

Conqueror 2421

Chapter 2421: Mirage Pavilion

However, it was disappointing that the saint attributes of his opponents were too low! Even if he devoured a million of them, he wouldn't be able to increase the ranking of his saint godheads by more than a rank or two!

As of now, Huang Xiaolong's saint godheads were nowhere near the top thirty!

Of course, his combat strength was no longer the same as before. Compared to his past self, he was several times stronger! Especially after he devoured so many experts' saint attributes.

Huang Xiaolong retrieved the Winged Dragon Flying Ship and stared into the distance.

Over the horizon, the sea of clouds surged and the mountain ranges were faintly visible.

The sea of clouds was actually purple in color!

Out of everywhere he had been, the Purple Clouds Sea was the only place in the world that lived up to its name.

A tower that was comparable in size to a massive city, stood tall in the sea of clouds, and it occupied nearly half the area on an enormous mountain range!

"Mirage Pavilion!"

Huang Xiaolong's, Chen Zhi's, and others' gazes landed on the tower.

The pavilion was the most famous structure in the Holy World, and it was the only place that linked the region inside the Purple Cloud Sea to the outside world.

There were a total of eighteen levels in the pavilion, and each level had a height of tens of thousands of feet! The pavilion pierced high into the clouds at the peak.

After a short moment of consideration, Huang Xiaolong hid Yu Jingjian and the others in the Darkness Holy Ring. With Chen Zhi, the Departing Sword Sage, and Yu Ming, Huang Xiaolong changed his appearance and rode his profound beasts onto a bridge that linked them to the Mirage Pavilion.

The bridge was extremely wide, and it was suspended thousands of miles in the sky.

As they rode the profound beasts across the bridge, Huang Xiaolong had a feeling that they were walking across the sky.

As they looked down from the bridge, they could see that spiritual flowers and divine trees were in full bloom. A breathtaking scene was painted by a waterfall whose end couldn't be seen, and the atmosphere around them was something unimaginably beautiful.

Of course, the peaceful exterior only concealed a brutal interior. The Purple Clouds Sea was a horrifying place where all sorts of dangers lay.

Huang Xiaolong and the trio took their time to ride across the bridge on their profound beasts as they tried their best to admire the beautiful scenery around them.

"To be honest, it is not a bad idea to cultivate at the Purple Clouds Sea Region," Chen Zhi chuckled.

Yu Ming smiled, "It might not be a bad idea, but I'm afraid not many people can afford to stay in the Purple Clouds Sea for a long time."

"That is true. Idlers like me can't afford to stay in the Mirage Pavilion." The Departing Sword Sage self-ridiculed.

Indeed, lone True Saints who were not part of any factions would find it hard to stay in the Mirage Pavilion.

There were no powers governing the Profound River, but the Mirage Pavilion was an entirely different structure. It was constructed with the help of one hundred high-level True Saints from the Holy Heavens, the Clear Snow Palace, the Holy Lands Alliance, and the Devil Palace.

It was also the only place in the Holy World created by the alliance of all four superpowers.

In order to enter the pavilion, one had to pay up a high-grade holy spiritual jade stone. They would be able to stay in the pavilion for a single month with one piece of high-grade holy spiritual jade stone.

Even the experts from the four superpowers had to abide by the rules. It mattered not if they were mid-level or high-level True Saints. As long as they were not at the Primal Ancestor Realm, they wouldn't be able to enter the Mirage Pavilion as they pleased.

Who in the right mind would give up a high-grade holy spiritual jade stone for one month's stay?!

Moreover, that was merely the fee for them to remain in the pavilion. The amenities in the pavilion weren't free. Living in an inn in the city would cost yet another bomb. Living in the Holy Heavens City was like living in a budget hotel compared to the Mirage Pavilion!

After handing over the high-level holy spiritual jade stones, Huang Xiaolong's party entered the Mirage Pavilion.

Even though the entrance fee was expensive, the Mirage Pavilion was not as empty as they had expected it to be. Even if it wasn't as bustling as the Holy Heavens City, it was still overflowing with activity.

Of course, those who could hand over the entrance fee would be somebody from the Holy World. They would either be the holy princes of some top-rate holy gate, or they might be the young princes of some ancient races or super clans.

As the four supreme powers of the Holy World were in charge of the Mirage Pavilion, no one would dare to cause trouble there. As far as they were concerned, the atmosphere in the Mirage Pavilion was completely different from that of the Profound City.

After looking for an inn and requesting for a quiet courtyard, Huang Xiaolong paid the fee before heading over to a shop to purchase a map of the Purple Clouds Sea.

The Purple Clouds Sea was extremely large, and there were tons of forbidden regions located within. It would be much more convenient for them to navigate through the region with the map in hand.

Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of a rather big shop named Gourd.

“Gourd?” Huang Xiaolong read out loud as he found the shop to be fairly interesting. It was quite strange for a shop to name itself Gourd.

Huang Xiaolong walked in with Chen Zhi and the rest.

“Young Master, what are you looking for?” A boss-like figure smiled and walked over to entertain Huang Xiaolong.

After stating his desire to obtain a map of the Purple Clouds Sea, Huang Xiaolong waited for the shopkeeper’s response.

The boss stated the different maps available, and they varied from the simple maps, to the extremely detailed ones.

Huang Xiaolong was startled. “I didn’t know there were so many variations to the Purple Clouds Sea map.”

The boss laughed at his reaction. “Indeed, you’ll only need a single grade-one holy spiritual jade stone. If you wish to obtain a detailed map, it will cost you one grade-seven holy spiritual jade stones. As for the extremely detailed map... It will cost ten grade-seven holy spiritual jade stones!

“Ten grade-seven holy spiritual jade stones?!” The Departing Sword Sage’s eyes widened as he lamented, “Are you trying to rip us off?! How can a map cost ten pieces of grade-seven holy spiritual jade stone?! Do you think we’re stupid tourists?!” His face turned black.

The boss remained composed as he explained patiently, "You guys should be new here. The maps produced here are completely different from those elsewhere. My maps are extremely detailed, and it shows the location of precious herbs. It also contains methods to escape the various forbidden regions in the Purple Clouds Sea!"

Chen Zhi and the others stared at each other quietly.

"If what you say is real, these ten grade-seven holy spiritual jade stones are well spent," Huang Xiaolong joked before taking out the jade stones.

After retrieving the extremely detailed map from the inner hall, he grinned, "It takes some time for us to create this map. You're in luck. This is the last piece in stock right now!" He then demonstrated the functions of the map to Huang Xiaolong.

Although the functions weren't as exaggerated as they were introduced to be, Huang Xiaolong was satisfied with the map.

After paying up, Huang Xiaolong kept the map.

However, a group of people strolled into the shop before he could leave. The head of the group was a young man with an unusual presence, and he instantly spoke to the boss, "I wish to acquire an extremely detailed map of the Purple Clouds Sea."

An awkward expression appeared on the boss' face, and he quickly explained himself, "Young Master, that young master over there bought the last piece we had."

As the young man's gaze fell onto Huang Xiaolong, his gaze lingered on the Darkness Holy Ring.

It was obvious the ring was no ordinary artifact.

The young man's gaze landed on Huang Xiaolong's face, and he chuckled, "I am Zhan Bo from the Black Inferno Race. What about you brother? Is it possible to concede the piece of extremely detailed map to me? I am willing to buy from you at a high price."

Chen Zhi, the Departing Sword Sage, and Yu Ming were shocked. The Black Inferno Race was one of the ancient races with the lowest number of disciples! Ten billion years ago, they had almost gone extinct! Since then, they had disappeared from the world, and it was surprising for them to meet someone from the Black Inferno Race on the streets!

Generally speaking, ancient races like the Black Inferno Race wouldn't dispatch their disciples to the outside world without proper reasons.

Huang Xiaolong was taken aback and shook his head, "I don't lack holy spiritual jade stones...."

An elder who was standing behind Zhan Bo frowned, and he stepped forward. However, he was stopped by Zhan Bo. He turned to Huang Xiaolong and continued to negotiate, "Hmm, which part of the Purple Clouds Sea are you headed to? We're planning to head to the Devil Fetus Mountain Range. If you're going the same way, we can travel together! It makes things convenient for the both of us.... Moreover, we won't borrow your map for nothing. Making another friend is always better than making another enemy, right?"

Zhan Bo took out ten grade-seven holy spiritual jadestones and offered them to Huang Xiaolong, "This is the fee for borrowing your map."

Huang Xiaolong looked at jade stones in his hands and pretended to think for a long while. After an appropriate pause, he replied, "That's fine by me, I'm heading towards the vicinity of the Devil Fetus Mountain Range anyway. We can travel together."

"Young Master!" Chen Zhi and the others yelled in unison.

They looked at each other as they knew that Zhan Bo was plotting against them. The Purple Clouds Sea was boundless, and it was very unlikely he would be heading in the same direction.

Huang Xiaolong raised his hand and stopped the three of them from going any further. He kept the holy spiritual jade stones Zhan Bo gave him, and he laughed to himself. After experiencing life, Huang Xiaolong knew that Zhan Bo was definitely plotting against him. However, he wanted to see for himself what Zhan Bo had managed to come up with. After all, the other party definitely had other intentions for following him. There was no way ten grade-seven holy spiritual jade stones could cause someone like Zhan Bo to target him.

Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly.

If he's planning to target me, then he's looking for the wrong person.

"Nice! Brother, you're a straightforward guy! We're definitely going to be great friends!" Zhan Bo beamed warmly when he heard Huang Xiaolong's agreement.

Before Huang Xiaolong left, they made a pact to leave in ten days.

The elder behind Zhan Bo grumbled, "Young Master, it's just a map. Even without it, we will definitely be able to arrive at the Devil Fetus Mountain Range safely. Now that we have revealed ourselves, the brat might be able to ruin our plans!"

Zhan Bo chortled instead, "Elder Song Chen, what do you think of the ring on that kiddo's finger?"

Song Chen froze for a second before he continued, "Young Master is wise! I'm nothing compared to you!"

Zhan Bo grinned, "With his cultivation at the Second Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, he has three subordinates with him. Are they in the True Saint Realm?"

Song Chen replied, "Young Master is right. All three of them are in the True Saint Realm, and two of them are in the early-First Heaven True Saint Realm. The other is the mid-First Heaven True Saint."

Zhan Bo nodded and commanded, "We can deal with that. When the time comes, all of you shall act according to my commands and suppress the three of them! I'll attack the brat personally and seize his ring!"

Even though Huang Xiaolong had three True Saints with him, Zhan Bo's side was no weaker. In fact, there were two mid-First Heaven True Saints and one late-First Heaven True Saint on his side. He could totally suppress Huang Xiaolong's party of four.

"Yes, Young Master!"

...

After leaving the shop, Huang Xiaolong returned to the courtyard he rented.

As soon as they got back to their courtyard, the Departing Sword Sage blurted, "Young Master, that Zhan Bo is definitely up to no good."

Huang Xiaolong answered calmly, "I know."

"And Young Master still agreed to travel with him? His subordinates aren't weak though. I can't see through three of them, and all I know is that they are stronger than me!" Chen Zhi felt distressed.

Huang Xiaolong broke into laughter, "Don't worry, I'm well aware of their cultivation realms. There are two mid-First Heaven True Saints and a late-First Heaven True Saint. There's nothing to worry about. They're not the hunters and we're not the prey."

"Late-First Heaven True Saint Realm? Young Master, we'll be in trouble if there's someone as strong as that!" Yu Ming frowned. The Departing Sword Sage nodded furiously in response, "Even if the three of us work together, we'll only be able to hold them back for a moment!"

Huang Xiaolong chuckled to himself. If he were to fight with a late-First Heaven True Saint before entering the Second Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, he could have won after a lengthy battle. However, with his current strength, a late-First Heaven True Saint was nothing more than a fly.

In the ten days leading up to his departure, Huang Xiaolong refined level-ten origin spiritual pills in his courtyard when he cultivated at night. In the day, he would bring Chen Zhi and the others out to purchase origin spiritual herbs.

The marketplace in the Mirage Pavilion was called the Mirage Sea, and it was one of the largest markets in the Holy World. High-grade origin spiritual herbs would appear from time to time, and even though they weren't holy herbs, the quality of the herbs couldn't be said to be inferior at all! As such, they were in extremely high demand.

The prices of such origin spiritual herbs were nothing to scoff at.

Ten days later, Huang Xiaolong and Zhan Bo met at a location they had agreed upon and Zhan Bo's face lit up with a brilliant smile as though he had seen his long lost friend. He even addressed Huang Xiaolong affectionately as though they had an unbreakable bond of brotherhood with each other.

In the past few days, he had ordered his subordinates to keep tabs on Huang Xiaolong, and from what he had learned, Huang Xiaolong had spent nearly six thousand high-grade holy spiritual jade stones and close to two billion holy bills.

He was greatly surprised and delighted to discover that Huang Xiaolong was such a high-key individual.

Both of them chatted joyously when they saw each other again. It didn't take long for the group to leave for the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

By travelling as a group, it would take approximately one month to reach their destination.

Along the way, Zhan Bo was in no hurry to make a move. He made light conversations with Huang Xiaolong as he tried to fish for information on his identity.

Of course, Huang Xiaolong played the man like a fiddle as he came up with random nonsense to throw Zhan Bo off.

As they went deeper into the Purple Clouds Sea, they met several Purple Cloud Beasts. Luckily, the beasts were in the Venerable Realm and only a small number of them were half-True Saints.

Huang Xiaolong personally disposed of those in the Third Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, and he let Chen Zhi and the others deal with anything stronger. After all, he had to put on a convincing show.

As Zhan Bo observed Huang Xiaolong from the dark, he heaved a sigh of relief when he noticed Huang Xiaolong's 'true strength'.

Half a month later...

"Brother Huang, according to the blueprint, there is a natural Fiery Sun Spiritual Mountain ahead. We might even find a Fiery Sun Holy Herb! Shall we go take a look?" Zhan Bo pointed to one of the mountain ranges ahead and continued, "We can also rest there for the night and continue our journey tomorrow."

"Sure!" Huang Xiaolong nodded in agreement.

It didn't take long for them to head over.

Behind his back, Zhan Bo casually gestured to his subordinates and they knew that it was time for them to make a move.

Chapter 2423: Well, Sorry Then

How could the small gestures that Zhan Bo, and his men exchanged escape Huang Xiaolong's senses?!

A faint smile formed on Huang Xiaolong's face and the corner of his lips curled upwards.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong, and the others noticed a fiery ray of light piercing through the thick layers of the purple clouds covering the skies.

It seemed as though the fiery sun spiritual qi originating from the Fiery Sun Spiritual Mountain was something special indeed.

From what he knew, the fiery sun spiritual qi was one of the highest level of natural spirit qi in the Holy World. Venerables would benefit greatly if they could refine the energy contained within it, but that was only if they were ordinary Venerables. For someone at Huang Xiaolong's level, the fiery sun spiritual qi was a little too weak to be of any use.

The closer they got, the brighter Zhan Bo's smile became.

"The Fiery Sun Ginseng is well-hidden and extremely hard to find. However, the map states that around ten million years ago, a grand elder in the Beast Tamer Holy Gate located it. Maybe Brother Huang possesses better luck than that! You might even be able to find both the Fiery Sun Ginseng and the Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid!" Zhan Bo chuckled leisurely.

"Many thanks to Brother Zhan Bo for your blessings! I might actually be able to find both of them! Hahaha!" Huang Xiaolong grinned.

"If Brother Huang really finds the Fiery Sun Ginseng, you'll have to share several roots with me!" Zhan Bo burst out laughing as he sneered inwardly. Fantasizing about finding the Fiery Sun Ginseng and Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid when you are going to die soon?

What a daydreaming idiot?!

"Of course! If I manage to find it, I'll share three roots with Brother Zhan Bo! Nothing more!" Huang Xiaolong ignored his ridicule and cackled like an 'id*ot'.

"Of course.... Three roots are more than enough!" Zhan Bo reciprocated.

Zhan Bo felt a trace of irritation rising in his heart when he saw the disgusting smile on Huang Xiaolong's face. He wanted nothing more than to kill the arrogant prick with a pinch of his finger.

Moments later, the outline of Fiery Sun Spiritual Mountain gradually appeared within their sights.

Wisps of flame floated around the Fiery Sun Spiritual Mountain, as a halo of fire seemed to suspend itself in the air above the mountain. The sight was breathtaking to say the least.

In the spiritual mountain, Purple Cloud Beasts of the fire attribute soared among the clouds and fire-attributed divine trees could be seen lining the mountain peak.

“What a majestic view!” Zhan Bo exclaimed in amazement.

It was the perfect place to kill someone.

Huang Xiaolong laughed, “A majestic view indeed.”

The both of them smiled in unison.

The two groups of people flew towards the mountain peak as different thoughts formed in their hearts.

From far, waves of fiery flame qi enveloped them. Even though it was scorching hot, everyone present was an expert, and they didn’t fear the fiery flame qi in the slightest.

It didn’t take long before they landed on one of the mountain peaks.

The moment they landed, another group flew towards them from the other side of the Fiery Sun Spiritual Mountain. Zhan Bo and his men were clad in pure black robes while the newcomers were clad in pure red. Like the mountain itself, they emitted a fiery qi with a whiff of imperial qi.

Zhan Bo, who was planning to make his move on Huang Xiaolong, noticed the group of people approaching, and his expression changed.

“Young Master, it’s the men from the Yang Dragon Race!” Song Cheng narrowed his eyes and mumbled. The experts from Black Inferno Race tensed up and crowded behind Zhan Bo.

Yang Dragon Race?

Huang Xiaolong's heart stirred.

The Yang Dragon Race was just like the Black Inferno Race. They were also one of the most ancient influential clans in the Holy World, and they did not normally come out. This time around, so many of them had actually exited seclusion and arrived in the Purple Clouds Sea Region? Could it be that their objective was the same as the Black Inferno Race to head towards the Devil Fetus Mountain Range?

It seemed as though the Black Inferno Race didn't get along well with the Yang Dragon Race.

It didn't take long for the members of the Black Inferno Race to notice Zhan Bo and the others. "What a surprise! I was feeling a little weirded out recently. Who would have thought that Black Loach Zhan Bo would show his stupid face in front of me?"

Zhan Bo's face sank when he heard how the other party addressed him. "Look who it is... It's a god damned fire snake."

Both parties hurled nasty insults at each other constantly.

The young man from Yang Dragon Race felt the rage building up in him as wisps of flame covered his entire body.

"Young Master, we should deal with our main objective here...", A Yang Dragon Race expert reminded. "Black Loach, I'll show you who's the boss when we return to the Mirage Pavilion!" Ao Zhao glared coldly at Zhan Bo before leaving.

As Zhan Bo watched the Yang Dragon Race's experts leave, he snorted, but did not stop them anyway.

"Young Master, I'm afraid Ao Zhao, and his men are heading for the Devil Fetus Mountain Range," Song Cheng warned after all the Yang Dragon Race's experts were gone.

Zhan Bo nodded as his face turned pale. If they were really headed to the Devil Fetus Mountain Range, chances were that they were looking for the same thing.

If that was the case, then he couldn't afford to waste anymore time.

The killing intent in his heart solidified after he thought about it.

Huang Xiaolong seemed to ignore the killing intent coming from Zhan Bo, and he spoke casually, "Brother Zhan Bo, is the Yang Dragon Race a foe of yours? Why don't I lend you a helping hand?" He randomly asked.

Zhan Bo did not answer, but glanced towards the Darkness Holy Ring on Huang Xiaolong's finger. "Brother Huang, is your ring a saint artifact?" He probed with a faint smile.

"Brother Zhan Bo has good eyesight. My ring is indeed a saint artifact." Huang Xiaolong feigned his reactions. As it turned out, Zhan Bo was finally unable to hold back his desire.

"Brother Huang, do you mind lending me your ring? The trip to Devil Fetus Mountain Range would be very dangerous. I assure you that I'll return you the ring once I'm done with it." Zhan Bo tried his luck.

"That won't do." Huang Xiaolong shook his head.

"Brother Huang, are you really not going to give me the ring?!" Zhan Bo laughed sinisterly. Pausing for a while, he continued, "Well, sorry then!"

"Do it!"

Zhan Bo yelled and slammed his palm abruptly towards Huang Xiaolong. His Concealed Heavens Giant palm instantaneously binded Huang Xiaolong as the True Saint experts on his side rushed towards Chen Zhi and the others.

Since Song Cheng and his companions were much stronger, they managed to hold Chen Zhi and the others down, leaving them no opportunity to save Huang Xiaolong.

“Brother Huang, this burial ground I chose for you seems pretty good, right?” Zhan Bo laughed at Huang Xiaolong as his giant palm descended.

“It’s pretty good indeed! This is a decent place to be buried!” Huang Xiaolong was slightly amused.

Zhan Bo stared blankly at Huang Xiaolong’s expression. All of a sudden, a golden silhouette emerged from the other party, and the holy might it emitted managed to suppress him.

“What’s this?!” Zhan Bo stared at the golden figure that appeared, and he instinctively retreated. It was too bad for him that he was as weak as an ant compared to Huang Xiaolong. Another palm formed in the skies as it sent Zhan Bo crashing down into the ground.

Loud rumbles erupted from the Fiery Sun Spiritual Mountain.

Song Cheng and the two others, who were holding Huang Xiaolong’s ‘helpers’ back, couldn’t help but spin around when they noticed the pressure Huang Xiaolong emitted.

“Young Master!” The three of them shrieked as they tried to interfere but it was too late.

“F*ck!”

They yelled angrily when they finally realized what had gone down.

“Brat, you’re courting death!” They turned around at the same time to attack Huang Xiaolong.

In their hurry, they didn’t even realize that Huang Xiaolong had a holy soul at the half-True Saint Realm!

Chapter 2424: Dark Sacred Sword Formation

Song Cheng, and the two others shot towards Huang Xiaolong in a fit of rage but Huang Xiaolong had no intention of retreating. Snorting, he released two holy souls as the Dark Sacred Sword Formation emerged from the Darkness Holy Ring. The lightning bead above his head transformed into a giant lightning pool as bolts of lightning swirled above his head restlessly.

Boom!

Huang Xiaolong's continuous attack swarmed towards Song Cheng, and the others as the heavens and earth rumbled under the horrifying might.

Groaning in pain, the three True Saints were sent flying instantly. Faring the best out of the three, Song Cheng was sent tumbling off into the distance as the other two were slammed into the foot of the mountain.

Song Cheng scanned his armor that was slashed by the sword qi to bits and pieces, and wiped the blood from his mouth. "This... This... high-level holy artifact?!" He stared at Huang Xiaolong in dismay.

High-level holy artifact?!

Not to mention the fact that the other party had two great holy souls!

He couldn't believe his eyes as he stared at the two golden figures above Huang Xiaolong's head.

Ignoring the question and screams of his opponents, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand casually. The sword qi from the formation in the Darkness Holy Ring exploded once again and dozens of waves slashed at Song Cheng. At the same time, Zhan Bo was dragged back towards him with a flick of his wrist. He had allowed Zhan Bo to live not because he was merciful. Instead, he didn't wish to waste the other party's saint attributes.

"You, what do you want?!" Zhan Bo uttered with his last breath, as his eyes widened with fear, perplexion, and regret.

“Nothing much, I just feel like killing you,” Huang Xiaolong mouthed apathetically. Ignoring the cries of the other party, Huang Xiaolong searched his soul. He discovered that all of them were extremely interested in heading over to the Devil Fetus Mountain Range and his interest was piqued.

It didn’t take long for him to complete the soul search.

Chen Zhi and the others were busy attacking the two mid-First Heaven True Saints as Huang Xiaolong held Song Cheng back with the Darkness Holy Ring and Lightning Bead.

As for the other experts of the Black Inferno Race, Huang Xiaolong simply released several profound beasts to deal with them.

After searching through Zhan Bo’s memory, Huang Xiaolong immediately started to devour the other party’s saint attributes.

“Young Master!” Song Cheng wailed as he could only watch Zhan Bo getting weaker and weaker as Huang Xiaolong devoured him.

“Our Young Master is the son of the Black Inferno Patriarch! Stop right now!” Song Cheng bellowed.

Huang Xiaolong was shocked to realize that Zhan Bo wasn’t just a random high-ranking member of the Black Inferno Race. As it turned out, the man was the young patriarch of the entire race!

His status could be compared to the leader of the holy princes in the various holy gates. In fact, his status could be compared to Yu Fujiang in the Beast Tamer Holy Gate! If nothing unexpected had happened, Zhan Bo would have become the patriarch of the Black Inferno Race in the future!

Of course, other than slight surprise, Huang Xiaolong wasn’t moved. He continued to devour the other party.

So what if Zhan Bo was the young patriarch of the Black Inferno Race? Yu Fujiang had already turned into dust after their confrontation in the past.

The Black Inferno Race might have been pretty influential as a hidden race, but they had been hiding from the eyes of the world for too long. Their influence and status in the Holy World was far too lacking when compared to the Beast Tamer Holy Gate.

In just a few minutes, Zhan Bo turned into a withered corpse.

“Young patriarch!” Song Cheng howled as rays of black light emerged from his body to form a world of darkness. The other two True Saints didn’t hold back as they turned berserk.

When the other experts of the Black Inferno Race realized that their young patriarch was killed by their opponents, no one held anything back. Casting their most powerful spells, some of them unleashed everything they could even at the expense of their foundation.

Even so, Huang Xiaolong did not pay much attention to them as the profound beasts were no weaklings. He was confident that the profound beasts would suppress these people soon.

As he turned his gaze to Song Cheng, Huang Xiaolong thought to himself that when he got rid of him, no one else in their party would be able to stand against them.

Almost instantaneously, Huang Xiaolong released the Dark Sacred Sword Formation from within the Darkness Holy Ring and an infinite amount of swords charged towards Song Cheng like a pouring storm.

Previously, Huang Xiaolong had only used the defensive capabilities of the Darkness Holy Ring. He hadn’t expected the Dark Sacred Sword Formation to be so terrifyingly strong! If he didn’t release his third holy soul, he would be hard pressed to match the abilities of the formation even if he used the Thousand Armed Holy Devil.

Buzz!

Millions of sword qi hummed incessantly, and the sky trembled under his might.

With the help of Huang Xiaolong’s holy souls, brilliant rays of light emerged from the formation and shot up into the nine heavens.

Despite being at the late-First Heaven True Saint Realm, Song Chen was turned into a bloody mess by the Dark Sacred Sword Formation.

As his holy soul tried to struggle free, Song Cheng roared with fury. Alas, Huang Xiaolong's soul strength was endless and the sword qi was like a vast sea that trapped him in a whirlpool of pain.

"Brat, I'm going to kill you!" Song Cheng shrieked hatefully.

The only thing that replied to him were the rays of sword qi stabbing into his body and soul.

As the scars on his body increased, waves of energy shot directly into his body and churned about, causing him to grow weaker and weaker.

Song Cheng had to save part of his strength to suppress the sword qi in his body, and he also had to deal with the incessant attacks from the sword formation.

"Serve me! If not, I'll destroy your body, imprison your holy soul, and torture it till the end of time!" Huang Xiaolong ordered.

"You killed my young patriarch. Hence, you're dreaming if you think that I will submit! I hate that I won't be able to shred you piece from piece before ripping your soul apart!" Song Cheng glared at Huang Xiaolong and sneered.

Without a word, Huang Xiaolong increased the intensity of the formation. The millions of rays of sword qi started to gather to form giant swords.

As they slowly started to fuse, ten thousand strands of massive sword qi hovered in the air above the mountain range.

Ripping apart the space, the fiery rays of qi from the Fiery Sun Spiritual Mountain dimmed as the energy in the air was claimed by the massive swords. In a flash, they appeared before Song Cheng's face.

“Darkness, assemble! Break!” Song Cheng could sense the incoming threat. He forced himself to the limit as the dark light around his body turned into massive figures as they tried to defend against the onslaught. It was too bad he was too weak compared to the other party as the sword qi tore through the figures effortlessly.

A second later, ten thousand strands of sword qi pierced through Song Cheng’s body.

Song Cheng froze in disbelief when he looked down at his body. Holes started to appear on his body as blood streamed out from them.

Unable to withstand the destruction, Song Cheng’s body exploded.

Before his holy soul could escape, Huang Xiaolong captured him and threw him into the space contained in the lightning bead.

“Elder Song Cheng!” The other True Saints from the Black Inferno Race were shocked to see that Song Cheng was defeated by their enemy and imprisoned.

As the thought of running away appeared in their minds, Huang Xiaolong directed the sword qi towards them, sealing their fates.

Chapter 2425: Fiery Sun Ginseng

Hiss!

Millions of sword qi cut through the air and arrived before the two of them in the blink of an eye.

Terror gripped their hearts, and they desperately tried to resist Huang Xiaolong’s attack. However, they couldn’t beat Song Cheng even if they joined hands, and they were naturally incapable to defend against the person who had overpowered Song Cheng with the sword formation. The seed of hope didn’t even form in their heart as they realized that it was hopeless.

The moment he directed the power of the Dark Sacred Sword Formation at them, the sword qi shredded their defences and they were cut up mercilessly.

Since they were injured earlier when Huang Xiaolong had revealed his holy souls, the dark sacred sword qi entered their bodies, worsening their injuries.

Seeing as Huang Xiaolong was stepping in to assist them, Chen Zhi and the others quickly assisted from the side, and they attacked frenziedly.

“Both of you have already seen the fate of Song Chen.” Huang Xiaolong said indifferently, “I will only give you one chance to choose whether you would like to serve me, or to end up like Song Cheng. Remember, you only get one chance to choose.... You’ll be treated no differently from them if you choose to submit.”

Evidently, he was referring to Chen Zhi and the others.

The Departing Sword Sage spoke up all of a sudden, “To tell you the truth, our Young Master is Huang Xiaolong, and he is the direct disciple of the four Primal Ancestors of the Holy Heavens!”

“What? Huang... Huang Xiaolong?! He’s the legendary Huang Xiaolong?!” The two True Saints were greatly shocked.

Huang Xiaolong had comprehended twelve sacred steles when he had taken the entrance exam of the Holy Heavens, and he had managed to take all four Primal Ancestors as his masters. He was named the number one genius in the Holy World, and his talent was said to eclipse Mo Cangli. Right now, his name was resounding loud and clear in the various holy grounds.

“That’s right, you’re looking at the one and only, Huang Xiaolong!” Yu Ming continued, “Who else will be able to possess two great holy souls?! Who will be able to form their holy soul before entering the True Saint Realm? It’s only a matter of time before our Young Master becomes the number one person in the Holy World! You’ll be able to receive endless glory if you agree to follow him!”

The two True Saints were speechless as they turned to look at each other.

Huang Xiaolong didn't continue to bombard them with sword qi. However, the sword qi didn't disappear as it hovered above the two True Saints. As soon as they refused, he would no longer hesitate to cut their heads off.

Miserable screams rang through the skies while they were considering their fates.

The experts of the Black Inferno Race were done in by the profound beasts and their screams slowly subsided.

"Alright, we can serve you, but you have to release my disciples!" One of the True Saints finally gave in and pointed to his disciples among those captured.

After hesitating for a moment, the other True Saint agreed to submit after begging him to release his disciples.

"Alright!" Huang Xiaolong nodded his head and smiled, "As long as you are willing to surrender, I will release them."

"In fact, I will also spare the other disciples of the Black Inferno Race."

Seeing as the two True Saints had surrendered, most of the half-True Saint Realm disciples were also willing to do so. However, there were still some who wished to kill Huang Xiaolong.

Those who were adamant about taking revenge were either Song Cheng's disciples or those who were loyal to Zhan Bo.

Huang Xiaolong showed no mercy towards them as he devoured their saint attributes instantly.

After seeing how a ton of disciples from the Black Inferno Race were killed by Huang Xiaolong in the blink of an eye, the two True Saints felt their hearts trembling.

After he was done, Huang Xiaolong made them swear an oath on the grand dao before planting grandmist holy spiritual qi into the bodies of the two True Saints.

From that moment on, there were another two True Saints following behind Huang Xiaolong!

Including Chen Zhi and the other two, he had five True Saint Realm followers!

In the majority of the various holy lands, there would be only one or two True Saint Realm experts. The Zhuoyuan Holy Gate was a good example as Di Huai was the only other True Saint Realm expert holding the fort. If Huang Xiaolong were to add him into the fray, he would have six True Saints following him wherever he went!

Naturally, he was satisfied.

Now, with his own strength rising continuously and the number of True Saints around him growing, he would no longer need to rely on the Holy Heavens to gain a foothold in the Holy World!

If he refined the Four Seas Holy Grounds in the future, he would be able to borrow the strength of the various True Saints to refine it, increasing its strength by many folds!

If he had a hundred True Saints tempering the Four Seas Holy Grounds, he would be sure that its strength would reach a terrifying level

“One hundred experts...,” Huang Xiaolong mumbled.

Even though he only had a few True Saints as his subordinates now, he believed that it was only a matter of time before he would achieve his goal of having a hundred of them.

Soon after, he ordered for everyone present to clean up the mess.

“Young Master, shall we head to the Devil Fetus Mountain Range now?” Sun Xiang, one of the True Saints from the Black Inferno Race, asked.

“That’s right, Young Master. The reason Ao Zhao from the Yang Dragon Race left seclusion is because of the Devil Fetus Mountain Range!” Li Huajun, the other True Saint, added.

“There’s no rush.” Huang Xiaolong waved his hand and said, “Even if they discover the Devil Fetus, they won’t be able to obtain it easily.”

From Zhan Bo’s memories, Huang Xiaolong had learned that the reason so many people were mobilized was because of the birth of the Devil Fetus in the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

The only thing he didn’t know was how the patriarch of the Black Inferno Race had learned about its birth.

The moment he had received the news, he had sent his son, Zhan Bo, over to retrieve it!

This Devil Fetus was born from absorbing the holy spiritual qi in the Holy World, and even though it had gained its demonic nature from the Devil Fetus Mountain Range, it could be considered a great tonic as long as one managed to refine its demonic nature. The only down side of the treasure was that it was only useful to half True Saint Realm experts. It had little to no effect on True Saints.

The reason why Huang Xiaolong was not in a rush was because he had already noticed a chance in the space at the bottom of the Fiery Sun Spiritual Mountain when fighting Song Cheng earlier.

It could also be the Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid.

“You guys head there first and wait for me, I’ll catch up with you soon,” Huang Xiaolong said to Chen Zhi and the rest.

After nodding in acknowledgement, they slowly made their way to the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

Huang Xiaolong drilled into the ground and disappeared from everyone’s sight. He flew straight down and only stopped when he was tens of thousands of feet underground. He circulated his three saint godheads, and his body was covered in flames as he merged into the space before him.

As soon as he entered the space, he encountered flames in his surroundings that were extremely bright that managed to blind him for a second. He quickly locked his gaze onto a three to four metre high human-shaped giant ginseng that was suspended in the air and sucked in a cold breath. The human-shaped giant ginseng was surrounded by flames, and holy spiritual qi around it surged through the surroundings in waves. A strong medicinal fragrance assaulted his nostrils.

“Fiery Sun Ginseng!” Huang Xiaolong exclaimed.

As soon as Huang Xiaolong entered the space, the Fiery Sun Ginseng immediately sensed it, and its whole body shuddered. Even though it tried to escape, Huang Xiaolong would never let it! He activated the Darkness Holy Ring to form a defensive barrier around the space and he released his dragon attributed holy soul to capture the ginseng. It took less than a second for him to shove the Fiery Sun Ginseng into the Darkness Holy Ring!

Chapter 2426: Discovering the Devil Fetus

After placing the Fiery Sun Ginseng into his Darkness Holy Ring, Huang Xiaolong started searching for Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid in the surroundings.

Normally speaking, there had to be Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid near the location of a Fiery Sun Ginseng. Since the liquid was used to nurture the ginseng, the value it held was far more than the herb itself.

It was too bad Huang Xiaolong was destined to be disappointed. Even after searching for a long time, he failed to discover any traces of the liquid.

Other than fiery sun spiritual qi, there was nothing left in the entire space.

“Wait a minute... Fiery sun spiritual qi?!” Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong realized something.

Ordinarily, after taking away the Fiery Sun Ginseng, the fiery sun spiritual qi in the surrounding should have slowly dissipated. There was no sign of that happening even after he removed the herb from its original spot.

Could it be?!

Thinking up to this point, Huang Xiaolong's dragon attributed godhead emerged from his head, and it seemed as though a giant dragon was emerging from the depths of the ocean.

"Dragon's Destruction!"

That was one of the skills the Four Seas Holy Gate possessed.

His arm grew longer and longer, and it seemed as though it would reach the limit of the space he was in.

As his godhead started to tremble, the fiery sun spiritual qi gathered in his palm, and a pool of pulsing liquid soon formed on it.

The pool of liquid was precisely the Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid he was searching for!

After seeing the Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid, Huang Xiaolong was elated. Even though the amount wasn't large, it was more than what he had expected initially. Originally, Huang Xiaolong had felt that it would be a good harvest if he managed to locate a hundred drops. However, there were more than three hundred drops in the tiny pool of liquid!

If a root of the Fiery Sun Ginseng was compared to the Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid, a drop of liquid would be worth far more! As such, the amount Huang Xiaolong obtained could be considered a windfall!

Of course, he didn't plan to refine them immediately. In fact, he didn't even plan on using the holy herbs he found in the Purple Clouds Sea! After thinking about it, he decided to exchange them with his masters for Star Transferring Holy Pills.

I should at least be able to exchange thirty Star Transferring Holy Pills with the Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid here, right?

With the help of thirty Star Transferring Holy Pills, he would definitely be able to enter the Third Tribulation half-True Saint Realm.

After retrieving a jade bottle made with holy spiritual jadestone, he placed all the liquid into it before sealing it off with several layers of restrictions. When he was done, he threw it into the Dark Holy Ring.

When Huang Xiaolong finally re-emerged from the ground, he was greeted by everyone.

“Young Master!”

They were pretty anxious when they noticed that he had been gone for quite some time. Now that he was back, they couldn’t hold back their excitement, and they greeted him happily.

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

“Let’s head to the Devil Fetus Mountain Range,” Huang Xiaolong said.

The time he had taken when gathering the Fiery Sun Ginseng and Fiery Sun Spiritual Liquid wasn’t negligible. Now that he was done, heading over to obtain the Devil Fetus would be on top of his list of things to do. After all, if the members of the Yang Dragon Race grabbed it before he arrived, it would be a pity. The Devil Fetus was something he could really use to boost his cultivation.

“Yes, Young Master!” Chen Zhi and the others nodded respectfully.

In a flash, everyone turned and headed towards the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

Along the way, nothing much happened.

Even though they met quite a few purple cloud beasts, the cultivation of the creatures was only in the Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, and Chen Zhi and the others disposed of them easily.

The only ones that Huang Xiaolong spared were the purple cloud beasts at the peak of the late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm. He subdued all of them as they were no weaklings.

Even though only True Saint Realm experts were able to refine the holy grounds, he had too little True Saint Realm experts around him. Taking in all the peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm beasts wasn't a bad idea.

Half a month later...

"Young Master, the Devil Fetus Mountain Range is up ahead," Sun Xiang pointed to the mountain range in front of the party and explained.

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

According to the map, the Devil Fetus Mountain Range was just tens of millions of miles ahead of them.

Even though that was the case, the devil qi in the air was extremely dense.

"Everyone, be careful. Hold your breath, and swallow the Devil Avoidance Pill." Huang Xiaolong reminded everyone before swallowing the Devil Avoidance Pill that they had prepared earlier on.

"Go!"

Huang Xiaolong waved his hand as he rode a purple cloud beast. As he tore a path through the devil qi in the air, he entered the surroundings of the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

Of course, the mount that he was riding was no ordinary purple cloud beast. It was called the Golden Tailed Cloud Beast, and it had faint purple stripes on its body and a long golden tail.

The Golden Tailed Cloud Beast could be said to be the king of the purple cloud beasts in the purple cloud sea. With this beast as his mount, their journey would be much smoother than before.

Upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong had already entered, Chen Zhi and the rest quickly followed behind him.

As they entered the depths of the Devil Fetus Mountain Range, the devil qi in the air grew heavier and heavier. With the Golden Tailed Cloud Beast leading the way, they tore through the devil qi like a hot knife through butter. It didn't take long for them to arrive at the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

A heart stopping sight greeted them as a massive devil-like mountain pierced through the purple cloud sea and stood high above everyone else.

Huang Xiaolong fully unleashed his three great holy souls and probed around for a bit before flying to the Southeast of the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

As the Devil Fetus Mountain Range was extremely vast, it took them one day to circle around it.

As he traveled through the skies, Huang Xiaolong paid attention to all movements in the Devil Fetus Mountain Range. At the same time, his devil-attributed holy soul pierced deep into the mountain range as it looked for subtle changes deep in the structure.

Even though the Devil Fetus was nurtured underground and wasn't visible on the surface, Huang Xiaolong would still be able to sense it as long as it was within a certain range.

However, even after flying for an entire day, he failed to sense anything. Moreover, there was no trace of the Yang Dragon Race.

"Young Master, could they have already found the Devil Fetus?" Yu Ming asked.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "It's not easy if they wish to take it away. According to my calculation, the Devil Fetus should have formed not too long ago. Even if they located it, they would need two to three days before they could take it away."

The Devil Fetus was birthed in the Devil Fetus Mountain Range, and it was closely connected to it. If one wanted to obtain the Devil Fetus, they would need to remove the Devil Fetus from the mountain range, Even with several True Saints working together, it would take them several days.

As such, Huang Xiaolong continued his search along the mountain range.

All of a sudden, Huang Xiaolong's eyes snapped, and he turned to stare at the Devil Lake underneath him.

"Young Master, did you sense something?" Sun Xiang asked as he followed Huang Xiaolong's gaze. However, he was shocked as he failed to locate anyone with his secret cultivation method.

Huang Xiaolong revealed a smile, "The members of the Yang Dragon Race are beneath the lake's surface."

Everyone was surprised.

"Could the Devil Fetus be there as well?" The Departing Sword Sage asked.

"Yes!" Huang Xiaolong laughed.

Chapter 2427: Hand Over The Devil Fetus

After hearing that the Yang Dragon Race was trying to obtain the Devil Fetus, they were overjoyed! At least they weren't late to the party.

None of them doubted Huang Xiaolong's words.

Since he was sure of their presence, they were definitely under the lake.

"Young Master, shall we take action?" Li Huajun asked in excitement.

Huang Xiaolong waved his hand and smiled, "There's no need to rush."

They stared at Huang Xiaolong with an expression of surprise, as they didn't understand what he meant.

Chen Zhi quickly regained his composure and smiled, "Young Master, should we wait for them out here and rob them on their way out?"

"That's right." Huang Xiaolong nodded and revealed a crafty smile. "Rather than going down now and fighting them to the death, we should allow them to waste their strength obtaining the Devil Fetus. When they let their guards down after they succeed, we'll pop out and rob them clean!"

"Yes, Young Master!"

After ordering Chen Zhi, Yu Ming, and the others to set up a holy formation around the lake, Huang Xiaolong waited patiently for them to appear.

Of course, he had to prevent the members of the Yang Dragon Race from discovering his tricks, and he quickly activated his Darkness Holy Ring. A world of darkness was formed above the lake, blocking off the sense of those from the Yang Dragon Race.

Since they knew that Huang Xiaolong's goal was the Devil Fetus, Chen Zhi and the others didn't dare to be careless. They worked together and completed five holy formations that covered the entirety of the lake.

The five holy formations that were laid down acted as one giant formation, and all five formations had the ability to support each other. Even though they only used a single day to set up the formations, even a mid-Second Heavens True Saint would be unable to break free when five First Heavens True Saints were pinning them down.

After they were done, Huang Xiaolong summoned over a thousand profound beasts and a dozen purple cloud beasts to wait for the members of the Yang Dragon Race to show themselves.

The experts from the Black Inferno Race were shocked beyond belief when they saw the sheer number of profound beasts Huang Xiaolong summoned.

Even Sun Jiang and Li Huajun hadn't expected Huang Xiaolong to have so many profound beasts with him! Even though they were only half-True Saint Realm beasts, there were over a thousand of them! They could overwhelm a mid-First Heavens True Saint with their numbers!

Sitting on the Golden Cloud Tailed Beast, Huang Xiaolong waited patiently for the members of the Yang Dragon Race to appear.

With his three great holy souls to monitor the situation, Huang Xiaolong had to make sure no accidents occurred.

Two days later...

Within a space underneath the Devil Lake...

The smile on Ao Zhao's face grew wider and wider when he saw the weakening resistance from the Devil Fetus. With four True Saint Realm experts, the connection between the Devil Fetus and the mountain range became weaker and weaker.

After another half hour, the four True Saint Realm experts were finally able to separate the Devil Fetus' consciousness from the mountain range! When that happened, he would be able to obtain the sought-after Devil Fetus!

After returning to the Yang Dragon Race and refining the Devil Fetus along with the help of the mysterious pool, he would definitely become the number one genius in the younger generation! Geniuses like Huai Po, Lin Xiaoying, and the others only had one fate, and Ao Zhao would step on it!

At the time of the Saint Fate's appearance, there would be no one to challenge him!

While he was lost in his delusions, half an hour passed.

Hiss!

The sound of something breaking could be heard and the space around the Devil Fetus was split open. Shriill cries came from the sentient Devil Fetus as it tried to escape. Ao Zhou's laughter rang through the skies. "Trying to escape?! You're destined to be mine!" He threw out a pouch at the Devil Fetus and trapped it in an instant.

He had prepared the pouch the moment he had left the Yang Dragon Race, and it was called the Binding Dragon Pouch that had the ability to contain anything.

Holding the treasure pouch, Ao Zhao laughed out again.

"Congratulations Young Master!" Ao Sheng and the others stepped forward and congratulated him.

With a smile on his face, Ao Zhao chuckled, "Without the four of you, I would have never obtained it. Once we return, I will request for our Ancestor to reward you heavily!"

"Many thanks to the Young Master!" Ao Sheng and the three others smiled.

"Young Master, I don't think we should stay here any longer. Shall we leave and return to the Yang Dragon Race?" Another one of the True Saints, Ao Yao, asked.

"I agree with you! Let's return!" Ao Zhao replied. However, when he thought of Zhan Bo, he added, "If that loach from the Black Inferno Race learns that I took away the Devil Fetus, he might just die from anger!"

Everyone from the Yang Dragon Race laughed.

Before leaving the Devil River, the four True Saints used a mysterious art to examine their surrounding region. When they felt that there were no traps waiting for them out there, they finally emerged from the river.

The moment they emerged, the hidden sword qi in the skies came crashing down fiercely towards them like a torrential rainstorm.

The four elders from the Dragon Race were instantly alert.

“Young Master, be careful! Protect the Young Master!” Ao Sheng yelled as he swung the giant club in his hands towards the space above.

The remaining elders from the Yang Dragon Race took action at the same time.

Despite that, they reacted a little too slowly. The sword qi passed through their defences and crashed into countless Half Saints experts in the Yang Dragon Race.

At the critical juncture, Ao Zhao summoned the Royal Dragon Holy Armor from inside his body and screamed, “Who dares to sneak attack members of the Yang Dragon Race?!”

Even though the armor protected him, the sword qi sent him flying.

“Young Master!” Ao Sheng and the other three True Saints yelled.

At this time, countless spears and blades came slamming down along with streams of starlight and fierce flames.

Even after pushing themselves to their limits, they struggled to stop the sneak attacks from those above them.

Boom!

Explosions rang out continuously.

They retreated quickly and coughed out mouthfuls of blood.

Unwilling to give them a chance to catch their breath, the sword qi reappeared and slammed down on them.

Eventually, the sword qi broke through their defenses, and the four of them fell to the ground with sword marks all over their body.

Huang Xiaolong retrieved the Darkness Holy Ring, revealing Chen Zhi and the others.

“It’s you guys! You’re with the Black Inferno Race!” Ao Zhao crawled to his feet, and he roared furiously, “Zhan Bo, you motherf*cker! Get your *ss over here!”

It was clear that he felt that Zhan Bo was the one who had plotted against him.

Glaring at Sun Jiang and Li Huaijun, Ao Sheng raged, “Sun Jiang, Li Huaijun, how dare you guys kill members of my Yang Dragon Race?! We will make you pay in blood!”

Due to the presence of the holy formations, the Half Saints from the Yang Dragon Race were wiped out.

However, Sun Jiang and Li Huaijun kept quiet as they stood behind Huang Xiaolong.

“Hand over the Devil Fetus,” Huang Xiaolong said while staring at Ao Zhao.

A sinister smile formed on Ao Zhao’s face as he spat, “Brat, do you know who you are speaking to? If you kneel before me right now, I can consider letting you live! Let me give you a word of warning. If anything happens to me today, nobody will be able to protect you! Do you really think the Black Inferno Race will defend you if you injure me?!”

“Our Yang Dragon Race sent over a high-level True Saint to the Mirage Pavilion! Don’t even think of escaping!”

Chapter 2428: Ao Zhao Surrenders

After hearing that the Yang Dragon Race had sent over a high-level True Saint to the Mirage Pavilion, Chen Zhi and the others sucked in a cold breath. Those who were from the Black Inferno Race were shocked.

On the other hand, Huang Xiaolong was still calm as he stared indifferently at Ao Zhao, “Kneel before you? Why don’t you crawl over here and slither about like a snake? I might consider letting you live if you do.”

Slither around like a snake?!

Chen Zhi and the others couldn’t help but burst into laughter when they thought about how Ao Zhao would wriggle about the ground.

“You!” Ao Zhao was enraged as he pointed at Huang Xiaolong, “You’re dead! When the high-level True Saint from my Yang Dragon Race arrives, you will be begging for me to end your life!”

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes narrowed as a trace of frost flashed through them, “Since this is the case, then die!”

“Go!”

“Yes, Young Master!”

Chen Zhi and others replied respectfully as they started the activation of the five holy formations. An endless stream of attacks rained down on Ao Zhao and the survivors.

Seeing as Huang Xiaolong was daring enough to continue his assault, fury filled his heart. “There’s really a high-level True Saint from our Yang Dragon Race waiting for us back at the Mirage Pavilion!”

However, his words were drowned out by the incessant attacks raining down from the skies.

In the face of the second barrage of attacks, Ao Sheng withstood his injuries and attacked Chen Zhi and the others with all his might. Turning to Ao Zhao, he yelled, “Young Master, use the Dragon Saint Rune to escape! Leave now! Return to the Mirage Pavilion!”

As long as Ao Zhao could return to the Mirage Pavilion, no one could harm him.

The Dragon Saint Rune was one of the ancient escape runes, and it was refined through the effort of one of the first generation ancestors of the Yang Dragon Race. One could tear through all formations and restrictions to make their escape.

The rune was also the reason why the high-level True Saint had remained in the Mirage Pavilion. With the rune in Ao Zhao’s hands, there was practically no way harm would befall him.

With an ache in his heart, Ao Zhao circulated his energy and poured it into the Dragon Saint Rune. Rising into the air, he disappeared from where he once stood.

“Brat, you’re dead for sure!”

“Wait for our Yang Dragon Race’s endless revenge!”

Ao Zhao’s voice sounded out from the void.

“I’ll leave it to you guys!” Huang Xiaolong turned to address Chen Zhi and the others before chasing after Ao Zhao.

“Young Master, leave it to us!” The True Saints nodded.

Soaring into the skies, Huang Xiaolong chased after Ao Zhao. Even though Ao Sheng and the others weren’t weaklings, they had already been seriously injured by their previous sneak attack. It was entirely possible for Chen Zhi and the others to hold them down with the help of the profound beasts.

One hour later...

As Ao Zhao fell from the skies and vomited mouthfuls of fresh blood, he quickly retrieved a medicinal pill and threw it into his mouth.

“Brat, you better pray that I wouldn’t find out which faction you come from!” Ao Zhao roared furiously.

“So what if you do?” A voice suddenly rang out behind him.

Ao Zhao’s face turned pale as he snapped and turned his head around to stare at Huang Xiaolong, who was standing directly behind him. “You! How... How are you here?!” They were currently quite a distance away from the Devil Fetus Mountain Range, and not even a True Saint Realm expert would be able to catch up to him after he used his Dragon Saint Rune.

Never in his wildest imagination would he have thought that Huang Xiaolong had the abilities to catch up to him.

“If you have a Dragon Saint Rune, why can’t I have one too?” Huang Xiaolong said indifferently.

The blood drained from Ao Zhao’s face, but he soon burst out laughing. Staring all around Huang Xiaolong, he sneered, “Brat, the rune can only transport a single person. Are you stupid? How dare you chase after me alone...? Did you forget that you’re just a Second Tribulation half-True Saint? No matter how heavily injured I am right now, you’re just a bug I can kill whenever I want!”

Huang Xiaolong chuckled softly, and he shook his head while looking at Ao Zhao.

“Die!” Ao Zhao stabbed the spear in his hands towards Huang Xiaolong when he saw the look of mockery in his eyes.

Too lazy to mess with Ao Zhao any longer, Huang Xiaolong summoned his dragon-attributed holy soul. As the phantom appeared in the skies, it slapped Ao Zhao and smashed the spear in his hands into pieces.

He then dragged the half-dead Ao Zhao in front of him.

“How... How is this possible?!” Ao Zhao’s aura was extremely weak as he looked at Huang Xiaolong’s holy soul with terror in his eyes.

“I have already killed Zhan Bo and the others,” Huang Xiaolong confessed.

Ao Zhao’s body started to tremble after he heard what Huang Xiaolong said, “What? You?! Then... Sun Jiang and Li Huajun, they...?!”

“They have already surrendered, and they have pledged their loyalty to me.” Huang Xiaolong added, “As for Song Chen, I have already exterminated his physical body and trapped his holy soul inside the space of my holy artifact. Lightning flames are torturing his soul as we speak.” Speaking up to this point, he allowed Song Chen’s screams to escape into the air.

Ao Zhao’s face turned ashen in color as he stammered, “You... You...”

“Originally, I was planning to kill you. However, I changed my mind. If you choose to pledge your loyalty to me, I can allow you to live,” Huang Xiaolong explained.

He had his reasons for keeping Ao Zhao alive.

There was a forbidden region in the Yang Dragon Race that was extremely useful when it came to tempering his holy souls, bloodlines, and physiques. If there was a chance in the future, he wanted to use Ao Zhao to enter the forbidden region.

A trace of hope appeared on Ao Zhao’s face when he heard that Huang Xiaolong was willing to spare him. However, hesitation soon appeared in his heart. “You killed all the half-True Saints of my Yang Dragon Race... How am I supposed to report the matter to my father when the time comes?!”

“That’s your problem, not mine,” Huang Xiaolong said.

“What about Ao Sheng and the other elders?!” Ao Zhao still had concerns in his heart.

"If they refuse to serve under me, they will end up like Song Chen. There is no need for you to worry too much about them," Huang Xiaolong said indifferently.

Eventually, Ao Zhao chose to surrender. Swearing an oath to the grand dao, Huang Xiaolong planted a strand of purple grandmist qi in his body. It didn't take long for the Devil Fetus to end up in Huang Xiaolong's hands.

Tossing it into his Darkness Holy Ring, he brought Ao Zhao back towards the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

By the time they returned, Chen Zhi, and the others were fighting a hard battle with Ao Sheng and the others. Even though those on Huang Xiaolong's side had the help of the formation to suppress those from the Yang Dragon Race, they were unable to defeat the other party.

Ordering everyone to stop, he allowed Ao Zhao to persuade those from the Yang Dragon Race to surrender.

When Ao Sheng and the others saw Huang Xiaolong heading back with Ao Zhao beside him, panic started to set in in their hearts. When Ao Zhao explained that he wanted them to surrender to Huang Xiaolong, anger instantly overwhelmed them.

"Ao Zhao, you traitor! How dare you betray our Yang Dragon Race and pledge your loyalty to others?!" Ao Sheng shouted furiously, "After we return to the Yang Dragon Race, I'll tear you limb from limb!"

With two holy souls boosting the formations, millions of sword qi descended on Ao Sheng to shatter his body completely. Reaching out, Huang Xiaolong threw his holy soul into the lightning bead.

Chapter 2429: Ancient Emperor Holy Grounds

"What?!" Ao Yao and the other two jumped in fright. Ao Sheng was crushed too quickly, and they had no time to react. It took a mere second for Huang Xiaolong to shatter Ao Sheng's physical body and imprison his holy soul!

Even though Ao Sheng was in the late First Heavens True Saint Realm like Song Cheng, he lacked combat abilities.

Moreover, he was injured by the sneak attacks Huang Xiaolong had set up above the lake. With his arrogance when facing Huang Xiaolong, he was destined to be crushed in an instant. Of course, one couldn't downplay Huang Xiaolong's strength and holy souls.

After Ao Sheng was absorbed into the lightning bead, Huang Xiaolong glanced at the others with a frigid gaze. Panic quickly started to set in their hearts.

"Ao Yao, it is a glorious opportunity to serve our Young Master..." Yu Ming spoke up all of a sudden. "Song Chen was like Ao Sheng, and he suffered the same fate. His soul is getting tortured for eternity!"

"What?! Song Chen was captured too?!" Ao Yao and the others stared at Sun Jiang, and Li Junhua in disbelief.

"That's right, Song Chen's physical body has already been destroyed by our young master." Sun Jiang and Li Junhua nodded their heads. "As for Zhan Bo, he's beyond dead."

Ao Yao was shocked to the core.

Even the Young Patriarch of the Black Inferno Race, Zhan Bo, was killed?!

He couldn't wrap his head around anything Sun Jiang said.

He finally understood why Song Cheng and Zhan Bo weren't present. Initially, he had thought that they were hiding in the darkness, enjoying the show that was playing out. Who would have thought...

Ten minutes later, the three of them made the oath and pledged their allegiance to Huang Xiaolong.

Sighing in his heart, Huang Xiaolong knew that the chances of him entering the forbidden region in the Yang Dragon Race was much higher now that Ao Zhao was on his side.

Strands of purple grandmist holy qi were soon sent into the bodies of the True Saints who submitted to Huang Xiaolong.

Completely unafraid that they would be able to discover the existence of the purple grandmist holy qi, Huang Xiaolong knew that it would merge into their holy souls and the only way for someone to discover it was if they had the help of a Primal Ancestor.

After instructing the members of the Yang Dragon Race, Huang Xiaolong allowed them to return to their territory. They would remain there to receive his orders, or they could look for him if they ran into anything unexpected.

After seeing their leaving figures, the Departing Sword Sage asked, "Young Master, what shall we do next?"

"Let's find a place for me to refine the Devil Fetus," Huang Xiaolong muttered.

It wouldn't be too late for them to look for the holy grandmist spiritual qi after he refined the Devil Fetus.

Nodding slowly, they left to look for a spot for Huang Xiaolong to enter seclusion.

One hour later, they decided to stop at an icy mountain after Huang Xiaolong noticed the density of spiritual qi in the air. Pointing to a corner of the mountain, he said, "I shall do it here."

Immediately after, Huang Xiaolong ordered the five of them to lay down restrictions before sending them off to guard the surroundings.

He quickly entered the core of the mountain after landing, and he nodded to himself. He saw that the four walls around him were covered in ice thorns, and they emitted a threatening aura.

It was an excellent space for refining the Devil Fetus.

He also noticed that the cold qi in the air could the devil qi released by the Devil Fetus, saving him a lot of troubles during the refinement process.

After sitting down, he retrieved the Devil Fetus from the lightning bead.

Devil Fetus was full of demonic qi, and its appearance looked like black jade with demonic eyes. After taking it out, it hissed vigorously, and tried to attack him. However, Huang Xiaolong's holy soul flew out and instantly suppressed it, not giving it a chance to move at all.

With lightning qi swirling around him, he pulled the icy qi around him to purify the devilish qi leaking from the Devil Fetus.

By circulating the Grandmist Parasitic Medium, he started his refinement of the Devil Fetus.

Streams of qi originating from pure darkness poured out and entered his body endlessly.

The darkness energy contained in the Devil Fetus was extremely strong. If an ordinary Second Tribulation half-True Saint tried to absorb the energy, they could turn into an ice sculpture on the spot. In the worst case, they could even explode due to the terrifying nature of the energy!

As for the frigid qi hidden among the darkness energy, Huang Xiaolong had no fear of it at all. His devil-attributed saint godhead, and his Heart of Hell was strong enough to withstand it all.

One month, two month, half a year...

In a flash, two years passed.

The mountain remained where it stood, and one couldn't feel the slightest fluctuation of energy in the air.

By this time, the True Saints standing guard outside had long since turned into snowmen. In the past two years, they hadn't dared to move from their spot, and the falling snow piled onto them, turning them into giant ice statues.

From afar, the five of them looked like they were ice sculptures formed naturally by the elements.

A few more days passed.

As purple clouds started to gather in the skies, the sun shone brightly. A breathtaking scene could be seen throughout the Purple Clouds Sea, and a group of disciples flew towards the icy mountain.

When they approached, they were stopped by the restrictions laid down by Chen Zhi and the others.

"What's going on?!" Amongst the group of sect disciples, a young man with blue eyes walked forward and asked.

"Young Master Zhang Yihui, there are restrictions laid down around the icy mountain in front of us." One of the disciples answered in a hurry.

The eyes of the young man narrowed, "Restrictions? If that's the case, then just attack it and destroy it."

"Hold it. Young Master, the restrictions around the mountain aren't simple," One of the elders walked forward and replied. "This restriction should have been set up by multiple True Saint Realm experts. Should we... go around it instead?"

The young man, Zhang Yihui, said with a face full of interest, "Restrictions set up by multiple True Saint Realm experts? Could there be some precious treasures inside the icy mountain? Eminent Elder An Li, are you confident in shattering it?"

That elder and another middle-aged man nodded slowly.

“Those who set this up should be in the late-First Heaven True Saint Realm. If we join hands, we will definitely be able to break the restrictions. However, we will require some time to do so,” The elder said calmly.

“Alright, go ahead and break it. If we discover any treasure around the mountain, I’ll share it with you guys,” Zhang Yihui smiled and ordered.

After expressing their thanks, they started to attack the formation aggressively.

Bang!

The formation started to shake as the air around the icy mountain started to boil.

The five True Saints, who were originally covered in snow soared through the air and appeared before Zhang Yihui.

“Five True Saints!” The two True Saints on the other side, who were planning to attack, were slightly taken aback.

Even Zhang Yihui was surprised.

“Ancient Emperor Holy Grounds!” Chen Zhi, the Departing Sword Sage, and the others identified Zhang Yihui and the others instantly. They were equally as shocked.

As part of one of the ten holy grounds in the Holy Lands Alliance, the Ancient Emperor Holy Grounds was far above that of the Beast Tamer Holy Grounds. The Ancient Emperor was part of the batch of earliest True Saint Realm experts born in the Holy World! Even though he wasn’t a Primal Ancestor, his seniority was much higher than that of the Heavenly Master!

Chapter 2430: A Large Amount of Grandmist Holy Spiritual Aura

At this time, Sun Jiang stepped forward and said, "I'm an Elder from the Black Inferno Race, and our young master is currently meditating in the icy mountain. The five of us have laid down restrictions to stop others from disturbing him. I seek the Ancient Emperor Holy Grounds' understanding on the matter."

Black Inferno Race!

Zhang Yihui was taken aback.

An Li and Yang He both turned to look at Zhang Yihui.

As he stared at the icy mountain behind Sun Jiang, a smile slowly formed on Zhang Yihui's face. "Sorry for bothering you guys. We didn't know that your Young Master was present." Turning to speak to An Li and the others, he sighed, "Let's leave."

The Black Inferno Race was one of the most ancient races in the Holy World. If there wasn't a need, Zhang Yihui wouldn't start a fight with them. For five True Saints to protect the young master, his identity was definitely among the upper echelons in the Black Inferno Race. Zhang Yihui quickly decided against charging in through using brute force.

After Zhang Yihui left, the True Saints on Huang Xiaolong's side sighed with relief.

If Zhang Yihui had insisted on breaking through their defenses, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation would definitely be disturbed. If his refinement of the Devil Fetus was disrupted, he could face a backlash from the devilish treasure. Not even a hundred deaths would be enough for them to atone for their mistakes.

Chen Zhi and the others quickly returned to their positions.

After the incident, the five of them became even more careful. They took turns using their holy souls to observe their surroundings.

Another three months passed.

When they were busy looking around for threats that might appear, pillars of light appeared from deep within the icy mountain as a figure slowly made his appearance.

“Young Master!” The five of them were elated to see Huang Xiaolong, and they immediately flew over to greet him. “Congratulations on the successful refinement of the Devil Fetus!”

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head in satisfaction. After absorbing the Devil Fetus, he had finally arrived at the mid of the Second Tribulation Half-True Saint Realm. Of course, he felt that it was a pity because, according to his estimations, he felt that the peak of the Second Tribulation half-True Saint Realm was within reach.

If any other Second Tribulation half-True Saint were to refine a treasure like the Devil Fetus, they would have reached the Third Tribulation half-True Saint Realm easily.

Of course, he had to factor in three complete dao saint godheads, bloodlines, and physiques! Breaking into the next realm would be a difficult task for someone like him!

“Did anything happen while I was in seclusion?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

The five of them shook their heads.

Yu Ming thought of something and spoke up all of a sudden, “Oh right, Young Master, three months ago, some people from the Ancient Emperor Holy Grounds arrived.” Chen Zhi and the others filled Huang Xiaolong in on the happenings.

“Oh, Zhang Yihui?” Huang Xiaolong was startled, “The Young Patriarch of the Ancient Emperor Holy Grounds?”

Zhang Yihui’s reputation wasn’t inferior to Lin Xiaoying, and he was ranked third among the Saint Fate List.

After asking a little more about Zhang Yihui, Huang Xiaolong decided to change the topic. After all, Zhang Yihui wasn’t worth worrying about. There were countless treasures, natural spiritual herbs, and

holy beasts in the Purple Clouds Sea. It wasn't weird for people like Zhang Yihui and Lin Xiaoying to be trying their luck in the region.

After shattering the restrictions laid down around the icy mountain, Huang Xiaolong soared through the skies and left. Since he had refined the Devil Fetus, it was time to search for the grandmist holy spiritual aura.

He took out the piece of metal stained with the qi and tried to look for any traces of it as he flew towards the northern part of the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

According to the owner who had sold him the piece of metal, it had originated from the northern part of the Devil Fetus Mountain Range.

As long as what the shop owner had said was true, he would definitely be able to sense the presence of the grandmist holy spiritual aura. After all, he had cultivated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium, and he was extremely familiar with grandmist qi.

It didn't take long for them to arrive at the mountain range.

"What?!" Not long after they started flying towards the northern region of the mountain range, the grandmist holy spiritual aura in his body started acting up. Moreover, the piece of black gold was emitting rays of purple and gold light.

Unable to contain the surprise in his heart, Huang Xiaolong started to speed up.

The shop owner hadn't lied to him!

When the five True Saints saw how Huang Xiaolong increased his speed, they followed closely behind him as they were afraid that they would lose sight of him. If that were to happen, things might get troublesome.

The closer he got to the northern region, the stronger the reaction of the grandmist qi in his body became. The beams of light from the metal slab started to grow in intensity.

It didn't take long for him to arrive at a certain space above the northern region of the mountain range.

Another mountain range stood tall under him, and the devil qi that surrounded it was different from the devil qi swirling about the Devil Fetus Mountain Range. It was jade green in color, and it emitted a strong aura of vitality. Purple light could be seen occasionally among the green, but it was so weak that one couldn't notice if they didn't know what to look for.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze landed on a certain space within the mountain range.

He could feel that the grandmist holy spiritual aura was located deep within the space!

At its level, the grandmist holy spiritual aura had birthed its own consciousness. Even if a True Saint expert appeared, they wouldn't be able to sense its presence if it chose to hide.

After ordering the five of them to lay down numerous restrictions, Huang Xiaolong decided to make his move.

"Shattering Dragon Hand!"

As a massive dragon materialized before him, it shot into the depths of the void. After grabbing the entire mountain range, Huang Xiaolong was shocked to discover that he couldn't cause it to budge. Even at the Second Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, he could pick up a chaos essence mountain range with ease. He was shocked to discover that he couldn't move a strand of the grandmist holy spiritual aura hidden before him!

This shouldn't be the case.

Instead of summoning his holy souls, he decided to activate the Holy Mandate Imprint. As the energy that came from the origin of the Holy World poured into his body, he became stronger once again.

"Rise!"

Huang Xiaolong's arm that entered the depths of the space jerked and a purple-gold dragon tail was torn out from the depths of the space.

Even though only the tail was revealed, Chen Zhi and the others were shocked. The tail was too damn big!

Even Huang Xiaolong was shocked as the presence of the dragon tail showed that the strand of grandmist holy spiritual aura before him was countless times larger than everything he had obtained in the Profound River combined.

It went without saying that there were different grades of grandmist holy spiritual aura. The larger the strand was, the older it was.

Huang Xiaolong couldn't contain the joy in his heart as he knew that the strand of grandmist holy spiritual aura before him was definitely a priceless treasure.

At this exact same moment, Zhang Yihui and the others noticed the fluctuations in the air and they quickly made their way over.

Zhang Yihui's expression was unsightly as he failed to find anything along his way. He had received news of a tenth-grade origin spiritual herb, and he wanted to try his luck around the Purple Clouds Sea. Even after several months, he had failed to find anything.