

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 326-330

Chapter 326: Ghost King Dan and Ghost King Sutra

But, Huang Xiaolong's extra precaution was proved to be superfluous. Travelling in the sea of ghostfog, nary a wisp managed to seep inside the Godly Mt. Xumi. Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong breathed out in relief.

Inside the ghostfog, Huang Xiaolong's sharp eyesight could only determine the situation in an area less than a hundred zhang, stretching the distance slightly up to a thousand zhang with the Eye of Hell.

The Godly Mt. Xumi flew across the ghostfog without any surprises other than the occasional strange cries from unknown sources far away, raising goosebumps down the neck.

Huang Xiaolong was surprised that something actually lived within the Seven Color Ghostfog. He asked giant ghost Feng Yang about it, but the giant ghost shook his head, ignorant of what it could be.

Though they continued to hear strange cries throughout the flight, they did not meet with any attack. The entire crossing was calm and peaceful, in half a day's time, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang reached the doorway to the fifth floor.

Like the entrance of the fourth floor, there was nothing guarding the entrance towards the fifth floor, thus Huang Xiaolong passed through the entrance without any surprises onto the fifth floor.

On the fifth floor, the magnificent splendor of a palace came into sight, towering above a mountain peak.

A massive palace on a towering mountain.

A contradiction to the darkness Huang Xiaolong had seen on the way here, the fifth floor was like a celestial wonderland. On the mountain peak, the refreshing scent of elixirs wafted out, from ganoderma, herb elixirs, and spiritual trees shrouded in mesmerizing halos.

Huang Xiaolong even suspected he arrived at the wrong place for a second. Staring at the grandiose palace, Huang Xiaolong reined in the excitement bubbling in his heart, together with giant ghost Feng Yang, both of them exited the Godly Mt. Xumi, flying straight for the palace.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong stood on the same peak as the palace, powerful spiritual energy surged from the surrounding elixirs and ganoderma, enveloping Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang as if they dove into an ocean of spiritual energy.

Feeling this, Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed. These elixirs on this peak were no worse compared to the ones he found at the bottom of Broken Tiger Rift, some of these elixirs were even more precious and rare.

"Golden Sky Infant Fruit!"

“Jad Gold Pearl Flower!”

“Nine Nodes Grass!”

Not missing a beat, with a gentle wave of both hands, all the nearby elixirs flew towards Huang Xiaolong and into the Asura Ring. In less than the time it took to sip tea, all elixirs on the entire mountain peak were cleaned out by him. Not even the corner of a root was left behind for Zhao Chen’s group.

After collecting the precious elixirs, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang stood in front of the palace gates. The gates were ten zhang tall, five zhang wide, and were opened.

The surroundings were quiet.

Huang Xiaolong spread out his spiritual sense and opened the Eye of Hell at the same time. Confirming that the gates were not rigged or placed with any curse, a moment later he stepped in together with giant ghost Feng Yang.

One step into the palace grounds, both Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang felt a whelming pressure enveloped them. Before this momentum, Feng Yang’s knees went soft, falling into a kneeling position.

Huang Xiaolong too nearly fell to his knees, but the twin primordial divine dragons flew out from his body. An ancient dragon atmosphere, seemingly in slumber, awakened, surging out from Huang Xiaolong’s body, indirectly helping him withstand the pressure.

Even so, Huang Xiaolong felt the oppressive pressure linger. Looking around, Huang Xiaolong saw a stalwart statue not too far up front. From its appearance, Huang Xiaolong couldn’t tell what material the statue was made from, but it was extremely life-like. The statue was of a robust middle-aged man with a short beard, thick brows, and a generous-sized mouth. Knots of unknown origin, resembling tiny black pythons, flowed from the man’s head like hair and the man’s feet were standing atop two dragon heads.

Two devil dragons with scarlet red eyes!

The horrifying oppressive atmosphere he felt earlier came from this statue.

A statue actually exuded this much oppression!

“Lord, Lord Ghost King!” Hearing Feng Yang’s shaky voice, he turned over to look, noticing the fear, worship, excitement, and trepidation in his eyes as he looked fixedly at the statue.

Ghost King! This extremely life-like statue really was a statue of the Ghost King!

Huang Xiaolong drew a deep breath looking at the Ghost King’s statue, the shock in his heart undisguisable. Although he could hardly imagine the era when Ghost King’s prestige soared heaven high, deterring many other experts and ruling billions of powerful ghost and devils, Huang Xiaolong felt the Ghost King’s majestic might exuding from the statue.

Even the devil dragons were mounts under his feet!

It was some time later that Huang Xiaolong managed to suppress the sudden reverence, turning to check out the large hall. There were four main stone pillars in the hall, the top side of these pillars was decorated with carvings depicting evil spirits, while at the center of the ceiling was a pool of holy spirit clouds.

The aura of a devil mixed with holy spirit filled the large hall, half darkness and evil, half light and holiness, it gave off a weird feeling. There was nothing else in the large hall but the four stone pillars.

Huang Xiaolong looked carefully several times, finding nothing, he frowned. It was a single floor hall, no second, third, or fourth floor nor did it have an inner or outer hall. Just one open large hall.

Then, where could the legendary Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan be? All of a sudden, Huang Xiaolong's eyes looked over to the Ghost King statue, falling on the ring on the Ghost King's finger.

Spatial ring!

This spatial ring blended well with the statue, if it weren't for Huang Xiaolong observing the statue in detail he wouldn't have found any difference.

Huang Xiaolong's heart throbbed wildly. It seems like the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan were most likely in that spatial ring.

Huang Xiaolong lifted his hand and a strong suction force pulled the spatial ring off the Ghost King's hand, falling into his palm. The Ghost King's spatial ring was very different from the Asura Ring, purple in color and almost translucent, with two devil dragons carved on its the body, closely resembling the two devil dragons under the Ghost King's feet.

They were baring their fangs and claws, looking intimidating!

Running his battle qi, Huang Xiaolong tried to open the Ghost King's spatial ring, but just as he was about to infuse the spatial ring with battle qi, a monstrous swarm of evil spirits broke out from within, howling and wailing, an intense ghost aura engulfed Huang Xiaolong. Alarmed, Huang Xiaolong quickly released the Buddhism energy inside his body, gradually suppressing the mad group of evil spirits.

There was such an unnerving ban on the Ghost King's ring!

Huang Xiaolong once again looked at the Ghost King's spatial ring in his hand. Recalling the monstrosity coming at him just seconds ago, the lingering fear in Huang Xiaolong's heart had yet to subside. Luckily, he reacted in a timely manner, and most of all, he was lucky to have been imparted with Buddhism energy. Otherwise, he wouldn't be standing there safely now.

Still, this level of curse on the Ghost King's spatial ring was not something he could break at this moment.

'Looks like, I need to figure out a way, but first, I have to leave this place.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself, putting away the Ghost King Ring into the Asura Ring.

Then, Huang Xiaolong circled the hall to confirm that he did not miss any treasures lying around before leaving the hall with giant ghost Feng Yang.

Once they were out of the hall, Huang Xiaolong returned using the same route.

At this time, there were merely six to seven days left before the Ghost City disappeared, therefore he had to hurry back to the first floor, exit the Ghost King Palace and leave the Ghost City.

When he reached the fifth floor's entrance, Huang Xiaolong once again brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi, bringing giant ghost Feng Yang with him, both entering the Xumi Temple. Passing through the doorway, Godly Mt. Xumi disappeared into the ghostfog.

Being familiar with the route, Huang Xiaolong took only two days to exit the Ghost King's cultivation cave and continued onward to the Ghost City's main gates without stopping.

Since the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan were already in his hands, he had no interest in exploring other areas of the city.

Before long, Huang Xiaolong passed through the Ghost City gates, leaving the city behind.

Chapter 327: Return to Duanren Empire

Huang Xiaolong felt a sense of relief when he exited the Ghost City. His current strength was sufficient to deal with Zhao Chen, but it was still quite troublesome if they ran into each other for now.

Especially if Zhao Chen's group realized that the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan fell into someone else's hands and Huang Xiaolong seemingly walked out safely from the Ghost King's cultivation cave, they would be able to connect two and two together.

If the news ever leaked out, he would be targeted throughout the Bedlam Lands.

Strength! Huang Xiaolong urgently needed to increase his strength!

Regardless if he could go against an early Saint realm expert such as Zhao Chen at his current peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order strength. Even against some mid-First Order Saint realm, it was far from sufficient. He would be powerless to do anything if he came across a Second Order Saint realm.

The same thought once again emerged in Huang Xiaolong's heart—break through to the Saint realm, as soon as possible!

Not to mention that there was only slightly more than a year's time left until Deities Templars' disciple selection. He had to break through to Saint realm before that, every ounce of strength was crucial, increasing his chances of rescuing Li Lu.

Huang Xiaolong checked the directions and then sped away southward with giant ghost Feng Yang, all the way without stopping. Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang flew for three hours, landing in a quiet, secluded valley.

Leaving giant ghost Feng Yang as a lookout on the outside, Huang Xiaolong entered the valley, brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi and entered the Xumi Temple. Even though he knew that refining the Ghost King's Ring would be hard at this current strength, Huang Xiaolong was determined to give it another try.

He was not someone who was willing to give up that easily.

As long as he could refine the ring and obtain the Ghost King Dan within, he had a high chance of breaking through to Saint realm in the next few months. Breaking through to Saint realm could not be achieved by merely swallowing some ten or hundred thousand year elixirs, otherwise, why would there be so many half-Saints stuck at that stage for a hundred years or so, unable to pierce through that slim barrier.

And divine grade spirit pellets, such as the Ghost King Dan, were highly beneficial in aiding the process of stepping into the Saint realm.

It was said the Ghost King spent many years and effort to refine the Ghost King Dan using more than a hundred precious elixirs, all for the sake of breaking into the God Realm.

Taking out the Ghost King Ring, Huang Xiaolong observed for a moment the ring floating in front of him, glimmering in a soft purple glow. He sat down cross-legged in the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, fully releasing the Buddhism energy from his body, only then did he cautiously ran his battle qi, infusing it into the ring in an attempt to refine it.

Just like the first time, the moment Huang Xiaolong's battle qi came in contact with the ring, the howling cries of evil spirits rang out and a monstrous ghost aura enveloped Huang Xiaolong. This time, it was even more powerful than before.

The intense ghost aura clashed against the Buddhism energy within the temple, raising an endless volley of explosions echoing throughout the Xumi Temple. A short while later, the monstrous ghost aura was suppressed by the Buddhism energy within the Ten Buddha Formation.

Nevertheless, Huang Xiaolong's back dampened with cold sweat at the sight. Fortunately, he prepared in advance or the result would have been devastating, especially because the second retaliation was more powerful than the first!

Huang Xiaolong's brows furrowed deeply; must he really give up here?!

Moments later, Huang Xiaolong directed the true essence fire from his dantian, forming a protective barrier over his body. At the same time, he initiated the Ten Buddha Formation, combining the Buddhism energy from the array formation with his own, creating a vigor barrier out of Buddhism energy before infusing his battle qi into the Ghost King Ring again.

The same thing happened, just like the previous two times. When Huang Xiaolong sent his battle qi into the ring, the ban inside was triggered, a soaring ghost aura rushed out from the ring, colliding with the Buddhism energy a second time.

In the spacious hall, a scrimmage between the rumbling ghost aura and the sacred Buddha luminescence took place. It took some time before the Buddhism energy managed to suppress the ghost aura, taking a longer time than the first time.

The process repeated again and again until Huang Xiaolong's fifth attempt to refine the Ghost King Ring, the ghost aura inside suddenly rushed out like an endless raging tsunami, shattering the vigor barrier erected from the Ten Buddha Formation, shooting straight towards Huang Xiaolong.

When it rammed into the true essence fire shield burning around Huang Xiaolong, it reacted like water overboiling, black fumes of smoke filled the temple hall.

Lasting until the end, the true essence fire barely succeeded in burning away all the ghost aura that aimed at him, but Huang Xiaolong's face paled considerably. Although his true essence fire burned away all the ghost aura, he was overdrawing the true essence in his dantian at the same time.

Focusing his thoughts, Huang Xiaolong executed his third martial spirit ability, Instant Recovery. Mottled blue lights spread up beginning from his feet, returning the ruddiness to his face, but it took several hours for the true essence in his dantian to recover.

Having recovered from his true essence exhaustion, Huang Xiaolong breathed out turbid qi from his mouth. He stared at the Ghost King Ring before him and sighed helplessly. It seems that relying on his current level of strength, it was simply insufficient to refine the Ghost King Ring, even considering the help of an early Saint realm giant ghost Feng Yang's assistance, the task had a very low chance of success.

A light flickered as thoughts ran through his mind swiftly. 'Then, the only option was to make a trip back to Duanren Empire. Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were both high-level Saint realm, with their help, the possibility of refining the Ghost King Ring was much higher,' Huang Xiaolong contemplated.

Once Huang Xiaolong made his decision, he exited the Xumi Temple and called giant ghost Feng Yang over. Both of them left the valley, speeding at breakneck speed towards the Duanren Empire.

As for Black Demon City, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't be returning for the time being. The most crucial matter now was to refine the Ghost King Ring so that he could refine the Ghost King Dan and break through to Saint realm.

Speeding up all the way, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang were out of the Ghost Domain territory in three days' time. They came across many other ghost creatures, but all were killed by Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang, their ghost souls were refined by Huang Xiaolong using the Blood Pact Mandate. Hence, by the time Huang Xiaolong left the Ghost Domain, his strength further enhanced significantly, approaching half-Saint.

Ten days later, Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang reached Duanren Empire's border. Seeing that the sky was already dark, he decided to rest for the night in the small town up ahead before traveling again.

'Not far from here is the Luo Tong Kingdom.' The thought crossed Huang Xiaolong's mind when he arrived at this small town called Thousand Spring, close to Duanren Empire's territory.

‘Luo Tong Kingdom! I wonder how Lu Kai is doing now. It has been five years, that guy should have probably advanced to Houtian Eighth Order...’

A smile appeared on Huang Xiaolong’s face at the thought of Lu Kai, that little guy most likely ascended the throne by now! He couldn’t resist chuckling imagining Lu Kai’s expression as he sat on the royal throne of the Luo Tong Kingdom.

The Luo Tong Kingdom held many of Huang Xiaolong’s memories of this life.

Although the Huang Clan Manor no longer existed, in Huang Xiaolong’s heart, the Luo Tong Kingdom had always been his starting place, a hometown so to speak. The best memories of his childhood were spent there.

At this time, deep inside the Luo Tong Kingdom Palace, in an underground dungeon, sounds of whip cracking against the flesh resounded.

“Hehe, Lu Kai, I didn’t expect you to be so stubborn judging from your tender appearance.” A cold sinister voice spoke.

“Ptui! There will be a day when I chop you old dog into pieces and feed you to the pigs!” An angry roar echoed in through the dungeon, and this was none other than Lu Kai’s voice.

Inside the dungeon, Lu Kai’s appearance was disheveled, his white robe stained with blood, both his arms and legs were chained to a thick iron column.

Standing in front of Lu Kai was an old man in a gray robe.

Chapter 328: Back in Luo Tong Kingdom

The gray robed old man looked appreciatively at the blood-caked wounds on Lu Kai’s body, a smile crept up his face, blossoming into laughter, yet it looked twisted: “Punk, you’ve got a mouth on you, want to chop me into pieces and feed me to the pigs? Relying on your current circumstances?” The old man’s voice was full of mocking ridicule.

Lu Kai’s eyes were filled with red veins as he glowered ferociously at the other side, his tone spine-chilling cold, “Old dog He Hui, you’d be wise and kill me now!”

The gray-robed old man, He Hui, snickered, very satisfied with himself, “Don’t worry, we’ll be displaying you tomorrow in the square outside the palace doors, and publicly behead you! This will be your final night alive, take the time to appreciate the night sky.” The old man He Hui looked over the tiny frame that served as a window, chuckling, “It’s a beautiful night.”

Hazy moonlight shone into the dungeon cell through the small opening, pulling a blurry veil over the dungeon, adding a surreal effect. At this time, someone opened the dungeon door, a young man in brocade dragon robes stepped into the cell, followed closely behind by four palace guards.

The facial features of this young man bore some resemblance to Lu Kai.

Watching the young man enter the cell, the murderous look in Lu Kai's eyes intensified. If eyes could kill, if his eyes could murder, then this newly arrived young man would have been flesh-flayed by a million daggers many times over.

The young man entered unperturbed, even as he noticed the burning hatred and killing intent in Lu Kai's eyes. Walking towards the gray robed old man, he greeted: "Senior Brother He."

He Hui merely nodded.

Only then did the young man turn towards Lu Kai, speaking in a detached manner: "Big brother, have you been well in here for the past few days?" He glanced around the dungeon cell, noting the different torture instruments heaped in a pile at the corners, covered in dried blood and other stuff, emanating an indistinct unpleasant stench.

"Big brother?" Lu Kai threw his head back and laughed a dolent laugh. His eyes were blood-red as he stared at the young man, "Who is your Big brother?! Lu Jing, you think you will be able to ascend the kingdom's throne with me out of the way?"

This young man that bore similar features to Lu Kai was his younger brother, Lu Jing.

Lu Jing laughed, "Your Prince status has been revoked, I am the Luo Tong Kingdom's Prince now, in a few more years I would be able to ascend the throne. But pity, ah, you won't be able to witness that moment!" He waved a hand at the four guards behind, one of them stepped forward, presenting a tiffin box in front of Lu Jing respectfully.

Lu Jing opened the tiffin box revealing several small dishes inside, colorful, fragrant, and looking delicious. Together with the dishes on the side, there was a jug of wine.

Lu Jing spoke: "Don't say I didn't perform my brotherly duties, these are all your favorite dishes and your beloved Snow Moon Wine. But then again, you should know that this is your final supper in this world."

Lu Kai looked at his so-called brother Lu Jing, "So I should thank you instead?"

Lu Jing was nonchalant, "No need for thanks, we're real brothers after all, no need to be so polite." Then Lu Jing ordered the guards standing behind him, "Unchain him."

The same guard answered respectfully, went up to Lu Kai and released the lock to his chains.

"Don't even think of running away, it would save you some unnecessary bitterness." Lu Jing said, "Just enjoy your last meal. Senior Brother He, let's leave." With that, Lu Jing left, bringing the guards as well.

He Hui glanced at Lu Kai before leaving the dungeon cell after Lu Jing, shutting the door behind him.

Hands and feet released from the chains, Lu Kai slumped to the floor in a sitting position. Staring numbly at the spread of dishes and wine before his eyes. A light chuckle escaped his throat and a blur obscured his sight, mumbling, "Brother Xiaolong, it seems like we won't be able to meet again in this lifetime!"

As Luo Tong Kingdom's Prince, he spent most of his time practicing, therefore he didn't have many trustworthy friends around him. It could be said that Huang Xiaolong was his only true friend.

He slowly walked up, grabbed the wine jug and took a large mouthful.

The night slowly faded, relinquishing the sky to the morning sun.

Inside an inn at the Thousand Spring Town, the morning sunlight streamed into the room through the window, falling on Huang Xiaolong's body. Huang Xiaolong walked over to the window, taking a deep breath of the crisp morning air, stretching out.

He walked out of the room moments later.

Giant ghost Feng Yang was already waiting outside Huang Xiaolong's room, saluting when he saw Huang Xiaolong coming out of the room.

"Let's go." Huang Xiaolong said. Settling the payment for the accommodation, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang left the small Thousand Spring Town, flying rapidly in the direction of the Luo Tong Kingdom.

Since he was nearby, Huang Xiaolong decided to make a quick trip to the Luo Tong Kingdom to visit that guy, Lu Kai. He hadn't seen Lu Kai for many years.

The sunlight shone brilliantly. Although Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang were flying at breakneck speed, they did not arouse anyone's attention. At their level of strength, even a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order couldn't grasp the edge of their shadows, not to mention those of lower cultivation. It was even more impossible for the commoners to see them.

In a small kingdom, such as Luo Tong, disregarding mid-level Xiantian warriors, even early-level Xiantian warriors were hard to find.

Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang flew all the way, passing through the borders to reach the edge of Luo Tong Kingdom land. Entering the Luo Tong Kingdom, Huang Xiaolong first stopped where the Huang Clan Manor used to stand. That year, the Huang Clan Manor was uprooted by the Baolong Kingdom's Big Sword Sect, now, the place was empty and abandoned, overgrown weeds had taken over the place amongst crumbled walls and ruins. Most of the buildings had collapsed to the ground.

Standing in the air as he looked at the ruin of a once huge manor, Huang Xiaolong lamented in his heart. In a flicker, he appeared in the small courtyard where he used to live.

In the small yard, that same tree was still there, and in a corner, there was a slightly crumbled large boulder. Seeing the small handprints on it, Huang Xiaolong couldn't resist smiling recalling how he tested his strength using that stone boulder every time he had a small breakthrough in cultivation. Those handprints were left by him in those years.

Walking to his room, Huang Xiaolong pushed the door open, thick dust danced in the air. Sliding a finger over the frame of his bed, inch thick dust stuck to his finger.

‘Well, time to hire some people to repair Huang Clan Manor.’ Huang Xiaolong thought. That year, in order to avoid the people from Big Sword Sect, he brought his parents and siblings away from the Huang Clan Manor, then, in order to avoid the Deities Templar, he moved them again to Duanren Empire Imperial City.

In the future, after he destroyed Deities Templar, he would send someone to repair the Manor. Huang Xiaolong knew that his parents had always missed this place.

“Come on.” Huang Xiaolong said as he walked out of the room, leaving the Huang Clan Manor behind, heading to the Luo Tong Royal City.

A little more than an hour later, both of them arrived at the Luo Tong Royal City. In the past, Huang Xiaolong needed several months to reach Luo Tong Royal City from the Huang Clan Manor, but now, it was a matter of only a couple of hours.

Standing before the Luo Tong Royal City gates, watching the commoners coming and going, another wave of nostalgia washed over Huang Xiaolong. Stopping only for the briefest moment, he entered the city with giant ghost Feng Yang.

However, giant ghost Feng Yang’s four-meter stature, even with his ghost aura well-hidden still terrified the common subjects in the Royal City, everyone scurried away or to the sides, giving way to Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang.

Huang Xiaolong did not mind the commotion, walking without a goal along the streets, when he suddenly stopped. Not far from him was the Delicious Restaurant. The taste of Delicious Restaurant’s Snow Moon Wine was not bad.

Hence, leading giant ghost Feng Yang, Huang Xiaolong walked into the restaurant.

Chapter 329: Unable To Rescue?

Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang climbed up to the first floor upon entering the restaurant, but he didn’t expect to run into the restaurant’s boss just as he stepped on the second floor. Seeing Huang Xiaolong, the boss’s eyes widened to the size of fists, he was so excited that there were tremors in his voice, “You, you’re Young Noble Huang?!”

Although it had been many years since Huang Xiaolong left the Luo Tong Royal City, and just as many years since he visited the Delicious Restaurant, the boss still recognized Huang Xiaolong in one glance.

He might forget others, but not Huang Xiaolong!

Huang Xiaolong was someone that represented the Luo Tong Kingdom in the in Duanren Empire’s Imperial City Battle, the legendary figure that won the first place, how could he forget!!!

That year, Huang Xiaolong won the Duanren Imperial City Battle’s first place, when the news was sent back to the Luo Tong Kingdom, celebrations were held throughout the kingdom. King Lu Zhe held a three-day celebration feast when he announced the glorious achievement!

Moreover, the boss was well aware that Huang Xiaolong was someone that even the sole Marshal of Luo Tong Kingdom, Marshal Haotian was respectful to!

Watching the restaurant boss's expression, Huang Xiaolong smiled and nodded slightly, he didn't expect the boss to remember him after so many years.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong admitted his identity, the boss grew more enthusiastic, nearly performing a full kneel and kowtow to salute Huang Xiaolong. Huang Xiaolong easily stopped the boss's action, extending his left hand out, indicating him to stand up while his eyes looked at him and then the surroundings meaningfully.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's actions, the restaurant boss instantly understood that Huang Xiaolong didn't want others to know of his presence. Only then did he hurried to a stand, but even so, his demeanor was of utmost respect, the angle of his waist probably exceeded ninety degrees. He personally led Huang Xiaolong to a secluded section and took Huang Xiaolong's orders.

Other customers noticed the complaisant attitude of the restaurant boss before Huang Xiaolong, most were shocked and curious.

A short while later, the boss excused himself respectfully.

While waiting for the dishes to arrive, the sudden loud commotion on the streets attracted Huang Xiaolong's attention. Huang Xiaolong looked outside through the restaurant's window and saw the common subjects moving in small and large groups heading in one direction.

At this time, discussions on tables nearby reached his ears.

"Quickly eat, after we finish eating we're rushing over to the square across the palace doors to watch a good show!" One customer said.

"Life is really strange, ah, who would've thought that, as a Prince, Lu Kai would end up so tragically." Another person commented.

Lu Kai?! Huang Xiaolong was stunned hearing Lu Kai's name being mentioned.

'What is happening?'

"Young Noble Huang, your dishes are here." At this point, the restaurant boss returned, personally bringing Huang Xiaolong his dishes.

As he put the plates one by one on Huang Xiaolong's table, Huang Xiaolong questioned, "About Lu Kai, what's that all about?"

The restaurant boss' action lagged for a second, not knowing what to say. It was known to many people in the Royal City that Huang Xiaolong and Prince Lu Kai were good friends back in the day, thus he also knew.

“Speak!” Huang Xiaolong’s face sank, exuding a powerful momentum that enveloped the entire restaurant. The noisy restaurant instantly fell into a dead silence, the customers all around were filled with apprehension.

Whereas the restaurant boss was so scared that he fell to his knees, “Huang, Young Noble Huang...” ashen face and cold sweat, he looked at Huang Xiaolong with awe.

Watching the restaurant boss’ reaction, Huang Xiaolong converged the terrifying pressure he released, slightly adjusting his expression as he said, “First, stand up.”

Not daring to delay, the restaurant boss hurried to his feet, respectfully recounting the matter from the beginning to Huang Xiaolong in a trembling voice.

The more Huang Xiaolong listened, the gloomier the expression on his face became.

Until the end, the restaurant boss noticed the hot dishes he just served moment ago with steam still curling were now covered with layers of white ice. They were in the peak of spring, where did this ice come from?

Finished telling the matter, the restaurant boss felt his throat feel dry and itchy as he stood there, not daring to move.

In plain words, Lu Kai’s younger brother, Lu Jing, in order to seize the kingdom’s throne, joined a sect that called themselves Wind God Cult, worshipping the Sect Leader as Master, working hand in glove on a conspiracy. Controlling King Lu Zhe, they forced him to renounce Lu Kai’s Prince status and throw him into the dungeon.

They even announced that Lu Kai will be brought to the square opposite the palace doors for public beheading!

“How much time till the execution?” A moment of silence later, Huang Xiaolong looked at the restaurant boss.

The restaurant boss looked at the sky outside, answering, “Around one hour’s time.”

One hour. Huang Xiaolong stood up, preparing to leave with giant ghost Feng Yang.

Guessing what Huang Xiaolong wanted to do, the restaurant boss courageously stepped in, “Young Noble Huang, I know you want to rescue Prince Lu Kai, but with just the two of you, it’s impossible to cope with the tens of thousands of palace guards. At that time, not only will you fail to rescue Prince Lu Kai, you might even lose your life in this gamble.”

That year, when Huang Xiaolong relocated his family to Duanren Imperial City, Marshal Haotian also went, following beside the Huang Family. Thus, Huang Xiaolong had no reinforcement in Luo Tong Royal City anymore. If he planned to rescue Prince Lu Kai with a mere two people, in the restaurant boss’ opinion, it was a hopeless feat, regardless if Huang Xiaolong was the champion of Duanren Imperial City Battle and had already broken through to Xiantian.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the restaurant boss and smiled, "Lose my life in this gamble?" He was not angry, for he understood that the restaurant boss reminded him out of good intentions.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong was still nonchalant about the matter, he grew solemn, emphasizing, "Yes, I know that Young Noble Huang has broken through the Xiantian realm, but other than the numerous palace guards, I've heard that the person responsible for guarding Prince Lu Kai was a peak late-Xiantian Second Order expert."

"Peak late-Xiantian Second Order?" Huang Xiaolong was dumbfounded. A small kingdom such as Luo Tong Kingdom has a peak late-Xiantian Second Order.

The restaurant boss nodded gravely, "That's right. An expert from the Wind God Cult, also Lu Jing's Eldest Senior Brother, named He Hui."

'So, someone from Wind God Cult, Huang Xiaolong mused, but where did this Wind God Cult pop out from? Even the restaurant boss doesn't know.'

No matter what hole they came out from, it was fated that the Wind God Cult would be destroyed.

"Keep the dishes warm, after I rescue my brother, I'll come drink with him." Huang Xiaolong said to the restaurant boss laughingly, a finger casually pointed at the table of food.

The restaurant boss blanked momentarily before he understood the meaning of Huang Xiaolong's words, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang's silhouettes had vanished from his sight.

The restaurant boss looked dazedly at the spot where Huang Xiaolong and the giant 'man' stood earlier, now it was empty and airy. A long time passed before he shook his head, muttering to himself, "I hope that the Heavens bless Young Noble Huang so that he can escape from this disaster." He didn't think that Huang Xiaolong and his friend had any chances of rescuing Lu Kai.

At this time, the palace's main doors slowly opened. Lu Kai, with his four limbs chained down to an iron column, escorted out by a group of palace guards, all the way to the square center. Lines of palace guards barricaded the square's perimeter tightly.

Commoners that came to watch a lively show crowded the square some distance away, pointing fingers and shaking heads, some with pity, some gloated.

Chapter 330: God Killing Fist!

He Hui glared at Lu Kai at the center of the square and barked: "On your knees!"

Lu Kai stood upright, looking coldly at the old man.

Watching Lu Kai's stubbornness, He Hui snickered instead, lifting his foot and kicking the back of Lu Kai's knees as swift as lightning. Lu Kai's knees bent and he fell to his knees.

"Do you think you're still Luo Tong Kingdom's Prince?" He Hui mocked, "Now, you're nothing but a death row prisoner waiting to be beheaded, merely a prisoner!"

Lu Kai raised his head, eyes tinted with bloodlust watching He Hui. Seeing this, He Hui struck across Lu Kai's face without any misgiving, leaving a raw five-finger print on Lu Kai's cheek. His head fell to the side, blood filling his mouth.

From afar, the commoners became agitated and angered.

Lu Jing frowned slightly as he stood on the erected stage, saying "Senior Brother He, it's good enough." After all, Lu Kai was his brother.

"Big brother, speak, do you have any last words?" Lu Jing looked at Lu Kai, kneeling at the center of the square, asking in a condescending manner.

Lu Kai looked up, a tiny depreciating smile lifted the corner of his mouth as he stared fixedly at his younger brother: "Don't kill my mother."

Although they were brothers, they were born of different mothers.

Lu Jing shook his head: "Change your request." His meaning was very clear. Once Lu Kai was dead, his mother must also die, all possibilities must be uprooted.

Tears fell from Lu Kai's eyes without warning.

"Junior Brother, it's about time." He Hui added, "Master ordered that there must not be any mishap." The last sentence contained a hint of reminder.

Lu Jing was displeased, in the end, he did not say anything, he merely nodded.

He Hui walked up, raising his voice: "Prepare for execution!"

The executioner, who was ready at the side, approached Lu Kai, but before he came close to Lu Kai, his body froze for a moment and tumbled to the ground abruptly.

The sudden turn of events struck everyone dumb.

"What is happening?!" Lu Jing jumped from his seat.

He Hui scanned the surrounding crowd, snorting disdainfully, "Someone wants to snatch people from the execution?" He leaped into the air, landing beside the dead executioner, yet what puzzled him was that he couldn't find the cause of death. There were no wounds at all on the executioner's body.

The noisy crowd quieted down all of a sudden, all of them turned their heads towards a certain direction where a black-haired young man and a four-meter-tall giant man covered entirely in a black cloak were slowly walking towards the square center.

He Hui and Lu Jing inevitably also turned to look.

When Lu Kai saw the young man's face, his body shook, eyes wide with disbelief, a joy rushed from his heart and even his lips quivered.

As Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang moved forward, the crowd opened a small berth for them. The palace guards barricading the perimeter shouted a warning, motioning the guards to execute the two trespassers on the spot, but shockingly, before the palace guards took more than ten steps, their bodies were pushed back without reason, no matter how many of them went up.

Witnessing this scene, all the commoners on the square were dumbstruck, eyes larger than the size of a gold coin. They clearly saw that neither one of the two people made any attack.

He Hui's brows wrinkled slightly because he did not see any of the two people making a move either. Or should he say, with his sight, he was unable to determine these two people's attack?

But then he shook his head, thinking that the probability was too absurd. According to his knowledge, in this tiny Luo Tong Kingdom, a Xiantian Third Order did not exist, the strongest cultivation was only a mid-Xiantian Second Order.

Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang finally arrived at the execution stage. Lu Kai stood up, filled with excitement looking at Huang Xiaolong.

They merely looked at each other like that.

"Brother, I am late." Huang Xiaolong spoke first.

Lu Kai shook his head, tears streaming down his face, unsure if they were tears of joy or grief. He never imagined that Huang Xiaolong would appear here, didn't Haotian's letter a few months ago say that Huang Xiaolong traveled to the Bedlam Lands?

"I heard Marshal Haotian mention some months ago that you went off to the Bedlam Lands?" Lu Kai asked.

Huang Xiaolong grinned, "En, I stayed there for some time. Just came back, and on the way, I thought of having a drink with you."

Have a drink? Lu Kai laughed through his tears, "Can I ask, in the Bedlam Lands, are there a lot of beauties?"

Huang Xiaolong was stumped, speechless, this fella nearly had his head chopped off, and now he was standing there enquiring about beauties?

A cold voice cut into their conversation, "Drink wine? Beauties? Hmph, when you go to hell, you can reunite there and enjoy yourselves." It was He Hui's voice.

He Hui's heart was on fire. These two people broke into the execution stage yet they dared stand there conversing idly, they were not putting him in their eyes at all! He marched towards Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang, battle qi flame burst out from his body, exuding a terrifying atmosphere.

Lu Kai's heart tightened, quickly looked at Huang Xiaolong, "Brother, this old fogey is a peak late-Xiantian Second Order, do you have any confidence?" Although he understood Huang Xiaolong, knew that this brother of his wouldn't do things he has no grasp in, Lu Kai still worried. After all, when Huang Xiaolong left the Luo Tong Kingdom, he has yet to break through Xiantian realm.

Huang Xiaolong shrugged nonchalantly, "What do you think?"

Hearing this, Lu Kai relaxed, completely reassured.

He Hui heard Huang Xiaolong's words and he glared at him, "Vainglorious boast! Little brat, I want to see what capability you have to rescue people from under my watch!" He Hui prepared to attack at the end of his words.

However, precisely at the same time, amongst the crowd, someone suddenly exclaimed out loud: "That one looks like... Huang Xiaolong... Huang Xiaolong!"

"Huang Xiaolong? A few years back, the same Huang Xiaolong that brought glory to our Luo Tong Kingdom, winning the first place at the Duanren Imperial City Battle?!"

"Yes, yes, that's him! Huang Xiaolong! Our Luo Tong Kingdom's legendary genius!" The crowd's excitement was incited, the voices around became louder, everyone speaking and shouting at once, turning into a trend.

Finally, someone recognized Huang Xiaolong!

The news spread, one to ten, ten to a hundred!

He Hui was stunned at first, before it turned into a cold sneer, "Duanren Imperial City Battle's number one several years ago? No wonder you're so arrogant, but do you think that winning whatever Imperial City number one makes you invincible in the world? Today, I will show you that there is a Heaven beyond the Heavens, mountains beyond mountains!" With that, He Hui aimed a punch at Huang Xiaolong, fist imprint breaking the wind, distorting airflow, and space.

"God Killing Fist!" He Hui hollered as if beneath his fist, even God would be annihilated.

Huang Xiaolong was calm as ever watching the other side's fist coming at him, standing there, waiting, unmoving, as if he has no intention to counter. Lu Kai became nervous only to see the giant 'man' beside Huang Xiaolong reach out. With a single pat and an eerie cry, He Hui was struck down, embedded into the square floor.

Lu Kai's mouth was agape with shock, fixed at the jaw, his eyeballs almost popping out staring at He Hui's half-buried body.

The crowd that was excited because of Huang Xiaolong's appearance also went silent in a daze. Including Lu Jing and the surrounding palace guards.

Ignoring the expressions around him, Huang Xiaolong slowly approached He Hui.