

Conqueror 2771

Chapter 2771: Just Waiting For You To Leave

Perhaps because he felt that the price had been hiked up too high, or it would damage his reputation by competing with a True Saint Realm brat, Qian Haishan, the Sea Mountain Sacred Land's patriarch gave up on the bidding.

When Qian Haishan gave up, the rest had no intention to fight for those materials either, and thus, the materials fell into Huang Xiaolong's hands without suspense.

But after Huang Xiaolong showed his wealth, more gazes fell on him from various directions and these gazes held no kind intentions. Even Chen Hong couldn't disguise the greed in his eyes.

"Young Lord, it looks like Tang Dragon, Freezing Desert, and Chufan Sacred Land's treasures are quite rich, richer than we estimated. Otherwise, that punk wouldn't be carrying a billion with him everywhere he goes." The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Primal Ancestor expert stated as he looked at Huang Xiaolong with a burning gaze.

Hearing that, Chen Hong's feverish gaze intensified, "We cannot let that punk escape. We will take action once that punk leaves Saint Devil City!"

The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts complied.

"However, Young Lord, since that punk has revealed his wealth, there would be a lot of people staring at him. Should we...?"

"To prevent others from snatching his wealth before us, we must act immediately after he leaves the Saint Devil City, and swiftly kill them all! Go, gather Eminent Elder Cheng Feng and everyone here! Tell them to rush over now!"

After paying five hundred million Tuoshen Holy coins, Huang Xiaolong put away the four materials into the Cangqiong Dao Palace, and sneered inwardly at the burning gazes filled with greed that glued to him. In truth, he had revealed his wealth on purpose.

The auction resumed and a dozen more items were smoothly auctioned off, with only three finale items remaining.

These included grand dao pills, one dao artifact, and a piece of incomplete treasure map.

The auctioneer introduced details of the three finale items to the fullest to stoke everyone's interest, and when it came to the incomplete treasure map, the crowd's interest reached a new peak.

"What? This is a treasure map to an immortal cave left behind by a Dao Venerable?!"

"Dao Venerable Leiyu? I have heard of Dao Venerable Leiyu, but he has been missing for many years. Dao Venerable Leiyu's Lightning Scripture is a supreme lightning attribute grand dao art!" Huang Xiaolong was just as astonished as the rest.

A Dao Venerable's treasure map?

Though the map was incomplete, it was enough to attract experts to fight for it.

But why hadn't the auction house released any word about it before this? If this matter was advertised, an incomplete map of a Dao Venerable immortal cave would have certainly attracted endless experts.

But Huang Xiaolong guessed the auction house's intention a moment later. The auction house was afraid of advertising the matter early on because it would have reduced them into a target. If they had become a target of all the experts in the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave, then even a commerce like the Crimson Knife Commerce would have had trouble keeping the map.

"Dao Venerable Leiyu," Duan Feng exclaimed in shock.

Huang Xiaolong and the rest of the group turned to look at Duan Feng because of his reaction.

"Dao Venerable Leiyu is our Divination Creed's expert," Duan Feng explained in one simple sentence.

The three people were surprised as they would have never imagined that Dao Venerable Leiyu was from the Divination Creed.

Duan Feng added, "Dao Venerable Leiyu went missing after he entered the Bright Lightning Abyss. Some people say that he lost his life in the Bright Lightning Abyss, while the others say that he's temporarily trapped."

Huang Xiaolong, Cangqiong Old Man, and Chen Qi received another wave of shock. The Bright Lightning Abyss can trap a Dao Venerable Realm expert? Even causing a Dao Venerable expert to fall?

Duan Feng explained, "Although Dao Venerable experts have supreme strength, there are a few dangerous places in the Divine Tuo Holy World that can trap and even kill a Dao Venerable expert. For example, the Bright Lightning Abyss has existed in the Divine Tuo Holy World for a long time. Legend has it that inside the Bright Lightning Abyss is the world's most terrifying dao lightning. This dao lightning can strike a Dao Venerable's body to ashes, and some of the lightning attribute restrictions inside the Bright Lightning Abyss can easily trap a Dao Venerable with no hope of escaping."

The three were as shocked as they looked.

Duan Feng went on to describe other perilous places in the Divine Tuo Holy World to Huang Xiaolong and the others.

But these dangerous places were quite far away from the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave, and as long as one didn't enter these places, approaching closely with caution was not a problem.

At this time, the auctioneer on the stage continued sonorously, "True Flow Dao Pill, sixteen pellets to be auctioned together. The starting bid price is at six hundred million!"

True Flow Dao Pill was the grand dao pill being auctioned this time. Although it was only a low-level, grade-one grand dao pill, it surpassed the other top-grade holy pills.

"Six hundred and ten million!" The moment the auctioneer finished speaking, someone couldn't wait to bid.

“It’s Heaven Shaking Sacred Land’s Patriarch!” Heaven Shaking Sacred Land was also a renowned sacred land in Saint Devil Heavenly Cave that was at par with Nine Revolutions Sacred Land.

Huang Xiaolong, Duan Feng, and the others stopped talking.

“Six hundred and twenty million!” another person made a bid, and this person was none other than the Sea Mountain Sacred Land’s patriarch, Qian Haishan.

There were several more shouts of prices, and all of them were patriarchs of famous sacred lands in Saint Devil Heavenly Cave.

Although the auction house had not disclosed the information about the treasure map being one of the auctioned items, they had promoted the grand dao pills. This alone attracted many sacred lands’ patriarchs.

In truth, Qian Haishan’s main reason for attending the auction was these grand dao pills.

Before long, the price had risen to seven hundred million.

Huang Xiaolong wasn’t in a hurry to join the bidding, and he waited. According to his estimation, the True Flow Dao Pills could fetch about eight hundred million. So, he was waiting for the price to reach that level.

He didn’t have to wait long as the bidding price soon reached eight hundred million.

Right after eight hundred million was called out, Huang Xiaolong called out, “Nine hundred million!”

Nine hundred million!

The scene instantly fell into deathly silence, and everyone turned their widely opened, shocked eyes towards Huang Xiaolong like bright searchlights.

Previously, the bidding price had merely increased by ten million each time. After all, they were bidding in Tuoshen Holy coins instead of Tuoshen Copper coins. Ten million Tuoshen Holy coins could purchase many things, yet Huang Xiaolong increased the price by one hundred million all of a sudden.

Some of the bidding guests hesitated and finally gave up. Though grand dao pills were hard to come by, the price of nine hundred million had exceeded the worth of these sixteen pellets True Flow Dao Pills.

“Nine hundred and ten million!” Suddenly a voice rang. It was still the Sea Mountain Sacred Land’s Patriarch Qian Haishan. After calling out his bid, Qian Haishan shot Huang Xiaolong a cold glare, and the warning in his gaze was sharp and clear.

“One billion.” Huang Xiaolong called out as if he hadn’t seen Qian Haishan’s warning.

The auction hall exploded in a furor, and Qian Haishan’s face was as black as it could be. If looks could kill, Huang Xiaolong would be perforated by now. That punk clearly saw the warning in my eyes, yet he made a bid, blatantly disregarding me!

Earlier it was the four innate materials, and now, the True Flow Dao Pills!

Killing intent roiled in Qian Haishan’s chest.

Qian Haishan was forced to give up in the end, and Huang Xiaolong successfully bid for the sixteen pellets of True Flow Dao Pills. After paying one billion Tuoshen Holy coins, Huang Xiaolong collected the bottle of True Flow Dao Pills, and left the auction hall with the rest without further delay.

He had no intention to compete for the Dao Venerable Leiyu’s treasure map. One reason for his choice was because he didn’t have much money in hand, and secondly, the map incomplete. Hence it greatly reduced the map’s usefulness. Otherwise, why would the Crimson Knife Commerce take it out for auction.

Chen Hong was keeping a close eye on Huang Xiaolong, and as he saw him leave in a hurry before the auction ended, he sneered coldly. “Looks like this hillbilly is in a hurry to flee from Saint Devil City. Punk, I am just waiting for you to leave.”

With a wave of his hand, the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts rose with Chen Hong, and left the auction hall right after Huang Xiaolong's group.

Chapter 2772: Everyone Attack!

After leaving the auction house, Huang Xiaolong's group did not return to the rented courtyard and instead, they headed straight to the Saint Devil City's city gates.

They had already checked out from the courtyard before attending the auction.

Chen Hong spotted Huang Xiaolong heading towards the city gates looking anxious, and his sarcasm intensified, "As I expected, this hillbilly is in a hurry to leave the city!" He turned to the side and asked the expert beside him, "Has Eminent Elder Cheng Feng's group arrived?"

"They'll be here soon, half an hour at most. Rest assured, Young Lord. Before they step out of the Saint Devil City, Eminent Elder Cheng Feng and the others will definitely be here!" The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's expert replied.

Chen Hong chuckled, "That's good. There must be a lot of treasures on that hillbilly, and after we've dealt with him, everyone will be rewarded!" The thirty-plus experts behind him were delighted and quickly thanked Chen Hong.

As they hurried to the city gates, Duan Feng said to Huang Xiaolong, "Young Lord, that Chen Hong really followed us out of the auction hall. It seems like he's going to act on us the moment we leave Saint Devil City.

Huang Xiaolong sneered, "Wait till we exit the city. I will deal with all the Primal Ancestors that are following us, and the True Saints will be left to you all. Spare the life of the ones who surrender and kill the ones who don't."

Sensing the faint murderous aura seeping out from Huang Xiaolong's body, Duan Feng and the rest couldn't help pitying Chen Hong.

As the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's young lord, Chen Hong had mocked Huang Xiaolong as hillbilly every time he had opened his mouth, then how would willingly submit to Huang Xiaolong even if he got defeated. Therefore, there was only one end to Chen Hong.

Several hours later, the city gates were within their sight.

Huang Xiaolong's group of four stopped in front of the Saint Devil City's city gates.

Huang Xiaolong sneered coldly after detecting that the number of people following behind them had increased to several thousand. Other than those from Nine Revolutions Sacred Land, there were also experts from more than a dozen other sacred lands.

It looked like his slight show of hand in the auction hall had really attracted a lot of people.

"We're going out of the city."

A brief pause later, Huang Xiaolong gave the word. Cangqiong Old Man, Duan Feng, and Chen Qi all walked through the city gates with him.

As expected, just as Huang Xiaolong's group stepped out of the city's boundary, blurry figures flickered and Huang Xiaolong's group was completely encircled. This group belonged to Nine Revolutions Sacred Land.

Other sacred lands' experts were hidden nearby, not planning to take any action for now.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze swept over Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's people, stopping at Chen Hong. The corners of his mouth were raised in a faint smile.

"Hillbilly, what are you smiling for?" Chen Hong's face sank, seeing Huang Xiaolong smile instead of panicking as he should have been. "I initially wanted to let you live a while longer, but it's a pity..."

“Now, get on your knees and beg, then pledge to submit to me. I can consider sparing your life...” Huang Xiaolong suddenly cut off Chen Hong’s words.

Chen Hong and all Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts were stupefied.

Then, Chen Hong erupted in laughter. “Hillbilly, you want me to kneel and beg you, so you’ll spare my life?”

“Correct,” Huang Xiaolong responded curtly.

Chen Hong glared icily at Huang Xiaolong, and a bright light suddenly expanded outwards from his body, as strands of grand dao laws soared to the sky as he raised his fists and punched at Huang Xiaolong, “Go to hell, hillbilly!”

Thunder rumbled as Chen Hong punched out with full force. The sky darkened, with bolts of lightning crackling as if the end of the world had come.

This attack was Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s grand dao art, the Nine Revolutions Lightning!

Lightning energy emerged out of nowhere, forming a lightning vortex that was spinning at high speed. One turn, two turns, three turns, and with every turn, lightning’s terrifying destructive force doubled, and when it completed the ninth turn, the sky was overcast with endless lightning bolts.

As the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s young lord, his talent was naturally excellent. Even though Chen Hong was a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor, he could fight many Fifth Resurrection Primal Ancestors to a draw merely based on the Nine Revolutions Lightning grand dao art.

Chen Hong’s face became distorted.

Originally, he had wanted to force Huang Xiaolong to beg for his life, and he could have really spared him, using him as a hostage. Unfortunately, this hillbilly doesn’t know what’s good for him, how dare this hillbilly mock me... want me to kneel and beg?

Dong!

Lightning force swooped down and drowned Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't ruffled in the slightest. He didn't even look at Chen Hong's attack, but instead, he waved his hand casually and the sky casted with lightning bolts and terrifying lightning force dissipated in the blink of an eye. Clear blue sky returned, and Chen Hong was sent tumbling back miserably, spitting a mouthful of blood.

"What?!" Not only the Ninth Revolutions Sacred Land's experts were shocked, but those watching from their hiding places also couldn't believe what they had just seen.

Chen Hong was jarred senseless.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the rest of Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts and said, "Attack together, save me the time from having to deal with you all one by one."

The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts blanked for a second. Attack together?

In order to deal with Huang Xiaolong's group with no chance of failure, there were more than ten high-level Primal Ancestor experts amongst the people Chen Hong had summoned.

Now, this hillbilly is telling us to attack together?

Stunned by what Huang Xiaolong had said, none of the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts made any moves for a moment.

This punk is clearly a Ninth Heaven True Saint, yet he repelled our young lord with a wave of his hand.

What happened just now is too strange.

“Why are you lot standing there in a daze?” Chen Hong barked angrily as he looked at the hesitating group, “Attack him together. Kill that hillbilly, and then capture Cangqiong Old Man and those two, hurry up!”

Upon hearing that, the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts no longer hesitate, and launched a ferocious attack. In an instant, bolts of lightning once again blotted out the sky. Thick bolts of lightning roared like ferocious lightning dragons, exuding heart-palpitating destructive force that ripped the surrounding space. Even the Saint Devil City’s city walls were shaking under pressure.

The forty-plus experts of Nine Revolutions Sacred Land, with more than ten high-level Primal Ancestors, twenty-plus mid-level Primal Ancestors, and the remaining all low-level Primal Ancestors, all attacked together. Their attacks multiplied into a world-shaking force, and it was no exaggeration to say that if their attacks landed, a sacred land with weaker defensive grand formation would collapse on the spot, killing all experts within, and that sacred land would cease to exist.

This attack was a thousand times stronger than Chen Hong’s attack!

Chen Hong did not participate in this attack, but he stood in the far distance, watching everything with a distorted face. He didn’t believe that Huang Xiaolong’s group could take on the combined attack of so many Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts.

Duan Feng, Cangqiong Old Man, and Chen Qi stood behind Huang Xiaolong and didn't look like they were going to move at all. Huang Xiaolong had already said earlier that he would deal with all the Primal Ancestors.

Seeing the three older men standing behind Huang Xiaolong without any intention to move, Chen Hong felt something wasn’t right. Right at this time, Huang Xiaolong raised one hand and slapped forward. Space shattered under his palm, and those watching from the dark swore they could hear a low crisp noise of space breaking.

Countless lightning bolts, and the sky dominated by lightning dragons all dissipated with the shattered space, and the group of Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts were swept into the air by the rebounding force. A few of them smashed into Chen Hong, knocking him into the air with the others.

Bang!

The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts crashed to the ground in various locations, and their blood scattered on the broken ground.

The experts hidden nearby had yet to recover from the fact that Huang Xiaolong had repelled Chen Hong, and all of them paled with shock watching the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts' failed attack.

Chapter 2773: What's Going On?

"How come it's like this?!"

"Impossible, this absolutely can't be true!"

"I don't believe this is real!"

Some of the experts hiding in the vicinity were screaming inwardly.

They couldn't believe what they had just witnessed, and none of them did.

Those were the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's forty-plus Primal Ancestor experts attacking together, but they were slapped into the air by a Ninth Heaven True Saint brat!

Don't forget that there were more than ten high-level Primal Ancestors among the forty-plus of Ninth Revolutions Sacred Land's experts!

How could this be real?!

"Who is this brat?! Is Ninth Revolutions Sacred Lands putting on an act to frighten us off?"

"That's right, this must be a trap. Ninth Revolutions Sacred Land and this brat are setting up a trap for us! Maybe, the time that brat showed off his wealth in the auction was the first step! They wanted to lure us to deal with that brat!"

“That’s right. Without Nine Revolutions Sacred Land backing him, would a Ninth Heaven True Saint have dared to reveal so many Tuoshen Holy coins in public?! No one is so stupid!” some of the experts deduced with their companions.

But the majority of these people were astonished, and they thought that these people’s acting was a bit too real.... They could see that the Ninth Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts were really injured!

Real injuries! Not some scratches on skin!

More importantly, what was the reason for Ninth Revolutions Sacred Land to set this kind of trap?

Why would they want us to attack? Ninth Revolutions Sacred Land has no reason to do this, and there don’t seem to be any benefits to gain.

While everyone was trying to figure out the ins and outs, Huang Xiaolong took a step forward, arriving in front of Chen Hong and several others almost instantaneously.

Chen Hong and his group stared at Huang Xiaolong with frightened faces. Compared to those experts watching from the dark, they had first-hand experience of Huang Xiaolong’s terror that exceeded their imagination.

They even suspected that Huang Xiaolong wasn’t really a Ninth Heaven True Saint.

But through their dao souls, it was determined that Huang Xiaolong was indeed a Ninth Heaven True Saint, and there was no mistake.

“You, you’re not a Ninth Heaven True Saint?” one of the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s high-level Primal Ancestor asked in a quivering voice.

This high-level Primal Ancestor expert was Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s Eminent Elder Cheng Feng, Chen Hong had specifically called over. Cheng Feng was also the strongest Primal Ancestor expert in Nine Revolutions Sacred Land, and he was a late-Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestor.

Huang Xiaolong looked tepidly at Cheng Feng and asked, "Is this important?"

Is this important? Whether Huang Xiaolong was really a Ninth Heaven True Saint was not important.

Chen Feng, Chen Hong, and the others didn't know how to answer that question.

Huang Xiaolong approached Chen Hong.

"What do you want to do?" Seeing this, Chen Hong panicked and retreated in panic, while snapping at Huang Xiaolong.

"What do you think?" Huang Xiaolong's eyes were filled with murderous aura.

"I am the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's young lord!" Chen Hong bellowed, "If you dare to hurt one hair on me, Nine Revolutions Sacred Land will...!" But, before Chen Hong could finish his words, his body exploded with one punch from Huang Xiaolong.

With one hand, Huang Xiaolong captured Chen Hong's fleeing dao soul, and casually threw it into Cangqiong Dao Palace.

"What?!" Not only Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Cheng Feng and the rest were shocked, but even those watching from their hiding places were startled, and they paled unknowingly.

Aren't they just acting? It's for real?

The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Young Patriarch Chen Hong's dao physique was really destroyed? By a Ninth Heaven True Saint!!

'How come it's like this?' an expert's mind went blank, muttering inexplicably under his breath.

They couldn't process how a Ninth Heaven True Saint had managed to destroy the dao physique of a Primal Ancestor. They were at a loss at how to digest what had happened before them! They even suspected that they had fallen into an illusion.

"You, you destroyed the young lord's dao physique?!" Cheng Feng stared stupidly at Huang Xiaolong.

All the remaining Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts were furiously staring at Huang Xiaolong.

"I already gave him a chance earlier, but he didn't appreciate it." Huang Xiaolong went on tepidly, "Now, it's your turn to make a choice, kneel and submit to me, and I can spare your lives!"

Cheng Feng, and the rest of Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts were stunned for a second.

"Hillbilly, who the f*ck do you think you are to want us to submit to you!" One of the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts, laughed loudly in ridicule. "Why don't you look at yourself in the mirror!"

This Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's expert was the same person who had reprimanded Huang Xiaolong at the auction, ordering Huang Xiaolong to kneel and beg Chen Hong for mercy. He had claimed that if Huang Xiaolong failed to obey him, he would die a death worse than a mongrel and cause his own sacred land's annihilation.

Huang Xiaolong looked at that expert, and pulled him across the space towards him. Then, with one palm strike, Huang Xiaolong shattered the expert's head into pieces, leaving a ground splattered with brain mass, blood, and bits of bones.

Huang Xiaolong casually threw the expert's dao soul into Cangqiong Dao Palace.

Then, he looked at the remaining Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts.

Cheng Feng stood dazedly. So did the other Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts. The experts hidden in the vicinity had similar reactions on their faces.

“You only have one minute to consider.” Huang Xiaolong’s cold eyes swept over their faces. “Submit or die fighting for Nine Revolutions Sacred Land!”

A Primal Ancestor wouldn’t die when his dao soul remained despite his destroyed dao physique, and although there would be a chance of rebuilding a new body, this was a very slim chance, almost equivalent to death.

Cheng Feng and the others’ faces were gloomy to the extreme.

Huang Xiaolong did not say another word after that, and his dao souls’ senses spread outward, covering several hundred million miles radius, mentally marking every expert hidden around him.

Time passed, and one minute seemed to arrive in the blink of an eye.

In a flicker, Huang Xiaolong made his move. The Cangqiong Blade and Flying Heaven Spear appeared in his hands.

Next came consecutive exploding noises reverberating in the air, jolting the senses of the experts in concealment. To their shock, the forty-plus Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s Primal Ancestors either exploded, or were dismembered by Huang Xiaolong without exception.

Huang Xiaolong’s hands reached out and collected Cheng Feng and others’ dao souls, throwing all of them into the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

At this time, sounds of whistling winds came from inside the Saint Devil City accompanied by a wave of terrifying Primal Ancestors’ might.

Sensing the terrifying force coming at them, Duan Feng, Cangqiong Old Man, and Chen Qi’s expressions worsened.

“Xiaolong, this is?!” Cangqiong Old Man was startled, “Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestor? Let’s leave first!”

Such an overwhelming coercive pressure could only come from a Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestor. Moreover, there were more than one Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestors coming towards them. Probably, the battle here had alerted the experts within the city.

Huang Xiaolong frowned. He had initially planned to deal with the experts that were spectating from the dark before leaving, but he hadn't expected the Saint Devil City's experts to get alerted so fast. Moreover, there were four Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestors, and one of them was a peak late-Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestor Qian Haishan!

"Go!" Huang Xiaolong did not hesitate, and with Cangqiong Old Man and the others, they tore space and left the scene immediately.

Huang Xiaolong's group had just disappeared, when several figures descended on the scene. One of them was Qian Haishan.

Qian Haishan and the other experts looked around with a slight surprise. Only now did the experts hidden in the vicinity dared to come out, looking pale.

"Speak, what happened?!" Qian Haishan pulled one of them up to him and demanded loudly.

Chapter 2774: Learned to Tell Jokes

No one dared to reply under Qian Haishan's wrath, but a cold shiver ran down their spines, recalling the horrifying scenes they had witnessed a while ago. "It's, it's that kid. He destroyed the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land Chen Hong's body, and all the experts' bodies, all of them!"

"What kid?!" Qian Haishan frowned with displeasure and demanded.

"It's the kid that bought the Purple Lightning Water and True Flow Dao Pills in the auction. He destroyed Chen Hong's physique in one strike! Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Eminent Elder Cheng Feng and other forty-plus Primal Ancestors all had their bodies destroyed, all of them destroyed!"

That person's voice choked with fear written all over his face, as if those horrible scenes were being replayed before him.

"What?! That kid?! That kid's merely a Ninth Heaven True Saint, isn't he?!" Qian Haishan was shocked. The Sea Mountain Sacred Land's experts accompanying Qian Haishan looked just as shocked.

"Yes, that's him!" that person confirmed in a quivering voice.

Qian Haishan and experts of Sea Mountain Sacred Land's experts exchanged doubtful glances as they couldn't believe what they heard.

"That, how is that possible? There must be something fishy going on. All of you must have been pulled into an illusion!" A Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestor from the Sea Mountain Sacred Land shook his head and refuted, "There must have been a high-level expert who could have laid out an illusionary array in advance. What you saw might not be real!"

Qian Haishan and the others nodded their heads in agreement, and all of them believed it to be the case.

"Where's that kid now? Which direction did he go?" A light flickered in Qian Haishan's eyes. In the auction, Huang Xiaolong had dared to compete against him, not once but twice. First it was for the four innate materials, and later on for the True Flow Dao Pills!

As one of the top ten experts of Saint Devil Heavenly Cave, he had never suffered such loss.

"They went that way!" The expert, who was questioned, hesitated and pointed in the direction Huang Xiaolong's group had left.

Qian Haishan and the present Sea Mountain Sacred Land's experts tore up space and chased after Huang Xiaolong's group immediately.

At the same time, the Saint Devil City's Mayor Mansion was a picture of liveliness. Experts from various sacred lands arrived in batches, having their knowledge of formations being tested with the aim of becoming the Saint Devil Prince's subordinate.

The Saint Devil Prince clad in white brocade robe sat dignifiedly on the main seat. At one point, he asked the old man beside him, "Have you found out what happened just now?"

The short battle between Huang Xiaolong and Chen Hong's group right outside the Saint Devil City had powerful energy fluctuations and everyone at the mansion had felt them.

The old man beside him was the Saint Devil City's steward, Zhu Yi. Hearing the Saint Devil Prince's question, Steward Zhu Yi hesitated slightly before replying respectfully, "Replying to Your Highness Saint Devil Prince. According to the report from people below, the movements just now were caused because the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts were fighting with others in front of the city gates."

"Oh, what about now?" the Saint Devil Prince asked. "How come it stopped so fast?"

"According to the report from below, the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Chen Hong and forty-plus Primal Ancestor all had their physical bodies destroyed by a Ninth Heaven True Saint youngster, and he also imprisoned their dao souls. That youngster and his group fled after that."

Old steward Zhu Yi replied truthfully, but there was a strange expression on his face.

Honestly, when he had heard the report from people below about this ridiculous incident, he had slapped the reporter on the spot, and then told the person to scram and investigate again.

The Saint Devil Prince was stunned for a second after hearing Steward Zhu Yi's summary. He then chuckled loudly and pointed playfully at the old man as he said, "Zhu Yi, as long as I remember, you have always been a serious person, just like a wood for several million years. Since when did you learn how to tell jokes!"

Old steward Zhu Yi mustered a smile in embarrassment. "I've made Your Highness laugh, but this old servant has already sent people to continue investigating the matter."

The Saint Devil Prince waved his hand, chuckling softly, "There is no harm in it. Since they were fighting outside the city gates, let them be. There is no need to bother about it. How many Primal Ancestors have come to assess the ancient grand formations?"

"There are already one thousand three hundred plus people. However, only sixteen of them meet Your Highness' requirements!" Old steward Zhu Yi respectfully reported.

Although the Saint Devil Prince had issued public recruitment looking for a group of Primal Ancestors knowledgeable in ancient grand formations, the assessment and passing criteria were strict and high. Only sixteen from one thousand and three hundred plus people had passed so far!

The Saint Devil Prince frowned, clearly dissatisfied with the result. There was a large gap from the eighty-one people he wanted?

"Your Highness, did we set the criteria too high?" the old steward asked.

The Saint Devil Prince shook his head, "The assessment criteria cannot be lowered, continue to recruit according to the set criteria until we get eighty-one people."

He wanted to recruit these eighty-one people for a great use. Therefore, the criteria couldn't be lowered.

"Oh right, Your Highness, a while ago, a message said that the Crimson Knife Commerce auctioned off a map belonging to the Dao Venerable Leiyu, but it is an incomplete map!" Old steward Zhu Yi remembered something and quickly reported to the Saint Devil Prince.

The Saint Devil Prince was surprised at first, and then he smiled as he shook his head, "This kind of incomplete treasure map has very little use. One won't be able to find the treasure base on it. Otherwise, the Crimson Knife Commerce wouldn't have taken it out to auction. Sometime later, my father and I will make a trip to the Blue Heaven Creed. You have to keep a close eye on the city's affairs during that time, especially the recruitment of eighty-one Primal Ancestors knowledgeable in ancient grand formation. No mistake is allowed."

The rumor outside claimed that he was going to be accepted as a Blue Heaven Creed's big shot's closed disciple. Although this rumor was not entirely false, it wasn't one of the Blue Heaven Creed's vice hall masters, but the Blue Heaven Creed's grand hall master, Lord Yan San!

Yan San, the Blue Heaven Creed's grand hall master, supervised the various halls within the Blue Heaven Creed, and he was also one of the Blue Heaven Creed's supreme Dao Venerables!

This time, he and his father were going to Blue Heaven Creed because Lord Yan Shan had told them to, and the purpose was to discuss the apprenticeship ceremony's preparations, and other miscellaneous matters.

"Congratulations, Your Highness!" The old steward smiled happily. "When Your Highness becomes Lord Yan San's closed disciple, who in the entire Saint Devil Heavenly Cave would dare to defy Your Highness? Also, only Miss Yi Xiaotang is worthy of Your Highness!"

As he heard Zhu Yi mention Yi Xiaotang, the Saint Devil Prince nodded, smilingly. Yi Xiaotang was the Blue Heaven Creed Chief's daughter, a daughter of heaven. Some days back, she and Lord Yan San had visited the Saint Devil Sacred Land, and he was amazed by her beauty at first sight, and he had vowed to have her become his dao companion!

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Nine Revolutions Sacred Land.

"What?! You, what did you say?! Hong'er had his physique destroyed by a True Saint brat?!"

In the main hall, the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's patriarch, Chen Sen, couldn't believe Mo Fei, the grand hall master of his sacred land.

Mo Fei braced himself and nodded, "Yes, this was reported by a disciple stationed at Hongxuan Sacred Land. On top of that, the forty-plus Primal Ancestors by the young lord's side, including Eminent Elder Cheng Feng, all had their physiques destroyed by someone called Huang Xiaolong. At the moment, the young lord and everyone's dao souls are in Huang Xiaolong's hand!"

Chen Sen's face was full of shock and disbelief.

"Are you certain that the news from Hongxuan Sacred Land is true?" Chen Sen asked.

"That, this subordinate has verified it several times, and the other side is certain." Mo Fei paused briefly as this matter was too unbelievable in his opinion.

Chapter 2775: It Must Be An Illusion

"Our Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's disciple witnessed it with his own eyes?!" Chen Sen asked solemnly. He couldn't believe what he heard was real.

A Ninth Heaven True Saint destroyed forty-plus Primal Ancestor's dao physiques?

What type of a bad joke is this?! Even if His Highness the Saint Devil Prince were a hundred times more talented than he is now, it would be an impossible feat even for him!

"Not really," Mo Fei shook his head. "Our own disciples were not at the scene at that time, but they said that there were several thousand experts hiding in the vicinity, and all of them saw what happened. All of them said the same thing."

An uncertain light flickered across Chen Sen's eyes upon hearing that, "Could that person have arranged an illusion array in that area early on, causing those experts to fall into an illusion?"

"My thoughts are exactly the same as Patriarchs', and I think so too," Mo Fei said as he nodded in agreement. He added after a brief pause, "However, even though it was possibly an illusion array, I have tried many times to contact the young lord, Cheng Feng, and others to no avail, and this could be related to Huang Xiaolong!"

Chen Sen's eyes were cold, "Where is this Huang Xiaolong now? Which sacred land does he belong to?"

Mo Fei quickly answered, "Huang Xiaolong is Cangqiong Old Man's personal disciple and they come from Cangqiong Sacred Land. The Cangqiong Sacred Land was founded several hundred years ago, and Cangqiong Old Man's strength is merely at early Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestor Realm. Apart from him, there were several Primal Ancestor Realm worshiped experts. In other words, Cangqiong Old Man can be counted as Cangqiong Sacred Land's only one true Primal Ancestor expert!"

Chen Sen was slightly dumbfounded by the information. "Only one Primal Ancestor? Merely a sacred land founded for several hundred years?"

He had initially thought that Huang Xiaolong was someone with a great background, who'd have thought he was merely a dust particle, even more insignificant than an ant.

"Yes, there is only one Primal Ancestor, Cangqiong Old Man. The strange thing is that there are rumors flying around that Tang Dragon Sacred Land, Freezing Desert Sacred Land, and Chufan Sacred Land sent sixty-eight Primal Ancestors and more than four thousand True Saint experts to attack Cangqiong Sacred Land, but the three sacred lands' armies were annihilated by Cangqiong Sacred Land instead!"

Mo Fei went on with a strange expression on his face, "Rumors also pointed that Tang Long, Han Mo, and Chu Yifan were captured, and they are currently being detained by Cangqiong Sacred Land. I wonder if this is true? If it's true, then Cangqiong Sacred Land is not as simple as it seems on the surface."

Due to the limited time, and the great distance between Nine Revolutions Sacred Land and Cangqiong Sacred Land, he could only find out so much, and there were many points left to be verified.

Chen Sen was caught off guard for a second, and then laughed, "It's a sacred land that has only been around for several hundred years. How could they possibly have the ability to annihilate Tang Long's, Han Mo's, and Chu Yifan's great armies? Do you believe in this kind of story?"

Mo Fei nodded as he honestly didn't believe this kind of rumor.

"However, Patriarch, what if, I mean, there is one in a million chance that Cangqiong Sacred Land really did defeat the three sacred lands' armies?!" as an afterthought, Mo Fei asked.

Chen Sen's voice sank, "Even if that's true, Huang Xiaolong had the guts to injure my son. He's courting death, and so is Cangqiong Sacred Land!"

A startling momentum burst out from his body.

As one of the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave's top thirty sacred lands, Nine Revolutions Sacred Land had more than five hundred Primal Ancestor Realm experts!

And the number of True Saints of Nine Revolutions Sacred Lands were not less than eighty thousand!

Based on Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's strength, only a force like the Saint Devil Sacred Land could truly deter Chen Sen.

"Gather the branches' Primal Ancestors and have them return at double speed!" Chen Sen's gaze turned icy as he continued with the order, "Also, use our full manpower to locate Huang Xiaolong!"

"If Huang Xiaolong hides and does not surface, then we will annihilate Cangqiong Sacred Land first, and force him to appear!"

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Roughly two weeks later, in the air above a certain sacred land, bright lights glimmered as several figures appeared from the void. This group was exactly Huang Xiaolong's group of four that had fled from the Saint Devil City.

"That was so dangerous!" As they rushed out from the void, Cangqiong Old Man heaved in relief.

In the last ten days, Qian Haishan's group was hot on their heels, and only now had they managed to lose Qian Haishan's group of Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestors.

Yet Huang Xiaolong didn't appear ruffled at all. He wasn't afraid of Qian Haishan. However, he did not want to exchange blows with him at this point. If he utilized his three dao souls, twelve high-order Saint

Fates, inextinguishable dao heart, and Huang Long Bloodline's power to fight Qian Haishan, he could fight Qian Haishan to a draw.

However, the several Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestors with Qian Haishan were a problem for him.

"Xiaolong, should we return to Cangqiong Sacred Land now?" Cangqiong Old Man turned and asked Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head after some thought and explained, "I won't return for the time being. Master, the three of you return first."

Nine Revolutions Sacred Land was looking for him everywhere, so he decided not to return temporarily. He wasn't afraid of the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land, but he didn't want to turn Cangqiong Sacred Land into a battlefield.

Cangqiong Sacred Land had just been rebuilt not long ago, and Huang Xiaolong did not want to see it being reduced to rubbles a second time. Hence he planned to stay in this uninhabited sacred land and wait for Nine Revolutions Sacred Land to find him there.

"You're not going back?" Cangqiong Old Man had not expected that. A moment later, he understood Huang Xiaolong's thoughts and immediately tried to dissuade his disciple, "No, Xiaolong, that's too risky. Let's go back to Cangqiong Sacred Land together!"

"That's right, Young Lord! If things come to worse, I'll show my Divination Creed's inner disciple identity token," Duan Feng also persuaded.

As long as he showed his Divination Creed's inner disciple identity token, Nine Revolutions Sacred Land wouldn't dare to harm Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong was adamant, "It's not necessary."

Although it would deter Nine Revolutions Sacred Land if Duan Feng revealed his Divination Creed inner disciple identity, they would be targeted by the Saint Devil Sacred Land instead.

“Don’t worry about me. Nine Revolutions Sacred Land can’t harm me unless a Dao Venerable comes!” Seeing as Cangqiong Old Man, Duan Feng, and the others’ wanted to start another round of persuasion, Huang Xiaolong stressed, “You all go back first!”

Since Huang Xiaolong was firm about his decision, Cangqiong Old Man and the others could only make their way back to Cangqiong Sacred Land without him.

However, before they left, Huang Xiaolong told them to spread the word about his current location, so that Nine Revolutions Sacred Land would come there to find him.

Huang Xiaolong subsequently sat cross-legged in the air above the uninhabited sacred land as he waited for Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s people to come.

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“Huang Xiaolong has appeared, and he’s currently hiding somewhere in the Silver Yarn Sacred Land’s barren land!”

“It’s said Nine Revolutions Sacred Land has got the news, and Patriarch Chen Sen is personally leading more than four hundred of the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s Primal Ancestors, and they are hurrying there now!”

“Was the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land Young Lord Chen Hong’s body destroyed by Huang Xiaolong? I’ve heard that Huang Xiaolong is only an early Ninth Heaven True Saint!”

“How could you believe this level of joke? Do you think that’s possible? An early Ninth Heaven True Saint destroying a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor’s dao physique? Not just in the entire Saint Devil Heavenly Cave, but such a freak doesn’t exist even in the entire Divine Tuo Holy World, don’t you agree? It must have been an illusion!”

When the news spread, various sacred lands’ experts were tempted to move, and many of them still couldn’t believe the rumors going around about the battle in front of the Saint Devil City. All of them were certain that it must have been an illusion.

Even though many people did not believe it, a lot of experts hurried to Huang Xiaolong's location when they heard the news. They wanted to see if there was something special about this Ninth Heaven True Saint called Huang Xiaolong.

Chapter 2776: Yi Xiaotang

While countless experts rushed to the location where Huang Xiaolong was rumored to be, two ladies were casually strolling down the street of a city under the Silver Sand Sacred Land's jurisdiction. The young lady in the front was clad in soft, thin tulle. Her facial features were soft like the moon in the sky. She possessed beauty that could bring down a country, and she exuded inviolable holiness.

Although the latter lady was not as eye-catching in comparison, she was still a charming beauty.

"Xiaotang, let's go back. You have sneaked out for a long time already and if your father learns of this, you'll definitely be punished," the lady persuaded earnestly.

A bright smile flashed over the young lady in front as she spoke, "If Aunt Qing doesn't tell, then who would know I sneaked out. It's not easy for me to come out even once in a while. So, Aunt Qing, let me play for a few more days. Okay? In the Blue Heaven Heavenly Cave, there's nothing to do but cultivate every day, comprehending grand dao day in and day out, and a swarm of flies buzzing around me. It's so annoying!"

The lady called Aunt Qing wore a helpless expression on her face. Then again, she understood that Xiaotang was merely stating the truth. A daughter of heaven like Xiaotang not only had many admirers within the Blue Heaven Creed, but she also had suitors from the several nearby heavenly caves as well.

Aunt Qing changed the subject, "I heard that the Saint Devil Prince and his father are heading to the Blue Heaven Creed. Moreover, Yan San is likely to accept the Saint Devil Prince as his disciple in the next few years. At that time, your father definitely would go back to attend the Saint Devil Prince's apprenticeship ceremony."

At the mention of the Saint Devil Prince, the young lady named Xiaotang frowned slightly. "Who wants to attend that Saint Devil Prince's apprenticeship ceremony. I am not interested in one."

She still remembered the way that guy had stared at her the last time she had visited the Saint Devil Sacred Land with Yan San. He had looked at her as if he had wanted to swallow her. She had seen too much of this kind of gaze, and it totally disgusted her.

The Saint Devil Prince was also a fly in her eyes.

Aunt Qing was stunned, hearing that, and she asked a moment later, "You don't plan to attend the Saint Devil Prince's apprenticeship ceremony?" But she continued before Xiaotang answered, "Your father would be upset. You can miss the apprenticeship ceremony of other hall masters, but Yan San is the Blue Heaven Creed's grand hall master after all. Not to mention, Yan San can be considered as a half-master to you!"

As the leader of Blue Heaven Creed, Dao Venerable Qing Xiao rarely had the time to guide his daughter's cultivation. Hence, most of the time, it was Grand Hall Master Yan San, and Blue Heaven Creed's Eminent Elders who guided Yi Xiaotang. It wasn't too much to say Yan San was half a master to Yi Xiaotang.

Yi Xiaotang was slightly irritated, "Alright, alright, I know. Yan San and those people nag me when I'm at Blue Heaven Creed. When I'm outside, Aunt Qing is the one who nags me. I really don't know what Yan San thinks to accept that Saint Devil Prince as his close disciple!"

Aunt Qing smiled, watching Yi Xiaotang and said, "The Saint Devil Prince's talent is quite good, otherwise, why would Yan San want to accept him as his close disciple? The Saint Devil Prince cannot compare to you, but he's stronger than Ceng Lin and Yan San's other personal disciples. Honestly, I think you and him are a good match. If you're choosing a dao companion, why don't you give the Saint Devil Prince a chance?"

Yi Xiaotang became even more irritated. "Aunt Qing, can you stop it already? That Saint Devil Prince is a fly, I would rather die than choose him as my dao companion. My future dao companion can only be more talented than me, and he absolutely cannot be weaker than me."

Aunt Qing shook her head. "Not only within the Blue Heaven Heavenly Caves, but even in the nearby several heavenly caves, there is no disciple more talented than the Saint Devil Prince. Your demands are too high!" She paused before sighing regretfully, "Similar to you, I also had very high demands, and I missed my opportunity to be with some good people.."

Yi Xiaotang pursed her lips in silence.

“Okay! Okay! Since you don’t like to listen, I won’t say anymore.” Aunt Qing smiled to ease the tense atmosphere.

Only then a smile appeared on Yi Xiaotang’s face. “I know that Aunt Qing loves me the most.”

The two strolled along the street when the conversation of a group of people walking in their direction attracted their attention.

“Say, how do you guys think that Huang Xiaolong would end?”

“How else could he end? Once the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts arrive, he’s going to be a dead man. He is going to die in the worst possible way!”

“But many people at the Saint Devil City witnessed Huang Xiaolong personally destroy Chen Hong and the others’ dao physiques. If that’s true, then probably, no one from Nine Revolutions Sacred Land would be able to deal with Huang Xiaolong!”

“How can you believe this kind of rumor? Huang Xiaolong’s merely a Ninth Heaven True Saint, so how could he possibly destroy Chen Hong’s body? Chen Hong was a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor. Moreover, other than Chen Hong, there were also the Nine Resurrection Primal Land’s Cheng Feng and forty-plus Primal Ancestor experts present. How could a Ninth Heaven True Saint destroy a Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestor’s body? There’s no way that could’ve happened!”

The conversation of the group in front of them surprised Yi Xiaotang and Aunt Qing.

A Ninth Heaven True Saint destroyed a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor’s physique? Even destroyed a Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestor’s physique? There were witnesses?

“This person called Huang Xiaolong actually destroyed a Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestor’s physique while being only a Ninth Heaven True Saint?” Yi Xiaotang muttered under her breath in amazement.

But Aunt Qing shook her head and smiled dotingly, “Xiaotang, don’t tell me you really believe that kind of rumor? It’s absolutely impossible. No genius in the entire Divine Tuo Holy World is capable of that at True Saint Realm, including those in the ranks of one dragon, two tigers, and three moons. Being capable of destroying a Primal Ancestor’s physique at True Saint Realm would make one a heaven-shaking genius, and if such a freak really exists, it would shake the whole Divine Tuo Holy World.”

Yi Xiaotang nodded her head. Aunt Qing’s words sounded reasonable after some thought. If such a monstrous genius really existed, numerous heavenly caves in the Divine Tuo Holy World would have been alerted, and countless creeds’ experts would have fought to take this person as their disciple. They wouldn’t have left him alone to stay in the small Saint Devil Heavenly Cave.

“But according to those people, that Huang Xiaolong is nearby at an uninhabited land. Since we don’t have any plans, why don’t we go take a look?” Yi Xiaotang suggested.

“That... we better not.” Aunt Qing shook her head and disagreed, “You’re too precious, and if you’re accidentally hurt by those people, how am I going to explain it to your father!”

“How could they possibly hurt me? There is no Dao Venerable expert in the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave. Aunt Qing, you know how strong I am,” Yi Xiaotang said as she shook Aunt Qing’s arm and pleaded, “Aunt Qing, let’s go and just take one look. Okay?”

Aunt Qing shook her head, refusing no matter what Yi Xiaotang said.

Although she believed Yi Xiaotang was strong enough to protect herself, who could dare to guarantee a hundred percent that no accident would happen?

“As long as you agree, I will return to the Blue Heaven Creed with you!” Yi Xiaotang used her ultimate trump card.

Aunt Qing was surprised and asked smilingly, “Are you serious?”

“You have my word!”

“If we go there, you must listen to me, you can only watch from afar.”

“Set, I’ll watch from far, far away!”

In the end, Aunt Qing yielded with a wry smile. A while later, both of them left the Silver Yarn Sacred Land in the direction Huang Xiaolong was said to be. Their speed was faster than most, and they soon arrived at the said location. The uninhabited land was already crowded with many Saint Devil Heavenly Cave’s experts.

“Is that person Huang Xiaolong?” Yi Xiaotang looked around, and her gaze was fixed on Huang Xiaolong like everyone else.

Huang Xiaolong stood high in the air. His hair and the edges of his robe fluttered in the wind. He looked mysterious and exuded an unexplainable aura.

Aunt Qing looked at Huang Xiaolong. Her dao soul’s senses spread out to check him out from head to toe, and she couldn’t see what was so special about him.

Chapter 2777: Regret Coming Into The World

Yi Xiaotang also spread out her dao soul’s sense to check out Huang Xiaolong from head to toe. She, too, didn’t find anything particularly outstanding, other than his slightly more dashing appearance and his indescribable aura. That was all there was to him.

Dashing?

She had seen more than her fair share of those.

There were a lot of good-looking young lords from both sacred lands and ancient races within this region's dozen of heavenly caves and millions of sacred lands. Moreover, which sacred land's young lord, or ancient races' young patriarch did not possess a unique bearing?

Yi Xiaotang then checked Huang Xiaolong's internal body, and the result made her shake her head in disappointment.

Her dao soul detected that Huang Xiaolong's bloodline was out of the ordinary, his physique stronger than most people, and his saint godhead was a bit special, but other than these, there was nothing that made her eyes shine.

Huang Xiaolong's bloodline was probably the Giant Golden Dragon Bloodline, and admittedly, this was a rare kind of bloodline. Perhaps in a small place like the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave, Huang Xiaolong could be considered the cream of the crop, but in the Blue Heaven Heavenly Cave, there were more than a few geniuses of this level. In the Blue Heaven Creed, nine out of ten hall masters' personal disciples possessed a bloodline that was not weaker than the Giant Golden Dragon Bloodline.

As for Huang Xiaolong's physical body, most likely he cultivated a kind of dragon-race technique, or had consumed some kind of precious herb which made his body stronger than the average early Ninth Heaven True Saint cultivators. Even so, Huang Xiaolong's physical body was merely comparable to a mid or late-Ninth Heaven True Saint.

She had seen many with this level of physiques as well. There were many sacred lands' young lords and ancient races' young patriarchs who had physiques stronger than this.

In terms of saint godheads, well Huang Xiaolong was a little unique in a sense that he had three saint godheads. Then again, it wasn't much to shout about. Although there was a disciple with three saint godheads in the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave, such a disciple could be found within the Blue Heaven Heavenly Cave, and she had seen several of them.

One of Yan San's personal disciples had three saint godheads. Moreover, all his three saint godheads ranked in the top twenty.

Whereas Huang Xiaolong's three saint godheads ranked in the twenties.

The more Yi Xiaotang 'saw' through Huang Xiaolong, the more disappointed she felt.

"As the saying goes, rumors can't be trusted. Looks like there's nothing special about this Huang Xiaolong. I had thought a monstrous genius has appeared in the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave, a Ninth Heaven True Saint capable of destroying a Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestor's body!" Yi Xiaotang commented in disappointment.

"I did say earlier that you cannot believe such ludicrous rumors, but you insisted on coming here." On the contrary, Aunt Qing didn't appear surprised at all, and the corners of her lips rose slightly as she went on, "Anyways, you've seen what you came here for. You must keep your word and return to the Blue Heaven Creed with me!"

"I know, I know." Yi Xiaotang pursed her lips, sulking away.

"Let's leave, Aunt Qing. Let's go back to Blue Heaven Creed. There's nothing interesting here at all!"

But just as they were about to leave, the crowd stirred.

"The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's people are here!"

"Look, that's Chen Sen, the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's patriarch!"

"The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Grand Hall Master Mo Fei is also here. Mo Fei's strength rivals Patriarch Chen Sen. The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land actually brought more than four hundred Primal Ancestor experts! Isn't this going overboard, just for one Huang Xiaolong?"

"Wrong, counting Chen Sen himself, there are four hundred and one Primal Ancestors, moreover, all of them are mid-level Primal Ancestor Realm and above. I've heard that Nine Revolutions Sacred Land deployed all their mid-level Primal Ancestors and above, leaving only the low-level Primal Ancestors to protect the sacred land's headquarters!"

“Since Chen Sen has brought out so many Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts, it naturally isn’t as simple as just capturing Huang Xiaolong. After capturing Huang Xiaolong, they are definitely going to Cangqiong Sacred Land, and annihilate them in one go!”

Voices of various sacred lands’ experts sounded in the air.

With the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts arriving, Yi Xiaotang, and Aunt Qing’s thought of leaving was temporarily halted.

“Nine Revolutions Sacred Land is really being overdramatic,” Yi Xiaotang shook her head. “Aren’t they afraid of being a joke later on by deploying four hundred Primal Ancestors to deal with a True Saint?”

Aunt Qing glanced at Yi Xiaotang and said, “Don’t tell me that you want to rescue that Huang Xiaolong? This kind of thing happens every day in every force, every family, and every sacred land. You won’t be able to take care of all of them. Moreover, Xiaotang, before coming, you gave me your word that you would only watch from afar without interfering!”

Although their strengths were more than enough to rescue Huang Xiaolong, this kind of thing happened every day in every sacred land, and they couldn’t save everyone.

Yi Xiaotang nodded and reassured her, “Don’t worry, Aunt Qing. I know what to do.”

Huang Xiaolong calmly watched Chen Sen arrive with several hundred of Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s Primal Ancestor experts, without any intention to flee.

Seeing as Huang Xiaolong remained where he was, more than a few sacred lands’ experts snickered, “This Huang Xiaolong’s probably frightened silly upon seeing that so many Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts have appeared”

“It’s not unusual for him to be this frightened when he’s only a True Saint. Many Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestors would also be frightened silly being targeted by so many Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts coming at them. At the very least, Huang Xiaolong isn’t paralyzed with fear. Other True Saints would have pissed themselves by now.”

The mocking remarks continued.

By this time, Chen Sen and his group had stopped a short distance away from Huang Xiaolong.

Chen Sen scrutinized Huang Xiaolong from head to toe, and his dao soul unraveled 'all' of Huang Xiaolong's secrets in an instant, "Giant Golden Dragon Bloodline? A variant saint physique? Three saint godheads in the twenties rank?"

He probed several times, but the results remained the same.

When he had first heard the rumors, Chen Sen had hesitated inwardly, but now, his concerns vanished completely.

This level of talent was really nothing much in his eyes.

Chen Sen spoke in a condescending tone, "My son, Cheng Feng's and the others' dao souls are in your hand?!"

"Correct," Huang Xiaolong calmly confirmed.

Chen Sen, Mo Fei, and the others were surprised. They had initially assumed that Huang Xiaolong would make up an excuse to say that Chen Hong, Cheng Feng, and the others' dao souls were not on him, and the rumors were all false.

Chen Sen's eyes narrowed, veiling the sharp gleam in his eyes, "Get on your knees now and release my son's and everyone's dao souls. Then, explain in detail how my son's and the others' dao souls ended up in your hands. Who was the person who destroyed their physical bodies? If you fail to explain clearly to my satisfaction, you will die with a myriad of bugs eating your heart, maggots eroding your bones, and evil spirits ripping your soul!"

"You will regret coming into the world!" Chen Sheng's words echoed in high air, accompanied by his sharp, murderous aura.

The crowd trembled.

No one treated Chen Sen's words as a joke, and if Huang Xiaolong's explanation were to fail to satisfy Chen Sen, he would die in excruciating pain.

Yet, Huang Xiaolong smiled a little creepily. "Myriad of bugs eating my heart, maggots eroding my bones, and evil spirits ripping my soul?"

Chen Sen's face turned gloomy when he saw Huang Xiaolong's smile.

"Patriarch, why bother with this brat? I'll cripple him first, and then he'll talk obediently," a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor from Nine Revolutions Sacred Land stepped forward and said.

Chen Sen nodded, "Allowed."

The Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor stepped forward, without a word, and his palm struck out. Blinding rays of golden light turned into a huge palm, pressing down on Huang Xiaolong from above. One could imagine the force of a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor, and if Huang Xiaolong had been an average early Ninth Heaven True Saint, this attack would have abolished him without a doubt.

Chapter 2778: A Brilliant Illusion Array

Yi Xiaotang's delicate brows wrinkled as she watched the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor attack Huang Xiaolong, "Nine Revolutions Sacred Land is so shameless. A mighty Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor actually attacked a Ninth Heaven True Saint!"

Aunt Qing didn't expect her to say that. She laughed softly and teased, "Young Lady, amongst these Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts, that Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor is the weakest of them, or would it look better if one of the others is attacking? Others are stronger than him. I know that you're standing up against injustice, and cannot tolerate the strong bullying the weak, but you cannot interfere in this no matter what!"

“Once you make a move, your identity will be exposed, and your father will know that you sneaked out. You won’t be able to escape from your father’s punishment!”

Aunt Qing’s warning made Yi Xiaotang sulk unhappily. In all honesty, she wasn’t afraid of anything except for her father’s punishment. Everytime, her father would punish her to sit in front of the Blue Heaven Dao Mirror to comprehend grand dao laws. What’s there to see inside the Blue Heaven Dao Mirror?

It was flat and empty, and her father’s punishment spanned for a decade every time!

Moreover, every time she saw the Blue Heaven Dao Mirror, she felt like vomiting.

Although one would get used to things after vomiting too many times, she still couldn’t give birth to any good feelings towards the Blue Heaven Dao Mirror even after so many years.

She watched the golden palm with swirling grand dao law slamming down on Huang Xiaolong, and she shook her head as if she had foreseen the bloody ending.

Perhaps it was Huang Xiaolong’s resolute attitude, refusing to kneel nor give Chen Sen an explanation, that Yi Xiaotang felt Huang Xiaolong was similar to her. Thus, she felt a little pity towards him.

Just as the golden palm was about to strike Huang Xiaolong’s head, he suddenly raised his left hand and pressed up as if he was lifting an eggshell that had fallen from above. Huang Xiaolong’s slightly raised palm didn’t seem to exert any force, but the golden palm sprung back the way it came, heading straight at the Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor.

Not just that, but its speed, force, and brightness had increased as it returned to its owner!

The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor’s face paled, and he fumbled in a panic, as his palms struck out consecutively.

Boom!

After the thunderous collision, the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor was knocked back into the air, vomiting mouthfuls of blood.

"What?!"

Chen Sen, Mo Fei, and the rest of Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts, and all spectating experts exclaimed in shock.

Yi Xiaotang's eyes widened in astonishment, and Aunt Qing, beside her, looked like she had just seen a ghost.

All eyes were on the knocked-out Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor.

No one spoke or moved for a moment. One of the sacred lands' young lords froze in the middle of chewing a spiritual fruit that he was enjoying while spectating the show. The fruit pulp fell from his mouth to the ground, but he didn't even realize it. Instead, he kept staring ahead of him as if he had lost his soul.

"This is an illusion! Must be an illusion! This must be the effect of a sophisticated illusion array!" someone suddenly shouted.

Many people recognized this person, and his name was Bao Qisheng. He was a famous array formation expert from the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave. There was a rumor that this person had once destroyed a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor's body while still a Third Resurrection Primal Ancestor by merely relying on array formation!

"I already said it's an array, an illusion array!" another Primal Ancestor expert reacted and shouted. "Those people at Saint Devil City, what they saw must also be an illusion!"

"That's right, this Huang Xiaolong must have hired an expert to arrange a lethal illusion formation in this place. Otherwise, how could a True Saint like him have the guts to wait for the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts here alone!"

Another expert in the crowd shouted, "Some powerful illusion formations could subvert yin and yang, creating a chaotic space, causing everything we see to be unbelievably real!"

More and more experts clamored.

Some even claimed that they had arrived there early, and they had seen Huang Xiaolong running about in the area back and forth many times, so it was Huang Xiaolong arranging a formation!

"This Huang Xiaolong relies on illusion arrays, not his strength! Truly despicable! Shameless!"

Some people were indignant that Huang Xiaolong had used underhanded tricks, so they threw slurs at him.

Yi Xiaotang and Aunt Qing listened to these Saint Devil Heavenly Cave's experts' clamors and were dumbfounded. Illusion? Illusion array?

"Aunt Qing, can you see what kind of illusion array this is?" Yi Xiaotang asked Aunt Qing.

Aunt Qing observed Huang Xiaolong and the space around him, but she shook her head after a while and said, "Can't tell."

"Can't tell? Or there aren't any formations?" Yi Xiaotang's brows furrowed.

"Can't tell if there is a formation or not." Aunt Qing shook her head. "You know, even though my strength is not bad, my understanding of formations is limited. Not to mention, formations rely on one's talent, and my talent in formation is only average, so I can't tell if there are any illusion arrays around Huang Xiaolong!"

"But, there must be a formation. Otherwise, how could a Ninth Heaven True Saint withstand a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor's attack?" She continued, "There should be a brilliant illusion array around Huang Xiaolong, an array that has reached the highest realm!" By the end of her sentence, she sounded more certain.

She was determined that there was a sophisticated illusion array around Huang Xiaolong, as there was no other way to explain how a Ninth Heaven True Saint had withstood a Fourth Resurrection Primal Ancestor's attack!

There was no other explanation for this!

Upon hearing that, Yi Xiaotang quickly observed Huang Xiaolong's surroundings with astonishment, "The person who arranged this illusion array is surely an incredible formation expert!"

Aunt Qing nodded. "That's for certain! It's said Huang Xiaolong captured several people at Cangqiong Sacred Land. What are their names again? Tang Long, and Han Mo, yes. Perhaps he relied on array formation back then as well!"

On the way there, they had heard many people mention that Huang Xiaolong had captured Tang Long, Han Mo, and Chu Yifan, and he annexed the three sacred lands.

Upon listening to the loud clamors around him, Chen Sen turned his attention back to Huang Xiaolong, and his expression was icy to the extreme. "Illusion array?! Little punk, I underestimated you!" He then signaled the several Primal Ancestors close to Mo Fei.

Mo Fei and the others understood that Chen Sen wanted them to find that person who had arranged the illusion array for Huang Xiaolong. Generally, this kind of illusion array required its initiator to stay close by to maintain its activation. In Chen Sen's opinion, the person who had arranged the illusion array had to be hiding in the vicinity.

Mo Fei and the several Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts sped off in various directions, searching for the person.

They returned a while later.

"Any findings?" Chen Sen asked immediately.

Mo Fei and the others shook their heads.

Huang Xiaolong did not make another move after repelling the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's Fourth Resurrections Primal Ancestor. After listening to the surrounding clamors of illusion arrays and whatnot, he shook his head. This misunderstanding...

After seeing that Mo Fei and the others had failed to dig the person out, Chen Sen's face sank. He glared at Huang Xiaolong. "Punk, don't think we can do nothing to you if we can't find that person who laid out the illusion array. If you know what's good for you, you should roll out from the illusion array this instant, and beg on your knees before releasing my son's and everyone else's dao souls!"

"Or else?" Huang Xiaolong mocked, "Or else, should I die with a myriad of bugs eating my heart, maggots eroding my bones, and evil spirits ripping my soul?"

Chen Sen was taken aback, and his expression became uglier than ever.

"Patriarch, let me deal with him. I don't believe this Huang Xiaolong can block my attack relying on a mere illusion array!" An Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestor said to Chen Sen as he stepped out.

Chapter 2779: Irrepressible?

The Nine Revolutions Sacred Land had more than five hundred Primal Ancestors, but only six of them were Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestors!

This early Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestor intending to deal with Huang Xiaolong was called Xu Zheng.

In Xu Zheng's opinion, no matter how powerful the illusion array around Huang Xiaolong was, it wouldn't withstand the full force attack of a peak early Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestor!

"Go ahead!" Chen Sen agreed to Xu Zheng's request without hesitation. He nodded as his gaze on Huang Xiaolong turned sharper. He added, "There is no need to show mercy!"

"Yes, Patriarch!" Xu Zheng complied loudly and took several steps forward.

Other sacred lands' experts stirred, seeing that Xu Zheng was about to make a move.

"With Eminent Elder Xu Zheng taking action, Huang Xiaolong certainly won't be able to take the attack. Even if he has a powerful illusion array to help him, it's still useless!" A sacred land's patriarch commented confidently.

"Brother Qisheng, can you tell what kind of illusion array is around Huang Xiaolong?" someone asked Bao Qisheng. Bao Qisheng was the first person who had 'discovered' that Huang Xiaolong had arranged an illusion array in the area.

Bao Qisheng widened his eyes and looked around Huang Xiaolong with amazement in his eyes, "This illusion array has completely integrated with the Divine Tuo Holy World's void, and there is no flaw or weakness at all. The strange thing is that an array formation of this size is not generating any energy fluctuation when it is running... What a sophisticated illusion array? The person who arranged this illusion array is simply brilliant."

The crowd began guessing the strength of the person who had laid out such an incredible illusion array, and how high his accomplishment in array formations had reached.

In the Divine Tuo Holy World, there was an Array Formation Association which was a super powerhouse that was comparable with the top creed forces. These formation experts were ranked from low to high as formation apprentices, formation master, formation great master, formation grandmaster, formation great grandmaster, and formation prime master!

And above the formation ancestor master rank were god of formation with exclusive titles!

Yi Xiaotang watched as Xu Zheng strode towards Huang Xiaolong, and her beautiful eyes glimmered as she asked, "Aunt Qing, what do you think?"

Aunt Qing froze for a split second, and then smiled, "Does this situation still need an explanation? No matter how clever the formation master by Huang Xiaolong's side is, it's impossible to withstand the attack of an Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestor's attack."

“I think that something isn’t right,” Yi Xiaotang stated as she looked at Huang Xiaolong. “Huang Xiaolong looks too calm.”

“Calm?” Aunt Qing took another look at Huang Xiaolong. Laughing softly, she said, “I’ve seen too many people that like to play tricks and act mysterious. Despite knowing fully well that they’re weak, they stubbornly put on a calm facade, not realizing that keeping one’s life is more important than one’s face. When Huang Xiaolong’s illusion array shatters under that Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestor’s attack, he will be no different than an ant without the illusion array’s protection!”

While Yi Xiaotang and Aunt Qing conversed briefly, Xu Zheng stood right across Huang Xiaolong, fixing his cold stare on him. “Punk, let’s see if your illusion array is better or my attack is stronger!”

Without another word, grand dao energy swirled vigorously around him. An endless momentum of a Primal Ancestor swept out from his body, combined with the awe-inspiring rays of light that condensed into several grand dao spirits.

“Grand dao spirit! Xu Zheng could use his own grand dao energy to condense grand dao spirits!”

The various forces’ experts erupted in a furor.

Condensing grand dao spirit was not something all Primal Ancestors could do. This was mainly because the main condition was comprehension of a certain grand dao law at a certain threshold before one could successfully condense grand dao spirit based on one’s own grand dao energy.

Once one successfully condensed a grand dao spirit, that Primal Ancestor’s attack power would be greater than any same realm expert.

No one had any inclination that Xu Zheng could condense grand dao spirits!

Even experts of Nine Revolutions Sacred Land were astonished by this sight.

Only Chen Sen and Mo Fei didn’t look surprised by this. Xu Zheng could condense grand dao spirits for several decamillenniums. However, he had always been low-profile, and he had never used this method

in front of others until today. Only the two of them knew about it in the entire Nine Revolutions Sacred Land.

Chen Sen had agreed without hesitation when Xu Zheng had requested to be the one to teach Huang Xiaolong a lesson because he had confidence in Xu Zheng's ability.

Yet, Huang Xiaolong was just as calm even after seeing the grand dao spirits around Xu Zheng. These were merely grand dao spirits. He could do it too. Moreover, the number of grand dao spirits he could condense were more than Xu Zheng's, and they were more solid and ten times more powerful!

However, Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to attack.

At this time, Xu Zheng moved his hands after condensing several hundred grand dao spirits, and the immediate heaven and earth seemed to tremble. Space energy was actually stripped off and flowed towards his hands, roiling and compacting between them, and finally turning into a ball of light!

It was a light ball that contained space energy, Xu Zheng's grand dao energy.

Even though Xu Zheng hadn't attacked yet, everyone present could feel the terrifying destructive power inside the ball of light.

Even some Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestor experts' expressions turned serious.

"Go!"

Xu Zheng bellowed curtly as his hands pushed the ball of light forward, looking like he was pushing a great ancient mountain.

The ball of light rolled towards Huang Xiaolong, seemingly slow, but in reality, it was faster than a lightning bolt, and it reached Huang Xiaolong in a split second.

Space cracked wherever the ball of light passed by.

Nothing in its path could stop the advance of this terrifying ball of light.

Just as the ball of light was right in front of Huang Xiaolong, he raised his hand and pinned it in midair.

“What?!” Everyone was flabbergasted at this sight.

“This, this, what kind of illusion array is this?!”

“Could it be an illusion array laid out by a formation prime master?!” someone in the crowd mused out loud.

A formation prime master was the ancestor of formation masters. Their knowledge and understanding of array formations was beyond perfection, and it was as unfathomable as heaven and earth itself. But, there wasn't a formation prime master in the Saint Devil Heavenly Cave and the nearby heavenly caves.

Only a force like the Blue Heaven Creed had a formation expert at the level of formation prime master.

Both Yi Xiaotang and Aunt Qing looked just as flabbergasted. It's unbelievable. Huang Xiaolong actually blocked that attack? On top of that, he blocked it so easily... They could see that Huang Xiaolong had not even broken a sweat, and it was as if he was holding an ordinary ball.

While everyone was in a dazed shock, Huang Xiaolong repeated his previous gesture. He slightly pushed his palm forward and sent the ball of light flying back towards Xu Zheng and the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts behind him at a faster speed. It shone brighter, and it was more lethal.

Xu Zheng's confident face changed completely.

All the Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts paled.

Chen Sen and Mo Fei reacted almost immediately, bellowing loudly as their palms struck forward. Winds rushed and clouds roiled as the sky darkened...

Rumble!

Under Chen Sen and Mo Fei's combined efforts, the terrifying ball of light exploded, releasing countless rays that shot out in various directions as a thunderous blast echoed in everyone's ears.

Some didn't dodge fast enough and were pierced by the rays of light, and blood-curdling cries filled the sky for a moment.

Even the experts spectating from afar, dodged to safety in a panic.

A transparent blue light barrier emerged from Yi Xiaotang and Aunt Qing's body, protecting them. Even so, they swayed violently inside the protective barrier from the shockwaves.

Tumultuous tempest seemed to rage endlessly.

Chapter 2780: God of Formation?

Tumultuous winds shredded space like a piece of cloth, howling like a beast in everyone's ears as it expanded outwards, displaying its destructive might.

The uninhabited land below them quaked violently as echoes of the thunderous explosion continued in the air, and abyssal cracks appeared on the ground like a big spider web.

"What?!" Yi Xiaotang watched the scene in front of her with an incredulous expression.

Huang Xiaolong had not only deflected Xu Zheng's attack, but he had sent the terrifying ball of light back to the attacker at a faster speed that had twice more destructive power. It had caused mass destruction amongst Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts that ranged from severe injuries to being crippled. Miserable cries and screams reverberated in the air!

Nine Revolutions Sacred Land's experts were sprawled in various postures on the horrifically fissured ground below. Each one was severely injured, missing one or two of their limbs, and even eyes. The rays of light had left gaping holes in some of these experts' chests, while a few were screaming and jumping as they clutched at their groins.

Even Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestors like Chen Sen, Mo Fei, and Xu Zheng emerged in a sorry state after the explosion with their disheveled hair and bloodstains running down the corner of their mouths. There was also blood flowing from their nostrils, and they were looking like vengeful spirits returning for revenge. There was not even a shadow of their mighty and dignified appearance from earlier.

Aunt Qing as well as other experts, who had managed to escape the sudden disaster, were beyond shocked.

Earlier, the crowd had guessed that the illusion array Huang Xiaolong had prepared was at the level of a formation prime master, but did an illusion array laid out by a formation prime master possess such frightening power?

That's right, illusion arrays laid out by formation prime masters were said to be unfathomable, with the power to overturn the world, reverse the flow of yin and yang, distort time and space, turn false into real, and enable one to fight against a hundred.

However, no matter how unfathomably powerful this level of illusion arrays were to the point of distorting time and space, turning false to real, it couldn't be this terrifying, right?

"Could, could it be, a god of formation?!" someone's quivering voice sounded.

God of formation!

Upon hearing that, more than a few people's knees nearly buckled in fear!

God of formation was really a god. They could throw out a formation out of thin air, creating a formation with a glance, and even a sneeze from them could turn into an array formation. Everything related to such a master from head to toe was formation, including their pores! They could use and turn all and everything between heaven and earth into the strongest array formation.

As long as the god of formation wanted to, a pebble, a bud of a flower, or a piece of wood, could be turned into a complete world of formation.

Array formations laid out by a god of formation could no longer be called simply as array formations, and formation world was a more accurate term. Inside a formation world, he was the absolute monarch, and it wasn't an exaggeration to say that a god of formation was literally within the formation world.

Chen Sen, Mo Fei, as well as Xu Zheng looked terrified. God of formation?

At the mention of the god of formation, no one could maintain a calm composure, not even a Dao Venerable expert.

Although a god of formation's own strength was not necessarily strong, his formation world's power was absolutely horrifying.

Not one person present had ever seen a god of formation's formation world, but they had heard how powerful the formation world could be, and there were too many legends.

"However, even if this illusion array is laid out by a god of formation, it shouldn't be this scary, right?" someone voiced his doubt out loud.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Not so scary?

That's right! None of them had ever seen the formation world of a god of formation, despite the many legends depicting how powerful a formation world was, and they highly doubted it could enable a Ninth Heaven True Saint to go against an Eight Resurrection Primal Ancestor...

Chen Sen, Mo Fei, and Xu Zheng were Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestors, especially Chen Sen. He was a peak late-Eighth Resurrection Primal Ancestor. Even with Chen Sen and Mo Fei's combined strengths, they had still suffered injuries from the explosion!

A god of formation's formation world couldn't be heaven-defying to this degree, right?

Yi Xiaotang, and Aunt Qing too were confused and didn't know what to make of the situation in front of them anymore. Neither of them had seen a god of formation's formation world. Thus they could not make the proper judgment.

Of the numerous creed powerhouses in the Divine Tuo Holy World, each creed powerhouse would absolutely have at least one Dao Venerable, but not necessarily a god of formation. Hence, in the Divine Tuo Holy World, a god of formation was rarer than Dao Venerable.

Huang Xiaolong smiled helplessly while listening to the chatters of formation prime master and god of formation and whatnot.

It seemed like when one's talent was beyond imagination, it was hard to make others believe that it was true. These people would rather believe in a myriad of other reasons and things they couldn't even see, instead of believing in what they were seeing with their own eyes.

Huang Xiaolong ignored these people and walked towards Chen Sen, Mo Fei, and Xu Zheng.

Mo Fei, Xu Zheng, and the others also stepped back.

They were afraid, afraid of the god of formation behind Huang Xiaolong!

Chen Sen actually stepped back in fear when he saw Huang Xiaolong approaching him!

"Chen Sen, you and your cronies get on your knees now and beg for your lives, submit to me, and you might still live," Huang Xiaolong stated matter-of-factly.

Chen Sen, Mo Fei, Xu Zheng, and the others' faces darkened in an instant.

“Huang Xiaolong, don’t be complacent. You’re merely relying on the god of formation to back you up. Although his formation world is amazing, you will be nothing once you leave the boundary of his formation world.” Chen Sen vented, “If this was happening at any other time, you would not even have qualified to clean my shoes.”

“Is that so?” Huang Xiaolong’s indifferent response sounded.

Mo Fei chimed in, “Huang Xiaolong, you’d better release the dao souls of our young lord, Eminent Elder Cheng Feng, and others. Or else, we’ll definitely kill you. Are you going to hide inside the formation world your entire life?”

“Correct! Even if we can’t kill you, we can kill your master, kill Cangqiong Sacred Land’s disciples, kill every single one of them!” Xu Zheng snorted coldly.

But Xu Zheng barely finished his threat when Huang Xiaolong disappeared in a flicker as his right fist punched out.

Dong! Xu Zheng was sent flying back by Huang Xiaolong’s fist, and he smashed through several hills and mountains after crashing to the ground. Blood was oozing from his chest, flowing down his shattered armor.

Everyone was aghast.

“What a strong attack!” Aunt Qing exclaimed, “This level of attack is already comparable to a Ninth Resurrection Primal Ancestor, isn’t it? I have always heard that a god of formation’s formation could borrow heaven and earth’s energy, but this is too much!”

Yi Xiaotang’s gaze followed Huang Xiaolong closely. She didn’t blink or say a word.

“Huang Xiaolong, enough with your mad arrogance!” Chen Sen bellowed, “Even if you can borrow heaven and earth’s power through array formation, there must be a limit. All Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts, hear my order, attack together and kill Huang Xiaolong!”

“He is borrowing outside power, he won’t last long!”

“That’s right, once he can’t borrow anymore energy, he’s dead!” Following Chen Sen’s motivating words, Nine Revolutions Sacred Land’s experts all leaped towards Huang Xiaolong with ready attacks.

In a split second, fist force, criss-crossing rays of blade and sword lights, and golden brilliance filled the sky. The ground below once again quaked violently, threatening to crumble completely.

Blood drained from the faces of other sacred lands’ experts seeing this, four hundred Primal Ancestors attacking together, this kind of scene jarred them to the soul. Some True Saint experts couldn’t move under Chen Sen, Mo Fei, and others’ coercive momentum.

As he looked at the skies filled with various forms of attacks, a thousand figures appeared behind Huang Xiaolong. Holy devil spiritual energy soared to the sky, and the grand dao energy of a Primal Ancestor roiled vigorously.

It was a soul-shocking sight to see rivers of grand dao laws coiled like dragons.

“Is this Primal Ancestor’s grand dao energy? He is a True Saint, then how come he has grand dao energy?!” Yi Xiaotang was flabbergasted when she sensed the grand dao energy originating from Huang Xiaolong’s body.