

# INVINCIBLE 281

## Chapter 281: What Kind of Palm Power Is This?

Qin Yang stood in front of Huang Xiaolong, looking at Lifei as he stated: "I am very disappointed." He valued this disciple the most, no wonder he was disappointed.

"I'm giving you one last chance, kill this kid, then kneel down and admit your mistake, Master will pardon you, waiving the death punishment!" Qin Yang's voice sent chills bone deep.

Lifei continued to stand behind Huang Xiaolong, persevering in her silence.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head helplessly, looks like this Qin Yang had no inclination of the situation.

"Step aside." Huang Xiaolong ordered Lifei.

"Yes, Young Lord," Lifei answered respectfully.

Young Lord?! Watching Lifei paying no heed whatsoever to his words, but replying to Huang Xiaolong with such humble respect, referring to the young man as Young Lord, the fury and killing intent erupted in his heart. Momentum soared from Qin Yang's body, as sand and stones scattered and whorled up into the air with Qin Yang as the center. In the next second, everyone saw a gigantic dark silhouette materializing behind Qin Yang, three zhang tall, with four hands and blood-red eyes, as thick black vapor weaved around its body—this was Qin Yang's martial spirit, Ghost Shadow.

The Ghost Shadow was another kind of top grade necro-martial spirit.

Summoning the Ghost Shadow martial spirit out, Qin Yang's strong momentum rose further still. This made Jie Dong and Liu Chong that were battling Fan Encheng surprised, all three of them inevitably looked towards Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Gradually, Qin Yang's eyes turned black, tinted with glowing blood-red. "Brat, call out your martial spirit, if not, you might not even have a chance to do so later." Qin Yang glanced at Huang Xiaolong and taunted in a condescending voice of an esteemed senior.

Huang Xiaolong digressed by shaking his head, "No need."

"No need?" Qin Yang was taken aback.

"Correct." Huang Xiaolong added simply, "Against you, there is no need."

Qin Yang was powerful, comparable to the previous Nine Fiend Sect Sovereign Hu Han's strength, despite that, in Huang Xiaolong's opinion, there was no need to summon his martial spirits.

A little more than a month ago, Huang Xiaolong could already defeat Hu Han, and more than one month later, his strength had continued to increase every day, reaching mid-Xiantian Seventh Order.

Huang Xiaolong's words only served to add oil to Qin Yang's already flaring anger, pushing it sky-high! Arrogant!

Qin Yang's robe fluttered fiercely, then his whole body blurred as if turning invisible, at the same time, his martial spirit shone with a dark light, and Qin Yang disappeared in a flicker. Akin to a specter in the darkest of night, he appeared right in front of Huang Xiaolong.

"Go die!"

Qin Yang's blood-red eyes glowered at Huang Xiaolong, spilling with rage and icy murderous intent, both hands spread into palms that aimed straight for Huang Xiaolong's chest.

In Huang Xiaolong's vision, Qin Yang's palms doubled in size inexplicably, turning red as if they were stained with fresh blood, emitting a nauseating smell at the same time. The palms brought with them scorching heat as they pierced forward.

Without hesitation, Huang Xiaolong raised his hands and struck against Qin Yang's bloody palms, but Huang Xiaolong's palm seemed to contain no power at all, soft and bending like the seaweeds in the water, while Qin Yang held disdain in his heart seeing that the ignorant young man dared to underestimate him, to actually counter his attacks with both palms.

"Naive!" Qin Yang's eyes were icy as they looked at Huang Xiaolong. This Blood Spiral Palm's power couldn't be compared with his earlier attack, not to mention, this time he exuded full force. In the entire Blood River City, only the Five Poison Cult's Head of the five chiefs, Liu Minghai, dared to counter this move directly.

Four palms met at in this instant.

The eyes that held contempt and disdain, the lips that arched back in a smug sneer—all vanished the moment his palms collided with Huang Xiaolong's palms, being replaced with shock, disbelief, and a hint of denial. Those seemingly soft and weightless palms gave Qin Yang an apprehensive feeling as he felt the powerful frigid energy.

The collision resounded with a booming explosion, echoing in the valley.

Qin Yang staggered back from the impact, leaving a long trail deep footprints on the ground as he tried to steady himself. He stared down his own hands, astonished to see a layer of inky-purple ice forming over his palm. An extreme frigid energy spread into his body through his palms, making Qin Yang shiver involuntarily.

"What kind of palm power is this?!" Qin Yang blurted out in shock.

His Spiral Blood Palm was a Yang fire-based skill, a natural nemesis of anything Yin and cold, but instead, he was the one being overwhelmed in the end. Moreover, he found out that his battle qi failed to suppress the frigid energy inside his body.

In fact, what Huang Xiaolong used earlier was the Ethereal Palm—laced with Asura battle qi and Asura frigid energy. Huang Xiaolong's Asura Tactics had reached the peak of fourth level, greatly enhancing the extreme chill contained in the Asura qi. Disregarding Qin Yang, even a mid-Xiantian Eighth Order would find it difficult to suppress Huang Xiaolong's Asura qi.

Successfully pushing Qin Yang back, Huang Xiaolong's body blurred, reappearing within a few meters of Qin Yang, a finger pointed at him. Thick gray fog rolled, accompanied by strange shrill shrieks; a finger imprint flew out from the thick gray fog, stabbing Qin Yang's chest.

The Absolute Soul Finger!

An implausible fear birthed in Qin Yang's soul, evident in his eyes as he watched the finger imprint piercing towards him. He quickly retreated, and at the same time, the Ghost Shadow hovering above him flashed brightly, activating the soul transformation.

At first, he had thought that he could deal with Huang Xiaolong easily, therefore he did not soul transform. But now he didn't have the luxury to choose. Soul transforming at the fastest speed, his strength rose to another level, with black vapor swimming around him. Two additional arms grew out from Qin Yang shoulders, bulkier than his own arms, ten long fingers equipped with nails that were more similar to ten sharp daggers, glimmering a dark red glow.

The two new additional arms extended out, ten sharp nails spun to block Huang Xiaolong's Absolute Soul Finger, another thunderous blast rang out and sparks flew in all directions. Qin Yang only knew that his ten fingers and two arms were numb from the impact. He quickly checked his condition only to find blood dripping out from all ten fingers. This greatly enraged him and astonished him at the same time.

This pair of ghost arms grew after he fused with his martial spirit Ghost Shadow, they were harder than steel even when compared to blades and swords tempered from cold steel. Warriors of the same level could merely leave a slight white mark on these arms of his, but even so, they failed to block Huang Xiaolong's single finger attack!

His judgment clouded by rage, Qin Yang hollered and rampaged forward instead of retreating. His long nails slashed out like ten sharp blades, glowing strangely red, cutting down on Huang Xiaolong.

At this time, a cold light glinted and two black blades appeared in Huang Xiaolong's hands. The Blades of Asura appeared and swung out, countless blade lights were seen rotating out, forming an eerie red eyeball in the air.

Eye of Reincarnation!

The eerie red eyeball continued to rotate, shooting out sharp blade lights, totally blocking Qin Yang's attack, but it did not stop there, the red glow shone brightly, expanding. Very quickly, it covered a large area, stunning Qin Yang with a momentary dizziness.

Shaping both of his hands into claws, Huang Xiaolong slashed towards Qin Yang across the void—Asura Demon Claw, Lament of Thousands of Demons.

Screams of wraiths echoed in the valley, scaring the four other people. All of them turned their heads to look and saw a dazed Qin Yang, under the Eye of Reincarnation's influence. Failing to dodge, the claws slashed down vertically on Qin Yang's torso, "Poof!"

Qin Yang buckled back, crashing straight into a mountain cliff wall some distance away, tumbling down to the ground.

When it says, *flickered into a blur*

## Chapter 282: Four Seas Mountain

All four directions fell into abrupt silence.

The three fighting in the distance, Jie Dong, Liu Chong, and Fen Encheng, were dumbstruck as their attention shifted to Huang Xiaolong's side of things, where Qin Yang lay sprawled on the ground, barely able to move.

Lifei fared better than them, after all, to be able to control Black Demon City from the shadows without real strength was an implausible feat. Recovering from their brief shock, Jie Dong and Liu Chong abandoned Fan Encheng and hastened to their Master's side.

"Master!" Jie Dong and Liu Chong called out anxiously as both of them carefully helped Qin Yang up.

At this time, Fan Encheng finally recovered his senses, panicked at the circumstances of his situation, he leaped to the sky in an attempt to flee. What he didn't know was that Huang Xiaolong was watching his every movement, from the moment Fen Encheng stood up, Huang Xiaolong took a side step, and he was already blocking in front of Fan Encheng.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong in front of him, fear filled Fan Encheng's eyes, but he managed to force himself to calm down, squeezing an ugly smile on his face, "May I know this Little brother's great name? Many thanks for Little brother's help earlier, this one is hardly Qin Yang's opponent."

Many thanks for Little brother's help? Huang Xiaolong shook his head inwardly. This Fan Encheng's skin was quite thick, knowing his goal was the same as Qin Yang's group, yet could still pretend so naturally he didn't know.

"Hand over the map part." Huang Xiaolong had no interest in babbling nonsense with Fan Encheng. His expression remained indifferent as he extended his hand, cutting the chase short.

Fan Encheng's face tightened for the briefest time, smiling even milder: "Map part? What map part? Is Little brother perhaps misunderstood something? There is no map on me."

Huang Xiaolong smiled coldly "Don't have it?" he glanced over at Lifei, "You're saying she lied to me?"

Lifei hurried forward, "Young Lord, this subordinate absolutely dare not deceive Young Lord!" She turned to Fan Encheng, "Fan Encheng, I advise you to hand over the map part, don't place your hopes on a slim chance of luck. If my Young Lord were to seize the map part from your body, you can imagine the consequences."

Lifei's threat shook Fan Encheng's resolve.

A painful grunt sounded at this time, coming from Qin Yang. Being helped up by Jie Dong and Liu Chong, Qin Yang barely managed to stand up. Visible to everyone's eyes was the horrifying black claw print on Qin Yang's chest that seemed to emanate death aura, accompanied by thousands of shrieks of wraiths that sent shivers to the soul. The flesh around the claw print had started to rot and die, revealing the whites of bones underneath.

Qin Yang's eyes too were filled with unprecedented fear as he watched Huang Xiaolong. At the same time, his face twisted with pain, obviously he wasn't having an easy time trying to suppress the Asura frigid qi that was wreaking havoc within his body.

Huang Xiaolong did not bother with Qin Yang and the other two people, he stared at Fan Encheng saying, "I'm giving you a last chance, hand over the map and I can spare your life, otherwise, I'll kill you and then search for the map!"

Seeing Qin Yang's tragic state, hesitation flitted back and forth on Fan Encheng, struggling to make a final decision.

In all honesty, this ancient God Tribe master's partial map was something he had gotten by killing someone else, but he held a great blood grudge in his heart, with this piece of ancient God Tribe master's partial map, he had hope for revenge, but now...!

"Fine!" A short while later, Fan Encheng relented, albeit reluctantly through gritted teeth. He took out something from his spatial ring that seemed to be made out of some kind of beast hide leather. This was the said ancient God Tribe master's partial map.

Looking at the piece of map in his hand, Fan Encheng sighed deeply, exerting a mild strength from his hand, the piece of map floated towards Huang Xiaolong. Although the map was important, what would it matter if he was already dead, what could he do about his hatred and blood-feud at that time?

Huang Xiaolong received the map and studied it briefly; the map itself was probably made of some kind of ancient beast's hide, eroded by time, the edges were frayed and most indications on the map were blurred and hardly discernible. Without another word, Huang Xiaolong kept the partial map in his ring, Fan Encheng wouldn't dare to trick him by giving him a fake map.

Close by, Qin Yang, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong could only stare begrudgingly as Huang Xiaolong kept the map away. They had been chasing Fan Encheng for ten days and ten nights straight, yet the map still fell into someone else's hands. Deep as their unwillingness may run, none of them dared to make a move to snatch it from Huang Xiaolong.

The three of them stood there, wary and somewhat scared to move.

After keeping the map, Huang Xiaolong turned his attention back to Fan Encheng, "I can spare you," Fan Encheng's face lit up.

"But, on the condition you swear allegiance to me just like her, with me as your master." Huang Xiaolong indicated a finger at Lifei. Of course, Huang Xiaolong couldn't let Fan Encheng leave like that, once a rumor spread, he would be the next Fan Encheng.

Looking at Lifei, Fan Encheng's resistance was evident from his expression. But he already knew that Huang Xiaolong wouldn't have let him go just like that.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong branded Fan Encheng's soul sea with a soul mark. Watching the whole thing right in front of them, Qin Yang, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong each was preoccupied with their own thoughts.

After taking care of Fan Encheng, Huang Xiaolong finally turned to Qin Yang's group of three. He continued to watch them without saying anything, an inexplicable pressure spread out, covering the four directions of heaven and earth.

Under this immense pressure, the gravely injured Qin Yang turned even paler as he needed to suppress the frigid Asura qi inside his body at the same time, whereas Jie Dong and Liu Chong sweated bead-sized drops of perspiration.

Not much time had passed when Qin Yang opened his mouth: "I, I'm willing to submit to you," pausing here momentarily, he added, "But I have a condition."

"Condition?" Huang Xiaolong coldly repeated, shaking his head at Qin Yang in refusal saying: "You're not qualified to negotiate any condition."

This remarked greatly pierced Qin Yang's pride.

"Master, you need not beg this person! Even if Senior Apprentice-Brother and I die, we will make sure to send you out of here safely!" Liu Chong shouted righteous sounding words. "You can avenge us later by killing that bastard and that wench!" Wench referred to Lifei.

As his last word was uttered, Huang Xiaolong disappeared from where he stood, the next thing everyone heard was howling pain. Searching for the origin, everyone saw the middle of Liu Chong's forehead had been pierced and now had a finger-sized hole that sprayed out blood like a red pillar. When Liu Chong's body tumbled to the ground, Huang Xiaolong's figure gradually reappeared, standing on the same spot as he did before.

Everyone present stared dumbly at Liu Chong's stiff corpse, including the first amongst them who submitted, Lifei!

No one saw exactly how Huang Xiaolong killed Liu Chong, not even Qin Yang next to him.

The power to manipulate space?! Qin Yang watched Huang Xiaolong, drastically astounded. Only a Saint realm expert had the ability to manipulate the power of space, but Huang Xiaolong was not a Saint realm warrior!

Ignoring the shocked looks directed at him, not even sparing a glance at the dead Liu Chong, Huang Xiaolong looked at Qin Yang, "Now, do you still want to negotiate conditions?"

Qin Yang paled in his speechlessness.

It didn't take long for Qin Yang to submit to Huang Xiaolong without any condition. Following Qin Yang's submission, Jie Dong also submitted without much resistance.

Huang Xiaolong proceeded to mark their souls, and when all was done, he relaxed. With this, the Ghost Shadow Sect was under his control now, in other words, the Blood River City was already in his pocket.

In fact, this was an unexpected harvest to him. Telling the four of them to deal with Liu Chong's corpse, the five of them left the valley and traveled forth. Half a day later, they came to a stop at the foothill of a certain mountain.

Taking out the map, Huang Xiaolong began to study it. In the past, while he was still studying in Cosmic Star Academy and Duanren Institute, he researched many times this ancient text and writing, therefore he managed to decipher what was written on the partial map.

“City of Myriad Gods, Four Seas Mountain?” After several hours of going over the map, the location the map pointed to was close to the City of Myriad Gods, in a place called Four Seas Mountain.

In other words, the place where this ancient God Tribe master cultivated during his life was at this Four Seas Mountain!

### **Chapter 283: Saber Imperial City**

“Four Seas Mountain...” Huang Xiaolong took out the Bedlam Lands map, searching for the said location on it, but ended up creasing his brows. From what he could see on the map, among the hills and mountains surrounding the City of Myriad Gods, none were called Four Seas Mountain. Then he called Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng over, asking them about the Four Seas Mountain.

“Four Seas Mountain?” Qin Yang shook his head, “Replying to Young Lord, around the City of Myriad Gods there is a Hundred Venom Hill, Golden Leaf Mountain, and others, but this subordinate has never heard of Four Seas Mountain.”

Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng all shook their heads simultaneously at Huang Xiaolong, the three of them had never heard of the name either.

Huang Xiaolong’s brows locked together, there was no Four Seas Mountain in the proximity of City of Myriad Gods? Perhaps due to the passage of time, the name Four Seas Mountain was replaced by another name, maybe the Four Seas Mountain doesn’t exist anymore.

Several tens of thousands of years had passed, countless ancient cities had submerged in the river of time, what more a mere Four Seas Mountain!

This is truly a headache! But, a light shone in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes, he still needed to make the trip to the City of Myriad Gods. No matter what, he had to find this Four Seas Mountain, find the location stated on the map. Only this way could he break through to Saint realm before the Deities Templar’s next disciple selection began.

The sky started to brighten, sunlight streamed over the Savage Sanguine Wasteland, penetrating the layer of sanguine fog that was slowly thinning and dissipating.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the vast wasteland and stood up, saying to the four people with him: “Let’s go.”

“Yes, Young Lord!” The four answered.

Thus all five people continued on their journey to the City of Myriad Gods.

On the way, Huang Xiaolong gave Qin Yang injury healing pellets and forced out the extreme cold poison caused by the Asura Demon Claw from his body. Huang Xiaolong then questioned Qin Yang regarding Ghost Shadow Sect and Blood River City, which were all truthfully answered by Qin Yang.

As the Ghost Shadow Sect’s Patriarch, the things he knew were undoubtedly more than Lifei, extending to some of Five Poison Cult’s confidential secrets.

Two days later, the group was out of the Savage Sanguine Wasteland, arriving in a place called Saber Imperial City.

This Saber Imperial City was one of the Bedlam Lands' ten mega cities, although in the lower ranks, at number nine. According to rumors, that person's comprehension and skills in the art of Saber were bordering perfection, even gods and demons needed to give way.

Huang Xiaolong stood before the gates of Saber Imperial City, looking at the large stone saber hanging on the gate arch that exuded a sharp saber energy that seemed to pierce the passersby straight at their souls. He was amazed, a mere stone saber could exude this extent of pressure, affecting even one's soul.

"Young Lord, it was said that this giant stone saber was the Lord Saber Emperor's personal weapon before breaking into the Saint realm." Qin Yang walked up, explaining to Huang Xiaolong respectfully, there was a look of awe and worship in Qin Yang's eyes as he faced the stone saber, "After Lord Saber Emperor broke into the Saint realm, he made a Fiend Saber. Later, when he built Saber Imperial City, he hung this stone saber on top of the city gates."

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

The Saber Emperor was one of the few top rank experts of the Bedlam Lands famous for his saber skills. Since this sword was his personal weapon before he broke through Saint realm, it must have absorbed a certain amount of Saber Emperor's saber intent.

I wonder who's stronger, comparing Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu with this Saber Emperor... Huang Xiaolong mused.

Asura's Gate was Star Cloud Continent's super large sect. As Asura's Gate Left and Right Custodians, not only were they considered as the sect's top tier power, they were also Star Cloud Continent's top-level experts.

"Let us enter." Huang Xiaolong retrieved his sight from the huge stone sword on the gates and said to Qin Yang and the rest. The five of them no longer delayed, entering the Saber Imperial City.

By the time they passed through the gates, the sky already darkened, therefore Huang Xiaolong decided to first look for a place to rest for the night before continuing on their way. At the speed the five of them were traveling, they could make it into the City of Myriad Gods in good time before the auction date.

The five of them checked into an inn called Warm Fragrance.

The inn had a restaurant on the ground floor, medium-sized but packed with people, so many that they could hardly find a vacant table. When they walked in, a tantalizing wine fragrance filled every inch of the restaurant space; the moment Huang Xiaolong stepped inside, the scent of wine teased his nose.

Huang Xiaolong found a vacant table in a corner and sat down, whereas Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng stood behind him, hesitant to sit.

"All of you also sit down." Huang Xiaolong pointed at the empty chairs around. The four answered with respect and each took a seat with Huang Xiaolong's expressed permission.

Lifei called for the waiter after she sat down. Seeking Huang Xiaolong's opinion, she ordered a table of dishes and two jugs of good wine.

The waiter returned a short while later, bringing up Lifei's orders.



The table was laden with good food, fulfilling three main criteria: color, fragrance, and taste, rousing Huang Xiaolong's appetite. Although with Huang Xiaolong's Xiantian realm strength he could go more than half a month without food, he still kept the habit of eating.

Beside him, Lifei opened up one of the wine jugs, pouring out a cup for Huang Xiaolong, which he downed in one gulp. The wine smoothly passed his throat, spicy and austere with a slightly bitter taste lingering on the top of the tongue at the end, yet it filled his tastebuds with a memorable vibrance.

"Good wine." Huang Xiaolong praised. Although it could hardly compare with the Beauty Allure Wine or Sapidly Wine, it was a different flavor on its own. He indicated Qin Yang and the rest to fill their cups, enjoying the wine together.

While the five of them were lifting their cups and drinking, a commotion sounded outside the inn and a group of five people walked in, amongst them were two women.

When Huang Xiaolong caught a clear glimpse of the women's faces, he was shocked.

Cui Li!

Ever since the Duanren Imperial City Battle ended, he rarely came across Cui Li. The last time he saw her was three years ago, before he departed from Duanren Empire to come here, to the Bedlams, Xie Puti mentioned Cui Li in their conversation.

He'd never imagined he would run into Cui Li here, in the Bedlam Lands! What is Cui Li doing here? The other woman was Cui Li's young aunt, Huang Xiaolong met her once, many years ago, at Duanren Imperial Palace on the reward ceremony day. The other three people, from the way of their dressing, were probably members of Cui Family.

The moment she entered the restaurant, as if she sensed something, Cui Li raised her head and looked up, her gaze precisely meeting with Huang Xiaolong's. Seeing Huang Xiaolong there, Cui Li's beautiful eyes contained surprise, followed by melancholy.

Cui Li's youngest aunt also noticed Huang Xiaolong and she was just as surprised.

"Li Li, you know that kid?" At this time, the young man beside Cui Li asked as he watched Huang Xiaolong with hostile eyes...

Cui Li recovered her thoughts, but she didn't answer the young man, merely shaking her head. The group then proceeded to an empty table in another side of the restaurant and sat down.

Ordering some dishes, the five people started eating quietly when their orders were served. Each had their own thoughts, especially Cui Li, the frown on her forehead was too obvious in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

A short while later, the five paid and left.

Though curious about Cui Li's presence in the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong didn't think too much about it, nor did he care.

A quiet night descended over the Saber Imperial City.

Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged in his room and was about to start practicing when a noise came from outside his room and he focused to listen.

“Our Young Lord has spoken. In any case, tonight, those two Cui Family women must be sent to his bed.”

#### **Chapter 284: Poison Saint Sect**

Two Cui Family women? This sentence caught Huang Xiaolong’s attention.

“Hehe, our Young Lord has lady luck smiling on him tonight, one young and one old, a pair of beauties, and I can tell the young one is still a virgin, it’s going to be a lot of fun playing with her!” The voice added with a tinge of excitement.

Two muffled voices ringing with filthy laughter sounded in the night, gradually drifting far away.

A light gleamed in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes.

The two Cui Family women, without a doubt, referred to Cui Li and her young aunt. The world was so vast, with many people having the same surname, but Huang Xiaolong believed this was too much of a coincidence.

Listening to the two men’s conversation for a while, Huang Xiaolong disappeared from his room in a flicker. Though it was not his principle to be nosy, it also wasn’t in his character to ignore something happening right in front of him either.

Trailing behind the two people, Huang Xiaolong reached an abandoned little courtyard located in one of the more secluded corners of Imperial Saber City. Both men were seen entering the small courtyard.

Hesitating briefly, Huang Xiaolong followed in quietly, attaching himself to the roof when angry noises and sounds of battle rang out up ahead. Huang Xiaolong looked down.

In the yard below, four people were fighting, two of them were the people he followed over, whereas the other two were Cui Li and her young aunt. However, the three other people with Cui Li and her young aunt during the day were nowhere to be seen.

Huang Xiaolong watched the two men waving their hands and two black shadows flew out, in the next instant, Cui Li and the other woman fainted and fell to the floor. It happened too suddenly and Huang Xiaolong was too late to stop it. After that small surprise, Huang Xiaolong focused on the black shadows, watching them fly back to the men’s hands. Underneath the moonlight, two small black worm-like insects were revealed, with ink-black carapaces that reflected the moonlight and small beady green eyes.

Black Poison Beetles! Huang Xiaolong was astonished.

The Black Poison Beetles were a variant of toxic beetles. If bitten, the entire body would succumb to a numbing paralysis, dizziness, and even fainting, lasting an hour. Without the antidote, the victim’s flesh would decay and rot, with pain so excruciating assaulting the body that death felt like mercy. He didn’t expect that these two men actually bred this kind of Black Poison Beetles.

On the other side, the two men kept the poisonous beetles and approached the two women on the floor, snickering wickedly, with eyes roaming all over their bodies.

Beneath the soft moonlight, the two women appeared more alluring and beautiful. The high rise of their fair-skin curves exuded an inexplicable temptation, rousing a yearning in the hearts of the seer.

“No wonder Young Lord ordered us not to kill these two women.” One of the men spoke lecherously, “Even I do not have the heart to hurt these two dainty little beauties.”

The other man squatted down beside Cui Li’s young aunt, his hands crudely brushed against her breast before kneading them with a vengeance, commenting: “Quite big, nice texture too, very comfortable.” his hands slid down as he said that, planning to explore the lower region.

“That’s enough, the Young Lord wants these two women, we need to bring them to him as soon as possible. Otherwise, if Young Lord finds out about this, you know his methods.”

Only then did the man stop his actions.

“Rest assured, once Young Lord grows tired of them, he will reward them to us, you can play to your heart’s content at that time.” Both of them moved to carry both women, wanting to leave the courtyard.

Just as they prepared to carry them away, a shadow shifted and there was an additional person standing in front of them.

“Who?!” Seeing an unexpected person suddenly appearing right in front of them, both men were alarmed, both barked threateningly at the same time.

Huang Xiaolong stared at both men coldly: “Take out the antidote.”

The men exchanged a glance in silence. One of them broke out in mocking snicker, “Kid, you’re being too nosy in others’ affairs. You must know, nosy people come to no good ending.”

“Really?” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes turned icy.

Both men moved suddenly, waving their hands out, and two tiny black shadows shot out in Huang Xiaolong’s direction.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong sneered, the Blades of Asura appeared in his hand and slashed out cleanly. Both blades cut across the air and metal-like sounds were heard as two tiny sparks burned, issuing high-pitched shrieks. Two Black Poison Beetles fell, landing inches from Huang Xiaolong’s feet, both black beetles were halved by his blades.

“You!!” Watching their Black Poison Beetle split into two, both men were enraged and startled.

“Kid, you actually dared to kill our Poison Saint Sect’s Black Poison Beetles!” One man bellowed, whereas his comrade’s silhouette flickered into a blur, his hand holding a long sword aimed at Huang Xiaolong’s eyes. Underneath the pale moonlight, the edge of the sword shone with an opaque green, it was evident that it was smeared with toxic poison.

Huang Xiaolong stood unmoving as he watched the sword tip coming at him. When the attacker was inches from him, Huang Xiaolong's figure swayed to the side, leaving the sword barely grazing his skin while the Blades of Asura in his hands turned, slitting the man's throat.

All actions stopped. The long sword fell to the ground as the man's hands clutched at his own neck, filled with horror and despair feeling warm blood spurting out, seeping through his fingers. Moments later, he tumbled to the ground.

These two men were no weaklings, both were Xiantian Fourth Orders, one of them was even a late-Xiantian Fourth Order. Still, before Huang Xiaolong, all were but smoke.

"You, you...!" Watching Huang Xiaolong killed his comrade in the blink of an eye, he looked at Huang Xiaolong in horror, his feet moving back, voice stammering: "I beg you, don't kill me, I'm..." his voice was cut off here as a cold blade light gleamed across his neck, leaving behind a bloody hole in his throat.

Huang Xiaolong coldly watched the man fall to the ground. Releasing the Blades of Asura, he searched both bodies and found two jade bottles. Opening them. Huang Xiaolong took a sniff and determined they contained the antidote required.

Other than the antidotes, Huang Xiaolong found two secret technique manuals. A quick flip through them told Huang Xiaolong that one was the method of breeding the Black Poison Beetles and the other was a poison attack battle skill.

Everything was placed into the Asura Ring by Huang Xiaolong. Only when these were done did he approach the two women, prying open their mouths and pouring the antidote inside. The antidote worked almost immediately, it didn't take long for both women to regain consciousness.

"Huang, Xiaolong!" When Cui Li opened her eyes, Huang Xiaolong's face entered her vision, apart from surprise, there was a hint of happiness in her voice.

"Li Li!" Exactly at this time, an angry shout rang out. In the next moment, a figure launched an attack on Huang Xiaolong, a sharp double-edged sword swinging down on Huang Xiaolong's back: "Let go of Li Li!"

Huang Xiaolong frowned, a displeased expression on his face but he did not dodge, releasing a sphere of vigor qi around himself, bouncing off the attack and the attacker who was none other than one of three men in Cui Li's group during the day. It was clear he misunderstood that Huang Xiaolong wanted to do something unseemly towards both women, judging upon the scene he arrived on.

The other two men also entered the courtyard moments later.

"Wait, Big bro Duo jie, he rescued us!" Cui Li shouted when that young man wanted to launch a second attack on Huang Xiaolong. The young man was stunned and sought Cui Li's young aunt for confirmation. She nodded her head.

"Hmph!" Cui Duo jie snorted disdainfully, "Although this kid saved both of you, who knows for sure if he wasn't in cahoots with those Poison Saint Sect people from the beginning!"

Cui Li stood up facing Huang Xiaolong, "Xiaolong, I'm sorry, Brother Duo jie he..."

Before Cui Li could finish her words, Huang Xiaolong merely glanced at the young man, turned around and left.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's leaving silhouette, her eyes became red. A teardrop fell...

### **Chapter 285: Great Demonic Yin Sound**

Cui Duojie sneered coldly watching Huang Xiaolong's leaving figure.

"Huang Xiaolong, is it?" A cold gleamed flashed quickly across his eyes.

Cui Li and the others were watching Huang Xiaolong as he left, no one noticed Cui Duojie's odd behavior.

At this point, Cui Duojie moved closer to Cui Li, "Li Li, this person has devious eyes, he must be one with a cunning and sly character, it's best you don't come in contact with him often."

Cui Li looked over at Cui Duojie. Hearing her words, she staring fixedly at him with undisguised anger. Sensing the anger beneath, Cui Duojie clamped his mouth shut.

On the other side, Huang Xiaolong returned to the inn. Back in his room, Huang Xiaolong swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and started practicing the Godly Xumi Art.

While Huang Xiaolong concentrated on the Godly Xumi Art, in a secret underground chamber beneath a city, not far away from the Saber Imperial City, a young man clad in the darkest black robe, with eyebrows tinged with faint green, was observing the middle-aged man kneeling before him with an icy gaze.

On the young man's black robe was sewn a conspicuous 'poison [1]' character.

"You're saying, not only did Ma Lai fail to bring back the two Cui Family's girls, they were all killed?!" The young man questioned in an icy tone.

Catching the killing intent laced within the young man's voice, the middle-aged man trembled with fear as he hastened to reply, "Young Lord, it was an accident. We didn't expect someone would appear out of nowhere to save that two Cui Family girls."

"Who is that person?" The young man revealed a cold sneer.

"A little rascal called Huang Xiaolong." The middle-aged man's voice held respect as he answered, "This person knows Cui Li, he should be someone that came from the Snow Wind Continent."

"From the Snow Wind Continent..." The young man had a disdainful sneer on hanging on his lips, "No wonder he's so zealous, he even dared to kill my Poison Saint Sect's disciples." An aggressive aura suddenly rose in the chamber, ice formed on the floor's surface, exuding a frigid coldness, ice that was black in color.

This young man was Poison Saint Sect's Young Lord, Hu Er, whereas the middle-aged man kneeling on the floor was Poison Saint Sect's Elder, Qiao Liang.

Hu Er looked at Qiao Liang, "You know what to do next, without me saying so."

"Yes, this subordinate understands," Qiao Liang answered. "This subordinate will definitely capture that Huang Xiaolong and the two Cui Sisters and bring them in front of Young Lord!"

“Go now.”

“Yes, Young Lord!”

The night passed quickly.

Huang Xiaolong spent some time practicing in the Godly Mt. Xumi, and by the time he came out, the sky was already bright. In recent days, Huang Xiaolong persisted in practicing the Ancient Puppetry Art and Absolute Soul Pearl’s Soul Mandate every day and he could feel an improvement at the end of each practice.

Huang Xiaolong believed that at this rate, it wouldn’t take long before he advanced into the third level of the Ancient Puppetry Art.

Coming out from the Xumi Temple, four people were already waiting for Huang Xiaolong—Qin Yang, Li Fei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng. Settling the payment for the inn, they continued to journey on towards the City of Myriad Gods. No doubt, before leaving Huang Xiaolong’s Asura Ring was well stocked with good wines.

Exiting the Saber Imperial City, the five of them chose to travel through mountain passes. As they rushed to make good time, Huang Xiaolong did not summon his martial spirits, but even so, his speed was faster than most, so much that Qin Yang and the rest could barely keep up with Huang Xiaolong.

“Looks like I should take some time out to refine a flying sword.” A thought came to Huang Xiaolong’s mind.

Huang Xiaolong’s Body Metamorphose Scripture had advanced into Stage Twelve: Hanging Tail Form and his internal force became ten times richer and more abundant, being able to sustain his sword flight within a certain time limit. When Huang Xiaolong reached the small perfection stage, a trace of true core energy would form in his dantian. At that time, using sword flight, he could cover several li in one breath’s time.

In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong stopped abruptly. Seeing Huang Xiaolong suddenly stop, although feeling it was strange, Qin Yang and the other three also reduced their speed and came to a stop.

Just when Qin Yang was about to step up and ask, Huang Xiaolong suddenly turned around, fixing a deadly stare on a fallow slope: “How long is Sir planning to follow us, aren’t you going to show yourself?”

The four people with Huang Xiaolong were stunned.

Moments later, a loud noise sounded as a figure emerged from the fallow slope, wearing a black robe that had a conspicuous ‘poison’ character sewn on it.

“Poison Saint Sect!” Qin Yang exclaimed the moment he saw the other side’s robe style, tensing up. It seems, he had knowledge about Poison Saint Sect.

That person seemed very satisfied with Qin Yang’s reaction, issuing another burst of strange chuckles, low, yet sharp to the ears. Qin Yang and the rest felt as if their eardrums were pierced with many sharp needles.

“This is the Great Demonic Yin Sound!” Huang Xiaolong’s voice sounded. At the same time, an invisible Buddha energy burst out from his body, enveloping Qin Yang and the rest. The piercing pain in their ears instantly vanished.

“Great Demonic Yin Sound!” Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest turned whiter than sheet at the name.

In the Martial Spirit World, there existed some horrendous battle skills that made one’s heart palpitate just by listening to their names and the Great Demonic Yin Sound was one of them.

The Great Demonic Yin Sound was a sound type battle skill. In the beginning, the victim’s eardrums would feel pain as if they were pierced with sharp needles. Next, the victim’s brain became enlarged, swollen, and bloated, and in the end, the victim would bleed to death from the seven orifices. At the point of death, the victim would suffer a torturous end, feeling like their brain was being pierced with thousands of needles continuously.

The other side was stunned seeing Huang Xiaolong countering his Great Demonic Yin Sound. He looked at Huang Xiaolong with obvious surprise, “This is Buddhism energy?”

In general, only people who practicing Buddhism related battle skills until a very high level would be acknowledged by the Buddha World, and only by receiving acknowledgment could one possess Buddhism energy within their bodies. In the whole of Martial Spirit World, those kind of people were scarce.

“Hehe, how was it Elder Jin? Didn’t I tell you this kid is not so easy to deal with.” At this time, another voice sounded and the owner gradually emerged from his hiding place. This person was none other than the person who was instructed by Poison Saint Sect’s Young Lord to come capture Huang Xiaolong, Poison Saint Sect’s Elder Qiao Liang.

The other Poison Saint Sect Elder, Elder Jin, looked ugly.

Qiao Liang’s attention shifted onto Huang Xiaolong, in truth, he was shocked that Huang Xiaolong could counter Elder Jin’s Great Demonic Yin Sound attack.

“No wonder this young man dared to kill my Poison Saint Sect disciples, you’ve got some skills.” Qiao Liang’s eyes turned sharp, “However, for hundreds of years, those who killed my Poison Saint Sect disciples died without any exception under thousands poisons piercing their intestines, gnawed on by thousands of poisonous insects!”

Huang Xiaolong approached them with an air of nonchalance, “People who want to kill me are no less than thousands in number, but in the end, all of them died in my hand.”

What Huang Xiaolong said was the truth. All these years, there had been too many people who wanted to take his life, instead, their lives ended under Huang Xiaolong’s Blades of Asura.

“Arrogant!” Elder Jin screeched. A frosty blue gleam flickered in his eyes.

Qiao Liang clapped his hands once and several shadows nearby moved, as a group of Poison Saint Sect disciples clad in black emerged, surrounding Huang Xiaolong’s group of five in the middle. At a quick glance, there were fifty to sixty people.

Watching the mob closing in on them, Qin Yang and the other three turned a ghastly shade of white. It was obvious to them that each of these Poison Saint Sect disciples was no weakling. Although in a one on one fight, none of these disciples was qualified to be their opponent, but en masse, enemies ten times their number made them feel somewhat helpless. Moreover, Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies were known to be smeared with poison, a little negligence and they would be poisoned. The result could be imagined.

Huang Xiaolong surveyed the large group of Poison Saint Sect disciples surrounding them with no changes to his expression. When Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang saw Huang Xiaolong remain unperturbed, both of them exchanged a look, for they could clearly tell that Huang Xiaolong wasn't putting on an act... could Huang Xiaolong have a trump card up his sleeve?

### **Chapter 286: Summoning the Giant Puppets**

Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were doubtful watching Huang Xiaolong's calm demeanor, neither gave the Poison Saint Sect disciples the order to attack.

But seconds later, Jin Zhong suddenly jeered, saying "Little brat, you can really put on an act, I'll see how long you can maintain that calm facade!" Jin Zhong waved his hand, signaling the disciples: "Get him!"

Hearing Jin Zhong's command, the surrounding Poison Saint Sect disciples swarmed towards Huang Xiaolong's group of five.

Overwhelmed by the numbers, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest couldn't help but panic a little.

Just when the horde attacks were about to strike them, a blinding golden flash appeared above Huang Xiaolong. When it disappeared, it revealed six giant 'humans' floating in midair.

After the six giant 'humans' appeared, stalwart fists punched down onto the swarm of Poison Saint Sect disciples. A dozen booming blasts rang out in their midst almost simultaneously.

The disciples that were struck and affected by the shockwaves were sent flying, miserable screams rendered the air, however, all was quiet when they crashed into the soil several hundred meters away, no longer breathing.

The abrupt turn of events was out of everyone's expectations.

Qin Yang and the others stared dumbly at the six giant 'humans' guarding in front of them. Even Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were dumbfounded watching this, staring blankly in shock at the six giant 'people' that seemed to be coated with a layer of golden paint.

"This, this is the ancient Golden, Golden Giant Tribe?!" Something flashed in Jin Zhong's mind and he couldn't help blurting out in extreme shock.

Ancient times' Golden Giant Tribe?

Qiao Liang's eyes were rounded in shock as well, he dared not believe the scene in front of him. He stammered, "An—ancient era's Golden, Golden Giant Tribe?! Didn't the Golden Giant Tribe go extinct?"

Of the many big tribes of the ancient era, now there were only the elf and dwarf race left, the others had gone extinct.



What were they seeing in front of them?

Their shocked eyes trailed towards Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong coolly admitted, "Correct, the ancient Golden Giant Tribe. More accurately, it's Golden Giant Tribe puppets."

"Ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets!" Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang shouted in unison. At this moment, they finally realized what Huang Xiaolong's trump card was.

Those six ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets were exactly the giant puppets found on the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. In the recent months, as Huang Xiaolong's Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate continued to advance, he had increased the number of puppets under his control to six.

Six supreme giant puppets, the weakest one was at the early Xiantian Sixth Order, while the strongest puppet's strength was at mid-Xiantian Seventh Order. A mid-Xiantian Seventh Order puppet possessed battle power comparable to a peak early-Xiantian Eighth Order. Moreover, the giant puppets were immune to poison. That was why Huang Xiaolong didn't put these Poison Saint Sect disciples in his eyes.

The strongest amongst these Poison Saint Sect disciples were Xiantian Sixth Order, more than half of them consisted of Xiantian Fourth Order and Fifth Order, not many disciples were above these levels.

In a mere few breaths' time, the six ancient Golden Giant Tribe puppets sent another batch of Poison Saint Sect disciples flying. A sharp gleam flickered in their eyes, with a body twirl, they deployed another attack into the midst of disciples.

A wave of panic hit the remaining Poison Saint Sect disciples, they were all thumbs and toes as they tried to defend and counter at the same time, some used poison and some drew their swords.

Sharp swords slashed onto these puppets and loud clashes reverberated in the air, but to the horror of these Poison Saint Sect disciples, they discovered that their full force sword attacks merely left harsh white lines on these puppets' bodies. The poisonous insects' bites felt no different than a gentle tickle to these puppets. Completely ineffective.

This result scared the Poison Saint Sect disciples even more, each of them was at a loss of what to do.

Although the size of these puppets was enormous, they were by no means slow. At lightning speed, another dozen of Poison Saint Sect disciples were sent flying off.

The giant puppets' bodies were extremely tough, their fists were harder than steel. Being struck by these fists, most of the Poison Saint Sect disciples' internal organs shattered from the impact.

Watching this happen before their eyes, Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were shocked and enraged.

Shocked due to these giant puppets' defense, power, and toughness, angry because their disciples were so vulnerable and weak before these giant puppets.

"Forget about the giant puppets, go kill them!" Qiao Liang raged, pointing at Huang Xiaolong's group.

The Poison Saint Sect disciples reacted one by one, avoiding the puppets, all aiming their attacks at Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng.

Still, no more than half of the initial fifty to sixty disciples were left, for Qin Yang's group, this much did not constitute a threat.

This time around, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the other two dashed into the midst of Poison Saint Sect's disciples.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong controlled four puppets to continue attacking the Poison Saint Sect disciples, while the two strongest puppets at Xiantian Seventh Order rushed towards Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang. As Elders of Poison Saint Sect, Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang's strength weren't weak, respectively at mid-Xiantian Eighth Order and peak mid-Xiantian Eighth Order.

Although their strength was marginally higher than the puppets', their every attack being capable of pushing the puppets back, it still failed to cause any actual damage. Both giant puppets were impervious to pain, if they were pushed back, they would just charge again and again. The longer Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang fought the puppets, the angrier and frustrated they became.

A short while later, Jin Zhong struck a palm against the puppet he was fighting. Seizing the window, he sprinted forward, targeting Huang Xiaolong with another palm, "Qiao Liang, you delay the giant puppets, I'll kill that brat!"

Jin Zhong finally realized these puppets were controlled by Huang Xiaolong, kill him and the biggest part of their problem would be eliminated. Qiao Liang too noticed the same issue.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the same spot, the corners of his mouth suddenly curved up watching the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong coming at him with a palm attack, full of sarcasm and a taunting flavor.

Judging from the expression on this Poison Saint Sect Elder's face, did he think he could easily deal with him?

On the surface, Huang Xiaolong was but a mid-Xiantian Seventh Order.

When Elder Jin Zhong was a little more than an arm's length away from Huang Xiaolong, rolling demonic black fog enshrouded Huang Xiaolong, a terrifying aura of slaughter flooded out in all directions.

The abrupt rush of terrifying slaughter aura made Jin Zhong's heart palpitate with unease, quickly anchoring his attack. In the next instant, he saw wings as black as ebony erupting from Huang Xiaolong's back, with dark red runic patterns adorning their surface. The dark red runes contained a mysterious power that made hearts recoil in fear.

Huang Xiaolong's hair defied gravity and turned white, as his eyes turned crimson red.

"This is...?!" When Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang not far away saw Huang Xiaolong's transformation, the word 'shock' couldn't describe what they were feeling.

Before the blow receded, a dragon's roar resounded in their ears. In the split second they were stupefied, a giant black dragon materialized behind Huang Xiaolong.

"Black Dragon... martial spirit!" Jin Zhong, and Qiao Liang shook.

The giant black dragon's emergence also attracted the attention of nearby Poison Saint Sect disciples.

Summoning out the black dragon, Huang Xiaolong soul transformed immediately, layers upon layers of shiny black dragon scales covered his arms, chest, legs, and the rest of his body, his arms bulked up, with ten fingers akin dragon claws. Dragon's might soared towards the sky.

Before Jin Zhong recovered from his stupefied shock, Huang Xiaolong moved. A palm struck out—Earthen Buddha Palm!

Buddha statues covered the heavens, filling four corners of the world in Buddha luminescence.

Jin Zhong was jolted back to his senses, desperately trying to retreat while calling out his martial spirit at the same time. A giant figure emerged behind Jin Zhong, covered entirely in crystal ice that reflected a ghostly green glow.

This was Jin Zhong's martial spirit, Soul Glacier Green Demon.

### **Chapter 287: Godly Xumi Art Resurfaced!**

Soul Glacier Green Demon!

Looking at the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's martial spirit, Huang Xiaolong was a little surprised. Jin Zhong's Soul Glacier Green Demon was the most tyrannical among the ice element martial spirit—a top grade eleven superb martial spirits, and most of all, it was rare for top grade eleven martial spirit to appear!

Huang Xiaolong did not expect this Poison Saint Sect Elder's talent to be so high. A person's martial spirit grade indicated their future achievements in battle qi cultivation, if there were no mishaps, this Poison Saint Sect Elder could breakthrough until the peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order. That is to say, an existence infinitely close to a Saint realm expert.

Unfortunately, this person came across him!

Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong summoned his Soul Glacier Green Demon and instantly soul transformed. An armor made of crystallized ice covered Jin Zhong's body, reflecting an eerie green glow underneath the sunlight, while in his immediate proximity floated wisps of frigid white air.

About a hundred meters away, Qin Yang, Li Fei, and the others felt the chilling cold despite the distance between them.

“Ten Thousand Li Glacial Storm!” At this time, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's icy voice cut through the air. The green glow on his body shone like the sun, covering the four directions. Where the light spread, from the ground up, everything was frozen into ice; pieces of rock, dust and sand were all covered with a layer of glacial ice.

Under this cold assault, Huang Xiaolong's worldly Buddha luminescence and and Earthen Buddha Palm were affected, its attack power reduced significantly by the time it reached the Poison Saint Sect Elder.

“Truly unexpected that your martial spirit is actually a Primordial Divine Black Dragon!” After breaking Huang Xiaolong's Earthen Buddha Palm, Jin Zhong hovered in mid-air, glowering at Huang Xiaolong with surging killing intent. In his several hundred years of cultivation, this was his first time he came across someone who possessed a higher grade martial spirit than his own.

“Dai~!” Jin Zhong suddenly shouted; invisible soundwave rushed toward Huang Xiaolong, and he followed up with a punch.

Perceiving the violent energy fluctuations, Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent. He then wrapped the Buddhism energy around his body and projected it out, disrupting the opponent’s Great Demonic Yin Soundwave attack easily. Simultaneously, Huang Xiaolong raised both arms, countering with the second wave of attack.

Bang! A thunderous explosion resounded. The explosion shook the eardrums of Qin Yang’s group with pain, causing them to look over at Huang Xiaolong’s side with concern. What they saw was Huang Xiaolong and the Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong both staggered backward at the same time.

Jin Zhong looked at his arms to find the glacial armor covering his body was actually shattered by Huang Xiaolong’s fist in the arm area. Multiple crack lines traveled up to his upper arms from his fists. This result both shocked and angered him, he hurried to look over at Huang Xiaolong’s side. Seeing that Huang Xiaolong’s black dragon scale armor was tainted with a green glacial ice, Jin Zhong became ecstatic. He sneered, “Punk, you’ve been poisoned with my extreme cold poison, very soon, you’ll be turned into an ice sculpture, hehe.”

Extreme Cold Poison, this was Jin Zhong’s Soul Glacial Green Demon martial spirit’s innate ability. His Soul Glacial Green Demon was the strongest amongst ice element martial spirits and its extreme cold poison was no doubt one of the most tyrannical cold poisons in existence, even deadlier than an ice element martial spirit one grade above. Not even a Xiantian Ninth Order expert could easily resolve being poisoned with his extreme cold poison.

“Ice sculpture.” Huang Xiaolong glanced nonchalantly at the green glacial ice dotted his fists keep spreading. One breath, two breaths, the green glacial ice had covered Huang Xiaolong’s arms entirely and was spreading to other parts of Huang Xiaolong’s body at rapid speed.

Qin Yang and the others were anxious and fretful.

“Young Lord, quick, cut your arm off!” Qin Yang even cried out in agitation.

Qin Yang was aware how horrible the extreme cold poison’s effect was, only by chopping off his arm could Huang Xiaolong be saved. Otherwise it would be too late once the poison spread to his body.

Yet, Huang Xiaolong doesn’t seem affected as he studied the green glacial ice calmly, and in the blink of an eye, the green glacial ice already spread to Huang Xiaolong’s chest, head, both legs, until his whole body was covered.

In less than a dozen breaths’ time, Huang Xiaolong was turned into an ice sculpture.

Seeing this, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong heavily breathed out in relieved. In the next second, he laughed heartily as he approached the green ice sculpture that was Huang Xiaolong.

“Hehe, top grade twelve martial spirit, Divine Black Dragon is only this much!” Jin Zhong was vainglorious, “The way I see it, this Black Dragon’s grading should be switched with my Soul Glacier Green Demon!”

Watching this result, the other Poison Saint Sect Elder, Qiao Liang, sighed in relieved.

However, before Qiao Liang's breath of relief ended, the two giant puppets that he was fighting abruptly attacked, scaring Qiao Liang in a flustered retreat. His face was ashen realizing something; logically, with Huang Xiaolong's death, these giant puppets controlled by him should not be moving, but why were they...?!

His head snapped around toward where Huang Xiaolong was, frozen in green colored glacial ice, and cried out: "Jin Zhong, careful!" Just as his voice fell, the green ice sculpture exploded. Pieces of green glacial ice ricocheted all around, Huang Xiaolong's figure was seen shooting straight up to the air, and with a sway, he vanished from sight.

Jin Zhong retreated in alarm. Watching Huang Xiaolong vanished right before his eyes, Jin Zhong was stunned again. His face tightened the next moment, but it was too late when he wanted to dodge.

Huang Xiaolong reappeared, printing a palm directly on Jin Zhong's chest.

Jin Zhong grunted from the force, half flying half stumbling backward, as far as several meters. When he finally managed to steady himself, Qiao Liang saw that Jin Zhong's chest was imprinted with a black palm print. Black demonic qi spread rapidly, covering Jin Zhong's entire body, melting the layer of green glacial ice armor while Jin Zhong wailed miserably.

"Elder Jin!" Qiao Liang and the Poison Saint Sect disciples cried out.

Huang Xiaolong moved again, this time, his body shrouded brightly in holy Buddha luminescence; in front of an astounded Qiao Liang and Poison Saint Sect disciples, more than a dozen arms 'grew' from Huang Xiaolong's back! A dozen arms formed a fist simultaneously, punching onto Elder Jin Zhong's chest in a torrent of fist, all at the same time.

Bang! A loud rumbling sound rang out as the layer of green glacial ice shattered and Elder Jin Zhong was seen sprawled on the ground.

All of a sudden, the noisy fighting scene quieted.

A brief moment later, Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong tottered as he tried to get up from the ground, spewing out blood.

"You, what battle skill was that just now?!" Jin Zhong's voice sounded hoarse, unable to conceal the fear in his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at Jin Zhong, ever indifferent: "Godly Xumi Art."

Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang blanked, before the shock set in as if they saw a ghost in broad daylight; their entire bodies trembled even as they pointed a finger at Huang Xiaolong.

"Xu, Xu, God—, Godly Xumi Art?!!"

"No, no, not possible, Godly Xumi Art! How could it be the Godly Xumi Art!!" Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang were stammered like people with a severe stutter.

Godly Xumi Art!

The number one battle skill in this heaven and earth! After more than several tens of thousands of years, it finally resurfaced again! Furthermore, it happened right in front of them!

When the words left Jin Zhong's mouth, muffled blasts came from his body. Qiao Liang looked over and saw one after another golden fist imprint hovered close to Jin Zhong as he screamed. Moments later, Jin Zhong disappeared from the world.

### **Chapter 288: Arriving in the City of Myriad Gods**

Qiao Liang looked as Jin Zhong's body turned into a golden light, vanishing right in front of his eyes, he was stupefied and frozen on the spot. Jin Zhong, a Xiantian Eighth Order died just like that?

Dead!

At this time, in mid-air, a ring dropped to the ground: Jin Zhong's spatial ring.

Watching Jin Zhong's spatial ring falling down, the stupefied Qiao Liang woke up from his daze. His eyes lit up, hand reaching out, preparing to snatch the ring, but when he was about to move, a strong suction force came from Huang Xiaolong's palm, the spatial ring fell into Huang Xiaolong's hands.

Qiao Liang was dumbfounded for a second before staring at Huang Xiaolong with jealousy and fear.

Godly Xumi Art!

This black-haired young man in front of him actually possesses the number one battle skill on this piece of heaven and earth, the Godly Xumi Art!

Without wasting any time to think, Qiao Liang jumped back, and in the next moment, he turned around to escape. But, right after he twirled around, a silhouette flickered in front of him, and Huang Xiaolong was already blocking in front.

"You, Little brother, no, Senior!" Qiao Liang cried out in fear, but just as he opened his mouth to plead, several dozen arms once again appeared on Huang Xiaolong's back; claws, palms, fingers, all struck out simultaneously.

Demonic air soared to the sky, ten thousand demons shadowing heaven and earth, Asura Demon Claw!

One after another, golden rings of light spread out, piercing through the air. Wherever they passed, all living beings stopped, the God Binding Palm!

Gray fog rolled and black strange creatures were shrieking, the Absolute Soul Finger!

Qiao Liang watched helplessly as the Asura Demon Claw engulfed him. Feeling the terrifying power of the God Binding Ring and Absolute Soul Finger, he lost all will to resist. The only thought was to escape, to run, but it was too late; the God Binding Palm and Absolute Soul Finger already reached him. Despair filled his eyes.

In these last moments of his life, Qiao Liang suddenly thought of his Young Lord, wondering if it was a fortune or a disaster that their Young Lord provoked someone this terrifying.

It was said that the person who has the Godly Xumi Art has the power to change the entire Martial Spirit World!

Asura Demon Claw, God Binding Palm, and the Absolute Soul Finger struck Qiao Liang's chest, pushing him back like a broken kite. Crashing to the ground, like Jin Zhong before him, bright lights of claw, palm, and finger imprints shone from inside Qiao Liang's body. He then vanished forever into thin air.

Huang Xiaolong's expression remained the same from the beginning until the end, with a small suction force from his palm, Qiao Liang's spatial ring flew to Huang Xiaolong's hand. His spiritual sense probing inside the rings, Huang Xiaolong found heaps of gold coins, spirit stones, spirit pellets, and also two secret techniques, one being the Great Demonic Yin Sound and the other Great Void Divine Fist.

Great Demonic Yin Sound? Although Huang Xiaolong practiced many different types of skills, he had yet to learn one that used sound to attack, thus he was delighted to find the manual for the Great Demonic Yin Sound in Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's spatial ring.

In fact, this Great Demonic Yin Sound was not a weak battle skill, combining it with his extreme Yin and frigid Asura qi, executing the Great Demonic Yin Sound would have twice the power of what Jin Zhong displayed. But what kind of battle skill was this Great Void Divine Fist? Huang Xiaolong took out the skill manual from spatial ring and started to scan through the pages on the spot, and the more he read the more shocked he became.

This Great Void Divine Fist was actually a battle skill from the Great Void Divine World!

Grade wise, the Great Void Divine World was perhaps lower ranked compared to the Asura Netherworld or Buddha World, but it was still one of the Divine Worlds. How did this Great Void Divine Fist manual fall into a Poison Saint Sect Elder's hand?! The spatial ring belonged to Elder Qiao Liang.

Furthermore, why did that Qiao Liang not use this skill just now? If he did, Huang Xiaolong probably wouldn't have been able to kill him so easily. However, when he flipped to the last page of the Great Void Divine Fist manual, only then did Huang Xiaolong understand, to practice this Great Void Divine Fist one must possess at least a grade twelve martial spirit.

No wonder... it seems Qiao Liang's martial spirit grade failed to meet the prerequisite condition, thus he couldn't practice it. Still, where did this Qiao Liang get his hands on this manual?

At this time, tragic screams rendered the air, causing Huang Xiaolong to turn around. With the six giant puppets' assistance, Qin Yang, Li Fei, and the other two dealt the remaining Poison Saint Sect disciples cleanly.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong kept the Great Void Divine Fist into the Asura Ring and went over to join Qin Yang's group.

When Qin Yang and the rest saw Huang Xiaolong approaching, there were changes in the way they looked at him, there was trepidation and hot fanaticism. They witnessed clearly the scene where Huang Xiaolong used the Godly Xumi Art to exterminate Elders Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang.

The Godly Xumi Art! Thinking of these three words, all four couldn't help shaking with hard to contain excitement.

Stopping his steps not far from the four people, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, a bright light flashed as all six giant puppets returned to the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Glancing at the Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies around, he said: "Clean up, we'll continue forward."

“Yes, Young Lord!” All four answered in sonorous voices.

It didn't take long for the four of them to deal with the corpses around, then the group of five moved on. As for the spatial rings on those Poison Saint Sect disciples' bodies, they were all taken away by Huang Xiaolong. These Poison Saint Sect disciples were all mid-levels Xiantian and above, there were quite a lot of good things inside their spatial rings.

Half a day later.

In an underground secret chamber in Knife Imperial City, Poison Saint Sect's Young Lord, Hu Er, was looking gloomy, one of his subordinates just reported that they lost contact with Jin Zhong and Qiao Liang. Dubious lights flickered in his eyes.

Ten days passed quickly.

After ten days, Huang Xiaolong's group of five was currently standing before the giant gates of a city. From the distance, this massive city was like a godly mountain supporting the heavens! This was one of ten largest cities in the Bedlam Lands, ranked at number two, the City of Myriad Gods!

Standing in front of the gates, an ancient and mysterious atmosphere blew against their faces, that was greatly different with the Knife Imperial City. The atmosphere around Knife Imperial City surged with an overbearing dominance and vigor, whereas City of Myriad Gods was akin to a vast ocean that stretched endlessly.

“This is the City of Myriad Gods.” Huang Xiaolong studied the four ancient texts on top of the city gates. Rumor has it, those four ancient texts were carved out by an ancient God Tribe King using the power of his eyes.

The ancient God Tribes had six famous Kings.

“Let's go in.” Moments later, Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze as he spoke to Qin Yang and the others. The four answered respectfully, following behind Huang Xiaolong as the group entered the city.

The City of Myriad Gods was Bedlam Lands' second largest city, naturally, it was bustling and lively. On top of that, with the time for the start of the auction nearing, the number of people in the city was more than usual. Fortunately, the streets in the City of Myriad Gods were wide and spacious, so it didn't feel crowded.

Huang Xiaolong strolled along the streets while scanning the shops and the surroundings. Busy pedestrians moving up and down the streets wore different styles of clothes, the shops were like mushrooms after the rain, with most of them selling cultivation techniques and battle skills.

An hour later, it was close to midday, Huang Xiaolong's group found a restaurant and went inside.

The restaurant was big and business was booming, guests came in and out constantly and there were loud noises of discussions that perked Huang Xiaolong's interest.

“I heard that the final item in this time's auction isn't Big Thousand Temple's Wind Breaking Finger!”

“Oh, then was is it?”



“It’s a piece of jade! A piece of jade left behind by the ancient God Tribes!”

### **Chapter 289: The Ancient Herculean King**

“A piece of jade left behind by the ancient God Tribes!?” Huang Xiaolong was slightly astonished. Why were relics related to the ancient God Tribes surfacing one after another lately?!

“Moreover, I heard this piece of jade was left behind by the ancient Herculean King!” At this time, the discussion at the table nearly continued.

“Ancient Herculean King! This, how can it be!” The friend exclaimed in awe.

Huang Xiaolong too found it incredible and hard to believe—there were six great kings during the ancient times, and the Herculean King was one of the stronger ones amongst the six kings. Thus, a piece of jade left behind by the ancient Herculean King was priceless, but someone actually brought it out to be auctioned?!

“Perhaps the auction house is deliberately fabricating fake news to heat up the auction? Who would take out the Herculean King’s jade to auction? Unless that person is a fool!” Another person interjected full of doubt.

“No one is clear about this, rumor says that the auction house was bequeathed by a masked person to auction the jade. All three high-level City of Myriad Gods senior appraisers have examined the jade and agreed unanimously that the jade is the same one the Herculean King had with him at all times, called the Herculean King Jade.”

“A jade that the Herculean King had with him at all times, Herculean King Jade?!” Shock washed over everyone. The Herculean King Jade was noted in some ancient text manuals claiming that the Herculean King Jade contained the Herculean King’s cultivation technique, whoever could comprehend it would have the power to flip mountains and overturn seas.

Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest were just as shocked that the Herculean King Jade appeared in this time’s auction.

“Young Lord, it is truly a pleasant and unexpected surprise that we would come across the Herculean King Jade in the auction!” Qin Yang said excitedly, and went on with respect, “If Young Lord could obtain that Herculean King Jade, at that time...”

At this point, Huang Xiaolong waved his hand at Qin Yang, Qin Yang immediately stopped what he was saying seeing Huang Xiaolong shaking his head. Though the rumor was extremely tempting, claiming that the jade recorded the cultivation technique of the Herculean King, despite that, for someone like Huang Xiaolong that had the Asura Sword Skill, Godly Xumi Art, and Body Metamorphose Scripture, the allure failed to stoke his interest.

Furthermore, being auctioned, the piece of jade was sure to garner tough competition from many strong and powerful experts, even if Huang Xiaolong successfully bid for it, he lacked the power to protect the jade.

A short while later, the dishes were served. Finishing quickly, Huang Xiaolong and his group paid and left the restaurant.

Next, Huang Xiaolong went inside a shop and spent a hundred thousand gold coins to procure a detailed map of the Bedlam Lands. Studying the map, Huang Xiaolong was surprised to find that even this detailed map did not pinpoint the location of Four Seas Mountain. Left with no option, Huang Xiaolong visited a bookstore and bought several books related to the Bedlam Lands, returning to his room to study.

There were three more days until the auction, thus other than practicing, Huang Xiaolong spent all his time pouring over the books. After going through more than a dozen books, as well as his own study, Huang Xiaolong deduced that the mountain called Broken Tiger Rift somewhere close to the City of Myriad Gods was once the Four Seas Mountains he was searching for.

“Broken Tiger Rift.” Huang Xiaolong said aloud.

Having a target location in mind, Huang Xiaolong exited the City of Myriad Gods, speeding in the direction of Broken Tiger Rift. Broken Tiger Rift was not far from the city, thus Huang Xiaolong could leave and return in half a day’s time. But, he went to scout alone, leaving the four others in the city.

Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of a tall mountain that bore a close resemblance to the shape of a tiger. Taking out the map, he checked the surroundings to confirm that it was indeed the Broken Tiger Rift. In the middle of the mountain, there was a large rift that made it look like a tiger that was cut into halves from afar, thus the name Broken Tiger Rift.

With a quick flicker, he landed atop of Broken Tiger Rift’s peak, spreading his spiritual sense out to survey the area. But after one hour of practically searching every inch of the mountain, there was no harvest.

“Did I make a mistake in my deduction?” Huang Xiaolong doubted.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes searched around, in the end, his gaze fell on the large rift separating the mountain into two sections. Other than going down this rift, he had nearly flipped the mountain over. Coming to one side of the rift’s edge, he looked down. Even relying on Huang Xiaolong’s keen eyesight, he only managed to see as far as twenty meters down, further down was nothing but a stretch of darkness.

Extending one of his hands out, he sucked a several meter tall boulder nearby over, throwing it down into the rift. Despite waiting for a long time, Huang Xiaolong did not hear the echoes of the boulder crashing.

“This?!” Huang Xiaolong was dumbstruck, eyes flickering.

Judging from afar, this Broken Tiger Rift was at most several hundred meters tall. Under normal circumstances, it wouldn’t take long for a stone to reach the bottom after being thrown from such a height, issuing echoes of a crash, but now, there was actually no echo!

Did the rift connect to the underground? Otherwise, it was illogical for the boulder to not reach the bottom by now. Huang Xiaolong stood there pondering for some time, in the end, he still decided to go down the rift.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong leaped off the edge, diving into the rift, initiating battle qi and internal force to control his falling speed. Passing a hundred meters down, Huang Xiaolong’s range of view only extended

ten meters around him. He continued to drop when a sudden chilly wind rose from the bottom of the rift, striking his skin, Huang Xiaolong felt as if he was slashed by a cold sword and his flesh was slightly stinging from the pain.

Huang Xiaolong was truly shocked. Since he had broken through the Xiantian realm, especially after entering high-level Xiantian, his skin was extremely tough, even surpassing most average Xiantian Eighth Orders' toughness, and had no fear towards the general swords and spears. Not forgetting that the Asura qi flowing inside his body was of extreme Yin and extreme cold, but he felt pain from a cold wind that came from the bottom of a rift? What kind of cold wind was this?!

While Huang Xiaolong was immersed in his thoughts, another gust of cold wind blew up and he quickly twisted his body away, barely dodging the cold wind. Controlling his speed, his vigilance peaked. The lower he got, the presence of the cold wind became more common, frequent, and bigger.

In the beginning, it was one or two gusts, as he fell lower, it rapidly increased to ten, then twenty, so much that Huang Xiaolong had no choice but to project out his Asura battle qi to create a protective Vigor Qi barrier that wrapped around his body. Nevertheless, strands of cold wind eroded through the barrier, causing Huang Xiaolong much discomfort.

Passing six hundred meters, Huang Xiaolong had no choice but transform into the Asura Physique, at the same time summoning the black dragon, fusing as one. At one thousand meters, Huang Xiaolong summoned the blue dragon and soul transformed. Despite all these, Huang Xiaolong felt like the blood in his body was frozen stiff, unable to flow.

One thousand two hundred meters later, Huang Xiaolong was forced to stop to catch his breath. Raising one hand, he struck a side of the rift wall and drilled into the cave mouth, using more than an hour's time, he finally made it back to the rift top with great relief. Broken pieces of ice fell off his body with a small shudder.

It seems I can only check this place out after the auction. Huang Xiaolong looked downward at the bottomless rift, thinking to himself.

The sky was already dark and tomorrow was the day of the auction, he needed to rush back to the city.

He had a feeling, at the bottom of the rift, there should be a different world.

### **Chapter 290: Meeting Yao Fei Again**

Three hours later, Huang Xiaolong made it back to the City of Myriad Gods from Broken Tiger Mountain, it was already midnight.

"Young Lord!" Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest waited in front of a small courtyard for quite some time, when they spotted Huang Xiaolong, all of them hurried up to greet him.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and entered the courtyard.

Taking into consideration the time needed to explore the Four Seas Mountain's dwelling, they would be spending quite a few days in the City of Myriad Gods, hence Huang Xiaolong decided to purchase a courtyard. The courtyard wasn't large, but the price reached millions in units, although gold coins were the thing that Huang Xiaolong lacked the least of all.

Huang Xiaolong had lost count of the amount of gold coins the Nine Tripod Commerce earned these years, adding the riches acquired from the spatial rings of the Xiantian realm experts he killed on the way, these built up to a substantial wealth. Especially the band of exterminated Poison Saint Sect Elders and disciples.

Entering the yard, Huang Xiaolong excused Qin Yang and the other three people, reappearing in the Xumi Temple in a muted flash. Once there, he took out the two manuals, Great Void Divine Fist and Great Demonic Yin Sound, and started practicing. In recent days, ever since he had gotten these two manuals, Huang Xiaolong allocated some time to practice both skills and managed to achieve favorable results.

Within the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette was seen constantly jumping and shifting positions, both hands forming firm fists as they punched out many times over, creating a series of intangible and surreal giant fist imprints that pierced through the air, striking onto the void. Intangible one moment and solid the next, mystical and strange. This was the Great Void Divine Fist.

Time elapsed, then Huang Xiaolong flicked his wrists, changing the energy circulation in his body as his pupils suddenly glowed dark, his mouth opened and soundwaves burst forth from Huang Xiaolong's mouth like surging tidal waves, hitting the walls of Xumi Temple and bouncing out in all directions. The echoes lasted for a long time in the Xumi Temple hall.

Compared to that Poison Saint Sect Elder Jin Zhong's display of the skill, the power of Huang Xiaolong's attack had doubled the damage. By the time he was done with practicing these two skills, the sky already started to brighten, Huang Xiaolong stopped and exited the Godly Mt. Xumi.

When he came out of the Godly Mt. Xumi, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Liu Chong were already waiting for him in a humble manner. Not wasting more time, the group of five headed to the auction house.

Due to the auction's attraction this time around, people rushed from all over to the City of Myriad Gods, the crowd heading towards the auction house was like an endless river of people flowing in one common direction.

Although the distance wasn't far, Huang Xiaolong's group still used no less than half an hour to pass through the crowded doors. The message related to the Great Thousand Technique mid-grade Heaven rank cultivation technique, Peerless Wind Breaking Finger battle skill, and also the Herculean King's jade had spread far and wide in the Bedlam Lands. Experts of different forces were rushing into the city to attend the auction.

"Look, that is Sin City's Young Noble, Zhao Chen!" A sudden ruckus swept the crowd.

Attracted by the noisy crowd, Huang Xiaolong turned over to look, following the gazes of the crowd. A small path opened by itself between the initially crowd packed entrance, where a handsome young man dressed in a rich brocade robe walked in, escorted by a team of bodyguards.

"I didn't expect that even Young Noble Zhao Chen would come here! I heard the Sin City's Castellan has thirteen children, Young Noble Zhao Chen possesses the highest talent and is most favored by the Sin City's Castellan!"

"I wonder what Young Noble Zhao Chen's strength is, there were rumors about him breaking through the Saint realm as early as thirty years ago!" Boisterous discussions happened all at once amongst the crowd, many disciples of families and sects were looking at Zhao Chen with burning eyes full of worship.

Huang Xiaolong was a little surprised hearing the surrounding peoples' discussions; the handsome young man in black brocade robe was actually one of the Sin City Castellan's children?

Sin City, one of the top ten hegemony forces in the Bedlam Lands, in fact, it stood at the top of the list.

At this moment, protected by his guards, Zhao Chen was passing in front of Huang Xiaolong. Unsure whether it was intentional or not, when Zhao Chen was passing by Huang Xiaolong, he glanced at Huang Xiaolong from the corner of his eyes. Their eyes met, and at the same time, an invisible pressure swiftly enveloped Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong's soul shuddered, but it was only for the briefest moment, and he managed to recover almost instantly. When he did, Zhao Chen and his guards had already entered into the auction hall.

"Young Lord?" Qin Yang moved closer to Huang Xiaolong, venturing cautiously.

Huang Xiaolong looked unblinkingly at Zhao Chen's back: "Let us go in too." Although it was only a split second collision, it was enough for Huang Xiaolong to have an estimate of Zhao Chen's strength: without a doubt, Zhao Chen was genuine Saint realm expert, that kind of momentum couldn't lie.

Not only that, Huang Xiaolong could see it in Zhao Chen's eyes: he knew who he was?

Arriving at the auction house's entrance, Huang Xiaolong paid a million gold coins and entered the auction hall with Qin Yang and the rest. Going up to the first floor, Huang Xiaolong scanned around, choosing a slightly secluded corner, and sat down.

There were a total of three floors in this City of Myriad Gods auction house, the second and third floor were reserved private rooms, which were specifically built for Saint realm experts. Thus, Huang Xiaolong could only stay on the first floor, like most of the other guests.

In the private room number nine, on the third floor, Zhao Chen sat down. Through the special crystallized walls of the room, he noted Huang Xiaolong taking a seat on a more secluded corner on the first floor below.

"He's Huang Xiaolong?" He questioned a guard beside him.

A silver-haired old man that was standing to the left of Zhao Chen's back stepped forward: "Yes, Young Lord."

Zhao Chen nodded, eyes twinkling, but no one knew what was on his mind. Whereas on Huang Xiaolong's side, noisy chatters sounded next to him just as he took a seat.

"This time's auction, even Millennium City's Senior He Yunxiong is here!"

"Senior He Yunxiong is here?!"

That's right, it was said that Senior He Yunxiong's ancestor was the Herculean King, one of the six ancient kings. Surely, the Herculean King Jade has attracted Senior He Yunxiong over. In my opinion, Senior He Yunxiong is determined to get his hands on the piece of jade!"

"I heard that Young Noble Zhao Chen is also here this time, he must also be aiming for that Herculean King Jade, Senior He Yunxiong might not be able to have his wish come true so smoothly."

He Yunxiong? Listening in to the small talk taking place beside him, Huang Xiaolong was surprised. He didn't expect even He Yunxiong would attend this time's auction, all because of that piece of jade.

Millennium City was one of the ten largest cities of the Bedlam Lands, but it ranked slightly to the bottom, and He Yunxiong was the Castellan of Millennium City—also one of Bedlam Lands' top ten experts.

Any one of Bedlam Lands' top ten experts rarely showed their faces in public in dozens of years, everyone was excited to see He Yunxiong attending the auction in person.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong's eyes suddenly narrowed as he stared fixedly at a figure seated in one the auction hall's corners. This person was actually Yao Fei! Huang Xiaolong's eyes turned icy, Yao Fei appearing here in the Bedlam Lands was probably not a coincidence.

As if he had a feeling, Yao Fei turned his head around, his sight collided with Huang Xiaolong's. At first, Yao Fei was stunned, then it was replaced with the wonderful joy of a hunter locking onto its prey, the desire to kill shone through his eyes.

Fixing a dead stare at Huang Xiaolong, Yao Fei mouthed soundlessly: Huang Xiaolong, you're dead now!

Huang Xiaolong's lips pulled back into a cold sneer.