

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 311-315

Chapter 311: Ghost King Palace

Inside the Ghost City, a very thick scent of blood lingered in the air. Signs of death and massacre appeared around every corner...

Ghostly and evil aura rumbled outside the Ghost City's perimeter, whereas inside the city itself, not a shred of these two could be detected. But Huang Xiaolong knew that this didn't mean that there were no evil spirits or devils here, more like they were detained, sealed in a certain place.

Once this seal was broken, those evil auras would certainly be overwhelming.

Huang Xiaolong's battle qi ran gently in his veins as he walked down the streets, he was cautious and ready for any sudden movement. Despite his strength having been greatly enhanced after refining the Earth Dragon egg, advancing to the peak of late-Xiantian Tenth Order, this was the Ghost City, a place where even Saint realm experts could fall at any moment.

Huang Xiaolong continued in the same manner for more half an hour, the streets remained empty of other people. Other than the death aura in the air, the only thing that accompanied Huang Xiaolong was the howling wind.

The severed limbs, headless corpses, and mutilated bodies were most likely the result of battles amongst disciples of different sects that had entered the Ghost City seven to eight days ago, their bodies had yet to rot.

Huang Xiaolong spread out his spiritual sense around him and continued moving forward with care and caution. It was at this time that a faint scream was heard from the front, as soft it may be, Huang Xiaolong could still hear it.

It was a human voice!

Huang Xiaolong made a split second decision and flew in the direction of the voice. He didn't see even one living person ever since he stepped into the city, this was an excellent opportunity to ask someone where the sect disciples that entered Ghost City days earlier had gone.

Soon, following the sound of the voice, Huang Xiaolong reached the deserted ruins of a courtyard. In the middle of the yard, he came to the scene of a young woman that could be considered pretty, pleading fearfully at two brawny men holding sharp blades in their hands.

"I beg you, let me go, as long as you let me go, I promise to do anything." The woman endlessly pleaded.

"You would do anything for us to let you go?" The man in green robe gave a nasty chuckle, "It's not impossible to let you go, this master's lower part hasn't enjoyed some pleasure for a long time, make this master's lower part happy and I can consider letting you go." He pointed to the crotch of his pants where a tent rose.

His comrade broke out in boisterous laughter.

The woman stubbornly shook her head, trying to restrain her sobs to a minimum.

The green robed man strode towards the woman, his hand brutally grabbing the clothing on her chest and tearing it off, exposing her jade-white breasts. Shivering in the wind, it was a scene that would arouse desire and lust.

Watching the scene in front of him, the brawny green robed man swallowed loudly with lust. He took another large stride forward, wanting to grab the woman's thigh, but a sharp light glinted in front of his eyes. Both of his hands paused in midair, his eyes were wide with shock even as he tumbled to the ground in the next second.

Huang Xiaolong appeared in the ruined yard, in front of the three people. The other man was jarred seeing his comrade's corpse, his fearful eyes darted towards Huang Xiaolong's face.

The woman awakened, quickly tidying her clothing before approaching Huang Xiaolong's side with an embarrassed expression: "Many thanks for Young Noble's helping hand."

However, just as her sentence ended, a sharp blade appeared in her hand stabbing down on Huang Xiaolong's back. If Huang Xiaolong spine was severed, as powerful as Huang Xiaolong was, he would be gravely injured, even paralyzed on the spot.

The weak and pitiful look completely vanished from her face, replaced with vicious cruelty and bloodlust. Her sadistic laughter rang in Huang Xiaolong's ears, "Little kid, you only have yourself to blame for being nosy, but don't worry, I'll leave your corpse in one piece."

The sharp blade fell right into Huang Xiaolong's spine bone.

At this moment, the other man broke out in manic laughter as he pierced his sword into Huang Xiaolong's chest, vicious words spewing from his mouth, "Punk, it didn't cross your mind that we're actually a group! Seventeen disciples from different sect died under our hands before this, and you're the eighteenth!"

These three people were actually a group!

The three people in cahoots put on a show, all to lure sect disciples like Huang Xiaolong over, killing them when they weren't on guard, and pilfering their treasures.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at the two faces, a sneer appeared on his face, "Is that so?"

Both of them noticed that Huang Xiaolong was calm instead of wailing in pain, and were alarmed. Two pairs of eyes separately darted towards his spine and chest 'wounds' only to realize that their so-called sharp blade and sword stopped right on the young man's skin surface, not even making a cut through Huang Xiaolong's skin.

"This!" The man and woman were dumbstruck.

How could this be! The first word that crossed their minds was—impossible!

Huang Xiaolong had a faint mocking smile on his face looking at their wonderful expressions. He practiced the Golden Linglong Body that came from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, and throughout his years of cultivations, he had lost count of the number of spirit fruits and elixirs he had swallowed. Even before he refined the Earth Dragon egg's essence, his physical body's defense and toughness were comparable to an early Saint realm expert's. Average blades and swords had no way of hurting him, as they couldn't even break the surface of his skin.

Intense Battle qi surged out from Huang Xiaolong's body, repelling the two people. Their sharp weapons were bounced to the air and broke into a dozen pieces, scattering on the ground. Huang Xiaolong reached out, the suction force pulled the man back, with his throat in Huang Xiaolong's palm. An icy cold voice sounded, "Eighteenth?" The man's face turned purple as he struggled to say something, but Huang Xiaolong's hand exerted a slight pressure, instantly crushing the man's throat and flung him to the side without another glance. Then, he turned around and faced the woman.

Paralyzed by fear, the woman hastened to beg, "Young Noble, have mercy, have mercy, ah! It was them, they forced me, they forced me to do this!" Her fingers pointed frantically at the two men's corpses.

"Speak, where did all the sect disciples that entered the Ghost City go?" Huang Xiaolong questioned coldly.

"They, they headed towards the Ghost King Palace." The woman quickly answered.

"Ghost King Palace?" Huang Xiaolong frowned.

"Right, right, all of them went to the Ghost King Palace. It's at the north side of the city, the Ghost King Palace was the Ghost King's residence in the past, I heard there are a lot of valuable treasures inside, cultivation techniques, battle skills, even Ghost King Pellets refined by the Ghost King himself." The woman quickly listed all the good things to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong then asked the woman what she knew about the Ghost King Palace, and everything was answered honestly.

"Young Noble, can you...?" After answering the last of Huang Xiaolong's question, the woman inquired carefully, eyes seeking mercy.

Huang Xiaolong was indifferent, his hand lifted and a finger pointed directly at the center of the woman's eyebrows, piercing through her head with an Absolute Soul Finger, "I can leave you an intact corpse."

The woman fell, her eyes widened in shock, laying on the ground with her milky white breasts exposed to the sky.

"Ghost King Palace." Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself and flew up towards the said direction of the Ghost King Palace. No wonder he didn't see anyone on the streets, each and every one of them had rushed to the Ghost King Palace.

If so, then Zhao Chen and Yao Fei would surely be at the Ghost King Palace as well!

Huang Xiaolong rushed all the way, his silhouette was only a blur in the Ghost City's airspace. Half a day later, he arrived at the said location.

Standing in midair, Huang Xiaolong looked before him, where the palace structures waved up and down in the horizon line in a complex pattern. The area was so big that it was hard to estimate, and above the palace, the ghost and devil auras were thick enough to condense into ghost and devil clouds.

This was the Ghost King Palace! The place where the Ghost King cultivated in the past.

Chapter 312: What If I Intervene?

Huang Xiaolong paused for a moment in midair before landing on one of the palace's many roofs.

Here, in the Ghost King Palace, Huang Xiaolong found that his spiritual sense was being limited. At most, his spiritual sense could only extend one hundred meters, but the Ghost King Palace area was too enormous, a mere hundred meters radius of spiritual sense was basically redundant.

A thought struck his mind and a vertical slit opened on his forehead—the Eye of Hell. Sure enough, the Eye of Hell could see farther and clearer than his spiritual sense in this ghostly place, even through several layers of walls, Huang Xiaolong was able to see what was happening behind them without obstruction.

Still, it was limited to only a thousand meter in radius.

One thousand meter radius... Huang Xiaolong shook his head. In truth, one thousand meters wasn't that much of a difference. He leaped down from the roof, landing on the ground below, staying on the roof was too obvious a target.

Just as his feet touched the ground, powerful energy fluctuations came from the direction in front of him. Judging from the level of energy fluctuations, the two people fighting were, without a doubt, half-Saint experts. Furthermore, their strength was slightly higher than the old man he battled on the Broken Tiger Rift.

Huang Xiaolong leaped forward, heading towards the source. It didn't take him long to arrive at the scene.

The two people fighting were two young looking men, one was clad in a red robe, while his opponent in a purple robe. On the red robed man's chest, there was a pattern of a two-headed mythical beast, something that Huang Xiaolong had seen before. In the City of Myriad Gods, he saw the same two-headed mythical beast on He Yunxiong's robe.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong surmised that this red-robed young man was someone from Millennium City, and chances were, he was He Yunxiong's disciple. Whereas the purple-robed young man, the emblem on his robe was an Elephant.

Elephant? It seems this other young man belongs to the City of Myriad Gods, Luo Wujun's disciple!

Luo Wujun, the City of Myriad Gods' Castellan, also one of top ten Bedlam Lands' experts.

From observing these two people's battle, this Luo Wujun disciple's strength was a bit better than He Yunxiong's disciple. Fists and palm imprints collided, the sound of exploding air resonated. All of a sudden, Luo Wujun's disciple changed his movement midair, somersaulting over and slamming a palm strike squarely on He Yunxiong's disciple's back.

Pu! Sun Haoran coughed out a mouthful of blood, plummeting to the ground

Succeeding in injuring Sun Haoran, Wu Zhang landed on the ground, staring at Sun Haoran's miserable condition. A malicious sneer crept up his face, "Sun Haoran, you didn't expect that you would die here, right?"

Sun Haoran wiped off the blood from the corner of his mouth, no fear in his eyes: "If I die, Master will avenge me."

Wu Zhang burst into laughter hearing this, "Master? You think that old man He Yunxiong could leave this Ghost City alive? Let me tell you, the Ghost City's appearance this time, your Master, as well as your nine apprentice-brothers and sisters can only dream of leaving here alive!"

"You!" Sun Haoran paled: "What did you say?!"

"What did I say?" Wu Zhang snickered, "Wait till you see He Yunxiong in hell, you can ask him yourself." Wu Zhang moved again, both palms aiming at Sun Haoran's torso.

Sun Haoran dodged swiftly, but Wu Zhang's palm dogged him like a shadow, closer and closer. Just when Wu Zhang's palms attack was about to strike, a dazzling aureate light filled the sky, overtowering Buddha statues leaped out from the ground below.

Startled, Wu Zhang hastily changed the direction of his attack with a turn of his wrist at the sudden attacker.

A booming blast resounded, the large rebound force repelled Wu Zhang back again and again until he was pushed more than several hundred meters back. Wu Zhang was greatly shocked, his bewildered eyes searched the surrounding to discover that a black-haired young man had appeared in front of Sun Haoran.

Ignoring Wu Zhang's shock, Huang Xiaolong turned back to look at Sun Haoran, "Are you alright?"

Sun Haoran was looking at Huang Xiaolong's back, dumbfounded. Huang Xiaolong's voice pulled him back to the present, and Sun Haoran shook his head: "I'm alright, thank you."

Huang Xiaolong considered for a moment and took out a stalk of White Ganoderma from the Asura Ring. Its fragrance immediately wafted in the air, lighting up the gloomy dark gray sky as if it was daylight.

“This, this is White Ganoderma!” Both Wu Zhang and Sun Haoran exclaimed in amazement, eyes staring fixedly at the white fungus in Huang Xiaolong’s hand, almost a translucent crystal with a white-colored emulsion moving on the inside.

This was one of the many elixirs Huang Xiaolong found at the bottom of Broken Tiger Rift. A hundred-year-old ganoderma was common, but a thousand-year-old and above was rare, a stem of a ten-thousand-year-old ganoderma was considered extinct, not to mention the king of ganoderma, the White Ganoderma.

This king of ganoderma, other than enhancing cultivation, it was a holy elixir for healing injuries.

Before the two pairs of feverish eyes, Huang Xiaolong sent the White Ganoderma to Sun Haoran with a gentle flick, “Here, swallow it.”

Sun Haoran looked dazedly at Huang Xiaolong in disbelief. Doubtful of what he had just heard, he asked, “Are you sure you want to let me swallow this White Ganoderma?”

Huang Xiaolong nodded, “I owe Senior He a personal favor.”

That time in the City of Myriad Gods, He Yunxiong helped Huang Xiaolong out, now he was just reciprocating the favor by saving his disciple. The White Ganoderma might be a rare elixir in others’ eyes, but it wasn’t that significant to Huang Xiaolong. In the pile of elixirs inside his Asura Ring, this White Ganoderma ranked at the bottom.

“So, this Brother knows Master.” Sun Haoran was relieved after clarifying this point, but still, he refused, “But this is too much, please keep it for yourself. My injuries are not that heavy.” He moved to send the White Ganoderma back to Huang Xiaolong. In his opinion, Huang Xiaolong’s repayment was slightly overboard, he was embarrassed to accept such a precious gift.

It was at this moment, a shadow flickered, Wu Shang’s hand reached out to grab the White Ganoderma.

However, before he could touch the White Ganoderma, a torrent of halberd shadows appeared, bringing a storm of violent winds that overlapped like layers of waves. Alarmed, Wu Zhang resolutely retreated.

“Big Cutting Palm!” His arms gathered back and then slashed down vertically.

A dozen knife-like palms slashed down on the violent winds created by the halberds.

Boom! A thunderous explosion shook the space.

The numerous halberd shadows dissipated, Wu Zhang succeeded in blocking the layers of violent winds, but despite that, his back was damp with cold sweat. He looked at Huang Xiaolong with trepidation for only he truly understood how horrifying Huang Xiaolong’s halberd attack was.

What was this black-haired young man’s background, for a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order to possess such terrifying strength? Wu Zhang’s throat felt parched, “Friend, this is a matter between our City of Myriad Gods and Millennium City, I advise you, it’s better not to interfere unnecessarily.”

Huang Xiaolong was impassive, "So what if I interfere?"

When he was in the City of Myriad Gods that time, Zhao Chen's subordinates blatantly attacked Huang Xiaolong without fear of repercussions and the city guards were shamelessly siding with Zhao Chen's subordinates. These didn't help build any good impression on the City of Myriad Gods in Huang Xiaolong's mind.

Hearing that, Wu Zhang shook his head, "This friend's strength is not bad, but still, it's better not to act recklessly, otherwise you would be bringing a catastrophe to your family." Wu Zhang's words were not empty threats. Very little people in the Bedlam Lands dared to interfere in the City of Myriad Gods' affairs.

At this time, Sun Haoren persuaded, "Brother, go." He felt it was not necessary for Huang Xiaolong to offend the City of Myriad Gods because of Millennium City, regardless if Huang Xiaolong owed his Master a favor or not.

Chapter 313: Ghost King Sutra

Seeing that Sun Haoran too persuaded him not to interfere, Huang Xiaolong shook his head, secretly thinking, 'As a man, what is fear, and what is there to be afraid of?' He wasn't even afraid of Deities Templar, would he bow to a mere City of Myriad Gods?!

When Wu Zhang saw Huang Xiaolong being silent, he immediately assumed that Huang Xiaolong feared the City of Myriad Gods' power and prepared to retreat and he couldn't resist smiling, "This friend could see the truth and make the wisest decision, to preserve oneself is the brightest road..." His words trailed off here, his greedy eyes shifted towards the White Ganoderma with his hands extended out, his meaning evident in the gesture.

But when his hand almost caught the elixir in his hand, halberd images rained down once again. This time, the power of destruction surpassed the last attack, scaring Wu Zhang and causing him to leap back in shock, striking out Big Cutting Palms continuously in an attempt to block.

Wu Zhang retreated again and again until he was several hundred meters back before stopping, a film of sweat trickled down his forehead.

"You!" His expression distorted glowering at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong jeered, "Preservation before principle? When did I tell you that I'm leaving?"

A gloomy light flickered in Wu Zhang's eyes, "Friend really isn't afraid that the family you belong to would perish in calamity due to your folly?"

"That depends if your City of Myriad Gods has the capability." Throwing that sentence, Huang Xiaolong no longer bothered to exchange more words, the Eminent Holiness Halberd hummed, slashing down a thousand zhang long golden black halberd light. Space shook as the long halberd pierced through the air, arriving instantaneously in front of Wu Zhang.

The abrupt change made Wu Zhang's confidence wavered.

"Elusive Dragon Step!"

Without a second thought, Wu Zhang leaped high up from the ground as if he was a flood dragon, barely escaping the thousand zhang golden-black halberd light. A booming sound reached his ears. Turning back, he saw that the palace building structure behind him was cut into two sections right in the middle. Crumbling down to the sides, extending past the structure, dust and sand obscured the view.

Wu Zhang face was ashen watching the result, fortunately, he managed to dodge the attack fast enough, otherwise, he'd be split in two.

While Wu Zhang was still immersed in his lucky escape, bright golden light cast over him. Turning to look, he saw Huang Xiaolong descending on him like a Dragon God. In an upward motion, the long halberd executed another attack. Blinding halberd lights shot straight at him.

"Crimson Blood Palm!" Terrified, Wu Zhang bellowed. His palms doubled in size, turning a blood crimson red, slamming down towards Huang Xiaolong.

Two blood-crimson palm imprints crashed against countless halberd images, shock waves and explosions reverberated in the air.

The powerful impact sent Wu Zhang staggering back when a wayward halberd light flew towards him. Wu Zhang merely caught sight of a bright flash, and the next thing he knew, bursts of pain came from his chest area.

He stared dazedly at his own torso where a halberd was sticking to his chest, penetrating him through and through, the tip coming out from his back.

Huang Xiaolong's expression was cold as he pulled out the Eminent Holiness Halberd before landing on the ground.

Blood fell like rain to the ground from high altitude, as Wu Zhang plummeted.

Sun Haoran was bewildered as he watched Wu Zhang falling from the sky. At this point, he was well aware that Wu Zhang was at the end of his rope, his life not far from being extinguished. He was familiar with Wu Zhang's strength, he was a peak of half-Saint, the City of Myriad Gods' Castellan's second disciple. For centuries, there had never been an opponent that managed to defeat him or strong enough to be a rival.

But now, Wu Zhang actually died in the hands of a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order? Moreover, it was only a matter of several strikes. From the beginning until the end, Wu Zhang never had a chance to resist.

While these thoughts ran past Sun Haoran's mind, on the other side, Wu Zhang struggled to get up slowly. Eyes filled with venomous viciousness, he glared at Huang Xiaolong, his hoarse voice sounded: "You...will...regret this!"

“I’m not one to regret things.” Huang Xiaolong’s cold gaze directed at Wu Zhang.

Wu Zhang looked at Sun Haoran and back at Huang Xiaolong again, a laugh sounded from his throat, a little helpless, a little lonely, “Worry not, both of you will come down to accompany me soon enough.” His body swayed, tumbling to the ground as he uttered his last word, no longer moving.

Huang Xiaolong let the Eminent Holiness Halberd return to his arm. Approaching Wu Zhang’s corpse, he found his spatial ring and took it. His spiritual sense swept inside and detected many spirit pellets, and elixirs. In a deeper corner of the space, Huang Xiaolong found two pieces of grade one spirit stones.

The spirit pellets were mostly of grade eight and grade nine, if this was before, Huang Xiaolong would have been delighted, however, these grades of items couldn’t enter his eyes now. As for elixirs, in Huang Xiaolong’s Asura Ring were elixirs over thirty-thousand-year-old.

Still, having beats not having any time, thus Huang Xiaolong threw the spatial ring into his Asura Ring. Looking at Wu Zhang’s corpse, with a wave of his hand, a lump of true essence fire fell on the corpse, incinerating the body before one could blink. In the end, only a pile of gray ashes remained.

Witnessing the terror of that spark of flame, Sun Haoran swallowed nervously. Once again, his knowledge of things was challenged. He had never seen or heard of this before, what kind of flame condensed out of battle could qi contain such power?!

The physical body of a half-Saint was undoubtedly strong, so strong that it couldn’t be burned by an average battle qi flame, not even the hairs on the skin surface of a half-Saint’s body, thus one should forget about incinerating the whole body.

Huang Xiaolong turned around and walked towards Sun Haoran.

Only then did Sun Haoran wake up from his daze, stuttering a little, “Ma-many thanks for B-Brother’s help. This saving grace, I, Haoran, will remember in my heart.” Facing Huang Xiaolong again, there was reverence in his eyes, even he failed to notice the subtle changes in his demeanor.

Sun Haoran’s words made Huang Xiaolong smile. Shaking his head, he said, “No need, I’ve already said that I’m just repaying Senior He’s favor. Now, swallow this White Ganoderma, I’ll help you heal your injuries.”

“Yes!” Sun Haoran accepted, not daring to refuse. Thus, Sun Haoran swallowed the White Ganoderma, whereas Huang Xiaolong ran his battle qi, both palms pressed against Sun Haoran’s back, aiding Sun Haoran in refining the medicinal benefits of the elixir. With Huang Xiaolong’s help, three hours later, Sun Haoran had fully absorbed the medicine.

“Many thanks, Brother!” Sun Haoran once again cupped his hands in thanks towards Huang Xiaolong. After refining the White Ganoderma, he found out that not only had all his injuries healed, even the hidden injuries of old wounds disappeared, and his battle qi was more vigorous than before.

“Don’t mention it.” Huang Xiaolong asked, “Do you know where Senior He is at this time?”

Sun Haoran shook his head, "I was separated from Master and the other apprentice brothers, I don't know where Master or my Brothers could be, but, judging from what Wu Zhang said before, that Luo Wujun is planning something detrimental to Master. Master must be in a dangerous situation now!" Sun Haoran became anxious.

"Let's leave this place first." Huang Xiaolong suggested.

Sun Haoran nodded in agreement. With that, both flew off, leaving the scene.

"This time, when the Ghost City appeared, did both Senior He and Luo Wujun come here?" While flying, Huang Xiaolong asked.

"Yes, other than my Master and Luo Wujun, Senior Yang Yi from Imperial Saber City and Ghost Bear Senior Wang Kun are also here." Sun Haoran added, "Because there is a rumor saying that this time, the sutra that Senior Ghost King cultivated would appear in the Ghost City!"

Saber Emperor Yang Yi!

Ghost Bear Wang Kun!

Huang Xiaolong was astounded, four of the ten Bedlam Lands' top ten experts were present! It couldn't be guaranteed that none of the remaining six did not come either, it was only that Sun Haoran didn't know.

"Is this Ghost King Sutra that powerful?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

The Ghost King Sutra actually attracted four of Bedlam Lands' top experts here! Experts of He Yunxiong's level definitely didn't lack top grade cultivation techniques.

Sun Haoran nodded solemnly, "The Ghost King Sutra is indeed powerful. The Sutra is divided into ten stages, and according to legends, as long as one cultivates until the ninth stage, they would be invincible and have unimaginably long lifespans, to the point of immortality."

Chapter 314: Saint King's Junior Brother?

Invincible!

To the point of immortality!

Hearing Sun Haoran's excessive praise of the Ghost King Sutra, Huang Xiaolong couldn't help smiling inwardly, that year when he got the Asura Tactics, his Master Ren Wokuang also wrote on the first page of the manual—Asura Tactics, Invincible Throughout!

Through many years of cultivation, Huang Xiaolong understood one thing, the cultivation technique wasn't the most important aspect, but the person themselves.

"Then, do you know what stage the Ghost King managed to reach in his lifetime?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Sun Haoran explained, "It was said, that year, Senior Ghost King reached the seventh stage of the Ghost King Sutra. Although it was only the seventh stage, amongst the six kings, Senior Ghost King's strength was ranked second, even the third-ranked Senior Herculean King was once defeated by the Ghost King. If Senior Ghost King reached the eighth stage, perhaps even Senior Saint King wouldn't have been his opponent!"

Saint King! The number one master of the ancient era!

Huang Xiaolong was secretly shocked, he didn't expect this so-called Ghost King Sutra to be so amazing, merely at the seventh stage, the Ghost King secured the second position amongst the six famous kings during that time.

"Have you heard about an Eminent Holiness during that time?" Suddenly a thought struck Huang Xiaolong, he asked Sun Haoran.

"Eminent Holiness!" Sun Haoran had an astonished expression on his face looking at Huang Xiaolong, "I didn't expect that Brother would know about Eminent Holiness. In fact, this Eminent Holiness was the Saint King's Junior Brother."

"Saint King's Junior Brother?!" It was Huang Xiaolong's turn to be surprised. The leader of the six kings, Saint King's Junior Brother! Huang Xiaolong did guess the Eminent Holiness would be a famous master in his own right, but the Eminent Holiness being the Saint King's Junior Brother seemed beyond his imagination.

Sun Haoran nodded, "That's right, the Eminent Holiness was indeed the Saint King's Junior Brother. It was by coincidence that I found this information, flipping through an old ancient record, because Eminent Holiness preferred to stay hidden in the mountains, rarely showing up in public, thus during the ancient time, not many people knew about him."

Huang Xiaolong nodded, so it was like this.

"Still, as the Junior Brother of the Saint King, his strength should be quite strong as well." Sun Haoran added.

Both conversed as they flew. However, Sun Haoran knew very little about Eminent Holiness and had no other information to offer to Huang Xiaolong.

Along the way, both of them came across many scenes of sect disciples fighting for treasures, but they neither stop nor interfere in these battles. Inside the Ghost King Palace, killings and slaughters were everywhere, even if they had the heart to care, it was an endless burden.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the corpses littered on the streets along the way, shaking his head; everyone in this world knew that life was more important than anything, yet in this world, how many people could actually really see and understand?

Birds die for food and humans die for wealth.

Sun Haoran and Huang Xiaolong flew for two hours, but despite that their speed, they didn't even cover a tenth of the vast Ghost King Palace.

At one point, Sun Haoran stopped, taking out a piece of map from his sleeves. Checking the aged yellow map, a finger pointed to a spot on the map, "In front should be the Ghost Temple, one of the places the Ghost King used as a cultivation place. Brother Huang, should we go and take a look there?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded in agreement, "Good." After all, he wasn't familiar with this Ghost King Palace and since that Ghost Temple was one of the places where the Ghost King cultivated in the past, there was bound to be something valuable inside.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong agreed, Sun Haoran flew up, leading the way to the Ghost God Temple. No more than ten minutes later, from afar, both of them could see the outline of the Ghost Temple.

Above the temple, dense ghost aura condensed into pillows of ghost clouds. From afar, one could hear the shrill cries coming from these ghost clouds, penetrating the soul.

When the two of them got closer to Ghost Temple, they heard echoes of battle and loud, angry voices. It seems there were some people who arrived at Ghost Temple before them.

"This is... Third Senior Brother's voice!" When Sun Haoran heard one of the voices, his face tightened, "Third Senior Brother's in danger!" He rushed towards the scene with Huang Xiaolong.

Arriving on the fighting scene seconds later, they saw a red-robed middle-aged man with a light goatee besieged by two middle-aged men clad in blue robes.

On the chest of the red-robed man, there was a similar two-headed mythical beast pattern just like Sun Haoran's, identifying him to be Sun Haoran's Third Senior Brother. Other than the three people fighting, not far away, there was a pair of young man and woman watching the battle, from the looks of things, they were on the same side as the two middle-aged men in blue robes.

"Blood Dragon City's people!" Sun Haoran's expression grew grim the instant he saw the two middle-aged men and the pair of young disciples.

Blood Dragon City!

Huang Xiaolong blanked, looking carefully, he noticed the white dragon emblem on the two middle-aged men's sleeves. Blood Dragon City was one of the top ten cities in the Bedlam Lands, ranking above Millennium City. Its City Castellan, Silver Dragon Ao Gu was quite formidable.

'That pair of young people must be Silver Dragon Ao Gu's disciples,' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself, 'while those two middle-aged men were probably guards.'

At this point, Sun Haoran's Third Senior Brother, Peng Feng, received a full force punch to his shoulder, a low grunt escaped his mouth. His entire body was thrown back, blood flowing out the corner of his lips.

"Third Senior Brother!" Sun Haoran cried out, jumping into the fray with a punch aimed at the same blue-robed middle-aged man who attacked. Although he wasn't clear why his Third Senior Brother had a

conflict with the people from Blood Dragon City, at this kind of situation, he couldn't bother with the smaller details.

The power of Sun Haoran's punch forced the middle-aged man to retreat, while Peng Feng seized the opportunity to punch the other middle-aged man. Suddenly, the battle came to a standstill.

"Fourth Junior Brother, run quickly!" However, Peng Feng felt no joy seeing Sun Haoran appear. Instead, he blurted out an anxious warning, looking extremely agitated. If it was his Senior Brother, perhaps both of them could retreat safely, but Fourth Junior Brother's strength was slightly weaker than his. As for that black-haired young man with his Fourth Junior Brother, although Peng Feng didn't know who the young man might be, he was still only a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order and was of no help at all.

"Run? Since you're here, don't dream of leaving!" The pair of young people approached and the young woman sneered. Huang Xiaolong's guess was right on the gold, this young man and woman pair were Blood Dragon City Castellan Silver Dragon Ao Gu's disciples, the young man was called Du Huagang and the young woman was Li Li, the two blue-robed middle-aged men were indeed their guards. Regardless, all four of them were powerful, all four were half-Saints.

Li Li walked over, her eyes taking a quick glance over Huang Xiaolong and Sun Haoran, not putting either one of them in her eyes. Sneering at Peng Feng, she said: "Peng Feng, in this time's Ghost City's appearance, your Millennium City should never have come." Shaking her head sorrowfully with a heartache expression, Li Li continued, "Pity, ah, six of you master-disciples will all be buried here in Ghost City! One month later, Millennium City's name will be erased from the Bedlam Lands, forever!"

Sun Haoran paled at these words. The meaning of these words, was Blood Dragon City plotting against Millennium City? Or... Were the City of Myriad Gods and Blood Dragon City working together in this?

That Du Huagang spoke, "The two of you go and deal with the both of them, leave that brat to me."

"Yes!" The two blue-robed middle-aged men answered respectfully, immediately launching attacks on Peng Feng and Sun Haoran, whereas Du Huagang was walking towards Huang Xiaolong, the one seemingly easiest to deal with.

Chapter 315: I Hope You Can Think It Over Clearly

Du Huagang stopped before Huang Xiaolong, giving him a once over glance from head to toe as he shook his head, "Brat, it wasn't easy for you to come this far, you being a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order means that your talent is not bad. If you can follow a good master, you may have a bright future, but it's a pity, you took cover under the wrong tree, therefore you can only die here today!"

Because Huang Xiaolong arrived with Sun Haoran, standing slightly behind Sun Haoran, Du Huagang naturally presumed that Huang Xiaolong was tied to Millennium City, serving as Sun Haoran's subordinate.

Huang Xiaolong merely replied with a stoic word, "Really?"

Du Huagang chuckled watching Huang Xiaolong's lack of expression, "Definitely, unless a miracle happens."

"Don't waste time with words, swiftly take care of that brat." Beside Du Huagang, Li Li was getting impatient. "Then the four of us can deal with Peng Feng and Sun Haoran."

Du Huagang nodded, wasting no more time with nonsense. His body flickered, arriving close to Huang Xiaolong in an instant, his palm struck out, aiming straight at Huang Xiaolong's heart.

"An opponent that dies with a single strike has no meaning." Resolving Huang Xiaolong so easily, Du Huagang shook his head with disdain. But then again, he wasn't surprised. With his strength, it would need a miracle for a measly peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order to dodge his attack.

However, in the next moment he noticed something wasn't right, because...! It felt as if his hand struck against an ancient cold iron, a weak tingling pain came from his palm!

Du Huagang raised his head to see Huang Xiaolong facing him with the same indifferent expression, unmoving, standing on the same spot. Before he could recover, a surge of energy that made his heart quiver burst from Huang Xiaolong's body. Du Huagang hastened to jump back, but he was still a step too late. The shadow of a halberd pierced through the air and penetrated cleanly through one of his shoulders, leaving a pillar of blood in its trail.

A pained muffled grunt escaped Du Huagang's throat as he retreated to Li Li's side, staring at Huang Xiaolong with anger and wariness. Luckily he dodged in time just now, or else it wouldn't be his shoulder that was pierced, it would be his heart instead.

Hearing a pained grunt originating from Du Huagang, Li Li, who was immersed in watching the battle on the other side with Peng Feng and Sun Haoran, inevitably looked over. Seeing the large wound on Du Huagang's shoulder, she was shocked.

Even Peng Feng and Sun Haoran couldn't help risking a quick glance over to Huang Xiaolong's side. Other than Sun Haoran, the rest were flabbergasted.

"Garbage, you can't even handle a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order!" When the shock receded, Li Li snapped at Du Huagang.

Du Huagang's face flushed bright red, but he dared not lash out against Li Li, hence he could only excuse lamely, "This brat is very strong."

Li Li snorted coldly, turning to Huang Xiaolong, "Brat, looks like we've underestimated you earlier, unexpectedly, you have some skill." In her opinion, although Du Huagang was injured due to carelessness, being able to injure him was still considered quite good.

"I'll give you a chance, as long as you cooperate with us, kill both Peng Feng and Sun Haoran and submit to us, to Blood Dragon City, I will recommend you to my Master. If your talent is really good, who's to say that my Master won't receive you as a disciple as well." Li Li said, the superiority in her voice evident.

She conceitedly believed this bait was tempting enough.

In the Bedlam Lands, how many talented geniuses would break their heads fighting for a chance to be received as a disciple under her Master, the Silver Dragon Ao Gu, but those people failed to catch a glimpse of him, not to mention meeting him. Some of these geniuses even knelt in front of Blood Dragon Mansion for ten days and ten nights, kowtowing continuously, but it was all in vain, for they still didn't get a chance.

Now that she offered to introduce him to her Master, this was like a dream come true to many people.

"Change my allegiance to Blood Dragon City?" Huang Xiaolong repeated, it seems the other side really took him as Sun Haoran's subordinate.

Li Li nodded with a smug smile, "Correct." Then she added another sentence, "This kind of opportunity comes only once, I hope you can consider it carefully."

Huang Xiaolong shook his head inwardly; this kind of opportunity comes only once? To recommend him to Silver Dragon Ao Gu?

"So, have you thought about it carefully?" Seeing Huang Xiaolong remained silent for some time, Li Li asked.

"How about this, I'll also give you an opportunity to consider carefully," Huang Xiaolong turned the tables instead, "This kind of opportunity only comes once, I hope you'll think it over."

Li Li and Du Huagang were dumbfounded, for a moment, neither understood what Huang Xiaolong meant.

Huang Xiaolong went on, "Renounce Blood Dragon City, submit to me and I can consider sparing your lives."

Everyone felt as if they've been struck by lightning, Peng Feng was even looking at Huang Xiaolong with a weird expression on his face. Was this brat out of his mind? He turned to Sun Haoran, the look in his eyes obviously asking if there was something wrong with this brat's brain.

Whereas anger erupted from Li Li and Du Huagang, akin to a volcano, flaring to the sky from the bottom of their hearts, especially Li Li. A terrifying killing intent exploded from her, and around her, a storm of black-colored snowflakes suddenly started to fall.

"What did you just said?!" Li Li's eyes were razor-sharp, penetrating as they focused on Huang Xiaolong, each syllable hissed through her lips.

She was Silver Dragon Ao Gu's most favored disciple, bearing a distinguished status in Blood Dragon City, with countless sect disciple geniuses wooing her, showering her with compliments, all she ever heard were beautiful words. In Blood Dragon City, she could call the wind and rain with a single word, but now, an ant-like existence of a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order brat dared to tell her to forsake Blood Dragon City and submit to him?!!!

Become his subordinate?!

In the crudest term, a slave!

This was humiliation!

Pure, naked humiliation!

“You didn’t hear it clear enough?” Huang Xiaolong ignored the killing intent spewing from the other side’s eyes, “There’s only one chance, have you thought it over carefully?”

Just as Huang Xiaolong’s sentence ended, an indignant scream split the air. Li Li twirled around, amassing a violent windstorm with her at the center, akin to a wind dragon, spiraling towards Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong remained calm watching the mad attack, he transformed into Asura Physique and was ready for battle. Thick, dense slaughter aura gathered around him, two giant ebony black wings extended out from his back while the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his hand stabbed out decisively.

“Shaking Mountains, Flipping Seas!”

Halberd shadows numbered in the millions, a fierce gale gathered like a tsunami, colliding with Li Li violent wind storm. The windstorm dissipated and Li Li’s slender body spun with ease, like a dragon in the vast sea, narrowing the distance between them, her palms flat and straight like the edge of blades, stabbing towards Huang Xiaolong’s chest.

“Dragon Breaking Hand!” Sun Haoran tensed up watching this move, blurting out anxiously: “Brother Huang, watch out!”

Dragon Breaking Hand? Huang Xiaolong’s eyes grew icy, his hands shaped into claws, ripping towards the opponent.

Thousands of demons howled, devil aura overcast the sky!

Asura Demon Claw!

The moment the Asura Demon Claw appeared, the devils and ghosts hovering above the temple felt a pull, an attraction, flying towards the claw below, boosting the attack power.

Watching the towering dark claw looming over her head, Li Li paled. She retreated back swiftly like a frightened little dragon, whereas Huang Xiaolong dashed forward, swinging the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his hand.

“Halberd Galaxy!”

Countless halberd shadows shot out, shining brightly like falling meteors in the twilight sky.