

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 331-335

Chapter 331: Deities Templar Appears Again

Huang Xiaolong's feet stopped a few meters away from He Hui. A single hand raised and a powerful suction force extracted He Hui from the ground. Looking at He Hui coldly, Huang Xiaolong repeated slowly, "Heavens beyond Heavens, Mountains beyond Mountains?"

Earlier, he had ordered Feng Yang to hold back a little, hence, He Hui did not die on the spot... but then again, he was not far from death.

He Hui struggled weakly to open his eyes as he let out a low snicker, his hoarse voice sounded, "Little brat, you're dead! Our Wind God Cult is under Deities Templar, do you know Deities Templar? Deities Templar is the strongest force in our Martial Spirit World. To destroy you and every member of your family clan is as simple as blowing dust."

The Wind God Cult was one of the weaker dependent forces that Deities Templar netted, and He Hui was just an insignificant character, therefore, he had no knowledge of the intense friction between Huang Xiaolong and Deities Templar.

He Hui thought that Huang Xiaolong didn't have any idea about the transcendent existence of Deities Templar, which was why he purposely exaggerated it's 'terrifying' force at the end.

Huang Xiaolong chuckled at He Hui's words, but still, he didn't expect this Wind God Cult to be a branched out part of Deities Templar.

"Oh~, destroying my family and clan is no different than blowing dust to them?" Huang Xiaolong laughed.

He Hui's attitude turned haughty, "I know that perhaps you don't believe it, but..!" His voice stuck here, stopping abruptly. His eyes lowered to see his chest exploding with one palm strike from Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong simply flung He Hui's body aside, falling to a corner of the execution area, and then proceeded to walk towards Lu Kai while ignoring the flabbergasted look on his face. Battle qi wrapped around his palm, straight like a blade, chopping the chains tying Lu Kai's hands and feet into a dozen sections.

Then Huang Xiaolong took out from the Asura Ring a Soul Replenishing Fruit he collected from the Ghost King's cultivation cave and told Lu Kai to open his mouth, swallow and refine it.

Lu Kai's crippled Qi Sea and meridians did not escape Huang Xiaolong's eyes. The benefits of this Soul Replenishing Fruit was slightly better than Nine Leaves Purple Grass. Very soon, vigor and ruddiness returned to the pale-faced, weak-atmosphered Lu Kai. His strength returned and even continued rising, becoming stronger.

"This...!" Lu Kai was greatly shocked at the result of the fruit. He dared not believe what was happening, astonishment was written all over his face as he felt his Qi Sea and meridians recover fully. Not only that, the battle qi coursing in his Qi Sea and meridians was stronger, more powerful. Just moments ago, he broke through consecutively all the way to mid-Houtian Eighth Order!

Lu Kai's eyes sparkled with excitement staring at Huang Xiaolong, but just as he wanted to ask, Huang Xiaolong stopped him. Shaking his head with a smile, "We'll talk about this later. Solve the matter at hand first." He said, pointing a finger at Lu Jing on the side.

Lu Kai nodded. Then he looked over at Lu Jing.

Seeing Lu Kai looking at him, fear and terror flickered in his eyes. When he was about to flee from the scene, Lu Kai leaped out, blocking the path right in front of Lu Jing.

"Kill, I order you to kill him, kill them all!" Lu Jing shouted in panic at the palace guards around him. At his order, the guard beside Lu Jing waved his sword and attacked Lu Kai, however, before that palace guard could attack, giant ghost Feng Yang opened his mouth and sucked in. Before Lu Jing's terrified eyes, all the palace guards around him turned into dry mummified corpses.

The rest of the palace guards that prepared to attack halted sharply in their actions watching this result, inhaling cold breaths as they stared at the giant 'man' beside Huang Xiaolong warily.

Although Lu Kai too was shocked inside, he recovered fairly quickly, concentrating on his younger brother, Lu Jing. Lu Kai punched out without another word, striking Lu Jing's chest. Lu Jing's body inverted with scream, falling to the square floor from the stage.

Lu Kai leaped down and once again approached Lu Jing.

The rows of palace guards around the square stood by and watched, none of them dared to step up to stop Lu Kai.

"Big brother, don't, no, don't kill me!!" Lu Jing climbed up from the ground, keeping his eyes on the approaching Lu Kai. He was terrorized, frantically waving his hands at Lu Kai: "I know I was wrong, I beg you, don't kill me."

Lu Kai's face was cold and grim, "Don't kill you?!" his left palm straightened, and chop down decisively.

Lu Jing grasped at his throat, mouth opened like a fish out of water, red in the face. The entire time, fear never left his widened eyes, mixed with despair and anger. One of his hand flailed around, clawing for Lu Kai but Lu Jing tumbled to the ground after taking two steps. His body twitched once and forever remained still henceforth.

Lu Kai glanced coldly at his body. The surrounding palace guards, as well as the commoners in the distance, fell into silence watching Lu Jing's corpse.

Moments later, Huang Xiaolong stood beside Lu Kai, "How are you?"

Lu Kai shook his head, breathing out heavily as if all his burden could leave him that way, "I am fine."

Huang Xiaolong smiled, "I have some food and drinks readied at the Delicious Restaurant, shall we go for a drink?"

Lu Kai was stunned for a moment before revealing a grin, "Is there Snow Moon Wine?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded firmly: "There is Snow Moon Wine."

"There's food and wine, of course I have to go." Lu Kai laughed.

Moments later, all the palace guards present in the square watched as Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai left in leisure steps, no one dared to object or stop them. It didn't take long for the three of them to reach the Delicious Restaurant.

When the Delicious Restaurant's boss saw Huang Xiaolong return, along with Lu Kai beside him, he reacted like a wooden chicken standing on the spot, dumbstruck for a very long time before he remembered to kneel down, greeting Lu Kai.

After the restaurant boss stood up, Huang Xiaolong led the way up to the first floor while asking, "Boss, the dishes, did you warm them?" before Huang Xiaolong left earlier, he specifically instructed them to warm the dishes.

The restaurant boss had an awkward expression on his face, not knowing how to answer Huang Xiaolong for he didn't believe for a second that Huang Xiaolong would be able to rescue Lu Kai, even more so returning here to eat if he, by some miracle, succeeded.

Therefore... he did not keep the dishes warm.

How could Huang Xiaolong not understand watching the restaurant boss' interesting expression. He didn't blame or admonish the matter, walking to the same table as before with Lu Kai.

Although the restaurant boss didn't keep Huang Xiaolong's dishes warm, he also did not allow others to use the table or take away the food served.

After sitting down, with a turn of his hand, a small kindle of true essence fire floated on Huang Xiaolong's palm. With a quick sweep over the wine and dishes, curling wisps of steam instantly filled the air with enticing fragrance.

The restaurant boss was stunned. He hesitated before speaking up, "Young Noble Huang, Prince Lu Kai, the pursuing guards might reach here very soon, shouldn't you...?" To him, since Huang Xiaolong succeeded in rescuing Prince Lu Kai, he and Prince Lu Kai should flee far away from Luo Tong Royal City as soon as possible, the further the better. Yet, these two people were in the mood to just sit here, drinking wine and enjoying meat?

Later, when the Wind God Cult and the palace guards chased them here, what would they do?!

Both Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai chuckled hearing that, making the restaurant boss feel lost and baffled.

Huang Xiaolong stopped laughing and said, "Well, Boss, you go down first, we'll call for you if there's anything we need."

Seeing this, the restaurant boss didn't dare to broach the subject anymore. Saluting respectfully, he excused himself.

"Come, let us drink." Watching the restaurant boss disappear from view, Huang Xiaolong raised his cup and clinked it against Lu Kai's.

Needless to say, the Snow Moon Wine reheated using true essence fire tasted better than usual. The wine was smooth down the throat, with a hint of warmth after the initial iciness, intoxicating to the soul.

Calling it ambrosia of the gods was befitting.

But in this world, probably only Huang Xiaolong was profligate enough to use true essence fire to reheat dishes and wine.

...

While Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai were enjoying themselves with food and wine at the Delicious Restaurant, a hundred miles outside Luo Tong Royal City, on a small mountain range, stood the structures of several palaces. These palaces were Wind God Cult's main headquarters built in the Luo Tong Kingdom.

At this time, Wind God Cult's Leader was standing below the dais in a respectful manner, whereas on the main seat in the hall sat a young man in a white robe, with icy blue eyes. There was an obvious golden runic pattern on his forehead.

This young man was the very same person who took Li Lu away in Duanren Imperial City together with Li Molin, Deities Templar's Ao Baixue! That time several years ago, Ao Baixue had revealed his Saint realm strength and injured Huang Xiaolong at that time.

Chapter 332: Even If Given Wings... Won't Be Able To Escape

Ao Baixue sat on the throne seat in the hall, his fingers caressing the emeralds decorating the sides...

The atmosphere in the great hall grew smothering. Fan Yiming had his head lowered, not daring to breathe loudly.

"No news yet from the Luo Tong Kingdom's side?" A while later, Ao Baixue finally spoke, his majestic tone shattered the suffocating silence.

Fan Yiming trembled, but he swiftly stepped forward to answer, "Replying to Elder Ao, most likely there will not be any unanticipated accident. I've sent my eldest disciple He Hui to supervise the matter, by this time, that Lu Kai should have been beheaded. With Lu Kai's death and with Lu Jing ascending the throne, we can smoothly control the Luo Tong Kingdom."

Ao Baixue condescendingly glanced at Fan Yiming from above the throne seat, deriding in soft-spoken words, "I hope it is as you said. Serve well, and Deities Templar will reward you justly."

Joy flooded Fan Yiming's face and he knelt down in a kowtow: "This lowly one thanks Elder Ao!"

It was at this time, from outside the great hall, a Wind God Cult Elder rushed into the hall in a flustered manner.

Ao Baixue's brows wrinkled with dissatisfaction: "What is it?"

That Elder fell to his knees and reported with a shaky voice, "Reporting to Elder Ao, Leader, Luo- there's a mishap on the Luo Tong Kingdom's side."

Mishap? Mishap could only refer to Lu Kai's death, unless...?

"What happened?!" Fan Yiming demanded anxiously.

"Some- someone rescued Lu Kai, and, and..." The Elder hesitated.

"And what?" Fan Yiming snapped.

"And Elder He is dead!" That Elder dared not conceal the truth.

"What?!" Fan Yiming didn't look good, he was very confident in his eldest disciple He Hui's strength, a peak late-Xiantian Second Order. To his knowledge, no Xiantian Third Order expert existed in the Luo Tong Kingdom, yet his disciple was killed?!

"What about Lu Jing?" Fan Yiming pressed.

"Lu Jing was also killed!" That Wind God Cult Elder reported the truth with all honesty.

However, his answer made Fan Yiming's face murkier than muddy water.

Ao Baixue remained seated on the hall throne and wasn't angered even after listening to the Wind God Cult Elder's report. Instead, Ao Baixue laughed softly, "Interesting, there are actually people who dare to oppose my Deities Templar? Interesting."

Although Ao Baixue looked calm on the surface, Fan Yiming instantly knelt down on his knees, kowtowing repeatedly, "Elder Ao, this subordinate is incompetent, deserving a thousand deaths!"

"Enough, stand up." Ao Baixue said.

Fan Yiming and the Elder gave their thanks before daring to stand up.

"How many people took part in rescuing Lu Kai?" Ao Baixue questioned that Wind Cult Elder.

The Wind God Cult Elder hastened to answer, "It was two people. One was a young man, the other a four-meter-tall giant, it seems that young man is called Huang Xiaolong, and that giant man is probably his bodyguard."

"What? Huang Xiaolong?" Ao Baixue showed surprise on his face, "You are very sure that he is called Huang Xiaolong?"

"That is correct, Elder Ao. When that young man was rescuing Lu Kai, the commoner crowd gathered around the square recognized him, claiming that the young man was Luo Tong Kingdom's greatest genius talent, participated in the Duanren Imperial City Battle and won the first place that year." The Elder answered respectfully.

Hearing the Elder's explanation, Ao Baixue was absolutely sure that it was none other than Huang Xiaolong, making him burst out in laughter in delight. He stood up as he laughed, "Huang Xiaolong ah Huang Xiaolong, truly, enemies meet on a narrow road, I truly did not expect that you will appear here!"

Amongst the ranks of Deities Templar, Huang Xiaolong was labeled a 'sinner!'

Anyone who went against Deities Templar would be listed as sinners, and in the Deities Templar Sinner's List, Huang Xiaolong might not rank first, but he was definitely within top ten.

If he could capture Huang Xiaolong and bring him back to Deities Templar, he would be greatly rewarded. Of course, the reward would be the same if he brought back Huang Xiaolong's corpse.

"Elder Ao, that Huang Xiaolong is..?" Fan Yiming approached, venturing with caution.

Ao Baixue smiled, "Just a stinky boor of a young man. There's some small grudge with him from a few years ago, at that time he was only an early Xiantian. Regardless of his current strength, he is a designated sinner wanted by Deities Templar."

Fan Yiming quickly said, "So it's like that. No matter how much of a genius talent that Huang Xiaolong could be, at most he's only a mid-level Xiantian. Probably yet to break through the mid-level Xiantian. In front of Elder Ao, he won't be able to escape even if you put wings on him, peeing himself the instant he sees Elder Ao appear."

This brown-nosing put Ao Baixue in an extremely good mood.

"Did you find out in which direction that Huang Xiaolong fled to?" Ao Baixue then asked the Elder.

"Replying to Elder Ao, that Huang Xiaolong did not run after rescuing Lu Kai. They went to a place called Delicious Restaurant within the Luo Tong Royal City, they are drinking wine." The Elder replied with due respect, "Even now, both of them are still there."

Ao Baixue was stunned. 'They did not run?' Then he inquired about the characteristics of the giant man who was with Huang Xiaolong. After confirming that it was neither Zhao Shu nor Zhang Fu, he was totally at ease.

As long as it wasn't Zhao Shu or Zhang Fu, the matter would be easy to handle. At Huang Xiaolong's side, the only high-grade Saint realm experts were Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu. Whereas those miscellaneous people like Yu Ming, Haotian, Fei Hou, and what not, taking care of them was only a matter of snapping his fingers.

"Huang Xiaolong, I want to see how you're going to escape my hands this time!" Ao Baixue declared coldly. He turned around to instruct Fan Yiming, "Order down the lockdown of the entire Luo Tong Royal City, you make a trip there with me."

"Yes, Elder Ao!" Not delaying further, Ao Baixue flew out of the great hall, leading Fan Yiming and some others in the direction of Luo Tong Royal City. With Ao Baixue's Saint realm speed, a hundred li was a matter of only half an incense stick's burning time.

Before long, Ao Baixue's sighted the Luo Tong Royal City in front of him. Watching the city structures growing bigger and closer, excitement gleamed in his eyes. He was now a mid-First Order Saint realm. This time, if he could capture Huang Xiaolong alive and bring him back to the Deities Templar headquarters, with the reward from the Temple Preceptor he could definitely advance to late-First Order Saint realm in the shortest time.

While Ao Baixue and his group narrowed the distance to Luo Tong Royal City, Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai were still clinking cups in the Delicious Restaurant. It had been a few years since they last saw each other, words were bound to be many.

Talking about the Cosmic Star Academy and the days they spent there, each sighed with nostalgia. When the topic came to the annual Academy year competition, Lu Kai laughed, "You kid, shouldn't you have let me hit you once or twice those years?" Those years, whenever Huang Xiaolong met Lu Kai on the stage, he barely showed any mercy.

Huang Xiaolong too laughed, "I cannot cheat." Speaking of this, Huang Xiaolong recalled someone, "That Jiang Teng, how is he now?"

Jiang Teng was Huang Xiaolong's classmate in his first year, also the only student with superb talent martial spirit apart from Huang Xiaolong.

"Principal Sun Zhang and Vice Principal Xiong Chu placed high importance on him. Now, Jiang Teng is already a mid-Ninth Order." Lu Kai said. The Ninth Order Lu Kai referred to was, of course, mid-Houtian Ninth Order.

Huang Xiaolong nodded. Jiang Teng was both Sun Zhang and Xiong Chu's disciple at the same time, with his grade eleven superb talent martial spirit and the two elders' guidance, it was no wonder Jiang Teng had this achievement.

Mentioning Jiang Teng, Lu Kai couldn't resist asking, "Brother, tell me frankly, what is your strength now?" He had an itching curiosity about Huang Xiaolong's strength.

Chapter 333: Able To Contend With Me?

Huang Xiaolong showed a faint smile hearing Lu Kai asking about his current strength, "In your opinion, what's my current strength?"

Lu Kai kept mum for a moment, then said, "You little bastard cannot be judged using normal logic. That year when you participated in the Duanren Imperial City Battle, you had just broken through the Xiantian realm, by now, you probably advanced till Xiantian Fourth Order, right?" Lu Kai squinted his eyes as he fixed a stare on Huang Xiaolong's face for his reaction.

Xiantian Fourth Order! Thinking about what a Xiantian Fourth Order represented, Lu Kai couldn't help but tremble secretly. Xiantian Fourth Order, a mid-level Xiantian realm, not one person in the entire Luo Tong Kingdom could contend with that kind of strength!

Forget the Luo Tong Kingdom, even several neighboring kingdoms didn't have a Xiantian Fourth Order expert! How old was Huang Xiaolong? No more than twenty-three, right?!

Watching Lu Kai staring at him wide-eyed, Huang Xiaolong shook his head a little helplessly. Huang Xiaolong's response stunned Lu Kai, and he subsequently breathed out in relieved, grinning "See, didn't I say, no matter how much of a monster genius you are, how could you break through mid-level Xiantian so fast!"

Huang Xiaolong was speechless at his friend.

"So, are you a peak late-Xiantian Third Order now?" Lu Kai was relentless.

Peak late-Xiantian Third Order? Huang Xiaolong smiled bitterly, shaking his head.

Seeing this, Lu Kai continued, "Late-Xiantian Third Order?"

Huang Xiaolong shook his head again.

"Peak mid-Xiantian Third Order?" Lu Kai tried again.

He got the same response from Huang Xiaolong.

Lu Kai's face was full of doubt, "Cannot be, ah, then mid-Xiantian Third Order? With the speed of your cultivation, it's impossible for you to be only a mid-Xiantian Third Order?"

Huang Xiaolong laughed, "I am really not a mid-Xiantian Third Order."

Not a mid-Xiantian Third Order? Lu Kai blanked for a moment, then a shocking thought struck him, "Could it be... above Xiantian Fourth Order?!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Lu Kai laughed as he said, "You kid, really a freak, you actually broke through Xiantian Fourth Order so fast." Hearing Huang Xiaolong confirmed he had broken through Xiantian Fourth Order, Lu Kai was truly happy for his friend.

“Then you’re now mid or late Xiantian Fourth Order?” Lu Kai asked.

Huang Xiaolong pondered his answer, “Can be considered as a high-level Xiantian realm.” Though Huang Xiaolong could defeat the Saint realm Zhao Chen, he was still a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, therefore, he was considered as a high-level Xiantian realm.

Lu Kai was totally dumbstruck at Huang Xiaolong’s blasé answer, his eyeballs rounded like they were about to fall off, that look was no different than looking at an unknown strange creature.

Can be considered as high-level Xiantian realm?!

Lu Kai drew a sharp breath, he had assumed that regardless how talented Huang Xiaolong was, in a short few years’ span, it was already beyond normal to advance into Xiantian Fourth Order, but now...!

“Peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order?” Lu Kai tried. Lu Kai thought that Huang Xiaolong’s ‘can be considered as’ meant that he hadn’t stepped into Xiantian Seventh Order, but infinitely close to breaking through to Xiantian Seventh Order.

Huang Xiaolong smiled a little at Lu Kai’s guess, no longer admit or deny, let’s take it that he was peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order.

At this point, the restaurant boss hastened to their table with an anxious expression. In front of Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai, he spoke urgently, “Young Noble Huang, Prince Lu Kai, quickly run! Just now, Prime Minister Wu Feng ordered to have the city on lockdown, all the city guards are rushing over here!”

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Talking with Lu Kai, Huang Xiaolong already found out that Wu Feng and most of the Luo Tong Kingdom ministers supported Lu Jing. That Wu Feng too had taken liege under the Wind God Cult, which was why Huang Xiaolong was calm. Raising his cup, he emptied the wine inside.

Watching Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai’s unhurried response, the restaurant boss urged them, “Young Noble Huang, Prince Lu Kai, leave quickly, otherwise it will be too late. I heard that Wind God Cult’s Leader and a group of Wind God Cult’s experts are rushing over, they’re probably right outside the city gates!”

Just as the restaurant boss’ voice ended, an overwhelming momentum enveloped the entire Luo Tong Royal City like a flood of divine retribution from Heaven, not an inch of land was spared.

The commoners living in the city were terrified, feeling fear and despair at the sudden unknown calamity. Even the initially calm Lu Kai was affected, trepidation flickered in his eyes that went all the way to his core, it felt like an insurmountable mountain was pressuring his soul, making it hard to breathe.

Whereas Huang Xiaolong was surprised; Saint realm? Well, this was unexpected. Running into a Saint realm in this small place, someone from the Wind God Cult? Not likely, a small sect like Wind God Cult could hardly have such an existence. Then it could only be the people from Deities Templar.

At the same time outside, Ao Baixue, who released his Saint realm aura, flew straight toward the Delicious Restaurant at breaking wind speed. In the blink of an eye, Ao Baixue, Fan Yiming, and the Wind God Cult experts stopped right above the Delicious Restaurant.

“Greetings, Elder Ao, Leader Fan.” Prime Minister Wu Feng, who had brought the city guards over to surround the Delicious Restaurant early on, hurried forward to salute Ao Baixue and Fan Yiming together with other Luo Tong Kingdom’s ministers, on their knees.

Ao Baixue nodded, permitting them to rise. Spreading his spiritual sense, he instantly locked onto Huang Xiaolong’s group of three.

“Huang Xiaolong, Lu Kai, you’re surrounded from all angles, quickly roll out here and kneel before our Elder Ao!” Leader Fan Yiming took a step forward, barking out loudly.

All around was silence. Seconds later, the restaurant door opened, Huang Xiaolong walked out with Lu Kai and giant ghost Feng Yang. Huang Xiaolong’s gaze collided with Ao Baixue in midair, an invisible storm swept out.

Fan Yiming sneered coldly when he saw Huang Xiaolong appear, “You are Huang Xiaolong? Brat, before our Elder Ao, why aren’t you getting on your knees, begging for mercy?! I am sure you’re already aware that our Elder Ao is a Saint realm expert. Killing you is child’s play.”

Huang Xiaolong merely glance at Ao Baixue: “Really?”

But Lu Kai was ashen at the sight of Ao Baixue, a Saint realm expert?! This young man was actually a Saint realm expert! Saint realm expert, a high above legendary existence!

Getting over his shock, Lu Kai turned towards Huang Xiaolong, “Brother, I have dragged you down, I am sorry!” In his view, as freakishly talented as Huang Xiaolong was to reach peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order at his age, he still wasn’t a Saint realm expert’s opponent.

In front of a Saint realm expert, whether one was a peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order or a Xiantian First Order, the result was the same: one move kill!

Huang Xiaolong gave Lu Kai a reassured look, saying: “Don’t worry.”

“Don’t worry?” Ao Baixue laughed, “Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu are both in Duanren Imperial City now, do you think they can make it here to save you from Duanren Imperial City?”

Huang Xiaolong faced Ao Baixue indifferently, “Do you think you can still injure me like you did that year?” That year, Ao Baixue intentionally injured Huang Xiaolong in front of Li Lu, this score, Huang Xiaolong had never forgotten.

Ao Baixue laughed even louder at Huang Xiaolong’s words, eyes judging Huang Xiaolong up and down, “You’re trying to say that with your current strength you can contend with me? With me, a peak mid-First Order Saint realm master?” His tone was thick with ridicule.

Experts from Wind God Cult joined Ao Baixue in his mocking laughter.

Chapter 334: This Monster!

The Luo Tong Kingdom's Prime Minister Wu Feng and the other ministers followed, laughing aloud.

"Huang Xiaolong, you're at a dead end, stop putting on an act!" Wu Feng mocked Huang Xiaolong, "Too bad that old fogey Haotian is not here, if not, he could witness your death with his own eyes!"

Wu Feng, as Luo Tong Kingdom's Prime Minister, was the pillar of the governing side, and had many contradictions with Haotian, who was the only Marshal. Of course, the grudge he had with Huang Xiaolong wasn't small either.

Huang Xiaolong remained the same, "Is that so?" At the moment, Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to kill jumping clowns such as Wu Feng. The important thing now was to resolve Ao Baixue first.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Ao Baixue, "Don't say I didn't give a chance, call out your Saint realm space."

Ao Baixue was startled, the sounds of laughter from Fan Yiming's group died down halfway. When they finally understood that Huang Xiaolong meant what he said, weird expression hung on their faces looking at Huang Xiaolong.

"What did you say?" Ao Baixue said doubtfully, "Just now, you say you want to give me a chance so that I can call out my Saint realm space?" Did he hear correctly just now?

Huang Xiaolong generously affirmed: "You did not hear wrongly."

Ao Baixue finally ascertained, Huang Xiaolong really did say that he will give him, Ao Baixue, a chance just now, for him to use his Saint realm space.

His lips parted in boisterous laughter, even more unscrupulous than before, a frenzy laughter tinted with madness to the point of forgetting himself. At the end, anger crept into Ao Baixue's laugh. This was the anger of someone who was used to being high above challenged by someone equivalent to an ant in his eyes.

This time around, Fan Yiming, Wu Feng, and the others dared not join in the laughter. The terrible anger in Ao Baixue's voice did not go unnoticed by them.

Ao Baixue stared coldly at Huang Xiaolong, "Originally, I planned to capture you alive and bring you back to Deities Templar, where the Temple Preceptor can judge your sins and punishment, allowing you to live a few more days. But now, I want you to die, terribly, miserably!"

But, Huang Xiaolong made the first move instead, before the last word was spoken out from Ao Baixue's lips, Huang Xiaolong had traveled the short distance between them. A punch of Great Void Divine Fist shot out at full force, straight at Ao Baixue's chest.

Sensing that Huang Xiaolong's strength wasn't as weak and negligible as he had assumed, Ao Baixue's face tightened. However, Huang Xiaolong's Great Void Divine Fist struck his chest.

A zealous force passed through Ao Baixue's chest. The agonizing pain made him scream unwittingly as his entire body inverted, flying back and crashing into the shops on the other side of the street.

The row of shops on the opposite side of the street crumbled, burying Ao Baixue underneath. Dust clouds were blown up into the air.

Any noise in the surroundings died in an instant. Except for the wind, which seemingly grew violent.

Fan Yiming and the rest could almost swear they could hear the wind howling in their ears. Everyone present looked blankly at the opposite side of the street, where Ao Baixue was buried under crumbled buildings. Between the gravel and wood gaps, Ao Baixue's arse stuck out prominently.

Apart from his arse, they managed to make out his left leg. The rest of his body was obscured from sight.

Standing behind Huang Xiaolong, Lu Kai, who was dead worried earlier, was now staring with mouth agape, as large as his mouth could stretch, at Huang Xiaolong. Didn't this kid just tell him that he could only be considered a high-level Xiantian?

Someone that can be considered a high-level Xiantian actually sent a Saint realm expert flying off with a single punch?!

That was a Saint realm expert, ah, a legendary existence!

Every breath Lu Kai took felt insufficient. Huang Xiaolong stepped into Xiantian the year he participated in the Duaren Imperial City Battle, how many years had that been? He could already send a Saint realm expert flying!

Counting this year, Huang Xiaolong was only twenty-three years old! This...! Lu Kai failed to describe the shock, astonishment, and everything else he was feeling at this moment.

The freak! Super monster!

This was the best Lu Kai could do, describing Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong did not pay attention to the shocked people around him, but merely looked at Ao Baixue. After all, he had said that he would give him a chance.

At this point, Ao Baixue, under the building debris, moved. A horrifying aura burst out from his body, the gravel and wood pieces above him exploded, blasted into the air.

Ao Baixue's robe fluttered vigorously in the absence of wind. He looked over at Huang Xiaolong, eyes scarlet with murderous intent soaring sky-high.

Humiliation!!

For him this was a humiliation that could not be forgiven!

“Huang Xiaolong, die—!!” White-colored flames burned around Ao Baixue, his momentum continued to rise higher. His fingers spread, instantly locking the space around Huang Xiaolong.

Space manipulation!

At the same time, Ao Baixue’s fist aimed at Huang Xiaolong’s chest! He wanted to blast Huang Xiaolong to death with a single punch, to wash away the humiliation just now!

When Ao Baixue’s fist was close to striking its target, a golden mountain shone bright and brilliant. With a shake, it shattered the space lock that the other side placed around Huang Xiaolong. Then, his body veered to the side and Ao Baixue’s fist brushed past him, less than an inch from Huang Xiaolong’s body.

Ao Baixue was stunned, his attack landed on empty air. But very quickly, his face warped, a howl came from his throat, his back bending forward like a cooked shrimp.

After dodging Ao Baixue’s attack, Huang Xiaolong countered with a heavy punch deep into Ao Baixue’s stomach. Ao Baixue only felt a strong tremor, and his intestines were shattered into countless pieces by Huang Xiaolong, and was sent flying once more, crashing through another row of shops. Several hundred meters back, he was buried beneath an even bigger pile of rubble and broken wood.

This time, they couldn’t even see Ao Baixue’s arse anymore. He was fully buried underneath.

Fan Yiming, Wu Feng, Lu Kai, and everyone else watched on dumbly. If they could excuse that the first time was because Huang Xiaolong made a sneak attack, then what about this time?!

The wind seemed to have grown fiercer.

Fan Yiming and Wu Feng’s group felt that today’s weather was sunny and bright just moments earlier, but somehow, the sun seemed cruel and harsh at this moment.

The gazes they looked at Huang Xiaolong with were filled with horror, intense, boundless fear. But no one dared to run, no one even dared, they already realized, they wouldn’t be able to outrun Huang Xiaolong. Thus, all their hopes were pinned on Ao Baixue.

Watching the mound of rubble, Huang Xiaolong scoffed, this Ao Baixue failed to judge the situation clearly earlier. Did he really think that he was the same Huang Xiaolong that he could pinch with his fingers easily?

If Ao Baixue summoned his martial spirit and Saint space realm, he wouldn’t fall to this tragic point so fast.

Huang Xiaolong’s current strength was much stronger than the time he entered the Ghost King’s cultivation cave. That time, Zhao Chen was unable to endure Huang Xiaolong full force punch, not to mention now. Ao Baixue? Hmph!

A while later, Ao Baixue emerged from underneath the rubble, standing up slowly. With a ‘waw’ blood came spewing out from his mouth. Due to his stomach injury, he was unable to stand up straight for the time being.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't shocked watching Ao Baixue stand up again. A Saint realm expert's physical defense was tough, possessing strong vitality, they wouldn't die so easily even if all their internal organs were shattered. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong never expected to kill Ao Baixue easily.

Ao Baixue stood up once again. Although his eyes were still scarlet with rage, the losses he ate the last two times finally cleared his head. Now, he was not in a hurry to attack Huang Xiaolong.

"Little pup Huang, good, very good!!!" Intense hatred and killing intent spilled over Ao Baixue's eyes, "Truly unexpected! A mere few short years and you actually grew to this extent!"

In a short few year's time, Huang Xiaolong's strength actually rose to this level. This created a palpable fear in him. At the same time, it firmly cemented his determination to kill Huang Xiaolong.

If not, in a hundred year's time, Deities Templar would probably be destroyed under Huang Xiaolong's hand!

Chapter 335: The Holy Maiden of Deities Templar

Huang Xiaolong flashed a disdainful smile as he looked at Ao Baixue, "A few years passed, it seems like your strength stagnated, without any improvement. I am sorely disappointed."

Ao Baixue's expression turned ugly at Huang Xiaolong's taunting words. Although it was known that it was generally difficult for a Saint realm expert to enhance their strength and breakthrough, a decade, several decades even were a normal time span. However, Huang Xiaolong's words stabbed deeply into Ao Baixue's heart, sharper than swords or knives.

He glowered icily at Huang Xiaolong, "I admit that you're very strong now, but, do you think you can really oppose a Saint realm expert as you are right now, a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order?" by this point, Ao Baixue had determined that Huang Xiaolong had yet to break through into Saint realm. Therefore, he still did not place Huang Xiaolong in his eyes much, despite being injured consecutively in the previous two attacks.

Before a Saint realm expert, even if it was a half-Saint, there was only one result—death. What more, a mere peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order? He refused to believe that Huang Xiaolong could smash this eternal 'law' that existed since ancient times!

Subsequently, Ao Baixue no longer held his strength back, releasing his full momentum out. Above his head, an eagle appeared, white as pure snow, with powerful wings that seemed to extend for miles, the sharp claws on its legs looked as if they were coated with white silver, glinting sharp and dangerous in the sunlight.

Ao Baixue's martial spirit, Snow Eagle!

Ao Baixue soul transformed the moment his martial spirit emerged. As he did so, a layer of thick sparkling white armor covered him from head to toe, even his blue irises turned pure white. The nails on his fingers elongated, emulating the white silver sharpness of the Snow Eagle.

The momentum of a Saint realm soared to the sky, overwhelming like a bombogenesis. Engulfed by this terrifying atmosphere, all the commoners of Luo Tong Royal City were down on their knees in prayers, trembling, absolute terror evident in their eyes.

In his next move, Ao Baixue called out his Saint realm space, its appearance differed from Zhao Chen's Saint realm space. Zhao Chen's Saint realm space took the form of a blue flame sea, whereas Ao Baixue's was snow white in color, in the Saint realm space proximity, glittering snowflakes fall softly.

By this time, Fan Yiming and the rest had retreated far back to safety, their gazes held fear, and burning reverence staring at Ao Baixue. The was the whelming might of a Saint realm expert!

When Ao Baoixue summoned his martial spirit, soul transformed, and prepared his Saint realm space. Huang Xiaolong did not remain idle, transforming into the Asura Physique. He too summoned his martial spirits, both black dragon and blue dragon emerged above him, soul-transforming with the twin dragon martial spirits before the shocked eyes of everyone present.

The mighty atmosphere of ancient dragons emanated from Huang Xiaolong's body, flooding the area, showing signs of suppressing Ao Baixue's Saint realm momentum.

"Falling Sun Almighty Fist!" Ao Baixue made a sudden attack at full power towards Huang Xiaolong, shattering the space with a swing of his fists.

Violent energy spread over a large area influenced by Ao Baixue's fists, forming two spheres of wind, and in the middle of the wind spheres were a dozen groups of flames, burning brilliantly.

Two spheres of burning wind resembled two falling suns, emanating their last shining rays at the end of the day. Twirled within the terrifying energy was the desolate allure of a sunset.

This Falling Sun Almighty Fist was a secret skill belonging to Deities Templar. According to rumors, it was a very high-grade battle skill originating from the Divine World.

However, Huang Xiaolong made a frontal assault instead of retreating, even after seeing this, both of his fists punched out at the same time. Two intangible giant fist imprints flew out, mysterious and profound, ever-changing.

The Great Void Divine Fist!

Boom!! A thunderous collision rendered the air as the Falling Sun and Great Void meshed. A tyrannical shockwave blasted outward in all four directions, the destructive power crushed all nearby shops and building into ruins, the pavement that lined the street was forcefully uplifted and pulverized into dust. The Delicious Restaurant had been reduced to splinters and gravel in the first blast, the restaurant building no longer existed.

Fan Yiming, Wu Feng, and the others watched fearfully as the horrifying shock waves were raging in their direction and had long since fled for their lives with ashen faces. Some Wind God Cult Elders were too late, their bodies made an arch high in the air after being hit by the shock waves, and by the time they crashed to the ground, they were already dead.

Witnessing the end of Wind God Cult's Elders that were struck by the shockwaves, Fan Yiming's pale face turned a shade paler. Fortunately for him, the shockwave's energy lost its power not far from him, stopping dead in its tracks.

On another side, Lu Kai paled as he watched woodenly the surging shockwave, however, just as he was about to be swept away, giant ghost Feng Yang's palm slammed outward, dissipating the energy coming at him.

Watching this scene, Lu Kai, who was drenched in cold sweat, was once again stunned agape staring at giant ghost Feng Yang.

Up in the air, Ao Baixue and Huang Xiaolong's bodies shook and simultaneously staggered back. But Huang Xiaolong's silhouette vanished from view the moment he staggered back, when he appeared again, he was within an arm's length from Ao Baixue, shrouded in Buddhism energy. In close proximity, Ao Baixue received the full force blow from an Earthen Buddha Palm attack.

Ao Baixue was flustered and shocked.

"Night of the Fallen Sun!" He hastened to counter in panic, both fists punching out. When his two fist imprints materialized, the surroundings instantly fell into darkness, whereas Ao Baixue conveniently concealed himself in that darkness.

This was one of the moves within the Almighty Falling Sun Fist used for defense and was one the more difficult moves to master, for one must have a deep understanding of the the connection and fusion between day and night before achieving any success.

If one could cultivate this move until perfection, once displayed, it was powerful enough to instantly turn daylight into night in a large area. Of course, this battle skill was only possible for Saint realm experts, who had a certain understanding of the space laws.

With Ao Baixue concealed in the darkness, Huang Xiaolong's Earthen Buddha Palm missed its target, but Huang Xiaolong merely sneered. The Eye of Hell opened on his forehead, almost immediately locking onto Ao Baixue's silhouette. A finger imprint flew out, shattering the darkness created by Night of the Fallen Sun, penetrating Ao Baixue's body.

Ao Baixue grunted in pain, falling out from the cover of darkness. His face totally void of color.

"You, actually can see me?!" He stared at Huang Xiaolong, refusing to accept the fact. He was very confident in the Night of the Fallen Sun that he cast. In general, not even Second Order Saint realm could tell his position when concealed within the darkness. Earlier, if it weren't for his Saint realm space acting as a barrier and absorbing half of the power of Huang Xiaolong's attack, that seemingly insignificant finger attack from Huang Xiaolong would have reaped his life away, piercing through his heart.

Huang Xiaolong remained coldly silent, two bright lights flickered in his palms, revealing the Blades of Asura.

The Blades of Asura slashed out, myriad blade lights turned into links of chains numbering in the thousands, encaging the space around Ao Baixue. Unable to dodge and having no place to retreat, unnerved, Ao Baixue hollered: "Scorn of the Falling Snow!"

White-colored flames flared high up, flaming snowflakes could be seen falling from the sky above like flakes of icy burning snow, spiraling to the earth, forming a protective barrier around Ao Baixue.

Countless Death God's Chains wrapped him layer upon layer, deadly locking down space all around Ao Baixue, imprisoning him. In a rapid flicker, Huang Xiaolong's body blurred, appearing above Ao Baixue's head, the Blades of Asura slashed down on him. Streaks of angry lightning bolts exploded, piercing through his flaming snow protective barrier.

Losing his protective barrier, Ao Baixue's body was shredded and torn apart by the many streaks of lightning, regardless of the Saint realm space shielding him, the pain he suffered was no less than being flayed by millions of swords and knives. Heart-wrenching screams reverberated in the air, losing strength, Ao Baixue plummeted to the ground.

Huang Xiaolong slowly returned to the ground, landing in front of Ao Baixue, showing a deadpanned expression looking at the blade made blood-stained marks on Ao Baoixue. Lightning smokes curled to the air.

Tough a Saint realm expert could use the Saint realm space to protect their body, it was not invincible, merely a sturdier defense. As long as the attack exceeded a certain power, the Saint realm space could be broken just the same.

Ao Baixue scrambled to get up from the ground. Despite his miserable appearance, he flashed Huang Xiaolong a brilliant smile, "I never imagined that I, Ao Baixue, would die in the hands of a Xiantian." His words paused here slightly, his smile grew bigger, "But, Huang Xiaolong, even if I die, Deities Templar will still send others to kill you, and I believe that one day you will die in the hands of our Holy Maiden!"

"Holy Maiden?"

Looking at Huang Xiaolong's expression, Ao Baixue said, "I forgot to tell you, Li Lu is already our Deities Templar's Holy Maiden!"