

INVINCIBLE 901

[Chapter 901: The Beitang Family's Group Doesn't Believe](#)

The Azure Dragon Institute Grand Elders, Ceng Chu included, were dumbfounded staring at Huang Xiaolong. Their faces were ashen, drowned in the dread of death.

Several Grand Elders felt dampness at their crotch as lines of pungent yellow liquid flowed down their legs.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Qin Yi, mockery and bloodthirst in his cold gaze, "Institute Principal Qin Yi, take out those one hundred giant redwood coffins that you ordered. For the sake of those coffins, I will leave your corpses intact."

Fear squeezed those Azure Dragon Institute masters' hearts, their bodies went cold even as they stood there.

"Huang-g, Huang Xiaolong, I'm the Azure Dragon Institute's Principal, you cannot kill me, you cannot kill me!" Qin Yi repeated, his words not making any sense.

Huang Xiaolong's lips curved into a faint smile, "Just because you're the Azure Dragon Institute Principal? Fang Chu was a core disciple of the Fortune Gate, while Yelu Chufei was the Yelu Family Patriarch."

Qin Yi's face lost all color.

Even at this point, Qin Yi couldn't believe it. Why? Why was that primordial divine dragon Huang Xiaolong?!

Huang Xiaolong was a human!

How could this be?

Most of all, how could Huang Xiaolong's strength have reached such a terrifying level?

"Impossible, this must be a dream. That's right it's definitely a dream!" Qin Yi shook his head like a rattle drum, mumbling, trying to convince himself, when all of a sudden a sword appeared in his hand, slashing down at his own arm. Pearls of bright red blood flowed down his arm.

Qin Yi looked blankly as his own flowing blood.

In the distance, a large group of people was flying in the Huang Clan Manor's direction. This group was composed of none other than Beitang Family masters.

Beitang Family Patriarch, Beitang Yiyang, spoke, "Strange, why are things so calm? Could it be the Yelu Family and the others still haven't arrived?"

"The Yelu Family should have reached Martial Spirit World already, but this place is too calm. I think they most probably have already dealt with Huang Xiaolong. With Yelu Chufei's strength, killing Huang Xiaolong shouldn't take any effort at all." A Beitang Family Grand Elder stated his opinion.

"I agree, there's hardly any master in the Huang Clan Manor, the strongest of them is only that Ascending Moon Old Man, with a mere Fourth Order Highgod Realm cultivation." Another Beitang Family Grand Elder chimed in, "The Huang Clan Manor has most likely been annihilated by now."

"The Yelu Family's actions were too swift, killing Huang Xiaolong so fast." Beitang Family Patriarch Beitang Yiyang frowned, "I had assumed Huang Xiaolong could last some time. That way, we would have arrived at the ripe time to collect the harvest with the least effort, dividing half of Huang Xiaolong's treasures with Yelu Chufei."

"Ei, those are... the Azure Dragon Institute's people?" A Beitang Family Grand Elder suddenly pointed up ahead.

"That's Huang Xiaolong? He's still alive?!" Another Beitang Family Grand Elder shouted.

Patriarch Beitang Yiyang's eyes glimmered, "Go, let's have a look."

Subsequently, all Beitang Family masters flew forward, toward Huang Xiaolong and the Azure Dragon Institute's people.

Huang Xiaolong was about to devour the Azure Dragon Institute's masters when he saw the Beitang Family's group flying over and his actions halted for a second.

When Qin Yi, Ceng Chu, and all other Azure Dragon Institute masters saw the people flying toward them, joy rose to their faces as they hurried forward.

Huang Xiaolong watched this silently, showing no signs of stopping them

"Beitang Patriarch, save me, save me!" Qin Yi shouted from afar.

The North Hall Galaxy wasn't far from the four galaxies. Due to some interests, as the Principal of the Azure Dragon Institute, Qin Yi had met the Beitang Family Patriarch a couple of times in the past.

Hence, they could be considered as associates.

The Beitang Family masters noticed the fearful expressions on the Azure Dragon Institute people's faces, watching them flee in panic towards them, screaming for help. All of them were dumbfounded.

Beitang Yiyang raised his hand to stop the Beitang Family masters behind him from advancing, waiting for Qin Yi where they were.

"Institute Principal Qin, what is happening?" Beitang Yiyang asked.

Qin Yi shouted anxiously, "Patriarch Beitang, Patriarch Yelu is dead, all of his Grand Elders and Elders are dead! It was Huang Xiaolong, Huang Xiaolong killed them, we must run, hurry, I beg you, bring us with you, don't leave us here, I don't want to die, I don't want to die!!"

Beitang Yiyang and his group shuddered, looking at Qin Yi with shock.

"What? Yelu Chufei is dead? All the Yelu Family Grand Elders and Elders are dead?! You're saying they were killed by Huang Xiaolong?!" A Beitang Family Grand Elder exclaimed out loud in shock and doubt.

All of them knew that Yelu Chufei was a mid-Seventh Order Highgod Realm master! How could Huang Xiaolong have killed the man? Not forgetting that Yelu Chufei didn't come alone, he brought a huge group of Fifth Order and Sixth Order Highgod Realm masters with him.

Huang Xiaolong might be strong, but not to this extent.

That was why none of the Beitang Family masters believed Qin Yi's words, they even suspected that Qin Yi was in cahoots with Huang Xiaolong to trick them, forcing them to leave without a fight.

"Institute Principal Qin, what benefits did you get from Huang Xiaolong?" A Beitang Family Grand Elder said sarcastically aloud, "Do you know the consequences of lying to us?"

Seeing that Patriarch Beitang and the Beitang Family masters wouldn't believe him, Qin Yi became even more anxious and urgent, waving his hands and shouting, "No, no, it's true, Huang Xiaolong really killed Patriarch Yelu and the others."

"You say Huang Xiaolong killed the Yelu Family group, then where are their corpses?" Beitang Yiyang demanded solemnly, his gaze swept over the surrounding.

There were several crumbled cliffs around, and deep pits in the ground with cracks running through the earth. Beitang Yiyang had to admit that it was a very convincing scene.

Qin Yi hurried to explain, "Patriarch Yelu and the rest were all sucked dry and turned into dried corpses by Huang Xiaolong, then he shattered those corpses into dust."

"Sucked into dry corpses?"

"Shattered into dust?"

Hearing Qin Yi's explanation, all Beitang Family masters laughed out loud.

A Highgod Realm master's body was almost indestructible, especially a high-level Highgod Realm master like Yelu Chufei. His body was even stronger, so tough that even divine artifacts could hardly make a cut through his flesh. But now, Qin Yi claimed that Huang Xiaolong turned all of those Highgod Realm masters into dust?

The Beitang group could hardly be blamed for laughing out loud.

Beitang Yiyang watched Qin Yi, his gaze chillingly cold.

"Wangyi, you go and capture Huang Xiaolong, but don't kill him yet." Beitang Yiyang said to one of the Grand Elders behind him, "I want to verify some things."

"Yes, Patriarch." Beitang Wangyi respectfully complied.

This Beitang Wangyi was a Sixth Order Highgod Realm master. In his eyes, his own strength was more than enough to capture Huang Xiaolong.

Beitang Wangyi flew toward his target.

“Huang Xiaolong!” Beitang Wangyi was just about to tell him to surrender obediently when a figure flickered and Beitang Wangyi felt an overwhelming force rushing at him. Alarmed, he wanted to dodge but was a step too late. He was sent flying right into a mountain peak.

A thunderous boom resounded in the air.

The abrupt change in the situation was like a cork over the Beitang Family masters’ laughter. Flabbergasted, they looked at Beitang Wangyi embedded into the mountain peak.

Shock was clearly written over his face.

At this time, high in the air, Huang Xiaolong approached the Beitang Family masters with unhurried steps, his gaze indifferent, “Beitang Yiyang, what do you want to ask me?”

Beitang Yiyang opened his mouth, but no words came, his expression extremely ugly.

[Chapter 902: Is Huang Xiaolong Already Dead?](#)

A powerful suction force pulled Qin Yi, who had reached Beitang Yiyang’s side, in front of Huang Xiaolong.

In the four galaxies, Qin Yi was considered one of the more powerful people with his cultivation realm of peak mid-Third Order Highgod Realm, but in front of Huang Xiaolong, his struggle was powerless.

“Huang Xiaolong, don’t kill me...” Qin Yi’s bloodless face was distorted due to fear, pleading for his life.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes were void of any emotion, “Don’t worry. I’ve already said that, for the sake of those one hundred giant redwood coffins, I will leave you with an intact corpse.” With that said, Huang Xiaolong’s Archdevil Supreme Godhead rotated, releasing streams of devouring power.

The Beitang Family’s masters watched from the side as Qin Yi’s body shrunk and dried up at a rapid pace. Within two breaths’ time, he had completely turned into a dried corpse.

Huang Xiaolong’s fingers loosened his grip and Qin Yi’s corpse fell to the ground.

Watching this, the Beitang Family masters were astounded and a little frightened.

Dried corpse!

Qin Yi was sucked into a dried corpse by Huang Xiaolong!

Then what Qin Yi claimed earlier...?!

A strong ominous feeling rose in the hearts of Beitang Yiyang and the Beitang Family masters. However, right at this time, a brilliant light shone from Huang Xiaolong’s body, who transformed into a primordial divine dragon with his claws stretched out, slamming down on Beitang Yiyang.

Huang Xiaolong’s speed was too fast. It happened so quickly that Beitang Yiyang barely had time to react, even less the time to dodge, and was sent flying by Huang Xiaolong’s dragon claw.

“Patriarch!” The surrounding Beitang Family masters cried out.

With a slight sway of his draconic body, Huang Xiaolong once again arrived above Beitang Yiyang, his dragon claw striking out again.

A great rumble sounded from the earth as Beitang Yiyang's body was embedded into the ground as a result of Huang Xiaolong's attack.

Only then did the Beitang Family masters react, throwing words of anger and hollering as they swarmed toward Huang Xiaolong in retaliation.

Watching these people attacking him together, Huang Xiaolong sneered coldly and rushed into their midst instead of dodging.

In an instant, blood-curdling wails filled the air.

Huang Xiaolong resembled a hungry tiger that ran into a herd of sheep.

Every swipe of his claws drew blood from tens of Beitang Family's masters and sent twice as many of them flying.

In a short few breaths' time, only half of Beitang Family cultivators remained standing.

The Azure Dragon Institute's Grand Elders, including Ceng Chu, lost half of their soul watching this and no longer wanted to stay even a second longer. They flew off in different directions for a chance at life.

But after running for barely a moment, they noticed an overwhelming suction force pulling at them. In the next second, their bodies flew backwards.

Following that, their blood essence and godforce started rushing out from their bodies, out of their control.

No matter how fiercely they struggled, how they screamed and wailed, or how they begged for mercy, it was useless.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong turned Ceng Chu and all the other Azure Dragon Institute masters into nothing more than dried corpses.

...

A quarter of an hour later.

All Beitang Family masters were now injured, knocked away by Huang Xiaolong.

Looking at the surrounding pits in the ground with half protruding body parts, Huang Xiaolong first arrived above Beitang Yiyang in a flicker.

With a slight clawing motion, Beitang Yiyang was pulled into Huang Xiaolong's hand from a deep pit. But Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to kill him.

Yelu Chufei had to die. Beitang Yiyang, on the other hand, could die, but he could also be spared.

Huang Xiaolong decided to give this Beitang Yiyang a chance. If the man was willing to submit to him, then he wouldn't mind receiving him as a follower. After all, controlling the Beitang Family was a means of expanding his forces, which was a more favorable result compared to exterminating them.

Hence, Huang Xiaolong woke the unconscious Beitang Yiyang. However, when he heard that Huang Xiaolong wanted him to submit, Beitang Yiyang sneered disdainfully, "What a joke, you want my Beitang Family to submit to you? Huang Xiaolong, don't dream about it!"

Hearing this reply, Huang Xiaolong shook his head in pity. Without another word, his Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power ran at full force, causing Beitang Yiyang's blood essence and godforce to rush out uncontrollably from his body and godhead.

His eyes widened in fear and tried to say something, but to his dismay, he couldn't utter a word.

In less than a second, Beitang Yiyang turned into a dried corpse.

Huang Xiaolong's godforce quivered, shattering Beitang Yiyang corpse into dust, disappearing from the world.

The wounded Beitang Family Grand Elders and Elders watched this scene with petrified faces.

Huang Xiaolong inhaled, pulling all of them from the pits in the ground and mountain cliffs.

"You have already seen Beitang Yiyang's ending." Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze swept over these Beitang Family masters, "I will also give all of you one chance to choose whether you're willing to submit, or would rather die."

Those Grand Elders and Elders were deathly pale.

Death? There was no one who wasn't afraid of dying.

But to betray their own family and submit to Huang Xiaolong? They were a hundred times unwilling, and even more unable to accept it.

While these Beitang Family masters were still hesitating, Huang Xiaolong grabbed a Fifth Order Highgod Realm Grand Elder to his front, and his Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power rushed out.

In the blink of an eye, that Fifth Order Highgod Realm Grand Elder turned into a dried corpse.

Huang Xiaolong casually waved his hand and the dried corpse turned into dust, floating away in the air.

The hesitating Beitang Family masters immediately tensed up.

"I don't have much patience right now, you have ten breaths to consider the matter. After ten breaths, those unwilling to submit to me shall die!" Huang Xiaolong's glimmered with bloodthirst.

The Beitang Family masters felt a cold shiver down to their hearts.

Ten breaths!

Two breaths later, a Grand Elder finally stepped out, willing to submit to Huang Xiaolong. Seeing this, several others began to speak up, willing to submit.

Soon, half of the Beitang Family Grand Elders and Elders were willing to submit to Huang Xiaolong. Several breaths later, more than half had already submitted.

Beitang Yiyang had selected more than six hundred Beitang Family masters to follow him to the Martial Spirit World. Now, more than five hundred of them were willing to submit to Huang Xiaolong, leaving a little more than a hundred that had yet to decide.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes swept over those hundred over people, his voice extremely cold, "Ten breaths have passed. Since you all can't decide, then be buried here!"

Just as Huang Xiaolong's voice fell, violent waves of godforce gushed out from these hundred over people. Those Beitang Family Grand Elders and Elders who had silently refused to submit seemed to have reached a tacit agreement to self detonate, wanting to bring Huang Xiaolong with them to hell.

Still, Huang Xiaolong was already prepared for this. With a light sway, he reverted back to his human form, after which one thousand arms fanned out from his back.

Godly Xumi Art!

In the next instant, one thousand arms executed the God Binding Palm at the same time, raining down on those Beitang Family masters and binding their godforce.

...

Inside the Vermilion Bird Institute's great hall, Institute Principal Qiu Baifei was staring at the sun setting on the horizon, speaking to the Grand Elders behind him without turning around, "The sun has set, Huang Xiaolong has probably died in the hands of Yelu Chufei and Beitang Yiyang by now."

It was the day of Huang Xiaolong's wedding. All forces in the four galaxies, be they big or small, were aware that the Yelu and Beitang Families wanted to slaughter the entire Martial Spirit World.

There were more than a few people in the four galaxies who wanted to see Huang Xiaolong dead, and one of them was the Vermilion Bird Institute Principal Qiu Baifei, who was now waiting for news.

"It's certain that Huang Xiaolong is dead by now, he has no way of fighting back against both Yelu and Beitang Families at the same time." He Feifan laughed, "There should be an Elder bringing good news soon."

Right at this time, a Vermilion Bird Institute Elder ran in with a flustered expression.

"How is it?" Qiu Baifei asked anxiously, "Is Huang Xiaolong already dead?"

[Chapter 903: Join Up, Not Going](#)

That Vermilion Bird Institute Elder's tongue quivered as he spoke, shaking his head, unable to hide his trepidation, "Institute Principal, that Huang Xiaolong, Huang Xiaolong did not die! He didn't die!!"

"He didn't die?!" Qiu Baifei, He Feifan, and the other Grand Elders present looked dumbfounded.

"Did he flee?" He Feifan asked anxiously, "The Yelu and Beitang Families have so many masters, they actually let Huang Xiaolong escape?!"

Qiu Baifei was extremely upset, "Such garbage Yelu and Beitang Families, they have so many masters but they can't even kill one Huang Xiaolong? They even let him escape!"

After hearing that Elder report that Huang Xiaolong did not die, Qiu Baifei, He Feifan, and everyone else naturally took it for granted that he had escaped.

There was no other possibility in their eyes.

The same Vermilion Bird Institute Elder answered fearfully, "No, Institute Principal, that Huang Xiaolong did not run away."

"Did not run?" Qiu Baifei and He Feifan repeated with doubt.

"Could it be, both Yelu and Beitang Families were interested in his talent and they decided to let Huang Xiaolong keep his life?" Qiu Baifei muttered under his breath in doubt.

"No, it-it's, both Yelu and Beitang Families' masters are dead! No, n-no, the Yelu Family masters are all dead, and those Beitang Family masters who did not submit to Huang Xiaolong were also killed." That Vermilion Bird Institute Elder dared not conceal anything, explaining fearfully.

"What?! All of the Yelu Family's masters are dead? Killed by Huang Xiaolong?!" Qiu Baifei and everyone else jumped to their feet with deep shock on their faces, their eyes protruded, their minds buzzing.

"Yes, all Yelu Family masters were killed by Huang Xiaolong." The Elder added cautiously, "Including their Patriarch, Yelu Chufei, not a single person escaped. Later on, Beitang Yiyang arrived, and he too died in Huang Xiaolong's hands, but a large number of Beitang Family masters have chosen to submit to Huang Xiaolong, thus escaping death."

Qiu Baifei, He Feifan, and everyone else were stunned agape.

Dead? All dead?!

Yelu Chufei actually died in Huang Xiaolong's hands?! Beitang Yiyang too!

"Impossible, impossible!! Yelu Chufei, Beitang Yiyang, both of these people are high-level Highgod Realm masters, how could Huang Xiaolong be a match for them?!" Qiu Baifei vehemently shook his head, shouting as if he had lost reason.

He Feifan and the other present were also in disbelief, finding it hard to accept this news.

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Black Tortoise Galaxy, Tumed World.

Inside an inn, Ancestor Cang Xiong and more than a dozen people were clinking wine cup, merrily toasting each other.

This group of people, Ancestor Cang Xiong included, were none other than the dozen Ancestor who had recently terminated their blood contracts with Huang Xiaolong.

"I wonder what the situation is like in Huang Clan Manor." Ancestor Cang Xiong put down his wine cup, speaking without any concern.

“How else could it be? They were definitely all slaughtered, blood flowed into a river, with nothing left. Based on the Yelu and Beitang Families’ combined strength, forget a measly Huang Clan Manor, they could easily rampage through the four galaxies.” A Highgod Realm Ancestor answered carelessly.

“Thank God we were smart enough to terminate our blood contracts with him. Even though we suffered a bit of backlash due to that, it is still better than dying together with Huang Xiaolong.” Another one of the Ancestors laughed, adding, “The news of Huang Xiaolong’s death is likely to spread very fast throughout the four galaxies.”

“But, Shi Xiaofei that little wench, what a pity. She really was an enticing little girl.”

“Who can say for sure, maybe she is being used by both families right now. Just imagining her stripped naked, my lower part throbs.”

Everyone erupted in laughter.

All of a sudden, one of them stopped laughing, hastily taking out his communication talisman with a disbelieving expression.

One of his disciples had just reported to him about the situation in the Huang Clan Manor. And the news was...!

“What wrong? Is Huang Xiaolong dead?” Ancestor Cang Xiong noticed that particular companion’s flustered expression, and made a joke, “Even if that Huang Xiaolong is really dead, you need not show such a shocked expression right?”

That Highgod Realm Ancestor wasn’t in the mood to laugh at all, his hand slowly extended out the communication talisman, speaking in a solemn voice, “You take a look.”

With doubt in his eyes, Ancestor Cang Xiong received the communication talisman and his divine sense swept over it. The smile on his face was frozen as disbelief and shock took over.

The other Ancestors detected their strangeness, and each of them took turns in reading the message within the communication talisman. In an instant, their merry mood vanished, leaving a gloomy silence hanging over their heads.

“How can it be that Huang Xiaolong is still alive? Impossible, how can he possibly kill Yelu Chufei, how could he kill Beitang Yiyang?!” One of the Highgod Realm Ancestors shrieked.

Ancestor Cang Xiong seemed paler than any other person there, mumbling to himself, “Huang Xiaolong didn’t die, but we terminated our blood contracts and betrayed him. Later, to us, he will surely...” Thinking of their impending doom, cold sweat trickled down his forehead.

The other Ancestors’ faces became ashen at the thought.

“How about we hurry back now and kowtow in forgiveness?” One of them suggested, his voice a bit scratchy.

“It’s no use, it’s already too late.” Cang Xiong shook his head.

Indeed, it was already too late. From the time they decided to terminate their blood contract, in Huang Xiaolong's heart, they were already dead.

The reason they were able to live until now, why Huang Xiaolong did not kill them immediately, was to let them know Yelu Chufei and Beitang Yiyang's ending. And now that they knew, their own deaths were not far away.

The news of Yelu Chufei and Beitang Yiyang having been killed by Huang Xiaolong spread throughout the four galaxies at an alarming speed. In a short period, the four galaxies' forces were in an uproar, astounded. Of course, there were even more people feeling regret and apprehension.

Above all else was the astonishment about the fact that the previously missing Heavenly Mountain had actually been actually taken away by Huang Xiaolong! Huang Xiaolong was the mysterious master who took the Heavenly Mountain years ago!

Then came the news of Huang Xiaolong's orders, that cultivators who had resided in Martial Spirit World and left before the two families' attack would no longer be permitted to enter Martial Spirit World again.

Following that, another one of Huang Xiaolong's orders spread out, ordering all four galaxies' Patriarchs and Ancestors to gather at the Huang Clan Manor within one month's time. Those who were absent would be killed!

Whereas those who could bring the heads of the Ancestors who had terminated their blood contracts with Huang Xiaolong would be rewarded with a hundred sacred grade immortal spirit stones!

As one order after another came from Huang Xiaolong and news of it spread out, the four galaxies were once again in an uproar, filled with unease and panic.

Due to the Huang Clan Manor's extensive damage, Huang Xiaolong pushed back the wedding date to two months later, instructing Ancestor Bifang and the others to rebuild the manor.

Deep into the silent night.

Huang Xiaolong was sitting cross-legged above the lightning dragon spiritual vein, absorbing its energy at rapid speed.

Although Yelu Chufei and Beitang Yiyang were dead, the Yelu and Beitang Ancestors were still alive. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong dared not relax, planning to completely refine the lightning dragon spiritual vein in two months, enhancing his cultivation further.

While he was in seclusion in order to refine the lightning dragon spiritual vein, inside the Vermilion Bird Institute's great hall, Principal Qiu Baifei as well as the Institute's Grand Elders were discussing the matter of Huang Xiaolong demanding that all Highgod Realm masters of the four galaxies travel to the Huang Clan Manor in one month's time.

"That Huang Xiaolong is really lawless and arrogant! Who does he think he is, actually ordering us, all four galaxies Highgod Realm masters to assemble at the Huang Clan Manor within one month?!" He Feifan fumed, "We refuse to go over, let's see what can he do to us. We'll join hands with the four

galaxies' Ancestors and Patriarchs! I don't believe he will dare to kill the Highgod Realm masters of all four galaxies!"

[Chapter 904: To The City of Devils](#)

"I heard the number of brilliant geniuses who died in Huang Xiaolong's hands in this term's Highgod Advancement Tournament isn't a small, and one of them was an even greater talent than Yelu Chufei, and Beitang Wuji, he was the Fortune Gate's core disciple Fang Chu." Qiu Baifei spoke solemnly, "The Fortune Gate is the Everlasting Galaxy's most powerful and most ancient super force, not that much weaker compared to the current Wang Clan."

He Feifan brightened, "What Master means is...?"

Qiu Baifei's eyes gleamed, "The Fortune Gate is not a power the likes of which those Yelu and Beitang Families can be compared to, Huang Xiaolong can't be arrogant for long."

Very quickly, the one-month deadline arrived.

Sitting cross-legged in the Heavenly Mountain's underground space, Huang Xiaolong who had been cultivating for the past one month slowly opened his eyes. Fine streaks of lightning flashed in the depth of his pupils.

After one month of continuous refinement, he finally finished absorbing the remaining energy inside the lightning dragon spiritual vein.

Adding the blood and godforce he had absorbed from two mid-Seventh Order Highgod Realm masters, Yelu Chufei and Beitang Yiyang, as well as a large number of both families masters', Huang Xiaolong's cultivation finally rose to late-Fourth Order Highgod Realm.

Late-Fourth Order Highgod Realm!

Although it was only a small breakthrough, Huang Xiaolong's strength actually more than doubled.

Now, even without transforming into his dragon form, Huang Xiaolong believed he could completely defeat Patriarch Yelu and Patriarch Beitang.

After a moment, he exited the Heavenly Mountain's space, appearing in the main hall of the newly rebuilt Huang Clan Manor. He then summoned both Green Dragon Beast King and Ancestor Bifang to report to him the latest situation in the four galaxies, not forgetting about the Patriarchs and Ancestors who were supposed to gather at the Huang Clan Manor within the stipulated one month.

The Green Dragon Beast King hesitated before reporting, "Master, so far, slightly over four hundred Patriarchs and Ancestors have arrived."

"Just around four hundred?" A piercing glint shone in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

On the surface, the four galaxies had more than seven hundred Highgod Realm masters, but this number merely counted their human race Highgod Realm masters and did not include the demonic beast clans nor the Highgod Realm masters who were in prolonged seclusion. Overall, Huang Xiaolong believed that the four galaxies had no less than one thousand Highgod Realm masters.

In other words, less than half of them came to Huang Clan Manor.

“What’s the reason?” Huang Xiaolong asked, his low voice seemed to exude an invisible pressure.

The Green Dragon Beast King and Ancestor Bifang exchanged a glance.

Ancestor Bifang still reported honestly, “The Vermilion Bird Institute’s Principal Qiu Baifei has led a large number of Highgod Realm Patriarchs and Ancestors to submit under the Everlasting Galaxy’s Fortune Gate, about one thousand of them.”

“Submit to the Fortune Gate?” Huang Xiaolong’s expression sank.

“That Qiu Baifei even said that Master can’t be arrogant for long, thus Master and those following you will die miserably!” Green Dragon Beast King spoke.

Huang Xiaolong harrumphed coldly, sounding like a thunderclap through the main hall.

“Master, should we hunt down Qiu Baifei and his group?” Ancestor Bifang inquired.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, “No need, let them go and submit to the Fortune Gate.” When the time comes, he would deal with them in one fell swoop.

“What about Ancestor Cang Xiong and the rest?” Huang Xiaolong asked another question.

“Ancestor Cang Xiong and the rest are already dead, their heads are here.” Green Dragon Beast King said as he took out Ancestor Cang Xiong and several other peoples’ heads. One could see the regret, unwillingness, and fear still etched on their faces.

The gaze in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes was cold. With a flick of his fingers, a sliver of fire element godforce fell on the severed heads, burning them to ashes.

“Here are one thousand and seven hundred sacred grade immortal spirit stones, pass them down.”

Huang Xiaolong said while waving his hand. He had stated before that anyone who brought over the head of an Ancestor who had terminated their blood contract with him would be rewarded with one hundred sacred grade immortal spirit stones.

Including Ancestor Cang Xiong, there was a total of seventeen heads, amounting to one thousand seven hundred sacred grade immortal spirit stones.

“Thank you, Master.” Green Dragon Beast King and Ancestor Bifang said in unison.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and had them call in the four hundred Patriarchs and Ancestors from the four galaxies.

After the over four hundred Highgod Realm masters entered the Huang Clan Manor’s main hall, Huang Xiaolong did not bother with any pleasantries and went straight to the point, telling them to submit to him.

Of course, Huang Xiaolong employed the stick and carrot method, providing remuneration according to the person’s cultivation. First Order Highgod Realm master would receive one sacred grade immortal spirit stone on an annual basis, moreover, it would be mid-sacred grade immortal spirit stone!

As for Second Order Highgod Realm masters, it would be two mid-sacred grade immortal spirit stones; so on and so forth.

Initially, several Patriarchs and Ancestors were extremely upset listening to Huang Xiaolong ordering them to submit, but when they heard that a First Order Highgod Realm master could receive one mid-sacred grade immortal spirit stone, all of them turned red from excitement.

But in the next second, Huang Xiaolong stated that those submitting to him must be branded with a soul mark, causing everyone's excitement to be extinguished like throwing cold water over fire.

No doubt, a sacred grade immortal spirit stone was extremely tempting, but no one would be willing to leave their life in another's hand.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze swept over those in the hall, continuing with an indifferent cold voice, "Those unwilling can leave anytime, I will not hinder you. However, whoever steps out of this hall will never have the chance to take a single step in ever again."

Everyone's face tightened.

"Huang Xiaolong, we can agree with you placing a soul mark on us, however, a single sacred grade immortal spirit stone is too little for a First Order Highgod Realm master to serve you for a year," All of a sudden, a voice broke the heavy atmosphere, "We want ten, and Second Order Highgod Realm should get twenty pieces every year!"

"That's right, we want ten each year!" Another voice chimed in, adding, "If not, we'll rather submit to the Fortune Gate like the Vermilion Bird Institute Principal!"

"Yes, we'd rather go submit to the Fortune Gate!"

Many present Highgod Realm Patriarchs and Ancestors were surprised, their eyes looking left and right looking for the owners of the voices who seemed to come from all corners of the hall, so much that one could hardly determine who was speaking.

Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent. His right hand suddenly extended, pushing at a particular location in the air.

Three miserable shrieks rang in the hall at the same time as three figures were sent flying out from the group of people, with blood spurting out from their mouths.

These three people were none other than Crimson Devil Shi Jiutian, Flaming Devil Ruan Ji, and Gorb Fiend Wang Han.

All three of them had fear in their eyes looking at Huang Xiaolong. The Illusive Devil's Voice was an ancient sound technique which, when executed, caused their voices to blend with the surrounding space, making it hard for others to pinpoint the speaker's location.

But how did Huang Xiaolong find them?

"Huang Xiaolong, what is the meaning of this?" Crimson Devil Shi Jiutian quickly concealed his fear with indignation, angrily shouting, "We from the Devil Domain Mainland came to submit to you, yet you attacked us out of nowhere, despicable!"

Huang Xiaolong watched Crimson Devil Shi Jiutian's stubborn act, then he snorted, revealing his impatience. A soul force sword flew directly at Shi Jiutian.

Flaming Devil Ruan Ji and the others watched as Crimson Devil Shi Jiutian suddenly stiffened and tumbled to the floor, no longer breathing. Small gasps sounded in the hall, causing the group of Highgod Realm Patriarchs and Ancestors to feel a chill blowing down their necks.

"Weren't you three clamoring for ten and twenty sacred grade immortal spirit stones every year, otherwise you'd rather submit to the Fortune Gate?" Huang Xiaolong looked at Flaming Devil Ruan Ji, and Gorb Fiend Wang Han, "How about now?"

"We're willing to submit, we hope Master will show clemency and not kill us." Flaming Devil Ruan Ji and Gorb Fiend Wang Han knelt down and pleaded.

Watching this scene, many unwilling Patriarchs and Ancestors hurried to announce their submission to Huang Xiaolong, no longer daring to play any tricks.

Without delay, Huang Xiaolong proceeded with branding these Highgod Realm masters' souls, completely holding their lives in his hands.

After giving out the remuneration he had promised, he had them leave the hall.

However, sitting in the main hall, there was a deep frown on Huang Xiaolong's forehead after those people left. Even though his overall forces weren't considered weak after adding these people, it was still far from being able to go against a super force like the Fortune Gate that possessed a long heritage.

Therefore, he urgently needed to increase his own strength.

The question was, where could he find more godheads that belonged to dead Heavenly Gods? Where should he go to find rare treasures like the lightning dragon spiritual vein?

Huang Xiaolong inevitably arrived at the Ascending Moon Old Man's yard to inquire if he knew where he could go in order to enhance his strength in the shortest amount of time.

The old man answered without hesitation: "Go to the City of Devils."

"City of Devils?" Huang Xiaolong was surprised. Previously, before he killed Yelu Chufei, during soul-scouring he discovered that the Yelu Family's Ancestor was in the City of Devils.

In fact, not only the Yelu Family's Ancestor, the Beitang Family's Ancestor was there as well.

[Chapter 905: The Hellion Tower and Path to Hell](#)

"Going to City of Devils can help enhance my strength in a short time?" Huang Xiaolong asked the Ascending Moon Old Man.

Although he had some information about the City of Devils from Yelu Chufei's memories, it was very limited.

The Ascending Moon Old Man nodded, "If there is a place in hundreds of thousands of galaxies that can help enhance one's strength in a short amount of time, the first on the list would be the City of Devils, while the second one is the Path to Hell."

“The City of Devils, the Path of Hell.” There was a glimmer of anticipation in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes.

“Yes, the City of Devils and Path to Hell.” The old man continued, “It is said that the City of Devils is a remnant city left behind by an ancient Devil King, inside of which is a Hellion Tower going up twelve floors. Passing each floor entitles the challenger to a great reward; the higher the floor, the greater the reward you will receive.”

“The Hellion Tower.” Huang Xiaolong was stunned.

The Ascending Moon Old Man went on, “This Hellion Tower is a place of limitless treasures. It is said that it existed even before the City of Devils was built, and the City of Devils has been standing for three hundred million years.”

“Three hundred million years!” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes widened in astonishment.

Didn’t this mean that the Hellion Tower could be four hundred million years old? Five hundred million years? Perhaps even longer!

“The Hellion Tower has a total of twelve floors, how are the rewards for each floor?” Huang Xiaolong asked. This was the point he was most concerned with.

The Ascending Moon Old Man shook his head, “I’ve only passed the first two floors, so those are the only rewards I know about. But, from what I’ve heard, as long as one passes the ninth floor, the reward is a Heavenly God’s godhead. Other than that, there are even more shocking treasures, however, passing the ninth floor is just too difficult. In the last several hundred years, the number of people who passed the ninth floor can be counted with two hands.”

Huang Xiaolong was genuinely shocked. With the Ascending Moon Old Man’s strength, he merely passed the first two floors?

Watching Huang Xiaolong’s shocked expression, the old man explained as if he guessed what his little disciple was thinking, “The truth is, challenging this Hellion Tower does not fully rely on one’s strength. It isn’t necessarily true that the stronger you are the higher you can go.”

“Oh?” Huang Xiaolong was curious now.

The Ascending Moon Old Man went on, “The most important element in challenging the Hellion Tower is one’s talent. The higher your talent is, the higher you can reach.”

“Talent!” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes lit up. Challenging the Hellion Tower actually relied on one’s talent! Based on his three supreme godheads’ potential...!

Huang Xiaolong’s excited expression did not escape the Ascending Moon Old Man’s eyes. Shaking his head, he said to Huang Xiaolong, “Little Huang brat, I know what you’re thinking. Your talent is indeed monstrous, a rare genius that appears once in millions of years, but challenging the Hellion Tower is a different matter. In so many years, there has only been one person who managed to pass the tenth floor!”

“Only one?” Huang Xiaolong sucked in a breath of cold air.

The Ascending Moon Old Man nodded, “Yes, that person is the ancient Devil King who built the City of Devils, he’s the only one who successfully passed the tenth floor. It is said that, when he passed the tenth floor, his reward was a ten-million-years-old Devil Fruit!”

A ten-million-years-old Devil Fruit!! A feverish gleam shone in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes.

A treasure of this level...!

Although Huang Xiaolong didn’t know what kind of spiritual fruit the Devil Fruit was, he was sure it was a precious and rare treasure.

A three-million-years-old medicinal herb was already extremely rare in the world, one could already imagine the value of a ten-million-years-old spiritual fruit and the amazing energy contained inside.

“No one has ever stepped onto the eleventh and twelfth floors, much less pass them.” The Ascending Moon Old Man added, “Hence no one knows about those rewards. Some guessed it might be a hundred-million-years-old spiritual fruit, others said it could be a supreme divine pellet, some claimed it to be a supreme heritage.”

A hundred-million-year-old spiritual fruit!

A supreme divine pellet!

A supreme heritage!

Unknowingly, Huang Xiaolong was clenching his fists.

“Passing this Hellion Tower relies on the extent of one’s talent, does that mean anyone can attempt to challenge it? Whether it be a Saint realm or God Realm cultivator?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

The Ascending Moon Old Man shook his head as he spoke, “That is not the case, the challenger must at least be a Highgod Realm master, because the Hellion Tower entrance can only be opened with the challenger’s own godforce.”

Initially, Huang Xiaolong planned to bring Shi Xiaofei together with him to try passing the Hellion Tower, but now that he heard the old man’s explanation, he smothered that thought.

“Then, one can challenge the Hellion Tower any number of times?” Huang Xiaolong asked another question.

The Ascending Moon Old Man said, “Not really. Every person has two attempts, but the second time’s difficulty would be higher than the first time. Naturally, the rewards of each floor would also be much greater.”

Huang Xiaolong sucked in a breath of cold air.

Subsequently, he asked a few more questions related to the Hellion Tower and the Path to Hell. The Ascending Moon Old Man told Huang Xiaolong all he knew about these two places.

The most powerful force in the City of Devils was the ancient devil race, the descendants of the very same Devil King after generations of thriving prosperity.

Other than this ancient devil race were the scattered forces of other galaxies' sects and families, such as the Wangu Clan, Fortune Gate, Mu Clan, the Dark Elf Tribe, Tempest Academy, and even the Giant Tribe.

However, the power of those branch forces wasn't really that strong.

The ancient devil race allowed the Wangu Clan, Fortune Gate, and other forces to establish a branch at the City of Devils, but their power was kept in check, holding the City of Devils' highest authority in their hands.

That Hellion Tower was also guarded by the ancient devil race. Although they allowed anyone to challenge the it, they must first pay ten top divine grade spirit stones.

Huang Xiaolong noted these details in his mind.

"Then what about the Path to Hell?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Since the City of Devils had the Hellion Tower, did the Path of Hell also have something like it?

However, the Ascending Moon Old Man shook his head, "The Path to Hell is extremely dangerous, its other name is Path of No Return. According to rumors, once one enters the Path of Hell, it would be hard to come out alive. Among tens of thousands of cultivators that enter, only one person can come out alive. I advise you not to go."

This advice only stoked Huang Xiaolong's curiosity further.

"This Path of Hell, what dangers does it hold?" Huang Xiaolong couldn't resist asking.

The old man explained, "This Path to Hell resembles a lair of countless evil spirits. Rumor has it that it's actually the entrance to Hell's Ghost Plane. No one knows if this is true, for no one has ever reached the end. Although there are countless evil spirits roaming in the Path to Hell, there are also countless million-year-old herbs and spiritual fruits. Some people claim that there are even ten-million-years-old and above medicinal herbs in the depth of that place, as well as other precious treasures."

The end of this Path to Hell was actually the entrance to Hell's Ghost Plane? Huang Xiaolong was genuinely surprised by this piece of information.

The Asura Tactics that he cultivated allowed him to summon the Gate of Hell that led straight to the Asura Plane. However, the Asura Plane and the Ghost Plane were two different realms.

It had been a long time since Huang Xiaolong summoned the Gate of Hell and entered the Asura Plane, but it was done for a reason; although the Asura Plane's spiritual energy was extremely tempting, a great help in enhancing his cultivation speed, it was still a higher realm, the risk was too high.

"The Path to Hell." Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself, if there was a chance, he would like to see the end of this Path to Hell.

[Chapter 906: The Wedding Night](#)

Still, all of that needed to wait until after his wedding.

Huang Xiaolong decided to make a trip to the City of Devils after his wedding one and a half months later to challenge the Hellion Tower.

A while later, he left the Ascending Moon Old Man's yard, entering the Heavenly Mountain's manor.

Currently, his parents, siblings, relatives, Shi Xiaofei, the Blessed Buddha Emperor Shi Fantian, and the rest were staying inside the Heavenly Mountain. The amazing level of spiritual energy there was beneficial to their cultivation, but most important of all, even if the Fortune Gate masters came, as long as it wasn't a Tenth Order Highgod Realm, Huang Xiaolong needn't worry for his family's safety.

With the several Highgod Realm subordinates under him guarding the Huang Clan Manor, even a Ninth Order Highgod Realm master wouldn't be able to break the Heavenly Mountain's barrier formations once activated.

Of course, if the Fortune Gate really sent a Ninth Order Highgod Realm master to deal with him, Huang Xiaolong could have the Heavenly Mountain conceal itself and flee, his family and friends' safety wouldn't be jeopardized.

Huang Xiaolong appeared in the main hall of the Heavenly Mountain's manor. He then spent some time talking with his parents and Shi Xiaofei before entering a concealed space, continuing his cultivation.

Before the Alchemist Grandmaster Grand Competition, he had to strive for a breakthrough to Seventh Order Highgod Realm, only then would he have a chance to defeat Fang Chu's Master, Sun Yi.

He was pressed for time, that short period of less than ten years was far from sufficient for him to grow stronger. He needed to invest every second he could in improving his strength.

Huang Xiaolong activated his four divine fires, when all of a sudden from the void above him, a stream of shimmering gray energy flowed down, entering his body, which his three supreme godheads then devoured, converting it into godforce. All three of his godheads shook after they made contact with that energy, emitting a radiant light.

Huang Xiaolong was startled, 'This is?'

What exactly was that shimmering gray energy? It had such high quality, many times higher than the energy contained in the lightning dragon spiritual vein he had refined. Even his three supreme godheads showed such a vigorous reaction as they absorbed it.

That lightning dragon spiritual vein was formed from countless years of accumulating the spiritual energy of a higher realm, yet this shimmering gray energy's quality was many times higher than that. Huang Xiaolong couldn't begin to imagine the source of that energy.

But he quickly suppressed the amazement in his heart, once again stimulated the four divine fires, which caused a stream of shimmering gray energy to flow out from the void into his body.

In his soul sea, his three supreme godheads shone brightly.

This time, Huang Xiaolong could clearly sense the source of this shimmering gray energy, it was coming from the Divine World instead of the lower realm.

What exactly was that spiritual energy?

Huang Xiaolong had read almost all the records in the four galaxies' institutes, but he still hadn't the slightest clue about what kind of spiritual energy would emerge after the four divine fires merged.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong suppressed these headless thoughts, fully focusing on stimulating the four divine fires and absorbing the shimmering gray energy coming from the void.

This time, the stream of shimmering gray energy was thicker, about the size of a thumb.

Huang Xiaolong increased his effort in stimulating the four divine fires. That stream of shimmering gray energy continued to flow out from the void, devoured by his three supreme godheads like a famished person did with food.

The radiant light from Huang Xiaolong's soul sea extended outside of his body, expanding, becoming ever more fascinating.

The day passed in the blink of an eye.

Huang Xiaolong slowly opened his eyes.

After a day of absorbing the shimmering gray energy, he felt a significant improvement in his cultivation, especially the godforce within his three supreme godheads which seemingly went through some kind of changes, becoming purer and more powerful.

One thing that depressed Huang Xiaolong was the fact that only one thumb-sized stream of gray energy would flow out from the Divine World no matter how hard he pushed the four divine fires.

That was to say, in every breath's time, only a single stream would flow out. Not to mention the speed with which his three supreme godheads were swallowing up that energy. In every breath, each of his godheads could devour one hundred streams of gray energy, and having three supreme godheads tripled the amount to three hundred streams.

Therefore, one little stream of energy every other breath wasn't enough to be divided between his three supreme godheads ah.

Although the lightning dragon spiritual vein's energy was of lower quality, it could 'feed' all three of Huang Xiaolong's godheads until they were full each time.

He then made a quick estimation in his head. If he cultivated with this shimmering gray energy, there was a very high chance he could break through to Fifth Order Highgod Realm in a short two to three years.

This speed may be unprecedented to others, but it was a little too slow for Huang Xiaolong. After all, there were less than ten years until the Alchemist Grandmaster Union competition.

Merely relying on this shimmering gray energy wasn't sufficient for him to break through to Seventh Order Highgod Realm within ten years.

'Looks like I still need to make a trip to the City of Devils and challenge the Hellion Tower.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Hence, at night, Huang Xiaolong would use the four divine fires to absorb the shimmering gray energy, while during the day he would spend time with his family and Shi Xiaofei.

The days quickly passed by, and Huang Xiaolong and Shi Xiaofei's wedding day arrived.

After two months of rebuilding, the Huang Clan Manor had restored its previous magnificence. In fact, the whole residence was even grander, filled with a lively, festive air.

Two month prior, due to the Yelu and Beitang Families releasing word that they were going to paint Martial Spirit World red with blood, other than Huang Xiaolong's Master Feng Yang, his Eldest Senior Apprentice-brother Liu Yun, Third Apprentice-sister Qi Wen, and a few others, no one else dared to show up at his wedding.

However, this time around, cultivators from the four galaxies could be seen all around, akin to an ocean of people. They were enough to fill the whole Martial Spirit World. The four galaxies' big and small Patriarchs, Ancestors, Grand Elders, and Elders all arrived in Martial Spirit World bearing gifts.

The Huang Clan Manor was even more packed with guests, extremely lively.

Such a grand occasion had never occurred in the four galaxies for millions of years.

Gifts were piled several mountains high, lining next to each other.

In fact, the Huang Clan Manor servants had reserved a large empty square to place these gifts, but as time passed they realized that the space was far from enough ah.

After going through a string of marriage rituals which included the ceremonial bows and tea ceremony, Huang Min and the others happily sent Shi Xiaofei to the bridal chamber, while Huang Xiaolong was left to accompany the toasting guests at the banquet.

Naturally, those Ancestors, Patriarchs, Grand Elders, and Elders were all flustered when toasting to Huang Xiaolong, bowing nervously while uttering cautious words of flattery as if Huang Xiaolong would be upset if they were half a step too slow.

Darkness gradually pulled a veil over the sky, and the guests from the four galaxies bid their farewells and left.

After everyone left, Huang Xiaolong made his way to a decorated yard, stopping in front of the bridal chamber. His palms pushed open the doors in front of him and stepped inside where Shi Xiaofei had long been waiting, sitting at the edge of the bridal bed made from ten thousand years old elm wood. Although the two people were at different ends of the room, Huang Xiaolong could hear Shi Xiaofei's loud heartbeat.

He slowly approached Shi Xiaofei, who was fully clad in a red wedding dress, and took a seat in front of her, causing her heartbeat to audibly quicken.

Huang Xiaolong removed the red scarf covering her head, revealing Shi Xiaofei's alluring face, slightly red from shyness.

Today, Shi Xiaofei was specially dressed up, enhancing her alluring beauty to another degree, which caused all other living beings to pale in comparison.

Huang Xiaolong's feelings rose to his chest, softly calling her name: "Xiaofei."

"En," Shi Xiaofei answered, barely louder than a mosquito. As if what was about to happen next flickered in her mind, her delicate face turned red like an apple.

Huang Xiaolong inched closer, placing his lips close to her ears, whispering, "Tonight, you're mine...."

[Chapter 907: Three Days and Three Nights](#)

A shiver ran down Shi Xiaofei's petite body hearing his low whisper, the shyness of a girl was fully displayed on her delicate face. Her ears were red down to her earlobes.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong's arm reached out, and before Shi Xiaofei knew it she was already leaning against his firm chest. Even through the layers of her wedding dress, Huang Xiaolong could feel Shi Xiaofei's rising body temperature.

Aroused, his hands began to roam around.

Shi Xiaofei's body was soft and supple, completely leaning into Huang Xiaolong as his hands teased her as he liked. However, as time passed, the pair of masculine hands lit a fire in her body everywhere they touched, causing her breathing to gradually grow heavy.

The faint scent of Shi Xiaofei's body drilled into Huang Xiaolong's nose.

His head lowered, after which his lips met a pair of dainty cherry red lips, sending a shiver down Shi Xiaofei's body.

They became engrossed as their kissing deepened, as if they had blended into the heaven and earth, forgetting all else. Slowly, not knowing who or when, their clothes were peeled off and piled at their feet, leaving skin against skin.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze traced the white skin that was like translucent jade yet had a visible pinkish undertone. Her mesmerizing curves, high breasts and rounded behind, spurred the heat from Huang Xiaolong's groin.

As for Shi Xiaofei, her sight was filled with Huang Xiaolong's chiseled muscles, especially the enormous horizontal pillar, her face was indescribably red.

A short while later, soft moans and grunts sounded from the bridal chamber and primal desire filled the room, the yard.

Three days and three nights later, Huang Xiaolong and Shi Xiaofei emerged from the bridal chamber.

When they entered the hall and saw everyone there with bloodshot eyes, Huang Xiaolong and Shi Xiaofei couldn't help turning red.

His younger brother Huang Xiaohai discreetly gave Huang Xiaolong a thumbs up.

Huang Xiaolong rolled his eyes and pretended not to see.

Whereas Su Yan and Huang Min quickly walked up to Shi Xiaofei, talking in low whispers. Shi Xiaofei lowered her head, her face all red.

In the blink of an eye, a month went by.

In this one month, Huang Xiaolong's days were spent in cultivation, stimulating the four divine fires and absorbing the shimmering gray energy, while his nights were spent tumbling between the sheets with

Shi Xiaofei. In between, he would bring Shi Xiaofei and his family on little trips around Martial Spirit World.

Time trickled by and another month passed.

After a month of absorbing the shimmering gray energy, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation rose significantly.

Shi Xiaofei was still a virgin on their wedding night, adding her Pure Luminance Enlightened Buddha Physique. After their coupling, Huang Xiaolong obtained a part of her yin essence, hence his cultivation speed was even faster. This improvement was even more obvious looking at Shi Xiaofei's cultivation.

Two months after his wedding, before the Huang Family's and Shi Xiaofei's reluctant gazes, Huang Xiaolong left the Martial Spirit World for the City of Devils.

Before leaving, he listed a number of things that Dragon Emperor Ao Taiyi, Ancestor Bifang, and the other needed to pay attention to.

A day later, he had left the territory of the four galaxies.

'According to speed of Qiu Baifei's group, they should now be arriving at the Fortune Gate's headquarters in the Everlasting Galaxy.' On the way, Huang Xiaolong sneered as he thought to himself.

As predicted, not long after he left the four galaxies, Qiu Baifei's group arrived at the Everlasting Galaxy.

The Fortune Gate Chief, Wang Yu, personally welcomed them.

No doubt, if this was any other time, with the identities of Qiu Baifei's group members, they would never be qualified to meet the Fortune Gate's Chief. However, when Wang Yu heard that Qiu Baifei's group came from the Black Tortoise, Vermilion Bird, White Tiger, and Azure Dragon Galaxies, and most of all that they had information related to Huang Xiaolong, Wang Yu decided to 'welcome' this group of people personally.

"You're saying Huang Xiaolong killed the Seventh Order Highgod Realm Yelu Chufei and Beitang Yiyang?!" Hearing Qiu Baifei's report, Wang Yu's expression stiffened due to shock for the briefest moment, his disbelief was obvious.

"Yes, Chief Wang." Qiu Baifei respectfully replied, "This matter is absolutely true, this news has spread throughout the four galaxies. None of us expected Huang Xiaolong to have concealed his strength so deeply, reaching this extent."

Wang Yu's expression darkened visibly.

Huang Xiaolong actually had such strength? Then the one who killed their sect's Elder Wang Zhong wasn't someone else, but Huang Xiaolong?!

At that thought, Wang Yu's expression grew even more sullen.

His Fortune Gate's disciples had always maintained a strict line, guarding the border of the Eternal Galaxy and its neighboring galaxies. It was impossible for Huang Xiaolong to leave without them knowing, but now, not only had Huang Xiaolong returned to the Black Tortoise Galaxy, he had also

exterminated more than half of the Yelu Family's masters and reined in just as many Beitang Family cultivators.

'Those groups of useless trash!' A chilling light flickered in Wang Yu's eyes.

"Chief Wang, that Huang Xiaolong is arrogant and overbearing in nature, not to mention lawless and reckless. He actually fantasized about conquering the four galaxies, that is why we were forced to leave our native land, hoping to be of service to the Fortune Gate." A White Tiger Galaxy Third Order Highgod Realm family ancestor cautiously spoke.

Wang Yu finally revealed a smile, "For you to be willing to place your hopes on our Fortune Gate, submitting to us, we naturally welcome everyone. Rest assured, we will definitely capture Huang Xiaolong and torture him to death!"

Although the strength of Qiu Baifei's group didn't enter Wang Yu's eyes, they were still Highgod Realm masters. Even a long heritage hegemon force like their Fortune Gate would need to spend a large amount of resources to nurture a Highgod Realm master.

Now, there were close to a thousand Highgod Realm masters willing to submit to them, Wang Yu was naturally happy.

With this, the Fortune Gate's power would rise by another level.

The kneeling Highgod Realm masters from the four galaxies rose to their feet, thanking Chief Wang. Subsequently, Wang Yu had one of the Fortune Gate's Grand Elders arrange cultivation grounds for Qiu Baifei's group.

However, just as he planned to send someone to capture Huang Xiaolong, a disciple ran inside reporting that Huang Xiaolong had already left the Black Tortoise Galaxy and was heading to the City of Devils.

Of course, this news was deliberately released by Huang Xiaolong.

After Wang Yu heard this report, he sneered, "Huang Xiaolong ah Huang Xiaolong, since it's like that I'll have my Fortune Gate Grand Elders prepare to welcome you at the gates of the City of Devils."

Thus, Wang Yu took out his communication talisman to contact the Fortune Gate's Branch Grand Elders located in the City of Devils, having them prepare well to 'welcome' Huang Xiaolong.

Following that, Wang Yu gathered a group of thirty people consisting of Seventh Order, Eighth Order, and Ninth Order Highgod Realm masters, sending them to Martial Spirit World with the absolute order of capturing all the Huang Clan Manor's people alive, especially Huang Xiaolong's woman, Shi Xiaofei!

Watching those thirty people leave, Wang Yu let out a hearty laughter, "Huang Xiaolong, you'll reunite with your family and woman very soon in the City of Devils."

Due to the distance between the Black Tortoise Galaxy and City of Devils, even if Huang Xiaolong used Greater Space Teleportation consecutively in between transmission arrays, it still took him three months before reaching his destination.

In those three months, he continued absorbing the gray energy to cultivate as he traveled, narrowing his cultivation to peak late-Fourth Order Highgod Realm.

According to his estimation, he would be able to step into peak late-Fourth Order Highgod Realm in two months if he continued at this rate.

Looking at the enormous city that stood in the middle of space, the tall city walls and devil qi roiling above the City of Devils, Huang Xiaolong subconsciously accelerated.

A short while later, he was standing in front of the city gates.

[Chapter 908: Devil Bead](#)

However, before entering the City of Devils, Huang Xiaolong's divine sense swept around and immediately discovered a large number of hidden Fortune Gate disciples. Among them was an imposing old man exuding a suffocating pressure, definitely an Eighth Order Highgod Realm master or above.

This old man was most likely the Grand Elder responsible for the Fortune Gate Branch in the City of Devils.

Huang Xiaolong sneered.

He deliberately released news of his departure to the City of Devils, certain that the Fortune Gate would send their people to block his path. But he wasn't perturbed by this.

Before he appeared in front of the city gates, he had already changed his physical appearance. Forget these Fortune Gate disciples, even if Fang Chu was standing in front of him, he still wouldn't be able to recognize him.

After paying the fee of one saint grade spirit stone, Huang Xiaolong swaggered into the City of Devils.

He even wickedly walked past in front of several Fortune Gate disciples, but their gazes were fixed on a female cultivator entering the city behind Huang Xiaolong.

It has to be said that the female cultivator was quite pretty, especially the two peaks on her chest, big and jiggling as she walked.

After smoothly entering the City of Devils, Huang Xiaolong followed the flow of the crowd, his eyes surveying the streets and shops around him. All of those shops mainly sold items related to the devil race, but there were a few shops that offered medicinal herbs and pills suitable for human cultivators.

He strolled around, but did not make any purchases even though those herbs and pills weren't bad. After making some inquiries about the Hellion Tower, Huang Xiaolong headed there straight away.

There was a rule in City of Devils that prohibited flying in the city's airspace and Greater Space Teleportation for the Highgod Realm cultivators. Hence, it would take Huang Xiaolong three to four days to reach the Hellion Tower.

He was in no hurry since he was already in the City of Devils. A delay of three to four days wasn't an issue, it could be considered as enjoying sceneries of a new place. Unless absolutely necessary, Huang Xiaolong preferred not to violate the City of Devils' rules.

According to the Ascending Moon Old Man, this particular ancient devil race clan's power wasn't any weaker than the Wangu Clan. If possible, he wished to avoid having any conflict with them.

As he proceed along, the sky gradually turned dark.

Huang Xiaolong took a look at the sky, then found a dilapidated yard a short while later, planning to stay the night there and continuing on his way tomorrow.

After entering the dilapidated yard, Huang Xiaolong cleaned up a corner of the room with a light wave of his hand and sat in a meditative position on the floor. He then swallowed an Extraordinary Divine Pellet and started doing breathing exercises.

In the blink of an eye, it was already deep into the night.

Silvery moonlight shone down, casting a soft glow over the yard.

Huang Xiaolong was resting in a meditative posture when he heard the sound of whistling air some distance from the yard he was in.

He opened his eyes and saw the descending figure of a middle-aged man. His bloodstained robe was clear under the moonlight, wobbling unsteadily as his feet touched the ground, his breathing chaotic. Huang Xiaolong noticed that this person's godhead was forcefully damaged by an overpowering force.

When the middle-aged man noticed Huang Xiaolong in the yard, his eyes brightened and made an effort to approach him. However, before he could say a word, a sharp sword light slashed through the void, cutting across the middle-aged man's neck.

The middle-aged man stiffened where he was, the eyes on his falling head widened.

After the sword light vanished, a young man clad in a brocade robe appeared in the yard, walking straight to the middle-aged man's body with a cold sneer on his face. His palm suddenly struck out, completely shattering the middle-aged man's godhead, destroying his soul in the process. When all of this was done, the young man removed the middle-aged man's spatial ring, taking out a black bead.

The instant this black bead emerged, the surrounding spiritual energy vigorously rippled.

The devil qi intensified, roiling throughout the yard.

However, seemingly restricted by the black bead, this soaring devil qi did not spread out from the yard.

The brocade-robed young man looked at the black bead in his hand with delight in his eyes. In the next second, he let out an insuppressible laugh before putting the black bead away into his own spatial ring. Only then did he focus on Huang Xiaolong.

"Late-Fourth Order Highgod Realm." The young man determined his cultivation with a single glance. He didn't interrogate Huang Xiaolong, merely looked coldly at him, throwing a question, "Runt, are you going to kill yourself or should I do it?"

A faint frown wrinkled Huang Xiaolong's brows, showing his displeasure. It seems like he saw something he shouldn't have seen, hence this young man planned to silence him.

This brocade-robed young man's strength wasn't all that bad, a mid-Seventh Order Highgod Realm cultivator.

"You're a disciple of the devil clan?" Huang Xiaolong asked, glancing at the young man's attire.

The brocade-robed young man chuckled, "That's right. Your strength isn't bad, a tiny bit better than that Fortune Gate disciple, but don't think you might be lucky enough to escape. Before me, you won't have this chance."

Huang Xiaolong's brows smoothed as his expression returned to his usual indifference, "I don't want to kill you, and have no interest in interfering with your devil clan's matters. Leave now and neither of us shall bother with each other."

Huang Xiaolong really did not want to be dragged into the devil clan's matters.

In this City of Devils, unless absolutely necessary, he didn't want to tear face with the devil clan.

At Huang Xiaolong's words, a fleeting tinge of bloodlust flitted in the young man's eyes looking at him, making an exaggerated action of digging his ear, "I didn't hear wrongly, did I? You just said you don't want to kill me?"

The sound of whistling sounded in the distance, interrupting his words.

Another disciple wearing the same brocade robe descended in the yard.

"Mo Chen, did you find the Devil Bead?" The second devil clan disciple asked the first disciple.

All core disciples of the devil clan used the surname 'Mo.'

The first devil clan disciple Mo Chen answered, "You know you can rest assured when I do things. I already got the Devil Bead, but this runt saw some things he shouldn't have. I told him to kill himself, but guess what he said to me; he said he doesn't want to kill me and told me to leave, not bothering each other."

The second devil clan disciple shook his head and laughed, looking strangely at Huang Xiaolong, then glanced at Mo Chen, saying, "Seeing that this runt is silly to the point of being cute, let him enjoy our ancient devil clan's Ten Thousand Purgatory Devil Hands."

Mo Chen nodded, "That is of course." Finished saying that, he strode toward Huang Xiaolong. His godforce surged and concentrated in his palm, striking at his target.

In an instant, alarming devil qi rushed out, condensing into numerous devil hands; not one more, not one less, precisely ten thousand.

Just as those devil hands were about to close in on Huang Xiaolong, radiant rays like a million suns burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body, bright and sacred. His light element godforce flowed out like a galactic river, submerging all devil hands it touched, purifying them.

Huang Xiaolong lifted a finger and pointed in the air, the Absolute Soul Finger force combined with his light element godforce and instantly pierced through Mo Chen's temple.

Mo Chen tumbled to the floor, his dying face filled with disbelief.

The second devil clan disciple Mo Rui was stunned, then dread warped his face, "Light element godforce!" He had already turned around, fleeing without hesitation.

He had just turned around when a figure flickered, blocking in front of him. Naturally, it was Huang Xiaolong with his Earthen Buddha Palm slapping down on Mo Rui, causing boundless Buddhism energy to flow into his chest.

Mo Rui screamed as his entire body turned into a pool of light, disappearing from the world.

After killing Mo Rui, Huang Xiaolong reached the side of Mo Chen's corpse, found the black bead from his body and flicked a sliver of fire element godforce, erasing all traces. At this time, there were several sounds of piercing wind coming from the distance.

Each of their auras was many times more powerful than Mo Chen and Mo Rui's.

Without dallying, Huang Xiaolong disappeared from the yard quietly.

[Chapter 909: Devil Son Mo Su](#)

"Such shocking light element godforce!"

"There's also remnants of fire element godforce!"

"There is... Buddhism energy around?!"

Those five ancient devil clan Elders felt alarmed several times in a short moment.

A snow white-haired Elder amongst the group stopped at the spots where Mo Chen and Mo Rui had been killed and destroyed. His hands waved in the air as if gathering something from all directions, condensing a pool of light that separated into two images of Mo Rui and Mo Chen.

Although the two images were extremely vague, it was clear enough to tell their identities.

"Both Mo Chen and Mo Rui are dead!" The snow white-haired Elder confirmed with a gloomy expression, "It seems the Devil Bead has already been taken by the other side!"

Hearing his words, the other four people's expressions turned extremely ugly.

"Such astonishing light element godforce, and also Buddhism energy, was it someone from the Bodhisattva Branch?" One of them made a guess.

The Bodhisattva Branch was a very old super force that had conquered tens of thousands of galaxies at one point, however, several hundred thousand years back, they suddenly withdrew to their headquarters. Now, their disciples rarely ventured into the outside world.

This Bodhisattva Branch's cultivation technique was mainly derived from Buddhism cultivation techniques; one of the reasons why the devil clan Elder wondered if it was someone from the Bodhisattva Branch.

In his opinion, only a Bodhisattva Branch disciple who had cultivated the Buddhism cultivation technique would possess such astonishing Buddhism energy and light element godforce.

"The Devil Bead is gone, the Patriarch will definitely be furious. The scope of this matter is too big, what we must do now is to hurry back and report this to the Patriarch, then lock down the whole City of

Devils. Even we have to dig one hundred feet below ground, we must get the Devil Bead back!" One of the five Elders spoke, his expression grim.

The others nodded in agreement, disappearing from the yard in a flicker.

At this time, in another abandoned yard, space rippled in silence as Huang Xiaolong's figure emerged.

Underneath the moonlight, the Devil Bead between his fingers reflected a faint black glow. As he turned the black bead, Huang Xiaolong caught glimpses of an ancient devil race character.

Although he didn't know the usage of this Devil Bead yet, it was undoubtedly something with great significance for the devil clan, otherwise they wouldn't have sent out so many masters to search for it.

He released an inquisitive strand of divine sense into the black bead, but it was repelled by a mysterious force. What he did manage to discover was the fact that the ancient devil race character slightly quivered when his divine sense entered the Devil Bead.

Did that mysterious force originate from that ancient devil character?

Despite spending the next hour studying the Devil Bead, Huang Xiaolong had no gains. He subsequently put the Devil Bead away, leaving it for later, then swallowed an Extraordinary Divine Pellet and continued with his breathing exercises.

At the same time, inside the devil clan's great hall, the Clan Patriarch Mo Dingtian was extremely upset. He had just received his subordinates' report saying that the Devil Bead had been taken away by an unknown master that cultivated Buddhism techniques!

"A group of trash!" Mo Dingtian roared to vent his anger, causing the entire great hall to quake.

Several steps below the dais, a group of devil clan Elders shuddered down to their hearts, guiltily lowering their heads.

Devil qi sparked in the depths of Mo Dingtian's eyes whenever he thought of the lost Devil Bead. The Path to Hell's Devil King Palace couldn't be opened without it, he felt like killing someone.

"Why aren't you bastards locking down the city?! Search every inch, get back the Devil Bead for me!" Mo Dingtian barked, "I don't care who that person is, kill them without mercy! Also, that Fortune Gate spy who mingled into our disciples, investigate if this matter is related to the Fortune Gate. Things won't end here!"

"Yes, Patriarch!"

Immediate action was taken, hence it didn't take long for Huang Xiaolong to hear news of the devil clan locking down the City of Devils.

The streets were filled with ancient devil clan disciples checking everyone, but Huang Xiaolong did not place this matter to heart.

Three days later, he reached the north side of the City of Devils where the Hellion Tower was located.

He noticed that the closer he got to the Hellion Tower, the stronger the surrounding devil qi became.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong reached the lofty tower standing in a large square.

The Hellion Tower, entirely black through and through, was emitting a terrifying devil qi, thick streams of it wound around the black tower like several evil dragons! The surface of the tower was inscribed with ancient devil race symbols, and every floor's characters were different.

The lowest floor was several hundred square meters large, gradually growing smaller the higher it went. The higher the level, the more intense the devil qi surrounding it was.

Booming inns and restaurants could be seen all over the the Hellion Tower square. Apart from them, there was also an exchange market that traded in medicinal pellets, armors, weapons, and other items.

Thinking back to what the Ascending Moon Old Man said, Huang Xiaolong didn't waste much time finding the registration place to enter the Hellion Tower.

He paid the required ten top divine grade spirit stones and received an identity token, after which he was informed by the ancient devil clan disciple behind the counter to wait three days at the square for the appointed entry time.

Huang Xiaolong kept his identity token and went searching for a big restaurant, choosing a table next to a window. He then called for the waiter and ordered some dishes and wine, slowly enjoying them as he gazed outside.

The restaurant he chose had quite a lot of customers. Throwing a quick glance around, he saw disciples wearing robes of different families and sects. For instance, the Wangu Clan, Fortune Gate, Ouyang Clan, as well as the Swordless Sect.

Huang Xiaolong actually spotted a familiar face, one of the disciples he 'saved' from Fang Chu's hands in the Lightning God's space, the Orthodox Yang Sect's Lu Dongwei!

'This Lu Dongwei is also planning to enter the Hellion Tower?' Huang Xiaolong thought with interest.

"Did you hear? Three days later, the Immemorial Devil Clan's Devil Son Mo Su will also be challenging the Hellion Tower." A voice from a nearby table belonging to a Swordless Sect disciple drifted into Huang Xiaolong's ears.

"What?! Devil Son Mo Su wants to challenge the Hellion Tower three days later! I heard this Devil Son Mo Su is similar to the ancient Devil King, possessing an innate Devil Physique from the time he was born. Not to mention that his physique is one of the more powerful ones, hence his talent isn't any weaker than the ancient Devil King himself! He actually wants to challenge the Hellion Tower?!" Another disciple blurted out in shock.

Other Swordless Sect disciples wore the same shocked expression on their faces.

"Others say that this Devil Son Mo Su has never challenged the Hellion Tower, this is his first time, right? In the past, some speculated that if this Mo Su challenges the Hellion Tower he would be able to pass the tenth floor just like the past Devil King." One of the Swordless Sect disciples sighed.

"Pass the tenth floor?! That's definitely going to be shocking ah! If that's really true, it's going to be lively three days later! However, how does this Mo Su compare to our human race's Huang Xiaolong? I wonder whose talent is higher."

“Of course Mo Su would win, there’s a rumor that his godhead is of emperor rank! As good as that Huang Xiaolong is, he cannot be placed in the same category as Mo Su!”

Those several Swordless Sect disciples chattered on, and their chatter attracted the attention of surrounding tables, raising shock in everyone’s hearts.

“That’s right, during the Highgod Advancement Tournament that has just passed our Devil Son was in seclusion cultivating a supreme devil technique, hindering him from participating. If not, the Highgod Advancement Tournament’s first place would absolutely belong to our Devil Son, not that Huang Xiaolong!” All of a sudden, an arrogant voice resounded from outside the restaurant.

Huang Xiaolong and everyone else looked toward the entrance as a group of more than ten devil clan disciples strode in.

[Chapter 910: The True Number One Genius In Tens of Thousands of Galaxies](#)

Watching the group of devil clan disciples walk into the restaurant, all human race disciples quieted. Despite the dissatisfaction they felt toward those devil clan disciples’ arrogance, no one spoke out.

The devil clan disciples haughtily swaggered in until they reached a table next to the window, one of them gesturing to the person occupying it to scram.

That person could do nothing but swallow his anger, obediently give up his table, and find another seating far away.

The several devil clan disciples sat down around the table without any embarrassment. From the way they acted, they seemed to be regular patrons of this restaurant. Just as they sat down, a waiter was already scurrying towards them with a tray of dishes and wine.

“I don’t know what kind of dog-shit luck that shitty Huang Xiaolong stepped into for him to win the Highgod Advancement Tournament’s first place! Had he run into our Devil Son, I bet he wouldn’t even dare fart in front of him.” One of the devil clan disciples grumbled loudly.

“That’s right! If that Huang Xiaolong dared to come challenge the Hellion Tower, the best he could do is passing the eighth floor.” Another ancient devil clan disciple harrumphed.

“The eighth floor? In my opinion, it would already be a miracle if he could reach the seventh floor.” Another devil clan disciple snickered with disdain, “The fourth-placed Mu Qi from the Mu Clan tried challenging the Hellion Tower before the Highgod Advancement Tournament, but he only managed to pass the fourth floor. Wangu Yanhui’s talent is slightly higher, he could probably pass the fifth floor, and if that Fang Chu was still alive, I say the highest he could reach is the sixth floor. That’s why I said that Huang Xiaolong could at most reach the seventh floor. I’m already giving him a very high evaluation.”

“Huang Xiaolong could merely reach the seventh floor, while our Devil Son will definitely pass the tenth floor, the gap between them is a million miles. That Huang Xiaolong is not qualified to be mentioned in the same breath as our Devil Son.”

That group of devil clan disciples felt even more disgruntled as they grumbled on.

In their words, Huang Xiaolong was nothing more than an average genius who had a little bit more luck, and their Devil Son was the irrefutable peerless genius.

Before their Devil Son Mo Su, Huang Xiaolong was mere leftovers.

The other patrons inside the restaurant grew increasingly dissatisfied listening to the devil clan disciples' grumbling, but all of them endured, no one said anything. Whereas Huang Xiaolong was inwardly sneering as their words entered his ears.

At this point, a patter of footsteps sounded as another group of people entered the restaurant. A group of ancient clan disciples clad in law enforcer robes rushed in, exactly three hundred of them.

The leader of the group was an ancient devil clan Elder, an Eighth Order Highgod Realm master.

Watching this group rushing into the restaurant all of a sudden, everyone inside was bewildered.

The ancient devil clan Elder spoke, "Everyone, don't be nervous. We're only performing a routine inspection, everyone just needs to lightly display your godforce."

After the Devil Bead was lost, the whole City of Devils was locked down while they rounded up every person who had light or Buddhism energy godforce, or even fire element godforce, regardless of identity.

The three hundred ancient devil clan disciples spread out to different corners of the restaurant and began the inspection.

Very soon, several of them reached Huang Xiaolong's table, instructing him to display his godforce.

Streaks of lightning suddenly wrapped around Huang Xiaolong's body as his lightning element godforce surged for a brief second.

Confirming this, the several law enforcer disciples no longer bothered with him, moving on to the next person.

A short while later, the law enforcement group left, bringing with them two cultivators possessing fire element godforce. Despite their vehement resistance, their struggle was futile.

Huang Xiaolong spent a little more time in the restaurant before leaving, renting an independent courtyard at one of the many inns in the square. He then started cultivating quietly in his room, waiting for three days to pass so he could enter the Hellion Tower.

He didn't go inquiring about the usage of the Devil Bead in case it attracted the attention of the ancient devil clan. It wasn't an urgent matter, after all, he could look into it after coming out from the Hellion Tower.

The next three days were uneventful, gone in a blink.

Huang Xiaolong stepped out from his yard, heading straight to the hellion Tower square that was already crowded with people.

The square wasn't usually this crowded, but news of Devil Son Mo Su challenging the Hellion Tower this time has spread, attracting numerous cultivators.

Huang Xiaolong maneuvered through the crowd of people, holding the identity token in his hand. When he reached the waiting area, there were already five to six hundred disciples waiting.

Glancing around, he spotted the Orthodox Yang Sect's Lu Dongwei. As he guessed earlier, this Lu Dongwei appearing in the City of Devils was also for the Hellion Tower. At this time, apart from Lu Dongwei, Huang Xiaolong saw two more familiar faces.

One of them was the Zhou Clan's Zhou Yao, while the other one was the Tempest Academy's Jiang Xiaosu!

Seeing a woman like Jiang Xiaosu also coming to challenge the Hellion Tower, Huang Xiaolong was genuinely surprised.

Since he had already altered his physical appearance before entering the City of Devils, no one recognized him.

Then, the crowd of people stirred with excitement.

"It's the Devil Son!"

"The devil clan's Devil Son!"

The surrounding ancient devil clan disciples cheered in excitement.

Following the direction of the crowd's gaze, Huang Xiaolong saw a young man clad in a black brocade robe surrounded by a group of ancient devil clan disciples, walking toward the waiting area. As he approached, the crowd parted.

With spirited eyes like shining stars and domineering brows like sharp blades, he exuded a natural overbearing air. This kind of overbearing air was different from Huang Xiaolong whose overbearing air was due to his fearlessness and confidence. This Mo Su's overbearing air came from his desire to possess, to hold everything between heaven and earth in his palm.

"Devil Son, there are a few human race geniuses challenging the Hellion Tower this time as well. Other than the Orthodox Yang Sect's Lu Dongwei, the third-placed Zhou Yao, and the eighth-placed Jiang Xiaosu are here as well." An ancient devil clan Elder following behind Mo Su informed him with a satirical smile.

Mo Su chuckled, "What human race geniuses? In my eyes, there's no such thing as a genius among them. Zhou Yao? Merely a waste that grasped a sliver of the dao of slaughter dares to title himself a genius? Jiang Xiaosu, however, I heard she has a few points of charm, perhaps she's qualified to be my little concubine."

Mo Su did not lower his voice saying this, in fact, he amplified his voice with a trace of his godforce, reaching all corners of the square.

Zhou Yao's expression was extremely ugly, Jiang Xiaosu wasn't looking much better, turning red and green from anger.

"Pity that Huang Xiaolong didn't come. If he did, I would let everyone know who the real peerless genius is, who the title of number one in the tens of thousands of galaxies truly belongs to!" Mo Su snickered.

A faint frown formed between Huang Xiaolong's eyebrows.

Although this Mo Su was too arrogant, he had the qualification to do so, Huang Xiaolong could see that his cultivation had already reached Eighth Order Highgod Realm!

This was truly startling.

From what he heard a few days ago, this Mo Su's bone-age didn't exceed two thousand. In other words, he had been cultivating for less than two thousand years!

Such terrifying cultivation speed was enough for him to feel proud!

Shortly, accompanied by a group of people, Mo Su arrived at the waiting area.

"Devil Son, this here is Miss Jiang Xiaosu." An ancient devil clan Elder pointed toward her, saying to Mo Su.

Mo Su's eyes lit up. His lecherous gaze roamed over Jiang Xiaosu's body and he nodded approvingly, "Still a virgin, higher than average face, totally qualified to be my little concubine."

Jiang Xiaosu harrumphed coldly and turned away from Mo Su.

Mo Su laughed, unconcerned with her manners. Led by the ancient devil clan Elder, Mo Su came at the front of the line, standing in front of the Hellion Tower entrance.

As the Devil Son of the ancient devil clan, Mo Su was naturally the first to enter the Hellion Tower.