

## Invincible Conqueror Chapter 241-245

### Chapter 241: Under Brutal Siege

When Huang Xiaolong arrived on the scene, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were battling four people in the sky!

The person battling Zhang Fu was none other than Li Lu's master, Li Molin, whereas Zhao Shu was fighting one against three the Yao Family's Ancestor Yao Shan, and two other people from Deities Templar, which was obvious from the Deities Templar's Elder robes on their backs.

But, Yao Fei was nowhere to be seen.

Below, on the street, members of the Guo Family's wedding procession were lying in pools of scarlet red blood. Not far away at a street corner, Guo Tai blocked in front of Huang Min with the remaining number of Guo Family disciples, grouped together in a defensive circle.

Seeing both his sister and Guo Tai were still safe and sound, Huang Xiaolong let out a breath of relief.

"Big brother!" Huang Min cried out when she spotted Huang Xiaolong and quickly ran over to his side with Guo Tai.

"Are you two alright?" Huang Xiaolong concerned.

"We're unhurt." Huang Min and Guo Tai shook their heads.

Huang Xiaolong's tension disappeared hearing they were unharmed.

At this time, sounds of whistling wind rang in the sky as figures rushed over to the battle scene, everyone turned to look and saw it was Emperor Duanren and Guo Family's Ancestor, Guo Chen.

"We're leaving!" Seeing it was Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen, Li Molin, who was battling Zhang Fu, made a forceful palm strike to push Zhang Fu back, barking orders to her comrades.

Zhang Fu met her palm strike head on.

A thunderous explosion pushed both of them apart and Li Molin seized the chance, disappearing into the void in a flicker.

The other three people, Yao Shan and the two Deities Templar Elders, did the same. All three attacked Zhao Shu all out with a palm strike, disappearing into the void after pushing Zhao Shu back.

Seconds after the four had fled, Emperor Duaren and Guo Chen arrived, the expression on their faces was grave and solemn, with rage boiling underneath. Especially Guo Chen. His face darkened facing the scene of Guo Family disciples' bodies lying in pools of their own blood.

"The Yao Family went too far!" Guo Chen roared lowly through gritted teeth, suppressing his rage. An intense hatred burned in his eyes.

Today was a big joyous occasion for the Guo Family, yet Yao Shan was so shameless as to disregard his Saint realm status, attacking Guo Tai and these disciples. This action provoked Guo Chen's ire.

Arriving not far behind Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen were Duan Wuhen and a group of Guo Family experts.

However, the wedding was an important affair and it wouldn't do good to miss the good hour, thus Guo Chen instructed the Guo Family experts to tidy up the matters while he sought Huang Xiaolong's opinion on the wedding's arrangement, and then proceeded to send Guo Tai back to Guo Mansion with Huang Min, escorted by Guo Family experts.

"Young Lord, Yao Family's Ancestor and those people, do you want us to...?" After Guo Tai's group left the scene, Zhao Shu approached Huang Xiaolong, inquiring.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead, "No need to chase." Although that Yao Shan was merely a Saint Third Order, with Deities Templar's experts and Li Molin's help, to chase up and kill him wouldn't be an easy matter.

"Duan Ren," Huang Xiaolong looked over to Emperor Duanren beside him, "I need to trouble you to lock down the city and search if there are any Deities Templar and Yao Family's disciples."

Emperor Duanren replied with prompt courtesy, "Young Noble Huang is too polite, it's no trouble at all. It's something we should do."

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

Following Huang Xiaolong's request, Guo Chen too sent Guo Family experts out to comb the Imperial City.

Roughly one hour later, the remaining of Guo Family's wedding procession arrived at the Guo Mansion with Guo Tai and Huang Min. With Guo Tai and Huang Min's safe arrival at the Guo Mansion, the Huang Family went over.

"Long'er, how about we try to make peace with the Yao Family?" on the way over, Su Yan suggested with a worried face. She had heard about the Yao Family Ancestor Yao Shan and some Deities Templar experts slaughtered many of the Guo Family's wedding procession members midway.

Huang Xiaolong looked at his mother, noticing her deep worry lines, he shook his head saying, "Mother, even if we agree to talk peace, the Yao Family would not agree."

Disregarding the personal grudge Huang Xiaolong had with Yao Fei, just the fact that Huang Xiaolong burned the Yao Family's foundation of thousands of years— Yao Manor to ashes was no different than burning all possibilities of peace between them.

Moreover, he didn't wish to make peace with the Yao Family.

Su Yan sighed inwardly hearing her son's answer. In fact, deep down she already knew it was useless and impossible.

"But the Deities Templar..." Su Yan hesitated. At the mention of Deities Templar, even Huang Peng revealed a worried look.

The truth was the Yao Family Ancestor wasn't a threat, it was the Deities Templar at his back. From Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou's conversation, both Huang Peng and Su Yan understood to a certain extent what kind of terrifying existence the Deities Templar was.

A tyrannical hegemony that even the entire Duanren Empire needed to be wary of!

"Mother, Father, rest assured, a day will come when I will annihilate Deities Templar with my own hands!" Huang Xiaolong spoke the vow slowly.

And this day would not be too far away!

Both Huang Peng and Su Yan thought Huang Xiaolong was comforting them, thus neither said anything more on the topic.

About an hour later, Huang Xiaolong, Huang Peng, Su Yan, and Huang Xiaohai arrived at the Guo Mansion. When they arrived at the front entrance, the Guo Family's Ancestor Guo Chen, Guo Shiwen, Guo Shiyuan, and Guo Tai were already waiting for them in person. Lead by Guo Chen personally, the group made their way into the main hall, sitting down in two sections.

"Emperor Duanren has arrived~!" Shortly after Huang Xiaolong and the others sat down, came Guo Family's Chief Steward Zhang Yue's voice announcing Emperor Duanren's arrival from outside.

Emperor Duanren in person!

Everyone present was baffled, but they stood up and went outside to welcome the Emperor.

Regardless, today was his sister's wedding, thus Huang Xiaolong could be considered as half a host. The Emperor personally coming for the banquet, Huang Xiaolong indeed should go and welcome him.

"Congrats, congrats, ah!" Just as Huang Xiaolong and the rest stepped over the archway, Emperor Duanren walked in with a wide smile, cupping his fists in greeting.

Huang Xiaolong and Guo Chen also cupped their fists in greeting.

Duan Wuhen following behind Emperor Duanren also cupped his fists, congratulating Huang Xiaolong and Guo Chen in a respectful manner. Other than Duan Wuhen, there was a beautiful woman with noble bearing together with them. Huang Xiaolong guessed this woman must be Duan Wuhen's mother and he was right. Emperor Duanren introduced her as Duan Wuhen's mother.

Emperor Duanren's arrival instantly livened up the banquet. The many forces that came to congratulate, all stood up and saluted, a joyous mood filled the air as wine and laughter flowed.

With Emperor Duanren, the group moved to a more private hall and sat down.

However, Huang Xiaolong did not relax his vigilance. He instructed Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Yu Ming to keep an eye on the surroundings for any sudden unforeseen situation. The Yao Family's Old Ancestor may have run off after failing to achieve his goal, ambushing the wedding procession team, but Huang Xiaolong had a gut feeling that things wouldn't end so easily.

Furthermore, there was something strange about Yao Fei's absence today.

When the banquet's atmosphere was at its liveliest, a Huang Family guard burst in until he was in front of Huang Xiaolong, "Young Lord, a message came, more than a dozen Nine Tripod Commerce's branches were under brutal siege."

More than a dozen of Nine Tripod Commerce's branches were under brutal siege!

The big hall quieted in an instant. Countless pairs of eyes turned to look at Huang Xiaolong.

A fierce light glinted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, there was no need to ask, the Nine Tripod Commerce being under brutal siege must be the handiwork of the Yao Family and Deities Templar.

#### **Chapter 242: Formless Poison**

More than a dozen Nine Tripod Commerce's branches were under brutal siege. Like Huang Xiaolong, those present at the wedding banquet easily guessed the masterminds being the Yao Family and Deities Templar. Everyone in the hall remained quiet as no one dared to interrupt Huang Xiaolong's contemplation.

It was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

"Young Lord, should I make a trip to the branches?" Seconds ticked and Zhang Fu suddenly stood up saying.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead at his question, "No need."

There were more than ten Nine Tripod Commerce branches being sieged, Zhang Fu alone, even if he knew how to split himself into a dozen body clones and went there, he might fall into the enemy's well-laid trap. The Yao Family and Deities Templar's purpose in attacking the Nine Tripod Commerce branches may be to draw Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu away from his side.

"How are the casualties for each branch?" Huang Xiaolong turned around, directing the question to the Huang Family guard.

"Replying to Young Lord, the disciples of these several Nine Tripod Commerce are, are..." The Huang Family guard hesitated at this point.

"Say it!" Huang Xiaolong raised his voice.

“Are almost all dead. Only a few disciples managed to escape from each branch.” The Huang Family guard blurted everything out.

Almost all dead! Huang Xiaolong’s face darkened.

Every Nine Tripod Commerce branch had at least three to four hundred disciples, a dozen branches amounted to four, five thousand disciples!

“Pass the order down, all disciples are to return and assemble back here.” Huang Xiaolong’s solemn voice sounded.

This debt, Huang Xiaolong jotted it down to be settled with the Yao Family and Deities Templar in the future!

“Yes Young Lord!” The Huang Family guard respectfully replied.

Huang Xiaolong waved the guard away. Today was his sister’s wedding, an important day for her.

Exactly at this moment, in a dilapidated abandoned courtyard on the north section of Duanren Imperial City, space fluctuated. Li Molin, Yao Family’s Ancestor Yao Shan, and the two other Deities Templar Elders emerged from the void. And together with them were Yao Fei and Ao Baixue.

Six people appeared in total. Li Molin scoffed, “I didn’t expect Huang Xiaolong, that little brat, to endure it so well, foiling our plan!”

Ao Baixue frowned deeply, “With Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu around, it’ll be difficult for us to act.”

Yao Fei snorted, “It doesn’t matter even if Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu are present, my Formless Poison is undetectable even by a high-level Saint realm expert!” As Yao Fei said this, his hand took out a dark purple jade bottle out from his spatial ring.

“Formless Poison!” The five with Yao Fei paled slightly, including the high-level Saint realm Li Molin.

The Formless Poison’s toxicity superseded all other poisons, being heralded as the king of poison. Rumor has it, the Formless Poison has neither color, taste, nor form. Totally invisible to the naked eye and senses, even high-level Saint realm experts could not detect its presence. Once someone is poisoned, other than Saint realm experts, who could suppress and gradually force out the poison with their Saint power, those of lower realms died without exception.

And the victim would be subjected to a pain like the bites from millions of ants, like the sharp fangs of millions of snakes piercing them, like the wrenching of the soul by millions of ghouls, tortured to the very last moments of death.

However, the Formless Poison was said to have been lost more than two hundred years ago, no one imagined that Yao Fei would have something like it in his possession, not even the Yao Family’s Ancestor Yao Shan.

“That’s right, Formless Poison!” Yao Fei nodded proudly, “This Formless Poison was something I got one year ago from a cave in the Raven Hills. I’ve already instructed one of the Guo Mansion’s wine servers to mix this poison into the celebration wine being served today at the banquet!”

A cruel light flashed across Yao Fei’s eyes, “When Huang Xiaolong, that punk, drinks the wine, hehe..!”

In fact, he could already imagine Huang Xiaolong’s face distorting with pain and misery. Li Molin and the rest inhaled sharply. If everything went according to what Yao Fei said, today, the Guo Manor’s wedding would be turned into a mass funeral!

Not only would Huang Xiaolong die in torment, every member of the Huang Family, all of Guo Family and its disciples, the guests that came to congratulate the Guo Family, from nobles to big and small forces’ Patriarchs, all will meet their end.

Only Guo Family’s Ancestor Guo Chen, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Emperor Duanren could survive!

“Isn’t it a bit too much this way?” Old Ancestor Yao Shan said with his brows scrunched together. “Duan Wuhen and Imperial Consort Fei are inside the Guo Mansion too.”

Duan Wuhen was Emperor Duanren’s most favored son, the successor to Duanren Empire, whereas Imperial Consort Fei was Emperor Duanren’s beloved concubine, also Duan Wuhen’s birth mother. If both of them died tragically in the Guo Mansion under the Formless Poison, their hatred would turn into a blood feud, forged into eternity!

If it came to that, the Yao Family could not be rebuilt on Duanren Empire’s land any longer!

Yao Fei knew what his family ancestor was worried about, saying: “Ancestor, Duan Ren wouldn’t let us be even if we do not kill Duan Wuhen. Since it is so, why should we need to care about a mere Duan Wuhen? Moreover, we’re going to destroy Dunren Empire sooner or later, killing Duan Wuhen now is like pulling out one of that old guy’s arms. Isn’t that much more favorable to us?”

Hearing this, Yao Shan nodded his head in agreement.

At this time, the Guo Manor was once again filled with a joyous mood. Mostly, it was due to Huang Xiaolong suppressing the matters related to the attack on Nine Tripod Commerce branches that the wedding banquet wasn’t affected much.

Approaching the wu hour<sup>1</sup>, Guo Tai and Huang Min, dressed in brilliant red wedding garbs, came out to bow to heaven and earth and pay their respects to parents and elders under the ritual officer’s guidance.

“First bow to Heaven and Earth!” The ritual officer cried at the top of his lungs.

After Guo Tai and Huang Min had done so, the ritual officer continued, “Second bow to parents!”

Watching the two youngsters, Huang Peng and Su Yan, Guo Shiyuan, and the elders, including Huang Xiaolong were full of cheers.

Finished performing their bows to the parents, Guo Tai and Huang Min made the third and final bow towards each other as husband and wife.

Thus, the ceremony was completed.

“Wonderful! Let us move to the seats and begin the banquet.” Moments later, Guo Family’s Ancestor Guo Chen announced. Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong nodding, everyone made their way to the tables, including the guests waiting in the outer hall, consisting of Patriarch from all over Duanren Empire’s kingdoms.

Guo Shiyuan instructed Chief Steward Zhang Yue to serve the wine and dishes after getting the nod of approval from his father, Guo Chen.

“Yes!” Zhang Yue acknowledged with respect. He turned around and bellowed: “Serve the wine and dishes!”

“Serve the wine and dishes!”

The Guo Family’s servants kicked into a flurry of actions, plates after plates of dishes and jugs of wine were brought to the guests’ tables. It did not take long for them to laden the tables with fragrant, colorful dishes. There were sixteen types of dishes on every table, every delicacy from the land and sea that one could think of, cheerful laughter filled the air.

However, when Guo Tai stood up with a wine cup in his hands to toast with Huang Peng, Huang Xiaolong, and the others, Huang Xiaolong’s voice rang sharply: “Wait!”

It was too sudden that the guests were startled, all turning around to look at Huang Xiaolong.

In front of everyone, Huang Xiaolong sucked a wine urn to his hand with a single hand: “There’s something wrong with the wine!”

“What?! Something wrong with the wine?” All present were taken aback.

“This...?!” Guo Chen, Emperor Duanren, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu exchanged a baffled glance.

Before they could say anything, a dazzling black and blue light shot out like lightning from Huang Xiaolong’s body, revealing his twin dragon martial spirits behind him. Both the black and blue dragons sucked at the wine urn, drawing strands of dark purple lights from the urn of wine, gathering in the air above, turning into a vague demonic shadow, shrieking shrilly, making everyone shudder.

### **Chapter 243: Promoted to Holy Maiden**

Watching as a mysterious dark purple light flew out from the jug of wine into the air, forming the strange image of a howling demon, everyone present turned a shade white for this was something only the most toxic of poisons could reach. The toxic fumes shaped like a demon!

Seeing the dark purple demon-shaped fumes in the air, something flashed in Zhao Shu's mind recalling something. He blurted: "This is Formless Poison!"

Formless Poison!

The Patriarchs of families and nobles alike turned ghastly pale with shock at the mention of Formless Poison. Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen jumped to their feet in astonishment.

"Formless Poison, this, how can this be!"

"Didn't the Formless Poison disappear more than two hundred years ago?! How can it appear here?!"

A wave of shock, confusion, and unease swept the guests. Most of them were Patriarchs of small and big forces or part of a kingdom's royal family, their knowledge far exceeded the commoners', therefore many of them knew a thing or two about this Formless Poison, even Huang Xiaolong who was usually calm on the surface had a ripple of surprise traveling across his face.

Earlier, the twin dragon martial spirits in his body were agitated for some reason he couldn't understand. Feeling strange at their behavior, Huang Xiaolong followed their feelings and locked onto the jug of wine the Guo Family servants served up.

There was a problem with the wine! Huang Xiaolong firmly concluded his findings just as Guo Tai raised his wine glass to toast, which was why Huang Xiaolong spoke curtly to stop them from drinking. At that moment, Huang Xiaolong had no idea the wine was laced with Formless Poison.

It was actually the Formless Poison! After a split second of surprise, a ferocious gleam shone in Huang Xiaolong's pupils, the murder in his heart soared sky high. Huang Xiaolong wasn't the only person with the intense killing intent, Emperor Duanren, Guo Chen, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and the Patriarchs of the many families of forces present had a similar reddish bloodlust in their eyes.

"Who was it! How dare they put poison into the celebration wine at the Guo Family's mansion!" One of the big family's Patriarch failed to repress his wrath, loudly shouted.

The truth was glaring obvious to all that the person behind this planned to kill indiscriminately, taking the lives of everyone in the Guo Mansion, including them, who came to congratulate on the occasion—poisoning every Patriarch, leader, and disciple!

Because Huang Xiaolong had the news about the Guo Family's wedding procession being ambushed blocked off, none of these guests who came to attend the banquet were aware of the matter yet. If they knew, they'd easily guessed the mastermind behind the poison was none other than the Yao Family!

Huang Xiaolong scanned the crowd and his cold voice rendered the air: "It's the Yao Family!"

"What?! Yao Family?!" The hall was in an uproar.

"That's right, it's the Yao Family. Earlier, our Guo Family's wedding procession was attacked by the Yao Family's Ancestor and Deities Templar." Guo Chen interjected.



The Guo Family's wedding procession was attacked by the Yao Family's Ancestor and Deities Templar! This message was a booming shock to all present.

"The Yao Family is atrocious! Plotting to have us all die here! We must retaliate, exterminate all of Yao Family's disciples!"

"Right, kill off all Yao Family's disciples!" Majority of Patriarchs and royal families from fealty kingdoms responded to the suggestion, anger and wrath surged.

Emperor Duanren motioned the angry guests to calm down with his hand, he turned to his son, Duan Wuhen, beside him: "Pass the order, mobilize all the territories' army, search and kill all Yao Family's disciples. I do not wish to see any Yao Family disciple in my Duanren Empire!" Emperor Duan Ren's eyes glimmered with a chilling cold killing intent, making those standing close to him shrink away involuntarily.

The Yao Family poisoning the celebration wine at the Guo Family's wedding banquet had stirred the hornet's nest, completely angering Emperor Duan Ren. If it wasn't for Huang Xiaolong detecting something amiss, his son Wuhen, his Consort Fei, and the many present Patriarchs and royals would have left their lives here.

Sensing the terrifying killing intent coming from Emperor Duanren, only one thought crossed the minds of the people present: the Yao Family's done it this time!

Although Huang Xiaolong burned the Yao Family headquarters to the ground, there were still many Yao Family branches all over the empire in remote small towns and less fertile lands.

However, this time they were truly being uprooted from the ground!

At this point, Huang Xiaolong faced Guo Shiyuan with an icy expression, "Capture and detain all the servants responsible for today's food and wine, interrogate them one by one!"

Guo Chen and Guo Shiyuan finally awakened and realized one of the crucial points. That's right! Although this matter was orchestrated by the Yao Family from the shadows, it wouldn't succeed if there wasn't a spy amongst the Guo Family's servants. The wine wouldn't be tainted with poison.

Immediately, Guo Chen instructed to have all the servants in charge of the food and wine served tonight captured and detained. However, before long, Chief Steward Zhang Yu returned to report all servants in charge of food and wine died due to poisoning.

"What? All dead from poison!" Guo Chen's face was ugly. Obviously, this was another move from the Yao Family. Guo Chen seethed with anger and frustration.

"Have all the celebration wine and dishes changed, change everything!" A short while later, Guo Chen said to Guo Shiwen.

Though the rest of the wine wasn't determined to be poisoned, Guo Chen still had everything replaced as a safety precaution. Guo Shiwen acted swiftly. To accommodate such a large occasion, the Guo Mansion did make backup preparations.

When the new dishes and wine were sent up and determined safe by Huang Xiaolong, everyone relaxed and raised their cups. But, the joyous atmosphere had dampened noticeably due to the unexpected scare.

At the same time, in the same abandoned courtyard on the north side of Duanren Imperial City, Yao Fei's face twisted hideously. He already got the message saying Huang Xiaolong found out about the Formless Poison. But Yao Family Ancestor Yao Shan looked worse, he could imagine what kind of scene the remnants of Yao Family's disciples would face the coming onslaught.

The Yao Family foundation that he had struggled to build in the past thousand years will be turned into gray ashes on the ground.

"I didn't expect Huang Xiaolong, that little punk, to actually be able to detect the Formless Poison!" Ao Baixue harrumphed coldly.

Yao Fei sneered, "This outcome is fine too, letting him die so easily is letting him off too lightly. I want to kill him with my own hands, let him have a taste of living worse than death!"

Li Molin interjected, "Li Lu was found out to possess a high-grade God Tribe bloodline and the Temple Preceptor has chosen her to be promoted to a Holy Maiden. She must not find out about this."

Yao Fei and the rest understood Li Molin's meaning.

"Very well, we're heading back." Li Molin said in her cold sullen one, "We'll look for other opportunities in the future to kill Huang Xiaolong, that little brat." With a flicker, her body swayed and disappeared into the void. The rest followed one after another and the abandoned dilapidated courtyard returned to silence.

Night descended and the surroundings were quiet.

At this hour, the Huang Family had already returned to the Southern Hill Estate from the Guo Mansion.

Standing quietly in his yard, Huang Xiaolong reflected the day's event, from the Guo Family's wedding procession and Nine Tripod Commerce branches being attacked to the Formless Poison in the wine, his eyes grew increasingly cold.

Deities Templar, the Yao Family, he must exterminate them at the earliest!

Next day morning, Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple hall and headed to the estate's great hall. Seeing that both of his parents were present, Huang Xiaolong hesitated for a moment before telling them about his plan to head to the Bedlam Lands.

"What? Long'er, you're leaving again?" Su Yan's high spirits turned glum.

Watching his mother's expression, Huang Xiaolong felt a tinge of guilt. Sighing in silent, he nodded: "Yes, Mother." This trip to the Bedlams Lands was something he must do, not only because of the grade one spirit stones.

However, breaking through to the Sixth Order was more urgent, Huang Xiaolong decided to leave after that. Hence, he would depart one month later.

### **Chapter 244: Breakthrough Xiantian Sixth Order!**

When Huang Xiaolong said he would only be departing for the Bedlam Lands after one month, Su Yan's face looked slightly better.

Thus, in the coming one month, Huang Xiaolong concentrated his effort on breaking through to Xiantian Sixth Order, spending his time cultivating inside Godly Mt. Xumi.

Other than the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture, Huang Xiaolong worked at improving his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate from the Absolute Soul Pearl, both of these were crucial to Huang Xiaolong.

Combining the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate, Huang Xiaolong believed he would be able to control and build an expansive team made of Xiantian warriors.

With Huang Xiaolong's current strength, he could advance to the first level of Ancient Puppetry Art in three months' time, at that time, he would be able to refine a Xiantian Sixth Order, perhaps even Seventh Order puppet!

Not to mention, the Soul Mandate too could be used to control warriors of Sixth and Seventh Order Xiantian. When Huang Xiaolong broke into the Saint realm in the future, perhaps he could even control a Saint realm warrior!

Time flowed like running water, twenty days quietly passed.

Huang Xiaolong divided most of the twenty days practicing within the Xumi Temple and the remaining to accompany his parents as well as his younger brother, giving advice in their cultivation. Limited by the potential of their martial spirits, it bore almost zero chances for Huang Peng, Su Yan, and Huang Xiaohai to advance into the Xiantian realm, but Huang Xiaolong was confident he could do what others failed.

In the future, he would make sure his parent, sister, and brother would break through to Xiantian. If Saint realm couldn't do it, then he would strive to break through to God Realm, if that still fails, he would continue, advancing to higher realms.

Above the God Realm, there were more powerful existences!

In the last twenty days, vibrant netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy surged endlessly, while above his Qi Sea, the three shaped Archdemon, Golden Dragon, and Golden Buddha became more and more condensed.

As Huang Xiaolong cultivated, breathing in and out, so did the three mandates that had taken form. The netherworld spiritual qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy poured down from the void.

The black and blue twin dragons hovered above Huang Xiaolong, faint echoes of dragon roars sounded endlessly and dragon scales shone with a steely glint on their huge bodies. The twin dragons had evolved into real, solid entities. Hovering behind Huang Xiaolong, they looked like two daunting mountains of black and blue.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong started practicing like he usually did. Taking a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir, he stepped into the Ten Buddha Formation at the center of the temple hall and started practicing the Godly Xumi Art, while the Asura Tactics and the Body Metamorphose Scripture ran simultaneously.

After so many months of practicing inside the Ten Buddha Formation, Huang Xiaolong noticed there was an additional benefit, other than connecting to the Buddhism energy in the Buddha World, the Ten Buddha Formation allowed the person cultivating to enter a state of ethereal emptiness. Entering this state, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation seemed smoother and faster.

Every time at the end of his practice, Huang Xiaolong felt his soul and physique undergoing another cleansing, just like the sanctification ritual.

As Huang Xiaolong continued with his breathing exercise, the netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy continued to course in his meridians, whereas in his Qi Sea, the three different energies were buoyant and stalwart.

Three vigorous energies crashed against the Sixth Order barrier, causing a soul splitting pain to spread over Huang Xiaolong's body.

Huang Xiaolong knew it was time. Swiftly gathering his focus, Huang Xiaolong did his best to suppress the pain spreading out in every inch of his body.

The tearing pain came again and again as Huang Xiaolong persisted, crashing at the Xiantian Sixth Order barrier again and again.

Entering the Xiantian realm, especially mid-levels Xiantian realm, every order advance was like an uphill battle. The pain that came with it was ten, a hundred fold what a Houtian warrior experienced, so much that even someone as strong willed as Huang Xiaolong could barely grit his teeth and bear the soul splitting pain.

It went on for some time, and suddenly, Huang Xiaolong's body shook as a breaking sound echoed internally. Three different lights burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body, filling the entire space of the Xumi Temple.

Sixth Order, he broke through!

The netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy cheered into Huang Xiaolong's Xiantian Sixth Order meridians route.

Bright lights exploded from the twin dragons hovering above, dragon scales fell off like autumn leaves and regrew as their bodies became bigger. Huang Xiaolong's twin dragon martial spirits evolved every time he broke through a Xiantian Order.

Huang Xiaolong continued running the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture, stopping only when the signs of breakthrough stabilized. Submerging his spiritual sense to check his body's condition, Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed, he advanced! Reaching Xiantian Sixth Order, then the Seventh Order was closer within his grasp.

As long as he reached Xiantian Seventh Order, he was a high-level Xiantian warrior! No matter in which empire, a high-level Xiantian warrior carried an extremely high status.

However, Huang Xiaolong did not immediately depart to the Bedlam Lands, he took some time to spend with his family. His sister Huang Min also came to the Southern Hill Estate for visits several times after marrying over to the Guo Family.

Watching this pair of newlyweds acting sweet and lovely, Huang Xiaolong was happy for them and content. His sister had chosen the right person.

Inevitably, the intimate pair also made Huang Xiaolong think of Li Lu, the young woman dressed in a white flowing dress, revealing two lovely dimples when she laughed.

'I wonder what she's doing now...' Huang Xiaolong wondered to himself.

Ten days came and went.

In these ten days, Huang Xiaolong had firmly stabilized his recent breakthrough, even enhancing his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate. Initially, according to Huang Xiaolong's estimation, he needed at least three months time to reach the first level of Ancient Puppetry Art, but only two months had passed and he had already reached the first level.

"It's time to head to the Bedlam Lands." On this day, Huang Xiaolong exited the Godly Mt. Xumi, muttering to himself.

Bedlam Lands!

Other than buying grade one spirit stones in the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong had another motive: to build his own power, a power that truly belonged to him.

Huang Xiaolong aimed to build a new powerful empire with his own hands!

And the Bedlam Lands was the perfect choice for this, being negligible in the eyes of the three continents, saving him a lot of trouble not being in conflict with other empires.

In the great hall, when Su Yan heard Huang Xiaolong was leaving to the Bedlam Lands, moreover, going alone, the words flew from her lips: "Long'er, you want to go to the Bedlam Lands alone?! No!"

About the Bedlam Lands, Su Yan had heard about it from Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu, she was aware that the place was filled with murders, atrocities, and evil people.

"That's right Young Lord, it's too dangerous for you to go to the Bedlam Lands alone. Either me or Zhang Fu, one of us should accompany you!" Zhao Shu tried to persuade.

Zhang Fu followed up, "That's correct Young Lord. The Bedlam Lands is very different from the Blessed Buddha Empire. In the Bedlams, even a Xiantian Tenth Order warrior could lose his life anytime."

Huang Xiaolong insisted, "Say no more, I have already decided to make the trip alone." He wanted to use the time to grind, how could he not be aware of the dangers and risk involved? Furthermore, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu's presence could not guarantee his protection all the time.

When Huang Peng and Su Yan wanted to say more, Huang Xiaolong laughed lightly, "Father, Mother, don't worry, I'm the Godly Mt. Xumi's owner, I won't die that easily."

Legend has it, the owner of Godly Mt. Xumi was protected by a mysterious power, and would not fall so easily.

### **Chapter 245: Entering the Bedlam Lands**

"The owner of Godly Mt. Xumi won't fall so easily?" Huang Peng and Su Yan were dumbfounded. Although both of them were aware of their son possessing the Heavenly Treasure, neither of them had heard about this particular detail.

At this point, Zhao Shu stepped forward to reaffirmed, "House Master Huang, what Young Lord said is true, there indeed is such a legend."

Zhang Fu behind him nodded convincingly as well. Both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu did heard legends related to it.

Seeing this, Huang Peng and Su Yan's worried hearts loosened a little. Even so, Huang Xiaolong couldn't escape when Su Yan clutched at his hand, telling him for more than an hour he should take care of himself, safety first, pay attention, be vigilant, don't fight with others, etc, and more.

Huang Xiaolong smiled wryly in his heart as he patiently listened to his mother, nagging for more than an hour.

Close to two hours later, Huang Xiaolong bid farewell to the four people looking at him, Huang Peng, Su Yan, Zhao Shu, and Zhang Fu. Huang Xiaolong left Duanren Imperial City on foot, he had the flying twin dragon martial spirits and the Godly Mt. Xumi, therefore he did not require a mount.

Watching her son's figure grow smaller, dimmer, and vaguer before her eyes, Su Yan couldn't resist getting teary eyed.

"It'll be fine, don't cry. Long'er promised, he'll be back within two years." Huang Peng wrapped an arm around his wife's shoulders, comforting her.

Su Yan nodded, wiping away her tears. Then she suddenly added, "I wonder how is that child Li Lu doing."

Huang Peng was taken aback at the abrupt topic, but he said, "Don't worry, Long'er and her will definitely be together!"

Su Yan nodded her head again. The four of them turned around and returned to the Southern Hill Estate a while later.

At this time, in a certain kingdom under Duanren Empire's territory, Yao Fei was listening to his subordinate's report. Cruel lights of excitement flashed in his pupils, "You're very sure, Huang Xiaolong left Duanren Imperial City alone?"

"Yes Young Lord, there's no mistake about it!" That subordinate answered respectfully, "Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu did not follow him, both are still in the Southern Hill Estate!"

Yao Fei burst out in a hearty laughter hearing that, "Huang Xiaolong, oh Huang Xiaolong, this time I'll see how you can escape from my hand!" he turned towards his subordinate again, "Did you find out where he's heading to?"

"Not yet," the subordinate added, "But he's traveling towards the southeast direction."

"Southeast direction." Yao Fei repeated to himself, he turned around saying, "Continue to have people watch the Southern Hill Estate's movements, go." He waved the subordinate away after finished giving the instruction.

That subordinate saluted with respect before making his way out.

"Southeast direction..." Yao Fei's figure leaped into the air, disappearing in a blur as he flew southeast, piercing through space.

Ten days later, Yao Fei landed on a piece of bare land. When his feet touched the ground, Yao Fei struck out his fist in anger, shattering a hundred zhang small hill not far away into pieces.

For the last ten days, he had been chasing and tracking, but not to mention Huang Xiaolong's shadow, he couldn't even find a hair left behind by Huang Xiaolong along the way.

According to his subordinate's report, Huang Xiaolong was confirmed to be traveling in the same southeast direction, but ten days! He had been pursuing Huang Xiaolong for ten days and he didn't catch a wisp of Huang Xiaolong's presence.

"Huang Xiaolong, I don't believe you can hide under this heaven and earth!" Yao Fei snarled ferociously, and disappeared from the spot, continuing his pursuit. He waited a long time for an opportunity like this one, he would not let it go so easily.

One month later.

In the air close to one of Spring Faun Empire's borders, with a flash, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette appeared. Looking at the dark sky, Huang Xiaolong surveyed the surroundings. Deciding on a spot to rest for the night, he leaped towards one of the hills in front. He would continue his journey tomorrow.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't aware that Yao Fei was chasing him. This one month's time, he traveled using the Godly Mt. Xumi, controlling it to fly as he practiced at the center of the Ten Buddha Formation. That

piece of heaven grade spirit stone given by Shi Fantian, Huang Xiaolong used it as the Ten Buddha Formation's energy source.

Heaven grade spirit stones were undoubtedly valuable, but for Huang Xiaolong nothing was more important than enhancing his strength. Only by becoming stronger could he have the qualifications to stand at the top of the Martial Spirit World. Otherwise, this so-called wealth and power were nothing more than a mirage.

And because he was cultivating within the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong had inadvertently avoided Yao Fei's pursue.

The Godly Mt. Xumi was practically an independent space on its own, cutting off any nature of tracking from the outside. Not to mention Yao Fei, who was a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, not even an early Saint realm expert could sense it.

Landing in the vicinity of a small forest, Huang Xiaolong chose a spot, ran his internal force and built a fire. The winter weather had yet to pass and with a small camp fire going, it quickly warmed up the area, dispersing the lingering cold.

"If my Body Metamorphose Scripture reached stage twelve, reaching perfection, would I really be able to condense a true core..." Huang Xiaolong pondered as he watched the burning fire, his hand moved to take out a jug of Sapidity Wine from the Asura Ring.

Just a few more days and his Body Metamorphose Scripture would advance into Stage Eleven: Fighting Form.

During his time on Earth, the explanation passed down by his ancestors stated that by completing the twelve stages of Body Metamorphose Scripture, an individual would enter the small perfection realm and the true qi internal force inside their dantian would evolve into true core energy. Following that, true core energy would then rebuild and improve upon the body's physical potential to the extent that one would remain youthful-looking. In addition, it even added years to one's lifespan! At that time, Huang Xiaolong's dantian would also transform into an inner core.

Bearing an internal core, it would grow and multiply by itself, absorbing spiritual energy at all times, meaning Huang Xiaolong could cultivate his internal force at all times. The most crucial point was— after the dantian evolved into an internal core, Huang Xiaolong could fly on a sword.

Sword flight... by Huang Xiaolong's estimation, would be much faster than flying on the blue dragon. According to ancient legends, practitioners that successfully formed an internal core could fly ten thousand li in a day on their swords.

"There's also the Asura Tactics, I'm on the edge of breaking through the fourth stage." Huang Xiaolong mumbled to no one.

The Asura Tactics. Entering the fourth stage, Huang Xiaolong could open the Eye of Hell, which could see through all illusions, penetrating all space barriers, to the extent of seeing another mountain behind a mountain. Not to mention, the Eye of Hell had a bizarre spiritual attack. If Huang Xiaolong opened the Eye of Hell, it meant he had another trump card in his hand.



More importantly, it would save him a lot of trouble.

Morning arrived and Huang Xiaolong leaped up, shuttling in the air, continuing his journey to the Bedlam Lands.

Three months passed.

Huang Xiaolong finally traversed through Snow Wind Continent, arriving at the Bedlam Lands.

Other than rushing on the journey, he spent most of the three months cultivating in the Xumi Temple, thus avoiding unnecessary troubles. Only sometimes, when Huang Xiaolong stayed out in the wilderness, would he run into some small groups of bandits that took Huang Xiaolong for some vulnerable lone traveler. All of them were easily taken care of by Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's current strength allowed him to easily deal with two average Xiantian Seventh Order without breaking much of a sweat.

"This is the Bedlam Lands?!" Huang Xiaolong stared at the vast of parched land in front of him, sand and dust rolling in the dry wind. The instant he stepped onto the land, Huang Xiaolong felt a strong death aura in the air as well as a demonic energy and an indescribable bloodthirst, evil, and desolateness.

Huang Xiaolong ran his internal force and battle qi, vigilantly preparing for any unforeseen events. He moved forward slowly, unhurriedly, northward, where the Sin City was located, in the most northern part of the Bedlam Lands.

"The death aura in front and the smell of blood is too dense!" After flying for two hours, Huang Xiaolong suddenly stopped. His vigilance soared.