

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 281-285

Chapter 281: What Kind of Palm Power Is This?

Qin Yang stood in front of Huang Xiaolong, looking at Lifei as he stated: "I am very disappointed." He valued this disciple the most, no wonder he was disappointed.

"I'm giving you one last chance, kill this kid, then kneel down and admit your mistake, Master will pardon you, waiving the death punishment!" Qin Yang's voice sent chills bone deep.

Lifei continued to stand behind Huang Xiaolong, persevering in her silence.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head helplessly, looks like this Qin Yang had no inclination of the situation.

"Step aside." Huang Xiaolong ordered Lifei.

"Yes, Young Lord," Lifei answered respectfully.

Young Lord?! Watching Lifei paying no heed whatsoever to his words, but replying to Huang Xiaolong with such humble respect, referring to the young man as Young Lord, the fury and killing intent erupted in his heart. Momentum soared from Qin Yang's body, as sand and stones scattered and whorled up into the air with Qin Yang as the center. In the next second, everyone saw a gigantic dark silhouette materializing behind Qin Yang, three zhang tall, with four hands and blood-red eyes, as thick black vapor weaved around its body—this was Qin Yang's martial spirit, Ghost Shadow.

The Ghost Shadow was another kind of top grade necro-martial spirit.

Summoning the Ghost Shadow martial spirit out, Qin Yang's strong momentum rose further still. This made Jie Dong and Liu Chong that were battling Fan Encheng surprised, all three of them inevitably looked towards Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Gradually, Qin Yang's eyes turned black, tinted with glowing blood-red. "Brat, call out your martial spirit, if not, you might not even have a chance to do so later." Qin Yang glanced at Huang Xiaolong and taunted in a condescending voice of an esteemed senior.

Huang Xiaolong digressed by shaking his head, "No need."

"No need?" Qin Yang was taken aback.

"Correct." Huang Xiaolong added simply, "Against you, there is no need."

Qin Yang was powerful, comparable to the previous Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign Hu Han's strength, despite that, in Huang Xiaolong's opinion, there was no need to summon his martial spirits.

A little more than a month ago, Huang Xiaolong could already defeat Hu Han, and more than one month later, his strength had continued to increase every day, reaching mid-Xiantian Seventh Order.

Huang Xiaolong's words only served to add oil to Qin Yang's already flaring anger, pushing it sky-high! Arrogant!

Qin Yang's robe fluttered fiercely, then his whole body blurred as if turning invisible, at the same time, his martial spirit shone with a dark light, and Qin Yang disappeared in a flicker. Akin to a specter in the darkest of night, he appeared right in front of Huang Xiaolong.

“Go die!”

Qin Yang's blood-red eyes glowered at Huang Xiaolong, spilling with rage and icy murderous intent, both hands spread into palms that aimed straight for Huang Xiaolong's chest.

In Huang Xiaolong's vision, Qin Yang's palms doubled in size inexplicably, turning red as if they were stained with fresh blood, emitting a nauseating smell at the same time. The palms brought with them scorching heat as they pierced forward.

Without hesitation, Huang Xiaolong raised his hands and struck against Qin Yang's bloody palms, but Huang Xiaolong's palm seemed to contain no power at all, soft and bending like the seaweeds in the water, while Qin Yang held disdain in his heart seeing that the ignorant young man dared to underestimate him, to actually counter his attacks with both palms.

“Naive!” Qin Yang's eyes were icy as they looked at Huang Xiaolong. This Blood Spiral Palm's power couldn't be compared with his earlier attack, not to mention, this time he exuded full force. In the entire Blood River City, only the Five Poison Cult's Head of the five chiefs, Liu Minghai, dared to counter this move directly.

Four palms met at in this instant.

The eyes that held contempt and disdain, the lips that arched back in a smug sneer—all vanished the moment his palms collided with Huang Xiaolong's palms, being replaced with shock, disbelief, and a hint of denial. Those seemingly soft and weightless palms gave Qin Yang an apprehensive feeling as he felt the powerful frigid energy.

The collision resounded with a booming explosion, echoing in the valley.

Qin Yang staggered back from the impact, leaving a long trail deep footprints on the ground as he tried to steady himself. He stared down his own hands, astonished to see a layer of inky-purple ice forming over his palm. An extreme frigid energy spread into his body through his palms, making Qin Yang shiver involuntarily.

“What kind of palm power is this?!” Qin Yang blurted out in shock.

His Spiral Blood Palm was a Yang fire-based skill, a natural nemesis of anything Yin and cold, but instead, he was the one being overwhelmed in the end. Moreover, he found out that his battle qi failed to suppress the frigid energy inside his body.

In fact, what Huang Xiaolong used earlier was the Ethereal Palm—laced with Asura battle qi and Asura frigid energy. Huang Xiaolong's Asura Tactics had reached the peak of fourth level, greatly enhancing the extreme chill contained in the Asura qi. Disregarding Qin Yang, even a mid-Xiantian Eighth Order would find it difficult to suppress Huang Xiaolong's Asura qi.

Successfully pushing Qin Yang back, Huang Xiaolong's body blurred, reappearing within a few meters of Qin Yang, a finger pointed at him. Thick gray fog rolled, accompanied by strange shrill shrieks; a finger imprint flew out from the thick gray fog, stabbing Qin Yang's chest.

The Absolute Soul Finger!

An implausible fear birthed in Qin Yang's soul, evident in his eyes as he watched the finger imprint piercing towards him. He quickly retreated, and at the same time, the Ghost Shadow hovering above him flashed brightly, activating the soul transformation.

At first, he had thought that he could deal with Huang Xiaolong easily, therefore he did not soul transform. But now he didn't have the luxury to choose. Soul transforming at the fastest speed, his strength rose to another level, with black vapor swimming around him. Two additional arms grew out from Qin Yang shoulders, bulkier than his own arms, ten long fingers equipped with nails that were more similar to ten sharp daggers, glimmering a dark red glow.

The two new additional arms extended out, ten sharp nails spun to block Huang Xiaolong's Absolute Soul Finger, another thunderous blast rang out and sparks flew in all directions. Qin Yang only knew that his ten fingers and two arms were numb from the impact. He quickly checked his condition only to find blood dripping out from all ten fingers. This greatly enraged him and astonished him at the same time.

This pair of ghost arms grew after he fused with his martial spirit Ghost Shadow, they were harder than steel even when compared to blades and swords tempered from cold steel. Warriors of the same level could merely leave a slight white mark on these arms of his, but even so, they failed to block Huang Xiaolong's single finger attack!

His judgment clouded by rage, Qin Yang hollered and rampaged forward instead of retreating. His long nails slashed out like ten sharp blades, glowing strangely red, cutting down on Huang Xiaolong.

At this time, a cold light glinted and two black blades appeared in Huang Xiaolong's hands. The Blades of Asura appeared and swung out, countless blade lights were seen rotating out, forming an eerie red eyeball in the air.

Eye of Reincarnation!

The eerie red eyeball continued to rotate, shooting out sharp blade lights, totally blocking Qin Yang's attack, but it did not stop there, the red glow shone brightly, expanding. Very quickly, it covered a large area, stunning Qin Yang with a momentary dizziness.

Shaping both of his hands into claws, Huang Xiaolong slashed towards Qin Yang across the void—Asura Demon Claw, Lament of Thousands of Demons.

Screams of wraiths echoed in the valley, scaring the four other people. All of them turned their heads to look and saw a dazed Qin Yang, under the Eye of Reincarnation's influence. Failing to dodge, the claws slashed down vertically on Qin Yang's torso, "Poof!"

Qin Yang buckled back, crashing straight into a mountain cliff wall some distance away, tumbling down to the ground.

When it says, flickered into a blur

Chapter 282: Four Seas Mountain

All four directions fell into abrupt silence.

The three fighting in the distance, Jie Dong, Liu Chong, and Fen Encheng, were dumbstruck as their attention shifted to Huang Xiaolong's side of things, where Qin Yang lay sprawled on the ground, barely able to move.

Lifei fared better than them, after all, to be able to control Black Demon City from the shadows without real strength was an implausible feat. Recovering from their brief shock, Jie Dong and Liu Chong abandoned Fan Encheng and hastened to their Master's side.

"Master!" Jie Dong and Liu Chong called out anxiously as both of them carefully helped Qin Yang up.

At this time, Fan Encheng finally recovered his senses, panicked at the circumstances of his situation, he leaped to the sky in an attempt to flee. What he didn't know was that Huang Xiaolong was watching his every movement, from the moment Fen Encheng stood up, Huang Xiaolong took a side step, and he was already blocking in front of Fan Encheng.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong in front of him, fear filled Fan Encheng's eyes, but he managed to force himself to calm down, squeezing an ugly smile on his face, "May I know this Little brother's great name? Many thanks for Little brother's help earlier, this one is hardly Qin Yang's opponent."

Many thanks for Little brother's help? Huang Xiaolong shook his head inwardly. This Fan Encheng's skin was quite thick, knowing his goal was the same as Qin Yang's group, yet could still pretend so naturally he didn't know.

"Hand over the map part." Huang Xiaolong had no interest in babbling nonsense with Fan Encheng. His expression remained indifferent as he extended his hand, cutting the chase short.

Fan Encheng's face tightened for the briefest time, smiling even milder: "Map part? What map part? Is Little brother perhaps misunderstood something? There is no map on me."

Huang Xiaolong smiled coldly "Don't have it?" he glanced over at Lifei, "You're saying she lied to me?"

Lifei hurried forward, "Young Lord, this subordinate absolutely dare not deceive Young Lord!" She turned to Fan Encheng, "Fan Encheng, I advise you to hand over the map part, don't place your hopes on a slim chance of luck. If my Young Lord were to seize the map part from your body, you can imagine the consequences."

Lifei's threat shook Fan Encheng's resolve.

A painful grunt sounded at this time, coming from Qin Yang. Being helped up by Jie Dong and Liu Chong, Qin Yang barely managed to stand up. Visible to everyone's eyes was the horrifying black claw print on Qin Yang's chest that seemed to emanate death aura, accompanied by thousands of shrieks of wraiths that sent shivers to the soul. The flesh around the claw print had started to rot and die, revealing the whites of bones underneath.

Qin Yang's eyes too were filled with unprecedented fear as he watched Huang Xiaolong. At the same time, his face twisted with pain, obviously he wasn't having an easy time trying to suppress the Asura frigid qi that was wreaking havoc within his body.

Huang Xiaolong did not bother with Qin Yang and the other two people, he stared at Fan Encheng saying, "I'm giving you a last chance, hand over the map and I can spare your life, otherwise, I'll kill you and then search for the map!"

Seeing Qin Yang's tragic state, hesitation flitted back and forth on Fan Encheng, struggling to make a final decision.

In all honesty, this ancient God Tribe master's partial map was something he had gotten by killing someone else, but he held a great blood grudge in his heart, with this piece of ancient God Tribe master's partial map, he had hope for revenge, but now...!

"Fine!" A short while later, Fan Encheng relented, albeit reluctantly through gritted teeth. He took out something from his spatial ring that seemed to be made out of some kind of beast hide leather. This was the said ancient God Tribe master's partial map.

Looking at the piece of map in his hand, Fan Encheng sighed deeply, exerting a mild strength from his hand, the piece of map floated towards Huang Xiaolong. Although the map was important, what would it matter if he was already dead, what could he do about his hatred and blood-feud at that time?

Huang Xiaolong received the map and studied it briefly; the map itself was probably made of some kind of ancient beast's hide, eroded by time, the edges were frayed and most indications on the map were blurred and hardly discernible. Without another word, Huang Xiaolong kept the partial map in his ring, Fan Encheng wouldn't dare to trick him by giving him a fake map.

Close by, Qin Yang, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong could only stare begrudgingly as Huang Xiaolong kept the map away. They had been chasing Fan Encheng for ten days and ten nights straight, yet the map still fell into someone else's hands. Deep as their unwillingness may run, none of them dared to make a move to snatch it from Huang Xiaolong.

The three of them stood there, wary and somewhat scared to move.

After keeping the map, Huang Xiaolong turned his attention back to Fan Encheng, "I can spare you,"

Fan Encheng's face lit up.

“But, on the condition you swear allegiance to me just like her, with me as your master.” Huang Xiaolong indicated a finger at Lifei. Of course, Huang Xiaolong couldn’t let Fan Encheng leave like that, once a rumor spread, he would be the next Fan Encheng.

Looking at Lifei, Fan Encheng’s resistance was evident from his expression. But he already knew that Huang Xiaolong wouldn’t have let him go just like that.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong branded Fan Encheng’s soul sea with a soul mark. Watching the whole thing right in front of them, Qin Yang, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong each was preoccupied with their own thoughts.

After taking care of Fan Encheng, Huang Xiaolong finally turned to Qin Yang’s group of three. He continued to watch them without saying anything, an inexplicable pressure spread out, covering the four directions of heaven and earth.

Under this immense pressure, the gravely injured Qin Yang turned even paler as he needed to suppress the frigid Asura qi inside his body at the same time, whereas Jie Dong and Liu Chong sweated bead-sized drops of perspiration.

Not much time had passed when Qin Yang opened his mouth: “I, I’m willing to submit to you,” pausing here momentarily, he added, “But I have a condition.”

“Condition?” Huang Xiaolong coldly repeated, shaking his head at Qin Yang in refusal saying: “You’re not qualified to negotiate any condition.”

This remarked greatly pierced Qin Yang’s pride.

“Master, you need not beg this person! Even if Senior Apprentice-Brother and I die, we will make sure to send you out of here safely!” Liu Chong shouted righteous sounding words. “You can avenge us later by killing that bastard and that wench!” Wench referred to Lifei.

As his last word was uttered, Huang Xiaolong disappeared from where he stood, the next thing everyone heard was howling pain. Searching for the origin, everyone saw the middle of Liu Chong’s forehead had been pierced and now had a finger-sized hole that sprayed out blood like a red pillar. When Liu Chong’s body tumbled to the ground, Huang Xiaolong’s figure gradually reappeared, standing on the same spot as he did before.

Everyone present stared dumbly at Liu Chong’s stiff corpse, including the first amongst them who submitted, Lifei!

No one saw exactly how Huang Xiaolong killed Liu Chong, not even Qin Yang next to him.

The power to manipulate space?! Qin Yang watched Huang Xiaolong, drastically astounded. Only a Saint realm expert had the ability to manipulate the power of space, but Huang Xiaolong was not a Saint realm warrior!

Ignoring the shocked looks directed at him, not even sparing a glance at the dead Liu Chong, Huang Xiaolong looked at Qin Yang, “Now, do you still want to negotiate conditions?”

Qin Yang paled in his speechlessness.

It didn't take long for Qin Yang to submit to Huang Xiaolong without any condition. Following Qin Yang's submission, Jie Dong also submitted without much resistance.

Huang Xiaolong proceeded to mark their souls, and when all was done, he relaxed. With this, the Ghost Shadow Sect was under his control now, in other words, the Blood River City was already in his pocket.

In fact, this was an unexpected harvest to him. Telling the four of them to deal with Liu Chong's corpse, the five of them left the valley and traveled forth. Half a day later, they came to a stop at the foothill of a certain mountain.

Taking out the map, Huang Xiaolong began to study it. In the past, while he was still studying in Cosmic Star Academy and Duanren Institute, he researched many times this ancient text and writing, therefore he managed to decipher what was written on the partial map.

"City of Myriad Gods, Four Seas Mountain?" After several hours of going over the map, the location the map pointed to was close to the City of Myriad Gods, in a place called Four Seas Mountain.

In other words, the place where this ancient God Tribe master cultivated during his life was at this Four Seas Mountain!

Chapter 283: Saber Imperial City

"Four Seas Mountain..." Huang Xiaolong took out the Bedlam Lands map, searching for the said location on it, but ended up creasing his brows. From what he could see on the map, among the hills and mountains surrounding the City of Myriad Gods, none were called Four Seas Mountain. Then he called Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng over, asking them about the Four Seas Mountain.

"Four Seas Mountain?" Qin Yang shook his head, "Replying to Young Lord, around the City of Myriad Gods there is a Hundred Venom Hill, Golden Leaf Mountain, and others, but this subordinate has never heard of Four Seas Mountain."

Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng all shook their heads simultaneously at Huang Xiaolong, the three of them had never heard of the name either.

Huang Xiaolong's brows locked together, there was no Four Seas Mountain in the proximity of City of Myriad Gods? Perhaps due to the passage of time, the name Four Seas Mountain was replaced by another name, maybe the Four Seas Mountain doesn't exist anymore.

Several tens of thousands of years had passed, countless ancient cities had submerged in the river of time, what more a mere Four Seas Mountain!

This is truly a headache! But, a light shone in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, he still needed to make the trip to the City of Myriad Gods. No matter what, he had to find this Four Seas Mountain, find the location stated on the map. Only this way could he break through to Saint realm before the Deities Templar's next disciple selection began.

The sky started to brighten, sunlight streamed over the Savage Sanguine Wasteland, penetrating the layer of sanguine fog that was slowly thinning and dissipating.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the vast wasteland and stood up, saying to the four people with him: "Let's go."

"Yes, Young Lord!" The four answered.

Thus all five people continued on their journey to the City of Myriad Gods.

On the way, Huang Xiaolong gave Qin Yang injury healing pellets and forced out the extreme cold poison caused by the Asura Demon Claw from his body. Huang Xiaolong then questioned Qin Yang regarding Ghost Shadow Sect and Blood River City, which were all truthfully answered by Qin Yang.

As the Ghost Shadow Sect's Patriarch, the things he knew were undoubtedly more than Lifei, extending to some of Five Poison Cult's confidential secrets.

Two days later, the group was out of the Savage Sanguine Wasteland, arriving in a place called Saber Imperial City.

This Saber Imperial City was one of the Bedlam Lands' ten mega cities, although in the lower ranks, at number nine. According to rumors, that person's comprehension and skills in the art of Saber were bordering perfection, even gods and demons needed to give way.

Huang Xiaolong stood before the gates of Saber Imperial City, looking at the large stone saber hanging on the gate arch that exuded a sharp saber energy that seemed to pierce the passersby straight at their souls. He was amazed, a mere stone saber could exude this extent of pressure, affecting even one's soul.

"Young Lord, it was said that this giant stone saber was the Lord Saber Emperor's personal weapon before breaking into the Saint realm." Qin Yang walked up, explaining to Huang Xiaolong respectfully, there was a look of awe and worship in Qin Yang's eyes as he faced the stone saber, "After Lord Saber Emperor broke into the Saint realm, he made a Fiend Saber. Later, when he built Saber Imperial City, he hung this stone saber on top of the city gates."

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

The Saber Emperor was one of the few top rank experts of the Bedlam Lands famous for his saber skills. Since this sword was his personal weapon before he broke through Saint realm, it must have absorbed a certain amount of Saber Emperor's saber intent.

I wonder who's stronger, comparing Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu with this Saber Emperor... Huang Xiaolong mused.

Asura's Gate was Star Cloud Continent's super large sect. As Asura's Gate Left and Right Custodians, not only were they considered as the sect's top tier power, they were also Star Cloud Continent's top-level experts.

“Let us enter.” Huang Xiaolong retrieved his sight from the huge stone sword on the gates and said to Qin Yang and the rest. The five of them no longer delayed, entering the Saber Imperial City.

By the time they passed through the gates, the sky already darkened, therefore Huang Xiaolong decided to first look for a place to rest for the night before continuing on their way. At the speed the five of them were traveling, they could make it into the City of Myriad Gods in good time before the auction date.

The five of them checked into an inn called Warm Fragrance.

The inn had a restaurant on the ground floor, medium-sized but packed with people, so many that they could hardly find a vacant table. When they walked in, a tantalizing wine fragrance filled every inch of the restaurant space; the moment Huang Xiaolong stepped inside, the scent of wine teased his nose.

Huang Xiaolong found a vacant table in a corner and sat down, whereas Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng stood behind him, hesitant to sit.

“All of you also sit down.” Huang Xiaolong pointed at the empty chairs around. The four answered with respect and each took a seat with Huang Xiaolong’s expressed permission.

Lifei called for the waiter after she sat down. Seeking Huang Xiaolong’s opinion, she ordered a table of dishes and two jugs of good wine.

The waiter returned a short while later, bringing up Lifei’s orders.

The table was laden with good food, fulfilling three main criteria: color, fragrance, and taste, rousing Huang Xiaolong’s appetite. Although with Huang Xiaolong’s Xiantian realm strength he could go more than half a month without food, he still kept the habit of eating.

Beside him, Lifei opened up one of the wine jugs, pouring out a cup for Huang Xiaolong, which he downed in one gulp. The wine smoothly passed his throat, spicy and austere with a slightly bitter taste lingering on the top of the tongue at the end, yet it filled his tastebuds with a memorable vibrance.

“Good wine.” Huang Xiaolong praised. Although it could hardly compare with the Beauty Allure Wine or Sapidity Wine, it was a different flavor on its own. He indicated Qin Yang and the rest to fill their cups, enjoying the wine together.

While the five of them were lifting their cups and drinking, a commotion sounded outside the inn and a group of five people walked in, amongst them were two women.

When Huang Xiaolong caught a clear glimpse of the women’s faces, he was shocked.

Cui Li!

Ever since the Duanren Imperial City Battle ended, he rarely came across Cui Li. The last time he saw her was three years ago, before he departed from Duanren Empire to come here, to the Bedlams, Xie Puti mentioned Cui Li in their conversation.

He'd never imagined he would run into Cui Li here, in the Bedlam Lands! What is Cui Li doing here? The other woman was Cui Li's young aunt, Huang Xiaolong met her once, many years ago, at Duanren Imperial Palace on the reward ceremony day. The other three people, from the way of their dressing, were probably members of Cui Family.

The moment she entered the restaurant, as if she sensed something, Cui Li raised her head and looked up, her gaze precisely meeting with Huang Xiaolong's. Seeing Huang Xiaolong there, Cui Li's beautiful eyes contained surprise, followed by melancholy.

Cui Li's youngest aunt also noticed Huang Xiaolong and she was just as surprised.

"Li Li, you know that kid?" At this time, the young man beside Cui Li asked as he watched Huang Xiaolong with hostile eyes...

Cui Li recovered her thoughts, but she didn't answer the young man, merely shaking her head. The group then proceeded to an empty table in another side of the restaurant and sat down.

Ordering some dishes, the five people started eating quietly when their orders were served. Each had their own thoughts, especially Cui Li, the frown on her forehead was too obvious in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

A short while later, the five paid and left.

Though curious about Cui Li's presence in the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong didn't think too much about it, nor did he care.

A quiet night descended over the Saber Imperial City.

Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged in his room and was about to start practicing when a noise came from outside his room and he focused to listen.

"Our Young Lord has spoken. In any case, tonight, those two Cui Family women must be sent to his bed."

Chapter 284: Poison Saint Sect

Two Cui Family women? This sentence caught Huang Xiaolong's attention.

"Hehe, our Young Lord has lady luck smiling on him tonight, one young and one old, a pair of beauties, and I can tell the young one is still a virgin, it's going to be a lot of fun playing with her!" The voice added with a tinge of excitement.

Two muffled voices ringing with filthy laughter sounded in the night, gradually drifting far away.

A light gleamed in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

The two Cui Family women, without a doubt, referred to Cui Li and her young aunt. The world was so vast, with many people having the same surname, but Huang Xiaolong believed this was too much of a coincidence.

Listening to the two men's conversation for a while, Huang Xiaolong disappeared from his room in a flicker. Though it was not his principle to be nosy, it also wasn't in his character to ignore something happening right in front of him either.

Trailing behind the two people, Huang Xiaolong reached an abandoned little courtyard located in one of the more secluded corners of Imperial Saber City. Both men were seen entering the small courtyard.

Hesitating briefly, Huang Xiaolong followed in quietly, attaching himself to the roof when angry noises and sounds of battle rang out up ahead. Huang Xiaolong looked down.

In the yard below, four people were fighting, two of them were the people he followed over, whereas the other two were Cui Li and her young aunt. However, the three other people with Cui Li and her young aunt during the day were nowhere to be seen.

Huang Xiaolong watched the two men waving their hands and two black shadows flew out, in the next instant, Cui Li and the other woman fainted and fell to the floor. It happened too suddenly and Huang Xiaolong was too late to stop it. After that small surprise, Huang Xiaolong focused on the black shadows, watching them fly back to the men's hands. Underneath the moonlight, two small black worm-like insects were revealed, with ink-black carapaces that reflected the moonlight and small beady green eyes.

Black Poison Beetles! Huang Xiaolong was astonished.

The Black Poison Beetles were a variant of toxic beetles. If bitten, the entire body would succumb to a numbing paralysis, dizziness, and even fainting, lasting an hour. Without the antidote, the victim's flesh would decay and rot, with pain so excruciating assaulting the body that death felt like mercy. He didn't expect that these two men actually bred this kind of Black Poison Beetles.

On the other side, the two men kept the poisonous beetles and approached the two women on the floor, snickering wickedly, with eyes roaming all over their bodies.

Beneath the soft moonlight, the two women appeared more alluring and beautiful. The high rise of their fair-skin curves exuded an inexplicable temptation, rousing a yearning in the hearts of the seer.

"No wonder Young Lord ordered us not to kill these two women." One of the men spoke lecherously, "Even I do not have the heart to hurt these two dainty little beauties."

The other man squatted down beside Cui Li's young aunt, his hands crudely brushed against her breast before kneading them with a vengeance, commenting: "Quite big, nice texture too, very comfortable." his hands slid down as he said that, planning to explore the lower region.

"That's enough, the Young Lord wants these two women, we need to bring them to him as soon as possible. Otherwise, if Young Lord finds out about this, you know his methods."

Only then did the man stop his actions.

“Rest assured, once Young Lord grows tired of them, he will reward them to us, you can play to your heart’s content at that time.” Both of them moved to carry both women, wanting to leave the courtyard.

Just as they prepared to carry them away, a shadow shifted and there was an additional person standing in front of them.

“Who?!” Seeing an unexpected person suddenly appearing right in front of them, both men were alarmed, both barked threateningly at the same time.

Huang Xiaolong stared at both men coldly: “Take out the antidote.”

The men exchanged a glance in silence. One of them broke out in mocking snicker, “Kid, you’re being too nosy in others’ affairs. You must know, nosy people come to no good ending.”

“Really?” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes turned icy.

Both men moved suddenly, waving their hands out, and two tiny black shadows shot out in Huang Xiaolong’s direction.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong sneered, the Blades of Asura appeared in his hand and slashed out cleanly. Both blades cut across the air and metal-like sounds were heard as two tiny sparks burned, issuing high-pitched shrieks. Two Black Poison Beetles fell, landing inches from Huang Xiaolong’s feet, both black beetles were halved by his blades.

“You!!” Watching their Black Poison Beetle split into two, both men were enraged and startled.

“Kid, you actually dared to kill our Poison Saint Sect’s Black Poison Beetles!” One man bellowed, whereas his comrade’s silhouette flickered into a blur, his hand holding a long sword aimed at Huang Xiaolong’s eyes. Underneath the pale moonlight, the edge of the sword shone with an opaque green, it was evident that it was smeared with toxic poison.

Huang Xiaolong stood unmoving as he watched the sword tip coming at him. When the attacker was inches from him, Huang Xiaolong’s figure swayed to the side, leaving the sword barely grazing his skin while the Blades of Asura in his hands turned, slitting the man’s throat.

All actions stopped. The long sword fell to the ground as the man’s hands clutched at his own neck, filled with horror and despair feeling warm blood spurting out, seeping through his fingers. Moments later, he tumbled to the ground.

These two men were no weaklings, both were Xiantian Fourth Orders, one of them was even a late-Xiantian Fourth Order. Still, before Huang Xiaolong, all were but smoke.

“You, you...!” Watching Huang Xiaolong killed his comrade in the blink of an eye, he looked at Huang Xiaolong in horror, his feet moving back, voice stammering: “I beg you, don’t kill me, I’m...” his voice was cut off here as a cold blade light gleamed across his neck, leaving behind a bloody hole in his throat.

Huang Xiaolong coldly watched the man fall to the ground. Releasing the Blades of Asura, he searched both bodies and found two jade bottles. Opening them. Huang Xiaolong took a sniff and determined they contained the antidote required.

Other than the antidotes, Huang Xiaolong found two secret technique manuals. A quick flip through them told Huang Xiaolong that one was the method of breeding the Black Poison Beetles and the other was a poison attack battle skill.

Everything was placed into the Asura Ring by Huang Xiaolong. Only when these were done did he approach the two women, prying open their mouths and pouring the antidote inside. The antidote worked almost immediately, it didn't take long for both women to regain consciousness.

"Huang, Xiaolong!" When Cui Li opened her eyes, Huang Xiaolong's face entered her vision, apart from surprise, there was a hint of happiness in her voice.

"Li Li!" Exactly at this time, an angry shout rang out. In the next moment, a figure launched an attack on Huang Xiaolong, a sharp double-edged sword swinging down on Huang Xiaolong's back: "Let go of Li Li!"

Huang Xiaolong frowned, a displeased expression on his face but he did not dodge, releasing a sphere of vigor qi around himself, bouncing off the attack and the attacker who was none other than one of three men in Cui Li's group during the day. It was clear he misunderstood that Huang Xiaolong wanted to do something unseemly towards both women, judging upon the scene he arrived on.

The other two men also entered the courtyard moments later.

"Wait, Big bro Duo jie, he rescued us!" Cui Li shouted when that young man wanted to launch a second attack on Huang Xiaolong. The young man was stunned and sought Cui Li's young aunt for confirmation. She nodded her head.

"Hmph!" Cui Duo jie snorted disdainfully, "Although this kid saved both of you, who knows for sure if he wasn't in cahoots with those Poison Saint Sect people from the beginning!"

Cui Li stood up facing Huang Xiaolong, "Xiaolong, I'm sorry, Brother Duo jie he..."

Before Cui Li could finish her words, Huang Xiaolong merely glanced at the young man, turned around and left.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's leaving silhouette, her eyes became red. A teardrop fell...

Chapter 285: Great Demonic Yin Sound

Cui Duo jie sneered coldly watching Huang Xiaolong's leaving figure.

"Huang Xiaolong, is it?" A cold gleamed flashed quickly across his eyes.

Cui Li and the others were watching Huang Xiaolong as he left, no one noticed Cui Duojie's odd behavior.

At this point, Cui Duojie moved closer to Cui Li, "Li Li, this person has devious eyes, he must be one with a cunning and sly character, it's best you don't come in contact with him often."

Cui Li looked over at Cui Duojie. Hearing her words, she staring fixedly at him with undisguised anger. Sensing the anger beneath, Cui Duojie clamped his mouth shut.

On the other side, Huang Xiaolong returned to the inn. Back in his room, Huang Xiaolong swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and started practicing the Godly Xumi Art.

While Huang Xiaolong concentrated on the Godly Xumi Art, in a secret underground chamber beneath a city, not far away from the Saber Imperial City, a young man clad in the darkest black robe, with eyebrows tinged with faint green, was observing the middle-aged man kneeling before him with an icy gaze.

On the young man's black robe was sewn a conspicuous 'poison 1' character.

"You're saying, not only did Ma Lai fail to bring back the two Cui Family's girls, they were all killed?!" The young man questioned in an icy tone.

Catching the killing intent laced within the young man's voice, the middle-aged man trembled with fear as he hastened to reply, "Young Lord, it was an accident. We didn't expect someone would appear out of nowhere to save that two Cui Family girls."

"Who is that person?" The young man revealed a cold sneer.

"A little rascal called Huang Xiaolong." The middle-aged man's voice held respect as he answered, "This person knows Cui Li, he should be someone that came from the Snow Wind Continent."

"From the Snow Wind Continent..." The young man had a disdainful sneer on hanging on his lips, "No wonder he's so zealous, he even dared to kill my Poison Saint Sect's disciples." An aggressive aura suddenly rose in the chamber, ice formed on the floor's surface, exuding a frigid coldness, ice that was black in color.

This young man was Poison Saint Sect's Young Lord, Hu Er, whereas the middle-aged man kneeling on the floor was Poison Saint Sect's Elder, Qiao Liang.

Hu Er looked at Qiao Liang, "You know what to do next, without me saying so."

"Yes, this subordinate understands," Qiao Liang answered. "This subordinate will definitely capture that Huang Xiaolong and the two Cui Sisters and bring them in front of Young Lord!"

"Go now."

"Yes, Young Lord!"

The night passed quickly.

Huang Xiaolong spent some time practicing in the Godly Mt. Xumi, and by the time he came out, the sky was already bright. In recent days, Huang Xiaolong persisted in practicing the Ancient Puppetry Art and Absolute Soul Pearl's Soul Mandate every day and he could feel an improvement at the end of each practice.

Huang Xiaolong believed that at this rate, it wouldn't take long before he advanced into the third level of the Ancient Puppetry Art.

Coming out from the Xumi Temple, four people were already waiting for Huang Xiaolong—Qin Yang, Li Fei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng. Settling the payment for the inn, they continued to journey on towards the City of Myriad Gods. No doubt, before leaving Huang Xiaolong's Asura Ring was well stocked with good wines.

Exiting the Saber Imperial City, the five of them chose to travel through mountain passes. As they rushed to make good time, Huang Xiaolong did not summon his martial spirits, but even so, his speed was faster than most, so much that Qin Yang and the rest could barely keep up with Huang Xiaolong.

“Looks like I should take some time out to refine a flying sword.” A thought came to Huang Xiaolong's mind.

Huang Xiaolong's Body Metamorphose Scripture had advanced into Stage Twelve: Hanging Tail Form and his internal force became ten times richer and more abundant, being able to sustain his sword flight within a certain time limit. When Huang Xiaolong reached the small perfection stage, a trace of true core energy would form in his dantian. At that time, using sword flight, he could cover several li in one breath's time.

In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong stopped abruptly. Seeing Huang Xiaolong suddenly stop, although feeling it was strange, Qin Yang and the other three also reduced their speed and came to a stop.

Just when Qin Yang was about to step up and ask, Huang Xiaolong suddenly turned around, fixing a deadly stare on a fallow slope: “How long is Sir planning to follow us, aren't you going to show yourself?”

The four people with Huang Xiaolong were stunned.

Moments later, a loud noise sounded as a figure emerged from the fallow slope, wearing a black robe that had a conspicuous 'poison' character sewn on it.

“Poison Saint Sect!” Qin Yang exclaimed the moment he saw the other side's robe style, tensing up. It seems, he had knowledge about Poison Saint Sect.

That person seemed very satisfied with Qin Yang's reaction, issuing another burst of strange chuckles, low, yet sharp to the ears. Qin Yang and the rest felt as if their eardrums were pierced with many sharp needles.

“This is the Great Demonic Yin Sound!” Huang Xiaolong’s voice sounded. At the same time, an invisible Buddha energy burst out from his body, enveloping Qin Yang and the rest. The piercing pain in their ears instantly vanished.

“Great Demonic Yin Sound!” Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest turned whiter than sheet at the name.

In the Martial Spirit World, there existed some horrendous battle skills that made one’s heart palpitate just by listening to their names and the Great Demonic Yin Sound was one of them.

The Great Demonic Yin Sound was a sound type battle skill. In the beginning, the victim’s eardrums would feel pain as if they were pierced with sharp needles. Next, the victim’s brain became enlarged, swollen, and bloated, and in the end, the victim would bleed to death from the seven orifices. At the point of death, the victim would suffer a torturous end, feeling like their brain was being pierced with thousands of needles continuously.

The other side was stunned seeing Huang Xiaolong countering his Great Demonic Yin Sound. He looked at Huang Xiaolong with obvious surprise, “This is Buddhism energy?”

In general, only people who practicing Buddhism related battle skills until a very high level would be acknowledged by the Buddha World, and only by receiving acknowledgment could one possess Buddhism energy within their bodies. In the whole of Martial Spirit World, those kind of people were scarce.

“Hehe, how was it Elder Jin? Didn’t I tell you this kid is not so easy to deal with.” At this time, another voice sounded and the owner gradually emerged from his hiding place. This person was none other than the person who was instructed by Poison Saint Sect’s Young Lord to come capture Huang Xiaolong, Poison Saint Sect’s Elder Qiao Liang.

The other Poison Saint Sect Elder, Elder Jin, looked ugly.

Qiao Liang’s attention shifted onto Huang Xiaolong, in truth, he was shocked that Huang Xiaolong could counter Elder Jin’s Great Demonic Yin Sound attack.

“No wonder this young man dared to kill my Poison Saint Sect disciples, you’ve got some skills.” Qiao Liang’s eyes turned sharp, “However, for hundreds of years, those who killed my Poison Saint Sect disciples died without any exception under thousands poisons piercing their intestines, gnawed on by thousands of poisonous insects!”

Huang Xiaolong approached them with an air of nonchalance, “People who want to kill me are no less than thousands in number, but in the end, all of them died in my hand.”

What Huang Xiaolong said was the truth. All these years, there had been too many people who wanted to take his life, instead, their lives ended under Huang Xiaolong’s Blades of Asura.

“Arrogant!” Elder Jin screeched. A frosty blue gleam flickered in his eyes.

Qiao Liang clapped his hands once and several shadows nearby moved, as a group of Poison Saint Sect disciples clad in black emerged, surrounding Huang Xiaolong's group of five in the middle. At a quick glance, there were fifty to sixty people.

Seeing the mob closing in on them, Qin Yang and the other three turned a ghastly shade of white. It was obvious to them that each of these Poison Saint Sect disciples was no weakling. Although in a one on one fight, none of these disciples was qualified to be their opponent, but en mass, ten times their number made them feel somewhat helpless. Moreover, Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies were known to be smeared with poison, a little negligence and they would be poisoned. The result could be imagined.

Huang Xiaolong surveyed the large group of Poison Saint Sect disciples surrounding them with no changes to his expression. When Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang saw Huang Xiaolong remain unperturbed, both of them exchanged a look, for they could clearly tell that Huang Xiaolong wasn't putting on an act... could Huang Xiaolong have a trump card up his sleeve?