fates!

Three at once!

Moreover, there were three high-order Saint Fates!

Counting the initial nine, there were a total of twelve high-order Saint Fates!

Twelve!

Everyone's head spun, threatening to faint into oblivion.

Twelve high-order Saint Fates, this...!

All in all, there were three low-order, six mid-order, and twelve high-order Saint Fates!

This had exceeded everyone's estimation, imagination, and scope of understanding by many times over.

At the same time, when the three additional high-order Saint Fates appeared in the Cambrian Pool Star's sky, all the Saint Fates shone in mesmerizing splendor.

The grand dao repelling energy protecting them disappeared simultaneously.

Grab!

This was the first thought of all Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm disciples within the Saint Fate's boundary.

Amongst them, one person made the swiftest action, and with a turn of his wrist, he reached for one of the high-order Saint Fates.

This person was naturally Huai Po.

Seeing that Huai Po's fingers were about to reach one of the high-order Saint Fates as he planned to pull it down from the void, a finger force cut off the suction force from Huai Po's palm. On top of that, Huai Po tumbled backwards due to the finger force's overwhelming impact.

Huai Po turned and glared at Huang Xiaolong with hatred. "Huang Xiaolong, what is the meaning of this?!!"

Huang Xiaolong was indifferent as he stated, "All high-order Saint Fates belong to Lin Xiaoying and me. If any other person touches them, they will die!"

His voice resounded through the entire Saint Fate's boundary.

Hearing that, Huai Po let out a sonorous laughter, "Huang Xiaolong, your appetite's too big. I'm afraid you won't be able to swallow them all, and you might choke to death! Since you are saying that these twelve high-order Saint Fates belong to you and Lin Xiaoying, then are you planning to become an enemy against every disciple here? Become an enemy against the world?"

Huai Po was trying to sow discord between Huang Xiaolong and everyone else within the Saint Fate's boundary, pushing him to the opposite side of all the disciples.

How could Huang Xiaolong not see Huai Po's intention that was so obvious, but Huang Xiaolong was nonchalant, "So what if I become enemies with everyone here? Enemies with the world?"

Everyone was dazed for a moment.

Huang Xiaolong's retort successfully lit up more than a few superpowers' disciples' furies.

"Huang Xiaolong, I admit that your talent is excellent, but we're inside the Saint Fate's boundary, so you cannot use your holy souls, or dao artifacts, and only your peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint strength. Still, you have the guts to provoke all of us? You are overestimated yourself!"

A Ghost Talisman Holy Gate peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciple Xiao Chongshan couldn't stop himself from reprimanding Huang Xiaolong, and pointing his finger at Huang Xiaolong's face.

With Xiao Chongshan taking the lead, many superpowers' disciples followed in reprimanding Huang Xiaolong.

"Everyone attack together, and snatch the high-order Saint Fates, I want to see if Huang Xiaolong really dares to attack us. If he dares, we'll unite against this common enemy, suppress him!" Huai Po cried out.

As he finished saying that, Huai Po attacked again, aiming at one of the high-order Saint Fates. Xiao Chongshan and other peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm disciples all had their own targets.

However, just as Huai Po, Xiao Chongshan, and others made their moves, Huang Xiaolong's figure blurred in a few sways, and with every sway, a disciple exploded to his death!

In a short while, those twenty-plus disciples, attempting to snatch high-order Saint Fates, turned into a fog of blood!

Only Huai Po remained!

Of course, Huai Po felt as if he was hit by a great mountain, as he was knocked off his feet, and he coughed up blood.

There was heavy silence all around.

Everyone was wide-eyed with shock, looking at the blood fog that used to be peak late-Ninth Tribulations half-True Saint Realm disciples. Gui Buwang's expression was sullen to the extreme. Although Xiao Chongshan couldn't be compared to You Lingzhi who had died in the Trial of Blood, he was still a valued core disciple of the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate. Huang Xiaolong had actually killed him without hesitation!

Having similar thoughts to Gui Buwang were the forces of the fallen disciples, and they were also slightly astonished by Huang Xiaolong's strength.

After seeing Huang Xiaolong kill more than twenty peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples in a short few seconds had a big impact on Mo Cangli.