

## Conqueror 2461

### Chapter 2461: Prosperity of the Dragons

Huang Xiaolong's Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead hovered in high air, next to each other, glistening like the scales of a dragon and emitting rings of Buddha luminance.

Originally, when Huang Xiaolong's Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead had appeared, its momentum was still suppressed by Jin Taiji's Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead. But, when the All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead entered the lineup, the two complete dao saint godheads' aura merged harmoniously, and it soared, seemingly gaining a momentum that was going to turn the tides on Jin Taiji's Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead!

Despite the presence of two saint godheads' aura, it still seemed slightly weaker in comparison, but it was a negligible difference.

Although both the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead ranked below twenty, their synergy was not so simple as merely doubling their powers.

When the two complete dao saint godheads' combined, their powers rose exponentially.

After looking at the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead side by side in the air above Huang Xiaolong's head, Li Chen's, Xie Yao's, and the others' faces looked very ugly for the first time.

This was true, especially for Li Chen, as his hands clenched, and his fingers digging into his palms. His eyes were bloodshot.

Huang Xiaolong that b\*stard, how did his complete dao saint godheads evolve so quickly?! How?!!!

Logically speaking, when Huang Xiaolong had defeated Sui Yunfeng, his complete dao saint godheads were estimated to be in the top thirty, and it was absolutely impossible for Huang Xiaolong's two complete dao saint godheads to be the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and the All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead.

Could it be...?! Li Chen thought of a possibility and his ashened.

At the same time, the crowd erupted, as everyone was flabbergasted.

Similar to Li Chen, they were shocked not only by Huang Xiaolong's Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead, but more importantly because his two complete dao saint godheads had risen so close to the top twenty ranks!

"This, this is really too scary...." Ji Xinyi's voice trembled.

Too terrifying! This was the feeling that dominated her heart.

How long has it been since Huang Xiaolong entered the Holy Heavens?

In a few short years, Huang Xiaolong's complete dao saint godheads had actually evolved almost into the top twenty!

And one of them was the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead that was ranked twenty-first.

Give Huang Xiaolong several hundred years time, and wouldn't his complete dao saint godhead be able to rise into the top ten ranks for certain? At that time, Huang Xiaolong would have two complete dao saint godheads in the top ten ranks...?!

At that time, who in the same cultivation realm would be a match against Huang Xiaolong?

Similar thoughts as Ji Xinyu were running through Lin Xiaoying's mind. Her eyes were wide with astonishment. As for Tan Juan, she could hardly suppress the tidal waves of shock in her heart. No wonder Huang Xiaolong dared to challenge the entire Holy World, based on Huang Xiaolong's potential, in a sense, he is already !

amongst Fourth Tribulation half-True Saint and below!

In the entire Holy World, no one at the Fourth Tribulation half-True Saint could defeat Huang Xiaolong.

Although Huang Xiaolong's two complete dao saint godheads were the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead, and their powers had merged harmoniously, Jin Taiji's Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead was still stronger. However, don't forget that Huang Xiaolong also had the Holy Mandate Imprint!

The fourth Holy Mandate Imprint in the Holy World so far!

Right at this time, the Holy Mandate Imprint between Huang Xiaolong's eyebrows shone in blinding crepuscular rays, and the Holy World's origin energy poured from the void, endlessly and vigorously like a galaxial river.

With the support from the Holy Mandate Imprint's origin energy, the phantoms of Huang Xiaolong's Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead's momentum reached a new high, and it was enough to suppress Jin Taiji's Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead.

Upon watching this scene, Dou Rui who was happily mocking Huang Xiaolong, could not utter another word. The Devil Palace's disciples behind him had long fallen quiet, and the noisy clamoring from the Vajra Race group stopped altogether.

Like the others present, Jin Taiji was taken aback by Huang Xiaolong's Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead.

But Jin Taiji was quick to recover, and his eyes lit up with raging war intent as his aura intensified. "Huang Xiaolong, even if you have the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead, and the Holy Mandate Imprint, I'll defeat you just the same today!"

Upon seeing that Jin Taiji's desire for battle had raged higher with his head raised up, Huang Xiaolong inwardly complimented him, and said, "Very good, please make your move!"

Jin Taiji wasted no time with nonsense, and his Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead shone brightly, attracting the energy from all around to gather towards it as endless chaos essence energy poured down.

A complete dao saint godhead was able to absorb heaven and earth's energy when out of the body, hence, many experts would summon their complete dao saint godheads out during battles. Then again, it was also a risky action as this made the complete dao saint godhead an easy target.

"Great Crossing Palms!"

Jin Taiji lunged forward with one foot, resembling a giant moving forward as the entire battle stage shook from his movements. His palms struck out towards Huang Xiaolong with great force.

It was still the Great Crossing Palms, but this time around, the palm force was more dynamic by several folds!

Buzz!

The space between them was akin to a fragile piece of paper that was torn into pieces upon contact, and there were clear golden palm prints in the void. These palm prints seemed eternal, never dissipating, and one look at them, the viewer would give birth to an impulse to worship them piously. This was the terrifying effect of the Great Crossing Palms, and it could influence a person's soul and will without prejudice.

Those with weak soul force and weak willpower, couldn't even muster up the thought of resisting, and they would be reduced to be fools, who would stand dazed on the spot until the attack struck them.

This was one of the reliance that gave Jin Taiji the confidence that he would defeat Huang Xiaolong since he had cultivated the Great Crossing Palms!

The Great Crossing Palms was one of the top ten most powerful holy martial arts!

However, how strong was Huang Xiaolong's soul? The effects of the Great Crossing Palms did not influence him at all as he promptly raised his palms and met the attack head-on.

In the same instant Huang Xiaolong struck out with his palms, the crowd saw a sight that they would never forget in a lifetime. Various divine dragons appeared in rolling waves from Huang Xiaolong's body, from azure, golden, yellow dragons, blood dragons, giant dragons, to Buddha dragons.

Countless divine dragons formed great kingdoms of dragons.

More and more dragon kingdoms appeared, expanding, and growing stronger, and each kingdom reached the peak of an era.

The prosperity of these dragon kingdoms was so real, and it was right in Huang Xiaolong's palms, as if they were not phantoms at all.

"Prosperity of the Dragons!"

Some experts in the crowd blurted.

The words reverberated strongly in everyone's mind!

The Prosperity of the Dragons!

The Holy Heavens Lord Long's grand dao art!

Wu Ge, Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, Zhan Zhiyuan, and others forces' higher echelons were flabbergasted, and their hearts gave birth to a strong trepidation and awe as they looked at Huang Xiaolong's palms, as if Huang Xiaolong was holding a supreme treasure trove in his hands.

This was a grand dao art!

Li Chen's shocked face gradually paled, like the blood had been drained from his body. His feet staggered, and his throat went dry, "The, the Prosperity of the Dragons!"

He had worshipped Lord Long as his master for so many years, yet Lord Long had never passed down the Prosperity of the Dragons to him!

Whereas, Huang Xiaolong had spent a mere fraction of the time compared to Li Chen since entering the Holy Heavens.

His master, Lord Long, had actually passed down the Prosperity of the Dragons to Huang Xiaolong instead of him!

Why??! The question repeated in Li Chen's mind.

He was the chief Holy Prince!

"Huang Xiaolong even learned Lord Long's Prosperity of the Dragons?!" Ji Xinyi, Lin Xiaoying, and Tan Juan felt their minds go blank with shock. Not only were they shocked to see the Prosperity of Dragons, but they were even more bewildered that Huang Xiaolong had mastered the Prosperity of Dragons in the short decades since he had entered the Holy Heavens!

Even for someone as outstanding as Jin Taiji, it would take more than a few decades to master the Great Crossing Palms holy martial art, then what's more to the Prosperity of the Dragons, a grand dao art.

After seeing Huang Xiaolong's counterattack, Jin Taiji circulated the power of his Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead with a mad frenzy, and chaos essence energy poured down twice as fast, greatly increasing the Great Crossing Palms' attack power.

The Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead had the power to reverse yin yang, and fixed the cosmos, and its power was greater than the Life Reversing Saint Godhead.

Chapter 2462: Because He Pleases My Eyes

R-rummm-ble-ee!

It was as if the sky was eclipsed. Every single expert within the Mirage Pavilion felt their hearts, and even their souls, trembling in sync with the ear-splitting rumbles.

The thunderous collision resounded endlessly in high air.

Before the Vajra Race Patriarch Jin Nu's, Devil Palace's Xie Bufan's, Dou Rui's, Holy Heaven's Li Chen's, and the others' eyes, Jin Taiji staggered back one too many times after the collision. With each backward step, his body swayed unsteadily, and his feet left clear indents on the stage floor. Each step was a loud thump on the stage.

Jin Taiji retreated until the edge of the battle stage, and the breath he was holding, choked out with a mouthful of blood.

Lost!

Despite having the Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead, the Vajra Indestructible Saint Physique, the Sky Dragon Sacred Elephant Saint Bloodline, and having mastered the Great Crossing Palms, Jin Taiji still failed to withstand one strike from Huang Xiaolong's Prosperity of the Dragons!

Moments ago, the Vajra Race's disciples were loudly calling out to Jin Taiji, telling him that he shouldn't show mercy to Huang Xiaolong by attacking him at full force. They wanted Huang Xiaolong to roll off the battle stage in shame. But, at this moment, there seemed to be an invisible hand choking their throats. These disciples' faces were red, and they could not utter a word. Whereas, the Devil Palace's Dou Rui and other disciples looked like the cat got their tongues.

Li Chen's face fell after watching the result. Even Jin Taiji had lost despite having the Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead, and cultivating the Great Crossing Palms. Then, was there any one below the Fourth Tribulation half-True Saint, who could defeat Huang Xiaolong ?

It was unless a monstrous genius with a complete dao saint godhead in the top ten ranks appeared.

But, was that possible?

Jin Taiji was a little crestfallen after being pushed back by Huang Xiaolong, and he cupped his fists at Huang Xiaolong and said, "Your Highness' talent is unparalleled. I lost, and I admit defeat. You can take my life or whatever, I'll accept it willingly!"

Before he had stepped on to the battle stage, he had thought of what might be the final outcome. Although he had confidence in his own strength, and had thought the chances of ending up in the worst kind of situation was very slim, he, Jin Taiji, was not someone who could not afford to lose.

He was aware that the result wouldn't change even if he persisted to continue fighting, so he straightforwardly admitted defeat.

While Jin Taiji, the Vajra Race experts, and others thought that Huang Xiaolong would treat Jin Taiji the same way he had treated all his opponents so far, Huang Xiaolong smiled casually and said, "Why would I want to kill you? Go on, get off the stage."

"Leave?" Jin Taiji and the rest had not expected this.

Since all previous challengers had died miserably, the crowd had not expected that Huang Xiaolong would let Jin Taiji go.

Huang Xiaolong grinned, "According to the rules we've set, anyone who admits defeat can leave the battle stage. Since you've already thrown in the towel, you can go. But, you need to leave something behind." With that said, Huang Xiaolong's palm reached out, and lightly tapped Jin Taiji's chest, removing something that resembled a heart-protecting mirror.

The heart-protecting mirror on Jin Taiji's chest was not some average artifact. If Huang Xiaolong had guessed correctly, this heart-protecting mirror was the Vajra Race's saint artifact, Vajra Mirror, that could both defend and attack. It could also expel heart demons, and it had many other wonderful uses.

Although Huang Xiaolong had mainly spared Jin Taiji's life because of his master Tyrant Chu, Jin Taiji had challenged him on the battle stage. Hence, Huang Xiaolong naturally needed to collect a trophy.



Jin Taiji blanked for a second, seeing that Huang Xiaolong had taken away his Vajra Mirror, but he cupped his fists at Huang Xiaolong gratefully. "I thank Your Highness for showing mercy. I'll pay my respects again in the future!" With that, he quickly leaped off the stage.

When Jin Taiji returned safely by his side, the Vajra Race Patriarch Jin Nu also cupped his fists at Huang Xiaolong and said gratefully, "I am indebted to Your Highness' magnanimity!"

Compared to Jin Taiji's life, the loss of a mere Vajra Mirror was inconsequential.

Huang Xiaolong cupped his fists, returning the salute, "Patriarch Jin Nu is being too polite."

The various forces had different reactions, seeing this result. Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, Zhang Zhiyuan, and the other thirty-nine forces were raging with fury. After all, Huang Xiaolong was merciless when he had battled Fang Xing, Sui Yunfeng, and the others on the battle stage, and Huang Xiaolong had taken the lives of more than sixty disciples from each force.

For a second, Shen jiewen failed to rein in his hatred and spoke out, "Huang Xiaolong, your actions are unfair! On what basis is Jin Taiji leaving the stage alive when the disciples of our holy grounds were all killed?!"

Huang Xiaolong snickered in disdain at Shen Jiewen's outburst, "On what basis? Based on the fact that he pleases my eyes, why? Do I still have to explain my reason?"

Shen Jiewen's face turned purple at Huang Xiaolong's answer.

The others shook their heads inwardly, as a similar thought crossed their minds because Shen Jiewen's question was absurd.

Huang Xiaolong hadn't violated the stipulated rules at all. Therefore, it wasn't Shen Jiewen's place to comment on, or question how Huang Xiaolong went about things.

In the end, Shen Jiewen swallowed the rest of his words.

After the match with Jin Taiji, a peaceful six days went by. None of the holy grounds or ancient races challenged Huang Xiaolong.

"I heard the other eight of the Holy Lands Alliance's top ten holy grounds have arrived!" Dou Rui informed Xie Bufan.

"They're here? Why didn't they come to challenge Huang Xiaolong?" One of the Devil Palace's elders asked when he heard Dou Rui's words.

"Of course it's because they are scared. Originally, everyone had assumed that Huang Xiaolong's two complete dao saint godheads were in the top thirty at the most. Therefore, they had thought that there was a chance of defeating Huang Xiaolong, but now, it's not a secret that Huang Xiaolong's complete dao saint godheads are the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead. In this case, do you think the Nine Plains Holy Ground and the rest would dare to send their disciples up to die?" Xie Bufan sneered coldly.

Dou Rui looked at the way Huang Xiaolong was sitting leisurely on the battle stage, and anger suddenly rose in his chest, "Look at Huang Xiaolong, that punk, on the battle stage. I wish I could tear him to pieces with my bare hands! Are we going to let him continue swaggering on the stage?"

Xie Bufan sighed, "I reported this matter to the Palace Master in the hopes that he would send She Wuzui over to deal with Huang Xiaolong. But the Palace Master is reluctant to expose She Wuzui, as he is afraid that She Wuzui would be hurt. Therefore, we can only think of a way to finish Huang Xiaolong during the Trial of Blood!"

At the mention of She Wuzui, Dou Rui, and the others nodded inwardly. She Wuzui was pinned as the second Xie Bufan by the Devil Palace's higher echelons. He was a disciple with amazing talent, and because of his short cultivation time, She Wuzui was not included in the group of Devil Palace's Six Devil's Sons.

"Then, let Huang Xiaolong live a few more days." Dou Rui fumed as he glared fiercely at Huang Xiaolong's figure on the battle stage, "At the time of the Trial of Blood at the Ghost Devil City, I personally want to twist Huang Xiaolong's head off from his shoulders!"

The Trial of Blood permitted any disciple with one hundred thousand years of bone-age to participate, and Dou Rui fitted this participation requirement.

Xie Bufan nodded, "It is our best shot to kill Huang Xiaolong in the coming Trial of Blood, but if we miss it, we will be letting Huang Xiaolong continue to grow stronger. If that happens, then it will be harder for us to kill him. Therefore, once he enters the Ghost Devil City, we absolutely must not let him come out alive!"

Dou Rui snickered, "Rest assured, Senior Brother Bufan. No matter how talented Huang Xiaolong is, how is he even our opponent? The Trial of Blood would be marked as his death anniversary!"

"But, the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Holy Race will be arriving in a few days. I wonder if they would challenge Huang Xiaolong." A Devil Palace's hall master wondered aloud.

"It is said that both the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Holy Race are adamant to win the grandmist holy spiritual aura, and the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground even let the word out that regardless of Huang Xiaolong's talent, they are going to challenge him!" Said another Devil Palace's hall master.

"Oh, in that case, it seems like the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Holy Race are very confident about defeating Huang Xiaolong?!" Xie Bufan said with a glimmer of interest.

"Probably, but it's hard to say. Who knows if Huang Xiaolong has hidden his strength."

Chapter 2463: Tomorrow

Another four days passed.

The lively, bustling Mirage Pavilion became merrier with the various hidden ancient races and old holy grounds with long heritages, joining the party.

"Big news! The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Holy Race have already arrived at the Mirage Pavilion! It's said they are going to challenge Huang Xiaolong tomorrow!"

The news quickly traveled from experts to experts.

“Not only the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Holy Race, but the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, South Desolate Holy Ground, Falling Heavens Race, Ancient Dhyana Race, Great Desert Race, Nether Devil Race, and a dozen other old holy grounds and hidden ancient races have all arrived as well! It is said that the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, South Desolate Holy Ground, Falling Heavens Race, Ancient Dhyana Race, Great Desert Race, and Nether Devil Race will also send forward disciples to challenge Huang Xiaolong!”

“For real? Although the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, South Desolate Holy Ground, and Falling Heavens Race are also part of old holy grounds and ancient races, their foundations are far from the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Holy Race. Do they have the courage to challenge Huang Xiaolong? Their actions are equivalent to literally sending their disciples to death’s door!”

“It’s not necessarily so, as I heard from a reliable source that the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, South Desolate Holy Ground, Falling Heavens Race, and several ancient races and holy grounds have formed a temporary alliance. When the time comes, each party will send three or four of their most talented disciples with the highest battle power below the Fourth Tribulation half-True Saint to make a team of fifty people, and then they challenge Huang Xiaolong!”

“What?!! Does that work?!”

“Why wouldn’t it work? It doesn’t break the rules. Didn’t the so-called Fallen Gods Race and the Holy Heavens’ Li Chen recruit various forces’ Third Tribulation half-True Saints to form a team to challenge Huang Xiaolong? Huang Xiaolong accepted their challenges just the same!”

The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, Holy Race, Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, Falling Heavens Race, and other forces’ arrival brought the Mirage Pavilion’s atmosphere to a new height, and at every corner were people talking about the challenge taking place the next day.

There were people, hoping that the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, Holy Race, or even the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground could somehow defeat Huang Xiaolong, and shave some of Huang Xiaolong’s arrogance. There were also people, who supported Huang Xiaolong, hoping that Huang Xiaolong would organise a few more battle stage challenges, and then the Holy Heavens, Devil Palace, Clear Snow Palace, and Holy Lands Alliance would be counting money until their hands were sore.

Wasn't that an undeniable fact? According to the one high-grade holy jade stone fee collected from every person for every month upon entering the Mirage Pavilion, how many high-grade holy jade stones the four giants had collected in recent days?

Their business was literally booming.

The main hall of the Ancient Emperor Holy Ground's branch within the Mirage Pavilion was fully seated with the holy ground's True Saint experts. Apart from the Ancient Holy Emperor Duan Xuan, and Beast Tamer True Saint Shen Jiewen, there were also the rest of the great ten holy grounds of the Holy Lands Alliance.

The Holy Lands Alliance's ten great holy lands' True Saint Patriarchs had gathered inside this hall. Although it was said that the Holy Lands Alliance's ten great holy lands were the leaders of the alliance, these ten holy lands' patriarchs rarely gathered together in this manner.

The last time these ten patriarchs had gathered at one place was the year of Huang Xiaolong's apprenticeship ceremony at the Holy Heavens, and today, these ten patriarchs had gathered once again. It went without saying how important they placed on the stage challenge against Huang Xiaolong.

The grandmist holy spiritual aura Huang Xiaolong had taken out was simply too rare a treasure that they could not ignore.

Present together in the hall with Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, Hou Ming, and others was a young man of extraordinary bearing.

This young man was none other than Huai Po! Mo Cangli's personal disciple!

Even though Huai Po was not a True Saint Realm expert, from a certain aspect, he represented Mo Cangli, and the Holy Lands Alliance relied on Mo Cangli's support to a certain degree. Therefore, when Huai Po had appeared among the Holy Lands Alliance, he was treated the same as Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, and other ten great patriarchs.

Then again, as the number one on the Saint Fate List, Huai Po's strength and talent were enough to convince many people.

“Since the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, South Desolate Holy Ground, Falling Heavens Race, and a dozen other forces formed an alliance, each party will send out about three to four Third Tribulation half-True Saint disciples for the challenge. Therefore, our Holy Lands Alliance can do the same!” said Huai Po majestically.

This time, he was clad in a subtle golden metallic black brocade robe which added a touch of decisive coldness to his already extraordinary bearing.

The Nine Plains Holy Emperor Hou Ming nodded his head in agreement, “Yes, this method works! If each of our holy grounds send fifty disciples up to the challenge, there’s a high risk of total annihilation. However, if each of our holy grounds selects the elites amongst the disciples to form a team of fifty, there is a higher chance of defeating Huang Xiaolong!”

Although the conditions of Holy Lands Alliance’s disciples’ recruitment were not as strict as the Holy Heavens organisation, there were still noteworthy outstanding talents, who were taken in by the ten great holy grounds of the Holy Lands Alliance.

There were several disciples with amazing talents at every recruitment term. Although there weren’t any disciples with complete dao saint godhead in the top ten ranks, there were complete dao saint godheads in the top twenty. When these disciples with top twenty ranks complete dao saint godheads were put together against Huang Xiaolong, their combined strengths would be terrifying.

The rest of the patriarchs exchanged glances and nodded their heads, agreeing to Huai Po’s suggestion.

“However, would challenging tomorrow be a little too rushed? After all, there are still four to five months before the stipulated battle stage period ends. We can first teach these fifty disciples a combination grand formation, and let them familiarize with each other for some time, so they can cooperate seamlessly before sending them to challenge?” The Silver Wing Holy Ground’s Patriarch, Silver Wing Holy Emperor Ying Zhi proposed.

The Silver Wing Holy Ground’s status amongst the ten great holy lands were the same as the Beast Tamer Holy Ground.

The Ancient Emperor Holy Ground's Duan Xuan shook his head and said, "There is nothing we can do about it. Tomorrow, the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Holy Race will challenge Huang Xiaolong. I am afraid Huang Xiaolong would be defeated at their hands. I have heard that the Holy Race has a Third Tribulation half-True Saint disciple called Bai Li. His talent is comparable to the Devil Palace's Xie Bufan and Holy Heavens' Li Chen. If this disciple called Xiao Baili is sent up the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong is likely to lose. Therefore, our only option is to get on the battle stage ahead of them!"

"What?! Comparable to Xie Bufan and Li Chen?!"

Shen Jiewen and the others were clearly surprised.

Duan Xuan nodded his head in affirmation and added, "Yes, although it is only a rumor, I am afraid it is true."

"If that is really true, then we can only challenge Huang Xiaolong first thing tomorrow!"

Huai Po made the decision, "If we happen to challenge Huang Xiaolong at the same time as the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground and Holy Race, we would have to draw a lot, whoever draws the first lot will challenge first. If we get the first lot, we still have a chance to defeat Huang Xiaolong before the rest!"

The Nine Plains Holy Emperor Hou Ming agreed, "That's right. Although it might be a little rushed, the fifty disciples our Holy Lands Alliance have selected this time have excellent battle power, and they absolutely can defeat Huang Xiaolong!"

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In the main hall of the courtyard, in which the Holy Race's group was residing, was an old man with hair and eyebrows that were white as snow, and yet he had a youthful-looking face. He was the current patriarch of the Holy Race, Bai Moyang.

Further down from the main seat were the Holy Race's experts.

Bai Moyang's eyes were full of doting when he looked at Xiao Baili. "Baili, although you can absolutely defeat Huang Xiaolong tomorrow based on your talent, you still need to exercise caution."

Xiao Baili was clad in the white Sun Moon Battle Robe, as he stood in front of Bai Moyang, and he looked unfathomable like a deep abyss. He respectfully responded, "Please rest assured, Master. I will not disappoint you, and I will surely return victorious with the grandmist holy spiritual aura. I will teach Huang Xiaolong that there is mountain beyond mountain!"

Bai Moyang smiled amiably, nodding his head, "From the start of the stage battles, Huang Xiaolong has collected many saint artifacts, after you've defeated Huang Xiaolong tomorrow, all the saint artifacts on him will go to you, including the Beast Tamer Holy Gate's Black Serpent Rope."

A trace of delight rose to Xiao Baili's face, as he cupped his hands and solemnly said, "Thank you, Master!"

The night gradually went by as experts in the Mirage Pavilion looked forward to the next day in anticipation.

When the first ray of sunlight hit the land, the Mirage Pavilion was already bustling.

#### Chapter 2464: Gui Buwang

Experts from various holy grounds and ancient races all made their way excitedly towards one location—the battle stage!

Every corner of the Mirage Pavilion that had always been bustling with people was completely empty today.

The usually crowded places were actually empty on this day.

Before the sunlight's heat warmed the land, the streets leading to the battle stage were so packed that even a fly couldn't fly through.



Whether it was on the ground or high in the air, the surrounding inns and restaurants, and even the balconies of private residences were all crowded with people.

People from various holy grounds and big clans within the entire Mirage Pavilion had been waiting since early morning.

This scale was comparable to the time of Huang Xiaolong's apprenticeship ceremony.

Many of these experts were looking at Huang Xiaolong with complicated gazes. Even though he was a Second Tribulation half-True Saint Realm, he had dared to set up a stage for challenge, and he was even able to garner the attention of the Holy World's superpowers. This was unprecedented in the Holy World!

Probably only Huang Xiaolong could do this kind of thing?! The Holy Race had not appeared during Huang Xiaolong's apprenticeship ceremony, nor had the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground had appeared, but now, the Holy Race had come, and so had the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground.

Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged on the battle stage. Spiritual clouds hovered above his head, and there was a relaxed expression on his face.

Upon looking at Huang Xiaolong sitting leisurely, Wu Ge couldn't resist saying, "His Highness, that Xiao Baili sent by the Holy Race is extremely talented, and it is said that his talent is much higher than the Vajra Race's Jin Taiji. He is comparable to the Devil Palace's Xie Bufan, so you must be extra careful!"

Before Huang Xiaolong had entered the Holy Heavens, the Devil Palace's Xie Bufan, Holy Heavens' Li Chen, and Clear Snow Palace's Tan Juan, were recognized as the most outstanding disciples of the Holy World's younger generation.

Of course, there was still another Huai Po, the number one person on the Saint Fate List. Huai Po had only been cultivating for a short time, and he had yet to enter True Saint Realm.

Huang Xiaolong showed no expression as he listened to Wu Ge's caution about Xiao Baili. He nodded and replied, "I know."

Xiao Baili? Huang Xiaolong thought indifferently.

Upon seeing that Huang Xiaolong didn't really put Xiao Baili in his eyes, Wu Ge shook his head inwardly, but added, "From the information I have gotten, the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground would be sending ghost soldiers to challenge Your Highness. It is said that the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's ghost soldiers possess undying physique and indestructible souls, they would be a handful to deal with!"

"There is another thing, the Holy Lands Alliance too will challenge you today. The ten holy grounds have each selected elite disciples from their midst with the strongest talent and battle power to form a team of fifty people to challenge you!"

Huang Xiaolong smiled upon hearing that, "Undying physique? Indestructible soul? These are but words of exaggeration. If that's the way the Holy Lands Alliance is going to take it, then it's much better!"

Wu Ge was rendered speechless by Huang Xiaolong's response, and he did not say anything anymore.

Honestly speaking, it was indeed good news for Huang Xiaolong if the Holy Lands Alliance's ten great holy lands selected disciples with strong talents and battle power to challenge him!

Since those disciples were specifically selected from the ten holy grounds, then, their complete dao saint godheads had to be ranked in the top thirty, right? This herd of lambs were the fattest and the best kind of supplement for him, ah. His complete dao saint godheads would definitely rise into the top twenty ranks after he devoured fifty genius disciples like these!

Huang Xiaolong was now looking forward to the day's challenge with enthusiasm.

"It's the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground! The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground is here!" Suddenly, there was a commotion in the crowded street as a wide berth opened up.

A group of people clad in ink-red brocade robes walked towards the battle stage. There were as many as a hundred people in the group. Each person in the group emitted a strange smell from their bodies that made others extremely uncomfortable, despite not being able to say exactly where they felt uncomfortable. In short, it was a nauseating stench.

Moreover, the ink-red robes were as dark as hell's abyss, reflecting a redness that resembled the blood of a ghost king. Just one look at their robes gave people the creeps.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground!

They were the existence that sent fear through everyone's heart at the mere mention of their name.

In the past, if the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground planned to exterminate a holy ground, they would send an order to that holy ground the day before the execution. In some cases, even before the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground took action on the holy grounds that received the Ghost Talisman Order, a large number of their disciples would die from fright. This just went to show how terrifying the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's reputation was.

Those who were aware of the brutality of Ghost Talisman Holy Ground avoided them and kept their distance, as if they were afraid that if they got too close, they would accidentally provoke the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's displeasure and lose their lives unknowingly.

Although the Mirage Pavilion was jointly managed by the Holy Heavens, Devil Palace, Clear Snow Palace, and Holy Lands Alliance, the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground would have scruples to act recklessly in the Mirage Pavilion. Who could guarantee otherwise?

At the front of the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's group was a middle-aged man with a face dense with worm-like ghostly runes. His eyes seemed to glow green, intermingled with red, exuding a suffocating pressure that was comparable to Wu Ge.

Wu Ge's expression turned solemn in an instant as if he was facing a powerful enemy.

"Is he the Ghost Talisman's Founder? Wasn't he killed by Old Man Cangqiong?" One of the Blue Whale Race's grand elders said with a deep frown on his face.

"No, not the Ghost Talisman's Founder, but he's the second disciple under the Ghost Talisman's Founder, and his name is Gui Buwang. Judging from the ghost runes on his face, he probably has inherited the Ghost Talisman Founder's complete inheritance, and he's probably the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's current patriarch?" The Scarlet Flame Holy Gate Patriarch shook his head.

The Ghost Talisman Founder's second disciple, Gui Buwang!

The experts, who heard him, felt their hearts constrict.

Gui Buwang's aura was already so overwhelming that they could only imagine the terrifying strength of the Ghost Talisman Founder.

The rumor was that although the Ghost Talisman Founder had yet to step into Primal Ancestor Realm, the average Primal Ancestors were incapable of taking his life. It was fortunate that Old Man Cangqiong had taken action into his own hands, finally killing the Ghost Talisman Founder.

"There is a hearsay that the Ghost Talisman Founder isn't really dead! Although his body was destroyed by Old Man Cangqiong, he used the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's supreme ghost art to return from the grave. A hundred million years later, his strength has increased greatly, exceeding his previous prime stage. The only thing we don't know is if he has stepped into Primal Ancestor Realm or not! If he has broken through to the Primal Ancestor Realm, probably even Old Man Cangqiong can do nothing to him, right?!"

True Saint experts in the crowd whispered.

The conversation was akin to a boulder falling into a calm lake, raising violent ripples, as gasps could be heard from various corners of the crowd.

The Ghost Talisman Founder was not dead?!

Upon delving further into the matter, there was such a possibility. The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground had dared to appear again in such a high-profile manner. Therefore, there had to be something or someone who gave them the confidence, and that confidence was the Ghost Talisman Founder!

If the Ghost Talisman Founder was still alive, the Holy World could be drawn into another blood storm and they would live in apprehension every day.

When Huang Xiaolong's gaze fell on Gui Buwang, he felt a strong jolt to his soul which scared him. What a strong ghost soul force! However, Huang Xiaolong recovered in a mere instant, and his gaze shifted onto the ghost soldiers behind Gui Buwang.

Within the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's group, the recruits were divided into disciples and ghost soldiers, and there was almost no difference between a ghost soldier and a puppet. Ghost soldiers were cultivated with a secret method that enhanced their physical bodies' defenses to a point that it was almost impossible to kill them. This was where these ghost soldiers got the reputation of undying physique.

After seeing that Huang Xiaolong had actually recovered almost instantaneously after being affected by his ghost soul force, the Ghost Talisman Saint was inwardly surprised. His eyes flickered with doubt, but he soon threw his thoughts at the back of his mind.

Several minutes after the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's group arrived, the Holy Lands Alliance came. All of the Holy Lands Alliance's ten great patriarchs led the group, causing another wave of excitement through the crowd. Behind them was the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, South Desolate Holy Ground, Falling Heavens Race, Ancient Dhyana Race, and the rest of ancient races and holy ground's alliance.

And last of all, the Holy Race arrived!

When the Holy Race's group appeared, bright holy light illuminated the entire venue, blinding as the sun, spreading hope and warmth.

Huang Xiaolong's attention first landed on the unfathomable Xiao Baili. The impression Xiao Baili gave Huang Xiaolong was vastly different from Jin Taiji. When he had looked at Jin Taiji, Huang Xiaolong had felt that he was ordinary, but the impression he got from Xiao Baili was deep, and he even looked a little bit dangerous.

#### Chapter 2465: Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's Ghost Soldiers

Different from the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, when the Holy Race arrived, the various forces' experts showed a warm, and even enthusiastic welcome and reverence. The present holy grounds and ancient races' patriarchs greeted or saluted the Holy Race's patriarch Bai Moyang.

Even the Holy Lands Alliance's Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, and the rest of the ten great holy grounds' patriarchs did not dare to put themselves on a pedestal in front of Bai Moyang, and took the initiative to greet Bai Moyang.

The Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, South Desolate Holy Ground, Falling Heavens Race, Ancient Dhyana Race, and other ancient forces, including the Silver Wing Holy Ground too were extremely courteous and respectful towards Bao Moyang.

In the past, the Holy Race was the Holy World's bona fide leader, but unfortunately, the Holy Race's Grand Ancestor had suffered severe injuries. In other words, the Holy Race's status was equivalent to the current Holy Heavens organisation in the past.

Similar to the Holy Heavens' Grand Hall Master, Wu Ge also stepped forward and greeted Bai Moyang.

After a round of greetings, Bai Moyang faced Huang Xiaolong and said, "Talented people appear in every generation, Your Highness Huang Xiaolong has two complete dao saint godheads that can evolve at amazing speed. It's truly a great talent, ah."

Huang Xiaolong looked at the smile on Bai Moyang's face, as he cupped his fists and said, "Patriarch Bai Moyang is overpraising me. I wouldn't dare to say number one, but my improvement speed is indeed not too bad."

Upon listening to Huang Xiaolong 'humbly' say that his improvement speed was 'not too bad,' there were more than a few awkward faces in the crowd.

In a short span of a few decades, Huang Xiaolong's complete dao saint godheads had risen from the bottom rung of nine hundred plus ranks to the current twenties ranks. This speed was merely considered as not too bad?!

Then the person, who had the most amazing complete dao saint godhead evolution speed before Huang Xiaolong, came into the limelight. It was Mo Cangli, and he would probably commit suicide by ramming into a pillar if he heard what Huang Xiaolong said.

As Mo Cangli's personal disciple, standing in the same row as Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, and other holy grounds' patriarchs, Huai Po felt the nerve on his face twitch at Huang Xiaolong's humble words.

"Your Highness is too humble." Bai Moyang chuckled amiably.

Huang Xiaolong's gaze swept past Bai Moyang, falling on Xiao Baili as he asked, "Would this be your disciple? I have heard that your disciple's outstanding talent is comparable to the Devil Palace's Xie Bufan. You're willing to send him up to die?!"

Bai Moyang, the present Holy Race's experts, and other holy grounds' experts were taken aback by Huang Xiaolong's words.

The expressions on these experts' faces were an interesting sight.

The Ghost Talisman Saint Gui Buwang chortled loudly a second later, "Exactly so! Bai Moyang, it looks like some people do not put the Holy Race in their eyes at all, and definitely not your disciple. Your precious disciple is going to go to his death."

The Holy Race used to be the Holy World's rightful leader, and the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground was naturally dissatisfied with that.

Bai Moyang's cold gaze swept over the Gui Buwang, and then, he smiled amiably at Huang Xiaolong as he said, "It looks like Your Highness is very confident. Confidence is a good thing, but being overconfident blinds a person, making them incapable of judging the direction they should take, and forget themselves." He was subtly reproaching Huang Xiaolong.

However, as the Holy Race's patriarch, others did not think it was out of bound for Bai Moyang to slightly reproach Huang Xiaolong because Bai Moyang had the qualifications to do so. Moreover, not any holy ground's geniuses had the chance to be 'reproached' by Bai Moyang.

Huang Xiaolong smiled nonchalantly, hearing Bai Moyang's reproach, "I have always been confident, and my heart has always been firm. I have never lost myself." Other people could be worried about offending the Holy Race, and they did not dare to hurt Xiao Baili, but Huang Xiaolong was different.

If he was afraid of offending the Holy Race, he wouldn't have set up the battle stage challenge to begin with, much less challenging the entire Holy World.

Ultimately, all these people, who had come to challenge him, wanted the grandmist holy spiritual aura, wanting to step on him to gain a name for themselves, and at the same time, vex the Holy Heavens.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't hold back towards these people.

Regardless of whether they were the Holy Race or the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, all challengers would be killed!

He hadn't killed Jin Taiji by merely looking at the sake of Tyrant Chu's relationship with them.

As for the Holy Race, and Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, neither of them had any connection to his four masters.

Xiao Baili's eyes narrowed, as his gaze fixed on Huang Xiaolong, and the vigorous energy within his body surged.

Bai Moyang smiled nonchalantly, hearing Huang Xiaolong's words. He didn't say anything in response. Huang Xiaolong was only a junior, and it was unbecoming his status to debate with Huang Xiaolong there.

The episode ended there.

Subsequently, the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground, Holy Race, Holy Lands Alliance, and Reservoir Sword Alliance began to draw lots.

As the crowd craned their necks in anticipation, the results were announced.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground drew the number one spot, Holy Race second, Reservoir Sword Alliance third, and the Holy Lands Alliance got number four.



When the results came out, the Holy Lands Alliance's Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, Hou Ming, and the others' faces were extremely gloomy.

They actually got the fourth slot?!

By the time their turn arrived, they wouldn't even get a mouthful of soup.

But there was nothing they could do to change this result.

Gui Buwang, who had got the number one spot, revealed a rare smile on his grotesque face.

"The heavens are standing on our Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's side!" Gui Buwang's sonorous laughter rang through the venue, pushing the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's momentum higher still.

There was only calmness on Huang Xiaolong's face as he looked at Gui Buwang.

With Gui Buwang's order, fifty ghost soldiers behind him leaped into the air and landed on the stage with loud thumps. These fifty ghost soldiers were between late-Third Tribulation and peak late-Third Tribulation half-True Saint Realm. They were similar in build, physically, as if they had come out from the same mould. Each of them wore the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's unique ghost armor, inscribed in various sizes of divine ghosts.

Once on the battle stage, these fifty ghost soldiers drew their ghost swords out, showing that they meant business. As their bodies blurred from rapid speed, their ghost swords slashed towards Huang Xiaolong.

In a split second, ghostly howls, sharp shrieks, and their swords' cold gleams came from every angle of the battle stage as killing intent solidified aircurrents.

The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground had forged these ghost swords using the most cold yin materials from places of abundant ghost qi, and then sealed a ton of ferocious ghosts with great resentment into the ghost swords. Once these ghost swords' powers were activated, they could deal a blow straight to the soul.

But Huang Xiaolong was unaffected in any way, directly meeting these attacks with his bare fists.

Zheng!

Huang Xiaolong's fists and ghost swords collided loudly, and sparks flew everywhere as those ghost swords were sent tumbling into the air from the impact, while the ghost soldiers were smashed back the way they had come.

Despite that, these ghost soldiers were back on their feet immediately, as if nothing had happened, and they were already launching a second attack at Huang Xiaolong. Without their ghost swords, their hands bent into claws with nails as sharp as blades. Under the sunlight, their nails reflected a cold dark gleam, as they headed straight towards Huang Xiaolong.

Upon watching this, the crowd below was shocked. They had witnessed the power of Huang Xiaolong's attacks during this time, but these ghost soldiers were actually alright?!

Their physiques were a bit too frightening, weren't they?

In the earlier matches, whether it was Fang Xing or Sui Yunfeng, both had coughed up blood after being repelled by Huang Xiaolong.

These ghost soldiers' physical toughness was stronger than Fang Xing and Sui Yunfeng? Lin Xiaoying who was watching this secretly smacked her lips in astonishment.

"The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's ghost soldiers' bodies are really amazing!" Ji Xinyi exclaimed, "Our Clear Snow Palace's disciples at the same level of cultivation as these ghost soldiers would be in trouble if they encounter these ghost soldiers!"

Tan Juan nodded her head in agreement with worry etched between her delicate brows. His Grandmaster, Old Man Cangqiong, destroyed the Ghost Talisman Founder's body, but now that the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground has emerged again, they would likely target the Clear Snow Palace.

Just these ghost soldiers were already difficult to deal with.

“These ghost soldiers are powerful but there is almost no hope for them to enter True Saint Realm. Therefore, Clear Snow Palace doesn’t need to fear the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground,” Lin Xiaoying said.

Since the ghost soldiers’ cultivation took a different approach, it made their souls much more difficult to integrate with Saint Fate despite their amazing physical defenses. Thus only a small number of ghost soldiers could break through to True Saint Realm.

Right at this time, a loud boom came from the battle stage as Huang Xiaolong’s fist landed on one of the ghost soldiers’ chest. That ghost soldier’s chest caved in from the force, but his body did not break nor explode. This sight sent another tremor through the crowd’s heart. This ghost soldier didn’t explode to his death from that punch? If Fang Xing or Sui Yunfeng were fighting these ghost soldiers right now, could they have even make a scratch on their bodies?

#### Chapter 2466: Xiao Baili’s Complete Dao Saint Godhead

In the next second, the crowd saw the ghost soldier’s caved-in chest had returned to normal, as if all his injuries had healed in the blink of an eye, as he continued to attack Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong was slightly shocked seeing this, as these Ghost Talisman Holy Ground’s ghost soldiers really lived up to their reputation.

After a series of quick exchanges, the fifty ghost soldiers realized that Huang Xiaolong’s attacks could not break the defenses on their bodies, thus their attacks grew increasingly aggressive and crazy. Ghostly shrieks sounded with every swing of their fists, and their fists force turned into a tide of yin ghosts that dominated the battle stage stage, bedazzling the crowd below.

From a distance, it appeared as if Huang Xiaolong was besieged and overwhelmed by a sea of ferocious ghosts. Huang Xiaolong struck out desperately with his palms and fists as if he was trying to shoo away these ghosts entangling him.

However, the more Huang Xiaolong tried to shoo away these ghosts, the number of ghosts entangling him increased. In the end, all around Huang Xiaolong, from above his head to his legs, there were shrieking yin ghosts. Furthermore, Huang Xiaolong's speed was obviously reduced as time passed.

Soon, more and more people noticed this situation, and shockingly they realized that these ghost soldiers were more terrifying than they had imagined.

Gui Buwang smiled watching the battle on the stage, and the worm-like ghost runes on his face wriggled around, enhancing his eeriness.

The Holy Race's Xiao Baili's brows creased slightly, and he said to Bai Moyang, "Master, is Huang Xiaolong going to lose?"

Bai Moyang shook his head, "It's hard to say."

One of the Holy Race's Eminent Elder smiled and said, "I say, this Huang Xiaolong ain't as powerful as rumors claim to be. He can't even deal with the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's ghost soldiers, yet he wants to challenge the entire Holy World. What a joke!? The preparations we've made for so long are in vain. I think without Baili going out, any one of our disciples can easily defeat him!"

Experts in the crowd shook their heads in resignation, watching Huang Xiaolong's movements become slower, as he was entangled by numerous ghosts, unable to extricate himself.

"It looks like one thing restrains another." The Scarlet Flame Holy Gate's Patriarch sneered mockingly, "Although Huang Xiaolong's defenses and power are amazing, he still can't withstand these ghost soldiers' yin soul force. These ghost soldiers' yin soul force has already encroached into Huang Xiaolong's body, and not even his All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead's power could expel it. It will be increasingly hard for him to employ the energy in his body. Therefore, his movements and reactions are becoming slower and slower!"

The Scarlet Flame Holy Gate Patriarch, Blue Whale Race Patriarch, and the others, who had grudges with Huang Xiaolong, naturally wanted to see Huang Xiaolong die at the hands of these ghost soldiers. The more miserable he became, the happier they would be.

As for Xie Yao, as he saw that Huang Xiaolong had fallen downwind in the battle and looked strenuous as he tried to hold on, he was about to whoop out in joy when four blazing fires flew out from Huang Xiaolong's body.

Roars of four divine fires' spirits rang through the Mirage Pavilion.

The four divine fires' spirits, Azure Dragon, White Tiger, Vermilion Bird, and Black Tortoise, flew in circles around Huang Xiaolong, and the light from bright burning flames shone out from the Mirage Pavilion towards the space outside.

The yin soul force that invaded Huang Xiaolong's body was all burned till nothing was left.

Huang Xiaolong's body rose high into the air, and with a twist, he transformed into a giant blue dragon!

Everyone was stunned speechless, watching Huang Xiaolong suddenly turn into a giant blue dragon. During this split second, Huang Xiaolong's dragon claw slammed onto the stage.

"Four Seas Heavy Palm!" Huang Xiaolong's icy voice rang in everyone's ears.

In an instant, a storm of giant dragon claws' force turned into tides of boundless four seas, slamming on to ghost soldiers on the stage.

Rumble—!

Just like a meteor of chaos mountains hitting the earth at the same time, the entire battle stage quaked violently as if the world was falling apart.

All ferocious yin ghosts disappeared, and there were no shadows of the ghost soldiers. Instead, there were the flattened bodies of ghost soldiers on the stage. The ghost swords were crushed to smithereens under the force of Huang Xiaolong's attack.

The power of one attack was so terrifyingly overwhelming!

Everyone was jarred by the abrupt change.

Originally, everyone in the crowd had thought that Huang Xiaolong was bound to lose, seeing him being suppressed by the multitude of yin ghosts. Who would've thought that Huang Xiaolong would suddenly transform, and one dragon claw would turn defeat into victory!

Li Chen, Xie Bufan, Dou Rui, Lin Xiaoying, Tan Juan, Ji Xinyi, and the others stared at the blue dragon in absolute shock. Dragon Race?! A blue dragon at that?

Between this heaven and earth, they had never heard of the existence of a blue dragon....

Before anyone reacted, Huang Xiaolong had returned to his human form, and landed on the stage again. He walked towards the ghost soldiers. Although these ghost soldiers were flattened by Huang Xiaolong's dragon claw, they had not died yet. Their flesh was wriggling on the stage floor, while yin soul force circulated around their bodies as they tried to recover.

But would Huang Xiaolong allow them to recover? His palms extended out and the suction force from his palms peeled these ghost soldiers off the stage, right to his front. He circulated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium and began devouring these ghost soldiers.

Although these ghost soldiers were cultivated with secret methods, similar to puppets,, they were still humans with high talents at the core. They too had complete dao saint godheads, saint bloodlines, and saint physiques.

But, just as Huang Xiaolong was about to devour these ghost soldiers, Gui Buwang harrumphed coldly and a powerful surge of yin soul force rushed towards Huang Xiaolong.

Since Gui Buwang was a Ninth Heavens True Saint expert, merely a fraction of his yin soul force was extremely powerful. If Huang Xiaolong was hit by this attack, he would suffer severe injuries to his soul even with the protection of his three holy souls.

Wu Ge had been keeping an eye on Gui Buwang the entire time. Hence, the moment Gui Buwang made a move, Wu Ge caught it immediately. There were no flamboyant movements, but a golden light glimmered in his eyes, and its power collided with Gui Buwang's yin soul force.

In high air, the two opposing forces collide endlessly.

Sensing this, the surrounding experts swiftly acted, forming protective barriers to protect the disciples of their own forces.

Both Wu Ge and Gui Buwang retreated one step from the impact of the rebound.

"Gui Buwang, you dare to sneak an attack?!" Wu Ge's eyes were icy cold as he barked, "Did the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground appear again just so you can be exterminated once more?!"

But Gui Buwang was unflustered despite having his sneak attack impeded by Wu Ge, and he chuckled in response. "Don't be so serious, Grand Hall Master Wu Ge. I was merely testing how sturdy the stage's protective barrier is just now, and I have no intention of doing anything to Huang Xiaolong."

Wu Ge snorted in disdain, "If this happens again, then don't blame me if the Holy Heavens holds you inside the Mirage Pavilion forever!"

Gui Buwang chuckled, but did not say another word.

At this point, Huang Xiaolong had already finished devouring those ghost soldiers.

The Holy Heavens' hall masters' and grand elders' tensed nerves relaxed. There were big smiles on their faces as they cheered, clapping their hands.

The Holy Race's Bai Moyang also clapped and shouted 'good' several times. The Holy Race's experts also followed their patriarch's action.

Gui Buwang's gaze coldly swept over Bai Moyang, with a gloomy face.

On the other hand, Huang Xiaolong's attention was on Xiao Baili.

In a flash, Xiao Baili went up the battle stage.

This time, the Holy Race were only sending Xiao Baili. It was obvious they had great confidence in him.

On the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong and Xiao Baili stood face to face.

The noisy crowd suddenly quieted.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Xiao Baili. Others, probably, could not sense the other aura hidden within Xiao Baili's body, but Huang Xiaolong, who had three holy souls, detected it. This aura was what gave Huang Xiaolong the feeling of danger.

A light flickered in Huang Xiaolong's eyes. One point was clear that this aura or energy did not belong to Xiao Baoli. Could there be a True Saint Realm's existence within Xiao Baili's body? Or did the Holy Race deliberately seal a terrifying power inside Xiao Baili's body?

"Huang Xiaolong, your talent is indeed the highest one amongst the younger generation I've come across so far, but unfortunately, both of your complete dao saint godheads have only evolved close to the top twenty ranks. Therefore, your current strength is far from enough to be my opponent," Xiao Baili spoke after a moment.

Then, he summoned his complete dao saint godhead out from his body.

#### Chapter 2467: Xiao Baili's Two Complete Dao Saint Godheads!

When Xiao Baili summoned his complete dao saint godhead out, the world's light was eclipsed in the same instant. The bright skies and brilliant shining sun suddenly plummeted into darkness!

There was absolute darkness!



The world lost all its light and radiance.

In this darkness, a complete dao saint godhead slowly flew out from Xiao Baili's body.

This complete dao saint godhead was pitch-black with a luster. In the darkness, it was a shiny black diamond.

All eyes were fixed on the complete dao saint godhead, and no noise could draw their attention away from it.

Everyone was shocked to their souls.

"This, this is the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead!" Someone in the crowd exclaimed.

The Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead was ranked twelfth!

"Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead ah. One of the eight saints, Solitary Darkness Saint, had the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead too, and it has appear once again!" The Black Inferno Race Patriarch Zhang Zhiyuan exclaimed in admiration.

The Holy Race's first generation patriarch, the Ancient Emperor Holy Ground's Nie Ri, Desolate Saint, Vajra Race's first patriarch Jin Bushi, Solitary Darkness Saint, Old Man Cangqiong, and Underworld Devil Sage were the Holy World's first batch of experts, who had successfully entered True Saint Realm.

And they were hailed as the Eight Saints!

The Holy World's Eight Saints!

No matter how many True Saint Realm experts had appeared from then on, or how many people had reached the Ninth Heavens True Saint Realm, no one could shake the status of the Eight Saints from the Holy World's experts' minds.

Among the Eight Saints, three of them had entered the Primal Ancestor Realm. The first person was Old Man Cangqiong, second was the Holy Race's first patriarch, Jian Duzun, and the third was Underworld Devil Sage!

The Underworld Devil Sage had another identity, and that was the Devil Palace Master, Qiao Jinyang!

Whereas, the Solitary Darkness Saint's status among the Eight Saints was only second to Old Man Cangqiong, Jian Duzun, and Qiao Jinyang. However, like the Desolate Saint and Purdue Saint, the Solitary Darkness Saint had been missing for a long time. This was the reason behind the crowd's big reaction upon seeing the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead.

Though Xiao Baili's Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead had taken everyone by surprise, soon, some people were frowning. Earlier, Jin Taiji had lost even with his rank-eleven Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead. Therefore, many people strongly doubted if Xiao Baili could defeat Huang Xiaolong.

A Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's expert jumped on the chance immediately, "So, it's the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead. It is rarely seen, so it's a pity. Even Jin Taiji's Chaos Hollow Saint Godhead isn't Huang Xiaolong's opponent, yet you have the cheek to say in public that he's not enough to be your opponent with your Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead!"

"That's right, Xiao Baili, I think you better get off the stage right now, rather than making a joke out of yourself!" One of the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's experts ridiculed. "Better get off the stage. You can still have a life, or you might be tortured to death by Huang Xiaolong, and you will die in vain! With this level of talent, how dare you say that your talent is comparable to Xie Bufan, Li Chen, and Tan Juan?"

The Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's experts erupted in laughter.

Hearing their laughter, the Holy Race's experts shot hateful glares at them.

Patriarch Bai Moyang raised his arm, stopping the Holy Race's experts from taking further actions, and kept watching the battle stage in a calm manner as if he had not heard the Ghost Talisman Holy Ground's ridicule.

Just as everyone thought Xiao Baili was destined to lose like the others before him, a bright light rippled out from his body. Different from the darkness before, this time, it was extreme, blinding brightness. This light was neither white nor golden, yet it surpassed all other kinds of light others had ever seen. Even the absolute darkness from the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead receded due to this light.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

This was?!

Wu Ge, Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, and other experts' expressions changed greatly. Could it be?!

As they had guessed correctly, their expressions changed to the worse, while another complete dao saint godhead flew out from Xiao Baili's body.

This complete dao saint godhead exuded a regal aura, and when it appeared, the space above the Mirage Pavilion changed completely. Thunder rumbled as electrifying streaks of lightning zapped across space with heaven-destroying momentum. Overwhelming coercive pressure descended on the crowd, as chilling fear wrapped around their hearts.

Dumbfounded eyes stared at the complete dao saint godhead that was neither white nor golden!

"The Grand Purity Saint Godhead!" Someone in the crowd exclaimed.

The Grand Purity Saint Godhead!

Something exploded in the depths of everyone's mind.

Even Xie Bufan, Li Chen, and Tan Juan, too, could not hide their astonishment, as they were shocked by Xiao Baili's revelation.

The Grand Purity Saint Godhead ah, the complete dao saint godhead that ranked tenth!

Although it was the last spot in the top ten, it was still one of the top ten complete dao saint godheads list!

The appearance of one of the top ten complete dao saint godheads astounded the world!

Huang Xiaolong was 'frightened' by Xiao Baili's Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead and Grand Purity Saint Godhead. Even he had not expected Xiao Baili to actually possess two complete dao saint godheads!

Not to mention, one was the Grand Purity Saint Godhead, while the other was the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead!

Any one of these two saint godheads was amazing enough, then what's more with two of them together!

The Holy Race's first patriarch Jian Duzun had the Grand Purity Saint Godhead too.

"Another person with the Grand Purity Saint Godhead has appeared among the Holy Race. That's another freak genius on the rise, ah." The Scarlet Flame Holy Gate Patriarch sighed in awe.

As if the Scarlet Flame Holy Gate Patriarch's words lit a fire, the crowd was in a furor.

Everyone was already certain Xiao Baili would lose in this match, but now, this thought had completely changed. Huang Xiaolong had two complete dao saint godheads but both of them ranked below twenty. Even though he also had the Holy Mandate Imprint, it wasn't likely Huang Xiaolong could defeat Xiao Baili!

There was mirth in Bai Moyang's eyes as he took in the crowd's expressions, and the corners of his mouth curved into a smile. He looked at the golden grandmist holy spiritual aura dragon high in the air. With it, the Holy Race's overall strength could rise to a whole new height!

Xiao Baili's Grand Purity Saint Godhead and Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead hovered side by side in the air—one black and one white, shining brightly, especially the Grand Purity Saint Godhead. Its brilliance penetrated the Mirage Pavilion's space into the void.

Xiao Baili stood with his hands clasped behind him as he looked nonchalantly at Huang Xiaolong, “Huang Xiaolong, I’ve already said that the current you is far from enough to be my opponent. You have two complete dao saint godheads, so do I. Unfortunately, both of my complete dao saint godheads rank higher than yours. Even if you have the Holy Mandate Imprint, it is not enough to narrow the gap between us.”

Huang Xiaolong calmly refused, “Not necessarily.”

Everyone was genuinely stunned by Huang Xiaolong’s confidence.

The Devil Palace’s Dou Rui’s mockery surfaced again, “Huang Xiaolong, do you have any more trump cards up your sleeve? Then again, I wouldn’t be surprised if the four Primal Ancestors gave you one or two saint artifacts for protection. However, you may have forgotten that among the rules you’ve set, if your opponent does not use any saint artifact, you too cannot use any saint artifact either.”

“At the end of the day, Huang Xiaolong, you shot yourself in the foot! You were the one who set the battle stage’s rules. Is regret hitting you hard right now? Still, it is not shameful to admit defeat in front of His Highness Xiao Baili!” A Holy Race expert clamored.

The Scarlet Flame Holy Gate, Blue Whale Race, Black Inferno Race, and other forces who had lost many geniuses at Huang Xiaolong’s hands were gloating, and a thirst for vengeance roiled in their chests.

“Senior Brother Li Chen, Huang Xiaolong is absolutely going to lose this time!” Xie Yao said through voice transmission.

Li Chen nodded his head slightly in agreement. Finally, there was a smile on his face after so many days.

Huang Xiaolong ignored the jeers coming from the Devil Palace, Holy Race, Scarlet Flame Holy Gate, and the rest, as he summoned his complete dao saint godheads.

First, it was the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead, exuding majestic dragon might, and then the All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead ensued, lighting half the sky with golden luminance.

“Huang Xiaolong, in this situation, you still have the cheek to bring out your two complete dao saint godheads to show off?” Dou Rui sneered, “It’s too bad your complete dao saint godheads are lackluster in comparison.”

The Devil Palace’s experts whooped in laughter.

A soft snicker escaped Xiao Baili’s lips.

As Dou Rui and a bunch of Devil Palace’s experts were laughing as hard as they could to humiliate Huang Xiaolong, a burst of blinding light enshrouded Huang Xiaolong as a third complete dao saint godhead flew out. In an instant, devilish rays of light descended on the land! Heaven and earth eclipsed, and all devils crouched in reverence!

Chapter 2468: Huang Xiaolong Vs. Xiao Baili

A third complete dao saint godhead!

When Huang Xiaolong’s third complete dao saint godhead appeared in everyone’s sight, Dou Rui, Xie Yao, and the Holy Race’s experts’ enthusiastic clamors got choked in their throats. Time seemed to come to a standstill at this moment.

Mouths were agape as the crowd watched the third complete dao saint godhead rise high into the air.

Third complete dao saint godhead that exuded a strong devilish light almost blinded everyone’s eyes!

Staring at the airspace dominated by phantoms of ancient gods and devils that were worshipping the third complete dao saint godheads, everyone’s breath was snatched away!

Gazes were fixed on the third complete dao saint godhead without blinking as if the third complete dao saint godhead had become the only one in the world!

“Three, three complete dao saint godheads!” Xie Yao was tongue-tied, as a tremor rising from fear traveled from his tongue through his chest to his lower body making him tremble from head to toe.

Three complete dao saint godheads!

When the third complete dao saint godhead hovered in the air side-by-side, the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead, it emitted endless humming noises akin to numerous miniature suns exploding at the same time. The intense, glaring brightness filled the entire Mirage Pavilion, and spread out to the vast skies outside. Air currents turned chaotic and turbulent, surging wantonly, with howling winds screaming in everyone’s ears!

Tan Juan was in a daze, looking at Huang Xiaolong’s three complete dao saint godheads, subconsciously muttering something unintelligible to others.

Whereas Lin Xiaoying and Ji Xinyi stayed silent, with their eyes opened as wide as plates in shock. It was as if they were trying their very best to see clearly the scene in front of them.

Li Chen staggered back in disbelief, and his chest felt extremely stuffy as if something heavy was pressing down on him. On top of that, he seemed to suffer internal injury.

The Holy Race’s Patriarch Bai Moyang, Holy Lands Alliance’s Duan Xuan, Shen Jiewen, and the others paled as if they had been hit by a big blow!

Huai Po’s eyes were bloodshot as he insisted under his breath, “This is not possible! Not possible!”

Three complete dao saint godheads!

This was unheard of in this Holy World.

The thing that was driving Huai Po insane was that these three were complete dao saint godheads could evolve!

Huang Xiaolong actually had three complete dao saint godheads!

He felt an impulse to die at this very moment.

Initially, the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead's momentum were strongly suppressed by Xiao Baili's Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead and Grand Purity Saint Godhead, like they were helpless twigs flailing in the angry thunderstorm. But when Huang Xiaolong's third complete dao saint godhead joined the ranks, all three complete dao saint godheads' powers merged seamlessly. In that instant, the Dual-Headed Giant Dragon Saint Godhead and All-Bodhisattvas Saint Godhead's power exploded upward.

The three complete dao saint godheads amplified and synergized power actually showed signs of suppressing the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead and Grand Purity Saint Godhead's powers!

Then, the Holy Mandate Imprint between Huang Xiaolong's brows shone with unprecedented brilliance. The Holy World's origin energy roared as it rushed down, akin to hundreds and thousands of divine horses galloping across the prairie, like millions of heavens' drums being struck. Endless origin energy poured into the three complete dao saint godheads.

The three complete dao saint godheads' powers erupted to a new height and steadfastly suppressed the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead and Grand Purity Saint Godhead!

Xiao Baili, who was standing leisurely with his hands clasped, looking like victory was already in his hand just moments ago, could no longer smile. His hands fell to the sides and his eyes stared fixedly at Huang Xiaolong's third complete dao saint godhead, as shock was written all over his face.

After the shock receded, Xiao Baili looked at Huang Xiaolong with a complicated gaze.

At this moment, Xiao Baili felt the words he had spoken earlier were simply a joke! He had told Huang Xiaolong to his face that the current Huang Xiaolong was not strong enough to be his opponent....

Perhaps, Huang Xiaolong had been laughing from the beginning.



He took a deep breath as determination flickered across his eyes as two sharp swords appeared in his hands. The sword in his left hand was entirely ink black, while the sword in his right hand was white and bright.

“It’s the Solitary Darkness Saint’s Solitary Darkness Sword and the Holy Race’s Sacred Light Sword!”

“How come the Solitary Darkness Sword is in Xiao Baili’s hand?!”

This was the first thought in the crowd’s mind.

The Solitary Darkness Sword was the Solitary Darkness Saint’s sole sword, yet they saw the sword in Xiao Baili’s hand?

“Could Xiao Baili have gotten the Solitary Darkness Saint’s complete inheritance?” Multitude of questions were being asked from below the stage.

Whereas for Huang Xiaolong, he was looking at Xiao Baili with a contemplative gleam in his eyes.

Suddenly, Xiao Baili bellowed and the black and white swords in his hands thrust towards Huang Xiaolong. The skies were taken over by intermingling black and white lights.

When the black light and white lights intermingled, it was as if the brightest day had plummeted into an eternal abyss of darkness. The crowd was struck by an overwhelming sight and soul impact, feeling like the world had tumbled over.

“This is the Solitary Darkness Saint’s Darkness Abyss Sword Art!”

“It’s also the Holy Race’s Extreme Daylight Sword Art! Xiao Baili has mastered both sword arts. On top of that, he has successfully merged the powers of the two sword arts, enabling him to execute them simultaneously with ease. This is like fighting against two Xiao Baili, ah! Hehe, it looks like the winner of this match is yet to be determined!”

The Devil Palace, Holy Lands Alliance, Black Inferno Race, Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, Ancient Dhyana Race, and other forces' experts watched on with a sharp glint in their eyes. Originally, when Huang Xiaolong had revealed his third complete dao saint godhead, the crowd had assumed that Huang Xiaolong would no doubt win the challenge with his three complete dao saint godheads and Holy Mandate Imprint. But now, after looking at the Solitary Darkness Sword and Grand Brightness Sword in Xiao Baili's hands, along with his ability of executing the two sword arts simultaneously, changed everyone's opinion.

It was hard to tell who was going to win this time.

Watching Xiao Baili's attack, Huang Xiaolong dared not be careless and underestimate Xiao Baili at all. The Winged Dragon Flying Ship in his body flew out and transformed into a saint armor with a winged dragon emblem on the chest, wrapping itself around Huang Xiaolong's body.

The Winged Dragon Flying Ship's pair of wings unfurled behind Huang Xiaolong's back, akin to a pair of enormous dragon wings, exuding a thick ferocious aura. At the same time, Huang Xiaolong activated the Darkness Holy Ring's protective boundary.

Next, a sneer escaped Huang Xiaolong's mouth as his left palm struck forward. In an instant, countless divine dragons emerged from his left palm, forming great kingdoms of dragons; azure dragons formed water, golden dragons were metal element, while fire dragons gave birth to seas of fire.

One kingdom of dragons after another appeared, exuding waves of terrifying dragon might.

"Prosperity of the Dragons!"

Lord Long's grand dao art!

Seeing the Prosperity of the Dragons once again, the crowd couldn't help but feel awe to their souls.

Still, this was the first time many people were witnessing this grand dao art with their own eyes.

Huang Xiaolong then clenched his fist and punched out—r-r-r-rum-mmb-ble!

When Huang Xiaolong's right fist punched out, shocking gusts of frigid wind rose from the corners of the Mirage Pavilion. These gusts of frigid wind seemed to penetrate into everyone's bones, deep into their souls.

A thick veil of darkness fell wherever Huang Xiaolong swung his fist. Huang Xiaolong's darkness differed from Xiao Baili's Solitary Darkness Sword Art's darkness. The darkness created by Xiao Baili's sword art was pure and absolute darkness, on the other hand, the darkness generated by Huang Xiaolong was a frigid cold darkness that froze all hope and vitality.

Although Xiao Baili's darkness contained powerful sword qi, and heart-palpating killing intent, it could only last for a short time. Whereas Huang Xiaolong's darkness intensified over time. It was colder and colder, like a dark beast bent on swallowing a realm.

"Epoch of Darkness!"

"It's the Holy Heavens Elder Crow's grand dao art!" An expert in the crowd exclaimed in surprise.

That's right, this was Huang Xiaolong's master, Elder Crow's grand dao art, the Epoch of Darkness!

Extreme yin frigid coldness within boundless darkness. It was said that the Epoch of Darkness' extreme yin frigid coldness could freeze all things of light, and devour all vitality.

Xiao Baili had the Solitary Darkness Sword Art and the Holy Race's Extreme Daylight Sword Art. On the other hand, Huang Xiaolong had the Prosperity of Dragons and Epoch of Darkness!

Huang Xiaolong's attacks collided head-on against Xiao Baili's two sword arts.

Chapter 2469: Unable to Kill Xiao Baili

Bang! A thunderous collision came from the battle stage!

Sword qi from Xiao Baili's Extreme Daylight Sword collided with Huang Xiaolong's Prosperity of the Dragons, raising explosions of lights. The Extreme Daylight sword qi slashed through one dragon kingdom after another. Dragons after dragons were slaughtered by the Extreme Daylight sword qi.

But even as Xiao Baili's Extreme Daylight sword qi continued to slaughter the hordes of divine dragons, more divine dragons continued to emerge from Huang Xiaolong's palm.

The Prosperity of Dragons!

These kingdoms of dragons continued to emerge with the persistent, inexhaustible vitality of wild weeds that made them imperishable!

On the other hand, Xiao Baili's Extreme Daylight sword qi had begun to weaken as he continued his slaughter.

At the same time, Xiao Baili's Solitary Darkness sword qi collided with Huang Xiaolong's Epoch of Darkness. There was no heaven-shaking collision, nor were there any terrifying aftershock waves except for the rippling black rays that spread out in the skies.

Undulating hoarse cries rang in the air.

The Solitary Darkness sword qi forged ahead, pulverizing through the Epoch of Darkness' extreme yin frigid coldness. However, no matter how fast the Solitary Darkness sword qi pulverized onward, there were realms of darkness in Xiao Baili's sight. As long as the Epoch of Darkness remained, the extreme yin frigid coldness remained indefinitely.

It was inexhaustible, endless!

Until the end, the Solitary Darkness sword qi had weakened and frozen in midair by the Epoch of Darkness frigid energy.

Huang Xiaolong's Prosperity of Dragons was still going strong! And the Epoch of Darkness still dominated Xiao Baili's sight.

The divine dragons accumulated into great tidal waves rolling towards him, and the extreme yin frigid darkness encroached closer, Xiao Baili's calm composure finally cracked. The Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead and Grand Purity Saint Godhead above his head spun to their limits, extracting the surroundings' energy. In an instant, blinding brightness and black light filled the air.

He raised the Grand Brightness Sword and Solitary Darkness Sword in his hands and slashed out simultaneously in an attempt to block the two incoming attacks.

BOOM!

It was as if two colossal entities had slammed into each other.

Huang Xiaolong's Prosperity of Dragons and Epoch of Darkness slammed onto the Solitary Darkness Sword and Grand Brightness Sword.

At the moment of impact, Xiao Baili felt like a great force had enveloped him.

This force was far greater than he had imagined, and he stepped back again and again, all the way until the edge of the battle stage.

The two swords in his hands were issuing humming noises as they quivered violently, and it looked like they would fly out of his hands in the next moment. Trepidation flickered across Xiao Baili's eyes. Both of his arms had gone numb from the impact.

Is this Huang Xiaolong's strength? So terrifying!

At his current battle strength, with the Solitary Darkness Sword and Grand Brightness Sword, he could easily kill many Eighth Tribulation half True Saint Realm Holy Princes, and even give the lower-average Ninth Tribulation half-True Saints a bitter battle, but the feeling Huang Xiaolong gave him at this moment was that he was undefeatable!

Huang Xiaolong's battle power had reached this level!

While Xiao Baili was caught in a moment of fluster, the dragon wings on Huang Xiaolong's back unfurled, and with a flap of the wings, air currents turned into a storm of feather dragon swords, shooting straight at Xiao Baili from every angle. All of Xiao Baili's retreat points were sealed off from all eight directions, and from top to bottom.

Before Xiao Baili reacted, the Darkness Holy Ring's Dark Sacred Sword Formation shot out, and the air was buzzed with sharp sword qi that rained down on Xiao Baili.

Fear flitted across Xiao Baili's eyes.

"Is this Xiao Baili going to lose?" Dou Rui muttered in a low voice to Xie Bufan, and a deep frown formed over his face as his gaze was fixed towards the battle stage.

Xie Bufan sighed, but did not say anything. His chest was filled with a turmoil of emotions, and as he clenched his fists, a strong killing intent, like never before, took over. Huang Xiaolong must die in the Trial of Blood!

Huang Xiaolong cannot be allowed to grow stronger anymore!

Li Chen looked at Xiao Baili, who had already fallen into a perilous situation, and disappointment spread over his heart. Even Xiao Baili is going to lose?!

Wouldn't I have to lick the soles of Huang Xiaolong's shoes in public when the duration of the battle stage ends?!

Hatred boiled over in Li Chen's heart. Had he known beforehand that Huang Xiaolong actually had three complete dao saint godheads, and they had evolved to this point, he wouldn't have made that bet with Huang Xiaolong.

If Xiao Baili lost to Huang Xiaolong, then there really wasn't anyone who could defeat Huang Xiaolong. Who, below Fourth Tribulation half-True Saint, could defeat Huang Xiaolong?

Although the Holy Lands Alliance and Reservoir Sword Alliance were to take their turns, these two alliances' disciples would not garner any better results when even someone like Xiao Baili was defeated.

Just as everyone thought that Xiao Baili would be perforated by Huang Xiaolong's dragon feather swords, a ball of mysterious, dark light flew out from Xiao Baili's body.

This ball of dark light was like black lacquer, its surface rippled as if something terrifying wanted to break out from within, giving everyone the creeps.

The dark ball of light shielded Xiao Baili.

Clang, clang, clang!

All of Huang Xiaolong's dragon feather swords were blocked by the dark ball of light, and loud clanking noises rang as the dragon feather swords hit it. Huang Xiaolong was repelled, whereas the Dark Sacred Sword Formation shattered like a bubble and disappeared.

The pair of enormous dragon wings furled back behind Huang Xiaolong's back, but the alarming repelling power sent him staggering back several steps.

The sudden turn of tide dumbfounded the crowd.

In the next moment, the mysterious dark ball light shrunk back into Xiao Baili's body as if it had never appeared.

In the crowd below the stage, each had their own thoughts.

"Your Highness Huang Xiaolong's talent is unparalleled. I admit defeat!" Xiao Baili quickly cupped his fists and said to Huang Xiaolong. Without delaying for a second, he recalled his two complete dao saint godheads, and leaped off the battle stage.

"Master!" Xiao Baili lowered his head in front of Bai Moyang, "Disciple is useless. I failed...!"

Bai Moyang raised a hand, cutting off the rest of Xiao Baili's words, smiling amiably as he reassured, "It's alright, winning and losing are common occurrences."

After saying that, he turned to the holy grounds' and families' patriarchs, and bid farewell with a cup of his fists. He led the Holy Race's group away.

Everyone exchanged silent glances with their companions, as this result had strayed too far from their imagination.

Huang Xiaolong watched Xiao Baili's departing figure, and his eyes glimmered in thought. That dark ball of light that had appeared at the end was the terrifying power inside Xiao Baili's body that his three holy souls had sensed earlier. It seemed like Xiao Baili could not control that unknown power yet. When Xiao Baili had forcefully triggered it, he had got a backlash, and a severe backlash at that. Bai Moyang was in such a hurry to leave because he wanted to treat Xiao Baili's injuries as soon as possible.

In truth, Huang Xiaolong wasn't very surprised that he didn't get to kill Xiao Baili. He had expected this result before the match had started.

"Senior Sister, that dark ball of light that flew out from Xiao Baili's body in the end was too creepy. What do you make of it?" Lin Xiaoying asked Tan Juan.

Tan Juan shook her head and replied, "I can't tell what it is exactly, but it's certain that this power does not belong to Xiao Baili, and Xiao Baili could not control it. After he forcefully used that power, he suffered from the backlash!"

Similar to Tan Juan, Lin Xiaoying, and Ji Xinyi, other experts, too, were scratching their heads, discussing the mysterious dark ball of light inside Xiao Baili's body.

Next up was the turn of the alliance between the Reservoir Sword Holy Ground, South Desolate Holy Ground, Falling Heaven Race, Ancient Dhyana Race, Nether Devil Race, several other ancient races and old holy grounds to send their disciples to challenge.



But the disciples of these forces didn't have Xiao Baili's luck. The moment all of them were up the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong went in for the kill, the Prosperity of the Dragons and Epoch of Darkness were executed simultaneously. All fifty disciples were pulverized in a breath's time.

As for the Holy Lands Alliance's team who came after that, faced the same result, and their carefully selected fifty disciples turned into supplements that enhanced Huang Xiaolong's three complete dao saint godheads.

#### Chapter 2470: Who In this World Does Not Know You?

The battle between Huang Xiaolong and the Holy Race's Xiao Baili, along with the appearance of Xiao Baili's two complete dao saint godheads, the Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead and Grand Purity Saint Godhead, amazed and astounded everyone!

And Huang Xiaolong had exposed his three complete dao saint godheads, frightening many present experts half dead.

The moment Huang Xiaolong and Xiao Baili's battle ended, the news spread at an amazing speed through the four directions of the holy grounds, ancient races, and even the ancient races that had remained secluded.

The news astounded the world!

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At this time, within the Holy Heavens' Primal Ancestor's space...

"I am worried about that kid Xiaolong's battle with Xiao Baili." Tyrant Chu spoke of his concern, as his brows locked in a deep frown.

Lord Long too was worried, "According to Wu Ge's latest report, Xiao Baili has summoned his Solitary Darkness Saint Godhead and Grand Purity Saint Godhead on the battle stage! This is really shocking

news, and the Holy Race actually got such an outstanding genius! Based on evolution speed of Huang Xiaolong's two complete dao saint godheads, I'm afraid he's not strong enough to go against Xiao Baili!"

The Heavenly Master and Elder Crow both nodded their heads in agreement with Lord Long's view.

"The outcome should be determined by now." The Heavenly Master added, "I'll ask Wu Ge."

Right at this time, the Heavenly Master's transmission symbol quivered, and the Heavenly Master chuckled, "It looks like Wu Ge has reported the outcome." He took out his transmission symbol as he spoke, but for a moment, he hesitated to learn the outcome as he was afraid to learn of Huang Xiaolong's defeat.

Under the strong anticipative gazes from three pairs of eyes, the Heavenly Master inhaled deeply and slowly brushed the surface of the transmission talisman. When he saw the content of Wu Ge's report, his hand trembled, nearly letting the transmission talisman fall down.

After seeing this reaction, Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow exchanged a pensive glance.

Lord Long tried probing in an inquisitive tone, "Did Xiaolong lose? Xiao Baili used a heavy hand?" Then, he seemed to think of something and his cautious expression turned stern, "Xiao Baili, did he.... Xiaolong?!"

Tyrant Chu jumped to his feet the instant he heard that, exuding a chilling killing intent from every pore of his body, and the entire Primal Ancestor's space was rumbling. His eyes narrowed dangerously as he spoke with restrained fury, "If something happened to Xiaolong, I'll pierce the Holy Race full of holes!"

Lord Long's voice was brimming with anger, "His granny's dragon, I'm with you, and this is a good opportunity to settle some old scores with that old fog Jian Duzun!"

Before Lord Long and Jian Duzun had entered Primal Ancestor Realm, Lord Long had tumbled a few times by Jian Duzun's hands.

The temperature around Elder Crow plummeted in an instant, and the killing intent surging around him was no less overwhelming than Tyrant Chu or Lord Long's killing intent.

The Heavenly Master was stunned for a second, then he laughed wryly and said, "I don't remember saying something happened to Xiaolong."

Tyrant Chu, Lord Long, and Elder Crow's volatile emotions froze in midair.

The Heavenly Master looped his transmission symbol to Tyrant Chu and said, "Take a look yourself."

Tyrant Chu had a puzzled expression on his face as he caught the transmission symbol in midair. At one glance, his eyeballs nearly fell out of their sockets, as his hand trembled far worse than the Heavenly Master's, looking incredulous and shocked.

Lord Long was even more baffled, seeing Tyrant Chu's reaction and grabbed the transmission symbol from Tyrant Chu's hand. One look and a shiver ran down Lord Long's spine, and surprise was etched on his face with his mouth agape. Elder Crow took a step forward and peered down at the transmission symbol in Lord Long's hand, and immediately froze like a statue. The content in the transmission symbol was like a pin needle that fixed everyone in place.

"Three, three complete dao saint godheads!" In a moment of delayed reaction, Tyrant Chu finally blurted.

The Heavenly Master was still in a shock as he raised his complicated expression at Tyrant Chu, barely managing to squeeze a smile, "Yes ah, three complete dao saint godheads, and all of them can evolve. On top of that, all of them have evolved into the top thirty ranks!"

Three complete dao saint godheads!

Evolvable!

Twenty-plus ranks!

The four Primal Ancestors fell into stupefied silence.

Elder Crow, who usually spoke little words, dramatically exclaimed, “Luckily this old man’s heart is strong enough, or I would have died from a heart attack just now!”

Tyrant Chu let out a hearty laughter which was almost maniacal, and then he flicked his middle-finger to the sky, “Your bast\*rd, f\*ck you!”

The Heavenly Master, Lord Long, and Elder Crow were flabbergasted by his action and the atmosphere was broken by Lord Long’s laughter, “You are right, f\*ck him!”

The Heavenly Master and Elder Crow were rendered completely speechless by the other two.

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At every corner of the Mirage Pavilion, every holy ground, ancient race, and even the entire Holy World’s experts were talking about Huang Xiaolong, especially his three complete dao saint godheads!

At the mention of Huang Xiaolong’s three complete dao saint godheads, no expert could miss the shock from the other’s faces.

Huang Xiaolong, this name, had truly shaken the Holy World!

A Second Tribulation half-True Saint, who brought his name to this height in the Holy World was unprecedented.

After the battle against Xiao Baili, Huang Xiaolong’s reputation had already surpassed Li Chen, Xie Bufan, Tan Juan, and even Huai Po, the ultimate number one genius on the Saint Fate List.

In the vast Holy World, who could compete with Huang Xiaolong?

As the details of Huang Xiaolong and Xiao Baili's battle spread, numerous ancient races, holy grounds, and even more experts rushed to the Mirage Pavilion in swarms.

These experts from these ancient races and holy grounds didn't rush to the Mirage Pavilion to challenge Huang Xiaolong, but they were willing to cross millions of miles just to catch a glimpse of Huang Xiaolong with their own eyes.

Huang Xiaolong dealt with two more groups of challengers from the Reservoir Sword Alliance and Holy Lands Alliance after his battle against Xiao Baili. From then onwards, Huang Xiaolong began feeling bored and lazy because no one dared to challenge him anymore. So, he was more than idle on the battle stage.

Another half a month went by, and Huang Xiaolong once again relaxed the conditions, allowing Fourth Tribulation half-True Saints to challenge him, but the number was limited to ten disciples in each match.

But even after Huang Xiaolong relaxed the conditions, no one dared to step onto the battle stage.

Having no way around it, Huang Xiaolong Relaxed the conditions once more ten days later, permitting twenty Fourth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples to challenge him each time. Still, no one went up. In the end, Huang Xiaolong upped the number to thirty Fourth Tribulation half-True Saints.

Finally, someone issued a challenge and this party was none other than the Devil Palace!

Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly, seeing the Devil Palace was hell-bent down the path of seeking death. Naturally, Huang Xiaolong did not hold back. In truth, he was ruthless towards these thirty Fourth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples. He literally dealt with these thirty disciples with overbearing momentum from the go.

After seeing that Huang Xiaolong had easily dealt with thirty Fourth Tribulation half-True Saints with domineering momentum, Xie Bufan, Dou Rui, and others' sullen faces looked even worse.

It was because they had noticed that Huang Xiaolong's strength had risen once again compared to the time he fought Xiao Baili...?!!

After the Devil Palace's thirty Fourth Tribulation half-True Saint disciples were cleaned up by Huang Xiaolong, no other people dared to challenge Huang Xiaolong, and days turned into weeks, and the six months deadline inched closer.

Ten days remained until the end of the battle stage challenge period when someone finally challenged Huang Xiaolong again. The challengers were experts recruited by Li Chen. As it got closer to the deadline, he was naturally unwilling to let Huang Xiaolong win just like that.

Therefore, Li Chen recruited another group of experts and issued a new round of challenge.

To Li Chen's despair, no matter how many experts he recruited, or how many times he had them challenge Huang Xiaolong, all his efforts were like drops of water falling into the sea. The result was already set in stone and those experts he had sent were merely heading up to die in vain.

Finally, as Li Chen fell further into despairing madness and hatred, there was merely half an hour left for the stated half a year period to end.

Li Chen retreated sneakily, planning to leave without anyone knowing. But just as he thought it was safe to turn around, his path was blocked by Yu Ming and Departing Sword Sage.

"Senior Brother Li Chen, where are you going, ah?" Huang Xiaolong asked with an indifferent expression from the battle stage. "Things here will end in half an hour. Could it be that Senior Brother Li Chen is feeling nature's call at this time?"

Li Chen's face was beet-red, and he glared fiercely at Huang Xiaolong as he snapped, "Huang Xiaolong, I am the Holy Heavens' chief Holy Prince. Do I need to report to someone like you, who recently joined the holy heavens, when I want to go anywhere? Quickly tell your slaves to scram off from blocking my way!"