

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 286-290

Chapter 286: Summoning the Giant Puppets

Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were doubtful watching Huang Xiaolong's calm demeanor, neither gave the Poison Saint Sect disciples the order to attack.

But seconds later, Jin Zhong suddenly jeered, saying "Little brat, you can really put on an act, I'll see how long you can maintain that calm facade!" Jin Zhong waved his hand, signaling the disciples: "Get him!"

Hearing Jin Zhong's command, the surrounding Poison Saint Sect disciples swarmed towards Huang Xiaolong's group of five.

Overwhelmed by the numbers, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest couldn't help but panic a little.

Just when the horde attacks were about to strike them, a blinding golden flash appeared above Huang Xiaolong. When it disappeared, it revealed six giant 'humans' floating in midair.

After the six giant 'humans' appeared, stalwart fists punched down onto the swarm of Poison Saint Sect disciples. A dozen booming blasts rang out in their midst almost simultaneously.

The disciples that were struck and affected by the shockwaves were sent flying, miserable screams rendered the air, however, all was quiet when they crashed into the soil several hundred meters away, no longer breathing.

The abrupt turn of events was out of everyone's expectations.

Qin Yang and the others stared dumbly at the six giant 'humans' guarding in front of them. Even Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were dumbfounded watching this, staring blankly in shock at the six giant 'people' that seemed to be coated with a layer of golden paint.

"This, this is the ancient Golden, Golden Giant Tribe?!" Something flashed in Jin Zhong's mind and he couldn't help blurting out in extreme shock.

Ancient times' Golden Giant Tribe?

Qiao Liang's eyes were rounded in shock as well, he dared not believe the scene in front of him. He stammered, "An—ancient era's Golden, Golden Giant Tribe?! Didn't the Golden Giant Tribe go extinct?"

Of the many big tribes of the ancient era, now there were only the elf and dwarf race left, the others had gone extinct.

What were they seeing in front of them?

Their shocked eyes trailed towards Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong coolly admitted, "Correct, the ancient Golden Giant Tribe. More accurately, it's Golden Giant Tribe puppets."

"Ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets!" Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang shouted in unison. At this moment, they finally realized what Huang Xiaolong's trump card was.

Those six ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets were exactly the giant puppets found on the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. In the recent months, as Huang Xiaolong's Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate continued to advance, he had increased the number of puppets under his control to six.

Six supreme giant puppets, the weakest one was at the early Xiantian Sixth Order, while the strongest puppet's strength was at mid-Xiantian Seventh Order. A mid-Xiantian Seventh Order puppet possessed battle power comparable to a peak early-Xiantian Eighth Order. Moreover, the giant puppets were immune to poison. That was why Huang Xiaolong didn't put these Poison Saint Sect disciples in his eyes.

The strongest amongst these Poison Saint Sect disciples were Xiantian Sixth Order, more than half of them consisted of Xiantian Fourth Order and Fifth Order, not many disciples were above these levels.

In a mere few breaths' time, the six ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets sent another batch of Poison Saint Sect disciples flying. A sharp gleam flickered in their eyes, with a body twirl, they deployed another attack into the midst of disciples.

A wave of panic hit the remaining Poison Saint Sect disciples, they were all thumbs and toes as they tried to defend and counter at the same time, some used poison and some drew their swords.

Sharp swords slashed onto these puppets and loud clashes reverberated in the air, but to the horror of these Poison Saint Sect disciples, they discovered that their full force sword attacks merely left harsh white lines on these puppets' bodies. The poisonous insects' bites felt no different than a gentle tickle to these puppets. Completely ineffective.

This result scared the Poison Saint Sect disciples even more, each of them was at a loss of what to do.

Although the size of these puppets was enormous, they were by no means slow. At lightning speed, another dozen of Poison Saint Sect disciples were sent flying off.

The giant puppets' bodies were extremely tough, their fists were harder than steel. Being struck by these fists, most of the Poison Saint Sect disciples' internal organs shattered from the impact.

Watching this happen before their eyes, Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were shocked and enraged.

Shocked due to these giant puppets' defense, power, and toughness, angry because their disciples were so vulnerable and weak before these giant puppets.

"Forget about the giant puppets, go kill them!" Qiao Liang raged, pointing at Huang Xiaolong's group.

The Poison Saint Sect disciples reacted one by one, avoiding the puppets, all aiming their attacks at Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng.

Still, no more than half of the initial fifty to sixty disciples were left, for Qin Yang's group, this much did not constitute a threat.

This time around, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the other two dashed into the midst of Poison Saint Sect's disciples.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong controlled four puppets to continue attacking the Poison Saint Sect disciples, while the two strongest puppets at Xiantian Seventh Order rushed towards Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang. As Elders of Poison Saint Sect, Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang's strength weren't weak, respectively at mid-Xiantian Eighth Order and peak mid-Xiantian Eighth Order.

Although their strength was marginally higher than the puppets', their every attack being capable of pushing the puppets back, it still failed to cause any actual damage. Both giant puppets were impervious to pain, if they were pushed back, they would just charge again and again. The longer Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang fought the puppets, the angrier and frustrated they became.

A short while later, Jin Zhong struck a palm against the puppet he was fighting. Seizing the window, he sprinted forward, targeting Huang Xiaolong with another palm, "Qiao Liang, you delay the giant puppets, I'll kill that brat!"

Jin Zhong finally realized these puppets were controlled by Huang Xiaolong, kill him and the biggest part of their problem would be eliminated. Qiao Liang too noticed the same issue.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the same spot, the corners of his mouth suddenly curved up watching the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong coming at him with a palm attack, full of sarcasm and a taunting flavor.

Judging from the expression on this Poison Saint Sect Elder's face, did he think he could easily deal with him?

On the surface, Huang Xiaolong was but a mid-Xiantian Seventh Order.

When Elder Jin Zhong was a little more than an arm's length away from Huang Xiaolong, rolling demonic black fog enshrouded Huang Xiaolong, a terrifying aura of slaughter flooded out in all directions.

The abrupt rush of terrifying slaughter aura made Jin Zhong's heart palpitate with unease, quickly anchoring his attack. In the next instant, he saw wings as black as ebony erupting from Huang Xiaolong's back, with dark red runic patterns adorning their surface. The dark red runes contained a mysterious power that made hearts recoil in fear.

Huang Xiaolong's hair defied gravity and turned white, as his eyes turned crimson red.

"This is...?!" When Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang not far away saw Huang Xiaolong's transformation, the word 'shock' couldn't describe what they were feeling.

Before the blow receded, a dragon's roar resounded in their ears. In the split second they were stupefied, a giant black dragon materialized behind Huang Xiaolong.

"Black Dragon... martial spirit!" Jin Zhong, and Qiao Liang shook.

The giant black dragon's emergence also attracted the attention of nearby Poison Saint Sect disciples.

Summoning out the black dragon, Huang Xiaolong soul transformed immediately, layers upon layers of shiny black dragon scales covered his arms, chest, legs, and the rest of his body, his arms bulked up, with ten fingers akin dragon claws. Dragon's might soared towards the sky.

Before Jin Zhong recovered from his stupefied shock, Huang Xiaolong moved. A palm struck out—Earthen Buddha Palm!

Buddha statues covered the heavens, filling four corners of the world in Buddha luminescence.

Jin Zhong was jolted back to his senses, desperately trying to retreat while calling out his martial spirit at the same time. A giant figure emerged behind Jin Zhong, covered entirely in crystal ice that reflected a ghostly green glow.

This was Jin Zhong's martial spirit, Soul Glacier Green Demon.

Chapter 287: Godly Xumi Art Resurfaced!

Soul Glacier Green Demon!

Looking at the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's martial spirit, Huang Xiaolong was a little surprised. Jin Zhong's Soul Glacier Green Demon was the most tyrannical among the ice element martial spirit—a top grade eleven superb martial spirits, and most of all, it was rare for top grade eleven martial spirit to appear!

Huang Xiaolong did not expect this Poison Saint Sect Elder's talent to be so high. A person's martial spirit grade indicated their future achievements in battle qi cultivation, if there were no mishaps, this Poison Saint Sect Elder could breakthrough until the peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order. That is to say, an existence infinitely close to a Saint realm expert.

Unfortunately, this person came across him!

Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong summoned his Soul Glacier Green Demon and instantly soul transformed. An armor made of crystallized ice covered Jin Zhong's body, reflecting an eerie green glow underneath the sunlight, while in his immediate proximity floated wisps of frigid white air.

About a hundred meters away, Qin Yang, Li Fei, and the others felt the chilling cold despite the distance between them.

“Ten Thousand Li Glacial Storm!” At this time, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's icy voice cut through the air. The green glow on his body shone like the sun, covering the four directions. Where the light spread, from the ground up, everything was frozen into ice; pieces of rock, dust and sand were all covered with a layer of glacial ice.

Under this cold assault, Huang Xiaolong's worldly Buddha luminescence and Earthen Buddha Palm were affected, its attack power reduced significantly by the time it reached the Poison Saint Sect Elder.

“Truly unexpected that your martial spirit is actually a Primordial Divine Black Dragon!” After breaking Huang Xiaolong’s Earthen Buddha Palm, Jin Zhong hovered in mid-air, glowering at Huang Xiaolong with surging killing intent. In his several hundred years of cultivation, this was his first time he came across someone who possessed a higher grade martial spirit than his own.

“Dai~!” Jin Zhong suddenly shouted; invisible soundwave rushed toward Huang Xiaolong, and he followed up with a punch.

Perceiving the violent energy fluctuations, Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent. He then wrapped the Buddhism energy around his body and projected it out, disrupting the opponent’s Great Demonic Yin Soundwave attack easily. Simultaneously, Huang Xiaolong raised both arms, countering with the second wave of attack.

Bang! A thunderous explosion resounded. The explosion shook the eardrums of Qin Yang’s group with pain, causing them to look over at Huang Xiaolong’s side with concern. What they saw was Huang Xiaolong and the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong both staggered backward at the same time.

Jin Zhong looked at his arms to find the glacial armor covering his body was actually shattered by Huang Xiaolong’s fist in the arm area. Multiple crack lines traveled up to his upper arms from his fists. This result both shocked and angered him, he hurried to look over at Huang Xiaolong’s side. Seeing that Huang Xiaolong’s black dragon scale armor was tainted with a green glacial ice, Jin Zhong became ecstatic. He sneered, “Punk, you’ve been poisoned with my extreme cold poison, very soon, you’ll be turned into an ice sculpture, hehe.”

Extreme Cold Poison, this was Jin Zhong’s Soul Glacial Green Demon martial spirit’s innate ability. His Soul Glacial Green Demon was the strongest amongst ice element martial spirits and its extreme cold poison was no doubt one of the most tyrannical cold poisons in existence, even deadlier than an ice element martial spirit one grade above. Not even a Xiantian Ninth Order expert could easily resolve being poisoned with his extreme cold poison.

“Ice sculpture.” Huang Xiaolong glanced nonchalantly at the green glacial ice dotted his fists keep spreading. One breath, two breaths, the green glacial ice had covered Huang Xiaolong’s arms entirely and was spreading to other parts of Huang Xiaolong’s body at rapid speed.

Qin Yang and the others were anxious and fretful.

“Young Lord, quick, cut your arm off!” Qin Yang even cried out in agitation.

Qin Yang was aware how horrible the extreme cold poison’s effect was, only by chopping off his arm could Huang Xiaolong be saved. Otherwise it would be too late once the poison spread to his body.

Yet, Huang Xiaolong doesn’t seem affected as he studied the green glacial ice calmly, and in the blink of an eye, the green glacial ice already spread to Huang Xiaolong’s chest, head, both legs, until his whole body was covered.

In less than a dozen breaths’ time, Huang Xiaolong was turned into an ice sculpture.

Seeing this, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong heavily breathed out in relieved. In the next second, he laughed heartily as he approached the green ice sculpture that was Huang Xiaolong.

“Hehe, top grade twelve martial spirit, Divine Black Dragon is only this much!” Jin Zhong was vainglorious, “The way I see it, this Black Dragon’s grading should be switched with my Soul Glacier Green Demon!”

Watching this result, the other Poison Saint Sect Elder, Qiao Liang, sighed in relieved.

However, before Qiao Liang’s breath of relief ended, the two giant puppets that he was fighting abruptly attacked, scaring Qiao Liang in a flustered retreat. His face was ashen realizing something; logically, with Huang Xiaolong’s death, these giant puppets controlled by him should not be moving, but why were they...?!

His head snapped around toward where Huang Xiaolong was, frozen in green colored glacial ice, and cried out: “Jin Zhong, careful!” Just as his voice fell, the green ice sculpture exploded. Pieces of green glacial ice ricocheted all around, Huang Xiaolong’s figure was seen shooting straight up to the air, and with a sway, he vanished from sight.

Jin Zhong retreated in alarm. Watching Huang Xiaolong vanished right before his eyes, Jin Zhong was stunned again. His face tightened the next moment, but it was too late when he wanted to dodge.

Huang Xiaolong reappeared, printing a palm directly on Jin Zhong’s chest.

Jin Zhong grunted from the force, half flying half stumbling backward, as far as several meters. When he finally managed to steady himself, Qiao Liang saw that Jin Zhong’s chest was imprinted with a black palm print. Black demonic qi spread rapidly, covering Jin Zhong’s entire body, melting the layer of green glacial ice armor while Jin Zhong wailed miserably.

“Elder Jin!” Qiao Liang and the Poison Saint Sect disciples cried out.

Huang Xiaolong moved again, this time, his body shrouded brightly in holy Buddha luminescence; in front of an astounded Qiao Liang and Poison Saint Sect disciples, more than a dozen arms ‘grew’ from Huang Xiaolong’s back! A dozen arms formed a fist simultaneously, punching onto Elder Jin Zhong’s chest in a torrent of fist, all at the same time.

Bang! A loud rumbling sound rang out as the layer of green glacial ice shattered and Elder Jin Zhong was seen sprawled on the ground.

All of a sudden, the noisy fighting scene quieted.

A brief moment later, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong tottered as he tried to get up from the ground, spewing out blood.

“You, what battle skill was that just now?!” Jin Zhong’s voice sounded hoarse, unable to conceal the fear in his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at Jin Zhong, ever indifferent: “Godly Xumi Art.”

Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang blanked, before the shock set in as if they saw a ghost in broad daylight; their entire bodies trembled even as they pointed a finger at Huang Xiaolong.

“Xu, Xu, God—, Godly Xumi Art?!!”

“No, no, not possible, Godly Xumi Art! How could it be the Godly Xumi Art!!” Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were stammered like people with a severe stutter.

Godly Xumi Art!

The number one battle skill in this heaven and earth! After more than several tens of thousands of years, it finally resurfaced again! Furthermore, it happened right in front of them!

When the words left Jin Zhong’s mouth, muffled blasts came from his body. Qiao Liang looked over and saw one after another golden fist imprint hovered close to Jin Zhong as he screamed. Moments later, Jin Zhong disappeared from the world.

Chapter 288: Arriving in the City of Myriad Gods

Qiao Liang looked as Jin Zhong’s body turned into a golden light, vanishing right in front of his eyes, he was stupefied and frozen on the spot. Jin Zhong, a Xiantian Eighth Order died just like that?

Dead!

At this time, in mid-air, a ring dropped to the ground: Jin Zhong’s spatial ring.

Watching Jin Zhong’s spatial ring falling down, the stupefied Qiao Liang woke up from his daze. His eyes lit up, hand reaching out, preparing to snatch the ring, but when he was about to move, a strong suction force came from Huang Xiaolong’s palm, the spatial ring fell into Huang Xiaolong’s hands.

Qiao Liang was dumbfounded for a second before staring at Huang Xiaolong with jealousy and fear.

Godly Xumi Art!

This black-haired young man in front of him actually possesses the number one battle skill on this piece of heaven and earth, the Godly Xumi Art!

Without wasting any time to think, Qiao Liang jumped back, and in the next moment, he turned around to escape. But, right after he twirled around, a silhouette flickered in front of him, and Huang Xiaolong was already blocking in front.

“You, Little brother, no, Senior!” Qiao Liang cried out in fear, but just as he opened his mouth to plead, several dozen arms once again appeared on Huang Xiaolong’s back; claws, palms, fingers, all struck out simultaneously.

Demonic air soared to the sky, ten thousand demons shadowing heaven and earth, Asura Demon Claw!

One after another, golden rings of light spread out, piercing through the air. Wherever they passed, all living beings stopped, the God Binding Palm!

Gray fog rolled and black strange creatures were shrieking, the Absolute Soul Finger!

Qiao Liang watched helplessly as the Asura Demon Claw engulfed him. Feeling the terrifying power of the God Binding Ring and Absolute Soul Finger, he lost all will to resist. The only thought was to escape, to run, but it was too late; the God Binding Palm and Absolute Soul Finger already reached him. Despair filled his eyes.

In these last moments of his life, Qiao Liang suddenly thought of his Young Lord, wondering if it was a fortune or a disaster that their Young Lord provoked someone this terrifying.

It was said that the person who has the Godly Xumi Art has the power to change the entire Martial Spirit World!

Asura Demon Claw, God Binding Palm, and the Absolute Soul Finger struck Qiao Liang's chest, pushing him back like a broken kite. Crashing to the ground, like Jin Zhong before him, bright lights of claw, palm, and finger imprints shone from inside Qiao Liang's body. He then vanished forever into thin air.

Huang Xiaolong's expression remained the same from the beginning until the end, with a small suction force from his palm, Qiao Liang's spatial ring flew to Huang Xiaolong's hand. His spiritual sense probing inside the rings, Huang Xiaolong found heaps of gold coins, spirit stones, spirit pellets, and also two secret techniques, one being the Great Demonic Yin Sound and the other Great Void Divine Fist.

Great Demonic Yin Sound? Although Huang Xiaolong practiced many different types of skills, he had yet to learn one that used sound to attack, thus he was delighted to find the manual for the Great Demonic Yin Sound in Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's spatial ring.

In fact, this Great Demonic Yin Sound was not a weak battle skill, combining it with his extreme Yin and frigid Asura qi, executing the Great Demonic Yin Sound would have twice the power of what Jin Zhong displayed. But what kind of battle skill was this Great Void Divine Fist? Huang Xiaolong took out the skill manual from spatial ring and started to scan through the pages on the spot, and the more he read the more shocked he became.

This Great Void Divine Fist was actually a battle skill from the Great Void Divine World!

Grade wise, the Great Void Divine World was perhaps lower ranked compared to the Asura Netherworld or Buddha World, but it was still one of the Divine Worlds. How did this Great Void Divine Fist manual fall into a Poison Saint Sect Elder's hand?! The spatial ring belonged to Elder Qiao Liang.

Furthermore, why did that Qiao Liang not use this skill just now? If he did, Huang Xiaolong probably wouldn't have been able to kill him so easily. However, when he flipped to the last page of the Great Void Divine Fist manual, only then did Huang Xiaolong understand, to practice this Great Void Divine Fist one must possess at least a grade twelve martial spirit.

No wonder... it seems Qiao Liang's martial spirit grade failed to meet the prerequisite condition, thus he couldn't practice it. Still, where did this Qiao Liang get his hands on this manual?

At this time, tragic screams rendered the air, causing Huang Xiaolong to turn around. With the six giant puppets' assistance, Qin Yang, Li Fei, and the other two dealt the remaining Poison Saint Sect disciples cleanly.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong kept the Great Void Divine Fist into the Asura Ring and went over to join Qin Yang's group.

When Qin Yang and the rest saw Huang Xiaolong approaching, there were changes in the way they looked at him, there was trepidation and hot fanaticism. They witnessed clearly the scene where Huang Xiaolong used the Godly Xumi Art to exterminate Elders Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang.

The Godly Xumi Art! Thinking of these three words, all four couldn't help shaking with hard to contain excitement.

Stopping his steps not far from the four people, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, a bright light flashed as all six giant puppets returned to the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Glancing at the Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies around, he said: "Clean up, we'll continue forward."

"Yes, Young Lord!" All four answered in sonorous voices.

It didn't take long for the four of them to deal with the corpses around, then the group of five moved on. As for the spatial rings on those Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies, they were all taken away by Huang Xiaolong. These Poison Saint Sect disciples were all mid-levels Xiantian and above, there were quite a lot of good things inside their spatial rings.

Half a day later.

In an underground secret chamber in Knife Imperial City, Poison Saint Sect's Young Lord, Hu Er, was looking gloomy, one of his subordinates just reported that they lost contact with Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang. Dubious lights flickered in his eyes.

Ten days passed quickly.

After ten days, Huang Xiaolong's group of five was currently standing before the giant gates of a city. From the distance, this massive city was like a godly mountain supporting the heavens! This was one of ten largest cities in the Bedlam Lands, ranked at number two, the City of Myriad Gods!

Standing in front of the gates, an ancient and mysterious atmosphere blew against their faces, that was greatly different with the Knife Imperial City. The atmosphere around Knife Imperial City surged with an overbearing dominance and vigor, whereas City of Myriad Gods was akin to a vast ocean that stretched endlessly.

"This is the City of Myriad Gods." Huang Xiaolong studied the four ancient texts on top of the city gates. Rumor has it, those four ancient texts were carved out by an ancient God Tribe King using the power of his eyes.

The ancient God Tribes had six famous Kings.

“Let’s go in.” Moments later, Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze as he spoke to Qin Yang and the others. The four answered respectfully, following behind Huang Xiaolong as the group entered the city.

The City of Myriad Gods was Bedlam Lands’ second largest city, naturally, it was bustling and lively. On top of that, with the time for the start of the auction nearing, the number of people in the city was more than usual. Fortunately, the streets in the City of Myriad Gods were wide and spacious, so it didn’t feel crowded.

Huang Xiaolong strolled along the streets while scanning the shops and the surroundings. Busy pedestrians moving up and down the streets wore different styles of clothes, the shops were like mushrooms after the rain, with most of them selling cultivation techniques and battle skills.

An hour later, it was close to midday, Huang Xiaolong’s group found a restaurant and went inside.

The restaurant was big and business was booming, guests came in and out constantly and there were loud noises of discussions that perked Huang Xiaolong’s interest.

“I heard that the final item in this time’s auction isn’t Big Thousand Temple’s Wind Breaking Finger!”

“Oh, then was is it?”

“It’s a piece of jade! A piece of jade left behind by the ancient God Tribes!”

Chapter 289: The Ancient Herculean King

“A piece of jade left behind by the ancient God Tribes!?” Huang Xiaolong was slightly astonished. Why were relics related to the ancient God Tribes surfacing one after another lately?!

“Moreover, I heard this piece of jade was left behind by the ancient Herculean King!” At this time, the discussion at the table nearly continued.

“Ancient Herculean King! This, how can it be!” The friend exclaimed in awe.

Huang Xiaolong too found it incredible and hard to believe—there were six great kings during the ancient times, and the Herculean King was one of the stronger ones amongst the six kings. Thus, a piece of jade left behind by the ancient Herculean King was priceless, but someone actually brought it out to be auctioned?!

“Perhaps the auction house is deliberately fabricating fake news to heat up the auction? Who would take out the Herculean King’s jade to auction? Unless that person is a fool!” Another person interjected full of doubt.

“No one is clear about this, rumor says that the auction house was bequeathed by a masked person to auction the jade. All three high-level City of Myriad Gods senior appraisers have examined the jade and agreed unanimously that the jade is the same one the Herculean King had with him at all times, called the Herculean King Jade.”

“A jade that the Herculean King had with him at all times, Herculean King Jade?!” Shock washed over everyone. The Herculean King Jade was noted in some ancient text manuals claiming that the Herculean King Jade contained the Herculean King’s cultivation technique, whoever could comprehend it would have the power to flip mountains and overturn seas.

Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest were just as shocked that the Herculean King Jade appeared in this time’s auction.

“Young Lord, it is truly a pleasant and unexpected surprise that we would come across the Herculean King Jade in the auction!” Qin Yang said excitedly, and went on with respect, “If Young Lord could obtain that Herculean King Jade, at that time...”

At this point, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand at Qin Yang, Qin Yang immediately stopped what he was saying seeing Huang Xiaolong shaking his head. Though the rumor was extremely tempting, claiming that the jade recorded the cultivation technique of the Herculean King, despite that, for someone like Huang Xiaolong that had the Asura Sword Skill, Godly Xumi Art, and Body Metamorphose Scripture, the allure failed to stoke his interest.

Furthermore, being auctioned, the piece of jade was sure to garner tough competition from many strong and powerful experts, even if Huang Xiaolong successfully bid for it, he lacked the power to protect the jade.

A short while later, the dishes were served. Finishing quickly, Huang Xiaolong and his group paid and left the restaurant.

Next, Huang Xiaolong went inside a shop and spent a hundred thousand gold coins to procure a detailed map of the Bedlam Lands. Studying the map, Huang Xiaolong was surprised to find that even this detailed map did not pinpoint the location of Four Seas Mountain. Left with no option, Huang Xiaolong visited a bookstore and bought several books related to the Bedlam Lands, returning to his room to study.

There were three more days until the auction, thus other than practicing, Huang Xiaolong spent all his time pouring over the books. After going through more than a dozen books, as well as his own study, Huang Xiaolong deduced that the mountain called Broken Tiger Rift somewhere close to the City of Myriad Gods was once the Four Seas Mountains he was searching for.

“Broken Tiger Rift.” Huang Xiaolong said aloud.

Having a target location in mind, Huang Xiaolong exited the City of Myriad Gods, speeding in the direction of Broken Tiger Rift. Broken Tiger Rift was not far from the city, thus Huang Xiaolong could leave and return in half a day’s time. But, he went to scout alone, leaving the four others in the city.

Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of a tall mountain that bore a close resemblance to the shape of a tiger. Taking out the map, he checked the surroundings to confirm that it was indeed the Broken Tiger Rift. In the middle of the mountain, there was a large rift that made it look like a tiger that was cut into halves from afar, thus the name Broken Tiger Rift.

With a quick flicker, he landed atop of Broken Tiger Rift's peak, spreading his spiritual sense out to survey the area. But after one hour of practically searching every inch of the mountain, there was no harvest.

"Did I make a mistake in my deduction?" Huang Xiaolong doubted.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes searched around, in the end, his gaze fell on the large rift separating the mountain into two sections. Other than going down this rift, he had nearly flipped the mountain over. Coming to one side of the rift's edge, he looked down. Even relying on Huang Xiaolong's keen eyesight, he only managed to see as far as twenty meters down, further down was nothing but a stretch of darkness.

Extending one of his hands out, he sucked a several meter tall boulder nearby over, throwing it down into the rift. Despite waiting for a long time, Huang Xiaolong did not hear the echoes of the boulder crashing.

"This?!" Huang Xiaolong was dumbstruck, eyes flickering.

Judging from afar, this Broken Tiger Rift was at most several hundred meters tall. Under normal circumstances, it wouldn't take long for a stone to reach the bottom after being thrown from such a height, issuing echoes of a crash, but now, there was actually no echo!

Did the rift connect to the underground? Otherwise, it was illogical for the boulder to not reach the bottom by now. Huang Xiaolong stood there pondering for some time, in the end, he still decided to go down the rift.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong leaped off the edge, diving into the rift, initiating battle qi and internal force to control his falling speed. Passing a hundred meters down, Huang Xiaolong's range of view only extended ten meters around him. He continued to drop when a sudden chilly wind rose from the bottom of the rift, striking his skin, Huang Xiaolong felt as if he was slashed by a cold sword and his flesh was slightly stinging from the pain.

Huang Xiaolong was truly shocked. Since he had broken through the Xiantian realm, especially after entering high-level Xiantian, his skin was extremely tough, even surpassing most average Xiantian Eighth Orders' toughness, and had no fear towards the general swords and spears. Not forgetting that the Asura qi flowing inside his body was of extreme Yin and extreme cold, but he felt pain from a cold wind that came from the bottom of a rift? What kind of cold wind was this?!

While Huang Xiaolong was immersed in his thoughts, another gust of cold wind blew up and he quickly twisted his body away, barely dodging the cold wind. Controlling his speed, his vigilance peaked. The lower he got, the presence of the cold wind became more common, frequent, and bigger.

In the beginning, it was one or two gusts, as he fell lower, it rapidly increased to ten, then twenty, so much that Huang Xiaolong had no choice but to project out his Asura battle qi to create a protective Vigor Qi barrier that wrapped around his body. Nevertheless, strands of cold wind eroded through the barrier, causing Huang Xiaolong much discomfort.

Passing six hundred meters, Huang Xiaolong had no choice but transform into the Asura Physique, at the same time summoning the black dragon, fusing as one. At one thousand meters, Huang Xiaolong summoned the blue dragon and soul transformed. Despite all these, Huang Xiaolong felt like the blood in his body was frozen stiff, unable to flow.

One thousand two hundred meters later, Huang Xiaolong was forced to stop to catch his breath. Raising one hand, he struck a side of the rift wall and drilled into the cave mouth, using more than an hour's time, he finally made it back to the rift top with great relief. Broken pieces of ice fell off his body with a small shudder.

It seems I can only check this place out after the auction. Huang Xiaolong looked downward at the bottomless rift, thinking to himself.

The sky was already dark and tomorrow was the day of the auction, he needed to rush back to the city.

He had a feeling, at the bottom of the rift, there should be a different world.

Chapter 290: Meeting Yao Fei Again

Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong made it back to the City of Myriad Gods from Broken Tiger Mountain, it was already midnight.

"Young Lord!" Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest waited in front of a small courtyard for quite some time, when they spotted Huang Xiaolong, all of them hurried up to greet him.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and entered the courtyard.

Taking into consideration the time needed to explore the Four Seas Mountain's dwelling, they would be spending quite a few days in the City of Myriad Gods, hence Huang Xiaolong decided to purchase a courtyard. The courtyard wasn't large, but the price reached millions in units, although gold coins were the thing that Huang Xiaolong lacked the least of all.

Huang Xiaolong had lost count of the amount of gold coins the Nine Tripod Commerce earned these years, adding the riches acquired from the spatial rings of the Xiantian realm experts he killed on the way, these built up to a substantial wealth. Especially the band of exterminated Poison Saint Sect Elders and disciples.

Entering the yard, Huang Xiaolong excused Qin Yang and the other three people, reappearing in the Xumi Temple in a muted flash. Once there, he took out the two manuals, Great Void Divine Fist and Great Demonic Yin Sound, and started practicing. In recent days, ever since he had gotten these two manuals, Huang Xiaolong allocated some time to practice both skills and managed to achieve favorable results.

Within the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette was seen constantly jumping and shifting positions, both hands forming firm fists as they punched out many times over, creating a series of intangible and surreal giant fist imprints that pierced through the air, striking onto the void. Intangible one moment and solid the next, mystical and strange. This was the Great Void Divine Fist.

Time elapsed, then Huang Xiaolong flicked his wrists, changing the energy circulation in his body as his pupils suddenly glowed dark, his mouth opened and soundwaves burst forth from Huang Xiaolong's mouth like surging tidal waves, hitting the walls of Xumi Temple and bouncing out in all directions. The echoes lasted for a long time in the Xumi Temple hall.

Compared to that Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's display of the skill, the power of Huang Xiaolong's attack had doubled the damage. By the time he was done with practicing these two skills, the sky already started to brighten, Huang Xiaolong stopped and exited the Godly Mt. Xumi.

When he came out of the Godly Mt. Xumi, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong were already waiting for him in a humble manner. Not wasting more time, the group of five headed to the auction house.

Due to the auction's attraction this time around, people rushed from all over to the City of Myriad Gods, the crowd heading towards the auction house was like an endless river of people flowing in one common direction.

Although the distance wasn't far, Huang Xiaolong's group still used no less than half an hour to pass through the crowded doors. The message related to the Great Thousand Technique mid-grade Heaven rank cultivation technique, Peerless Wind Breaking Finger battle skill, and also the Herculean King's jade had spread far and wide in the Bedlam Lands. Experts of different forces were rushing into the city to attend the auction.

"Look, that is Sin City's Young Noble, Zhao Chen!" A sudden ruckus swept the crowd.

Attracted by the noisy crowd, Huang Xiaolong turned over to look, following the gazes of the crowd. A small path opened by itself between the initially crowd packed entrance, where a handsome young man dressed in a rich brocade robe walked in, escorted by a team of bodyguards.

"I didn't expect that even Young Noble Zhao Chen would come here! I heard the Sin City's Castellan has thirteen children, Young Noble Zhao Chen possesses the highest talent and is most favored by the Sin City's Castellan!"

"I wonder what Young Noble Zhao Chen's strength is, there were rumors about him breaking through the Saint realm as early as thirty years ago!" Boisterous discussions happened all at once amongst the crowd, many disciples of families and sects were looking at Zhao Chen with burning eyes full of worship.

Huang Xiaolong was a little surprise hearing the surrounding peoples' discussions; the handsome young man in black brocade robe was actually one of the Sin City Castellan's children?

Sin City, one of the top ten hegemony forces in the Bedlam Lands, in fact, it stood at the top of the list.

At this moment, protected by his guards, Zhao Chen was passing in front of Huang Xiaolong. Unsure whether it was intentional or not, when Zhao Chen was passing by Huang Xiaolong, he glanced at Huang Xiaolong from the corner of his eyes. Their eyes met, and at the same time, an invisible pressure swiftly enveloped Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's soul shuddered, but it was only for the briefest moment, and he managed to recover almost instantly. When he did, Zhao Chen and his guards had already entered into the auction hall.

“Young Lord?” Qin Yang moved closer to Huang Xiaolong, venturing cautiously.

Huang Xiaolong looked unblinkingly at Zhao Chen’s back: “Let us go in too.” Although it was only a split second collision, it was enough for Huang Xiaolong to have an estimate of Zhao Chen’s strength: without a doubt, Zhao Chen was genuine Saint realm expert, that kind of momentum couldn’t lie.

Not only that, Huang Xiaolong could see it in Zhao Chen’s eyes: he knew who he was?

Arriving at the auction house’s entrance, Huang Xiaolong paid a million gold coins and entered the auction hall with Qin Yang and the rest. Going up to the first floor, Huang Xiaolong scanned around, choosing a slightly secluded corner, and sat down.

There were a total of three floors in this City of Myriad Gods auction house, the second and third floor were reserved private rooms, which were specifically built for Saint realm experts. Thus, Huang Xiaolong could only stay on the first floor, like most of the other guests.

In the private room number nine, on the third floor, Zhao Chen sat down. Through the special crystallized walls of the room, he noted Huang Xiaolong taking a seat on a more secluded corner on the first floor below.

“He’s Huang Xiaolong?” He questioned a guard beside him.

A silver-haired old man that was standing to the left of Zhao Chen’s back stepped forward: “Yes, Young Lord.”

Zhao Chen nodded, eyes twinkling, but no one knew what was on his mind. Whereas on Huang Xiaolong’s side, noisy chatters sounded next to him just as he took a seat.

“This time’s auction, even Millennium City’s Senior He Yunxiong is here!”

“Senior He Yunxiong is here?!”

That’s right, it was said that Senior He Yunxiong’s ancestor was the Herculean King, one of the six ancient kings. Surely, the Herculean King Jade has attracted Senior He Yunxiong over. In my opinion, Senior He Yunxiong is determined to get his hands on the piece of jade!”

“I heard that Young Noble Zhao Chen is also here this time, he must also be aiming for that Herculean King Jade, Senior He Yunxiong might not be able to have his wish come true so smoothly.”

He Yunxiong? Listening in to the small talk taking place beside him, Huang Xiaolong was surprised. He didn’t expect even He Yunxiong would attend this time’s auction, all because of that piece of jade.

Millennium City was one of the ten largest cities of the Bedlam Lands, but it ranked slightly to the bottom, and He Yunxiong was the Castellan of Millennium City—also one of Bedlam Lands’ top ten experts.

Any one of Bedlam Lands' top ten experts rarely showed their faces in public in dozens of years, everyone was excited to see He Yunxiong attending the auction in person.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong's eyes suddenly narrowed as he stared fixedly at a figure seated in one the auction hall's corners. This person was actually Yao Fei! Huang Xiaolong's eyes turned icy, Yao Fei appearing here in the Bedlam Lands was probably not a coincidence.

As if he had a feeling, Yao Fei turned his head around, his sight collided with Huang Xiaolong's. At first, Yao Fei was stunned, then it was replaced with the wonderful joy of a hunter locking onto its prey, the desire to kill shone through his eyes.

Fixing a dead stare at Huang Xiaolong, Yao Fei mouthed soundlessly: Huang Xiaolong, you're dead now!

Huang Xiaolong's lips pulled back into a cold sneer.