

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 336-340

Chapter 336: Senior Huang

Deities Templar's Holy Maiden? A frown creased Huang Xiaolong's forehead looking at Ao Baixue, his instinct told him that Ao Baixue wasn't lying.

Li Lu actually became the Holy Maiden of Deities Templar, what was this about? Huang Xiaolong quivered with an ominous feeling inside.

Ao Baixue's sudden holler cut into Huang Xiaolong's thoughts. Turning over, he saw Ao Baixue's Saint realm space shoot up, hovering above Huang Xiaolong's head, where numerous flaming snowflakes fell like an avalanche, burying Huang Xiaolong underneath.

Even a Second Order Saint realm expert would avoid coming in close contact with this flaming snow, any Xiantian realm would be melted into nothing with the slightest touch.

Ao Baixue glared at Huang Xiaolong, his eyes shining with hatred and sharp killing intent.

"Die!!!" He refused to believe that a miracle would happen twice, a Xiantian realm absolutely could not survive being buried under his flaming snow.

Just as the snow avalanche began rumbling down, Huang Xiaolong raised his head, and before Ao Baixue could react, a golden ember fire burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body, taking shape in the form of a golden red fire dragon, spiralling upwards. Ao Baixue watched stupefied as his flaming snow was swallowed clean by the golden red fire dragon.

The golden red fire dragon continued upward, colliding with the snow white Saint space realm.

Zi! A sonorous boom resounded, the Saint realm space shook, emitting wisps of smoke plumes endlessly as its size shrank. Ao Baixue lost all color from his face, hardly disguising the obvious shock in his eyes.

His Saint realm space was actually being burned? What the f*ck is this fire?!

Huang Xiaolong ignored the horror in Ao Baixue's eyes, fully pushing the true fire essence in his dantian and making it burn more vigorously. The golden red fire dragon, shaped from the true essence fire, wound itself tightly around Ao Baixue's Saint realm space, eating it away.

A Saint realm space's defense was extremely sturdy, after all, it was formed from a Saint realm expert's understanding of the space law. Under usual circumstances, even the flames formed by a high-level Saint realm expert could not hack away other Saint realm experts' Saint realm space, but Huang Xiaolong's true essence fire could.

Ao Baixue attempted to recall his Saint realm space back into his body, but Huang Xiaolong's palm struck out, a golden palm imprint distorted the space. Ao Baixue actually found that he couldn't move at all.

This?! He was greatly shocked. In the next moment, however, warm liquid rushed up his throat, he was spurting blood from his mouth. Ao Baixue quickly looked up, only to discover that his Saint realm space was gone, burned away to nothingness by Huang Xiaolong's fire dragon.

Bottomless despair intertwined with terror in Ao Baixue's eyes.

To a Saint realm warrior, their Saint realm space was equivalent to a second life, if their Saint realm space was destroyed, the dire consequences were much worse than a Xiantian realm warrior having their Qi Sea destroyed. Even with the help of another Saint realm expert, it was impossible to rebuild the Saint realm space, as they lacked the capability to assist. In short, if Ao Baixue managed to survive, his cultivation would suffer a severe setback and have no hope of promotion ever again in his entire lifetime.

After burning away Ao Baixue's Saint realm space, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette blurred in a flicker, arriving in front of Ao Baixue. The Blades of Asura appeared in his hands and silently slit across Ao Baixue's throat.

Blood dyed the ground below red.

Ao Baixue clutched his throat, but Huang Xiaolong's blades already penetrated his chest. The blades shook a little before Huang Xiaolong pulled them out again. Ao Baixue wobbled unsteadily and staggered backwards even as he tried to steady himself.

Still, with his throat slit and heart cut into halves, Ao Baixue was somehow still alive. Furthermore, Huang Xiaolong sensed a strong vitality desperately healing Ao Baixue's wounds in his throat and heart.

Saint realm warriors, not only was their physical defense formidable, their healing ability wasn't far behind.

Seeing this result, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, his palm enshrouded in true essence fire, slamming down on top of Ao Baixue's head. The true essence fire spread from the head down to Ao Baixue's body.

Tragic shrieks came from Ao Baixue's throat, but it ended just as quickly. A short while later, his body slumped to the ground, all signs of life vanished. To totally kill a Saint realm warrior, the only way was to destroyed the soul, otherwise, no matter how grave their bodily injuries were, they would still not die.

Just like giant ghost Feng Yang, it would only die if its ghost soul was destroyed. But then again, a Saint realm warrior's soul was quite formidable too. Luckily, Huang Xiaolong had the true essence fire, otherwise he wouldn't have been able to kill Ao Baixue.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Ao Baixue's corpse, and after a small thought, he moved the corpse into the Asura Ring. In fact, he wanted to test if it could be refined by the Thousand Beast Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

'En, if it can be refined, it would surely be very beneficial', Huang Xiaolong secretly thought.

Divine grade spirit pellets were refined from many rare spirit elixirs. In the Martial Spirit World, someone who used Saint realm warriors as an ingredient for refining pellets had yet to appear...

Then, Huang Xiaolong turned around, facing Fan Yiming's group of Wind God Cult, as well as Wu Feng's group of ministers.

Fan Yiming, Wu Feng, and the rest quivered when they noticed Huang Xiaolong looking at them. The legs that could shatter a large boulder with a single kick now felt weak and jittery, refusing to stand up no matter how hard they tried, as if their legs were permanently cramped.

Huang Xiaolong sneered. With a single step, he was already in front of Fan Yiming. Fan Yiming, Wufeng, and the rest were so scared seeing the distant Huang Xiaolong suddenly appear right in front of them that their knees gave out with a snap, kneeling on both legs.

"Se-Senior, Senior Huang!" The Wind God Cult's Leader, Fan Yiming, stammered, the expression on his face was as if he had seen a ghost. Wu Feng's head was so low that he was practically kissing the ground. He was tongue-tied, his mouth opened and closed but no words came out. The Luo Tong Kingdom ministers that followed him didn't know what to say either.

Listening to the Wind God Cult's Leader, Fan Yiming, calling him Senior, Huang Xiaolong smiled brilliantly at him, "What's the matter?"

Fan Yiming blanked at Huang Xiaolong's beaming smile, millions of words were all stuck in his throat. After a brief moment of blankness, he hurried forward, crawling on his hands and knees until he reached Huang Xiaolong's feet, "Senior Huang, I beg you, spare us! We were only against Prince Lu Kai because Deities Templar threatened us, I...!"

"Is that so?" Huang Xiaolong cut short Fan Yiming's words. Lifting a finger, Fan Yiming's forehead was pierced with a finger-sized hole, blood spurted to the ground. Fan Yiming tumbled down without another word.

Wind God Cult's Elders all turned deathly pale. Huang Xiaolong was smiling one second and killed their Wind God Cult Leader the next, some even had dark wet patches on the ground underneath them.

Detecting the distasteful smell, Huang Xiaolong frowned. His finger stabbed the void. In that instant, several Wind God Cult Elders' heads were pierced through and through. Without another word, Huang Xiaolong killed at the present Wind God Cult Elders.

Finally, Huang Xiaolong turned to Wu Feng. By this time, Wu Feng was already terrified out of his mind. Losing interest, Huang Xiaolong resolved Wu Feng swiftly. Initially, he had planned to play around a little, but since Wu Feng had already lost his mind, then forget it. The group of Luo Tong Kingdom's ministers, however, Huang Xiaolong was too lazy to be bothered with them so he pushed them over to Lu Kai, letting him handle them.

When Huang Xiaolong once again stood in front of him, Lu Kai looked at Huang Xiaolong for a very long time with complex emotions, before finally uttering such a sentence: "Your mother, you super monstrous freak! This is too much of a blow to me!"

Truly, the strength Huang Xiaolong had shown earlier was too big of blow towards Lu Kai's 'fragile' heart.

Huang Xiaolong merely chuckled at his words.

Chapter 337: Back To Duanren Imperial City

After the battle, Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai were no longer in the mood to talk about old days. Looking at the ruined shops and streets due to his battle with Ao Baixue, especially the destroyed Delicious Restaurant, Huang Xiaolong waved his hands and a shower of gold coins rained down, falling right in front of the Delicious Restaurant boss.

Looking at the pile of gold coins the size of a small hill, the restaurant boss was stunned. Then, he trembled with excitement, both hands shaking visibly. From afar, he kowtowed endlessly in gratitude toward Huang Xiaolong.

Watching this, Lu Kai laughed at Huang Xiaolong, "Damn, you kid shouldn't be such a spendthrift even if you're rich." Even though Huang Xiaolong wanted to compensate the restaurant boss, that small hill pile of gold coins was enough for ten Delicious Restaurants.

Huang Xiaolong smiled and retorted, "I've always been this spendthrift." To Huang Xiaolong, gold coins were just figures.

Merely the number of gold coins he had gotten from the spatial rings of the Xiantian realm warriors he killed throughout this journey was enough to pave all the streets in the Luo Tong Royal City. Especially the two spatial rings belonging to the Blood Dragon City's Li Li and Du Huagang that Huang Xiaolong killed in the Ghost City, the amount of gold coins inside their spatial rings was piled mountain high and several miles long.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong stayed one night in the Luo Tong Royal City.

The next day, Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang moved separately to clean out all the Wind God Cult remnants around the Royal City. When that matter was settled, he regrouped with giant ghost Feng Yang and continued on their way back to Duanren Imperial City.

On the way, Huang Xiaolong decided to check Ao Baixue's spatial ring. Inside, other than mountains of gold coins, there were a lot of grade eight, grade nine, and even grade ten spirit pellets. There were even three heaven grade spirit pellets, but none were of divine grade.

What came as a pleasant surprise to Huang Xiaolong were the sixty plus grade one spirit stones that he found amongst the items. Although Huang Xiaolong's battle qi had enhanced significantly in the recent months, the consumption still too large to enable the Godly Mt. Xumi to fly, as well as initiate the Thousand Beast Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. With those grade one spirit stones he would have an easier time. Sixty plus pieces weren't much, but it was sufficient for a period of time.

After leaving the Luo Tong Kingdom, Huang Xiaolong traveled at a moderate pace, while practicing the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and other techniques while attempting to use the Thousand Beast Cauldron to refine Ao Baixue's corpse.

Of course, Huang Xiaolong did not relax his practice of the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate. After battling with Saint realm experts like Zhao Chen and Ao Baixue, Huang Xiaolong realized ever more the crucial importance of a strong soul.

After one broke through to the Saint realm, as long as the soul was not destroyed, one would be immortal, so to speak. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong made every effort to continuously enhance his spirit and soul.

Amidst all these, what baffled Huang Xiaolong was that the Thousand Beast Cauldron was unable to refine Ao Baixue's body. There were no changes to Ao Baixue's corpse in the last few days except for one thing: it became translucent, resembling crystal, and Huang Xiaolong actually felt that Ao Baixue's physical body was stronger than it was before...

"This...?" Huang Xiaolong was astonished when he found out. Did this mean that the Thousand Beast Cauldron could also be used to temper one's physique?

In the past, Huang Xiaolong had only used the Thousand Beast Cauldron to refine pellets, it had never crossed his mind that the cauldron could be used to temper his body.

Sensing the change in Ao Baixue's corpse, Huang Xiaolong appeared inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda in a flicker, dived into the Thousand Beast Cauldron, and used a grade one spirit stone as energy source to activate the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array inside the cauldron.

One day later when Huang Xiaolong emerged from the Thousand Beast Cauldron, he confirmed that his flesh was much stronger. From his meridians to his Qi Sea and internal organs, every part of him was strengthened.

This discovery came as a pleasant surprise to Huang Xiaolong. Although he didn't manage to refine Ao Baixue's corpse, he accidentally discovered a new function of the Thousand Beast Cauldron. If he continued to use the Thousand Beast Cauldron to temper his body, his flesh, defense, and strength could be enhanced continuously, becoming more powerful.

Although a strong soul and spirit were at the top of Huang Xiaolong's list before breaking into the Saint realm, the body was equally important.

Cultivating as he made his way towards the Duanren Imperial City, it merely took Huang Xiaolong seven days to reach his destination, otherwise, with his speed, he would barely need three days to travel the distance.

Seven days later, Huang Xiaolong stood before the gates of Duanren Imperial City, a wash of nostalgia tugged at his heart looking at the grand city gates. A while later, Huang Xiaolong passed through the gates with giant ghost Feng Yang and led him to the Southern Hill Estate.

It had been close to two years since he left home. Time flowed by so quickly, he felt as it was only yesterday when he left Duanren Imperial City.

But, when Huang Xiaolong walked along the Imperial City streets, he noticed that it was livelier than usual, people filling every street, carts and carriages looked like a hundred miles long dragon, crowds made their way in groups after groups towards the north side of the Imperial City.

Huang Xiaolong became curious.

“This brother, what is happening? Why are there so many people moving towards the north side?” He called out to a passerby young man and inquired.

The young man scrutinized Huang Xiaolong up and down with a strange expression on his face, “Don’t you know? Today is the last day of this year’s Imperial City Battle.”

“Imperial City Battle?” Huang Xiaolong was slightly stunned, then he shook his head as a faint smile emerged on his face.

‘I wonder how Xie Puti, that guy, is doing...’

The young man that was stopped by Huang Xiaolong to ask questions noticed that Huang Xiaolong stood there daydreaming, so he went off in a huff, ignoring Huang Xiaolong after throwing a word at Huang Xiaolong: “Idiot!”

Idiot...? Huang Xiaolong smiled bitterly, this was his first time being labeled as an idiot. Alas, Huang Xiaolong left the place, heading straight to the Southern Hill Estate.

Very soon, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang stood in front of the doors of the Southern Hill Estate.

The main entrance of the Southern Hill Estate was twice as big compared to the time he left two years ago. Most likely it was renovated after Huang Xiaolong left, the two lion statues on each side of the gates looked imposing and domineering.

“It’s Young Master, it’s the Eldest Young Master, Eldest Young Master is back~!!” At this point, the guard stationed in front of the Southern Hill Estate recognized Huang Xiaolong and started announcing happily at the top of his lungs.

The instant the guard’s voice rang out, the whole Southern Hill Estate boiled up with excitement.

A flurry of footsteps sounded from afar.

Huang Peng and Su Yan were seen rushing haphazardly towards the main door, right behind them were Huang Xiaohai, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and a group of loyal guards.

Huang Xiaolong watched the overjoyed expression on his parents face as they rushed out as fast as they could, and inexplicably, his eyes moistened.

“It’s Long’er, it’s Long’er, really, Long’er is back!!” Su Yan beamed the moment she spotted Huang Xiaolong, rushing to be the first one to arrive at the door before anyone else, pulling Huang Xiaolong into a hug.

“Long’er you’re finally back!” She sobbed.

Huang Xiaolong’s sight was slightly hazy, he nodded. Ardently.

It was a long time before Su Yan was willing to let go of Huang Xiaolong.

“Father.” Huang Xiaolong turned to his father at the side.

Huang Peng’s eyes were slightly moist and red: “It’s good you’re back.”

“Big brother.” Huang Xiaohai stepped up, calling out.

Huang Xiaolong patted his younger brother’s shoulder. His younger brother had grown much taller.

“Young Lord!” When all the family members finished their greetings, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu stepped forward, saluting Huang Xiaolong respectfully.

Watching everyone present—his parents, younger brother, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and the rest, a warm feeling flowed into his heart.

Chapter 338: Begin, Refining the Ghost King Ring

“Let’s go back to the manor.” Huang Xiaolong said to the present people.

Thus, his parents, Huang Peng and Su Yan, as well as the others, walked back inside. Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu followed behind, whereas Feng Yang trailed close to Huang Xiaolong.

It was only at this moment that Huang Peng, Su Yan, Zhao Shu, and Zhang Fu became aware of Feng Yang’s presence among them.

When everyone was seated in the grand hall, Su Yan was the first to ask, “Long’er, this is?” looking at the giant ‘man’ standing behind Huang Xiaolong.

Feng Yang’s four-meter-tall stature roused their curiosity.

Huang Xiaolong smiled at them, explaining simply: “This is a ghost I took in from the Bedlam Lands.”

“Ghost!” Everyone was aghast hearing that.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, emphasizing: “A Saint realm ghost.”

“Saint realm ghost!!” Another wave of shock.

Huang Xiaolong taking in a ghost entity was shocking enough for them, it would never have crossed their mind that this ghost could be a Saint realm cultivator!

What a Saint realm expert represent, everyone present was well aware. In the current Duaren Empire, how many Saint realm experts were there, they could be counted on one hand.

Huang Xiaolong went on to add: "He's called Feng Yang." Then he turned to Feng Yang, "Feng Yang, greet House Master and Mistress." Introducing Huang Peng and Su Yan both to him.

Entirely covered in a large black cloak, Feng Yang nodded in understanding, then he stepped forward to give Huang Peng and Su Yan a proper salute. Panicking slightly, not knowing what to do, Huang Peng and Su Yan quickly told him to rise.

Although in recent years both Huang Peng and Su Yan had seen quite a few large occasions, this was still the first time either of them received a salute from a Saint realm ghost.

Getting up, Feng Yang once again returned, standing in the same spot behind Huang Xiaolong in a respectful manner. Everyone was amazed watching this, wondering how Huang Xiaolong had managed to take in a Saint realm ghost as a slave.

"Long'er, have you been well these two years in the Bedlam Lands?" A while later, Su Yan asked.

Huang Xiaolong did not conceal the events in the Bedlam Lands, roughly describing the situation of the two years he spent there. Hearing how Huang Xiaolong managed to take control of the Sky Magi Sect, Blood Swallow School, and finally, Black Demon City, Huang Peng and Su Yan's hearts tensed up, yet they were happy for their son at the same time.

Then, it came to the part in the City of Myriad Gods, where he had a conflict with Zhao Chen, where Zhao Chen's subordinates tried to attack Huang Xiaolong. Everyone listening had their hearts hanging in the air. At the mention of how He Yunxiong, one of the top ten Bedlam Lands' experts helped him solve the immediate crisis, everyone sighed in relief, happy that Huang Xiaolong managed to avoid unnecessary problems.

Another burst of joy spread over the small group at Huang Xiaolong's adventures down the Broken Tiger Rift, listening to how he refined the spiritual energy fish, swallowing the nameless fire fruit, and divine grade spirit pellets, greatly enhancing his strength.

However, when it came to the Ghost City and Ghost King Palace, Huang Xiaolong glazed over the details, without recounting the matter of his second battle with Zhao Chen. Merely saying that he entered the Ghost King cultivation cave and managed to find the Ghost King's Ring. Everyone in the hall were people that Huang Xiaolong trusted, thus he did not conceal the fact that he got the Ghost King Ring from them, and wasn't worried that the matter would leak out.

After recounting his experience in the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong asked his parents about their lives, the Southern Hill Estate's current situation, and also about his younger sister, Huang Min's well-being.

Huang Xiaolong breathed in relief knowing that nothing much happened to the Southern Hill Estate for the past two years. His sister Huang Min was doing well after marrying over to the Guo Family, and would frequently come back to visit them. His parents also told him that his sister Huang Min gave birth to a chubby baby boy, which already knew how to walk.

Huang Xiaolong was very happy for his sister.

Then Huang Xiaolong took out the rare elixirs he found at the bottom of Broken Tiger Rift, dividing them between his parents, younger brother, even Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, Yu Ming, Haotian, and Fei Hou.

Though his parent's talent was limited, the chances of them stepping into Xiantian realm being slim, these elixirs could change a person's flesh and body. At the very least, for the time being, his parents could live up to a hundred, maybe even surpassing a century.

Moreover, Huang Xiaolong believed that within a hundred year's time he could break through to God Realm. As long as his parents were still alive at that time, he would have a way to let his parents breakthrough to Xiantian realm.

Soon, everyone dispersed from the grand hall and Huang Xiaolong returned to his own yard. There, he called for Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu to assist him in refining the Ghost King Ring. When both of them arrived, Huang Xiaolong brought them into the Godly Mt. Xumi's space and took out the Ghost King Ring.

Looking at the translucent ring, emitting a soft purplish glow, both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu had a dignified expression on their faces. With their high-level Saint realm strength, both could tell with a glance that the ban on this Ghost King Ring was not simple.

"Let's begin." Huang Xiaolong said while running the battle qi in his Qi Sea, at the same time, directing the true essence fire inside his dantian.

Seeing this, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu both pushed their battle qi with every effort, each placed a palm against Huang Xiaolong's back, transferring the battle qi from their bodies into Huang Xiaolong. Instantly, Huang Xiaolong's brocade robe fluttered, rising at the hems as he crazily channeled battle qi and true essence fire into the Ghost King Ring.

The Ghost King Ring shook and a purple light beam shot skyward, at the same time, the cries and howls of thousands of evils spirits sounded in the trio's ears, echoing throughout the entire temple hall.

If they weren't inside the Godly Mt. Xumi at this time, perhaps they would be alarming all the experts in the vicinity of the Duanren Imperial City.

Following the deafening cries of thousands of evil spirits, a surging powerful energy seemed to be breaking out from within the Ghost King Ring. Sensing this, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu's expressions became heavy, fully focusing on transferring battle qi into Huang Xiaolong's body, not daring to risk the slightest negligence.

Huang Xiaolong too wore a grim face, borrowing Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu's battle qi to suppress the unknown power from breaking out.

However, as time passed, this scary powerful energy became stronger and more violent, showing signs of overpowering the three people's combined suppression, so much that Huang Xiaolong was forced to summon the twin dragon martial spirits and soul transforming.

Behind him Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu followed, summoning their martial spirits and soul transformed.

Their battle qi was enhanced after the soul transformation, successfully containing the potential outbreak. Seconds later, humming noises came from the Ghost King Ring.

Huang Xiaolong was ecstatic hearing it, it meant the first ban placed on the ring was broken!

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu also had joyous expressions on their faces.

Riding on the first success, the three of them soldiered on, breaking the second, third, and the fourth ban on the ring. But, the further down they went, the harder it was to break the next ban. By the time they successfully broke the sixth ban, three long hours had passed. Huang Xiaolong noticed that the two evil dragons carving on the Ghost King Ring had turned bright red as if it was dipped in blood. Not only that, their eyes were glowing red, giving an extremely eerie feeling.

Ten hours passed. When Huang Xiaolong broke the tenth ban, the two evil dragons on the Ghost King Ring transformed into ethereal entities, flying away from the ring. Before Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, and Zhang Fu understood what was happening, the two evil dragons disappeared between Huang Xiaolong's eyebrows, entering his body.

Huang Xiaolong stiffened, his eyes turned glowing red like the evil dragons' in an instant. An overwhelming power took over Huang Xiaolong's consciousness in the blink of an eye while destroying every part of his meridians.

Pain, so painful!

Huang Xiaolong couldn't endure any more, his head threw back roaring in pain.

"Sovereign!!" Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were aghast at the sudden turn of event. Just as they came close to Huang Xiaolong, the terrifying energy possessing Huang Xiaolong's body released a bout of energy, sending them flying back, spurting blood from their mouths.

Chapter 339: Absorbing the Ghost King Dan

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were dumbfounded.

That shocking power just now... God Realm?!! It was the power of a God Realm master! Both of them were high-level Saint realm warriors, and not the average Tenth Order Saint realm either, yet facing against the surge of power, both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu could not even summon the courage to resist.

The only explanation for this was a God Realm master's power!

By this point, every inch of Huang Xiaolong's skin looked like it was doused in red blood. From his eyes to his neck, down to both arms, red fiendish patterns snaked underneath the surface of his skin, looking extremely grim and horrifying. The entire time, the agonizing pain continued to attack Huang Xiaolong internally.

Huang Xiaolong clutched at his head, his hoarse voice howling in pain.

Watching this, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu exchanged a glance, both leaped toward Huang Xiaolong, wanting to pull his arms away from his head, and at the same time, attempting to suppress the terrifying energy wreaking havoc in Huang Xiaolong's body. But when they came in contact with Huang Xiaolong's arm, they were once again flung away by the overwhelming power inside Huang Xiaolong's body. This time, both were repelled much farther, slamming into the walls of the Xumi Temple.

It took some effort for Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu to get back on their feet.

All of a sudden, Huang Xiaolong's anguished howls stopped. Watching Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu saw a red flame spread over him, wrapping Huang Xiaolong's body like a layer of protection. When this red flame emerged, Huang Xiaolong's meridians and flesh, that were damaged by the invading power, started to heal. As the red flame burned, a layer of thick callous membrane formed on the surface of Huang Xiaolong's skin.

Similar to a phoenix's nirvana, reborn from the ashes, Huang Xiaolong's body started to exude a throbbing vitality. The glaring red devil patterns under his skin gradually receded and dissipated.

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu looked at each other with shock at the baffling change happening before their eyes. But before they could relax, the red devil patterns resurfaced, accompanied by the scary power's return. Huang Xiaolong started to howl from pain, clutching his head.

A short while later, the burst of vitality appeared once more.

The red devil patterns disappeared.

The process repeated for a total of ten times.

After the tenth time, the red devil patterns truly subsided, while the vitality continued to radiate from Huang Xiaolong's body, vigorous, abundant, so powerful that both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu lacked the vocabulary to describe the atmosphere.

Although he was standing there, Huang Xiaolong gave off the feeling that he was a different person altogether.

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu exchanged another doubtful glance, cautiously moving closer to Huang Xiaolong.

"Sovereign, are you alright?" Zhao Shu asked, observing carefully Huang Xiaolong's expression and movements.

Huang Xiaolong looked over, those scarlet eyes looking at them actually caused Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu to shudder when meeting them. However, very quickly, the scarlet redness in Huang Xiaolong's eyes receded.

"I am fine." Huang Xiaolong shook his head. He endured it!

Recalling the purgatory torture he experienced, a cold shiver ran through Huang Xiaolong involuntarily. In the last hours, his meridians were ravaged, shattered, and then healed, time and again. This was more horrendous and harrowing than being skinned alive.

“Sovereign, are you... really alright?” Zhang Fu stepped up beside Zhao Shu, asking for confirmation once more.

Noticing the concern in Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu’s eyes, he smiled, “I’m alright, what could happen to me?” Not only there was no problem with his body, it felt even better than it had ever been.

Coming out from that ordeal, he noticed two things: his battle qi cultivation broke through to the peak of half-Saint, and second, the true essence in his dantian enhanced by leaps and bounds. His overall physical defense greatly surpassed the level of an average Saint realm warrior.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong’s expression that carried a resemblance to his normal self, both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu’s hanging hearts finally relaxed.

“Sovereign, that power earlier...?” Zhao Shu asked.

“Most likely a vestige of power that the Ghost King imbued into the ring when he refined it.” Huang Xiaolong pondered the question and replied Zhao Shu.

Although it was merely a weakened strand of power left behind by the Ghost King, it nearly obliterated Huang Xiaolong. If it weren’t for his strong willpower and passable spiritual force, with both black and blue dragons protecting his soul, he would have lost himself in the pain, dying in the process.

“The Ghost King’s strength actually reached such a terrifying level!” Zhang Fu lamented with envy.

A small amount of power that the Ghost King imbued into the Ghost King Ring many hundreds of thousands of years ago was enough to gravely injure them both, they could only try to imagine the extent of the Ghost King’s true strength. If it weren’t for the fact that a long time had passed, lessening the power, just now Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu would have ended up with more than simple grave injuries.

Subsequently, Huang Xiaolong gave each of them a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir. Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu expressed their thanks and Huang Xiaolong sent both of them out of the Godly Mt. Xumi. Taking their leave, both went into closed-door practice to heal.

After both had left, Huang Xiaolong began to look through the items inside the Ghost King Ring. Spreading his spiritual sense inside, what he found was a blood ocean!

Hovering above the blood ocean were a number of ghosts, but the strange thing was, instead of an intense ghost aura, these ghosts emitted a peaceful golden radiance. From those ghosts’ bodies, Huang Xiaolong caught whiffs of vague fragrance.

The fragrance of spirit pellets!

Huang Xiaolong instantly understood, those large ghosts hovering above the blood ocean were all Ghost King Dans! The Ghost King Dans that had taken shape! Furthermore, each Ghost King Dan manifestation

had reached the Saint realm in cultivation. Although none reached mid or high-level, they were still stronger compared to giant ghost Feng Yang, averaging at late-First Order Saint realm.

Excited, Huang Xiaolong took one of the Ghost King Dan manifestations out from the blood ocean. The instant the ghost was out of the spatial ring, detecting Huang Xiaolong's presence, it lunged toward him without hesitation. Huang Xiaolong sneered, with a simple wave of his palm, he sent the ghost flying back.

If Huang Xiaolong was still a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, he would have needed to exert a little more effort to subjugate this Saint realm ghost, but now, it was effortless. Huang Xiaolong caught up with the ghost in a flicker, an Earthen Buddha Palm struck accurately on the ghost's body. Its body flew out in a different direction.

Without any suspense, a short while later, the ghost surrendered, its body shrunk in size until it was a thumb-sized round pellet.

The pellet was claret red in colour, with a lustrous gloss over the surface, projecting a vague shadow from within, the shadow of the 'ghost' earlier.

Not wasting any time, Huang Xiaolong sat crossed-legged within the Ten Buddha Formation as he swallowed the pellet. Abundant surging energy filled Huang Xiaolong like great waves, spreading throughout his limbs and body. Huang Xiaolong concentrated all his effort into refining and absorbing the energy from the Ghost King Dan.

As he progressed, his Qi Sea started to evolve. The liquid battle qi in his Qi Sea began to condense like it was about to solidify, resembling diamond, reflecting soft sporadic glints of metallic golden.

The three mandates above Huang Xiaolong's Qi Sea were also shining with the same golden glints.

Strands of fiendish aura floated out from Huang Xiaolong's body, but they were quickly swallowed by the Ten Buddha Formation.

Two days and three nights later, Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes. Finally, he had fully absorbed one Ghost King Dan.

"So it's like this!" Huang Xiaolong exclaimed to himself.

After refining a Ghost King Dan, Huang Xiaolong finally understood why this legendary Ghost King Dan was said to be capable of helping half-Saints and peak half-Saints in breaking through to Saint realm.

Breaking through to the Saint realm was highly dependent on one's battle qi cultivation and would be hard to achieve, nearly impossible. At the same time, one must have certain space law comprehension, and this Ghost King Dan contained the Ghost King's enlightenment towards the space law. Refining and absorbing a Ghost King Dan would enable one to springboard on the Ghost King's space law comprehension, therefore greatly increasing one's chances of breaking into the Saint realm.

Chapter 340: Refining the Supreme Ghost Flag

However, even though the Ghost King Dan contained the Ghost King's space law comprehension, it didn't mean that one could breakthrough to Saint realm just by swallowing one or two Ghost King Dans. Saint realm territory was not that easy to enter.

Huang Xiaolong swept a glance over the 'ghosts' floating above the blood ocean inside the Ghost King Ring, a rough estimate gave Huang Xiaolong slightly over four hundred Ghost King Dans, if Huang Xiaolong absorbed all of them, it would probably be enough to propel him into the Saint realm.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong wasn't anxious to start with them, instead, he carefully scanned every nook and cranny within the Ghost King Ring's space. He found the Ghost King Dan, but what about the legendary Ghost King Sutra?

What bewildered Huang Xiaolong was that his spiritual sense had explored up, down, and sideways around the space, yet he didn't find any clue related to the secret cultivation skill.

In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong's eyes caught sight of the blood ocean once again. What about the bottom of the blood ocean?

When Huang Xiaolong's spiritual sense tried to explore the blood ocean, a dazzling light shot out and disintegrated Huang Xiaolong's spiritual sense. He had no way to check the bottom of the blood ocean.

A tiny frown formed between Huang Xiaolong's brows. He resorted to the Eye of Hell, the eerie red glow shone on the ring and inside it, but it only managed to penetrate ten zhang down from the surface of the ocean, unable to see further down. In the end, after many attempts, Huang Xiaolong could only give up for now.

'It seems like I need to try after breaking into the Saint realm.' Huang Xiaolong speculated in his mind. He then put away the Ghost King Ring and took out the Supreme Ghost Flag he got when he defeated Feng Yang on his way to the Ghost King's cultivation cave.

On the journey back, Huang Xiaolong focused on improving his Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, as well as having a good time, which indirectly caused him to neglect this Supreme Ghost Flag. After refining the Supreme Ghost Flag and using it as the core to arrange the Sea of Devils and Ghosts Array, not only could it trap the enemies, it could also eliminate them.

Huang Xiaolong stood in the center of the Ten Buddha Formation after taking out the Supreme Ghost Flag. Slowly but surely, he erased the tool spirit inside the Supreme Ghost Flag using the Buddhism energy from the formation. When that was done, he extracted a drop of blood from his heart, dripping it onto the Supreme Ghost Flag, instantly, the thousands of devils and ghosts inside the flag came alive, shrill shrieks and howls echoed faintly from the flag. At the same time, the mysterious runes on the flagstaff glimmered in a dazzling light.

According to the method Feng Yang told him beforehand, Huang Xiaolong swiftly suppressed the ghost aura boiling from the ghost flag while he branded his own soul mark on the flag.

One day passed.

Suddenly, a bright light shone from the ghost flag, lighting up the entire temple hall. As the light dimmed, the sinister-looking inscriptions of devils and ghosts slowly quieted down.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong breathed out in relief.

After a day's effort, he finally fully refined the Supreme Ghost Flag. Fortunately, he had first erased the tool spirit inside with the Ten Buddha Formation's support, otherwise he might not be able to refine this Supreme Ghost Flag even if he used ten days to half a month's time. Despite that, his battle qi and the true essence in his dantian were largely consumed in the process.

Hence, Huang Xiaolong swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and executed the Instant Recovery martial ability, shimmering blue lights sparkled around Huang Xiaolong's body. A few seconds later, his expended battle qi and true essence recovered.

'I wonder how powerful it is...' Huang Xiaolong muttered curiously.

Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple. Arriving in his own little yard, he raised the Supreme Ghost Flag in the air.

The Supreme Ghost Flag descended from midair, the bottom end of the flagstaff fixed to the center of the yard. Huang Xiaolong ran his battle qi and the wicked, sinister devils and ghost drawings on the flag began to move, the mysterious runic patterns on the flagstaff started to glimmer. In that instant, monstrous ghost aura broke out like a flash flood out from the ghost flag. Accompanying the ghost aura were evils spirits and devils, one after another.

They appeared as if neverending. Each of them actually had the strength of a peak half-Saint ghost. At first, Huang Xiaolong was stunned, and then shock turned into delight.

Though these devils and evil spirits only had the strength of half-Saints, they triumphed in number. A First Order Saint realm wandering or getting lost inside the array would lose their life, no doubt. Even if the enemy was a Second Order Saint realm warrior, the array would be able to contain them for some time, they would be unable to get out.

Furthermore, this Supreme Ghost Flag's power could be enhanced, the more experts the ghost flag swallowed, the stronger it could become. After testing the Supreme Ghost Flag's power for an hour or so, Huang Xiaolong kept it away. Because Huang Xiaolong was careful to limit the area within his yard, the rumbling ghost aura did not alert anyone in the Southern Hill Estate.

Finished with what he wanted to do, Huang Xiaolong walked out of his yard toward the direction of the grand hall, but when he was passing by his younger brother Huang Xiaohai's yard, he heard sturdy blasts of punches hitting the air. His footsteps halted. With a direction change, Huang Xiaolong stood watching from the entrance of Huang Xiaohai's yard.

Huang Xiaohai, with his upper body naked, revealing a firm muscular torso, was practicing a set of fist skill called Heart Burrowing Fist, a mid-grade Earth rank battle skill. With Huang Family's current reputation and strength, it was not difficult to have Earth rank battle skills.

Hearing the sound of footsteps, Huang Xiaohai turned his head around, beaming when he saw Huang Xiaolong. Stopping his practice, he called out: "Big brother!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded while smiling, walking into the yard.

"I heard Dad and Mom say that you have a target of affection?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Hearing this question, Huang Xiaohai's face turned red, fidgeting awkwardly.

"What's there to be shy about?" Huang Xiaolong laughed at his younger brother. Huang Xiaohai was already twenty this year, in Martial Spirit World, a young man would bring a bride home at the age of eighteen or nineteen.

"Come, let us brothers go out for a walk and drink some wine." Huang Xiaolong said.

All these years, other than practice, all Huang Xiaolong did was to practice even more. He spent very little time accompanying his parents and even less time given to this younger brother of his.

"Yes, Big brother!" Huang Xiaohai was very happy, sprinting off to put on clothes and stepped out of the Southern Hill Estate. Huang Xiaolong did not call for any guards with them, they were just two brothers spending time together.

All in all, the time spent by Huang Xiaohai in Duanren Imperial City was longer than Huang Xiaolong by far. All year round, Huang Xiaohai stayed in his yard, practicing, therefore he wasn't familiar with the Imperial City outside the four walls of the Southern Hill Estate.

While walking, Huang Xiaolong asked about Huang Xiaohai's practice, the problems he had, clarifying them to Huang Xiaohai one by one. Even though Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu would occasionally guide Huang Xiaohai, certain aspects of their battle qi comprehension were limited compared to Huang Xiaolong. Listening to Huang Xiaolong's explanation, Huang Xiaohai gained a deeper level of comprehension related to battle qi and his own cultivation.

The two brothers walked without direction as they talked, until an hour and a half later. Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of a restaurant called Happy Monarch House. From its outside appearance, this Happy Monarch House looked elegantly decorated, the lively atmosphere inside could be felt where they stood.

"How about this Happy Monarch Restaurant?" Huang Xiaolong looked at his younger brother.

The only two places he had been to in the past were the Unforgettable Intoxication Restaurant, where they had the Beauty Allure Wine, which he thought was not bad, and the other one was the Sapidity Wine House, which he visited with Xie Puti to drink Sapidity Wine.

"I heard that this Happy Monarch's Hometown Wine is quite good." Huang Xiaohai said.

"Hometown Wine?" Huang Xiaolong added another question, "You were here before?"

Huang Xiaohai shook his head, "I just randomly heard some of the estate guards speak about it."

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "Come on, let's go in."

The brothers walked in, went up to the first floor, searched for a table closer to the window and sat down. Calling the waiter over, they ordered some dishes and two jugs of Hometown Wine to see if it really was as good as the guards said.

Soon, the waiter brought their orders, filling the table with fragrant dishes and two jugs of wine.

Just when Huang Xiaolong wanted to uncork the wine, they heard loud noises of discussion from the next table.

"Did you hear, this year's Imperial City Battle's first place winner was a young man named Huo Ping. This Huo Ping's martial spirit is a top grade thirteen White Bear, just a young'un, twenty-two-year-old and already a Xiantian Second Order!"

"Some people say that this Huo Ping's talent exceeds that year's Young Noble Divine Dragon, Huang Xiaolong."