

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 41-45

Chapter 41: Who Dares to Hurt My Junior Brother!

On the second floor of the Delicious Restaurant, attacks from the guards of the Duke's Mansion became more aggressive and even more powerful as time wore on. As Fei Hou's barrier came closer to breaking, Huang Xiaolong frowned and was considering if he should first conceal himself within space and kill the bald-headed Meng Xia, Suddenly, from the skies above a sharp cry of a condor that could shatter a rock with its sound wave was heard.

Everyone within a few miles heard the condor's sharp cry which hadn't been heard for a long time, so all Royal City residents looked up to the sky.

When Fei Hou heard the condor's sharp cry, he was so glad; Senior Brother finally arrived!

Meng Chen heard it, he felt the cry was very familiar, but at the moment he couldn't grasp why. So he snickered when he noticed the happy expression on Fei Hou's face. "Oh, It would seem that your backup is here. He came at the right time, This way I can clean-up all of you once and for all! I want to see who he is, that is so powerful, even if he has three heads or six arms to come and interfere in this Duke's business!"

Meng Chen didn't bother to turn around after he spat those words at Fei Hou.

Fei Hou was already spent, and no longer a threat. So what if another peak late Tenth Order appears, the Duke Mansion could equally deal with it.

Meng Chen did not turn back; however his son, Meng Xia, turned to look when the condor's sharp cried resounded and when he saw the huge gray condor up in the air and the silhouette on its back, his jaw dropped in shock. He became frightened and his body shook as if it was covered with fleas from head to toe.

"Dad! Dad!" His tongue seemed to have knotted as he called out to his Dad desperate and yet unable to form a coherent sentence.

Noticing that something wasn't quite right with the way his son was behaving, he frowned as he said, "What are you panicking for! Even if the sky falls on you, Dad will hold it up!" He turned around after saying that; looking at his son with dissatisfaction. "Useless"; If he was this frightened over just a little matter such as this, how then could he take over the Duke's position in the future? He then looked up following his son's gaze.

Just like his son did, he instantly saw the silhouette of an enormous bird, and on its back was the dignified Marshal Haotian in his golden armor!

'Mar, Mar...' Meng Chen stammered, and he became dizzy as if the sky was falling directly on him!

By this time, the Ironclaw Condor and Marshal Haotian were less than three hundred meters from Delicious Restaurant, and he could see more than ten people were simultaneously attacking one person; his Junior Brother Fei Hou!

A wave of rage rose up from the bottom of his heart to his head, and he became livid with anger, his veins distended making it look as if green vines were popping up under his skin.

“Who dares to hurt my Junior Brother!!!” He roared and the sound of the roar thundered for several li. A heavy oppressive atmosphere burst out and descended from his body, the aura of the King of Generals!

All the residents within several li heard his angry thundering voice.

Marshal Haotian leaped off the back of the Ironclaw Condor and crossed the distance of tens of meters with just one leap like a tornado. From above the second floor, Marshal Haotian slashed his halberd down at the second floor of the restaurant.

“Heaven’s Wrath!”

As the halberd cut down, chained images of the halberd slammed downwards.

And when Duke Meng Chen heard Marshal Haotian’s words, the blood vessels in his heart nearly snapped.

Junior, Junior Brother?! Marshal’s Junior Brother!

That lowly commoner was actually the Marshal’s Junior Brother!

The attackers from the Duke’s Mansion only heard a loud shout, and suddenly a silhouette descended from the sky as terrifying halberds rained down on them. They were shocked and wanted to retreat, but it was already too late.

Screams were heard throughout the restaurant’s second floor as all the attackers were swept away by the force and the floor trembled like it was about to collapse.

Blood spurted out of First Mister and Second Mister’s mouth, their faces filled with fear. Two pairs of eyes quickly glanced around and found out other than the two of them, everyone else was dead!

One strike injured two Tenth Order, and annihilated more than ten Eighth and Ninth Orders!

This kind of terrifying power, only... Both of them quickly looked upwards and saw the person floating down unable to believe it.

“Hao, Mar, Marshal Haotian!”

After he had swept away the flies, Marshal Haotian walked towards Fei Hou, his deep voice asking, “Junior Brother, your Senior Brother was late, are you alright?”

Smiling, Fei Hou looked at the person before him and said, “I’m alright.”

Then, the Marshal's gaze shifted to Huang Xiaolong. When he was in the air, he had noticed that his Junior Brother was exerting all his might to protect this little kid. What is this little kid's identity? Could he be Junior Brother's grandson?

While these thoughts were running through Haotian's mind, his eyes suddenly fell upon Huang Xiaolong's left hand. On Huang Xiaolong's left hand ring finger was a dark black ring and when Haotian saw this ring, his body shook visibly, eyes staring widely in disbelief, isn't this...?!

His eyes turned to Fei Hou.

Fei Hou already knew what his Senior Brother wanted to ask and nodded his head at Haotian.

Seeing his Junior Brother's nod confirming his guess, his body trembled and his face flushed red with excitement while his body shifted wanting to kneel down. A tiny voice similar to a fly's buzz was transmitted to his ear as Haotian was about to kneel, stopping him. He swallowed the word 'Sovereign' that was about to leave his mouth and changed it into, "Luo Tong Kingdom's Marshal Haotian greets the Young Master!

"Young, Young Master!" The minds of the Duke and his son, First Mister, and Second Mister's crashed! The Luo Tong Kingdom's exalted Marshal Haotian actually... actually saluted that little kid. Moreover, the Marshal called him Young Master! It was as if the Heavens flipped over, their legs shook unsteadily, and they were close to fainting.

At this moment, not even the sky falling could compare to this disaster!

Marshal Haotian! Even Huang Xiaolong was stunned. This person saluting him who looked like a man in his seventies was Luo Tong Kingdom's Marshal Haotian!

Marshal Haotian is an Asura's Gate disciple!

Fei Hou's Senior Brother!

Then, how vast and powerful was Asura's Gate?!

"Young Master." Seeing that Huang Xiaolong was in a daze, Fei Hou called in a small voice, reminding him. Only then did Huang Xiaolong wake up, and his hands reached out to help Haotian up, "Marshal Haotian, please stand."

Marshal Haotian's heart nearly jumped out when Huang Xiaolong reached out to help him, feeling extremely flattered he quickly stood up. "Haotian thanks Young Master." After he had stood up, Marshal Haotian's sharp cold eyes looked at the four people: Meng Chen, Meng Xia, First Mister and Second Mister.

He naturally recognized Meng Chen and his son.

Waves of murder raged in Marshal Haotian's eyes.

If they were only ganging up on his Junior Brother Fei Hou alone he would've let this matter slide and ended it here, but now! He walked slowly towards the father and son pair, and he got to First Mister and Second Mister, his wrist turned and his palms struck directly on their chests causing it to explode instantly.

Two Tenth Order warriors died just like that!

"Mar, Marshal Haotian, I..." Meng Chen's face had already lost all his arrogance, stammering as he desperately tried to act tough. "I am Duke Meng Chen!" Although Marshal Haotian is only below the King, but he still can't recklessly kill a Duke!

Marshal Haotian in a cold voice said, "I know you are Duke Meng Chen."

Meng Chen sighed in relief when he heard this; it's better that you already knew who I am. But, as Meng Chen relaxed, the halberd in Marshal Haotian's hand speared forward, passing straight through his throat before he pulled it back.

Even though you are a Duke, for daring to attempt to kill my Asura Gate's Sovereign, you must die just the same!

Marshal Haotian looked on coldly as Duke Meng Chen's body slowly tumbled to the floor.

Chapter 42: Xiantian Warrior

Meng Xia looked at his father's body which was tumbling while red blood spurted out from his throat. His mouth opened and he let out the loudest scream of his entire life. His face turned pale devoid of any color, his eyes rolled back, and once again he wet his pants.

Haotian's halberd stabbed forward once again into Meng Xia's throat stopping his scream forever. Retrieving his halberd, Haotian turned around without sparing a glance at the two bodies and returned to Huang Xiaolong's side. "Young Master, your subordinate came late and let Young Master suffered some shock."

And at this time the Marshal Mansion guards arrived at Delicious Restaurant, shocked when they saw the two bodies of Meng Chen and Meng Xia lying on the floor.

"Marshal, this is?!" A General within the group asked cautiously.

Haotian said coldly, "They were killed by me. Go and clean up the bodies."

The soldiers were very shocked.

Marshal Haotian then pointed at a person "Drag him out and behead him!" That person was the Captain who had received Fei Hou's gold plate but didn't go the palace to inform Marshal Haotian.

“Marshal, mercy! ah, I, I was wrong. Marshal, mercy!” That Captain soldier was so frightened that he immediately fell to his knees, kowtowing, and begging for mercy. However, two soldiers dragged him out by force and moments later, a heart-wrenching wail rang out.

“Young Master, would you consider returning to the Marshal Mansion with me?” Haotian turned around and respectfully asked for Huang Xiaolong’s opinion.

Young Master?! The Marshal Mansion’s Generals, and soldiers all had disbelief written on their faces and everyone turned to look at Huang Xiaolong in wonder.

“All you of you come, kneel down and greet the Young Master!” Haotian ordered the present Generals and soldiers.

“Greeting the Young Master.” The Generals and soldier under Marshal Haotian quickly knelt down in salute before Huang Xiaolong.

“All of you can stand up.” said Huang Xiaolong as he looked at the soldiers kneeling down. He was unaccustomed to having all these people kneeling down to him, especial as they were Generals and soldiers of the Luo Tong Kingdom. Even if it was his Grandfather, Huang Qide, even he would need to lower his head in front of these people.

After everyone got up, Huang Xiaolong turned to Marshal Haotian and said, “Let’s go.”

Marshal Haotian was overjoyed, and it clearly showed on his face when he heard the Sovereign agree to return to the Marshal Mansion with him, respectfully he said, “Yes Young Master. Young Master, this way please!”

Thus, Huang Xiaolong, Fei Hou, Haotian, and the soldiers from the Marshal Mansion headed towards the Marshal Mansion in big strides.

Soon after Huang Xiaolong and the others entered the Marshal’s Mansion, the news about Marshal Haotian killing Duke Meng Chen and his son along with all their guards at Delicious Restaurant spread like wildfire to every corner of the Royal City.

All the nobles families were shocked when they got the news, and their expressions turned ugly.

This was the first time ever that a Duke had been killed in public in the Royal City since the kingdom’s establishment more than two hundred years ago!

“I heard that it was Duke Meng Chen who led his mansion’s experts to Delicious Restaurant to seize Marshal’s Junior Brother. Marshal was furious and killed Meng Chen and the others in anger!”

“Duke Meng Chen’s luck is appalling, provoking the Marshal, but Marshal was too domineering, he ignored the law and he recklessly killed a Duke in the middle of the Royal City!”

Dukes, Marquises, and Barons were all having intimate discussions about this matter.

Within the Luo Tong Kingdom's Palace, the King listened to endless reports from his ministers. The King hesitated for a moment before he waved his hand and said, "I now understand the matter. You may all go now."

All the ministers present were startled when they heard this, but they dared not speak a word anymore. They quietly left the vast hall knowing that Duke Meng Chen and his son died in vain. Since the King did not say anything, then it meant that the King had decided to not pursue the matter.

Night came, and the moon shone down brightly. Huang Xiaolong stood in the Marshal Mansion's garden with his hand behind his back admiring the full moon, recalling the scenes that happened in the restaurant during the day.

Today's events had once again reminded him that he was still too weak.

Although he was only nine years old and had already reached the peak of late-Fifth Order, but while for others this might be incredible, compared to those Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Order warriors, his strength was still very insignificant.

Moreover, Marshal Haotian leaped off the condor from a high altitude and with just one wave of his halberd, he could kill more than a dozen Eighth and Ninth Order warriors while heavily injuring two Tenth Order warriors. This level of strength was definitely not something a Tenth Order warrior could do; therefore, he must be above a peak late-Tenth Order warrior!

Power above a peak late-Tenth Order, what kind of strength is that? All along, Huang Xiaolong had never asked Fei Hou, and when he was still in Huang Clan Manor, his parents had never talked about this matter.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong called Fei Hou over.

"Sovereign, what are your orders?" Fei Hou inquired respectfully when he arrived.

"Sit." Huang Xiaolong pointed at a nearby garden stool opposite him. When both of them were seated, Huang Xiaolong asked about the doubts he had.

"What is the realm above peak late-Tenth Order?" Hearing Huang Xiaolong's question, Fei Hou paused a few seconds before answering, "Replying Sovereign, after breaking through peak late-Tenth Order, in the Martial World they are called Xiantian Warrior."

"Xiantian Warrior?!" Huang Xiaolong repeated.

"Yes, Sovereign." Fei Hou nodded and said: "Our martial spirits absorb spiritual energy to convert into battle qi in our meridians, and battle qi can temper the body. The initial stages of a warrior, from First to Third Order can temper the muscles, Fourth to Sixth Order refines the tendons, and Seventh to Tenth Order tempers the bones!"

“However, battle qi from the First to Tenth Order doesn’t strengthen our internal organs, only when we breakthrough Tenth Order into Xiantian Warrior does that happen. As long as we breakthrough to Xiantian, we can then continuously temper and refine every aspect of our body and at the same time, our life span will also increase. A Tenth Order warrior can at the most live up to a hundred years or so, however, when one advances to Xiantian, our life span will increase exponentially. In general, a Xiantian warrior can live up to hundred years old and a peak Xiantian up to three hundred years.

“Three hundred years!” Huang Xiaolong was amazed.

Fei Hou nodded, “That’s right, roughly thirty years ago, Senior Brother already breakthrough to Xiantian. Senior Brother Haotian looks like he’s in his seventies, but in fact, he’s already more than a hundred years old!”

Huang Xiaolong was surprised; he never imagined that Marshal Haotian was more than a hundred years old!

Fei Hou continued, “When one reaches the Seventh Order warrior, a Qi Sea will form near the chest, and it will change once we breakthrough to Xiantian and the Qi Sea will condense into liquid form. That’s why a Xiantian warrior’s battle qi contains more power. Not only that, our martial spirits will evolve and can then turn into a real physical entity!”

“A martial spirit can become a real physical being!” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes widened in astonishment. “If martial spirits could turn into matter, then does that mean that martial spirits can be called out to battle?”

“Yes, Sovereign,” Fei Hou nodded his head, saying “The higher the martial spirits grade, the stronger it will be once it turns into a physical body. For example, Senior Brother Haotian has a top grade ten martial spirits, the Dark Nether Lion. When released, there is not much of a difference in their strength.”

Saying there isn’t much of a difference in their strengths would mean that the martial spirit is equivalent to another Xiantian level expert! This is the gap between a Xiantian and a Houtian warrior.

Huang Xiaolong also thought of something: at the time when he breakthroughs to Xiantian, his martial spirits will be released in physical form and since his martial spirits are twin dragons, couldn’t he fly into the sky with one foot on the black dragon and another foot on the blue dragon?

With his superb talent martial spirits, how heaven-defying would his strength be when he entered the Xiantian realm?

Chapter 43: Duanren Empire

“But breaking through to Xiantian realm is too difficult, too difficult!” While Huang Xiaolong was daydreaming about his martial spirits advancing to the Xiantian realm and how strong it would be, Fei Hou was shaking his head, sighing as he said, “To breakthrough the Xiantian realm, one needs at least a grade ten martial spirits and above to have any chance!”

When a martial spirit is awakened, its natural talent already decides a person's future achievements in martial cultivation. This was the reason why Huang Qide spoiled Huang Wei to such an extent.

Because Huang Wei possessed a grade ten martial spirit as long as no mishaps happened to Huang Wei, he would enter Xiantian realm in his lifetime.

"One must have a grade ten and above martial spirit to breakthrough to the Xiantian realm?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Fei Hou was silent for a while before he continued saying; "Not necessarily, there were some people who were able to advance to Xiantian but the difficulty is much higher than having a grade ten martial spirits--there have also been stories that say even some people with top grade eight martial spirits were able to advance. Pity there is little evidence to back up these stories. Among a hundred thousand people who possess top grade eight martial spirits, perhaps not one could step into Xiantian realm. As for grade seven, six, and five martial spirits, no matter how much effort or hard work they put in, they would never achieve it!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded; if his martial spirits were grade seven, then he would never be able to advance Xiantian no matter how much time and sweat he exuded!

Fortunately, his martial spirits were not grade seven!

"Then, are there warriors above Xiantian realm?" Huang Xiaolong's eyes burned into Fei Hou.

Fei Hou was startled and subsequently nodded his head. "Sovereign, indeed there is a higher realm above Xiantian. Based on hearsay, the realm above Xiantian is referred to as the Saint realm, and after one steps into the Saint realm, one's life span is extended to a thousand years. The body will be immune to poisons and be as hard as steel, akin to a having an immortal body. However, to have all that is harder than climbing up to Heaven!"

"Harder than climbing up to Heaven?" Huang Xiaolong was shocked.

Fei Hou nodded his head: "In the Xiantian realm every level of breakthrough is much more difficult than the Houtian level take Senior Brother Haotian-- as an example; he broke through to Xiantian more than thirty years ago. Only those who have superb martial talent have a chance of breaking through to the Saint realm. Even then only a few will get chance, it's not a certainty!"

"Not to mention the Luo Tong Kingdom, none of the hundreds of surrounding kingdoms have a Saint warrior."

More than a hundred kingdoms and not even one has a Saint realm warrior!

Huang Xiaolong's eyes opened wide.

How large is Luo Tong Kingdom's populace? At the very least there are two or three billion people in each of the hundred or more kingdoms, that would equal more than two to three hundred billion people, but there wasn't even one Saint warrior?!

"The truth was about ten years ago, your subordinate saw a Saint Warrior!" And at this moment a respectful crept up Fei Hou when answering.

A light lit up in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

Fei Hou laughed out loud when he noticed Huang Xiaolong's look. "That year, your subordinate was in Duanren Empire's Royal City, but it was just a glimpse." Fei Hou's face was a little embarrassed when he mentioned this, as even he with his Tenth Order strength wasn't qualified to meet with a Sacred Warrior. On that occasion, it was only by coincidence that he saw the Saint level expert flying across Duanren Empire's Royal City.

"Duanren Empire!" This was the first time Huang Xiaolong heard this name.

Fei Hou continued to explain, saying, "Luo Tong Kingdom is one of the thousand kingdoms under Duanren Empire. Although the one hundred kingdoms around the Luo Tong Kingdom have no Saint level warrior, the Duanren Empire has a Saint level to protect the empire!"

"Our continent is called Snow Wind Continent; other than the Duanren Empire, there are more than a dozen other empires, but only ours are composed of the human race. Apart from our human race, there are Beastmen, Elves, Dwarves, Ents, the Golden Giants, and others." Fei Hou explained.

Huang Xiaolong's heart raced when he learned all this.

Duanren Empire!

Snow Wind Continent!

Beastmen, elves, dwarves, ents, and the Golden Giants!

This Martial Spirit world was actually this vast, wonderful and exciting!

He wanted to practice, to become stronger! Then He would head towards the Duanren Empire to meet with the Saint warrior!

One day, in the future he will be a Saint realm warrior of legends!

A short while later, Fei Hou left. Huang Xiaolong sat in the garden alone, his heart unable to calm down for a long while.

"Let's first breakthrough Sixth Order before thinking about anything else." Huang Xiaolong stood up, shaking his head in a chuckle. The so-call Xiantian or Saint realm for the current him was too far away; what he needed to do now was advanced to the Sixth Order.

He had a feeling that it would happen within two days.

Returning to his room, Huang Xiaolong took out the cold jade bed from the Asura Ring, sat on it in the lotus position then began to run the Asura Tactics exercise law. His twin dragon martial spirits appeared, devouring the netherworld spiritual aura flowing down from the space above Huang Xiaolong.

After leaving Huang Clan Manor four months ago, his twin dragon martial spirits had become not just bigger, but the scales of both black and blue dragons' have become tougher and denser and their claws looked stronger than before.

The night passed in silence.

Huang Xiaolong ended his practice when sunlight shone into the room through the window; returning the cold jade bed into the ring, Huang Xiaolong left the room. When he stepped out, he saw Haotian and Fei Hou both entering the yard.

“Saluting the Sovereign!”

Haotian and Fei Hou quickly knelt down in salute.

Even though Marshal Haotian is a strong Xiantian expert, but when meeting the Sovereign, he still needed to kneel down in salute: this was the Asura's Gate rules!

In Asura's Gate, the Sovereign was supreme above all!

This rule was carved into every Asura's Gate's disciple to such an extent that even Huang Xiaolong as the current Sovereign was powerless to abolish it.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong could only bear with it and ask them to rise.

“I want to go out to look around, and I'd also want to buy a residence,” said Huang Xiaolong, when both of them had gotten up. In his opinion, although Marshal Haotian is an Asura's Gate disciple, staying here in the Marshal Mansion for an extended time was inconvenient. If he had his own residence here in the Royal City, whether it was training or other matters, it would be much more convenient.

Marshal Haotian was startled when he heard this and anxiously asked, “Sovereign, are the guards or servants performing unsatisfactorily? I will replace them in an instant!”

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and smiled, saying “No, it has nothing to do with them. I just want to buy a residence as it would be more convenient.”

When Haotian this heard this, he breathed out in relief; Huang Xiaolong was the Sovereign and since Huang Xiaolong already taken a position on the issue, he couldn't force the matter.

“Then this subordinate will accompany Sovereign to the property market to select a suitable resident,” Haotian said.

No need, just send two guards to come along, in addition there's Fei Hou so nothing will happen." Huang Xiaolong added after he paused for a moment – to have the Luo Tong Kingdom's Marshal tagging along with him just to help him select a residence, there was no way he would be able to maintain a low profile in the future and Huang Xiaolong didn't wish to attract any attention. "Understood. Your Subordinate will arrange it." Haotian understood Sovereign's worries. Thus he agreed and replied respectfully.

Concerning the things that happened at the Delicious Restaurant Marshal Haotian had already instructed the Generals and soldiers not to breathe a word about Huang Xiaolong's identity. So far, none of the nobles and the influential families knew about the Marshal's 'Young Master'.

A short while later, Haotian sent two of the Marshal Mansion's guards over to protect Huang Xiaolong. The two guards, Fei Hou, and Huang Xiaolong left the mansion walking towards the property market.

Chapter 44: Stolen From Our Auction House

Four people, Huang Xiaolong, Fei Hou and the two guards from the Marshal's Mansion headed towards a cultivation technique and battle skill auction house (having decided to go there before heading to the property market).

While Huang Xiaolong was in the Silvermoon Forest he had gotten some gold coins from killing mercenaries, however, it was not enough money to buy a property; so Huang Xiaolong decided to auction off the cultivation technique, Black Moon Art which he had gotten from the Purple Robed Sword Sect Elder Chen Feng.

Black Moon Art is a high-grade Mysterious rank exercise; it would definitely fetch a good price.

Moments later, Huang Xiaolong's group of four arrived at a cultivation technique, and battle skill auction shop called Solitary Peak.

Probably due to the early hours, the auction hall was empty when the four of them walked in.

"May I ask if you gentlemen want to buy or sell cultivation techniques?" asked the shop supervisor as he approached them (having seen the four of them as they walked in).

"I want to auction a high-grade Mysterious rank cultivation technique." said Huang Xiaolong without preamble.

"Mysterious high-grade!" The supervisor was really surprised as he looked at Huang Xiaolong, in general people were rarely willing to sell a high-grade Mysterious rank technique and skill.

"Correct." Huang Xiaolong answered lightly.

"Please, please come inside so that we can discuss." The Supervisor's expression drastically changed, and he smiled broadly as he ushered the four of them into the inner hall. He quickly ordered servants to serve tea as Huang Xiaolong was seated, then he went to inform his superiors.

Very soon, an old man in his sixties wearing a gold colored robe came into the hall followed by the previous supervisor, he was Solitary Peak's Elder Lin Yuan.

As Lin Yuan came in, surprise flickered across his eyes as when he saw Huang Xiaolong.

"He he, I'm Solitary Peak Auction's LinYuan. I heard that Little Brother wants to auction a high-grade Mysterious rank cultivation technique," said Lin Yuan as he came in smiling.

Huang Xiaolong didn't say anything but pretended to take something out from his robes while actually taking a black book out of the Asura Ring. He put the book on the table and opened to the first page.

"Black Moon Art!"

Lin Yuan was rather surprised as he had heard of Black Moon Art. After practicing this cultivation technique that trains in the yin energy of the moon; if one practices it especially at night, the power of this technique increases.

Controlling his expression, Lin Yuan smiled saying, "This is definitely a high-grade Mysterious art; how does Little brother want this auction?"

"I need money at the moment, so you offer a price." replied Huang Xiaolong after thinking for a moment.

If he decided to auction the book, it would take two to three days before he could get the proceeds from the auction which was why Huang Xiaolong decided to sell it directly to the auction house, so that he wouldn't need to waste time.

On hearing Huang Xiaolong's words, it was clear to Lin Yuan that Huang Xiaolong needed the money urgently, a pained expression appeared on his face as he said, "This Little Brother, you are aware that directly selling it will only fetch you a very low price." then, he continued with an air of magnanimity saying, "But I won't short change you, I offer you fifty thousand gold coins!" His hand showed five fingers.

"Fifty thousand gold coins?" Huang Xiaolong sneered in his heart when he heard that. This old guy is really taking him as a little kid, trying to send him away with a measly fifty thousand gold?

A high-grade Mysterious rank cultivation technique can reach a price as high as three hundred thousand gold coins minimum in an auction, so selling directly should at least bring him two hundred fifty thousand gold coins. Even a mid-grade Mysterious rank cultivation technique would cost at least one hundred thousand gold coins.

Huang Xiaolong did not bother to continue negotiating but instead he retrieved the Black Moon Art from the table, got up and said to Fei Hou: "Let's go." And the four prepared to leave.

“Stop!” yelled Lin Yuan, when he saw that the four were about to leave. His body then flashed, then he appeared beside Huang Xiaolong blocking his path with his hand. Suddenly more than ten gray robed guards rushed into the room.

Huang Xiaolong’s expression became cold, looking at them he asked, “What is the meaning of this?”

Lin Yuan’s earlier smile vanished, as he said “Little Brother, why are you in a rush to leave, is it because of guilt? Does your cultivation technique manual have suspicious origins ?”

Huang Xiaolong returned Lin Yuan’s look with a look full of interest of his own, “My manual's origin is suspicious?”

Lin Yuan smirked, “That’s right. Our auction house lost a high-grade Mysterious rank cultivation technique, the Black Moon Art a few days ago!”

Huang Xiaolong sneered in his heart, it seemed like this person wanted to force him to sell cheaply so he gave an excuse implying that the Black Moon Art was stolen from the Solitary Peak auction house.

On Earth, Huang Xiaolong had come across this kind of forced sale situation a few times.

“How about this, I won’t make things difficult for you.” said Lin Yuan in a cold tone: “Return the Black Moon Art to our Solitary Peak auction house, and we will let you leave. If not, stealing from us comes with dire consequences!”

Now, Lin Yuan didn’t want to pay the fifty thousand gold coins which he had previously offered. With fifty thousand gold coins in his pocket it was enough for him to live happily for some time.

He knew all the children of Royal City’s nobles and prominent families’ and Huang Xiaolong was not one of them so he dared to act in such a manner confident that Huang Xiaolong didn’t have the means to seek revenge.

He had done this a few times.

Listening to the auction house’s Elder slander Huang Xiaolong, saying the Black Moon Art was stolen from them, Fei Hou regarded him with interest, he stood next to Huang Xiaolong silently.

However while Fei Hou could stomach it, the two guards from the Marshal’s Mansion standing behind Huang Xiaolong couldn’t. One of them stepped up and slapped Lin Yuan’s cheek, and shouted in anger, “Are your eyes blind, you dare to bully our Young Master!”

“Pa!”

That one slap sent Lin Yuan staggering back several steps, and a red five-finger print appeared on his right cheek.

“You, you dare to attack me?!” Lin Yuan’s hand touched his burning cheek and roared. His eyes filled with killing intent. Because the two guards weren’t wearing their uniforms, but instead wore normal robes, Lin Yuan couldn’t recognize them.

“Attack, kill them all! Snatch back that Black Moon Art manual!” Lin Yuan shouted anxiously; he flashed and appeared in front of Huang Xiaolong and struck out.

But the moment he appeared before Huang Xiaolong, a silhouette suddenly cut in between them. Fei Hou slashed out, and sword sparks floated out like white snow-flakes.

Startled, Lin Yuan tried to retreat but the many snow flake-like sword sparks melted into his body and Lin Yuan screamed as his body was sent back flying and crashed into a pillar.

The two Marshal’s Mansion guards’ bodies were spinning, and with every turn, an auction house guard fell down.

Having being sent to protect Huang Xiaolong by Marshal Haotian, these two guards’ strength couldn’t be weak; although they were yet to reach the Tenth Order but they both were at the peak late Ninth Order, so how could the auction house guards win against them!

Very quickly all the gray clothed guards were lying on the floor moaning in pain, only then the two guards who followed Huang Xiaolong stopped.

“Young Master, are you alright?” Both of them stepped towards Huang Xiaolong and asked respectfully.

“I’m alright.” Huang Xiaolong shook his head. He walked towards the auction house Elder Lin Yuan who just got up and was leaning against the wall. Seeing Huang Xiaolong standing near him, he became frightened, “Little Brother... a misunderstanding, this is a misunderstanding! It’s our mistake, we lost a cultivation technique a few days ago but it wasn’t the Black Moon Art! I was mistaken, this pig head of mine, so stupid, deserving death!”

Chapter 45: Meeting Li Lu Again

“A misunderstanding?” Huang Xiaolong sneered: “Are you sure that the cultivation technique manual that your auction lost is not the Black Moon Art?” Huang Xiaolong of course knew the auction house’s so-called lost manual was made up by this Elder Lin Yuan.

There’s no such thing!

Lin Yuan desperately squeezed out a stiff smile that was uglier than a cry. “Sure, I’m sure I made a mistake!”

At this time, a loud voice thundered from outside the auction house, “Who ate leopard guts and dared to make a ruckus in my auction house?!” Brisk, heavy footsteps echoed through the hall, causing

tremors on the floor surrounded the perimeter of the inner hall. From the sounds of footsteps, it seemed that there were a lot of people outside.

Joy surfaced on Lin Yuan's face.

Moments later, a bearded middle-aged man with thick bushy eyebrows marched into the inner hall leading a dozen people with him, making a big entrance.

The inner hall was big, even with so many people it didn't feel crowded at all.

As the middle-aged man stepped into the inner hall, he saw more than ten gray-clothed guards of the Solitary Peak Auction House lying on the floor moaning in pain; his became even more sullen.

"President!" Seeing the middle-aged man, Lin Yuan stumbled towards him in a panic: "President, save me!"

This bushy brow middle-aged man is Solitary Peak Auction House's President, Du Baize!

"What happened?" Du Baize's expression turned cold.

Lin Yuan hesitated for a moment, then quickly pointed his finger in Huang Xiaolong's direction and said, "President, in the few days you weren't around, the auction house lost a high-grade Mysterious rank cultivation technique manual! It was these people who stole it!"

Mysterious high-grade cultivation technique? When Du Baize heard this, his palm struck Elder Lin Yuan so hard that he flew back.

Lin Yuan screamed as he flew off and crashed into a wall of the inner hall.

The four corners of the inner hall were deadly silent and Huang Xiaolong, Fei Hou, and the two guards were stunned.

Ashen faced, Lin Yuan quivered as he struggled to stand up, blood spurting from his mouth as one of his hand clutched his mouth. He looked unbelievably at President, "Pre-, President."

"You mean to say they stole our cultivation technique and then brought it back to sell to us?" demanded Du Baize as he stared coldly at Lin Yuan who was trying to stand up.

Only an idiot would believe Lin Yuan's lie, which was so full of holes.

Lin Yuan face turned a beet red, "President, I, I,"

"You think that by covering up I won't find out about how you've been doing forced sales? And on several occasions at that?" Du Baize's eyes turned sharp as he glowered at Lin Yuan who trembled on hearing this and his face turned pale white. "President, this, this is,"

“Enough, you don’t need to say anymore. If it weren’t for your sister, I would’ve crippled you long ago. I will deal with you afterward! Scram!” Du Baize waved his hand, and two guards came and took Lin Yuan away.

Du Baize then turned towards Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou, “Customers, my name is Du Baize; for this to happen, it is because I was lacking in management, I apologize to everyone.”

“It doesn’t matter.” Huang Xiaolong replied, “Since the issue has been resolved, there is no problem.”

“I don’t know what kind of cultivation technique Little Brother wanted to auction?” Du Baize asked as he waved his hand sending away other guards that had rushed in with him earlier.

Since the conflict was resolved, Huang Xiaolong did not intend to pursue such a small matter: he sat down on the same chair and took out the little black manual.

“High-grade Mysterious rank cultivation technique, Black Moon Art.” Just like Lin Yuan, Du Baize was a little shocked as he looked at Huang Xiaolong and the little black book.

“That’s right.” Huang Xiaolong added, “I’m in need of money at the moment, so I don’t plan to auction it. I’d like to sell it directly to the auction house, but I don’t know what price President is willing to offer?”

Du Baize hesitated slightly before answering, “Three hundred fifty thousand, but I don’t know if Little Brother is satisfied with this offer?”

Three hundred and fifty thousand!

Huang Xiaolong was slightly surprised.

If this manual was auctioned, it could fetch that price, but he was dealing direct with the auction house and yet Du Baize still quoted such a high price.

However, Huang Xiaolong quickly understood that Du Baize gave him such an offer because he wanted to show goodwill.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong didn't feign politeness and sold the Black Moon Art manual for three hundred fifty thousand gold coins.

A short while later, Du Baize personally sent Huang Xiaolong out.

“President, that Black Moon Art manual although it is a high-grade Mysterious rank cultivation technique, to buy it for three hundred fifty thousand, isn’t that too high?” Asked an Elder behind Du Baize cautiously, “Besides, they also injured our guards.”

Du Baize looked at the four peoples as they walked away, a light flickered in his eyes and shook his head, “You don’t understand.” He had a feeling that these four weren’t as simple as they seemed on the

surface. If he could form a good relationship with Huang Xiaolong, it may very well bring enormous benefits for to the auction house will be much bigger.

Huang Xiaolong's group of four headed to the property market after they had left the auction house. After going through some choices, Huang Xiaolong finally settled on a Tianxuan Courtyard at two hundred and fifty thousand gold coins.

This Tianxuan Courtyard was quite close to the Marshal's Mansion which was three streets away, estimated at about half an hour's distance.

And this Tianxuan Courtyard was spacious and spanned about a thousand square meters, which was one of the reasons why Huang Xiaolong chose it. Huang Xiaolong wanted to develop his own force and the large space would make training convenient

Even though he is said to be Asura's Gate Sovereign, the Asura's Gate cannot be considered as his own power.

After settling Tianxuan Courtyard matters, Huang Xiaolong went to the slave market with the three of them; after all, a mansion would need servants to maintain it.

When Huang Xiaolong came out of the slave market, behind Fei Hou and the two guards were sixteen slaves. Four of them were Beastmen, two were from the Elf race, two were mountain dwarves, and the remaining eight were human. Fei Hou felt it strange that Huang Xiaolong even chose to buy two dwarves since normally people wouldn't choose them as servants, but Huang Xiaolong was the Sovereign so it was not his place to question his actions.

With the newly bought slaves, Huang Xiaolong went straight back to his new mansion, Tianxuan Mansion, instead of returning to the Marshal's Mansion.

Arriving at the Tianxuan Mansion, Huang Xiaolong took a tour around the mansion; in total, it had more than a dozen rooms, several small yards, and in the back, there was huge open space; Huang Xiaolong found the place very satisfactory. However, the mansion had been left empty for some time so some walls had paint peeling and weeds were growing all over the place.

From among the sixteen slaves, Huang Xiaolong picked out a Beastmen called Boli, tasking him with cleaning the mansion along with others.

After he had made the proper arrangements, Huang Xiaolong's group of four left the Tianxuan Mansion and returned to the Marshal's Mansion.

Unexpectedly, half-way to the Marshal Mansion, Huang Xiaolong suddenly heard from behind the surprised cry of a familiar voice: "Xiaolong!"

Huang Xiaolong was startled and turned around, but a shadow had already leaped towards his direction: it was Li Lu!

Shouldn't Li Lu be in Canglan County? How did she appear in the Royal City?

"Xiaolong, it is really you!" Li Lu ran towards Huang Xiaolong, a big smile on her face and hugged him.

A girl's body fragrance entered his nose.

Huang Xiaolong didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He didn't expect to run into Li Lu in the Royal City.

"Xiaolong, why did you also come to the Royal City?" Huang Xiaolong had yet to ask before Li Lu's happy voice sounded.

Also come to the Royal City? Huang Xiaolong didn't know how to answer.

"Did you also come to register at the Cosmic Star Academy?" asked Li Lu while Huang Xiaolong was still struggling to answer her first question.