

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 291-295

Chapter 291: Life Soul Grass

Huang Xiaolong's and Yao Fei's eyes met briefly and then both looked away.

Since this Yao Fei came here, to the Bedlam Lands, then he should stay here forever. A flash of killing intent flitted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

A short while later, the doors to the auction firm hall closed, signaling the start of the auction. The auction was presided by an old man with spirited dark pupils and a full crown of white hair, the only high-grade auctioneer in the City of Myriad Gods, named Fang Dong.

Standing on the stage, Fang Dong explained some auction rules and things to note in a candid manner, then swiftly proceeded with the first auction item. The first auction item wasn't an elixir of any type nor was it spirit pellets or spirit stones, it was a sharp cutlass named Demon Blood.

The cutlass was short in length, with a dark maroon-black body, as if it was smeared with a layer of black-colored blood.

According to Fang Dong's introduction, this Blood Demon cutlass was a weapon left behind by a Saint realm warrior called Chen Fei from a thousand years ago. The cutlass was extremely sharp and its most terrifying ability was that it could suck blood! Sucking the enemy's blood. The victims that fell under this cutlass, when they died, all the blood in their bodies would be sucked dry, akin to a mummified corpse.

When the warriors present in the auction hall heard that Demon Blood had the terrifying ability to suck the blood of the enemies, their eyes lit up noticeably. For them, who lived in the Bedlams where killings happened every day, a good weapon was essential for a higher chance of survival.

However, when Fang Dong revealed the bidding price for the cutlass, the majority of the warriors below drew a sharp intake of breath.

Fifty million!

Fifty million gold coins, and it was only the starting price!

Although for some big forces and families the sum of fifty million wasn't a lot, it still wasn't like pebbles on the mountains.

Just as Fang Dong's voice stopped, there were already people bidding: "Sixty million!"

Sixty million!

An increase of ten million in an instant, the warriors turned to look at private room six.

"Sixty-one million!" While everyone was still in shock, another voice rang out.

“Seventy million!” Private room six again.

The price continued to go up and soon it broke one hundred million! Regardless what price others bid, the guest in private room six increased it by ten million each time.

The entire time, Huang Xiaolong sat calmly. Although the Blood Demon Cutlass seemed like a good weapon, to him, who possessed the Blades of Asura, bidding for Demon Blood was redundant.

In the end, the Demon Blood cutlass was bought by the private room number six for one hundred and ten million.

The second auction item after the Demon Blood cutlass was a jade box containing three stalks of spirit herbs—Life Soul Grass, an extremely rare spirit herb. Every single one of those stalks of Life Soul Grass was above one thousand years old. The value of a stalk of Life Soul Herb older than one thousand years was immeasurable.

Watching the three stalks of Life Soul Grass on the stage, Huang Xiaolong’s eyes brightened. If he took these three stalks of Life Soul Grass, his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate cultivation could definitely have another breakthrough, doubling his spiritual force power, perhaps triple it or even more!

“For these three stalks of Life Soul Grass, the starting price is thirty million each, all three are auctioned together at the starting price of ninety million.” Auctioneer Fang Dong briefly described the many uses of Life Soul Grass, at last stating that all three stalks of Life Soul Grass would be auctioned together.

This time, unlike the previous time, the hall was silent. No one made any quick bid.

Although the Life Soul Grass was a spirit herb greatly beneficial for the soul, one needed to complement its dosage with a spiritual force cultivation technique to reap any actual benefits. Otherwise, its effect would barely reach the minimum, moreover, there weren’t many spiritual force cultivation techniques available. Therefore, not many people had any interest towards Life Soul Grass.

“One hundred million.” After a short silence, someone finally made a bid. Everyone in the hall turned to look, once again it was private room number six.

“One hundred and ten million.” came a raise from the private room number seven.

“One hundred fifty million.” private room number six.

One hundred fifty million! Private room number six spiked the price forty million higher, scaring everyone in the hall below. Shocked voices erupted in the hall.

Huang Xiaolong remained taciturn, not showing any impatience to join in. However, at one hundred fifty million, private room number seven quieted down. It was clear that the expert within did not feel the three stalks of Life Soul Grass were worth one hundred and fifty million, despite their rarity.

“Anyone else wishes to offer a higher price?” A short silence lapsed, auctioneer Fang Dong scanned the crowd and asked.

All Fang Dong received was silence.

“One hundred fifty million, once.” Seeing that no one was responded, Fang Dong declared.

“One hundred fifty million, twice.”

When the people present thought there won't be anyone bidding, a voice suddenly rang out: “One hundred sixty million.”

Stunned, the people turned over to look at the source. Huang Xiaolong, who wanted to bid, was also surprised, for that person was Yao Fei!

Huang Xiaolong sneered coldly, he didn't expect that Yao Fei would also be interested in these three stalks of Life Soul Grass.

“One hundred seventy million!” Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong's voice, Yao Fei turned around, two pairs of eyes locked with ill-will.

“One hundred eighty million.” Yao Fei made a bid, his eyes filled with frost glaring opposite him.

“One hundred ninety million.”

“Two hundred million.”

Huang Xiaolong and Yao Fei's voice sounded in the auction hall tit for tat, each increasing the bid by ten million every time, quickly hiking the price to two hundred million. By this time, private room six had stopped bidding.

The people in the hall were left dumbstruck as each expert tried to guess Huang Xiaolong and Yao Fei's identities. After all, most big forces couldn't simply chuck out two hundred million just to bid for three stalks of Life Soul Grass.

“Two hundred and ten million!” Hearing Yao Fei increased the bid price to two hundred million, Huang Xiaolong called out, unperturbed.

Strong killing intent flickered across Yao Fei's eyes, his fingers dug into his palm, but they gradually relaxed.

Surprisingly, Yao Fei did not continue to bid, thus, in the end, Huang Xiaolong got the three stalks of Life Soul Grass for two hundred and ten million gold coins.

Huang Xiaolong kept the Life Soul Grass in the Asura Ring after he paid for them. His eyes looked at Yao Fei's without much expression, he could naturally guess what Yao Fei was scheming. Most likely, Yao Fei planned to kill him after the auction, grabbing the Life Soul Grass at that time was just the same.

After the Life Soul Grass, roughly twenty items were auctioned. Every item was rare and precious and bidding voices rang out endlessly in the auction hall, but despite that, neither Huang Xiaolong nor Yao Fei bid for anything else.

“Next, our auction item is grade one spirit stones.” After sealing the deal for some spirit wood, Fang Dong introduced the next item.

Grade one spirit stones!

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes lit up. Finally, they have brought up the grade one spirit stones, this was Huang Xiaolong’s main objective in attending this City of Myriad of Gods auction.

“Grade one spirit stones’ value and usage, I believe everyone here already knows and I don’t need to explain; this time, there is a total of fifty-nine pieces of grade one spirit stones, the bidding price starts at five hundred million.” Fang Dong’s voice rang out in the hall.

Five hundred million! Many experts in the auction hall couldn’t help but shudder when the amount was mentioned.

Five hundred million was considered a sky high price in the Bedlam Lands.

“Six hundred million.” At this time, Zhao Chen’s voice came from private room number nine.

Six hundred million! The auction hall fell into immediate silence hearing Zhao Chen’s voice.

Chapter 292: Our Young Lord Wants to See You!

Six hundred million!

Hearing this figure made the hearts of many experts in the auction hall jump... The starting bid price was horrifying enough, they didn’t expect there would be someone who would increase the price by a hundred million at the first go!

“This sounds like Young Noble Zhao Chen’s voice!”

“Sin City’s Young Noble Zhao Chen?” The auction hall boiled up with whispers.

Because Zhao Chen did not disguise his voice in any way, the people in the auction hall guessed the owner of the voice almost immediately.

Zhao Chen? Huang Xiaolong frowned, he didn’t expect this Zhao Chen would be interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones. The other experts that were interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones hesitated hearing Zhao Chen’s voice, the majority of people had misgivings about Zhao Chen’s identity.

“Private room number nine offered six hundred million, is there anyone else with a higher offer?” Seconds later, Auctioneer Fang Dong surveyed the crowd and asked.

“Seven hundred million.” When everyone thought there wouldn’t be anyone increasing the bid, a sonorous voice sounded from private room number twelve, raising another commotion in the auction hall.

“Seven hundred million! I wonder who this person is, daring to challenge Young Noble Zhao Chen?!”

Many suspected that this person might be Millennium City’s Senior He Yunxiong. Knowing full well that it was Zhao Chen, there were only a handful of people who still dared to bid. Undoubtedly, that person must be one of ten strongest experts in the Bedlam Lands, Senior He Yunxiong.

Inside private room nine, a tiny crease appeared on Zhao Chen’s brows, others perhaps couldn’t recognize He Yunxiong’s voice, but he could. Years ago, He Yunxiong once visited the Sin Palace. At the same time, the silver-haired old man standing on the left side behind Zhao Chen approached, saying, “Young Lord, since it is Senior He, do we...?”

Zhao Chen snorted dismissively, “Senior He? So what, are we afraid of him?”

Hearing this, the silver-haired old man dared not persuade further and retreated to his position.

“Eight hundred million!” Zhao Chen waved his hand and ruthlessly increased another hundred million.

Eight hundred million! His voice echoed like the crashing waves, hitting the auction hall below.

“Nine hundred million.” The moment Zhao Chen’s voice sounded, He Yunxiong’s voice followed.

“One billion!”

“One billion one hundred!”

The rest of the auction hall was quiet, only Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong’s voices reverberated. The experts below shuddered every time Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong called out.

One billion one hundred! What kind of concept was that? One billion one hundred gold coins pooled together was probably higher than a hundred zhang tall mountain. In fact, that many gold coins were enough to reclaim a river.

Listening to Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong’s price war, even Huang Xiaolong was shaking his head inside.

He could afford the price of one billion one hundred, but He Yunxiong being interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones was something Huang Xiaolong didn’t expect. Thus, he could only give up, it was unnecessary to form a conflict with He Yunxiong for these spirit stones. Moreover, he wasn’t in any rush to have these grade one spirit stones.

Huang Xiaolong looked around and once again his sight fell on Yao Fei’s silhouette. From Huang Xiaolong’s seat, he has a clear view of Yao Fei profile, watching Yao Fei sitting there unmoving in a pensive manner. After the Life Soul Grass, like Huang Xiaolong, Yao Fei didn’t bid for anything else.

In the end, the batch of grade one spirit stones was bought by He Yunxiong with two billion two hundred.

Inside private room nine, Zhao Chen's eyes turned a chilling cold.

The next auction item was a large blade, a large blade that was broken by an unknown entity. The remaining body of the broken large blade was filled with dense ancient language writings and diagrams.

"This large broken sword was determined to be an ancient relic after it was inspected by our expert." Auctioneer Fang Dong explained. "Although we cannot determine what materials this large blade is made from, it cuts through steel as if it were mud. Furthermore, engraved on the body of the large blade is an ancient sword skill. It may be incomplete, but our expert has confirmed it to be at least a Heaven rank battle skill."

A Heaven rank or above sword skill! Regardless of it being an incomplete one, it was enough to stir the interest of many experts in the auction hall.

Huang Xiaolong directed his spiritual sense, wrapping around the broken large blade. Finding nothing special about it, he lost interest immediately. A Heaven rank sword skill was tempting, too bad it was incomplete, not to mention he wasn't lacking in battle skills.

This large broken sword was bought by the guest in private room two.

"Next up is the Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger." Auctioneer Fang Dong's voice resounded once again.

Great Thousand Technique!

Peerless Wind Breaking Finger!

The whole auction hall erupted with excitement. Most of the people present at the auction this time had set their sights on these two items.

"Both Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger are Heaven rank skills," Auctioneer Fang Dong continued, "I'm sure everyone is aware of what a Heaven rank cultivation technique or battle skill is, thus I shall not waste any more time."

"According to the owner's requirements, both Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger will be auctioned together, and their bidding price starts at twenty billion."

Twenty billion! The noisy auction hall fell into a dead silence that they could hear their own heartbeats drumming in their ears.

Twenty billion! Some experts almost stopped breathing on the spot, they already knew the Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger would fetch an exorbitant price, but twenty billion was too horrifying.

Who even had the capability to take out twenty billion in one go? In the Bedlam Lands, only a scarce number of people had that background.

Yao Fei's brows scrunched together tightly, more than twenty billion wasn't much for his Yao Family, but the gold coins he currently had on him would barely suffice.

"Twenty billion and one hundred!" Zhao Chen's voice rang out in the silent hall. After Zhao Chen, He Yunxiong's voice trailed behind, just like the scene earlier, when both were fighting for the batch of grade one spirit stones, Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong's voices called out one after another.

Huang Xiaolong sat calmly, watching things unfold. To him, it was inconsequential whether it was Zhao Chen or He Yunxiong who got the Great Thousand Technique and the Peerless Wind Breaking Finger.

In the end, both Heaven rank cultivation technique and battle skill were bought by Zhao Chen for thirty billion. The next item was the Herculean King Jade, also the final item the auction, and this piece of ancient Herculean King Jade was bought by He Yunxiong for a steep price slightly over thirty billion.

With that, the auction ended.

This time, although Huang Xiaolong failed to get any grade one spirit stones, he didn't leave empty handed, with three stalks of Life Soul Grass over one thousand years old.

Huang Xiaolong led Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng out from the auction hall. When Yao Fei spotted him, his figure flickered, blocking right in front of Huang Xiaolong, "Huang Xiaolong, hehe, you never thought you would run into me here, right?" As he said that, a dark energy fluctuated around Yao Fei.

"What, you want to fight here?" Huang Xiaolong faced the other side, an unconcerned expression on his face.

Fights and killings were the norm in the Bedlam Lands, but even so, it was forbidden to fight within the ten main cities. Not even a Saint realm expert would dare to break this rule, fighting inside the city.

Yao Fei glared icily at Huang Xiaolong, "Don't worry, I won't do anything inside this City of Myriad Gods. Hopefully, you can hide here forever and never take half a step outside the city." Yao Fei disappeared amongst the crowd with a sway after throwing the sentence to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong stared at Yao Fei's silhouette, a cold sneer appeared on his face as he turned around to leave. However, when Huang Xiaolong turned, two young men came towards him. Huang Xiaolong recognized them at first glance, these two young men were part of Zhao Chen's guards.

The two young men stopped in front of Huang Xiaolong, obstructing his path.

"Little rascal, our Young Lord wants to meet you, come with us for a little trip." Halting Huang Xiaolong's steps, one of them stated with a disparaging tone as he grinned widely.

Chapter 293: So, It Was Like This...

“Your Young Lord wants to see me?” Huang Xiaolong took a quick glance at the two pompous young man, “What if I decline...?”

Ideally, Huang Xiaolong preferred not to have any conflict with this Zhao Chen, but he was not a soft persimmon that everyone could pinch or squash as they liked.

“Decline?” Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu exchanged a look between them before laughing in a brazen manner.

Still laughing, Chen Cheng said, “Little rascal, perhaps you don’t know who our Young Lord is? Our Young Lord is Young Noble Zhao Chen. In the Bedlam Lands, there is yet anyone who dared to defy our Young Lord’s words!”

“Our Young Lord orders you to go meet him, that is your greatest honor,” Zhang Chu snickered, “Little rascal, I advise you to follow us obediently, otherwise, hehe...” an undisguised antagonistic spark shone in his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong remained nonchalant, “If your Young Lord wants to see me, tell him to roll over himself.” Not waiting to see the two young men’s reaction, Huang Xiaolong looked over to Qin Yang and the other three, saying “Let’s go.”

“Yes, Young Lord.”

Roll over?! Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu were enraged hearing Huang Xiaolong actually dared to tell their Young Lord to roll over even after knowing his identity.

“Bastard, you’re courting death!” Chen Cheng struck his fist out in rage towards Huang Xiaolong. Trailing the powerful punch was a surreal shadow of a tiger’s wide opened jaw.

Feeling the strong energy fluctuation coming at him, Huang Xiaolong dared not underestimate the enemy, his feet swiftly retreated as his hands formed a fist and punched out—the Great Void Divine Fist!

The Great Void Divine Fist, ethereal, yet tangible the next moment, reality and illusion overlapped, collided head-on with the tiger fist.

A booming explosion resounded, raising a curtain of sand and dust.

Huang Xiaolong’s body shook, retreating more than ten meters back, however, Chen Cheng also retreated more ten meters back.

“You!” Chen Cheng was astounded as he stared at Huang Xiaolong, he was a peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order expert and he could see that Huang Xiaolong hadn’t even broken through to the early Eighth Order.

Zhang Chu was no exception.

“Brat, no wonder you’re so arrogant, relying on these few points of strength.” Zhang Chu smirked derisively, “Do you think with only this much strength you can defy our Young Lord’s order?! Let me enlighten you, even if you were a Saint realm expert, there’s only death in defying our Young Lord!” A dark teal light burst out from Zhang Chu’s body, both hands formed into claws, slashing down towards Huang Xiaolong.

More than a dozen dark teal lights transformed into dozens of snakes that were as thick as an adult’s arm, flaring out in Huang Xiaolong’s direction.

Zhang Chu was an early-Xiantian Ninth Order, a mere difference of a small order, but his attack was many times more powerful than Chen Cheng.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes narrowed, his expression turning grim. Both his hands struck out and glowing golden rings pierced the air. Where the golden rings passed, all attacks slowed down and gradually stopped in midair.

Zhang Chu was dumbfounded: what kind of battle skill was this?!

At this time, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest moved, blasting off the dozens of teal green snakes.

“Who is it? So audacious as to fight inside the City of Myriad Gods!” From afar, a voice thundered, echoes reverberated in the street, even building structures seemed to shake. In less than a breath’s time, a team city guards clad in shiny black armors appeared riding on Earth Tiger mounts, galloping into the scene.

Seeing this, Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu had no choice but to stop.

Moments later, the team of city guards arrived. A seemingly captain-like middle-aged man of the team nudged his Earth Tiger mount closer, stopping in front of Huang Xiaolong and the others.

“Captain Wang.” Seeing the middle-aged man, Zhang Chu cupped his fist and greeted with a smile.

Wang Hai was surprised, seeing it was Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu both, he laughed and said, “So it was Brother Zhang Chu and Chen Cheng.” Wang Hai dismounted from the tiger beast’s back as he did so.

Huang Xiaolong stood where he was, watching. It was surprising to see that Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu were familiar with City of Myriad God’s city guards captain. Judging from their greetings, they seemed to be on good terms too. He waited expectantly to see how this captain would handle the matter.

At this time, Zhang Chu proceeded to ‘explain’ the situation with a smile, “Captain Wang, you truly arrive at the right time,” with one finger pointing at Huang Xiaolong, Zhang Chu continued, “We have some previous grudges with this punk, we didn’t expect him to ambush us while we weren’t paying attention.”

Wang Hai nodded, “So it was like this...” then, his expression became cold as he turned to look at Huang Xiaolong, “Brat, don’t you know it’s prohibited to fight inside the City of Myriad Gods?” Without waiting for Huang Xiaolong to explain, Wang Hai waved at his subordinates at the back, “Arrest all of them first, throw into the dungeon.”

“Yes, Captain.”

The team of city guards quickly surrounded Huang Xiaolong’s group of five.

This result raised a mocking sneer on Huang Xiaolong’s face; since this was the way they wanted to play, he didn’t mind slaughtering his way out.

Just as Huang Xiaolong was about to call out the Blades of Asura, preparing to let blood flow, suddenly a voice sounded from the void above: “Stop!” The voice wasn’t loud but it contained a strong deterrence force that crushed any objection. Everyone turned to look.

A gray haired old man in mulberry robe strode over, on the chest of his robe was embroidered a double-headed celestial beast emblem, and surrounding the beast were extremely life-like dark, fiery red flames.

Noticing this person’s arrival, Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu’s face tightened, ashen a little. In the next moment, Wang Hai hastened forward to greet the old man, “Greeting Senior He!”

Senior He? The name struck Huang Xiaolong’s mind: He Yunxiong! This old man was none other than Millennium City’s He Yunxiong, one of the top ten experts of Bedlam Lands—that He Yunxiong.

He Yunxiong ignored Wang Hai, walking straight towards Huang Xiaolong as his eyes observed him up and down. There was praise in his eyes, rubbing his barely-exist beard in an appreciative gesture, He Yunxiong smiled, “Not a bad brat, are you interested in worshipping me as your Master?”

Worship He Yunxiong as master?

People who gathered closeby was dumbfounded hearing He Yunxiong’s words, especially Wang Hai, Chen Cheng, and Zhang Chu, their mouths agape.

Huang Xiaolong sweated quietly, if he didn’t know that this old man in front of him was He Yunxiong, he’d definitely suspect whether this old man was crazy. Before Huang Xiaolong could answer, Zhang Chu stepped forward, venturing with caution, “Senior He, this kid is someone our Young Lord...”

However, his sentence has yet to finish when He Yunxiong flick his robe sleeve and Zhang Chu felt as if he slammed into a tall mountain. His entire body shot away in a tragic holler until he reached the end of the street. Crashing onto the street pavement, not even a grunt came.

“I, He Yunxiong, am talking, it is not a place where a slave like you can interrupt.” He Yunxiong scoffed, not even turning around to look.

Chen Cheng looked over at the end of the street where Zhang Chu’s corpse laid, he was so terrified that even his bones were shivering, falling butt first to the ground. Wang Hai and the team of city guards sweated profusely, looking pale as white sheets.

He Yunxiong pointed a finger at Chen Cheng, and he was thrown back several hundred meters away, blood spurting from his mouth as he landed.

“Return and tell that brat Zhao Chen that I like this kid.” He Yunxiong’s light, fleeting voice sounded.

“Yes, yes, yes, many thanks for Senior He’s mercy in sparing my life!” Chen Cheng fled for his life in panic after a series of kowtows, in a mere few seconds, his figure disappeared in the crowd.

Wang Hai felt an itching thirst in his throat, standing there and not daring to move.

“Why aren’t you scrambling away?” He Yunxiong snapped at Wang Hai.

“Yes, yes, Senior He.” Immediately, not even climbing onto his mount, he led his subordinates and ran away on foot.

Chapter 294: Back to Explore Broken Tiger Rift

As Wang Hai and the city guards fled further away, Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze, looking at He Yunxiong, he really couldn’t figure out what about him He Yunxiong liked enough to receive him as a disciple.

He Yunxiong was one of top ten experts in the Bedlam Lands, as long as he said the words, the people who wanted to be his disciples could line a hundred miles long!

As though He Yunxiong saw through Huang Xiaolong’s doubts, he laughed lightly, “Brat, you must be puzzled about the reason I want to accept you as my disciple? To be frank with you, I practice a kind of secret law that could roughly estimate a person’s talent, moreover, your character matches well with mine.”

Huang Xiaolong was nonplussed; that simple? However, He Yunxiong’s secret law that could estimate a person’s talent astounded Huang Xiaolong, such techniques, admittedly, were a little terrifying. Even if it was only a rough estimation.

He Yunxiong went on, “Brat, up to now, you haven’t cultivated over a hundred years, right? Less than a hundred years and you can already defeat a peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order, this level of talent, amongst the geniuses I’ve come across, you can be considered one of the top three.”

A hundred years? Huang Xiaolong smiled, if He Yunxiong knew he was only twenty-something, how would he react? Most people in general, once they entered the Xiantian realm, would use some secret techniques or take certain elixirs that made them look younger than their real age. Hence, it was difficult to guess a person’s actual age just by judging from appearances.

“How about it? My words are accurate.” Seeing that Huang Xiaolong kept silent the entire time, He Yunxiong thought Huang Xiaolong acquiescence to his evaluation, smiling, he said, “Brat, for now, let’s make it a simple kowtow acceptance ceremony. Once we return to Millennium City, I will send out the invitations for the official ceremony with top experts as witnesses, we’ll do the proper master-disciple ceremony at that time.”

When He Yunxiong assumed Huang Xiaolong would kowtow with joy, Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead, “Many thanks for Senior He’s assistance earlier, however, I have a Master.” In Huang Xiaolong’s mind, he only had one Master—the previous Asura’s Gate Sovereign, Ren Wokuang!

Though he acknowledged Shi Tianfu as Senior Brother in that trip to the Blessed Buddha Empire, those were unexpected circumstances and it was merely a title.

He Yunxiong looked stupefied for a moment, this brat actually refused him?! Then he broke into a grin, he had been explaining without introducing himself to the little brat, this brat surely wasn’t aware of his identity.

“Little brat, I think you don’t know who I am, right?” He Yunxiong smiled amiably, “I am He Yunxiong, Millennium City’s Castellan.” Fearing that Huang Xiaolong might still be lost, he added another sentence at the end, “One of Bedlam Lands’ top ten experts.”

Huang Xiaolong smiled helplessly at his words, “Senior He, I’m aware of this.”

It was He Yunxiong’s turn to be bewildered, frowning, he stared fixedly at Huang Xiaolong. This little brat knew who he was, yet he still refused to worship him as Master?

“Why?” He Yunxiong’s voice was solemn.

Huang Xiaolong replied, “In my heart, I only one Master.”

He Yunxiong paused, “In Martial Spirit World, most of the Saint realm experts have more than one Master in their lifetime, I myself worshipped four different Masters.”

What He Yunxiong said was the general truth, in Martial Spirit World, the majority of Saint realm experts had more than one Master. Despite that, Huang Xiaolong still shook his head and declined.

He Yunxiong looked at Huang Xiaolong, suddenly an intangible pressure burst forth from He Yunxiong’s body, enveloping Huang Xiaolong, causing the other four, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng to pale visibly.

But, facing the pressure from He Yunxiong, Huang Xiaolong appeared calm, even as He Yunxiong gradually increased the pressure. In the next moment, the solidified pressure from He Yunxiong retreated like the tide, vanishing.

He stared at Huang Xiaolong like a defeated rooster in a match as he smiled, saying “Little brat, since it’s like that, I shall not force you, if you ever change your mind, come look for me in Millennium City. This is a Millennium Medallion.” Fishing out a small pendant-size medallion, he gave it to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong received the grayish medallion inscribed with a double-headed celestial beast. The same celestial beast on He Yunxiong’s robe.

Without another word, He Yunxiong’s hand reached out, tearing space, his body entered and disappeared from the spot in a flicker.

Keeping the Millennium Medallion into the Asura Ring, Huang Xiaolong returned to the small courtyard residence they bought with Qin Yang and the rest.

On another side, in the south section of the city, within an exquisitely decorated grand mansion, Zhao Chen was extremely sullen as he glowered at Chen Chen, who was kneeling before him.

“Garbage!” Zhao Chen kicked Chen Cheng, who was kneeling on the floor, without mercy. A woeful scream came from Chen Cheng as he was sent tumbling to a corner of the yard.

Zhao Chen’s hands grasped at the chairs beside him, turning them into powder. An intense sharp light glinted in Zhao Chen’s eyes, “This He Yunxiong, acting against me every time, one of these days I’m going to crush Millennium City and toy with his wives and concubines to their death!”

All the guards behind Zhao Chen lowered their heads, none dared to utter a sound.

Crush Millennium City? Not even Sin City’s Castellan dared to speak of crushing Millennium City lightly. Millennium City had existed for thousands of years, the forces within were deeply rooted, would it be so easily destroyed?

Zhao Chen swirled around towards the silver-haired old man behind him, “Steward Feng, keep a tail on that Huang Xiaolong kid, once they leave the City of Myriad Gods, come report to me immediately.”

“Yes, Young Lord.” The silver-haired old man answered respectfully.

Zhao Chen nodded as a light gleamed in his eyes. ‘Little punk, as long as you come out from the City of Myriad Gods, I’ll let you know the consequences of defying my, Zhao Chen’s orders! Don’t assume just because there is He Yunxiong, that old fogey, shielding you that I won’t dare to kill you!’

As for Huang Xiaolong, he entered the Godly Mt. Xumi upon arriving back to the courtyard. Swallowing all three stalks of Life Soul Grass in the Xumi Temple hall, he concentrated on practicing the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate.

Due to He Yunxiong’s intervention, Huang Xiaolong believed that Zhao Chen wouldn’t act against him in public, at least not while he was still inside the city.

Sitting cross-legged in the center of the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong distinctively felt waves spreading out from his soul sea as his spiritual force gathered into a twister of energy, rotating like a violently howling storm, with strands of azure energy multiplying constantly. Sensing this, Huang Xiaolong quickly ran the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate to absorb this energy.

Ten days passed.

Under constant refinement, the energy inside all three stalks of Life Soul Grass was absorbed by Huang Xiaolong. Finally, his soul sea returned to its prior calm, while in the space above his soul sea, the black and blue dragons hovered, dragons roars echoed endlessly, exuding dragon might in every direction.

At the same time Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, the Eye of Hell of the center of his forehead opened as well and two beams of deep scarlet glow materialized like a thunderstorm.

After refining the three stalks of Life Soul Grass, Huang Xiaolong's Ancient Puppetry Art finally broke through to the third level, greatly enhancing his spiritual force, and combined with his Eye of Hell, his spiritual attack was even more powerful than before. Huang Xiaolong astutely felt that after this time's practice, even his battle qi and internal force benefited.

'It's time to visit the Broken Tiger Rift again.' Huang Xiaolong decided.

Huang Xiaolong had a strong feeling that the Broken Tiger Rift was the said Four Seas Mountain. In the depth of that rift was where that Ancient God Tribe master's dwelling was, he was as sure as he could be.

Despite his rapid increase in strength over these years, Huang Xiaolong still felt that he was too weak. Disregarding experts like He Yunxiong, merely facing Yao Fei or Zhao Chen at his current level of strength, it would be a tough battle to fight. Therefore, he had to break through to the Saint realm as soon as possible.

Chapter 295: Beneath the Rift

Exiting the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong summoned Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng, telling them that he would be absent for the next few days, and in that period, they should stay and wait for him in the residence. After giving them certain tasks, Huang Xiaolong took out Godly Mt. Xumi, controlling it to fly in the direction of Broken Tiger Rift, he stealthily left the City of Myriad Gods.

Leaving the city using the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong needn't worry about being found by Zhao Chen. Very soon, Huang Xiaolong arrived at Broken Tiger Rift, standing at the edge of the same sharp rift, looking down.

Staring down at the dark, endless bottom, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi and internal force, cautiously adjusting his speed as his body fell. Due to the previous experience, this time, his speed was much faster than before.

However, six hundred meters down, Huang Xiaolong was forced to transform into the Asura Physique and soul transformed with the black dragon martial spirit simultaneously, and by one thousand meters, he summoned his blue dragon martial spirit and fused with it as well.

Soul transforming with the twin dragon martial spirits, layers of black and blue dragon scales covered Huang Xiaolong like an armor, yet he still felt the frigid cold wind blowing up, invading his body through the dragon scales.

Regardless of the spherical barrier of vigor qi around him, the wind still affected him, its effect was minimum.

The frigid cold energy gradually spread through Huang Xiaolong's body, freezing the blood in his veins, even the battle qi within his Qi Sea showed signs of solidifying.

There's actually such terrible ice energy in this Martial Spirit World! Huang Xiaolong made every effort to control his speed of falling, feeling shocked in his heart. The Asura Tactics required him to absorb the

netherworld's spiritual energy, and the netherworld's spiritual energy was deemed the coldest and most yin energy in this heaven and earth, but now, this unknown cold wind actually surpassed the netherworld's spiritual energy by at least ten times.

I cannot continue like this, otherwise I'd turn into an icicle before reaching the bottom! Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Now, he was one thousand and three hundred meters down, yet there was still no sign of the bottom. Perhaps he might not see it even after another two or three hundred meters further down. Relying on Huang Xiaolong's current level of strength, he had no hope of succeeding.

What do I do?!

Leave...? Come back when he breaks through to Xiantian Eighth Order?

But, how long will it take for him to breakthrough to Xiantian Eighth Order? It might be half a year, or even longer. Ever since he broke through to Xiantian Seventh Order, Huang Xiaolong clearly felt his cultivation speed slowing down drastically.

Huang Xiaolong's feet landed on a protruded boulder on the rift wall, his brows furrowed deeply in thought as he stared downward. There were less than three years until the next Deities Templar disciple selection, he didn't have much time to waste. Furthermore, Yao Fei came searching for him in the Bedlam Lands and found him, this would very likely lead more people belonging to Deities Templar over here.

Therefore, no matter what, he had to find that ancient God Tribe master's dwelling. But, how could he resist this unknown cold wind?! Then, a thought flashed in Huang Xiaolong's mind—Godly Mt. Xumi!

Godly Mt. Xumi was the Buddhist World's heavenly treasure, as terrifying as this cold wind was, it shouldn't be able to penetrate into Godly Mt. Xumi's space... right? Immediately, Huang Xiaolong brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi and went inside the Xumi Temple hall in a flicker.

Stepping into the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi and guided it to fly down slowly. Several gusts of cold wind blew up, wrapping over the Godly Mt. Xumi, and moments later, Huang Xiaolong confirmed that this cold wind could not penetrate into the Godly Mt. Xumi's space. This finding greatly relieved him.

At last, he found something that could block this damn nameless cold wind. Nevertheless, Huang Xiaolong was still shocked, although the cold wind failed to penetrate into the Godly Mt. Xumi space, it formed a layer of crystallized dark azure-colored ice around the outer exterior! And this layer of dark azure ice actually affected the speed of Godly Mt. Xumi.

Huang Xiaolong immediately pushed the Ten Buddha Formation, Buddhism energy poured down from the void above, spreading out inside the temple hall and outwards, slowly melting away the dark azure ice enveloping the Godly Mt. Xumi. When all is done, Huang Xiaolong continued to travel down further, ever more cautious as he tried to avoid the increasing number of nameless cold winds blowing up, covering the Godly Mt. Xumi with another layer of ice.

Further and further down, reaching two thousand meters down, Huang Xiaolong finally caught a glimpse of the ground.

The sand and stones at the bottom of the rift were a brownish azure, barren as far as the eyes could see, not even a leaf of grass growing, it gave a desolate and gloomy atmosphere.

Huang Xiaolong surveyed the spacious surroundings. On both sides, the rock walls were thickly layered with crystallized dark azure-colored ice, and above, a dark azure blue twister rotated in a never-ending cycle, with howling winds that left the hearts of those who heard it full of apprehension.

Not only that, this dark azure wind twister's form was ever changing, sometimes it was a dragon, next it was a serpent, a tiger, and other times it was shaped like a phoenix.

This cold wind actually gave birth to intelligence! Huang Xiaolong was shocked. And his first thought was impossible!

Between Heaven and Earth, it was not easy for living beings like trees and flowers to grow intelligence, something that cannot be achieved without tens of thousands of years, and that required fulfilling strict conditions. As for elements like wind, it was even harder compared to trees or flowers.

Like this wind, in another few thousand years or even a few hundred years, it could evolve into a real solid entity of existence, such as an ice element dragon or phoenix.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong calmed down, his eyes gradually brightened as he studied the ever-changing azure wind.

'This is some good stuff, ah!' Although this azure wind hadn't fully evolved and taken shape into dragon or phoenix, if he could absorb it, someone practicing the Asura Tactics like Huang Xiaolong would definitely reap an unimaginable harvest. But... this azure cold wind that had given birth to intelligence was no doubt extremely frigid, with Huang Xiaolong's current strength, merely coming in close contact was enough to turn him into an ice sculpture.

Lights flickered in his eyes when he thought about the Thousand Beast Cauldron on the second layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

"I wonder if the Thousand Beast Cauldron could absorb this cold azure wind that has intelligence, if it's possible, then I can absorb it!" Instantly, with a single thought, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda that was combined into the Godly Mt. Xumi flew out into midair, guided by Huang Xiaolong, it slowly approached the gales of the azure cold wind.

However, the closer the Linglong Treasure Pagoda got, the more terrifying the frigid coldness became, the surrounding space turned into a domain of ice.

The battle qi and internal force within Huang Xiaolong's body spurred madly to support the Linglong Treasure Pagoda getting closer to the azure cold wind until it was within a ten meters range. Then, he initiated the array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron to absorb the azure cold wind.

Huang Xiaolong dared not devour the azure cold wind all at once, bidding his time, slowly absorbing tiny strands, but even at this rate, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda was covered by a layer of ice on the outside. Seeing this, he had no choice but to divide a portion of battle qi and internal force to initiate the Ten Buddha Formation, using Buddhism energy to melt the layer of ice away.

In this manner, Huang Xiaolong stayed there for more than two hours, absorbing the azure cold wind until he felt it was enough and retrieved the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. He then concentrated his battle qi and internal force on the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array to refine the azure cold wind, expelling the extreme cold element.