

Overlord 1191

Chapter 1191: Gradual Reappearance

During the Ziling Sect's moment of crisis, the first to return wasn't Xiang Shaoyun. Rather, it was Devouring Ghost, who had been away for several years. The person who had spoken was none other than Devouring Ghost. Having recovered to the Heaven Battling Realm, he now possessed rather formidable strength.

However, he was still a first-stage Heaven Battling Realm expert. What gave him the confidence to stand against Di Batian? Du Xuanhao, who had left with him, was nowhere to be seen. It was unknown if he was held up by something else or if something bad had happened to him.

With one look, Di Batian ascertained that Devouring Ghost was only a first-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator. He roared with laughter and said, "Hahaha, here comes another idiot who overestimates himself. You can die as well."

He then used the turtle and the toad as weapons and swung them at Devouring Ghost.

"You really think I'm a weakling you can do whatever you want to?" said Di Batian with a sneer. A powerful silhouette appeared before him and blocked Di Batian's attack.

"What is that?" exclaimed Di Batian with a frown.

The silhouette before Devouring Ghost was actually the puppet of a non-human emanating traces of life force for some reason. The life force originated from none other than Devouring Ghost's blood demon clone. The clone was the one controlling the puppet, allowing the puppet to fight with great might and agility.

"Something that can kill you," said Devouring Ghost as he controlled the blood demon and charged Di Batian.

The puppet was something he had found accidentally. During his absence from the sect, he had allowed the blood demon to devour a large amount of Saint blood, upgrading the blood demon all the way to the Saint Realm. With that, the blood demon had gained the ability to fuse with the puppet and unleash a terrifying combat strength.

The puppet moved rapidly, instantly appearing above Di Batian. It sent down a furious attack. The puppet's strength exceeded Di Batian's expectations. By the time he reacted, the puppet's punch was already at the back of his head. He dodged aside in panic, and the punch grazed his face and assaulted him with intense pain.

The blood demon puppet was relentless. It continued attacking Di Batian's vitals. It was as powerful as a seventh-stage Saint. Thus, it was an extremely difficult opponent for Di Batian. As for Devouring Ghost, he moved like a gust of wind and arrived near the turtle and the toad before freeing them.

The beautiful woman from Di Batian's side was in shock. When she finally recovered, she wanted to make a move against Devouring Ghost. But when she saw Di Batian's difficult situation, she was forced to go help him deal with the puppet. The turtle and the toad hurriedly started healing themselves.

Devouring Ghost stood guard for them as he barked a command to the sect, "The Ziling Sect will never be defeated. Those who surrender to the enemy shall be executed."

His appearance and the blood demon's strength successfully roused the sect's morale. Before his reappearance, the sect might have fallen apart from the inside. Unfortunately, a good thing would not last forever. Di De appeared from the void.

"It is quite surprising for you to gain so many new Saints. Too bad you don't have an actual expert here, so you won't be able to escape destruction," said Di De as he charged Devouring Ghost.

Devouring Ghost raised his brow and said, "You are not enough to kill me."

He then engaged Di De in battle. Although he was only a first-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator, he was a Great Saint in his past life, an expert incredibly close to the Rebirth Realm. The moment he returned to the Heaven Battling Realm, he had regained his ability to punch above his class.

He circulated the energies of yin and yang before merging the two. His combat strength rose to a new high as a unique energy field formed around him, allowing him to fight Di De equally. With the puppet suppressing Di Batian and the beautiful woman and with him stopping Di De, the Ziling Sect was given some breathing space.

"This tiny sect is quite capable, it seems," remarked the Di Clan Great Saint in the void.

"Just some minor Saints. What can they do? I'll eliminate all of them," said Xun Kong, the person who had previously spoken up against Di Batian.

"Lord Xun, let me go instead. I'll treat this as warming up. It is still not time for the two of you to make a move personally," said the other Saint who had been silent all along.

The one who had just spoken was a fifth-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator. He was the weakest of the three, but even so, he was strong enough to overwhelm the Ziling Sect by himself.

"No rush. Another little fish is coming," said the Great Saint as he looked in a certain direction.

Sure enough, a figure appeared. The newcomer was Li Juetian, who had gone missing for a long time. He had returned. His strength had grown considerably, reaching peak third-stage Heaven Battling Realm. He was only a step away from the fourth stage.

As the leader of the seven villains, he had always been the strongest among them. That he maintained such a speed of growth even after reaching the Heaven Battling Realm was a testament to his talent in cultivation.

The moment he appeared, he drew his sword and swung it at Di De, who was facing Devouring Ghost. An overbearing energy sword ripped through the air and instantly arrived behind Di De.

Li Juetian's attack was direct and clean. His grasp on timing was also impeccable. Just as his attack was about to hit Di De, the Di Clan's fifth-stage Saint appeared and blocked the slash.

"Hehe, what a powerful sword. Let's have some fun together," said the Di Clan Saint, smirking as he stabbed at Li Juetian with his silver sword.

As a fifth-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator, he was stronger than Li Juetian. Regular third-stage Saints would be completely helpless against such an opponent. However, Li Juetian showed no fear. He swung his sword repeatedly, sending out several breathtaking sword slashes. He was actually able to put the fifth-stage Saint at a disadvantage.

In the void, Xun Kong could no longer hold himself back. He said to the Great Saint, "Lord, let me go out and kill all of them. It's pointless to drag this on."

"Fine. Go. I want to see just how many hidden experts a tiny sect like this will have," said the Great Saint with a nod.

With the Great Saint's permission, Xun Kong charged out and erupted with the aura of a seventh-stage Heaven Battling Realm cultivator. He roared, "Little fishes, time for all of you to die!"

He was incomparably haughty, believing firmly that he alone was enough to crush all the sect's oppositions.

However, those in the midst of battling continued battling and completely ignored him. As for the regular Ziling Sect members, they were already numb to the appearances of experts. Thus, their disregard bruised Xun Kong's ego.

"You think a tiny formation like this can save you? Break!" shouted Xun Kong furiously as he moved to attack the formation, aiming to destroy the entire sect.

Just as he was about to make his move, a new voice sounded, "Where is this clown from? You dare be impudent here?"

Chapter 1192: Contending Against the Great Saint

The one who had spoken was none other than Xiang Shaoyun, who had just returned with Xiang Chenge. He had guessed correctly. Di Batian was unwilling to give up and had always been thinking of returning. With Xiang Chenge by his side, Xiang Shaoyun felt much more confident going against Di Batian. The people from the Ziling Sect cheered at the sight of Xiang Shaoyun.

"The young sect master is back! We can finally be at ease!"

"That's right. The young sect master is a creator of miracles. He has never failed against an invader before."

"We have been relying on the young sect master every single time. We're really useless."

"Di Batian has obviously come prepared. Can he be defeated so easily?"

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Xun Kong turned his head and looked in Xiang Shaoyun's direction, his gaze landing on Xiang Chenge. As for Xiang Shaoyun, he was completely disregarded.

"You're Xiang Shaoyun?" asked Xun Kong.

"I am unworthy of being my little ancestor. I'm but an attendant," said Xiang Chenge indifferently.

"Attendant?" Xun Kong was slightly dazed. His gaze finally landed on Xiang Shaoyun. With one look, he saw through Xiang Shaoyun and praised inwardly, What an outstanding young man. It's a pity.

He then clawed at Xiang Shaoyun, trying to eliminate the young man before anyone could react. However, Xiang Chenge was already on guard. He immediately stood before Xiang Shaoyun and blocked the incoming attack.

"All who offend the little ancestor will die," declared Xiang Chenge as he charged Xun Kong.

His strength surprised Xun Kong, who was forced to give up on attacking Xiang Shaoyun. While the two battled, Xiang Shaoyun hurriedly moved away. A battle at their level wasn't something he could participate in. He spread the senses of his saint soul to his surroundings and discovered several powerful individuals battling high in the sky.

Di Batian has returned. He definitely came prepared, or he wouldn't have had the guts to show himself, thought Xiang Shaoyun.

He continued searching his surroundings. Soon, he discovered something off about a certain spot.

"Interesting, you actually managed to detect me," remarked the Di Clan's Great Saint as he walked out of the void.

Xiang Shaoyun felt an intense sense of danger from him. This was most definitely a super expert that nobody present could match.

Great Saint! He exclaimed inwardly as a jade slip appeared in his hand. He was prepared to crush the slip and ask for help.

He stood no chance against an opponent of this level. He would be completely stupid not to ask for help. But before he could do anything, he found himself completely frozen. The Great Saint's aura was locked on to him, so nothing he did could escape the Great Saint's eyes.

"A young genius like you will have no problem entering the Saint Realm in the future. You even stand a chance at entering the Rebirth Realm. It's a pity," said the Great Saint with a regretful look as he proceeded to crush Xiang Shaoyun to death with his aura.

Xiang Chenge realized what was happening and instantly left the battle and rushed toward Xiang Shaoyun.

"If you lay a hand on my little ancestor, all of you will die!" shouted Xiang Chenge.

Xiang Chenge might be fast, but he was no faster than a Great Saint. Before he could reach Xiang Shaoyun, the attack had arrived. During the moment of crisis, Xiang Shaoyun released his Nether Soul Domain.

His Nether Soul Domain had fused with his soul foundation. Thus, it emanated a terrifying sense of oppression. The Great Saint was caught by complete surprise and was pulled into the domain.

"If you want to kill me, you have to pay the price for it," Xiang Shaoyun roared as he sent numerous chains shooting toward the Great Saint.

His three-layered soul foundation also crushed down on the Great Saint like a massive stamp. His saint soul concealed itself and attacked with full strength. At this moment, he was hiding nothing. He had to use all his strength against this Great Saint.

After fusing with the soul foundation, the Nether Soul Domain's suppressive effect had increased by about 50 percent. It was much stronger than before.

The Great Saint could sense everything that was happening. However, he remained calm as the aura of a Great Saint rippled out of his body to weaken the domain's suppression. He did not believe that Xiang Shaoyun would pose a threat to him.

"Just an insignificant trick. Get lost," said the Great Saint as he erupted with power and shattered the chains around him.

The soul foundation crashing down on him was also sent flying away. As for the saint soul, it felt an immense sense of oppression. Fortunately, this was Xiang Shaoyun's home ground, and he had a much easier time resisting his opponent in his domain. Furthermore, his soul power had greatly increased recently, allowing his saint soul to break free of the oppression and throw a Cosmos Dao Destroying Fist at the Great Saint.

The overbearing punch tore through the air with a might that could shatter stars. The Great Saint reacted with a speed befitting of his cultivation level. The moment the punch came, he stopped the fist with his palm. The fist and palm collided, causing the entire Nether Soul Domain to shake. If the domain was even slightly weaker, it would have already cracked.

Xiang Shaoyun's saint soul was forced to retreat. He couldn't even damage his opponent. Even though Xiang Shaoyun had the Nether Soul Dragon Headband's protection, the Great Saint was strong enough to destroy his soul.

"What a strange kid. This is the Imperial Nether Clan's Nether Soul Domain!" remarked the Great Saint in astonishment. "Looks like I really need to kill you. If you're allowed to grow, you will bring disaster to my Di Clan."

He finally decided to take Xiang Shaoyun seriously. Meanwhile, Xiang Shaoyun withdrew his Nether Soul Domain. He did not want to see his domain destroyed since its destruction would result in his death. The instant he withdrew the domain, a bloody robe appeared on his body. His blood boiled, a connection formed between him and the robe, and his aura started rising.

"Whoever you are, for forcing me to make use of the remaining power in my robe, I will kill you. Today, a Great Saint will be buried in the Ziling Sect. Let's see who would still dare to invade us in the future," said Xiang Shaoyun.

His initial plan was to crush Xiang Youjing's jade slip. However, he gave up on that. Xiang Youjing was also a Great Saint. Even if Xiang Youjing sent his clone here, his clone might not be able to do anything to this Great Saint. Xiang Shaoyun might as well rely on himself.

Chapter 1193: Stomping on a Great Saint

The bloody robe was soaked in Xiang Dingtian's blood essence and contained his Rebirth Realm aura. Thus, when Xiang Shaoyun connected with the blood essence, he gained access to a tiny portion of his previous life's strength.

Unfortunately, not much of the strength remained. He had thoroughly studied the robe during his seclusion in the ancestral pond. At most, it could be used three more times. Left with no choice, he had to exhaust one of the three usages now.

The moment Xiang Shaoyun activated the bloody robe, his aura surged, and his temperament went through a complete change. The boundless aura and unyielding might around him made him look like an unstoppable deity.

Even the world changed alongside him as lightning energy gathered in the sky and generated a natural phenomenon. Those battling and the regular Ziling Sect members watching the fight could sense Xiang Shaoyun's change. An uproar broke out.

"The Overlord has returned," Xiang Chenge exclaimed.

He had witnessed this change before. At the time, their first elder had his teeth broken by Xiang Shaoyun. What could this might signify apart from the Overlord's return?

"What a terrifying strength. This is really the Overlord's power. Has the Overlord fully returned?" muttered Devouring Ghost with joy when he sensed the familiar aura.

"What a powerful aura. How is this possible?" Di Batian cried out in alarm after dodging an attack from the blood demon puppet.

"Lord, you need to hurry up and end him! There is something weird about this kid!" Xun Kong reminded the Great Saint.

"Hmph. I don't need you to teach me what to do. I'll destroy him," said the Great Saint with a snort as he sent out a palm attack.

His palm attack was like a falling piece of the sky. The space around Xiang Shaoyun cracked and collapsed, the palm threatening to crush him under its weight.

When Xiang Shaoyun sensed the incoming attack, he smirked and said, "Like I said, you will be buried here. You won't be able to survive."

He then punched the incoming palm. Space shattered in the wake of his punch, and the Great Saint's energy collapsed from the fist's might. The chaotic current swept toward the Great Saint, causing him to panic and quickly move away. The Great Saint took out his weapon to face Xiang Shaoyun's attack with all his strength.

What is going on with this kid? Why is he suddenly so strong? inwardly howled the Great Saint. He was completely unresigned.

However, he had strong willpower and wouldn't lose hope from this alone.

"Whoever you are, you still need to suffer my wrath!" shouted the Great Saint as he unleashed all his strength. His energy erupted like a storm and wreaked havoc around him. He swung his weapon and sent a powerful energy slash toward Xiang Shaoyun.

The slash broke through space and instantly reached Xiang Shaoyun, threatening to slice him into two. Such a world-shaking attack seemed capable of even slicing the world into two. It was incredibly terrifying.

A Great Saint should never be blasphemed, or one would be punished by the world itself. The terrifying attack forced even those battling to scatter out of fear of the resulting shockwave hitting them.

They were clear that the confrontation between Xiang Shaoyun and the Great Saint would play a deciding factor in this incident. The winner would be the ultimate winner. Thus, all the other battles were meaningless.

The Great Saint was confident he could kill Xiang Shaoyun with an attack this powerful. The other Saints also thought the same. None believed that Xiang Shaoyun would be able to survive.

Xiang Cheng was the only one with a confident smile on his face. "What is a Great Saint before our little ancestor?"

Unsurprisingly, Xiang Shaoyun caught the overbearing attack in his palm and crushed it. His every motion was casual and carefree, as though that terrifying attack wasn't enough to scratch an itch. The Great Saint was thoroughly stunned.

"My turn," said Xiang Shaoyun with a cold sneer as he lifted his leg and stomped down at the Great Saint.

His leg seemed to transcend time itself. Carrying the might to crush the heavens, it instantly arrived above the Great Saint. The Great Saint felt like a leg as big as an entire world was stomping down on him. No matter how he dodged, the leg was still above him, leaving him no way out.

"Get lost!" roared the Great Saint as he unleashed an all-out attack at the stomping foot.

As a Great Saint, how could he be bullied like this by someone? He had to strike back and cut the leg down. However, his energy shattered in the face of the stomping leg and flung him down. He lay flat on his back, crushed into the ground.

The stomp grew in might as it descended, eventually reaching the Great Saint and stamping him deep into the mountain. A terrifying explosion ensued as more than 10 mountains were instantly flattened. Clouds of dust filled the area, showcasing the stomp's terrifying destructive force. The entire sect shook. If it wasn't for the formations protecting the sect, they would have also suffered great damage.

The other Saints were stunned. They had never expected a Great Saint to be beaten so helplessly by a third-stage Sovereign. They felt their worldview collapsing as they witnessed this fight. In the ground, the Great Saint beneath Xiang Shaoyun's foot felt incredibly sullen. It had been a very long time since he had last suffered such humiliation.

His face was deformed from the stomp, and his blood flowed incessantly. He looked incredibly miserable. He wanted to fight back with his full strength and kill Xiang Shaoyun even if he had to harm his foundations by doing so.

However, Xiang Shaoyun was far stronger than a Great Saint after fusing with the bloody robe. He now had access to a tiny portion of a Rebirth Realm expert's strength and could easily defeat any Great Saint.

Thick killing intent rose within Xiang Shaoyun. He wouldn't let this Great Saint escape. He had to put up a show of great strength to deter the Di Clan for a long time.

He exerted more force with his leg as he tried to crush the Great Saint's head beneath him. However, the Great Saint's skull seemed to be incredibly tough. The Great Saint swung his weapon, trying to cut Xiang Shaoyun into two.

Xiang Shaoyun did not wish to waste too much of the robe's power. His eyes turned scarlet red as he leaned over and grabbed the Great Saint. He then shot into the sky and roared, "All who dare march against the Ziling Sect will be killed without mercy!"

At that declaration, he sent all his strength into his two arms and started ripping the Great Saint into two.

Chapter 1194: Burying the Great Saint's Bone in the Sect

Death by being torn in half. That was a bad way to go. The incredibly tough body of the Great Saint failed to resist Xiang Shaoyun's tearing force. His blood splattered everywhere in a rain of blood, as though the heavens were weeping for his terrible death. Everyone present was shocked.

A Great Saint was definitely an existence at the very top of the pyramid, an individual infinitely close to being a God of the Rebirth Realm. Even someone like that had to suffer such a fate. The heavens itself wept for him.

The Saints felt all their hairs rising on end. That kind of strength was something they had no hope of contending against.

"Th-that is a Rebirth Realm God possessing his body! We need to leave!" Xun Kong was the first to cower. With a terrified shriek, he turned and sped off.

Although the Great Saint had been ripped into two, he still wasn't fully dead. And yet Xun Kong was escaping without hesitation, showing just how much of a coward he was. Di Batian wasn't any slower. He immediately flew away with the beautiful woman in tow. He knew that there was no chance the Great Saint could survive, and he did not wish to die alongside him.

Looks like that kid has finished growing. He is even scarier than his father. Sigh, thought Di Batian.

"You think you can come and go as you wish? Not so fast," Devouring Ghost shouted.

He then sent his blood demon puppet charging toward Di Batian. The fifth-stage Saint from the Di Clan also fled at full speed. However, Li Juetian was lying in wait. The moment the Di Clan Saint tried to flee, he rushed over and slashed with his sword.

He demonstrated the ruthlessness of a villain, showcasing his amazing ability to sneak attacks. Meanwhile, the fifth-stage Saint was in panic and was unaware of Li Juetian's sneak attack. He was caught by surprise and had his body cleaved into two. Even his saint soul was sliced in half, sealing his fate of death.

Li Juetian's Sky Severing Sword Technique was incredibly destructive and not to be underestimated.

The death of the fifth-stage Saint signaled the end of the conflict. Hovering high in the sky, Xiang Shaoyun held half of the Great Saint's body in each hand. He looked like a god of slaughter and emanated an unstoppable overbearingness.

The Great Saint was still alive as his upper body still had some life in it. He shouted, "Y-you can't kill me! I'm from the Di Clan! If you kill me, all of you will die!"

"Still acting tough?" said Xiang Shaoyun with scorn. Starfall lightning energy surged out of his hands and torched the Great Saint's body.

His starfall lightning energy had absorbed a large amount of lightning origin energy, greatly enhancing its strength. It was now comparable with the energy of a Saint.

When the Great Saint sensed death, he unhesitatingly sent his saint soul flying out of his head. He no longer dared to stay in his body.

Wielding a secret treasure, the saint soul tore through space in his attempt to flee. While leaving, he declared, "I will remember this. A day will come when I purge your Ziling Sect with blood."

By the time Xiang Shaoyun tried to capture the saint soul, he had found that his opponent's aura had completely vanished. At this point, if he didn't give chase with all his strength, he would have no hope of capturing the Great Saint. After a slight hesitation, he gave up on pursuit because he could only fuse with his blood-soaked robe for a limited period of time. If he pursued and went over the time limit, things would become troublesome.

"Bury this Great Saint's bone in the clan and suppress his fortune," said Xiang Shaoyun to Devouring Ghost as he tossed him the Great Saint's body.

Devouring Ghost showed no hesitation. He caught it and had the blood demon consume every single drop of blood essence in the body. He did the same to the fifth-stage Saint Li Juetian killed. The blood essence of these experts was the best nutrition for strengthening his blood demon puppet.

"This is some great stuff," said Devouring Ghost in excitement.

The blood demon was essentially a clone he had personally created. Thus, he could control it as he wished. The stronger the blood demon was, the better it was for him. Therefore, his excitement was understandable.

The people of the Ziling Sect started cheering.

"The young sect master is formidable! You are the strongest! Our Ziling Sect is ever victorious!"

"The young sect master is actually this strong? He's my idol! From now on, he is my role model. I must become someone like him and protect our sect!"

"That's right. By following the young sect master, we will only grow stronger and stronger."

"With the strength of our sect, who would still dare to provoke us? Just wait until the sect master also returns. We will then be able to charge into the ranks of tier-8 organizations."

"How amazing would it be if I can become the young sect master's attendant?"

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Xiang Shaoyun put the blood-soaked robe away, and his aura dropped back to third-stage Soul Foundation Realm. He thought, I only have two uses left. I hope this incident will be enough to buy me some peace.

Since the Di Clan had sent over a Great Saint, there had to be a Rebirth Realm God in their clan. Thus, he felt greatly pressured.

Xiang Shaoyun headed toward the sect. Behind him, Devouring Ghost, the blood demon puppet, Xiang Chenge, Li Juetian, the turtle, and the toad followed. The group exuded a massively oppressive aura, strengthening the atmosphere surrounding the sect.

A sect's atmosphere was decided not only by the sect's unity but also by the availability of the sect's experts and the stability of their morale. All three were required to form a powerful atmosphere that would hasten and smoothen the sect's growth.

"Deactivate the formations and welcome the young sect master's triumphant return!" shouted someone.

With that shout, the formation enveloping the sect vanished. A powerful army lined up in an orderly fashion within the sect as they welcomed Xiang Shaoyun's return. Every person looked at Xiang Shaoyun with reverence in their eyes. This was especially true for the women of the sect. They wished for nothing more than to plaster themselves all over Xiang Shaoyun, hoping only that he could remember them. Unfortunately for them, Xiang Shaoyun maintained an indifferent expression as he strode toward the grand hall, not sparing any of them a glance.

After Xiang Shaoyun entered the hall, Pang Tongyuan, Old Yao, and the other elders rushed inside. Seated atop the main seat, Xiang Shaoyun scanned the crowd. He remained silent, but he gave everyone a suffocating pressure, including the Heaven Battling Realm Saints.

Finally, he asked, "How much damage did we suffer this time?"

The turtle replied, "Little taurus is dead."

"Yes, little taurus died a miserable death. We need to avenge him!" said the toad.

Their little underling had been killed off just like that. They were naturally saddened by his death.

Chapter 1195: The Frog's Cry Resounded Throughout the World

The biggest loss the sect had suffered was the taurus' death. Other damages were neglectable in comparison. After all, Di Batian's group hadn't conducted a slaughter and had only aimed to kill the leaders and take over the sect. On the other hand, Di Batian's side had suffered great losses. Their Great Saint had lost his body, and they had also lost a fifth-stage Saint. This would be a painful loss for any organization.

After listening to all the reports, Xiang Shaoyun remained in thought for a while before saying, "Hang the saint bones on our gates to warn the world that we are not to be challenged."

"Yes, young sect master," Devouring Ghost replied.

After giving a few more commands, Xiang Shaoyun had those below the Heaven Battling Realm withdraw and placate the sect. He had more things to tell those in the Heaven Battling Realm.

He looked at Li Juetian and asked, "Why did you return?"

After Scarlet Flame Monarch's departure, Li Juetian had left with the other villains. They weren't members of the Ziling Sect, and Xiang Shaoyun had once promised to let them go free after he regained the sect. Thus, he never interfered with their freedom. Thus, Li Juetian's return came as a surprise.

"I've always been around," replied Li Juetian flatly.

"Oh? You mean you've been staying near the sect?" asked Xiang Shaoyun in astonishment.

Li Juetian only nodded in reply, looking proud and aloof. Devouring Ghost and Xiang Chenge were dissatisfied with his attitude.

"Thank you for the help. When Scarlet Flame returns, I'll have him fulfill his promise to you," promised Xiang Shaoyun solemnly. He then looked at the turtle and the toad and said, "I have some healing liquid here. Use it to nurse your bodies."

He then tossed over two bottles of top-quality lightning liquid. The two left after receiving them. Li Juetian also spun around and left.

"What an arrogant person," said Devouring Ghost, who could no longer stand Li Juetian.

Xiang Shaoyun waved his hand and said, "Let him be. This is how he is. He was never a member of the sect anyway. Big Brother Du left with you, right? Why isn't he back yet?"

"Don't worry. He's well. He has something personal to take care of. He'll be back after he's done," said Devouring Ghost with a smile.

From Devouring Ghost's expression, Xiang Shaoyun could see that Du Xuanhao had benefited greatly from his trip. Thus, he was no longer worried.

"Young sect master, about your transformation earlier, have you recovered your previous life's strength?" asked Devouring Ghost hopefully.

Xiang Shaoyun shook his head and said, "How can it be so easy? I took a trip back to the Xiang Clan and reclaimed my blood-soaked robe. The robe allowed me to borrow some power from my previous life."

"I see. I had thought that the previous Overlord had returned," said Devouring Ghost with a trace of disappointment in his eyes.

"I am no longer the same person. But it won't take me long to surpass my previous life," declared Xiang Shaoyun, his eyes brimming with confidence.

Devouring Ghost and Xiang Chenge could feel his determination, and they didn't dare to doubt his declaration. On the contrary, they were filled with expectations, confident that a day would come when a brand new Overlord would appear and startle the world.

Xiang Shaoyun had the rest retreat, and he spent some time meditating in the grand hall. When he finished, he headed to Pang Tongyuan's residence. He had returned with some top-quality lightning liquid. Although the liquid couldn't restore Pang Tongyuan's stars, it could still extend his lifespan and improve his health, which might help Pang Tongyuan live long enough for Xiang Shaoyun to bring back an astral grass which could heal his stars.

Pang Tongyuan, a meritorious servant, had taxed his mind and body serving the sect. When Xiang Shaoyun arrived at Pang Tongyuan's place, he found someone else also there. It was none other than Tian Ji, whom Xiang Shaoyun had once considered taking as his attendant.

When Tian Ji saw Xiang Shaoyun, he knelt down respectfully and said, "Tian Ji greets the young sect master."

"What are you doing here?" asked Xiang Shaoyun curiously.

Xiang Shaoyun still hadn't forgotten Tian Ji, who was quite smart. Because of the man's intelligence, Xiang Shaoyun had considered keeping him by his side to help manage the random trivial affairs that might arise in Xiang Shaoyun's daily life.

Pang Tongyuan said, "Young sect master, I brought him here. Since he wants to serve you in the future, I need to teach him well and make sure he is good enough to take some weight off your shoulders."

By the side, Tian Ji flashed an earnest smile and said, "Yeah. Elder Pang taught me a lot recently. I will serve you well in the future, young sect master."

"Good. A student of third uncle will definitely be a competent helper," said Xiang Shaoyun with a satisfied nod. He then took out a bottle of top-quality lightning liquid and handed it to Pang Tongyuan. He said, "Third uncle, I have some top-quality lightning liquid here. It can help nurse your body. You have worked too hard for the sect over the years."

Pang Tongyuan did not reject the offer. He sighed, "I am such a burden to you, young sect master. Just wait until the others grow. Then, I can retire."

"Do not lose heart, third uncle. You will definitely recover. The sect can't lose you," said Xiang Shaoyun.

"Young sect master, our sect has encountered one enemy after another in recent years. This can't go on," said Pang Tongyuan with a sigh.

Xiang Shaoyun said helplessly, "There is nothing I can do about that. With Di Batian still alive, he will probably return again. But before long, our sect will obtain some strong backers. Even if the Di Clan comes with their army, they will regret ever coming here."

Xiang Shaoyun had decided to connect the teleportation formations he had built. With the Holy Hall's support, he would feel much more relaxed.

"It will be much better if we can take the initiative instead of facing our enemies passively," said Pang Tongyuan.

Xiang Shaoyun raised his brow, but his expression soon dimmed.

"That's a good idea, but we don't know where the Di Clan is. Also, we're still not strong enough to face them," said Xiang Shaoyun in a reasonable manner.

"You're right, young sect master. I was too optimistic," said Pang Tongyuan, his expression dimming like Xiang Shaoyun's.

"Don't worry. Everything will be fine after I activate the teleportation formation," Xiang Shaoyun placated him, then left.

Pang Tongyuan hurriedly told Tian Ji to follow Xiang Shaoyun. Tian Ji naturally wouldn't let go of this chance and chased after Xiang Shaoyun in a fawning manner.

Tian Ji looked rather old but was, in fact, very young. He was already an Emperor and still had a lot of potential waiting to be unearthed. Also, he was extremely clever and was worth using.

Nobody knew that this day would be the start of Tian Ji's meteoric rise. By following Xiang Shaoyun, he would eventually grow into one of the most important individuals in the Ziling Sect and gain extraordinary status in the entire world. There would even be a saying: Tian Ji the frog, his cry resounded throughout the world.

Chapter 1196: Child of Destiny

After leaving with Tian Ji, Xiang Shaoyun convened with Xiang Chenge and Devouring Ghost. It was time for him to activate the teleportation formation. The formations at both the Holy Hall and the Ziling Sect had been built, but the spatial tunnel needed to be opened between them to connect them.

Previously, he wanted the hall master to help connect the formations as he didn't have a high-level Saint by his side. Now that he had Xiang Chenge and Devouring Ghost with him, he shouldn't have much trouble connecting the two formations. When the two arrived, he told them what he wanted to do.

Devouring Ghost said, "Young sect master, it might be a tad bit hard with only the two of us. It's better to get Li Juetian to help as well. With the three of us working together, the efficiency will be much greater."

Xiang Shaoyun gave it some thought and asked, "Is he in the sect?"

"No, he's outside, but we can call him over anytime. I doubt he would refuse us," said Devouring Ghost.

"Good. Call him over, then," said Xiang Shaoyun.

Recently, Li Juetian was residing at a mountain ridge near the sect. He considered it his personal cultivation spot. The other villains were also living nearby and cultivating in seclusion, showcasing their determination to follow him. Sure enough, he came over to help the moment he received Devouring Ghost's request.

He had promised Scarlet Flame Monarch to serve Xiang Shaoyun for 10 years. He only needed 10 years to obtain Old Man Three Severing's inheritance, making it a profitable trade. This promise was also the reason he had yet to leave.

When everyone arrived, Xiang Shaoyun brought them to the formation. He then activated it and had them split space to kickstart the forging of the spatial node.

The three Saints worked together and easily entered the void. They pierced through all resistances as they headed toward the Desert of Despair. They had to pick the shortest path between the two formations and lay out appropriate spatial nodes along the path to activate the formations. They only reached the Desert of Despair's node after an entire month.

Xiang Shaoyun had been following them. With the strength of his body, he wasn't supposed to be able to survive in the void, which was brimming with currents of chaotic energy. But after the tempering of the lightning origin energy, his body had gained incredible durability. He also had the Radiant Saint Armor to provide him with extra protection. Thus, he wasn't afraid of the energy currents in the void.

The strength of his saint soul also played a great part in allowing him to stay in the void and follow the three Saints as they dug a spatial tunnel toward the Desert of Despair. In his hand was the Holy Hall's token.

There was a unique power in the token that let him ascertain the Holy Hall's direction. Upon reaching the Desert of Despair, he quickly located the Holy Hall. He impatiently activated the token and opened the Holy Hall's entrance before rushing inside.

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In a certain serene courtyard, sounds of laughter broke out.

"Haha, this little fellow is actually pissing on his great-grandpa. How gutsy of him," said the hall master with a chortle.

He could be seen teasing a little fellow in a cradle with joy all over his face. By his side was Tuoba Wan'er with a calm smile on her face. Occasionally, traces of worry flickered in her eyes.

Without a doubt, the little fellow in the cradle was Tuoba Wan'er's newborn. He was a few months old, looking somewhat silly with an incredibly adorable pair of big twinkling eyes.

During his birth, a phenomenon had appeared in the Holy Hall. A thick fortuitous aura had surged into the air, and the images of dragons, phoenixes, and qilins had appeared in the sky. The entire city was alarmed by the phenomenon.

The hall master was overjoyed when he realized that the newborn was a child of destiny with extraordinary future accomplishments. The hall master personally named the newborn Tuoba Lingfeng, hoping that he would reach the apex of the world and overlook all living beings in the future. It was evident how much hope he had for the baby.

"Grandpa, you're pampering him too much. Are you not worried that he would grow up into a hedonist in the future?" said Tuoba Wan'er.

"Don't worry. This kid is blessed by the heavens. Even if we pamper him, he still won't be mediocre his entire life. The Holy Hall's future lies with him," said the hall master.

"Grandpa, I need to discuss something with you," Tuoba Wan'er changed the topic.

"What is it?" said the hall master.

"I-I want to take this child to meet his father," she said cautiously.

"You have the guts to mention him? What kind of a father is he? His child was born several months ago. Even now, he's still nowhere to be seen. Is he trying to abandon his wife and son?" said the hall master furiously.

"Waa! Waa!"

When the baby in the cradle sensed the hall master's anger, he burst into tears.

The hall master instantly calmed down. He quickly bent down and teased the baby, "Oh, little fellow. Don't cry. I was only talking about your father. You don't have to get so angry. Alright, alright. Your great-grandpa will stop scolding him."

If anyone from the Holy Hall saw the hall master's current appearance, they would be stunned silly. Was this still the same hall master? He looked more like a friendly next-door uncle.

"Grandpa, the holy son-in-law is not that kind of person. I'm afraid he had encountered some trouble," said Tuoba Wan'er.

"He's a grown-ass man. What kind of trouble can he be in?" said the hall master. "If you really want to see him, I'll just send someone over. Lingfeng must stay. He is still too young to make such a long journey. And you must remain to nurse him."

"What are you waiting for? Quickly send some people over," said Tuoba Wan'er joyfully.

"I really wonder if that kid had drugged you or something. Why are you so loyal to him? If he dares to mistreat you, I'll break his third leg!" grumbled the hall master.

He then called some servants over to take care of Tuoba Wan'er and Tuoba Lingfeng. He also summoned some people to arrange for some people to visit the Ziling Sect and see what was going on with Xiang Shaoyun. But before he was done, someone came to report that Xiang Shaoyun had returned.

"So he's finally back? Looks like I need to teach him a lesson," muttered the hall master. He called some people over and had them stop Xiang Shaoyun from entering.

Xiang Shaoyun looked at the three people before him in confusion and asked, "Why are you blocking the way? Move aside."

The three before him were ninth-stage Soul Foundation Realm cultivators, each in an optimal state and radiating an aura that couldn't be underestimated. Xiang Shaoyun knew they were the guards in charge of guarding this residence in secret. They weren't supposed to show themselves unless there was an enemy attack.

Thus, Xiang Shaoyun was confused to see all three of them standing in his way. The leader of the three was a man in a gold outfit. He said, "Holy son-in-law, to enter, you have to first defeat us. This is the hall master's command."

"What is this?" grumbled Xiang Shaoyun sullenly. He then strode toward the door, not believing that the three would dare to attack him.

However, he was obviously overconfident. The moment he took a step, the man in black attacked without hesitating. The man in black wielded a black saber and sent a black streak slashing toward Xiang Shaoyun's vitals.

The black slash contained thick saber intent. It was also fully locked onto Xiang Shaoyun with a Sovereign Realm aura, not giving Xiang Shaoyun any chance to escape. At the same time, the woman in white stabbed him with a dagger. He was instantly placed in a perilous position.

The dagger stab transformed into a white snake silhouette aiming for Xiang Shaoyun's lower body with a chilling sharpness. The man in gold soared into the sky, holding a golden axe. He brought it down, aiming for Xiang Shaoyun's head.

The golden axe was incredibly powerful and possessed a Sovereign's peak power. It could easily crush a dozen mountains with a single strike.

With attacks coming at Xiang Shaoyun from three different directions, Xiang Shaoyun wasn't given any chance to escape. Even a peak Sovereign would have a hard time avoiding such a pincer attack.

Xiang Shaoyun had not expected the three to actually attack. He did not have the time to give it much thought. A chilly radiance flickered in his eyes as he instantly detected a weak point in their joint attack. He moved like a specter and first threw a fist forward. Then, he kicked downward and moved aside to avoid the attack from the sky before finally deflecting the golden axe.

The lightning fist shot at the man in black's weak point, the side of his body, forcing him to switch from the offensive to the defensive. Xiang Shaoyun's kick transformed into a blade of wind, tearing at the woman in white. It loudly collided with her dagger. As for the man in gold's attack, he lost his balance after his attack was deflected.

Even when facing three opponents by himself, Xiang Shaoyun could stand his ground. The combat prowess he demonstrated was beyond what a third-stage Soul Foundation Realm cultivator was capable of.

Xiang Shaoyun did not give chase. He roared, "Piss off if you're smart, or I won't mind teaching you a lesson."

However, his warning was pointless. The three immediately advanced again. This time, they held nothing back, as though they were really trying to kill him.

Finally, Xiang Shaoyun was angered. He showed no mercy and moved with ethereal footwork before throwing out numerous overbearing lightning punches. Lightning was the most overbearing of the many extreme yang powers.

Powered by Xiang Shaoyun's tempered lightning bones, his starfall lightning energy was incredibly formidable. Its destructiveness could evoke fear even in a Saint, to say nothing of these three Sovereigns.

After regaining his combat experience from his past life, his control over lightning became impeccable. The thick fist intent he emanated was heaven-defying, as though a star of lightning was exploding around them, crushing toward the three with a relentless might.

Relying on his gift of instincts, Xiang Shaoyun saw through their weak points and mercilessly aimed his punches at their flaws. He rendered their attacks completely pointless and scattered their joint attack within several breaths.

Xiang Shaoyun then charged at the man in black, sending out a lightning fist that roared like a lightning dragon, instantly forcing the man into a defensive position. The man in black released his nine-layered soul foundation and combined the soul foundation's pressure with its soul marks and his saber energy to face Xiang Shaoyun's attack.

The three had thought that Xiang Shaoyun wouldn't be their match with his third-stage Soul Foundation Realm cultivation. But they still did as told and gave him as much pressure as they could. Only after the battle started did they realize that Xiang Shaoyun wasn't at all weaker than them. In fact, he even seemed stronger than them.

Xiang Shaoyun's advantage wasn't only due to his gift of instincts. His saint soul also played a great role, as it granted him incredibly quick reaction speeds that surpassed the Sovereign Realm.

The man in black used all he had to resist Xiang Shaoyun's attack, but the lightning power was too terrifying. His dark energy was completely useless, and he was forced into repeated retreats. The lightning bombardment tortured him relentlessly, and he couldn't strike back despite the intense pain. The lightning energy invading his body was too destructive. If it wasn't expelled from his body soon, he would suffer grave injuries.

After pushing the man in black away, Xiang Shaoyun spun nimbly and stabbed at the woman in white. The woman in white already had her full defenses up. As she aimed for his vitals, each dagger stab possessed incomparable sharpness and sliced apart Xiang Shaoyun's lightning assault.

However, Xiang Shaoyun's movements were ethereal and shockingly fast. Also, his entire body was wrapped in lightning. Like a berserk lightning dragon, he suppressed the woman in white solely with brute force. An unending stream of fists rained down on her, completely suppressing her. If the man in gold hadn't rushed over, the relentless attacks would have scorched the woman black.

Xiang Shaoyun was aware that the man in gold was the strongest of the three. He unleashed more of his strength and utilized both the powers of wind and lightning simultaneously.

Wind and Lightning!

Instantly, a massive storm assaulted the man in gold. The man in gold unyieldingly pushed his golden axe forward, but his attack instantly collapsed the moment it reached the storm. An unstoppable force continued smashing toward him. Eyes flickering, he retreated without a second thought. The storm of wind and lightning before him wasn't something he could face head on.

Chapter 1198: This Overlord Finally Has a Descendant

After beating the man in gold into retreat, Xiang Shaoyun did not push on. He transformed into a gust of wind and dashed into the residence. He was worried that something had happened to Tuoba Wan'er. Why else would someone intercept him?

He recalled his capture when he had left the Holy Hall, and he became even more worried at the possibility that something had also changed in the Holy Hall. The three Sovereigns watched on as Xiang Shaoyun left. All three of them were in a sorry state, and their eyes were filled with disbelief.

"Is the holy son-in-law really a third-stage Soul Foundation Realm cultivator?" asked the woman in white helplessly.

"I doubt so. More like he has the same cultivation level as us," said the man in black.

The man in gold sank into thought before saying, "The holy son-in-law is a freak. The likes of us can't compare to him. Otherwise, the hall master wouldn't have sent all three of us to stop him. He is indeed only a third-stage Soul Foundation Realm cultivator, but his ability to punch above his class is astounding."

Both the woman in white and the man in black were shocked speechless. When Xiang Shaoyun charged into the residence, he scanned all directions with his senses. When he found nothing, he charged in Tuoba Wan'er's direction.

But before he could reach the room, the hall master transmitted, "Kid, come to the courtyard."

Xiang Shaoyun heaved a breath of relief when he heard the hall master's voice. He went through the corridor and headed to the courtyard. The hall master was alone there. Tuoba Wan'er and her baby were nowhere to be seen.

"Greetings, Grandpa," saluted Xiang Shaoyun.

"Speak. Why were you gone for so long?" asked the hall master indifferently.

Xiang Shaoyun was able to see that the hall master was unhappy. He did not hide anything and gave the hall master a short version of all that had happened since his departure from the Holy Hall.

He emphasized his capture, letting the hall master know that someone in the Holy Hall was probably thinking of revolting.

He had learned from Xiang Youjing that the Holy Hall's third and fifth elders were the culprits who had tried to get him killed. He had also learned that the fifth elder was the one who had captured him then.

The third and fifth elders were trying to rope in the Xiang Clan and expand their influence in the Holy Hall. They hoped that the Holy Hall could leave seclusion and take charge of their very own territory in the outside world.

Xiang Shaoyun exposed everything despite having reconciled with the Xiang Clan because he was still angry with the third and fifth elders. Furthermore, the two had completely disregarded the hall master by going behind the hall master's back to attempt to kill the holy son-in-law the hall master himself had acknowledged. If they could attempt such a thing, nobody knew if they could go further and try to snatch the hall master's position one day.

The hall master's face turned gloomy.

"I had thought that they merely had some disagreements with the first elder. Turns out they're actually so audacious. They deserve death!" said the hall master coldly. He vanished into thin air, but his voice still came, "Whatever business you have, spend some time with Wan'er and your child."

Xiang Shaoyun naturally wouldn't dare disobey and hurriedly rushed to Tuoba Wan'er's room. He was now sure that Tuoba Wan'er had safely given birth to their child. He greatly longed to see his own child.

He already knew he had a child, but now that he was finally going to meet his child, indescribable nervousness welled within him. He wondered about his child's gender and how his child looked.

The nearer he got to the room, the more nervous and expectant he became. This feeling was even more intense than the feeling of obtaining some profound battle technique or high-tier herb.

A few maids were standing guard outside the room. When they saw Xiang Shaoyun, they hurriedly saluted him. He waved them away and opened the door. The scene of Tuoba Wan'er humming to a baby in a cradle entered his eyes. After giving birth, Tuoba Wan'er seemed slightly more voluptuous than before and looked more attractive. She exuded the grace and bearing of a young married woman.

When she saw Xiang Shaoyun, an incomparably blissful smile formed on her face, and warmth filled the entire room. As for the child in the cradle, he was supposed to be asleep, but he suddenly started crying.

"Waa! Waa!"

The crisp voice resounded in the room, and Xiang Shaoyun trembled upon hearing it. He hurriedly rushed forward. A baby wrapped in a bundle with only a pink and tender face showing entered his eyes. The baby was crying loudly and waving his tiny hands incessantly.

"Why are you crying? Come on now, stop crying," Xiang Shaoyun panicked. He had never taken care of a child before and could only stand there nervously.

"Hehe, you're so silly," said Tuoba Wan'er with a laugh. She lifted the baby and coaxed him. "Don't cry, darling. It's your father. He has returned. Be good for your father."

It was never easy to coax a baby. The baby continued crying loudly, leaving Tuoba Wan'er no other choice but to breastfeed him. For some reason, the baby continued crying.

"What is going on? Feng'er has always been good. Why is he so restless today?" asked Tuoba Wan'er, who was becoming nervous.

Xiang Shaoyun said, "Here, Wan'er. Let me give it a try."

Tuoba Wan'er couldn't think of anything else, so she carefully placed the baby in Xiang Shaoyun's arms, worried that Xiang Shaoyun would accidentally drop him.

"Be gentle. Don't be so stiff, or he won't feel comfortable," Tuoba Wan'er nagged.

Xiang Shaoyun nodded and received the baby. An indescribable emotion welled within him. The instant the baby was placed in Xiang Shaoyun's arms, he actually stopped crying. He gazed at Xiang Shaoyun with a pair of bright eyes, his eyes brimming with innocence and curiosity.

"S-so this is my child?" Xiang Shaoyun muttered, becoming emotional.

In his past life, Xiang Dingtian was without a child. One could say that this was his first child in two lifetimes. It was understandable why he was emotional.

"Whose child could he be if not yours?" said Tuoba Wan'er.

"Haha, this overlord finally has a descendant!" Xiang Shaoyun roared with laughter.

He then lifted the baby up, scaring Tuoba Wan'er so much that she tried to take the baby back. She was worried that Xiang Shaoyun would accidentally drop the baby. However, the baby actually started laughing alongside his father.

Chapter 1199: Connecting the Teleportation Formations

Xiang Shaoyun spent seven calm days with Tuoba Wan'er and his son. During those seven days, he kept his mind empty and didn't even cultivate, spending all his time enjoying the warmth of his family.

His child seemed incredibly smart as he was seemingly aware that Xiang Shaoyun was his father. Instead of fearing this stranger, he enjoyed spending time with Xiang Shaoyun all the time. Even Tuoba Wan'er was grumbling that the little fellow had forgotten all about his mother.

She had cared for him for months, yet he seemed closer to Xiang Shaoyun, who had only arrived a few days ago.

On the seventh day, the Holy Hall became filled with an austere atmosphere. People could occasionally be seen moving around in haste.

Xiang Shaoyun could sense that some great changes were happening in the Holy Hall. The hall master was a supreme existence in the Holy Hall. His status was not to be questioned. Thus, the third and fifth elders were unlikely to escape the disaster coming their way. After the seventh day, the hall master finally appeared to visit Tuoba Lingfeng. Xiang Shaoyun witnessed firsthand the difference in attitude the hall master showed him and his son.

This kid has more status than his father, thought Xiang Shaoyun.

After spending some time playing with the baby, the hall master met Xiang Shaoyun alone.

"Was the spatial node outside the desert opened by your people?" asked the hall master.

Xiang Shaoyun's pupils shrank. He nodded and said, "Yes, grandpa. I was hoping to connect the two teleportation formations. That way, travel would be much easier in the future."

"Um. Since you have prepared everything, I don't need to do too much. Come, go open the final node and complete the formation," said the hall master as he brought Xiang Shaoyun to the formation in the sect.

Upon activating the formation, the hall master waved his hand, brought Xiang Shaoyun into the void, and then easily opened the node. Only then did Xiang Shaoyun personally experience how strong the hall master was—he was a true Rebirth Realm expert. If he wasn't, the hall master wouldn't have been able to open a spatial node so easily.

Not even Devouring Ghost, Xiang Chenge, and Li Juetian sensed the hall master's approach. They only noticed the hall master and Xiang Shaoyun when the two appeared before their eyes.

"Young sect master (little ancestor)," the three greeted.

Xiang Shaoyun said, "Don't be nervous. This is my grandpa, the Holy Hall's master. We are going to join up the two formations."

All three of them were people with extraordinary insight. When facing the hall master, they appeared deferential and addressed him as lord. In this world, what mattered most wasn't status or identity. Rather, it was strength. Everyone was expected to show respect when encountering a stronger cultivator.

The hall master only gave them a glance. He showed no friendliness as he opened the final node. With all the nodes connected, the air rippled with waves of incorporeal energy, causing indescribable changes in space, and a spatial tunnel formed between the two formations.

The hall master then dragged Xiang Shaoyun along through the nodes. In the span of several blinks, Xiang Shaoyun was dragged over a distance of tens of thousands of kilometers. By the time he recovered from his shock, he had reached a familiar place.

"We're back this fast?"

"It's not that far since both places are still in the Western Desert. With the spatial tunnel, we can naturally reach the other side quickly. If we couldn't even travel this quickly, what's the point of having the teleportation formations?" replied the hall master. He scanned the Ziling Sect and said, "So this is what your father left behind for you?"

"Yes, grandpa," said Xiang Shaoyun.

"A tiny sect like this is worth your undivided attention?" asked the hall master.

Xiang Shaoyun declared with confidence, "Yes, it's small now. But I'm confident I'll develop it into something as powerful as the Holy Hall within 100 years."

"100 years? I'll give you 500 years. If you can do it, you'll earn my respect," said the hall master indifferently.

Every single organization had to gather strength for a long time before slowly becoming strong. For example, the Holy Hall had spent many years growing before reaching their current strength. It was easier said than done to build up a similar organization within 100 years.

"Just you watch, Grandpa," said Xiang Shaoyun firmly.

He was filled with confidence for the future. Even if he cultivated nine powers, his path of cultivation would remain unimpeded. The hall master did not say anything. He dragged Xiang Shaoyun back to the Holy Hall.

From now on, the Ziling Sect and the Holy Hall were connected through teleportation formations. With the Holy Hall as its backer, the Ziling Sect could no longer be bullied so easily anymore. As for the Holy Hall, they would now have a much easier time connecting to the outside world and could use the teleportation formations for this purpose.

The hall master had a long discussion with Xiang Shaoyun involving the relationship of their two organization. Both sides needed to ensure their needs were fulfilled.

The Ziling Sect needed someone to act as their representative at the Holy Hall. This person would be given free passage into the hall. Tian Ji was designated as this person. Tian Ji was clever and

knew how to handle interpersonal relationships well. Thus, he was more than enough to take on this role.

On the Holy Hall's side, someone was also appointed to be Tian Ji's colleague. The two would be able to work together to fulfill both organizations' needs.

When Xiang Shaoyun was finished, he spent some time with Tuoba Wan'er and his son before returning to the sect.

As for Tuoba Wan'er and the baby, they remained in the Holy Hall. In any case, Xiang Shaoyun could easily return to the hall now. He only needed to spend some spirit crystals for each trip.

Xiang Shaoyun then prepared to build more teleportation formations, aiming to connect the sect with the angels. If they could also form a connection with the angels, they would no longer need to fear any invasions.

But before Xiang Shaoyun finished constructing the formation, some people from the Dragon Phoenix Academy came. The visitors were none other than Tang Longfei and Lady Shura, who had been separated from Xiang Shaoyun for a long time.

Apart from them, a number of people from the Overlord Legion and the Bloodsin City Hall also visited. When Xiang Shaoyun met them, they brought him a piece of news that placed him in a difficult position.

Chapter 1200: Devil Hunting

Tang Longfei, Lady Shura, and the Overlord Legion members had grown by leaps and bounds in the last several years. When Xiang Shaoyun had first left the Dragon Phoenix Academy, Tang Longfei was still a fifth-stage Dragon Ascension Realm cultivator but was now at the eighth stage. On average, he had advanced a stage per year, which was an incredible speed.

He might not be the most remarkable among the many genius disciples, but he was firmly settled in the upper-middle position in terms of strength. He looked much more heroic than before and had the aura of a leader. This was how the Overlord Legion's deputy commander should look like.

Lady Shura had grown even faster. She was initially a bit weaker than Tang Longfei, but she had caught up and was now at peak seventh-stage Dragon Ascension Realm, a step away from the eighth stage.

According to Tang Longfei, his cultivation might be higher, but the two were evenly matched in combat. From that, it was obvious how solid Lady Shura's foundations were. As she grew in strength, her figure had become much more voluptuous than before. Even with a mask on, she could still evoke the most primal instincts in any man.

Apart from the two, familiar faces like Shang Jifeng, Ma Qihao, Pan Yun and Shou Xie had also come. With his incredible talent, Shang Jifeng had also reached eighth-stage Dragon Ascension Realm. His entire person looked incredibly graceful and ethereal, like someone born from the wind.

Ma Qihao was a fierce general who had caught Xiang Shaoyun's eyes in the past. He had also grown considerably, reaching the seventh-stage Dragon Ascension Realm. As for Pan Yun, he had surprised Xiang Shaoyun. This kid had actually become a ninth-stage Dragon Ascension Realm cultivator and was now the strongest of the bunch. A harmless and amiable smile constantly hung on Pan Yun's face.

As for Shou Xie, his cultivation level was the lowest. He was only a peak fourth-stage Dragon Ascension Realm cultivator, and his growth had been much slower than them. He had initially qualified to enter the Dragon Phoenix Academy through his talent as a beast tamer. However, his cultivation talent was, in fact, one of the worst among the many disciples. Of course, he could still protect himself well with the peak Demon Emperors guarding him at all times.

Everyone else had also grown considerably. Even the weakest among them was a fifth-stage Dragon Ascension Realm cultivator. From this group of people, one could witness the wonder of the top geniuses of the new generation.

All of them were younger than 40. Their cultivation levels were absolutely amazing for their age. Xiang Shaoyun was overjoyed to see the Overlord Legion. However, he was confused to see the people from the Bloodsin City Hall.

He personally invited them all into the grand hall. Inside, Tang Longfei said impatiently, "Overlord, you left alone and became a king here. What a carefree life you're living."

Tang Longfei wasn't being sarcastic; there was envy in his voice.

Xiang Shaoyun smiled and said, "If you want to do the same, you can, Big Brother Tang. Our Ziling Sect will always welcome you. I'm only afraid that Uncle Tang will not agree to it."

"Speaking of my father, let me first apologize to you on my father's behalf," said Tang Longfei with a bow.

Xiang Shaoyun hurriedly dashed off the main seat and held Tang Longfei up as he said, "Big Brother Tang, what do you mean by this? I can't accept this apology."

"I heard everything from my old man. When you were retaking the Ziling Sect, the city hall had sent some helpers over. However, they had deserted the sect during the battle, and they have all been punished. However, my old man is still ashamed of it, and he feels extremely guilty," said Tang Longfei seriously.

Xiang Shaoyun patted Tang Longfei's shoulder and said, "I will feel ashamed if that's how Uncle Tang feels. Back then, if it wasn't for his people, how could I have taken back the sect? They might have subsequently deserted, but their actions are understandable. Di Batian was too powerful. I almost died myself! If I had known this is how Uncle Tang feels, I would have visited him long ago to offer my apologies. I have been too busy, so I haven't had the chance to visit Bloodsin City."

"Whatever, I don't really care. My old man was the one who failed to provide enough help. We're here for something else. I wonder if you're willing to leave retirement, Overlord?" asked Tang Longfei.

"Tell me more. Why did you all travel this far?" asked Xiang Shaoyun.

"There are signs that an army is going to charge out of the Devil Domain. All four academies have sent their elites to the Devil Domain. On the one hand, it is to train their disciples, but on the other hand, they want to snatch a certain treasure that had appeared on the third level of the Devil Domain—the devilsand," said Tang Longfei.

"Is this the same devilsand used to forge a devilish body?" asked Xiang Shaoyun, his interest piqued.

"Exactly. I hear that one can undergo a devilish transformation to forge a powerful body by refining the devilsand. It is effective even for Sovereigns, so this devilsand is very valuable," said Tang Longfei with a nod.

Xiang Shaoyun gave it some thought and asked, "That's interesting. But you guys can fight for it. Why do you want me? Are you requesting my protection?"

The devilsand wasn't as attractive to Xiang Shaoyun since he already had a pseudo-saint body. The devilsand might not have much of an effect on him.

At this time, Ma Qihao interrupted, "Overlord, we are inviting you not because we want your protection but because we want you to become one of the top-100 devil hunters in this Devil Hunting Expedition."

"Devil Hunting Expedition? What's that?" asked Xiang Shaoyun in astonishment.

Tang Longfei said, "The Devil Hunting Expedition is an expedition organized by the city hall as requested by the higher-ups. This expedition is jointly organized by the city hall and the four academies. The expedition will last for three years, and all participants will be ranked based on the number of devils they killed. To demonstrate the might of our race, numerous tier-8 organizations have offered generous rewards for the top-100 devil hunters. Among the rewards, there might even be treasures that can help one become a Saint.

"Only those below the Saint Realm can participate in the expedition. Everyone can join regardless of whether one is a member of the four academies. As long as you're a human, you are free to join. The competition will be stiff. You wouldn't want to miss out on something this major, right?"

Instead of replying immediately, Xiang Shaoyun sank into thought. He wasn't too interested in this Devil Hunting Expedition. He had killed so many devils in his past life that he was one of the top-10 names on the stele.

In this lifetime, he had devil blood flowing in his veins. He never cared much for it, but he didn't know if he would attract the Imperial Nether Clan's attention if he entered the Devil Domain again.

Tang Longfei's following words, however, changed his mind and steeled his resolve to join the expedition.