

# INVINCIBLE 2571

## Chapter 2571: Don't Know What's Good For You

Jiang Shaohuang nodded his head, "Very good, use that blade I bestowed upon you to cut down his head for me! I want to bring his head back to hang at the Central Headquarters Square for all Suoluo Race disciples to see!" speaking of this, he added, "As for that black guard, you don't need to worry."

His words indicated that he would take care of Hei Luo if he made a move.

The Suoluo Race expert respectfully complied, then stepped out from the group. He looked indifferently at Huang Xiaolong and said, "Brat, your eyesight must be as bad as your head, since you've got guts to say you're going to kill our Young Patriarch. Do you know that our Young Patriarch is a Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm expert? Well, I don't blame you, you're merely a late-First Heaven. How can you understand how excellent our Young Patriarch is?"

"That aside, I, a peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint, only needs to lift a finger to destroy you in an instant!"

And right at this time, Huang Xiaolong raised a finger, and in an instant, the Suoluo Race expert seemed to be fixed on the spot, his voice choking in his throat.

While Jiang Shaohuang and the others were caught off guard, and were about to exclaim, suddenly, the Suoluo Race expert's body shattered inch by inch with rays of light penetrating out from his body. In the next second, that Suoluo Race expert's body crumbled into small particles, disappearing without a trace, just like shadow under the sun!

Just like that, before Jiang Shaohuang and the others' eyes, that expert was gone!

A peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm expert had fallen, silently, without a corpse left to be buried. However, a holy soul emerged, but Huang Xiaolong immediately caught it, and threw it into the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

Jiang Shaohuang and others stared at the spot from where the Suoluo Race expert had vanished with dumbfounded eyes.

A long time later, the Suoluo Race's Eminent Elder Jiang Long was the first to react.

He looked at Huang Xiaolong with astonishment. He was astonished by Huang Xiaolong's five big cultivation realm difference leapfrog combat ability, and he was astounded by Huang Xiaolong's attack method. He couldn't tell how Huang Xiaolong had attacked or what kind of holy martial art he had used.

By merely raising a finger and pointing it in the air, a peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm expert died...?

Jiang Shaohuang and the rest recovered but none of them spoke. All of them were looking at Huang Xiaolong with astonished eyes.

All around was silence, except for the blowing yin winds, giving everyone a strange feeling.

In the distance, an undead spirit's howls could be heard.

Listening to the howls, that undead spirit seemed to be moving towards them, and it didn't take long for their conjecture to be proven correct. An undead spirit soon entered their line of sight. Perhaps it saw that there were more people on Jiang Shaohuang's side, so the Seventh Heaven True Saint undead spirit pounced on Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo.

Seeing this, Jiang Shaohuang's group were inwardly delighted.

However, just as that undead spirit fell onto Hei Luo, who was behind Huang Xiaolong, Hei Luo's arm suddenly reached up, and he grabbed the undead spirit without looking at it. He accurately grabbed the undead spirit by the neck. Then, Hei Luo opened his mouth and swallowed the undead spirit in one gulp!

He devoured it alive?!

Everything ended faster than the eye could blink as if that undead spirit had never appeared from the beginning.

This sight shocked Jiang Shaohuang and his group. Their terrified gazes were fixed on the giant Hei Luo behind Huang Xiaolong. Although sunlight was barely present in the ancient battlefield, Hei Luo reflected luster like a black diamond.

Jiang Shaohuang's eyes were as wide as they could be as he stared at Hei Luo, feeling incredulous.

He already knew that Hei Luo was not simple, however, directly swallowing a late-Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirit and killing a late-Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirit were two different matters.

Yet this black guard had treated a high-level True Saint undead spirit as food, that was literally...!

The silence was disturbed by a loud howl, but this howl was slightly different from the previous undead spirit. It was low and deep—the howl came from a nethersoul!

On top of that, this nethersoul was also heading towards them. It was an Eighth Heaven True Saint Realm nethersoul!

This nethersoul also locked onto Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo as targets.

When this nethersoul pounced on Huang Xiaolong's side, Hei Luo dealt with it the same way he had done with the undead spirits—he reached out with his palm and grabbed the nethersoul by the neck and devoured it in one gulp!

Hei Luo smacked his lips as if he could not get enough of the delicious aftertaste in his mouth.

As they watched that Hei Luo had easily devoured an Eighth Heaven True Saint nethersoul, this time, Jiang Shaohuang and his group paled visibly. A chill spread over their bodies, raising goosebumps all over them.

Even Jiang Long could not maintain his calm and indifferent posture anymore.

"Sir is?" Jiang Shaohuang finally took a real look at Huang Xiaolong, using honorifics, and there was awe in his voice.

“Huang Xiaolong,” Huang Xiaolong stated.

Huang Xiaolong? Jiang Shaohuang and others showed confusion. Even Jiang Long’s brows were scrunched together. Clearly, none of them had heard of Huang Xiaolong’s name.

It had roughly been two hundred years since Huang Xiaolong had joined the Holy Heavens. He had risen through the ranks too fast. Although Huang Xiaolong had gained a firm foothold in the Holy World to the point that the characters like Qiao Jinyang were wary of him, his reputation had yet to reach the Alien Lands.

After all, there was a vast ancient battlefield separating the two sides, and there was a barrier enveloping the ancient battlefield throughout the year, limiting interaction. Thus, the Alien Lands rarely got news related to the happenings in the Holy World, and even if they did, it definitely wouldn’t be pertaining to anything from the recent two hundred years.

When their confusion receded, Jiang Shaohuang’s attention once again fell on the Black Corpse Holy Symbol. He hesitated then said, “We were rude. Then again, let’s have no discord... Why don’t we let bygones be bygones? When brother comes to the Alien Lands in the future, come look for me. I will definitely do my duty as a host!”

These were already words of concession. It was especially so when someone of Jiang Shaohuang’s identity as the Suoluo Race’s young patriarch uttered them. When had he ever had to humble himself in front of others?

But Hei Luo’s performance had deterred him. Not to mention there was an air of mystery around Huang Xiaolong that shook Jiang Shaohuang’s confidence. Hence he chose to step back in this situation.

Jiang Shaohuang had endured the loss of a peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint Suoluo Race expert at Huang Xiaolong’s hands.

However, just as Jiang Shaohuang turned around to leave, Huang Xiaolong’s voice sounded in his ears, “Who said you can leave?”

Jiang Shaohuang turned back, and his expression darkened in displeasure.

“What is the meaning of this?” Jiang Shaohuang demanded in a strained voice.

Huang Xiaolong was indifferent, “You have two choices—either submit to me or die at my hands!”

It was impossible for him to let Jiang Shaohuang’s group leave, or it would surely be a lot of trouble when he went to the Alien Lands later. Though Huang Xiaolong wasn’t afraid of trouble, it didn’t hurt being a little cautious.

After hearing that Huang Xiaolong intended to detain them, anger erupted in the hearts of these Suoluo Race experts. Jiang Long’s expression turned cold, “Don’t cross the line when we’ve already given you an inch! Yielding does not mean we’re afraid of you!” A powerful aura surged from his body as he spoke.

In an instant, gusts of yin winds and blood corpse qi turned turbulent, and the sky seemed to have moved a few inches lower from the pressure. The mountains in the distance were gradually sinking into the ground.

“Peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint,” Huang Xiaolong said unhurriedly.

“That’s right. Our Eminent Elder Jiang Long entered the peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm a few million years ago, and he is only half a step away from the Primal Ancestor Realm.” There was an unmistakable tone of showing-off in his voice.

“No one can be our Eminent Elder Jiang Long’s opponent if you do not have any Primal Ancestor Realm experts on your side!” Jiang Shaohuang supplemented as his gaze swept over Hei Luo. The underlying meaning was that as long as Hei Luo was not a Primal Ancestor expert, no one could stop their Eminent Elder Jiang Long.

Of course, this was a form of warning to Huang Xiaolong to stop making trouble.

### **Chapter 2572: Suoluo Race’s Old Patriarch**

With Jiang Long around, Jiang Shaohuang had a certain degree of confidence.

Jiang Shaohuang more or less recognized the Holy World’s Primal Ancestor Realm experts. Thus he was certain there was no person like Hei Luo among them. Whereas, Huang Xiaolong, who was wrapped in an air of mystery, was only a late-First Heaven True Saint.

“Is that so?” Huang Xiaolong’s response was tepid as he turned to Hei Luo and commanded, “Hei Luo, attack!”

Hei Luo’s face split into a big grin, revealing two rows of sparkling white teeth as he complied, “Yes, master!”

Master?! Jiang Long, Jiang Shaohuang, and the rest were stupefied upon hearing Hei Luo address Huang Xiaolong as his master.

Before their senses recovered, Hei Luo’s attack had arrived.

The moment Hei Luo attacked, monstrous devil qi and corpse qi took over, and the sky vanished from sight. Yin winds or blood corpse qi were insignificant before this monstrous devil qi and corpse qi.

Jiang Long, an Eminent Elder of the Suoluo Race, had never seen such monstrous devil qi and corpse qi in his lifetime. Then, what was more to his juniors like Jiang Shaohuang and other experts. All of their faces paled at the sight.

“This is...?!”

In a split second, Jiang Long roared as he came to his senses, and both his palms struck out simultaneously. Boundless dark red waves of energy surged, forming a great blood-attributed boundary. But it was a futile effort. Although these blood waves could have easily destroyed a holy ground, they were as fragile as a piece of paper against the monstrous devil qi and corpse qi.

Pop!

Endless blood waves, and monstrous devil qi and corpse qi collided in midair, and the impact was like a strike on a great wall. The devil qi and corpse qi rolled back in thousand zhang high waves from the collision, and then it continued attacking Jiang Long, Jiang Shaohuang, and the rest.

“Young Patriarch, look out!”

“Quick, take out the Stars Sea Reversal Mirror!” Jiang Long shouted urgently.

Jiang Shaohuang was gripped by fear and panic as he summoned out a mirror in a fluster. Jiang Long desperately sent his holy energy into the mirror.

The mirror enlarged instantly and strong rays of starlight burst out from the mirror surface. All energy and everything were repelled under this burst of starlight.

The Stars Sea Reversal Mirror was a dao artifact!

Before Jiang Shaohuang had set off to the ancient battlefield, the Suoluo Race’s Old Patriarch had given him a dao artifact for protection in case of an accident.

The monstrous devil qi and corpse qi finally reached the Stars Sea Reversal Mirror and the rays of starlight shone intensely, as if the world of stars on the other side had migrated over.

As the intense starlight from this world of stars rose in resistance, the monstrous devil qi and corpse qi were slowly being repelled. However, the devil qi and corpse qi were simply overwhelming that the Stars Sea Reversal Mirror’s power was soon being forced back!

At the moment the rays of starlight shattered like glass, Jiang Long, Jiang Shaohuang, and the rest of Suoluo Race’s experts were sent flying in several directions while coughing up blood. As a peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint expert, Jiang Long was able to suppress his injuries, but Jiang Shaohuang and other Suoluo Race’s experts were dyed in their own blood. A few were writhing and screaming in pain being contaminated by Hei Luo’s devil qi and corpse qi.

Jiang Shaohuang and the Suoluo Race’s Seventh Heaven and Eighth Heaven True Saint experts were flabbergasted.

“You, how? Grand dao energy!” Jiang Long had a terrified expression on his face as he stared at Hei Luo.

Although Hei Luo lacked an Inextinguishable Dao Heart, he was a genuine Primal Ancestor, and his body was a genuine dao physique.

Hei Luo didn’t bother to respond, and devil qi around him intensified as his icy gaze swept over Jiang Long and the rest.

Huang Xiaolong’s figure blurred in a flicker, and appeared in front of the writhing Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm Suoluo Race experts. Inextinguishable dao light shone from his chest as strands of grand dao law flew out and wrapped around them.

“In-Inextinguishable Dao Heart!”

This time, Jiang Long shrieked at the top of his lungs. He and Jiang Shaohuang trembled.

Before their dumbfounded eyes, those experts’ bodies shrunk rapidly as Huang Xiaolong extracted their energies, including their holy souls.

Soon, there was only a layer of skin remaining of the several Sixth Heaven True Saint Suoluo Race experts. A gust of ancient battlefield's yin winds blew, and these skin disintegrated and fluttered through the ancient battlefield.

Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the rest watched this scene blankly. None of them dared to make a move. Perhaps they were completely deterred by Hei Luo's strength, or maybe they feared Huang Xiaolong's Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

After watching Huang Xiaolong kill a dozen Suoluo Race experts in that manner, and then devour them, unprecedented fear rose from the bottom of Jiang Shaohuang and the remaining people's hearts.

Neither Jiang Shaohuang nor Jiang Long moved.

After devouring a dozen Suoluo Race's experts, Huang Xiaolong's attention shifted onto Jiang Shaohuang and Jiang Long. At the same time, he released the six Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm helpers out, four undead spirits and two nethersouls.

"These are Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls!" Upon seeing the six undead spirits and nethersouls, Jiang Long was shocked once more, but the despair he felt was real.

Jiang Shaohuang and the remaining Suoluo Race experts were similarly in despair.

Huang Xiaolong ordered the undead spirits and nethersouls to block all retreat points for Jiang Shaohuang's group. Then, he approached Jiang Shaohuang and Jiang Long.

"Huang Xiao-, Lord Huang." Jiang Shaohuang stopped himself just as he wanted to call out Huang Xiaolong. "I am the Suoluo Race's young patriarch, the Suoluo Race is the Alien Lands' royal family, and the Suoluo Race's Old Patriarch is my grandfather. He is also a Primal Ancestor Realm expert."

"I'm aware," Huang Xiaolong interjected without any expression, "So what?"

The rest of Jiang Shaohuang's words were choked in his throat, and his face turned deathly pale. He seemed to have seen what his ending would be. Suddenly, a strong hatred exploded in him that stemmed from the regret that he hadn't listened to Eminent Elder Jiang Long's advice. He had insisted on coming over to the Corpse River for some inexplicable reason.

Because of this, they had run into Huang Xiaolong.

He remembered how he had felt when he had first seen Huang Xiaolong, who was merely a late-First Heaven True Saint. In his opinion, Huang Xiaolong was no different than a fly. Who'd have thought that a fly would suddenly change into a ferocious origin beast?!

"Lord Huang, what do you want? What do you want that you would be willing to let us go?" Jiang Long suppressed his internal turmoil and spoke. "We've been at the ancient battlefield for several years. During this time, we have found a lot of saint artifacts, holy herbs, holy pills, and holy martial arts. We can give you all of these!"

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "I have a lot of saint artifacts, holy herbs, and holy pills. Those are useless to me. I already gave you two choices earlier!"

Suddenly, one of the Suoluo Race's Ninth Heaven True Saint experts yelled, "Eminent Elder Jiang Long, take the Young Patriarch away, escape with the dao talisman, hurry! The six of us will hold him back with our lives!"

Dao talisman was a talisman refined by a Primal Ancestor Realm expert. On the talisman was a drop of a Primal Ancestor's blood, and after the talisman was activated, they could escape in an instant. Another Primal Ancestor wouldn't be able to stop them from running away in time.

Jiang Shaohuang had one such talisman on him, which was personally refined by the Suoluo Race's Old Patriarch. Moreover, once Jiang Shaohuang activated the talisman, the Suoluo Race's Old Patriarch would immediately know that Jiang Shaohuang was in danger!

When Jiang Shaohuang activated the escape-talisman, the Suoluo Race's Old Patriarch Jiang Heng, who was cultivating inside his dao palace, opened his eyes in the Alien Lands's Suoluo Domain billions of miles away. The entire dao palace quaked slightly from the sharpness in his eyes.

### **Chapter 2573: The Black Corpse Holy Emperor's Inheritance**

"Who dares to hurt my Huang'er!" Jiang Heng bellowed. His voice thundered through the dao palace, shaking the whole Suoluo Domain. At this moment, all experts in the Suoluo Domain felt the terrifying might of a Primal Ancestor.

This sudden wave of overwhelming pressure frightened them.

"That's Lord Jiang Heng's voice! What happened?! Did something happen to the Suoluo Race's young patriarch?!"

"I heard the Suoluo Race's Young Patriarch went to the ancient battlefield. Could something really have happened?"

A holy ground's patriarch quickly guessed the reason despite his apprehension.

In the Suoluo Domain, Jiang Heng was the supreme existence. At the same time, he was also the Suoluo Domain's Domain Master. Once Jiang Heng was furious, the entire Suoluo Domain trembled.

Following Jiang Heng's furious bellow, his figure rushed out from the dao palace into the sky, and disappeared above the Central Headquarters in the blink of an eye. He traversed across various holy grounds and space as he hurried to the ancient battlefield.

Although Jiang Heng was in too much of a hurry to inform any of the Suoluo Race's experts, every one had heard his furious bellow. How could they be unaware that something had happened?

Shortly, the various holy grounds' experts saw the Suoluo Race's experts marching out like a great army over one holy ground after another, traversing across domains, speeding straight towards the ancient battlefield.

Leading a mighty great army that resembled a mountain was none other than the Suoluo Race's current patriarch, Jiang Yuan, who was a peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint. He was very likely to step into Primal Ancestor Realm within several hundred thousand years.

At this time on the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong was still unaware that Jiang Heng and a Suoluo Race army were desperately rushing towards the ancient battlefield.

Several hours passed...

On a certain bloody peak in the ancient battlefield, Jiang Shaohuang and Jiang Long were lying half-dead on the ground. Other Suoluo Race's experts' corpses were strewn around them.

Despite having activated his dao talisman, Jiang Shaohuang's body was contaminated by Hei Luo's devil qi and corpse qi. Then, how could he escape out of Hei Luo's senses? Thus, it didn't take long for Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo to catch up.

Half a day later...

In the end, Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the few remaining Suoluo Race experts chose to submit to Huang Xiaolong. Those that stubbornly resisted were all devoured by Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong had Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the rest swallow holy healing pills to recover and their injuries were more or less healed a day later. He then sent them away, ordering them to return to the Alien Lands and await his order.

Like he had planned earlier, he was going to visit the Alien Lands after obtaining the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the rest respected Huang Xiaolong's order and made their way back to the Alien Lands.

Looking at Jiang Shaohuang's group leave, Huang Xiaolong's eyes glimmered with ambition. He was going to enter the Alien Lands with the purpose of conquering the various alien races.

Having conquered Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and those few Suoluo Race's experts could be considered as setting his foundation for his purpose in the Alien Lands.

With the influence of Jiang Shaohuang's group, it would be smoother when the time came for him to conquer the Suoluo Race.

The Suoluo Race was a royal family. In the entire Alien Lands, the Suoluo Race was a big clan and one of the superpowers. Once Huang Xiaolong took over the Suoluo Race, he would slowly reach out to other royal families in the Alien Lands.

Once he had these royal families in his pocket, there would be a little difference from ruling the whole Alien Lands.

Jiang Shaohuang had set off with thirty-plus experts this time, however, half of them had died at Huang Xiaolong's hands. Huang Xiaolong had helped Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the others to come up with a reason as to why they had activated the escape talisman, when explaining to Jiang Heng about what had happened...

Only after Jiang Shaohuang's group disappeared from view did Huang Xiaolong bring Hei Luo back the way they had come, returning to the dense forest.



The trees in the ancient battlefield's forest resembled white bones, mostly white or gray, unlike the green foliage outside. There was not a single leaf on these bone-trees, and they were completely bare.

These trees were nicknamed as ghost trees or shadow trees, and one rarely saw these kinds of trees outside the ancient battlefield.

Back at the forest, Huang Xiaolong activated the Black Corpse Holy Symbol, and carefully sensed the location of the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong stopped above a small river at the edge of the forest that wound through the forest like an agile black snake.

"It should be here!" Huang Xiaolong said, and then activated formation on the Black Corpse Holy Symbol. Immediately, black rays of light shone from the Black Corpse Holy Symbol, covering the black river area.

Under the black light's coverage, the black river's calm waters started to gurgle loudly, raising great waves across the surface. Then, rays of light shone from the river as an enormous black hole appeared.

Huang Xiaolong did not hesitate, and jumped into the black hole with Hei Luo.

The moment Huang Xiaolong passed through the black hole, all rays of light vanished. It took a moment before Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo's feet touched the ground, and all around them was nothing but darkness. It was as if Huang Xiaolong had arrived at the bottom of an abyss of darkness.

Huang Xiaolong's Golden Buddha Saint Godhead spun, sending out waves of golden Buddha holy energy, lightning up his immediate surroundings. The darkness receded and every last strand of corpse qi receded.

A palace came into sight, and it looked exactly the same as the Black Corpse Holy Palace at the Ghost Devil City.

However, the palace doors were tightly shut, and their surface glimmered with the restrictions placed by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor. Perhaps, it could also be seen as a test the Black Corpse Holy Emperor had set for the probable successor to his inheritance. Only by resolving the restrictions could the person obtain the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

A test set up by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor was naturally not simple. Most likely even True Saint Realm experts would have to spend several years, or several decades to open the restrictions. However, Huang Xiaolong merely spent half a day's time to successfully open the restrictions.

Looking at the palace opening slowly, Huang Xiaolong ordered Hei Luo to stand guard outside before striding into the palace hall.

It bore some similarities to the Four Seas Holy Emperor's inheritance. There was only one great statue in the main hall of the palace. Although the spiritual transparent stone's quality, that was used for carving this statue, was not as good as Cangqiong Old Man's statue, the quality was much better compared to the Four Seas Holy Emperor's statue.

Other than the statue, there was nothing else in the hall. It was almost bare.

Then again, Huang Xiaolong did not lack ‘things’ at this point, except for strength.

Huang Xiaolong walked over to the Black Corpse Holy Emperor’s statue to observe the intricate runes on the statue, and he was suddenly excited. It was an excitement stemming from obtaining the Black Corpse Holy Emperor’s inheritance, and his impending breakthrough to Second Heaven True Saint Realm.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong took a moment to calm down, and then he rose to midair and sat cross-legged facing the statue. He circulated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium as he began accepting the Black Corpse Holy Emperor’s inheritance.

The holy light enshrouding Huang Xiaolong doubled in size.

More than a decade passed in the blink of an eye.

On this day, tribulation clouds gathered above the ancient battlefield, and the dao tribulation’s lightning dragon was condensing at rapid speed.

Under the pressure of a dao tribulation, the surroundings’ undead spirits and nethersouls were trembling as they moved away.

“This is someone crossing dao tribulation?!”

“This person must be crazy to attempt crossing the dao tribulation in the ancient battlefield! He is looking to die!”

In the far distance, some high-level True Saint Realm experts, who were entering the ancient battlefield, exclaimed when they sensed the gathering dao tribulation.

In general, after surviving a tribulation and dao tribulation, there would be a period of temporary weakness. Moreover, time was needed to absorb the dao tribulation’s energy. Therefore, whenever someone was going to cross their tribulation, they would choose a safe location. Probably Huang Xiaolong was the only person who dared to cross his dao tribulation at a place like the ancient battlefield.

### **Chapter 2574: A Very, Very Black Arm!**

One, two, three days... The dao tribulation continued to gather, taking its time to brew with any signs of descending.

In general, a Second Heaven True Saint’s dao tribulation would brew for three days at most, but Huang Xiaolong’s dao tribulation was still brewing on the fourth day, and it was still expanding and growing stronger.

The dao tribulation lightning dragon was still condensing half a month later. The coercive aura of a dao tribulation sent the surroundings undead spirits and nethersouls scurrying away in fear.

Those cultivators, who had arrived earlier, did not leave after discovering that there was someone crossing dao tribulation in the ancient battlefield. They were watching the dao tribulation’s progress from afar, but after feeling the dao tribulation’s power rising as they waited, they had to retreat several times.

“This is Seventh Heaven’s dao tribulation?!”

“Probably, only a Seventh Heaven’s dao tribulation would condense for so long!”

These True Saint experts sighed.

But the dao tribulation was still brewing a month later.

“Would it be an Eighth Heaven’s dao tribulation?!” a Seventh Heaven True Saint expert asked the doubt aloud with difficulty.

“No, it’s still brewing, I, I think it might be a Ninth Heaven True Saint’s dao tribulation!” another high-level True Saint expert said in a trembling voice.

Ninth Heaven!

The strongest dao tribulation!

Once this person survives and successfully passes the tribulation, it would mean that the Holy World would add another Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm expert.

In the absence of a Primal Ancestor, the Ninth Heaven True Saint was supreme!

The emergence of a Ninth Heaven True Saint expert was an affair that usually shook the whole Holy World. Once one advanced to Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm, then the peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm was only a matter of time and accumulation.

The dao tribulation gestated for two long months before the dao tribulation lightning dragon finally struck down.

A six thousand zhang lightning dragon whipped towards the land, resembling a beam of destruction. The entire Corpse River and its gloomy surroundings were illuminated like day by the lightning dragon as if this part of the land had fallen into another world.

The cultivators spectating this sight from a distance paled.

“This... Is the power of Ninth Heaven’s dao tribulation so scary? I don’t think it should be so powerful, right?” a high-level True Saint expert muttered dazedly under his breath.

Although he had not seen a Ninth Heaven True Saint’s dao tribulation, he had heard of some details. But the dao tribulation before him seemed to be more powerful than the Ninth Heaven’s dao tribulation than he had heard of!

Boom!

Heaven and earth quaked.

Even outside the several hundred miles range the black river suffered damages from the lightning dragon’s lightning power. The Corpse River’s water splattered everywhere as waves rose several thousand meters high.

When the lightning dragon reached the dense forest, the white and gray bone-trees, that had grown for millions of years, were reduced to dust even before the lightning dragon struck the ground.

Next, the lightning dragon blasted into the black river.

Inside the black river were restrictions arranged by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor that could only be opened by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor, but these restrictions were utterly useless against a dao tribulation lightning dragon. The lightning dragon blasted into the river, forcefully entering the dark space, smashing open the palace doors, straight at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong didn't panic looking at the lightning dragon that was more formidable than a Ninth Heaven's dao tribulation lightning dragon. He summoned his three holy souls as he had done when integrating with Saint Fates.

When the three holy souls appeared, their golden-ember lights shone as twelve golden spheres appeared around them. These were none other than the twelve high-order Saint Fates. Saint Fates stood above everything in the Holy World, transcending life, death, and reincarnation, and all creatures bowed before it.

When Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls and twelve Saint Fates appeared, the waters of Corpse River stopped rushing, and the surrounding airflow froze. Even the violent dao tribulation lightning dragon with overwhelming destructive power was suppressed, and it turned supple.

Huang Xiaolong was one and only person since ancient times with three holy souls and twelve Saint Fates. He was invincible!

Everything between heaven and earth was suppressed!

Seizing the chance, Huang Xiaolong's fist punched out.

"The Prosperity of Dragons!"

The three holy souls and twelve Saint Fates' power channeled into Huang Xiaolong's fist. Resplendent holy lights pierced through layers of space, visible from every angle of the ancient battlefield!

Dragons rushed out from a whirlpool, forming great kingdoms of dragons.

Boom!

A lightning dragon that was more formidable than a Ninth Heaven's dao tribulation lightning dragon shattered in an instant under Huang Xiaolong's fist, disintegrating into pure grand dao energy and grand dao laws.

The scary lightning dragon was annihilated just like that!

Huang Xiaolong recalled his three holy souls and twelve Saint Fates.

The dao tribulation clouds, that had been brewing for more than a month, slowly dispersed, returning everything to normal at the ancient battlefield.

"It, it's done just like that?" High-level True Saint experts spectating in the distance asked in doubt.

"Why don't we go take a look?" Someone suggested.

Others turned and looked at the person next to them with hesitation. It went without saying that everyone understood what this person meant by go take a look. After crossing the dao tribulation, the person would be in an extremely weakened state, and more importantly, there would be a lot of good things on a Ninth Heaven True Saint expert. They could probably get their hands on some good things...

“This, I think, it’s better we don’t,” a holy gate’s patriarch shook his head as he continued, “Since that person has dared to cross his dao tribulation in the ancient battlefield, it means that he has his own means. Who knows how many experts are protecting him. Not to mention, such a big movement would have definitely attracted high-level True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls over. If we head over there now, we might not be able to grab any benefits at all!”

Then they heard a sharp howl from a distance.

“It’s an undead spirit! A Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirit!” Following the howls, an enormous undead spirit enshrouded in rolling corpse qi, appeared in their line of sight. Right in front of these high-level True Saint experts, that undead spirit soon reached Huang Xiaolong’s location, hovering above the black river.

What shocked them was that when this undead spirit appeared in the air above the black river, a black arm suddenly snaked out from the black river, and it grabbed and dragged the undead spirit into the black river. Only silence remained thereafter.

None of them could believe what they just saw.

“That, that, what’s that?!” The expert, who had suggested to go snoop around, stared stupidly at the calm river surface, feeling a chill climbing up his body.

He was genuinely frightened.

A Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirit was pulled into the black river without any resistance?

Not even the slightest bit of resistance? Gone, just like that?

Not only him, but other high-level True Saint experts and holy gate patriarchs were also frightened by this sight.

Subsequently, more high-level True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls reached the black river, but no matter whether it was Eighth Heaven or Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirits or nethersouls, the moment they appeared by the black river, the black hand would shoot out from the riverbed and captured these undead spirits and nethersouls!

Then, these undead spirits and nethersouls would be pulled into the black river without any power to resist, disappearing into the river quietly.

The black river was the same black river, quiet yet weird, and water continued to flow silently.

“Holy cow!”

Suddenly, one of the high-level True Saints swore as he turned around and fled.

The rest shivered as their senses returned, and all of them scattered like a flock of frightened birds.

Everything was calm as it ever was.

A little over a decade later...

On this day, the black river's surface rippled as two figures appeared from the riverbed. They were Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo.

Huang Xiaolong had successfully obtained the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance and advanced to Second Heaven True Saint Realm...

### **Chapter 2575: Alien Lands**

Huang Xiaolong looked around, the ancient battlefield that was filled with yin winds and blood corpse qi, and it gave him an inexplicable sense of intimacy.

Huu~!

Huang Xiaolong exhaled. The clouds in the far distance roiled from a sudden gust of strong wind.

His strength had risen further after obtaining the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance and advancing to Second Heaven True Saint Realm.

'My current strength should be enough to protect myself when dealing with Primal Ancestors!' The thought flashed in Huang Xiaolong's mind.

He inwardly compared his current strength with the Suoluo Race's Eminent Elder Jiang Long. Even in the circumstance, he didn't use any dao artifacts, he had the confidence to suppress Jiang Long.

Following that conclusion, when he advanced to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm, he would be able to suppress First Resurrection Primal Ancestors.

The mere thought of a Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm suppressing First Resurrection Primal Ancestors was simply ridiculous in the common eyes. If Huang Xiaolong dared to utter such words outside, he would definitely be treated as a fool, but Huang Xiaolong had such confidence.

"It's time to head to the Alien Lands." Huang Xiaolong said as he looked towards the Corpse River's other side bank. The Alien Lands were over that side.

"Go!"

Without further delay, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo sped across the sky towards the other side of the Corpse River. A moment later, the two were in the air above the Corpse River. After a brief stop, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo flew over the Corpse River, and both continued flying onwards after arriving on the other side.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo rarely stopped to rest.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo proceeded onwards in the same manner they had first entered the ancient battlefield—undead spirits and nethersouls below Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm they encountered were devoured by Hei Luo, whereas those Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm and above were subjugated by Huang Xiaolong.

Several months later, by the time Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the other side of the ancient battlefield, he had truly arrived at the Alien Lands. Now, Huang Xiaolong had exactly ten Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirits!

Adding four nethersouls, it was a total of 'new' fourteen Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm underlings.

Not forgetting Hei Luo and Huang Xiaolong himself, Huang Xiaolong had enough manpower to oppose a royal family like the Suoluo Race.

As they stepped onto the Alien Lands and felt the spiritual energy that was the same as the Holy World, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo flew onwards. As for the ten undead spirits and four nethersouls, Huang Xiaolong had thrown them into the Cangqiong Dao Palace long back, letting them cultivate through the Cangqiong Dao Palace's primal ancestor array.

Humans were one of the races living on the Alien Lands. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong didn't need to change his appearance or disguise his aura.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo flew towards the closest holy ground. Currently, he needed to determine which domain he was in.

The Alien Lands had tens of thousands of domains in various sizes, and each domain had more than a few holy grounds. In some of the bigger domains, there existed several thousand holy grounds, and in a few there were probably ten thousand.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo arrived at the closest holy ground after a day of travel.

This holy ground was not as prosperous as the Heavenly Master Holy Ground, and the holy spiritual qi around here was pitifully thin.

After some asking around, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo arrived at the biggest city, Yang City.

Yang City was not only the biggest city closest to them, but it was also one of the biggest cities in the entire holy ground.

But before Huang Xiaolong could step into the city, he was stopped by the alien race's experts guarding the city gates and ordered to pay a fee! Ten holy coins!

The universal currency on the Holy World side was holy bills, but in the Alien Lands, transactions were conducted with holy coins, especially for commoners.

Holy spiritual jade stones were used and accepted by those with higher statuses, whether it was in the Holy World or Alien Lands.

Huang Xiaolong rummaged around and found the lowest grade and worst quality holy spiritual jade stone inside the Black Corpse Holy Ring to give to the alien race expert guard. Then again, even holy spiritual jade stone of the worst quality in the lowest grade, inside the Black Corpse Holy Ring, was more than enough to delight the captain guard that he couldn't stop smiling.

Perhaps it was at the sake of the holy spiritual jade stone, but the captain guard's attitude towards Huang Xiaolong was much more polite after that.

In the Alien Lands, it was the alien races' territory, the alien races had a higher status than humans. Here, humans were largely servants to the alien races, or they were low-level guards.

Only a small number of True Saint Realm human experts fared better and were given a certain degree of respect.

Of course, there was a limit to how much respect they received.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo proceeded to enter the city.

The captain guard who accepted Huang Xiaolong's holy spiritual jade stone watched Huang Xiaolong leave while caressing the holy spiritual jade stone in his hand, as greed flicker across his eyes as he mumbled, "Seems like he's a fat sheep."

"Captain, his strength is probably not low," one of the guards spoke.

The captain guard chuckled meaningfully, "I know. Someone, who can take out a holy spiritual jade stone so easily, naturally has some strength. His strength is likely at high-level Heavenly Monarch. So what? In our Alien Lands, a high-level Heavenly Monarch Realm human is the same as a fart. If I can't handle him, then isn't there Lord Zhu to help me?"

Lord Zhu was also called as Deputy Commander Zhu Bi of Yang City's Army Guards. He was the captain's superior, and also a relative. Whenever the captain had something good, he would hand it over to Zhu Bi, hence his relationship with Zhu Bi was quite good.

In the meantime, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were leisurely strolling the streets after entering the city.

Although this Yang City was not as prosperous as the Holy Heavens City, there were still a lot of people around. Huang Xiaolong even spotted two half-True Saint Realm alien race experts, however, they were merely First Tribulation half-True Saints.

Although they were only half-True Saints, they were considered as top experts of high statuses in Yang City, and even this holy ground. This can be seen from the numerous servants and guards accompanying them.

Huang Xiaolong also saw several humans on the streets, but these people followed humbly behind alien races' disciples, like minions as they fawned and flattered alien races' disciples. He also saw several of these human minions being kicked and punched when alien races' disciples got annoyed by their flatteries.

Originally, there was no human race in the Alien Lands, but during the war, many human race experts were captured and brought to the Alien Lands. Some were imprisoned, and others were subjugated as the alien race's low-level guards.

As the years had passed, these human race experts' offsprings had multiplied, giving birth to native human race on the Alien Lands. Here, the human race was labeled as inferior people, slaves, and other similar derogatory terms were used. There were alien races' royal families, who specifically liked keeping human slaves, and they tortured and abused them to vent themselves out.



When Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were passing by one of the shops, a human race expert was kicked out of the shop by an alien race disciple. That human race expert happened to roll towards Huang Xiaolong's feet, with blood spurting from his mouth.

Huang Xiaolong's brows creased into furrows.

"Motherf\*cker, who do you think you are! It's your great fortune that I happen to like your blade, but you actually have the cheek to demand holy coins from me!" The alien race disciple walked out from the shop while cursing, glaring fiercely at the injured man. There were more than a dozen servants behind him.

From the alien race disciple's attire, he was likely a direct descendent of a big family in the Yang City.

Although Huang Xiaolong didn't know the details, he could guess more or less, judging from his curses.

"Punk, what're you looking at?!" The alien race disciple was displeased after noticing Huang Xiaolong, a human, standing there looking at him in a silly manner. He pointed at Huang Xiaolong and barked, "Roll the f\*ck off! Or I'll dig out your eyes!"

"Remember, roll, not walk, if you dare to walk, I'll break your legs, so that you'll never walk again in your life!"

#### **Chapter 2576: I'm Going to Twist Your Head Off!**

Other alien races' experts on the streets stopped to watch with gloating expressions when they heard the alien race disciple ordering Huang Xiaolong to roll away, if Huang Xiaolong dared to walk, he would break Huang Xiaolong's legs.

"This kid's really unlucky. It seems he's new to the city. He doesn't recognize the Mysterious Ice Race's Young Master Yan San, to actually stand there and stare with a silly face. He doesn't know that Young Master Yan San loathes humans?"

"What do you guys think, is that kid going to roll?"

"What else can he do? If he refuses, his legs would definitely be crippled by Young Master Yan San in a way that cannot be healed for a lifetime. The third Young Master always does as he says. Not to mention, that kid might suffer more than just having his legs broken!"

Other alien race passersby pointed their fingers at Huang Xiaolong as they gossiped away.

But Huang Xiaolong continued to look at that so-called Mysterious Ice Race's Young Master Yan San and said, "There aren't many people in this world who can break my legs, or at least, you're not among them."

"Now, roll to my feet, kowtow, and kowtow again, three times in all. I can spare your life, or I will twist down your head! Remember, you're going to roll over to my feet, not those servants behind you!"

Huang Xiaolong's lukewarm voice rang clearly in everyone's ears, rendering them dumbfounded.

Has this kid gone mad?

“Really, this kid has just arrived at Yang City since he actually spoke to Young Master Yan San like that. He’s dead for sure now! Young Master Yan San won’t merely break his legs now, but he’s going to kill that kid using the cruelest method!”

“I gather, that kid must be some small sect’s disciple... Does he think that he has a sect as his backing, and that the sect’s experts would protect him? Last time, a Spring Autumn Sect’s human race disciple ran rampant in Yang City relying on the experts in the sect, but in the end, he was beaten to death by Young Master Yan San. His corpse was thrown out of the city to be fed to the dogs. That Spring Autumn Sect didn’t even dare to let out a fart.”

All the alien race experts watching this, shook their heads.

The human race expert, who was kicked out of the shop by Young Master Yan San for his blade, moved far away from Huang Xiaolong, and looked at Huang Xiaolong with sympathetic gaze.

Young Master Yan San laughed wantonly despite his ferocious gaze on Huang Xiaolong. “Interesting, interesting indeed! Today, I’ve come across a hybrid human dog that has the guts to speak to me like this. How many years has it been since this last happened? Interesting, really interesting!”

“Punk, I’ve decided to have you die without a complete corpse!”

“But before you die, I will...!” Yan San was immersed in his own excitement to share how he was going to torture Huang Xiaolong later, when suddenly, Huang Xiaolong reached out, and before Yan San reacted, Huang Xiaolong was strangling his neck with one hand.

Huang Xiaolong slowly tightened his fingers. Yan San felt his throat being clamped by a terrifying force that he could hardly breathe, and his eyeballs protruded due to pressure and disbelief as he stared at Huang Xiaolong. He couldn’t believe this hybrid dog of a human dared to strangle him, making him feel so much pain!

“You—!” He spat with much difficulty, but that was all he could muster.

The spectating alien race experts and Mysterious Ice Race’s disciples only reacted at this time.

“You, damn, lowly slave. You dare to hurt Young Master Yan San. If Young Master Yan San loses a hair on his head, your entire family will be slaughtered!”

“Quickly let Young Master Yan San go then commit suicide to atone for your crime!”

The dozen of Mysterious Ice Race disciples shouted menacingly. In their opinions, Huang Xiaolong’s action was unforgivable as he had dared to lay his hands on Young Master Yan San’s neck even though being a human brat!

This was a crime that could only be pacified by the annihilation of a whole sect or clan!

The Mysterious Ice Race disciples rushed towards Huang Xiaolong, ready to attack. As for how Huang Xiaolong had managed to capture Yan San by the neck just now was not within their considerations at the moment.

But these disciples barely reached Huang Xiaolong when a black arm appeared from the side, aimed straight at the dozen of disciples.

In these Mysterious Ice Race disciple's eyes, this giant black arm cast a shadow over the sky, dominating everything in their sights. In their eyes, this giant black arm was the sky and the land.

They could not even think of resisting. When the black palm fell on them, shock and despair filled their hearts.

To them, Hei Luo's palm was the giant palm of terror, overcasting the sky, but in the eyes of the surrounding spectating experts, Hei Luo was merely reaching out with his arm as his fingers were gripped into a fist, capturing the dozen of Mysterious Ice Race's disciples.

In the next second, despite the incredulous expressions all around, Hei Luo's fist tightened, and the dozen of Mysterious Ice Race's disciples exploded.

A dozen of Mysterious Ice Race's disciples being squashed to their deaths simultaneously, created quite a big movement.

Yan San felt as if someone was roaring in his ears, leaving an endless buzzing noise that wouldn't go away. He stared blankly at the dozen disciples' remains, the splatters of blood and random pieces of flesh on the street... Based on the power of his family, and his identity, these dozen of Mysterious Ice Race disciples, following by his side, had the capital to be arrogant, not only in Yang City, but also the nearby continents. They had always done as they pleased, and they had everything they wanted, including women, treasures, and even holy spiritual pills.

In his scope of knowledge, no one had dared to disrespect him, and definitely no one dared to hurt him or his dozen followers.

Now, these dozen of disciples, who had been by his side, were killed by a guard, by this human race punk?!

Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong loosened his group and Yan San finally found his voice, "You, you killed my followers?!"

"That's right," Huang Xiaolong replied indifferently and added, "You can speak your last words."

Yan San was outraged. "You bast\*rd son of a human. You actually dared to kill my followers! Now you can wait for your entire clan to be annihilated by my Mysterious Ice Race!"

He had just finished spewing out his threats when Huang Xiaolong exerted force in his hand and twisted Yan San's head off his shoulders and threw it away, hanging it on one of the big buildings' main entrance.

Yan San's eyes were wide open with disbelief etched on his dead face.

"I had said to speak your last words." Huang Xiaolong pitied Yan San, and then left with Hei Luo without another glance at the crowd.

The alien race experts looked at Yan San's head hanging on the building's main entrance with a dumbfounded expression.

"Young Master Yan San's... dead?!"

"It seems so...?!" Another alien race expert answered dazedly.

After a moment of delayed reaction, the crowd exploded in a furor.

"Young Master Yan San's dead! He was killed by a human. This is explosive news! The whole of Yang City will be in turmoil!"

"The Mysterious Ice Race's wrath would probably be vented on the human race in Yang City, and maybe it will even implicate the entire continent's humans!"

"Who is that human? Which sect or family that fool belongs to? Is he really tired of living? It's fine if he dies, but why drag down his family and sect?!"

Heated discussions could be heard everywhere.

The human race expert, who was kicked out of the shop by Yan San, looked at Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo as they walked away, and a complicated expression formed on his face. In the end, he hurried off after Huang Xiaolong.

"This Lord, this must be your first time in Hong Zhen Holy Grounds' Yang City. You must be unaware of the Mysterious Ice Race's power and status in Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. You better get out of the city as soon as possible, better yet, leave the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds' territory."

#### **Chapter 2577: Mysterious Ice Race's Eminent Elder**

After listening to this human race expert's kind reminder, Huang Xiaolong smiled casually, and asked in return, "Is this holy ground called Hong Zhen Holy Grounds?"

The human race expert blanked for a second before nodding his head. "Yes, it's the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds." As if he was afraid that Huang Xiaolong didn't believe him, he added, "The Mysterious Ice Race is one of the three largest races in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. In Yang City and this First Heaven Continent, the Mysterious Ice Race is the most powerful force. In the whole First Heaven Continent and Yang City, the Mysterious Ice Race is supreme existence. You better run quickly, or it'll be too late!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head as he listened, smiling faintly. "I know. The Hong Zhen Holy Grounds is considered as part of which domain?"

Which domain? The human race expert blanked for a second. He had obviously not expected Huang Xiaolong to ask such a question.

Then his expression froze as he wondered, 'Could it be that this person does not belong to the same domain? Does he hail from another domain?'

The size of one domain could be described as vast, and very rarely a human expert would cross from one domain into another. Not to mention, it was extremely inconvenient for humans to move around in the Alien Lands because of their identity. If they wanted to cross to another domain, it required approval from the holy ground's patriarch, and they had to pay a very high traveling fee.

"This is the Dissociation Domina," the human race expert answered truthfully, "The Hong Zhen Holy Grounds is located at the north edge of the domain, close to the ancient battlefield. It is only a short distance to the ancient battlefield."

“Dissociation Domain,” Huang Xiaolong repeated to himself. Before setting off to the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong had inquired about the Alien Lands to his four masters. Hence, he had a rough knowledge about some domains. There were six domains close to the ancient battlefield, and one of them was the Dissociation Domain.

The Dissociation Domain was not considered a big domain, but it was not small either, and it had roughly three hundred plus holy grounds. In the Alien Lands’ smaller domains, there were only four to five holy grounds, and there were also some small domains with only one holy ground.

Then again, Huang Xiaolong only had the simplest knowledge about the Alien Lands, so he certainly did not know the more complex connections within the Dissociation Domain, except for the fact that the largest alien race in this domain was called the Dragon King Race. However, the Dragon King Race was not one of the royal families, but merely a big race.

Huang Xiaolong continued to extract information related to the Dissociation Domain and Hong Zhen Holy Grounds from the human race expert.

In truth, the human race expert didn’t know much about the Dissociation Domain, but he was quite familiar with the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds because he was part of the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds’ human race force called Zhou Dynasty.

Within the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds’ territories, there were several thousand human race forces all in all, and the Zhou Dynasty was the biggest human race force in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. Then again, placed next to the giant Mysterious Ice Race, the Zhou Dynasty was only a slightly bigger ant.

“Lord, you better leave here quickly, the Mysterious Ice Race must have received news of Yan San’s death, and the race’s experts must be rushing over to capture you. You won’t make it if you don’t leave now,” the human race expert urged.

Huang Xiaolong nodded with a smile. “Don’t worry. I already said that in this world, there are very few people who can break my legs. There won’t be anyone amongst the Mysterious Ice Race who is capable of doing that.”

The human race expert was stupefied, and then shook his head, sighing heavily. Only he knew whether he was sighing because of Huang Xiaolong or other things.

In the end, he cupped his fists at Huang Xiaolong and bid farewell.

Before he turned to leave, Huang Xiaolong stopped him and threw an origin spiritual pill to him.

The human race expert stared dumbly at the level-seven origin spiritual pill in his hands.

“For you,” after saying that, Huang Xiaolong left with Hei Luo.

The human race expert didn’t react for a long time, until Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were out of sight, and his hand holding the spiritual origin pill trembled.

It was a level-seven origin spiritual pill, and even the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds’ patriarch did not have more than a handful origin spiritual pills of this grade!

He looked up, staring in the direction Huang Xiaolong had left.

A little down the road, Huang Xiaolong stopped a pedestrian and inquired about the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters' location, and headed there.

While Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo headed to the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters, the Mysterious Ice Race's patriarch's roar thundered inside the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters.

"Lockdown the city. No, lockdown the whole First Heaven Continent, and capture that human. Don't let him escape!" Yan Zhouhai roared, "I want him captured alive. I want to know which human race force that punk belongs to! A lowly human scum has the guts to kill a direct descendent of my race?!"

The present Mysterious Ice Race experts were trembling.

In the shortest time, the Mysterious Ice Race went out in full force.

In truth, Yan Zhouhai didn't need to waste time to lockdown the entire First Heaven Continent because Huang Xiaolong didn't plan to run at all.

Moreover, Yan Zhouhai had no idea at all that Huang Xiaolong had set the Mysterious Ice Race as a target. To better put it, Huang Xiaolong had set his sight on the whole Hong Zhen Holy Grounds as his first foothold in the Alien Lands.

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Huang Xiaolong's speed was moderate.

Before he arrived at the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters, he was tightly encircled by Mysterious Ice Race's experts.

Mysterious Ice Race's experts were surrounding Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo from all directions on the street, and rows after rows of them were completely blocking the sky as well.

Slightly further down was a crowd of Yang City's alien races' experts.

The Mysterious Ice Race's Yan San was killed and the news had alarmed many Yang City's experts. Hence, when the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters had sent out a large number of experts, other alien races had followed to spectate.

"Friend, do you know the strength of that human race kid?" A spectating alien race expert asked the person next to him.

Everyone who heard him, shook their heads.

"Maybe a half-True Saint?" A Ninth Order Heavenly Monarch took a guess.

"That might be right." An early Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch nodded his head in agreement, "It's a pity though. It's so difficult for a half-True Saint to come out from the human race, but he's going to die today!"

Regardless of Huang Xiaolong's strength, in these alien races' eyes, Huang Xiaolong's death was written in stone for offending the Mysterious Ice Race.

Just half-True Saints sent out by the Mysterious Ice Race experts were more than a hundred people!

“He’s from another holy ground, but then again, only those from other holy grounds would be so foolish as to offend the Mysterious Ice Race.” A late-Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch watched with glee. “I’m waiting to see how he’s going to be flayed and skinned by the Mysterious Ice Race.”

These alien races’ experts could hardly be blamed for assuming that Huang Xiaolong was just a half-True Saint. After all, in the Dissociation Domain, there were only a handful of human race True Saint experts. Clearly, Huang Xiaolong was not one of them.

Right at this time, an old man clad in the Mysterious Ice Race’s Eminent Elder robe sped towards them from the horizon.

When this old man appeared, the scene stirred.

“The Mysterious Ice Race’s Eminent Elder Yan Guan came out personally!”

“Yan San is Eminent Elder Yan Guan’s grandson, therefore, it’s not strange that Eminent Elder Yan Guan wants to deal with this matter himself.”

Yan Guan is a Sixth Tribulation half-True Saint!

Although a Sixth Tribulation half-True Saint was weaker than Seventh Tribulation half-True Saint, Yan Guan’s reputation was louder than many Seventh Tribulation half-True Saints. There was a rumor that Yan Guan had leap-frogged to challenge an early Seventh Tribulation half-True Saint and won.

As the crowd stirred due to Yan Guan’s arrival, the Mysterious Ice Race’s experts, who were surrounding Huang Xiaolong, opened a wide path, allowing Yan Guanto to walk through.

Yan Guan looked at Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo with a cold and condescending gaze. “A lowly human race slave actually dares to kill my grandson?! You will pay miserably for this! But don’t worry, you can still live for sometime.”

By the time he finished, he had already reached out to grab Huang Xiaolong.

### **Chapter 2578: Suppress and Kill**

“Eminent Elder Yan Guan,” a middle-aged man behind Yan Guan greeted respectfully and said, “He is merely a lowly human race brat. You don’t need to dirty your hands to capture him. I am enough to restrain him.”

The middle-aged man was also an Eminent Elder in the Mysterious Ice Race, but his status was much lower than Yan Guan in comparison, as he was one of the junior disciples under Yan Guan. His strength was at late-Second Tribulation half-True Saint.

Yan Guan shook his head and refused, “There is no need for that. I want to deal with him myself. How else would the hatred in my heart be vented?”

Huang Xiaolong had killed his grandson Yan San, so he wanted to capture Huang Xiaolong personally. Naturally, he didn’t want merely to capture Huang Xiaolong, but use some method to torture him and make him feel that death was better than living.

The middle-aged man understood Yan Guan’s meaning. Thus he retreated respectfully.

Yan Guan looked at Huang Xiaolong coldly as his hand reached out. In an instant, lightning crackled in the high air. Terrifying lightning spread out in an instant, covering the entire Yang City.

Sensing Yan Guan's terrifying power, Yang City's various forces' experts looked solemn.

"So strong! This is the Mysterious Ice Race's holy martial art, the Storm Bringer's Demise!"

"The Storm Bringer's Demise was created by the Storm Holy Emperor because the Mysterious Ice Race's Old Patriarch had shown kindness to him. The Storm Holy Emperor had given this holy martial art to the Mysterious Ice Race's Old Patriarch to express his gratitude!"

The information spread through the crowd, and it stirred ripples of shock and envy.

The lure of a holy martial art was enough to make experts of Hong Zhen Holy Grounds' experts to raise a bloody battle for it.

When the lightning gathering in the air reached an extreme degree, Yan Guan said to Huang Xiaolong, "Punk, I'll kill your black ghost servant first, and then deal with you!" With that said, his palms struck at Hei Luo with majestic momentum.

In the same instant, every streak of lightning gathering above Yang City seemed to have found an outlet, and rushed towards Hei Luo with a vengeance.

As Hei Luo saw that he was about to 'suffer' a devastating blow from the lightning, he opened his mouth and the vigorous river of lightning was sucked into his body, disappearing without a trace.

Everyone watching was flabbergasted.

Hei Luo raised his conspicuous dark arm and captured Yan Guan, who was standing in the air in one swoop. Then he directly threw Yan Guan into his mouth—one chomp and a gulp, and Yan Guan disappeared like the earlier lightning.

"WHAT?!"

The experts all around couldn't believe their eyes.

"This, this, isn't real, right?!" The half-True Saint, who had commented that Huang Xiaolong might be a Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch, was utterly dumbfounded after witnessing that sight. His body was quivering nonstop as his gaze fell on Hei Luo, as if Yan Guan's lightning strike had fallen on him instead.

Not only him, but all the alien race experts and disciples on the scene were flabbergasted. Even the middle-aged Mysterious Ice Race's Eminent Elder, who had volunteered to deal with Huang Xiaolong, broke out in cold sweat.

Yan Guan was a Sixth Tribulation half-True Saint, who had a record of defeating Seventh Tribulation half-True Saint, but he was devoured in the blink of an eye.

The alien race's experts stared at Hei Luo's stomach, praying for a miracle, hoping to see Yan Guan break out from Hei Luo's stomach.

Huang Xiaolong ignored these people and a suction force from his palm pulled the middle-aged Eminent Elder towards him.



The middle-aged man ashened when he felt a powerful force tightening around him.

“I am not very clear where your Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters is located, so you will bring me there,” Huang Xiaolong stated.

Huang Xiaolong’s voice sounded like an inviolable command that the middle-aged man quickly nodded his head, and respectfully complied.

With the middle-aged man guiding the way in front, they headed to the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters.

Seeing this, other Mysterious Ice Race’s experts and disciples exchanged silent glances. Then again, no one dared to make a move to attack Huang Xiaolong at this point.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo walked past the rows of Mysterious Ice Race’s experts and disciples.

While Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo headed to the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters, an elder ran into the great hall in a panic and reported to Yan Zhouhai, as well as present Eminent Elders that Yan Guan was killed.

“What?!! Eminent Elder Yan Guan’s dead?!!!!” Yan Zhouhai and the present Eminent Elders were absolutely shocked.

“Ac-actually, he was swallowed into the stomach!” The elder clarified.

“Swall-swallowed?” Yan Zhuhai and the rest were agape with shock, and their reactions were a beat late.

Subsequently, the elder recounted what had happened to Yan Zhouhai and the others in a trembling voice.

In fact, there was nothing much to tell. Yan Guan had executed the Storm Bringer's Demise to attack Hei Luo, but he was swallowed by Hei Luo instead. After that Yan Guan was also swallowed by Hei Luo.

The process was simple, but it sent a chill through Yan Zhuohai’s and the others’ hearts. Yan Guan was an existence comparable to a Seventh Tribulation half-True Saint, but he was swallowed by Hei Luo without any power, or a chance to resist. What did this mean?

“That human race expert and that black ghost guard couldn’t be True Saint Realm experts, right?” An Eminent Elder asked in a trembling voice.

True Saint Realm!

This was a noun with heavy meaning.

People in the great hall exchanged glances, but none of them uttered a word, making the atmosphere feel suffocating.

“True Saint Realm is unlikely! There are a total of sixteen human race True Saints in our Dissociation Domain, and I know all of them,” Yan Zhuohai refuted.

“Even if he’s not a human race True Saint, that black ghost guard of his is likely to be a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint, otherwise, how can he be so strong? Why don’t we invite the Old Patriarch out from seclusion?” Eminent Elder Yan Shan suggested solemnly.

The Mysterious Ice Race’s Old Patriarch Yan Heng was similarly a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm existence.

“There is no need to invite the Old Patriarch to come out as he is only a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint. Don’t tell me that we can’t resolve a mere peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint if all of us join hands and take aid of the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation?”

Eminent Elder Yan Wanlong lashed out in anger, “Being bullied up our heads by a lowly human is the biggest humiliation of our race. He must be killed, or how else are we going to uphold our Mysterious Ice Race’s honor?!”

“Have you found out what is that punk’s background?” Yan Zhouhai asked an Eminent Elder beside him.

“Not yet, that punk should come from another holy ground, but there are over three hundred holy grounds in our Dissociation Domain. More time will be needed to investigate his background,” the Eminent Elder shook his head.

“Where are they now?” Yan Zhouhai asked the elder who ran the report.

“They caught Eminent Elder Yang Dongxun, and ordered him to guide them here. They are coming to the Central Headquarters,” the elder answered in an urgent tone.

“What?!” After hearing that Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were coming towards their Central Headquarters, it surprised everyone.

“All the better!” Eminent Elder Yan Wanlong, who had been clamoring to kill Huang Xiaolong, applauded and rose from his seat with an overwhelming murderous aura. “We can borrow the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation and kill those two scums in one strike!” He turned to Yan Zhouhai and said, “Patriarch, please issue the order!”

Yan Zhouhai hesitated, then stood up in a rush, “Alright! Activate the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation and standby to meet the enemy!”

Immediately, the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters was in a flurry of activities. Frigid cold qi soared to the sky from the Central Headquarters, filling the entire Yang City, and it even encroached the cities close to the Yang City.

Huang Xiaolong saw the frigid cold qi rising from the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters, and smiled nonchalantly. Then, taking Yan Dongxun, he and Hei Luo arrived at the Central Headquarters in one stride.

Huang Xiaolong had just appeared at the entrance, when several figures whizzed out from the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters. They were Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and other half-True Saints of the race.

## **Chapter 2579: Hong Zhen Race**

Huang Xiaolong's gaze went over the Mysterious Ice Race's lineup, finally stopping on Yan Zhouhai.

"You are the Mysterious Ice Race's Patriarch?" Huang Xiaolong spoke first.

Capturing the condescending tone in Huang Xiaolong's voice, Yan Zhouhai frowned subconsciously in displeasure. Eminent Elder Yan Wanlong's sharp, cold gaze was locked on Huang Xiaolong as he sneered, "Punk, I don't give a hoot which holy ground you come from, or which human race forces you belong to, but you will be dead before the day ends! You and that black guard of yours!"

"Patriarch, there is no need to waste time with a lowly human. Activate the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation!" another Eminent Elder clamored.

Yan Zhouhai nodded his head in agreement. With a wave of his hand, a huge and mysterious rune appeared and rose to midair.

The Eminent Elders flickered into positions immediately above the mysterious rune together with Yan Zhouhai. Each person was in charge of a position.

Subsequently, an energy bubble rose from Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the other Eminent Elders' bodies and melted into the rune. In an instant, the huge rune exploded with glaring icy light, and the rays shot to the sky. Violent waves of ice energy swept out in the four directions.

Overwhelming waves of ice-attributed energy submerged Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo in the blink of an eye, and waves upon waves splashed, like a vast cold ocean with neverending angry waves. Wherever the cold waves swept past, a layer of thick ice would appear, freezing even the air, turning its territory into a world of ice.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were completely submerged in the ice-cold waves as if they didn't even have the time or chance to escape before being turned into part of the ice world.

As Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the others continued to send their energy into the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation, the ice waves continued to spread outwards even after submerging Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo.

It wasn't until half of Yang City was sealed in ice did Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the Eminent Elders stop the grand formation's powers from spreading further.

"Haha, didn't I tell you guys that we can kill that punk and his black guard with one hit!" After seeing that the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation had swiftly sealed Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo in a world of ice, Yan Wanlong was feeling triumphant.

"The Mysterious Ice Grand Formation was given to our race by the Storm Bringer Holy Emperor, and the grand formation was personally laid out by him. Even though the grand formation can only display forty to fifty percent of its power with our strength, even a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint can't escape once he's sealed within the ice!" Another Eminent Elder chimed in excitedly.

"Unless that kid is a True Saint!"

Other Eminent Elders also added a sentence or two leisurely.

Yan Zhouhai exhaled in relief.

He had been worrying that Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo might escape because although the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation was powerful, it was strong only in comparison to other formations in Yang City and the nearby cities.

If Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo managed to escape out of bounds, then the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation's effect on them would diminish greatly.

"Patriarch, how do you want to deal with the human race punk and that black guard?" Eminent Elder Yuan Shan asked.

Yan Wanlong snorted, "I will recommend to seal off their strengths, skin them and cut off their tendons, and then throw them into a pot of hot boiling oil for a good wash. Next, throw them into the Venom Cave, and let them die under the pain of a thousand poisons. In short, let them enjoy the various punishments of our race before they can breathe their last breath!"

"After they die, hang their corpses on a pole in the square. Let's see if there is another human who dares to offend our Mysterious Ice Race!"

"That's right!"

Yan Wanlong's suggestion received a round of support from other Eminent Elders.

Yan Zhouhai also nodded his head.

Right at this time, a low cracking sound rang in the air and disturbed their jolly discussion.

"Crr-ack! Crack! Cr-aaack!"

At first, the noise was negligible, but it soon grew louder, as if the mountains were crumbling. The space and airflow quickly turned chaotic.

"This, this, how can this be?!" Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and others looked down. Their gazes simultaneously fell on Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo who were sealed in ice.

Large and tiny cracks emerged on the thick layer of ice covering the two figures.

"Hurry!" Yan Zhouhai suddenly bellowed.

His voice jolted Yan Wanlong and the rest back to their senses.

Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the rest quickly sent their energy into the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation again. Frigid ice-attributed energy roared to life, rushing to submerge Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo.

But no matter how many times the icy energy waves rushed past Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo, it was futile. The cracks on Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo's ice surface increased rapidly like a big spider web extending out.

Thunderous sounds of cracking ice echoed in the ice world.

Boom!

A second later, the power of the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation that the Mysterious Ice Race was so proud of, crumbled before their eyes.

Terrifying ice-attributed energy rebounded towards Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and those within the formation, knocking them flying in various angles. Irresistible ice-attributed energy numbed their limbs and froze their bodies as they plummeted to the ground.

“You, how could you possibly?!” Yan Zhouhai stared angrily at Huang Xiaolong, then his expression changed for the worse. “Are you a True Saint Realm?”

The Mysterious Ice Grand Formation’ sealing powers cannot be broken unless the person was a True Saint Realm expert.

“Correct,” Huang Xiaolong generously admitted.

“WHAT?!” Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the others paled upon hearing that. They could disregard a human race half-True Saint, even if he was a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint, but a True Saint expert was another matter.

“What does Sir want to do?” Yan Zhouhai’s heart tightened nervously as he asked Huang Xiaolong in a solemn voice, and he even used a polite salutation.

Huang Xiaolong did not answer, but pointed a finger in the air. Over a hundred strands of grandmist spiritual qi flew out, entering the Mysterious Ice Race’s experts’ bodies through their foreheads.

It could have been a little tasking for Huang Xiaolong to control a Ninth Heaven True Saint, but controlling Yan Zhouhai and the rest was as easy as a turn of his wrist as they didn’t get a chance to resist at all.

When Yan Zhouhai’s group was under his control, Huang Xiaolong tapped his finger in the air again, reducing Yan Wanlong, who had been clamoring to punish him with various insidious methods, into a pool of blood.

Then, Huang Xiaolong strode into the Central Headquarters, and dug out the Mysterious Ice Race’s Old Patriarch, who was in seclusion and controlled him in the same way.

With Yan Hengcheng also falling under his control, Huang Xiaolong was considered as having grasped the entire Mysterious Ice Race in his hands. From then on, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo resided at the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters.

Huang Xiaolong learned from Yan Hengcheng and Yan Zhouhai that the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds had tens of thousands of races, both large and small. The Mysterious Ice Race ranked third, and the two races ranking above them were the Soaring Snake Race and Hong Zhen Race. The Hong Zhen Race was the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds’ most powerful force.

The Hong Zhen Holy Grounds had three True Saint Realm experts, and two of them were from the Hong Zhen Race!

The third True Saint expert originated from the Soaring Snake Race. Despite being the third biggest force in Hong Zhen Holy Grounds, the disparity in force between the Mysterious Ice Race and the two other races was more than it met the eye.

As for that Hong Zhen Holy Emperor, he was a late-First Heaven True Saint.

However, Huang Xiaolong was not in a hurry to control the Soaring Snake and Hong Zhen Race because Yan Hengcheng mentioned to him that the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor was going to hold an apprenticeship ceremony not too far in the future. At that time, he would be inviting the various alien races within the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds to attend, including some of the nearby forces and holy grounds' patriarchs that had a good relationship with the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong delayed his trip to the Hong Zhen Race.

### **Chapter 2580: Princess Qing Xuan**

One month quickly went by.

In this one month, Huang Xiaolong mostly spent his days in cultivation, absorbing Cangqiong Holy Pills' medicinal energies.

Since Huang Xiaolong wanted to conquer the Alien Lands, he was bound to encounter Primal Ancestor experts, and he needed to improve his strength in the shortest time possible.

Although he could defeat all True Saint Realm experts and was invincible below the Primal Ancestor Realm, there were risks involved when facing Primal Ancestor experts.

But if he could advance to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm, he wouldn't have a problem defeating a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor, or even a Second Resurrection Primal Ancestor. It was especially true with the help of Cangqiong Blade. He could even fight against a Third Resurrection Primal Ancestor if he went all out.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong had set advancing to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm as his goal.

Huang Xiaolong distinctively felt that his strength had slightly improved during this one month of cultivation.

With three holy souls, twelve high-order Saint Fates, his Holy Mandate Imprint as well as Inextinguishable Dao Heart, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation speed was faster than any other Second Heaven True Saint by ten thousand times, or even one hundred thousand times.

It was not an exaggeration to say that a Second Heaven True Saint expert needed a million years, or even ten million years to step into Third Heaven True Saint Realm, but Huang Xiaolong could advance to Third Heaven True Saint in a hundred years, maybe less.

"One hundred years," in the yard, Huang Xiaolong mumbled to himself as his eyebrows scrunched together.

One hundred years to reach Third Heaven True Saint Realm was shockingly scary speed for other cultivators, but for Huang Xiaolong, this speed was still too slow.

If he took one hundred years to break through to the Third Heaven True Saint Realm, then wouldn't it take three to four hundred years for him to enter the Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm?

Huang Xiaolong couldn't wait three to four hundred years because the barrier separating the Alien Lands and Holy World would soon disappear temporarily in the next couple of hundred years. At that time, a large-scale war between the two sides would ensue. To prevent the heavy damages the Holy World was going to suffer, he needed to conquer the Alien Lands before that happened.

Moreover, after entering Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm in three to four hundred years, he could mostly fight at par against a Third Resurrection Primal Ancestor, and that was far from enough to conquer the Alien Lands.

Although there was no Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestor expert amongst the Alien Lands' Primal Ancestor experts, there were Fifth and Sixth Resurrection experts!

Huang Xiaolong extended his palm and a streak of blood light flew out. The Flying Heaven Blood Stele hovered above his palm, exuding a devilish blood-colored glow.

The Flying Heaven Blood Stele was related to the Alien Lands' Flying Heaven Race's royal family's secret. The Flying Heaven Race's first generation patriarch, Fei Wushuang had found the Flying Heaven Blood Stele in the depths of World River at the end of Alien Land. The stele was the key to opening Fei Wushuang's secret treasure trove. When Fei Wushuang had set out from the Alien Lands with the Flying Heaven Blood Stele, he had left a pile of all the good things he had collected through the years in one place.

Fei Wushuang's secret treasure trove did not lack holy-grade materials and grand dao treasures that he had obtained from his travels through the Alien Lands, and there were many grand dao treasures Fei Wushuang had found from the World River's depths.

Many of these holy-grade materials and grand dao treasures were beneficial to improving one's cultivation.

If Huang Xiaolong could get his hands on those treasures, he had hope of advancing to Fourth Heaven True Saint in two hundred years, and with a stroke of luck, the time could be halved.

Then again, it was easier said than done to get his hands on Fei Wushuang's secret treasure trove. The moment he arrived at the Flying Heaven Race with the Flying Heaven Blood Stele, he would be hunted down by the Flying Heaven Race's experts in order to regain the Flying Heaven Blood Stele. The Flying Heaven Race would not permit the Flying Heaven Blood Stele and Fei Wushuang's secret treasury to fall in another person's hand, much less a human.

The Flying Heaven Race's current patriarch, Fei Yanzi, was a mid-First Resurrection Primal Ancestor, therefore, before he had full confidence that he could suppress Fei Yanzi by force, Huang Xiaolong couldn't appear at the Flying Heaven Race.

Huang Xiaolong collected the Flying Heaven Blood Stele back into his body, and summoned Hei Luo. After that he walked out of the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters. He planned to stroll around Yang City's trading market to see if there was anything good that he needed.

On the way to the trading market, the conversation of the alien race experts in front of them drifted to Huang Xiaolong's ears, "I've heard that even the nearby Qing Xuan Holy Grounds' Qing Xuan Holy Emperor will be attending the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor's new disciple ceremony!"

“What?! Even Qing Xuan Holy Emperor is going to attend? Hong Zhen Holy Emperor actually managed to invite Qing Xuan Holy Emperor!”

“I swear it’s true! Not only Qing Xuan Holy Emperor will attend the ceremony, but he will also be bringing Princess Qing Xuan with him!”

After hearing that ‘Princess Qing Xuan,’ the several alien races’ experts’ eyes lit up with reverence and worship.

Huang Xiaolong’s interest was stoked hearing that.

Qing Xuan Holy Emperor?

The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor was the strongest person amongst the dozen holy grounds in the vicinity, and he was a Sixth Heaven True Saint, who was highly respected and had great prestige amongst these dozen holy grounds. Qing Xuan was also the Qing Xuan Race’s patriarch, as well as the Dissociation Domain Lord.

The beloved daughter of Qian Xuan Holy Emperor, Princess Qing Xuan, whose real name was Qing Ying, was both talented and beautiful. She had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in these dozen holy grounds. Of course, Huang Xiaolong didn’t know if she was really the most beautiful woman in the area, but he was certain that her talent was not low.

Huang Xiaolong inwardly estimated that her talent rivaled some of the Holy Heavens organisations’ inner disciples.

The Holy Heavens organisation was one of the Holy World’s top forces, and comparing someone to an inner disciple of such a powerhouse was a recognition of Qing Ying’s talent. In other words, Qing Ying was outstanding even compared to the entire Alien Lands’ disciples.

Of course, her talents were not compared to his.

‘Still, when can my godheads evolve into the top ten ranks...?’ Huang Xiaolong sighed inwardly.

Previously at the Cangqiong Holy Manor, he had devoured Li Chen and Xie Bufan. Initially, Huang Xiaolong had thought that his three holy souls could evolve into the top ten ranks after devouring them, but in the end, his three complete dao saint godheads were still hovering outside the top ten ranks.

In between, he had refined and absorbed many True Saint experts’ saint attributes, but still his three complete dao saint godheads had not rushed into the top ten ranks.

However, Huang Xiaolong had a feeling that the three complete dao saint godheads had been accumulating power all these years, and once their accumulation reached a certain point, they would evolve into the top ten ranks, or maybe even rush into the top five!

The thing was that although evolvable complete dao saint godheads represented heaven-defying talent, progress was undeniably difficult when nearing the top ten ranks.

For example, if Huang Xiaolong’s Golden Buddha Saint Godhead evolved to the fifth rank Myriad Creations Saint Godhead, no matter how many saint godheads he devoured, his complete dao saint godhead wouldn’t rise to the fourth-rank Great Immemorial Saint Godhead.



Despite being unable to evolve into the top ten ranks in a short time, as Huang Xiaolong continued to devour others' saint attributes, the powers of his three complete dao saint godheads did grow stronger albeit the slow speed. Still, each of his saint godhead did not fall far behind the fourth-ranked Great Immemorial Saint Godhead.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo arrived at Yang City's trading market.

Huang Xiaolong noticed that on this particular day, Yang City's trading market was more crowded than usual, and he even spotted several groups of alien races' experts from nearby holy grounds.

Hong Zhen Holy Emperor's apprenticeship ceremony was only a few months away. Hence, experts from various holy grounds had already started their journey to the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. Not to mention that Yang City's trading market was one of the largest trading markets in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. Therefore, it was not strange that these alien races' experts would stop by and take a look when passing by the city.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo entered the trading market area, the crowd around them stirred in excitement. Many of the alien races' disciples were swarming towards the trading market's entrance with excited expressions.

"Princess Qing Xuan is here in Yang City! I heard she's heading to the trading market here!" Some of the alien race's disciples said excitedly to their companions.

### **Chapter 2581: Purple Spider Race**

"What?! Princess Qing Xuan is here?! The number one beauty of the Dissociation Domain is here to visit our Yang City?!"

The crowd erupted in an instant as the market roared with activity.

Huang Xiaolong could feel the rising hormone level in every male creature beside him as he shook his head silently.

"It seems like the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor is really here to arrange the marriage between Princess Qing Xuan and the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor! They have to pass through our Yang City in order to get there..."

"I wonder if the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor is here?"

"It doesn't seem like it. The only person who has arrived is Princess Qing Xuan!"

The various experts started to rush towards the entrance of the market as though meeting Princess Qing Xuan was their greatest life achievement.

Huang Xiaolong was a little surprised as he hadn't expected Qing Xuan to appear at the entrance of the market.

However, the only emotion he felt was surprise. He wasn't as emotional as the disciples who rushed to the entrance in order to catch a glimpse of her.

With Hei Luo, Huang Xiaolong continued to look around.

Too bad nothing managed to catch his eye even after shopping around for a long time.

All Huang Xiaolong hoped for was to find something a little more valuable, but all they had were origin spiritual herbs or origin spiritual pills.

Even ingredients to refine holy pills couldn't be seen, and there was absolutely zero chance of finding a holy pill.

Just as he planned to return to the headquarters of the Mysterious Ice Race, something seemed to catch his eye. Finally slowing down, a gasp left his lips.

The shop he just passed had a run down exterior, and he managed to scan through everything they had with a single glance. His gaze landed on a black lump lying in the middle of the shelves.

Its appearance was extremely ugly, but it somewhat resembled a command plaque. The only thing stopping Huang Xiaolong from looking at the true appearance of the plaque was the unknown object coating it.

Despite using his three holy souls, Huang Xiaolong failed to observe the true appearance of the plaque.

Upon feeling the Holy Mandate Imprint trembling a little when he stared at the black object, he knew that it had to be something good.

When Huang Xiaolong raised his head to look at the shop's signboard, he realized that it was empty. A complicated look appeared on his face.

He was surprised, but he entered the shop along with Hei Luo.

After looking around the shop, Huang Xiaolong didn't notice the presence of a shopkeeper or a single attendant. However, a short old man emerged when he tried to pick up the black object.

The old man looked extremely disheveled and his head was bigger than that of ordinary humans. His body was tiny, and his eyes glowed, giving him a creepy look.

"Purple Spider Race!"

Huang Xiaolong identified the old man's face instantly.

The Purple Spider Race was one of the greatest races in the past. They had risen to fame extremely quickly, and they had even managed to squeeze into the ranks of the overlord races in the Alien Lands. However, their existence had started to fade after the previous war between the Holy World and the Alien Lands.

That was because the patriarch of the Purple Spider Race was the only Primal Ancestor Realm expert they had, and he was defeated by the Heavenly Master in the war. After the defeat, the Purple Spider Patriarch had suffered injuries to his Dao Heart.

According to his master, the Heavenly Master, the Purple Spider Patriarch couldn't recover if he used normal methods. He was basically crippled for the rest of his life, and the only way for him to heal was to obtain the Dao Fruit from the core of the Holy World!

The only problem was that the Dao Fruit had only appeared once in the history of the Holy World, and it was impossible for Zi Dongping to ever obtain something as precious as that.

The Purple Spider Patriarch, Zi Dongping, had seemed to disappear from the face of the earth after the battle and the decline of the Purple Spider Race was only a matter of time.

As such, Huang Xiaolong was a little 'concerned' about these fellows from the Purple Spider Race.

As soon as the old man emerged, he was shocked to see a disciple of the Human Race entering the shop along with a guard.

"I wonder what the Young Master wishes to look at...?" The old man was a little more respectful than the others when he addressed Huang Xiaolong, and he had a considerably better attitude than the other shopkeepers Huang Xiaolong ran into.

Huang Xiaolong asked by pointing at the black object, "How much is this?"

"Are you sure you wish to purchase this?!" The old man was a little shocked.

Those who inquired about the item could be counted on one hand, and he didn't expect a brat from the human race to ask the same question.

Huang Xiaolong nodded silently.

"One holy pill." The old man spoke after Huang Xiaolong confirmed his intentions.

"One holy pill?!" Huang Xiaolong sucked in a cold breath in shock.

That was the same as handing over ten holy herbs! It wasn't unexpected for Huang Xiaolong to be shocked at the price. In the entire Hong Zhen Holy Grounds, no one would be able to afford it! Even if the patriarchs of the nearby holy grounds came, they wouldn't be able to afford it all the same! The only person who would be able to purchase the black object would be the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor!"

"That's right—one holy pill. The price is non-negotiable," the old man added.

Even though he was unable to determine the identity of the black object, the old man was extremely certain that it was something good. After all, he was someone who had dabbled in the trade for many years.

"Can I use any holy pill to buy this?"

The old man nodded his head.

After a slight moment of consideration, Huang Xiaolong retrieved a black-colored pill. The number of holy pills he had on him wasn't low, and the Black Corpse Holy Pill was the lowest-graded one.

"Black Corpse Holy Pill!" The old man yelled in shock.

Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but turn to stare at the old man. It seemed as though the old man was something else. He managed to identify the pill with a single glance.

"Yeah. This is the Black Corpse Holy Pill." Huang Xiaolong tossed it over and the old man hastily reached out to grab it. He was extremely afraid of sullyng the pill, and he acted as though the pill would shatter as soon as it came into contact with the ground. However, holy pills were holy pills. Even if a half-True Saint assaulted the shop with an ordinary attack right now, the holy pill would be intact.

The old man's breathing sped up after receiving the pill.

Ignoring the other party, Huang Xiaolong reached out to grab the black object. After keeping it securely, he decided to look into it after returning.

Just as he was about to leave, the old man yelled, "Hold it right there!"

With a flash of his body, he appeared between Huang Xiaolong and the entrance.

With a placid gaze, Huang Xiaolong stared at the old man.

A creepy smile formed on the old man's face. "Young Master, do you still have more Black Corpse Holy Pills on you? You should have obtained the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's treasury, right?" A greedy glint flashed in his eyes after he spoke.

Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but chuckle softly. He stared at the old man with a mocking gaze as he responded, "That's right! I have a ton of Black Corpse Holy Pills on me. Do you want them?"

No matter how well hidden the other party's intention was, they couldn't escape Huang Xiaolong's years of experience of 'getting robbed.'

Huang Xiaolong didn't blame the old man. After all, even high-level True Saints would fight to the death trying to obtain the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's treasury.

Of course, the old man was no high-level True Saint. Huang Xiaolong could easily see through his cultivation base, and he was at best a Fifth Heaven True Saint.

For an expert at his level to open a tiny shop in a random city in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds, his motives were definitely questionable.

### **Chapter 2582: Honorary Doyen of the Mysterious Ice Race**

The old man from the Purple Spider Race widened his eyes in shock when he heard Huang Xiaolong admitting to the fact that he had obtained the Black Corpse Old Man's treasury.

He couldn't help but stare at Huang Xiaolong for an extra moment. Deep purple light flashed through his eyes, and he tried to see through Huang Xiaolong. However, no matter how he looked at it, Huang Xiaolong was only a Second Heaven True Saint.

As for Hei Luo, he didn't leak the slightest amount of holy force, and he didn't seem to have a holy soul at all. He was completely harmless in the old man's eyes.

After making sure that Huang Xiaolong's party of two were way beneath him in strength, a sinister smile formed on his face. "Little brother, don't you know that it's a crime to possess a mass amount of wealth and show off? Why don't you leave the treasury with me in case you get robbed when walking down the streets?"

"Will you protect it for free?" Huang Xiaolong chuckled.

Nodding his head quickly, the old man forced himself to put on a serious face. "Absolutely!"

A blade light flashed in Huang Xiaolong's hand in the next instant as the Cangqiong Blade appeared in his hand. "Why don't you keep the Cangqiong Blade for me too?"

"What?! Cangqiong... Cangqiong Blade?!" The old man started to shiver as the world started to spin around him.

The Cangqiong Blade belonged to the number one expert in the Holy World, the Cangqiong Old Man. Everyone knew that!

Why is the strongest dao artifact in the Holy World in the hands of the little brat before him?!

"Who are you?!" The old man screamed as he turned his body around to escape from his run-down shop.

However, a terrifying force descended upon him and even a Fifth Heaven True Saint like himself felt his body go limp!

Huang Xiaolong reached out slowly to grab the old man.

"Lord... Please! Please show mercy!" The old man turned around and saw Huang Xiaolong's closing figure, and he started to panic.

Mercy? Holy force emerged from Huang Xiaolong's palm and surged into the old man's body. After restricting the other party, Huang Xiaolong used the Grandmist Parasitic Medium to control him.

Of course, he had to scan through the other party's memories while he was at it.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong let go and allowed him to slam into the ground.

The old man was called Zi Xu, and he was a vice hall master in the Purple Spider Race! His position in the race wasn't low at all! What surprised Huang Xiaolong was the fact that Zi Dongping was currently recovering in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds!

Zi Xu wasn't the only one present. There were tons of experts from the Purple Spider Race guarding the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds, and they were spread all around the lands. The Deputy Patriarch of the Purple Spider Race, along with various hall masters and vice hall masters were hiding in the area.

"Zi Dongping is in the restricted region of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate!" Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself as complicated light flashed in his eyes.

With his current strength, even if he had the assistance of the Cangqiong Blade, it would be difficult to suppress a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor even with Hei Luo's help. However, Zi Dongping was heavily injured!

A series of plans formed in Huang Xiaolong's head.

Before heading into the forbidden region of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate, Huang Xiaolong planned to pay a visit to the various experts of the Purple Spider Race, including their deputy patriarch and grand hall master!

Both of them were located pretty close to the Yang City, and one of them was in the First Heaven Continent not too far from Huang Xiaolong! It would take him an hour to fly over.

As for the other, he would only need three days to make a round trip over.

After he was done, he planned to look for the other experts of the Purple Spider Race.

Soon, Zi Xu followed behind Hei Luo and Huang Xiaolong respectfully as they continued to walk around the market.

Not too long after they arrived at the entrance, they saw a well-endowed lady heading towards them under the escort of countless male disciples.

From the looks of it, she was the Princess Qing Xuan everyone was talking about.

Very quickly, the giant group arrived less than a hundred meters away from Huang Xiaolong.

As the daughter of the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, she could be considered a proud daughter of the heavens. The number of guards around her didn't number a few, and their expressions fell when they noticed Huang Xiaolong's trio standing in their way.

One had to know that even disciples of the super families had to move when Princess Qing Xuan wanted to cross the square.

Right now, a mere disciple of the human race dared to block their princess' path!

He was definitely tired of living!

"How dare you lowlife of the human race not make way when you see Princess Qing Xuan?! Move aside and kneel until Her Highness is satisfied!" One of the guards pointed at Huang Xiaolong and yelled.

As soon as he spoke, the whip in his hand swung over.

Too bad a light flashed in Huang Xiaolong's eyes before the whip could make contact with him. The guard was sent flying as he slammed into god knew how many disciples of the Alien Lands behind him.

Miserable screams filled the air.

Everyone stared at Huang Xiaolong in shock.

No one had expected for a Human to stand in Princess Qing Xuan's way. Not paying his respects was one thing, but he also dared to make a move on the princess' guards!

Princess Qing Xuan was stunned as well. She glanced at the guard, who was flung into the crowd, and a frown formed on her face. Even though he wasn't dead yet, his meridians were shattered, and he was nothing more than a cripple.

Rage welled up in her heart as no one had ever dared to go against her wishes. Everyone gave in to her, and she had never experienced the slightest shred of disrespect. However, a human race b\*stard had dared to cripple a squad leader in front of her!

"It's him! This is the kid whose bodyguard devoured Eminent Elder Yan Guan a month ago!" Someone finally recognized Huang Xiaolong and yelled.

"That's right! That's the kid! After entering the headquarters of the Mysterious Ice Race, the old patriarch, Yan Heng, made him an honorary Eminent Elder!"

“That’s him! Why else would he be able to enter the Mysterious Ice Race as he wishes?”

The disciples around broke out into discussions all of a sudden.

In the past, the Mysterious Ice Race had opened their grand formation when Huang Xiaolong had made his way over, and they had alerted everyone. Since the result of the battle wasn’t made public, everyone could only use their imaginations to think of the outcome.

Since Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo could enter the Mysterious Ice Race as they wished, there were tons of people who felt that Huang Xiaolong was the final victor of the battle.

Moreover, Old Patriarch Yan Heng had made a personal appearance to appoint Huang Xiaolong as an Honorary Eminent Elder. Anyone with half a brain could think of the outcome of the battle.

### **Chapter 2583: Stop Right There!**

Qing Ying and her guards didn’t know what to do for a moment.

“Mysterious Ice Race? Honorary Eminent Elder?!” Princess Qing Ying stared at Huang Xiaolong in stunned silence.

She had a little knowledge on the Mysterious Ice Race of the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds.

As the daughter of the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, she looked into every noteworthy power in the various holy grounds around her. The Mysterious Ice Race was pretty powerful. Even though they had no True Saint, they had more than a hundred half-True Saints. With that fact alone, no one could look down on them. Moreover, it was said that the relationship between Old Patriarch Yan Heng and the Storm Bringer Holy Emperor was pretty good.

The Storm Bringer Holy Emperor was a legend in the Dissociation Domain. He had cultivated for less than a million years before entering the Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm. Even her father, the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, had to show some respect to the Storm Bringer Holy Emperor. From what she had heard, the Storm Bringer Holy Emperor had the potential to surpass her father by entering the high-level True Saint Realm.

That meant that he could enter the Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm!

In the Dissociation Domain, experts in the Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm could be counted on one hand!

As such, her father had passed down strict orders to avoid messing with the Storm Bringer Holy Emperor.

“Hehe, no wonder a mere human race trash dares to attack Princess Qing Ying’s guard. He’s just a piece of sh\*t borrowing the name of the Mysterious Ice Race!” One of the purple-robed young men beside Princess Qing Ying snarled. There was a diagram of a soaring serpent embroidered on his robes.

Soaring Serpent Race! He was part of the second strongest race in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds!

The young man happened to be a core disciple of the Soaring Serpent Race, and he was a nephew of the current patriarch.

In the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds, the Soaring Serpent Race had serious beef with the Mysterious Ice Race. The only reason they hadn't launched an all-out attack to exterminate the Mysterious Ice Race was because of the Storm Bringer Holy Emperor.

Now that he learned of Huang Xiaolong's identity as an honorary Eminent Elder, he was extremely displeased.

What the f\*ck... I am not able to touch the Mysterious Ice Race, but how can I not deal with a mere honorary Eminent Elder?

"Brat, a dog like you must be blind! Who do you think you are? Do you really think you're some type of big shot now that you have the Mysterious Ice Race behind you?" Teng Baining swung his whip at Huang Xiaolong. "Why are you still standing there? Kneel and apologize to Princess Qing Ying!"

Not only would he be able to vent his anger on this human race kid, but he could also leave a good impression on Princess Qing Ying by teaching Huang Xiaolong a lesson!

Even though he knew that Huang Xiaolong was definitely someone strong with his status as an honorary Eminent Elder of the Mysterious Ice Race, he didn't care too much. After all, he was the most talented disciple in the Soaring Serpent Race. He was already at the peak of the Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, and someone with Huang Xiaolong's age would definitely be weaker than him! Or so he thought...

Of course, the whip in his hands was no ordinary weapon. It was a peak-grade pseudo holy artifact.

Turning into an ice dragon, the whip shot towards Huang Xiaolong. It possessed incredible strength and the guards behind Princess Qing Ying widened their eyes in shock.

"The human race brat is dead now! He actually offended Young Master Teng Baining!" Some alien race disciple screamed.

"Even though the brat seems strong, Young Master Teng Baining is one of the five strongest experts under the True Saint Realm! His whip is the strongest pseudo holy artifact and there's no way that kid can take a single strike!"

Everyone broke out into discussion.

No one felt that Huang Xiaolong would be able to escape unscathed from the attack.

Teng Baining was one of the five strongest experts under the True Saint Realm, and even First Heaven True Saints wouldn't be able to stand up to him!

It was an impressive feat for a Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint to kill a First Heaven True Saint!

After seeing that Teng Baining was about to make a move, Princess Qing Ying stared at Huang Xiaolong coldly. There wasn't a trace of pity in her eyes. After all, he was a mere Eminent Elder of the Mysterious Ice Race. If he died, nothing would happen to her. It wouldn't matter if he told the Storm Bringer Holy Emperor. After all, an honorary Eminent Elder was a nobody.

As everyone continued watching, the whip arrived above Huang Xiaolong's head.



Not moving too much, Huang Xiaolong merely pointed at the space above him.

Seemingly passing through ten billion years of aging, the whip started turning to dust. However, Teng Baining's arm wasn't spared either as it started to crumble.

His body, head, and legs turned into gray-colored ash as a breeze scattered whatever remained of him into the wind. Under the illumination of the sun, he painted a sorry picture through the void.

Everyone stared in disbelief at the gray ash floating in the wind.

Silence descended on the lands and Princess Qing Ying's shrill scream pierced through the air.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

Her scream brought everyone back to reality.

Everyone started to panic as fear gripped their hearts.

All of a sudden, an old expert appeared beside Princess Qing Ying and he stared at Huang Xiaolong with an expression of trepidation.

The old man was definitely a True Saint Realm expert sent by the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor to protect her.

After all, Qing Ying was his daughter. The True Saint Realm expert had been given strict orders to protect Qing Ying's life at all costs, and he would only appear when her life was in immediate danger.

Princess Qing Ying was scared silly, and the blood drained from her face. It was no wonder she was scared. After all, Teng Baining had turned into a pile of dust beside her. He didn't even die with a complete corpse! She wasn't prepared to experience something like that.

No matter how prestigious her status and how much of the world she had seen, she had never expected for a Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint to turn into dust beside her.

Ignoring the fearful expression on their faces, Huang Xiaolong made his way towards Princess Qing Ying.

"Young Lord, please stop!" The True Saint Realm expert could only suppress the fear in his heart and do his job. With a sword appearing in his hand, he pointed it at Huang Xiaolong.

"Take her away right now. Don't stand in my way."

Everyone, who had felt that Huang Xiaolong's actions were shocking, frowned when they heard what he said.

"How dare you! You're a weakling from the human race! How dare you make Princess Qing Ying get out of your way?" Another guard screamed at Huang Xiaolong. "Even if you're a True Saint Realm expert, you can't talk to our Princess this way!"

The guard wasn't b\*llsh\*tting. In the Dissociation Domain, low-level True Saints had to bow respectfully when they saw Princess Qing Ying. Since Huang Xiaolong was a human race expert, his status was even lower.

Princess Qing Xuan was not just the daughter of the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, but her status was bestowed upon her by the Lord of the Dissociation Domain!

Footnote: Princess Qing Xuan (title), real name, Qing Ying, to avoid confusion with her father, Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, from hereon, we will use Princess Qing Ying.



### **Chapter 2584: Magnanimous Invitation**

Glancing at the person who spoke, Huang Xiaolong flicked a single finger before popping the head of the man. Another peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint died just like that.

Everyone's expression changed.

No one had expected Huang Xiaolong to kill the guards around Princess Qing Ying one after another.&nbsp;

Even the True Saint Realm expert felt his heart sinking.

"Those who block my way will die!" Huang Xiaolong casually declared as he continued on his way forward with Hei Luo.

"You should think of the consequences your actions will bring..." the True Saint Realm expert beside Princess Qing Ying growled.

He was clearly threatening the man himself.

Those who dared to go against the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor in the Dissociation Domain numbered a few, and anyone would think twice before making their move.

Instead of speaking, Huang Xiaolong casually pointed at the old man. As if he was struck by a terrifying blow, he was flung backwards, and he crashed through god knows how many walls before stopping. The holy artifact armor he was wearing on his body cracked and a giant dent formed on the chest piece.

"What?!" Princess Qing Ying and the other guards around her screamed in shock.

The disciples from the other factions might not have known that the old man was a True Saint, but Princess Qing Ying and the guards were extremely clear about the old man's strength. He was a mid-First Heaven True Saint!

Someone like that was sent flying with a casually pointed finger from Huang Xiaolong!

Under their shocked gazes, Huang Xiaolong arrived before them.

Despite releasing no aura, the entire group of people retreated to the side in order to let him pass. Since the princess herself had already made way, the guards no longer dared to stand in Huang Xiaolong's path.

The disciples from the other factions ran away in fright.

In an instant, the bustling street turned into a deserted alleyway.

When Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo finally left, the various disciples trembled in their shoes, unwilling to return to the street.

Only after a long time did Princess Qing Ying return to the middle of the street. The arrogant expression on her face was no longer there, and there was a trace of rage burning in her heart. How can I, a princess of the Dissociation Domain, be forced to give way to a b\*stard of the human race?

“Preposterous!” Princess Qing Ying raged.

Everyone trembled in fear when they felt the smoldering rage in Princess Qing Ying’s heart.

“Princess...,” the True Saint, who was sent flying by Huang Xiaolong, finally returned. “We should leave soon...”

A chilly light flashed in her eyes. “Track him down! Find out the relationship between him and the Mysterious Ice Race!”

She would probably explode from anger if she didn’t vent her rage on him.

“Princess, this man isn’t a simple character...” the True Saint hesitated for a moment before persuading, “His combat strength should be in the mid-level True Saint Realm, and he doesn’t seem like someone from our Dissociation Domain.”

“He’s just a mere Fourth Heaven True Saint! Even if he’s not from the Dissociation Domain, it doesn’t matter! My title is given to me by the Lord of the Dissociation Domain!”

...

Huang Xiaolong’s deed of killing Teng Baining soon shook the lands.

A month ago, Huang Xiaolong had killed an Eminent Elder of the Mysterious Ice Race, Yan Guan. He had also caused the Yang City to tremble when the news had started to spread. However, that was different. Only the city was affected.

Now, the entire Hong Zhen Holy Grounds was affected.

“Teng Baining, the nephew of the current patriarch of the Teng Family, was killed by an honorary Eminent Elder of the Mysterious Ice Race?! The other party was a human?!”

“I’ve heard that that human killed Princess Qing Ying’s guards. He even heavily injured Senior Chen Shen!”

“Senior Chen Shen?! Isn’t he a True Saint? How can the Mysterious Ice Race afford to hire a True Saint to be their honorary Eminent Elder?!”

The Hong Zhen Holy Grounds erupted when they heard of Huang Xiaolong’s feats.

Teng Baining was the disciple with the best talent in the Soaring Serpent Race! He was also one of the strongest experts under the True Saint Realm in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. He could be said to be a legend, but today, he was killed by an outsider!

Waves were raised in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds.

“How dare a mere human kill my disciple?! He even dared to disrespect Princess Qing Ying! He deserves to die!”

As the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds raged, various experts wanted to form an alliance to hunt Huang Xiaolong down.

...

In the headquarters of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate.

Teng Yan turned to the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor and said, “Brother Hong Zhen, a b\*stard from the human race dared to kill my disciple! He killed my race’s young patriarch. This is an insult to my entire race! He doesn’t care about the rules in your Hong Zhen Holy Grounds, so brother Hong Zhen has to uphold justice for me!”

The Hong Zhen Holy Emperor nodded. “Brother Teng, you can rest at ease. I will definitely deal with this!” His eyes narrowed and he continued, “The other party managed to injure Chen Shen with a single move! We can’t underestimate his strength. In order to take revenge, we will have to come up with proper plans...”

“Brother Hong Zhen, how do you plan to do this?”

“My apprenticeship ceremony is coming up soon. Lord Qing Xuan will definitely turn up for it!” A weird light flashed in the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor’s eyes, and he continued, “The Mysterious Ice Race will also be present during the ceremony...”

“What if the honorary Eminent Elder from the Mysterious Ice Race fails to show up?”

“You don’t have to worry about that. He will definitely appear,” the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor snorted.

In the blink of an eye, several months passed.

Huang Xiaolong moved according to his plan. Ever since the incident, he went over to pay a visit to the deputy patriarch of the Purple Spider Race, and various other hall masters.&nbsp;

Other than Zi Dongping from the Purple Spider Race, every single expert fell under Huang Xiaolong’s control.&nbsp;

Of course, he noticed the little tricks Princess Qing Ying, the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor, and the others played during that period of time. The only reason he hadn’t exterminated them was because he was too lazy.

He also couldn’t be bothered with the spies surrounding the Mysterious Ice Race that were sent by the Soaring Serpent Race.

One fine day, the old patriarch of the Mysterious Ice Race entered the courtyard and cupped his fists at Huang Xiaolong. He spoke about the appearance of an envoy from the Hong Zhen Holy Gate, inviting him to take part in the apprenticeship ceremony being held soon.

“Since they’re so magnanimous, we shall accept the invitation!”

Bowing to acknowledge Huang Xiaolong’s order, Yan Heng retreated from the courtyard.

With the invitation in hand, Huang Xiaolong headed over to the Hong Zhen Holy Gate to attend the apprenticeship ceremony with the members of the Mysterious Ice Race in tow.

Other than those from the Mysterious Ice Race, there were two other unknown experts following behind Huang Xiaolong. They were the deputy patriarch of the Purple Spider Race and the grand hall master. With cultivation bases in the peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm and late-Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm respectively, they were a force to be reckoned with.

As soon as the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor received news of Huang Xiaolong's departure from the Mysterious Ice Race, a smile formed on his face. "That brat is on his way here!"

Teng Yan felt a wave of relief wash over him as the smile on his face grew brighter. "What about Lord Qing Xuan?"

"Lord Qing Xuan is rushing over as we speak. Not only is Lord Qing Xuan coming, the various enforcers of the Dissociation Domain are also coming along with him!" the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor chuckled happily.

### **Chapter 2585: What Do You Plan To Do Now?**

"What?! The enforcers from the Dissociation City are coming?" Teng Yan was shocked, but joy soon overwhelmed him.

"That's right! Lord Qing Xuan said so in his letter." The Hong Zhen Holy Emperor was also someone who anticipated their arrival. "I didn't think that the enforcers of the Dissociation Domain would attend my ceremony!"

A domain lord had countless holy grounds under his command and there were tons of alien races to do his bidding.&nbsp;

When the domain lord wasn't around, the vice lord and the enforcers would be there to deal with the other matters, and all of them were people, holy emperors like him wouldn't be able to meet even if they tried.

Now, they were personally heading over to attend his apprenticeship ceremony! One could only imagine how excited he was!

"It seems like we will have to thank the human race brat..." Teng Yan chuckled.

Naturally, they weren't there to congratulate the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor. They were there to stick up for Princess Qing Ying.

"The domain lord really loves Princess Qing Ying..." the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor sighed. Just because she suffered a little grievance, he sent over several enforcers to the Hong Zhen Holy Gate.

Teng Yan nodded in response. "With Princess Qing Ying's talent, she'll definitely be able to enter the Otherworldly Mansion soon..."

The Otherworldly Mansion was the number one divine manor in the Alien Lands!&nbsp;

The Otherworldly Mansion wasn't an alien race by themselves, but it was an organization formed by several royal races in the Alien Lands. Only disciples who were extremely talented had the ability to enter the Otherworldly Mansion.

There was a catch when it came to entering the mansion. If one wasn't part of the royal races, their test to enter the organization would increase in difficulty by manyfolds.

If one could really enter the Otherworldly Mansion, they would receive endless honor and recognition. The status of the students in the Otherworldly Mansion was like the inner disciples of the Holy Heavens!

"With the enforcers from the Dissociation Domain and Lord Qing Xuan, the brat is as good as dead!" the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor sneered.

Teng Yan nodded like a chicken pecking on rice.

Along with the approaching ceremony, experts from the various superpowers started to show up. The Hong Zhen Holy Gate started to bustle with activity as an endless stream of people went up to congratulate the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor. Their enthusiasm had a lot to do with the appearance of the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, and the scale was extremely large.

Compared to the time Huang Xiaolong was accepted into the Holy Heavens, the celebrations held in the Alien Lands were several times grander!

Moreover, the enforcers of the Dissociation Domain had come in secret, and their presence wasn't revealed to the outside world. Otherwise, the number of people who turned up would increase by several folds. Even the holy emperors of other domains would show up!

Under the leadership of the special envoy from the Hong Zhen Holy Gate, Huang Xiaolong arrived at their headquarters. The number of people present could no longer be counted, as the mountain peaks around the Hong Zhen Holy Gate were filled to the brim.

The scale of the apprenticeship ceremony had exceeded Huang Xiaolong's expectations!

"Lord Huang, our lord, the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor, has already prepared a grand ceremony for you," the envoy spoke to Huang Xiaolong, "Let's hurry over now."

Nodding his head, Huang Xiaolong brought everyone towards the main hall of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate.

"Is that the honorary Eminent Elder of the Mysterious Ice Race? He actually dared to show up today..."

"I've heard that his relationship with the Mysterious Ice Race is one covered in a veil of mystery. Look at old patriarch Yan Heng! He's following behind the kid! How can the patriarch of the race follow behind an honorary Eminent Elder?"

"The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor should be arriving tomorrow. What do you think will happen when the brat meets the holy emperor? Will he be sent flying with a single slap from the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor? Old Patriarch Teng Yan from the Soaring Serpent Race has been lying in wait for a long time. Will he work together with the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor to deal with the brat?"

"I don't think so. If Lord Chen Shen couldn't deal with the kid, then Lord Teng Yan wouldn't be able to do a thing..."

Huang Xiaolong's appearance caused a wave to sweep through the Hong Zhen Holy Gate.

His expression didn't even fluctuate when he heard what they said.

Very quickly, they arrived in the main hall of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate.

However, he was stopped by a disciple guarding the hall. After running in to report, the disciple emerged and spoke to Huang Xiaolong, "Our Patriarch orders for all of you to hand over your weapons before entering!"

It was a clear provocation for the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor to lay down that order.

Huang Xiaolong turned to look at the envoy. "Is this the grand welcome prepared by your Patriarch?"

"Hehe, Lord Huang has to be kidding. Our Patriarch has never allowed anyone to bring their weapons into the hall."

A sneer formed on Huang Xiaolong's face. If he was stupid enough to believe the envoy, he would have died several thousand years ago.

"What if I refuse to hand them over?"

The disciple who stopped them frowned and growled, "If that's the case, then you can keep waiting outside."

There was a giant plaza in front of the main hall, and the other experts were extremely interested to see Huang Xiaolong being stopped at the gates.

"What do you think that brat will do?" One of the hall masters of the Scarlet Giant Holy Gate laughed.

"What do you think? He can either hand over his weapons or cry! Do you think he will make a move on the disciple from the Hong Zhen Holy Gate? More than ten patriarchs from our Holy Gates are sitting in the main hall right now! If he makes a move, he'll be killed easily!" Someone else laughed.

However, one of the old men behind Huang Xiaolong made his move. Reaching out, he shoved the disciple into the gates of the main hall. With a loud thud, a massive crater formed on the gates.

The person who attacked was the grand hall master of the Purple Spider Race!

Before anyone could react, Huang Xiaolong strode into the hall.

As the envoy stared blankly at the disciple who was shoved into the gate, he noticed that the disciple was no longer breathing. He felt his vision going black as the person who guarded the gates was the personal disciple of the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor!

The experts, who were planning to watch a good show, were shocked when they witnessed what had happened.

As soon as Huang Xiaolong entered the main hall, he noticed everyone raising their cups in a toast to the man sitting in the main seat.&nbsp;

When they heard the commotion outside the hall, everyone turned to stare at Huang Xiaolong.

Before any threats could be thrown around, the envoy ran into the hall with a panicked expression as he ran straight to the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor.

### **Chapter 2586: Accident**

Before the envoy could say anything, the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor raised his hand to stop him. As he looked at his disciple, who was ground into meat paste outside the hall, a terrifying aura emerged from his body as he stared at Huang Xiaolong.

“Do you know the consequences of your actions?!” He growled as he glared at Huang Xiaolong coldly.

He hadn’t thought that Huang Xiaolong would actually kill his disciple for merely blocking his way to the entrance, and his face was jet black.

“I have no idea. Why don’t you tell me what will happen?” Huang Xiaolong responded.

Everyone in the hall stared at Huang Xiaolong with a dumbfounded expression.

Teng Yan sneered at the side as he knew that the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor would do whatever it took to kill Huang Xiaolong even without his encouragement.

“Hehe! You’re just a Second Heaven True Saint from the human race. How dare you act so arrogantly in my territory?” Everyone from the Alien Lands was enraged when they saw Huang Xiaolong’s actions. The Dragon Fish Holy Emperor was the first to speak out. Pointing at Huang Xiaolong, he sneered, “Get to your knees right now and start crawling over! Otherwise, we’ll kill you right here and now!”

The Dragon Fish Holy Emperor wasn’t weak. He was at the peak of the late-Second Heaven True Saint Realm. It wasn’t surprising that he believed that he could kill Huang Xiaolong with a snap of his fingers.

However, the words barely left his lips when Hei Luo reached out to throw the man into his mouth.

Crunching down several times, Hei Luo swallowed the Dragon Fish Holy Emperor without batting an eyelid.

“What?!” Everyone screamed in shock. They stared at Hei Luo with a terrified gaze, and the envoy who had brought them there felt his legs going soft.

Huang Xiaolong didn’t bother with them as he slowly walked deeper into the hall.

“You...!” The Hong Zhen Holy Emperor panicked, and he didn’t know how to react.

By the time Teng Yan and the others snapped back to reality, none of them dared to scream at Huang Xiaolong. Even though most of them were in the Third Heaven True Saint Realm or higher, they knew that they were no match for someone who could devour a late-Second Heaven True Saint in a matter of seconds.

As soon as Huang Xiaolong arrived at the main seat of the hall, a yell escaped from the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor’s lips. A sharp blade appeared in his hand as the holy runes on it lit up before he pierced it towards Huang Xiaolong.

“Die!”



Before the blade could enter Huang Xiaolong's body, it was stopped between two fingers.&nbsp;

With his thumb and forefinger, Huang Xiaolong held the blade firmly in place.

As endless shock ran through the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor's mind, and the others stared at the scene before them with their jaws agape.

With the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor's strength at the late-First Heaven True Saint Realm, he would definitely be able to cause some damage to Huang Xiaolong in such close proximity.

"Are you surprised?" Huang Xiaolong chuckled as he exerted some force between his fingers, and the sharp blade snapped into several pieces instantly.

Teng Yan and the others stared at the remains of the blade with an incredulous expression.

That was a holy artifact they were looking at! Even if it was the lowest-graded holy artifact, it wasn't something high-level True Saints could destroy! However, Huang Xiaolong had only used two fingers to turn it into scrap metal!

Wouldn't that mean...

Reaching out with his other hand, Huang Xiaolong grabbed the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor's neck, and he sighed, "You made one slight miscalculation when you decided to attack me."

Under his terrified gaze, Huang Xiaolong's Inextinguishable Dao Heart emerged before he could defend himself. As it pierced into the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor's chest, the man started to wither at a speed visible to the naked eye.

"Inextinguishable... Inextinguishable Dao Heart!" The various experts screamed as they fell to the ground.

As for the envoy of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate, he fainted instantly.

After killing the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor, Huang Xiaolong turned to look at Teng Yan and the others.

However, they acted before he could react. Teng Yan rushed over and fell to his knees, "We greet Lord Primal Ancestor! We didn't know that Lord Primal Ancestor would grace us with his presence, and we hope that he will show mercy!"

After seeing the Dao Heart, everyone assumed that Huang Xiaolong was a Primal Ancestor.

The various experts were stunned for a second, but they quickly copied Teng Yan's actions.

In the Alien Lands, the alien race reigned supreme. Those from the human race were existences equivalent to ants, and they were only worthy of being slaves to the members of the Alien Race. It was impossible to see a member of the Alien Race kneeling to a human, even if they were a True Saint.

Reaching out suddenly, Huang Xiaolong dragged Teng Yan over.

"Lord Primal Ancestor, this..." Teng Yan screamed in panic.

"Didn't you plan on asking me to pay for my sins?" Huang Xiaolong snorted. "You can die now." With a wave of his arm, Teng Yan was devoured.

After devouring the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor and Teng Yan, Huang Xiaolong could feel a slight increase in the abilities of his three complete dao saint godheads.

Not a single person dared to hesitate after witnessing Huang Xiaolong's actions of killing Teng Yan without the slightest remorse. They crawled over as their bodies trembled in fear.

In the plaza outside the main hall, the experts of the Scarlet Giant Holy Gate and the other factions stared at the entrance of the hall, expecting a good show to play out. After all, the main hall was covered with layers upon layers of restrictions, and it was impossible for people of their level to detect the changes inside.

"What do you think happened to the brat after he entered the hall?" someone asked.

"With so many holy emperors sitting in the hall, he'll definitely be beaten up to the last inch of his life. He will definitely regret his actions of attacking the disciple guarding the door..." an expert from the Jade Cauldron Holy Gate spoke.

As discussions filled the air, the restriction around the gate opened.

Messages flew out of the hall unobstructed as the various holy emperors summoned the experts under them.

After receiving the order, not a single person dared to disobey no matter how weird they felt it was. Feeling a trace of joy appearing in their hearts, the experts rushed into the main hall.&nbsp;

However, everything changed when they entered.&nbsp;

They stared at their respective leaders who were kneeling before Huang Xiaolong and they didn't understand what was going on.

Looking at the main seat in the hall, they noticed the brat from the human race! The Hong Zhen Holy Emperor was nowhere to be seen!

No matter how hard they tried, they failed to locate the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor.

"Patriarch, this..."

"Where's the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor?"

Questions started flying around instantly.

...

Several minutes later, every single expert from the Alien Lands dropped to their knees before Huang Xiaolong.&nbsp;

Those who weren't willing to submit were killed by Hei Luo.

With the restrictions covering the main hall, no one in the outside world noticed the change, and the experts of the Alien Lands were revelling in the festivities, not knowing that the heavens had already changed!

**Chapter 2587: Are you Here to Apologize?**

Not too far away from the main hall of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate, a group of people surrounded a young man as they praised him to the high heavens.

The Hong Zhen Holy Emperor was about to accept this man as his disciple. His name was Liu Jun.

“Brother Liu Jun is really amazing! I’ve heard rumors that the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor plans to make Brother Liu Jun his successor!” A holy prince of the Treasured Moon Holy Gate chuckled.

The difference between a direct disciple and a successor was like the difference between the heavens and earth.

If one became the successor of the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor, then they would be able to take over the Hong Zhen Holy Gate in the future!

Other disciples continued to kiss up to him as they showered him with praises.

Liu Jun cupped his fists and replied to all of them with a graceful thank you.

“Tomorrow, Princess Qing Ying will definitely arrive together with the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor! He has never allowed his daughter to attend an apprenticeship ceremony before, and the reason she’s here cannot be more clear!” One of the disciples around him joked.

“Yeah! There has to be a reason for her to show up!”&nbsp;

“I’ve heard that the brat from the human race is also here... He should be in the main hall right now...”

A sneer formed on Liu Jun’s lips. “How dare a b\*stard from the human race disrespect Princess Qing Ying?! He has to be blind! My master should be teaching him a good lesson right now!”

“The human injured Senior Chen Shen, so he doesn’t seem weak. From the rumors, he’s said to be a Fourth Heaven True Saint! It’s no wonder he dares to enter the Hong Zhen Holy Gate alone,” someone explained.

“Just a mere Fourth Heaven True Saint... When the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor arrives tomorrow, he will be dead!” Liu Jun chuckled.

As the night passed, the first rays of sunlight fell upon the lands.

Under the illumination of the fireball in the sky, the apprenticeship ceremony began!

In the distance, a huge group of experts soared through the skies as they approached the plaza. There were some who rode on giant lions, and there were some who rode on their pegasus. There were even some on phoenixes and several of them rode on heavenly dragons. Princess Qing Ying was part of them. However, the person leading the entourage wasn’t Princess Qing Ying, but a middle-aged young man who exuded a mighty aura. He was an enforcer from the Dissociation Domain, and he was ranked third out of the enforcers.

With ten enforcers in the Dissociation Domain, three of them showed up for the ceremony. One could only imagine how seriously they were taking Huang Xiaolong’s infraction.

“That’s the headquarters of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate!” The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor pointed at the plaza and spoke to the third enforcer.

“Hong Zhen is acting pretty arrogantly... Why isn't he here to greet us?” Li Yapeng, the third ranked enforcer, frowned.

The other two were also slightly offended.

The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor was also getting a little suspicious. He had already informed the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor of their arrival the day before, but there was no one to greet them even after they arrived at the headquarters.

The Hong Zhen Holy Emperor wasn't the only one who didn't come. Not a single disciple from the other factions was present.

“Did something happen to them?” A blue-eyed young man piped up all of a sudden.

The youngster was one of the experts under the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, and he was a Fourth Heaven True Saint. He came from the Silver Crow Race, and he was the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor's right hand man.

“An accident?!” Everyone stared at each other in shock.

Staring at the Hong Zhen Holy Gate, the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor growled, “Look at them celebrating down there. It doesn't seem like any accident might have happened...”

“We'll know what happened after entering,” Xiao Shan's gaze turned chilly as he spoke.

This time, the three of them might have left the army back in their headquarters, but there were thousands of guards following them around.

In their opinion, there was no need to fear that anything could happen.

“Father, I've heard that the human from the Mysterious Ice Race entered the Hong Zhen Holy Gate yesterday!” Princess Qing Ying turned to her father and said.

The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor nodded his head and replied, “Yes. He's there.” A chuckle left his lips as he continued, “Are you itching to teach him a lesson?”

Li Yapeng snickered when he heard their exchange. “Princess Qing Ying, there's nothing to worry about. He's a Fourth Heaven True Saint, and we'll take him down without breaking a sweat! You can deal with him as you wish after we capture him!”

Princess Qing Ying nodded as a chilly light flashed in her eyes. “A mere human dares to go against me. I won't be able to vent my anger unless I skin him alive!”

“Then you shall skin him alive!” Xiao Shan chuckled when he heard what she said.

In an instant, everyone broke out laughing.

Very quickly, they arrived at the entrance of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate.

Just as they were about to order Hong Zhen to get out to greet them, a group of experts appeared from within the holy gate. The Treasured Moon Holy Emperor, the Scarlet Giant Holy Emperor, and the

patriarchs from the other factions appeared. Everyone was present, except for the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor and Teng Yan.

Just as they thought that the newcomers were here to welcome them, the sight of Huang Xiaolong leading them over stunned everyone present.

Even someone with Li Yapeng's experience was shocked.

"That's him!" Princess Qing Ying and Chen Shen screamed the moment Huang Xiaolong appeared.

"That's the human from the Mysterious Ice Race!" Princess Qing Ying continued.

"What?!" The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor and the three enforcers were taken aback.

The pupils of the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor shrunk when he looked at Huang Xiaolong.

"Are you the one who injured Chen Shen the other day? Did you force Princess Qing Ying to make way for you?!" Xiao Shan glared at Huang Xiaolong as he was the first to regain his wits. "Where's the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor?"

"Hong Zhen?! I killed him," Huang Xiaolong spoke casually about his death.

"What?!" Everyone glared at Huang Xiaolong, and they couldn't believe whatever he said.

"Hahaha, you killed him?!" Xiao Shan roared with laughter all of a sudden. "Little brat, do you think I'm retarded? How can a Second Heaven True Saint like you kill Hong Zhen? Do you think you're a Primal Ancestor?"

The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor frowned when he realized the holes in Huang Xiaolong's words.

Huang Xiaolong stared at them placidly and didn't reply.

"Speak! Where is he now?" Li Yapeng's expression sank. "What's going on with those behind you?"

"I'm their master now." A smile formed on Huang Xiaolong's face. "Right now, all of them are my slaves."

"What?!" Once again, the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor and the others felt the world spinning around them.

"Do you really think we'll believe you?!" Princess Qing Ying snapped all of a sudden.

However, the unexpected happened almost immediately after she spoke. As if they received an order, the Scarlet Giant Holy Emperor and the others fell to their knees behind Huang Xiaolong. "We greet our master!"

Their voice rang loud and clear through the skies.

When the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor and the others saw that the experts of the various factions were kneeling in unison, they couldn't believe their eyes.

Princess Qing Ying's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. What in the world was going on?!

“You... who the hell are you?!” The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor’s heart sank when he realized that the other party was no pushover. Glaring at Huang Xiaolong, he snarled, “Which domain are you from? How dare you come over to the Dissociation Domain to mess around? What’s your goal here?!”

The smile on Huang Xiaolong’s face turned a little brighter as he continued, “You’ll learn about my purpose here soon.” Turning to stare at Princess Qing Ying, he continued to address the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, “Anyway, are you here today to take revenge for your daughter?”

### **Chapter 2588: Having a Human as a Master?!**

A frown formed on the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor’s face when he heard Huang Xiaolong’s arrogant tone. Even the domain master, the lord of the Dissociation Domain, would never talk to him this way.

Not to mention the fact that Huang Xiaolong was a mere human!

One of the experts around the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, Yin Feng, snapped at Huang Xiaolong, “How dare a Second Heaven True Saint like you act with such impudence?! What did you do to the Treasured Moon Holy Emperor and the others?! Do you know that you’re going against the entire Alien Lands by doing this?! You’re asking to die!”

He wasn’t wrong. By making the True Saints of the Alien Lands his slaves, he was stepping on the pride of the cultivators of the Alien Lands. That was an insult to the entire alien race!&nbsp;

Li Yapeng and the other enforcers glared at Huang Xiaolong as killing intent surged through their hearts.

Casually glancing at Yin Feng, Huang Xiaolong made a grabbing motion to pull him over.

Since his actions were too sudden, no one managed to react in time. The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor and the others could only stare at Huang Xiaolong in shock.

Yin Feng was a Fourth Heaven True Saint! Moreover, he was already at the mid-Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm, and his combat abilities allowed him to challenge those slightly stronger than him! How could he be captured by Huang Xiaolong, a mere Second Heaven True Saint?!

“Asking to die?” Huang Xiaolong stared at Yin Feng, and he chuckled coldly. “So what if I go against the entire Alien Lands? Do you think I care about going against the entire alien race?”

“You!” Yin Feng stared at Huang Xiaolong with a trace of fear and anger in his eyes. He could have never expected to get caught by someone weaker than him!

“Who in the world are you?!” Xiao Shan’s expression sank. “Release Yin Feng right this instant and we’ll allow you to leave the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds in one piece!”

“Are you saying that I won’t be able to leave if I refuse to hand over Yin Feng?” Huang Xiaolong chuckled.&nbsp;

As the standoff happened between the two parties, the factions of the Treasured Moon Holy Emperor, the Scarlet Giant Holy Emperor, and the others received the news.

“What?! The human is going against the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor and the enforcers of the Dissociation Domain?!”

“The human claimed to kill the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor?!”

“More than ten holy emperors agreed to follow under the human as his slaves?! What is going on?!”

The disciples and holy princes of their respective factions erupted when they heard the news.

“This... This isn’t possible! The human is definitely spreading lies!” Liu Jun roared angrily in the Hong Zhen Holy Gate when he received the news, “How dare he spread rumors about killing my master?! My Hong Zhen Holy Gate will definitely hunt down those who dare to continue spreading the rumors!”

As the successor of the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor, his reputation would get destroyed if the ‘rumors’ reached the ears of those from other holy gates!

“This is an insult to our Treasured Moon Holy Gate! No... It’s an insult to all our factions!” A holy prince from the Treasured Moon Holy Gate screamed in a fury.

How could the holy emperors of their factions submit to a human?!

Someone had to be spreading nonsense!

Of course, everyone who raged about the matter had no idea that Huang Xiaolong had turned the tables on the holy emperors after entering the main hall of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate the day before.

“Let’s go over and take a look!” someone suggested.

As soon as Liu Jun and the others heard the suggestion, they soared into the skies and headed straight for the standoff.

“Qing Xuan Holy Emperor?! That’s Princess Qing Ying! Look! Lord Li Yapeng of the Dissociation Domain is here too!” one of the holy princes of the Treasured Moon Holy Gate gasped in surprise.

“Isn’t that Lord Yin Feng? The human is holding Lord Yin Feng by the neck!” A holy prince of the Scarlet Giant Holy Gate yelled in shock. Yin Feng was the right-hand man of the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, and he was an existence who could call for wind and rain in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds!

Someone like that was captured by the human from the Mysterious Ice Race!

“Aren’t they the holy emperors?!” Someone noticed the Treasured Moon Holy Emperor and the others behind Huang Xiaolong and pointed out soon. There were various hall masters and doyens around them.

Under their shocked gazes, Yin Feng slowly turned into a withered-up corpse.

The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor and the enforcers couldn’t believe their eyes.

“Release Yin Feng right now!” Finally, snapping back to reality, the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor roared. An azure-colored holy sword appeared in his hand as he slashed at Huang Xiaolong.

The sword transformed into an azure dragon as it pounced towards the man.

With his cultivation base at the peak of the mid-Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm, the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor was one of the ten strongest experts in the Dissociation Domain. A single strike from him contained the power to shatter the heavens and earth and the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds trembled in fear under the strength contained in the single strike.

As he casually glanced at the azure dragon flying at him, Huang Xiaolong exhaled lightly. The terrifying power that had killed the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor the day before, turned into a massive dragon that charged ferociously at the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor.

Unable to contain the shock in his heart, the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor failed to react instantly.

“Be careful!” The three enforcers screamed in unison.

However, their warning came a little too late. The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor was sent flying as Huang Xiaolong’s attack slammed into him.

With wide eyes, Princess Qing Ying stared at her father. As one of the ten strongest experts in the Dissociation Domain, he was sent flying by a single breath! Wasn’t he laughing when he spoke of how he would capture the human for her when they made their way to the Hong Zhen Holy Gate?!

The blood drained from her face as she rushed over to a distant mountain range. “Father!”

Liu Jun and the others couldn’t believe their eyes either. They didn’t believe that the person, who was sent flying, was the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor they respected so much.

Yin Feng, who was slowly being devoured by Huang Xiaolong, stared at the fallen Qing Xuan Holy Emperor in shock too. However, his fate was already sealed when Huang Xiaolong had captured him. He soon lost consciousness.&nbsp;

After sending a thread of energy to blast Yin Feng’s body to pieces, Huang Xiaolong turned to look at the three enforcers.

“Submit to me like the Treasured Moon Holy Emperor and the others.”&nbsp;

Their expression turned hideous when they heard what Huang Xiaolong said.

“Take a human as my master?” Li Yapeng raised his head and roared with laughter. The humiliation he was feeling caused him to lose control of his emotions. “Laughable! What a f\*cking joke! I’ll rather die than submit to a human!”

### **Chapter 2589: Calvary!**

“As you wish.” Huang Xiaolong’s figure started to blur as he appeared before Li Yapeng. A punch shot at Li Yapeng’s chest with incredible speed.

Unable to release any special moves, Li Yapeng raised his fist hastily to meet Huang Xiaolong’s attack. As a late-Sixth Heaven True Saint, he was no weakling. Even a punch from him could cause the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds to shake. The power contained in his fist was God knew how many times stronger than the azure dragon released by the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor a moment ago.

However, it was useless as his opponent was Huang Xiaolong! With the sound of bones shattering, Li Yapeng’s flesh exploded, and bone shards filled the air.

Following that, Huang Xiaolong’s fist punched through Li Yapeng’s chest as it emerged from his back.

A miserable shriek filled the air.



Xiao Shan, and Lin Cong were shocked when they noticed what had happened to their comrade. The thousands of guards, who had come along, didn't believe their eyes either and neither did the disciples in the crowd.

"Lord... Lord Li Yapeng!" Liu Jun screamed.

Li Yapeng was the strongest of the enforcers in the Dissociation Domain, and there were only two people stronger than him! One of them was the domain lord, and the other was the vice domain lord!

Li Yapeng was like a God to everyone present. Even people like the holy emperors felt that Li Yapeng was an unbeatable existence! However, someone from the human race punched a hole through his chest with a single move!

The world seemed to crumble around them as they questioned the meaning of life.

After pulling back his arm, Huang Xiaolong reached out to grab Li Yapeng's head once again.

Xiao Shan and the others raged when they saw what happened.

"Release Brother Li right now! If you refuse, you won't be able to leave the Dissociation Domain alive!" Xiao Shan screamed, "We have trillions of troops ready to wage war on you as soon as you make the wrong move! The Domain Lord is a late-Seventh Heaven True Saint! If you dare to go against us..."

Before Xiao Shan could finish his sentence, he was sent flying with a punch from Huang Xiaolong.

Even though Xiao Shan was also an enforcer, he was only at the same level as the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor.

Like the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor, Xiao Shan was sent crashing into one of the distant mountain ranges.

"An army? Late-Seventh Heaven True Saint?" Huang Xiaolong chuckled under his breath. In his eyes, they were nothing more than ants.

As for Lin Cong, he gave up threatening Huang Xiaolong when he saw what had happened to Xiao Shan.

Like what he had done with those he had killed, Huang Xiaolong devoured Li Yapeng.

Right now, his goal was to push his saint attributes into the top ten ranks. Devouring the holy souls of those he killed would be extremely effective.

By the time Huang Xiaolong was done dealing with the enforcers, the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor was dragged out from the debris by Princess Qing Ying and Chen Shen.

After seeing how Huang Xiaolong devoured Li Yapeng and hearing the miserable cries of the strongest enforcer ringing in his ears, the Qing Xuan Holy Emperor's expression changed.

It was worse for Princess Qing Ying as a trace of terror appeared on her face.

"He... He..." Her voice trembled, and she wanted to speak out about how Huang Xiaolong had killed Lord Li Yapeng of the Dissociation Domain. She knew that any infraction against the Dissociation Domain meant that one's entire race would be exterminated, but no matter how hard she tried, the words couldn't leave her lips.

Even though the other person was from the human race, she didn't dare to speak out against his 'evil deeds!'

After turning to stare at Lin Cong, Huang Xiaolong realized that he had already called for backup. However, a smile formed on his face. There was no need for Huang Xiaolong to stop him. Even without using his brain, Huang Xiaolong knew that Lin Cong was trying to tell the Domain Lord about everything that had happened. It was too bad for the other party that Huang Xiaolong had already blocked off the outside world with his Darkness Holy Ring.

After seeing how Huang Xiaolong was approaching him, Lin Cong quickly kept away his transmission symbol.

"You should leave a way out for yourself. Even if you kill me now, it's of no use. I have to admit that you're strong, but do you really think that you can go against the entire alien race?" Lin Cong suppressed the fear in his heart as he tried to reason with Huang Xiaolong.

"There's no need for you to worry about this." Huang Xiaolong's expression was placid as he continued, "I'll give you the chance to make a choice now. Do you surrender, or do you wish to suffer the same fate as Li Yapeng?"

Lin Cong's expression faltered for a second, but an outline of a plan formed in his mind. "Fine! I agree to submit!"

Huang Xiaolong sneered in his heart. How could he not know what Lin Cong was planning?

"Alright. Remove the defenses around your holy soul this instant," Huang Xiaolong commanded.

"Now?!" Lin Cong's expression changed once again.

...

Half a day passed in the blink of an eye and other than Lin Yapeng who had died, everyone submitted to Huang Xiaolong. As for the guards, who refused to submit, they were killed by Huang Xiaolong.

As for Princess Qing Ying, she couldn't put up any resistance after seeing that her father had surrendered.

Liu Jun and the other holy princes were no exception.

...

Night fell and Xiao Shan made a report to Huang Xiaolong in the main hall of the Hong Zhen Holy Gate.

"Master, Li Yapeng's death might have already alerted the Domain Lord. He might bring over the army soon."

"It's fine." Huang Xiaolong waved his hand nonchalantly. The Domain Lord was only a late-Seventh Heaven True Saint, and no matter how many cultivators he led over, it was useless. Huang Xiaolong didn't plan to hide the matter anyway.

Of course, now that the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds had been locked down by Huang Xiaolong, the Domain Lord would only know that Li Yapeng was dead. He wouldn't be able to learn of anything that happened in the Hong Zhen Holy Gate.

If he really led his troops over, he would save a lot of time for Huang Xiaolong!

The biggest problem wasn't the Domain Lord! Instead, it was the Zi Dongping!

No matter how seriously injured he was, he was still a Primal Ancestor! Huang Xiaolong didn't dare to underestimate him, and he planned to take all sorts of precautions before engaging Zi Dongping in battle!

From what he had learned from the deputy patriarch and the grand hall master of the Purple Spider Race, Zi Dongping was currently in his hibernation state. Huang Xiaolong wasn't afraid that the commotion he caused in the past two days would alert the Primal Ancestor.

Slowly sending the members of the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds away, Huang Xiaolong prepared for the battle with Zi Dongping. Whatever the case, the other party was a Primal Ancestor. If the battle broke out, the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds would be reduced to nothingness!

Of course, evacuating the entire holy ground was out of the question. Huang Xiaolong tried his best to preserve everything of value, and he gave up on the useless aspects.

When everything was ready, Huang Xiaolong summoned the Cangqiong Dao Palace, and he activated the formations on it with his Dao Heart. In an instant, the Hong Zhen Holy Gate was trapped in the Cangqiong World created by the grand formation. Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo continued to strengthen the restrictions in the Cangqiong World as he prepared for an intense battle.

As Huang Xiaolong got ready for the battle between Zi Dongping, a giant army had gathered and they charged towards the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds with Domain Lord with You shi+heng as their commander.