

# INVINCIBLE

## Chapter 21: Asura's Gate Disciple

Pulled out of the courtyard by Li Lu, Huang Xiaolong's brows furrowed, and said: "Little girl, don't drag and pull me like this, others might misunderstand."

Li Lu was surprised for a moment and then flashed a sweet smile, revealing two cute dimples, "So what if others misunderstand? I'm your wife. What is wrong with a wife holding her husband's hand? I'm not afraid of any misunderstanding and also don't call me a little girl. I'm a very big girl!"

The little girl ended her speech by puffing up her small chest.

Black lines ran down Huang Xiaolong's forehead.

Wife?

Very big?

Huang Xiaolong swept a glance across Li Lu's slightly protruded but yet to develop small chest, and smiled wryly to himself. That area's still a flat land, right?

Noticing Huang Xiaolong staring at her small chest, her face blushed bright red, in barely a whisper she said, "You, why are you looking at people like that; I'm shy when there're so many other people here."

He was so speechless that he decisively clamped his mouth shut, not speaking a word more.

Pulling away his hand, he went out of the Li Residence, walking to the main street. This really was his first time in Canglan County's County City, so he wanted to look around.

"Xiaolong, wait for me!" Li Lu pouted her mouth at Huang Xiaolong for pulling away his hand; she quickly ran after him with quick steps, however, this time instead of holding Huang Xiaolong's hand, Li Lu wrapped her hand around his arms, just like a submissive little wife. A girl's soft fragrance wafted into his nose.

Huang Xiaolong was trying to avoid body contact with her, "You can go back, I can walk by myself."

Li Lu pouted again, her eyes turned red-rimmed as tears welled within, "I'll go back and tell Grandfather that you bullied me!"

Huang Xiaolong quickly used his hand to stop her from leaving, feeling an onslaught of a headache: "Fine then, let's go together but you must promise me that you won't pull or drag me."

Li Lu burst out laughing, the look in her eyes changed instantly, nodded: "Okay."

Huang Xiaolong sighed in relief when Li Lu nodded in agreement. They turned and began walking along the street with Li Lu following beside Huang Xiaolong on the right, being extremely obedient. As they walked, her big round eyes occasionally stole furtive glances at him.

Huang Xiaolong didn't care and continued to look around; not paying her any attention.

Neither of them spoke much along the way, and after going around once, just as they were about to return to the Li Residence, they noticed at a corner of the street was crowded with a lot of people pointing fingers and whispering about something.

Huang Xiaolong's curiosity was stoked, so he and Li Lu walked in that particular direction, squeezing through the crowd have to a look. A middle-aged man was lying on the ground, encircled by onlookers —his hair was messy and unkempt, a dirty-stained face and worn-out rags for clothes. Evidently, the middle-aged man was unconscious. On the ground, next to the middle-aged man were several small drops of blood, apparently spat out by the injured man.

After observing the middle-aged man for a moment, Huang Xiaolong hesitated briefly before walking up to him and lifted him up; since he had become a Fourth Order warrior, his arm strength was not so weak that carrying an adult would pose a problem.

Li Lu was astonished when Huang Xiaolong lifted the middle-aged man up.

"Let's go." Huang Xiaolong said to Li Lu as he walked past her carrying the middle-aged man; he noticed Li Lu was still standing on the same spot in a daze. Li Lu quickly ran after Huang Xiaolong after recovering her senses, and couldn't stop herself from asking, "Xiaolong, why are you carrying this man back with you?"

"You wouldn't understand even if I told you." He replied without turning his head.

Are you saying I wouldn't understand even if you explained it? Li Lu's small mouth puckered up into a sulky pout but she kept quiet.

On the way, Huang Xiaolong asked Li Lu for the location of the Li Residence's back door and went in through the back door carrying the unconscious middle-aged man, placing him in a remote and secluded room.

Watching the middle-aged man lying on the bed, Huang Xiaolong circulated his internal force and pointed a finger at the middle-aged man's chest, his finger subsequently moved lower along the man's body. He jabbed the man's body a few more times with his finger and by the time he was done, Huang Xiaolong was panting heavily. Beads of sweat were dripping from his forehead.

Li Lu was stood behind Huang Xiaolong as she watched him indiscriminately poke at different parts of the middle-aged man's body with a puzzled expression.

"Ask someone to bring over a set of clothes, and clean him up." Huang Xiaolong said to Li Lu after he had recovered his breath.

"Oh, okay." Coming out from her daze, Li Lu nodded.

A short while later, an attendant of Li Residence brought over a set of clothes and cleaned the middle-aged man, but he remained unconscious.

"You can go now." He said to Li Lu since the patient hasn't awakened.

She was about to say that she will stay here to keep him company but looking at Huang Xiaolong's stern gaze, she could only nod and say: "Yes."

Not long after Li Lu left, on the wooden bed Fei Hou slowly opened his eyes, finally awake. He got up slowly supporting his own weight with his hand, he observed his surroundings and his gaze fell on Huang Xiaolong in the end. With a surprised look on his face, Fei Hou asked: "Little Brother, you are the one who saved me?"

"That's right." Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

"Where am I?"

"We are at Canglan County's Li Residence."

Fei Hou tried his best to step down from the bed; frowning abruptly: "Canglan County?" In his memory, there's no recollection where Canglan County is.

"Little Brother, thank you very much for saving me; I have some matters to attend to, so I need to leave first." Just when Fei Hou wanted to walk out from the room, suddenly, a violent pain erupted inside his body and with a "waaa" blood spurted out from his mouth and he fell to the floor.

Huang Xiaolong quickly helped him back to the bed and said: "You were heavily injured. The meridians inside your body are broken. I temporarily used 'returning soul finger' to stabilize your injury and your vital acupuncture points. If you move recklessly..." When he got to this point, Huang Xiaolong stopped explaining, for the consequences are clear.

"Returning Soul Finger?" "Acupuncture points?" Fei Hou looked at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong did not bother to explain, changing the topic, he asked: "You are a disciple of Asura's Gate, aren't you?" While on the street, Huang Xiaolong had noticed an Asura tattoo on Fei Hou's left arm; a sign of Asura's Gate disciples, which was why Huang Xiaolong brought him back.

"What? Who are you? How do you know I'm a disciple of Asura's Gate?" Fei Hou was greatly shocked, looking at Huang Xiaolong warily.

Again Huang Xiaolong did not answer, under Fei Hou's watchful eyes he raised his left hand, and a dark black ring appeared on his left ring finger.

"A, A, Asura Ring!" Looking at the dark black ring, Fei Hou's body trembled with excitement after a moment he snapped out of his daze, finding it hard to believe.

Huang Xiaolong quietly observed Fei Hou's reaction; according to the piece of paper, this Asura's Ring was the symbol and proof of Asura's Gate Sovereign and any disciples who saw the ring would kneel and bow down in a prostrate position.

After Fei Hou's shock and excitement passed, recovering his senses, he instantly knelt down and kowtowed before Huang Xiaolong: "Fei Hou disciple of Asura's Gate greets Sovereign; Sovereign is invincible throughout the world!"

Huang Xiaolong silently breathed out in relief after seeing at Fei Hou's reaction; if there was something not right with Fei Hou's response earlier, he was prepared to call out the blades without hesitation and kill Fei Hou. At this moment, Fei Hou's meridians were broken and he was heavily injured. He definitely couldn't dodge Huang Xiaolong's Blades of Asura.

“Fei Hou... you can stand up.” Huang Xiaolong nodded.

“Yes, thank you Sovereign!” Fei Hou stands up, his attitude respectful to the extreme. And Huang Xiaolong could tell his respectful manner were sincere from the heart and not pretense.

“How did you get hurt?” Huang Xiaolong asked after thinking for a moment.

“Replying to Sovereign, disciple went into the Silver Moon Forest wanting to hunt for a tenth stage Demonic Ghost Eye Spider, to refine dans with its core; but didn’t expect that Demonic Ghost Eye Spider to be a pair, so...” Fei Hou said feeling a little embarrassed.

So, he was counter-attacked? Huang Xiaolong thought, but since Fei Hou was able to escape from the counter-attack of two tenth stage demonic beasts, it looked like he was very strong, at the very least, he must be stronger than Grandfather!

## **Chapter 22 : Just a Lowly Slave, What Qualifications?**

Having heard Fei Hou’s explanation, it became clear to Huang Xiaolong why Fei Hou’s meridians were broken, and his body had such severe injuries.

“Sit down, let me first treat your injuries,” said Huang Xiaolong after pondering for a moment. He wanted to know more about the Asura’s Gate and its current situation, but with Fei Hou’s serious injuries, it was more important first to stabilize his condition.

“Sovereign, my body’s broken veins...” Fei Hou hesitated before asking.

In general, broken veins were incurable unless he could find those legendary elixirs.

“You don’t need to worry.” Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, said, “I can reconnect your veins, it’s just that it will take about six months.”

“Sovereign! You can reconnect my broken veins?” Fei Hou was very shocked; it was not that he doubted Huang Xiaolong, but he felt it was too bizarre! Could it be that the Sovereign was in possession of a legendary elixir?

“Sit down first.”

Fei Hou’s heart was filled with questions but he dared not defy orders. He answered respectfully and sat down. Once he sat down, Huang Xiaolong put his palms on Fei Hou’s back and circulated his internal energy, thereby transferring it to Fei Hou. In an instant, Fei Hou could feel warm energy enter his body; he quickly refocused his attention and coordinated with Huang Xiaolong, guiding the warm energy to nourish his body.

More than one hour passed.

Huang Xiaolong stopped, his face slightly pale.

Although his Body Metamorphose training had reached the fourth stage, his internal energy was still a bit weak. However, after having spent more than an hour of transferring internal energy to Fei Hou, he was now able to circulate the energy on his own to recover his strength.

Huang Xiaolong watched Fei Hou circulating internal energy to heal himself for a little while, and then he left the room and returned to his yard.

When Huang Peng saw his son return looking tired, he felt a little strange; didn't his son go out with Li Lu to walk around the city?

"Xiaolong, are you okay?" Huang Peng asked

Seeing at his father's concern, he laughed. "I'm fine Dad."

Huang Peng let out a breath of relief, then asked, "Miss Li Lu has gone back?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

Suddenly, Huang Peng smiled, and his smile carried a strange flavor as his stare fixed on Huang Xiaolong, Huang Peng, quipped: "Isn't Miss Li Lu's hand very soft and smooth? Isn't nice holding hands with a beauty?"

Huang Xiaolong blanked out for a moment before smiling: "I say, Old Man, what are talking about. There's nothing going on between Miss Li Lu and me."

Huang Peng smiled and said, "Okay, I know there's nothing between you and Li Lu, only Miss Li Lu has something with you." When he said that, Huang Peng laughed happily "You don't know this, but when Miss Li Lu pulled your hand on the way out that brat Huang Wei's expression was so bad, it was like he ate dog shit."

Huang Xiaolong shook his head while smiling.

"But, Xiaolong, you have to be wary of Huang Wei." said Huang Peng and his tone turned serious.

"I know Dad, don't worry. If there is nothing else, I'll be going back to my room," said Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Peng nodded. "Okay, go and rest."

After Huang Xiaolong got into his room, he took out the cold jade bed from Ring of Asura, sat on it then began to practice Asura Tactic. The night passed and morning came. Huang Xiaolong stopped his training, all the lethargy from yesterday had disappeared, leaving him feeling refreshed.

Leaving his room, Huang Xiaolong walked towards Fei Hou's room; as he got there, coincidentally Fei Hou came out.

"I greet Sovereign, Sovereign invincible throughout the world!" Fei Hou saw Huang Xiaolong, immediately knelt down on one knee in salute. After Huang Xiaolong had helped him to treat his injury last night, his demeanor became even more respectful towards him.

"You can stand." Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Only then Fei Hou did stand up respectfully.

"Fei Hou, when others are around, address me as young master." Huang Xiaolong muttered in a low voice: "Also, stop lauding 'Sovereign invincible throughout the world!'"

Every time Huang Xiaolong heard the sentence ‘Sovereign invincible throughout the world!’ he felt depressed even though he knew it was a rule set by Ren Wokuang, the previous Sovereign.

Fei Hou paused for a moment, then said, “Sovereign, ‘Sovereign Invincible throughout the world’, this sentence during salute was set by the previous Sovereign, if we stop...?”

Huang Xiaolong waved his hand and said: “I know that this rule was set by Master years ago, but rules are established by people. I’m the current Sovereign, and I say this rule is now abolished.”

Master? Fei Hou had been curious about Huang Xiaolong’s relation with the Old Sovereign. Hearing Xiaolong refer to the Old Sovereign as Master he now knew. Right, who else but the old Sovereign’s pro-disciple can be the Sovereign of Asura’s Gate?

Fei Hou Immediately responded: “As Sovereign ordered!”

“How’s your recovery?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

“Replying Sovereign, your subordinate’s injury has recovered about seventy percent, in three days my wounds should fully recover, but my veins...” Fei Hou’s words stopped here.

“You needn’t worry about your veins. Now, tell me about the current situation in Asura’s Gate.”

When Fei Hou heard that, his expression became complicated.

“What is it?” Huang Xiaolong frowned.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong’s expression he knew Huang Xiaolong had misunderstood, and quickly said: “Sovereign, it’s not that your subordinate is unwilling to report. Honestly, it’s just that subordinate is not very clear.”

“Not very clear?” Huang Xiaolong was startled.

“Yes.” Fei Hou nodded, he then explained to Huang Xiaolong. Fei Hou entered Asura’s Gate twenty years ago, and he had never been to Asura’s Gate headquarters. Twenty years ago he met an Elder from Asura’s Gate and was taken in as a disciple, and that was how he entered Asura’s Gate. His Master never talked to him about sect’s matters.

His Master’s name was Yu Ming.

“But Master did mention that after the Old Sovereign had disappeared fifty years ago, there was an internal struggle for the Sovereign’s position, resulting in Asura’s Gate splitting into two factions.” Fei Hou said.

“Split into two factions!” Huang Xiaolong’s brows creased, asked: “Where is your Master now?”

“Three years ago we separated and, since then, I haven’t seen Master. Back then, Master said he had something to do in Mohe Kingdom’s Imperial City.” Replied Fei Hou.

The Mohe Kingdom? Huang Xiaolong had heard about the Mohe Kingdom, but the distance from there to Luo Tong kingdom where Huang Xiaolong was located was too far. To reach the Mohe Kingdom from the Luo Tong Kingdom, he would need to pass through more than ten other kingdoms in between.

If it's like this, getting a clear picture of the internal situation at Asura's Gate is currently impossible.

At this moment, Li Lu ran over from afar; her face blossomed into a smile when she saw Huang Xiaolong, "Xiaolong, I knew you were here. Let's go, the banquet is starting soon, let's head over there now."

Huang Xiaolong's head started to ache when he saw Li Lu, he turned towards Fei Hou and said: "Come with me."

"Yes, Young Master!" Fei Hou replied respectfully.

Although Li Lu was surprised to hear Fei Hou refer to Huang Xiaolong as Young Master, she did not think too much about it. She walked up to Huang Xiaolong and pulled his hand, running out from the yard; as if pulling Huang Xiaolong's hand had become a habit of hers.

Huang Xiaolong wanted to retrieve his hand, but to his surprise, this time, the little girl gripped firmly, not letting go. He could only follow from behind. As they arrived at the banquet, they ran into Huang Peng's group who just came.

When Huang Wei saw Li Lu holding Huang Xiaolong's hand, his expression turned hideous, whereas Huang Peng was giving Huang Xiaolong an ambiguous smile while giving him a thumbs up, rendering Huang Xiaolong speechless!

Everyone took their seat after they entered the main hall, and Huang Qide's groups' seats were actually on the main table, seated together with Li Mu. Huang Xiaolong was about to sit when Li Lu came over and pulled him to a seat next to her and Fei Hou automatically stood behind Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Peng, Huang Qide, and the others had noticed Fei Hou's presence behind Huang Xiaolong. They thought Huang Xiaolong bought Fei Hou yesterday at the slave's market when he was going around the city; consequently, nobody asked anything.

"Fei Hou, find a place to seat on the sides." Seeing Fei Hou standing behind him, when the seat beside him was empty didn't feel right, after all, Fei Hou was a Tenth Order Warrior.

Just as he spoke, Huang Wei's spoke loudly in a haughty voice: "Sit? Huang Xiaolong, today is Old Patriarch Li's birthday banquet; is a slave you bought qualified to sit in here?"

### **Chapter 23: Making an Exhibition of Oneself.**

Huang Xiaolong turned around to look at Huang Wei, then said in a cold tone, "If he's not qualified to sit here, then you are even less qualified than he is!"

"What?! Huang Xiaolong, you!" Huang Wei was truly offended; rage filled his heart. He possessed a grade ten martial spirit, he was the future Lord of Huang Clan Manor, yet this Huang Xiaolong actually said he's less qualified when compared to a slave?

At this moment, Huang Qide spoke: "Enough! We are in Li Residence, Old Patriarch Li's celebration banquet!"

Because his grandfather had spoken, Huang Wei could only glare at Huang Xiaolong with a vengeance.

Huang Qide then turned to Huang Xiaolong and said, "Xiaolong, is this person your newly purchased slave? He's not qualified to sit here!"

Huang Xiaolong's brow wrinkled, no matter what; in the end, his grandfather was still partial to Huang Wei. Ever since both of their martial spirits awakened, that had been Huang Qide's attitude.

He was certain that if it weren't because Li Lu kept demanding that Huang Xiaolong should come, his grandfather Huang Qide would have brought only Huang Wei with him.

Huang Qide spoke again. "Tell you slave servant to leave the hall, and wait in the yard."

Leave? Huang Xiaolong's anger started to rise, grandfather's meaning was that Fei Hou's not qualified to even stand here?

"Xiaolong didn't you hear what your grandfather said. Quickly tell you slave to scam! We are at Old Patriarch Li's celebration banquet, you bringing over a slave, are you trying exhibit yourself?" Huang Ming added in an admonishing tone.

Scram? Huang Xiaolong's anger continued to rise, sneered: "Although my servant is new, but it's not for you order him around!"

"You!" Huang Ming didn't expect an event like this where Huang Xiaolong would actually contradict him; his eyes bulged so in anger much they almost fell out.

"That's enough, Xiaolong." Huang Peng said. "Obey your grandfather's instruction, let him return to the yard." Even though Huang Peng agreed with his father, Huang Qide and Huang Ming's words were excessive, but he also felt that his son bringing a servant on such an occasion was not appropriate.

Huang Xiaolong was taken aback, suppressing the anger, he nodded and said to Fei Hou behind him: "Fei Hou, go back and wait for me."

While the conversation took place, Fei Hou's expression was calm, "Yes, Young Master." He saluted respectfully after saying that, turned around and left.

Huang Wei was feeling proud seeing that Fei Hou was ordered to leave.

Li Lu, who was sitting beside Huang Xiaolong, glared at Huang Wei when she saw his satisfied expression.

Suddenly, loud laughter erupted from outside the hall; it was Old Patriarch Li. Everyone in the Main Hall looked out and saw Li Mu, Li Cheng and their other guests walking towards the Main Hall under the protection of experts.

Seeing them, everyone got up.

However, as the group of merry people were about to step into the Main Hall, suddenly an anxious cry was heard: "Old Patriarch, it's bad! Something bad happened!"

The voice was abrupt, and the laughter filled hall became silent; Li Mu was startled as he turned around to look, others did the same.



A flustered residential guard ran in looking frightened; the guard panted heavily as he reached Li Mu and Li Cheng, his finger pointed towards the main entrance and with a shaky voice said, "Old Patriarch, outside, outside!"

"Outside? What happened outside?" A sinking feeling crept into Li Mu's heart, and he almost shouted his question.

"Outside, there is a huge coffin placed outside!" The Li Residence's guard said in a quivering voice.

"What? A huge coffin!"

"What is the matter?!"

Inside the Main Hall, all the Patriarch and experts that came to congratulate Old Patriarch Li were shocked, and whispers circulated the hall.

Li Mu's heart skipped a beat; his expression became solemn, and he said: "Go!" After speaking, Li Mu and his son Li Cheng walked towards the main entrance of the Li Residence quickly, while the experts of Li Residence followed closely behind them.

"We will also go and have a look," said Huang Qide as he too walked out of the Main Hall, followed by Huang Xiaolong and the others, and Li Lu followed Huang Xiaolong. At her age, although she didn't understand what a huge coffin being placed in front of the main entrance on her grandfather's birthday celebration represented, she was nervous and tense.

Huang Xiaolong followed his grandfather to the main entrance, looked out and saw that a huge red-colored coffin was placed directly facing the main entrance of the Li Residence.

The lid of the coffin was dyed red with human blood and a strong scent of blood wove through the air assaulting their nose.

Everyone's heart tightened watching this weird scene.

Li Mu walked up to the coffin. His expression was cold as he shouted: "Which scoundrel dares to look for trouble with Li Residence? Get out here!" When Li Mu shouted, the surrounding air rolled like waves, forming a large lion in midair; the lion roared endlessly.

Everyone was surprised and a look of awe apparent in their expression.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes glimmered. His father told him before about the battle skill that Li Mu practiced was the middle grade, Mysterious rank battle skill – Sky Lion Roar!

Moments later, the lion in the sky dissipated, and there was quiet.

"Hey hey!" A snicker sounded in the air, from all direction confusing everyone as to the source of the voice. "Old Man Li, today is your eightieth birthday, thus we prepared this big gift for you, you should be happy. Why are you angry? A bad temper usually leads to a short life!"

Li Mu flew up. With a loud shout, his palm struck out releasing many palm prints, which rotated to form an enormous wind storm, swirling up as clouds became faintly visible.

"Windcloud Palm."

The massive windstorm created by the palm prints fell on a government building in front, and suddenly a soft green fist imprint pierced through the air and collided head-on with Li Mu's palm print. A loud deafening explosion resounded as the two energies collided. Two soft green silhouettes appeared in midair above the government building as they stood in midair. Huang Xiaolong and everyone else looked at the two figures; their bodies were actually covered in scaled like a snake, with black eyes, their faces covered with green stripes and a long snake-like tail attached to their backs.

"Soul Transformation!" Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed.

When warriors reached the Seventh Order, their martial spirits experienced a second evolution which allowed the warrior's body to integrate with their martial spirits. This ability was called Soul Transformation. After the transformation, the warrior possessed the innate ability of his martial spirit. For instance, if a person's martial spirit was a poisonous snake, then after the Soul Transformation, the battle qi in the warrior's body would contain a certain amount of poison.

Clearly, the martial spirits of these two were some type of snake, and from the looks of it, most probably poisonous snakes.

"Hey Hey, Old Man Li, your Windcloud Palm is only so-so!"

"We won't be killing you now; but within three years, we'll definitely take your dog-life!"

"Open the coffin and see our birthday present for you!"

Both of them smirked, and their bodies became shrouded in a soft green glow, then disappeared in a flash right in front of everybody.

Li Mu didn't expect the other party to flee the moment they appeared, so by the time he regained his senses and wanted to pursue, it was already too late.

"Dad!" Li Cheng walked up to Li Mu moments later. He then looked at the sealed coffin and asked, "Should we open it?"

Li Mu turned around, inhaled deeply, and said: "Open it!"

## **Chapter 24: Protecting Loved Ones**

After Li Mu had spoken, Li Cheng was feeling very nervous as he went towards the blood-soaked coffin. His palm hit the coffin cover, and it flew away, revealing the dead body of a sixteen to seventeen-year-old boy!

The color of the boy's skin had turned to a muted green, so dark that it looked almost black.

When Li Cheng got a clear look at the youth's face, his entire body trembled and his eyes became red-rimmed as tears fell from his face. "Feng'er! My Feng'er!" Li Cheng carried the boy's body out of the coffin and hugged him tightly.

"My Feng'er!"

"You cannot die, Feng'er!"

Li Cheng's mournful wails were heart-wrenching.

And when Li Mu saw the young boy's face, tears fell from his face. He stood there and cried, no longer caring about face or dignity before the crowd.

"Brother, Brother!" At this moment, Li Lu who was standing beside Huang Xiaolong dashed out to reach the young boy, sobbing pitifully as both of her hands shook the young boy's shoulder. "Brother, what's wrong with you? Brother, please wake up! I don't want you to die, I don't want you to die!"

"Brother, please wake up!"

"Wake up!"

Li Lu's sobs were choked, unable to come out.

At this time, the guards, maids, and experts of the Li Residence all knelt down and cries filled the area. The young boy who died was Li Lu's brother, Li Feng and Li Cheng's only son. Li Feng's was very talented and, like Li Lu, he possessed top grade nine martial spirits. Three years ago, he was spotted by Distinct Cloud Sect, one of the most prominent sects of Luo Tong Kingdom, and was taken as an inner court disciple. No one could have imagined that he would be killed and sent back to Li Residence as Li Mu's birthday gift!

All the patriarchs of the other families and experts who were present shook their heads. They came to congratulate Old Patriarch Li on his eightieth birthday, but instead this scene unraveled before them!

"Feng'er, this is Grandfather's fault. Grandfather has harmed you!" Li Mu knelt down, both of his hands trembled as he touched his grandson's face. His tears fell on on his grandson's body, but his grandson could no longer move, and could no longer hear his voice.

"Rest assured, Grandfather will definitely avenge you! Absolutely!" Determination showed in Li Mu's eyes.

From afar, Huang Xiaolong's eyes were red as he watched the scene before him.

All around was silence.

After a long time has passed, Li Mu carried his grandson's body into Li Residence, and everyone followed. Inside the Li Residence, the once festive and colorful decorations with the red clothes were now offensive to the eye.

The birthday banquet did not happen.

And not long after, the patriarchs and experts who came to convey congratulatory wishes left. The initially festive and lively Li Residence became gloomy and deadly silent.

In the end, only Huang Xiaolong's group of five was the last to remain in Li Residence.

"Brother Li, I'm sorry for your grief." Huang Qide came beside Li Mu and said in barely a whisper. "If there's anything, all you need is to send a message, our Huang Clan Manor will be the first to assist!"

Even Huang Qide didn't imagine such a thing would happen; given the circumstances, it no longer made sense for them to stay any longer at Li Residence.

"Brother Huang, thank you!" Li Mu said in a sorrowful voice.

Huang Qide nodded for there was nothing more that could be said; he turned around and was about to leave with Huang Xiaolong and the rest, but Li Lu suddenly ran over to Huang Xiaolong, sobbing, "Xiaolong, don't go, okay?"

All present turned to look at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong blanked. He hesitated for a moment, and then he patted Li Lu's shoulder gently, and said, "Don't worry. I will come and visit you often. I will kill whoever is responsible and avenge your brother."

Hearing Huang Xiaolong's words, everyone smiled while shaking their heads; they took his words as something naïve children would say, and none of them took Huang Xiaolong's words seriously. Even Li Mu wasn't confident to kill the other party, not to say an eight-year-old child?

"Then you definitely must come and see me." Li Lu said as tears ran down her face.

Huang Xiaolong could only nod.

Li Mu got up and personally saw Huang Xiaolong's group out of the Li Residence and only went back in when the five silhouettes vanished.

By evening, Huang Xiaolong's group of five reached Huang Clan Manor.

Huang Xiaolong did not practice that night. He stood on a peak in the back mountain, looking at the twinkling stars in the evening sky.

Two meters behind Huang Xiaolong, stood Fei Hou, keeping watch.

Out of nowhere, Huang Xiaolong suddenly asked, "Fei Hou, when people die, do you think they will become a star in the night sky?"

Fei Hou was stunned, for he didn't expect Huang Xiaolong would ask such a question. "Stars in the night sky?"

"In my previous hometown, someone once said that when a person dies, they become a star in the night sky to protect their loved ones." Huang Xiaolong explained softly.

"Become a star in the night sky? To protect their loved ones?" Fei Hou shook his head, smiled. "In this world, only those with power and strength can guard and protect their loved ones."

"Power and strength!" Huang Xiaolong repeated.

"Yes, power and strength!" Fei Hou nodded.

That's right, power and strength! Huang Xiaolong clenched his fists tightly. Under the night sky, his eyes shone like the stars—only the strong have the power to guard and protect loved ones.

He must become strong! He had to grow stronger quickly!

Only this way could he guard and protect his loved ones!

An invisible aura emanated from Huang Xiaolong, scaring Fei Hou.

“Let’s go back!” Huang Xiaolong said lightly a moment later while withdrawing the aura emanating from his body. He turned around and headed downwards towards Huang Clan Manor and Fei Hou followed.

Once back at Huang Clan Manor, Huang Xiaolong took out the cold jade bed, sat down, and started practicing Asura Tactics as the spiritual aura from the netherworld gushed down like an endless waterfall.

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Time flies and quickly ten months went by.

Huang Peng noticed that his son had increased his effort in training ever since he came back from Li Residence. Every day, his son stayed inside the small courtyard to practice, hardly stepping out. His parents’ hearts ached to see their son’s crazed training regimen, so they decided to go to the small courtyard and visit Huang Xiaolong.

In the past ten months, Huang Xiaolong’s battle qi increased at a monstrous rate. Half a month after he came back from Li Residence, he advanced to mid-Fourth Order from peak early-Fourth Order, and two months later, late-Fourth Order.

After ten months, not only did Huang Xiaolong breakthrough to the Fifth Order, he actually advanced to peak late-Fifth Order!

As for the Body Metamorphose Scripture, he had reached the fifth stage – Power to Haul Nine Bulls Like One.

That morning, the weather was sunny. At the back mountain, Huang Xiaolong swung his blades and a hundred rays of light appeared, forming two five meters tall cyclones circling nonstop. As Tempest of Hell rotated, every tree and bush in its path was cut into a hundred pieces, when suddenly the two cyclones swerved to the left, and then swerved again to the right!

In ten months, not only had Tempest of Hell’s power increased ten times, but Huang Xiaolong could already control the direction according to his will. Now, his Tempest of Hell could last twelve to thirteen breaths of time.

“Tempest of Hell has reached major completion and now it only lacks power!” Huang Xiaolong mumbled to himself as he surveyed the surrounding. He has already grasped the mood of Tempest of Hell and its power would continue to increase along with his battle qi.

It was stated on that piece of paper that once there was someone who used this move, it would annihilate everything within a ten thousand li radius and not even a blade of grass would survive!

“There are only twenty more days to the next Clan Assembly.” Huang Xiaolong thought to himself as he recalled Blades of Asura and they flew back into his arms.

## **Chapter 25: The Annual Clan Assembly is Here Again!**

In the back mountain, after spending some time practicing Tempest of Hell, Huang Xiaolong then continued with the Execute Demon Sword.

Although the Execute Demon Sword was weaker than the Asura Sword, he could use it against regular opponents.

As he swung the blades, displaying the Execute Demon Sword, shadows of the blades swung out like waves, one after another, becoming increasingly sharp and aggressive as if they could kill every evil demon and exterminate ghosts.

By the time he finished training the Execute Demon Sword, the dazzling sun was high up in the sky, and one could feel the heat on the skin.

Huang Xiaolong stopped and returned to Huang Clan Manor.

When he reached the small courtyard, Fei Hou was standing there, waiting for him.

“Sovereign!” Fei Hou saw Huang Xiaolong returned and quickly saluted. He knows Huang Xiaolong trained at the back mountain and would come back around this hour; thus, he was waiting here in the courtyard.

Huang Xiaolong nodded as he walked into the courtyard, and asked, “How is your Luohan Sword practice progressing?” Five months ago, Fei Hou’s broken veins had recovered and Huang Xiaolong taught him the Luohan Sword skill.

“Replying to Sovereign, your subordinate has trained up to the tenth move.” Fei Hou replied respectfully with heartfelt gratitude. The Sovereign not only healed his broken veins, but he also taught him a high-grade ‘battle skill’, the Luohan Sword. In these four months, his cultivation even advanced after his broken veins were reconnected.

“The tenth move,” Huang Xiaolong nodded satisfactorily. In less than half a year this Fei Hou had reached the tenth move.

“Hoo Hoo-Hoo!” When Huang Xiaolong entered the small courtyard, something small leaped at him out of nowhere and landed on his shoulder. He did not dodge, for it was the Violet Spirit Devourer Monkey.

A year had passed, but there were no changes to the little violet monkey. However, although there were no physical changes to the little monkey, its cultivation speed was even more terrifying than Huang Xiaolong’s. Despite the fact that he was a peak late-Fifth Order, without the use of Asura Sword Skill, he couldn’t injure the little violet monkey.

“Little guy, did you go hunting these past few days?” Huang Xiaolong laughed as he looked at the little violet monkey on his shoulder. The little monkey’s quick rise in cultivation was all due to the beast cores he swallowed from killing wicked beasts; its speed made even Huang Xiaolong, who possessed superb talent twin martial spirits, to feel envious of its ability to increase cultivation by consuming beast cores.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong’s question, the little violet monkey gestured with its two little hands, and then it squeaked cheerfully with pride at Huang Xiaolong, showing off its harvest from hunting wicked beasts these past few days.

Watching the little monkey’s cute antics, Huang Xiaolong smiled. “Okay, okay little guy, I admit you’re very powerful, all right.”

The little violet monkey nodded its head, which meant ‘of course’.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and he told the little violet monkey to play on its own while he sparred with Fei Hou using the Execute Demon Sword. No doubt, Fei Hou repressed his strength at peak late-Fifth Order.

In the past two months, Huang Xiaolong's fighting experience had increased a whole lot as he sparred continuously with Fei Hou who was a Tenth Order warrior.

But, the little violet monkey that Huang Xiaolong sent away suddenly ran back, leaped towards Fei Hou and attacked him.

Thus, the scene changed from two people sparring to two people and a monkey sparring. Huang Xiaolong attacked the little violet monkey, the little violet monkey attacked Fei Hou and in turn, Fei Hou attacked Huang Xiaolong. Sometimes, Huang Xiaolong and the little violet monkey would attack Fei Hou together.

The entire small yard was filled with flashes of swords and monkey claws.

The little violet monkey's claws were extremely sharp, comparable to a sacred-grade weapon. Fei Hou faced extreme pressure against two opponents, especially with his cultivation repressed at peak late-Fifth Order, and in a moment of carelessness, he was scratched by monkey claws; he could only grin despite the pain.

With the presence of Fei Hou and the little violet monkey, Huang Xiaolong's training days weren't dull and boring.

Very quickly, twenty days passed. It was now the end of the year.

Just like last year, inside the Huang Clan Manor were decorations of festive trinkets and colorful lanterns. Everywhere, the guards, maids, and servants were busy, full of festive cheer.

"Tomorrow is the annual Clan Assembly!" Huang Xiaolong stood in the middle of the small yard watching pure white snow float down. His hand reached out to catch a snowflake, feeling the cold as a snowflake lands on his palm; Huang Xiaolong remembered that it had been three years since the last time it last snowed. He loved the sunshine, and he also loved when it snowed and it blanketed the world in white as if covering the ugliness of the world.

Fei Hou stood two meters away from Huang Xiaolong, guarding silently.

"I wonder what Li Lu's doing now." Huang Xiaolong thought inside his heart.

From the time they returned from the Li Residence, Huang Xiaolong and Huang Peng visited the Li Residence twice. Ever since that banquet incident, Li Lu became taciturn and immersed herself in practice just like Huang Xiaolong.

Snow continued to fall and just moments later, Huang Xiaolong was entirely covered in snow.

With a small shake, the accumulated snow fell to the ground and he turned around and left the small yard, heading towards Eastern Courtyard together with Fei Hou.

As he entered the Eastern Courtyard, he heard his mother, Su Yan, sobbing. He walked faster and went into the hall. He saw Su Yan hugging his sister, Huang Min, and his brother, Huang Xiaohai, with her eyes red from crying. And his father sat on the side, his face full of anger.

On his sister's face, there were two clear, burning red palm marks and the corner of his little brother's lips was split, with blood trickling down and both of his eyes were swollen and black. Evidently, he was beaten.

"Who hit you both?" Huang Xiaolong's anger rose as he looked towards his little sister and brother.

"Who else but that Huang Wei!" Su Yan cried.

"Huang Wei!" An icy chill flashed across Huang Xiaolong's eyes. Sure enough, apart from Huang Wei, within the Huang Clan Manor, who else would dare to beat the Second Manor Lord's children!

"Today, Xiaohai and I went to play in the west yard. On the way back, we ran into Huang Wei and Zhou Xuedong's group; they said we blocked his path and hit us!" Huang Min cried.

Su Yan continued. "After he hit Huang Min and Xiaohai, he even stripped off their clothes!"

"What?!" Huang Xiaolong raised his voice as killing intent seeded in his heart.

In such cold weather with snow falling, since both of them possessed no battle qi, if both his sister and brother were stripped of their clothes, they could have frozen to death!

"Big Brother, Huang Wei wanted me to pass a message to you: he said tomorrow at the Clan Assembly, he'll let you 'look good'!" Huang Min conveyed the message to Huang Xiaolong.

"Wants me to 'look good'?" Huang Xiaolong suppressed the killing intent in his heart. Since tomorrow's the assembly, then he'll let Huang Wei enjoy one more day. One night passed.

The snow had stopped falling.

The sky brightened in the absence of sunlight. Huang Xiaolong stopped his training and left the small courtyard with Fei Hou, heading towards Eastern Courtyard.

When they reached the Main Foyer, most of the elders, stewards and disciples had already arrived. Huang Xiaolong's eyes scanned the Main Hall and saw that both father and son, Huang Ming and Huang Wei were already there.

## **Chapter 26: Fear?**

At this moment, Huang Wei looked over and his gaze met Huang Xiaolong's. The corner of Huang Wei's mouth stretched into a disdainful sneer, and his eyes were brimming with hatred.

Ever since they came back from the Li Residence, Huang Wei's hatred towards Huang Xiaolong increased every day. Every time he recalled the scene of Li Lu holding Huang Xiaolong's hands right in front of him, asking Huang Xiaolong not to leave, he wished he could gnaw on Huang Xiaolong's flesh and drink his blood.

Their gazes collided and shifted away.



Huang Xiaolong, his father and mother sat across Huang Ming, father and son.

A short while later, Grandfather Huang Qide arrived.

Seeing his Grandfather appear again at this year's Clan Assembly, Huang Xiaolong already knew why. In spite of the fact that he trained Huang Wei wholeheartedly, at last year's Clan Assembly, Huang Xiaolong beat up Huang Wei ruthlessly, and it more or less blemished his reputation.

This time, most likely, he wanted to see Huang Wei return the favor, so that his reputation would remain untarnished.

Everyone stood up to salute as Huang Qide walked towards the main podium.

"En, everyone sit down." Huang Qide's face was full of smiles as he waved his hand to indicate everyone to sit.

And everyone sat down.

Same as last year, Chief Housekeeper Chen Ying stood up to oversee the event. After he had received Huang Qide's nod of approval, he declared loudly. "The Annual Assembly begins!"

The Annual Clan Assembly begins!

For a moment, the Main Foyer was silent. Then, one by one, the disciples who had awakened their martial spirits this year went up the stage to spar with each other.

And those who had awakened their martial spirits last year were to wait for the new disciples to finish before they could go up the martial stage.

No one was really paying attention to the spar between this year's disciples who just awakened their martial spirits not too long ago; it was clear they were looking forward to the fight between Huang Wei and Huang Xiaolong.

Last year, Huang Wei, as Huang Clan Manor's most talented person, the person that the Old Manor Lord trained with dedication, was severely walloped by Huang Xiaolong, what would happen this year?

Huang Qide too was filled with expectation as he sat upon the main podium.

Under the crowd's expectation, the first batch of disciples finished.

Once again, the Main Foyer were strangely quiet for a moment. Almost at the same time, all looked towards Huang Wei and Huang Xiaolong.

What differed from last year was, this time, Huang Xiaolong stood up first, and slowly walked up to the martial stage at the center.

Seeing it was Huang Xiaolong who first went to the stage, the crowd felt a little strange.

Standing tall on the martial stage, Huang Xiaolong looked at Huang Wei, in a cold voice said, "What? Afraid to come up?"

Huang Wei jumped up in anger, with a sarcastic 'haha' laugh, he leaped onto the martial stage. As he stood across Huang Xiaolong, he said "Me, afraid to come up? That's the funniest joke under the

heavens! Last time you ambushed me, and were lucky enough to win by half a move, do you think you will be fortunate again this year?”

The entire hall was silent as his words rang out.

Weird expressions swept through the crowd.

Ambush? Lucky enough to win by half a move?

Huang Xiaolong didn't expect this Huang Wei's skin is thick to this extent.

Huang Wei ignored the weird stares thrown at him, turned his head towards Huang Qide and said, “Grandfather, according to Assembly's rules during the sparring event no one is allowed to interfere, correct?”

He looked at Huang Peng when he finished saying this; his meaning was written all over his face— he was afraid Huang Peng couldn't control himself and interfere if Huang Xiaolong was beaten half to death.

“Yes, no matter who it is, no one is allowed to interfere!” Huang Qide nodded as he said with a decisive tone, not to be doubted. When all who were present heard this, they realized this is the Old Manor Lord's warning to Huang Peng.

How could Huang Peng and Su Yan not realize what Huang Qide's words meant? Even though they were angered, they were mostly worried about their son.

Huang Wei calmed down after he got Grandfather's assurance. A blood-thirsty light flashed across his eyes as turned around to look at Huang Xiaolong. The anger and hatred that he had been suppressing for the past year broke out completely.

“Huang Xiaolong, today I will show you the difference between grade ten martial spirits and grade seven martial spirits! I will let you see how far my terrifying strength has reached!” Huang Wei said in a low voice as his battle qi broke out like flash flood, exhibiting his strength before all those present and at the same time, his martial spirit, the Three-Eyed Black Tiger appeared behind him.

Compared to last year, it had grown two-thirds bigger, black rays glimmered on its body, and it emanated the coercion of a Xiantian.

“Such a strong battle qi! This is Third Order, no, peak mid-Third Order! God, it's actually the peak of the mid-Third Order!”

“Young Lord Huang Wei's talent defying the heavens. Within a year, he advanced from Second Order to peak mid-Third Order!”

Every elder and housekeeper inside the Main Foyer was shocked with their mouths agape— some even jumped up from their seats.

On the main podium, when Huang Qide saw the elders', and housekeepers' shocked faces when Huang Wei revealed his strength, his face was full of smiles, which turned into laughter for he couldn't resist laughing out loud.

Below the stage, Huang Ming's face had already blossomed into a big smile early on, and he nodded his head in satisfaction as he looked at his son.

Having revealed his strength, Huang Wei looked at Huang Xiaolong with a smirk and said in a cold tone. "Huang Xiaolong, now that you've seen the extent of my strength do you feel extreme fear?! Don't worry, fear is normal, and no one here will laugh at you! Finally, you understand the gap between our talents? The difference between us is not something your dog shit luck of three Yang fruits can make-up!"

"Fear?" Huang Xiaolong looked at Huang Wei who was feeling full of himself, shook his head and said icily, "Is this all the strength you have? Make your move, this time not only do I want to beat you until your Dad can't recognize you, but I will hit till even Grandfather can't recognize you!"

The group of elders and housekeepers heard this and each shook their heads. Not one person believed Young Lord Huang Xiaolong would emerge victorious against a peak mid-Third Order Young Master Huang Wei.

And anger was apparent on Huang Qide's face, as he sat on the podium. This grandson, Huang Xiaolong, was too presumptuous!

"Really?" Huang Wei laughed. A hint of viciousness flitted across his eyes and his silhouette flashed and in the blink of an eye, he appeared before Huang Xiaolong. His fists punched out with all his might.

"Xiaolong!" Seeing Huang Wei's fist was about to hit Huang Xiaolong, Huang Peng, and Su Yan's faces were filled with worry as they stood up from their seats. At this time, Huang Qide who was angered by Huang Xiaolong's presumptuous sentence released his aura, locking onto his son, Huang Peng, his eyes icy as he shouted, "Whoever dares to interfere will be dealt with according to the clan rules!"

However, at this time, Huang Qide suddenly noticed that the Main Foyer had fallen into a strange silence, every elder, housekeeper and disciple were stunned with their mouths' wide open looking at the martial stage. Feeling doubt, Huang Qide turned towards the stage just like everyone. On the stage, nobody knew when Huang Wei's fists that were about to hit Huang Xiaolong was locked and stopped midair!

With Huang Qide and everyone else watching with rapt attention, Huang Xiaolong looked coldly at Huang Wei and said, "I too shall let you see part of my strength!"

### **Chapter 27: This is Truly Fair**

A part of his strength? While everyone had yet to realize what Huang Xiaolong meant, suddenly a battle qi several times stronger than Huang Wei's, gushed out of Huang Xiaolong's body shooting straight up into the air. It was so strong that it was at least ten times stronger, or perhaps even more.

Everyone was dumbstruck and shivered as if they'd seen a ghost. The elders and housekeepers jumped up from their seats as if their butts were on fire.

"Fourth Order! He's actually a Fourth Order warrior! God, a Fourth Order warrior ah!"

"Is this an illusion? No, it's not! This isn't an illusion!"

“Your mother\*, why are you pinching me?” A disciple screamed shrilly having been pinched by the person next to him.

The entire hall became speechless with shock, and some even trembled with excitement as if they had suppressed it for too long.

Huang Peng, Su Yan, and even Huang Ming’s reaction was no different from the rest, they were stupefied!

Huang Qide’s eyes widened in shock, so great was the shock that his mind went blank as he stared at the stage, struggling to process what just happened.

“No, it’s impossible! You couldn’t have broken through to the Fourth Order stage. It’s impossible that you ran into some dog shit luck again!” Huang Wei cried out as if he’d lost his mind having succumbed to fear.

He couldn’t believe that Huang Xiaolong would be lucky enough to come across good fortune a second time and breakthrough to Fourth Order!

Huang Xiaolong glanced at the frightened Huang Wei who was shouting like a mad man, and battle qi surged on his hands and with a loud ‘hong’, Huang Wei tumbled off the stage, wailing.

With just one step, Huang Xiaolong appeared in front of Huang Wei and mercilessly stomped on Huang Wei.

Huang Wei’s eyes brimmed with fear and fury as he growled, “I won’t accept this! I am the clan’s real genius! Why? Why is it that you dog of-a-thing keep running into dog-shit luck surpassing me?”

“Genius? Dog of-a-thing?” Huang Xiaolong stared coldly at Huang Wei. Then, he suddenly sent a brutal kick at Huang Wei’s stomach, and the impact and pain sent Huang Wei rolling to the edge of the stage in pain.

Huang Wei moaned pitifully as he lay on the ground.

At this point, the people in the audience recovered from their shock and started to react.

Huang Ming’s fists clenched tight as he looked at his son on the stage; his eyes gleamed with a scary coldness, but somehow, he managed to endure it.

Huang Qide’s eyes flickered as he looked at his grandson Huang Xiaolong— could it be like Huang Wei said, that Huang Xiaolong stumbled upon some dog-shit luck again and swallowed some elixir to advance to Fourth Order?

As these thoughts crossed Huang Qide’s mind, Huang Wei slowly stood up, his body quivering with the effort. His eyes burned with hatred, glaring at Huang Xiaolong he said, “You will die!” as he lunged at Huang Xiaolong like an injured beast.

Watching Huang Wei lunge at him, a cold light flickered in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes and when Huang Wei was within arm’s reach, he used both hands and struck Huang Wei’s arms.

“Ka-cha!” The sound of broken bones rippled through the hall.

Just as Huang Wei started to scream in pain, Huang Xiaolong kicked at Huang Wei's legs and the sound of broken bones echoed through the hall again.

But he didn't stop there; his palms covered battle qi hit Huang Wei squarely on the chest and 'bang' every scrap of clothing on Huang Wei body burst into pieces.

Huang Wei's body flew out of the stage and landed heavily on the ground, naked as a newborn without even a strip of clothing on him.

"Wei'er!" Huang Ming's voice bellowed with anger, he leapt up and rushed towards Huang Wei. When he got to Huang Wei, he saw his son coughing up blood nonstop and the bones of his arms and legs broken.

His heart ached and became filled with fury when he saw his son's condition, he gave Huang Wei to Elder Zhou who was beside him and ordered, "Look after the Young Lord!" After he said that, Huang Ming turned around and leapt onto the stage, and killing intent spilled out from his eyes as he glared at Huang Xiaolong and walked towards him, "You are very cruel!"

Huang Xiaolong had an indifferent expression as Huang Ming walked toward him. Earlier on, when Huang Wei threatened to break both his arms, how come Huang Ming didn't say his son was very cruel? And during last year's Clan Assembly Huang Xiaolong already spared Huang Wei once by not breaking his arms then. But, he didn't expect Huang Wei to retaliate on his sister Huang Min and little brother Huang Xiaohai!

This time Huang Xiaolong would not be so lenient!

Huang Xiaolong shifted his gaze towards his Grandfather on the main podium and said in an icy voice. "During the Clan Assembly's disciple sparring, no one can interfere. Otherwise, they will be dealt with according to the clan's rules! Grandfather, this is what you said earlier, right?"

Huang Qide was embarrassed, but he did not answer.

Seeing his reaction, Huang Xiaolong sneered and said sarcastically, "Why is it that when my dad made a move, you insisted on enforcing the clan's rules, but now Huang Ming interfered and, Grandfather, you are turning a blind eye? This is really fair!"

All the elders and housekeepers remained silent.

"Impudent!" Huang Qide embarrassment turned into anger and his palm slammed onto a chair beside him.

Huang Ming seeing his father's attitude stopped worrying; his icy eyes fell on Huang Xiaolong, he said: "You broke my Wei'er's arms and legs, and now I will break both of your arm and legs!" The battle qi of a late-Seventh Order warrior released at full scale, and he sent palm strikes at Huang Xiaolong's arms.

"Xiaolong!" Just as Huang Peng wanted to leap up the stage, another silhouette acted faster than him. In the blink of an eye, the silhouette stood before Huang Xiaolong and used both arms to counter Huang Ming's palms.

"Pooh!" In front of everyone, Huang Ming spat out mouthfuls of blood. His body flew out from the stage and crashed onto the ground, breaking a countless number of chairs as he slid to a stop.

“What?!” Eyes widened in shocked at they looked at Huang Ming, who lay on the ground, blood spurting out from his mouth, unable to lift a pinky.

All eyes darted towards the silhouette that stood before Huang Xiaolong.

“It’s, it’s him?!”

“Him? How could it be?”

When the residents of Huang Clan Manor saw the person who blocked Huang Ming’s attack, they couldn’t believe it’s actually the servant Huang Xiaolong bought?!

Huang Qide, Huang Peng, Su Yan and all present almost dropped their eyes.

Since he was able to counter Huang Ming’s attack with just one move, this man definitely had the strength of an Eighth Order warrior!

Eighth Order!

Fei Hou turned towards Huang Xiaolong and respectfully asked, ‘Young Master, are you alright?’

Huang Xiaolong nodded. “I’m alright.” When he said that, he looked at Huang Ming who was struggling to get up using a chair as a crutch. His eyes burned with hatred but there’s also fear.

“Father!” Huang Ming called out, his voice sounded hoarse, and without warning, he coughed up another mouthful of blood.

Huang Qide jolted out of his shock and flew onto the stage, his voice was calm, as his eyes bored into Fei Hou. “I didn’t expect that you were a hidden master, but your actions are an insult, not putting our Huang Clan Manor in your eyes, you injured my child right in front of me!”

Huang Qide conveniently overlooked the truth! If wasn’t for Huang Ming breaking clan’s rules, and then insisted to cripple Huang Xiaolong’s arms and legs, why would Fei Hou have acted? And yet he stood there and made it seem that it was all Fei Hou’s fault.

Fei Hou ignored Huang Qide, indifferent and silent he stood guard behind Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Qide, seeing that Fei Hou ignored him, became angry and he shouted, “Speak? What is your purpose lurking for within my Huang Clan Manor? If you speak up now, I will have mercy, and spare your life. Otherwise, it will be hard even to wish for death to come!”

Even though Fei Hou had injured Huang Ming with a single palm strike, Huang Qide wasn’t perturbed; he felt that although Fei Hou was not weak, at most, he’d only be a late-Eighth Order warrior.

## **Chapter 28: The Peak of Late-Tenth Order!**

“Can’t even wish for death?” Fei Hou looked at the angry Huang Qide with indifference; there was a hint of disdain in his expression.

Seeing that Fei Hou not only ignored him but also looked at him with disdain, Huang Qide’s heart boiled with fury, and a murderous aura burst out as battle qi surged violently around his body, covering it with

golden-colored patterns. Huang Qide's arms grew bigger by a fold and golden-colored hair grew on his skin and face.

Soul Transformation!

Huang Qide's martial spirit was the Six-Winged Golden Ape; as Huang Qide merged with his martial spirit. His body enlarged and grew by half a meter taller. His eyes turned a golden-red, and the atmosphere around him became violent and tyrannical.

Apparently, Fei Hou repeatedly ignoring him in the presence of Huang Clan Manor's residents had truly angered him. Otherwise, he wouldn't have transformed first before dealing with Fei Hou.

"Absolute Bestial Palm!" Huang Qide's roar came out hoarse and thick. His body lunged towards Fei Hou with his palms extended outwards; a bright, glaring light shone and the roar of desperate beasts echoed in the hall.

Absolute Bestial Palm was a high-grade Mysterious Rank battle skill; one of three treasured battle skills owned by the Huang Clan Manor.

Because Fei Hou was standing behind Huang Xiaolong, Huang Qide's aggressive attack would affect even Huang Xiaolong, and if Xiaolong were pulled into the tide of battle, he would suffer severe injuries due to the gap in power. Seeing that his Grandfather chose to ignore his safety just to kill Fei Hou, he became furious.

Initially Fei Hou hesitated to attack because of Huang Qide status as Huang Xiaolong's Grandfather; however, suddenly he heard Huang Xiaolong's cold voice say, "Full power attack!"

Fei Hou was dazed for a moment, but he understood Huang Xiaolong's intention thus no longer held back— his oppressive battle qi of a Tenth Order warrior gushed out, causing everyone to tremble where they stood. This level of oppression was not something Huang Qide, an early Tenth Order had.

Fei Hou's expression became sharp and his fists punched out.

"Heart-Shattering Fist!"

The Heart-Shattering Fist attack cut across the distance accompanied by a sharp whistling wind and collided with Huang Qide's hand print.

The terrifying aftershock energy from the impact spread outwards in all directions and the force shook the pillars of the hall so much so that the Elders and housekeepers nearby had to quickly retreat, as the wave of impact blasted rows of chairs and sent them flying.

Huang Qide was pushed back for more than a dozen steps before he managed to steady himself at the edge of the stage.

"Wa!" Warm liquid flowed up his throat and blood spewed from Huang Qide's mouth.

Huang Clan Manor's number one expert, Huang Qide lost! Thoroughly lost!

Everyone was stunned!

"Father!"

“Old Manor Lord!”

It was a few breaths later before anyone reacted, some of them quickly rushed towards Huang Qide while others exclaimed out loud.

Huang Qide waved his hand to indicate that he was okay then he turned to look at Fei Hou— it was hard to hide the horror in his eyes as he slowly uttered each word: “Peak of late-Tenth Order!”

“Peak of late-Tenth Order?!” The elders, housekeepers, and disciples looked at Fei Hou with shock, fear, and some other feelings mixed in; however, Huang Ming’s body stiffened as he became overwhelmed with fear.

Above the Seventh Order, every small breakthrough represented a great difference in strength.

Although Huang Qide was a Tenth Order warrior, he was an early Tenth Order; there was a huge difference in power between an early Tenth Order and a peak late-Tenth Order. Which is why, although Fei Hou did not release his martial spirit nor did he undergo a soul transformation, he could still easily defeat Huang Qide.

Fei Hou stopped attacking after he repelled Huang Qide and he retreated behind Huang Xiaolong, standing there respectfully with his oppressive aura erased.

Seeing Fei Hou’s action, everyone turned to look at Huang Xiaolong, the eight-year-old child that they had ignored and forgotten.

Evidently, Fei Hou wasn’t a servant bought by Huang Xiaolong; but, why would a peak late-Tenth Order warrior refer to an eight-year-old child as Young Master? And with so much respect?

Did Huang Xiaolong run into some dog-shit luck again, what did he swallow to breakthrough to Fourth Order?! Even if it was something more valuable than a Yang fruit, it still shouldn’t have the ability to make a person advance two orders in a year’s time! Moreover, Huang Xiaolong had earlier said that this was only part of his strength. If so, what was his real strength?

If it wasn’t some unbelievable dog-shit luck, then how horrible must Huang Xiaolong’s talent be, to be to go beyond Fourth Order in less than two years?!

In just a few short moments, many thoughts flashed across the minds of everyone who was present. Even Huang Peng and Su Yan had many questions.

“Huang Xiaolong, you actually ordered an outsider to injure Grandfather, how unfilial!” roared, Huang Wei who had just woken up after being treated by some of the elders “Is the Huang Clan Manor in your eyes? Do you still acknowledge your Grandfather?”

All around, expressions tightened.

Who would believe that a child’s words carried no harm? Even in this dire situation, Huang Wei still dared to admonish Huang Xiaolong, who was protected by a strong warrior like Fei Hou.

Huang Ming, so anxious that Huang Wei’s words would worsen the situation immediately turned around and scolded his son: “Huang Wei shut your mouth!”



But instead, Huang Wei's voice grew even louder. "Dad, what're you afraid of? So what if he's a peak late-Tenth Order? Our Huang Clan Manor has several thousand people, why should we be afraid of one person?" Huang Wei hollered, and said to Huang Qide, "Grandfather, this unfilial descendant Huang Xiaolong should have his cultivation destroyed and driven out of Huang Clan Manor!"

Huang Qide had yet to say anything, but Huang Ming shouted angrily, "Shut up!" and pushed him back, anxious to stop his son from talking.

Listening to Huang Wei's gripe in anger, a cold smile appeared on Huang Xiaolong's face. "I didn't treat him as my Grandfather? Did he treat me as his grandson?" His finger pointed at Huang Qide.

"I won first place in last year's competition, yet contrary to the rules, when the Spirit Pool opened, he allowed you to practice in the pool instead!"

"At this year's competition, when Huang Ming broke the rules and intended to cripple my hands and feet, he turned a blind eye!"

"And just now, if it weren't for Fei Hou's strength, both Fei Hou and I would have suffered serious injuries, and probably died under his attack!"

Huang Xiaolong listed each point in a bone-chilling voice.

When he heard Huang Xiaolong's words, Huang Qide lowered his head and avoided Huang Xiaolong's gaze.

The hall became so silent even a pin drop would be heard.

Huang Wei was relentless, "Huang Xiaolong, what qualification do you have to complain about Grandfather? I possess a tenth grade martial spirit and yours is only a measly grade seven spirit. Therefore, it makes sense that he would prefer me, and train me because I am Huang Clan Manor's future! What is wrong with that? You're just jealous of me! Jealous!"

"Shut up!" Huang Qide's palm fiercely struck Huang Wei's face.

Earlier, his father had hit him, and now Huang Wei couldn't believe that even his Grandfather Huang Qide slapped him. Tears rolled down his face, and he felt wronged, what did he say that was wrong? He wasn't wrong!

The elders and housekeepers shook their heads secretly after hearing Huang Wei's delusional logic.

"Dad, Mom, let's leave." At this point, Huang Xiaolong spoke up. He then turned around and walked away with Fei Hou, Huang Pend, and Su Yan, ignoring the looks directed at them followed. There was no longer any point to their staying.

According to the clan's rules, no one was allowed to leave before the Clan Assembly was over. However, no one dared to stop them from leaving.

Huang Qide had a complicated expression on his face as he watched Huang Xiaolong's receding silhouette.

## **Chapter 29: Asura Sword Skill – Second Move**

For a long while after Huang Xiaolong left the hall, no one dared to speak.

“Father, you see...?” A while later, Huang Ming asked in a small voice after he stole a glimpse at his father’s expression.

Huang Qide sighed heavily as he raised his head, and then waved his hand. “Everyone disperse, this year’s Assembly ends here.” After saying that, he turned and walked away; his stooped shoulders gave off a feeling of loneliness.

It ends here!

Huang Clan Manor elders, housekeepers, and disciples looked at each other in doubt.

“Everyone disperse!” After Huang Qide’s silhouette had disappeared from their sight, Huang Ming waved his hands and ordered. He left the hall half carried by Elder Zhou Guang and a little while later the hall was empty.

This is the first time since the Huang Clan Manor was established that a Clan Assembly ended midway.

After leaving the hall, Huang Xiaolong returned to his courtyard. Not too long afterwards, his parents came to his little courtyard. Seeing his parents arrive, he knew that they would have many questions, so without waiting for them to speak, he said, “Dad, Mom, I know you have many questions, but there are some things that I can’t explain to you right now.”

Huang Peng and Su Yan exchanged a look when they heard this.

“Xiaolong, who is senior Fei Hou?” Huang Peng asked after a short pause.

Senior Fei Hou? Huang Xiaolong replied after he pondered for a moment. Then said, “I became the disciple of an extraordinary person, and Fei Hou is his subordinate, so he calls me Young Master.”

Huang Xiaolong did not mention Ren Wokuang and Asura’s Gate.

Huang Peng and Su Yan finally understood, and were overjoyed that their son was able to become the disciple of such a great Master; if Fei Hou was a peak late-Tenth Order expert, what of his Master?

Thinking about this, their bodies quivered with excitement.

“Xiaolong, has your current strength gotten to the mid-Fourth Order level?” Su Yan asked some moments later, both of them looked at their son expectantly.

On the stage, Huang Xiaolong said Fourth Order was only a part of his strength.

“Mid-Fourth Order?” Huang Xiaolong was startled for a moment, in the end, he nodded, confirming their suspicion. It was better that they thought of him as being at mid-Fourth Order if they knew he was actually at the peak late-Fifth Order they would be frightened.

Seeing that their son confirm that his strength was at mid-Fourth Order, their hearts almost flipped for joy, but even so, they were shocked! Mid-Fourth Order! Their son had actually reached the mid-Fourth Order!

“Dad, Mom, two days after the New Year celebration, I have decided to leave the Huang Clan Manor, to gain experience outside!” Huang Xiaolong said firmly leaving no room for debate.

“What? Gain experience?” Huang Peng and Su Yan were surprised and almost shouted in unison, “No!”

Huang Xiaolong opened his mouth and said, “I know that you are worried, but with Fei Hou coming along with I won’t be in any danger.”

“Xiaolong, I know you want to leave Huang Clan Manor this instant because of your Grandfather’s actions, but no matter what, he still is your Grandfather. Don’t hate him. Besides you’re still too young, why don’t you wait another two years before leaving?” Huang Peng used a gentle tone as he tried to dissuade Huang Xiaolong.

Even though there was a Tenth Order warrior with Huang Xiaolong, he was still too young – not even nine years old! Huang Peng and Su Yan wouldn’t be able to stop worrying if they allowed Huang Xiaolong to leave!

“Dad, Mom, I have decided. And I will leave after the New Year.” Huang Xiaolong shook his head; his eyes were resolute. It was true that he wanted to leave Huang Clan Manor at this very moment because he didn’t want to have to see his Grandfather nor Eldest Uncle Huang Ming, the pair of father and son. But his wanting to go out and gain experience was not entirely due to them.

He wanted to hone himself so that he would become stronger and also explore the world outside of the Huang Clan Manor and meet with experts.

Seeing their son’s expression, Huang Peng and Su Yan’s sighed– they both knew it was useless to continue trying to persuade him.

Thinking about how her son was going to leave home and travel to distant places, Su Yan’s heart ached, and her eyes become red. “Xiaolong, when will you return?”

A trace of warmth spread across Huang Xiaolong’s heart, and smiled and said, “Mom, rest assured, before next year’s Clan Assembly, your son will definitely come back to see you.”

“Next year’s Clan Assembly?” Only then did Su Yan feel better. Su Yan continued to ‘nag’ Huang Xiaolong for quite some time; she kept reminding him to be careful while traveling and to take care of his body and to be careful of bad people, etc.

Huang Xiaolong nodded throughout, unable to refuse her.

Two hours later, his parents finally left.

“Fei Hou, we will be leaving two days later after the New Year. Prepare the necessary things that we need to take with us.” Huang Xiaolong ordered Fei Hou after his parents left.

“Yes, Sovereign!”

The night passed without incident.

On the cold jade bed, Huang Xiaolong stopped practicing the Asura Tactics and gazed at the coming dawn sky through the window. He walked out to the small yard and started practicing Tempest of Hell.

“Tempest of Hell has already reached major completion; it only lacks power, but that will increase with my battle qi. The next step is to practice Asura Sword Skill’s second style.” An hour later, Huang Xiaolong stopped practicing Tempest of Hell.

He retrieved a piece of paper from the ring and studied the diagram of the second style.

Asura Sword Skill, Second Style: Tears of Asura.

Tears of Asura? This name is really unique. Huang Xiaolong circulated his battle qi according to the diagram, the Blades of Asura had already been called out. He leaped into midair and launched an attack, and from midair, a ray of light fell to the ground. That’s right; it fell just like a tear drop falling to the ground.

The first style, Tempest of Hell attacked from the ground. However, the second style could only be used while one was in the air.

Huang Xiaolong’s body floated to the ground after his first attempt. He stood still on the ground, remembering the movements and how it felt when he launched a string using Tears of Asura. He stood there for half an hour then made his second attempt.

This time, the ray of light from the blades was softer, as if weightless, akin to a tiny drop of rain.

Another half an hour had passed before Huang Xiaolong made the third attempt.

And just like when he first started practicing Tempest of Hell, after each attempt, he would stand still for at least half an hour before trying again.

As Huang Xiaolong immersed himself in practice, the sky gradually turned dark.

He shook his head as his body floated down from midair. Although with one day’s worth of practice the power of the attack had increased quite a bit compared to the first time, he had yet to reach minor completion. According to the illustration, when Tears of Asura produced the sound of cries, then it would be considered as having reached minor completion.

The entire time while Huang Xiaolong was practicing, Fei Hou stood silently outside the small courtyard.

The truth is, Asura Sword Skill and Claws of Asura were exclusive to those who practiced Asura Tactics; therefore, Huang Xiaolong wasn’t worried that either Fei Hou nor anyone else would try to learn it in secret.

Just as Huang Xiaolong finished his Tears of Asura practice, the sounds of footsteps echoed outside of the small courtyard. When he turned to look, he saw that the people approaching were his Grandfather Huang Qide, Eldest Uncle Huang Ming, and they were accompanied by his father, Huang Peng.

Huang Xiaolong frowned.

### **Chapter 30: Leaving Huang Clan Manor**

As Huang Qide and Huang Ming arrived at the entrance of the small courtyard, Fei Hou extended his hand to block their path; only Huang Peng was allowed in.

This put Huang Qide and Huang Ming in an awkward position. Both of them wanted to get angry but dared not show any anger.

Fei Hou had a deadpan expression on and his demeanor was calm and indifferent; despite the forced smile on Huang Ming's face, Fei Hou continued to block their path.

At this moment, Huang Peng went up to Huang Xiaolong and said, "Xiaolong, would you let ...?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded at Fei Hou, and when Fei Hou saw him nod, he put his hand down, allowing Huang Qide and Huang Ming to enter the yard.

Only then did Huang Qide and Huang Ming feel relieved and they nodded in thanks, with broad smiles on their faces. Especially Huang Ming, whose behavior was extremely respectful as they walked into Huang Xiaolong's small yard.

"What did you come for?" Huang Xiaolong asked with indifference. "If I remember correctly, this your first time coming to this little courtyard of mine, right?"

As far back as Huang Xiaolong could remember, his Grandfather Huang Qide and his uncle Huang Ming had never come to visit him in his courtyard.

Both Huang Qide and Huang Ming's faces became red with embarrassment, but fortunately, the sky was turning dark thus it wasn't obvious.

"Xiaolong, your Grandfather and Eldest Uncle came to invite you to join the New Year feast." Huang Peng stepped up and said to his son, coming to Huang Qide and Huang Ming's rescue.

Every year during the annual Clan Assembly, after the disciples sparring event on the first day, a banquet would be held on the following day. The Huang Clan Manor would hold a big feast to celebrate the New Year. Other than the elders, only the best of three generations' most talented disciples could attend the feast.

Truth be told, Huang Xiaolong should have attended last year feast when he defeated Huang Wei and won the event, but no one came to invite him, and just like the Spirit Pool, both privileges were given to Huang Wei.

"Right, right, right, Xiaolong, we came to invite you to the feast." Huang Ming quickly followed up with a smiling face as if Huang Xiaolong were the Eldest Manor Lord, and he was just an ordinary Huang Clan Manor servant that was sent over to invite him.

Although Huang Qide did not speak, he still wore a dazzling smile.

Being invited personally by these two to join the end of the year feast was a first since Huang Clan Manor was established. In so many years, only Huang Xiaolong had the honor.

But, Huang Xiaolong answered coldly, "No thanks, I still need to practice."

The smiles on Huang Qide and Huang Ming's faces stiffened.

"Xiaolong you!" Beside him, Huang Peng panicked and blurted out.

"Dad, you know my temper!" Huang Xiaolong replied.

In this situation, Huang Peng don't know what to say, this son of his sometimes could be very stubborn, and once he had decided on something, neither he nor his wife could make him change his mind.

But, Huang Qide motioned his hand at Huang Peng and with a sincere expression looking at Huang Xiaolong, he said: "Xiaolong, what I did in the past was wrong and biased, but I hope that you won't hate me. From now on, no matter what you want, as long as you request it, I will agree."

Huang Xiaolong remained impassive. Of course, he knew why his Grandfather lowered himself to come over and invite him, acting polite; it was all because of the talent he had exposed, and the fact that there was a peak late-Tenth Order expert behind him. Why else would his Grandfather humble himself like this?

Huang Xiaolong kept quiet and didn't reply.

Huang Qide did not get angry when he saw this, but sighed in his heart as he continued, "Your father said that you would be leaving to train outside after the New Year?"

Huang Xiaolong glanced at his father, Huang Peng, and when Huang Peng was about to speak, Huang Qide beat him to it. "Don't blame your Dad; I unintentionally overheard him." Then, his tone suddenly changed, "Xiaolong, I don't hope that you would forgive me, but Grandfather wants you to know, the Huang Clan Manor and I will always wait for your return, and the Huang Clan Manor is forever your home!"

Huang Qide's expression became a little wistful as he took out a small jade bottle. "A few years ago, Grandfather hired an alchemist to refine a Grade Four Spirit Dan, Dragon Tiger Fundamental Dan; it's hugely beneficial in enhancing battle qi."

Huang Ming was shocked when he saw his father take out the Fundamental Dragon Tiger Dan; it was an incredibly rare top Grade Four Spirit Dan. His father had kept it for more than a dozen years, but now he was actually giving it to Huang Xiaolong?!

A Grade Four Spirit Dan? Huang Xiaolong had hesitated for a moment before he received the bottle.

When Huang Qide saw Huang Xiaolong take the bottle, a bright smile bloomed on his face, as if it was Huang Xiaolong who gave him a Grade Four Spirit Dan and not the other way round.

But, when his smile was most dazzling, Huang Xiaolong passed the bottle to his father who was beside him, "Dad, take this Dragon Tiger Fundamental Dan."

Instantly the bright smile on Huang Qide's face vanished, and both Huang Ming and Huang Peng were dazed.

"Xiaolong, you can't!" Huang Peng was about to refuse when Huang Xiaolong waved his hand and said, "Dad, you're now at peak the late-Sixth Order and need this Dragon Tiger Fundamental Dan more than me. Don't refuse anymore, take it." And just like that Huang Xiaolong gave away the very precious pellet.

Huang Peng received the jade bottle from his son with a helpless expression.

Huang Xiaolong then turned to look at his Grandfather who was no longer smiling, and said, "You gave it to me, and I gave it to Dad, you have don't have a problem with that, right?"

“Oh, oh, not at all! It makes no difference if your Dad uses it, it’s all the same.” Huang Qide replied with a smile but his heart was dripping blood; a top Grade Four Spirit Dan ah! He had kept it for more than ten years!

A short while later, Huang Qide, Huang Ming, and Huang Peng left the small courtyard.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong didn’t join them in the feast.

The feast was held in the front hall, and just like the previous years, it was a lively, grand, and festive occasion, but somehow, Huang Qide, who sat in the main seat, wasn’t feeling the festivity at all.

In contrast to the liveliness of the front hall, Huang Xiaolong’s small courtyard was quiet. Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged on the cold jade bed, running the Asura Tactics’ exercise to absorb the netherworld’s spiritual aura as it gushed down on him.

Huang Xiaolong had now reached the second stage of Asura Tactics.

According to the illustrations, when one reached the highest level of Asura Tactics, he could open the Asura’s Gate connected to the Asura Realm. But he wasn’t sure if it was true.

Two days passed quickly, and New Year arrived.

This New Year, the Eastern Courtyard was livelier compared to previous years and Huang Xiaolong spent time with his parents, his little sister and his brother. The air was filled with laughter.

For Huang Xiaolong knew, the next time he would see his parents, little sister and brother would be in a year.

...

New Year came and went.

The next day, Huang Qide, Huang Ming, and all of Huang Clan Manor’s elders, and housekeepers stood at the square before Huang Clan Manor’s main entrance: everyone was there to bid Huang Xiaolong farewell.

Her son was about to travel far away, Su Yan’s eyes were red-rimmed as she hugged Huang Xiaolong tightly. “You must be careful while traveling.”

“Mom, I know.” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes too were red, and he quickly turned away and left with Fei Hou.