

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 136-140

Chapter 136: You Dare?

Huang Xiaolong looked at Mei Pengliang and the number of Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples and sneered, "Strip off all their clothes and then hang them up one by one on the stone pillars across the street. I think many people will be interested in watching such a spectacle."

"Strip off all their clothes? Hang them up on the stone pillars across the street?!" The marvelous expression on Li Bin's and the Nine Tripod Commerce disciples' faces were a sight to behold.

This trick –brilliant!

Absolutely brilliant!

Even though Mei Pengliang was on the floor and completely subdued by the frigid cold qi caused by the Asura Demon Claw, he still suffered from inverse blood flow in his heart when he heard Huang Xiaolong and immediately lost consciousness.

If one were to think about it, this truly was a great shock to Mei Pengliang considering his identity as the Clear Cloud Pavilion Big Dawn County branch President's son. Relying on his status, even those noble children that resided in Big Dawn County needed to treat him with the utmost courtesy. How would he have any face to see people if he was really stripped naked and hung in the streets in broad daylight?

Not only Mei Pengliang, all the disciples from Clear Cloud Pavilion were choked with anger hearing Huang Xiaolong's plan.

"You, you dare?!" The middle-aged man that arrived later raged violently at Huang Xiaolong.

"I, don't dare?" A mischievous grin crept up Huang Xiaolong's face. He turned around towards Li Bin and the disciples standing behind him, signaling them with his eyes.

Li Bin and the rest acknowledged loudly: "Yes, Young Lord!" And immediately, they pounced at the Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples akin to a group of hungry wolves jumping into a herd of lambs!

These Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples were injured earlier by Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou, and thus, not one of them had the power to resist. They could only watch wide-eyed as pieces of their clothing was torn apart by Li Bin and the Nine Tripod Commerce disciples down to their birthday suits.

In the end, a total of thirty naked bodies laid on the floor. There was a variety of skin tones: snowy white, baby pink, and even tan.

Glowering at Li Bin who removed his clothes, Mei Pengliang's heart was raging with anger and embarrassment. Gritting his teeth with hatred, he wished that he could chop Huang Xiaolong and every person of the Nine Tripod Commerce into thousands of pieces.

“Old dog Li Bin, there will be a day where you’ll die miserably in my hands. Miserably, you won’t even have a corpse to be buried!”

“I will ensure you can’t wish for your death to come quicker!”

Mei Pengliang vowed through gritted teeth at Li Bin after enduring the devouring pain from the Asura Demon Claw’s frigid cold qi.

Li Bin gave a glance at the single dangling meat on Mei Pengliang’s lower body, raising an eyebrow, he asked, “Is that so?” Without waiting for a reply, he lifted his foot and stamped onto Mei Pengliang’s body. Mei Pengliang let out a tragic, woeful scream. The originally generous-sized ‘tool’ instantly shrunk after taking a hit from Li Bin’s foot, like a fruit that lost all its juices, wrinkled and dried up.

The other Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples that were throwing harsh, threatening words to the Nine Tripod Commerce disciples’ faces astutely shut their mouths after witnessing their Young Lord’s cruel fate. The noisy racket died immediately as all of them were busy protecting their ‘family jewel’ by clamping their thighs together.

Watching this, the Nine Tripod Commerce disciples broke out in laughter.

This past month, these Nine Tripod Commerce disciples suffered insults and beatings from these people, and now they could finally vent.

Following that, some of the Nine Tripod Commerce disciples brought out coarse ropes, tying the Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples individually. Some of the Nine Tripod Commerce disciples even went as far as tying the ‘middle leg’ together. Therefore, when the rope was pulled, painful screams reverberated in the hall.

After tying up Mei Pengliang and the rest of the Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples, and following Huang Xiaolong’s order, the Nine Tripod disciples hoisted them and hung them up the stone pillars on the opposite side of the street.

Not long after Mei Pengliang and the twenty-nine Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples were hung up for view, the passing commoners and nobles stopped to ‘admire’.

“This looks like Clear Cloud Pavilion President Mei Sen’s son’ Mei Pengliang?”

“You’re right!”

“I didn’t expect his ‘below’ would be so black when his face looks so much like a little white lamb[1]? What a thick bush!!”

“It’s just... a little small~!”

Some of the nobles’ children that were associated with Mei Pengliang provided their feedback. Their fingers pointed up and down, deliberately poking fun and laughing out loud at the same time. Mei Pengliang’s head was cast down, nearly disappearing into his chest, while his heart raged with

embarrassed anger. If there was a mouse hole in front of him at this moment, he would rather crawl inside, even if only by half his head.

This was the way Mei Pengliang felt, and the rest of the disciples' feelings resonated with his.

While Mei Pengliang and the disciples were hung in public, in the Clear Cloud Pavilion Big Dawn branch's building main hall, Mei Sen was talking happily with a middle-aged man in an embroidered light red robe. It was apparent from Mei Sen's manner and demeanor that he was respectful and trying to please the middle-aged man in the light red robe at the same time.

This middle-aged man in the light red embroidered robe was none other than Baolong Kingdom's Martial Ning Family Patriarch, Ning Wang!

At this time, a Clear Cloud Pavilion disciple ran in, alarmed, "President, something bad happened!"

Mei Sen's brows creased into furrows when being interrupted, "What is it?"

"Young Lord's in trouble!" That Clear Cloud Pavilion disciple blurted out in anxiousness.

"Something happened to Liang'er?" Watching the expression on that Clear Cloud Pavilion disciple's face, Mei Sen had a bad premonition in his heart, "What happened?"

"Young Lord and those disciples with him are all tied up and hung across the street from the Nine Tripod Commerce!" That disciple hastened to reply.

Tied up and hung on the street? Mei Sen secretly breathed out in relief— he had thought his son met with some severe mishaps.

Then, in the next moment, the disciple added: "All of them, including the Young Lord, were stripped of their clothes!"

All stripped off their clothes? Mei Sen was nonplussed, and then, he practically jumped up as his hand slammed onto the side table. With a face ready to kill, he questioned the disciple, "What did you say?!" Before that disciple could repeat a word, his robe collar was twisted by a fist and lifted up in the air.

That Clear Cloud Pavilion disciple's face was ashen with fear. Tongue-tied and stammering, he tried to reply, "Young, Young Lord and the others were stripped bare-naked by the Nine Tripod Commerce's people, and then hung high in the street across their branch!"

Hearing this, Mei Sen roared in anger, and with a fling the disciple was thrown out of the main hall.

"Nine Tripod Commerce, I will kill all of you!" Killing intent soared in Mei Sen's eyes and he prepared to assemble the Clear Cloud Pavilion's disciples to head towards the Nine Tripod Commerce branch.

"Wait!" It was at this time that Martial Ning Family's Patriarch, Ning Wang spoke.

Mei Sen was startled, "Patriarch Ning, what is the meaning...?"

A light flickered in Ning Wang's eyes, and he spoke with a solemn tone, "Maybe, Huang Xiaolong is here."

"Huang Xiaolong!" This name thickened the killing intent in Mei Sen's eyes, "You're saying?"

Mei Sen probed.

Ning Wang nodded in affirmation, "If it wasn't for Huang Xiaolong's presence, would those people in the Nine Tripod Commerce dare to behave this way? However, we just need to send someone to check and see if Huang Xiaolong is really here. Send someone to rescue your son. We'll know the truth after asking him."

"If it is really Huang Xiaolong... hehe, then, this Big Dawn County would be his burial land!"

Mei Sen nodded.

Thus, Mei Sen repressed the rage in his heart, retracted his murderous aura, and sent several Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples out to pick up his son and the rest of the disciples hanging in the street.

However, not long after that, a Clear Cloud Pavilion disciple ran into the main hall, flustered as he reported to Mei Sen who was waiting for news. He reported that the batch of disciples that went to rescue the Young Lord were captured by the Nine Tripod Commerce's people, stripped bare-naked, and ended up being tied up like the rest of them, hung on the street for display.

Mei Sen nearly vomited blood due to anger when hearing the report. Although he did not manage to save his son, he could confirm Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou's presence from the disciple's description of them.

In the end, as he was left with no choice, Mei Sen could only request the Big Dawn County's Castellan side rescue his son on his behalf. He was then relieved to find out that Huang Xiaolong did not stop them.

Half a day later, when Mei Sen saw the dismaying appearance of his son, his knuckles went white as he swore through gritted teeth: "Huang Xiaolong, I, Mei Sen, swear that I will take your dog life!"

Chapter 137: Clear Cloud Pavilion Moves in for the Kill

Nine Tripod Commerce.

In the main hall, Fei Hou was laughing as he reported to Huang Xiaolong, "Young Lord, by now, everyone in Big Dawn County is spreading the news about Mei Pengliang and the Clear Cloud Pavilion's disciples being stripped naked and hung on the streets!"

Li Bin also joined in, "That's right Young Lord— I even heard Mei Sen was angered until he vomited blood."

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

“Young Lord, it is rather unexpected that this Mei Sen could restrain his temper.” Fei Hou said in a serious tone, “It seems Young Lord’s guess was correct.”

Huang Xiaolong turned towards Li Bin and instructed, “Tell the Nine Tripod Commerce disciples not to go out for the next few days.”

His son, Mei Pengliang, was caught, stripped of the last shred of his clothing, and hung high up in the streets for public viewing. With this degree of humiliation, Mei Sen being able to hold everything in was definitely something out of ordinary.

That meant there must have been a demon lurking if things were happening out of ordinary; once Mei Sen made his move, it would be on a grand and devastating scale.

“Yes, Young Lord!” Li Bin acknowledged the order respectfully with a heavy expression on his face because he knew the gravity of the situation.

Despite that, three days later, everything was still calm and peaceful.

The streets of Big Dawn County City seemed quieter than usual. Perhaps it was due to the fact that the big and small forces of the city caught a whiff of the scent of gunpowder in the air. Hence, each had passed an order warning their disciples and families not to venture out.

The brewing storm was so obvious that even the common folk detected it.

As for Huang Xiaolong, he remained in one of the Nine Tripod Commerce courtyards, practicing these past three days.

Even as he concentrated on Asura Tactics, he had never relaxed in training the Body Metamorphose Scripture.

Standing in the middle of the yard, Huang Xiaolong’s feet spread out. His fists were in a guard position at the sides of his waist. Then, his right hand stretched out towards the left, and with clenched fingers, he loosened them into the shape of a hook as his upper torso turned to the left while his waist moved to the right from left. His right wrist then returned to fist form, turning in endless circles, all while controlling his breathing.

In the past year, Huang Xiaolong’s Body Metamorphose Scripture had reached Stage Nine: The Azure Dragon Flexing Its Claws. He was at the peak late-Tenth Order. If he could breakthrough to Stage Ten, then Huang Xiaolong’s internal force alone would be equivalent to the strength of a Xiantian realm expert.

Stopping a moment for a short rest after practicing the Body Metamorphose Scripture, Fei Hou came in to see him.

“Still no movements from Clear Cloud Pavilion’s side?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

Fei Hou replied respectfully, “Yes, Sovereign. Mei Sen, this old fellow, really has patience.”

A light rippled in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, "They are waiting."

"Waiting?" Fei Hou looked inquiringly at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's solemn voice sounded, "Since it is so, we shouldn't let people wait too long. In a while, you're going out for a stroll with me."

"Go for a stroll at a time like this?" Fei Hou was dumbfounded. The hour was basically in the dead of the night.

Huang Xiaolong's head tilted up as he looked at the night sky; the moon tonight was a beautiful sight— it was farther away than usual, and even the night breeze seemed colder. This made Huang Xiaolong remember a saying: dark nights where strong wind blows are the best for killing.

"The moon's beautiful tonight, and we've come to Big Dawn County for a few days now, but we haven't taken a look around." Huang Xiaolong's sentence contained a double entendre as he smiled mysteriously at Fei Hou.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's mood, Fei Hou finally understood what he meant, and joined in the laughter, "Sovereign is right. Tonight, the moon is truly beautiful."

Moments later, Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou stepped out from the Nine Tripod Commerce building and strolled casually in the streets.

Stopping in a deserted alley, Huang Xiaolong's footsteps suddenly halted, and his clear cold voice rang out in the night, "Since you've come, why don't you people come out and show yourselves? Or could it be those from Clear Cloud Pavilion are all cowardly sons of turtles?"

Just as Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded, shadows shifted and suddenly, several dark silhouettes appeared from above, landing right in front of Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes swept across the faces of these people and in the end, it fell on both Mei Sen's and Ning Wang's face.

Although Huang Xiaolong had never seen Mei Sen before this, just from Li Bin's description, it was enough for him to conclude that this short and stout middle-aged man was Mei Sen. However, it was Ning Wang's appearance that surprised Huang Xiaolong. Baolong Kingdom's Martial Ning Family's Patriarch, Ning Wang!

During the Enlightenment Lake episode, Huang Xiaolong met Ning Wang face to face, but both pretended indifference at that time.

Ning Wang approached Huang Xiaolong, letting out a cold smirk, "How about it? Are you very surprised seeing me here?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded, frankly admitting "I'm a little surprised, but, it's a pity..." He shook his head, his voice trailing off here, leaving the rest of the sentence hanging in the air.

“Pity what?” Ning Wang scowled uncomfortably.

“Pity because I originally wanted to let you live two more years.” Huang Xiaolong answered with honesty.

Ning Wang was stunned with the answer whereas Mei Sen’s stern face cracked slightly from a laugh. Standing at the back, the other four experts that came with them also laughed. All four of them were experts of the peak late-Tenth Order with half a foot in the Xiantian realm.

Instead of getting angry, Ning Wang laughed, albeit dramatically, “Huang Xiaolong, don’t you realize the current situation that you’re in at the moment? Are you assuming that once you come here, you can still walk out alive? Truth be told, the reason why Clear Cloud Pavilion has been making troubles at the Nine Tripod Commerce was for the very reason of luring you over here. But, I did not expect that you would dive right in so fast, so anxious to die. Since you’ve come, then this Big Dawn County will be your grave!”

Mei Sen’s eyes had eerie lights flickering in them, “Later on, after I have killed you both, I will reciprocate your kindness and hang your dead bodies across the street from the Nine Tripod Commerce. Of course, stripped bare naked. When everyone in Big Dawn County wakes up tomorrow, they can enjoy a good view!”

Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou both let out a soft chuckle.

“Are you sure?” Fei Hou laughed, “Perhaps, the bodies being hoisted up high for viewing will be yours instead?”

Ning Wang sneered, “Huang Xiaolong, I know you deliberately came out to lure us out; however, I really cannot figure out what trump card you have. Do you think Fei Hou can protect you? Unless that Haotian knows how to teleport and can appear in an instant from Luo Tong Royal City to here?”

Without the patience to delay things any further, Mei Sen clapped his hands and the hidden silhouettes moved in the dark from all four directions, revealing themselves, amassing up to two to three hundred people. Moreover, each of them was equipped with bows and arrows, with the arrowheads gleaming in a dangerous, deep green color. Obviously, all of these arrows were dipped in poison.

Watching the big wave of men in black clothing appear, Huang Xiaolong’s mask of calmness did not change.

He had practiced the Golden Linglong Body up to the third stage, and once activated, even if it was noxious poison, it wouldn’t bring him any harm. As for the Xiantian realm Fei Hou... he had the protection of his Xiantian Vigor Qi, thus these toxic poisons had no effect on him.

After he summoned the surrounding Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples hidden in the dark, Mei Sen snickered conceitedly at Huang Xiaolong, “What do you think, is my present acceptable? You’ve arrived for a few days in Big Dawn County, and I took a long time and effort to prepare it for you.”

In Mei Sen’s opinion, as long as Huang Xiaolong was below the Xiantian realm, with his strength, he would turn Huang Xiaolong into a dead dog once he’s hit with the poison.

Hearing this, Huang Xiaolong laughed out, “The present is not bad, seems like you’ve made a painstaking effort in recent days.”

Mei Sen laughed with joy, “It’s something I should do; after all, you are the famous Nine Tripod Commerce’s President! Preparing this level of gift for you is nothing. I was afraid you might be dissatisfied with them.”

“Enough, stop bullshitting with a little brat!” Ning Wang interjected abruptly, cutting off the conversation between the two, “You and I will kill Fei Hou, the rest will kill Huang Xiaolong.”

“Fine!” Mei Sen agreed. In the blink of an eye, both of them had already leaped towards Fei Hou, commencing their attacks.

Even though Mei Sen had just broken through into the Xiantian realm not long ago, he was still a Xiantian expert. Ning Wang had also just advanced into Xiantian Second Order. Fei Hou’s display of strength in the Enlightenment Lake shocked Ning Wang, but he believed that together with Mei Sen, they could definitely take Fei Hou’s life.

Chapter 138: “You Go Kill Huang Xiaolong!”

As Ning Wang and Mei Sen leaped towards Fei Hou, both called out their martial spirits.

Ning Wang’s martial spirit was a huge eight-legged spider, and on its body showed a reflected pattern of iridescent light. This was the Seven-stripes Rainbow Spider martial spirit, and it was one of the most toxic ones.

Its highly toxic poison could blend into the airflow, making it hard to detect. Even if a peak late-Tenth Order expert whiffed a tiny amount of the contaminated air, they would die from being poisoned within ten breaths’ time.

Ning Wang acted quickly after calling out his martial spirit by soul transforming instantly. Both of his arms were shrouded with an iridescent glow and numerous poisonous tiny thorns that looked like spider stingers emerged on them. Striking a fist, the poisonous thorns stood up, ready to penetrate into Fei Hou’s body.

On the other hand, Mei Sen’s martial spirit was a type of black vine full of thorns. Obviously, it was another type of poisonous martial spirit. Following Ning Wang’s actions, Mei Sen soul transformed and started attacking Fei Hou.

Watching the two of them coming at him at full force, Fei Hou did not dare to underestimate them. Calling out his Silver River martial spirit, Fei Hou soul transformed in an instant, and no longer held his strength back as he met Ning Wang’s and Mei Sen’s attacks head on.

At the same time, the four experts behind Ning Wang and Mei Sen charged towards Huang Xiaolong. These four people all had the same weapon: a martial spirit-sickle!

The length of the sickle’s blade was long with zigzagged patterns resembling sharp, pointed teeth.

When attacking, the four of them created a formation, increasing the power of their attacks drastically.

All four were experts of the Tenth Order, but their power was enhanced by the fighting formation so their combined strength was not lower than an early Xiantian warrior, such as Mei Sen.

Yet the expression on Huang Xiaolong's face remained unchanged. The Blades of Asura appeared in his hands, and with a swing of his blades, the Tempest of Hell came spinning out to greet the four. Huang Xiaolong immediately shifted into the Asura Body, and sinewy wings of ebony erupted from his back. Combined with his martial spirit ability of Phantom Shadow, Huang Xiaolong maneuvered between the four people.

Every time they saw that their attack was about to hit Huang Xiaolong, he dodged them at the last second.

The longer they fought, the more shocked they became.

"You, you broke through to Tenth Order?!" One of the four couldn't help blurting out.

Didn't their President and Patriarch Ning Wang say this little kid was just a Ninth Order warrior? Or at most, at mid-Ninth Order? But now, the Huang Xiaolong in front of them had already broken through the Tenth Order layer!

The point that terrified these four the most was that their combined attack actually failed to kill Huang Xiaolong once and for all!

Ignoring that man's question, Huang Xiaolong leaped into mid-air, and his body started to spin faster than a top. Streaks of bright lightning flashed, turning into lightning flood dragons that shot towards the four people with every swing of Huang Xiaolong's blades.

The momentum of his attack frightened the four Tenth Order experts.

At this point, Huang Xiaolong floated back to the ground. A spectral with a black glow shrouded Huang Xiaolong, and a dragon's roar shook the sky, echoing in the surrounding streets. Before the confounded faces of these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples, a majestic black dragon emerged behind Huang Xiaolong.

Although everyone knew that Huang Xiaolong's martial spirit was a top grade twelve one, a Primordial Divine Black Dragon from the information they had gathered, seeing it with their own eyes was still a horrible shock.

The majestic black dragon roared towards the sky, radiating the oppressive might of a dragon that swept out in all four directions. In the next moment, a bright light flashed and Huang Xiaolong soul transformed, becoming one entity with his martial spirit.

After Huang Xiaolong soul transformed, a layer of shiny armor-like black scales covered his skin, and his arms seemed one complete size bigger. His fingers turned into dragon claws, and unknown to anybody, a tattoo of a black dragon emerged on his back.

The Wings of Demon on Huang Xiaolong's back did not disappear even after his soul transformation.

The ebony wings flapped and Huang Xiaolong's silhouette vanished from sight, reappearing in front of the four peak late-Tenth Order experts of the Clear Cloud Pavilion. He raised both of his arms and aimed his attack at one of them. When the palm was about to land, every cell in that peak late-Tenth Order expert screamed danger so he raised his hand to punch out at Huang Xiaolong by reflex.

Bang! A loud blast resounded, and that peak late-Tenth Order expert was seen screaming in pain and his figure reeled back. His right arm that had collided with Huang Xiaolong's palm hung limply from the shoulder.

The forceful impact from just before had actually broken his entire right arm!

"You!" That peak late-Tenth Order experts looked at Huang Xiaolong with shock and dismay.

After soul transforming, Huang Xiaolong's attack power was beyond their comprehension!

Even someone that had half a foot in the Xiantian realm was pushed back, and from that single move, he discovered that Huang Xiaolong's physical defense was extremely horrifying, on par with President Mei Sen's strength that had just broken through to Xiantian realm!

At this point the other three also reacted and decisively attacked Huang Xiaolong together.

The three bellowed at the same time and with synchronized movements, their hands swung out and three sickles emerged in mid-air, combining into one large sickle. They spun endlessly in the air while releasing a layer of sharp sickle rays that shot towards Huang Xiaolong and the space around him.

As tough as Huang Xiaolong's defense may be, being struck by this move would guarantee that he would end up in several different pieces. After all, he was still a Houtian level warrior, and it was impossible for him to be invulnerable to every attack.

However, before the three of them had the chance to be delighted, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette disappeared before the sickles could touch a hair on him.

Innate martial spirit ability: Space concealment!

When Huang Xiaolong successfully stepped into the Tenth Order, his space concealment duration had increased to fifteen breaths of time. Furthermore, once he hid in the space pocket, even the lower level of Xiantian realm experts absolutely couldn't detect his presence.

Watching their glorious attack hit empty space, the trio's minds went blank for a moment, staring at the spot where Huang Xiaolong disappeared.

But, a glaring light suddenly flashed in their eyes, startling them. The three of them retreated swiftly, yet one of them was too late. The Blades of Asura slit that man's throat effortlessly.

Only then did Huang Xiaolong emerge from the hidden space.

Hearing screams again and again, Ning Wang and Mei Sen who were fighting Fei Hou, couldn't help but spare a glance over to Huang Xiaolong's side. What greeted their eyes was that peak late-Tenth Order warrior tumbling to the ground with one hand clutching his bloody neck. Both were aghast at the sight of what was happening.

Four peak late-Tenth Order warriors possessing the same kind of martial spirit were not enough to deal with Huang Xiaolong?!

With another flap of the ebony black wings, Huang Xiaolong reached the first peak late-Tenth Order with the broken right arm almost instantaneously. Unbridled fear filled his eyes when he suddenly saw Huang Xiaolong, and the tip of the Blades of Asura filled his vision. In the end, just like the peak late-Tenth Order warrior before him, his throat was slit by Huang Xiaolong.

Two experts down!

The remaining two warriors from the original four looked woefully at Huang Xiaolong. Fear and panic were written all over their faces as they lost the courage and spirit to fight with him.

"Mei Sen, you go kill that Huang Xiaolong!" Ning Wang's order came brusquely, "Just leave this Fei Hou to me!"

Mei Sen nodded. He punched at Fei Hou and used that as momentum to extract himself from the battle, pouncing onto Huang Xiaolong in the next moment. It was obvious to him that he couldn't rely on those wastrel subordinates since they couldn't kill Huang Xiaolong.

Mei Sen aimed a killing fist at Huang Xiaolong and used his green vines as he whipped them out to entangle Huang Xiaolong's movements.

Huang Xiaolong chose not to clash with Mei Sen directly. With a flash, he dodged Mei Sen's attacks.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong avoid his two-pronged attack smoothly, Mei Sen's eyes darkened as he approached Huang Xiaolong slowly, step by step: "Huang Xiaolong, it seems I underestimated you. The speed of your growth has exceeded my assumption. Not only have you broken through to the Tenth Order, you were actually able to advance to peak mid-Tenth Order!"

"But, I refuse to believe that a Xiantian like me cannot squash you today!"

Chapter 139: Acme Killings

Mei Sen instantly lunged at Huang Xiaolong with the ten fingers on his palms spread out, shooting black vines out en masse, covering the sky like a thunderstorm and enveloping Huang Xiaolong.

However, watching the overwhelming stretch of black vines rapidly approaching him, Huang Xiaolong gave no indication of dodging. He remained still in the same spot and what further baffled Mei Sen was that Huang Xiaolong actually folded his arms as if... he was admiring his attack?!

Insulted, the killing intent in Mei Sen's eyes soared higher, and the energy fluctuations coming from the black light around his body heightened.

“Little punk, I don’t believe whatever hidden trick you use could escape my attack!”

Just as the black vines were about to reach Huang Xiaolong’s chest, suddenly, a silhouette flashed while raining down rays of a halberd.

“Heaven’s Wrath!”

The many dazzling rays from a halberd repelled Mei Sen’s black vines, rebounded from a stronger power. Mei Sen’s body couldn’t handle the attack, staggering back as his eyes filled with disbelief staring at the person who had just deflected his attack.

“Marshal Haotian!” Mei Sen stared in shock.

The person who deflected his attack was none other than Luo Tong Kingdom’s sole Marshal – Haotian!

“You... weren’t you supposed to be in Luo Tong Royal City?!” Mei Sen questioned in the next instant.

He had investigated very clearly before making his move, and this time, only Fei Hou accompanied Huang Xiaolong. Moreover, the news that came from the Luo Tong Royal City side also confirmed that Marshal Haotian was in the Marshal Mansion.

Marshal Haotian moved beside Huang Xiaolong and greeted him with a ‘Young Lord’ before turning towards Mei Sen with a cold sneer, “Who told you I’m in Luo Tong Royal City?” Contempt was obvious in Marshal Haotian’s eyes.

Mei Sen’s face distorted at the remark.

Marshal Haotian actually accompanied Huang Xiaolong on this trip as well, hidden in the dark!

And they did not get wind of it!

At this moment, Mei Sen finally realized Huang Xiaolong’s trump card was never Fei Hou in the first place, but it was Marshal Haotian!

Some distance away, Ning Wang also noticed Marshal Haotian’s sudden appearance, his expression also turned extremely ugly. This entire situation was all calculated by Huang Xiaolong!

Huang Xiaolong!!

What depressed him even more was that Fei Hou’s strength seemed to have risen since the time at the Enlightenment Lake. As a Xiantian Second Order, he actually couldn’t swiftly kill a Xiantian First Order—this was a great humiliation.

Ning Wang struck a punch out to push Fei Hou back as he himself retreated to a spot in a flash, shouting: “Release the arrows! Aim everything at Huang Xiaolong, I want him dead!” When he finished saying that, a bright light shrouded his entire body like a turbulent gale, and he flew up in an attempt to escape.

If these poisonous arrows could take Huang Xiaolong's life, then that's peachy. If not, there would not be many future opportunities.

With Marshal Haotian's arrival, wanting to kill Huang Xiaolong with a hundred percent surety was already impossible.

Watching Ning Wang abandon him to run away first, Mei Sen was morose and angered at the same time. With his body flashing like a green rainbow, Mei Sen also made a move to run for his life while all the Clear Cloud Pavilion's disciples rained poison arrows down, all targeting Huang Xiaolong.

Marshal Haotian and Fei Hou were startled and quickly returned to Huang Xiaolong's side, rebuffing all the incoming arrows.

"No need to worry about me, chase and kill Ning Wang and Mei Sen— both of them absolutely cannot escape!" Huang Xiaolong said, waving his Blades of Asura. Two turbulent cyclones spun out, sucking in all the poisonous arrows.

Seeing this, both Marshal Haotian and Fei Hou acknowledged his order respectfully. With a flash, both separated in pursuit of their prey.

Marshal Haotian went after Ning Wang.

Fei Hou went after Mei Sen.

Marshal Haotian had diligently practiced the Five Yang Tactic that Huang Xiaolong taught him these past few years, and thus the growth of his strength wasn't slower than Fei Hou, and he had reached the peak of Xiantian Second Order. Furthermore, like Fei Hou, Marshal Haotian swallowed Fire Dragon Pearls and cycad fruits provided by Huang Xiaolong for his cultivation so he was comparable to a Xiantian Third Order.

Not long after, Marshal Haotian had caught up to Ning Wang. On the other side, and almost at the same time, Fei Hou blocked Mei Sen's path.

After Marshal Haotian and Fei Hou left, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette flashed as he leaped into the air, and with a swing of his blades, countless blade rays flew out and turned into an angry thunderstorm.

The Tempest of Hell and Tears of Asura lashed out consistently, attacking the Clear Cloud Pavilion's disciples.

The crying sounds from the Tempest of Hell and Tears of Asura were in sync.

Recently, when he was practicing Asura Sword Skill, Huang Xiaolong tried to combine the Tempest of Hell with Tears of Asura by using both moves at the same time, yet did not expect it would succeed. Although the combination wasn't perfect yet, the power more than doubled compared to using each move individually.

It could be seen that under the two spinning cyclones, there was an endless stream of tragic screams resounding from the Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples. The disciples that managed to avoid being sucked into the cyclones were pierced through by Tears of Asura, and different sizes of bloody holes covered these disciples' bodies.

Very soon, the original number of over two hundred disciples from the Clear Cloud Pavilion were reduced by half.

Most of these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples were Seventh and Eighth Order warriors. By no means were they Huang Xiaolong's opponent, but it also proved how strong Clear Cloud Pavilion was.

The Clear Cloud Pavilion in Big Dawn County was just a branch.

Then again, Clear Cloud Pavilion had used more than a hundred years to develop. Its forces and the experts under its command were not something a normal family could compare to.

The few lucky disciples that managed to avoid both Tempest of Hell and Tears of Asura were watching in horror as their brother disciples fell to the ground, filling the alley. All of those 'lucky disciples' turned around to flee.

Watching these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples fleeing, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette flashed, and swinging the blades in his hand out, he blocked the two remaining peak late-Tenth Order disciples.

Others could leave, but these two absolutely could not.

Both of them already had half a foot into Xiantian realm and would breakthrough Xiantian realm soon, and to kill these two people at that time would be much more troublesome than now.

Staring at Huang Xiaolong blocking their path, fear crept up their faces. Despite that, they chose not to fight and instead separated, choosing opposite directions to run.

Seeing their reaction, Huang Xiaolong once again leaped up, and his body rotated at high speed in mid-air while the Blades of Asura swung out repeatedly. Streaks of lightning split the air with the roar of lightning flood dragons resounding. In the blink of an eye, both peak late-Tenth Order disciples were hit by lightning, sending them flying.

Huang Xiaolong returned to the ground, and the blades in his hands slashed out, forming twin cyclones spinning towards both disciples.

Being wrapped by the cyclone, both of them were slashed by the many blade rays, and miserable screams resounded in the air. When the Tempest of Hell dissipated, two bloodied bodies plummeted to the ground.

After settling the matter with the two peak late-Tenth Order warriors, Huang Xiaolong swept a glance around at the many different directions the Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples were running away in. With a flash, the Blades of Asura in Huang Xiaolong's hands were like a grim reaper's sickle, stealing away these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples' lives.

One by one, these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples tumbled down onto the street.

Crimson blood dyed several streets.

Fortunately, this was a more secluded area of the city, otherwise, the surrounding area's commoners would have been awakened by these people's dismal screams and cries that originated from the Tempest of Hell and Tears of Asura. This was hell on earth.

In the end, from the original two hundred plus Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples, only a little more than twenty of them successfully escaped—a tenth of them!

As for the rest, they laid in puddles of blood, all killed by Huang Xiaolong.

Watching the bodies pile up around him, Huang Xiaolong finally stopped; he noticed that his breath was slightly uneven. After transforming into Asura Body, holding the Blades of Asura, and using Asura Sword Skill to fight and kill, the terrifying aura of slaughter in him became stronger. The desire to kill also grew more frenzied.

When killing, he had a feeling that he truly was an Asura incarnate.

Chapter 140: Eliminate from the Root

The night wind blew, carrying the thick scent of blood with it.

Within the bodies of these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples, the roaring cries of an Asura from hell continue to resound.

Huang Xiaolong stood in the midst of these corpses and a soft blue light glittered around him from head to toe.

In less than a minute, these glittering blue lights vanished and Huang Xiaolong breathed out some turbid qi through his mouth. More than an eighth of the battle qi he had exhausted recovered after initiating the natal martial spirit ability, Instant Recovery.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes swept over the bodies of these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples. He then walked towards the four peak late-Tenth Order warriors. From their bodies, Huang Xiaolong found two cultivation techniques and three battle skills' manuals.

Both cultivation techniques were low-grade Earth rank cultivation techniques whereas within the three battle skills, two were at low-grade Earth rank while the last one was a high-grade Mysterious rank battle skill.

These cultivation techniques were useless for him, but his parents and little siblings could use them.

Huang Xiaolong threw everything into the Asura Ring.

From these dead bodies, Huang Xiaolong had quite a harvest of gold coins and Spirit Dans.

Gold coins were something Huang Xiaolong didn't need, yet the Spirit Dans he found were also nothing good as most of them were Grade Two and Grade Three Spirit Dans. Not even one high Grade Three Spirit Dan could be found from the loot.

At this point, Marshal Haotian and Fei Hou returned.

Fei Hou was injured, yet he carried Mei Sen's corpse back with him. Instead, it was Marshal Haotian that returned empty-handed; obviously, Ning Wang managed to escape.

When both of them returned, the blood-filled scene full of Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples dead bodies startled them.

All these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples were killed by Sovereign alone?!

"Sovereign!" Both of them came before Huang Xiaolong and greeted....

"How was it?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Marshal Haotian took a step forward, saying "This Subordinate caught up to Ning Wang, and although I managed to injure him severely, he managed to flee. However, he took my Dark Nether Palm. Without half a year's time, he won't be able to fully heal."

Then, Fei Hou also stepped forward, "This Subordinate pursued Mei Sen, and finally was able to kill him." Saying this, Fei Hou pulled out a ring,

"Sovereign, this Subordinate found this spatial ring when searching his body after this Subordinate killed him."

Spatial ring?

Huang Xiaolong took the ring, feeling somewhat astounded for he did not expect Mei Sen would be in possession of a spatial ring. One must know how precious each spatial ring was, for even Marshal Haotian didn't have one.

Huang Xiaolong used some of his battle qi to open the spatial ring, and much to his delight, there was quite a number of Spirit Dans inside! Most of them were Grade Three and Grade Four. Not only that, there were several stalks of precious herbs, some cultivation technique manuals, and records of battle qi.

Fei Hou spoke again at this point, "Sovereign, how do we deal with Mei Sen's and these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples' bodies?"

"Just leave them here, no need to do anything," Huang Xiaolong looked at the horizon. By this time the moon had waned but the wind remained strong.

"Let's go."

Three silhouettes flashed, vanishing from the spot as they left.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong and the two left, the patrolling city guards of Big Dawn County arrived. When these city guards arrived at the scene and saw the piles of the Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples' corpses, the bloody, gory scene in front of them seemed to have emerged from hell itself. Their faces were instantly drained of color and showed a horrified expression.

Some were unable to control themselves as they vomited on the sides of the streets, last night's dinner and whatever good tonic they consumed were all coming back out.

Suddenly, from some of these Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples bodies, an audible sound could be heard that was akin to the eerie cries of Asura. The sounds frightened these city guards so much that they nearly shit in their pants.

A long time later, these city guards finally summoned the courage to approach the scene and take a closer look.

"That one is, Clear Cloud Pavilion's President Meisen?!" Out of nowhere, one of the city guards' voice sounded abruptly, exclaiming in fright as he pointed towards a certain corpse some distance away.

All the surprised guards walked up, surrounding Mei Sen's body for a better look.

"It really is Mei Sen's corpse!"

After taking a clear look at the face, the leader of the city guards, Captain Wu blurted out. His body couldn't help but shiver from the chill running up his spine.

Mei Sen was a Xiantian realm expert ah, still, he was killed!

Moreover, the way Mei Sen died was truly miserable. Other than the face looking slightly better, there was no other complete part of him.

Moments later, Captain Wu's reason returned and he issued out an order in a shaky voice: "Quick-quickly go report to the Castellan!"

This time, it was truly a big mess!

Mei Sen and so many Clear Cloud Pavilion Big Dawn County branch disciples were massacred. That was in Big Dawn County City itself!

Apart from Mei Sen, there were more than two hundred of the Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples!

More than two hundred!

That meant nearly all of the Clear Cloud Pavilion Big Dawn branch disciples died here!

It has been a very long time since a murder or fight happened within the boundary of Big Dawn County City!

“Captain Wu, do you think it might be the Nine Tripod Commerce who did this?” One of the city guards couldn’t help asking this question aloud.

The Nine Tripod Commerce!

All the forces in Big Dawn County knew about the conflict between the Nine Tripod Commerce and the Clear Cloud Pavilion.

Astutely, Captain Wu neither denied nor confirmed.

At this time, in the Clear Cloud Pavilion’s building, Mei Pengliang was sitting, waiting in the main hall. His head kept turning towards the entrance.

“Young Lord, don’t worry, this time President is cooperating with Patriarch Ning Wang and there are so many of our Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples going out in droves. That Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou won’t be able to escape!”

One of the Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples noticed this and also spoke out to reassure him.

“That’s right Young Lord, after killing Huang Xiaolong, the headquarters will surely reward the President heavily for this merit. At that time, the President might even be promoted to Deputy Pavilion!” Another disciple smiled flatteringly as he joined in.

Mei Pengliang nodded.

However, exactly at this time, twenty or so Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples ran into the main hall in panic, blood stained their robes. These were the fortunate ones that managed to run away from Huang Xiaolong’s gruesome macabre.

Seeing these disciples returning, Mei Pengliang jumped out from his seat, urging them, “Where’s father?”

“Young Lord, we were tricked by Huang Xiaolong! No one knew Marshal Haotian accompanied him here to Big Dawn County. We were lucky enough to escape, but the other disciples have all fallen!” One of the survivors forced out in a brittle voice.

“What?! All Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples are dead?!” Mei Pengliang and the other disciples that were waiting in the main hall turned ashen.

“Then, my father?!” Mei Pengliang repeated his question again.

“Don’t know, when we ran away, the President and Patriarch Ning Wang had already left before us.” A different disciple replied.

In this situation, even staying inside the Clear Cloud Pavilion wasn’t safe.

Mei Pengliang's heart breathed in relief hearing this, but at this time, a disciple ran into the main hall, shouting: "Young Lord, the President was killed!"

"What?!" Mei Pengliang's mind buzzed as if lightning struck his brain.

The other Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples had despondency hanging on their faces, turning gray in color.

"Young Lord, we'd better flee from here, that Huang Xiaolong might come here next!" A Clear Cloud Pavilion disciple urged frantically.

Now, even this place wasn't safe.

Mei Pengliang's senses were jolted back to the present. Then, together with the remaining Clear Cloud Pavilion disciples, he ran out of the building without bothering to take anything, leaving Big Dawn County City in the deepest hour before dawn.

When Huang Xiaolong returned to the Nine Tripod Commerce, Li Bin, who was instructed to keep a lookout on Mei Pengliang, appeared and reported to Huang Xiaolong, saying Mei Pengliang and a group of disciples hurriedly left the city.

"Running away?" Huang Xiaolong sneered and then turned around to signal Fei Hou with his eyes.

Fei Hou nodded, "Yes, Young Lord, Subordinate will head out now." Without further delay, he turned around and left.

Of course Huang Xiaolong wouldn't allow Mei Pengliang to escape. Troubles must be eliminated from the root!