

Conqueror 2571

Chapter 2571: Don't Know What's Good For You

Jiang Shaohuang nodded his head, "Very good, use that blade I bestowed upon you to cut down his head for me! I want to bring his head back to hang at the Central Headquarters Square for all Suoluo Race disciples to see!" speaking of this, he added, "As for that black guard, you don't need to worry."

His words indicated that he would take care of Hei Luo if he made a move.

The Suoluo Race expert respectfully complied, then stepped out from the group. He looked indifferently at Huang Xiaolong and said, "Brat, your eyesight must be as bad as your head, since you've got guts to say you're going to kill our Young Patriarch. Do you know that our Young Patriarch is a Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm expert? Well, I don't blame you, you're merely a late-First Heaven. How can you understand how excellent our Young Patriarch is?"

"That aside, I, a peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint, only needs to lift a finger to destroy you in an instant!"

And right at this time, Huang Xiaolong raised a finger, and in an instant, the Suoluo Race expert seemed to be fixed on the spot, his voice choking in his throat.

While Jiang Shaohuang and the others were caught off guard, and were about to exclaim, suddenly, the Suoluo Race expert's body shattered inch by inch with rays of light penetrating out from his body. In the next second, that Suoluo Race expert's body crumbled into small particles, disappearing without a trace, just like shadow under the sun!

Just like that, before Jiang Shaohuang and the others' eyes, that expert was gone!

A peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm expert had fallen, silently, without a corpse left to be buried. However, a holy soul emerged, but Huang Xiaolong immediately caught it, and threw it into the Cangqiong Dao Palace.

Jiang Shaohuang and others stared at the spot from where the Suoluo Race expert had vanished with dumbfounded eyes.

A long time later, the Suoluo Race's Eminent Elder Jiang Long was the first to react.

He looked at Huang Xiaolong with astonishment. He was astonished by Huang Xiaolong's five big cultivation realm difference leapfrog combat ability, and he was astounded by Huang Xiaolong's attack method. He couldn't tell how Huang Xiaolong had attacked or what kind of holy martial art he had used.

By merely raising a finger and pointing it in the air, a peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm expert died....?

Jiang Shaohuang and the rest recovered but none of them spoke. All of them were looking at Huang Xiaolong with astonished eyes.

All around was silence, except for the blowing yin winds, giving everyone a strange feeling.

In the distance, an undead spirit's howls could be heard.

Listening to the howls, that undead spirit seemed to be moving towards them, and it didn't take long for their conjecture to be proven correct. An undead spirit soon entered their line of sight. Perhaps it saw that there were more people on Jiang Shaohuang's side, so the Seventh Heaven True Saint undead spirit pounced on Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo.

Seeing this, Jiang Shaohuang's group were inwardly delighted.

However, just as that undead spirit fell onto Hei Luo, who was behind Huang Xiaolong, Hei Luo's arm suddenly reached up, and he grabbed the undead spirit without looking at it. He accurately grabbed the undead spirit by the neck. Then, Hei Luo opened his mouth and swallowed the undead spirit in one gulp!

He devoured it alive?!

Everything ended faster than the eye could blink as if that undead spirit had never appeared from the beginning.

This sight shocked Jiang Shaohuang and his group. Their terrified gazes were fixed on the giant Hei Luo behind Huang Xiaolong. Although sunlight was barely present in the ancient battlefield, Hei Luo reflected luster like a black diamond.

Jiang Shaohuang's eyes were as wide as they could be as he stared at Hei Luo, feeling incredulous.

He already knew that Hei Luo was not simple, however, directly swallowing a late-Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirit and killing a late-Seventh Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirit were two different matters.

Yet this black guard had treated a high-level True Saint undead spirit as food, that was literally....!

The silence was disturbed by a loud howl, but this howl was slightly different from the previous undead spirit. It was low and deep—the howl came from a nethersoul!

On top of that, this nethersoul was also heading towards them. It was an Eighth Heaven True Saint Realm nethersoul!

This nethersoul also locked onto Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo as targets.

When this nethersoul pounced on Huang Xiaolong's side, Hei Luo dealt with it the same way he had done with the undead spirits—he reached out with his palm and grabbed the nethersoul by the neck and devoured it in one gulp!

Hei Luo smacked his lips as if he could not get enough of the delicious aftertaste in his mouth.

As they watched that Hei Luo had easily devoured an Eighth Heaven True Saint nethersoul, this time, Jiang Shaohuang and his group paled visibly. A chill spread over their bodies, raising goosebumps all over them.

Even Jiang Long could not maintain his calm and indifferent posture anymore.

“Sir is?” Jiang Shaohuang finally took a real look at Huang Xiaolong, using honorifics, and there was awe in his voice.

“Huang Xiaolong,” Huang Xiaolong stated.

Huang Xiaolong? Jiang Shaohuang and others showed confusion. Even Jiang Long’s brows were scrunched together. Clearly, none of them had heard of Huang Xiaolong’s name.

It had roughly been two hundred years since Huang Xiaolong had joined the Holy Heavens. He had risen through the ranks too fast. Although Huang Xiaolong had gained a firm foothold in the Holy World to the point that the characters like Qiao Jinyang were wary of him, his reputation had yet to reach the Alien Lands.

After all, there was a vast ancient battlefield separating the two sides, and there was a barrier enveloping the ancient battlefield throughout the year, limiting interaction. Thus, the Alien Lands rarely got news related to the happenings in the Holy World, and even if they did, it definitely wouldn’t be pertaining to anything from the recent two hundred years.

When their confusion receded, Jiang Shaohuang’s attention once again fell on the Black Corpse Holy Symbol. He hesitated then said, “We were rude. Then again, let’s have no discord... Why don’t we let bygones be bygones? When brother comes to the Alien Lands in the future, come look for me. I will definitely do my duty as a host!”

These were already words of concession. It was especially so when someone of Jiang Shaohuang’s identity as the Suoluo Race’s young patriarch uttered them. When had he ever had to humble himself in front of others?

But Hei Luo’s performance had deterred him. Not to mention there was an air of mystery around Huang Xiaolong that shook Jiang Shaohuang’s confidence. Hence he chose to step back in this situation.

Jiang Shaohuang had endured the loss of a peak late-Sixth Heaven True Saint Suoluo Race expert at Huang Xiaolong’s hands.

However, just as Jiang Shaohuang turned around to leave, Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded in his ears, "Who said you can leave?"

Jiang Shaohuang turned back, and his expression darkened in displeasure.

"What is the meaning of this?" Jiang Shaohuang demanded in a strained voice.

Huang Xiaolong was indifferent, "You have two choices—either submit to me or die at my hands!"

It was impossible for him to let Jiang Shaohuang's group leave, or it would surely be a lot of trouble when he went to the Alien Lands later. Though Huang Xiaolong wasn't afraid of trouble, it didn't hurt being a little cautious.

After hearing that Huang Xiaolong intended to detain them, anger erupted in the hearts of these Suoluo Race experts. Jiang Long's expression turned cold, "Don't cross the line when we've already given you an inch! Yielding does not mean we're afraid of you!" A powerful aura surged from his body as he spoke.

In an instant, gusts of yin winds and blood corpse qi turned turbulent, and the sky seemed to have moved a few inches lower from the pressure. The mountains in the distance were gradually sinking into the ground.

"Peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint," Huang Xiaolong said unhurriedly.

"That's right. Our Eminent Elder Jiang Long entered the peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm a few million years ago, and he is only half a step away from the Primal Ancestor Realm." There was an unmistakable tone of showing-off in his voice.

"No one can be our Eminent Elder Jiang Long's opponent if you do not have any Primal Ancestor Realm experts on your side!" Jiang Shaohuang supplemented as his gaze swept over Hei Luo. The underlying meaning was that as long as Hei Luo was not a Primal Ancestor expert, no one could stop their Eminent Elder Jiang Long.

Of course, this was a form of warning to Huang Xiaolong to stop making trouble.

Chapter 2572: Suoluo Race's Old Patriarch

With Jiang Long around, Jiang Shaohuang had a certain degree of confidence.

Jiang Shaohuang more or less recognized the Holy World's Primal Ancestor Realm experts. Thus he was certain there was no person like Hei Luo among them. Whereas, Huang Xiaolong, who was wrapped in an air of mystery, was only a late-First Heaven True Saint.

"Is that so?" Huang Xiaolong's response was tepid as he turned to Hei Luo and commanded, "Hei Luo, attack!"

Hei Luo's face split into a big grin, revealing two rows of sparkling white teeth as he complied, "Yes, master!"

Master?! Jiang Long, Jing Shaohuang, and the rest were stupefied upon hearing Hei Luo address Huang Xiaolong as his master.

Before their senses recovered, Hei Luo's attack had arrived.

The moment Hei Luo attacked, monstrous devil qi and corpse qi took over, and the sky vanished from sight. Yin winds or blood corpse qi were insignificant before this monstrous devil qi and corpse qi.

Jiang Long, an Eminent Elder of the Suoluo Race, had never seen such monstrous devil qi and corpse qi in his lifetime. Then, what was more to his juniors like Jiang Shaohuang and other experts. All of their faces paled at the sight.

"This is...?!"

In a split second, Jiang Long roared as he came to his senses, and both his palms struck out simultaneously. Boundless dark red waves of energy surged, forming a great blood-attributed boundary. But it was a futile effort. Although these blood waves could have easily destroyed a holy ground, they were as fragile as a piece of paper against the monstrous devil qi and corpse qi.

Pop!

Endless blood waves, and monstrous devil qi and corpse qi collided in midair, and the impact was like a strike on a great wall. The devil qi and corpse qi rolled back in thousand zhang high waves from the collision, and then it continued attacking Jiang Long, Jiang Shaohuang, and the rest.

“Young Patriarch, look out!”

“Quick, take out the Stars Sea Reversal Mirror!” Jiang Long shouted urgently.

Jiang Shaohuang was gripped by fear and panic as he summoned out a mirror in a fluster. Jiang Long desperately sent his holy energy into the mirror.

The mirror enlarged instantly and strong rays of starlight burst out from the mirror surface. All energy and everything were repelled under this burst of starlight.

The Stars Sea Reversal Mirror was a dao artifact!

Before Jiang Shaohuang had set off to the ancient battlefield, the Suoluo Race’s Old Patriarch had given him a dao artifact for protection in case of an accident.

The monstrous devil qi and corpse qi finally reached the Stars Sea Reversal Mirror and the rays of starlight shone intensely, as if the world of stars on the other side had migrated over.

As the intense starlight from this world of stars rose in resistance, the monstrous devil qi and corpse qi were slowly being repelled. However, the devil qi and corpse qi were simply overwhelming that the Stars Sea Reversal Mirror’s power was soon being forced back!

At the moment the rays of starlight shattered like glass, Jiang Long, Jiang Shaohuang, and the rest of Suoluo Race’s experts were sent flying in several directions while coughing up blood. As a peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint expert, Jiang Long was able to suppress his injuries, but Jiang Shaohuang and

other Suoluo Race's experts were dyed in their own blood. A few were writhing and screaming in pain being contaminated by Hei Luo's devil qi and corpse qi.

Jiang Shaohuang and the Suoluo Race's Seventh Heaven and Eighth Heaven True Saint experts were flabbergasted.

"You, how? Grand dao energy!" Jiang Long had a terrified expression on his face as he stared at Hei Luo.

Although Hei Luo lacked an Inextinguishable Dao Heart, he was a genuine Primal Ancestor, and his body was a genuine dao physique.

Hei Luo didn't bother to respond, and devil qi around him intensified as his icy gaze swept over Jiang Long and the rest.

Huang Xiaolong's figure blurred in a flicker, and appeared in front of the writhing Sixth Heaven True Saint Realm Suoluo Race experts. Inextinguishable dao light shone from his chest as strands of grand dao law flew out and wrapped around them.

"In-Inextinguishable Dao Heart!"

This time, Jiang Long shrieked at the top of his lungs. He and Jiang Shaohuang trembled.

Before their dumbfounded eyes, those experts' bodies shrunk rapidly as Huang Xiaolong extracted their energies, including their holy souls.

Soon, there was only a layer of skin remaining of the several Sixth Heaven True Saint Suoluo Race experts. A gust of ancient battlefield's yin winds blew, and these skin disintegrated and fluttered through the ancient battlefield.

Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the rest watched this scene blankly. None of them dared to make a move. Perhaps they were completely deterred by Hei Luo's strength, or maybe they feared Huang Xiaolong's Inextinguishable Dao Heart!

After watching Huang Xiaolong kill a dozen Suoluo Race experts in that manner, and then devour them, unprecedented fear rose from the bottom of Jiang Shaohuang and the remaining people's hearts.

Neither Jiang Shaohuang nor Jiang Long moved.

After devouring a dozen Suoluo Race's experts, Huang Xiaolong's attention shifted onto Jiang Shaohuang and Jiang Long. At the same time, he released the six Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm helpers out, four undead spirits and two nethersouls.

"These are Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls!" Upon seeing the six undead spirits and nethersouls, Jiang Long was shocked once more, but the despair he felt was real.

Jiang Shaohuang and the remaining Suoluo Race experts were similarly in despair.

Huang Xiaolong ordered the undead spirits and nethersouls to block all retreat points for Jiang Shaohuang's group. Then, he approached Jiang Shaohuang and Jiang Long.

"Huang Xiao-, Lord Huang." Jiang Shaohuang stopped himself just as he wanted to call out Huang Xiaolong. "I am the Suoluo Race's young patriarch, the Suoluo Race is the Alien Lands' royal family, and the Suoluo Race's Old Patriarch is my grandfather. He is also a Primal Ancestor Realm expert."

"I'm aware," Huang Xiaolong interjected without any expression, "So what?"

The rest of Jiang Shaohuang's words were choked in his throat, and his face turned deathly pale. He seemed to have seen what his ending would be. Suddenly, a strong hatred exploded in him that stemmed from the regret that he hadn't listened to Eminent Elder Jiang Long's advice. He had insisted on coming over to the Corpse River for some inexplicable reason.

Because of this, they had run into Huang Xiaolong.

He remembered how he had felt when he had first seen Huang Xiaolong, who was merely a late-First Heaven True Saint. In his opinion, Huang Xiaolong was no different than a fly. Who'd have thought that a fly would suddenly change into a ferocious origin beast?!

“Lord Huang, what do you want? What do you want that you would be willing to let us go?” Jiang Long suppressed his internal turmoil and spoke. “We’ve been at the ancient battlefield for several years. During this time, we have found a lot of saint artifacts, holy herbs, holy pills, and holy martial arts. We can give you all of these!”

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, “I have a lot of saint artifacts, holy herbs, and holy pills. Those are useless to me. I already gave you two choices earlier!”

Suddenly, one of the Suoluo Race’s Ninth Heaven True Saint experts yelled, “Eminent Elder Jiang Long, take the Young Patriarch away, escape with the dao talisman, hurry! The six of us will hold him back with our lives!”

Dao talisman was a talisman refined by a Primal Ancestor Realm expert. On the talisman was a drop of a Primal Ancestor’s blood, and after the talisman was activated, they could escape in an instant. Another Primal Ancestor wouldn’t be able to stop them from running away in time.

Jiang Shaohuang had one such talisman on him, which was personally refined by the Suoluo Race’s Old Patriarch. Moreover, once Jiang Shaohuang activated the talisman, the Suluo Race’s Old Patriarch would immediately know that Jiang Shaohuang was in danger!

When Jiang Shaohuang activated the escape-talisman, the Suoluo Race’s Old Patriarch Jiang Heng, who was cultivating inside his dao palace, opened his eyes in the Alien Lands’s Suoluo Domain billions of miles away. The entire dao palace quaked slightly from the sharpness in his eyes.

Chapter 2573: The Black Corpse Holy Emperor’s Inheritance

“Who dares to hurt my Huang’er!” Jiang Heng bellowed. His voice thundered through the dao palace, shaking the whole Suoluo Domain. At this moment, all experts in the Suoluo Domain felt the terrifying might of a Primal Ancestor.

This sudden wave of overwhelming pressure frightened them.

“That’s Lord Jiang Heng’s voice! What happened?! Did something happen to the Suoluo Race’s young patriarch?!”

“I heard the Suoluo Race’s Young Patriarch went to the ancient battlefield. Could something really have happened?”

A holy ground’s patriarch quickly guessed the reason despite his apprehension.

In the Suoluo Domain, Jiang Heng was the supreme existence. At the same time, he was also the Suoluo Domain’s Domain Master. Once Jiang Heng was furious, the entire Suoluo Domain trembled.

Following Jiang Heng’s furious bellow, his figure rushed out from the dao palace into the sky, and disappeared above the Central Headquarters in the blink of an eye. He traversed across various holy grounds and space as he hurried to the ancient battlefield.

Although Jiang Heng was in too much of a hurry to inform any of the Suoluo Race’s experts, every one had heard his furious bellow. How could they be unaware that something had happened?

Shortly, the various holy grounds’ experts saw the Suoluo Race’s experts marching out like a great army over one holy ground after another, traversing across domains, speeding straight towards the ancient battlefield.

Leading a mighty great army that resembled a mountain was none other than the Suoluo Race’s current patriarch, Jiang Yuan, who was a peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint. He was very likely to step into Primal Ancestor Realm within several hundred thousand years.

At this time on the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong was still unaware that Jiang Heng and a Suoluo Race army were desperately rushing towards the ancient battlefield.

Several hours passed...

On a certain bloody peak in the ancient battlefield, Jiang Shaohuang and Jiang Long were lying half-dead on the ground. Other Suoluo Race’s experts’ corpses were strewn around them.

Despite having activated his dao talisman, Jiang Shaohuang's body was contaminated by Hei Luo's devil qi and corpse qi. Then, how could he escape out of Hei Luo's senses? Thus, it didn't take long for Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo to catch up.

Half a day later...

In the end, Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the few remaining Suoluo Race experts chose to submit to Huang Xiaolong. Those that stubbornly resisted were all devoured by Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong had Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the rest swallow holy healing pills to recover and their injuries were more or less healed a day later. He then sent them away, ordering them to return to the Alien Lands and await his order.

Like he had planned earlier, he was going to visit the Alien Lands after obtaining the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the rest respected Huang Xiaolong's order and made their way back to the Alien Lands.

Looking at Jiang Shaohuang's group leave, Huang Xiaolong's eyes glimmered with ambition. He was going to enter the Alien Lands with the purpose of conquering the various alien races.

Having conquered Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and those few Suoluo Race's experts could be considered as setting his foundation for his purpose in the Alien Lands.

With the influence of Jiang Shaohuang's group, it would be smoother when the time came for him to conquer the Suoluo Race.

The Suoluo Race was a royal family. In the entire Alien Lands, the Suoluo Race was a big clan and one of the superpowers. Once Huang Xiaolong took over the Suoluo Race, he would slowly reach out to other royal families in the Alien Lands.

Once he had these royal families in his pocket, there would be a little difference from ruling the whole Alien Lands.

Jiang Shaohuang had set off with thirty-plus experts this time, however, half of them had died at Huang Xiaolong's hands. Huang Xiaolong had helped Jiang Shaohuang, Jiang Long, and the others to come up with a reason as to why they had activated the escape talisman, when explaining to Jiang Heng about what had happened...

Only after Jiang Shaohuang's group disappeared from view did Huang Xiaolong bring Hei Luo back the way they had come, returning to the dense forest.

The trees in the ancient battlefield's forest resembled white bones, mostly white or gray, unlike the green foliage outside. There was not a single leaf on these bone-trees, and they were completely bare.

These trees were nicknamed as ghost trees or shadow trees, and one rarely saw these kinds of trees outside the ancient battlefield.

Back at the forest, Huang Xiaolong activated the Black Corpse Holy Symbol, and carefully sensed the location of the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong stopped above a small river at the edge of the forest that wound through the forest like an agile black snake.

"It should be here!" Huang Xiaolong said, and then activated formation on the Black Corpse Holy Symbol. Immediately, black rays of light shone from the Black Corpse Holy Symbol, covering the black river area.

Under the black light's coverage, the black river's calm waters started to gurgle loudly, raising great waves across the surface. Then, rays of light shone from the river as an enormous black hole appeared.

Huang Xiaolong did not hesitate, and jumped into the black hole with Hei Luo.

The moment Huang Xiaolong passed through the black hole, all rays of light vanished. It took a moment before Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo's feet touched the ground, and all around them was nothing but darkness. It was as if Huang Xiaolong had arrived at the bottom of an abyss of darkness.

Huang Xiaolong's Golden Buddha Saint Godhead spun, sending out waves of golden Buddha holy energy, lightning up his immediate surroundings. The darkness receded and every last strand of corpse qi receded.

A palace came into sight, and it looked exactly the same as the Black Corpse Holy Palace at the Ghost Devil City.

However, the palace doors were tightly shut, and their surface glimmered with the restrictions placed by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor. Perhaps, it could also be seen as a test the Black Corpse Holy Emperor had set for the probable successor to his inheritance. Only by resolving the restrictions could the person obtain the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

A test set up by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor was naturally not simple. Most likely even True Saint Realm experts would have to spend several years, or several decades to open the restrictions. However, Huang Xiaolong merely spent half a day's time to successfully open the restrictions.

Looking at the palace opening slowly, Huang Xiaolong ordered Hei Luo to stand guard outside before striding into the palace hall.

It bore some similarities to the Four Seas Holy Emperor's inheritance. There was only one great statue in the main hall of the palace. Although the spiritual transparent stone's quality, that was used for carving this statue, was not as good as Cangqiong Old Man's statue, the quality was much better compared to the Four Seas Holy Emperor's statue.

Other than the statue, there was nothing else in the hall. It was almost bare.

Then again, Huang Xiaolong did not lack 'things' at this point, except for strength.

Huang Xiaolong walked over to the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's statue to observe the intricate runes on the statue, and he was suddenly excited. It was an excitement stemming from obtaining the Black

Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance, and his impending breakthrough to Second Heaven True Saint Realm.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong took a moment to calm down, and then he rose to midair and sat cross-legged facing the statue. He circulated the Grandmist Parasitic Medium as he began accepting the Black Corpse Holy Emperor's inheritance.

The holy light enshrouding Huang Xiaolong doubled in size.

More than a decade passed in the blink of an eye.

On this day, tribulation clouds gathered above the ancient battlefield, and the dao tribulation's lightning dragon was condensing at rapid speed.

Under the pressure of a dao tribulation, the surroundings' undead spirits and nethersouls were trembling as they moved away.

"This is someone crossing dao tribulation?!"

"This person must be crazy to attempt crossing the dao tribulation in the ancient battlefield! He is looking to die!"

In the far distance, some high-level True Saint Realm experts, who were entering the ancient battlefield, exclaimed when they sensed the gathering dao tribulation.

In general, after surviving a tribulation and dao tribulation, there would be a period of temporary weakness. Moreover, time was needed to absorb the dao tribulation's energy. Therefore, whenever someone was going to cross their tribulation, they would choose a safe location. Probably Huang Xiaolong was the only person who dared to cross his dao tribulation at a place like the ancient battlefield.

Chapter 2574: A Very, Very Black Arm!

One, two, three days... The dao tribulation continued to gather, taking its time to brew with any signs of descending.

In general, a Second Heaven True Saint's dao tribulation would brew for three days at most, but Huang Xiaolong's dao tribulation was still brewing on the fourth day, and it was still expanding and growing stronger.

The dao tribulation lightning dragon was still condensing half a month later. The coercive aura of a dao tribulation sent the surroundings undead spirits and nethersouls scurrying away in fear.

Those cultivators, who had arrived earlier, did not leave after discovering that there was someone crossing dao tribulation in the ancient battlefield. They were watching the dao tribulation's progress from afar, but after feeling the dao tribulation's power rising as they waited, they had to retreat several times.

"This is Seventh Heaven's dao tribulation?!"

"Probably, only a Seventh Heaven's dao tribulation would condense for so long!"

These True Saint experts sighed.

But the dao tribulation was still brewing a month later.

"Would it be an Eighth Heaven's dao tribulation?!" a Seventh Heaven True Saint expert asked the doubt aloud with difficulty.

"No, it's still brewing, I, I think it might be a Ninth Heaven True Saint's dao tribulation!" another high-level True Saint expert said in a trembling voice.

Ninth Heaven!

The strongest dao tribulation!

Once this person survives and successfully passes the tribulation, it would mean that the Holy World would add another Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm expert.

In the absence of a Primal Ancestor, the Ninth Heaven True Saint was supreme!

The emergence of a Ninth Heaven True Saint expert was an affair that usually shook the whole Holy World. Once one advanced to Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm, then the peak late-Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm was only a matter of time and accumulation.

The dao tribulation gestated for two long months before the dao tribulation lightning dragon finally struck down.

A six thousand zhang lightning dragon whipped towards the land, resembling a beam of destruction. The entire Corpse River and its gloomy surroundings were illuminated like day by the lightning dragon as if this part of the land had fallen into another world.

The cultivators spectating this sight from a distance paled.

“This... Is the power of Ninth Heaven’s dao tribulation so scary? I don’t think it should be so powerful, right?” a high-level True Saint expert muttered dazedly under his breath.

Although he had not seen a Ninth Heaven True Saint’s dao tribulation, he had heard of some details. But the dao tribulation before him seemed to be more powerful than the Ninth Heaven’s dao tribulation than he had heard of!

Boom!

Heaven and earth quaked.

Even outside the several hundred miles range the black river suffered damages from the lightning dragon’s lightning power. The Corpse River’s water splattered everywhere as waves rose several thousand meters high.

When the lightning dragon reached the dense forest, the white and gray bone-trees, that had grown for millions of years, were reduced to dust even before the lightning dragon struck the ground.

Next, the lightning dragon blasted into the black river.

Inside the black river were restrictions arranged by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor that could only be opened by the Black Corpse Holy Emperor, but these restrictions were utterly useless against a dao tribulation lightning dragon. The lightning dragon blasted into the river, forcefully entering the dark space, smashing open the palace doors, straight at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong didn't panic looking at the lightning dragon that was more formidable than a Ninth Heaven's dao tribulation lightning dragon. He summoned his three holy souls as he had done when integrating with Saint Fates.

When the three holy souls appeared, their golden-ember lights shone as twelve golden spheres appeared around them. These were none other than the twelve high-order Saint Fates. Saint Fates stood above everything in the Holy World, transcending life, death, and reincarnation, and all creatures bowed before it.

When Huang Xiaolong's three holy souls and twelve Saint Fates appeared, the waters of Corpse River stopped rushing, and the surrounding airflow froze. Even the violent dao tribulation lightning dragon with overwhelming destructive power was suppressed, and it turned supple.

Huang Xiaolong was one and only person since ancient times with three holy souls and twelve Saint Fates. He was !

Everything between heaven and earth was suppressed!

Seizing the chance, Huang Xiaolong's fist punched out.

"The Prosperity of Dragons!"

The three holy souls and twelve Saint Fates' power channeled into Huasng Xiaolong's fist. Resplendent holy lights pierced through layers of space, visible from every angle of the ancient battlefield!

Dragons rushed out from a whirlpool, forming great kingdoms of dragons.

Boom!

A lightning dragon that was more formidable than a Ninth Heaven's dao tribulation lightning dragon shattered in an instant under Huang Xiaolong's fist, disintegrating into pure grand dao energy and grand dao laws.

The scary lightning dragon was annihilated just like that!

Huang Xiaolong recalled his three holy souls and twelve Saint Fates.

The dao tribulation clouds, that had been brewing for more than a month, slowly dispersed, returning everything to normal at the ancient battlefield.

"It, it's done just like that?" High-level True Saint experts spectating in the distance asked in doubt.

"Why don't we go take a look?" Someone suggested.

Others turned and looked at the person next to them with hesitation. It went without saying that everyone understood what this person meant by go take a look. After crossing the dao tribulation, the person would be in an extremely weakened state, and more importantly, there would be a lot of good things on a Ninth Heaven True Saint expert. They could probably get their hands on some good things...

"This, I think, it's better we don't," a holy gate's patriarch shook his head as he continued, "Since that person has dared to cross his dao tribulation in the ancient battlefield, it means that he has his own means. Who knows how many experts are protecting him. Not to mention, such a big movement would have definitely attracted high-level True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls over. If we head over there now, we might not be able to grab any benefits at all!"

Then they heard a sharp howl from a distance.

“It’s an undead spirit! A Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirit!” Following the howls, an enormous undead spirit enshrouded in rolling corpse qi, appeared in their line of sight. Right in front of these high-level True Saint experts, that undead spirit soon reached Huang Xiaolong’s location, hovering above the black river.

What shocked them was that when this undead spirit appeared in the air above the black river, a black arm suddenly snaked out from the black river, and it grabbed and dragged the undead spirit into the black river. Only silence remained thereafter.

None of them could believe what they just saw.

“That, that, what’s that?!” The expert, who had suggested to go snoop around, stared stupidly at the calm river surface, feeling a chill climbing up his body.

He was genuinely frightened.

A Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirit was pulled into the black river without any resistance?

Not even the slightest bit of resistance? Gone, just like that?

Not only him, but other high-level True Saint experts and holy gate patriarchs were also frightened by this sight.

Subsequently, more high-level True Saint undead spirits and nethersouls reached the black river, but no matter whether it was Eighth Heaven or Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm undead spirits or nethersouls, the moment they appeared by the black river, the black hand would shoot out from the riverbed and captured these undead spirits and nethersouls!

Then, these undead spirits and nethersouls would be pulled into the black river without any power to resist, disappearing into the river quietly.

The black river was the same black river, quiet yet weird, and water continued to flow silently.

“Holy cow!”

Suddenly, one of the high-level True Saints swore as he turned around and fled.

The rest shivered as their senses returned, and all of them scattered like a flock of frightened birds.

Everything was calm as it ever was.

A little over a decade later...

On this day, the black river’s surface rippled as two figures appeared from the riverbed. They were Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo.

Huang Xiaolong had successfully obtained the Black Corpse Holy Emperor’s inheritance and advanced to Second Heaven True Saint Realm...

Chapter 2575: Alien Lands

Huang Xiaolong looked around, the ancient battlefield that was filled with yin winds and blood corpse qi, and it gave him an inexplicable sense of intimacy.

Huu~!

Huang Xiaolong exhaled. The clouds in the far distance roiled from a sudden gust of strong wind.

His strength had risen further after obtaining the Black Corpse Holy Emperor’s inheritance and advancing to Second Heaven True Saint Realm.

‘My current strength should be enough to protect myself when dealing with Primal Ancestors!’ The thought flashed in Huang Xiaolong’s mind.

He inwardly compared his current strength with the Suoluo Race’s Eminent Elder Jiang Long. Even in the circumstance, he didn’t use any dao artifacts, he had the confidence to suppress Jiang Long.

Following that conclusion, when he advanced to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm, he would be able to suppress First Resurrection Primal Ancestors.

The mere thought of a Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm suppressing First Resurrection Primal Ancestors was simply ridiculous in the common eyes. If Huang Xiaolong dared to utter such words outside, he would definitely be treated as a fool, but Huang Xiaolong had such confidence.

“It’s time to head to the Alien Lands.” Huang Xiaolong said as he looked towards the Corpse River’s other side bank. The Alien Lands were over that side.

“Go!”

Without further delay, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo sped across the sky towards the other side of the Corpse River. A moment later, the two were in the air above the Corpse River. After a brief stop, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo flew over the Corpse River, and both continued flying onwards after arriving on the other side.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo rarely stopped to rest.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo proceeded onwards in the same manner they had first entered the ancient battlefield—undead spirits and nethersouls below Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm they encountered were devoured by Hei Luo, whereas those Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm and above were subjugated by Huang Xiaolong.

Several months later, by the time Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the other side of the ancient battlefield, he had truly arrived at the Alien Lands. Now, Huang Xiaolong had exactly ten Ninth Heaven True Saint undead spirits!

Adding four nethersouls, it was a total of 'new' fourteen Ninth Heaven True Saint Realm underlings.

Not forgetting Hei Luo and Huang Xiaolong himself, Huang Xiaolong had enough manpower to oppose a royal family like the Suoluo Race.

As they stepped onto the Alien Lands and felt the spiritual energy that was the same as the Holy World, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo flew onwards. As for the ten undead spirits and four nethersouls, Huang Xiaolong had thrown them into the Cangqiong Dao Palace long back, letting them cultivate through the Cangqiong Dao Palace's primal ancestor array.

Humans were one of the races living on the Alien Lands. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong didn't need to change his appearance or disguise his aura.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo flew towards the closest holy ground. Currently, he needed to determine which domain he was in.

The Alien Lands had tens of thousands of domains in various sizes, and each domain had more than a few holy grounds. In some of the bigger domains, there existed several thousand holy grounds, and in a few there were probably ten thousand.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo arrived at the closest holy ground after a day of travel.

This holy ground was not as prosperous as the Heavenly Master Holy Ground, and the holy spiritual qi around here was pitifully thin.

After some asking around, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo arrived at the biggest city, Yang City.

Yang City was not only the biggest city closest to them, but it was also one of the biggest cities in the entire holy ground.

But before Huang Xiaolong could step into the city, he was stopped by the alien race's experts guarding the city gates and ordered to pay a fee! Ten holy coins!

The universal currency on the Holy World side was holy bills, but in the Alien Lands, transactions were conducted with holy coins, especially for commoners.

Holy spiritual jade stones were used and accepted by those with higher statuses, whether it was in the Holy World or Alien Lands.

Huang Xiaolong rummaged around and found the lowest grade and worst quality holy spiritual jade stone inside the Black Corpse Holy Ring to give to the alien race expert guard. Then again, even holy spiritual jade stone of the worst quality in the lowest grade, inside the Black Corpse Holy Ring, was more than enough to delight the captain guard that he couldn't stop smiling.

Perhaps it was at the sake of the holy spiritual jade stone, but the captain guard's attitude towards Huang Xiaolong was much more polite after that.

In the Alien Lands, it was the alien races' territory, the alien races had a higher status than humans. Here, humans were largely servants to the alien races, or they were low-level guards.

Only a small number of True Saint Realm human experts fared better and were given a certain degree of respect.

Of course, there was a limit to how much respect they received.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo proceeded to enter the city.

The captain guard who accepted Huang Xiaolong's holy spiritual jade stone watched Huang Xiaolong leave while caressing the holy spiritual jade stone in his hand, as greed flicker across his eyes as he mumbled, "Seems like he's a fat sheep."

"Captain, his strength is probably not low," one of the guards spoke.

The captain guard chuckled meaningfully, "I know. Someone, who can take out a holy spiritual jade stone so easily, naturally has some strength. His strength is likely at high-level Heavenly Monarch. So

what? In our Alien Lands, a high-level Heavenly Monarch Realm human is the same as a fart. If I can't handle him, then isn't there Lord Zhu to help me?"

Lord Zhu was also called as Deputy Commander Zhu Bi of Yang City's Army Guards. He was the captain's superior, and also a relative. Whenever the captain had something good, he would hand it over to Zhu Bi, hence his relationship with Zhu Bi was quite good.

In the meantime, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were leisurely strolling the streets after entering the city.

Although this Yang City was not as prosperous as the Holy Heavens City, there were still a lot of people around. Huang Xiaolong even spotted two half-True Saint Realm alien race experts, however, they were merely First Tribulation half-True Saints.

Although they were only half-True Saints, they were considered as top experts of high statuses in Yang City, and even this holy ground. This can be seen from the numerous servants and guards accompanying them.

Huang Xiaolong also saw several humans on the streets, but these people followed humbly behind alien races' disciples, like minions as they fawned and flattered alien races' disciples. He also saw several of these human minions being kicked and punched when alien races' disciples got annoyed by their flatteries.

Originally, there was no human race in the Alien Lands, but during the war, many human race experts were captured and brought to the Alien Lands. Some were imprisoned, and others were subjugated as the alien race's low-level guards.

As the years had passed, these human race experts' offsprings had multiplied, giving birth to native human race on the Alien Lands. Here, the human race was labeled as inferior people, slaves, and other similar derogatory terms were used. There were alien races' royal families, who specifically liked keeping human slaves, and they tortured and abused them to vent themselves out.

When Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were passing by one of the shops, a human race expert was kicked out of the shop by an alien race disciple. That human race expert happened to roll towards Huang Xiaolong's feet, with blood spurting from his mouth.

Huang Xiaolong's brows creased into furrows.

"Motherf*cker, who do you think you are! It's your great fortune that I happen to like your blade, but you actually have the cheek to demand holy coins from me!" The alien race disciple walked out from the shop while cursing, glaring fiercely at the injured man. There were more than a dozen servants behind him.

From the alien race disciple's attire, he was likely a direct descendent of a big family in the Yang City.

Although Huang Xiaolong didn't know the details, he could guess more or less, judging from his curses.

"Punk, what're you looking at?!" The alien race disciple was displeased after noticing Huang Xiaolong, a human, standing there looking at him in a silly manner. He pointed at Huang Xiaolong and barked, "Roll the f*ck off! Or I'll dig out your eyes!"

"Remember, roll, not walk, if you dare to walk, I'll break your legs, so that you'll never walk again in your life!"

Chapter 2576: I'm Going to Twist Your Head Off!

Other alien races' experts on the streets stopped to watch with gloating expressions when they heard the alien race disciple ordering Huang Xiaolong to roll away, if Huang Xiaolong dared to walk, he would break Huang Xiaolong's legs.

"This kid's really unlucky. It seems he's new to the city. He doesn't recognize the Mysterious Ice Race's Young Master Yan San, to actually stand there and stare with a silly face. He doesn't know that Young Master Yan San loathes humans?"

"What do you guys think, is that kid going to roll?"

"What else can he do? If he refuses, his legs would definitely be crippled by Young Master Yan San in a way that cannot be healed for a lifetime. The third Young Master always does as he says. Not to mention, that kid might suffer more than just having his legs broken!"

Other alien race passersby pointed their fingers at Huang Xiaolong as they gossiped away.

But Huang Xiaolong continued to look at that so-called Mysterious Ice Race's Young Master Yan San and said, "There aren't many people in this world who can break my legs, or at least, you're not among them."

"Now, roll to my feet, kowtow, and kowtow again, three times in all. I can spare your life, or I will twist down your head! Remember, you're going to roll over to my feet, not those servants behind you!"

Huang Xiaolong's lukewarm voice rang clearly in everyone's ears, rendering them dumbfounded.

Has this kid gone mad?

"Really, this kid has just arrived at Yang City since he actually spoke to Young Master Yan San like that. He's dead for sure now! Young Master Yan San won't merely break his legs now, but he's going to kill that kid using the cruelest method!"

"I gather, that kid must be some small sect's disciple... Does he think that he has a sect as his backing, and that the sect's experts would protect him? Last time, a Spring Autumn Sect's human race disciple ran rampant in Yang City relying on the experts in the sect, but in the end, he was beaten to death by Young Master Yan San. His corpse was thrown out of the city to be fed to the dogs. That Spring Autumn Sect didn't even dare to let out a fart."

All the alien race experts watching this, shook their heads.

The human race expert, who was kicked out of the shop by Young Master Yan San for his blade, moved far away from Huang Xiaolong, and looked at Huang Xiaolong with sympathetic gaze.

Young Master Yan San laughed wantonly despite his ferocious gaze on Huang Xiaolong. "Interesting, interesting indeed! Today, I've come across a hybrid human dog that has the guts to speak to me like this. How many years has it been since this last happened? Interesting, really interesting!"

“Punk, I’ve decided to have you die without a complete corpse!”

“But before you die, I will...!” Yan San was immersed in his own excitement to share how he was going to torture Huang Xiaolong later, when suddenly, Huang Xiaolong reached out, and before Yan San reacted, Huang Xiaolong was strangling his neck with one hand.

Huang Xiaolong slowly tightened his fingers. Yan San felt his throat being clamped by a terrifying force that he could hardly breathe, and his eyeballs protruded due to pressure and disbelief as he stared at Huang Xiaolong. He couldn’t believe this hybrid dog of a human dared to strangle him, making him feel so much pain!

“You—!” He spat with much difficulty, but that was all he could muster.

The spectating alien race experts and Mysterious Ice Race’s disciples only reacted at this time.

“You, damn, lowly slave. You dare to hurt Young Master Yan San. If Young Master Yan San loses a hair on his head, your entire family will be slaughtered!”

“Quickly let Young Master Yan San go then commit suicide to atone for your crime!”

The dozen of Mysterious Ice Race disciples shouted menacingly. In their opinions, Huang Xiaolong’s action was unforgivable as he had dared to lay his hands on Young Master Yan San’s neck even though being a human brat!

This was a crime that could only be pacified by the annihilation of a whole sect or clan!

The Mysterious Ice Race disciples rushed towards Huang Xiaolong, ready to attack. As for how Huang Xiaolong had managed to capture Yan San by the neck just now was not within their considerations at the moment.

But these disciples barely reached Huang Xiaolong when a black arm appeared from the side, aimed straight at the dozen of disciples.

In these Mysterious Ice Race disciple's eyes, this giant black arm cast a shadow over the sky, dominating everything in their sights. In their eyes, this giant black arm was the sky and the land.

They could not even think of resisting. When the black palm fell on them, shock and despair filled their hearts.

To them, Hei Luo's palm was the giant palm of terror, overcasting the sky, but in the eyes of the surrounding spectating experts, Hei Luo was merely reaching out with his arm as his fingers were gripped into a fist, capturing the dozen of Mysterious Ice Race's disciples.

In the next second, despite the incredulous expressions all around, Hei Luo's fist tightened, and the dozen of Mysterious Ice Race's disciples exploded.

A dozen of Mysterious Ice Race's disciples being squashed to their deaths simultaneously, created quite a big movement.

Yan San felt as if someone was roaring in his ears, leaving an endless buzzing noise that wouldn't go away. He stared blankly at the dozen disciples' remains, the splatters of blood and random pieces of flesh on the street... Based on the power of his family, and his identity, these dozen of Mysterious Ice Race disciples, following by his side, had the capital to be arrogant, not only in Yang City, but also the nearby continents. They had always done as they pleased, and they had everything they wanted, including women, treasures, and even holy spiritual pills.

In his scope of knowledge, no one had dared to disrespect him, and definitely no one dared to hurt him or his dozen followers.

Now, these dozen of disciples, who had been by his side, were killed by a guard, by this human race punk?!

Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong loosened his group and Yan San finally found his voice, "You, you killed my followers?!"

"That's right," Huang Xiaolong replied indifferently and added, "You can speak your last words."

Yan San was outraged. “You bast*rd son of a human. You actually dared to kill my followers! Now you can wait for your entire clan to be annihilated by my Mysterious Ice Race!”

He had just finished spewing out his threats when Huang Xiaolong exerted force in his hand and twisted Yan San’s head off his shoulders and threw it away, hanging it on one of the big buildings’ main entrance.

Yan San’s eyes were wide open with disbelief etched on his dead face.

“I had said to speak your last words.” Huang Xiaolong pitied Yan San, and then left with Hei Luo without another glance at the crowd.

The alien race experts looked at Yan San’s head hanging on the building’s main entrance with a dumbfounded expression.

“Young Master Yan San’s... dead?!”

“It seems so...?” Another alien race expert answered dazedly.

After a moment of delayed reaction, the crowd exploded in a furor.

“Young Master Yan San’s dead! He was killed by a human. This is explosive news! The whole of Yang City will be in turmoil!”

“The Mysterious Ice Race’s wrath would probably be vented on the human race in Yang City, and maybe it will even implicate the entire continent’s humans!”

“Who is that human? Which sect or family that fool belongs to? Is he really tired of living? It’s fine if he dies, but why drag down his family and sect?!”

Heated discussions could be heard everywhere.

The human race expert, who was kicked out of the shop by Yan San, looked at Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo as they walked away, and a complicated expression formed on his face. In the end, he hurried off after Huang Xiaolong.

“This Lord, this must be your first time in Hong Zhen Holy Grounds’ Yang City. You must be unaware of the Mysterious Ice Race’s power and status in Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. You better get out of the city as soon as possible, better yet, leave the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds’ territory.”

Chapter 2577: Mysterious Ice Race’s Eminent Elder

After listening to this human race expert’s kind reminder, Huang Xiaolong smiled casually, and asked in return, “Is this holy ground called Hong Zhen Holy Grounds?”

The human race expert blanked for a second before nodding his head. “Yes, it’s the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds.” As if he was afraid that Huang Xiaolong didn’t believe him, he added, “The Mysterious Ice Race is one of the three largest races in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. In Yang City and this First Heaven Continent, the Mysterious Ice Race is the most powerful force. In the whole First Heaven Continent and Yang City, the Mysterious Ice Race is supreme existence. You better run quickly, or it’ll be too late!”

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head as he listened, smiling faintly. “I know. The Hong Zhen Holy Grounds is considered as part of which domain?”

Which domain? The human race expert blanked for a second. He had obviously not expected Huang Xiaolong to ask such a question.

Then his expression froze as he wondered, ‘Could it be that this person does not belong to the same domain? Does he hail from another domain?’

The size of one domain could be described as vast, and very rarely a human expert would cross from one domain into another. Not to mention, it was extremely inconvenient for humans to move around in the Alien Lands because of their identity. If they wanted to cross to another domain, it required approval from the holy ground’s patriarch, and they had to pay a very high traveling fee.

“This is the Dissociation Domain,” the human race expert answered truthfully, “The Hong Zhen Holy Grounds is located at the north edge of the domain, close to the ancient battlefield. It is only a short distance to the ancient battlefield.”

“Dissociation Domain,” Huang Xiaolong repeated to himself. Before setting off to the ancient battlefield, Huang Xiaolong had inquired about the Alien Lands to his four masters. Hence, he had a rough knowledge about some domains. There were six domains close to the ancient battlefield, and one of them was the Dissociation Domain.

The Dissociation Domain was not considered a big domain, but it was not small either, and it had roughly three hundred plus holy grounds. In the Alien Lands’ smaller domains, there were only four to five holy grounds, and there were also some small domains with only one holy ground.

Then again, Huang Xiaolong only had the simplest knowledge about the Alien Lands, so he certainly did not know the more complex connections within the Dissociation Domain, except for the fact that the largest alien race in this domain was called the Dragon King Race. However, the Dragon King Race was not one of the royal families, but merely a big race.

Huang Xiaolong continued to extract information related to the Dissociation Domain and Hong Zhen Holy Grounds from the human race expert.

In truth, the human race expert didn’t know much about the Dissociation Domain, but he was quite familiar with the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds because he was part of the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds’ human race force called Zhou Dynasty.

Within the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds’ territories, there were several thousand human race forces all in all, and the Zhou Dynasty was the biggest human race force in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. Then again, placed next to the giant Mysterious Ice Race, the Zhou Dynasty was only a slightly bigger ant.

“Lord, you better leave here quickly, the Mysterious Ice Race must have received news of Yan San’s death, and the race’s experts must be rushing over to capture you. You won’t make it if you don’t leave now,” the human race expert urged.

Huang Xiaolong nodded with a smile. "Don't worry. I already said that in this world, there are very few people who can break my legs. There won't be anyone amongst the Mysterious Ice Race who is capable of doing that."

The human race expert was stupefied, and then shook his head, sighing heavily. Only he knew whether he was sighing because of Huang Xiaolong or other things.

In the end, he cupped his fists at Huang Xiaolong and bid farewell.

Before he turned to leave, Huang Xiaolong stopped him and threw an origin spiritual pill to him.

The human race expert stared dumbly at the level-seven origin spiritual pill in his hands.

"For you," after saying that, Huang Xiaolong left with Hei Luo.

The human race expert didn't react for a long time, until Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were out of sight, and his hand holding the spiritual origin pill trembled.

It was a level-seven origin spiritual pill, and even the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds' patriarch did not have more than a handful origin spiritual pills of this grade!

He looked up, staring in the direction Huang Xiaolong had left.

A little down the road, Huang Xiaolong stopped a pedestrian and inquired about the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters' location, and headed there.

While Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo headed to the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters, the Mysterious Ice Race's patriarch's roar thundered inside the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters.

"Lockdown the city. No, lockdown the whole First Heaven Continent, and capture that human. Don't let him escape!" Yan Zhouhai roared, "I want him captured alive. I want to know which human race force that punk belongs to! A lowly human scum has the guts to kill a direct descendent of my race?!"

The present Mysterious Ice Race experts were trembling.

In the shortest time, the Mysterious Ice Race went out in full force.

In truth, Yan Zhouhai didn't need to waste time to lockdown the entire First Heaven Continent because Huang Xiaolong didn't plan to run at all.

Moreover, Yan Zhouhai had no idea at all that Huang Xiaolong had set the Mysterious Ice Race as a target. To better put it, Huang Xiaolong had set his sight on the whole Hong Zhen Holy Grounds as his first foothold in the Alien Lands.

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Huang Xiaolong's speed was moderate.

Before he arrived at the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters, he was tightly encircled by Mysterious Ice Race's experts.

Mysterious Ice Race's experts were surrounding Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo from all directions on the street, and rows after rows of them were completely blocking the sky as well.

Slightly further down was a crowd of Yang City's alien races' experts.

The Mysterious Ice Race's Yan San was killed and the news had alarmed many Yang City's experts. Hence, when the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters had sent out a large number of experts, other alien races had followed to spectate.

"Friend, do you know the strength of that human race kid?" A spectating alien race expert asked the person next to him.

Everyone who heard him, shook their heads.

“Maybe a half-True Saint?” A Ninth Order Heavenly Monarch took a guess.

“That might be right.” An early Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch nodded his head in agreement, “It’s a pity though. It’s so difficult for a half-True Saint to come out from the human race, but he’s going to die today!”

Regardless of Huang Xiaolong’s strength, in these alien races’ eyes, Huang Xiaolong’s death was written in stone for offending the Mysterious Ice Race.

Just half-True Saints sent out by the Mysterious Ice Race experts were more than a hundred people!

“He’s from another holy ground, but then again, only those from other holy grounds would be so foolish as to offend the Mysterious Ice Race.” A late-Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch watched with glee. “I’m waiting to see how he’s going to be flayed and skinned by the Mysterious Ice Race.”

These alien races’ experts could hardly be blamed for assuming that Huang Xiaolong was just a half-True Saint. After all, in the Dissociation Domain, there were only a handful of human race True Saint experts. Clearly, Huang Xiaolong was not one of them.

Right at this time, an old man clad in the Mysterious Ice Race’s Eminent Elder robe sped towards them from the horizon.

When this old man appeared, the scene stirred.

“The Mysterious Ice Race’s Eminent Elder Yan Guan came out personally!”

“Yan San is Eminent Elder Yan Guan’s grandson, therefore, it’s not strange that Eminent Elder Yan Guan wants to deal with this matter himself.”

Yan Guan is a Sixth Tribulation half-True Saint!

Although a Sixth Tribulation half-True Saint was weaker than Seventh Tribulation half-True Saint, Yan Guan's reputation was louder than many Seventh Tribulation half-True Saints. There was a rumor that Yan Guan had leap-frogged to challenge an early Seventh Tribulation half-True Saint and won.

As the crowd stirred due to Yan Guan's arrival, the Mysterious Ice Race's experts, who were surrounding Huang Xiaolong, opened a wide path, allowing Yan Guanto to walk through.

Yan Guan looked at Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo with a cold and condescending gaze. "A lowly human race slave actually dares to kill my grandson?! You will pay miserably for this! But don't worry, you can still live for sometime."

By the time he finished, he had already reached out to grab Huang Xiaolong.

Chapter 2578: Suppress and Kill

"Eminent Elder Yan Guan," a middle-aged man behind Yan Guan greeted respectfully and said, "He is merely a lowly human race brat. You don't need to dirty your hands to capture him. I am enough to restrain him."

The middle-aged man was also an Eminent Elder in the Mysterious Ice Race, but his status was much lower than Yan Guan in comparison, as he was one of the junior disciples under Yan Guan. His strength was at late-Second Tribulation half-True Saint.

Yan Guan shook his head and refused, "There is no need for that. I want to deal with him myself. How else would the hatred in my heart be vented?"

Huang Xiaolong had killed his grandson Yan San, so he wanted to capture Huang Xiaolong personally. Naturally, he didn't want merely to capture Huang Xiaolong, but use some method to torture him and make him feel that death was better than living.

The middle-aged man understood Yan Guan's meaning. Thus he retreated respectfully.

Yan Guan looked at Huang Xiaolong coldly as his hand reached out. In an instant, lightning crackled in the high air. Terrifying lightning spread out in an instant, covering the entire Yang City.

Sensing Yan Guan's terrifying power, Yang City's various forces' experts looked solemn.

"So strong! This is the Mysterious Ice Race's holy martial art, the Storm Bringer's Demise!"

"The Storm Bringer's Demise was created by the Storm Holy Emperor because the Mysterious Ice Race's Old Patriarch had shown kindness to him. The Storm Holy Emperor had given this holy martial art to the Mysterious Ice Race's Old Patriarch to express his gratitude!"

The information spread through the crowd, and it stirred ripples of shock and envy.

The lure of a holy martial art was enough to make experts of Hong Zhen Holy Grounds' experts to raise a bloody battle for it.

When the lightning gathering in the air reached an extreme degree, Yan Guan said to Huang Xiaolong, "Punk, I'll kill your black ghost servant first, and then deal with you!" With that said, his palms struck at Hei Luo with majestic momentum.

In the same instant, every streak of lightning gathering above Yang City seemed to have found an outlet, and rushed towards Hei Luo with a vengeance.

As Hei Luo saw that he was about to 'suffer' a devastating blow from the lightning, he opened his mouth and the vigorous river of lightning was sucked into his body, disappearing without a trace.

Everyone watching was flabbergasted.

Hei Luo raised his conspicuous dark arm and captured Yan Guan, who was standing in the air in one swoop. Then he directly threw Yan Guan into his mouth—one chomp and a gulp, and Yan Guan disappeared like the earlier lightning.

“WHAT?!”

The experts all around couldn't believe their eyes.

“This, this, isn't real, right?!” The half-True Saint, who had commented that Huang Xiaolong might be a Tenth Order Heavenly Monarch, was utterly dumbfounded after witnessing that sight. His body was quivering nonstop as his gaze fell on Hei Luo, as if Yan Guan's lightning strike had fallen on him instead.

Not only him, but all the alien race experts and disciples on the scene were flabbergasted. Even the middle-aged Mysterious Ice Race's Eminent Elder, who had volunteered to deal with Huang Xiaolong, broke out in cold sweat.

Yan Guan was a Sixth Tribulation half-True Saint, who had a record of defeating Seventh Tribulation half-True Saint, but he was devoured in the blink of an eye.

The alien race's experts stared at Hei Luo's stomach, praying for a miracle, hoping to see Yan Guan break out from Hei Luo's stomach.

Huang Xiaolong ignored these people and a suction force from his palm pulled the middle-aged Eminent Elder towards him.

The middle-aged man ashened when he felt a powerful force tightening around him.

“I am not very clear where your Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters is located, so you will bring me there,” Huang Xiaolong stated.

Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded like an inviolable command that the middle-aged man quickly nodded his head, and respectfully complied.

With the middle-aged man guiding the way in front, they headed to the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters.

Seeing this, other Mysterious Ice Race's experts and disciples exchanged silent glances. Then again, no one dared to make a move to attack Huang Xiaolong at this point.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo walked past the rows of Mysterious Ice Race's experts and disciples.

While Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo headed to the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters, an elder ran into the great hall in a panic and reported to Yan Zhouhai, as well as present Eminent Elders that Yan Guan was killed.

"What?!! Eminent Elder Yan Guan's dead?!!!!" Yan Zhouhai and the present Eminent Elders were absolutely shocked.

"Ac-actually, he was swallowed into the stomach!" The elder clarified.

"Swall-swallowed?" Yan Zhuhai and the rest were agape with shock, and their reactions were a beat late.

Subsequently, the elder recounted what had happened to Yan Zhouhai and the others in a trembling voice.

In fact, there was nothing much to tell. Yan Guan had executed the Storm Bringer's Demise to attack Hei Luo, but he was swallowed by Hei Luo instead. After that Yan Guan was also swallowed by Hei Luo.

The process was simple, but it sent a chill through Yan Zhuohai's and the others' hearts. Yan Guan was an existence comparable to a Seventh Tribulation half-True Saint, but he was swallowed by Hei Luo without any power, or a chance to resist. What did this mean?

"That human race expert and that black ghost guard couldn't be True Saint Realm experts, right?" An Eminent Elder asked in a trembling voice.

True Saint Realm!

This was a noun with heavy meaning.

People in the great hall exchanged glances, but none of them uttered a word, making the atmosphere feel suffocating.

“True Saint Realm is unlikely! There are a total of sixteen human race True Saints in our Dissociation Domain, and I know all of them,” Yan Zhuohai refuted.

“Even if he’s not a human race True Saint, that black ghost guard of his is likely to be a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint, otherwise, how can he be so strong? Why don’t we invite the Old Patriarch out from seclusion?” Eminent Elder Yan Shan suggested solemnly.

The Mysterious Ice Race’s Old Patriarch Yan Heng was similarly a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint Realm existence.

“There is no need to invite the Old Patriarch to come out as he is only a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint. Don’t tell me that we can’t resolve a mere peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint if all of us join hands and take aid of the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation?”

Eminent Elder Yan Wanlong lashed out in anger, “Being bullied up our heads by a lowly human is the biggest humiliation of our race. He must be killed, or how else are we going to uphold our Mysterious Ice Race’s honor?!”

“Have you found out what is that punk’s background?” Yan Zhouhai asked an Eminent Elder beside him.

“Not yet, that punk should come from another holy ground, but there are over three hundred holy grounds in our Dissociation Domain. More time will be needed to investigate his background,” the Eminent Elder shook his head.

“Where are they now?” Yan Zhouhai asked the elder who ran the report.

“They caught Eminent Elder Yang Dongxun, and ordered him to guide them here. They are coming to the Central Headquarters,” the elder answered in an urgent tone.

“What?!” After hearing that Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were coming towards their Central Headquarters, it surprised everyone.

“All the better!” Eminent Elder Yan Wanlong, who had been clamoring to kill Huang Xiaolong, applauded and rose from his seat with an overwhelming murderous aura. “We can borrow the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation and kill those two scums in one strike!” He turned to Yan Zhouhai and said, “Patriarch, please issue the order!”

Yan Zhouhai hesitated, then stood up in a rush, “Alright! Activate the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation and standby to meet the enemy!”

Immediately, the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters was in a flurry of activities. Frigid cold qi soared to the sky from the Central Headquarters, filling the entire Yang City, and it even encroached the cities close to the Yang City.

Huang Xiaolong saw the frigid cold qi rising from the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters, and smiled nonchalantly. Then, taking Yan Dongxun, he and Hei Luo arrived at the Central Headquarters in one stride.

Huang Xiaolong had just appeared at the entrance, when several figures whizzed out from the Mysterious Ice Race’s Central Headquarters. They were Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and other half-True Saints of the race.

Chapter 2579: Hong Zhen Race

Huang Xiaolong’s gaze went over the Mysterious Ice Race’s lineup, finally stopping on Yan Zhouhai.

“You are the Mysterious Ice Race’s Patriarch?” Huang Xiaolong spoke first.

Capturing the condescending tone in Huang Xiaolong’s voice, Yan Zhouhai frowned subconsciously in displeasure. Eminent Elder Yan Wanlong’s sharp, cold gaze was locked on Huang Xiaolong as he sneered, “Punk, I don’t give a hoot which holy ground you come from, or which human race forces you belong to, but you will be dead before the day ends! You and that black guard of yours!”

“Patriarch, there is no need to waste time with a lowly human. Activate the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation!” another Eminent Elder clamored.

Yan Zhouhai nodded his head in agreement. With a wave of his hand, a huge and mysterious rune appeared and rose to midair.

The Eminent Elders flickered into positions immediately above the mysterious rune together with Yan Zhouhai. Each person was in charge of a position.

Subsequently, an energy bubble rose from Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the other Eminent Elders’ bodies and melted into the rune. In an instant, the huge rune exploded with glaring icy light, and the rays shot to the sky. Violent waves of ice energy swept out in the four directions.

Overwhelming waves of ice-attributed energy submerged Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo in the blink of an eye, and waves upon waves splashed, like a vast cold ocean with neverending angry waves. Wherever the cold waves swept past, a layer of thick ice would appear, freezing even the air, turning its territory into a world of ice.

Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo were completely submerged in the ice-cold waves as if they didn’t even have the time or chance to escape before being turned into part of the ice world.

As Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the others continued to send their energy into the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation, the ice waves continued to spread outwards even after submerging Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo.

It wasn’t until half of Yang City was sealed in ice did Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the Eminent Elders stop the grand formation’s powers from spreading further.

“Haha, didn’t I tell you guys that we can kill that punk and his black guard with one hit!” After seeing that the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation had swiftly sealed Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo in a world of ice, Yan Wanlong was feeling triumphant.

“The Mysterious Ice Grand Formation was given to our race by the Storm Bringer Holy Emperor, and the grand formation was personally laid out by him. Even though the grand formation can only display forty to fifty percent of its power with our strength, even a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint can’t escape once he’s sealed within the ice!” Another Eminent Elder chimed in excitedly.

“Unless that kid is a True Saint!”

Other Eminent Elders also added a sentence or two leisurely.

Yan Zhouhai exhaled in relief.

He had been worrying that Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo might escape because although the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation was powerful, it was strong only in comparison to other formations in Yang City and the nearby cities.

If Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo managed to escape out of bounds, then the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation’s effect on them would diminish greatly.

“Patriarch, how do you want to deal with the human race punk and that black guard?” Eminent Elder Yuan Shan asked.

Yan Wanlong snorted, “I will recommend to seal off their strengths, skin them and cut off their tendons, and then throw them into a pot of hot boiling oil for a good wash. Next, throw them into the Venom Cave, and let them die under the pain of a thousand poisons. In short, let them enjoy the various punishments of our race before they can breathe their last breath!”

“After they die, hang their corpses on a pole in the square. Let’s see if there is another human who dares to offend our Mysterious Ice Race!”

“That’s right!”

Yan Wanlong’s suggestion received a round of support from other Eminent Elders.

Yan Zhouhai also nodded his head.

Right at this time, a low cracking sound rang in the air and disturbed their jolly discussion.

“Crr-ack! Crack! Cr-aaack!”

At first, the noise was negligible, but it soon grew louder, as if the mountains were crumbling. The space and airflow quickly turned chaotic.

“This, this, how can this be?!” Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and others looked down. Their gazes simultaneously fell on Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo who were sealed in ice.

Large and tiny cracks emerged on the thick layer of ice covering the two figures.

“Hurry!” Yan Zhouhai suddenly bellowed.

His voice jolted Yan Wanlong and the rest back to their senses.

Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the rest quickly sent their energy into the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation again. Frigid ice-attributed energy roared to life, rushing to submerge Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo.

But no matter how many times the icy energy waves rushed past Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo, it was futile. The cracks on Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo’s ice surface increased rapidly like a big spider web extending out.

Thunderous sounds of cracking ice echoed in the ice world.

Boom!

A second later, the power of the Mysterious Ice Grand Formation that the Mysterious Ice Race was so proud of, crumbled before their eyes.

Terrifying ice-attributed energy rebounded towards Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and those within the formation, knocking them flying in various angles. Irresistible ice-attributed energy numbed their limbs and froze their bodies as they plummeted to the ground.

“You, how could you possibly?!” Yan Zhouhai stared angrily at Huang Xiaolong, then his expression changed for the worse. “Are you a True Saint Realm?”

The Mysterious Ice Grand Formation’ sealing powers cannot be broken unless the person was a True Saint Realm expert.

“Correct,” Huang Xiaolong generously admitted.

“WHAT?!” Yan Zhouhai, Yan Wanlong, and the others paled upon hearing that. They could disregard a human race half-True Saint, even if he was a peak late-Ninth Tribulation half-True Saint, but a True Saint expert was another matter.

“What does Sir want to do?” Yan Zhouhai’s heart tightened nervously as he asked Huang Xiaolong in a solemn voice, and he even used a polite salutation.

Huang Xiaolong did not answer, but pointed a finger in the air. Over a hundred strands of grandmist spiritual qi flew out, entering the Mysterious Ice Race’s experts’ bodies through their foreheads.

It could have been a little tasking for Huang Xiaolong to control a Ninth Heaven True Saint, but controlling Yan Zhouhai and the rest was as easy as a turn of his wrist as they didn’t get a chance to resist at all.

When Yan Zhouhai’s group was under his control, Huang Xiaolong tapped his finger in the air again, reducing Yan Wanlong, who had been clamoring to punish him with various insidious methods, into a pool of blood.

Then, Huang Xiaolong strode into the Central Headquarters, and dug out the Mysterious Ice Race's Old Patriarch, who was in seclusion and controlled him in the same way.

With Yan Hengcheng also falling under his control, Huang Xiaolong was considered as having grasped the entire Mysterious Ice Race in his hands. From then on, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo resided at the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters.

Huang Xiaolong learned from Yan Hengcheng and Yan Zhouhai that the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds had tens of thousands of races, both large and small. The Mysterious Ice Race ranked third, and the two races ranking above them were the Soaring Snake Race and Hong Zhen Race. The Hong Zhen Race was the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds' most powerful force.

The Hong Zhen Holy Grounds had three True Saint Realm experts, and two of them were from the Hong Zhen Race!

The third True Saint expert originated from the Soaring Snake Race. Despite being the third biggest force in Hong Zhen Holy Grounds, the disparity in force between the Mysterious Ice Race and the two other races was more than it met the eye.

As for that Hong Zhen Holy Emperor, he was a late-First Heaven True Saint.

However, Huang Xiaolong was not in a hurry to control the Soaring Snake and Hong Zhen Race because Yan Hengcheng mentioned to him that the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor was going to hold an apprenticeship ceremony not too far in the future. At that time, he would be inviting the various alien races within the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds to attend, including some of the nearby forces and holy grounds' patriarchs that had a good relationship with the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong delayed his trip to the Hong Zhen Race.

Chapter 2580: Princess Qing Xuan

One month quickly went by.

In this one month, Huang Xiaolong mostly spent his days in cultivation, absorbing Cangqiong Holy Pills' medicinal energies.

Since Huang Xiaolong wanted to conquer the Alien Lands, he was bound to encounter Primal Ancestor experts, and he needed to improve his strength in the shortest time possible.

Although he could defeat all True Saint Realm experts and was below the Primal Ancestor Realm, there were risks involved when facing Primal Ancestor experts.

But if he could advance to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm, he wouldn't have a problem defeating a First Resurrection Primal Ancestor, or even a Second Resurrection Primal Ancestor. It was especially true with the help of Cangqiong Blade. He could even fight against a Third Resurrection Primal Ancestor if he went all out.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong had set advancing to Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm as his goal.

Huang Xiaolong distinctively felt that his strength had slightly improved during this one month of cultivation.

With three holy souls, twelve high-order Saint Fates, his Holy Mandate Imprint as well as Inextinguishable Dao Heart, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation speed was faster than any other Second Heaven True Saint by ten thousand times, or even one hundred thousand times.

It was not an exaggeration to say that a Second Heaven True Saint expert needed a million years, or even ten million years to step into Third Heaven True Saint Realm, but Huang Xiaolong could advance to Third Heaven True Saint in a hundred years, maybe less.

"One hundred years," in the yard, Huang Xiaolong mumbled to himself as his eyebrows scrunched together.

One hundred years to reach Third Heaven True Saint Realm was shockingly scary speed for other cultivators, but for Huang Xiaolong, this speed was still too slow.

If he took one hundred years to break through to the Third Heaven True Saint Realm, then wouldn't it take three to four hundred years for him to enter the Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm?

Huang Xiaolong couldn't wait three to four hundred years because the barrier separating the Alien Lands and Holy World would soon disappear temporarily in the next couple of hundred years. At that time, a large-scale war between the two sides would ensue. To prevent the heavy damages the Holy World was going to suffer, he needed to conquer the Alien Lands before that happened.

Moreover, after entering Fourth Heaven True Saint Realm in three to four hundred years, he could mostly fight at par against a Third Resurrection Primal Ancestor, and that was far from enough to conquer the Alien Lands.

Although there was no Seventh Resurrection Primal Ancestor expert amongst the Alien Lands' Primal Ancestor experts, there were Fifth and Sixth Resurrection experts!

Huang Xiaolong extended his palm and a streak of blood light flew out. The Flying Heaven Blood Stele hovered above his palm, exuding a devilish blood-colored glow.

The Flying Heaven Blood Stele was related to the Alien Lands' Flying Heaven Race's royal family's secret. The Flying Heaven Race's first generation patriarch, Fei Wushuang had found the Flying Heaven Blood Stele in the depths of World River at the end of Alien Land. The stele was the key to opening Fei Wushuang's secret treasure trove. When Fei Wushuang had set out from the Alien Lands with the Flying Heaven Blood Stele, he had left a pile of all the good things he had collected through the years in one place.

Fei Wushuang's secret treasure trove did not lack holy-grade materials and grand dao treasures that he had obtained from his travels through the Alien Lands, and there were many grand dao treasures Fei Wushuang had found from the World River's depths.

Many of these holy-grade materials and grand dao treasures were beneficial to improving one's cultivation.

If Huang Xiaolong could get his hands on those treasures, he had hope of advancing to Fourth Heaven True Saint in two hundred years, and with a stroke of luck, the time could be halved.

Then again, it was easier said than done to get his hands on Fei Wushuang's secret treasure trove. The moment he arrived at the Flying Heaven Race with the Flying Heaven Blood Stele, he would be hunted down by the Flying Heaven Race's experts in order to regain the Flying Heaven Blood Stele. The Flying Heaven Race would not permit the Flying Heaven Blood Stele and Fei Wushuang's secret treasury to fall in another person's hand, much less a human.

The Flying Heaven Race's current patriarch, Fei Yanzi, was a mid-First Resurrection Primal Ancestor, therefore, before he had full confidence that he could suppress Fei Yanzi by force, Huang Xiaolong couldn't appear at the Flying Heaven Race.

Huang Xiaolong collected the Flying Heaven Blood Stele back into his body, and summoned Hei Luo. After that he walked out of the Mysterious Ice Race's Central Headquarters. He planned to stroll around Yang City's trading market to see if there was anything good that he needed.

On the way to the trading market, the conversation of the alien race experts in front of them drifted to Huang Xiaolong's ears, "I've heard that even the nearby Qing Xuan Holy Grounds' Qing Xuan Holy Emperor will be attending the Hong Zhen Holy Emperor's new disciple ceremony!"

"What?! Even Qing Xuan Holy Emperor is going to attend? Hong Zhen Holy Emperor actually managed to invite Qing Xuan Holy Emperor!"

"I swear it's true! Not only Qing Xuan Holy Emperor will attend the ceremony, but he will also be bringing Princess Qing Xuan with him!"

After hearing that 'Princess Qing Xuan,' the several alien races' experts' eyes lit up with reverence and worship.

Huang Xiaolong's interest was stoked hearing that.

Qing Xuan Holy Emperor?

The Qing Xuan Holy Emperor was the strongest person amongst the dozen holy grounds in the vicinity, and he was a Sixth Heaven True Saint, who was highly respected and had great prestige amongst these

dozen holy grounds. Qing Xuan was also the Qing Xuan Race's patriarch, as well as the Dissociation Domain Lord.

The beloved daughter of Qian Xuan Holy Emperor, Princess Qing Xuan, whose real name was Qing Ying, was both talented and beautiful. She had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in these dozen holy grounds. Of course, Huang Xiaolong didn't know if she was really the most beautiful woman in the area, but he was certain that her talent was not low.

Huang Xiaolong inwardly estimated that her talent rivaled some of the Holy Heavens organisations' inner disciples.

The Holy Heavens organisation was one of the Holy World's top forces, and comparing someone to an inner disciple of such a powerhouse was a recognition of Qing Ying's talent. In other words, Qing Ying was outstanding even compared to the entire Alien Lands' disciples.

Of course, her talents were not compared to his.

'Still, when can my godheads evolve into the top ten ranks...?' Huang Xiaolong sighed inwardly.

Previously at the Cangqiong Holy Manor, he had devoured Li Chen and Xie Bufan. Initially, Huang Xiaolong had thought that his three holy souls could evolve into the top ten ranks after devouring them, but in the end, his three complete dao saint godheads were still hovering outside the top ten ranks.

In between, he had refined and absorbed many True Saint experts' saint attributes, but still his three complete dao saint godheads had not rushed into the top ten ranks.

However, Huang Xiaolong had a feeling that the three complete dao saint godheads had been accumulating power all these years, and once their accumulation reached a certain point, they would evolve into the top ten ranks, or maybe even rush into the top five!

The thing was that although evolvable complete dao saint godheads represented heaven-defying talent, progress was undeniably difficult when nearing the top ten ranks.

For example, if Huang Xiaolong's Golden Buddha Saint Godhead evolved to the fifth rank Myriad Creations Saint Godhead, no matter how many saint godheads he devoured, his complete dao saint godhead wouldn't rise to the fourth-rank Great Immemorial Saint Godhead.

Despite being unable to evolve into the top ten ranks in a short time, as Huang Xiaolong continued to devour others' saint attributes, the powers of his three complete dao saint godheads did grow stronger albeit the slow speed. Still, each of his saint godhead did not fall far behind the fourth-ranked Great Immemorial Saint Godhead.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo arrived at Yang City's trading market.

Huang Xiaolong noticed that on this particular day, Yang City's trading market was more crowded than usual, and he even spotted several groups of alien races' experts from nearby holy grounds.

Hong Zhen Holy Emperor's apprenticeship ceremony was only a few months away. Hence, experts from various holy grounds had already started their journey to the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. Not to mention that Yang Xity's trading market was one of the largest trading markets in the Hong Zhen Holy Grounds. Therefore, it was not strange that these alien races' experts would stop by and take a look when passing by the city.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong and Hei Luo entered the trading market area, the crowd around them stirred in excitement. Many of the alien races' disciples were swarming towards the trading market's entrance with excited expressions.

"Princess Qing Xuan is here in Yang City! I heard she's heading to the trading market here!" Some of the alien race's disciples said excitedly to their companions.