

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 246-250

Chapter 246: Shall We Entertain this Kid?

Detecting the dense death aura and a strong smell of rusty blood, Huang Xiaolong slowed down. As he got closer, the stench of death in the air became denser and the smell of blood suffocating.

‘What a thick death aura!’ Huang Xiaolong’s heart tightened warily.

This density of dead aura could only form from several hundreds of thousands of people dying in the same place, perhaps even millions.

As such, there was only one possibility, the area in front was a battlefield! The suffocating smell of blood meant there was a war going on up ahead.

Huang Xiaolong spread his spiritual sense out, and ten minutes later, he landed atop a small hill. Looking out from a higher point, Huang Xiaolong indeed found people fighting in the wide plains some distance ahead.

Differentiated by the color red and yellow, two armies, armed to the teeth with swords and spears, engaged in an intense battle, stallions roaring from hundreds of miles, blood-curdling screams weaved amongst raging bellows. War cries shook the sky, death aura and heavy blood scent gathered above the battlefield into pillows of dark red clouds—dead spirits cloud.

Although the nearby empires did not set their minds to conquer the Bedlam Lands, on the Bedlam Lands were at least ten thousand cities controlled by different forces or sects. Small powers controlled one city, bigger forces controlled two or more cities, and the more tyrannical hegemonies had ten or more cities under their rule.

War was common between these cities. Today, the master of a city could be a certain family, but when the sun shines tomorrow or the next month, the master could have been replaced.

Therefore, the battle scene in front of him didn’t surprise Huang Xiaolong. Watching the rich dark red clouds of death aura and blood energy in the sky, an idea flashed through Huang Xiaolong’s mind. All these dead spirits clouds, in essence, were formed from blood soul qi, which was the most favorable for Huang Xiaolong to practice the Asura Demon Claw.

All these years, Huang Xiaolong had mostly sidelined this battle skill due to its blood soul qi requirement. But the Asura Demon Claw’s power was undeniable. There were five moves to the Asura Demon Claw, and each one had an earth-shaking effect, any one of them reaching major completion would carry more destructive power than the Asura Sword Skill.

Huang Xiaolong immediately diverted his energy in accordance to the Asura Demon Claw technique. Ten fingers bent into claws and a suction force aimed towards the groups of dark red clouds in the sky. Instantly, strands of dark energy floated down toward Huang Xiaolong’s hands.

Strands of dark energy continued to flow to Huang Xiaolong's hands, being absorbed into his body, circulating along the veins. In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong slashed the void with both claw-shaped hands.

Horrifying cries reverberated as two dark palms flew out, tearing space straight onto the cliff wall some distance away. The surrounding sky darkened, shadows spiraled within the dark fog, no less than fifteen wraith heads issued wails that raised goosebumps down the neck.

Watching this result made Huang Xiaolong ecstatic. Practicing the Asura Demon Claw using the soul blood qi from the dead spirits cloud gathered above this battlefield exceeded his expectations by many folds over! Based on this result, if Huang Xiaolong practiced here for three to four months, he would be able to reach major completion in Asura Demon Claw's first move.

Not wasting time, Huang Xiaolong continued to absorb the soul blood qi coming from the dead spirits cloud above time and again as he practiced the first move of Asura Demon Claw, Laments of Thousands of Demons.

More than two hours passed. Huang Xiaolong immersed himself in practice, entering a state of selflessness.

Although it was a mere two hours, the attack power the first move, Lament of Thousands of Demons experienced a great leap. When attacking, the dark claw imprints doubled in size, the dark fog around them was more condensed, and the wraiths' cries sounded the air akin to thousands of demons struggling to break free from a cage.

At the same time, dark black fog enshrouded Huang Xiaolong akin to a supreme wraith, forming a protective barrier around him. This was one of the terrifying points of the Asura Demon Claw, while attacking, it also protected the user, a powerful and unpredictable offensive and defensive skill.

And while Huang Xiaolong was in a state of selflessness, from afar, sounds of piercing winds trailed behind two figures clad in deep amethyst robes. Two middle-aged men landed on another peak, on the edge of the battlefield.

One of them had a slanting sword scar on his forehead and the other had a long horse-like face. From a higher point, both watched the maelstrom of chaos and blood on the battlefield below and nodded appreciatively.

"Kill, kill more, the more dead the better, haha... The more dead spirit blood qi the faster the undead corpse we refined will advance to Earth rank grade six." The scar-faced middle-aged man laughed in a boisterous manner.

The long horse-faced middle-aged man followed laughing, "Five years later, us brothers' undead corpse would be able to advance to Earth rank grade seven. At that time, joining our strength together, no disciples in Sky Magi Sect would be our opponents, other than Master!"

The scar-faced man looked up towards the rolling dark red dead spirits cloud above. His brows knitted together all of a sudden, "Something's wrong! How come the dead spirit blood qi is so much lesser than usual?!"

Hearing the scar-faced man's exclamation, the long horse-faced man hurried to look at the sky above the wide plains. Just one glance and he knew, indeed, the dead spirit blood qi was much lesser.

Both of them came to collect dead spirit blood qi yesterday as well. When they left, the dark red clouds above were much more abundant than this, and today, the two armies continued to battle, the dead spirits blood qi should have accumulated much more. There was something fishy going on.

On this ongoing battlefield, the death aura was strong, and in general dead spirit blood qi could last for a long period of time at high altitudes.

"Eh, there's actually someone absorbing the dead spirits blood qi?!" In the next moment, the horse-faced middle-aged man saw that within the clouds above some blood qi was being absorbed, flowing towards another peak.

Seeing this, the scar-faced middle-aged man sneered coldly, "There's actually someone unafraid of death, they dare to come here to this Specter Battlefield trying to snatch dead spirits blood qi from us! Since someone's looking for death, then we shall fulfill their wish!" He flew up without another word, transforming into a wisp of black smoke, floating towards the peak where Huang Xiaolong was.

The horse-faced man quickly caught up.

From far away, both men watched Huang Xiaolong practicing the Asura Demon Claw. His hands waved out, tearing space, manifesting many wailing wraiths. They exchanged a glance and saw shock mirrored on each other's face.

"So powerful, what battle skill is this kid practicing?!" Seconds later, the scar-faced man couldn't help blurting, "This, this is probably even stronger than our Sect's Sky Magi Palm?!"

The horse-faced middle-aged man exclaimed: "Could it be a Heaven rank battle skill?!"

Heaven rank battle skill! Their eyes lit up brightly.

The scar-faced man broke out in a hearty laughter, "I didn't expect, ah, that we would run into such a good thing. Brother, even the Heavens are looking after us! With this Heaven rank battle skill, once we both made progress in its cultivation, not even Chen Xiaotian, that old fogey, will our opponent. At that time, the Sky Magi Sect can only be ours!"

The horse-faced man laughed agreeably.

"Come, capture that kid alive, we must not let him escape!"

"Capture this kid, make him tell us about this battle skill, then we'll 'entertain' him a little, let him know the consequences of snatching dead spirits blood qi from us!"

The two men sped up, whistling past the wind, arriving on the peak where Huang Xiaolong was training on in the blink of an eye. One in front and one at the back, blocking all of Huang Xiaolong's escape routes, preventing him from running away.

Landing on the ground, both men slowly approached Huang Xiaolong.

Chapter 247: Not Willing?

It wasn't until the two people closed in within a hundred meters that Huang Xiaolong gradually ended his practice. Converging his Asura Demon Claw flow within his body, Huang Xiaolong scrutinized the two people approaching, one from the front and one behind him.

In fact, Huang Xiaolong had already noticed them the moment they appeared on the other peak, however, because these two were only Xiantian Sixth Order, Huang Xiaolong paid no further attention to them.

By this point, the two middle-aged men halted their steps ten meters away from Huang Xiaolong and stood still.

The scar-faced man's eyes inspected Huang Xiaolong up and down while his lips arched in a friendly smile, "This Lil' Bro, may I know which sect you're from, how shall I address you?"

Although the scar-faced man already planned to capture Huang Xiaolong and force the battle skill out from his mouth, he was in no hurry to do so before he has an idea about Huang Xiaolong's background, for instance, which sect Huang Xiaolong belonged to.

The Sky Magi Sect wasn't weak by the Bedlams' standard, but still, before certain hegemony existences they were no different than an insignificant ant. If, by chance, this young man was one of those existences' disciple, or worse, a core disciple, the scar-faced man would think twice before making a move.

Otherwise, if he mistakenly provoked a tyrannical existence without knowing, he risked being turned into slag.

Huang Xiaolong already knew what two these were thinking by the look on their faces. Sneering secretly he repeated in a taciturn manner, "Which sect's disciple?"

The horse-faced man revealed a kind smile, "Yes, who knows, maybe Lil' Bro's Master is an old friend of our Master..."

"You think too much, I don't belong to any sect in the Bedlam Lands." Huang Xiaolong cut in, "So, you need not worry about loose ends after killing me."

Both the scar-faced and horse-faced middle-aged men were stunned, neither expected Huang Xiaolong's would be so 'direct.' Exchanging a glance between them, there was faint doubt in their eyes as their attention fell on Huang Xiaolong once again.

Did not belong to the Bedlam Lands?!

Then, where does this young man's confidence come from? Both of them could tell Huang Xiaolong was just a mid-Xiantian Sixth Order, whereas the two of them were late-Xiantian Sixth Order experts. With them joining to attack, this young man had no chance to escape.

"Make your move." While both were still stumped, Huang Xiaolong spoke again, "I'm giving you one chance, letting you make the first move."

Hearing this, the two of them frowned as they stared at Huang Xiaolong, confusion and vigilance spiked as they exchanged another glance. Yet, no one moved.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and smiled sardonically watching these two people's hesitation, "Weren't both of you curious to know if I was practicing a Heaven rank battle skill? I can tell you now, it is indeed a Heaven rank battle skill, and it is not a mere a Heaven rank low-grade battle skill."

Not a mere Heaven rank low-grade! Their eyes shone brightly.

Before they realized what happened, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, his two hands formed into claws and slashed out in opposite directions. From Huang Xiaolong's attack, two huge dark claw shadows tore across space, black fog rolling as a dozen evil wraiths shrieked viciously. The surrounding light was blotted out.

Watching the two huge dark palms targeting them, the scar-faced and horse-faced middle-aged men were alarmed, instantly jumping back to dodge, releasing their battle qi at the same time, aiming a fist to counter Huang Xiaolong's attack.

"Sky Corpse Fist!"

"Feral Undead!"

Both men shouted at the same time.

Their attacks were shrouded in a perceivable death aura, accompanied by a nauseating smell that withered the air, akin to a hundred-year-old rotting corpse laid bare.

In a split second, their fist imprints collided with Huang Xiaolong's palm imprints.

Boom! A loud impact resounded like the crackle of a vengeful thunderbolt. Air currents shook violently, blasting out in all four directions, sand and dust rose as crack lines zigzagged on the peak's surface, deepening into fissures.

What horrified the two men most was that Huang Xiaolong's Asura Demon Claws did not dissipate after the collision, instead they continued towards them.

Just when they wanted to swerve away, the black claw imprints already arrived before them, striking their torso accurately.

Both men plummeted to the ground with a tragic scream, raising another screen of dust and sand.

Poof! Crashing into the ground, blood spurted from their mouth, dyeing the dry yellow soil dark red.

“You, you cannot be!” Two men looked fearfully at Huang Xiaolong, there was shock, disbelief, and discernible fear in their eyes. Both of them were late-Xiantian Sixth Order, yet in a joint attack, they were the ones being gravely injured by the young man!

Huang Xiaolong approached slowly, ignoring the shock on their faces, his cold voice sounded, “Like I’ve said earlier, I gave you a chance to attack first.”

Struggling to get up, they hastily moved back in panic.

“You, what do you want to do?!” Scar-face repressed the fear in his heart, asking Huang Xiaolong aloud.

“What do I want to do?” Huang Xiaolong sneered, “Didn’t you want to capture me, and ‘ask’ me about the Asura Demon Claw skill?”

Having their intentions exposed so plainly, uncertainty flitted past their eyes. It finally dawned on them that Huang Xiaolong already saw through their plan from the very beginning.

The horse-faced man forced an awkward smile, “This Lil’ Bro, we, we...”

Before he could finish, Huang Xiaolong’s silhouette blurred in a flicker, disappearing in mid-air. In the next instant, he appeared right in front of them, hands poised for another attack, but both men raised their hands in defense half a beat too late, as Huang Xiaolong’s palms once again struck their chests, sending them flying.

Two figures slammed into the cliff wall not far away, sliding down with gravel and stones. Huang Xiaolong approached once again, standing in front of two sprawled bodies.

“Lil’ Bro, we were wrong, we have eyes but failed to see, I beg, beg you, spare us.” The horse-faced middle-aged man cried pitifully with a trembling voice. Regardless if they believed it or not, Huang Xiaolong’s strength far surpassed their expectation and their strength. Before Huang Xiaolong, their resistance was futile.

“Spare you?” Huang Xiaolong dawdled, “Not killing you, is a negotiable option.”

The two men looked dumbly at Huang Xiaolong, unable to react appropriately. At first, both of them thought they were dead for sure, for it was impossible for Huang Xiaolong to spare them. But Huang Xiaolong really wasn’t going to kill them?

“You... won’t kill us?” Scar-face ventured cautiously.

“That’s right.” Huang Xiaolong answered, ever indifferent.

The scar-faced man hesitated before saying, “You, want us to submit to you?” There was no other possibility other than this that could make Huang Xiaolong spare them.

Huang Xiaolong nodded nonchalantly, causing the two to contemplate in silence. Huang Xiaolong waited patiently, in no hurry for a decision.

His plan to conquer the Bedlam Lands had to proceed one step at a time, and frankly, he had thought of reigning these two people when they appeared, as the stepping stones to taking over their sect, and with their sect as his base and foundation, spreading out to the entire Bedlam Lands. If these two had no value, they would have died long ago.

"I agree." A short while later, the horse-faced middle-aged man was the first to speak, "I'm willing to submit to you."

Following that, the scar-faced man echoed the same words, willing to submit to Huang Xiaolong.

"Good. Now, release your soul sea, I'm going to brand your soul sea with a soul mark." Huang Xiaolong said while nodding his head.

"Brand a soul mark!" Both men blurted out in shock as their faces turned a shade whiter.

Watching their drastic reaction, Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly, how could he not guessed what these two were thinking earlier. First, they would agree to submit and the second they stepped into the Sky Magi Sect, they would sound the alarm, gathering the sect's forces to siege him.

"What? Not willing?" The look in Huang Xiaolong's eyes sharpened.

Chapter 248: Black Demon City

Both the scar-faced man and horse-faced man looked warped with shock and fear. They never imagined that Huang Xiaolong would know such a method.

Soul marking techniques were arcane and had been a lost heritage for many years. Around six hundred years ago, there was a Saint realm warrior that used such arcane, soul marking to take control over several big families' Patriarchs and Sect Sovereigns, setting off a maelstrom of carnage in the Martial Spirit World. Cultivators and commoners alike lived in trepidation. During that time, the Xiantian warriors that died under that person's hand numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

Xiantian realm warriors, hundreds of thousands!

As for Houtian warriors, countless!

The real manifestation of 'blood flows like a river'!

At the end, that person's actions finally enraged some high-level recluse Saint realm experts that lived in a mysterious independent space, coming out to siege and hunt that person. Still, it only ended when a half-step God Realm high-expert joined the ranks of the pursuers, successfully killing the culprit. He was referred to as Gorefiend by later generations.

Watching the many thoughts flashing clearly on the two people's faces, Huang Xiaolong's mouth curved up at the corners into a cold sneer, sharp cold lights flickered close to Huang Xiaolong's hands as he summoned the Blades of Asura.

The Blades of Asura appeared, issuing a strange buzzing sound as they vibrated. On the surface of their bodies, a mysterious dark light flowed like a black liquid, causing the two injured men to tense up immediately.

"I, I'm willing to release my soul sea barrier!" The words flew out from the horse-faced man without further delay.

"Me too, I'm willing!" The scar-faced man also did the same.

Compared to dying, both of them were more willing to let Huang Xiaolong brand a soul mark in their soul seas, although doing so would give Huang Xiaolong full control over their life and death. Still, it was more favorable than dying immediately.

Seeing the two men's swift response, Huang Xiaolong snorted, ordering them to release their soul seas as he initiated the Soul Mandate. Deep inside Huang Xiaolong's pupils, two dark purple soul characters glowed and flew out from Huang Xiaolong eyes, instantly entering into the scar-faced man and horse-faced man's soul seas through the center of their eyebrows before their horrified expressions, firmly imprinting a soul mark in the core of their minds.

In the three months journey here, Huang Xiaolong had entered the first level of the Ancient Puppetry Art, allowing him to brand soul marks into others' soul sea. Not only that, he managed to fuse the Ancient Puppetry soul marking method with the Soul Mandate so that he could use the Soul Mandate to perform the soul mark. It brought a better effect. The person being controlled looked normal from outside, being no different before and after the branding, not even someone close would notice anything wrong.

Sensing Huang Xiaolong's soul mark within their soul seas, both men gave up on the idea of betrayal.

"This two pellets, swallow them." A tiny bright spark flashed as Huang Xiaolong withdrew two thumb-sized medicinal pellets from the Asura Ring.

Staring at the round pellets in Huang Xiaolong's palm, their faces tightened once more. "This is..?!" Once again they couldn't help but ask with apprehension.

Huang Xiaolong's face turned icy, "If I tell you to swallow, then swallow it down!" With a wave, the two pellets floated into their palms.

Staring at the round pellets and at Huang Xiaolong, the scar-faced and horse-faced man paled slightly, however, they obediently swallow it down.

The instant the medicinal pellet entered their mouths, a warm energy spread throughout their bodies, they clearly felt the injuries on their bodies heal at rapid speed. Knowing that they had mistaken Huang Xiaolong's kind intentions, thinking those two pellets were poison pills instead of healing pellets, they looked gratefully at Huang Xiaolong.

“Now, lead me to your Sky Magi Sect, tell me about the sect’s situation on the way.” Huang Xiaolong instructed.

“Yes, Master!” Both bowed respectfully.

Huang Xiaolong flew up and left the wide plains, led by his newly recruited subordinates. As for the Asura Demon Claw, Huang Xiaolong would come again another time.

On the way, the two middle-aged men reported the Sky Magi Sect’s situation to Huang Xiaolong.

The horse-faced man was called Du Xin and the sword scar-faced man was called Deng Guangliang, both were Sky Magi Sect Elders. Furthermore, the Sky Magi Sect’s Patriarch, Chen Xiaotian, was their Master.

Chen Xiaotian had five disciples in total, and amongst them, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang’s strength was considered the highest. The other three disciples were Xiantian Third Order, Fourth Order, and one at Xiantian Fifth Order.

Apart from them, the Sky Magi Sect had roughly one hundred and thirty Xiantian realm experts, however, within those numbers, only twenty of them were mid-level Xiantian, and as for high-level Xiantian, there were only two people.

High-level Xiantian realm experts, one of them was none other than their Master, Chen Xiaotian, a late-Xiantian Seventh Order, whereas the other person was the Sky Magi Sect’s Grand Elder, Geng Ken, a peak mid-Xiantian Seventh Order. When the subject steered towards Chen Xiaotian’s martial spirit, Huang Xiaolong was quite surprised to find out that Chen Xiaotian’s martial spirit was actually the Windfire Tree!

Windfire Tree, a nature type martial spirit of the tree family, a first rank grade eleven martial spirit! In the Martial Spirit World, the emergence of a nature type tree martial spirit was rare, moreover, it was a superb talent martial spirit.

Geng Ken’s martial spirit was slightly lackluster compared to Chen Xiaotian, a top grade ten martial spirit belonging to the weapon type, the Heaven Splitting Hammer. Although Geng Ken was only a Grand Elder, his influence in the sect was comparable to Chen Xiaotian’s, as the Sovereign. There were over twenty Elders in the Sky Magi Sect and nearly half of them belonged to Geng Ken’s faction, listening to his orders.

In conclusion, Chen Xiaotian didn’t have full control over the Sky Magi Sect.

“Geng Ken...” Huang Xiaolong repeated the name to no one in particular.

This Geng Ken’s strength was weaker than Chen Xiaotian’s, yet he succeeded in reigning in half of the support to stand toe to toe with Chen Xiaotian. There had to be a different charm to him.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang led Huang Xiaolong, flying northward. Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong saw a granite city, built upon vast stretch of golden sand dunes.

The city was undoubtedly huge. Perhaps because of the years of succumbing to the grinding of desert sand, the city walls looked mottled and weather worn. Nearing the city, Huang Xiaolong noticed that the top of the city walls reflected countless obscured dark lights, decorating the granite city walls. Huang Xiaolong guessed these dark lights should be splatters of blood left behind for many years, then again, only a massive number of slaughters could leave such a mark. One could imagine how many people's blood stained these city walls.

It could be a million, it could be ten million!

"This is Black Demon City?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

"Yes, Young Lord, this is Black Demon City." Du Xin and Deng Guangliang both replied.

'Master' sounded awkward to Huang Xiaolong's ears, thus he made Du Xin and Deng Guangliang change how they refer to him to Young Lord.

The Sky Magi Sect was located in Black Demon City.

Huang Xiaolong nodded as he followed the two towards Black Demon City's city gates.

"Oh, it's Elder Du Xin and Elder Deng Guangliang." When they neared the city gates, someone that seemed to be the city guards' captain approached Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, greeting them with a cupped fist and a smile. He ordered his subordinates to open the city gates, allowing the group of three to enter the city smoothly.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang nodded their heads slightly towards that captain, entering the city with Huang Xiaolong.

Entering the city, Huang Xiaolong surveyed the city as he walked down the streets. The streets in Black Demon City were about twenty meters wide, with shop fronts lining both sides of the streets, yet it lacked the bustling, prosperous atmosphere found in the Duanren Imperial City or any other big cities for that matter. Most of the doors and walls of these shop fronts bore fighting scars from blades, swords, and other weapons. Some of these shop fronts' signboards were actually cleaved in half, and along the way, they would come across an occasional puddle of blood.

Evidence that a fresh battle just happened.

As Huang Xiaolong strolled along the streets, looking around, the people in the streets were also observing him with curious stares. But, these curiosities were nipped in the bud when they caught sight of Du Xin and Deng Guangliang behind him. Noticing Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, the pedestrians quickly scrambled away in fear.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang donned on the Sky Magi Sect Elders' robes, and here in Black Demon City, the Sky Magi Sect was one of the three hegemony powers.

Chapter 249: Ghost Shadow Sect

With Du Xin and Deng Guangliang following behind him, no one dared to look for trouble with Huang Xiaolong, otherwise, there would have been a dozen instances of people coming to welcome Huang Xiaolong with 'kind' intentions in the new city.

The whole time, from Huang Xiaolong's observation, the majority of these Black Demon City residents emanated a strong killing aura and a heavy blood scent. Of course, most of them possessed quite a high battle qi cultivation. Even the little kids running around in the streets exuded a feral temperament.

No doubt, those who managed to survive in the Bedlam Lands were no easy characters. In the Bedlam Lands, you couldn't afford to be kind!

"Be—Beg, I beg you, don't kill me!" Just as Huang Xiaolong continued to walk calmly, up ahead on the same street, a disturbance took place. Looking over, Huang Xiaolong met with the scene of a brawny man kneeling on his knees, crying for mercy before a woman.

This woman had her back towards Huang Xiaolong, hence he wasn't able to make out her features. Still, this woman's back was a scenery in its own right; tall and slender, with scandalous curves.

While the brawny man was on his knees begging for mercy, the woman slowly unsheathed her longsword from the scabbard hanging around her waist. The blade reflected the sunlight, glinting a chilling azure-emerald light.

Watching the woman's action, fear took over the brawny man, knocking his head against the street intensively as he continued to beg, "Don't kill me, I know my wrongs, I won't dare anymore!"

At the precise moment that man's voice fell, the woman's wrist turned, the longsword in her hand made a dazzling curve and the brawny man's pleading cries halted forever. A finger raised halfway to point at the woman, but the man's body swayed to the side, tumbling to the street. Only then did blood spurt out from the man's throat, painting a canvas of red on the pavement.

Pedestrians gathered some distance away, watching like a spectating crowd at a performance, there were sounds of talking and laughter as if this kind of event were the norm for them.

After killing the brawny man, the woman didn't even spare a glance at his corpse, she turned away and left without a word. When she turned around, Huang Xiaolong caught a glimpse of the woman's face—beautiful, but icy.

As the woman was leaving, her eyes swept past Huang Xiaolong's face. There was a momentary shock when she caught sight of Du Xin and Deng Guangliang right behind him, but it was only for a moment and was gone when she brushed past Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's heart tightened: this woman was not so simple, her strength was on par with him, at least, a Seventh Order.

"That woman is probably someone from the Ghost Shadow Sect." After the woman was out of sight, Du Xin stepped closer to Huang Xiaolong and explained.

"Ghost Shadow Sect?" Huang Xiaolong puzzled.

“Yes, Young Lord. The Ghost Shadow Sect’s power in the Bedlam Lands is not weaker than our Sky Magi Sect. To be honest, they are slightly stronger than us.” Deng Guangliang added, “The Ghost Shadow Sect’s Sovereign is a Xiantian Eight Order expert, and that woman earlier should be Ghost Shadow Sect Sovereign Gui Ying’s disciple. Their headquarters is located in Blood River City, not far from our Black Demon City.”

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

Blood River City is it? Mn, after he took control of Black Demon City, the cities surrounding Black Demon City would be next

Soon, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang brought Huang Xiaolong to their mansion.

Having a personal mansion in a main city such as Black Demon City was a symbol of strength and power. In general, only mid-Xiantian experts with status, such as Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, could own personal land in Black Demon City. Xiantian experts with lower cultivation and status, at most, could own a small courtyard.

Entering the mansion, the servants and guards greeted Du Xin and Deng Guangliang respectfully as they moved towards the main hall.

In the main hall.

Huang Xiaolong sat in the center main seat. He had ordered both Du Xin and Deng Guangliang to assemble all the mansion’s servants and guards to the main hall. Understanding Huang Xiaolong’s intentions, both of them executed Huang Xiaolong’s order without question.

When all the servants and guards arrived, each was shocked noticing the person sitting in the center main seat was a stranger to them, while Du Xin and Deng Guangliang stood on each side.

With all of them gathered, Du Xin briefly introduced Huang Xiaolong to the servants and guards. Of course, it was done with obscuring details of Huang Xiaolong’s background. Mainly stating that Huang Xiaolong was to be referred to as Young Noble Huang, seeing him was no different than seeing him or Deng Guangliang in person, and to be shown the same respect.

Although many were curious and doubtful at the same time about Huang Xiaolong, no one dared to ask, only obediently following orders.

Huang Xiaolong scanned the many faces of these servants and guards and spoke slowly, addressing their curiosity “I know all of you are curious about my identity, but I hope you understand clearly what should be said and what shouldn’t be said! Whoever dares to leak a word of this outside this main hall, discussing my identity, if it reaches my knowledge, they will be killed on the spot! Do you understand?” Huang Xiaolong released a sharp, murderous aura from his body, enveloping the entire main hall in a overwhelming pressure.

Enveloped by the chilling murderous aura, all the servants and guards felt as if they fell into a thousand year ice abyss, fear filled their eyes as all of them swiftly got down on their knees, each claiming they

dare not whisper a word. At that moment, they realized, this Young Noble Huang was stronger than their masters.

Watching the group of servants and guards on their knees, Huang Xiaolong nodded, satisfied with their response. Allowing them the stand, Huang Xiaolong waved them away, "You can leave, return to whatever you should be doing."

Everyone answered in unison and hurried to withdraw from the main hall.

Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze from the leaving servants. He wasn't done controlling the Sky Magi Sect, therefore he didn't wish to expose his existence in Black Demon City so early, attracting Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken's suspicion. It would be too much work. He believed that with his warning earlier, there wouldn't be any loose lips amongst these servants and guards, unless someone tortured them.

Of course Huang Xiaolong could use soul marking to control them, however, every time he used this method, it greatly consumed his spiritual force. And overusing the method had side effects, which would be detrimental to his future cultivation. Hence, unless it was necessary, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't exhaust his spiritual force this way.

"Young Lord, what should we do next?" After everyone had left the main hall, Deng Guangliang inquired of Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the two of them, saying: "No hurry, I will tell you what to do when the time comes."

Both replied yes with respect.

A tiny glow shone from Huang Xiaolong's hand as he took out two spirit pellets from the Asura Ring, "These two are grade six spirit pellets." With that, he flicked the two pellets towards Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's palm.

Instantly, an enticing fragrance wafted into Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's noses.

"Grade six spirit pellets!" Both exclaimed in surprise looking at the pellet in their hands. Even in the Bedlam Lands, grade six spirit pellets were hard to come by.

"Young Lord, this, is rewarding us?" Du Xin wasn't sure and ventured with caution.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "Perform well in the future, you'll have many more of these grade six spirit pellets." Although Huang Xiaolong branded their soul seas with his soul marks, forcing them to have no other choice but to listen to his orders, Huang Xiaolong was someone who had clear distinctions between reward and punishment. With those deserving to be rewarded, he would not be stingy.

Moreover, to others, refining grade six pellets was a difficult task, but it didn't apply to Huang Xiaolong, who had the Thousand Beasts Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

“Many thanks, Young Lord! We will definitely carry out all of Young Lord’s orders, doing our best effort for Young Lord unto our dying day!” Du Xin and Deng Guangliang knelt down and kowtowed as they vowed.

The words spoken were honest and heartfelt.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and allowed them to take their leave for now. He would be giving them instructions later. Huang Xiaolong already had a plan on how to take over the Sky Magi Sect.

Chapter 250: Controlling the Giant Puppets

And so, Huang Xiaolong stayed in Du Xin and Deng Guangliang’s mansion and started cultivating.

For the time being, Huang Xiaolong was in no rush to take over and control the Sky Magi Sect. At times like these, it was never a good idea to rush, even if he wanted to. Otherwise, it would only make matters worse, causing him to fall flat on his face instead.

Huang Xiaolong needed to first restore his spiritual force after branding the soul marks on Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, it had consumed most of his spiritual force.

Seven days passed quickly.

Over the last seven days, everything went on as usual within the mansion.

Due to the stern warning from Huang Xiaolong on the first day, none of the servants dared to speak of him to outsiders or have hushed discussions amongst themselves. Thus, Huang Xiaolong’s arrival escaped the attention of Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken of the Sky Magi Sect.

This gave Huang Xiaolong time to cultivate the Ancient Puppetry Technique and Soul Mandate in peace.

Seven days—it was enough for Huang Xiaolong to fully recover from his overdrawn spiritual force, and it even became stronger, which made Huang Xiaolong notice a crucial point. Cultivating to restore spiritual force after exhaustion actually helped his spiritual force to grow faster.

This discovery made Huang Xiaolong elated.

With his spiritual force abundant again, Huang Xiaolong entered the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and approached the sacrificial altar. On the altar, the nineteen supreme looking giant puppets still remained seated in the same meditative pose.

Although Huang Xiaolong had reached the first level of the Ancient Puppetry Technique, giving him the ability to brand other living beings with a soul mark, he had yet to try manipulating any one of these nineteen giant puppets.

Now that Huang Xiaolong aimed to take over the Sky Magi Sect, it highly increased his chances if he succeeded in controlling these giant puppets as his aides.

Walking up to the sacrificial altar, Huang Xiaolong looked at the puppet in the front row that was the furthest away from him, on the left corner.

According to the ancient Linglong Tribe's writings on the sacrificial altar, one must follow a specific order if they wished to activate and control these puppets. That puppet on the edge of the front row was the first one.

Coming to a stop in front of the first puppet, Huang Xiaolong ran the Ancient Puppetry Art. His sea of consciousness shook as he gathered spiritual force, sending out invisible waves of energy in the form of an imprint that aimed at the giant puppet from the center of its brows, penetrating straight into its 'mind.'

When Huang Xiaolong's soul mark entered the puppet's mind, he was horrified at the absorption force that emerged from inside the puppet. Huang Xiaolong felt his spiritual force being drained, devoured at rapid speed and out of his control.

"This is...?!" Huang Xiaolong paled considerably.

At this rate, his spiritual force was going to be emptied out in less than two minutes. If that happened, Huang Xiaolong would be reduced to an idiot!

Huang Xiaolong ran the Ancient Puppetry Art again, planning to terminate the connection between him and the puppet forcefully, but subsequently, Huang Xiaolong found out he actually couldn't withdraw or cut the connection using violent force!

"This... why is it like this!"

Just as Huang Xiaolong contemplated if he should strike the giant puppet away, the strong suction whirlpool vanished all of a sudden. For Huang Xiaolong, it felt like he had just gone through an arduous battle for his life. His body swayed, falling to his butt on the altar, heavily gasping for air.

Huang Xiaolong wiped his forehead and cold sweat trickled down his fingers.

Damn, that was close! Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

While Huang Xiaolong was trying to calm down, the first puppet's eyes snapped open, two brilliant green lights shone from their depths. Next, the giant puppet slowly got up. Even so, its every action shook the large sacrificial altar.

When these giant puppets were in a sitting posture, Huang Xiaolong had roughly estimated their height to be more than three meters, but when the first giant puppet rose to full height in front of him, it far exceeded Huang Xiaolong's imagination!

The giant puppet's height was close to four meters, with a body twice as big as an average human warrior, akin to a small hill.

"Ah Feng greets Master!" After the puppet stood up, it moved closer to Huang Xiaolong and knelt before him in greeting.

Seeing that his first attempt in branding a soul mark into the puppet's mind was successful, Huang Xiaolong was greatly relieved.

“Ah Feng?” At this point, some memories entered Huang Xiaolong's consciousness, related to this particular puppet.

The first puppet's strength had reached early-Xiantian Sixth Order. However, because it was refined from an ancient giant tribe, its body defense and brute strength were entirely on another level. Therefore, even though it was only an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, this puppet was stronger than two late-Xiantian Sixth Orders like Du Xin and Deng Guangliang put together.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up.

Nineteen supreme giant puppets. As the order moved towards the back, each puppet's strength was higher than the one before!

If the first supreme giant puppet was an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, then what about the second and the third one? What extent would their strength reach?

Huang Xiaolong's heart surged with anticipation.

“Get up.” Huang Xiaolong ordered Ah Feng. Instead of rushing to control the second puppet, Huang Xiaolong sat down and started to restore his nearly depleted spiritual force.

Three days and three nights later, Huang Xiaolong returned to peak form. Once again, he noticed that his spiritual force had grown much stronger after recovering.

The entire time he was recuperating, the first giant puppet, Ah Feng, stood close to Huang Xiaolong, safeguarding him.

After his spiritual force had recovered, Huang Xiaolong came to stand before the second supreme giant puppet. The second puppet seemed to be a female but its appearance was just as intimidating as the first one... and just as huge.

Standing in front of the second giant puppet, Huang Xiaolong once again ran the Ancient Puppetry Art. His spiritual force gathered, transforming into a soul mark as the energy swirled, entering the female puppet's mind between the brows, just like with the first puppet.

The same strong suction force came from within the female puppet, but this time, having experienced it once, Huang Xiaolong did not panic.

Sometime later, the suction force disappeared just like it did before. However, the amount of spiritual force purloined by the second puppet exceeded the first.

Inferring the situation from this discovery, Huang Xiaolong surmised that, at most, he could control four giant puppets with his current level of spiritual force. Any more than that, his spiritual force would not be able to support if he tried controlling the fifth giant puppet as well.

Gaining the second puppet, Huang Xiaolong spent the next few days restoring his spiritual force, preparing to brand a soul mark into the third giant puppet. The process repeated with the fourth giant puppet and Huang Xiaolong stopped after that.

The first giant puppet was an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, the second puppet was mid-Xiantian Sixth Order, the third puppet a late-Xiantian Sixth Order, whereas the fourth giant puppet was peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order!

Though for the time being, Huang Xiaolong could only manage to control four giant puppets, it was sufficient for his goal.

Bringing these four giant puppets into play, Huang Xiaolong's plan of taking over the Sky Magi Sect had just become much smoother. Initially, going up against Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken, he did not have a full grasp of defeating them. However, with these four giant puppets, those two were no longer an issue down the road.

With that, Huang Xiaolong exited the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

As for the four giant puppets, Huang Xiaolong left them inside the pagoda, where he could easily summon them out from if the need arose.

Appearing out from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, Huang Xiaolong called for Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, telling them to hold a banquet tomorrow evening and invite their three Junior Brothers.

"Yes, Young Lord!" Du Xin and Deng Guangliang answered respectfully, aware that Huang Xiaolong was prepared to make his move.

Huang Xiaolong's plan was to control Sky Magi Sect's Elders firsthand before dealing with Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken at the end.

When both of them and the Sky Magi Sect Elders were under his control, the Sky Magi Sect would belong to Huang Xiaolong.