

INVINCIBLE 241

Chapter 241: Under Brutal Siege

When Huang Xiaolong arrived on the scene, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were battling four people in the sky!

The person battling Zhang Fu was none other than Li Lu's master, Li Molin, whereas Zhao Shu was fighting one against three the Yao Family's Ancestor Yao Shan, and two other people from Deities Templar, which was obvious from the Deities Templar's Elder robes on their backs.

But, Yao Fei was nowhere to be seen.

Below, on the street, members of the Guo Family's wedding procession were lying in pools of scarlet red blood. Not far away at a street corner, Guo Tai blocked in front of Huang Min with the remaining number of Guo Family disciples, grouped together in a defensive circle.

Seeing both his sister and Guo Tai were still safe and sound, Huang Xiaolong let out a breath of relief.

"Big brother!" Huang Min cried out when she spotted Huang Xiaolong and quickly ran over to his side with Guo Tai.

"Are you two alright?" Huang Xiaolong concerned.

"We're unhurt." Huang Min and Guo Tai shook their heads.

Huang Xiaolong's tension disappeared hearing they were unharmed.

At this time, sounds of whistling wind rang in the sky as figures rushed over to the battle scene, everyone turned to look and saw it was Emperor Duanren and Guo Family's Ancestor, Guo Chen.

"We're leaving!" Seeing it was Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen, Li Molin, who was battling Zhang Fu, made a forceful palm strike to push Zhang Fu back, barking orders to her comrades.

Zhang Fu met her palm strike head on.

A thunderous explosion pushed both of them apart and Li Molin seized the chance, disappearing into the void in a flicker.

The other three people, Yao Shan and the two Deities Templar Elders, did the same. All three attacked Zhao Shu all out with a palm strike, disappearing into the void after pushing Zhao Shu back.

Seconds after the four had fled, Emperor Duaren and Guo Chen arrived, the expression on their faces was grave and solemn, with rage boiling underneath. Especially Guo Chen. His face darkened facing the scene of Guo Family disciples' bodies lying in pools of their own blood.

"The Yao Family went too far!" Guo Chen roared lowly through gritted teeth, suppressing his rage. An intense hatred burned in his eyes.

Today was a big joyous occasion for the Guo Family, yet Yao Shan was so shameless as to disregard his Saint realm status, attacking Guo Tai and these disciples. This action provoked Guo Chen's ire.

Arriving not far behind Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen were Duan Wuhen and a group of Guo Family experts.

However, the wedding was an important affair and it wouldn't do good to miss the good hour, thus Guo Chen instructed the Guo Family experts to tidy up the matters while he sought Huang Xiaolong's opinion on the wedding's arrangement, and then proceeded to send Guo Tai back to Guo Mansion with Huang Min, escorted by Guo Family experts.

"Young Lord, Yao Family's Ancestor and those people, do you want us to...?" After Guo Tai's group left the scene, Zhao Shu approached Huang Xiaolong, inquiring.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead, "No need to chase." Although that Yao Shan was merely a Saint Third Order, with Deities Templar's experts and Li Molin's help, to chase up and kill him wouldn't be an easy matter.

"Duan Ren," Huang Xiaolong looked over to Emperor Duanren beside him, "I need to trouble you to lock down the city and search if there are any Deities Templar and Yao Family's disciples."

Emperor Duanren replied with prompt courtesy, "Young Noble Huang is too polite, it's no trouble at all. It's something we should do."

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

Following Huang Xiaolong's request, Guo Chen too sent Guo Family experts out to comb the Imperial City.

Roughly one hour later, the remaining of Guo Family's wedding procession arrived at the Guo Mansion with Guo Tai and Huang Min. With Guo Tai and Huang Min's safe arrival at the Guo Mansion, the Huang Family went over.

"Long'er, how about we try to make peace with the Yao Family?" on the way over, Su Yan suggested with a worried face. She had heard about the Yao Family Ancestor Yao Shan and some Deities Templar experts slaughtered many of the Guo Family's wedding procession members midway.

Huang Xiaolong looked at his mother, noticing her deep worry lines, he shook his head saying, "Mother, even if we agree to talk peace, the Yao Family would not agree."

Disregarding the personal grudge Huang Xiaolong had with Yao Fei, just the fact that Huang Xiaolong burned the Yao Family's foundation of thousands of years— Yao Manor to ashes was no different than burning all possibilities of peace between them.

Moreover, he didn't wish to make peace with the Yao Family.

Su Yan sighed inwardly hearing her son's answer. In fact, deep down she already knew it was useless and impossible.

"But the Deities Templar..." Su Yan hesitated. At the mention of Deities Templar, even Huang Peng revealed a worried look.

The truth was the Yao Family Ancestor wasn't a threat, it was the Deities Templar at his back. From Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, Yu Ming, and Fei Hou's conversation, both Huang Peng and Su Yan understood to a certain extent what kind of terrifying existence the Deities Templar was.

A tyrannical hegemony that even the entire Duanren Empire needed to be wary of!

"Mother, Father, rest assured, a day will come when I will annihilate Deities Templar with my own hands!" Huang Xiaolong spoke the vow slowly.

And this day would not be too far away!

Both Huang Peng and Su Yan thought Huang Xiaolong was comforting them, thus neither said anything more on the topic.

About an hour later, Huang Xiaolong, Huang Peng, Su Yan, and Huang Xiaohai arrived at the Guo Mansion. When they arrived at the front entrance, the Guo Family's Ancestor Guo Chen, Guo Shiwen, Guo Shiyuan, and Guo Tai were already waiting for them in person. Lead by Guo Chen personally, the group made their way into the main hall, sitting down in two sections.

"Emperor Duanren has arrived~!" Shortly after Huang Xiaolong and the others sat down, came Guo Family's Chief Steward Zhang Yue's voice announcing Emperor Duanren's arrival from outside.

Emperor Duanren in person!

Everyone present was baffled, but they stood up and went outside to welcome the Emperor.

Regardless, today was his sister's wedding, thus Huang Xiaolong could be considered as half a host. The Emperor personally coming for the banquet, Huang Xiaolong indeed should go and welcome him.

"Congrats, congrats, ah!" Just as Huang Xiaolong and the rest stepped over the archway, Emperor Duanren walked in with a wide smile, cupping his fists in greeting.

Huang Xiaolong and Guo Chen also cupped their fists in greeting.

Duan Wuhen following behind Emperor Duanren also cupped his fists, congratulating Huang Xiaolong and Guo Chen in a respectful manner. Other than Duan Wuhen, there was a beautiful woman with noble bearing together with them. Huang Xiaolong guessed this woman must be Duan Wuhen's mother and he was right. Emperor Duanren introduced her as Duan Wuhen's mother.

Emperor Duanren's arrival instantly livened up the banquet. The many forces that came to congratulate, all stood up and saluted, a joyous mood filled the air as wine and laughter flowed.

With Emperor Duanren, the group moved to a more private hall and sat down.

However, Huang Xiaolong did not relax his vigilance. He instructed Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Yu Ming to keep an eye on the surroundings for any sudden unforeseen situation. The Yao Family's Old Ancestor may have run off after failing to achieve his goal, ambushing the wedding procession team, but Huang Xiaolong had a gut feeling that things wouldn't end so easily.

Furthermore, there was something strange about Yao Fei's absence today.

When the banquet's atmosphere was at its liveliest, a Huang Family guard burst in until he was in front of Huang Xiaolong, "Young Lord, a message came, more than a dozen Nine Tripod Commerce's branches were under brutal siege."

More than a dozen of Nine Tripod Commerce's branches were under brutal siege!

The big hall quieted in an instant. Countless pairs of eyes turned to look at Huang Xiaolong.

A fierce light glinted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes, there was no need to ask, the Nine Tripod Commerce being under brutal siege must be the handiwork of the Yao Family and Deities Templar.

Chapter 242: Formless Poison

More than a dozen Nine Tripod Commerce's branches were under brutal siege. Like Huang Xiaolong, those present at the wedding banquet easily guessed the masterminds being the Yao Family and Deities Templar. Everyone in the hall remained quiet as no one dared to interrupt Huang Xiaolong's contemplation.

It was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop.

"Young Lord, should I make a trip to the branches?" Seconds ticked and Zhang Fu suddenly stood up saying.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead at his question, "No need."

There were more than ten Nine Tripod Commerce branches being sieged, Zhang Fu alone, even if he knew how to split himself into a dozen body clones and went there, he might fall into the enemy's well-laid trap. The Yao Family and Deities Templar's purpose in attacking the Nine Tripod Commerce branches may be to draw Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu away from his side.

"How are the casualties for each branch?" Huang Xiaolong turned around, directing the question to the Huang Family guard.

"Replying to Young Lord, the disciples of these several Nine Tripod Commerce are, are..." The Huang Family guard hesitated at this point.

"Say it!" Huang Xiaolong raised his voice.

"Are almost all dead. Only a few disciples managed to escape from each branch." The Huang Family guard blurted everything out.

Almost all dead! Huang Xiaolong's face darkened.

Every Nine Tripod Commerce branch had at least three to four hundred disciples, a dozen branches amounted to four, five thousand disciples!

"Pass the order down, all disciples are to return and assemble back here." Huang Xiaolong's solemn voice sounded.

This debt, Huang Xiaolong jotted it down to be settled with the Yao Family and Deities Templar in the future!

“Yes Young Lord!” The Huang Family guard respectfully replied.

Huang Xiaolong waved the guard away. Today was his sister’s wedding, an important day for her.

Exactly at this moment, in a dilapidated abandoned courtyard on the north section of Duanren Imperial City, space fluctuated. Li Molin, Yao Family’s Ancestor Yao Shan, and the two other Deities Templar Elders emerged from the void. And together with them were Yao Fei and Ao Baixue.

Six people appeared in total. Li Molin scoffed, “I didn’t expect Huang Xiaolong, that little brat, to endure it so well, foiling our plan!”

Ao Baixue frowned deeply, “With Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu around, it’ll be difficult for us to act.”

Yao Fei snorted, “It doesn’t matter even if Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu are present, my Formless Poison is undetectable even by a high-level Saint realm expert!” As Yao Fei said this, his hand took out a dark purple jade bottle out from his spatial ring.

“Formless Poison!” The five with Yao Fei paled slightly, including the high-level Saint realm Li Molin.

The Formless Poison’s toxicity superseded all other poisons, being heralded as the king of poison. Rumor has it, the Formless Poison has neither color, taste, nor form. Totally invisible to the naked eye and senses, even high-level Saint realm experts could not detect its presence. Once someone is poisoned, other than Saint realm experts, who could suppress and gradually force out the poison with their Saint power, those of lower realms died without exception.

And the victim would be subjected to a pain like the bites from millions of ants, like the sharp fangs of millions of snakes piercing them, like the wrenching of the soul by millions of ghouls, tortured to the very last moments of death.

However, the Formless Poison was said to have been lost more than two hundred years ago, no one imagined that Yao Fei would have something like it in his possession, not even the Yao Family’s Ancestor Yao Shan.

“That’s right, Formless Poison!” Yao Fei nodded proudly, “This Formless Poison was something I got one year ago from a cave in the Raven Hills. I’ve already instructed one of the Guo Mansion’s wine servers to mix this poison into the celebration wine being served today at the banquet!”

A cruel light flashed across Yao Fei’s eyes, “When Huang Xiaolong, that punk, drinks the wine, hehe..!”

In fact, he could already imagine Huang Xiaolong’s face distorting with pain and misery. Li Molin and the rest inhaled sharply. If everything went according to what Yao Fei said, today, the Guo Manor’s wedding would be turned into a mass funeral!

Not only would Huang Xiaolong die in torment, every member of the Huang Family, all of Guo Family and its disciples, the guests that came to congratulate the Guo Family, from nobles to big and small forces’ Patriarchs, all will meet their end.

Only Guo Family’s Ancestor Guo Chen, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and Emperor Duanren could survive!

“Isn’t it a bit too much this way?” Old Ancestor Yao Shan said with his brows scrunched together. “Duan Wuhen and Imperial Consort Fei are inside the Guo Mansion too.”

Duan Wuhen was Emperor Duanren's most favored son, the successor to Duanren Empire, whereas Imperial Consort Fei was Emperor Duanren's beloved concubine, also Duan Wuhen's birth mother. If both of them died tragically in the Guo Mansion under the Formless Poison, their hatred would turn into a blood feud, forged into eternity!

If it came to that, the Yao Family could not be rebuilt on Duanren Empire's land any longer!

Yao Fei knew what his family ancestor was worried about, saying: "Ancestor, Duan Ren wouldn't let us be even if we do not kill Duan Wuhen. Since it is so, why should we need to care about a mere Duan Wuhen? Moreover, we're going to destroy Dunren Empire sooner or later, killing Duan Wuhen now is like pulling out one of that old guy's arms. Isn't that much more favorable to us?"

Hearing this, Yao Shan nodded his head in agreement.

...

At this time, the Guo Manor was once again filled with a joyous mood. Mostly, it was due to Huang Xiaolong suppressing the matters related to the attack on Nine Tripod Commerce branches that the wedding banquet wasn't affected much.

Approaching the wu hour^[1], Guo Tai and Huang Min, dressed in brilliant red wedding garbs, came out to bow to heaven and earth and pay their respects to parents and elders under the ritual officer's guidance.

"First bow to Heaven and Earth!" The ritual officer cried at the top of his lungs.

After Guo Tai and Huang Min had done so, the ritual officer continued, "Second bow to parents!"

Watching the two youngsters, Huang Peng and Su Yan, Guo Shiyuan, and the elders, including Huang Xiaolong were full of cheers.

Finished performing their bows to the parents, Guo Tai and Huang Min made the third and final bow towards each other as husband and wife.

Thus, the ceremony was completed.

"Wonderful! Let us move to the seats and begin the banquet." Moments later, Guo Family's Ancestor Guo Chen announced. Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong nodding, everyone made their way to the tables, including the guests waiting in the outer hall, consisting of Patriarch from all over Duanren Empire's kingdoms.

Guo Shiyuan instructed Chief Steward Zhang Yue to serve the wine and dishes after getting the nod of approval from his father, Guo Chen.

"Yes!" Zhang Yue acknowledged with respect. He turned around and bellowed: "Serve the wine and dishes!"

"Serve the wine and dishes!"

The Guo Family's servants kicked into a flurry of actions, plates after plates of dishes and jugs of wine were brought to the guests' tables. It did not take long for them to laden the tables with fragrant,

colorful dishes. There were sixteen types of dishes on every table, every delicacy from the land and sea that one could think of, cheerful laughter filled the air.

However, when Guo Tai stood up with a wine cup in his hands to toast with Huang Peng, Huang Xiaolong, and the others, Huang Xiaolong's voice rang sharply: "Wait!"

It was too sudden that the guests were startled, all turning around to look at Huang Xiaolong.

In front of everyone, Huang Xiaolong sucked a wine urn to his hand with a single hand: "There's something wrong with the wine!"

"What?! Something wrong with the wine?" All present were taken aback.

"This...?!" Guo Chen, Emperor Duanren, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu exchanged a baffled glance.

Before they could say anything, a dazzling black and blue light shot out like lightning from Huang Xiaolong's body, revealing his twin dragon martial spirits behind him. Both the black and blue dragons sucked at the wine urn, drawing strands of dark purple lights from the urn of wine, gathering in the air above, turning into a vague demonic shadow, shrieking shrilly, making everyone shudder.

11 am - 1 pm

Chapter 243: Promoted to Holy Maiden

Watching as a mysterious dark purple light flew out from the jug of wine into the air, forming the strange image of a howling demon, everyone present turned a shade white for this was something only the most toxic of poisons could reach. The toxic fumes shaped like a demon!

Seeing the dark purple demon-shaped fumes in the air, something flashed in Zhao Shu's mind recalling something. He blurted: "This is Formless Poison!"

Formless Poison!

The Patriarchs of families and nobles alike turned ghastly pale with shock at the mention of Formless Poison. Emperor Duanren and Guo Chen jumped to their feet in astonishment.

"Formless Poison, this, how can this be!"

"Didn't the Formless Poison disappear more than two hundred years ago?! How can it appear here?!"

A wave of shock, confusion, and unease swept the guests. Most of them were Patriarchs of small and big forces or part of a kingdom's royal family, their knowledge far exceeded the commoners', therefore many of them knew a thing or two about this Formless Poison, even Huang Xiaolong who was usually calm on the surface had a ripple of surprise traveling across his face.

Earlier, the twin dragon martial spirits in his body were agitated for some reason he couldn't understand. Feeling strange at their behavior, Huang Xiaolong followed their feelings and locked onto the jug of wine the Guo Family servants served up.

There was a problem with the wine! Huang Xiaolong firmly concluded his findings just as Guo Tai raised his wine glass to toast, which was why Huang Xiaolong spoke curtly to stop them from drinking. At that moment, Huang Xiaolong had no idea the wine was laced with Formless Poison.

It was actually the Formless Poison! After a split second of surprise, a ferocious gleam shone in Huang Xiaolong's pupils, the murder in his heart soared sky high. Huang Xiaolong wasn't the only person with the intense killing intent, Emperor Duanren, Guo Chen, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and the Patriarchs of the many families of forces present had a similar reddish bloodlust in their eyes.

"Who was it! How dare they put poison into the celebration wine at the Guo Family's mansion!" One of the big family's Patriarch failed to repress his wrath, loudly shouted.

The truth was glaring obvious to all that the person behind this planned to kill indiscriminately, taking the lives of everyone in the Guo Mansion, including them, who came to congratulate on the occasion—poisoning every Patriarch, leader, and disciple!

Because Huang Xiaolong had the news about the Guo Family's wedding procession being ambushed blocked off, none of these guests who came to attend the banquet were aware of the matter yet. If they knew, they'd easily guessed the mastermind behind the poison was none other than the Yao Family!

Huang Xiaolong scanned the crowd and his cold voice rendered the air: "It's the Yao Family!"

"What?! Yao Family?!" The hall was in an uproar.

"That's right, it's the Yao Family. Earlier, our Guo Family's wedding procession was attacked by the Yao Family's Ancestor and Deities Templar." Guo Chen interjected.

The Guo Family's wedding procession was attacked by the Yao Family's Ancestor and Deities Templar! This message was a booming shock to all present.

"The Yao Family is atrocious! Plotting to have us all die here! We must retaliate, exterminate all of Yao Family's disciples!"

"Right, kill off all Yao Family's disciples!" Majority of Patriarchs and royal families from fealty kingdoms responded to the suggestion, anger and wrath surged.

Emperor Duanren motioned the angry guests to calm down with his hand, he turned to his son, Duan Wuhen, beside him: "Pass the order, mobilize all the territories' army, search and kill all Yao Family's disciples. I do not wish to see any Yao Family disciple in my Duanren Empire!" Emperor Duan Ren's eyes glimmered with a chilling cold killing intent, making those standing close to him shrink away involuntarily.

The Yao Family poisoning the celebration wine at the Guo Family's wedding banquet had stirred the hornet's nest, completely angering Emperor Duan Ren. If it wasn't for Huang Xiaolong detecting something amiss, his son Wuhen, his Consort Fei, and the many present Patriarchs and royals would have left their lives here.

Sensing the terrifying killing intent coming from Emperor Duanren, only one thought crossed the minds of the people present: the Yao Family's done it this time!

Although Huang Xiaolong burned the Yao Family headquarters to the ground, there were still many Yao Family branches all over the empire in remote small towns and less fertile lands.

However, this time they were truly being uprooted from the ground!

At this point, Huang Xiaolong faced Guo Shiyuan with an icy expression, "Capture and detain all the servants responsible for today's food and wine, interrogate them one by one!"

Guo Chen and Guo Shiyuan finally awakened and realized one of the crucial points. That's right! Although this matter was orchestrated by the Yao Family from the shadows, it wouldn't succeed if there wasn't a spy amongst the Guo Family's servants. The wine wouldn't be tainted with poison.

Immediately, Guo Chen instructed to have all the servants in charge of the food and wine served tonight captured and detained. However, before long, Chief Steward Zhang Yu returned to report all servants in charge of food and wine died due to poisoning.

"What? All dead from poison!" Guo Chen's face was ugly. Obviously, this was another move from the Yao Family. Guo Chen seethed with anger and frustration.

"Have all the celebration wine and dishes changed, change everything!" A short while later, Guo Chen said to Guo Shiwen.

Though the rest of the wine wasn't determined to be poisoned, Guo Chen still had everything replaced as a safety precaution. Guo Shiwen acted swiftly. To accommodate such a large occasion, the Guo Mansion did make backup preparations.

When the new dishes and wine were sent up and determined safe by Huang Xiaolong, everyone relaxed and raised their cups. But, the joyous atmosphere had dampened noticeably due to the unexpected scare.

At the same time, in the same abandoned courtyard on the north side of Duanren Imperial City, Yao Fei's face twisted hideously. He already got the message saying Huang Xiaolong found out about the Formless Poison. But Yao Family Ancestor Yao Shan looked worse, he could imagine what kind of scene the remnants of Yao Family's disciples would face the coming onslaught.

The Yao Family foundation that he had struggled to build in the past thousand years will be turned into gray ashes on the ground.

"I didn't expect Huang Xiaolong, that little punk, to actually be able to detect the Formless Poison!" Ao Baixue harrumphed coldly.

Yao Fei sneered, "This outcome is fine too, letting him die so easily is letting him off too lightly. I want to kill him with my own hands, let him have a taste of living worse than death!"

Li Molin interjected, "Li Lu was found out to possess a high-grade God Tribe bloodline and the Temple Preceptor has chosen her to be promoted to a Holy Maiden. She must not find out about this."

Yao Fei and the rest understood Li Molin's meaning.

"Very well, we're heading back." Li Molin said in her cold sullen one, "We'll look for other opportunities in the future to kill Huang Xiaolong, that little brat." With a flicker, her body swayed and disappeared into the void. The rest followed one after another and the abandoned dilapidated courtyard returned to silence.

Night descended and the surroundings were quiet.

At this hour, the Huang Family had already returned to the Southern Hill Estate from the Guo Mansion. Standing quietly in his yard, Huang Xiaolong reflected the day's event, from the Guo Family's wedding procession and Nine Tripod Commerce branches being attacked to the Formless Poison in the wine, his eyes grew increasingly cold.

Deities Templar, the Yao Family, he must exterminate them at the earliest!

Next day morning, Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple hall and headed to the estate's great hall. Seeing that both of his parents were present, Huang Xiaolong hesitated for a moment before telling them about his plan to head to the Bedlam Lands.

"What? Long'er, you're leaving again?" Su Yan's high spirits turned glum.

Watching his mother's expression, Huang Xiaolong felt a tinge of guilt. Sighing in silent, he nodded: "Yes, Mother." This trip to the Bedlams Lands was something he must do, not only because of the grade one spirit stones.

However, breaking through to the Sixth Order was more urgent, Huang Xiaolong decided to leave after that. Hence, he would depart one month later.

Chapter 244: Breakthrough Xiantian Sixth Order!

When Huang Xiaolong said he would only be departing for the Bedlam Lands after one month, Su Yan's face looked slightly better.

Thus, in the coming one month, Huang Xiaolong concentrated his effort on breaking through to Xiantian Sixth Order, spending his time cultivating inside Godly Mt. Xumi.

Other than the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture, Huang Xiaolong worked at improving his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate from the Absolute Soul Pearl, both of these were crucial to Huang Xiaolong.

Combining the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate, Huang Xiaolong believed he would be able to control and build an expansive team made of Xiantian warriors.

With Huang Xiaolong's current strength, he could advance to the first level of Ancient Puppetry Art in three months' time, at that time, he would be able to refine a Xiantian Sixth Order, perhaps even Seventh Order puppet!

Not to mention, the Soul Mandate too could be used to control warriors of Sixth and Seventh Order Xiantian. When Huang Xiaolong broke into the Saint realm in the future, perhaps he could even control a Saint realm warrior!

Time flowed like running water, twenty days quietly passed.

Huang Xiaolong divided most of the twenty days practicing within the Xumi Temple and the remaining to accompany his parents as well as his younger brother, giving advice in their cultivation. Limited by the potential of their martial spirits, it bore almost zero chances for Huang Peng, Su Yan, and Huang Xiaohai to advance into the Xiantian realm, but Huang Xiaolong was confident he could do what others failed.

In the future, he would make sure his parent, sister, and brother would break through to Xiantian. If Saint realm couldn't do it, then he would strive to break through to God Realm, if that still fails, he would continue, advancing to higher realms.

Above the God Realm, there were more powerful existences!

In the last twenty days, vibrant netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy surged endlessly, while above his Qi Sea, the three shaped Archdemon, Golden Dragon, and Golden Buddha became more and more condensed.

As Huang Xiaolong cultivated, breathing in and out, so did the three mandates that had taken form. The netherworld spiritual qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy poured down from the void.

The black and blue twin dragons hovered above Huang Xiaolong, faint echoes of dragon roars sounded endlessly and dragon scales shone with a steely glint on their huge bodies. The twin dragons had evolved into real, solid entities. Hovering behind Huang Xiaolong, they looked like two daunting mountains of black and blue.

On this day, Huang Xiaolong started practicing like he usually did. Taking a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir, he stepped into the Ten Buddha Formation at the center of the temple hall and started practicing the Godly Xumi Art, while the Asura Tactics and the Body Metamorphose Scripture ran simultaneously.

After so many months of practicing inside the Ten Buddha Formation, Huang Xiaolong noticed there was an additional benefit, other than connecting to the Buddhism energy in the Buddha World, the Ten Buddha Formation allowed the person cultivating to enter a state of ethereal emptiness. Entering this state, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation seemed smoother and faster.

Every time at the end of his practice, Huang Xiaolong felt his soul and physique undergoing another cleansing, just like the sanctification ritual.

As Huang Xiaolong continued with his breathing exercise, the netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy continued to course in his meridians, whereas in his Qi Sea, the three different energies were buoyant and stalwart.

Three vigorous energies crashed against the Sixth Order barrier, causing a soul splitting pain to spread over Huang Xiaolong's body.

Huang Xiaolong knew it was time. Swiftly gathering his focus, Huang Xiaolong did his best to suppress the pain spreading out in every inch of his body.

The tearing pain came again and again as Huang Xiaolong persisted, crashing at the Xiantian Sixth Order barrier again and again.

Entering the Xiantian realm, especially mid-levels Xiantian realm, every order advance was like an uphill battle. The pain that came with it was ten, a hundred fold what a Houtian warrior experienced, so much that even someone as strong willed as Huang Xiaolong could barely grit his teeth and bear the soul splitting pain.

It went on for some time, and suddenly, Huang Xiaolong's body shook as a breaking sound echoed internally. Three different lights burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body, filling the entire space of the Xumi Temple.

Sixth Order, he broke through!

The netherworld battle qi, true dragon qi and ancient Buddhism energy cheered into Huang Xiaolong's Xiantian Sixth Order meridians route.

Bright lights exploded from the twin dragons hovering above, dragon scales fell off like autumn leaves and regrew as their bodies became bigger. Huang Xiaolong's twin dragon martial spirits evolved every time he broke through a Xiantian Order.

Huang Xiaolong continued running the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and the Body Metamorphose Scripture, stopping only when the signs of breakthrough stabilized. Submerging his spiritual sense to check his body's condition, Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed, he advanced! Reaching Xiantian Sixth Order, then the Seventh Order was closer within his grasp.

As long as he reached Xiantian Seventh Order, he was a high-level Xiantian warrior! No matter in which empire, a high-level Xiantian warrior carried an extremely high status.

However, Huang Xiaolong did not immediately depart to the Bedlam Lands, he took some time to spend with his family. His sister Huang Min also came to the Southern Hill Estate for visits several times after marrying over to the Guo Family.

Watching this pair of newlyweds acting sweet and lovely, Huang Xiaolong was happy for them and content. His sister had chosen the right person.

Inevitably, the intimate pair also made Huang Xiaolong think of Li Lu, the young woman dressed in a white flowing dress, revealing two lovely dimples when she laughed.

'I wonder what she's doing now...' Huang Xiaolong wondered to himself.

Ten days came and went.

In these ten days, Huang Xiaolong had firmly stabilized his recent breakthrough, even enhancing his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate. Initially, according to Huang Xiaolong's estimation, he needed at least three months time to reach the first level of Ancient Puppetry Art, but only two months had passed and he had already reached the first level.

"It's time to head to the Bedlam Lands." On this day, Huang Xiaolong exited the Godly Mt. Xumi, muttering to himself.

Bedlam Lands!

Other than buying grade one spirit stones in the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong had another motive: to build his own power, a power that truly belonged to him.

Huang Xiaolong aimed to build a new powerful empire with his own hands!

And the Bedlam Lands was the perfect choice for this, being negligible in the eyes of the three continents, saving him a lot of trouble not being in conflict with other empires.

In the great hall, when Su Yan heard Huang Xiaolong was leaving to the Bedlam Lands, moreover, going alone, the words flew from her lips: "Long'er, you want to go to the Bedlam Lands alone?! No!"

About the Bedlam Lands, Su Yan had heard about it from Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu, she was aware that the place was filled with murders, atrocities, and evil people.

"That's right Young Lord, it's too dangerous for you to go to the Bedlam Lands alone. Either me or Zhang Fu, one of us should accompany you!" Zhao Shu tried to persuade.

Zhang Fu followed up, "That's correct Young Lord. The Bedlam Lands is very different from the Blessed Buddha Empire. In the Bedlams, even a Xiantian Tenth Order warrior could lose his life anytime."

Huang Xiaolong insisted, "Say no more, I have already decided to make the trip alone." He wanted to use the time to grind, how could he not be aware of the dangers and risk involved? Furthermore, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu's presence could not guarantee his protection all the time.

When Huang Peng and Su Yan wanted to say more, Huang Xiaolong laughed lightly, "Father, Mother, don't worry, I'm the Godly Mt. Xumi's owner, I won't die that easily."

Legend has it, the owner of Godly Mt. Xumi was protected by a mysterious power, and would not fall so easily.

Chapter 245: Entering the Bedlam Lands

"The owner of Godly Mt. Xumi won't fall so easily?" Huang Peng and Su Yan were dumbfounded. Although both of them were aware of their son possessing the Heavenly Treasure, neither of them had heard about this particular detail.

At this point, Zhao Shu stepped forward to reaffirmed, "House Master Huang, what Young Lord said is true, there indeed is such a legend."

Zhang Fu behind him nodded convincingly as well. Both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu did heard legends related to it.

Seeing this, Huang Peng and Su Yan's worried hearts loosened a little. Even so, Huang Xiaolong couldn't escape when Su Yan clutched at his hand, telling him for more than an hour he should take care of himself, safety first, pay attention, be vigilant, don't fight with others, etc, and more.

Huang Xiaolong smiled wryly in his heart as he patiently listened to his mother, nagging for more than an hour.

Close to two hours later, Huang Xiaolong bid farewell to the four people looking at him, Huang Peng, Su Yan, Zhao Shu, and Zhang Fu. Huang Xiaolong left Duanren Imperial City on foot, he had the flying twin dragon martial spirits and the Godly Mt. Xumi, therefore he did not require a mount.

Watching her son's figure grow smaller, dimmer, and vaguer before her eyes, Su Yan couldn't resist getting teary eyed.

"It'll be fine, don't cry. Long'er promised, he'll be back within two years." Huang Peng wrapped an arm around his wife's shoulders, comforting her.

Su Yan nodded, wiping away her tears. Then she suddenly added, "I wonder how is that child Li Lu doing."

Huang Peng was taken aback at the abrupt topic, but he said, "Don't worry, Long'er and her will definitely be together!"

Su Yan nodded her head again. The four of them turned around and returned to the Southern Hill Estate a while later.

...

At this time, in a certain kingdom under Duanren Empire's territory, Yao Fei was listening to his subordinate's report. Cruel lights of excitement flashed in his pupils, "You're very sure, Huang Xiaolong left Duanren Imperial City alone?"

"Yes Young Lord, there's no mistake about it!" That subordinate answered respectfully, "Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu did not follow him, both are still in the Southern Hill Estate!"

Yao Fei burst out in a hearty laughter hearing that, "Huang Xiaolong, oh Huang Xiaolong, this time I'll see how you can escape from my hand!" he turned towards his subordinate again, "Did you find out where he's heading to?"

"Not yet," the subordinate added, "But he's traveling towards the southeast direction."

"Southeast direction." Yao Fei repeated to himself, he turned around saying, "Continue to have people watch the Southern Hill Estate's movements, go." He waved the subordinate away after finished giving the instruction.

That subordinate saluted with respect before making his way out.

"Southeast direction..." Yao Fei's figure leaped into the air, disappearing in a blur as he flew southeast, piercing through space.

Ten days later, Yao Fei landed on a piece of bare land. When his feet touched the ground, Yao Fei struck out his fist in anger, shattering a hundred zhang small hill not far away into pieces.

For the last ten days, he had been chasing and tracking, but not to mention Huang Xiaolong's shadow, he couldn't even find a hair left behind by Huang Xiaolong along the way.

According to his subordinate's report, Huang Xiaolong was confirmed to be traveling in the same southeast direction, but ten days! He had been pursuing Huang Xiaolong for ten days and he didn't catch a wisp of Huang Xiaolong's presence.

"Huang Xiaolong, I don't believe you can hide under this heaven and earth!" Yao Fei snarled ferociously, and disappeared from the spot, continuing his pursuit. He waited a long time for an opportunity like this one, he would not let it go so easily.

One month later.

In the air close to one of Spring Faun Empire's borders, with a flash, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette appeared. Looking at the dark sky, Huang Xiaolong surveyed the surroundings. Deciding on a spot to rest for the night, he leaped towards one of the hills in front. He would continue his journey tomorrow.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't aware that Yao Fei was chasing him. This one month's time, he traveled using the Godly Mt. Xumi, controlling it to fly as he practiced at the center of the Ten Buddha Formation. That piece of heaven grade spirit stone given by Shi Fantian, Huang Xiaolong used it as the Ten Buddha Formation's energy source.

Heaven grade spirit stones were undoubtedly valuable, but for Huang Xiaolong nothing was more important than enhancing his strength. Only by becoming stronger could he have the qualifications to stand at the top of the Martial Spirit World. Otherwise, this so-called wealth and power were nothing more than a mirage.

And because he was cultivating within the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong had inadvertently avoided Yao Fei's pursue.

The Godly Mt. Xumi was practically an independent space on its own, cutting off any nature of tracking from the outside. Not to mention Yao Fei, who was a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, not even an early Saint realm expert could sense it.

Landing in the vicinity of a small forest, Huang Xiaolong chose a spot, ran his internal force and built a fire. The winter weather had yet to pass and with a small camp fire going, it quickly warmed up the area, dispersing the lingering cold.

"If my Body Metamorphose Scripture reached stage twelve, reaching perfection, would I really be able to condense a true core..." Huang Xiaolong pondered as he watched the burning fire, his hand moved to take out a jug of Sapidity Wine from the Asura Ring.

Just a few more days and his Body Metamorphose Scripture would advance into Stage Eleven: Fighting Form.

During his time on Earth, the explanation passed down by his ancestors stated that by completing the twelve stages of Body Metamorphose Scripture, an individual would enter the small perfection realm and the true qi internal force inside their dantian would evolve into true essence energy. Following that, true essence energy would then rebuild and improve upon the body's physical potential to the extent that one would remain youthful-looking. In addition, it even added years to one's lifespan! At that time, Huang Xiaolong's dantian would also transform into an inner core.

Bearing an inner true core, it would grow and multiply by itself, absorbing spiritual energy at all times, meaning Huang Xiaolong could cultivate his internal force at all times. The most crucial point was—after the dantian evolved into an inner true core, Huang Xiaolong could fly on a sword.

Sword flight... by Huang Xiaolong's estimation, would be much faster than flying on the blue dragon. According to ancient legends, practitioners that successfully formed an internal core could fly ten thousand li in a day on their swords.

"There's also the Asura Tactics, I'm on the edge of breaking through the fourth stage." Huang Xiaolong mumbled to no one.

The Asura Tactics. Entering the fourth stage, Huang Xiaolong could open the Eye of Hell, which could see through all illusions, penetrating all space barriers, to the extent of seeing another mountain behind a mountain. Not to mention, the Eye of Hell had a bizarre spiritual attack. If Huang Xiaolong opened the Eye of Hell, it meant he had another trump card in his hand.

More importantly, it would save him a lot of trouble.

Morning arrived and Huang Xiaolong leaped up, shuttling in the air, continuing his journey to the Bedlam Lands.

Three months passed.

Huang Xiaolong finally traversed through Snow Wind Continent, arriving at the Bedlam Lands.

Other than rushing on the journey, he spent most of the three months cultivating in the Xumi Temple, thus avoiding unnecessary troubles. Only sometimes, when Huang Xiaolong stayed out in the wilderness, would he run into some small groups of bandits that took Huang Xiaolong for some vulnerable lone traveler. All of them were easily taken care of by Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's current strength allowed him to easily deal with two average Xiantian Seventh Order without breaking much of a sweat.

"This is the Bedlam Lands?!" Huang Xiaolong stared at the vast of parched land in front of him, sand and dust rolling in the dry wind. The instant he stepped onto the land, Huang Xiaolong felt a strong death aura in the air as well as a demonic energy and an indescribable bloodthirst, evil, and desolateness.

Huang Xiaolong ran his internal force and battle qi, vigilantly preparing for any unforeseen events. He moved forward slowly, unhurriedly, northward, where the Sin City was located, in the most northern part of the Bedlam Lands.

"The death aura in front and the smell of blood is too dense!" After flying for two hours, Huang Xiaolong suddenly stopped. His vigilance soared.

Chapter 246: Shall We Entertain this Kid?

Detecting the dense death aura and a strong smell of rusty blood, Huang Xiaolong slowed down. As he got closer, the stench of death in the air became denser and the smell of blood suffocating.

'What a thick death aura!' Huang Xiaolong's heart tightened warily.

This density of dead aura could only form from several hundreds of thousands of people dying in the same place, perhaps even millions.

As such, there was only one possibility, the area in front was a battlefield! The suffocating smell of blood meant there was a war going on up ahead.

Huang Xiaolong spread his spiritual sense out, and ten minutes later, he landed atop a small hill. Looking out from a higher point, Huang Xiaolong indeed found people fighting in the wide plains some distance ahead.

Differentiated by the color red and yellow, two armies, armed to the teeth with swords and spears, engaged in an intense battle, stallions roaring from hundreds of miles, blood-curdling screams weaved amongst raging bellows. War cries shook the sky, death aura and heavy blood scent gathered above the battlefield into pillows of dark red clouds—dead spirits cloud.

Although the nearby empires did not set their minds to conquer the Bedlam Lands, on the Bedlam Lands were at least ten thousand cities controlled by different forces or sects. Small powers controlled one city, bigger forces controlled two or more cities, and the more tyrannical hegemonies had ten or more cities under their rule.

War was common between these cities. Today, the master of a city could be a certain family, but when the sun shines tomorrow or the next month, the master could have been replaced.

Therefore, the battle scene in front of him didn't surprise Huang Xiaolong. Watching the rich dark red clouds of death aura and blood energy in the sky, an idea flashed through Huang Xiaolong's mind. All these dead spirits clouds, in essence, were formed from blood soul qi, which was the most favorable for Huang Xiaolong to practice the Asura Demon Claw.

All these years, Huang Xiaolong had mostly sidelined this battle skill due to its blood soul qi requirement. But the Asura Demon Claw's power was undeniable. There were five moves to the Asura Demon Claw, and each one had an earth-shaking effect, any one of them reaching major completion would carry more destructive power than the Asura Sword Skill.

Huang Xiaolong immediately diverted his energy in accordance to the Asura Demon Claw technique. Ten fingers bent into claws and a suction force aimed towards the groups of dark red clouds in the sky. Instantly, strands of dark energy floated down toward Huang Xiaolong's hands.

Strands of dark energy continued to flow to Huang Xiaolong's hands, being absorbed into his body, circulating along the veins. In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong slashed the void with both claw-shaped hands.

Horrible cries reverberated as two dark palms flew out, tearing space straight onto the cliff wall some distance away. The surrounding sky darkened, shadows spiraled within the dark fog, no less than fifteen wraith heads issued wails that raised goosebumps down the neck.

Watching this result made Huang Xiaolong ecstatic. Practicing the Asura Demon Claw using the soul blood qi from the dead spirits cloud gathered above this battlefield exceeded his expectations by many folds over! Based on this result, if Huang Xiaolong practiced here for three to four months, he would be able to reach major completion in Asura Demon Claw's first move.

Not wasting time, Huang Xiaolong continued to absorb the soul blood qi coming from the dead spirits cloud above time and again as he practiced the first move of Asura Demon Claw, Laments of Thousands of Demons.

More than two hours passed. Huang Xiaolong immersed himself in practice, entering a state of selflessness.

Although it was a mere two hours, the attack power the first move, Lament of Thousands of Demons experienced a great leap. When attacking, the dark claw imprints doubled in size, the dark fog around

them was more condensed, and the wraiths' cries sounded the air akin to thousands of demons struggling to break free from a cage.

At the same time, dark black fog enshrouded Huang Xiaolong akin to a supreme wraith, forming a protective barrier around him. This was one of the terrifying points of the Asura Demon Claw, while attacking, it also protected the user, a powerful and unpredictable offensive and defensive skill.

And while Huang Xiaolong was in a state of selflessness, from afar, sounds of piercing winds trailed behind two figures clad in deep amethyst robes. Two middle-aged men landed on another peak, on the edge of the battlefield.

One of them had a slanting sword scar on his forehead and the other had a long horse-like face. From a higher point, both watched the maelstrom of chaos and blood on the battlefield below and nodded appreciatively.

"Kill, kill more, the more dead the better, haha... The more dead spirit blood qi the faster the undead corpse we refined will advance to Earth rank grade six." The scar-faced middle-aged man laughed in a boisterous manner.

The long horse-faced middle-aged man followed laughing, "Five years later, us brothers' undead corpse would be able to advance to Earth rank grade seven. At that time, joining our strength together, no disciples in Sky Magi Sect would be our opponents, other than Master!"

The scar-faced man looked up towards the rolling dark red dead spirits cloud above. His brows knitted together all of a sudden, "Something's wrong! How come the dead spirit blood qi is so much lesser than usual?!"

Hearing the scar-faced man's exclamation, the long horse-faced man hurried to look at the sky above the wide plains. Just one glance and he knew, indeed, the dead spirit blood qi was much lesser.

Both of them came to collect dead spirit blood qi yesterday as well. When they left, the dark red clouds above were much more abundant than this, and today, the two armies continued to battle, the dead spirits blood qi should have accumulated much more. There was something fishy going on.

On this ongoing battlefield, the death aura was strong, and in general dead spirit blood qi could last for a long period of time at high altitudes.

"Eh, there's actually someone absorbing the dead spirits blood qi?!" In the next moment, the horse-faced middle-aged man saw that within the clouds above some blood qi was being absorbed, flowing towards another peak.

Seeing this, the scar-faced middle-aged man sneered coldly, "There's actually someone unafraid of death, they dare to come here to this Specter Battlefield trying to snatch dead spirits blood qi from us! Since someone's looking for death, then we shall fulfill their wish!" He flew up without another word, transforming into a wisp of black smoke, floating towards the peak where Huang Xiaolong was.

The horse-faced man quickly caught up.

From far away, both men watched Huang Xiaolong practicing the Asura Demon Claw. His hands waved out, tearing space, manifesting many wailing wraiths. They exchanged a glance and saw shock mirrored on each other's face.

"So powerful, what battle skill is this kid practicing?!" Seconds later, the scar-faced man couldn't help blurting, "This, this is probably even stronger than our Sect's Sky Magi Palm?!"

The horse-faced middle-aged man exclaimed: "Could it be a Heaven rank battle skill?!"

Heaven rank battle skill! Their eyes lit up brightly.

The scar-faced man broke out in a hearty laughter, "I didn't expect, ah, that we would run into such a good thing. Brother, even the Heavens are looking after us! With this Heaven rank battle skill, once we both made progress in its cultivation, not even Chen Xiaotian, that old fogey, will our opponent. At that time, the Sky Magi Sect can only be ours!"

The horse-faced man laughed agreeably.

"Come, capture that kid alive, we must not let him escape!"

"Capture this kid, make him tell us about this battle skill, then we'll 'entertain' him a little, let him know the consequences of snatching dead spirits blood qi from us!"

The two men sped up, whistling past the wind, arriving on the peak where Huang Xiaolong was training on in the blink of an eye. One in front and one at the back, blocking all of Huang Xiaolong's escape routes, preventing him from running away.

Landing on the ground, both men slowly approached Huang Xiaolong.

Chapter 247: Not Willing?

It wasn't until the two people closed in within a hundred meters that Huang Xiaolong gradually ended his practice. Converging his Asura Demon Claw flow within his body, Huang Xiaolong scrutinized the two people approaching, one from the front and one behind him.

In fact, Huang Xiaolong had already noticed them the moment they appeared on the other peak, however, because these two were only Xiantian Sixth Order, Huang Xiaolong paid no further attention to them.

By this point, the two middle-aged men halted their steps ten meters away from Huang Xiaolong and stood still.

The scar-faced man's eyes inspected Huang Xiaolong up and down while his lips arched in a friendly smile, "This Lil' Bro, may I know which sect you're from, how shall I address you?"

Although the scar-faced man already planned to capture Huang Xiaolong and force the battle skill out from his mouth, he was in no hurry to do so before he has an idea about Huang Xiaolong's background, for instance, which sect Huang Xiaolong belonged to.

The Sky Magi Sect wasn't weak by the Bedlams' standard, but still, before certain hegemony existences they were no different than an insignificant ant. By chance, this young man was one of those existences' disciple, or worse, a core disciple, the scar-faced man would think twice before making a move.

Otherwise, if he mistakenly provoked a tyrannical existence without knowing, he risked being turned into slag.

Huang Xiaolong already knew what two these were thinking by the look on their faces. Sneering secretly he repeated in a taciturn manner, "Which sect's disciple?"

The horse-faced man revealed a kind smile, "Yes, who knows, maybe Lil' Bro's Master is an old friend of our Master..."

"You think too much, I don't belong to any sect in the Bedlam Lands." Huang Xiaolong cut in, "So, you need not worry about loose ends after killing me."

Both the scar-faced and horse-faced middle-aged men were stunned, neither expected Huang Xiaolong's would be so 'direct.' Exchanging a glance between them, there was faint doubt in their eyes as their attention fell on Huang Xiaolong once again.

Did not belong to the Bedlam Lands?!

Then, where does this young man's confidence come from? Both of them could tell Huang Xiaolong was just a mid-Xiantian Sixth Order, whereas the two of them were late-Xiantian Sixth Order experts. With them joining to attack, this young man had no chance to escape.

"Make your move." While both were still stumped, Huang Xiaolong spoke again, "I'm giving you one chance, letting you make the first move."

Hearing this, the two of them frowned as they stared at Huang Xiaolong, confusion and vigilance spiked as they exchanged another glance. Yet, no one moved.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head and smiled sardonically watching these two people's hesitation, "Weren't both of you curious to know if I was practicing a Heaven rank battle skill? I can tell you now, it is indeed a Heaven rank battle skill, and it is not a mere Heaven rank low-grade battle skill."

Not a mere Heaven rank low-grade! Their eyes shone brightly.

Before they realized what happened, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, his two hands formed into claws and slashed out in opposite directions. From Huang Xiaolong's attack, two huge dark claw shadows tore across space, black fog rolling as a dozen evil wraiths shrieked viciously. The surrounding light was blotted out.

Watching the two huge dark palms targeting them, the scar-faced and horse-faced middle-aged men were alarmed, instantly jumping back to dodge, releasing their battle qi at the same time, aiming a fist to counter Huang Xiaolong's attack.

"Sky Corpse Fist!"

"Feral Undead!"

Both men shouted at the same time.

Their attacks were shrouded in a perceivable death aura, accompanied by a nauseating smell that withered the air, akin to a hundred-year-old rotting corpse laid bare.

In a split second, their fist imprints collided with Huang Xiaolong's palm imprints.

Boom! A loud impact resounded like the crackle of a vengeful thunderbolt. Air currents shook violently, blasting out in all four directions, sand and dust rose as crack lines zigzagged on the peak's surface, deepening into fissures.

What horrified the two men most was that Huang Xiaolong's Asura Demon Claws did not dissipate after the collision, instead they continued towards them.

Just when they wanted to swerve away, the black claw imprints already arrived before them, striking their torso accurately.

Both men plummeted to the ground with a tragic scream, raising another screen of dust and sand.

Poof! Crashing into the ground, blood spurted from their mouth, dyeing the dry yellow soil dark red.

"You, you cannot be!" Two men looked fearfully at Huang Xiaolong, there was shock, disbelief, and discernible fear in their eyes. Both of them were late-Xiantian Sixth Order, yet in a joint attack, they were the ones being gravely injured by the young man!

Huang Xiaolong approached slowly, ignoring the shock on their faces, his cold voice sounded, "Like I've said earlier, I gave you a chance to attack first."

Struggling to get up, they hastily moved back in panic.

"You, what do you want to do?!" Scar-face repressed the fear in his heart, asking Huang Xiaolong aloud.

"What do I want to do?" Huang Xiaolong sneered, "Didn't you want to capture me, and 'ask' me about the Asura Demon Claw skill?"

Having their intentions exposed so plainly, uncertainty flitted past their eyes. It finally dawned on them that Huang Xiaolong already saw through their plan from the very beginning.

The horse-faced man forced an awkward smile, "This Lil' Bro, we, we..."

Before he could finish, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette blurred in a flicker, disappearing in mid-air. In the next instant, he appeared right in front of them, hands poised for another attack, but both men raised their hands in defense half a beat too late, as Huang Xiaolong's palms once again struck their chests, sending them flying.

Two figures slammed into the cliff wall not far away, sliding down with gravel and stones. Huang Xiaolong approached once again, standing in front of two sprawled bodies.

"Lil' Bro, we were wrong, we have eyes but failed to see, I beg, beg you, spare us." The horse-faced middle-aged man cried pitifully with a trembling voice. Regardless if they believed it or not, Huang Xiaolong's strength far surpassed their expectation and their strength. Before Huang Xiaolong, their resistance was futile.

“Spare you?” Huang Xiaolong dawdled, “Not killing you, is a negotiable option.”

The two men looked dumbly at Huang Xiaolong, unable to react appropriately. At first, both of them thought they were dead for sure, for it was impossible for Huang Xiaolong to spare them. But Huang Xiaolong really wasn't going to kill them?

“You... won't kill us?” Scar-face ventured cautiously.

“That's right.” Huang Xiaolong answered, ever indifferent.

The scar-faced man hesitated before saying, “You, want us to submit to you?” There was no other possibility other than this that could make Huang Xiaolong spare them.

Huang Xiaolong nodded nonchalantly, causing the two to contemplate in silence. Huang Xiaolong waited patiently, in no hurry for a decision.

His plan to conquer the Bedlam Lands had to proceed one step at a time, and frankly, he had thought of reigning these two people when they appeared, as the stepping stones to taking over their sect, and with their sect as his base and foundation, spreading out to the entire Bedlam Lands. If these two had no value, they would have died long ago.

“I agree.” A short while later, the horse-faced middle-aged man was the first to speak, “I'm willing to submit to you.”

Following that, the scar-faced man echoed the same words, willing to submit to Huang Xiaolong.

“Good. Now, release your soul sea, I'm going to brand your soul sea with a soul mark.” Huang Xiaolong said while nodding his head.

“Brand a soul mark!” Both men blurted out in shock as their faces turned a shade whiter.

Watching their drastic reaction, Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly, how could he not guessed what these two were thinking earlier. First, they would agree to submit and the second they stepped into the Sky Magi Sect, they would sound the alarm, gathering the sect's forces to siege him.

“What? Not willing?” The look in Huang Xiaolong's eyes sharpened.

Chapter 248: Black Demon City

Both the scar-faced man and horse-faced man looked warped with shock and fear. They never imagined that Huang Xiaolong would know such a method.

Soul marking techniques were arcane and had been a lost heritage for many years. Around six hundred years ago, there was a Saint realm warrior that used such arcane, soul marking to take control over several big families' Patriarchs and Sect Sovereigns, setting off a maelstrom of carnage in the Martial Spirit World. Cultivators and commoners alike lived in trepidation. During that time, the Xiantian warriors that died under that person's hand numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

Xiantian realm warriors, hundreds of thousands!

As for Houtian warriors, countless!

The real manifestation of 'blood flows like a river'!

At the end, that person's actions finally enraged some high-level recluse Saint realm experts that lived in a mysterious independent space, coming out to siege and hunt that person. Still, it only ended when a half-step God Realm high-expert joined the ranks of the pursuers, successfully killing the culprit. He was referred to as Gorefiend by later generations.

Watching the many thoughts flashing clearly on the two people's faces, Huang Xiaolong's mouth curved up at the corners into a cold sneer, sharp cold lights flickered close to Huang Xiaolong's hands as he summoned the Blades of Asura.

The Blades of Asura appeared, issuing a strange buzzing sound as they vibrated. On the surface of their bodies, a mysterious dark light flowed like a black liquid, causing the two injured men to tense up immediately.

"I, I'm willing to release my soul sea barrier!" The words flew out from the horse-faced man without further delay.

"Me too, I'm willing!" The scar-faced man also did the same.

Compared to dying, both of them were more willing to let Huang Xiaolong brand a soul mark in their soul seas, although doing so would give Huang Xiaolong full control over their life and death. Still, it was more favorable than dying immediately.

Seeing the two men's swift response, Huang Xiaolong snorted, ordering them to release their soul seas as he initiated the Soul Mandate. Deep inside Huang Xiaolong's pupils, two dark purple soul characters glowed and flew out from Huang Xiaolong eyes, instantly entering into the scar-faced man and horse-faced man's soul seas through the center of their eyebrows before their horrified expressions, firmly imprinting a soul mark in the core of their minds.

In the three months journey here, Huang Xiaolong had entered the first level of the Ancient Puppetry Art, allowing him to brand soul marks into others' soul sea. Not only that, he managed to fuse the Ancient Puppetry soul marking method with the Soul Mandate so that he could use the Soul Mandate to perform the soul mark. It brought a better effect. The person being controlled looked normal from outside, being no different before and after the branding, not even someone close would notice anything wrong.

Sensing Huang Xiaolong's soul mark within their soul seas, both men gave up on the idea of betrayal.

"This two pellets, swallow them." A tiny bright spark flashed as Huang Xiaolong withdrew two thumb-sized medicinal pellets from the Asura Ring.

Staring at the round pellets in Huang Xiaolong's palm, their faces tightened once more. "This is..?!" Once again they couldn't help but ask with apprehension.

Huang Xiaolong's face turned icy, "If I tell you to swallow, then swallow it down!" With a wave, the two pellets floated into their palms.

Staring at the round pellets and at Huang Xiaolong, the scar-faced and horse-faced man paled slightly, however, they obediently swallow it down.

The instant the medicinal pellet entered their mouths, a warm energy spread throughout their bodies, they clearly felt the injuries on their bodies heal at rapid speed. Knowing that they had mistaken Huang Xiaolong's kind intentions, thinking those two pellets were poison pills instead of healing pellets, they looked gratefully at Huang Xiaolong.

"Now, lead me to your Sky Magi Sect, tell me about the sect's situation on the way." Huang Xiaolong instructed.

"Yes, Master!" Both bowed respectfully.

Huang Xiaolong flew up and left the wide plains, led by his newly recruited subordinates. As for the Asura Demon Claw, Huang Xiaolong would come again another time.

On the way, the two middle-aged men reported the Sky Magi Sect's situation to Huang Xiaolong.

The horse-faced man was called Du Xin and the sword scar-faced man was called Deng Guangliang, both were Sky Magi Sect Elders. Furthermore, the Sky Magi Sect's Patriarch, Chen Xiaotian, was their Master.

Chen Xiaotian had five disciples in total, and amongst them, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's strength was considered the highest. The other three disciples were Xiantian Third Order, Fourth Order, and one at Xiantian Fifth Order.

Apart from them, the Sky Magi Sect had roughly one hundred and thirty Xiantian realm experts, however, within those numbers, only twenty of them were mid-level Xiantian, and as for high-level Xiantian, there were only two people.

High-level Xiantian realm experts, one of them was none other than their Master, Chen Xiaotian, a late-Xiantian Seventh Order, whereas the other person was the Sky Magi Sect's Grand Elder, Geng Ken, a peak mid-Xiantian Seventh Order. When the subject steered towards Chen Xiaotian's martial spirit, Huang Xiaolong was quite surprised to find out that Chen Xiaotian's martial spirit was actually the Windfire Tree!

Windfire Tree, a nature type martial spirit of the tree family, a first rank grade eleven martial spirit! In the Martial Spirit World, the emergence of a nature type tree martial spirit was rare, moreover, it was a superb talent martial spirit.

Geng Ken's martial spirit was slightly lackluster compared to Chen Xiaotian, a top grade ten martial spirit belonging to the weapon type, the Heaven Splitting Hammer. Although Geng Ken was only a Grand Elder, his influence in the sect was comparable to Chen Xiaotian's, as the Sovereign. There were over twenty Elders in the Sky Magi Sect and nearly half of them belonged to Geng Ken's faction, listening to his orders.

In conclusion, Chen Xiaotian didn't have full control over the Sky Magi Sect.

"Geng Ken..." Huang Xiaolong repeated the name to no one in particular.

This Geng Ken's strength was weaker than Chen Xiaotian's, yet he succeeded in reigning in half of the support to stand toe to toe with Chen Xiaotian. There had to be a different charm to him.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang led Huang Xiaolong, flying northward. Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong saw a granite city, built upon vast stretch of golden sand dunes.

The city was undoubtedly huge. Perhaps because of the years of succumbing to the grinding of desert sand, the city walls looked mottled and weather worn. Nearing the city, Huang Xiaolong noticed that the top of the city walls reflected countless obscured dark lights, decorating the granite city walls. Huang Xiaolong guessed these dark lights should be splatters of blood left behind for many years, then again, only a massive number of slaughters could leave such a mark. One could imagine how many people's blood stained these city walls.

It could be a million, it could be ten million!

"This is Black Demon City?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

"Yes, Young Lord, this is Black Demon City." Du Xin and Deng Guangliang both replied.

'Master' sounded awkward to Huang Xiaolong's ears, thus he made Du Xin and Deng Guangliang change how they refer to him to Young Lord.

The Sky Magi Sect was located in Black Demon City.

Huang Xiaolong nodded as he followed the two towards Black Demon City's city gates.

"Oh, it's Elder Du Xin and Elder Deng Guangliang." When they neared the city gates, someone that seemed to be the city guards' captain approached Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, greeting them with a cupped fist and a smile. He ordered his subordinates to open the city gates, allowing the group of three to enter the city smoothly.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang nodded their heads slightly towards that captain, entering the city with Huang Xiaolong.

Entering the city, Huang Xiaolong surveyed the city as he walked down the streets. The streets in Black Demon City were about twenty meters wide, with shop fronts lining both sides of the streets, yet it lacked the bustling, prosperous atmosphere found in the Duanren Imperial City or any other big cities for that matter. Most of the doors and walls of these shop fronts bore fighting scars from blades, swords, and other weapons. Some of these shop fronts' signboards were actually cleaved in half, and along the way, they would come across an occasional puddle of blood.

Evidence that a fresh battle just happened.

As Huang Xiaolong strolled along the streets, looking around, the people in the streets were also observing him with curious stares. But, these curiosities were nipped in the bud when they caught sight of Du Xin and Deng Guangliang behind him. Noticing Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, the pedestrians quickly scrambled away in fear.

Du Xin and Deng Guangliang donned on the Sky Magi Sect Elders' robes, and here in Black Demon City, the Sky Magi Sect was one of the three hegemony powers.

Chapter 249: Ghost Shadow Sect

With Du Xin and Deng Guangliang following behind him, no one dared to look for trouble with Huang Xiaolong, otherwise, there would have been a dozen instances of people coming to welcome Huang Xiaolong with 'kind' intentions in the new city.

The whole time, from Huang Xiaolong's observation, the majority of these Black Demon City residents emanated a strong killing aura and a heavy blood scent. Of course, most of them possessed quite a high battle qi cultivation. Even the little kids running around in the streets exuded a feral temperament.

No doubt, those who managed to survive in the Bedlam Lands were no easy characters. In the Bedlam Lands, you couldn't afford to be kind!

"Be—Beg, I beg you, don't kill me!" Just as Huang Xiaolong continued to walk calmly, up ahead on the same street, a disturbance took place. Looking over, Huang Xiaolong met with the scene of a brawny man kneeling on his knees, crying for mercy before a woman.

This woman had her back towards Huang Xiaolong, hence he wasn't able to make out her features. Still, this woman's back was a scenery in its own right; tall and slender, with scandalous curves.

While the brawny man was on his knees begging for mercy, the woman slowly unsheathed her longsword from the scabbard hanging around her waist. The blade reflected the sunlight, glinting a chilling azure-emerald light.

Watching the woman's action, fear took over the brawny man, knocking his head against the street intensively as he continued to beg, "Don't kill me, I know my wrongs, I won't dare anymore!"

At the precise moment that man's voice fell, the woman's wrist turned, the longsword in her hand made a dazzling curve and the brawny man's pleading cries halted forever. A finger raised halfway to point at the woman, but the man's body swayed to the side, tumbling to the street. Only then did blood spurt out from the man's throat, painting a canvas of red on the pavement.

Pedestrians gathered some distance away, watching like a spectating crowd at a performance, there were sounds of talking and laughter as if this kind of event were the norm for them.

After killing the brawny man, the woman didn't even spare a glance at his corpse, she turned away and left without a word. When she turned around, Huang Xiaolong caught a glimpse of the woman's face—beautiful, but icy.

As the woman was leaving, her eyes swept past Huang Xiaolong's face. There was a momentary shock when she caught sight of Du Xin and Deng Guangliang right behind him, but it was only for a moment and was gone when she brushed past Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's heart tightened: this woman was not so simple, her strength was on par with him, at least, a Seventh Order.

"That woman is probably someone from the Ghost Shadow Sect." After the woman was out of sight, Du Xin stepped closer to Huang Xiaolong and explained.

"Ghost Shadow Sect?" Huang Xiaolong puzzled.

"Yes, Young Lord. The Ghost Shadow Sect's power in the Bedlam Lands is not weaker than our Sky Magi Sect. To be honest, they are slightly stronger than us." Deng Guangliang added, "The Ghost Shadow Sect's Sovereign is a Xiantian Eight Order expert, and that woman earlier should be Ghost Shadow Sect Sovereign Gui Ying's disciple. Their headquarters is located in Blood River City, not far from our Black Demon City."

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head.

Blood River City is it? Mn, after he took control of Black Demon City, the cities surrounding Black Demon City would be next

Soon, Du Xin and Deng Guangliang brought Huang Xiaolong to their mansion.

Having a personal mansion in a main city such as Black Demon City was a symbol of strength and power. In general, only mid-Xiantian experts with status, such as Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, could own personal land in Black Demon City. Xiantian experts with lower cultivation and status, at most, could own a small courtyard.

Entering the mansion, the servants and guards greeted Du Xin and Deng Guangliang respectfully as they moved towards the main hall.

In the main hall.

Huang Xiaolong sat in the center main seat. He had ordered both Du Xin and Deng Guangliang to assemble all the mansion's servants and guards to the main hall. Understanding Huang Xiaolong's intentions, both of them executed Huang Xiaolong's order without question.

When all the servants and guards arrived, each was shocked noticing the person sitting in the center main seat was a stranger to them, while Du Xin and Deng Guangliang stood on each side.

With all of them gathered, Du Xin briefly introduced Huang Xiaolong to the servants and guards. Of course, it was done with obscuring details of Huang Xiaolong's background. Mainly stating that Huang Xiaolong was to be referred to as Young Noble Huang, seeing him was no different than seeing him or Deng Guangliang in person, and to be shown the same respect.

Although many were curious and doubtful at the same time about Huang Xiaolong, no one dared to ask, only obediently following orders.

Huang Xiaolong scanned the many faces of these servants and guards and spoke slowly, addressing their curiosity "I know all of you are curious about my identity, but I hope you understand clearly what should be said and what shouldn't be said! Whoever dares to leak a word of this outside this main hall, discussing my identity, if it reaches my knowledge, they will be killed on the spot! Do you understand?" Huang Xiaolong released a sharp, murderous aura from his body, enveloping the entire main hall in a overwhelming pressure.

Enveloped by the chilling murderous aura, all the servants and guards felt as if they fell into a thousand year ice abyss, fear filled their eyes as all of them swiftly got down on their knees, each claiming they dare not whisper a word. At that moment, they realized, this Young Noble Huang was stronger than their masters.

Watching the group of servants and guards on their knees, Huang Xiaolong nodded, satisfied with their response. Allowing them the stand, Huang Xiaolong waved them away, "You can leave, return to whatever you should be doing."

Everyone answered in unison and hurried to withdraw from the main hall.

Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze from the leaving servants. He wasn't done controlling the Sky Magi Sect, therefore he didn't wish to expose his existence in Black Demon City so early, attracting Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken's suspicion. It would be too much work. He believed that with his warning earlier, there wouldn't be any loose lips amongst these servants and guards, unless someone tortured them.

Of course Huang Xiaolong could use soul marking to control them, however, every time he used this method, it greatly consumed his spiritual force. And overusing the method had side effects, which would be detrimental to his future cultivation. Hence, unless it was necessary, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't exhaust his spiritual force this way.

"Young Lord, what should we do next?" After everyone had left the main hall, Deng Guangliang inquired of Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the two of them, saying: "No hurry, I will tell you what to do when the time comes."

Both replied yes with respect.

A tiny glow shone from Huang Xiaolong's hand as he took out two spirit pellets from the Asura Ring, "These two are grade six spirit pellets." With that, he flicked the two pellets towards Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's palm.

Instantly, an enticing fragrance wafted into Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's noses.

"Grade six spirit pellets!" Both exclaimed in surprise looking at the pellet in their hands. Even in the Bedlam Lands, grade six spirit pellets were hard to come by.

"Young Lord, this, is rewarding us?" Du Xin wasn't sure and ventured with caution.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "Perform well in the future, you'll have many more of these grade six spirit pellets." Although Huang Xiaolong branded their soul seas with his soul marks, forcing them to have no other choice but to listen to his orders, Huang Xiaolong was someone who had clear distinctions between reward and punishment. With those deserving to be rewarded, he would not be stingy.

Moreover, to others, refining grade six pellets was a difficult task, but it didn't apply to Huang Xiaolong, who had the Thousand Beasts Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

"Many thanks, Young Lord! We will definitely carry out all of Young Lord's orders, doing our best effort for Young Lord unto our dying day!" Du Xin and Deng Guangliang knelt down and kowtowed as they vowed.

The words spoken were honest and heartfelt.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and allowed them to take their leave for now. He would be giving them instructions later. Huang Xiaolong already had a plan on how to take over the Sky Magi Sect.

Chapter 250: Controlling the Giant Puppets

And so, Huang Xiaolong stayed in Du Xin and Deng Guangliang's mansion and started cultivating.

For the time being, Huang Xiaolong was in no rush to take over and control the Sky Magi Sect. At times like these, it was never a good idea to rush, even if he wanted to. Otherwise, it would only make matters worse, causing him to fall flat on his face instead.

Huang Xiaolong needed to first restore his spiritual force after branding the soul marks on Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, it had consumed most of his spiritual force.

Seven days passed quickly.

Over the last seven days, everything went on as usual within the mansion.

Due to the stern warning from Huang Xiaolong on the first day, none of the servants dared to speak of him to outsiders or have hushed discussions amongst themselves. Thus, Huang Xiaolong's arrival escaped the attention of Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken of the Sky Magi Sect.

This gave Huang Xiaolong time to cultivate the Ancient Puppetry Technique and Soul Mandate in peace.

Seven days—it was enough for Huang Xiaolong to fully recover from his overdrawn spiritual force, and it even became stronger, which made Huang Xiaolong notice a crucial point. Cultivating to restore spiritual force after exhaustion actually helped his spiritual force to grow faster.

This discovery made Huang Xiaolong elated.

With his spiritual force abundant again, Huang Xiaolong entered the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and approached the sacrificial altar. On the altar, the nineteen supreme looking giant puppets still remained seated in the same meditative pose.

Although Huang Xiaolong had reached the first level of the Ancient Puppetry Technique, giving him the ability to brand other living beings with a soul mark, he had yet to try manipulating any one of these nineteen giant puppets.

Now that Huang Xiaolong aimed to take over the Sky Magi Sect, it highly increased his chances if he succeeded in controlling these giant puppets as his aides.

Walking up to the sacrificial altar, Huang Xiaolong looked at the puppet in the front row that was the furthest away from him, on the left corner.

According to the ancient Linglong Tribe's writings on the sacrificial altar, one must follow a specific order if they wished to activate and control these puppets. That puppet on the edge of the front row was the first one.

Coming to a stop in front of the first puppet, Huang Xiaolong ran the Ancient Puppetry Art. His sea of consciousness shook as he gathered spiritual force, sending out invisible waves of energy in the form of an imprint that aimed at the giant puppet from the center of its brows, penetrating straight into its 'mind.'

When Huang Xiaolong's soul mark entered the puppet's mind, he was horrified at the absorption force that emerged from inside the puppet. Huang Xiaolong felt his spiritual force being drained, devoured at rapid speed and out of his control.

"This is...?!" Huang Xiaolong paled considerably.

At this rate, his spiritual force was going to be emptied out in less than two minutes. If that happened, Huang Xiaolong would be reduced to an idiot!

Huang Xiaolong ran the Ancient Puppetry Art again, planning to terminate the connection between him and the puppet forcefully, but subsequently, Huang Xiaolong found out he actually couldn't withdraw or cut the connection using violent force!

"This... why is it like this!"

Just as Huang Xiaolong contemplated if he should strike the giant puppet away, the strong suction whirlpool vanished all of a sudden. For Huang Xiaolong, it felt like he had just gone through an arduous battle for his life. His body swayed, falling to his butt on the altar, heavily gasping for air.

Huang Xiaolong wiped his forehead and cold sweat trickled down his fingers.

Damn, that was close! Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

While Huang Xiaolong was trying to calm down, the first puppet's eyes snapped open, two brilliant green lights shone from their depths. Next, the giant puppet slowly got up. Even so, its every action shook the large sacrificial altar.

When these giant puppets were in a sitting posture, Huang Xiaolong had roughly estimated their height to be more than three meters, but when the first giant puppet rose to full height in front of him, it far exceeded Huang Xiaolong's imagination!

The giant puppet's height was close to four meters, with a body twice as big as an average human warrior, akin to a small hill.

"Ah Feng greets Master!" After the puppet stood up, it moved closer to Huang Xiaolong and knelt before him in greeting.

Seeing that his first attempt in branding a soul mark into the puppet's mind was successful, Huang Xiaolong was greatly relieved.

"Ah Feng?" At this point, some memories entered Huang Xiaolong's consciousness, related to this particular puppet.

The first puppet's strength had reached early-Xiantian Sixth Order. However, because it was refined from an ancient giant tribe, its body defense and brute strength were entirely on another level. Therefore, even though it was only an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, this puppet was stronger than two late-Xiantian Sixth Orders like Du Xin and Deng Guangliang put together.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up.

Nineteen supreme giant puppets. As the order moved towards the back, each puppet's strength was higher than the one before!

If the first supreme giant puppet was an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, then what about the second and the third one? What extent would their strength reach?

Huang Xiaolong's heart surged with anticipation.

“Get up.” Huang Xiaolong ordered Ah Feng. Instead of rushing to control the second puppet, Huang Xiaolong sat down and started to restore his nearly depleted spiritual force.

Three days and three nights later, Huang Xiaolong returned to peak form. Once again, he noticed that his spiritual force had grown much stronger after recovering.

The entire time he was recuperating, the first giant puppet, Ah Feng, stood close to Huang Xiaolong, safeguarding him.

After his spiritual force had recovered, Huang Xiaolong came to stand before the second supreme giant puppet. The second puppet seemed to be a female but its appearance was just as intimidating as the first one... and just as huge.

Standing in front of the second giant puppet, Huang Xiaolong once again ran the Ancient Puppetry Art. His spiritual force gathered, transforming into a soul mark as the energy swirled, entering the female puppet’s mind between the brows, just like with the first puppet.

The same strong suction force came from within the female puppet, but this time, having experienced it once, Huang Xiaolong did not panic.

Sometime later, the suction force disappeared just like it did before. However, the amount of spiritual force purloined by the second puppet exceeded the first.

Inferring the situation from this discovery, Huang Xiaolong surmised that, at most, he could control four giant puppets with his current level of spiritual force. Any more than that, his spiritual force would not be able to support if he tried controlling the fifth giant puppet as well.

Gaining the second puppet, Huang Xiaolong spent the next few days restoring his spiritual force, preparing to brand a soul mark into the third giant puppet. The process repeated with the fourth giant puppet and Huang Xiaolong stopped after that.

The first giant puppet was an early-Xiantian Sixth Order, the second puppet was mid-Xiantian Sixth Order, the third puppet a late-Xiantian Sixth Order, whereas the fourth giant puppet was peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order!

Though for the time being, Huang Xiaolong could only manage to control four giant puppets, it was sufficient for his goal.

Bringing these four giant puppets into play, Huang Xiaolong’s plan of taking over the Sky Magi Sect had just become much smoother. Initially, going up against Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken, he did not have a full grasp of defeating them. However, with these four giant puppets, those two were no longer an issue down the road.

With that, Huang Xiaolong exited the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

As for the four giant puppets, Huang Xiaolong left them inside the pagoda, where he could easily summon them out from if the need arose.

Appearing out from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, Huang Xiaolong called for Du Xin and Deng Guangliang, telling them to hold a banquet tomorrow evening and invite their three Junior Brothers.

“Yes, Young Lord!” Du Xin and Deng Guangliang answered respectfully, aware that Huang Xiaolong was prepared to make his move.

Huang Xiaolong’s plan was to control Sky Magi Sect’s Elders firsthand before dealing with Chen Xiaotian and Geng Ken at the end.

When both of them and the Sky Magi Sect Elders were under his control, the Sky Magi Sect would belong to Huang Xiaolong.