

INVINCIBLE

Chapter 15: My Hands Slipped

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Watching Huang Wei's act of insanity, Huang Xiaolong sneered and slowly walked towards him. Seeing the approaching Xiaolong, Huang Wei, who was muttering and screaming insanely, suddenly stopped. Fear snaked up his eyes as he subconsciously stepped back, however, just as he opened his mouth wanting to admit defeat, a shadow blurred and Huang Xiaolong's fist slammed directly into his face. Huang Wei cried out miserably and wobbled unsteadily.

Taking advantage of the initial attack hitting the mark, Huang Xiaolong moved closer, serving another punch.

After several punches, Huang Wei was already confused and disoriented, unable to tell where was north, south, east, or west. His face turned into an even bigger pig head.

Watching his son's pitiful end, Huang Ming below the stage finally couldn't hold it in any longer, turn to his father Huang Qide and pleaded: "Father, you see, shouldn't we...?"

Hesitated for a moment, Huang Qide said: "That's enough, Xiaolong."

Hearing his Grandfather Huang Qide's voice, Huang Xiaolong exerted a final heavy punch onto Huang Wei before letting go.

"You!" Huang Ming stared angrily.

Ignoring Huang Ming's angry glare, Huang Xiaolong explained: "Uncle, nephew had a slip of hand, please forgive me!"

A slip of hand? Looking at Huang Wei who had turned into a giant pig head, everyone had a weird expression on their faces.

Li Lu sitting beside Li Mu could no longer keep her laughter down and a peal of laughter like the tinkling bell resonated in the Grand Hall a second time.

Huang Qide's brows furrowed as he looked at Huang Xiaolong on the stage, his mouth opened but he couldn't find the right words. In the end did not say anything, he could see Huang Xiaolong was already lenient and Huang Wei's injuries were just flesh wound.

Huang Ming, on the other hand, almost vomited blood from anger.

At this moment, Huang Wei's voice cut through the silence in woeful sobs as he limped towards Huang Ming's side: "Dad, he hit me, he really hit me!" His finger pointed at Huang Xiaolong, tears, and snots streaming down his face uncontrollably.

In the end, Huang Wei was just a seven-year-old child, being walloped by Huang Xiaolong to this degree and ended with a face that no longer seemed human.

The elders and stewards of Huang Clan Manor shook their heads, causing Huang Ming to feel extremely embarrassed.

This round of sparring between Huang Wei and Huang Xiaolong ended with Huang Wei looking like a pig head. The assembly moved to sparring contest of other disciples.

But, compared to the thrill during the fight between Huang Wei and Huang Xiaolong, the subsequent sparring was lackluster.

A few hours later, the annual Clan Assembly came to an end.

As everyone left, they sighed incessantly inside their hearts, the supposed star of this year's Clan Assembly ended up as a joke, whereas Huang

Xiaolong, whom no one has ever paid any attention to became the most dazzling presence.

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Northern Courtyard.

In the main hall, Huang Wei roared furiously: "If not for that Huang Xiaolong running into some dog shit luck swallowing three Yang fruits, just based on his martial spirit's talent, there's no way he would be able to break through to Second Order! I refuse to accept this. Huang Xiaolong, I'll pay you back for this during next year's Clan Assembly, I'll definitely have my revenge. This humiliation I will return it to you a hundred times over!" Huang Wei's face, which was beaten up to resemble a pig-head, was grim and twisted with anger.

Huang Ming sat there, expressionless but from time to time, a sharp cold gleam flitted across his eyes.

This year's Clan Assembly, Huang Xiaolong made him lost face — badly.

Unlike the Northern Courtyard's gloomy atmosphere, the Eastern Courtyard was filled with laughter and cheer.

"Good son, this time, you did not disappoint your Dad!" letting out a big laugh, Huang Peng said: "Refreshing, too refreshing!" Thinking of his elder brother Huang Ming's furious expression on his usual deadpan face, his heart beamed with delight.

"Xiaolong, come, let Mom look at you carefully." Su Yan pulled Huang Xiaolong in front of her, checking him from head to toe, and then smiled and said: "You, ah, didn't even tell us that you broke through to Second Order, you made Mom and Dad worried so much for so long because of you."

Not knowing what to say, Huang Xiaolong only smiled.

If his parents were to find out that he actually wasn't a Second Order Warrior, he wondered, what reaction would they have? But Huang Xiaolong decided to keep his strength a secret. If his Third Order battle qi strength was exposed, the troubles might not be so simple.

His current strength being Second Order could be explained away using three Yang fruits as an excuse, but a peak late-Third Order would raise doubts and suspicions, and if others found out that his martial spirit was actually a superb martial spirit, it might bring about a genocide catastrophe upon the Huang Clan Manor.

In the eastern main hall, after being 'nagged' by his parents for some time, at last, Huang Xiaolong was allowed to return to his small courtyard.

As soon as he entered, a small figure rushed into his arms, Xiaolong did not dodge but smiled and said: "Little guy, where did you run off to these two days?"

This little figure happened to be the Violet Devourer Spirit Monkey.

Half a year has passed but the little Violet Devourer Spirit Monkey's body did not change much, apart from his eyes being more astute, the pupils were a dazzling bright ice blue.

"Hoo Hoo Haa!" The little violet monkey shifted onto Huang Xiaolong's shoulder, squeaking and gesturing.

"You're saying, you want me to make a trip to the back mountain with you?" Huang Xiaolong asked. Being with this little violet monkey for half a year's time, Huang Xiaolong could generally understand the little monkey's body language.

"Hoo Hoo Hoo!" Delight etched on the little monkey's face as it nodded vigorously.

“Okay, let’s go!” Huang Xiaolong nodded his head in agreement, for there was nothing much going on at the moment. Exiting the Huang Clan Manor with the little violet monkey, they arrived at a hilly area under the guidance of the little violet monkey; some distance in front of them, a python more than ten meters long appeared. A huge Bara Floret Python! Huang Xiaolong involuntarily sucked in a breath of cold air looking at the huge Bara Floret Python, the reason the little violet brought him here finally dawned on him; he’s here to deal with the obstacle!

Noticing Huang Xiaolong and the little violet monkey, the Bara Floret Python suddenly raised its head, both eyes staring Huang Xiaolong and the little monkey, its long tongue flicked out once and instantly rushed out.

Huang Xiaolong looked solemn; he could see this Bara Floret Python was a Stage Four demonic beast. Although only a stage four, for a peak late-Third Order Huang Xiaolong, it was considered as high risk.

Dodging the Bara Floret Python’s first attack, Huang Xiaolong’s silhouette skirted to the side, and the little violet monkey on his shoulder leaped up in the air, landing atop the python’s head, two monkey paws clawed down.

Receiving a hit on the head, the Bara Floret Python hissed loudly due to the pain; with a twist of its long body, its mouth stretched widely, wanting to swallow the little violet monkey. Huang Xiaolong’s heart missed a beat, but exactly at this moment, the little violet monkey swerved a few meters off course right in mid-air, just barely brushing past the python’s opened jaw, allowing Xiaolong to let out a breath of relief.

Running Asura Tactics, black threads of aura carrying an atmosphere of slaughter emerged, swirling rapidly and forming a layer of black fog around Huang Xiaolong – his eyes turned blood-red and hair wholly white. Huang Xiaolong did not attack immediately, instead standing on one side, his blood-

red eyes never leaving the Bara Floret Python battling with the Violet Devourer Spirit Monkey at the moment.

Just when the python was about to twist its body around, suddenly, Huang Xiaolong, who had been standing on the side, made his move. From far away, his body looked like a group of black clouds under the sun as he flew up.

Unnoticedly, the Blades of Asura appeared in his hands as he appeared below the Bara Floret Python's head and, with a wave of his hands, two black rays of light whizzed past.

A scream escaped its mouth, fresh blood bursting like a geyser as the Bara Flower Python's head fell rolling on the ground, coming to a complete stop moments later.

His eyes and hair gradually reverted back to their original state, and Huang Xiaolong retrieved the blades back into his arms, walking past with the little violet monkey.