

INVINCIBLE 2551

Chapter 2551: Huai Po's Talent

Huang Xiaolong's strength had by far exceeded Mo Cangli's and other experts' estimation, more so Mo Cangli's estimation.

Before this, Mo Cangli had assumed that even if Huang Xiaolong was stronger than his disciple Huai Po, it wouldn't not be so easy for Huang Xiaolong to defeat Huai Po.

But one strike from Huang Xiaolong had completely subverted Mo Cangli and others' imagination.

A peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm disciple, under the situation where his True Saint Realm related powers were suppressed, had killed twenty-plus peak late- Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm disciples in a breath's time! Even his disciple Huai Po was no match!

This level of combat power had surpassed Mo Cangli when he was a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm.

Ignoring the shocked faces around him, Huang Xiaolong's expression was frosty as he spoke, "I'll spare your life this time, but if you make another move at high-order Saint Fate, you will die like the rest!"

Huai Po's face turned beet red upon hearing Huang Xiaolong's words. He was a proud son of heaven before Huang Xiaolong had appeared, and his name had dominated the first place on the Saint Fate List. There had always been people fawning and flattering him wherever he went, yet Huang Xiaolong reprimanded him in front of so many people about sparing his life?! This was literal...!

Humiliation!

Huang Xiaolong's condescending attitude, as if he was chiding an insignificant ant, made Huai Po feel humiliated like never before!

Huai Po laughed hysterically in fury, "Huang Xiaolong, you are so arrogant that it's ridiculous! Since when is my life up to you to spare? You weren't even able to kill me just now, but you still have the cheek to say that you spared me? Ludicrous! I was merely careless, and that's why you managed to sneak an attack to injure me. So you really think you can defeat me?"

"Oh," Huang Xiaolong responded tepidly, "According to you, you're so amazing that in a frontal battle, I am not an opponent against you?"

Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to snatch the twelve high-order Saint Fates!

He had killed Xiao Chongshan and twenty-plus disciples in seconds, successfully deterring other disciples. For a moment, none of them dared to snatch high-order Saint Fates.

Huai Po snickered harshly as he wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth with his thumb. Bright holy light burst out from his body as a huge complete dao saint godhead flew out.

This huge complete dao saint godhead emitted bright flickering rays that reached every corner of the Saint Fate's boundary. An overwhelming violent aura that wanted to destroy everything spread out.

Everyone looked at the huge complete dao saint godhead with astonishment in their eyes.

"Great Immemorial Saint Godhead!"

An expert's yell rang in everyone's ears.

The Great Immemorial Saint Godhead ranked fourth!

Ranked fourth!

Discounting the Origin Complete Dao Saint Godhead, only the second and third-ranked complete dao saint godheads ranked higher than the Great Immemorial Saint Godhead.

Among the top ten complete dao saint godheads, the upper five were considered as legends, immemorial legends, revered and worshipped by many of the Holy World.

A sense of pride filled Mo Cangli as he looked at Huai Po's Great Immemorial Saint Godhead. This was one of the things he prided about his disciple.

Right at this time, a bright ray of light shone from between Huai Po's eyebrows as a black rune imprint appeared.

The moment the black rune imprint appeared, everyone had the illusion that the world had fallen into darkness.

"That is the Darkness Fate Imprint?" The Holy Race's Patriarch Bai Moyang exclaimed in shock.

"Darkness Fate Imprint, it's actually the Darkness Fate Imprint!"

A commotion spread through the crowd of experts.

Tan Juan's Frozen Snow Imprint was born from the heart of the Holy World, and it controlled all of the Holy World's snow and ice element powers. The Darkness Fate Imprint also originated from the heart of the Holy World, and it controlled the darkness and the yin energy within the darkness.

The Darkness Fate Imprint's powers were not weaker than the Frozen Snow Imprint.

Everyone was shocked and amazed by Huai Po.

It had never crossed Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, and Lin Xiaoying's mind that Huai Po's complete dao saint godhead would be the Great Immemorial Saint Godhead, or that he would have the Darkness Fate Imprint, and the shock on their faces was obvious.

"His Highness Huai Po's talent is so amazing. No wonder he dominated the Saint Fate List for so long! He's so powerful! Once His Highness integrates with a high-order Saint Fate, not even Xie Bufan or Li Chen can compare to His Highness Huai Po!"

A Holy Lands Alliance expert sighed in admiration.

"That's not all! Even if you combine Xie Bufan and Li Chen, they cannot compare to His Highness Huai Po!" An Ancient Emperor Holy Ground Hall Master added with a laugh.

In an instant, voices of awe and admiration sounded through the Cambrian Pool Star's sky. All of them were amazed by Huai Po's talent.

"Although Huang Xiaolong has three complete dao saint godheads, and Holy Mandate Imprint, his three complete dao saint godheads are probably in the ten-plus ranks? Therefore, even if Huang Xiaolong is stronger than His Highness Huai Po, there is a limit to it," Shen Jiewen commented, as his eyes glimmered with an obscured light.

"In the Cangqiong Holy Manor, Huang Xiaolong was merely relying on the Heaven Opening Dragon Spear to kill Xie Bufan and Li Chen, how else was he able to kill them? Now Huang Xiaolong is unable to use his holy souls, saint artifacts, or dao artifacts. In my opinion, in the fight later, Huang Xiaolong will not be His Highness Huai Po's opponent!" the Silver Wings Holy Gate's Patriarch Ying Zhi commented.

Many experts agreed with Ying Zhi's comment.

Huang Xiaolong too was slightly surprised to see Huai Po's Great Immemorial Saint Godhead. Li Chen has the Myriad Creation Saint Godhead, and it truly came as a surprise that Huai Po has the Great Immemorial Saint Godhead that ranked one place higher than Li Chen's!

Another thing that surprised Huang Xiaolong was Huao Pi's Darkness Fate Imprint.

Huang Xiaolong was aware that his master Elder Crow's grand dao art, the Epoch of Darkness was inspired by the Darkness Fate Imprint's powers.

Before Elder Crow had stepped into Primal Ancestor Realm, he had once seen the Darkness Fate Imprint, but he had failed to subjugate the Darkness Fate Imprint, letting it escape. It seemed that the runaway Darkness Fate Imprint had fallen into Huai Po's hands.

Taking in the astonished gazes and whispers of awe around him, Huai Po raised his chin proudly and spoke in a haughty tone, "Huang Xiaolong, do you still dare to say that you'll spare me? Don't assume because you have three complete dao saint godheads, and the Holy Mandate Imprint, you can treat other geniuses like ants. In truth, you're nothing but an ant in my eyes!"

"Exactly!"

"Exactly so!" Huai Po's words immediately resonated with the various holy grounds' and ancient races' patriarchs that had blood feud with Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong didn't respond to the clamors from these disciples, as he looked straight at Huai Po and said, "In short, you still want to compete for high-order Saint Fates?"

Huai Po's voice revealed his determination, "That's right, Huang Xiaolong. I can yield six high-order Saint Fates to you, the remaining six belong to me! Otherwise, even if I have to go all out, risking heavy injuries myself, I will stop you and then no one will get them!"

"You shouldn't dream of getting even one then!" Huai Po said through gritted teeth.

"In that case, make your move," Huang Xiaolong went on tepidly, "Remember, you only have one chance, so use your full power and your most powerful attack, or you might die in unwillingness."

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong was still spouting big words at this time, Huai Po bellowed and frenziedly spurred his Great Immemorial Saint Godhead's powers!

Chapter 2552: Integrating With High-Order Saint Fate

Huai Po circulated the powers of his Great Immemorial Saint Godhead to the limit, and at the same time, his Darkness Fate Imprint exploded in coruscating black rays of light, resembling millions of black diamonds.

Huai Po's momentum soared in a frenzy, and the pressure coming off his body was several times stronger.

Huai Po was completely a different person. He controlled the world's space powers and yin darkness energy like a supreme sovereign.

"Kill!"

Huai Po roared as he leaped forth, both fists aimed at Huang Xiaolong.

"Dark Tunnel of Destruction!"

A spiralling dark tunnel appeared as Huai Po's fists punched out, and vigorous darkness energy swirled endlessly, roaring in anger, screaming in destruction, as if it wanted to devour everything and turn it into its darkness.

This technique was not a holy martial art, nor was it a dao art, because one was prohibited from using either of them inside the Saint Fate's boundary.

The dark tunnel of destruction was created by Huai Po after comprehending the Darkness Fate Imprint. It was his most powerful attack. He had previously tested out this move, successfully obliterating more than a dozen Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm profound beasts.

Under the dark powers, those Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint profound beasts had turned into strands of darkness energy and merged with the darkness tunnel.

"This is not one of Lord Mo Cangli's techniques. Is it a self-created technique by His Highness Huai Po? What a powerful attack! This dark tunnel is absolutely the most powerful attack technique below the holy martial art. It is able to create such a powerful attack, and His Highness Huai Po is really a peerless talent!" A Holy Lands Alliance expert exclaimed in admiration.

"Such a powerful technique. I don't think anyone below the True Saint Realm can withstand this attack, so let's watch how Huang Xiaolong is going to take this attack!" Shen Jiewen of the Beast Tamer Holy Ground sneered. "

"Huang Xiaolong was still bragging ignorantly that His Highness Huai Po only has one chance to attack. If he fails to take on His Highness Huai Po's attack, then he's throwing his face to his crotch!"

The experts from Holy Lands Alliance burst out laughing.

"Xiaolong, look out!" Lin Xiaoying's face paled as she shouted a warning.

Lin Xiaoying had to admit that she would fail to take on Huai Po's powerful attack. In truth, she believed that her Senior Sister Tan Juan would have failed to take on Huai Po's attack when she was a peak late Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint.

This attack was simply overwhelming, and even the experts outside the Saint Fate's boundary felt stirrings of dread.

Huang Xiaolong smiled at Lin Xiaoying, giving her reassurance.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong still had the face to spout nonsense in this situation, she let out a cold harrumph.

Right at this time, Huang Xiaolong raised his palm, and slapped forward like he was swatting a fly. Under the force of Huang Xiaolong's palm, a colossal palm appeared.

The moment this colossal palm struck the dark tunnel, the dark tunnel shattered, erasing the almighty darkness, and every last strand of darkness energy vanished without a trace.

The colossal palm continued to slam down.

Seeing this, Huai Po's smug expression changed for the worse. He bellowed in anger and the huge Great Immemorial Saint Godhead released tidal waves of black light. Chaos origin qi roiled with turbulent vigor, and space expanded, swallowing everything.

But it did not seem to have any effect. The colossal palm continued to press down, and in fact, its speed increased.

Boom!

The Great Immemorial Saint Godhead hummed in protest under the colossal palm's attack, and it smashed into the land below as it spiralled out of control. At the same time, the palm continued downwards towards Huai Po's head.

Huai Po bellowed, as if activating the Darkness Fate Imprint's power to the limit, emitting blinding rays of light.

"Young Friend Huang, please show mercy!" Mo Cangli's anxious cry sounded from outside the Saint Fate boundary.

But in an instant, Huai Po's voice came to an abrupt stop as the palm landed on his head. His body burst like a balloon, turning into blood mist, whereas the Darkness Fate Imprint was sent tumbling backward in a streak of black light, and it disappeared from sight.

The crowd was flabbergasted at the result.

The blood mist that was Huai Po remained in the Cambrian Pool Star Sky without dispersing, as if it was unwilling to disperse.

"Your Highness Huai Po!"

The group of Holy Lands Alliance experts cried out anxiously.

Unfortunately, as the Holy Lands Alliance experts clamored in anger, the blood mist suddenly dispersed, scattering with the wind.

Huai Po was the number-one name on the Saint Fate List! The person who possessed the rank-fourth Great Immemorial Saint Godhead and Darkness Fate Imprint was dead!

Mo Cangli painfully looked at the scattering blood mist, feeling as if there was a sharp blade digging at his heart! Scorching pain burned his soul! An invisible might belonging to a Primal Ancestor surged from Mo Cangli's body. The wind howled and clouds roiled, and under Mo Cangli's overwhelming momentum, the Saint Fate's boundary surface rippled violently.

Others beat a hasty retreat in fear.

The momentum shocked even Xue Lingyun, who was standing not far from Mo Cangli.

Mo Cangli was once known as the strongest person of the Holy World's future. He had only shown his strength once after entering the Primal Ancestor Realm, but that was a long time ago.

Now, Mo Cangli's momentum made even Xue Lingyun feel pressured.

Xue Lingyun discovered that Mo Cangli was stronger than she had predicted, and it was just like how Huang Xiaolong's strength had exceeded Mo Cangli's estimation.

Even within the Saint Fate's boundary, Huang Xiaolong felt Mo Cangli's powerful momentum, but he wasn't concerned at all. Although Mo Cangli was a Primal Ancestor, he was incapable of breaking Saint Fate's boundary, nor could Mo Cangli hinder him from integrating with Saint Fate.

Huang Xiaolong's attention was once again fixed onto the twelve high-order Saint Fates. He then looked at Lin Xiaoying.

Lin Xiaoying understood what Huang Xiaolong meant and said, "Go Xiaolong. There is no need to wait for me!" Though her talent was outstanding, it was still a little forceful to integrate with a high-order Saint Fate. Therefore, she was not so hell-bent on getting a high-order Saint Fate.

In truth, a mid-order Saint Fate was more suitable for her.

Hearing her words, Huang Xiaolong did not dally anymore. His palm reached out and caught one of the high-order Saint Fates, but the high-order Saint Fate burned in bright holy light and a shocking repelling power fought with the force from Huang Xiaolong's palm. Still, it was useless. The repelling power was shaken away by Huang Xiaolong in a split second, and he successfully grabbed onto the high-order Saint Fate.

After catching the high-order Saint Fate, Huang Xiaolong sealed it, then called out his dragon-attributed holy soul. His dragon-attributed holy soul immediately sucked the high-order Saint Fate into his body and began integrating with it.

Subsequently, Huang Xiaolong grabbed the second and third high-order Saint Fate, and let his two other holy souls integrate accordingly.

“He is simultaneously integrating three high-order Saint Fates! If Huang Xiaolong succeeds, then he really is the strongest expert of Holy World’s future!” A holy gate’s patriarch exclaimed, “In the future, he will be invincible, and probably, even Primal Ancestors will be no match against him!”

“No! Even if you put all the Primal Ancestors together, they still won’t be able to defeat him!” the Vajra Race’s Patriarch Jin Nu corrected.

His words struck like a hammer on everyone’s heart, and there was a complicated gaze in their eyes.

The rest Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples began snatching low-order and mid-order Saint Fates, while some crossed their arms and watched, waiting for Huang Xiaolong to fail and suffer a backlash. After Huang Xiaolong suffered injuries, they would make a move on the high-order Saint Fates.

Chapter 2553: Six High-Order Saint Fates

While these Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples anticipate Huang Xiaolong's failure in integrating with the three high-order Saint Fates, Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls shone brighter still. A powerful force surged out from each of the holy souls, and these forces were still growing stronger.

At the same time, these three forces enveloped Huang Xiaolong's physical body, and the holy light enshrouding him intensified, creating rings of light.

Then, amidst the holy light, darkness energy spread from Huang Xiaolong.

The Holy Lands Alliance experts’ and Ghost Talisman Holy Gate experts’ hearts sank to the bottom of the sea as they were looking forward to Huang Xiaolong’s failure.

Clearly, Huang Xiaolong's integration with the three high-order Saint Fates was extremely smooth and successful!

"Damn! I didn't expect Huang Xiaolong to really integrate with three high-order Saint Fates simultaneously!" Gui Buwang's face turned extremely gloomy. "If he successfully integrates with these three high-order Saint Fates, once he breaks through to Primal Ancestor Realm, and after adding his terrifying talent there is no doubt...! Moreover, once he steps into Primal Ancestor Realm, the entire Holy World would be under his feet!"

"Patriarch, do you think Huang Xiaolong would integrate with the fourth, fifth, and sixth high-order Saint Fates after these three high-order Saint Fates?" one of the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's hall masters hesitated before asking the doubt in his heart.

Gui Buwang sneered upon hearing that, “Huang Xiaolong could integrate three high-order Saint Fates because he has three holy souls. It is based on the same logic of integrating one Saint Fate because of one soul that applies to us. Integrating three high-order Saint Fates is already unprecedented, then how can he integrate the fourth one? Much less the fifth Saint Fate!”

"If he integrates with the fourth Saint Fate, I'll change my surname! If he integrates with the fifth high-order Saint Fate, I'll avoid him for a hundred million miles in the future!" Gui Buwang claimed with steadfast confidence.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's experts exchanged a silent look, but at the same time, they felt that Gui Buwang's words were reasonable. Huang Xiaolong could integrate three high-order Saint Fates because he had three holy souls, and each holy soul could only integrate with one Saint Fate.

If Huang Xiaolong wanted to integrate a fourth or fifth Saint Fate, that was simply a dream.

The passage of time trickled by.

The hour went by, and the holy light enshrouding Huang Xiaolong had grown brighter, even more so the rays of light shining from his three holy souls.

Right at this time, someone suddenly shot out and tried to grab one of the high-order Saint Fates. He was one of the peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples from the Holy Lands Alliance. He had already planned to snatch one of the high-order Saint Fates while Huang Xiaolong was preoccupied with integrating the three high-order Saint Fates.

In the same instant the Holy Lands Alliance disciple made his move, Huang Xiaolong's closed eyes opened, and two rays of light shot out. The disciple's tragic scream followed soon after. His body froze in midair, and there was a gaping hole between his brows and in his chest. Clearly, these two bloody holes were caused by the rays of light from Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

Barely a second later, the disciple plummeted to the ground.

Dead!

Other disciples were drenched in cold sweat after seeing this result, and they nipped their thoughts in the bud.

Another two hours passed.

Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong was seen grabbing another three high-order Saint Fates.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's and other holy grounds' experts' eyes widened in shock.

"Did Huang Xiaolong already refine the three high-order Saint Fates in their preliminary stages?!" Duan Xuan exclaimed, "He wouldn't really be planning to integrate six high-order Saint Fates, would he?!!!"

Everyone similarly felt that his notion was ludicrous.

Xue Lingyun too was surprised by Huang Xiaolong.

Although astonished, Gui Buwang snorted, "He is being greedy. He's literally seeking death! He has already got three high-order Saint Fates, six will definitely overload him, and he will explode to his death! He'll be injured after failing this time. He will have to wait for the next round of Saint Fate's appearance!"

After seeing that Huang Xiaolong really planned to integrate the fourth, fifth, even a sixth high-order Saint Fates, Gui Buwang was feeling glee despite his surprise.

Deep down, he didn't believe, and refused to accept that Huang Xiaolong could integrate with six high-order Saint Fates.

Not only Gui Buwang, all present leaders and patriarchs, including Xue Lingyun, did not believe Huang Xiaolong would succeed.

"Junior Brother Huang, please consider carefully!" Xue Lingyun cautioned urgently.

Huang Xiaolong looked over his shoulder and nodded at Xue Lingyun, then he went on to absorb the three high-order Saint Fates simultaneously, assimilating with them.

Xue Lingyun and others had no idea how strong Huang Xiaolong's holy souls were, but Huang Xiaolong himself knew very well. The first three high-order Saint Fates were merely enough to fill the teeth gaps of his three holy souls. So, Huang Xiaolong went ahead with the fourth, fifth, and sixth high-order Saint Fates.

All eyes were focused on Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls.

Especially Gui Buwang was watching Huang Xiaolong like a hawk, and his hands clenched subconsciously due to nervousness as he prayed repeatedly in his heart, 'Explode! Explode! Explode!'

He lost count of how many times he repeated 'explode' yet Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls progressed smoothly without a hitch.

An hour passed.

Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls' holy might continued to soar, and the holy light around Huang Xiaolong shone brighter still.

"This!" Weird expressions appeared on many Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's experts watching Huang Xiaolong's situation. Judging from what they were seeing, it was already a certainty that Huang Xiaolong would succeed.

They still remembered that not long ago, their patriarch had vowed if Huang Xiaolong really integrated with the fourth and fifth high-order Saint Fates, he would take a hundred million miles detour whenever he met Huang Xiaolong in the future. Now, Huang Xiaolong had already reached his sixth high-order Saint Fate!

Sensing the pricking gazes from his subordinates, Gui Buwang's face felt a little hot. At the same time, great waves of shock slammed against his heart.

Six Saint Fates, ah!

All high-order Saint Fates! All of them!

This is really...!

Saint Fate was not some ordinary Holy World's creature, but supreme treasures nurtured by the Holy World's heart, and all other things were incomparable.

In the Holy World's history, no one had ever integrated with two or more Saint Fates because integrating with a second Saint Fate was ten times harder than the first Saint Fate. Moreover, a Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciple's divine soul couldn't accommodate the integration of a second Saint Fate.

But there was also a legend that had long circulated in the Holy World that if someone could integrate with two or more Saint Fates, then that person would be capable of fighting a Primal Ancestor when he entered Ninth Heaven True Saint!

Against a Primal Ancestor, ah! In a Primal Ancestor expert's eyes, even a Ninth Heaven True Saint was no different than an ant, yet those that had integrated with two or more Saint Fates had the strength to bottle a Primal Ancestor!

Just thinking about it sent shivers down Gui Buwang's back!

Now, Huang Xiaolong had integrated with six high-order Saint Fates!

Gui Buwang suddenly trembled as a deep fear reared his head in his heart.

Not only Gui Buwang, the Devil Palace's present experts as well as those experts who had attempted to stop Huang Xiaolong from entering the Saint Fate's boundary were in a daze. Clearly, all of them had similar thoughts.

The surfing killing intent from Mo Cangli's body that was overtaken by fury because of his disciple Huai Po's death vanished abruptly, and his heart giving birth to fear.

Chapter 2554: Stuff Yourself Dead!

Had integrating with three high-order Saint Fates been Huang Xiaolong's limit, then Mo Cangli could have still been able to estimate Huang Xiaolong's future achievements, but six!?

He could neither estimate nor imagine how terrifying Huang Xiaolong would be in the future. In lack of a more apt word, he could only say that Huang Xiaolong would be very, very terrifying in the future!

So terrifying that he who was already a Primal Ancestor felt apprehensive and fearful.

Another hour passed under the experts' apprehensive and fearful gazes fixed on Huang Xiaolong. Right at this time, Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls' opened their eyes and each grabbed another high-order Saint Fate!

Without any hesitation!

Not the tiniest bit.

Xue Lingyun, Mo Cangli, the Holy Race's Patriarch Bai Moyang, Gui Buwang, Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, Lin Xiaoying, and the many present experts as well as all Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples were all dumbfounded.

"...This, is Huang Xiaolong planning to integrate with nine high-order Saint Fates? He really wants to integrate nine high-order Saint Fates alone?!"

A holy gate's patriarch was truly unnerved by Huang Xiaolong's action.

This action was simply insane!

It was too daring even for one's wildest imagination.

Xue Lingyun reacted first and her voice carried a strong anxiety, "Junior Brother, you, what are you doing? Don't do something foolish!"

Lin Xiaoying also cried out urgently, "Thirteen, don't force yourself, forget it!"

Huang Xiaolong had created a miracle by being the first person in the Holy World's history capable of integrating six high-order Saint Fates, and this record would last until the Holy World crumbled. Six high-order Saint Fates guaranteed that Huang Xiaolong would step into the Primal Ancestor Realm in the future, and become an invincible hegemon in the Holy Worlds future. In Xue Lingyun and Lin Xiaoying's opinions, it was unnecessary to risk integrating another three high-order Saint Fates.

In case of failure, and a backlash, then everything would be for naught!

At that time, there would be no hope of recovery.

But Huang Xiaolong did not seem to hear Xue Lingyun and Lin Xiaoying's caution, and continued to pull his seventh, eighth, and ninth high-order Saint Fates from the void.

Then, with the same method, his holy souls absorbed the three high-order Saint Fates.

Gui Buwang, the Devil Palace's experts, as well as other forces' experts who had grudges with Huang Xiaolong gloated inwardly.

"Huang Xiaolong, I don't believe you can integrate nine high-order Saint Fates!" Gui Buwang sneered inwardly, "If you really do it, I'll vacate the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate Patriarch position!"

The Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's experts exchanged a silent glance.

"Patriarch, if Huang Xiaolong really...?" one of the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's hall masters couldn't resist asking.

Before he finished his sentence, Gui Buwang sent him flying with a backhand slap.

"You think there's any possibility for Huang Xiaolong to integrate nine high-order Saint Fates?" Gui Buwang snorted, "Truly ridiculous! Even though he has holy souls, it's still impossible for him to integrate nine high-order Saint Fates!" There were three holy souls, and nine high-order Saint Fates. Thus Huang Xiaolong was trying to integrate three high-order Saint Fates with each of his holy souls.

In Gui Buwang's opinion, no matter how strong Huang Xiaolong's holy souls were, they would fail to endure the power of three high-order Saint Fates. Huang Xiaolong was definitely going to explode!

"Stuff yourself dead!" Gui Buwang snickered maliciously.

"Master, in your opinion, can Huang Xiaolong integrate with nine high-order Saint Fates?" The Holy Race's Xiao Baili couldn't stop himself from asking Bai Moyang.

Although Xiao Baili's cultivation had not reached Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, he had followed Patriarch Bai Moyang and other Holy Race experts to spectate and gain some insights.

In fact, many patriarchs and sect chiefs had brought the promising disciples of their factions over to spectate, and let them witness the real situation when competing for Saint Fates. This way, they would know what was at stake and would be prepared when their turns arrived in the future.

Bai Moyang was silent for a long time before shaking his head and answering Xiao Baili's answer, "Probably not. Huang Xiaolong integrated with six high-order Saint Fates and that should be his limit. It's the greatest of luck. Integrating nine high-order Saint Fates is simply wishful thinking!"

Xiao Baili's expression was extremely complicated as he watched Huang Xiaolong.

After the battle stage challenge at the Mirage Pavillion, Xiao Baili had doubled his efforts, cultivating diligently with the aim of defeating Huang Xiaolong one day. But now he discovered that Huang Xiaolong had grown out of his reach, and Huang Xiaolong was no longer someone he could win against!

Perhaps, from the beginning, in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, he was as insignificant as other disciples.

Recalling that even the number one name reigning the Saint Fate List, Huai Po, had exploded to his death under Huang Xiaolong's one slap, bitterness crept up Xiao Baili's heart. He was still dreaming of challenging Huang Xiaolong one more time.

However, if Huang Xiaolong's attempt to integrate with nine high-order Saint Fates ended in failure...!

It was hard to describe his mood in a few words. He hoped for Huang Xiaolong to succeed, yet he also wanted to see Huang Xiaolong fail at the same time.

Under many complicated gazes, time slowly passed—half an hour, one hour...!

As the hours passed, the backlash Gui Buwang and other experts' were anticipating still did not happen.

Everything was normal.

Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls' might casted a net of pressure, and the holy light shining from their bodies shone like a million burning suns. The invisible pressure surging from Huang Xiaolong's body had grown stronger, causing the surrounding airflow to stagnate. Everyone felt an indescribable pressure, a kind of suffocation.

The invisible pressure didn't bother the experts outside the Saint Fate's boundary, however, for the Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples within the Saint Fate's boundary, it felt as if there was a huge hand squeezing them, and it wouldn't stop until they were dead.

All Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples retreated in fear until they reached the edge of the Saint Fate's boundary, panting heavily.

During the previous two times, Huang Xiaolong had integrated with high-order Saint Fates in a little over two hours, but this time, more than four hours had already passed.

Almost five hours later, Huang Xiaolong once again set his sights on the remaining three high-order Saint Fates in the void. Huang Xiaolong was feeling full after integrating with nine high-order Saint Fates back to back.

If he integrated another three Saint Fates, Huang Xiaolong was not a hundred percent certain he could succeed. At most, there was a sixty percent chance!

Forty percent he might fail and explode to his death!

Should I... gamble on it?!

Not to mention, if I monopolize all high-order Saint Fates, what about Lin Xiaoying? Thinking of this, he turned to look at Lin Xiaoying.

Lin Xiaoying saw through Huang Xiaolong's question in a single look, and nodded her head encouragingly at him.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze once again fell onto the last three high-order Saint Fates. He inhaled deeply and reached out to grab them.

The experts outside were in a furor.

"Twe-twelve! He actually wants to integrate twelve high-order Saint Fates! Those are high-order Saint Fates! He's crazy! Mad!" Shen Jiewen was screaming his head off.

No one knew why he was so agitated.

Gui Buwang too was 'agitated' and his face was distorted, "Good, integrate, go on! The more the better!"

Even if you didn't stuff yourself dead with nine high-order Saint Fates, I believe that twelve Saint Fates will kill you!

Watching Gui Buwang's agitated behaviour, the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's experts wisely kept their mouths shut. Of course, they did not forget that Gui Buwang had said that if Huang Xiaolong successfully integrated with nine high-order Saint Fates, he would vacate his patriarch position.

Xue Lingyun watched dazedly as Huang Xiaolong grabbed the last three high-order Saint Fates. At this point, she didn't know what to say anymore.

Chapter 2555: Backlash!

Just thinking about Saint Fates gave a person heart palpitations. In the Holy World's long history, never had twelve high-order Saint Fates appear at the same time, and never had anyone imagined that someone was going to integrate twelve Saint Fates!

On top of that, these twelve Saint Fates were all high-order!

In the beginning, though everyone was shocked when Huang Xiaolong revealed that he was integrating with three high-order Saint Fates, and it was barely acceptable. But when Huang Xiaolong proceeded to integrate with six Saint Fates, it was already stretching everyone's preconceived notion where people even thought that Huang Xiaolong's action was ludicrous, and he had gone mad!

When Huang Xiaolong was integrating with nine Saint Fates, no one had any confidence in him at all, and they felt certain that Huang Xiaolong would suffer a backlash and fail. They had gloated in advance.

But Huang Xiaolong had succeeded! Now Huang Xiaolong was going to increase the number to twelve, rendering everyone speechless. No words could do justice to the incredible shock they were feeling.

Deep down, everyone knew that once Huang Xiaolong succeeded in integrating twelve Saint Fates, even Primal Ancestors couldn't stand in his way!

Huang Xiaolong was already standing at the pinnacle of the Holy World!

On the other hand, if Huang Xiaolong failed, then...!

While everyone was still caught in their indescribable shock, Huang Xiaolong had started to absorb the three high-order Saint Fates into his body and begun integrating them.

Different from the first two times Huang Xiaolong had integrated Saint Fates, the holy lights shining on his three holy souls flickered violently as they were extremely unstable. This time, Huang Xiaolong felt pain all over his body.

These were clearly signs of a backlash.

Everyone watched in stunned gazes.

After seeing this, Gui Buwang laughed triumphantly with borderline madness, "Backlash! Backlash! Huang Xiaolong is finally suffering from backlash, he's so dead!"

He could dance with joy right now as he was elated. He was feeling over the moon, and he was more excited than getting a dao artifact!

The Devil Palace's experts were also cheering in joy.

"Huang Xiaolong is too greedy, this is simply wonderful! With the backlash from twelve high-order Saint Fates, Huang Xiaolong's body will explode from its chaotic energy, and he will be reduced to dust even if he has holy souls!" one of the Devil Palace's experts cackled.

"This is called 'you won't die if you don't go seeking death.' He has already integrated with nine high-order Saint Fates, yet he still isn't content, and he wants to integrate with twelve Saint Fates! Retribution! Retribution is finally here, and it's here so fast!" Another Devil Palace's expert laughed jovially.

"I say, this is the wrath of heaven! Even the heavens are jealous of his talent, so now, the heavens are going to deal with him!" More than a few experts who had feuds with Huang Xiaolong watched on with unconcealed gloating.

"If he doesn't die from this, then the heavens are truly unfair!" The Ancient Emperor Holy Ground's Duan Xuan sneered.

Mo Cangli secretly sighed in relief, if Huang Xiaolong succeeded in integrating twelve high-order Saint Fates, the matter would press down on all the holy grounds' and ancient races' patriarchs like a great mountain, suffocating them. Even the Primal Ancestor Realm experts would feel suffocated.

Thankfully, judging from the current situation, Huang Xiaolong was bound to suffer a severe backlash, and his failure was definite.

Failure of integrating with high order Saint Fates would result in a very strong backlash energy. Hence, the backlash from high-order Saint Fates was no doubt terrifying.

One high-order Saint Fate backlash was very destructive in itself, then how terrifying would the backlash of twelve high-order Saint Fates? Just like what the Devil Palace expert had said, with the backlash of twelve high-order Saint Fates, Huang Xiaolong could only be reduced to dust!

Huang Xiaolong could miraculously survive, then again, even if he did, the consequences of the backlash would surely reduce him to nothing but a waste!

Amongst those present, only Lin Xiaoying, Xue Lingyun, Tan Juan, and Hi Xinyi were truly worried about Huang Xiaolong.

"This Junior Brother!" Xue Lingyun was worried and vexed at the same time that she wished Cangqiong Old Man could come back this instant and give Huang Xiaolong a severe scolding. It was unfortunate the old man was not there.

The Holy Race's Patriarch Bai Moyang, Vajra Race's Patriarch Jin Nu, and others shook their heads, seeing Huang Xiaolong was going to suffer a severe backlash.

"What a pity!" Jin Nu sighed and repeated, "Really a pity, ah!"

Although they felt suffocated by the thought of Huang Xiaolong succeeding in integrating twelve high-order Saint Fates, still, based on the close association between the Vajra Race and Holy Heavens, a small part of Jin Nu had hoped Huang Xiaolong would succeed.

But now, the chances of Huang Xiaolong succeeding were almost non-existent.

Under various gloating gazes, the flickering light enshrouding Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls grew more volatile. Sometimes it was bright and intense, other times it dimmed significantly. Something was threatening to burst out from the three holy souls' bodies. This was the Saint Fates' backlash energy inside them wrecking havoc. After Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls failed to suppress this chaotic energy, one could imagine his ending.

It was becoming clearer that Huang Xiaolong was in pain from his face, and there was a hint of panic. Hairline cracks began to appear across his flesh, and blood was seeping out. This showed that Huang Xiaolong's body was at the edge of rupturing.

"Thirteen!" Lin Xiaoying cried out in agony and rushed to Huang Xiaolong's side.

But Lin Xiaoying had barely taken one step, when her path was blocked by Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples from the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate.

"Get out of my way!" Lin Xiaoying snapped in a rare outburst.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples laughed, "Of course, Lin Xiaoying, come here and lick us some. When we're happy and satisfied, we can get out of your way!"

The Ghost Talisman Holy Gate and Clear Snow Palace were archenemies, thus the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate disciples' words were especially vicious.

Lin Xiaoying shouted, and attacked the several Ghost Talisman Holy Gate experts.

Other Clear Snow Palace's female disciples joined the battle as well.

In an instant, the battle between the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples and Clear Snow Palace's female disciples erupted.

Though Lin Xiaoying and the Clear Snow Palace's disciples were strong, the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples were no walkovers either. Hence, there were injuries and casualties on both sides, and the situation came to a standstill.

By this time, the ruptures across Huang Xiaolong's body had worsened, as if his body was going to explode any moment.

Once his physical body exploded, the Saint Fates' backlash energy would flood out like an angry tsunami, and everything would be irrevocable at that time.

Seeing this, Lin Xiaoying was almost hysterical. Blazing with fury, her attacks grew increasingly fiercer and ruthless. Xue Lingyun looked coldly at Gui Buwang. "Gui Buwang, tell your disciples to stop or I will turn you into a real ghost!"

Gui Buwang chuckled nonchalantly, totally unperturbed by Xue Lingyun's threat. "Our two forces rarely have a chance to test each others' skills, so this is a good thing."

Seeing that Gui Buwang had actually deflected her words so casually, Xue Lingyun's eyes turned icy, and she said, "Fine, in that case, you can die!"

Her palm was already struck before her words fell. The power of grand Dao turned everything in its path into ice, encroaching outwards with the momentum of devouring everything in sight.

Just as Xue Lingyun's grand dao powers reached meters in front of Gui Buwang, a ghostly palm suddenly appeared from the deep void, accompanied by strands of yin souls, death, and diabolic destructive energy, blocking in front of Gui Buwang.

Thunderous booms resounded through the air.

Terrifying aftershock waves swept out in the four directions.

The rest retreated in haste, afraid to be implicated.

What astonished Duan Xuan and the others was that Xue Lingyun's overwhelming grand dao attack was successfully blocked by the ghostly hand!

In the next second, a thin old-man appeared in front of them.

The most eye-catching features of this old-man was his ghostly hand as well as the eerie green ghost rune between his brows.

"The Ghost Talisman Founder!" The Vajra Race's Patriarch Jin Nu blurted in alarm.

"What, the Ghost Talisman Founder?!"

The present holy grounds' patriarchs paled upon hearing that.

This was a notorious character in ancient times, and he was an expert of the same generation as Cangqiong Old Man.

Xue Lingyun stared at the old-man, the Ghost Talisman Founder, and her expression was gloomy to the extreme. The Ghost Talisman Founder was really still alive! Moreover, he had already entered Primal Ancestor Realm!

Chapter 2556: Finish Off Huang Xiaolong!

"Clear Snow Palace Master, it has been a long time!" Upon appearing in everyone's sight, the Ghost Talisman Founder flashed a grin at Xue Lingyun, and his grin gave everyone the creeps.

Xue Lingyun fixed her icy gaze on the Ghost Talisman Founder and snorted, "Your life is really resilient, since my Master actually didn't manage to kill you once and for all!"

At the mention of the past, the Ghost Talisman Founder let out a hearty laugh, looking more than a little smug as he said, "My life is naturally resilient, very, very resilient! If I say I am second in that aspect, no one would dare to admit he's number one! Not even Cangqiong Old Man could kill me, eh? And in the future, no one would be able to kill me!"

The Ghost Talisman Founder's arrogant words revealed great hatred and soaring killing intent!

The only reason Cangqiong Old Man had failed to kill him was because he had the luck of obtaining something originating from the Holy World's source, enabling him to survive the calamity.

Not for one day in so many years had he forgotten about this hatred!

It was more so after he had entered Primal Ancestor Realm!

As he was saying this, he looked at Tan Juan and Ji Xinyi, "Palace Master Xue, these two female disciples of yours are very good looking. I fancy them, and coincidentally, I lack two delicate maids to wash my feet. In the future, they will follow me!" His eyes glimmered with a dark green glow.

Blood drained from Tan Juan and Ji Xinyi's face.

"Preposterous!" Hearing that, Xue Lingyun's face sank. Her palm struck forward once again, and an overwhelming ice-attributed grand dao power surged like the wrathful sea over the Cambrian Pool Star's sky. Every expert present felt an alarming frigid coldness invading their bodies.

The Ghost Talisman Founder simply raised his hand and roiling ghost qi turned the immediate area into a scene from hell.

Rumble!

The world shook violently as it was about to crumble into pieces.

Even the Saint Fate's boundary shook incessantly.

Both Xue Lingyun and the Ghost Talisman Founder were forced back from the impact, as neither was stronger than the other. Xue Lingyun's heart sank at this result. It hadn't been long since the Ghost Talisman Founder had entered the Primal Ancestor Realm. Therefore, she hadn't expected his combat power to rival hers, even though he was a tad weaker, and the difference was negligible.

"Little lassie Lingyun, don't be angry," The Ghost Talisman Founder chuckled eerily, "Since you're reluctant to give up your two precious disciples, how about you? You can warm my bed. Consider it as compensating me on behalf of your Master Cangqiong Old Man."

Then his gaze fell on Huang Xiaolong, "Originally, I came over to kill this kid, but it seems that it's not necessary now. Even the heavens are on my side!"

This was really the heavens helping him because if Huang Xiaolong succeeded in integrating with twelve high-order Saint Fates, even he didn't have the confidence that he would be able to kill Huang Xiaolong despite his current realm.

The backlash was growing increasingly overwhelming for Huang Xiaolong. There were bloody ruptures all over his body that it seemed nothing could save him anymore.

Bai Moyang and Jin Nu shook their heads in distress.

"Thirteen!" Desperation rippled in Lin Xiaoying's voice.

Just as Lin Xiaoying's voice fell, an indescribable resplendent light suddenly burst out from the rupture on his chest. This was a power that transcended the holy light, transcended the Holy World's myriad of lights.

The resplendent light was so mesmerising and brilliant that it overshadowed everything else.

An inextinguishable aura spread outward from Huang Xiaolong's chest.

Lin Xiaoying was stunned.

Xue Lingyun was dumbfounded when she noticed the inextinguishable aura. So were Jin Nu, Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen and other patriarchs and leaders.

So was everyone else.

The Ghost Talisman Founder who was smugly chuckling in his eerie chuckle, suddenly lost his voice, and his eyes gradually widened.

"This, this is?!" He stammered from shock, and his tongue went numb as if he was poisoned by the Holy World's strongest poison.

It hadn't been that long since he had broken through to Primal Ancestor Realm. How could he not be familiar with the inextinguishable aura spreading from Huang Xiaolong's chest!

And because he was familiar, resentment surged in his heart with disbelief! Even if someone killed him, he would still refuse to believe it!

"How is this possible! No, this, it's probably not!" The Holy Race's Patriarch Bai Moyang shook his head repeatedly in a frenzy.

"Patriarch, this...? The aura coming from Huang Xiaolong's chest, could it really be?!" A Ninth Heaven True Saint Eminent Elder seemed to have thought of something and asked in a quivering voice.

Bai Moyang did not answer him. He himself was shaking in excitement, and his shaking was an answer to the expert's question.

Some Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm disciples were dumbfounded watching Huang Xiaolong's changes, but they didn't know what to make of it, except that the light shining from Huang Xiaolong's chest was pretty to look at. This was the prettiest light they had ever seen.

"Is this the last ray of life?!" A Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's expert mocked, "I've heard that when a person is about to die, some experience a dying flash. This is what's happening to Huang Xiaolong! I am happy! So happy! Huang Xiaolong's finally going to die!"

Hearing this Ghost Talisman Holy Ground disciple's silly laughter, a strange expression crept up Bai Moyang, Jin Nu, Mo Cangli, and others' faces.

Gui Buwang and the Ghost Talisman Founder's expressions were even more wonderful.

Both of them felt an impulse to slap that disciple to death, but unfortunately, that disciple was inside the Saint Fate's boundary, and they could not touch him.

Subsequently, everyone noticed that the ruptures around Huang Xiaolong's chest gradually mended and healed. That resplendent light that shadowed everything seemed to contain a healing power.

Then, it was his torso, the rest of his body, arms, head, face, and lastly his hips and legs!

Before long, all of Huang Xiaolong's injuries healed completely. There was not a crack or a scratch on his body, as if Saint Fate's backlash had not happened at all.

The same was the case with his three holy souls.

The disciple who claimed that Huang Xiaolong was on the verge of death muttered, "Could this be a dying flash hallucination?"

Someone experiencing a dying flash would become vivid with vitality, as if there was nothing wrong with him, and this was the so-called hallucination.

But Gui Buwang, and Ghost Talisman Founder nearly vomited blood, wishing they could hammer that disciple into paste.

By this time, the holy lights shining from Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls had begun to stabilize. The violent backlash energy in his body was gradually being suppressed by the light from his chest.

After the successful integration of these three high-order Saint Fates along with previous nine high-order Saint Fates, the three holy souls exuded a powerful might, and the holy light from their bodies soared to the heavens. A golden waterfall hung from the void like a galaxial river.

"Kill, kill Huang Xiaolong. Whoever kills Huang Xiaolong, I will accept him as my personal disciple!" The Ghost Talisman Founder was hysterical.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples finally reacted, and ambition boiled in their hearts. The Ghost Talisman Founder's personal disciple, ah! Thus, all the Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples inside the Saint Fate's boundary rushed towards Huang Xiaolong, attacking madly.

"Other holy grounds' and ancient races' disciples, whoever kills Huang Xiaolong, my Ghost Talisman Dao Artifact is his!" The Ghost Talisman Founder roared, and a greenish long staff appeared in his hand. This was his Dao artifact, the Ghost Talisman Staff!

"What, dao artifact!" In an instant, other holy grounds' and ancient races' disciples were washed in excitement.

Many holy gates' and ancient races' patriarchs were shocked. They didn't expect the Ghost Talisman Founder to be willing to give away the Ghost Talisman Staff.

That was a Dao artifact, ah!

But some holy grounds' patriarchs were quick to snub their eager disciples, "You guys better not do anything. None of you are allowed to make a move! Whoever takes action, will receive death-punishment!"

Chapter 2557: It's, It's Really the Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

It wasn't strange that these holy grounds' and ancient races' patriarchs were so anxious to stop their disciples. These disciples' death was a small matter to them, but if their foolish action implicated the holy ground or the whole clan, then that crime would be difficult to compensate for even if these disciples died a thousand times!

It never occurred to them that Huang Xiaolong would already have that thing!

In the final crucial moments, Huang Xiaolong had actually managed to suppress the violent high-order Saint Fates' backlash energy! Since it was clear that Huang Xiaolong had successfully integrated with twelve high-order Saint Fates, no one could stop him anymore. And who would dare to offend him at this point?!

Twelve high-order Saint Fates, ah! The patriarchs felt their scalps go tingling numb just thinking about it.

These patriarchs had a strong inclination that it wouldn't be long before Huang Xiaolong could deter the entire Holy World alone!

He is truly invincible!

Even the Primal Ancestor Realm Ghost Talisman Founder's face turned sickly green?!

Even the Ghost Talisman Founder was terrified to this extent, and that spoke volumes as to how scary Huang Xiaolong was.

Those Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples within the Saint Fate's boundary, who were eager to move after hearing the Ghost Talisman Founder's reward, were jolted to their senses by their patriarchs' blatant threats? In an instant, no one dared to make a move.

The Ghost Talisman Founder was shouting hysterically again, "Don't be afraid! Whoever kills Huang Xiaolong can worship in my sect. I will pass down all my knowledge and abilities to him, give him the Ghost Staff, and my protection. I can fulfill all his requests!"

Some of the hesitating disciples were once more eager after hearing his words, and they seemed more motivated.

Originally, these disciples were worried that they would violate their respective holy ground's rules, and would be sent to the gallows by their patriarchs, but now, the promise of having a chance to worship the Ghost Talisman Founder as master, and get his protection, made them fearless.

By this time, the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples were almost an arm's length away from Huang Xiaolong's physical body.

In the minds of these Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples, obliterating Huang Xiaolong's physical body was easier than dealing with Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls.

"Kill!"

These Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples were brimming with killing intent, as each of them executed their most powerful killing move at full force.

These dozen of disciples' strength was not weak, and one could imagine the impact of the combined power of their most powerful attacks.

Endless sword qi, fist force, palm force, and rays of blade light bombarded Huang Xiaolong.

The attacks of these dozen Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples landed squarely on Huang Xiaolong. Following that, a burst of grand dao light shot out from Huang Xiaolong's chest.

Weeeng!

Everyone could hear a low humming through space. In the instant the Inextinguishable Dao Heart's rays shone from Huang Xiaolong's chest, the dozen of Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples froze in midair. It seemed a second had passed yet it felt as if an era had gone by.

It started from these disciples' blades shattering into dust-sized particles, followed by their arms that shattered inch by inch into small pieces of meat. The destruction expanded to the rear of their bodies, breaking them apart into irretrievable pieces.

Others only saw these Ghost Talisman Holy Gate disciples' eyes widening in absolute horror a split second before their bodies shattered into dust. They could clearly see these disciples' pieces of flesh scattering over the Cambrian Pool Star.

After the dozen of Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples were reduced to dust, the inextinguishable light swept over the Cambrian Pool Star's sky. The scattering dust-sized flesh glistened like fireflies, and after the last glimmer, they vanished from the world completely.

These Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples seemed to have been erased by the Holy World, as if they had never existed in the Holy World at all.

This horrifying sight immediately deterred other holy grounds' disciples, who were eager to join their hands and attack Huang Xiaolong.

Their guts were pierced by terror!

Even Lin Xiaoying's heart skipped a beat.

Bai Moyang, Jin Nu, Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, and others' hearts thumped madly in their chests.

"In-inextinguishable Dao Heart, it really is the Inextinguishable Dao Heart!" The Vajra Race Patriarch Jin Nu seemed like he was witnessing the world's most frightening event. Shock seemed to be etched on his face. The Vajra Race's disciples had never seen their patriarch lose his composure this way.

"What?! Inextinguishable Dao Heart! Patriarch, are you saying that that thing in Huang Xiaolong's chest is the Inextinguishable Dao Heart?!" Jin Taiji who was standing behind Jin Nu squeaked, sounding like a mouse.

Jin Taiji was not the only one. All the Vajra Race's disciples were as astounded as him.

Although the resplendent light from Huang Xiaolong's chest shocked a lot of people, and suppressed the high-order Saint Fates' backlash, the present disciples did not link it to the Inextinguishable Dao Heart. It was not only the disciples, but even a lot of average True Saint Realm experts did not think in this direction.

Therefore, Jin Taiji and the others didn't think the thing shining from Huang Xiaolong's chest was the Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

Immersed in their shock, Jin Taiji, the rest of Vajra Race's disciples, and the other ignorant True Saint Realm experts wondered, 'Didn't they say that only the Primal Ancestor can have the Inextinguishable Dao Heart?'

A Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's grand elder looked at Gui Buwang, and he couldn't help asking, "Patriarch, this, this is impossible ah, only Primal Ancestor can form the Inextinguishable Dao Heart, isn't it?!"

Gui Buwang glared at him and roared with murderous aura, "You are asking me, but whom should I ask?!"

He had a strong impulse to slaughter, and like everyone else, he could not figure out why Huang Xiaolong had an Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

It was just like how none of them could figure out why Huang Xiaolong, a half-True Saint, could have three holy souls.

Mo Cangli, and Xue Lingyun looked dazedly at Huang Xiaolong's chest, as if Huang Xiaolong had super-developed chest muscles.

"In-inextinguishable Dao Heart!"

A long time later, a wry smile flashed across Xue Lingyun's face. At this moment, she realized worrying about Huang Xiaolong was the extra fat on her body, an unnecessary extra fat.

Apart from shock, there was a complicated gaze in Tan Juan's eyes. Previously, she couldn't figure out how Huang Xiaolong had defeated Xie Bufan and Li Chen, but she finally found the answer at that moment.

She would have needed a day's time to comprehend the seventh floor's key, but Huang Xiaolong had comprehended Cangqiong Old Man's inheritance in a short half an hour. With her talent, it would take her several hundred years to fully comprehend the inheritance, but Huang Xiaolong had merely spent fifty years.

All those things she had failed to link together in the past, all clicked now.

The way everyone was looking at Huang Xiaolong showed a mixture of shock, fear, unease, unwillingness, and disbelief.

The holy light from Huang Xiaolong's body shone brighter still, and the might coming off his three holy souls threatened to topple the heavens.

All these were proof that no one would stop Huang Xiaolong's path after he integrated with twelve high-order Saint Fates!

Huang Xiaolong's rise, and his heaven-defying path was clear!

This conclusion sent everyone's heart racing with apprehension.

The Ghost Talisman Founder was still bellowing endlessly, throwing various temptations towards the disciples inside the Saint Fate's boundary so they would gang up and kill Huang Xiaolong. But it was useless. Even if he promised his d*ck off to the disciples, none of the remaining disciples dared to attack Huang Xiaolong.

Time flowed by.

At this time, the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, and the others were still trapped inside the Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation at the Lightning Prison River by Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian. They were cut off from the outside world, and the three Devil Palace Masters still didn't know the things happening at the Cambrian Pool Star.

The three of them weren't aware, from the time the Holy Heavens' group was passing by the Devil Palace, Huang Xiaolong had separated from the main group.

The Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, and the rest had continued onwards by passing the Lightning Prison River while Huang Xiaolong had cut across the Black Devil Star Prison and rushed straight to the Cambrian Pool Star.

Chapter 2558: Seal Huang Xiaolong for Eternity

Cao Nan watched the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow working madly to break the Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation, and sneered in mockery, "Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, are the four of you still dreaming of breaking out of here and rush to the Cambrian Pool Star with Huang Xiaolong? The Saint Fates have appeared long ago! Even if you rush over there with Huang Xiaolong now, the Saint Fates would have long been taken!"

Gu Tian laughed, "That's right, it's impossible for Huang Xiaolong to break through to True Saint Realm this time, and he'll have to wait for the next round. I feel refreshed all over just thinking about it!"

Qiao Jinyang showed a rare smile on his face, "If Cangqiong Old Man, who left the Holy World, learns that the successor he selected after so many troubles could not even break through to True Saint Realm, he would probably die in anger."

Cao Nan, Qiao Jinyang, and Gu Tian broke into laughter.

The Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow suddenly burst into laughter. Moreover, the sound of their laughter was louder than Cao Nan's group of three.

Upon seeing the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow laughing in such an unbridled manner, Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian were stunned and baffled.

"Tyrant Chu, you've gone mad," Cáo Nan sneered.

Tyrant Chu let out a hearty laugh, "Cao Nan, did you guys think you've successfully prevented Huang Xiaolong from integrating with Saint Fate?"

Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian stiffened momentarily upon hearing Tyrant Chu's question.

Suddenly, Qiao Jinyang's sharp gaze fell onto the Golden Roc Holy Ship, and a bad feeling rose in his heart and he blurted, "Are you saying that Huang Xiaolong is not aboard the Golden Roc Holy Ship?!"

Lord Long laughed triumphantly, "That's right!"

It didn't matter letting Qiao Jinyang, and the other two know at this point.

Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian's faces immediately sank.

"Impossible!" Gu Tian strongly denied, "We had investigated, and ever since you departed from the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds, Huang Xiaolong has been with you all the way!"

Tyrant Chu was still laughing, "Huang Xiaolong indeed set off with us from the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds, but when we approached the Dark Devil Prison Star, he separated from us and cut across the Dark Devil Prison Star, heading straight to the Cambrian Pool Star. Probably he has already integrated with Saint Fate by now!"

"What?!" Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian's faces darkened like a brewing storm at the drop of a hat.

Cao Nan suddenly snorted, "Tyrant Chu, keep on pretending. My Black Devil Star Prison is laden with restrictions, how could Huang Xiaolong have passed through them unscathed? Many Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm, even Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm experts are incapable of passing through the Black Devil Star Prison! Then Huang Xiaolong? That is impossible!"

Tyrant Chu looked at Cao Nan with sympathy as he revealed, "Of course it's not possible with Xiaolong's strength alone, but what if he has the Cangqiong Dao Palace?"

Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian's heart sank to the bottom.

At this time, Lord Long once again pierced the grand formation with his Heaven Opening Dragon Spear, shattering the Devil Prison Forest Grand Formation that was on the verge of breakage and yelled at the Heavenly Master and Tyrant Chu, "Let's rush to the Cambrian Pool Star. There should be high-order Saint Fates appearing this time, Xiaolong might have already integrated with a high-order Saint Fate!"

Tyrant Chu snickered, "Exactly, I can't wait to see the sight of Xiaolong successfully integrating with a high-order Saint Fate!"

In the next second, the Heavenly Master sped away with a group of Holy Heavens' disciples. Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian did not stop them.

"Don't worry, even if Huang Xiaoly really possesses the Cangqiong Dao Palace, he couldn't have passed through the Black Devil Star Prison!" Cao Nan persisted in self-comforting, "Even if Huang Xiaolong could pass through the Black Devil Star Prison, it would take him more than a month. Therefore, it's impossible for him to arrive at the Cambrian Pool Star in time!"

Gu Tian was full of confidence, "That's right, to pass through the Black Devil Star Prison, he would have to pass through the Magma Demon Valley, and just the Magma Demon Valley is probably enough to stop Huang Xiaolong's path."

Right at this time, Cao Nan's and Gu Tian's communication symbols shook simultaneously. Both took out their communication symbols and after reading the content within, their eyes widened in astonishment. Apprehension soared in their hearts.

Seeing this, Qiao Jinyang frowned, "What's going on? Did Huang Xiaolong really obtain a high-order Saint Fate? Did he successfully integrate with it?"

Neither Cao Nan nor Gu Tian knew how to answer him. Their hands holding the communication symbols were shaking.

"There are twelve high-order Saint Fates this time!" Cao Nan sucked in a breath of cold air, forcefully suppressing the strong unease in his heart.

"What?! Twelve high-order Saint Fates appeared?!"

Qiao Jinyang's eyes widened in surprise, taking another look on his companions' faces, the unease in his heart rose exponentially, "You, could it be that Huang Xiaolong successfully integrated with more than two high-order Saint Fates?!"

Both Cao Nan and Gu Tian nodded their heads.

For real! Qiao Jinyang felt a force slamming into his chest.

"Two Saint Fates? Or three?" Qiao Jinyang asked in a quivering voice.

Cao Nan shook his head, and couldn't find the right words, so he directly handed the communication symbols in his hand to Qiao Jinyang.

Qiao Jinyang accepted it with doubt. But when he read the message within, his eyeballs protruded in shock, "Twe-twelve!"

The message was sent by one of the Devil Palace's enforcers currently at the Cambrian Pool Star, informing Cao Nan that Huang Xiaolong had successfully integrated with twelve high-order Saint Fates, and on top of that...!

"Inextinguishable Dao Heart!"

The most terrifying part of the message was that Huang Xiaolong had already formed his Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

He had already formed his Inextinguishable Dao Heart before entering the Primal Ancestor Realm!

Since Huang Xiaolong had integrated with twelve high-order Saint Fates, then in the future...?!

Qiao Jinyang, the leader of the Devil Palace's Palace Masters, one of the pinnacle existences in the Holy World, trembled slightly.

"How come it's like this?!" Qiao Jinyang roared towards the sky in anger. His voice rolled like thunder, splitting the Lightning Prison River into two.

"Palace Master, what do we do now?" A while later, Cao Nan couldn't help asking.

Qiao Jinyang did not speak, his heart thumped wildly in panic.

"Palace Master, Huang Xiaolong is still in the early stages of integrating with Saint Fates in the early stages. If we rush towards the Cambrian Pool Star now, we can go all out to kill Huang Xiaolong! Even if we can't kill him, we should strive to seal him, seal him for eternity! He must not be allowed to fully integrate with twelve high-order Saint Fates!" Gu Tian suddenly stated.

The Saint Fates were naturally not so easy to integrate with. In general, to truly integrate one low-order Saint Fate took several years, and decades for high-order Saint Fate. For Huang Xiaolong to truly integrate with twelve high-order Saint Fates, it definitely would take much longer than that, and at this point, Huang Xiaolong's integration was only in the early stages.

As long as Huang Xiaolong had yet to truly integrate with the twelve high-order Saint Fates, Huang Xiaolong still couldn't be considered to have truly entered True Saint Realm.

"That's right, what we need to do now is to rush over immediately, otherwise, Huang Xiaolong might escape!" Qiao Jinyang's eyes glimmered with iciness, "Before the Heavenly Master and the others arrive, capture Huang Xiaolong and forcefully seal him for eternity!"

"We should make haste!"

"Let's go now!"

Immediately, Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian all rushed to the Cambrian Pool Star as fast as they could.

"Also, contact the Ghost Talisman Founder!" On the way, Qiao Jinyang ordered solemnly, "If he's at the Cambrian Pool Star, have him go all out to capture Huang Xiaolong before the Heavenly Master arrives, and then wait for us!"

In truth, the Ghost Talisman Founder had secretly contacted the three Devil Palace's three Palace Masters, so the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground had formed an alliance with the Devil Palace that no one knew of.

Chapter 2559: Annihilate Devil Palace's Disciples

After receiving Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian's messages through his communication symbols, the Ghost Talisman Founder replied to them and reassured them that he wouldn't let Huang Xiaolong escape!

Although Huang Xiaolong had finished the early stages of integrating with the twelve high-order Saint Fates, and possessed the Inextinguishable Dao Heart, the Ghost Talisman Founder believed that as long as Huang Xiaolong truly integrated with the Saint Fates and entered the True Saint Realm, as a Primal Ancestor, he could easily capture him.

He planned to act when Saint Fate's boundary disappeared in half a day. However, his biggest problem right now was Xue Lingyun!

If Xue Lingyun, this wench stops me, it would be troublesome for me to capture Huang Xiaolong!

Suddenly, his gaze fell on Mo Cangli's body, and an idea came to him, and he spoke out, "Brother Mo, Huang Xiaolong killed your only personal disciple so brazenly. Are you going to swallow this humiliation with your head down?"

Mo Cangli was momentarily stunned at being called out.

"Huang Xiaolong does not put you in his eyes at all, earlier, he killed the Beast Tamer Holy Gate's chief holy prince, then at the Mirage Pavilion's battle stage, he killed numerous Holy Lands Alliance's talented geniuses. He totally did not put you or the Holy Lands Alliance in his eyes. Once he successfully integrates with twelve high-order Saint Fates and gains the power to set the entire Holy World, the first one he will obliterate is very likely to be the Holy Lands Alliance!"

The Ghost Talisman Founder went on, "We can join hands to capture Huang Xiaolong and seal him forever to cut off all future troubles right now!"

"Only after sealing Huang Xiaolong and destroying his physique, we can think of a way to destroy his holy souls!" The Ghost Talisman Founder added, "After we destroy Huang Xiaolong's physique and holy souls, he would be incapable of causing any waves despite having the Inextinguishable Dao Heart!"

Xue Lingyun was instantly angered by the Ghost Talisman Founder's words and she snapped, "Ghost Talisman Founder, how dare you?"

The Ghost Talisman Founder ignored Xue Lingyun and continued to lobby Mo Cangli, "Brother Mo, what do you think? Since your disciple first provoked Huang Xiaolong, he will definitely unleash his dissatisfaction on you in the future... Rather than waiting for Huang Xiaolong to enter True Saint Realm and come to deal with the Holy Lands Alliance, we should take the initiative!"

Xue Lingyun became anxious.

If Mo Cangli really agreed with the Ghost Talisman Founder's proposal, Huang Xiaolong would be in big trouble.

She could deal with the Ghost Talisman Founder alone, but if Mo Cangli was added into the equation, she was definitely no match against the two of them. Even when facing Mo Cangli alone, she had no grasp of gaining the upper hand.

Bai Moyang, Jin Nu, and the other patriarchs and chiefs all looked at Huang Xiaolong.

No one had expected that the Ghost Talisman Founder would try to lobby Mo Cangli to join him.

However, Huang Xiaolong had killed Huai Po with one strike. Huai Po was Mo Cangli's one and only disciple he had accepted in so many years. Mo Cangli doted on Huai Po, therefore, there was a high chance for the Ghost Talisman Founder to persuade Mo Cangli.

When Huai Po had died by Huang Xiaolong's hands, the surging killing intent from Mo Cangli's body was felt by everyone.

"Seal Huang Xiaolong? Destroy his physique, and holy souls?" Mo Cangli slowly raised his gaze and looked at the Ghost Talisman Founder.

After seeing that Mo Cangli was tempted, the Ghost Talisman Founder smiled and went on, "That's right, as for the Holy Heavens' retaliation after sealing Huang Xiaolong, you need not worry about it. I have formed an alliance with the Devil Palace, so come join us. Don't tell me you're afraid of a mere Holy Heavens organisation?"

Xue Lingyun, Bai Moyang, Jin Nu, and others' expressions turned extremely solemn in an instant.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground actually joined forces with the Devil Palace?

Mo Cangli didn't expect this.

"Sorry, not interested!" Mo Cangli refused directly.

The Ghost Talisman was stunned by Mo Cangli's answer, and he sounded a bit anxious as he said, "Brother Mo, aren't you afraid Huang Xiaolong would deal with the Holy Lands Alliance? Huang Xiaolong is a person who advocates an eye for an eye! He...!"

"I already said that I am not interested!" Mo Cangli cut off his words, "Whether Huang Xiaolong will deal with the Holy Lands Alliance or not shouldn't concern you."

If Huang Xiaolong did not have the Inextinguishable Dao Heart, perhaps Mo Cangli would have really been tempted to join hands with the Ghost Talisman Founder. This way, not only could he have avenged his personal disciple Huai Po, but he could have also killed Huang Xiaolong, this freak of a monster.

In truth, no one was willing to see a freak like Huang Xiaolong continue to grow stronger, but the frustrating point was that Huang Xiaolong had already formed his Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

And Huang Xiaolong had also received Cangqiong Old Man's inheritance and the Cangqiong Blade!

If the two of them joined hands, and yet failed to capture Huang Xiaolong, then...?

By chance if Huang Xiaolong were to escape, then the Holy Lands Alliance would truly fall into a bottomless abyss. Thus he was not willing to take this risk.

Seeing Mo Cangli reject his proposal, the Ghost Talisman Founder was unwilling to give up. He went on to persuade Mo Cangli for half an hour.

In the end, the Ghost Talisman Founder could only shift his target, and attempted to lobby Patriarch Bai Moyang to join him.

However, the Ghost Talisman Founder was disappointed. Like Mo Cangli, Bai Moyang also rejected his proposal.

Time flowed by.

More than ten hours passed.

The light enveloping Huang Xiaolong was blinding to the extreme, lighting up every corner of the Cambrian Pool Star, and his three holy souls' aura suffocated everyone like millions of great mountains, forcing the experts to retreat further.

All of a sudden, intense blazing rays of light exploded from Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls, perforating the Cambrian Pool Star's sky like it was a thin sheet of paper!

Under the perforated sky, everyone could see the layers of space of the Holy World.

The sight gave everyone a big impact.

No one doubted that this blazing light could easily pierce through a high-level True Saint's physique!

Mo Cangli and the Ghost Talisman Founder's eyelids twitched watching this.

Moments later, the blazing light vanished, and Huang Xiaolong retrieved his three holy souls back into his body. The light around him converged, and from afar, there didn't seem to be any difference after Huang Xiaolong integrated with twelve high-order Saint Fates.

Only high-level True Saint experts could sense it. Huang Xiaolong exuded a terrifying aura from head to toe.

Merely standing there, Huang Xiaolong was the manifestation of Heavens' will itself, the highest existence in the Holy World.

Xue Lingyun, Lin Xiaoying, Tan Juan, and Ji Xinyi were clearly overjoyed after seeing that Huang Xiaolong had successfully stabilized his early-stage refinement of the twelve high-order Saint Fates.

Subsequently, Huang Xiaolong casually made a grabbing gesture with his hand and caught the few remaining Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples across space and squeezed till their bodies exploded.

This meant that the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples who had come to compete for Saint Fate's were totally annihilated!

Gui Buwang and Ghost Talisman Founder's expressions were extremely ugly.

At this time, the Saint Fate's boundary still existed, and both of them were powerless to stop Huang Xiaolong from outside the boundary.

Then Huang Xiaolong's gaze fell on the remaining Devil Palace's disciples, and these disciples' faces ashened.

"Huang Xiaolong, how dare you?" Outside the Saint Fate's boundary, the Devil Palace's hall masters shouted in anger, "Since you dare to kill our Devil Palace's disciples, our Devil Palace will...!"

But before he could finish his words, he saw Huang Xiaolong flicking his fingers and a Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Devil Palace's disciple exploded to his death, and he was reduced to a mist of blood.

In front of Huang Xiaolong, these Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's disciples and Devil Palace's Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples were nothing but a few bugs.

After killing all Devil Palace's Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples, Huang Xiaolong turned to look at the Ghost Talisman Holy Gate's and Devil Palace's experts outside the Saint Fate's boundary.

Chapter 2560: No! More Than That!

Before the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace's experts reacted, Huang Xiaolong's palm struck forward, and a streak of light that was red as blood shot out from the Saint Fate's boundary like a meteor.

Bang!

In the next instant, a peak late-Second Heaven True Saint Realm Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's expert exploded to his death.

This peak late-Second Heaven True Saint expert didn't even get a chance to scream before his death. Even when the red streak of light had arrived in front of his eyes, he was still unaware of what was going to happen.

The blood-red streak of light was the Flying Heaven Blood Stele.

Instead of the Cangqiong Blade, the Eight-Sided Desolate Beast Ring, or the Cangqiong Dao Palace, Huang Xiaolong thought that he might as well use these Ghost Talisman Holy Ground experts' blood essence to temper the Flying Heaven Blood Stele to raise its power.

After the Flying Heaven Blood Stele smashed the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's expert to death, it did not stop, and it continues to target another Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's expert.

The second expert's face paled as he understood he was the next target. He let out a furious roar as he exerted force and swung the steel rod in his hands, intending to smash the Flying Heaven Blood Stele away.

But just as the steel rod came into contact with the Flying Heaven Blood Stele, he felt the irresistible terrifying destructive power channeled by the Flying Heaven Blood Stele that was violent and bloodthirsty!

BANG!

The steel rod in his hand shattered into smithereens and the Flying Heaven Blood Stele hit him, and like the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's expert earlier, this late-Third Heaven True Saint expert also exploded into blood mist in the blink of an eye.

Still, the Flying Heaven Blood Stele did not stop as it flew straight towards the third Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's expert who was a Fourth Heaven True Saint.

By this time, Gui Buwang and the rest of Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's experts finally reacted and threw attacks at the Flying Heaven Blood Stele.

However, Huang Xiaolong retrieved the Flying Heaven Blood Stele back into his body faster than these attacks could land. Gui Buwang and others' attacks fell on empty space, setting off a chain of explosions high in the air.

"Powerful!" A Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's expert exclaimed in horror, "It killed a late-Third Heaven True Saint in one strike within the power to resist! Huang Xiaolong's strength right now is probably comparable to a Fifth Heaven True Saint?!"

"Fifth Heaven True Saint?! I don't think it's so drastically increased. He's surely relying on that dao artifact to display that kind of power. After all, he hasn't fully integrated those twelve high-order Saint Fates to break through to True Saint Realm!"

A Beast Tamer Holy Ground's expert disagreed, "The point is that he has this kind of attack power despite not entering True Saint Realm. This itself is frightening! Attack power exceeding a Fifth Heaven True Saint is unprecedented for someone at his cultivation level!"

Other experts nodded their heads in agreement!

At this time, Huang Xiaolong launched consecutive swift attacks, bedazzling the eyes. Before anyone realized anything, resounding blasts thundered in their ears.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace's experts exploded to their deaths under the Flying Heaven Blood Stele's attack.

First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Heaven True Saint Realm experts were its victims! Even Sixth Heaven True Saint experts met with the same ending once targeted by the Flying Heaven Blood Stele!

In a short dozen breaths, more than a dozen of Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace's True Saint experts had fallen!

Amongst the fallen, there was one Sixth Heaven True Saint.

After watching this happen before their eyes, the crowd of experts ashened.

Especially the expert, who had claimed that Huang Xiaolong was merely relying on the Flying Heaven Blood Stele to gain the attack power of a Fifth Heaven True Saint, shaking from head to toe. Is this Huang Xiaolong's current true strength?

At the early-stage of integration with the twelve high-order Saint Fates, Huang Xiaolong could already kill a Sixth Heaven True Saint in one strike!

This not only frightened Mo Cangli and Xue Lingyun, but even the Ghost Talisman Founder's heart missed a beat.

Even before fully integrating the twelve high-order Saint Fates, Huang Xiaolong's strength had risen to this terrifying level. When Huang Xiaolong truly integrated with the twelve high-order Saint Fates, would they even be able to muster up the courage to fight?!

"This combat power! It's comparable to a Seventh Heaven True Saint...?!" The Holy Race's Xiao Baili muttered dazedly in shock. Is this person really the person I had challenged at the Mirage Pavillion battle stage years ago. Is he the same Huang Xiaolong?

Xiao Baili had a hard time believing that the scenes before him were real.

Huang Xiaolong, someone that he had thought he was capable of challenging all along, had actually sent a Sixth Heaven True Saint expert to die with just one strike before his eyes!

Reality had dealt him a great blow to his fragile heart that he had always assumed to be stronger than others' hearts!

Though in shock, Bai Moyang responded to Xiao Baili with a very serious expression, "No! More than that!"

"More than that? Master, you mean Huang Xiaolong's combat power is stronger than a Seventh Heaven True Saint??!" Xiao Baili couldn't believe his ears.

On another side, the Ghost Talisman Founder couldn't stand still any longer after losing a Sixth Heaven True Saint.

He reached out and the force from his palm attempted to restrain the Flying Heaven Blood Stele as he roared in a fury at Huang Xiaolong, "Huang Xiaolong, you coward son of a tortoise! Come fight me if you've got the guts!"

He could only vent his fury on the Flying Heaven Blood Stele because he was unable to attack Huang Xiaolong who was inside the Saint Fate's boundary.

Attacks from outside the Saint Fate's boundary were unable to reach these disciples within the boundary barrier, but those inside the Saint Fate's boundary could attack the people outside.

The surrounding experts shook their heads and laughed silently listening to the Ghost Talisman Founder clamoring for Huang Xiaolong to come out and battle him. Huang Xiaolong had not fully integrated with the twelve high-order Saint Fates. Therefore, for a Primal Ancestor like the Ghost Talisman Founder to scream and shout for a disciple that hadn't even entered True Saint Realm to battle him... proved that no one had a face as thick as him.

Seeing the Ghost Talisman Founder make a move, Xue Lingyun struck out with both her palms, and ice-attributed grand dao energy howled as it rushed forward, blocking the Ghost Talisman Founder's attempt.

"Ghost Talisman Founder, if you want a fight, I'll fight you!" Xue Lingyun's icy voice rang and another fierce attack followed.

In the meantime, Huang Xiaolong manipulated the Flying Heaven Blood Stele with his Inextinguishable Dao Heart's power. In an instant, the Stele's bloodthirstiness soared, and blood-red rays intensified, resembling a roiling sea of blood. Grand dao energy roared.

Bang!

A Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's Seventh Heaven True Saint expert, a vice-hall master level character, exploded to his death just the same under this strike from Huang Xiaolong.

Faces in the crowd paled further.

Even a Seventh Heaven True Saint, a Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's vice-hall master, could not survive one attack from Huang Xiaolong?! Not forgetting that Huang Xiaolong still hadn't fully integrated with the twelve high-order Saint Fates!

If Huang Xiaolong completes his twelve high-order Saint Fates integration, will that mean that even Ninth Heaven True Saints are no match for his strength?

THIS!

The Holy Race's Xiao Baili's lips turned green and then purple from the fear creeping up his heart.

Mo Cangli, Ghost Talisman Founder, Xue Lingyun, Bai Moyang, Jin Nu, Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, and the rest were really scared now!

Duan Xuan remembered the time at the Mirage Pavilion where he had tried to force Huang Xiaolong to hand over the grandmist holy spiritual aura. Almost everyone was wrecking their brains to recall if they had somehow, somewhere, offended Huang Xiaolong in the past.

Following that, it was obvious that Huang Xiaolong had specifically targeted Seventh Heaven True Saint experts from the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace. Without an exception, all of them had exploded to their deaths.

After sending these experts on their way, Huang Xiaolong gathered their holy souls and restrained them inside the Cangqiong Dao Palace. These holy souls were a great supplement to him, and he was saving them to refine in the future.

Watching Huang Xiaolong killing Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's Seventh Heaven True Saints one after another, the Ghost Talisman Founder cursed repeatedly in rage. Each time he wanted to stop Huang Xiaolong, he was entangled by Xue Lingyun. Not to mention that Huang Xiaolong's route of attacks was unpredictable, and even Gui Buwang failed to stop Huang Xiaolong.

"Kill, kill everyone from the Clear Snow Palace!" In a moment of absolute fury, the Ghost Talisman Founder roared at Gui Buwang. Since Huang Xiaolong targeted experts from the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, then they would kill all the Clear Snow Palace's disciples there. They would kill Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, and every single one of Clear Snow Palace's female disciples!

Chapter 2561: Dig Three Feet Under Looking for Huang Xiaolong

After hearing the Ghost Talisman Founder's order to kill all Clear Snow Palace's people, Gui Buwang and the remaining Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's experts immediately caught on to the Ghost Talisman Founder's intention.

Amidst sonorous voices of compliance, Gui Buwang and the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's experts frenziedly attacked the Clear Snow Palace's experts. Each of the Clear Snow Palace's female disciples was a delicate beauty, whereas the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's experts were all tall and burly, and

they exuded ferocious bloodthirstiness. This scene was no different than a pack of wolves running into a herd of sheep.

In a short few moments many of Clear Snow Palace's female disciples and True Saint Realm experts suffered heavy injuries.

"Ghost Talisman Founder, how dare you?" Xue Lingyun was indignant.

Watching this scene, the Ghost Talisman Founder laughed harshly, "Kill, kill for me! Tear these lassies apart! Rip them apart! Torture them!"

Only this way he could vent the fury and hatred in his heart.

In the past, he had nearly lost his life at Cangqiong Old Man's hand, and today, Huang Xiaolong had consecutively killed experts of his holy ground. He was going to count the scores of the past grudge and this day's feud on the Clear Snow Palace's head!

In the next moment, a Devil Palace's Ninth Heaven True Saint hall master shouted and led all Devil Palace's experts to join in the attack against the Clear Snow Palace's female disciples and experts, specifically targeting Tan Juan and Ji Xinyi. The two ladies were soon overwhelmed, and caught between a rock and a hard place.

Although Huang Xiaolong continued targeting the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace's experts from within the Saint Fate's boundary, still he was unable to lift the Clear Snow Palace's immediate crisis.

Right at this time, Mo Cangli suddenly struck his palm towards the Ghost Talisman Founder in a sneak attack, sending the Ghost Talisman Founder reeling backward.

His action genuinely surprised everyone.

No one had expected Mo Cangli to suddenly make a move. Moreover, it was against the Ghost Talisman Founder.

After Huang Xiaolong had killed Huai Po, it was already considered a virtuous action on Mo Cangli's part that he had refused to join hands with the Ghost Talisman Founder against Huang Xiaolong. But now, Mo Cangli had actually helped Huang Xiaolong and Clear Snow Palace?!

"Mo Cangli, what is the meaning of this?!" The Ghost Talisman Founder glared fiercely at Mo Cangli as he questioned.

Mo Cangli's response was less than lukewarm, "No special meaning, just don't like watching a big man like you bullying a few women."

Others felt choked by his words.

Then again, there were many other holy gates' patriarchs, who despised the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace's action of besieging the Clear Snow Palace's women, but they hesitated to interfere mainly because of their combined power.

They also understood that this was not the sole reason Mo Cangli had decided to interfere.

Mo Cangli had acted to express goodwill towards Huang Xiaolong!

Mo Cangli was expressing goodwill towards Huang Xiaolong as a Primal Ancestor because Huang Xiaolong had formed his Inextinguishable Dao Heart, and he was soon going to complete integrating with twelve high-order Saint Fates.

The Ancient Holy Emperor Duan Xuan immediately understood Mo Cangli's goal and his eyes lit up, as if he had seen the ray of life.

"Lord Mo Cangli is right. The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground is an unrighteous faction, and everyone has a responsibility to kill them!" Duan Xuan shouted, " All Ancient Emperor Holy Ground's experts hear my order, attack!!"

He was the first one to rush into the fray, leading the Ancient Holy Emperor Holy Ground's experts by example.

A wave of speechlessness washed over the Ancient Emperor Holy Ground's experts. It didn't seem like Lord Mo Cangli pronounced the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground as an unrighteous faction, but he merely said that it was displeasing to watch a big man like the Ghost Talisman Founder bullying Clear Snow Palace's women.

However, seeing both Lord Mo Cangli and their patriarch had already attacked, the Ancient Emperor Holy Ground's experts dared not hesitate anymore and joined the battle.

Mo Cangli and Duan Xuan had taken action, therefore, Shen Jiewen and others dared not dally anymore and entered the battlefield.

Having watched the situation's development for a while now, the Vajra Race's Patriarch Jin Nu also joined the battle with experts of his race. The Holy Race, Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, and others soon followed.

One after another holy ground's forces and ancient forces consecutively joined the battle.

All of them fought against the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace.

The situation reversed abruptly, and the number of casualties on the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace's side soared.

Never in the Ghost Talisman Founder's wildest imagination had it occurred to him that the tide would turn in this manner. The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace had become the public enemy. The Ghost Talisman Founder's lungs were about to explode from anger.

The Holy Lands Alliance and Holy Race dared to oppose them which was fine by him, but he was surprised that the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, and other ancient races had the guts to join the opposing party.

These people are tired of living!

"Jin Nu, you're seeking death!" The Ghost Talisman Founder bellowed, "If the Holy Race harms one of my Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's disciples today, then one of these days, I'll raze your Holy Race to the ground! I'll obliterate the Holy Race! The men will be refined into ghost soldiers, the women will have

their yin essence sucked dry, and living would be worse than death! Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, and the rest of you, none of you can escape!"

These forces' experts paled. After all, the Ghost Talisman Founder was a Primal Ancestor expert, and no one could take his threat as a fart and ignore it.

Yet Jin Nu sneered in ridicule upon hearing his threat, "Ghost Talisman Founder, you can brag about obliterating my Vajra Race! My Old Ancestor and I will be waiting for you at Vajra Holy Ground with doors wide open! Let's see how you are going to obliterate my Vajra Holy Ground! Better don't fail, or else you'll be reduced to a laughing stock!"

Although the Ghost Talisman Founder was a Primal Ancestor, he had only broken through just recently. The Vajra Race's first generation patriarch, Jin Bushi, was one of the Holy World's first batch of experts, who had entered True Saint Realm, and he was one of the great eight saints. Even though Jun Bushi hadn't entered Primal Ancestor Realm, he had reached the extreme accumulation of True Saint Realm.

The Ghost Talisman Founder would have to be prepared to pay a heavy price if he wanted to obliterate the Vajra Holy Ground.

This was the source of Jin Nu's confidence.

The Ghost Talisman Founder was incensed.

.....

Two days later.

By the time Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian reached the Cambrian Pool Star, the Cambrian Pool Star's airspace was empty of people. Not a person was in sight, except for the faint rusty smell of blood in the air.

"This is the blood of the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace's experts!" Gu Tian said with absolute certainty as an icy gleam shone in his eyes.

The blood contained a cultivator's cultivation technique attribute. The three of them could tell at a single glance that most of the scent of the blood belonged to experts from the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace.

"What the hell happened here?!" Qiao Jinyang's face was frighteningly sullen, "Where's the Ghost Talisman Founder?!"

"I still can't reach him!" Cao Nan replied in a heavy voice, and there was a bad feeling in his heart, a very bad feeling. He had never felt so irritated before. Since two days ago, the Ghost Talisman Founder had lost contact with them, and he was not the only one. All the Devil Palace's experts and disciples, who were at the Cambrian Pool Star, were out of reach.

He had tried to contact the Devil Palace's hall masters, and vice-hall masters, but there was no response at all

"Don't worry about the Ghost Talisman Founder for now, order the people below to look for Huang Xiaolong!" Qiao Jinyang's eyes were icy and gloomy. "Huang Xiaolong must be found! He must not be allowed to fully integrate with the twelve high-order Saint Fates!"

This was what he was most concerned with.

Half a month later...

At an abandoned and unknown holy ground, a bulge in the ground moved and in the next second, a figure flew into the air. Who could this person be but Huang Xiaolong?

Except for the Ghost Talisman Founder and Gui Buwang, all experts and disciples from both forces had died in the Cambrian Pool Star battle. Under Mo Cangli and Xue Lingyun's joint efforts, the Ghost Talisman Founder had escaped with heavy injuries, and Gui Buwang's injuries were worse.

Now, there were more than a dozen holy souls imprisoned inside the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

After leaving the Cambrian Pool Star, Huang Xiaolong had separated from the Clear Snow Palace's group, and had gone away alone. He wanted to look for a hidden place to finish his integration with the twelve high-order Saint Fates!

Naturally, Huang Xiaolong had contacted the Heavenly Master and simply stated that he was unharmed, urging them not to worry about him. He'd also assured them that he would return to the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds after he had fully integrated with his Saint Fates.

"This place it is." Huang Xiaolong decided as he looked at the deserted holy ground.

He would finish his Saint Fates' integration there and break through to True Saint Realm!

Chapter 2562: Successful Break Through to True Saint Realm!

Huang Xiaolong finally selected one of the most deserted places in the holy ground on a stretch of snow plains.

Snowflakes float from the sky onto this tranquil white land, creating mesmerizing scenery. Furthermore, Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls sensed faint strands of ice-attributed holy spiritual qi underground.

Huang Xiaolong selected the most beautiful peak on the snow plains and laid out layers of defensive formations around the snow peak. Once he fully integrated with the twelve high-order Saint Fates, it would stimulate his dao tribulation. The phenomena of dao tribulation were too big to be ignored, and it could attract nearby holy grounds' experts. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong had to act with caution.

Huang Xiaolong had not been as detailed or careful as this when laying out defensive formations to cross tribulations in the past. But this time, he went all out, spending as much as ten days to complete the layers of intricate array formations.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the layers of restrictions around him and nodded in satisfaction. With these many layers of restrictions, the movements would be reduced to the minimum.

Lastly, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged on the peak of the snow mountain. Looking down from this height, beautiful sights of undulating snowy mountains, and floating snowflakes formed nameless flowers in the air.

These snow flowers carried Huang Xiaolong's thoughts far away.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong adjusted his mindset and focused, entering a certain state as he circulated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium. He let his three holy souls absorb the twelve high-order Saint Fates' energy, so that they could perfectly integrate with the twelve high-order Saint Fates.

In an instant, blinding lights burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body.

An hour later, the light around Huang Xiaolong's body was as intense as a blazing sea of flames, turning the entire snow plains into an ethereal paradise.

Gradually, faint auras of grand dao began to appear around Huang Xiaolong.

Heaven and earth seemed to be changing subtly under the holy light from his body.

The snow plains accumulate snow throughout the year, and everything was covered under thick snow. But now, tender sprouts were peeking out from the snow, like a green carpet over the white land.

These tender sprouts continued to grow taller and bigger, and soon, the entire snow plains were covered by various kinds of unknown divine trees, and spiritual herbs, and it looked prettier than a picture.

There were sparkles of light surrounding these divine trees, spiritual herbs, and flowers as if they were the warmth in the winter nights, and fairies loved by nature, dancing cheerily.

A year went by...

Spring gave way to summer, and autumn was around the corner.

The sky above the snow plains was brighter than daylight.

The land was brimming with vitality, and time seemed to pass slower there. It was as if the outside world was blocked out.

Huang Xiaolong was enveloped by a cocoon of holy light, as strands of light circled around him like dragons, yet they resembled serpents, cranes, and all living creatures, and had everchanging forms. The holy light was projecting all-beings in the world as grand dao laws in Huang Xiaolong's Inextinguishable Dao Heart changed and strengthened, like a world that was shedding its old coat.

Two, three, four years... In the blink of an eye, fifty years passed.

Huang Xiaolong's entire body disappeared within the blinding holy light, and bright lights flickered around his three holy souls. The three souls seemed to have transformed into bodies of light. Strands of grand dao laws around them had merged into a great sea of grand dao laws.

His Inextinguishable Dao Heart continued to change, transforming in a direction no one could understand.

Huang Xiaolong's physique was changing as well. The skin on his body fell, yes, it fell like the dried bark of a withered tree. Then new skin grew, smooth and translucent, with the subtle luster of grand dao.

Inside Huang Xiaolong's body, his internal organs, blood, and bones were changing as well, and they were improving.

Suddenly, the clouds above roiled, a wind howled, and lightning dragons condensed by mighty grand dao energy dominated the sky.

Dao tribulation!

Once Huang Xiaolong successfully survived his dao tribulation, then he was rightfully a True Saint Realm expert.

Though the dao tribulation appeared, there was no further movement. It continued to brew, expand, and change, just like Huang Xiaolong was changing.

Huang Xiaolong was sitting cross-legged on the snowy mountain peak, still immersed in the world of grand dao, comprehending the twelve high-order Saint Fates' power and the Holy World's core grand dao laws.

Although fifty years had passed, Huang Xiaolong had barely comprehended half of the vast and profound grand dao laws each twelve high-order Saint Fates contained.

Another several decades went by.

It was a little over a hundred years since Huang Xiaolong's arrival at this snow plains, and on this day, Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls suddenly released the most astounding lights. This light was triggered by the complete integration between his three holy souls and the twelve high-order Saint Fates.

Moreover, the dao tribulation clouds that had been brewing above the snow plains for several decades rumbled as thunder resounded through the entire holy ground. Despite the layers of restrictions Huang Xiaolong had laid out a hundred years ago, they could not block off the sonorous thunder. This was the thunder of grand dao, the voice of heaven and earth.

Rumble!

A five thousand zhang long dao tribulation lightning dragon roared as it struck Huang Xiaolong with grand dao energy that could destroy everything, fully intending to turn Huang Xiaolong into ash.

This strike could blast through the holy ground, and blast the snow plains into cosmic dust.

Right at this moment, Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls flew to the sky. Huang Xiaolong did not use the Eight-Sided Desolate Beast Ring, Cangqiong Dao Palace, or the Cangqiong Blade. The three holy souls fought the five thousand zhang lightning dragon with bare fists.

Fist force surged from the three holy souls like three enormous rivers of holy lights that headed straight toward the dao tribulation lightning dragon.

R-r-rumble!

Grand dao energy collided with grand dao energy, and the entire holy ground quaked violently, whimpering in protest.

The dao tribulation lightning dragon dispersed, turning into pure dao energy that rained over Huang Xiaolong and his holy souls. Huang Xiaolong circulated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium, absorbing the pure grand dao energy so that the three holy souls and Saint Fates' integration would be more perfect.

Another dozen of years went by in the blink of an eye

On this day, Huang Xiaolong, who was bathed in holy light, finally opened his eyes. A beam of holy light swept across the deserted holy ground to the horizon, and space was cut like a thin sheet of paper where the light beam passed.

If there was someone here, they would be terrified to see the tear across the sky, and chaotic spatial power spewing out.

Huang Xiaolong let out a long breath because finally, he had fully integrated with all twelve high-order Saint Fates, and broken through to True Saint Realm. On top of that, he had reached late-First Heaven True Saint Realm!

Generally speaking, even if a peak late- Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm integrated with a high-order Saint Fate, at most, he could only reach the peak early First Heaven True Saint in his breakthrough to True Saint Realm. No one had managed to reach mid-First Heaven, much less late-First Heaven True Saint Realm.

Huang Xiaolong stood up and checked every aspect of his body. Compared to before, every part of his body had undergone tremendous changes. His three holy souls' holy light was more resplendent than ever, looking extremely dazzling. The same was the case with his Inextinguishable Dao Heart. The grand dao in his Inextinguishable Dao Heart was more solid, abundant, stronger, and profound than ever. His physique had turned holy, and it was the holy physique of a True Saint.

Chapter 2563: The Devil Palace's Scheming

Huang Xiaolong could feel the roaring holy energy within his body like a vast sea. In a moment of impulse, he raised a finger and pointed to the space ahead and a giant hole ripped open in the space Huang Xiaolong pointed at.

His finger force continued to expand as it rushed forward within the black hole, crossing thousands and thousands of miles until it exploded in the air above another holy ground.

All the experts of that holy ground raised their heads towards the sky in alarm.

"Patriarch, what is that?!" A holy prince of this holy ground stared at the streak of light that was Huang Xiaolong's finger force flying across the sky. It was seemingly weak, but everyone clearly sensed the terrifying destructive power within.

The holy ground's patriarch's voice sounded hoarse in reply, "May-maybe, it's a certain peerless expert's most powerful attack?"

In truth, even a Fourth Heaven True Saint like him didn't dare to claim what that light in the sky was.

But he was aware and absolutely certain that he would be helpless in front of this force and would get reduced to dust.

"Peerless expert? Could it be a Ninth Heaven True Saint?!"

Other experts of the holy ground exclaimed in awe.

The Holy World had a scarce number of Ninth Heaven True Saints, and they were the strongest cultivators below the Primal Ancestor Realm. In the absence of a Primal Ancestor, any Ninth Heaven True Saint expert could be hailed as a peerless expert.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong was still on the deserted holy ground's snowy peak, looking down at the beautiful scenery around him as snowflakes continued to drift slowly from the sky.

A hundred years had passed, and the snow plains had completely transformed compared to the past. Looking at the luscious green grass spread like a carpet over the land, Huang Xiaolong gradually immersed in a wonderful state of mind.

The Inextinguishable Dao Heart glimmered softly inside Huang Xiaolong's chest.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the snow-capped peak just like that, letting the snow fall on him, and soon he was covered by a thick layer of snow like a snowman.

A few months later, Huang Xiaolong's body trembled, shaking off the thick snow off his body. Then he leaped into the air and whistled away, leaving the snow plains.

It was time for him to go back.

Huang Xiaolong chose to fly across space himself instead of using the Cangqiong Dao Palace, and he looked like a shooting star zooming across the vast, dark space, as he headed straight towards the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds.

Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to reach the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds. Therefore, on the way, he took out the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace's experts' holy souls that he had suppressed inside the Cangqiong Dao Palace, and he refined and devoured them.

His three holy souls were stronger.

Huang Xiaolong entered the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds' territory several months later.

Back at the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds, Huang Xiaolong's state of mind and vision were completely different from the time he had first arrived at the holy ground. As he looked at the ever prosperous and bustling streets and the numerous people entering and leaving cities along the way, it seemed so far away and so worldly in his eyes now.

Without becoming a True Saint, all were ordinary mortals, caught in worldly affairs. Now that Huang Xiaolong had stepped into True Saint Realm, he had broken from the shackles of mortality, transcending the cycle of life, death, and reincarnation.

Back at the Holy Heavens City, Huang Xiaolong went directly to the Primal Ancestor's space to meet with his four masters, the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow.

Upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong had returned after successfully finishing his integrating with the twelve high-order Saint Fates, the four Primal Ancestors laughed ecstatically, and they were so excited that saliva flew everywhere.

Tyrant Chu's teasing mood rose after seeing Huang Xiaolong and he said, "Now, us few old men will dip in your light, and it won't be long until we'll need you to cover us."

Lord Long chuckled, "He can already protect you now."

The rest also laughed.

Huang Xiaolong inquired about happenings from the last one hundred years when he was integrating with Saint Fates, and he learned that the Devil Palace had not given up looking for him this whole time. In order to find him, the Devil Palace's offered reward had reached a shocking sum.

At the end of the Cambrian Pool Star battle, the Ghost Talisman Founder and Gui Buwang had escaped with heavy injuries. Neither of them had surfaced to this extent until now, and one could only wonder which corner of the world they were hiding to heal. As for the Clear Snow Palace's Lin Xiaoying, she had successfully entered True Saint Realm. Since all high-order Saint Fates were taken by Huang Xiaolong, Lin Xiaoying had integrated with a peak mid-order Saint Fate.

On the other hand, the Holy Race, Vajra Race, Ancient Dyhana Race, Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, and other forces had come to the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds. Bai Moyang, Jin Nu, and the others had clearly expressed their stance, and they intended to form an alliance with the Holy Heavens.

Though it was said to be an alliance, it was inwardly understood by everyone that these forces were more or less half a vassal to the Holy Heavens.

Even the Holy Lands Alliance's Mo Cangli had come with the Holy Lands Alliance's ten great holy grounds' patriarchs, expressing similar intentions as Bai Moyang.

The Devil Palace that had acted in a high-profile manner had converged considerably these years. Many of their branches had been closed and people had withdrawn to the Black Devil Star Prison and the surrounding planets.

In short, the last hundred years had been quite peaceful, more peaceful than before.

"Oh right, there's another matter, that Fu Yunjie and True Reason Holy Emperor Fan Xia were detained and sent over by the Holy Lands Alliance. They are held at the Blue Dragon Manor," Lord Long remembered this matter and mentioned it to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, since the Holy Lands Alliance had shown goodwill, he had expected they would send over Fu Yunjie and Fan Xia.

Half a day later, Huang Xiaolong left the Primal Ancestor's space.

Before he left, his four masters stated they wanted to invite the various holy grounds and ancient races for a celebration ceremony, celebrating Huang Xiaolong's success in integrating with twelve high-order Saint Fates. The Heavenly Master asked Huang Xiaolong's opinion and Huang Xiaolong did not object.

By the time Huang Xiaolong reached the Blue Dragon Manor, the news of Huang Xiaolong's return after successfully integrating with twelve high-order Saint Fate spread like wildfire, creating a furor through the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds. The news reached other holy grounds and ancient races in the shortest time.

In the Black Devil Star Prison's Devil Palace's main hall, Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian's faces had never looked so bad as they did upon hearing the news.

"Palace Master, should we also send Huang Xiaolong a big gift for his celebration ceremony?" Gu Tian spoke as the gloomy air around him almost solidified. "We should kill Lin Xiaoying, then send her head to Huang Xiaolong as a celebratory gift!"

Cao Nan nodded his head in agreement, "Lin Xiaoying and Huang Xiaolong's relationship is obvious to all, therefore, killing Lin Xiaoying would definitely give Huang Xiaolong unbearable pain."

Qiao Jinyang shook his head, "That's not the way, now that Huang Xiaolong has fully integrated twelve high-order Saint Fates, it is not necessary to butt heads with Huang Xiaolong." his voice lowered as he went on, "But we can capture Lin Xiaoying, then negotiate with the Holy Heavens and Huang Xiaolong, and force Huang Xiaolong to vow with grand dao that he will never attack our Devil Palace!"

Cao Nan and Gu Tian exchanged a look.

"In that case, we might as well capture the other two girls, Tan Juan and Ji Xinyi, too!" Gu Tian's eerie voice sounded, "In the celebration ceremony, Xue Lingyun will surely be bringing Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, and Lin Xiaoying with her to Holy Heavens. We'll intercept them halfway, and if possible, we'll take Xue Lingyun as well!"

An excited light glimmered in Qiao Jinyang's eyes, "It's decided then!"

"However, this time, we must plan carefully, there must not be any mistake. We must ensure to succeed without any accidents!"

...

When Huang Xiaolong was back at the Blue Dragon Manor, the first thing he did was have Fu Yunjie and Fan Xia, this father and son, brought out of the dungeon.

After seeing Huang Xiaolong, Fan Xia begged and pleaded for his life, whereas Fu Yunjie seemed to be prepared for death long ago. He looked coldly at Huang Xiaolong and spoke loudly, "Huang Xiaolong, don't get complacent because there will be a day when you'll end up more miserable than me!"

Chapter 2564: Force Huang Xiaolong to Agree

Listening to Fu Yunjie's words that were overflowing with resentment, Huang Xiaolong's response was less than tepid, "That might be, but my ending will never be as miserable as yours. Instead, my path will be filled with colors and wonders, glory and joy, something you will never experience!"

Fu Yunjie laughed hysterically, and just as he wanted to say more, Huang Xiaolong flattened him to the ground with a palm strike. In a split second, Fu Yunjie's body exploded, and blood and flesh splattered over the floor like rain.

Huang Xiaolong left Fan Xia to be resolved by Di Huai.

After Di Huai vented the hatred in his heart through repeatedly torturing Fan Xia, Huang Xiaolong finally devoured Fan Xia's holy soul.

As for Xie Yao, Lin Yijia, Chen Kai, and other holy princes, who had supported the wrongdoings were dealt by the Holy Heavens' Grand Hall Master Wu Ge personally, without having Huang Xiaolong to appear. He appointed Xie Yao, Lin Yijia, Chen Kai, and the rest to positions without any real power, yet they had to do the hardest of work.

A month soon went by.

During this time, Huang Xiaolong spent his days with Feng Tianyu, Di Huai, Zhang Wenyue, and the others, walking around the city or other places, while at night, he continued to consume Star Transferring Holy Pills and cultivate.

Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged inside the Blue Dragon Manor's secret chamber, as his three holy souls breathed in and out, as three enormous rivers of holy spiritual qi roiled down from the Holy World's void into his three complete dao saint godheads, strengthening his flesh. At the same time, the Holy World's core's grand dao energy surged into Huang Xiaolong's Inextinguishable Dao Heart, flowing to other parts of his body, tempering his physique.

The Holy Mandate Imprint between his eyebrows emitted bright rays of light, greatly increasing the absorption speed of Huang Xiaolong's holy spiritual qi and grand dao energy.

Before long, Huang Xiaolong was enshrouded by flickering holy spiritual qi, and vigorous roiling grand dao energy.

If a high-level True Saint expert was here witnessing the rich holy spiritual qi around Huang Xiaolong, he would be astounded twice over because even high-level True Saints weren't as fast as Huang Xiaolong in absorbing holy spiritual qi. Not to mention, the holy spiritual qi Huang Xiaolong absorbed was golden in color, and it was rare and of the highest quality.

Huang Xiaolong was refreshed all over after a month's cultivation, brimming with endless energy. Grand dao energy churned in his Inextinguishable Dao Heart, inexhaustibly.

Huuu!

The Holy Heavens City's holy spiritual qi rippled in sync to the rhythm of Huang Xiaolong inhaling and exhaling.

However, the changes to the Holy Heavens City's surrounding holy spiritual qi could only be detected by experts like Wu Ge.

And because of this, Wu Ge's respect towards Huang Xiaolong deepened every time he saw him.

Every time he stood in front of Huang Xiaolong, Wu Ge had a feeling that he was standing in front of a giant origin beast. This kind of feeling was the same when he faced the four Primal Ancestors.

By Integrating with twelve high-order Saint Fates, and forming the Inextinguishable Dao Heart, Huang Xiaolong who was merely a late-First Heaven True Saint, had already stepped into the circle of Holy World's top experts!

The moon shone brightly in the starless sky.

Huang Xiaolong stood alone in the courtyard, combing through his thoughts.

After the celebration ceremony was completed, he planned to head to the ancient battlefield to look for the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

'I can probably break through to Second Heaven True Saint...?' Huang Xiaolong wondered inwardly.

Currently, his cultivation realm was at late-First Heaven True Saint, but if he succeeded in obtaining the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance, then he had a high chance of breaking through to Second Heaven True Saint.

Another half a month went by, and it was getting closer to the day of the ceremony.

There was one more month until the ceremony, and on this day, Huang Xiaolong suddenly got a message from the Heavenly Master. When he read the content, his face darkened.

"Something happened to Xiaoying's group!" According to the Heavenly Master's message, Lin Xiaoying, Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, and others were ambushed by the Devil Palace's Qiao Jinyang's group on their way over to participate in the celebration ceremony.

The Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow were rushing over right now.

"Nearby the Poison Shadow Holy Ground!" Huang Xiaolong muttered as he rushed out.

Although the Poison Shadow Holy Ground was close to the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds, it would still take the four Primal Ancestors two to three days to reach there. The Cangqiong Dao Palace would only take more time, by the time Huang Xiaolong reached there, everything would have been too late.

Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian have all come out, and Xue Lingyun wouldn't be able to fend them off for long.

What to do?

Huang Xiaolong was like an ant on a burning pan.

"Devil Palace!" A fierce light flickered across Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

The Devil Palace was challenging his bottom line. One of these days, he was going to pull the Devil Palace up by the root, and even if he failed to kill Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian, he needed to absolutely suppress and seal them off eternally!

While Huang Xiaolong was feeling anxious, exuding a murderous aura from head to toe, he received another message from the Heavenly Master. Huang Xiaolong heaved in relief after reading it. When Xue Lingyun, Lin Xiaoying, and others were in danger, coincidentally, Mo Cangli was in the vicinity. He and his group rushed over, so now, Xue Lingyun had Mo Cangli's help to fend off Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian.

Although Xue Lingyun and Mo Cangli's strength could barely resist the three Devil Palace's Palace Masters, the situation was better than before. At least, they could hold on until the four Primal Ancestors arrived.

Still, Huang Xiaolong was worried. In the end, he decided to rush over in the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

As Huang Xiaolong was rushing over, he was relieved to learn that the four Primal Ancestors had arrived at the scene, and the Clear Snow Palace's entourage was safe.

When Huang Xiaolong arrived and saw Lin Xiaoying, as well as the others, Qiao Jinyang, Can Nan, and Gu Tian were glowering at them from high air despite their sorry state.

The moment the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow joined the battle, the three of them were overwhelmed and could only make a run for it.

"DAMN!" Qiao Jinyang's eyes exuded terrifying coldness, while his heart raced.

"It's Mo Cangli time and again!" Cao Nan's face was distorted due to the plan's failure. They were that close to succeeding, but who would've thought that Mo Cangli would suddenly appear and smash their plans.

"Shouldn't the Holy Lands Alliance's group be at the Heavenly Demon Holy Ground?" Qiao Jinyang coldly questioned.

They had investigated these details before making their move. The Holy Lands Alliance was supposed to be passing by the Heavenly Demon Holy Ground at this time as they made their way to participate in the Holy Heaven's ceremony. It was a long way from the Poison Shadow Holy Ground.

Gu Tian answered sullenly, "The Holy Lands Alliance's people are indeed at the Heavenly Demon Holy Ground, Mo Cangli probably wasn't with the big group."

"That Mo Cangli keeps ruining our plans!" An icy glint gleamed in Cao Nan's eyes, "We might as well annihilate the Holy Lands Alliance!"

Qiao Jinyang was silent for a moment then spoke, "There are many holy grounds and ancient races that are attending the Holy Heavens' ceremony, and we'll pick a hundred of them randomly and destroy these forces!"

Both Cao Nan and Gu Tian blanked for a second.

"You mean?" There was confusion in Gu Tian's eyes.

Qiao Jinyang went on, "After destroying these one hundred holy grounds, send a message to Huang Xiaolong that if he doesn't agree to our condition, we'll continue to destroy the next batch of one hundred holy grounds. If Huang Xiaolong still doesn't agree, we'll destroy until he agrees!"

"At the appropriate time, we'll announce the list of one hundred holy grounds!"

Cao Nan and Gu Tian's eyes lit up with excitement.

They understood Qiao Jinyang was planning to manipulate these holy grounds' fear and panic when they announced the list of holy grounds they were going to get destroyed. They were going to let these holy grounds go beg Huang Xiaolong to agree with the Devil Palace's condition.

Even other holy grounds and ancient races might request Huang Xiaolong to agree just because they might be the next one on the list. Under such pressure, Huang Xiaolong would have no choice but to relent.

Chapter 2565: Establishing of Blue Dragon Manor

A day after the incident.

Before long, news of annihilation of the Swift Monsoon Holy Ground, Silver Devil Holy Ground, Great Desolate Holy Ground, and other forces heading to the Holy Heavens City to participate in the celebration ceremony by Devil Palace spread at lightning speed.

The entire Holy World was swept by a wave of apprehension.

On top of that, the list of annihilated holy grounds was growing longer, and soon, the number reached one hundred!

One hundred holy grounds were annihilated in a day!

They were annihilated on their way to attend the celebration ceremony, and there was not one survivor.

In a moment, those making their way to the Holy Heavens City stopped halfway, afraid to travel onward.

Soon, the Devil Palace made an announcement.

"During the celebration ceremony, Huang Xiaolong must publicly agree to the Devil Palace's conditions, and vow on the grand dao that he will never attack the Devil Palace, or the Devil Palace would start annihilating the next one hundred holy grounds! Until the day Huang Xiaolong agrees to the Devil Palace's conditions, the Devil Palace will continue to annihilate the holy grounds!"

Then, the Devil Palace published a list of a hundred holy grounds on the chopping board.

Panic gripped the numerous Holy World's numerous holy grounds and ancient races.

The one hundred forces, whose names were on the Devil Palace's name list, were terrified, flustered, and at a loss.

In the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds' Primal Ancestor's space, the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Elder Crow, Lord Long, Mo Cangli, Xue Lingyun, and Huang Xiaolong were seated in the main hall.

"The Devil Palace is really shameless and despicable!" Xue Lingyun snorted, and her expression was frosty. She could barely control her anger every time she recalled the ambush the Clear Snow Palace had suffered not long ago.

"Qiao Jinyang's group must have felt greatly threatened by Xiaolong's success in integrating with twelve high-order Saint Fates. Therefore, they didn't sit back and wait. Instead, they came up with this method to force Xiaolong!" The Heavenly Master solemnly stated.

Tyrant Chu's anger exploded, "His granny, we should gather everyone, and kill our way to the Black Devil Star Prison, smash up his place, and capture those three old fogeys!"

Elder Crow shook his head, "That's not going to work, the Black Devil Star Prison has layers of restrictions laid out by the three Palace Masters, and even though there are the six us, it's not a matter of a day or two to break the Black Devil Star Prison's defensive lines. Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian would have ample time to escape, and it's more troublesome if they escape."

It would be super troublesome!

If that happened, the Holy Heavens, Clear Snow Palace, Holy Lands Alliance, the Holy Race, and many others would have to deal with three Primal Ancestors' endless killings. In that situation, there would not be a day of peace in the Holy World.

"Then, what should we do? Does Xiaolong really have to agree to their condition?!" Lord Long frowned.

Six pairs of eyes turned to Huang Xiaolong as none of them could think of a way to deal with this matter.

"I'll just agree to their conditions at the celebration ceremony." Huang Xiaolong stated without any emotion.

All six Primal Ancestors were surprised by Huang Xiaolong's decision.

"Xiaolong, you, really want to agree to their conditions? You've thought it through?!" Tyrant Chu asked.

Those three thought they were smart-alecks.

"It's alright," Huang Xiaolong shook his head. "It makes no difference to agree."

The main condition Qiao Jinyang put forward was he, Huang Xiaolong, wouldn't attack the Devil Palace, so he didn't need to attack personally. But it would never occur to Qiao Jinyang that once Huang Xiaolong's strength reached a certain level, Huang Xiaolong won't need to raise a finger to destroy the Devil Palace!

A month later...

The celebration ceremony proceeded as scheduled.

During the celebration ceremony, facing the various forces' endless pleadings, Huang Xiaolong agreed to the Devil Palace's conditions in public, and vowed to the grand dao that he would not attack the Devil Palace.

Huang Xiaolong also inserted a condition of his own during the vow, Qiao Jinyang, Cao Nan, and Gu Tian couldn't attack the various holy grounds anymore, and if they broke this condition, he would personally kill the three of them!

After seeing that Huang Xiaolong had vowed in public as the Devil Palace requested, the various forces that were attending the celebration ceremony were extremely grateful to Huang Xiaolong. Especially the one hundred holy grounds that were on the list announced by the Devil Palace as the next targets. All of them thanked Huang Xiaolong, vowing to do whatever Huang Xiaolong requested of them in the future to return his kindness, forever being loyal to him!

Many holy grounds and ancient races' patriarchs knelt on their knees, claiming they were willing to serve Huang Xiaolong. At a rough glance, the number exceeded ten thousand.

This was unprecedented in the Holy World.

Even the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, or the other two Holy Heavens' Primal Ancestors did not have this degree of influence or prestige.

Naturally, these holy grounds and ancient races' patriarchs were willing to serve Huang Xiaolong not just because Huang Xiaolong had agreed to the Devil Palace's condition. It was Huang Xiaolong's potential, including his three complete dao saint godheads, his integration with twelve high-order Saint Fates, his Inextinguishable Dao Heart, being Cangqiong Old Man's successor, and him having two great backings, the Holy Heavens and Clear Snow Palace. These were the very persuasive factors that motivated these patriarchs' willingness to serve Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong softly rejected these forces' offers, but he failed. Thus he could only accept them under his banner.

In the past, before he had stepped into True Saint Realm, many holy grounds and big clans had wanted to serve him, but all of them were rejected by Huang Xiaolong. Refusing these people again and again would only appear hypocritical.

One point to be noted was that these people swore their allegiance to Huang Xiaolong alone, not the Holy Heavens organisation.

Therefore, discounting Primal Ancestor Realm experts, the number of experts under Huang Xiaolong had exceeded the Holy Heavens, Clear Snow Palace, Holy Lands Alliance, and Devil Palace altogether.

In the days after the celebration ceremony, Huang Xiaolong was busy with organizing the numerous holy grounds, big clans, and ancient races, and had Ji Cai's father, Ji Shang, of the Blood Qilin Race, set some basic rules.

At the end of the day, these rules benefited these forces, hence, they were passed and implemented without obstacles. Huang Xiaolong named his own force the Blue Dragon manor.

At the same time, Huang Xiaolong designated the Cangqiong Holy Ground to be the Blue Dragon Manor's headquarters.

Huang Xiaolong even made a trip to the Cangqiong Holy Ground himself and spent several years to refine the Cangqiong Holy Ground, before moving the Cangqiong Holy Ground closer to the Heavenly Master Holy Grounds.

Taking inspirations from designs on Earth, Huang Xiaolong personally designed the Blue Dragon Manor's headquarters, and under the joint efforts of various forces, the Blue Dragon Manor headquarters on Cangqiong Holy Ground was finally completed.

Countless array formations were laid out around the imposing, glorious and majestic Blue Dragon Manor that seemed to blend into the Cangqiong Holy Ground's natural grand dao. It was no less spectacular than the Holy Heavens Manor.

Then, with the Blue Dragon Manor as the center, Huang Xiaolong expanded outwards, building a Blue Dragon City.

From the sky, the Blue Dragon City resembled a great blue dragon coiling on the ground, exuding majestic dragon might.

The entire Cangqiong Holy Ground was divided into several tens of thousands of mainlands. In the future, according to merits, the various holy grounds, big clans, and ancient races that had submitted to him could move into these mainlands.

A decade came and went in the blink of an eye.

The Blue Dragon Manor's empire was slowly taking shape, its forces expanded to every corner of the Holy World.

As time passed, more and more holy grounds joined the Blue Dragon Manor.

"It's time to head to the ancient battlefield."

On this day, Huang Xiaolong decided as he looked at the gradually completed Blue Dragon City.

Chapter 2566: Heading to the Ancient Battlefield

After getting to the ancient battlefield, obtaining the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance, and advancing to the Second Heaven True Saint in one go, Huang Xiaolong planned to venture into the Alien Lands.

Despite the Holy World's seven Primal Ancestors, the Heavenly Master, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, Elder Crow, Xue Lingyun, Mo Cangli, and the Holy Race's first generation patriarch Jian Duzun, had formed an alliance, they weren't able to completely eradicate the Devil Palace and Ghost Talisman Holy Ground at the moment.

But if Huang Xiaolong could get support from the Alien Lands' forces, the whole situation would be different. There wouldn't be any less Primal Ancestor Realm experts amongst the top forces on the Alien Lands.

The number of Primal Ancestor experts in the Alien Lands were not less than the Holy World's side.

Seven Primal Ancestors couldn't eradicate the Devil Palace and Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, but what about forty Primal Ancestors? Or fifty? What about sixty or even seventy Primal Ancestors?

"Manor Lord, the Bright Scale Holy Ground and Nine Treasures Holy Ground's patriarchs are outside seeking an audience with you, as they want to join the Blue Dragon Manor." a burly middle-aged man that exuded a robust wild aura respectfully approached Huang Xiaolong from the back and reported.

This middle-aged man was called Yuan Zhan, the patriarch of Torrent Origin Holy Ground, who was a Ninth Heaven True Saint expert. After swearing allegiance to Huang Xiaolong, he was loyal and devoted, and Huang Xiaolong had promoted him as one of his right-hand men, letting him manage many important matters of the Blue Dragon Manor with Di Huai.

"I know," Huang Xiaolong responded and nodded slightly before adding, "You go out first."

“Yes, Manor Lord.” Yuan Zhan respectfully withdrew.

Although Huang Xiaolong was still a Holy Prince of the Holy Heavens organisation, all the forces that had submitted to Huang Xiaolong referred to Huang Xiaolong as Manor Lord instead of Your Highness.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong went out to meet with the Bright Scale Holy Ground and Nine Treasures Holy Ground’s patriarchs. In the last decade, countless holy grounds and ancient races’ patriarchs had come to plead Huang Xiaolong to allow them to join the Blue Dragon Manor. After all, some of these holy grounds and ancient races could possibly be spies sent by the Devil Palace.

Hence, Huang Xiaolong would run a detailed background check on each of them.

Moreover, during this decade, Huang Xiaolong had indeed found more than a few spies, and there were more than thirty of them to be precise.

Huang Xiaolong didn’t have any mercy towards these thirty-plus spies who were sent by the Devil Palace or Ghost Talisman Holy Ground. All of them were devoured and refined as a warning to the Devil Palace and Ghost Talisman Holy Ground for trying to encroach inside the Blue Dragon Manor.

After meeting the Bright Scale Holy Ground and Nine Treasures Holy Ground’s patriarchs, Huang Xiaolong made a trip to the Primal Ancestor’s space.

“You want to go to the ancient battlefield?” The four Primal Ancestors were astonished hearing Huang Xiaolong’s plans to head to the ancient battlefield.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

“In the last one hundred years, the ancient battlefield’s situation has not been very stable. More Alien Lands’ cultivators have been crossing the barrier into the ancient battlefield, therefore, the current ancient battlefield is many times more dangerous than before!” Lord Long added, “If there is nothing special, it’s better you don’t go.”

“That’s right,” The Heavenly Master agreed. “The ancient battlefield’s barrier has grown increasingly unstable. More and more Alien Lands’ cultivators are entering the ancient battlefield, and there might even be peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint experts.”

The Heavenly Master went on seriously, “If it is not necessary, it’s better not to go to the ancient battlefield. Moreover, in less than a hundred years, the barrier would disappear. At that time, there might be a large-scale war between us and the Alien Lands.”

A barrier similar to a restriction had always enveloped the ancient battlefield region, and this barrier indirectly separated the Alien Lands and Holy World. Thus the Holy World and Alien Lands were able to maintain a certain degree of peace.

But this barrier would become unstable every few billion years or ten billion years, and at certain times the barrier would completely disappear temporarily. When the barrier disappeared, the Alien Lands’ native cultivators would lead an army into the Holy World territory, triggering the large-scale war between the Holy World and Alien Lands.

Now, the ancient battlefield’s barrier had become unstable again.

Listening to his four masters' sincere persuasion, Huang Xiaolong did not conceal and told them about the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

After hearing that Huang Xiaolong intended to go to the ancient battlefield to look for the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance, all four Primal Ancestors were genuinely surprised.

"Masters, don't worry. Although the ancient battlefield is dangerous, at my current strength, the risk is not very high." Huang Xiaolong smiled reassuringly, exuding a strong confidence.

He had integrated twelve high-order Saint Fates, and he possessed three complete dao saint godheads, Inextinguishable Dao Heart, and the Eight-Sided Desolate Beast Ring, Cangqiong Dao Palace, and Cangqiong Blade. That was more than enough to protect himself, and Huang Xiaolong was naturally confident.

The four Primal Ancestors laughed while shaking their heads.

Indeed, with Huang Xiaolong's current strength, their worries were a little superfluous.

"How about I send Wu Ge with you?" The Heavenly Master suggested after some thought, "One more person will give you added strength. After all, there is safety in numbers."

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and refused, "There is no need for that because after finding the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance, I want to go to the Alien Lands."

"What? You are planning to go to the Alien Lands?!" The four Primal Ancestors blurted in unison.

"No!" The four added almost in the same breath.

"Xiaolong, the Alien Lands are very dangerous. Although you are sufficiently strong, once your identity is exposed, what you will be facing would be an entire Alien Lands' cultivators!"

Elder Crow shook his head. "It's too dangerous! You cannot go!"

"Your safety is related to the entire Holy World's rise in the future, therefore, you cannot jeopardize your safety for a moment of playful impulse!" Lord Long chided.

"No, I don't feel at ease," Tyrant Chu stressed, "You brat definitely won't listen to us, therefore, I will go to the ancient battlefield with you. If you dare to cross over to the Alien Lands, I will tie you up and drag you back."

Huang Xiaolong smiled helplessly.

Had he known this would happen, he wouldn't have said anything about going to the Alien Lands.

A few hours later, Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the Primal Ancestor's space, and let out a big breath of relief. After spending several hours persuading his four masters and agreeing to many conditions, he had finally got his four masters' permission.

Back at the Cangqiong Holy Land's Blue Dragon Manor headquarters, Huang Xiaolong gathered Di Huai, Yuan Zhan, and others over and exhorted them many tasks. However, he did not inform any of them that he was heading to the ancient battlefield, merely mentioning that he would be away for some time.

When he was away, if they met with matters they could not decide, they could look for the Holy Heavens' Grand Hall Master Wu Ge.

Di Huai, Yuan Zhan, and others complied with Huang Xiaolong's orders.

Huang Xiaolong left the Cangqiong Holy Ground several days later, heading to the ancient battlefield.

The ancient battlefield was located on the Holy World's northern edge, and it was a long distance away. Even with the Cangqiong Dao Palace, it would take him half a year to reach the destination.

But, before Huang Xiaolong set off to the ancient battlefield, he decided to stop by the Profound River and Black Corpse Devil Cave to look for that giant black corpse. He planned to continue his journey towards the ancient battlefield after subjugating it.

When he had obtained the Black Corpse Holy Ring at the Ghost Devil City, Huang Xiaolong had once wondered if that black corpse was the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's body. But after he had broken through to True Saint Realm, Huang Xiaolong had quashed this thought.

He was certain that the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's body would not exude the same horrifying dark corpse qi and devil qi as the black corpse.

A few days later, Huang Xiaolong once again appeared above the Profound River as he headed straight to the Black Corpse Devil Cave. In the past, Huang Xiaolong had to rely on the Winged Dragon Flying Ship and proceed with extra caution, but now, he could venture straight into the dark corpse qi and devil qi without being affected.

The moment he entered the Black Corpse Devil Cave, the familiar howling shrieks entered his ear.

Chapter 2567: Seeing the Mighty Black Corpse Again

With his previous experience entering the Black Corpse Devil Cave, Huang Xiaolong was familiar with its crooks and crannies.

His three holy souls' senses spread out, and everything within a several hundred million miles radius was clearly displayed in his mind.

The last time Huang Xiaolong had entered the Black Corpse Devil Cave, his three holy souls could only sense within a range of ten thousand miles radius around him. Now, that range had increased more than a hundred times.

Huang Xiaolong flew into the cave directly, instead of using the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

The dark corpse qi and devil qi inside the cave could demonize and corrode other True Saints, but they could not affect Huang Xiaolong in the slightest. Even if Huang Xiaolong did not have the Inextinguishable Dao Heart, based on his powerful three holy souls, he wouldn't need to fear the dark corpse qi and devil qi.

But not long after Huang Xiaolong entered the Black Corpse Devil Cave, he was attacked by a Third Heaven True Saint Realm expert's holy soul.

In general, a True Saint Realm expert's holy soul was enshrouded in a golden holy light, but a demonized True Saint Realm expert's soul would be enshrouded by a black holy light. Moreover, it was the dark murky kind of black that emitted a nauseating stench.

A demonized Third Heaven True Saint holy soul possessed powerful attack power, laden with dense corpse qi and devil qi that even a Fourth Heaven True Saint would have to dodge far away. But as Huang Xiaolong's Golden Buddha Saint Godhead rotated as his palm struck towards the demonized holy soul. Vigorous golden Buddha holy energy surged out in great waves, hitting the demonized Third Heaven True Saint Realm holy soul.

The golden Buddha's holy energy surged into the demonized holy soul like a rising tide, washing away the corpse qi and devil qi in the demonized holy soul. A moment later, every last strand of corpse qi and devil qi were completely purified.

Huang Xiaolong subsequently threw the purified holy soul into the Cangqiong Dao Palace, using the Cangqiong Dao Palace to suppress it.

Although the holy soul had been demonized once, Huang Xiaolong's Golden Buddha Saint Godhead could completely expel the corpse qi and devil qi it had absorbed, thus it was still safe for him to refine and absorb the holy soul's energy.

The day passed quickly.

In one day, Huang Xiaolong was attacked by demonized holy souls forty to fifty times.

Naturally, all these demonized holy souls were purified by Huang Xiaolong, then captured and suppressed inside the Cangqiong Dao Palace. He would find a time to refine them later. Amongst these demonized holy souls, there were a few at Seventh Heaven True Saint strength, and refining these holy souls, would surely give a huge boost to Huang Xiaolong's three complete dao saint godheads.

Two days later, the number of purified holy souls inside the Cangqiong Dao Palace had doubled.

This Black Corpse Devil Cave had existed for numerous years, cultivators who entered the cave looking for holy herbs and treasures were countless. A little carelessness could result in them being demonized by the corpse qi and devil qi inside the cave, hence, the number of demonized holy souls here were simply too many to count, like bees of a great beehive.

This was one of the reasons Huang Xiaolong wanted to enter the Black Corpse Devil Cave.

These demonized holy souls inside the cave terrified other True Saints, but these were desirable supplements for Huang Xiaolong.

Thus, though Huang Xiaolong did not find the mighty black corpse, he was in no hurry. This was a good opportunity for him to gather some holy souls.

Three days went by.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong had just suppressed an early Seventh Heaven True Saint's holy soul, when all of a sudden, he saw an enormous black continent floating in his direction.

Roiling dense devil qi and death qi enshrouded this enormous black continent, giving birth to evil spirits. Even before the continent got close, the continent's nefarious aura would paralyze people with fear.

The black corpse!

This enormous black continent floating towards Huang Xiaolong was exactly the mighty black corpse he had encountered in the past. It was also that legendary black corpse that terrified many cultivators.

Upon seeing the appearance of the black corpse, Huang Xiaolong was excited all over instead of feeling apprehensive, screaming happily inside his heart! Finally, I see you again!

Huang Xiaolong sped forward, flying towards the black corpse that was as big as a continent.

The closer Huang Xiaolong got, the clearer it became as to how terrifying the devil qi and death qi were. When he was a million miles from the continent, his heart palpitated.

Although there was still a million miles distance from the enormous continent. The abundant devil qi and death qi from the black corpse had taken forms of devil heads and ghost corpses.

These devil heads and ghost corpses were as strong as the average Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm experts. On top of that, after being killed by Huang Xiaolong, these devil heads and ghost corpses could assimilate again. They were almost endless and indestructible.

It wasn't long before Huang Xiaolong was frowning at his killing rate, and he directly took out the Cangqiong Dao Palace. The Cangqiong Dao Palace opened a wide path through the dense devil qi and death qi, heading straight towards the black corpse's head, stopping between the eyebrows.

The dense devil qi and death qi around originated from the giant black corpse's mouth. The closer he got to the black corpse's mouth, the more terrifying the devil qi and death qi became, to the point that the Cangqiong Dao Palace was swaying unsteadily to move forward.

Huang Xiaolong immediately called out his three holy souls, and spurred the Cangqiong Dao Palace at full force. Only then did the Cangqiong Dao Palace stabilize again in the sea of death qi and devil qi. Waves of grand dao energy rushed out from the Cangqiong Dao Palace, resisting the vigorous devil qi and death qi.

In the air above, Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed as he observed the black corpse in front of him. Without a doubt, this mighty black corpse was the corpse of a powerful Primal Ancestor expert!

Huang Xiaolong had not dared to say for certain the last time he was there, but now, with his Inextinguishable Dao Heart, he could say with absolute confidence that this black corpse was the corpse of a Primal Ancestor—a dao corpse!

Moreover, Huang Xiaolong had noticed that the black corpse's Inextinguishable Dao Heart was missing!

Where did this black corpse's Inextinguishable Dao Heart go? A more crucial question was, who killed this expert? Huang Xiaolong could almost say for sure that this black corpse was not an expert from the Cangqiong Holy World, and even Cangqiong Old Man probably didn't have the strength to kill a Primal Ancestor Realm expert. Could this black corpse have died in another holy world, and then arrived at the Profound River after floating through some space cracks?

What exactly is at the bottom of the Profound River? This is really a big secret. Is there a path connecting to another holy world, that is also a mystery.

Many thoughts went through Huang Xiaolong's mind in a split second.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong pressed down the questions in his mind and spurred the Inextinguishable Dao Heart's power to control the mighty black corpse.

He was fortunate that he had formed his Inextinguishable Dao Heart, or else, there was only a slim chance of taking control over the black corpse by merely relying on his three holy souls at this stage.

In an instant, the Inextinguishable Dao Heart in Huang Xiaolong's chest emitted blinding rays of inextinguishable grand dao, through the dense devil qi and death qi into the black corpse.

Because the black corpse's soul was completely obliterated, and its Inextinguishable Dao Heart was missing, when Huang Xiaolong's grand dao energy submerged into the corpse, there was barely any resistance.

Of course, due the absence of dao soul, Huang Xiaolong could only control the black corpse by refining it into a puppet.

Several months later, as Huang Xiaolong gradually gained more control over the black corpse, the devil qi and death qi spewing out from the black corpse had lessened over time.

Several years later, Huang Xiaolong finally established complete control over the black corpse. All the devil qi and death qi stopped spewing out, and the black corpse that was lying horizontally was rising head up, like a great black pillar rising towards the sky, threatening to piece a hole through it.

"Hei Luo greets the master!" The black corpse spoke in a deep rumbling voice that shook the entire Black Corpse Devil Cave.

When 'it' was still alive, the black corpse was called Hei Luo.

Although Hei Luo's dao soul was obliterated, and he had lost his Inextinguishable Dao Heart, there were still pieces of remnant memories in his dao body. Adding Huang Xiaolong's highly-skilled method of refinement, Hei Luo looked the same as any living human, and also possessed his own thinking.

Chapter 2568: Ancient Battlefield

The moment Hei Luo opened his mouth to speak, devil qi and death qi flowed from his mouth, murking the Black Corpse Devil Cave. Even Huang Xiaolong was nearly hazed by the sudden rush of devil qi and death qi, rendering him speechless. He quickly had Hei Luo control his body's devil qi and death qi, then told Hei Luo to shrink his size.

In the blink of an eye, the sky-propping black pillar Hei Luo's body started shrinking.

"Smaller, smaller, smaller!"

Under Huang Xiaolong's constant urging, Hei Luo's original size of tens of millions of miles shrunk to a few million miles, to several thousand miles, and finally, down to thirty meters tall.

Thirty meters tall could be considered as the average height for a giant, but Huang Xiaolong still felt Hei Luo's height was too eye-catching, hence, he had Hei Luo shrink a bit more. At roughly three to four meters, Huang Xiaolong yelled, "Stop."

After shrinking down to Huang Xiaolong's satisfaction, Hei Luo also converged his aura completely. Not even a peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint would be able to tell Hei Luo's origins.

Hei Luo has a very dark-toned skin and he seemed to reflect light, just like a black diamond.

Having subjugated Hei Luo, Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to leave the Black Corpse Devil Cave, and he continued looking for those demonized holy souls. He spent almost another week inside the cave, reaping seventy to eighty percent of the demonized holy souls before leaving happily with Hei Luo in tow.

After leaving Black Corpse Devil Cave behind where devil qi and death qi continued to roil, Huang Xiaolong stopped briefly in the air, but sped away with Hei Luo without any thoughts. Perhaps, not far in the future, this Black Corpse Devil Cave which was one of the dangerous places in the Profound River would disappear quietly.

After exiting the Black Corpse Devil Cave, Huang Xiaolong did not leave the Profound River, but descended towards the Profound River's riverbed with Hei Luo.

The lower Huang Xiaolong got, the greater pressure and resistance he faced, where frightening water currents flowed. After a certain point, even Huang Xiaolong found it difficult to go down further. It was as if he was going down a bottomless abyss. It was hard for him to descend a hundred meters in an hour, so Huang Xiaolong returned the way he had come, and directly left the Profound River with Hei Luo.

Out from the Profound River, Huang Xiaolong entered the Cangqiong Dao Palace and headed to the ancient battlefield with Hei Luo.

The journey was extremely peaceful.

On the journey to the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong handed the Cangqiong Dao Palace's helm to Hei Luo while he entered the main hall and began refining the holy souls he had captured in the Black Corpse Devil Cave.

In recent years, Huang Xiaolong first devoured then refined the Four Seas Holy Emperor Lu Ding's holy soul, then it was Xiao Lengxue, Dou Rui, and others' holy souls he had gotten during the Trial of Blood, ending with Li Chen and Xie Bufan's holy souls. Then, he moved on to the holy souls of experts from the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Devil Palace he had killed during the appearance of Saint Fate. Lastly, were the holy souls of spies sent to Blue Dragon Manor by the two forces.

Along the way, the number of holy souls Huang Xiaolong devoured and refined had reached a shocking amount.

After this, Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls grew stronger, especially his three holy souls underwent a tremendous transformation after integrating with twelve high-order Saint Fates, and his three holy souls' power exceeded his imagination. Huang Xiaolong himself could not tell whether his holy souls were holy souls or dao souls.

Maybe, it would be more accurate to say that his three holy souls were in the midst of evolving to dao souls.

'If I absorbed the several hundred holy souls from the Black Corpse Devil Cave, when I summoned all three holy souls, they could probably kill a lot of late-Ninth Heaven True Saints in a single strike...' Huang Xiaolong toyed with the idea in his head.

Huang Xiaolong started absorbing the several hundred holy souls he had collected from the Black Corpse Devil Cave, starting from the low-level True Saints' holy souls.

From First Heaven, Second Heaven, Third Heaven, then Fourth Heaven, and upwards to Fifth Heaven True Saint holy souls.

It was a long journey, and Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to reach the destination.

By the time Huang Xiaolong arrived at the ancient battlefield, half a year had passed. During this time, he had finished absorbing the several hundred holy souls suppressed inside the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

With the supplements of several hundred holy souls, Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls shone brighter than ever, amongst their amber-colored light was hints of purple. This was the light of grand dao.

A Primal Ancestor's dao soul exuded golden purple light.

Retrieving the Cangqiong Dao Palace, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo stood at the edge of the ancient battlefield.

As his first impression about the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong thought that it was vast, desolate, and flowing with a fierce aura of slaughter.

A mysterious gray fog ruled the ancient battlefield's airspace, flowing with the wind yet so dense that it did not scatter.

Just as the two entered the ancient battlefield, a gust of cold wind blew over them, and it was a very strong gust of wind. Clearly, it was not an ordinary cold wind, but a kind of cold yin wind that had formed due to the long years of accumulation of yin souls' energy, resembling hell's frigid wind that froze one's limbs.

Huang Xiaolong did not put up any protective barriers, letting the yin winds blow against his skin.

In this ancient battlefield, a half-True Saint wouldn't dare to let these yin winds to blow against their skin, accumulating into cold yin energy that would gradually devour their holy energy. Cold yin energy would be very troublesome if it wasn't expelled in a timely manner.

But Huang Xiaolong wasn't worried about the yin winds at all.

Maybe it was due to the thick layer of gray fog above the ancient battlefield, the ancient battlefield's environment was cloudy and hazy.

Other than the gusts of yin winds, there was also a strange smell across the ancient battlefield. It was a foul smell between blood and rotten corpses.

As corpses decomposed and mixed with the blood that had seeped into the ground over the years, it gradually gave birth to a kind of toxic blood corpse qi.

This kind of toxic blood corpse qi was scary, just staining a little bit in it would cause a person's blood to coagulate, hampering the smooth flow of one's energy. The blood corpse qi was so overbearing that level-seven, even level-eight origin spiritual pills failed to expel it from the body.

However, when this blood corpse qi entered Huang Xiaolong's body, it was immediately purified by the holy energy in his body, leaving only the purest holy spiritual qi that was then absorbed by him.

Hei Luo followed loyally behind Huang Xiaolong, just like a huge black whirlpool that continuously swallowed the surrounding yin winds and blood corpse qi. To Hei Luo, even if these yin winds and blood corpse qi become a hundred thousand times more lethal, they were nothing but supplements to him.

The dao physique of a Primal Ancestor was already the strongest physique in the Cangqiong Holy World.

Huang Xiaolong took out the Black Corpse Holy Symbol. The Black Corpse Holy Symbol hovered above his head as he tried to sense the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance through it.

Not long after the two entered the ancient battlefield, they encountered an undead spirit.

There were three kinds of danger in the ancient battlefield, one was the endless yin and blood corpse qi, second was the restrictions all around, and lastly, there were the numerous wandering undead spirits and nethersouls.

There were Ninth Heaven True Saint existences amongst these undead spirits and nethersouls. Many Ninth Heaven True Saints had fallen in every war between the Holy World and Alien Lands.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were still at the outer edges of the ancient battlefield, hence these undead spirits and nethersouls they came across were not very strong, and most of them were below True Saint Realm. Huang Xiaolong did not make any move, while Hei Luo opened his mouth and swallowed everything.

As they ventured further in, they began to see peak late-half True Saint Realm, First Heaven, and Second Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirits and nethersouls. All of them were swallowed by Hei Luo.

First Heaven and Second Heaven True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls could only be considered as small supplements to Hei Luo.

Chapter 2569: Alien Race

A month later, when Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo began encountering undead spirits and nethersouls between Third Heaven to Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm, all of them were left to Hei Luo to deal with.

Hei Luo had died by a single powerful blow that had severely damaged his dao physique, but Huang Xiaolong noticed that Hei Luo's dao physique was mending at rapid speed after absorbing these True Saint Realm undead spirits and nethersouls...

At this rate, as long as there were sufficient True Saint Realm undead spirits and nethersouls for Hei Luo to devour, Hei Luo's dao physique had a chance of returning to the peak condition.

Moreover, Huang Xiaolong noticed that after continuously swallowing True Saint Realm undead spirits and nethersouls, Hei Luo's fragmented consciousness was gradually piecing itself. Though the consciousness wouldn't regain everything it knew, just one-millionth of his knowledge was gratifying.

After Hei Luo shared his memories with Huang Xiaolong, Huang Xiaolong learned many secrets of the world Hei Luo used to live in. On top of that, Hei Luo was a genuine Primal Ancestor expert when he was alive. Even a small part of his memories, such as his dao art, his comprehension towards the grand dao, heaven and earth, array formations, and refining, as well as his knowledge about various other areas, were valuable.

A Primal Ancestor expert's fragmented memories couldn't be bought by any amount of holy spiritual jade stones.

Although the nethersouls were True Saint experts' holy souls when they were alive, they had suffered serious damages to a certain extent, and Huang Xiaolong needed complete holy souls. These damaged holy souls were of little use to Huang Xiaolong, so he let Hei Luo have them.

A few months later, when the undead spirits and nethersouls' strength had risen to high-level True Saint Realm, there was more to gain in letting Hei Luo absorb them.

First of all, Huang Xiaolong wanted Hei Luo's dao physique to return to his lifetime peak condition as soon as possible as he aided him to improve his consciousness and memories. Secondly, these high-level True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls had little effect for him.

At Huang Xiaolong's current strength, it was not an exaggeration to say that Seventh Heaven and Eighth Heaven True Saint undead spirits were simply tasteless to him.

As expected, after devouring a large number of high-level True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls sped up the recovery of Hei Luo's dao physique and consciousness.

But when Huang Xiaolong came across Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls, he was reluctant to let Hei Luo devour them. Thus whenever there were Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls, Huang Xiaolong would deal with them personally, then control them with the grandmist qi.

Though Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls made up a small number in comparison to others, under Huang Xiaolong's three powerful holy souls, he was able to locate six of them in the immediate vicinity.

Four undead spirits and two nethersouls.

All six were Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong stopped on a small hill somewhere in the ancient battlefield.

Huang Xiaolong looked into the distance and inwardly estimated that he could reach the Corpse River in a few days!

The ancient battlefield was divided into two halves—one side belonged to the Holy World, and the other half belongs to the Alien Lands.

The Corpse River was the line dividing these two areas.

During these few months in the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong came across quite a few True Saint Realm experts, but none of them were cultivators from the Alien Lands, mainly because they usually stayed on their side of the ancient battlefield upon entering. Very rarely would cultivators from Alien Lands cross over the Corpse River to the other side.

‘The Black Corpse Holy Emperor’s inheritance should be in the vicinity of the Corpse River,’ Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Under normal circumstances, it was unlikely that the Black Corpse Holy Emperor would leave his inheritance on the other side of the ancient battlefield. Hence, in the following days, Huang Xiaolong would be able to locate the Black Emperor Holy Emperor’s inheritance.

As he looked at the dense night sky, Huang Xiaolong directly sat cross-legged on the small hill to rest.

Hei Luo and the several undead spirits and nethersouls stood in a protective circle around Huang Xiaolong.

While Huang Xiaolong was resting on the small hill, on the other side of the Corpse River, there was a group of Alien Lands’ cultivators approaching the Corpse River. This group of Alien Lands’ cultivators have two horns on their heads, their eyes faintly glowed green, and their ten fingers were scarily pale. There was a peculiar-looking rune imprint between each of their eyebrows.

These runes in between their eyebrows was a rune unique to the Alien Lands’ royal family. Only royal family’s direct-descendent disciples had this rune on them, representing their nobility, bloodline, identity, and status.

Similar to Huang Xiaolong’s Holy Mandate Imprint, this rune also could increase one’s battle power, however, this rune’s power was far from comparable to the Holy Mandate Imprint.

Amongst this group of Alien Lands’ royal family disciples, the one in front leading them was a tall young man with dashing good looks. His deep green eyes glimmered with a unique charm.

Following closest behind this young man was an old man with a head of vibrant black hair, and this old man was a Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm expert! More accurately, the old-man was an existence at peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint.

Someone that was protected by a peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint spoke volumes of the young man’s high status.

“Young Patriarch, further up is the Corpse River!” the old-man, Jiang Long, said. There was a slight hesitation in his voice as he went on, “The Corpse River’s vicinity is dangerous. I think it’s better we do not go over there.”

The young man referred to as Young Patriarch was called Jiang Shaohuang. He smiled nonchalantly as he responded, “It’s just the Corpse River, and the Holy World. If we really encounter the Holy World’s experts, then it’s all the better. I am just thinking of killing a few of people from Holy World and bring their bodies back and hang them above our Suoluo Race’s Central Headquarters Square. That way the other races’ disciples can take a good look at them.”

Jiang Long persuaded seriously, "The Holy World has many experts, especially the Holy Heavens, Devil Palace, Clear Snow Palace, and Holy Lands Alliance are a few of the several top superpowers."

Jiang Shaohuang chuckled, "Isn't it just the Holy Heavens? As long as it's not those four old men, then who can be your opponent? The Heavenly Master and the three other old men, which of them are so idle as to come to the ancient battlefield. So, your worries are superfluous."

"We're already here after all. We might as well hop over to the other side and have a quick look."

Jiang Long finally yielded, "Alright, we'll only be staying for a couple of days after crossing over, we'll come back as soon as possible. After all, Young Patriarch's identity is noble, and there cannot be any accident, or I won't be able to explain it to the Patriarch."

"Great!" Jiang Shaohuang laughed happily.

The group of people flew towards the Corpse River.

...

The sky seemed brighter the next day, and Huang Xiaolong, who had spent the night resting on the small hill, stood up and continued onwards with Hei Luo.

After considering that the four undead spirits and two nethersouls following him would attract attention, Huang Xiaolong put them away into the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

Two days later...

They were getting closer to the Corpse River.

Huang Xiaolong could even smell the overwhelming nauseating stench coming from the Corpse River.

At the very beginning, there was no such thing as Corpse River in the ancient battlefield. However, the air above the current Corpse River was where the war between the two sides was the most intense, and the number of casualties was the highest. Therefore, this place was with the most corpses laid strewn over the land, piled high like mountains. Blood had flowed into a river and as the war had continued, a river of corpses was formed.

Wind carried the Corpse River's corpse stench further than the eye could see.

Just as Huang Xiaolong continued onwards, suddenly, the Black Corpse Holy Symbol, hovering above his head, emitted shining rays of black light, buzzing incessantly.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up. The Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance!

Following the Black Corpse Holy Symbol's induction, Huang Xiaolong flew forward and Hei Luo followed closely after him.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were standing in the air above a dense forest.

But before Huang Xiaolong appeared in air the above the forest, there was already a group of people there. When Huang Xiaolong noticed their attires and appearances, he was stunned for a second. Alien race?

Chapter 2570: No One Dares to Speak With Me This Way

These alien race experts were currently attacking a certain restriction barrier, and it was obvious that they had found some kind of treasure.

Countless True Saint Realm experts had fallen on the ancient battlefield. With these True Saints' deaths, there were plenty of treasures like saint artifacts, origin spiritual pills, holy herbs, holy pills, and holy martial arts. These attracted many people to venture into the ancient battlefield to try their luck, and the alien races were no exception.

The group of alien race in front of Huang Xiaolong had probably discovered some kind of saint artifact or holy pill, and they were currently trying to break through the restriction surrounding it.

The saint artifacts and holy pills found at the ancient battlefield were ownerless items. These items subconsciously protected themselves, hiding and erecting layers of restrictions around them, which made retrieving them very difficult.

This alien race group was none other than the Suoluo Race group, consisting of Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and others.

When Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the rest saw Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo, everyone in the group was slightly surprised. After all, their current location was close to the Corpse River, and there weren't many Holy World's experts capable of venturing this far.

After a brief moment of surprise at Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo's sudden arrival, Jiang Shaohuang smiled meaningfully, "Late-First Heaven True Saint? Interesting!"

A late-First Heaven True Saint being able to reach this far into the ancient battlefield was really amusing in Jiang Shaohuang's eyes. His interest was stoked.

Jiang Long took a quick glance at Huang Xiaolong, then his attention fell on Hei Luo.

"Young Patriarch, this person is not simple," he reminded.

Someone capable of escorting a late-First Heaven True Saint safely all the way there was naturally not simple. No doubt Jiang Shaohuang did not miss this point, but he couldn't see through Hei Luo's real strength, foundation, or any details.

Jiang Shaohuang's gaze shifted onto Hei Luo. A moment later, he smiled and said, "This guy's appearance is quite distinctive, like a black diamond." He didn't put Hei Luo in his eyes.

All the Suoluo Race's experts erupted in laughter.

During this time, the several Suoluo Race's experts, who had been attacking the restriction, finally shattered the barrier. A sharp blade shot out from the dense forest below, as holy runes shone bright on it. Clearly, this was a saint artifact, and not your average saint artifact.

"Young Patriarch, it's a peak low-grade saint artifact!" A thin Suoluo Race expert respectfully offered the blade to Jiang Shaohuang using both hands.

Jiang Shaohuang glanced at the blade and then said, "It's merely a peak low-grade saint artifact, you can have it."

The Suoluo Race expert was overjoyed, and quickly said, "Thank you, Young Patriarch!"

Jiang Shaohuang looked at Huang Xiaolong again, or better said, he was looking at the Black Corpse Holy Symbol hovering above Huang Xiaolong's head with a faint excited glimmer in his eyes, "Kid, that should be a holy symbol to a treasury or inheritance, right? You came here searching for some kind of treasury or inheritance...? Let me guess, this treasury or inheritance is probably closeby!"

As a direct descendent of one of the alien races' royal family, Jiang Shaohuang possessed keen eyesight.

"That's right," Huang Xiaolong responded simply.

Jiang Shaohuang had not expected Huang Xiaolong would admit so frankly, thus he was slightly surprised but that was all. He smiled and went on, "I like your direct personality, so how about this, I won't make things difficult for you. Follow me back to the Alien Lands. Be my subordinate, and I will help you with this treasury or inheritance you're looking for."

Jiang Shaohuang fully displayed his magnanimity.

Of course, what he was keen on was not Huang Xiaolong, who was merely a late-First Heaven True Saint, as there were too many of them amongst his subordinates. What had really caught his interest was Hei Luo.

Huang Xiaolong serving as his subordinate was equivalent to Hei Luo becoming his subordinate as well. As for that so-called treasury or inheritance, Jiang Shaohuang didn't think it was very important. As the Suoluo Race's young patriarch, what level of treasures or inheritance he hadn't seen before?

How could Huang Xiaolong not see through Jiang Shaohuang's ill-disguised intentions?

He chuckled and responded ironically, "From what you've said, it sounds as if I don't suffer any losses from this trade, right? But aren't you the slightest bit curious what treasury or inheritance I'm looking for?" He then pointed at the Black Corpse Holy Symbol above his head and said, "This is the Black Corpse Emperor Holy Symbol, forged by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor, and it is used to open the inheritance Black Corpse Holy Emperor left behind."

The alien race might not know the average Ninth Heaven True Saint expert, but the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's resounding name had to have reached the Alien Lands.

As expected, the moment Huang Xiaolong said that, Jiang Shaohuang and Jiang Long's expressions changed dramatically.

"What?! The Black Corpse Holy Symbol!"

"The Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance!"

Jiang Shaohuang and Jiang Long exclaimed in unison.

Some of the Suoluo Race experts had never heard of the Black Corpse Holy Emperor, but seeing their young patriarch and Eminent Elder Jiang Long's reaction, they knew that the Black Corpse Holy Emperor was a powerful character without a doubt.

"One of the great ten experts of the past... the Black Corpse Holy Emperor!" Jiang Shaohuang's burning gaze was fixed on the Black Corpse Holy Symbol. He mumbled inwardly, 'it won't be a fake, would it?'

Jiang Shaohuang's smile widened while speaking words of threat, "Junior, if you're lying, beware of the consequences!" He reached out with his palm and commanded, "Give it."

He was obviously referring to the Black Corpse Holy Symbol.

Huang Xiaolong retorted calmly, "You want to take a look at the Black Corpse Holy Symbol? How about this? I was thinking of making a trip to the Alien Lands, but I am unfamiliar with the things around there, so I will decide to accept a few subordinates. If you're willing to take place by my side as my minion, I can let you touch the Black Corpse Holy Symbol."

Minion?!

Touch the Black Corpse Holy Symbol...

Hearing Huang Xiaolong say that if he became his minion, he could touch the Black Corpse Holy Symbol, both Jiang Shaohuang and all the Suoluo Race's experts were stunned and filled with disbelief.

Jiang Shaohuang was the Suoluo Race's young patriarch, and based on this identity alone, no one in the entire Alien Lands would dare to tell him to be a minion right to his face.

It took some time for Jiang Shaohuang's senses to return. The corner of his mouth curved up in a sneer, and his gaze hardened as he spoke, "Punk, do you know who I am? In the entire Alien Lands, there isn't anyone who dares to speak to me this way!"

His words were not arrogance, for even a Primal Ancestor expert would have to think twice before uttering these words to his face, for they would face the entire Suoluo Race.

Huang Xiaolong stood with his hands behind his back, "Punk, do you know who I am? In the entire Holy World, no one dares to speak to me like this!"

Similarly, Huang Xiaolong's words were not pure arrogance. Based on Huang Xiaolong's current identity and status in the Holy World, who in the whole Holy World dared to disrespect him? Even the Devil Palace's three Palace Masters were afraid of Huang Xiaolong.

But when these words fell in Jiang Shaohuang and the present Suoluo Race experts' ears, all of them snickered out of anger. All of them thought that Huang Xiaolong was deliberately irritating them.

Their thinking was totally reasonable. A mere late-First Heaven True Saint actually had the face to claim no one in the entire Holy World dared to disrespect him?

"Punk, you think we can do nothing to you relying on that charcoal behind you? Jiang Shaohuang's eyes flickered as his patience diminished.

Huang Xiaolong snorted, "I alone am enough to kill you."

Jiang Shaohuang laughed upon hearing that.

As the Suoluo Race's young patriarch, he himself was already a Seventh Heaven True Saint. Moreover, it was late-Seventh Heaven, yet a late-First Heaven True Saint had the audacity to say he could kill him?

“Young Patriarch, it's a shame to your identity if you need to kill a weak shrimp like him personally. Please allow me to do it on your behalf.” One of the Suoluo Race experts behind Jiang Shaohuang stepped up and claimed the task.

This Suoluo Race expert was a peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint, and he was just half a step away from advancing to Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm.

The Suoluo Race group consisted of thirty-plus people, and each of them were experts of Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm and above.