

## Invincible Conqueror Chapter 301-305

### Chapter 301: Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra

Four days later, the little Daoist man was fully refined by Huang Xiaolong, 'his' consciousness was slowly eroded away by the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array.

After the divine grade little Daoist man's consciousness was erased, Huang Xiaolong swallowed the pellet into his body, sat down and started to run the Asura Tactics, refining its medicinal properties.

The energy within a divine grade spirit pellet was comparable to the spiritual energy fish. The instant it entered his body, the medicinal energy surged like angry waves through his four limbs and the rest of his body. Huang Xiaolong's Qi Sea and dantian absorbed the medicine energy in a frenzied manner. A faint herb fragrance wafted out from Huang Xiaolong's body spreading to the surroundings.

Half a month passed.

Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes as he ended his cultivation session. He had fully refined the little Daoist man after half a month's time. Now, not only had he stabilized his recent breakthrough to Xiantian Tenth Order, his cultivation improved as well, closer to peak early-Xiantian Tenth Order.

Immersing his perception internally to check his condition, he noted that his meridians expanded once again and became tougher, even the true essence in his dantian was denser.

Huang Xiaolong once again ran the Asura Tactics, attracting the surrounding spiritual energy, swirling speedily towards him. 'At this speed, perhaps not even a Saint realm expert's speed of absorbing spiritual energy can contend with my own.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

A short moment later, Huang Xiaolong stood up, his attention on the remaining three jade bottles on the drawer. The first jade bottle he checked contained a divine grade spirit pellet, what about the others? He could barely hold his excitement in.

Walking over, he opened all three jade bottles, and indeed, all three jade bottles contained divine grade spirit pellets. The second bottle Huang Xiaolong opened contained a divine grade spirit pellet that had taken the form of a winged-tiger, the third pellet was a golden flood dragon, and the fourth bottle held a purple fox.

The strength of these three, a winged-tiger, a golden flood dragon, and a purple fox, were much weaker compared to the little Daoist man earlier. Thus, not wasting any more time, Huang Xiaolong refined and swallowed them one by one.

While Huang Xiaolong was busy refining the divine grade spirit pellets, inside a manor on the south side of the City of Myriad Gods, an extremely ugly expression hung on Zhao Chen's face; it had been almost half a year! Huang Xiaolong, that useless punk, was still hiding inside the city!

"Are you sure Huang Xiaolong, that punk, has been inside that yard all this time?" Zhao Chen's asked gloomily.

The silver-haired man, Steward Feng, stepped forward, answering humbly, "Our people are watching the yard twenty-four hours a day, Huang Xiaolong has never stepped out of the courtyard, only his several followers come out occasionally. Even so, they only came out to buy some daily necessities, none of them exited the city."

A light glinted in Zhao Chen's eyes.

But the silver-haired Steward Feng spoke cautiously, "Young Lord, this subordinate has a question, I'm wondering if it is appropriate to ask?"

Zhao Chen took a quick glance at Steward Feng saying, "You're wondering why I'm acting against Huang Xiaolong when there is no feud between us?"

Steward Feng was surprised having his thoughts seen through, but he nodded, "Yes, this slave's heart has doubts. Moreover, Huang Xiaolong is just a nameless junior, with Young Lord's identity, there is no need to act in person."

In fact, just like what Steward Feng said, with Zhao Chen's background, he needn't take this matter into his own hands, as long as he spoke the words, there would be many people willing to be of service.

Zhao Chen said, "I have my reason to handle this matter personally. Don't ask what you shouldn't ask, you will know in the future."

"Yes, Young Lord. This slave spoke too much." Steward Feng acknowledged respectfully, but after hesitation, he ventured again, "However, if Huang Xiaolong continues to hole himself in City of Myriad Gods, we...?"

The look in Zhao Chen's eyes sharpened, "There are three months remaining until the opening day of the Ghost City, two more months, if that Huang Xiaolong still doesn't show up, then I can only take him away forcefully!"

Ghost City, one of six main cities during the ancient era, a monument left behind by one of the six ancient kings, the Ghost King, appearing once every one thousand years.

Days passed and it was over a month, in the secret dwelling beneath the cold spring lake, Huang Xiaolong succeeded in refining the last of three divine grade spirit pellets, bolstering his cultivation to mid-Xiantian Tenth Order.

Mid-Xiantian Tenth Order!

Huang Xiaolong stood up and initiated his battle qi. A simple breath gathered the airflow into a spiral, turning into a howling wind dragon that roared endlessly, rotating above the space for a long time before dissipating.

This was Huang Xiaolong's current level of strength! Every breath he drew in and out contained the force of a dragon. Then Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the straw grass hut to an open space close by

and started practicing the Asura Tactics, displaying the moves one after another from the very beginning.

Whirls of fierce winds rotated above the space, followed by a lightning-filled sky as buds of strange flowers bloomed in the air, then glaring red eyeballs appeared out of nowhere, releasing terrifying light beams.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong stopped, but it took longer for the fierce winds, powerful lightning, and scarlet red eyeballs to dissipate.

Displaying the Asura Sword Skill from the first move after breaking into Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong found his comprehension of them deepens.

'I wonder what's inside the rest of the grass huts?' Huang Xiaolong focused again on the present, his eyes strayed to the remaining grass huts. With a flicker, he entered a random third grass hut.

Inside, other than a long halberd, there was nothing else.

The long halberd was entirely a metallic dark-gold, on its body were inscribed numerous mythical beasts of ancient times, each looking vividly alive. Trailing the length of the long halberd, Huang Xiaolong noticed dense ancient text at the bottom of the halberd.

"Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra." Huang Xiaolong translated the words.

According to what was written, as long as he refined the Eminent Holiness Halberd, he would be able to inherit the full Sutra heritage. This Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra was left behind by the owner of this space, Supreme Eminent Holiness, this halberd Sutra was his strongest battle skill.

'By refining this Eminent Holiness Halberd, one can actually gain the Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra, this is an unexpected harvest.' Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up. Although he wasn't lacking in terms of cultivation techniques and battle skills, these were things that no one would deem as having too much.

Judging from the situation, this Eminent Holiness was a great master himself. Only those who had reached the God Realm could inscribe their cultivation techniques or battle skills into non-living items so that it could remain for many years, a heritage.

Thus, following the method of refining inscribed on the body of the Eminent Holiness Halberd, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi, slowly refining the halberd to become his own.

A dozen hours later, when Huang Xiaolong finished refining the halberd, a scene suddenly appeared in his mind.

In that scene, a person reaching three zhang tall stood high above a mountain peak. His halberd slashed down and the sea in front of him receded without resistance! Then, his halberd swung out, halberd intent reaching ten thousand miles cut right across the huge mountain through and through, straight in the middle.

This giant person displayed one attack after another continuously—the Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra!

Witnessing the Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra's power of shaking mountains and flipping seas, Huang Xiaolong was greatly shocked.

Soon, the scene in his mind ended and vanished.

There was a total of nine moves in the Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra, every move was just as powerful and strong.

'I must find time to ask Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu about this Supreme Eminent Holiness, he shouldn't be someone nameless.' Huang Xiaolong made a note.

Looking at the long halberd, with a thought, it shrunk smaller and smaller in size, in the end, it submerged into Huang Xiaolong's right arm. On Huang Xiaolong's right arm, the Blades of Asura made their home there long ago, now, beside the tattoos of the twin dark blades was a totem-like pattern of a golden halberd.

### **Chapter 302: Have You Heard of Heavenly Treasures?**

Keeping the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his body, Huang Xiaolong walked to the fourth grassy hut. Inside the fourth grass hut, paintings of beautiful women were hung on the walls and there was nothing else apart from these paintings.

Huang Xiaolong looked around and counted a total of sixteen paintings of beauties. Sixteen beauties, all different, unique, gentle, uninhibited, sweet and pure, alluring. And all sixteen beauties were naked. Looking at the glamorous curves, proud peaks and luscious grassland below, even with Huang Xiaolong's strong will, he couldn't stop his heartbeat from quickening.

It took Huang Xiaolong a while to suppress the rising desires in his heart, his eyes focused on the red thread that was wrapped around all sixteen beauties' naked bodies. The loops and turns of the red thread on the beauties' paintings were different, Huang Xiaolong believed that this showed the energy flow of a cultivation technique. Huang Xiaolong turned towards the first painting, noticing a line of words on the left bottom corner, written in minuscule ancient text.

"Seven Desires Magic Art."

Seven Desires Magic Art? Didn't the Eminent Holiness cultivate in the Eminent Holiness Technique? Huang Xiaolong was surprised to find this Seven Desires Magic Art, in his view, this Seven Desires Magic Art must have been a cultivation technique practiced by some evil lord during the ancient times and coincidentally, it fell into Eminent Holiness' hand.

Huang Xiaolong didn't waste time being polite, and without hesitation, he moved all the paintings into the Asura Ring. When he came to the fifth grass hut, it was actually empty, whereas in the sixth grass hut, there was a scepter placed within. At the head of the scepter was the carving of a celestial beast's head, eyes scarlet red, emanating the esteemed momentum of an ancient celestial beast.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong picked up the scepter. Holding it in his hands, a warmth spread in his palm. Turning the scepter up and down and around as he tried to figure out the scepter's origin, he came to a

nil. Although he could not figure out the origins of the scepter, Huang Xiaolong keenly felt that it was by no means simple, like the Asura Ring and the Blades of Asura.

The scepter also went into the Asura Ring.

Coming out from the sixth grass hut, Huang Xiaolong swept clean all the herbs and elixirs in the space, moving everything into the Asura Ring.

After emptying everything the eyes could see, Huang Xiaolong spread his spiritual sense out to every corner of the space, attempting to see if he could find the Eminent Holiness Technique that divine grade spirit pellet little Daoist man mentioned.

He didn't need this Eminent Holiness Technique, but he could give it to his family to cultivate. However, despite carefully searching every inch, Huang Xiaolong was sorely disappointed, he didn't find any clues about where the cultivation technique could be, if it truly existed.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong left the space, leaving the cold spring using the Godly Mt. Xumi. In the last few months, with the spiritual energy fish and azure cold wind absorbed by Huang Xiaolong, the frigid coldness at the bottom of the rift had greatly reduced compared to when he first arrived. At this rate, all the cold air would completely disperse from the rift within a year's time.

In that moment, Huang Xiaolong no longer dallied, recalling the Godly Mt. Xumi back to his body, he flew up, heading straight to the rift edge.

Previously, Huang Xiaolong used more than ten hours to reach the rift bottom from above, but now, on his way back, his speed had doubled. At amazing speed, Huang Xiaolong got closer to the edge of the rift.

At the same time, on the edge of the rift, two figures sat in a meditative pose. They were none other than the very same people who were attracted over by the dragon's roar and stayed to guard the possibility of a treasure being born, the master and disciple, Fenggong and Dai Li.

But several months passed and the so-called treasure they had been looking forward too did not appear. Fenggong stared down at the bottomless rift, these months of waiting had worn his patience thin.

Was his judgment wrong? If there was a treasure being born, it would have materialized long ago.

"Master, maybe we can try going down again?" Dai Li asked.

Fenggong nodded in agreement and stood up, resolved to go down the rift again. He was unwilling to simply leave like this.

But, just as he prepared to leap off the edge, a sound of piercing wind came from below, startling the two people. In the next moment, they saw a silhouette flying up from the rift at rapid speed. When they realized it was a human, both Fenggong and Dai Li were stunned.

In the months they have been here, they did not see anyone entering the rift. Therefore, the only reasonable conclusion was this person went down the rift before they arrived! This person actually

managed to withstand the azure cold wind, staying there for several months?! Could it be that this person wasn't afraid of the extreme cold wind at the bottom of the rift?!

While both of them were immersed in doubt and shock, Huang Xiaolong's body shot past the rift edge, landing softly on the ground with a turn. Feeling the warm sunlight on his skin, Huang Xiaolong breathed in deeply: 'So refreshing!'

After about seven to eight months, he finally returned to the surface. It felt like a full lifetime passed.

Then Huang Xiaolong looked over at Fenggong and Dai Li. Seeing Huang Xiaolong looking at them, the master and disciple both recovered from their shock and Fenggong was secretly relieved when he saw the young man's cultivation was only at mid-Xiantian Tenth Order.

"Master, the treasure at the bottom of the rift, perhaps this person might know..." Dai Li inched closer to Fenggong, whispering in his ear.

Fenggong nodded, he has the very same thought.

"Young man, I have some questions for you, if you answer them truthfully, I can let you go. However, one false word and this rift will be your burial place!" Fenggong pointed at the rift behind him, declaring in a condescending tone. He was a peak late-Xiantian expert, half a step into the Saint realm, a status that was indescribably close to an actual Saint realm expert, killing a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order warrior was quite easy.

Since he descended to the rift bottom, Huang Xiaolong found the Eminent Holiness cultivation cave, swallowed the fiery-red fruit, refined the spiritual energy fish, the divine grade spirit pellets and his strength increased monumentally, thus he was in a good mood. Hearing Fenggong's words didn't anger him in the slightest, secretly smiling in his heart, he looked at Fenggong, "What do you want to know?"

"How long did you stay below?" Fenggong questioned.

Huang Xiaolong pondered, did a quick calculation of the time and answered, "Roughly seven months."

Seven months! Fenggong and his disciple exchanged a glance, both were inwardly astonished.

Counting the time they've spent here, it was close to four months, yet the black-haired young man in front of them was actually here three months ahead of them, descending down to the rift bottom?

"You have a treasure that could block the extreme cold element?!" Fenggong's eyes were burning with greed as they stared fixedly at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong exposed a faint smile watching these two people's expressions: "Correct."

Fenggong's silhouette flickered the instant he heard the answer. Both hands formed into claws, he arrived in front of Huang Xiaolong in a flash, clutching Huang Xiaolong's shoulders, his eyes sharp like the tip of swords as he demanded: "Speak, what is it! Hand it over! Otherwise...!"

Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent, 'allowing' the man's claws to clutch his shoulders. A dazzling light glimmered from his palm as a small golden mountain appeared in the center of his palm.

Abundant Buddhism energy immediately surged out like tidal waves, exuding a mesmerizing golden halo.

It was none other than Godly Mt. Xumi!

Fenggong was awed, fire danced feverishly in his eyes: "This is...?!"

Although he failed to recognize the magical item, he could tell the little golden mountain was extraordinary.

Huang Xiaolong laughed, "Have you heard of Heavenly Treasures?"

"Heavenly Treasures?!" Fenggong and Dai Li exclaimed aloud at the same time.

"You meant to say that this is a Heavenly Treasure?!" Fenggong fixed a deadly stare on the Godly Mt. Xumi in Huang Xiaolong's palm, his breath getting heavier. Of course he had heard of Heavenly Treasures, every Heavenly Treasure contained mysterious power and force.

Fenggong's hands were trembling, one hand moved, reaching out towards the Godly Mt. Xumi in Huang Xiaolong's palm.

### **Chapter 303: Let Me Experience the Strength of a Half-Saint Realm**

Watching calmly as Fenggong's fingers were about to touch the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong flipped his palm in a minuscule movement, causing Fenggong's fingers to fall on empty air.

Fenggong, who was overjoyed thinking that a Heavenly Treasure was about to become his possession, was left dumbfounded for a second. Just when he was about to act, to kill Huang Xiaolong and grab the Heavenly Treasure, Huang Xiaolong spoke, "Didn't you want to ask about the treasures at the bottom of the rift? Aren't you curious what treasures I took from there?"

Fenggong halted his actions, stunned.

At this moment, a powerful force surged forth from Huang Xiaolong's body, repelling Fenggong's body, sending him staggering back more than ten meters.

"You!" Fenggong glowered angrily at Huang Xiaolong, at the same time, he was greatly shocked inside.

Before Fenggong could say another word, another burst of bright light flashed in Huang Xiaolong's palm, when the bright light faded, it revealed the stem of a seven-colored aura mushroom in Huang Xiaolong's palm, glowing in a resplendent light.

"Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom!" Both Fenggong and Dai Li exclaimed in unison. Fenggong's eyes shone with naked greed. The Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom was a top-grade elixir for people cultivating battle qi, a stem of Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom over a thousand years old was already rare, above ten

thousand years was considered a treasure, priceless! With his keen eyesight, one look was all it took for Fenggong to estimate the Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom's age at about thirty to forty thousand years.

A thirty to forty thousand years Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom! Fenggong's breathing grew heavier.

In that brief moment, another dazzling light flashed in Huang Xiaolong's hand. This time, a small plant with nine purple-colored leaves materialized next to the mushroom, exuding a noble, dignified purple halo.

"Nine Leaves Purple Grass!" Fenggong's eyes were bright scarlet as if blood was about to drip from them.

Nine Leaves Purple Grass! A legendary sacred healing medicine!

Swallowing Nine Leaves Purple Grass exceeding a thousand years could heal one's injuries regardless how grave in just a few months' time, if it was above ten thousand years, even if the meridians and veins were broken and the Qi Sea shattered, taking a ten thousand years Nine Leaves Purple Grass could fully heal the damage!

This Nine Leaves Purple Grass should be the same as the Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom, around thirty to forty thousand years!

A thirty thousand years Nine Leaves Purple Grass!

However, Huang Xiaolong seemed to be in the mood to toy with Fenggong, another flash, and another, and another.

"Fervid Yang Fruit!"

"Human-shaped Purpleblood Ginseng!"

"Jasper Green Lotus!"

One after another legendary elixirs materialized continuously, Fenggong was so excited that he started to cry out nonsensically, body shaking as if he was suffering from epilepsy. His disciple was even more embarrassing—Dai Li wet his robe from overexcitement.

Staring at the series of legendary elixirs, Fenggong's attention was distracted, forgetting about the matter of the Heavenly Treasure.

Huang Xiaolong randomly selected a dozen strains of elixirs from the several hundred that he had. When Huang Xiaolong felt that it was stimulating enough, he finally stopped. Chuckling softly as he watched both Fenggong and Dai Li's expressions, he said, "At the bottom of the rift, not only did I find these elixirs, I also found four divine grade spirit pellets."

"Divine grade spirit pellets!!!" Four at that!

Fenggong and Dai Li both trembled visibly...

“Moreover, all four were high-grade divine spirit pellets.” Huang Xiaolong added in all seriousness.

High-grade divine spirit pellet!! Their legs grew weak at the knees.

“But I ate and refined all of them.” Huang Xiaolong continued.

“What?!” The two people that were swaying with excitement stiffened as if they were struck by lightning, nearly stumbled to the ground.

“You, you, you took all, refined?!” The redness in Fenggong’s eyes deepened as he stared at Huang Xiaolong as if he can’t wait to swallow Huang Xiaolong whole into his stomach. His heart bled thinking of the four divine grade spirit pellet,

High-grade divine spirit pellet ah, four of them!

He had been stuck at peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order for more over two hundred years, unable to break through, if he had those four divine spirit pellets, the chances of him breaking through to the Saint realm would drastically increase to nine-tenths!

“You! How could you swallow all of them?!” Fenggong glared at Huang Xiaolong with anger and hate, roaring at Huang Xiaolong overdriven by his emotions, as if those four high-grade divine spirit pellets belonged to him. Huang Xiaolong shouldn’t have dared to refine them, they were meant for him!

Huang Xiaolong suppressed his blooming smile, “Why can’t I swallow them? I found those four divine grade spirit pellets.”

Fenggong was jolted back to the present; indeed, those four divine grade spirit pellets were found by this young man.

“Kid, obediently hand over that Heavenly Treasure, Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom, Nine Leaves Purple Grass and the rest of the elixirs!” Regaining his composure, Fenggong stop shaking, and commanded Huang Xiaolong, “For that Heavenly Treasure and these elixirs’ sake, I will allow you to leave!”

Although Fenggong felt strange with Huang Xiaolong’s behavior, so easily revealing the Heavenly Treasure and those priceless herbs, he still wasn’t too concerned over this point. Merely a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order. Not to mention a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order, even a late-Xiantian Tenth Order warrior couldn’t take more than a hundred moves from him.

At this point, Dai Li approached Fenggong from the back, rubbing his hands with glee and a smug grin, “Master, those elixirs, can I...?”

Fenggong looked at his own disciple and nodded, “Don’t worry, you’ll have your share. Later, that Human-shaped Purpleblood Ginseng can be given to you.”

Dai Li shuddered with joy, repeatedly thanking Fenggong: “Thank you Master, thank you Master!”

Fenggong waved his hand nonchalantly and Dai Li respectfully retreated to the side. Fenggong turned his attention back on Huang Xiaolong, in an unhurried tone he questioned, "Kid, have you thought it over? Will you choose to hand over the Heavenly Treasure and elixirs to me and leave in one piece or be buried at the bottom of this rift? I advise you not to harbor any hope of lucky escape, I've already achieved a peak late-Xiantian cultivation more than two hundred years ago, and now I'm already a half step into the Saint realm. Before me, there's no way you can flee."

Flee? Huang Xiaolong secretly shook his head, looking at the other side with amused interest, "Half-Saint? The Heavenly Treasure and elixirs are in my hand, come over and take them from me if you can." Just as well, Huang Xiaolong wanted to gauge the extent of his current strength.

A half-Saint was the best candidate. If it was some average peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong really wouldn't have wasted the time.

Fenggong was stumped at Huang Xiaolong's words, then a sneer crept up on his face, "Kid, since you wish for death, then don't blame me." As his voice fell, Fenggong's fist punched out towards Huang Xiaolong.

"Let me open your eyes to the power of a half-Saint!"

"The strength of a half-Saint is not something a measly mid-Xiantian Tenth Order like you can contemplate!"

A giant fist imprint shot out, piercing through the air while emitting a purple flame, raising turbulent winds. Before the fist imprint got close to Huang Xiaolong, the stones and boulders on the ground already shattered from the force, pulverized.

At this moment, Huang Xiaolong lifted his hand, striking a punch straight against Fenggong's fist.

Fenggong sneered derisively watching Huang Xiaolong's action: "Naive recklessness!" A measly mid-Xiantian Tenth Order wanted to block his half-Saint attack in a frontal collision? He could already see the scene where Huang Xiaolong was blasted into mincemeat by his punch.

At this point, Huang Xiaolong's and Fenggong's fists finally collided, resulting in a booming explosion. Dust and sand flew into the air as horrifying shock waves surged mostly in Fenggong's direction.

Fenggong's face tightened, his hand quickly struck at the surging shock waves, successfully dispersing the terrifying energy rolling towards him. Despite that, he was forced to retreat back awkwardly for quite a distance.

The surroundings suddenly fell into a deathly silence.

Dai Li had imagined his Master easily dealing with the black-haired young man and him, seeing himself refining the Human-shaped Purpleblood Ginseng. Watching his Master being forced back again and again, his mouth rounded to the size of a chicken egg.

Whereas Fenggong no longer moved as he stood there.

## Chapter 304: Back to City of Myriad Gods

The wind howled sharply...

It was a beat later that Fenggong was jolted to his senses, looking at Huang Xiaolong.

Impossible! How could a trifling mid-Xiantian Tenth Order block his half-Saint fist force! How could he be the one pushed back!

He refused to believe!

Suddenly, Fenggong bellowed sharply, a purplish-black energy flow surged from his body as a Six-horned Devil Scorpion emerged behind him and he soul transformed immediately.

Black and purple streaks covered Fenggong's face, making him look ferocious and terrifying.

"Devil Scorpion in The Sky!"

Fenggong leaped into the air, both hands shaped into claws, launching an attack on Huang Xiaolong, akin to a giant devil scorpion.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong dared not underestimate the opponent, swiftly transforming into the Asura Physique. The Wings of Demon extended from his back and his silhouette disappeared in a blur as he initiated his battle qi. Also shaping his hands into claws, Huang Xiaolong confronted the enemy with a similar attack.

Instantly the area was filled with surging devilish air, condensing into many howling wraiths—Asura Demon Claw's first move, Laments of Thousands of Demons!

Upon breaking through to Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong's Asura Demon Claw could form a solid entity, materializing fifty to sixty wraiths at one go. The momentum was a hundred times more overwhelming than before his pre-rift adventure.

Listening to the wraiths howling, Fenggong felt an icy coldness creep up his heart.

However, at this point, his Devil Scorpion claw and Huang Xiaolong Asura Demon Claw collided. The rebound force felt like a tsunami, forcing Fenggong to stagger backward. Seizing this opportunity, Huang Xiaolong sent another palm in Fenggong's direction, the power of the palm overlapped and multiplied, sending golden halos that spread out continuously, looming over the earth.

God Binding Palm!

Fenggong was shocked watching the golden halos coming out from Huang Xiaolong's palm. Almost simultaneously, he felt the airflow around him being vacuumed away, while his limbs and body were shackled by numerous invisible chains.

Apprehension rose rapidly in Fenggong's heart. He pushed his battle qi with a frenzy, wanting to free himself from these invisible shackles, but what made him frantic was that the more he struggled, the tighter these chains seemed to bind him!

Sensing Huang Xiaolong getting closer, he was afraid, frantic, and angry.

"Boundless Qi Explosion!" Fenggong's eyes turned red, his battle qi suddenly resonated and a series of explosions rang in the air. Just when Huang Xiaolong was about to strike again, Fenggong finally succeeded in escaping the binds, quickly raising both his arms to block Huang Xiaolong's palms.

Once again, Fenggong was repelled back in embarrassment, his face turned a shade whiter. By the time he stopped, he had retreated several hundred meters, panting heavily, he looked at Huang Xiaolong with shock and intense terror.

'Just now, what was that battle skill?!' If it wasn't for him using a desperate method, forcefully executing the Boundless Qi Explosion, perhaps by now, he would already be...!

Huang Xiaolong was not surprised that Fenggong managed to escape the God Binding Palm's restriction, because if a half-Saint didn't have at least that much strength, then he couldn't be called a half-Saint.

However, when Huang Xiaolong prepared to continue attacking, Fenggong shouted anxiously: "Stop!"

Fenggong looked at Huang Xiaolong, both of his arms were numbed with pain. Although the total time they actually exchanged moves was only several breaths, he was already afraid. A fear as if he was fighting an actual Saint realm expert wrapped around his heart.

But Huang Xiaolong acted like he did not hear anything, leaping up, the force of both fists blasted out. Fists imprints shielded the sky, intangible and surreal, extremely profound.

The Great Void Divine Fist! This was the first time Huang Xiaolong used it against an enemy.

Watching giant fists imprints fill the sky, Fenggong leaped back, dodging. At the same time, his palms struck out intermittently towards the sky, blasts and explosions rang high up one after another. Even so, the Great Void Divine Fist still landed on Fenggong's chest.

Issuing a muffled grunt, blood spurted from Fenggong's mouth in large amounts, while his body was thrown back like a broken kite. When he managed to crawl to a stand, he saw Huang Xiaolong holding a long halberd in his hands. With a shake, the long halberd stabbed at him, raising layers of big waves akin to seas flipping over. Failing to dodge, Fenggong was pulled into the crashing waves of energy, blasting his robe into pieces.

Before Fenggong crashed to the ground, a long halberd appeared out of nowhere, piercing through his chest with the tip coming out from the back, a sharp pain burst from his chest. Fenggong stared dumbly at the long halberd stuck in his chest, his eyes traveled along the halberd length to the other end, where Huang Xiaolong stood.

Both of them landed the ground. And Huang Xiaolong pulled out the Eminent Holiness Halberd.

Fengong wobbled unsteadily more than a dozen steps, barely able to keep his body from swaying. Blood flowed endlessly from the hole in his chest even as his hands clutched at it. Feeling his own blood seeping out uncontrollably, Fengong suddenly smiled; a smile that held forlorn despair.

“May I know, in whose hands I fell?” Fengong looked at Huang Xiaolong, each word wheezed out painfully.

“Huang Xiaolong.” Huang Xiaolong replied coldly.

“Huang Xiaolong?” Fengong’s feeble voice repeated the name, at the end, his body fell the same time as his voice.

“I forgot to tell you, I got this Eminent Holiness Halberd from below too.” Huang Xiaolong said, looking condescendingly at Fengong.

Fengong’s eyes gradually dimmed and closed. A half-Saint died in the hands of a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order!

In the distance, watching his Master’s demise, Dai Li was struck dumb. In truth, Huang Xiaolong’s battle with Fengong, from the beginning to the end, lasted merely a dozen breaths’ time. Everything happened so fast that Dai Li has a hard time processing what took place right before his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong strode over in Dai Li’s direction, jolting Dai Li awake from his shock to the gravity of his situation.

“You!” There was only terror in his eyes other than terror. His feet moving backward woodenly, Dai Li was suddenly at a loss.

While Dai Li was still in a daze, Huang Xiaolong’s long halberd snaked to the front, piercing Dai Li’s chest in one quick strike before being pulled out.

It was exactly high noon at this time, and underneath the bright sunlight, the Eminent Holiness Halberd glinted with a noble halo, there was not a drop of blood on the length of its blade. Huang Xiaolong returned the halberd to his arm after appreciating it briefly.

A moment later, Huang Xiaolong had removed two spatial rings and burned the two bodies. Disappearing in a flicker, he headed towards the City of Myriad Gods.

‘It’s been seven months, I don’t know if Yao Fei, that scourge, is still in the City of Myriad Gods’ A sharp light glinted in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes at the thought of Yao Fei. ‘Hopefully, Yao Fei hasn’t left the city!’

There was also that Zhao Chen!

However, Huang Xiaolong had doubts regarding Zhao Chen. He firmly believed that he didn’t offend Zhao Chen before, thus there was no grudge to speak of. But, why do Zhao Chen want to deal with him? Moreover, it was as if this Zhao Chen knew him.

Huang Xiaolong sped through the air, appearing like a line of azure light cutting across space. One hour later, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the City of Myriad Gods.

Back in the City of Myriad Gods, Huang Xiaolong first headed to the courtyard where Qin Yang and the rest were.

The moment Huang Xiaolong appeared at the City of Myriad Gods' city gates, within a manor on the south side, Zhao Chen was the first to receive news of Huang Xiaolong's appearance. Hearing his subordinate's report, Zhao Chen looked icily at Steward Feng, stating, "Didn't you say we have people watching that courtyard twenty-four hours a day, that Huang Xiaolong did not take a step out from that yard?! Now that he returned from outside the city, how do you explain this?!"

A film of cold sweat dotted Steward Feng's forehead, not knowing how to answer.

Huang Xiaolong left the City of Myriad Gods, when was this?! He truly did not know.

Zhao Chen sneered, "I didn't expect that kid to return again after leaving. Since you dared to return, then this time around, you shouldn't even dream to leave the City of Myriad Gods ever again! After dealing with you, it's time to make that trip to Ghost City."

### **Chapter 305: Why Should I Run ?**

Originally, Zhao Chen had decided to capture Huang Xiaolong in his residence courtyard, but now that Huang Xiaolong had returned, very good!

"Order down, tell those trash not to alarm Huang Xiaolong at the moment, wait till I'm there before making any move!" Zhao Chen snapped an order at Steward Feng.

"Yes, Young Lord!" Steward Feng hastened to appease Zhao Chen.

A short while later, Zhao Chen led a group of expert subordinates heading out to Huang Xiaolong's courtyard.

On the other side, Huang Xiaolong stepped inside the yard. Seeing Huang Xiaolong return, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng were in high spirits, all four quickly went up to greet Huang Xiaolong. Telling them to stand, Huang Xiaolong inquired about the general situation in this period of absence.

Listening to Qin Yang's report, it appears Zhao Chen's men had been watching their every move all these months, Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly. Spreading his spiritual sense, his body disappeared in a blur, and when he re-appeared in the yard, Qin Yang saw his hands held four brocade robed middle-aged men prisoner. With a casual flick, he threw the four people to a corner of the yard.

Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest were wide-eyed as they looked at the four people Huang Xiaolong casually threw to a corner, they of course recognized the four people's faces being Zhao Chen's subordinates—moreover, each of them was a Xiantian Eighth Order expert.

It was merely a lapse of few breaths' time, Huang Xiaolong already captured four Xiantian Eighth Order experts?!

Did this mean that their Young Lord found the dwelling left behind by that ancient God Tribe master? Apart from that, they couldn't think of any other reason for Huang Xiaolong's strength advancing so much in a short seven months!

'Young Lord not only broke through Xiantian Eighth Order, perhaps he reached late-Xiantian Eighth Order, maybe even peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order.' Qin Yang secretly surmised.

In his judgment, Huang Xiaolong could defeat a late-Xiantian Eighth Order when he was still a mid-Xiantian Seventh Order, now that he had broken through to late-Xiantian Eighth Order, dealing with several Xiantian Eighth Order experts was nothing out of ordinary.

Huang Xiaolong had no idea about the thoughts passing through his four subordinates' little minds. Looking at the four people on the ground, his cold voice sounded: "Speak, why is Zhao Chen so keen on dealing with me?"

Huang Xiaolong was really curious why someone he had no feud or grudges with was looking to trouble him.

The four of them ignored Huang Xiaolong's questioning, all raised their head and glared at him. One of them snickered, "Punk, if you're wise, let us go now, if not, you won't even be able to wish for death later!"

"That's right, obediently release us right now, our Young Lord might leave you with an intact corpse!" Another man added with contempt.

"Is that so?" Huang Xiaolong's expression was icy cold. His hand reached out and made a grasping motion and the two people flew straight into Huang Xiaolong's hands.

Their necks were tightly clutched in Huang Xiaolong's hands, his icy voice sounded, "Then I shall leave you with an intact corpse now." Finished saying that, Huang Xiaolong exerted pressure in his fingers, instantly breaking their necks.

When the two bodies fell to the ground, their eyes were bulging out in disbelief, Huang Xiaolong actually dared to kill them. The remaining two people stared in fear at the bodies of their comrades. The proud arrogance earlier vanished without a trace, leaving only terror on their faces.

Huang Xiaolong slowly approached them.

"You, don't kill us!" Both men retreated in panic.

"Speak! Why must Zhao Chen come after me?!" Huang Xiaolong's eyes were sharp and cold.

"We don't know, truly, we really don't know!"

"Steward Feng only ordered us to watch your movements, as for why Young Lord wants to deal with you, we really don't know!" Both men blabbed out everything for a slim hope of survival.

“Since it’s like that, there’s no use in keeping you two alive.” Huang Xiaolong commented, without another word, his fist punched through the air.

The Great Void Divine Fist landed squarely on the two men’s chest, blasting a hole in their chests.

Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng jumped seeing Huang Xiaolong kill all four people without any hesitation, after all, these four were Zhao Chen’s men.

“Young Lord, isn’t it better if we leave this City of Myriads Gods now?” Qin Yang stepped forward and inquired cautiously. Zhao Chen would not let this matter of killing his subordinate go.

“Leave?” Huang Xiaolong turned towards the distant sky, “I’m afraid we won’t make it now.”

Just when Qin Yang and the rest were puzzled by Huang Xiaolong’s answer, several black dots appeared on the horizon, moving at amazing speed in their direction.

“Zhao Chen!” Qin Yang and the other three paled.

Huang Xiaolong watched as the several dots representing Zhao Chen and his people grew bigger and closer. He sneered, thinking ‘this Zhao Chen’s actions are real fast.’ It seems he was informed the moment he passed through the city gates.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the same spot, not showing any expression, waiting for Zhao Chen to arrive. Moments later, Zhao Chen and his subordinates finally landed in the courtyard where Huang Xiaolong was.

Zhao Chen landed in the middle of the yard, and his eyes scanned the surroundings. As he did so, he saw the four bodies of his subordinates and his face sank gloomily. Facing Huang Xiaolong, his voice was sullen, “You dared to kill them!” Like the saying went, ‘Look at the master before you hit the dog’, moreover, he even killed them!

He knew Huang Xiaolong was aware that these four were his men.

Huang Xiaolong retorted indifferently, “Why wouldn’t I dare?”

Zhao Chen glared fiercely at Huang Xiaolong, a blue light flitted in his eyes and he suddenly burst into laughter, “Huang Xiaolong, you really think I won’t dare to kill you just because that old fogey He Yunxiong is shielding you!”

“Let me enlighten you, anyone who offends me, no matter who it is, cannot live!”

A blue flame emerged from Zhao Chen’s body, dancing wildly. Blue flames licked the air, raising the surrounding temperature ten times higher, as if the entire courtyard fell into boiling magma. Qin Yang and the rest were astounded to see the water inside a big urn in the corner evaporating drop by drop, turning into strands of mist.

Streams of hot waves wrapped around the four of them, causing a searing pain in their flesh.

At this point, the silver-haired Steward Feng stepped forward, "Young Lord, please allow this slave to act, killing a mere Xiantian warrior would dirty your hands." This Steward Feng was also a Saint realm expert, hence he did not put Huang Xiaolong, a mere Xiantian warrior in his eyes.

"No need." Zhao Chen lifted one hand. Looking at Huang Xiaolong, a complacent sneer appeared on his face, "I will do it myself, I want to let He Yunxiong, that old fogey, know that the people I want to kill, no one can save!"

"Yes, Young Lord!" Hearing this, Steward Feng and the other subordinates retreated to the side.

Huang Xiaolong too indicated Qin Yang's group to stand aside.

Zhao Chen looked at the calm Huang Xiaolong and an indifferent smile arched up the corner of his mouth, "This is my first time seeing someone at death's door still being able to maintain such calmness." Seeing Huang Xiaolong's lack of reaction, Zhao Chen was no longer in a hurry to kill him. To him, killing Huang Xiaolong was merely a matter of second and minute.

"Are you so sure you can kill me?" Huang Xiaolong didn't mind Zhao Chen's words, showing a nonchalant expression.

Zhao Chen was stumped momentarily at Huang Xiaolong's words, as he if had just heard the world's funniest joke and he couldn't help laughing aloud. Seeing this, Steward Feng and the rest of his subordinates also broke out in laughter. In their opinion, those words were indescribably silly and idiotic.

A Saint realm expert couldn't kill a small, measly Xiantian warrior? If a Saint realm expert wanted to exterminate a Xiantian warrior, without a doubt, it was only a matter of squashing an ant. They had never heard of a Xiantian warrior having the ability to flee from a Saint realm expert.

Zhao Chen finally stopped laughing, but there was still mirth in his eyes as he looked at Huang Xiaolong, "You think you can run from me?"

"Run? Why should I run?" Huang Xiaolong asked in return.

Zhao Chen was stumped this time, not running? He failed to comprehend for a second the underlying meaning of Huang Xiaolong's words.