

# INVINCIBLE 171

## **Chapter 171: Imperial City Battle (3)**

Seeing both of Bai Shou's palms directly strike Huang Xiaolong's chest, a great commotion swept through the crowd below the stage.

"Haha, didn't I just say this little brat would be sent packing in the first round itself!"

"The first person possessing a superb talent martial spirit that was disqualified and unfit to enter Duanren Institute. This Huang Xiaolong is nothing but a humiliation to those who have superb talent martial spirits!"

Loud jeers and insults came from the geniuses watching the battle below.

Even Xie Puti was shaking his head in disappointment.

"It seems I overestimated Huang Xiaolong!"

At first, seeing Huang Xiaolong withstand his phoenix fire qi, Xie Puti had thought Huang Xiaolong was qualified to be his opponent, but now it proved he had just as much 'qualification' as those other wastrels!

The rest of them were right, Huang Xiaolong lost face for everyone that possessed a superb talent martial spirit!

Yanggang sat in his seat enjoying every moment as he watched Bai Shou's two palms strike against Huang Xiaolong's chest. A radiant smile bloomed on his face.

As for Cui Li, there was confusion in her eyes as well as great disappointment. She definitely did not expect for this man who intrigued her to be so weak and vulnerable!

Joy spread over Bai Shou when he felt his attack hit Huang Xiaolong.

He thought it would take some effort to finish off Huang Xiaolong because he assumed he was a troublesome opponent. Huang Xiaolong possessed a superb talent martial spirit, unlike the average peak late-Tenth Order warriors after all. The battle went much smoother than he had expected!

"Little punk, I've told you to summon your martial spirit, but you were too stubborn. This is the result of overestimating your own abilities!" Bai Shou laughed aloud in an unrestrained manner, like that of a triumphant winner.

But then, his laughter suddenly got stuck in his throat!

Because...

He raised his head to look at Huang Xiaolong to see he was looking back at him with indifferent eyes and a calm expression. He did not budge an inch!

"You!" Bai Shou was astonished, unable to accept what he saw.

While Bai Shou was still in shock, a powerful force burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body. Before this wave of overwhelming power, the palms which were pressed against Huang Xiaolong's chest trembled forcefully, and Bai Shou was seen stumbling backward from the repelling force.

"Huh?!!"

"What is happening?!"

Noticing that Huang Xiaolong was actually fine after receiving a strong attack from Bai Shou- no, not only was he fine, he repelled Bai Shou instead!

Faces of astonishment filled the crowd as surprised gasps and exclamations rang out. Geniuses below the stage jumped to their feet, their faces turning ugly due to the sudden turn of events. Even the imperial guards who were watching were slightly amazed.

A wave of commotion swept the crowd.

Not only were the people on the main platform paying attention to battle number two, but Duan Wuhen was as well.

There was a hint of appreciation in Duan Wuhen's eyes as he watched Huang Xiaolong. Muttering to no one in particular, he said: "Imperial Father reminded me to pay more attention to this Huang Xiaolong. It seems he is indeed more than meets the eye."

Cheng Jian who was seated beside him smiled, "His Imperial Highness's judgement has always been very accurate!"

Any fool could see by now that Huang Xiaolong's strength was above a peak late-Tenth Order warrior.

Watching from below the stage, Xie Puti's mouth was agape as the fire-red flames around him flickering wildly in vivid excitement, whereas Yanggang's face became icy and gloomy.

Cui Li stared dazedly at Huang Xiaolong's silhouette. Her dainty cherry lips opened in the shape of an 'O', totally disregarding her image, and her generous bosom heaved up and down.

Just like that time in Cosmic Star Academy when Huang Xiaolong took on the full force of Lin Han's Great Moonlight Fist, he remained as stable as a mountain. It was as if nothing happened. The expression of the crowd at this moment was the same look the Cosmic Star Academy's students showed at that time. Individuals that were watching the second battle stage were shocked by the sudden change.

Taking a double palm hit from a Xiantian realm expert, yet remaining unharmed?!

After the initial shock subsided a little, the one word that emerged in everyone's mind was: monstrous!

Huang Xiaolong repeated the same action he previously did after receiving a full force punch of Lin Han's Great Moonlight Fist. Raising a hand to pat away some non-existent dust on his chest, Huang Xiaolong looked at Bai Shou with indifference, "Ice Shattering Palm? Bring out the force you usually use to drink milk. That felt like scratching an itch for me!"

*Bring out the force used to drink milk!*

*Scratching an itch!*

After a brief moment of silence, Duanren Square once again exploded in a hoo-ha.

“So arrogant, too arrogant, this Huang Xiaolong dared to say Bai Shou was scratching an itch for him!”

Cui Li stood some distance away, her voluptuous chest heaving dramatically as she shivered with excitement.

Bai Shou looked extremely ugly up on the battle stage.

As the words from the crowd entered his ears, rage exploded in his eyes. A blinding flash of black light shone from his body, revealing a human skeleton hovering in the air when the light vanished.

This skeleton belonged to the group of weapon martial spirits and was pitch black in color. It had a structure similar to the human skeleton. However, inside the skulls eye sockets, there were flames dancing around like will-o'-the-wisps.

This was Bai Shou’s martial spirit, a grade ten martial spirit that was one of the closest existences to a superb talent martial spirit, Black Skeleton.

However, Bai Shou did not soul transform immediately after summoning his martial spirit and instead gave an order to the black skeleton to attack Huang Xiaolong.

Shattering the void, that black skeleton appeared right above Huang Xiaolong’s head. The two dancing flames in its eyes glowed brightly, turning into two flames that shot towards Huang Xiaolong’s chest. Simultaneously, its body and arms lengthened several folds, slamming down, aiming at Huang Xiaolong’s head.

While the skeleton was attacking, Bai Shou dashed out like the wind, approaching Huang Xiaolong from the front.

“Die—!!”

A murderous light flitted in his eyes as both palms once again struck out, whistling through the air and causing ripples to form in the surrounding space.

He had underestimated Huang Xiaolong earlier; thus with the first Ice Shattering Palm attack, he only used seventy percent of its power. But now, his palms contained all of his might!

Below, the ruckus from the crowd desisted instantly, and all eyes were glued to the stage.

Huang Xiaolong made his move. Raising his arms up, one palm struck against the fire beam coming from the skeleton while the other met directly with the two bony palms.

One palm from Huang Xiaolong dispersed the black skeleton’s fire, and at the same instance, the two long bony arms were broken due to the collision from Huang Xiaolong’s other palm, sending the black skeleton flying. In that split second delay when dealing with the black skeleton, Bai Shou’s palm attack had reached Huang Xiaolong’s chest.

But when both palms struck Huang Xiaolong’s chest, the surface of his skin shone with a resplendent light, similar to shimmering crystals.

*Boom!* An explosive and deafening sound of two large forces colliding shook the air.

Bai Shou successfully hit Huang Xiaolong on the chest again with both of his palms.

A wave of glee ran through Bai Shou's heart. He refused to believe that Huang Xiaolong could withstand the power of this attack safely without any repercussion!

"This...is all the strength you have?" Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong's cold voice sounded, cutting into his happiness. Before Bai Shou could react, Huang Xiaolong attacked with an Ethereal Palm straight at Bai Shou's chest.

*Puu—!*

Blood spurted from Bai Shou's mouth as his body inverted and flew back, then crashed down onto the edge of the stage.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Next, the crowd erupted with astonishment and awe.

Outside the battle arena area, many spectators were manic with excitement.

The loud commotion attracted the attention of people watching battles that were taking place on other stages, quickly turning their heads in order to see what was happening.

Below the stage, Yanggang's face darkened gloomily, a contrast to the burning thrill in Xie Puti's eyes. This Huang Xiaolong's strength far exceeded his assumption.

A Xiantian First Order expert such as Bai Shou was defeated just like that?!

He could easily guess that Bai Shou suffered a heavy injury from that palm strike, completely losing the power to battle further.

The result for this match was already determined!

Cui Li seemed unable to still the excitement coursing through her body and her eyes glittered like the night sky. Her proud peaks looked like they were about to escape from their bindings any moment due to her vigorous breathing.

Nearby kingdom geniuses that noticed this could not shift their gaze away, their saliva on the verge of leaking out from the corner of their lips.

Amongst the crowd, Pang Yu and Dai Shanni, who both possessed a superb talent martial spirit stared at Huang Xiaolong with disbelief.

At this time, Bai Shou struggled into a standing position at the edge of the stage, wobbling unsteadily. Wiping off blood at the corner of his lips, it was difficult to conceal the fear in his eyes as he stared at Huang Xiaolong.

"I throw in the towel!" Climbing up from the ground, he shouted in panic without waiting for Huang Xiaolong to make another move.

Admitting defeat!

Without a doubt, this brought another wave of excitement across the crowd.

Huang Xiaolong walked off the stage after the judge announced that he won the match and returned to his seat. On his way over, he ignored Cui Li's exuberant stare as her eyes followed him with burning intensity.

#### **Chapter 172: Imperial City Battle (4)**

As Huang Xiaolong took his seat, the gazes directed at him from the surrounding geniuses were filled with complicated feelings. Those that mocked and ridiculed Huang Xiaolong earlier had clamped their mouths shut. Their eyes occasionally glanced at Huang Xiaolong with reverence, and hidden deep within them were faint traces of regret and trepidation.

The instant Huang Xiaolong sat down, Cui Li moved so close to Huang Xiaolong that she appeared to be draping her entire being over his arm. Her breathy voice gasped, "Xiaolong, you were so powerful just now!"

So powerful just now!

These words sounded so ambiguous.

Some nearby geniuses felt a warm sensation in their nostrils hearing this sentence. Touching their nose, red warm sticky liquid stained their fingers—they all had nose bleeds!

Huang Xiaolong looked over at Cui Li and discovered that her breasts were nearly resting on his arms.

Before the match started she referred to him as 'Little brother Xiaolong', and now she dismissed the words 'Little brother', moving directly to calling him Xiaolong!

Huang Xiaolong looked away after staring at Cui Li for a second, not speaking one word.

"Xiaolong, if you meet me later on the stage, you cannot bully me!" Cui Li insisted in a spoiled little girl manner as she moved closer. That soft, coquettish voice made male hearts itch to agree with whatever she asked or demanded.

At the same time, Huang Xiaolong felt something soft brush against his arm.

Something very, very soft.

Not needing to look, he already knew what that 'something' was.

Even for someone like Huang Xiaolong, he could not stop a tinge of red creeping up his face. After all, this was a public place.

From her outside appearance Cui Li seemed sweet and innocent, he really did not expect her nature to be so... ?!

Just when Huang Xiaolong was considering whether he should change his seating, Cui Li suddenly straightened her body. Flashing Huang Xiaolong a sweet smile she said, "I was just joking with you just now." Her giggle, along with every other little gesture screamed purity and innocence.

On the stage, the seventh round battles had begun.

Surprisingly, Yanggang was placed into the seventh round battles. His token number was seventy-two, thus he walked towards the same battle stage as Huang Xiaolong, battle stage number two.

Seeing Yanggang going up the stage, the crowds discussions about Huang Xiaolong quieted down, diverting their focus to watch Yanggang's battle.

Yanggang's opponent was also a Xiantian First Order expert named Chen Chaoguang, and this person had the same martial spirit as Fei Hou, a Silver River!

When Chen Chaoguang summoned his martial spirit, Huang Xiaolong was stunned for a second.

However, on closer observation, Chen Chaoguang's Silver River was much weaker compared to Fei Hou's, reaching a strengthening ability of only up to five times.

Chen Chaoguang wasted no time in activating the five times martial spirit strengthening after summoning his Silver River martial spirit, increasing his momentum to the limit and launching an attack on Yanggang.

Chen Chaoguang's weapon of choice was a long whip, reaching thirty to forty meters in length as it shot out, sharp bone spurs trailed along the whip's spine. In Chen Chaoguang's hands, the long whip turned into a poisonous snake, winding around Yanggang. The bone spurs enlarged akin to the poisonous teeth of a giant snake with its jaw opened wide.

Watching as the long whip shot towards him, Yanggang snickered condescendingly as he lifted one of his hands and slammed it down above the whip. Before the spectators stunned eyes, the long whip was frozen into solid ice. In an instant, it cracked and lumps of ice fell onto the stage floor!

The crowd was in awe.

Huang Xiaolong nodded appreciatively internally to himself.

Turning everything to ice with a single wave, the power of this Yanggang's ice-frost was indeed notable.

Without further suspense, the result of that battle was announced moments later. Chen Chaoguang was sent flying with an effortless palm strike from Yanggang, falling out of the battle stage area. When Chen Chaoguang landed on the ground, his body was enclosed within a thin layer of ice, having turned green and was constantly shivering from the cold.

From beginning to end, Yanggang did not summon his martial spirit.

While the crowd was in the throes of excitement, Yanggang walked down from the stage and went back to his seat. On the way back he shot a provocative look in Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Huang Xiaolong gave no reaction.

Next, it was token number eighty-one to ninety. Two more rounds of battles and the first tier of battle would end.

A short while later, all one thousand three hundred and sixty-two geniuses completed their first round of battles with half of them eliminated, hence only six hundred eighty-one were left.

The remaining three people that possessed superb talent martial spirit, Cui Li, Pang Yu, and Dai Shanni all displayed incredible strength and power, defeating their opponents with ease and progressing into the next round.

Just as before, half of the people drew lots. With one odd person out in six hundred and eighty-one people, the person who drew a blank lot got to move onto the next round without participating in the current rounds battles.

Whether it was a coincidence or deliberate arrangement by Duanren Empire's people, the person who drew the blank lot was Xie Puti. Therefore, without needing to battle anyone, Xie Puti gained the qualification to enter the third round.

Huang Xiaolong drew number eighty-six, but the opponent this time was not a Xiantian realm expert. Instead, it was peak late-Tenth Order warrior, a young man from White Deer Kingdom called Deng Tang.

When Deng Tang discovered his opponent was Huang Xiaolong, he turned deathly pale. After summoning his martial spirit the moment he got onto the stage, he soul transformed and launched his strongest skill at Huang Xiaolong.

His plan was to catch Huang Xiaolong unprepared, taking the initiative and striking first. His idea was a good one, but Deng Tang forgot one crucial point—as fast as his attack was, and as strong as his attack power might be, would there be any use to his efforts if he failed to break through Huang Xiaolong's defenses?

Almost within one breath's time, he was sent flying off the stage with a single punch from Huang Xiaolong.

Rounds progressed quickly and soon the second round was concluded.

With another half eliminated, three hundred forty people remained, adding Xie Puti, it was a total of three hundred forty-one people.

Still, with one odd man out, the same rule applied... and the person who drew the blank lot was Xie Puti once again.

At this point, everyone understood that this was Duanren Empire's arrangement. Even so, no one complained.

After all, Xie Puti's talent and strength were obvious to see.

As time passed, group after group went up and round after round of competition continued as the sun that was high in the sky slowly moved westward. The high heat of midday turned milder, dispersing slowly.

At sunset, the names of the top 100 participants were finally announced.

All six participants possessing superb talent martial spirit—Huang Xiaolong, Xie Puti, Yanggang, Cui Li, Pang Yu, and Dai Shanni were listed among the top one hundred names.

On this first day of competition, these six people did not come across each other on the stage. This was very likely another one of Duanren Empire's arrangements. The announcement marked the end of first day's competition.

The Imperial City Battle took place over three consecutive days: the first day determined the top 100 places. The second day was a fight for the top ten. Lastly, the third day decided who would be number one!

The many spectating forces and commoners made their way out of Duanren Square after hearing the first one hundred places results announced.

Though the first day's competition may have ended, the atmosphere was still sizzling with excited discussions, but the main character discussed was neither Xie Puti nor Yanggang, it was Huang Xiaolong!

In the morning before the competition started, Huang Xiaolong was deemed as the one with the most unfavorable odds amongst the six people with superb talent martial spirit. But now, every little detail related to Huang Xiaolong turned into a big topic.

For example: Huang Xiaolong was only seventeen. Huang Xiaolong's martial spirit was a Primordial Divine Black Dragon. What was Huang Xiaolong's real strength? Some even went as far as comparing Huang Xiaolong with Xie Puti and Yanggang.

Although no one was certain as to the extent of Huang Xiaolong's real strength, nearly everyone agreed that Huang Xiaolong could definitely achieve a spot in the top ten.

Leaving Duanren Square, Huang Xiaolong returned to Solitary Longing Inn with Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou.

Darkness filled the night sky, yet Huang Xiaolong had no chance to rest. Not long after returning to the inn, an uninvited guest appeared at his door.

It was Cui Li!

### **Chapter 173: Imperial City Battle (5)**

Cui Li arrived wearing an elaborate and formal looking outfit. It had a very wide and open collar, making her deep gorge hard to miss. Her small delicate face was pure, yet there was an inexplicable charm.

However, Cui Li did not come alone. Another woman of about twenty-four to twenty-five years old came along with her, whose appearance was absolutely stunning.

Similar to Cui Li, this woman was also wearing a wide-collared dress that was fuchsia in color, complimenting her fair skin. Her beauty was different from Cui Li's. The kind of charm this woman emanated was bone deep and like that of a flaming rose.

When this two woman arrived, Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou were discussing the relocation of Nine Tripod Commerce over to Duanren Empire.

The moment they entered, Cui Li stuck herself onto Huang Xiaolong in the blink of an eye, flashing a bright smile, "Xiaolong, come, let me introduce you. This is Sis Zhao Wuji, isn't she beautiful? She is one of the famous four beauties in our Duanren Empire."

The person who arrived with Cui Li was precisely Zhao Wuji, the same woman who was with Heartless Young Noble Yao Fei in the private room next to Huang Xiaolong when he was at Unforgettable Intoxication Restaurant.

In that moment, Zhao Wuji approached him with a faint smile on her lips as she amicably said to Huang Xiaolong, "Young Noble Huang, you won't mind if I call you Xiaolong like Young Sis Cui Li does, will you?" When Zhao Wuji smiled, she raised her hand up, causing the deep gorge in between her cleavage to show more prominently, making one's blood boil.

"I'd like to know what the purpose of your visit is?" Huang Xiaolong asked with his usual unhurried tone.

Cui Li did not take it to heart hearing Huang Xiaolong's less than warm welcoming attitude, maintaining her smile she said sweetly: "Of course it is to bring good news."

Zhao Wuji took out a golden-colored invitation and handed it to Huang Xiaolong with a smile, "Xiaolong, you suppressed everyone today on the stage. Heartless Young Noble is holding a banquet in Unforgettable Restaurant to celebrate your accomplishment and hopes that you will come for a drink."

Huang Xiaolong took the golden-colored invitation, opened it and casually closed it back again. Shaking his head, he said: "Not happening."

Both Cui Li and Zhao Wuji were shocked, for neither of them expected Huang Xiaolong would decline.

Cui Li hastened to persuade, "Xiaolong, Heartless Young Noble, like His Imperial Highness Second Prince, is one of the five most influential Young Nobles in Duanren Empire. People that are honored enough to receive an invitation from him are scarce in number." A trace of anxiety seeped into Cui Li's voice.

"I heard the Huang and Guo Family's set a wedding engagement not too long ago." At this time, Zhao Wuji suddenly spoke, "Even if we were talking about Guo Family's Old Man Guo, he would need to give some face to Heartless Young Noble."

When Zhao Wuji mentioned the Guo Family, she was undoubtedly referring to Guo Shiyuan and Guo Tai's family. Huang Min and Guo Tai's engagement was no secret, thus it was easy for Zhao Wuji to find out about it.

Zhao Wuji might have said these things in a docile tone while smiling, but every word spoken contained an easily discernible flavor of threat that did not escape anyone present.

Since Guo Family's Patriarch must even give Heartless Young Noble face, she didn't believe that after Huang Xiaolong understood the enormity of Heartless Young Noble's identity, he would still dare to refuse!

Cui Li opened her mouth wanting to speak, but in the end, said nothing. After all, she felt Huang Xiaolong should not offend Heartless Young Noble for such a small matter. Which Duanren Institute student didn't want to climb up the social ladder and build relations with Heartless Young Noble? Yet lady luck never had the time for their requests.

Huang Xiaolong faced Zhao Wuji with the same insouciance, "Really?" Then, he turned towards Fei Hou and said, "See the guests out!"

Both Cui Li and Zhao Wuji were astounded.

See the guests out?!

They had clearly explained Heartless Young Noble's identity just now. A character that someone like Old Man Guo must give face and be courteous to was still rejected by Huang Xiaolong?!

Zhao Wuji had a strange expression on her face. She tried again, "Young Noble Huang, do you want to think it over one more time?"

Prior to this, she referred to him as Xiaolong, but now, even the salutation had changed to Young Noble Huang.

Cui Li's heart lurched for a moment. Because she was familiar with Zhao Wuji's character, Cui Li knew she was upset.

"Xiaolong, you!" Cui Li tried to salvage the situation.

"Send the guests out!" Huang Xiaolong repeated.

"Two Miss's, please." Fei Hou approached, indicating to Cui Li and Zhao Wuji. Zhao Wuji stared at Huang Xiaolong before shaking her head, laughing as she voiced her opinion, "Young Noble Huang, you will regret your actions today!" Leaving such a sentence, she turned around with Cui Li, preparing to leave.

"Wait!" Suddenly, Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded.

Zhao Wuji looked over, a friendlier smile appeared on her face, "Did Young Noble Huang change his mind? You are a smart man."

But, just as her words ended, Huang Xiaolong threw the golden-colored invitation in his hand back to her, "This, take it with you."

Catching the invitation in her hand, Zhao Wuji's expression sank. In the end, she held herself back from saying anything else.

Fei Hou escorted the two ladies out and returned a brief moment later, reporting to Huang Xiaolong of their departure.

"Sovereign, that Heartless Young Noble, would he...?" Fei Hou hesitated.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "No need to bother."

Not to mention what's-his-name Heartless Young Noble, even if it was Duan Wuhen who were holding a banquet for Huang Xiaolong, he would not go if he did not want to.

Pandering or ingratiating others was something he would not do. Huang Xiaolong was qualified to refuse an invitation from this Heartless Young Noble.

Zhao Shu interjected, "I can only hope Heartless Young Noble has good enough insight. Otherwise, I don't mind crushing his 'eggs' to give him his lifetime's most memorable lesson!"

Crush his 'eggs'?

Huang Xiaolong, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou sweated at the thought.

“Fei Hou, investigate details about Heartless Young Noble’s background within the next few days.” Huang Xiaolong’s solemn voice instructed.

“Yes Sovereign!”

At this time, Cui Li and Zhao Wuji arrived at the Unforgettable Intoxication Restaurant, entering private room number two.

Inside private room number two, other than Heartless Young Noble Yao Fei, Yanggang, Pang Yu, and Dai Shanni were seated at the table. Adding Cui Li into the mix, four of the six young geniuses that possessed superb talent martial spirits were gathered together.

When Heartless Young Noble noticed Cui Li and Zhao Wuji return without Huang Xiaolong, his face darkened slightly, “Where’s Huang Xiaolong?” A terrifying pressure enveloped the area, almost solidifying the atmosphere in the room. Yanggang, Pang Yu, and Dai Shanni felt immense pressure, making it hard to breathe.

Cui Li was startled.

But Zhao Wuji ignored the pressure emanated from Heartless Young Noble, letting out a coquettish giggle as she walked to the empty seat next to him and sat down. “That fella surnamed Huang stole everyone’s thunder and doesn’t put you, the famous Heartless Young Noble, in his eyes.”

The underlying meaning was obvious, Huang Xiaolong did not accept his invitation.

A frosty chill spread from Yao Fei, and the temperature in the entire room dropped drastically.

“Did you clearly explain my identity to him?” Yao Fei’s expression seemed unperturbed but his voice was icy.

Zhao Wuji snickered, “I’ve already informed him thoroughly. I even said Old Man Guo must also give you some face, but Huang Xiaolong was not moved at all hearing that. He directly ‘sent’ us off. Before I left, he told me not to forget to take back the invitation!” She took out the golden-colored invitation as if to prove her words.

Yao Fei took the invitation, a spark of gloomy light shone in his eyes as a blue flame suddenly rose from his palm and engulfed the invitation in his hand. The invitation was instantly incinerated into nothingness, not even ashes remained as a clue to its existence.

“This is the first time someone dared to decline my invitation!” Yao Fei remarked coldly.

This time, he had sent out invitations to Yanggang, Pang Yu, Dai Shanni, Cui Li, and Huang Xiaolong. A total of five people. Huang Xiaolong was the only one to refuse. This caused him to lose a lot of face in front of Yanggang, Pang Yu, and the rest.

Xie Puti was a member of Duanren Imperial City’s Xie Family, and like the Yao Family, the Xie Family was one of Duanren Empire’s super families.

Therefore, Yao Fei did not invite Xie Puti.

## **Chapter 174: Imperial City Battle (6)**

Yanggang sat there listening quietly and smirked sardonically to himself when he heard that Huang Xiaolong actually dared to refuse Heartless Young Noble's invitation. In his esteemed opinion, Huang Xiaolong would definitely suffer an agonizing death for offending Yao Fei!

Duanren Empire had five famous Young Nobles. Each of them had such immense influential power that they could easily cover half the sky with their palm. This especially applied to the top two, Second Imperial Prince Duan Wuhen and Heartless Young Noble Yao Fei.

Amongst the five Young Nobles, Duan Wuhen and Yao Fei were the strongest of the bunch. In addition to their strength, Yao Fei belonged to the magnificent Yao Family which had existed for over two thousand years. In fact, the Yao Family's history went further back than Duanren Empire itself.

Even Duanren Emperor himself had to be wary when dealing with the Yao Family's Ancestor.

At this point, Yanggang seized the chance to voice some words of flattery, "That Huang Xiaolong has no idea how high the heavens are, daring to decline Heartless Young Noble's invitation. However, please rest assured Heartless Young Noble, if I come across Huang Xiaolong on the stage, I will definitely defeat him and humiliate him to help ease Heartless Young Noble's dissatisfaction." Yanggang ended his declaration with a flattering smile.

Yao Fei swept a glance at Yanggang as his mood returned to normal, his face remaining expressionless, "He's nothing but a little greenhorn, this doesn't qualify as something that can dampen my mood."

"And he's even more unqualified to make me angry."

Yanggang stiffened.

When Pang Yu saw Yanggang suddenly hesitate to speak, he jumped in with his own attempt to flatter, "Heartless Young Noble is right. With Heartless Young Noble's strength and identity, how can that Huang Xiaolong even compare to you? He doesn't even qualify to carry your shoes or hold your bath water!"

Dai Shanni and Cui Li listened and kept quiet. Both did not utter a sound.

In fact, Dai Shanni was reluctant to participate in such festivities, but due to the 'pressure' of Heartless Young Noble's name and reputation, she felt that she had no other choice but to attend. Although the Dai Family was also one of Duanren Imperial City's big families, it could not compare to the giant known as the Yao Family. Comparing the two was like comparing the heavens to the earth.

The night sky outside gradually gave way to dawn as the sun rose, spreading warmth and light over the land.

The sky was bright and clear, similar to the day before. The only difference compared to the previous day was that the excitement wafting through air had grown in intensity. Huang Xiaolong left the inn together with Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou and the streets seemed packed, moving at a snail's pace in the same direction.

Today was the battle for the top ten!

"Huang Xiaolong!"

“It’s Huang Xiaolong!”

Someone suddenly screamed his name in recognition just as Huang Xiaolong took a step out of the inn.

The scream was harmless but it attracted many people’s attention. Heads quickly turned and many others caught sight of Huang Xiaolong. Each person dashed over in excitement as they tried to get closer to him. It was like a pack of wolves aiming for a single lamb, pouncing at Huang Xiaolong.

They came from all four directions!

Huang Xiaolong furrowed his brows.

Seeing this, a terrifying momentum broke out from Yu Ming’s body. An invisible vigor qi created a protective sphere in a three hundred meter radius around Huang Xiaolong. No one could get close to Huang Xiaolong within that boundary of three hundred meters.

The frantic crowd felt like they crashed into an invisible wall.

Watching this result, Huang Xiaolong sighed in relief and then headed towards Duanren Square with Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou. Yu Ming’s vigor qi wall may have fenced off the crowd, but it could not deter them from following behind Huang Xiaolong and talking excitedly.

Therefore, when Huang Xiaolong reached Duanren Square, he brought a mass gathering of more than ten thousand people with him!

Watching the sight of Huang Xiaolong’s arrival and the mass of heads behind him, the Duanren Empire guards that were guarding the battle arena were shocked. Luckily they knew who Huang Xiaolong was, otherwise they would have thought an enemy army of the Empire had come to attack the city!

Arriving at the square, Huang Xiaolong entered the battle arena area while Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou waited on the outside.

When he came to the arena area, Xie Puti was already sitting there in the same spot as the day before.

Huang Xiaolong also chose to sit on the same seat he had previously, and when he walked by, Xie Puti spoke without looking at Huang Xiaolong, “I hope there’s a chance that we meet on the main battle stage!”

Tomorrow would be the last day of the Imperial City Battle and was also when the main battle stage opened. The main battle stage was where these geniuses would battle it out for first place. Only the top ten contestants were eligible to stand there. It was the last hurdle required before one could emerge victorious!

Huang Xiaolong looked over to the main battle stage without any change in his expression, “I also hope we can meet on the main battle stage at that time!”

In Huang Xiaolong’s opinion, Xie Puti was the only person worthy to be his opponent in this Imperial City Battle. The only person qualified to be his opponent. As for Yanggang, Pang Yu, and the rest, he couldn’t be bothered.

And this feeling was mutual for Xie Puti!

After yesterday's battles, Xie Puti listed Huang Xiaolong as his opponent, a real opponent. Only Huang Xiaolong was qualified to compete for the number one spot with him.

Of course, he had full confidence in his own strength.

Whether it was in regards to a martial spirit or strength, he believed his abilities greatly exceeded Huang Xiaolong. He believed that as strong as this Huang Xiaolong might be, he would thoroughly dominate him.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong arrived, Cui Li walked in.

However, compared to yesterday, Cui Li was obviously in a tangle. Yesterday she was full of sweet smiles, and today those smiles seemed somewhat forced.

Walking into the arena area, she noticed the same empty seat beside Huang Xiaolong. In the end, she still walked over and sat down after a slight hesitation.

The first words that came out of her mouth the moment she sat down was, "Yesterday, you really shouldn't have refused Heartless Young Noble's invitation."

Huang Xiaolong had a 'I-do-not-care' expression on his face, "So what?"

Coincidentally, Yanggang was walking over some distance away from outside the arena area.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's lackadaisical attitude towards what happened, her heart sighed as she continued, "You don't understand. What I'm trying to say is that you need to be careful."

She had a little knowledge about Heartless Young Noble's methods of handling things, and his power. Even though it was only the tip of the iceberg, it was enough to scare her.

Huang Xiaolong took a look at Cui Li and he could tell she was being sincere as she tried to provide him with some advice.

Could it be... this Cui Li was truly interested in him? Then he shook his head in disbelief.

"I will." Huang Xiaolong replied.

By this point, Yanggang had already entered the arena area. His eyes swept over Cui Li's face as she sat beside Huang Xiaolong, snickering secretly to himself. After the banquet ended the night before, he expressed his interest towards this little tramp, but he did not expect her to dismiss him altogether.

But today she still dared sit next to Huang Xiaolong? This angered him. This tramp was really a contemptible wretch. If comparing both status and identity, which of his aspects was not better than Huang Xiaolong's? It was clear Huang Xiaolong had no interest in her, yet she continued to attach herself to him.

This caused his dislike and dissatisfaction towards Huang Xiaolong to increase.

But, Yanggang did not purposely make snide or crude remarks towards Huang Xiaolong. Instead, he shot Huang Xiaolong an icy gaze before taking the same seat he previously used.

After Yanggang, Pang Yu, and Dai Shanni entered and sat down. Pang Yu had an intense look in his eyes as he stared at Huang Xiaolong, almost like he was gloating.

To him, it didn't matter if Huang Xiaolong became famous and stole all the limelight in this year's Imperial City Battle, there was no good ending for someone who offended Heartless Young Noble.

A lot of geniuses disappeared this way, dying in vain without knowing the way the world works. Soon after that, people would forget about them, vanishing from everyone's memory.

Shortly after that, all one hundred participants for the day's battle arrived and gathered at the arena area. Duan Wuhen and Duanren Empire's ministers appeared on the main viewing platform to preside over the day's event, then announced the start of the battles.

### **Chapter 175: Imperial City Battle (7)**

When the second day of competition began, half of the people went up to draw lots, which also included Huang Xiaolong.

The number Huang Xiaolong drew was thirty-one.

Number thirty-one: Flowing Tune Kingdom's Cheng Fusheng—this was Huang Xiaolong's first opponent for the day's battle.

When Chen Fusheng found out his first opponent was Huang Xiaolong, Cheng Fusheng's nerves grew taut.

By now, everyone was of the impression Huang Xiaolong had the strength to enter the top ten. Other than Xie Puti, Yanggang, Huang Xiaolong, Pang Yu, Cui Li, and Dai Shanni were opponents these kingdoms' geniuses were most unwilling to fight at this juncture.

The number Xie Puti drew was one!

Again, many wondered if it was a coincidence or actually the intention of Duanren Empire.

However, after yesterday most believed it was a purposeful act.

Number one!

This was building momentum for Xie Puti.

Inevitably, many would subconsciously link the number one to the first place winner. Therefore, Duanren Empire was discreetly implying the person Duanren Emperor acknowledged as the champion of the Imperial City Battle this year would be none other than Xie Puti

Watching Xie Puti draw the number one stick and the heated discussions coming from all around, Huang Xiaolong remained calm and unperturbed.

Xie Puti's first opponent was Huang Yiping from the Scarlet Pearl Kingdom.

They shared the same surname, Huang Yiping and Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Yiping's cultivation was not weak, reaching mid-Xiantian First Order.

In this year's competition, there was a total of one thousand three hundred and sixty-two people, with two hundred and fifteen among them being Xiantian realm experts.

After the elimination on the first day, the one hundred remaining had proven their strength, and all of them were Xiantian realm experts.

Every year, those who successfully entered Duanren Institute were Xiantian experts. Throughout history, people that managed to enter Duanren Institute while still at the Houtian realm were scarce in number.

The moment Huang Yiping stood on the stage, he summoned his martial spirit and soul transformed in the same instant, launching an attack towards Xie Puti in the most straightforward manner.

Huang Yiping displayed a low-grade Earth rank battle skill named Earth Razing Finger.

In general, there weren't many finger-based battle skills available, and a low-grade Earth rank finger-based battle skill was even more rare.

Huang Yiping's finger targeted Xie Puti as if it was the tip of a sharp blade, leaving a mark across the stage floor and raising a screen of stone-riddled dust on the stage as he moved.

These ten battle stages were made of a kind of rock granite that average weapons couldn't even scratch, yet Huang Yiping did just that by using his finger. The power of this attack was evident.

However, just as Huang Yiping's finger attack was about to stab Xie Puti, Xie Puti raised his palm, instantly ceasing Huang Yiping's motions. His palm struck forward: "Get down!"

Phoenix fire erupted like a volcano, spilling out like raging waves of lava.

Huang Yiping turned white, staggering backwards repeatedly until he reached the edge of the battle stage. Both his palms suddenly struck forward, and borrowing the rebound force, his body flew out of the battle stage.

Huang Yiping—lost!

Even if they already knew the result, seeing how effortless Xie Puti defeated Huang Yiping still triggered a wave of shock in the hearts of many geniuses below the stage. Outside the battle stage arena, the crowd's excitement instantly grew to a frenzy.

After a short period of time, the first group of ten that included Xie Puti finished their turns. Next came the second group, then the competition quickly moved on to the third group in which Huang Xiaolong was participating.

Since Huang Xiaolong's number was thirty-one, he too headed towards stage number one.

Standing on the stage, Huang Xiaolong faced his opponent, Chen Fusheng, who was on the other side with an aloof and indifferent attitude. Chen Fusheng was tall, reaching a height over six foot two, close to two meters. His four limbs bulged and he had dense coarse hair covering his skin, similar to beastmen.

From Chen Fusheng's outward appearance, either his parents or ancestor were likely beastmen.

“Huang Xiaolong, although I know I’m not your opponent, I will not throw in the towel.” Cheng Fusheng looked at Huang Xiaolong, the apprehension in his eyes gradually receded and was replaced with a surging desire for battle.

A dazzling light subsequently burst out from his body as a brilliant red, long sword that was enveloped by a layer of azure flame appeared, floating above his head.

This was Chen Fusheng’s martial spirit, Azure Flame Sword!

This variation type grade ten martial spirit was infinitely close to a superb talent martial spirit.

Without wasting time, Chen Fusheng soul transformed instantaneously after summoning his martial spirit. Multiple sword lights continuously swirled around his body. These were blade lights that burned with an azure flame!

Chen Fusheng’s body blurred into afterimages as he shot forward as if he was a long sword, reaching the front of Huang Xiaolong figure almost instantly, then launched an attack.

“Azure Flame Sword Formation!”

Chen Fusheng swung out with both of his hands.

In that split second, multiple sword lights merged into a huge Azure Flame Sword. The Azure Flame Sword spun in the air, creating a cross-shaped sword formation as it flew towards Huang Xiaolong.

Chen Fusheng was a mid-Xiantian First Order expert. The level of his attack was on par with Huang Yiping’s Earth Razing Finger, the person who fought against Xie Puti earlier.

All eyes were staring fixedly at Huang Xiaolong, including Xie Puti. He too wanted to see how Huang Xiaolong was going to break Chen Fusheng’s attack.

No matter how strong Huang Xiaolong’s physical defense was, it was impossible for him to fully receive this attack using his body alone.

Huang Xiaolong watched as Chen Fusheng executed his attack, the Azure Flame Sword that was flying in his direction. He clenched his fingers into a fist and punched out using a Collapse Fist onto the center of the rotating Azure Flame Sword Formation.

From Huang Xiaolong’s attack, space seemed to wrinkle like a crumpled blanket from the force as his fist piercing through the air.

BOOM! A thunderous explosion resounded and the Azure Flame Sword Formation shattered, sword light splinters ricocheting violently in all directions. The trajectory of Huang Xiaolong’s punch continued to shoot forward, striking Chen Fusheng on the chest. One solid punch landed heavily.

A low grunt escaped Chen Fusheng’s throat as his body inverted before he was thrown out and then landed on the ground outside the battle stage.

Chen Fusheng—lost!

Even Fei Hou would have difficulty taking a full blow of Collapse Fist from the current Huang Xiaolong, what more a mere Chen Fusheng.

A second after Chen Fusheng fell to the ground, loud cheers and applause erupted from the spectators outside the battle stage.

Xie Puti looked on calmly after seeing this result, whereas Yanggang and Pang Yu's expressions were ugly to the extreme.

Huang Xiaolong returned to his seat after walking down from the stage.

Cui Li looked at Huang Xiaolong with a complicated expression. After hesitating, she spoke: "Xiaolong, how about you make a trip to Yao Manor this evening?"

"To Yao Manor?" Huang Xiaolong was baffled as he looked over to Cui Li.

Cui Li said, "Go and apologize to Heartless Young Noble."

Go apologize!

Huang Xiaolong frowned, shaking his head inwardly. Even though this irritated him, he understood she was saying this for his benefit. Thus, he did not say anything else.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong keep silent, Cui Li did not pursue the matter and could only resort to sighing to herself in her heart.

Soon, the first round of battles ended with fifty people eliminated. Lots were drawn once again to decide the upcoming round of opponents.

After the second round elimination, there were twenty-five people left. With an odd number, the same rule as the first day applied—the person who drew the blank stick would get to sit out, entering the next round. The person who drew the blank stick was still Xie Puti.

Very quickly, the list of names for the top ten came out.

As per everyone's expectation, Xie Puti, Yanggang, Huang Xiaolong, Pang Yu, Cui Li, and Dai Shanni had all made it onto list. The remaining four people were Jin Desheng, Jiang Damin, Han Dong, and Hu Zhi. These four people possessed a top grade ten martial spirit, and all four of them were at peak late-Xiantian First Order cultivation levels!

The curtain fell on the second day's competition.

The third day would be the decisive battle for first place. It was also the most exciting battle, the fight between the strongest ten!

Outside the battle arena, the crowd slowly dispersed. When the crowd lessened, Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou made their way back to the inn.

However, just as the four of them arrived at the inn, the inn owner came out running to them with an embarrassed look. The owner looked at Huang Xiaolong and said, "Young Noble Huang, many apologies, I'm afraid you cannot stay here anymore."

### **Chapter 176: Imperial City Battle (8)**

"Cannot stay here anymore?" Huang Xiaolong repeated with a slight furrow on his forehead.

The inn owner's head cast down in a flustered manner, then he abruptly knelt down before Huang Xiaolong, "Young Noble Huang, I'm very sorry! I really cannot let you stay in my inn anymore, I—!"

"Because of Heartless Young Noble?" Huang Xiaolong interjected as he looked at the inn owner, voicing a question in an icy tone.

The inn owner stiffened when hearing the name but he neither confirmed nor denied. Yet, silence meant acquiescence.

"You're afraid of Heartless Young Noble, but you are not afraid of us?" Fei Hou's eyes narrowed coldly with menace as a fleeting murderous intent flickered passed, "Then, I shall end your life now!" Fei Hou stated and readied to keep his word.

Both Zhao Shu and Yu Ming also wore a cold expression on their faces.

But Huang Xiaolong raised his hand to stop Fei Hou.

The inn owner kowtowed as he begged Huang Xiaolong, "Young Noble Huang, please spare me, I have no other choice, I'm forced to do this!"

Watching the inn owner knock his head onto the ground repeatedly, Huang Xiaolong said to Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou, "We'll leave."

He knew the inn owner was not the one at fault in this matter. Anyone faced with pressure from someone like Heartless Young Noble would have chosen the same path.

Before leaving, Huang Xiaolong told Fei Hou to settle the money for the past ten days' accommodation.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong was willing to leave, the inn owner kowtowed again gratefully as he watched the four figures walk away.

Outside the inn.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the prosperous bustling streets. Pedestrians shuttled back and forth while carriages moved in a long single file line which appeared reminiscent of a dragon. He looked back towards the three people behind him with a faint smile and said, "Looks like we will need to sleep in the streets tonight!"

Huang Xiaolong assumed the result would be the same in other inns or restaurants, no place would dare do business with him.

This Heartless Young Noble truly acted fast!

A sharp light glinted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

"Young Lord, how about I make a trip to the Yao Manor?" Zhao Shu inquired.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "Not now."

Since that Heartless Young Noble made his move, then Huang Xiaolong would play a little game with him. If he squashed him to death immediately, where's the fun in that? Moreover, the Yao Family had

more than two thousand years of foundation, its roots ran deep. It was highly likely they had a Saint realm expert guarding the Yao Manor, and perhaps even more than one Saint realm expert at that!

For the time being, Huang Xiaolong did not want to expose Zhao Shu's strength.

I should arrange for Mom, Dad and everyone else to travel here earlier than planned. Huang Xiaolong thought.

To prevent any mishaps, it would be best to bring the Huang Family over to the Imperial City. With Zhao Shu and Yu Ming's protection, their safety was not an issue.

In conclusion, Huang Xiaolong decided that once the Imperial City Battle ended, he would purchase a place in the Imperial City and arrange to move his family from the Luo Tong Kingdom.

Leaving the inn, Huang Xiaolong's group of four strolled along the streets, enjoying the night scene of Duanren Empire's Imperial City.

An hour or so passed and the four of them came back around to Duanren Square. Finding a spot, all four sat in a meditative position, adjusting their breathing as they waited for morning to come.

Time passed and night gave way to the morning light.

The amount of people arriving at Duanren Square increased slowly as time passed. It seemed as though the crowd had grown even bigger compared to the second day. Practically every Patriarch from small and large Imperial City families attended, and nearby kingdoms had rushed over to watch the final day's battle.

Every square inch of ground outside the battle arena was littered with people.

By the time the imperial guards were in position guarding the battle arena perimeter, Huang Xiaolong arrived and became the first person to enter. He walked towards the same seat he sat on for the last two days whereas Zhao Shu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou waited outside with the rest of the crowd.

Today, there were only ten people battling, and Huang Xiaolong arrived earlier than any of the other nine participants.

The battle arena area was totally empty. Neither Duan Wuhen, the ministers, or any participants arrived as early as Huang Xiaolong. Thus Huang Xiaolong became the center of attention because he was the only one inside.

The gathering crowd grew bigger and noisier, talking and staring intently at Huang Xiaolong.

Of course, all of their discussions mainly shifted back and forth around who would win first place this year!

But then again, this topic was constantly discussed for the last several days in a row, yet the excited fervor only burned with increasing intensity.

A short while after Huang Xiaolong took his seat, Cui Li arrived and walked into the arena area.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong, Cui Li hesitated briefly, but this time, she no longer took the seat beside Huang Xiaolong. Instead, she chose a different empty seat about thirty meters away from Huang Xiaolong and sat down.

Watching this, Huang Xiaolong smiled wryly in his heart.

Obviously, due to the pressure from Heartless Young Noble, this woman needed to maintain a certain distance from him. Despite that, Huang Xiaolong did not mind.

Then, the next one to arrive was Yanggang.

And the first thing Yanggang noticed was Cui Li's distance from Huang Xiaolong. Watching this scene, Yanggang gloated complacently to himself as he made his way to the empty seat next to Cui Li. Deliberately shielding Huang Xiaolong's face from Cui Li's view, he leaned in close to Cui Li saying, "Li'er, you look beautiful today!"

Cui Li wore a long violet dress, emphasizing her innocent beauty and underlying charm. The hint of worry in her eyes only added to her charm. She indeed looked beautiful.

Cui Li shot Yanggang an icy glare, stood up from her seat and walked away to another empty seat a dozen meters away.

Being treated this way, Yanggang stood there looking embarrassed, flames of anger flickered deeply in his eyes.

This cheap slut, a day will come when he would make her kneel in front of him, begging him to take and enslave her!

In that short moment, Xie Puti, Pang Yu, Dai Shanni, and the rest arrived one after another.

With that, all top ten were present!

All ten of them arrived but the main platform was still empty. It was some time later when Duan Wuhen and a group of ministers appeared, after which each took their places.

Cheng Jian stood at the front of the main platform, stating rules that each participant needed to be mindful of before finally announcing the day's competition start.

In the group of ten people, five walked up to draw lots.

The first opponent Huang Xiaolong drew was... Yanggang!

Yanggang!

When Huang Xiaolong read the name written on the stick, he was stunned for a moment. And then, a faint smile tilted up the corner of his lips.

Even Yanggang was surprised to see his first opponent for the day was Huang Xiaolong. In the next moment, a ruthless light gleamed in his eyes; he had been waiting for this battle for two days, it was finally here.

Still, Huang Xiaolong and Yanggang would need to wait, for they were in group three.

The first battle was between Cui Li and Jin Desheng, the second was Xie Puti versus Han Dong.

The fourth group was Pang Yu against Jiang Damin, and the last group was Dai Shanni versus Hu Zhi.

When the list came out, everyone outside the battle arena broke out in a commotion. Discussions sounded everywhere in an attempt to predict the outcome of each group.

The most talked about was none other than Huang Xiaolong versus Yanggang, and it was also the most debated with half supporting Huang Xiaolong while the half thinking Yanggang would be the victor.

On the main platform, Duan Wuhen lightly tapped the armrest as he spoke with Cheng Jian, "Cheng Jian, what do you think about Huang Xiaolong and Yanggang's battle?" Duanren Empire did not interfere with the line-up of today's battle, thus when Huang Xiaolong drew Yanggang's name, he was genuinely surprised.

Cheng Jian hesitated, "This one doesn't know how to judge."

If this was before, he would surely pick Yanggang as the winner between the two, but now, it was hard for him to judge which one of them was stronger.

At this time, a general beside Duan Wuhen spoke, "Whoever His Imperial Highness Second Prince says will win, then that person will win!"

Duan Wuhen exposed a slight smile at those words.

### **Chapter 177: Imperial City Battle (9)**

While the crowd was still immersed in their excited discussions, the first competitors, Cui Li and Jin Desheng, made their way onto the stage.

The crowd quieted abruptly as both of them stood face to face on the battle stage. Anticipative silence filled the air.

In a split second action, blinding lights engulfed their silhouettes, each summoning their martial spirits.

On the last day of battle, neither kept their true strength hidden.

Cui Li had an average grade eleven martial spirit, the Lightning Devouring Beast. The space immediately surrounding her body was instantly filled with flashing bolts of lightning the moment it emerged. An atmosphere of terrifying destruction permeated the area.

On the other hand, Jin Desheng had a top grade ten martial spirit which was infinitely close to a superb talent martial spirit, and it's name was Giant Black Water Ape.

Judging from its outer appearance, the Giant Black Water Ape was five to six times larger than the Lightning Devouring Beast, but in actuality, the Giant Black Water Ape's strength was innately suppressed by Cui Li's martial spirit. Pressured by the surrounding lightning, the Giant Black Water Ape's bright water sphere's radius continuously shrunk in on itself.

Suddenly, Jin Desheng bellowed and his body dashed forward in a flash, winding up a fist to attack Cui Li. A light blue water vapor diffused around Jin Desheng like a barrier as he leaped out.

Because it was of a lower grade, his martial spirit was suppressed by Cui Li's martial spirit on an innate level. The longer the fight dragged on, the more he fell to a disadvantage. Therefore, he needed to seize the initiative.

Below the stage, Huang Xiaolong shook his head silently while watching the battle.

Without needing to watch further, he already knew Cui Li would come out on top in this match. Regardless of whether one was talking about Cui Li's martial spirit or her battle qi strength, both were more powerful and abundant than Jin Desheng's.

Sure enough, moments later Jin Desheng was knocked out of the battle stage by Cui Li.

After the first duo's match ended, the following match was between Xie Puti and Han Dong. The round ended quicker than the first round, very much lacking in suspense as Xie Puti defeated Han Dong effortlessly without summoning his martial spirit.

"Third group, Huang Xiaolong versus Yanggang!" After the result of Xie Puti and Han Dong's match was announced, Cheng Jian's voice sounded again.

The moment Cheng Jian's voice fell, Huang Xiaolong and Yanggang stood up simultaneously.

The two opponents exchanged glances. Yanggang sneered at Huang Xiaolong mockingly then stepped out ahead of him towards the battle stage.

Huang Xiaolong calmly followed behind him in an unhurried gait.

All eyes of the crowd focused on them in high anticipation as Huang Xiaolong and Yanggang stood face to face on the stage.

Cui Li sat below the stage and remained focused on the two figures the entire time.

Yanggang looked at Huang Xiaolong, smirking confidently, "How was the feeling of sleeping in the streets last night? Not bad right?" Pausing for effect, Yanggang continued, "Heartless Young Noble asked me to pass you a message: This, is only the beginning!"

Huang Xiaolong sneered, "Oh~, really?" followed by a shake of the head in a regretful way, "Unfortunately..."

"Unfortunately what?" Yanggang's face sank.

"Unfortunately those that become other people's dogs usually don't live long." came Huang Xiaolong's nonchalant reply.

"You!" Anger and killing intent exploded in Yanggang's eyes. Light rippled around his body as currents of gloomy black energy spread out at rapid speed with a tinge of ice blue frosty chilliness mixed in. It was a beast that looked like a cross between a lion and a tiger. It's body was pure black and it had a pair of icy blue eyes, hovering midair behind Yanggang.

This was Yanggang's martial spirit, a top grade twelve superb talent martial spirit, Celestial Yin Beast!

The Celestial Yin Beast of Martial Spirit World contained the darkest Yin energy and was most pliable amongst martial spirits.

The instant his Celestial Yin Beast appeared, Yanggang's momentum soared. He looked at Huang Xiaolong with a cold expression, shouting "I've said to you before, you'd better hope you don't come across me on the stage, otherwise, you won't be walking out of here on your own when you leave!"

"Summon your Divine Black Dragon martial spirit."

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "To defeat you, there's no need for me to call upon my martial spirit."

"What?!" Below the stage, everyone who heard his words were flabbergasted and it caused someone to blurt out in surprise.

"Huang Xiaolong actually said he could defeat Yanggang without summoning his martial spirit?!"

Even Cui Li and Xie Puti were astounded when hearing Huang Xiaolong's claim.

On the guest platform where Duan Wuhen was sitting in a lazy demeanor, he was originally leaning back deeply into the chair, but even he could not help straighten his body a little when hearing what Huang Xiaolong said. A tiny spark of interest shone in his eyes. The same thing also happened with Cheng Jian and the other Duanren Empire ministers.

Disbelief swept over the crowd when they heard Huang Xiaolong actually dare to utter such an arrogant claim. Defeat Yanggang without relying on his martial spirit? After all, the public was of the opinion that Huang Xiaolong's strength was about the same as Yanggang.

Recovering from their shock, everyone secretly shook their head with a similar thought flickering in their minds: This Huang Xiaolong's arrogance has gone overboard.

Listening to the gasps of shock and awe coming from the crowd, anger shot right to Yanggang's head, thickening the killing intent in his eyes.

"Fine, fine!" Yanggang's voice was extremely cold, "Since this is how you want it, I also won't use my martial spirit." In a flash, the Celestial Yin Beast once again returned to Yanggang's body.

With Yanggang's martial spirit gone, the black vapors around the stage vanished.

Watching this series of actions, Huang Xiaolong only shrugged his shoulders. To him, the result was the same whether Yanggang used his martial spirit or not!

"I'll let you make the first move!" Yanggang pushed his battle qi to the extreme as he spoke to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's silhouette suddenly blurred just as Yanggang's voice ended, leaving an afterimage behind on the stage where he previously stood. Before one could blink, he was already right in front of Yanggang. Well, he offered, therefore, Huang Xiaolong needn't be polite!

Huang Xiaolong's eyes had a coldness in them. Punching out using his Collapse Fist, he hit Yanggang's body without obstruction.

Boom! A deafening collision rang in the air, followed by Yanggang's miserable scream. He slid across the stage floor right to the edge.

Everyone watching held their breath, forgetting to breathe, as they stared dumbly at Yanggang's figure nearly spilling out of the battle stage.

In the next second, Duanren Square exploded with astonishment.

"What?! What was that blurry image?!"

"How did Huang Xiaolong achieve such speed!"

"So fast, it was too fast! Was it Huang Xiaolong's martial spirit ability?!"

Many were filled with doubt and disbelief. Shocked and thrilled expressions came from the crowd as they stared fixedly at the battle stage.

Xie Puti who had been watching from below the stage suddenly jumped to his feet, feeling genuine shock. Cui Li, Pang Yu, Dai Shanni, and the rest also jumped up from their seats like Xie Puti.

One punch from Huang Xiaolong sent Yanggang flying! Yanggang did not even have time to react!

Before Huang Xiaolong's battle qi broke into the Xiantian realm, his martial spirit ability, Phantom Shadow already achieved a speed comparable to Fei Hou's, and after stepping into the Xiantian realm, his martial skill ability's effectiveness had more than doubled. When also adding Yanggang's arrogance and carelessness on top of that, it was no surprise he was knocked to the edge by Huang Xiaolong.

Up on the main platform, Duan Wuhen looked on interestedly, sitting straighter than before as he spoke to Cheng Jian, "Looks like all of us underestimated Huang Xiaolong."

The shocked Cheng Jian only recovered some clarity when Duan Wuhen spoke, and nodded dumbly.

Not only the two of them, but even their Duanren Emperor had underestimated Huang Xiaolong!

Previously, Duanren Emperor surmised Huang Xiaolong had the strength to compete for a spot among the top ten, but now...! Cheng Jian smiled bitterly inside. The truth, it seemed, was that Huang Xiaolong did not only have the capability to wrestle for a spot in the top ten. Judging from his speed just now, Huang Xiaolong had the strength to contend with Xie Puti for first place!

When Huang Xiaolong said he could defeat Yanggang without summoning his martial spirit, many had thought Huang Xiaolong was insufferably arrogant. At this very moment, no one doubted Huang Xiaolong's strength.

Noises from the crowd rose and fell. On the stage, Huang Xiaolong slowly strode in Yanggang's direction with a cold expression on his face, advising: "It's better if you summon your martial spirit. If not, you won't even have the chance to counter."

Yanggang got up from his position, wiping away the blood flowing down from his mouth as he fixed a deadly glare on Huang Xiaolong. There was wrath, humiliation, and intense murder, but at the same time he understood that what Huang Xiaolong stated was fact. If he did not summon his martial spirit, he truly would not have the capability to counter Huang Xiaolong's attack. When Huang Xiaolong displayed his martial spirit ability it was simply too fast for him!

## **Chapter 178: Imperial City Battle (10)**

Yanggang let out an animalistic roar towards the sky, and once again a dark energy intertwining with an icy blue spread out in four directions from Yanggang's body as he summoned his martial spirit, the Celestial Yin Beast.

As the Celestial Yin Beast emerged and hovered behind Yanggang, the blood stain on Yanggang's lips disappeared.

However, for a fleeting second, a faint pink had colored his cheeks as he recalled what he said earlier. He wasn't going to use his martial spirit and even generously granted Huang Xiaolong the first move!

He was now basically eating his own words. Yanggang slowly raised his head, his venomous eyes falling on Huang Xiaolong as they filled with hatred and an intense killing intent.

In the next moment, Yanggang fused with the Celestial Yin Beast and soul transformed.

Although one's martial spirit could solidify their ethereal selves into a corporeal entity after entering the Xiantian realm and battle as is, most warriors would choose to soul transform. After a soul transformation, the owner would receive a much higher boost in strength, among multiple other aspects.

Yanggang's body flickered the instant he soul transformed. His entire being seemed to evolve into a dark energy, drifting in Huang Xiaolong's direction yet arriving almost simultaneously. The increase in speed was astounding, surpassing the level Huang Xiaolong had shown earlier while using his Phantom Shadow ability.

Arriving in front of Huang Xiaolong, a cruel bloodlust of scarlet red gleam flitted across Yanggang's eyes, slamming his palms right into Huang Xiaolong's chest.

"Withering Bloom Palm!"

Dark energy trailed behind, enveloping Yanggang's palms as they struck with an icy blue glow that reflected in-between the darkness.

This was the energy of Yin and darkness. The darkness energy of a Celestial Yin Beast was regarded as the coldest and most poisonous energy that existed between heaven and earth.

After Yanggang soul transformed, he used the celestial Yin energy that was unique to the Celestial Yin Beast and Withering Bloom Palm which was a high mid-grade Earth rank battle skill comparable to some high-grade Earth rank battle skill.

Yanggang used one of his trump cards, aiming to send Huang Xiaolong flying with one strike just like he did to him. Only by doing so could he wash away the humiliation he felt!

The surrounding airflow stagnated as it became affected by the Withering Bloom Palm.

Just when Yanggang was confident his attack would hit Huang Xiaolong's chest, Huang Xiaolong raised his arms, countering with two palms of his own.

Boom! A resounding collision echoed from the stage as their four palms slammed against each other.

Huang Xiaolong swayed, wobbling two steps back.

When he steadied himself, Huang Xiaolong noticed that a layer of dark black ice had formed on his palms. At the same time, an icy blue energy seeped through the skin of his palms and entered his veins and meridians, trying to invade his body.

Seeing this, Yanggang sneered, "Huang Xiaolong, you're actually quite stupid to have taken my Withering Blossom Palm with your bare hands. Let me enlighten you, my celestial Yin energy will flow into your body along the veins and meridians of your palms. As the energy increases and accumulates, you will gradually realize that your entire body's veins, meridians, and blood will solidify into ice. Once it invades your internal organs it will feel like millions of ants biting all over, the pain will be pleasurable for you!"

"Enjoy it while it lasts!"

After generously departing with this information, Yanggang broke out in a hearty laughter mixed with elation and it reverberated in the air.

Below the stage many were still dazed due to shock. Looking at the result, heads shook in pity.

"This Huang Xiaolong is too careless, now that Yanggang's celestial Yin energy is going to destroy his body, he has no hope of winning!"

The celestial Yin energy is the coldest and most poisonous energy. Even a Xiantian Third Order expert would be in a bind trying to expel it from his body!"

"Serves him right! He must have thought he would win the battle 'cause he managed to knock Yanggang down with one punch. That's why he was careless!"

Voices rose and fell, lamenting Huang Xiaolong's arrogance and mistake, while there were also people that gloated at his predicament.

On the main guest platform, Duan Wuhen and Cheng Jian could not help but frown.

Despite the many different reactions thrown his way, Huang Xiaolong remained calm. A burst of inky purple light enveloped Huang Xiaolong and both of his palms quivered slightly. The black ice formed on his palms shattered into particles and fell down whereas inside his body, when Yanggang's celestial Yin energy met with the same inky purple energy, it was swallowed up by the tyrannical inky-purple energy in Huang Xiaolong's body.

Watching the sudden turn of events, the people below the stage and the crowd suddenly exclaimed in surprise and bafflement.

The celestial Yin energy was known as the coldest and most poisonous energy, yet Huang Xiaolong treated it as nothing!

Duan Wuhen squinted his eyes as he stared at the inky purple glow flowing out from Huang Xiaolong's body and deeply pondered over it.

"What kind of battle qi is this?" Even Cheng Jian could not hide the surprise and curiosity from his voice.

Back on the stage, Yanggang's complacent laughter stifled abruptly.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the other side, apologizing in a 'modest' manner, "My apologies, it seems your celestial Yin energy is useless against me!"

Yanggang's face turned unsightly.

At that moment, a similar pool of dark black energy enveloped Huang Xiaolong's body and before everyone's bewildered eyes, turned into a pair of ebony wings. The white in his eyes was overtaken by a crimson color, making him appear bloodthirsty. His black hair turned completely white, starting from the roots and cascaded all the way down to the ends of Huang Xiaolong's long hair, flying upward as if it were defying gravity.

A heavy atmosphere of slaughter broke out from Huang Xiaolong, sweeping out to the entire Duanren Square.

Everyone's heart tightened.

"A very strong aura of slaughter!" Xie Puti muttered and his eyes narrowed solemnly.

"What battle skill is this? He can change his physique without soul transforming?!" On the main platform, Cheng Jian's eyes flashed.

Duan Wuhen did not speak, but the way he looked at Huang Xiaolong had taken a one hundred and eighty degree turn.

Terror seized Yanggang as he watched the changes happening to Huang Xiaolong, he strongly felt the terrifying rise in Huang Xiaolong's strength compared to before, and that thick aura of slaughter actually sent a chill all the way down to his core.

Suddenly, the Wings of Demon behind Huang Xiaolong extended and with a flap he reached Yanggang. The Blades of Asura in his hands reflected a cold glint as they swung out.

"Tempest of Hell!"

Huang Xiaolong's icy voice rippled above Duanren Square's void.

Dozens of cold blade lights appeared out of nowhere, gathering into two turbulent gales, spinning towards Yanggang.

Whimpers and cries originating from hell echoed from the stage.

Listening to the eerie cries, emotions of fear and terror inexplicably rose in everyone's heart. They were filled with panic, trepidation, and apprehension, causing them extreme discomfort.

Looking at the impending violent wind vortexes, Yanggang's pupils dilated in horror. Completely spooked, he continuously retreated backwards while throwing frenzied frontal attacks with the Withering Bloom Palm.

Under the barrage of attacks from Yanggang, airflow became stagnated due to the freezing energy, successfully slowing the two Tempest of Hell's speed.

Just when Yanggang was about to breathe out in relief, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, once again swinging the Blades of Asura. It was still the Tempest of Hell, however this time there was a combination of Tempest of Hell and Tears of Asura!

The howling cries of an Asura from hell pierced the square.

Yanggang was struck with terror as he stumbled backward, retreating again and again. Unknowingly, he had reached the edge of the battle stage.

“Celestial Yin Body!” All of a sudden, Yanggang bellowed. The surface of his skin was covered with a layer of ice blue film. Shockingly, his entire body softened limply as if there were no bones supporting him, barely aiding him in dodging Huang Xiaolong’s attack.

The Celestial Yin Body was Yanggang’s martial spirit ability. When displayed, his entire body became so soft that it was like he lacked any bones.

Huang Xiaolong was not surprised when seeing Yanggang successfully avoid his attack. If Yanggang was someone so easily defeated, then rumors would not pin him as the most likely candidate to win second place this year.

After he escaped Huang Xiaolong’s attack, Yanggang twisted his body and lunged onto Huang Xiaolong. No one noticed when Yanggang had withdrawn the short blade in his hand.

The short blade in Yanggang’s grip was a pure blood-red color. It was slim and narrow, and an image of a black skull could be seen on the blade’s body. When Yanggang slashed the short blade towards Huang Xiaolong, it emitted a disgusting foul scent akin to a corpse that had been rotting for a very long time, nauseating the senses.

Huang Xiaolong waved the Blades of Asura, sparks flew from the blades friction.

After one exchange, both of them jumped back in retreat at the same time.

In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong’s silhouette blurred, reappearing in midair. His body started to rotate at great speed while the Blades of Asura swung out continuously, covering the entire stage in the State of Abundant Lightning attack area, striking with the wrath of a devil.

### **Chapter 179: Imperial City Battle (11)**

Streaks of lightning targeted Yanggang, whipping him like a savage torrent. Howling winds akin to cries from hell bombarded his body as hard rain pelted down, accompanied by wails of an Asura and angry thunderbolts.

Huang Xiaolong had successfully combined the fourth move of Asura Sword Skill, State of Abundant Lightning with the first move and second move, Tempest of Hell and Tears of Asura. This triple attack combination had more than doubled the attack power compared to when Huang Xiaolong previously only attacked with Tempest of Hell and Tears of Asura!

The sudden burst of terrifying energy from the three combined moves made the expressions of the experts who were outside the battle arena tighten.

On the stage, Yanggang watched in horror as the bright streaks of lightning grew denser.

“Celestial Yin Body!”

Terrified, Yanggang once again used Celestial Yin Body, softening his body to a state of seemingly being boneless, shifting quickly around the stage to avoid the attacking lightning. His boneless body continued to twist as he moved on the stage or twirled when jumping in midair. Using this method, Yanggang managed to avoid dozens of attacks, but in the end he was still struck in the chest.

A tragic resounding scream came from Yanggang as his body plummeted down from midair.

Numerous lightning streaks raged as if they excitedly found a place to vent their frustration and unleash their wrath upon. Every bolt of lightning hit Yanggang at the same time. Even though Yanggang tried to roll away, his back was exposed.

The aroma of charred meat permeated the air.

This move, State of Abundant Lightning, attacks by triggering the essence of the lightning element which was several times stronger than average lightning. Even with the Celestial Yin Body, Yanggang could not avoid being turned into roast meat when struck with such high intensity lightning.

All of the flashing lightning disappeared from the stage.

Huang Xiaolong floated down from midair onto the stage, staring coldly at Yanggang’s figure lying on the battle stage. The ice blue film enveloping the surface of his skin slowly receded. Since he was so heavily injured and the battle qi in his body was exhausted, he could no longer maintain his altered physical transformation. Celestial Yin Body was deactivated.

One could hear faint howling cries coming from Yanggang’s body while Huang Xiaolong stepped towards him.

Yanggang convulsed in pain, flopping and grunting on the stage floor. His face was distorted and his hands clawed and tore at his robe as if he wanted to rip apart his own chest. Red blood was instantly stained everywhere.

A queer silence fell on the square as everyone watched this scene.

No one uttered a sound. The result of this match was obvious to everyone.

The crowd looked at the tortured Yanggang with a complicated expression, all the while the cries and whistling howls did not cease to echo from Yanggang’s body.

Below the stage, Cui Li, Pang Yu, and the rest all stared at Huang Xiaolong, unable to conceal the horror within their hearts.

If the person who battled against Huang Xiaolong just now was one of them and not Yanggang, what would’ve been their ending?

Yanggang’s misery and anguish sent chills through Pang Yu down to his very core as cold sweat dampened his back.

In that very moment, Huang Xiaolong was more terrifying than Xie Puti in not only Pang Yu’s eyes, but the crowd’s as well. Although Xie Puti’s phoenix fire brought about unbearable pain, it was nothing

compared to the torment Yanggang seemed to be experiencing as he drowned in so much excruciating pain that he'd be better off dead. This exceeded what Xie Puti's phoenix fire induced.

"I, I, I!" Yanggang tried his best to say something when he noticed Huang Xiaolong's approach.

Huang Xiaolong sneered while watching him for he already knew what Yanggang wanted to say, but he would not give Yanggang that chance. A tiny spark of murderous rage glinted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, then he raised the Blades of Asura in his hands.

However, just as Huang Xiaolong was about to swing the Blades of Asura down at Yanggang, a voice shouted: "Stop!". That voice seemed to contain an enthralling power that jarred Huang Xiaolong's consciousness, causing his action to halt midway.

"Huang Xiaolong, you've already won this match!" Cheng Jian stood up and said, "Stage battles only determine a win or loss, not life and death!"

Only determine win or loss, not life and death—this was one of the Imperial City Battle rules!

Huang Xiaolong frowned, but he put the blades away.

"For this battle, the winner is Huang Xiaolong!" Seeing Huang Xiaolong willingly drop the matter, Cheng Jian proceeded to announce the result.

When Cheng Jian officially made the announcement, the entire Duanren Square began to boil.

Before the battle started, it never crossed anyone's mind that Yanggang would end up losing so miserably. Moreover, Huang Xiaolong defeated Yanggang without relying on his martial spirit! If Huang Xiaolong were to summon his martial spirit, to what extent would his strength reach?!

Outside the battle arena, the over one thousand participants that were ousted on the first two days of competition had beads of cold sweat trickling down their foreheads after watching Huang Xiaolong and Yanggang's battle. At the same time, a feeling of solace washed over them.

They were thankful for not meeting Huang Xiaolong on the stage, and also thankful that they did not provoke him.

Huang Xiaolong turned around and walked down from the battle stage.

When he was passing by Xie Puti, Xie Puti spoke, "You are much stronger than I had expected. When we meet on the stage, I will use everything I've got to fight you!"

Huang Xiaolong looked at Xie Puti's face, then nodded at him but did not say anything. Just like that, he returned to his seat.

Cui Li's gaze that had been closely following Huang Xiaolong slowly looked away. At this moment, her emotions were in a state of turmoil.

The truth was, she had a good impression of Huang Xiaolong. They might not have known each other for long, but good impressions were not measured by how much time one spends with somebody else.

It was just that... ! Thinking of Heartless Young Noble and her family, Cui Li sighed hopelessly.

After the third group's battle between Huang Xiaolong and Yanggang ended, the fourth group was up. Pang Yu versus Jiang Damin.

The result was soon announced and was within everyone's expectation, Pang Yu defeated Juang Damin, winning the fourth group's battle. The match moved onto the fifth group which paired Dai Shanni against Hu Zhi and also ended in the assumed outcome without much suspense. Dai Shanni won.

With that, the first five battles of the day ended.

Six people with superb talent martial spirits. Other than the eliminated Yanggang, the remaining five secured the top five spots. The crowd lamented after witnessing this sad outcome. Yanggang was a popular candidate for winning second place in this year's Imperial City Battle, yet it ended with him not even making it into the top five.

Not to mention how heavily injured he was by Huang Xiaolong, whether Yanggang could even cultivate smoothly in the future was a question that remained to be answered.

With the top five spots determined, the remaining five people would next battle for the top three spots in the coming round.

At this time on the main platform, Cheng Jian inquired from Duan Wuhen, "Your Highness Second Imperial Prince, how should we arrange the coming matches?" According to Cheng Jian's original plan, once the competitors were whittled down to five candidates, Xie Puti would automatically be placed in the top three without contention. However, the strength Huang Xiaolong had just shown made him hesitate.

This question also made Duan Wuhen wrinkle his brows. Choose Xie Puti... or choose Huang Xiaolong as one of the top three without contention? It was a hard choice for him too.

"Follow what we set earlier." Duan Wuhen said solemnly.

Since it was hard to choose either one of them, proceeding according to the previous arrangement would work best.

"Yes, Second Imperial Prince." Cheng Jian understood Duan Wuhen's implied meaning.

Following that, Cheng Jian announced Xie Puti would directly enter the top three without contending against anyone else, thus leaving Huang Xiaolong, Cui Li, Pang Yu, and Dai Shanni to draw lots and battle it out.

The announcement did not faze Huang Xiaolong. He stepped out to draw a lot, and he got... Cui Li.

When Cui Li saw that her next opponent was Huang Xiaolong, the complicated emotions in her eyes deepened, while Pang Yu and Dai Shanni breathed out in relief on the side.

Against Huang Xiaolong, neither of them had any chance of victory. At least there was now an opportunity for one of them to enter top three.

Standing on the stage, Huang Xiaolong and Cui Li faced each other.

Cui Li looked grievously at Huang Xiaolong, “Do you blame me for bringing Zhao Wuji to look for you the other day?”

### **Chapter 180: Imperial City Battle (12)**

“Blame you?” Huang Xiaolong was stunned for a second. He gently shook his head. In fact, he did not put this matter to mind at all.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong shaking his head, she suddenly relaxed as if a great burden was lifted off her shoulders.

In the next moment, Cui Li’s head turned around towards Cheng Jian, “This match, I give up.”

Give up!

This action instantly fazed the crowd, raising another commotion.

But no one ridiculed Cui Li. What a joke, even Yanggang was not Huang Xiaolong’s opponent not to mention Cui Li. Her throwing in the towel was expected.

While the crowd was still in a hoo-hah, the match ended simply with Cui Li giving up on her own volition.

Huang Xiaolong entered the top three.

What followed was the battle between Pang Yu and Dai Shanni.

Both Pang Yu and Dai Shanni had an average grade eleven martial spirit, thus the talent and strength were similar. Furthermore, their cultivation was at the same level: peak late-Xiantian First Order.

Both were evenly matched overall, hence it gave the crowd a thrilling match. In the end, Dai Shanni won over Pang Yu, taking the last spot for the top three.

Next was the battle for the first, second, and third place between Huang Xiaolong, Xie Puti, and Dai Shanni.

In between the three, Dai Shanni could be said the weakest. She too gave up voluntarily, taking the last place of the three.

With Dai Shanni out of the picture, it was down to Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti.

“The final battle, Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti please enter the battle stage!” When Dai Shanni withdrew from the competition, Cheng Jian stood up and announced the next round. His voice became more sonorous than any other time he had spoken.

*Huang Xiaolong vs. Xie Puti!*

In the blink of an eye, everyone turned to look at Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti. The noisy Duanren Square came to an abrupt silence.

At long last, the final battle!

The last fight for this year’s Imperial City Battle. The battle for the first place, and the most blood-tingling battle of all!

Both Huang Xiaolong and Xie Puti stood up from their seats at the same time.

Xie Puti looked at Huang Xiaolong, breaking into a small chuckle, “Frankly speaking, three days ago I did not expect you were capable of lasting until the end to fight with me. I had thought it would be Yanggang!”

Three days ago, Xie Puti indeed thought this way. So did everyone else present.

“As I just said, I will battle you with everything I have. I hope you will too!” Xie Puti said, and after he had finished, the fire-red glow around Xie Puti’s body ablaze vibrantly, and in the next second, the flames surged into black flames and a large phoenix hovered behind Xie Puti, spreading bursts of black flames out in the four directions.

From afar, it looked as if a sea of black flames was swirling around Xie Puti, and above them was a blazing phoenix of black flames.

The emergence of the Black Flames Phoenix brought an instant rise in temperature in Duanren Square. Powerful heat wave spread out—one thousand meters, two thousand meters!

Outside the battle arena, Pang Yu and the rest that were eliminated immediately initiated their battle qi to counter the assaulting heat, barely withstanding it. Even so, they could feel immense heat prickling their skin.

On the outside, other experts were also startled and quickly run their battle qi to counter the surging hot air as well.

On the main platform, a trace of appreciative splendor flickered across Duan Wuhen’s eyes watching Xie Puti’s Black Flames Phoenix martial spirit, “It has been so long since a grade thirteen martial spirit appeared!”

From the beginning until now, this was the first time Xie Puti summoned his martial spirit.

Cheng Jian nodded in agreement, “Yes ah, Black Flame Phoenix, grade thirteen martial spirit. It was said this Black Flame Phoenix’s black flame could incinerate everything, even our Martial Spirit World’s most adamant Milky Yellow Steel Kernel melts instantly! An elite existence in the Phoenix family martial spirit.”

Duan Wuhen nodded: “This battle is something to look forward to!” He looked in Huang Xiaolong’s direction, “Cheng Jian, who do you think would win? How about we make a bet?”

Cheng Jian paused in surprise and then laughed, “A great idea. How would Second Imperial Prince like arrange the bet?”

“Who do you think would win?” Duan Wuhen asked a question instead.

“This minister thinks it should be Xie Puti!” Cheng Jian pondered for a moment and then answered.

Although Huang Xiaolong defeated Yanggang without summoning his martial spirit, in Cheng Jian’s mind, he was more inclined towards Xie Puti.

Huang Xiaolong's martial spirit was a top grade twelve Divine Black Dragon whereas Xie Puti's Black Flame Phoenix was a top grade thirteen Black Flame Phoenix.

The higher the martial spirit's grade, the stronger the talent would be, and the bigger the power gap.

At the moment, Xie Puti was already an early Xiantian Second Order expert. Unless Huang Xiaolong's battle qi reached late Xiantian Second Order, it would be hard for him to close the gap in martial spirit grade difference.

Late Xiantian Second Order? In Cheng Jian's view, this was simply impossible. After all, Huang Xiaolong is but a seventeen-year-old.

A seventeen-year-old Xiantian realm expert was daunting enough.

On the battle stage, Huang Xiaolong looked at Xie Puti and his Black Flame Phoenix in a nonchalant manner. A coruscating black light burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body and a heaven-shaking dragon roar emitted from within his body, undetectable by anyone else.

"This is?!" On the main platform, a sharp glint flashed in Duan Wuhen's pupils as a giant black dragon emerged above Huang Xiaolong.

The suffocating pressure of a being originating from the Primordial Dragon Clan swept out in all four directions.

At this time, a clear phoenix cry pierced through the sky as if it were capable of covering the might of the black dragon.

A dragon's roar and a phoenix's cry!

Every person on the square stared at the Primordial Divine Black Dragon and Black Flame Phoenix that were lingering in the sky with manic expressions and astonishment.

Top grade twelve martial spirit!

First ranked grade thirteen martial spirit!

Either one was a top grade rare superb talent martial spirit yet both appeared at the same time here today. The person who possessed the Primordial Divine Black Dragon and the owner of the Black Flame Phoenix were about to have the most brilliant battle on the stage!

Summoning the black dragon, a powerful aura of slaughter exuded from Huang Xiaolong's body as he initiated the Asura Physique, extending the Wings of Demon behind him.

Huang Xiaolong knew very well that Xie Puti was not Yanggang. He easily defeated Yanggang, but as someone who had a first rank grade thirteen martial spirit and whose battle qi had reached the Xiantian Second Order level, Xie Puti was twice stronger than Yanggang.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong called out his Divine Black Dragon martial spirit from the beginning.

However, even though Huang Xiaolong summoned his martial spirit and initiated Asura Physique, judging from the surface momentum, Xie Puti seemed to have the upper advantage.

Xie Puti nodded appreciatively when seeing Huang Xiaolong summon his Divine Black Dragon. In the next moment, he suddenly shouted: "Black Flames, Soaring Phoenix!" The Black Flame Phoenix behind Xie Puti issued a lilting cry, flapped its wings and launched an attack on Huang Xiaolong's Black Dragon.

Huang Xiaolong connected with his Black Dragon, and with a resounding roar, the Divine Black Dragon lifted its sturdy claw to meet the Black Flame Phoenix's attack.

Xie Puti seized this opening. His body flashed, appearing before Huang Xiaolong.

"Void Mirage Finger!"

One finger stabbed towards the center of Huang Xiaolong's eyebrows.

No single finger was different under the rain of finger afterimages, blending truth and surreal to a point that one could hardly distinguish between the fake images and the real attack.

Wings of Demon flapped and Huang Xiaolong's silhouette vanished from the spot.

Xie Puti's finger attack fell on empty space, landing in a corner of the stage causing the entire battle stage to shake. Sharp-eyed individuals in the crowd saw the terrifying finger-sized hole that very corner of the stage!

One could not help but wonder how deep the finger-sized hole went.

But, what made the crowd even more astonished was Huang Xiaolong suddenly vanishing into thin air!

Vanished into thin air!

Even Xie Puti was dumbstruck when his finger attack missed. He spread his spiritual sense out covering the entire battle stage, yet he was unable to locate Huang Xiaolong.