

## INVINCIBLE

### Chapter 19: The Fourth Stage of the Body Metamorphose Scripture

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But the two cyclones of Tempest of Hell did not last long at all, it zigzagged within the perimeter of the small yard for about one breath's time and then it was gone.

After the first attempt, Huang Xiaolong did not swing the blades again but reenacted the motions and remembered how it felt when the Tempest of Hell formed. As he stood there, inside his mind was an endless array of swirling cyclones that engulfed everything in its path. Although sporadic, the trajectory that it was supposed to follow was clearly mapped out in his head.

Half an hour later, Xiaolong suddenly moved; his hands swung out as he wielded the blades. This time, there were eighteen rays of blades lights that appeared out of nowhere, rotating in constant motions, drawing air drafts to form two cyclones that doubled the size compared to his first try.

When it ended, he once again stood motionless, recollecting the sensation when the Tempest of Hell formed, the way it swirled, and the way it rotated as it moved according to a predetermined trajectory and lastly, its directions.

Another half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong slashed out the Blades of Asura once again.

And so the process repeated, over and over again.

Every time after he slashed out, he stood immobile on the spot like a statue, comprehending the essence of the move before attacking again.

From morning until noon, and then evening arrived as the last rays of sunset were about to disappear, the black blades in Huang Xiaolong's hands suddenly swung out. Two distinctive turbulent gales of Tempest of Hell spun

out, rotating endlessly with the wind, whistling akin to mournful whimpers that crawled out from hell; causing hearts to palpitate listening to it.

Huang Xiaolong's current Tempest of Hell could last for five breaths' time for the time being.

As he listened to the faint hellish cries of Asura being emitted by the Tempest of Hell, Huang Xiaolong let out a breath of relief. According to the note, once the Tempest of Hell issues faint hellish cries then it was considered as reaching the minor completion stage!

If the Sovereign Founder of Asura's Gates, Ren Wokuang knew that Huang Xiaolong only used one day of practice to reach minor completion in Asura Sword Skill's First move – the Tempest of Hell, he would be dumbstruck speechless.

During Ren Wokuang's time, when he accidentally got hold of this cultivation technique and battle skill, it took him more than two months of practice before he could produce the cries from hell.

But Huang Xiaolong only used one day!

Battle skill training was irrelevant to one's martial spirit talent for it relied on individual ability to comprehend. In his previous life, Huang Xiaolong was hailed as a rare martial arts prodigy over a hundred years on Earth. The concept of battle skills was similar to martial arts. Thus it was not something inconceivable that he needed just one day of practice to achieve minor completion stage in the First Move of Asura Sword Skill.

Seeing the sky grow darker, Huang Xiaolong stopped his training and entered his room where he sat cross-legged on the cold jade bed, running the Asura Tactics cultivation technique to practice his battle qi.

Ever since he advanced to the Fourth Order, his double-headed serpent martial spirit not only evolved into superb talent twin martial spirits, its physical size had gone up a notch.

At the time when Huang Xiaolong's martial spirit had just awakened, the double-headed serpent martial spirit was only half a meter long.

The black and blue dragons hovered behind Huang Xiaolong with their jaws stretched open, devouring the netherworld spiritual energy that came pouring down from the void. After he had broken through to the Fourth Order, the netherworld spiritual energy became darker, thicker, and purer.

From the bodies of the twin dragon martial spirits, an innate oppressive aura of a dragon race's prestige exuded.

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Time flew and very quickly one month had passed.

The days gave way to a month, and every day was a repetition of the same routine. Apart from practicing the Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture, every morning Huang Xiaolong would allocate practice time to hone his Asura Sword Skill in his small yard. After one month, the blade lights emerging from his attacks had gone up to forty from the initial eighteen. Even the sizes of the cyclones generated by the Tempest of Hell had more than doubled in size.

One night, Huang Xiaolong went to the back mountain wanting to test the power of the Tempest of Hell move. Gripping the Blades of Asura in his palms, he swung out and two wind vortexes were seen flying out. As the two cyclones created from Tempest of Hell spun, every tree within a thirty-meter radius was cut down, and on the tree trunks of these fallen trees were clear cut marks made by numerous slashes as if someone vented their anger onto these trees with a sword.

Looking at the broken pieces of wood scattered on the ground, Huang Xiaolong nodded his head with satisfaction; the Asura Sword Skill's attack power was quite formidable, at least much stronger than the heritage sword skill of his previous life, the Execute Devil Sword.

However, at this speed, he would need at least six months before he could reach the major completion stage for this Tempest of Hell move. Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Even though his result using the Tempest of Hell was quite favorable after just one month of hard practice, compared to what was described in that note, his comprehension of the move and the power he managed to unleash was still a far cry from reaching major completion stage.

One he advanced to that stage, the two cyclones created from the Tempest of Hell could change directions according to his will.

After spending some time practicing at the back mountain, Huang Xiaolong slowly adjusted his mood and condition. Opening his legs wide apart with both of his hands stretched high up above his head he was absorbing the world's spiritual energy, converting it into internal force. Slowly, it accumulated more and more inside Huang Xiaolong's dantian.

Moments after entering into the Body Metamorphose Scripture training pose, suddenly Huang Xiaolong noticed a flash of bright golden light from his dantian. Subsequently, his body followed, being shrouded in a golden light, the air around him rippling outwards in the four directions as an internal force burst forth from his body.

Slowly, Huang Xiaolong retrieved his palm and stopped his training for the night. His eyes opened as he circulated the Stage Three internal force along his meridians, widening them further!

With this, he would be able to train in Stage Four – Convert Power of the Stars of the Body Metamorphose Scripture soon.

Recalling the instructions for Stage Four, Huang Xiaolong's right foot stepped out facing the left foot while his left foot did similarly. His lower body bent forward over his knees with his left hand stretched over the head pointing up to the sky. In this posture, Huang Xiaolong adjusted his breathing, following a certain rhythm. The spiritual energy of heaven and earth once again rushed towards him, being absorbed into his body.

The night passed quietly.

Only when the sky brightened did Huang Xiaolong put down his left hand and stepped back, ending his Body Metamorphose Scripture training.

After breathing out a mouth of turbid qi, he struck out some Ethereal Palms as practice before heading back to the Huang Clan Manor. By the time he reached Huang Clan Manor, the sun was already high up in the sky. With ambling steps, Huang Xiaolong headed towards the Eastern Courtyard's main hall.

Stepping into the hall, he saw both Huang Peng and Su Yan were present, however, something about the atmosphere in the hall didn't seem right, so Huang Xiaolong couldn't help asking, "Dad, Mom, what's the matter?"

"Huang Wei's out from the Spirit Pool!" Huang Peng said looking at his son, and his voice sounded somewhat weak, "I heard he reached peak late-Second Order!"

Only at this moment, Huang Xiaolong remembered, one month had passed since the Spirit Pool opened. Peak early-Second Order? Looks like the result of one month's practice in the Spirit Pool wasn't bad. Huang Xiaolong sneered.

“Dad, Mom, you don’t have to worry about next year’s Clan Assembly.” Huang Xiaolong said, “Actually, I had already reached peak early-Second Order the day before yesterday!”

Huang Xiaolong released his battle qi out as proof of his words.

“This, peak early-Second Order!” Huang Peng and Su Yan were filled with shock as they sensed the battle qi emanating from Huang Xiaolong’s body.

“Xiaolong, this?!” Huang Peng stared at his son, could it be his son had another fortuitous adventure? If not, how could he advance at terrifying such speed?

Laughingly, Huang Xiaolong explained, “About this matter, it’s better if you don’t ask.”

Huang Peng and Su Yan exchanged a look between themselves; it seems their son had many secrets, but since their son did not wish to elaborate, then they would not pester him about it.

“Okay, Xiaolong, as long as you break through to the Third Order by the end of the year, even if you can’t defeat Huang Wei, Dad will still allow you to practice at the back mountains.” Huang Peng said as he looked at his son.