

Conqueror 951

Chapter 951: The Path to Hell

The Fortune Gate Ancestor's cultivation dwelling wasn't surrounded by rare spiritual herbs or fruits. It was merely the most common dried grass hut, built with easily obtained ordinary wood, simple, plain, very much resembling a hidden Shangri-la.

This was something unexpected for Huang Xiaolong.

In all truthfulness, he had assumed that with the Fortune Gate Ancestor's status, his cultivation dwelling would be grand and lavish, majestic, closer to a heavenly palace.

Shortly after he and the Fortune Gate Ancestor sat down, Huang Xiaolong stated the purpose of his visit.

After stating his intention, the Fortune Gate Ancestor barely hesitated. He turned slightly towards Li Lu who was standing close to him, "Lu'er, take my Fortune Medallion and make a trip with Union Chief Huang to the Tong Prefecture City.

The Vermilion Bird Institute Principal Qiu Baifei and others from the four galaxies were precisely hiding in the Fortune World's Tong Prefecture City.

Having Li Lu to accompany Huang Xiaolong indicated that the Fortune Gate Ancestor agreed to Huang Xiaolong's request to round up Qiu Baifei's group and let him do as he saw fit.

This was within Huang Xiaolong's expectations.

Qiu Baifei's group weren't Fortune Gate disciples, only a batch of people that came seeking their protection. Moreover, that group of people merely consisted of low-level Highgod Realm cultivators. As long as the Fortune Gate Ancestor did not have something wrong with his head, it would be impossible for him to offend Huang Xiaolong just for that.

Li Lu received the Fortune Medallion from her Master's hand and respectfully saluted before leaving, leading Huang Xiaolong out from the Sacred Fortune Mountain to the Tong Prefecture City.

When Huang Xiaolong arrived at the Tong Prefecture City, Qiu Baifei and He Feifan were dual cultivating with several Fortune Gate female disciples. When they saw him appear, their faces drained of color and everything else wilted.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong had 'cleansed' the world off Qiu Baifei, He Feifan, and then some.

With Li Lu holding the Fortune Medallion, no one tried to hinder or attack Huang Xiaolong, greatly reducing his troubles.

After dealing with Qiu Baifei's group, Huang Xiaolong did not leave the Fortune World in a hurry, staying at the Sacred Fortune Mountain for ten days. In these ten days, he had three sparring sessions with the Fortune Gate Ancestor. As for the result, no one knew except the two of them.

Since the Fortune Gate Ancestor did not reveal anything, Li Lu and his other disciples dared not ask. However, after each sparring session, the Fortune Gate Ancestor seemed much older than before.

On the eleventh day, Huang Xiaolong stood in front of the Fortune World's transmission array, looking at Li Lu, "You really aren't willing to return with me? Father, and Mother both miss you, especially Mother. There's also Huang Min."

Li Lu avoided Huang Xiaolong's gaze, subconsciously biting her lips, but she shook her head in the end, "Let's talk about this later."

Huang Xiaolong sighed silently in his heart, knowing it was of no further use trying to persuade her, thus he did not continue. They had time, what's more, this matter couldn't be rushed.

At the very least, Li Lu wasn't averse to spending time alone with him. More importantly, when they were alone, there was no veil covering her face.

To Huang Xiaolong, this was good enough for now.

As an afterthought, he took out a spatial ring. As he gave it to Li Lu, he said, "Inside this are ten thousand sacred grade immortal spirit stones, and ten batches of rank ten tribulation grade Myriad Cure Holy Pills that I refined myself."

Ten thousand sacred grade immortal spirit stone! Ten batches of rank ten tribulation grade Myriad Cure Holy Pills!

Waves of astonishment struck Li Lu's heart.

"This...!" Li Lu's natural reaction was to decline.

Huang Xiaolong gently shook his head at her, "I know what you want to say, but I have ample amounts of sacred grade spirit stones and rank ten tribulation grade Myriad Cure Holy Pills." He turned and stepped into the transmission array.

The transmission array activated, and Huang Xiaolong's figure was already gone when it's light dimmed, leaving only an echo of his words in the air: "I'll come see you again."

Li Lu stared dazedly at the empty transmission array, her heart feeling similarly empty. She stood there dazed for a long time before her calm returned. Clenching the spatial ring tightly in her palm, she turned and flew back to the Sacred Fortune Mountain.

Two days later, Huang Xiaolong was back in the Divine Dan City.

Even though he was back in the Abundant Deities Manor, Huang Xiaolong was reminiscing about the ten days he spent with Li Lu at the Sacred Fortune Mountain.

The lines of her delicate face, every faint smile of her cherry lips replayed before Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

Shi Xiaofei approached him from behind, her voice soft and comforting, "About younger sister Li Lu's matter, don't think too much about it. She will come around."

Huang Xiaolong nodded, quietly reaching out to hold Shi Xiaofei's small hands in his.

He broke the silence five minutes later, saying, "I'll set off for the Path to Hell the day after tomorrow, it may take three years or even longer. In my absence, you, father, mother, and everyone else shouldn't leave the Divine Dan City."

Although with Huang Xiaolong's current status and influence there shouldn't be anyone who would dare harm his family, being extra careful wouldn't hurt.

Shi Xiaofei nodded in an obedient manner, "Don't worry about us, we'll take care of ourselves. The Path to Hell is laden with dangers at every corner, be very careful. You must safely return!"

Huang Xiaolong pulled Shi Xiaofei into his arms, "Don't worry, I'll definitely come back."

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The Icebound Galaxy stood out as one of the most bizarre places amongst numerous galaxies in space. This was due to the peculiar black ice present everywhere.

Black ice drifted down from the void above, raging endlessly over the Icebound Galaxy's several tens of thousands of world surfaces and planets.

This black ice contained vigorous yin qi that was hard to block out even for a late-Tenth Order God Realm cultivator. In less than a quarter of an hour, they would be reduced to an ice sculpture.

That was why only Highgod Realm masters dared to venture into the Icebound Galaxy.

Most of all, located at the far end of this place was the infamous Path to Hell.

Space rippled above an uninhabited planet within the Icebound Galaxy as a figure stepped out, it was Huang Xiaolong.

He spent two days with his family in Divine Dan City after returning from the Sacred Fortune Mountain, then set off to the Path to Hell.

Huang Xiaolong maneuvered through the Icebound Galaxy's drifting black ice, passing through countless stark, gloomy, and cold world surfaces as they became smaller and smaller behind him.

He continued on without using the four divine fires or any other flames to dispel the coldness from the black ice, allowing it to fall on his body. Increase the yin qi in these sheets of black ice by a hundred times and they still wouldn't be able to weaken Huang Xiaolong's current True Divine Dragon Physique.

He didn't transform into his primordial divine dragon form, nor did he hurry using Greater Space Teleportation, just flying across space normally.

Half a day later, Huang Xiaolong reached the other end of the Icebound Galaxy.

A path that stretched wider than the eyes could see, built from entirely black soil; the Path to Hell was in sight. A purplish qi shrouded most of the Path to Hell, akin to a giant chaos space beast concealing itself in the vast space with its mammoth of a black hole-like mouth stretched wide waiting for prey.

Huang Xiaolong continued flying toward the Path to Hell.

As he was getting closer, at the Sacred Fortune Mountain, a Fortune Gate female disciple was reporting to Li Lu, "Senior sister, we've discovered that only one place has Yin Yang Godly Water, The Path to Hell. As for where exactly, we were unable to find out."

Li Lu's brows wrinkled a little, "The Path to Hell..."

"Alright, you can leave."

"Yes, Senior sister."

After the female disciple left, Li Lu muttered to herself, "It seems I need to make a trip to the Path to Hell."

Since the Yin Yang Godly Water could only be found in that place, she absolutely had to go.

As long as she acquired the Yin Yang Godly Water, she would be able to balance the yin and yang forces inside her to the most optimum state.

Chapter 952: Pan Zhen

Not long after the Fortune Gate female disciple left, a young man clad in a light blue robe with a holier-than-thou air walked in.

"Eldest Senior Brother." Seeing this young man appear, Li Lu greeted.

This light blue-robed young man was precisely the Fortune Gate Ancestor's eldest disciple, Pan Zhen.

"Junior sister, I heard that you're searching for the whereabouts of Yin Yang Godly Water." said Pan Zhen.

Li Lu did not conceal the matter, "Yes, I've just found out that it's on the Path to Hell. I'm planning to make a trip over there."

Pan Zhen's expression immediately turned grim, "The Path to Hell! Junior sister, you have no idea how perilous the Path to Hell is, even a Tenth Order Highgod Realm master cannot guarantee the certainty of coming out alive once entered! And you...!"

Li Lu's attitude did not waver, determination shone in her eyes as she shook her head at Pan Zhen, "Eldest Senior brother, don't try to persuade me, I've already decided."

Pan Zhen sighed, sounding unusually heavy, "You really don't have the slightest feelings for me?"

Li Lu shook her head again, saying, “Eldest Senior brother, I have said it very clearly to you. I know you’ve been very good to me in the years I’ve been here, but I only see you as my brother.”

Pan Zhen’s voice became gloomy with an edge sharpness within, “Is it like the rumors outside are saying, because of that Huang Xiaolong?”

Pan Zhen had always thought that as long as he persevered, there would be a day when his feelings would get through to Li Lu, but the heavens seemed to be playing him. Over a decade ago, during the Alchemist Grandmaster Grand Competition, rumors about Li Lu and Huang Xiaolong suddenly began flying around. At that moment, Pan Zhen finally understood why she had been refusing him in the past.

That was because there was already a man in her heart!

And he had always occupied her heart!

Li Lu didn’t answer, sighing, “Eldest Senior brother, why do this to yourself?”

Anger seeped into Pan Zhen’s voice, “I won’t give up on you. Even if that Huang Xiaolong kills me, I’m not giving up.” He turned briskly and left.

Li Lu watched the blue-robed figure disappear from view.

Back in his own cultivation dwelling, Pan Zhen tersely sat down, a chilling coldness in his eyes. Without any indication, his fingers crushed the wine cup close to his hand into fine dust. His face distorted due to anger, bordering insanity, “Huang Xiaolong, if I can’t get it, you won’t be able to get it either!”

“Since it’s like that, Li Lu, don’t blame this Eldest Senior brother for being ruthless. Even though I can’t get your heart, your body is mine!”

“I’ll wait until she arrives at the Path to Hell before making a move.”

The echoes of delirious laughter traveled out from Pan Zhen’s cultivation dwelling.

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Icebound Galaxy.

Huang Xiaolong slowly floated down onto the start of the Path to Hell.

Looking onward, the path in front of him was shrouded with a thick layer of yin ghost qi, one could hardly see if there was really an end to this road. As it was built from black star soil, the path itself was mottled with faint glittering starlight.

However, the starlight here was different from the usual romantic concept in the world outside, clear and bright. The starlight on this path gave a nefarious, frigid feeling.

Huang Xiaolong entered the Path to Hell in a flicker, flying onward.

The thick yin ghost qi floating in this place was highly corrosive and toxic, but Huang Xiaolong didn't bother to create a protective godforce barrier around himself, letting it brush past his True Divine Dragon Physique as he flew further in. At this point, here in the lower realm, there were very few things that could physically harm Huang Xiaolong's body.

As he continued flying deeper in, all that entered his sight was withered grass, black dead tree trunks, and barren hills. Occasionally, he could see one or two bones of some beast that he didn't recognize.

Not a trace of life could be seen around him. It was a desiccated landscape filled death and desolation.

Half a day's time went by swiftly.

Even so, Huang Xiaolong was still on the periphery of the Path, thus he rarely ran into any Yin Ghosts.

It was as if there was no end to this Path to Hell, it was a vast mainland in itself, exceeding the four galaxies combined by a thousand times, or even ten thousand times!

It was hard for Huang Xiaolong to imagine how this Path to Hell came to be.

Just how much black star soil was used to form such a vast and boundless land?

The crucial question was, what kind of power made such a vast amount of black star soil merge together, forming this Path to Hell?

Everything was a mystery.

Daylight in the Path to Hell gradually diminished. This place also had day and night.

Although there was no sunlight on the Path to Hell, the surrounding environment was usually dark grey. When 'night' fell, the waves of yin ghost qi rushing out from the void above were ten times denser than the 'day, truly a blanket of the darkness. When night came, it was akin to falling into the darkest abyss.

Huang Xiaolong immediately discovered that both his divine sense and the extent of his eyesight was greatly impeded at night. Well, at least his godforce was spared.

He looked around and decided to find a place to rest for the night, continuing onward when daylight arrived.

After all, there were about seven months left until the said five-year deadline, there was no haste.

Huang Xiaolong surveyed his current surroundings, descending to an empty space in front of a high cliff wall. With a punch, he quickly created a cave and entered it in a flicker.

The mountains in the Path to Hell were extremely hard, reaching the point where a low-level Highgod Realm master could hardly shatter a ten-meter tall boulder. What Huang Xiaolong had just done, punching out a resting cave with his fist while not affecting other areas of the mountain was unheard of.

Huang Xiaolong arranged a simple defensive formation around the cave entrance, then sat down cross-legged to meditate, circulating his four divine fires.

The shimmering gray energy flowed out, entering his body.

Although he had a defensive formation set up, he still separated a fraction of his attention to keep watch outside the cave.

Roughly three hours later, the defensive formation glowed from an impact, enduring an attack from something.

Huang Xiaolong stopped cultivating, got up on his feet, and went out to the entrance. When he reached the cave entrance, he saw several Yin Ghosts gathering their ghost force to attack his defensive formation.

The Yin Ghosts on the Path to Hell were about three to four times the size of a human, with flesh and blood. However, both their flesh and blood were as black as ink.

The group of Yin Ghosts attacking his defensive formation was average in terms of strength, between mid and late-Tenth Order God Realm.

Huang Xiaolong was too lazy to move his hands, directly sending out a soul force sword that pierced through their bodies, completely destroying their souls.

However, several hours later, another group of Yin Ghosts came knocking at his cave.

Huang Xiaolong frowned, obviously upset. How did these Yin Ghosts find him?

Logically speaking, with the defensive formation outside his cave, these Yin Ghosts that only had God Realm strength shouldn't be able to detect him. The troubling thing was that these Yin Ghosts' soul did not retain memories like a human did. Even if Huang Xiaolong scoured their souls, he wouldn't find much information.

After several groups of Yin Ghost attack, morning arrived.

Huang Xiaolong continued traveling onward.

As he got deeper into the Path to Hell, the frequency of Yin Ghosts appearing greatly increased, some even having strength equal to low-level Highgod Realm human cultivators.

Two days later, Huang Xiaolong descended on a mountain peak. He had just spotted a small village across the foothills of the mountain opposite him!

There was actually a village like this on the Path to Hell?

This was truly a surprise for Huang Xiaolong. He observed for a moment before flying towards the village.

Chapter 953: The Ghost Refining Sect Master

Two breaths later, Huang Xiaolong reached the village's entrance.

It seems there were several defensive and attack formations laid out around the village's perimeter.

Those formations might be able to keep out those God Realm and low-level Highgod Realm Yin Ghosts, but in Huang Xiaolong's eyes they were nonexistent.

As he did not conceal his presence when descending at the village entrance, Huang Xiaolong's arrival immediately alerted the villagers inside. Several figures flew out from various directions, blocking his entry.

"Who are you? What is your purpose coming to our Ghost Curb Village?" Several people bellowed at Huang Xiaolong, extremely wary. Judging from their expressions, they were ready to pounce on him if he dared to make any uninvited moves.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't upset by their reactions.

These people in front of him were wearing clothes made from some unknown beast's skin, inscribed with profound symbols that actually formed a kind of defensive formation.

'The weaker ones have cultivations of First Order and Second Order Highgod Realm on average.' Huang Xiaolong thought as his gaze swept over them.

"I've just entered the Path to Hell from outside, passing by this place by coincidence, so I approach hoping to inquire some information about the Ghost Refining Sect." Huang Xiaolong was frank from the upfront.

"The Ghost Refining Sect!" The moment these villagers heard the Ghost Refining Sect's name, their faces became several shades whiter due to extreme fear, their pupils constricting.

"I see, a newly arrived guest from outside, but we don't know anything about the Ghost Refining Sect. You'd better hurry and leave." One of the villagers, a middle-aged man, advised.

Hearing that Huang Xiaolong was someone who came from outside the Path to Hell, these villagers were clearly relieved, their tension and wariness slightly reduced. However, the mention of the Ghost Refining Sect brought another kind of fear in them, strongly refusing to talk to Huang Xiaolong about it.

Huang Xiaolong did not leave immediately as requested. Instead, he took out ten top divine grade spirit stones, letting them float in the air, saying, "Answer me one question and I will give you one top divine grade spirit stone." He enticed.

"Top divine grade spirit stone!" Staring fixedly at the ten top divine grade spirit stones floating in front of Huang Xiaolong, the villagers' eyes turned feverish.

"What do you want to know?" A few minutes passed in hesitation before the same middle-aged villager finally spoke.

"I want to know where the Ghost Refining Sect is." Huang Xiaolong asked, it was crucial to know the location or at least the general direction of the Ghost Refining Sect.

The middle-aged villager shook his head, "This we don't know. Not only us, among the other villages or sects here in the Path to Hell, no one does." He took a quick glance at the ten top divine grade spirit stones in front of Huang Xiaolong, "But, there's a person that might know."

Huang Xiaolong inwardly brightened, "Who?"

The middle-aged villager replied, "The Infernal Ghost Messenger."

"The Infernal Ghost Messenger?" Huang Xiaolong looked bemused by the term.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's expression, the middle-aged villager explained, "The Infernal Ghost Messenger is, in fact, a cultivator of the Ghost Refining Sect. After a period of time, the Ghost Refining Sect will send out Infernal Ghost Messengers to the villagers and sects in the Path to Hell to collect top-grade Infernal Yin Soul Stones. However, these Infernal Ghost Messengers are very strong, the word is, every Infernal Ghost Messenger has the strength of a peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Real master."

Peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm! Huang Xiaolong was a little amazed.

Just the Ghost Refining Sect's Infernal Ghost Messengers possessed such level of strength?!

"When are these Infernal Ghost Messengers coming out next?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

The middle-aged villager glanced at the floating top grade divine spirit stones, not answering Huang Xiaolong.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong flicked two spirit stones toward him.

Holding the two top divine grade spirit stones in his hands, the middle-aged villager's face split into a wide grin and went on to answer Huang Xiaolong's previous question, "We cannot say for sure when those Infernal Ghost Messengers will come out next time, for the times the messenger is sent out varies. The shortest gap in between was ten years, sometimes it was twenty years, even thirty. Last time the Infernal Ghost Messengers came out was eight years ago. I'm familiar with an Elder of the Golden God

Shrine, that is how I came to know this. Whereas, of the other villages' people, not many will know these things."

A faint frown appeared between Huang Xiaolong's brows.

'Eight years ago? That is to say, the next time those Infernal Ghost Messengers come out will be at least two years later?' But there were only several months left until the agreed fight he had with the Ghost Refining Sect young lord, he couldn't afford to wait another two years.

Huang Xiaolong subsequently asked the middle-aged villager more questions related to the Ghost Refining Sect and other things, which the middle-aged villager answered what he knew, but there were few questions he didn't know the answer to.

Over an hour later, Huang Xiaolong left the village.

Although the middle-aged villager did not have a lot of information related to the Ghost Refining Sect, his answers were enough to provide Huang Xiaolong a general understanding of the Path to Hell.

Even though there weren't many sects established in the Path to Hell, counting the small and medium range forces, there were more than three thousand. Amongst them, over a hundred were first rank forces.

There was only one super force here. It stood at the top of the hierarchy, the monarch of Path to Hell, the Ghost Refining Sect!

In truth, there were actually six super forces in this place. Several tens of millennia ago, the Ghost Refining Sect subjugated the other five super forces, integrating them into their own sect! It was unknown how they accomplished that.

Thinking of this, Huang Xiaolong's expression grew pensive. The Ghost Refining Sect's overall strength was far more formidable than he had imagined.

Imagine, how powerful five super forces that stood at the same height as the Fortune Gate or Wangu Clan, were combined! Not to mention that the Ghost Refining Sect was already a super force itself to begin with! They now possessed the unified strength of six super forces!

Huang Xiaolong guessed that those Infernal Ghost Messengers' status inside the Ghost Refining Sect was probably quite high, most likely only taking orders directly from the Sect Master.

Another point was, the Ghost Refining Sect may have a great number of Highgod Realm masters, but not many of them were peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm.

Huang Xiaolong believed that, with his current strength, he would be able to defeat the Ghost Refining Sect young lord if they battled again. What he was worried about right now was the current Sect Master.

Some time back, when he was at the Sacred Fortune Mountain visiting Li Lu, he had asked the Fortune Gate Ancestor about the Ghost Refining Sect's power. The Fortune Gate Ancestor told him that the Wangu Clan Ancestor had ventured inside the Path to Hell several thousand years ago, where he came across the Ghost Refining Sect Master. They battled, and the Wangu Clan Ancestor lost miserably. It was a fortunate matter that the Wangu Clan Ancestor was wearing their Wangu Clan's heritage divine armor and cultivated an ancient escaping art, escaping death by a hair's breadth.

Otherwise, he would forever remain in the Path to Hell.

This incident sent waves of shock through the world.

After all, the Wangu Clan Ancestor was hailed as the strongest person in numerous galaxies, a person of that standing barely escaped from the Ghost Refining Sect Master's hand?

At one time, mentioning the Ghost Refining Sect Master, the Wangu Clan Ancestor said this: "Not a Heavenly God yet more powerful than a Heavenly God!"

Not a Heavenly God yet more powerful than a Heavenly God!

Meaning to say, although the Ghost Refining Sect Master was still in the Highgod Realm, his true strength had exceeded the average First Order Heavenly God masters!

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Half a month later.

Huang Xiaolong appeared in front of a ruined city.

More likely than not, this ruined city was the remnant of an exterminated sect.

In this half a month, Huang Xiaolong had been searching tirelessly for the Ghost Refining Sect's location, but to no avail. He did come across some disciples from small and medium forces with deplorable knowledge about the Ghost Refining Sect.

Shortly after Huang Xiaolong appeared in front of this ruined city, there was someone fleeing out from it at rapid speed. Chasing right behind him were several fierce beasts with their jaws wide open, snapping with their sharp teeth.

While chasing their prey, these several fierce beasts breathed out black ghost qi from their mouths, with hints of poisonous green qi amongst it.

As that figure spotted Huang Xiaolong, excitement spread over his face as he accelerated in Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Chapter 954: The Spiriting Demon Gates

Watching that figure accelerating towards him, Huang Xiaolong's forehead creased slightly. He could already guess what scheme the other side was trying to play out; it was clear as day that the figure wanted to unload those fierce beasts chasing him onto Huang Xiaolong, using Huang Xiaolong as a shield to block those fierce beasts so he could escape.

Even if Huang Xiaolong's strength wasn't sufficient, it would be enough to delay those fierce beasts for short while, which was enough to increase his own chances of escaping.

As the fleeing figure closed in, Huang Xiaolong could see that he was a middle-aged man with a round face, and small beady eyes. A single look at this middle-aged man and one could tell this was a scheming, calculating person.

From the distance, the middle-aged man shouted, “Hey, Brother, which sect’s disciple are you from? How about we cooperate and kill these ignorant fierce beasts, I’ll split half the treasures inside the city with you!”

Afraid that Huang Xiaolong would not help him, the middle-aged man threw out a bait, claiming there was some sort of treasure.

Huang Xiaolong suddenly lifted an arm, his palm striking out.

In one move, the several fierce beasts that were pursuing the middle-aged man split into pieces. Flesh and blood shot out like arrows.

In the next second, several black shadows escaped from the divided body parts, the fierce beasts’ yin souls. The fierce beasts in the Path to Hell didn’t have godheads, only the yin soul. Their yin souls were similar to the ghost souls of ghost creatures.

The ghost qi within the fierce beasts from the Path to Hell was an innate factor. Due to this, they were also called ghost beasts.

Seeing the several fierce beasts’ yin souls trying to flee, Huang Xiaolong’s hand extended, causing a powerful attractive force to bind them and bring them to him. Then, his Archdevil Supreme Godhead’s devouring power came to life, swallowing them in an instant, converting them into godforce.

In fact, Ghost King’s Blood Pact Mandate that Huang Xiaolong had obtained back in Martial Spirit World also allowed him to devour all kinds of ghost creatures, it was just that the technique’s devouring speed was a lot slower compared to his Archdevil Supreme Godhead. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong did not use the Blood Pact Mandate technique.

The middle-aged man watched with mouth agape, then his body couldn’t stop shuddering.

Each one of those fierce beasts chasing him just now was almost as strong as a Fourth Order Highgod Realm human master.

But all of them were killed in an instant!

And that black-haired young man could actually devour their yin souls. Could he be...?!

The middle-aged man's throat suddenly felt itchy from dryness. He swallowed several times before very, very cautiously stepping toward Huang Xiaolong, extremely polite as he inquired, "May I know which sect Senior is from? This one is a Spiriting Demon Gates' Elder, Zhao Yucheng."

"Spiriting Demon Gates' Elder Zhao Yucheng?" Huang Xiaolong observed the middle-aged man for a moment, then said, "I just entered the Path to Hell from outside. Tell me, what is that so-called treasure you mentioned just now?"

The middle-aged man was stunned, then an obvious expression of relief appeared on his face when he heard Huang Xiaolong say he was from the outside. He then hurried to answer, "Replying to Senior's question, this ruined city used to be the Path to Hell's Mad Ghost Sect, a first rank force in the Path to Hell in the past. Its overall strength was the highest after the six super forces, but it was destroyed by the Ghost Refining Sect later on."

"But, some time ago, I happen to read from an old record that the Mad Ghost Sect has one secret treasury hidden somewhere in the city. That's why I am here, trying to search for it, but who would have thought that several fierce beasts would appear just as I found the treasure. Fortunately, there was Senior to lend a helping hand just now, otherwise, I'd have been torn to pieces by them!"

Mad Ghost Sect?

Huang Xiaolong's eyes glimmered, "Take me there."

"Yes, Senior." The Spiriting Demon Gates' Elder Zhao Yucheng immediately complied with respect and dared not play any tricks. He flew into the ruined city, leading the way for Huang Xiaolong.

As they flew into the city, Huang Xiaolong observed his surroundings. Although the city was badly damaged, from the architecture of these buildings, he could see the majestic shadow of a powerful, ancient sect.

On the way, they ran into a few Yin Ghosts of Third Order Highgod Realm strength. Huang Xiaolong couldn't be bothered with this level of prey, flicking out a sliver of fire element godforce to incinerate them in an instant.

Low-level Highgod Realm Yin Ghosts' energy was too poor in Huang Xiaolong's eyes. Even if he devoured ten thousand of them, his strength would barely increase.

Watching Huang Xiaolong easily exterminate a group of Third Order Highgod Realm Yin Ghosts, Elder Zhao Yucheng was so terrified that he dared not even think about anything else.

Roughly a little more than an hour later, he brought Huang Xiaolong to a desolate courtyard.

Upon arriving, Elder Zhao Yucheng made a hard to understand hand seal, hitting it to the air. A black space tunnel appeared in front of them.

Without delay, both of them flashed into the tunnel.

The scenery changed before their eyes. They had arrived in a several thousand square meters magnificent hall.

All the drawers lining up the four walls were filled to the brim with various kinds of medicinal pellets.

With a sweep of his divine sense, Huang Xiaolong discovered that more than half of these medicinal pellets were sacred grade divine pills that had been lost in the flow of time. Moreover, most of them were rank eight and nine tribulation grade divine pellets!

Right at the center of the great hall was a bone-thin old man, sitting cross-legged.

From the appearance of his attire, he had probably been a Mad Ghost Sect expert, a peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm master, before his death. Huang Xiaolong's divine sense swept over the old man, confirming that he was truly dead. The old man's godhead was shattered into a dozen pieces.

Shattered by a person's palm force! Huang Xiaolong was inwardly shocked.

This Mad Ghost Sect expert had been a peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm master before his death. The person who could shatter his godhead with a single palm, how terrifying was their strength?!

Huang Xiaolong had to admit that he himself might not be able to do it.

In comparison to this old man who was a peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm master, the devil clan Patriarch Mo Dingtian, a mid-Tenth Order Highgod Realm master, was still significantly weaker.

Had this old man been killed by the Ghost Refining Sect Master? The possibility flashed in Huang Xiaolong's mind.

On the other hand, ever since he entered, Elder Zhao Yuchang had been staring at the drawers filled with top sacred grade divine pellets with sparkling eyes. However, without Huang Xiaolong's say so, he dared not touch them.

Cultivation manuals were stacked high in a corner of the great hall. From the looks of it, most of them were the Mad Ghost Sect's heritage foundation.

Huang Xiaolong put all the cultivation manuals and the Mad Ghost Sect expert's body into his Asura Ring, as for the medicinal pellets, he took half and left the other half to Zhao Yucheng.

Zhao Yucheng quickly thanked Huang Xiaolong, full of gratitude, without a word or a flicker of dissatisfaction. Of course, even if he did feel any resentment, he wouldn't dare to show it in front of Huang Xiaolong.

Half an hour later, the two people exited through the black space tunnel.

Huang Xiaolong asked his question casually, "I have something else to ask you, do you know where the Ghost Refining Sect's location is?"

"Senior wants to go to the Ghost Refining Sect?" Zhao Yucheng was flabbergasted.

"Yes." Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Zhao Yucheng lowered his head, then said, "Senior, although this Junior doesn't know where the Ghost Refining Sect's location, I do know something. The other day, the Ghost Refining Sect sent a message to our Spiriting Demon Gates' Ancestor and Patriarch, ordering them to head to the Ghost Refining Sect to participate in their next Sect Master succession ceremony!"

Huang Xiaolong really didn't have hopes he'd get any useful information, merely asking in an offhand manner.

But the result was surprising!

"If Senior wants to go to the Ghost Refining Sect, I can bring Senior to see my Spiriting Demon Gates' Ancestor and Patriarch..." Zhao Yucheng added.

Receiving Huang Xiaolong's nod of agreement, Zhao Yucheng led him out from the ruined city, rushing back to the Spiriting Demon Gates.

Chapter 955: An Art That Can Devour Yin Souls

As they traveled, Huang Xiaolong asked Zhao Yucheng about matters related to the upcoming Ghost Refining Sect Master succession ceremony. Although what Zhao Yucheng knew was limited, from their conversation, Huang Xiaolong was able to gather that it wasn't just the Spiriting Demon Gates that received the order, other first rank forces also received it.

To Huang Xiaolong, this was a piece of good news.

The higher the number of people who attended, the less conspicuous Huang Xiaolong would be, increasing his chances of rescuing the Ascending Moon Old Man.

Two days later, led by Zhao Yucheng, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the Spiriting Demon Gates.

One thing he did not expect was the fact that the Spiriting Demon Gates was built in the middle of a primeval forest. Clusters of high and low buildings weaved between ancient towering trees.

The Spiriting Demon Gates prohibited outsiders from entering their grounds, but with Zhao Yucheng's Elder status, those patrolling Spiriting Demon Gates disciples dared not block their way. Although they dared not block Zhao Yucheng and Huang Xiaolong's way, one of them was sent to quickly inform the Elder on duty.

Thus, a short while after Huang Xiaolong appeared in the Spiriting Demon Gates, a figure flew toward them from their front, halting Zhao Yucheng and Huang Xiaolong in their steps.

This person blocking their path wore the same Spiriting Demon Gates' Elder robe as Zhao Yucheng's. He had a bear of a figure with a long face and small eyes. His face truly resembled a giraffe's face.

"Du Yuan, what is the meaning of this?!" Zhao Yucheng's face darkened in an instant, speaking in a low threatening tone.

Ever since Zhao Yucheng injured this Du Yuan in the last Spiriting Demon Gates internal competition, they had been butting heads everywhere.

Du Yuan chuckled, laced with menace as he glanced at Huang Xiaolong before turning back to Zhao Yucheng, saying, "Zhao Yucheng, it's not like you don't know that our Spiriting Demon Gates prohibits outsiders from entering the grounds unless they have the Patriarch or Ancestor's token."

Zhao Yucheng's expression turned ugly.

Du Yuan turned to Huang Xiaolong again, his voice hardened, "Brat, you've heard me! Without the Patriarch or the Ancestor's token, no outsider is allowed to enter our Spiriting Demon Gates, you can get

lost now. Otherwise you're deliberately trespassing into our Spiriting Demon Gates' territory, you know the consequences!"

Get lost!

Hearing Du Yuan actually telling Huang Xiaolong to get lost, Zhao Yucheng became ashen, anxiously interjecting, "Du Yuan, you...! This Senior is here to see our Patriarch and Ancestor, immediately give way!"

Du Yuan laughed instead at Zhao Yucheng's words, "Huh, what did you say? Just this skinny brat wants to see our Patriarch and Ancestor? Zhao Yucheng, do you think any stray cats or dogs you bring inside are qualified to meet with our Patriarch and Ancestor?"

At this time, Huang Xiaolong who had been quiet so far suddenly raised his hand and made a grabbing motion with his fingers. An overpowering force pulled Du Yuan right up to Huang Xiaolong, lifted into the air by his neck.

Du Yuan was outraged and shocked at the same time, but his body's godforce was suppressed by an unknown force, unable to struggle at all.

"You mongrel, release me now, how dare you come to my Spiriting Demon Gates..." Du Yuan roared, but before he could finish what he wanted to say, Huang Xiaolong exerted some force, crushing his neck. Subsequently, strands of godforce flowed into his body, shattering Du Yuan's godhead, erasing him from existence.

Without another look, Huang Xiaolong threw the body to the side.

The Spiriting Demon Gates' patrolling disciples were dumbfounded seeing a corpse wearing the Elder robes falling down on them. All of them were frozen in place from shock, forgetting to react.

Zhao Yusheng was pale as a corpse, it happened so fast that it failed to register in his brain until it was too late.

“Go on.” Huang Xiaolong nudged Zhao Yucheng.

“Yes yes yes, Se-Senior, please, please, this way!” Zhao Yucheng snapped back to his senses, nodding fearfully, feeling flustered.

Zhao Yucheng and Huang Xiaolong left, yet for a long time, the patrolling disciples were still rooted where they were.

A short while later, Zhao Yucheng brought Huang Xiaolong to their Patriarch’s cultivation palace. However, their arrival was also blocked at the entrance by the guarding disciples. One of the disciples said, “The Patriarch and Ancestor are discussing important matters, they aren’t not seeing anyone right now.”

Huang Xiaolong walked straight in as if he did not hear him.

Just as that disciple wanted to reprimand Huang Xiaolong, he realized to his horror that his entire body was out of his own control, unable to move even a finger. He couldn’t utter a sound.

Watching Huang Xiaolong stride in without a care, Zhao Yucheng’s heart constricted with anxiety. Unable to think of a solution, he gritted his teeth and chased up to Huang Xiaolong, entering as well.

Inside the palace hall, the Spiriting Demon Gates’ Ancestor Gao Yuan and Patriarch Fan Yuxiao were in the midst of discussing the upcoming Ghost Refining Sect Master succession ceremony when a flustered Zhao Yucheng swaggered in behind a black-haired young man.

After a split second of being caught off guard, the two most distinguished people in the Spiriting Demon Gates were enraged.

“Insolent! Zhao Yucheng, who gave you the guts to barge in here?!” The Spiriting Demon Gates Patriarch Fan Yuxiao bellowed.

Zhao Yucheng flinched, turning bloodlessly white. He was kneeling, stammering, "Patri-arch, I'm wronged ah, it's, it's..." After what seemed half a day of 'it's', Zhao Yucheng pitifully found that he didn't know how to answer.

Right at this moment, there was a reaction from Patriarch Fan Yuxiao's communication talisman. When he took it out and checked, his face darkened, a piercing cold glint appeared in his eyes as he glared daggers at Huang Xiaolong, "Brat, you really have guts! Trespassing into my Spiriting Demon Gates and killing an Elder!"

Just now, he received a disciple's report that the black-haired young man had killed Elder Du Yuan.

Hearing what Fan Yuxiao had said, Ancestor Gao Yuan rose to his feet, godforce surging around him. His eyes narrowed coldly, "Mid-Eighth Order Highgod Realm? Should I say you're courageous to make trouble in my Spiriting Demon Gates with this level of strength? Little runt, which sect are you from!" His divine sense was locked onto Huang Xiaolong, if Huang Xiaolong dared to make any move, he would not hesitate to end Huang Xiaolong's life there and then.

Gao Yuan himself was an early Tenth Order Highgod Realm master, it was only natural for him not to put a mere mid-Eighth Order Highgod Realm runt in his eyes.

Zhao Yucheng was unable to see through Huang Xiaolong's cultivation. He had assumed that Huang Xiaolong was a Tenth Order Highgod Realm master, but hearing from his Ancestor's mouth that he was just a mid-Eighth Order Highgod Realm master, his hanging heart relaxed. Then, he quickly stated: "Patriarch, Ancestor, this brat has just entered the Path to Hell from outside!"

"Oh, from outside." The small feeling of scruple Patriarch Fan Yuxiao had was wiped away, the look in his eyes growing increasingly icy.

Initially, had Huang Xiaolong been a Grand Elder of other first-rank forces in the Path to Hell, Fan Yuxiao might need to consider it twice before killing him, but now, all that was irrelevant.

"Ancestor, Patriarch, I happen to know that this brat has a kind of secret art that can devour yin souls!" Zhao Yucheng spilled out, trumpeting his meritorious deed.

Zhao Yucheng saw Huang Xiaolong devour those yin souls before and assumed it was due to a certain art he cultivated.

“An art that can devour yin souls!” Both the Spiriting Demon Gates’ Patriarch and Ancestor trembled with ecstasy.

They knew very well that one of the reasons why the Ghost Refining Sect Master was so powerful was precisely because they cultivated an art that allowed them to devour the yin souls of ghost beasts and Yin Ghosts!

In this Path to Hell, what they didn’t lack were ghost beasts and Yin Ghosts. As long as they acquired an art that could devour yin souls, it was equal to coming into possession a horrifying amount of cultivation resources; possessing a peerless method that could increase their strength at rapid speed ah!

The Spiriting Demon Gates’ Ancestor was generous in his praise, “Elder Zhao, after I detain this runt and scour his soul, if it is proven that there is indeed such an art, you can freely choose ten items from the Spiriting Demon Gates’ treasury!”

Zhao Yucheng beamed, “Many thanks, Ancestor!”

Chapter 956: The Sea of Hell

The Spiriting Demon Gates’ Ancestor Gao Yuan turned his attention back to Huang Xiaolong, “Runt, what are your last words? Today, this Ancestor’s mood isn’t bad, I can give you a chance to say your last words.”

But Huang Xiaolong shook his head silently and struck out with his palm. In the next second, the good mood of Ancestor Gao Yuan disappeared as he was sent flying across the hall, half embedded into a stone pillar.

Huang Xiaolong had excellent control over the amount of force he exerted in that palm strike, so it didn’t instantly kill the Spiriting Demon Gates’ Ancestor in one strike, merely shattering all of his bones and internal organ.

This abrupt change in front of them dazed Patriarch Fan Yuxiao and Zhao Yucheng who was still immersed in the joy of the Spiriting Demon Gates Ancestor's promise of ten items from the treasury.

The hall fell into a strange, heavy silence.

A dozen of breaths later, Patriarch Fan Yuxiao and Elder Zhao Yucheng recovered from their shock, finally registering what just took place.

Their faces were ashen gray and their bodies started shaking unknowingly. Unprecedented fear seized their hearts.

Zhao Yucheng's legs weakened in fear, dropping to his knees and pleading, "Se-Se-Senior, have mercy ah, I, I, just n-now, I wasn't...!"

"Wasn't what?" Huang Xiaolong's eyes gleamed with coldness.

Zhao Yucheng's mouth opened and closed, unable to come up with a suitable answer, causing his trembling to worsen.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed with renewed iciness, "I hate ungrateful people like you the most."

After all, Huang Xiaolong had saved him from being ripped apart by ghost beasts, and now, Zhao Yucheng was quick to repay kindness with evil without hesitation.

With that said, Huang Xiaolong's Absolute Soul Finger, combined with a fraction of the Black Tortoise Divine Fire, shot out, penetrating Zhao Yucheng's forehead. The Black Tortoise Divine Fire incinerated his soul, then spread throughout his body. In a split second, only a pile of gray ash was left of Zhao Yucheng.

However, Huang Xiaolong kept the Spiriting Demon Gates' Patriarch and Ancestor alive, giving them the option of submitting to him.

After witnessing Huang Xiaolong's horrifying strength, both men chose to submit. This result came as no surprise to Huang Xiaolong.

He threw a rank nine tribulation grade Myriad Cure Holy Pill to the Spiriting Demon Gates Ancestor to heal his injuries, then he branded their soul seas. When this was done, Huang Xiaolong had them assemble all Grand Elders and Elders in the hall.

Under the joint orders from the Patriarch and Ancestor, all of the Spiriting Demon Gates' Grand Elders and Elders assembled in the hall under ten minutes.

However, when they arrived at the hall and saw that the person sitting in the Patriarch's chair was a strange black-haired young man while their Patriarch and Ancestor were respectfully standing at both sides, their hearts drummed with astonishment and suspicions.

No one was able to guess Huang Xiaolong's identity, and at the same time, no one dared to reprimand him for sitting there. But the tension finally exploded when their Patriarch and Ancestor referred to Huang Xiaolong as 'Master', telling them to submit to Huang Xiaolong.

"What?! You want us to submit to an Eighth Order Highgod Realm snot-nosed kid? Calling him Master? That's impossible!" Almost immediately, an early Ninth Order Highgod Realm Grand Elder thundered in fury.

"My words exactly! An Eighth Order Highgod Realm brat, what qualifications does he have to want us to submit to him? This is literally the biggest joke in the universe! Since it's like this, I would rather withdraw from the Spiriting Demon Gates!" Another early Ninth Order Highgod Realm Grand Elder took offense.

More and more Grand Elders echoed the same sentiment, the hall turned rowdy in an instant. The Elders remained quiet, standing where they were, planning to act according to the situation.

Although the Spiriting Demon Gates was one of the Path to Hell's first-rank forces, many of these Grand Elders were rogue cultivators to begin with, joining the sect at one point or another in their lives. Therefore, their sense of belonging to the sect wasn't strong at all.

For these Grand Elders, withdrawing from the Spiriting Demon Gates and joining other prominent sects was the same thing. After all, with their strength, any sect they went to in the Path to Hell was sure to welcome them with open arms.

Huang Xiaolong shot a glance at the Spiriting Demon Gates Patriarch Fan Yuxiao and Ancestor Gao Yuan, who had ugly expressions on their faces. Sensing Huang Xiaolong's gaze, they lowered their heads, not daring to meet his eyes.

At this point, the first early Ninth Order Highgod Realm Grand Elder who spoke out in objection turned and flew out from the hall, planning to leave.

Huang Xiaolong didn't even look at his figure. His palm pressed down in the air and the early Ninth Order Highgod Realm Grand Elder was smashed to the floor, causing the entire main hall to violently shake.

The others in the hall saw that the Grand Elder who wanted to leave had lost his human shape. He was absolutely dead; flesh, blood, bones, and internal organs were smeared across the floor, causing those who were about to do the same feel goosebumps down their necks, trembling quietly.

"Anyone else wants to leave?" Huang Xiaolong's indifferent voice sounded like the devil's whisper in their ears.

Those who were clamoring they wanted to leave dared not move an inch.

One hour later, other than a few Grand Elders who thought they were luckier than others and were killed by Huang Xiaolong as they tried to sneak away, the rest submitted without any suspense.

After reigning in these Spiriting Demon Gates' Grand Elders and Elders, Huang Xiaolong sent them away, leaving only the Patriarch and Ancestor in the hall. He took this time to understand more about the Ghost Refining Sect and the upcoming Sect Master succession ceremony.

Alas, what they knew was similar to what Huang Xiaolong had already heard from Zhao Yucheng.

According to Fan Yuxiao and Gao Yuan, the Ghost Refining Sect's order was to wait at a place called Blood Rain Valley five months later together with other first-rank forces' heads and ancestors.

When the time came, a Ghost Refining Sect disciple would lead them where they need to go.

"Five months...." Huang Xiaolong repeated to himself, this was the fastest and easiest method for now. He could only wait. At that time, he would change his face into the Spiriting Demon Gates Ancestor's and attend the ceremony with Patriarch Fan Yuxiao.

Then, Huang Xiaolong inquired about the Ancient Devil Clan's Ancestor, Mo Yishi.

"The Ancient Devil Clan's Ancestor Mo Yishi!" At the mention of Mo Yishi's name, Fan Yuxiao and Gao Yuan had an incredulous expression.

"What is it?" Huang Xiaolong urged after seeing their reaction.

"Replying to Master, this Mo Yishi did appear in the Path to Hell some years back." The Spiriting Demon Gates' Ancestor was the one who answered Huang Xiaolong. "At that time, a Fifth Nether Sect's Grand Elder wasn't aware of his identity and offended him. Later on, in fury, he slaughtered his way to the Fifth Nether Sect alone, gravely injuring their Chief and Ancestor. He also killed half of the Fifth Nether Sect's masters. If it wasn't because they had help, I'm afraid the Fifth Nether Sect would have been uprooted on that day by Mo Yishi!"

"Following that incident, Mo Yishi disappeared. Some say he had entered the deepest region of the Path to Hell, the Sea of Hell!" Gao Yuan added.

Huang Xiaolong's brows were locked tightly together.

This Ancient Devil Clan Ancestor actually entered the Sea of Hell!

He knew of this place. According to rumors, as long as one crossed the Sea of Hell, they would arrive at the sealed entrance of Hell's Ghost Plane.

However, the Sea of Hell was an extremely dangerous place. Although countless years had passed, there hasn't been anyone who succeeded.

Chapter 957: The Infernal Ghost Messenger

Since the ancient devil clan Ancestor Mo Yishi had gone to the Sea of Hell, Huang Xiaolong's course of action was limited. First came the matter with the Refining Ghost Sect, rescuing his Master, then he would go deal with Mo Yishi at the Sea of Hell.

Huang Xiaolong asked a few more questions related to the Path to Hell's other first-rank forces before sending Fan Yuxiao and Gao Yuan away.

Late night.

Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged at the center of the main hall, enshrouded in a radiant light. In front of him was the floating corpse of the Mad Ghost Sect expert.

Subjected to the Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power, streams of blood essence and godforce flew out from the Mad Ghost Sect expert's corpse into Huang Xiaolong's body.

Although this Mad Ghost Sect expert had been dead for a long time, thus a fair amount of blood essence and godforce had dissipated, they were far more powerful and abundant than someone like the Ancient Devil Clan Patriarch Mo Dingtian could possess. There was a seemingly small difference of a single level between late-Tenth Order and peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm. However, in truth, the gap between the two was truly great.

As Huang Xiaolong refined the Mad Ghost Sect expert's blood essence and godforce, gradually, gray-black vapors gathered around him.

This was the frigid coldness expelled from Huang Xiaolong's body as his Infinite Buddha Supreme Godhead purified the ghost qi contained within the godforce he absorbed.

Thus, he remained in the Spiriting Demon Gates, refining blood essence and godforce as well as the rank eight and nine tribulation grade divine pellets he had found in the Mad Ghost Sect's treasury.

The days sped by, and soon, one month was gone.

After completely refining the Mad Ghost Sect expert's corpse and all the tribulation grade divine pellets, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation had finally reached peak mid-Eighth Order Highgod Realm. Just one small step and he would be able to advance to late-Eighth Order Highgod Realm.

When he finished refining the last rank nine tribulation grade divine pellet, he shook his head wryly.

These rank eight and nine tribulation grade divine pellets would be considered priceless treasure outside, the likes of which peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm masters would fight head and fists for. An average Eighth Order Highgod Realm master would have advanced to late Ninth Order, or even peak late-Ninth Order Highgod Realm after refining such a large amount of rank eight and nine tribulation grade divine pellets, yet his own cultivation merely rose to peak mid-Eighth Order Highgod Realm...

The higher his cultivation reached, the more terrifying the amount of energy his three supreme godheads needed became. With every small improvement, the amount of energy he required made his heart palpitate.

Huang Xiaolong had begun to suspect that he wouldn't be able to break through to Tenth Order Highgod Realm in the lower realm. The amount of energy he would need to breakthrough from peak late-Ninth Order to Tenth Order Highgod Realm would exceed the amount any peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm would require to become a Heavenly God by ten thousand fold, it could even reach a hundred thousand fold!

Then, a thought wriggled its way into Huang Xiaolong's mind. With sparkling eyes, he wondered under his breath, 'I wonder what kind of treasures are inside the Ghost Refining Sect... A sect that has ruled the Path to Hell for over ten million years should definitely have some good things!'

Other treasures aside, just those top grade Infernal Yin Soul Stones were good stuff that was hard to come by.

The Infernal Yin Stones were a kind of spirit stone naturally formed from the Hell's cold yin spiritual energy. The formation of a single top grade Infernal Yin Stone took three to four million years.

According to what the Spiriting Demon Gates' Ancestor told him, all the first-rank forces were required to pay a tribute of one top grade Infernal Yin Soul Stone to the Ghost Refining Sect every ten years.

In other words, in ten thousand years, they would receive one thousand top grade Infernal Yin Soul Stones! There were over a hundred first-rank forces in the Path to Hell, drumming the numbers up to one hundred thousand and more!

The Ghost Refining Sect had lorded over the Path to Hell for more than ten million years. Inside its treasury, the remaining top grade Infernal Yin Soul Stones definitely reached a shocking amount. Even taking into consideration the Ghost Refining Sect's sizeable consumption, there would still be a lot remaining.

At this moment, Huang Xiaolong decided that he must take a detour to the Ghost Refining Sect's treasury when going there!

If he could utilize all the resources inside the Ghost Refining Sect's treasury, he had a feeling he could reach late-Eighth Order, peak late-Eighth Order, maybe even break through to Ninth Order Highgod Realm!

In the next four months, Huang Xiaolong would stay in at night, absorbing the shimmering gray energy. Whereas during the day, he would go out, specifically searching for places where Yin Ghosts gathered, devouring those mid-level and above Highgod Realm Yin Ghosts.

Later on, he became selective, no longer caring about the mid-level Highgod Realm Yin Ghosts, only the high-level ones could enter his eyes.

After four months, Huang Xiaolong's peak mid-Eighth Order Highgod Realm strength increased by a large margin, but it was still far from advancing to late-Eighth Order.

During these months, under Huang Xiaolong's heavy investment of sacred grade divine pellets and sacred grade immortal spirit stones, the Spiriting Demon Gates Elders and Grand Elders' strength rose at rapid speed.

Even the Spiriting Demon Gates Patriarch and Ancestor Gao Yuan's strength saw visibly enhancement.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong summoned the Spiriting Demon Gates' Patriarch and Ancestor, instructing the Ancestor to stay behind in the sect. Whereas Huang Xiaolong himself altered his physical appearance into Gao Yuan's and left with Patriarch Fan Yuxiao to the Blood Rain Valley.

Although the Blood Rain Valley was a great distance away from the Spiriting Demon Gates' primeval forest, with Huang Xiaolong using consecutive Greater Space Teleportations, the two of them arrived at their destination in a short two hours.

The Blood Rain Valley itself could only be considered a small valley several hundred li in radius. However, it was famous in the Path to Hell due to the blood rain that fell throughout the year here, never-ending.

By the time Huang Xiaolong and Fan Yuxiao arrived, there were already a good number of other first-rank forces' Ancestors, Chiefs, and Patriarchs waiting.

"Hehe, Spiriting Demon Ancestor, long time no see, I didn't expect you to still be alive ah. I thought you had already bid farewell to us." Huang Xiaolong had just arrived when an unpleasant voice sounded.

He looked over to the owner of this voice. The person who had spoken was an old man in a black brocade robe, with a pallid complexion.

'This old man's face is more sinister than a dead man's.'

In the last few months, both the Spiriting Demon Ancestor and Patriarch Fan Yuxiao had informed Huang Xiaolong about the characteristics of other first-rank forces' Ancestors, Patriarchs, and Chiefs. Therefore, when Huang Xiaolong saw the pallid complexion of the old man, he instantly put a name on that face — Hei Wuchang. Self-styled Ancestor Wuchang from the Wuchang Cult, standing toe to toe in terms of strength with the Spiriting Demon Gates' Ancestor. Naturally, both sects' grudges ran quite deep. [1]

Huang Xiaolong sneered in return, scoffing, "Old geezer Wuchang, with that corpse face of yours, those who don't know better might think you've been long dead."

Ancestor Wuchang was enraged, "You!" Before he even finished his words, his finger stabbed towards Huang Xiaolong. Thick corpse qi surged from this finger, emitting a nauseating stench.

This was Ancestor Wuchang's Poisonous Corpse Finger!

Watching this, Huang Xiaolong countered with a palm without any changes to his expression.

Because Huang Xiaolong hid his strength, displaying the same level of cultivation as the Spiriting Demon Ancestor, he and Hei Wuchang both staggered several li back from the impact.

The other Ancestors present stood at the sides watching, no one had the intention of pacifying the situation at all.

Thinking that both sides might end up gravely injured in front of this pack of hyenas if they continued fighting, Hei Wuchang issued a cold harrumphed and stopped.

Right at this time, the sounds of whistling wind came from the distance as a middle-aged man wearing a black brocade robe with the crest of a blood-colored ferocious ghost head on his chest flew toward the Blood Rain Valley at rapid speed.

"The Infernal Ghost Messenger!" One of the Ancestors blurted out after getting a good look at the middle-aged man.

The other Ancestors present were just as shocked. They didn't expect the Ghost Refining Sect cultivator they sent out to pick them would be an Infernal Ghost Messenger!

Chapter 958: Into the Ghost Refining Sec

In the blink of an eye, the Infernal Ghost Messenger arrived above the waiting group of people.

"We greet the Infernal Ghost Messenger!" The Ancestors were the first group to step forward in greeting with flattering smiles on their faces.

The Infernal Ghost Messenger stood high in the air with his hands behind his back. His haughty gaze swept over the people below and he gave a light nod accompanied by a low hum of acknowledgement. In the next second, he bellowed with anger, "Only a hundred and sixty-three people are here! This Messenger shall wait for ten minutes, after which, those that haven't arrived need not come in the future!"

At the Infernal Ghost Messenger's stern warning, the Ancestors and Patriarchs below inwardly shuddered.

Standing amongst the group of people, Huang Xiaolong secretly observed the Infernal Ghost Messenger. With his powerful soul force, Huang Xiaolong already saw through this person's strength.

This Infernal Ghost Messenger was indeed as rumored, a peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm master. Furthermore, this middle-aged man in front of him was close to reaching perfection stage Tenth Order Highgod Realm, the vast amount of godforce contained in his body was astounding.

Although most of the present Ancestors were of early Tenth Order Highgod Realm cultivation, some even mid-Tenth Order, they still wouldn't be able to defeat the Infernal Ghost Messenger even if all of them joined forces and attacked.

On the other hand, Huang Xiaolong himself was confident that, even without resorting to his primordial divine dragon form, he could defeat this Infernal Ghost Messenger. That was only defeating, not killing. Only by transforming into a primordial divine dragon would he have one hundred percent grasp of killing him.

In the time Huang Xiaolong was observing the Infernal Ghost Messenger, more Ancestors and Patriarchs of first-rank forces had arrived.

Soon, the ten minutes came to an end.

The Infernal Ghost Messenger's stern gaze swept over the final number of people, his voice akin to a reptile sliding down one's back, "Very good, there are six forces' people missing. There's no need to wait any longer. Let's go." His words gave no room to refute as he turned and flew off.

The Ancestors and Patriarchs present quickly chased up to him.

As for the six forces' people that had yet to arrive, they could already imagine their ending not far into the future.

Once the Ghost Refining Sect Master succession ceremony was completed, those six forces would be erased from the Path to Hell.

Huang Xiaolong and the rest flew behind the Infernal Ghost Messenger. Three hours later, they finally stopped upon reaching a virgin forest.

The Infernal Ghost Messenger looked at the group behind him and said, "Don't say I did not remind you lot. There are layers of restrictions in this forest and there are space fissures everywhere. Remember to follow me closely."

Space fissures!

Everyone looked grim in an instant.

Even though they were confident in their own strength, that didn't make them feel any better at all. Being caught in a space fissure was extremely troublesome, for it wasn't so easy to escape.

The Infernal Ghost Messenger ignored these people's reactions, disappearing into the virgin forest in a flicker.

Watching this, the others immediately followed right behind him.

The path the Infernal Ghost Messenger led them through was filled with twists and turns, messy and confusing. On top of that, there was a layer of poisonous miasma over the forest that hindered divine sense, preventing one from memorizing the way.

The group flew for a full day. When the sky darkened, the poisonous miasma in the virgin forest seemed to come alive, exuding a whelming coldness that felt like it could freeze one's soul. Some peak late-Ninth Order Highgod Realm Patriarchs had to circulate their godforce continuously to block out this cold air, but even so, it was exhaustive.

Suddenly, the Infernal Ghost Messenger in front of the group stopped and ordered everyone to rest at that location, continuing onward the next day.

His words sounded like music in everyone's eyes, their fraying tension finally relaxed.

After a night of rest, the group moved on, traveling during the day, and resting at night.

About eight days later, the scenery in front of them changed. The seemingly endless forest they had been flying through vanished from sight as they arrived at an ice-field.

What amazed these people was the huge asteroid floating above the ice-field!

They were unable to describe in words just how huge this asteroid was. On top of that, its surface was filled with cities; there were a lot of them, with numerous tall buildings. People were flying in and out from the cities akin to ants around an ant hill!

'This...!' Even Huang Xiaolong was astonished by the sight.

Who would have imagined that the Ghost Refining Sect that made the countenance of countless galaxies ashen just at the mere mention of its name was built on a huge asteroid! This asteroid was definitely not any smaller than the Heavenly Mountain he obtained years back.

It was these Ancestors and Patriarchs' first time coming to the Ghost Refining Sect. Looking at the sight before them, the astonished expressions on their faces were quite similar to Huang Xiaolong's.

"Come on!" Not waiting for them to recover, the Infernal Ghost Messenger was already urging them to follow up as he flew straight toward the huge asteroid.

Everyone hurried behind him.

As they approached the asteroid, Huang Xiaolong noticed that there seemed to be an energy nucleus at the core of it. If this energy nucleus exploded, it could probably wipe out all the lifeforms in a galaxy.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes glimmered thinking of this.

The Infernal Ghost Messenger led the group, descending at one of the cities on the asteroid.

Huang Xiaolong looked slightly above the city gates where three ancient characters stated:
Ghost Refining City.

They easily entered into the city with the Infernal Ghost Messenger leading them. No patrolling disciples or those guarding the gates stopped to check them.

After entering the Ghost Refining City, Huang Xiaolong saw that all the buildings inside the city had grotesque appearances, dark and sinister, many of the buildings' outer appearance actually took the form of a human skull!

Some were in the shape of internal organs, eyeballs, from severed hands to severed legs. There were also a few Yin Ghost and ghost beast buildings with their opened mouths fashioned into the buildings' entrance.

The Ancestors and Patriarchs in Huang Xiaolong's group were trembling with fear and apprehension as they arrived at a magnificent palace complex that took up almost the entire space of Ghost Refining City. One could hardly see the other end of the walls. Huang Xiaolong estimated this palace complex was as big an empire on the old Wind Snow Continent.

The group entered the palace complex, where the Infernal Ghost Messenger instructed two disciples to arrange accommodations for Huang Xiaolong's group. He then left, but not before leaving a warning to them, not to leave the complex they were in. If found, regardless who it was, they would be killed without mercy! He would come pick them when it was the day of the Sect Master succession ceremony.

Right before the Infernal Ghost Messenger disappeared from view, Huang Xiaolong secretly attached a strand of divine sense onto him.

Leaving Huang Xiaolong's group, the Infernal Ghost Messenger flew toward the center of the palace complex, descending and entering the biggest building.

On the dais of the hall stood a young man, the same one that Huang Xiaolong had the five-year covenant with, the Ghost Refining Sect's young lord! He was also the person who was going to take over the Ghost Refining Sect as Sect Master!

Huang Xiaolong discovered that this young lord had grown stronger from the time they last met five years ago. His cultivation already reached peak late-Tenth Order Highgod Realm!

Huang Xiaolong was shocked, how did this Ghost Refining Sect's young lord raise his strength so fast?!

"Young lord," Upon entering the hall, the Infernal Ghost Messenger stopped several feet away, greeting respectfully.

The Ghost Refining Sect young lord nodded, "Uncle Luo Yun, those Ancestors and Patriarchs all came?"

The Infernal Ghost Messenger replied, "Six forces did not arrive at the stipulated time. After the succession ceremony ends, I'll send people to clean them up."

Speaking of this, the Ghost Refining Sect young lord's brows furrowed deeply, "There are thirteen days left until the ceremony, but the Sect Master is still not back yet!"

"Young lord, be at ease. With the Sect Master's strength, there will be no mishaps. Maybe the Sect Master has already come out from the Sea of Hell and is one the way back!" The Infernal Ghost Messenger persuaded.

Huang Xiaolong blanked, the Ghost Refining Sect Master wasn't here?!

Chapter 959: The Ghost Refining Sect's Treasury

Huang Xiaolong rejoiced at the news, the current Ghost Refining Sect Master being away at this time was an unexpected surprise for him!

This was truly a golden opportunity bestowed by the heavens.

The one person he was most wary of in the whole Ghost Refining Sect was its current Sect Master. With the Sect Master absent, it was one big worry off Huang Xiaolong's mind.

"Oh right, are there any news of that Huang Xiaolong?" The Ghost Refining Sect young lord changed the subject all of a sudden.

The Ghost Messenger shook his head, "We've confirmed that he came to the Path to Hell; as for where he currently is, we still haven't found out."

A faint green light glimmered in the depths of the young lord's eyes, "This Huang Xiaolong makes me uncomfortable, I can't feel at ease if I don't kill him. Pass down my order, have the various sects' experts in the Path to Hell pay attention to this Huang Xiaolong's whereabouts and immediately report to me once they have any news of him. Also, none of you are to make any moves, I'd like to kill him personally."

"As you wish, young lord." The Infernal Ghost Messenger nodded in acknowledgement.

"Have people look after that Ascending Moon Old Man and the rest well. After sacrificing them and offering their blood essence, I believe my Ghost God's injuries will heal rapidly." The Ghost Refining Sect young lord added.

"Rest assured, young lord. The ghost prison is built with layers of restrictions, even if no one is guarding them, those people won't be able to escape. Even if they somehow managed to do it, they still wouldn't make it out of our Ghost Refining Sect's door. Worse still, there is also the Nightmare Forest." The Ghost Messenger scoffed.

Their discussion moved into other matters related to the upcoming ceremony. A short while later, the Ghost Messenger took his leave, returning to his own cultivation palace.

Huang Xiaolong sat in a meditating posture in the yard arranged for him, in deep thought. His plan in order of importance was rescuing his Master ASD, then look for a chance to enter the Ghost Refining Sect's treasury!

However, the question hanging in the air was, when was the Ghost Refining Sect Master coming back? Time was of the essence, therefore, Huang Xiaolong had to find the location of the ghost prison they spoke of as soon as possible.

Both the Ghost Messenger and the Ghost Refining Sect young lord were powerful adversaries, if Huang Xiaolong fought them, the disturbance would definitely alert other Ghost Refining Sect members. Thus, trying to get information about the ghost prison from either one of these people was obviously unwise. He would have to try his luck with other Ghost Refining Sect cultivators.

Huang Xiaolong used some tricks to bypass the restrictions around the courtyard and specifically instructed the Spiriting Demon Gates' Patriarch to stay inside before vanishing from the palace building.

After exiting the palace building, Huang Xiaolong altered his physical appearance to match the Ghost Messenger's after a quick thought. He then walked out from this palace complex that was the Ghost Refining Sect headquarters.

Outside, he carefully spread his divine sense. Everything within a million li radius of the Ghost Refining City appeared clearly like a map in Huang Xiaolong's mind, including all the secret cultivation chambers hidden in dark corners of the city residences, as well as all the Ghost Refining Sect's high-level Highgod Realm masters in the city.

In a flicker, he appeared inside a residence's secret chamber.

Inside the secret chamber, the Eighth Order Highgod Realm master's eyes suddenly opened wide. The first thing that entered his sight was Huang Xiaolong's figure.

"Lord Ghost Messenger!" That Ghost Refining Sect master was flabbergasted, hastily kneeling despite feeling bemused. Normally, had the Ghost Messenger wanted to see them, he would summon them through the communication talisman. Lord Ghost Messenger had never come looking for them

personally. But before his thoughts could go any further, he felt himself being forcefully pulled forth by an overwhelming force coming from 'Lord Ghost Messenger.'

A purple light glimmered in Huang Xiaolong's eyes as the symbol for soul '魂' penetrated into the Ghost Refining Sect master's mind, scouring his soul for information.

A few minutes later, the soul-scouring ended.

His Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power rushed out, turning that Ghost Refining Sect master into a dried corpse in the blink of an eye. However, he was still alive, Huang Xiaolong merely had him fall into an eternal coma.

High-level masters like this usually had a soul token kept within the sect, which would shatter if the corresponding master died. This would definitely alert the Ghost Refining Sect of intruders.

From this person's memories, Huang Xiaolong came to know that the number of Seventh Order Highgod Realm masters and above that had joined the Ghost Refining Sect was more than thirty thousand! Just the Tenth Order Highgod Realm masters were more than a thousand!

Huang Xiaolong was genuinely dumbfounded.

The Ghost Refining Sect's strength was truly terrifying!

Even the ancient devil clan merely had a little over a thousand Highgod Realm masters overall. Amongst them, the number of Seventh Order experts and above was pitifully small, less than fifty.

The person he just soul-scoured was an Elder of the Ghost Rearing Hall that didn't know the location of the ghost prison, only the Enforcement Hall's Elders and Grand Elders would know.

"The Enforcement Hall's Elders and Grand Elders." Huang Xiaolong repeated under his breath as his divine sense locked onto an Eighth Order Highgod Realm Enforcer Elder not far from where he was.

Ten minutes later, using the same method, Huang Xiaolong finished scouring the Enforcement Hall Elder's soul, devouring his blood essence and godforce and putting him into an eternal sleep.

“South of the city.” A flash of joy glimmered in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

It turns out this ghost prison was right under a certain residence in the south side of the city!

At first, Huang Xiaolong was worried it would be inside the Ghost Refining Sect headquarters. Had it been so, rescuing the old man would be many times harder.

However, Huang Xiaolong did not hurry over, he soul-scoured another five Enforcement Hall Elders and one early Tenth Order Highgod Realm Grand Elder. From that Grand Elder's memories, he learned the way to deal with the layers of restrictions, and unexpectedly also discovered the location of the Ghost Refining Sect's treasury!

The problem was, the treasury was guarded by four protectors, each possessing strength comparable to an Infernal Ghost Messenger. More importantly, only three people knew the method of opening the treasury.

One was the current Ghost Refining Sect Master, while the other two were that young lord and the Infernal Ghost Messenger! Huang Xiaolong's brows creased in a deep frown.

Obviously, it was impossible to dig out the way to open the treasury from the Ghost Refining Sect Master's mouth, leaving him two choices, either the young lord or the Infernal Ghost Messenger. The problem was, if these two remained inside the headquarters, he wouldn't be able to find a window of opportunity to obtain the information from them.

“Forget it, I'd better go save the old man first.” Huang Xiaolong's brows smoothed. After all, his primary intention in coming here was to save the Ascending Moon Old Man, the rest was secondary.

Having decided, Huang Xiaolong made his way toward the city's south side according to the path he obtained from the Enforcement Hall Elders' memories, finding the hidden door leading to the ghost prison entrance under the residence.

There were more than twenty disciples guarding the ghost prison entrance below, but they weren't that strong, most of them being mid-level Highgod Realm masters.

Without raising any attention, he easily and swiftly dealt with the guards, resolved the restrictions placed on the entrance and flashed inside.

There were seven floors in the ghost prison. The more one descended, the stronger the restrictions placed around it became. The Ascending Moon Old Man was held on the second floor.

What Huang Xiaolong saw next dumbfounded him. When he appeared at the second floor in front of the Ascending Moon Old Man's cell, the old man was leaning back with one foot swaying in rhyme with the little tune he was humming while enjoying wine! From the looks of it, his days had been quite comfortable, nothing like a prisoner at all.

"Old man, where did you get wine from?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Huang Xiaolong's voice frightened the old man so much he jumped out of his bed, but when he saw it was Huang Xiaolong, the old man's face beamed. He pounced on Huang Xiaolong, giving him a great big hug while laughing madly, "Sissy fudges! Kid, I knew you'd definitely come save me, your Master! You've finally shown up!"

Chapter 960: The Ghost Refining Sect Master's Return!

Hearing the old man's signature phrase, Huang Xiaolong couldn't resist grinning, "I say, old man, it looks like your days were very nourishing, there's even good wine accompanying you."

The Ascending Moon Old Man refuted, "Nourishing my ass, I'm being reared like a pig here every day! That wine is part of my collection from before, and it's about to finish too. If you still hadn't shown up, I really don't know where I was supposed to go looking for wine to pass my days!"

Huang Xiaolong was rendered speechless.

In fact, there was also a restriction on the old man's body, binding his godforce, but this wasn't a problem in Huang Xiaolong's eyes. In just a few minutes, he had undone the restriction on the old man.

The moment the restriction on his body disappeared, the Ascending Moon Old Man did several chest pumping actions, grinning sheepishly, "That thing nearly suffocated this old man to death."

"Old man, come on, let's leave this place." Huang Xiaolong said.

The Ascending Moon Old Man hesitated, saying, "On this prison's second and third floors, there are quite a few masters from the Wangu Clan, Giant Tribe, and other forces being detained, should we...?"

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "We'll discuss this later."

Huang Xiaolong didn't plan to leave the Ghost Refining Sect at this point in time. If he rescued too many people at once, it would only increase the risk of exposing himself, therefore, the others would have to wait for their chance when he wanted to leave.

The Ascending Moon Old Man pondered Huang Xiaolong words and did not say anything further.

Thus, bringing the old man with him, Huang Xiaolong executed a Greater Space Teleportation to leave the ghost prison. When they appeared again, they were in the courtyard arranged for the Spiriting Demon Gates' Ancestor.

Although he had rescued the Ascending Moon Old Man from the ghost prison, Huang Xiaolong couldn't afford to relax his vigilance. The Ghost Refining Sect would very soon discover the absence of a prisoner.

At that time, they would surely conduct a thorough search of the city. Huang Xiaolong was certain that the group of Patriarchs and Ancestors would also be suspected.

Which was why he had to find out the method of leaving the Nightmare Forest before the Ghost Refining Sect discovered that the Ascending Moon Old Man had been rescued. The Nightmare Forest was precisely the dangerous old-growth forest they had to cross to arrive at the giant meteorite.

Without the accurate path of leaving the Nightmare Forest, Huang Xiaolong himself could only be trapped within the Ghost Refining Sect's territory.

From the several Enforcement Hall's Elders and Grand Elders' memories, he similarly found out that only the same three people knew the way of leaving the Nightmare Forest; the Sect Master, the young lord, and that Infernal Ghost Messenger.

Still, Huang Xiaolong decided to wait.

Wait for a chance; wait for either the young lord or the Infernal Ghost Messenger to leave the Ghost Refining Sect headquarters.

Huang Xiaolong's divine sense followed their movements at all times.

Soon, nightfall arrived.

Huang Xiaolong's anticipation ended with disappointment, both of his targets remained inside the headquarters, barely taking a step outside.

The same thing happened on the second day.

At this point, there were only eleven days until the Ghost Refining Sect Master succession ceremony.

'Eleven days!'

The Ghost Refining Sect Master could be returning at any moment. Huang Xiaolong grew more anxious as time passed.

By the third day, just as Huang Xiaolong decided to risk it and take action, the young lord who had been inside the palace complex all this time finally went out!

Stepping out from the headquarters, the Ghost Refining Sect young lord directly headed out from the city, away from the meteorite land and toward the edge of the ice-field.

Huang Xiaolong inwardly heaved in great relief as he secretly followed behind. As they got closer to the edge of the ice-field, it dawned on Huang Xiaolong what the young lord wanted to do here.

At the edge of this ice-field was a naturally formed spiritual energy pond.

Although the frigid qi from the pond could be harmful, for those cultivating in yin and cold element techniques, practicing inside this pond would enhance their strengths by leaps and bounds.

This was precisely what the young lord came here to do.

The Ghost Refining Sect had constructed a small palace building around the spiritual pond, entirely fencing it, named Spiritual Pond Palace. The entrance was guarded by two Tenth Order Highgod Realm masters.

“Young lord.” When the Ghost Refining Sect young lord appeared at the entrance, the guardians took a step forward and saluted on a single knee.

The young lord nodded and strode into the Spiritual Pond Palace in large strides.

The smile on Huang Xiaolong’s face deepened watching the young lord’s figure disappearing into the palace. He then took out and released the God Restricting Golden Silkthread Rope, letting it integrate with the surrounding space. With the Spiritual Pond Palace as the center, the surrounding ten thousand li were completely separated from the outside world, unknown to the people inside.

Only then did Huang Xiaolong emerge into the open, slowly walking toward the two guardians.

The two Tenth Order Highgod Realm guardians were stunned when a black-haired young man suddenly appeared in their line of sight. They had been guarding the Spiritual Pond Palace for hundreds of millennia and this was the first time they saw someone other than their young lord approaching this place.

The Spiritual Pond Palace was one of the forbidden lands of the Ghost Refining Sect, and disciples were not allowed to approach more than ten thousand li. This was the reason why no disciples dared to ignore this rule and trespass.

What baffled the two guardians even more was that Huang Xiaolong's figure disappeared in a flicker. In the next second, the black-haired young man reappeared right in front of them.

As fast as lightning, Huang Xiaolong's hands were already gripping both guardians' throats as his Archdevil Supreme Godhead's devouring power came to life.

Inside the Spiritual Pond Palace, the Ghost Refining Sect young lord sat cross-legged in the hall. He hadn't even begun to cultivate when the energy fluctuations outside alerted him.

"There is actually someone who dares to trespass into the Spiritual Pond Palace?" A brief moment of surprise later, a smile spread over his face, "It's been a long time since something intriguing happened." However, his confidence in his own strength prompted him to continue meditating cross-legged at the center of the hall, waiting for that person to come in.

He looked forward to seeing who it was.

Just a bit over a minute later, he saw a figure walk into the palace from outside.

When the young lord saw the face of the person walking in, he exclaimed in astonishment, "Huang Xiaolong!"

Walking into the Spiritual Pond Palace, Huang Xiaolong saw the central part of the main hall, which was a black-purplish pond. Above it was faint roiling spiritual energy so dense that it became fog. An overwhelming frigid qi was radiating from the pond water.

This was the spiritual energy pond!

The Ghost Refining Sect young lord was currently sitting cross-legged in the air above it.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze fell onto the young lord, greeting with an aloof tone, "Ghost Refining Sect young lord, we meet again. I'm not late for our five-year covenant, right?"

The Ghost Refining Sect young lord got up on his feet, laughing heartily at Huang Xiaolong's words, "Huang Xiaolong, you really have guts to come!" He paused briefly then surmised, "You probably snuck in through that group of Ancestors. My Ghost God is coincidentally lacking the blood essence of someone with a powerful physique, you came at the right time." Saying this, a black light glimmered behind him as a giant ghost shadow appeared.

The shadow was ten zhang tall and bore a close resemblance to the young lord, exuding an overpowering ghost qi.

Every core disciple of the Ghost Refining Sect practiced a secret art that enabled them to rear a Ghost God!

Naturally, each Ghost God had a different level of innate talent and abilities, thus there would be also differences in strength between one Ghost God to another. The Ghost God reared by the Ghost Refining Sect young lord had a similar aura to the young lord; in fact, it could be said that the Ghost God's strength was slightly above his.

Even so, Huang Xiaolong could see that the Ghost God's soul was injured, which reduced its true battle strength.

"Go." The Ghost Refining Sect young lord said to the Ghost God behind him.

Receiving his order, the Ghost God lunged at Huang Xiaolong with its mouth opened wide as if wanting to take a bite out of him. Before it arrived, waves of ghost qi washed over Huang Xiaolong, threatening to drown him within.

Instead of dodging, Huang Xiaolong rushed forward, his Infinite Buddha Supreme Godhead rotating at rapid speed as he sent out an Earthen Buddha Palm attack.

Just as he and the Ghost Refining Sect young lord's battle began, above the Ghost Refining City, a figure exuding a majestic aura appeared out of nowhere.

Sensing this aura, the Infernal Ghost Messenger flew into the air in an instant.

“Sect Master, you’ve returned!” Arriving before that figure, the Infernal Ghost Messenger bowed respectfully in salute.