

INVINCIBLE 301

Chapter 301: Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra

Four days later, the little Daoist man was fully refined by Huang Xiaolong, 'his' consciousness was slowly eroded away by the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array.

After the divine grade little Daoist man's consciousness was erased, Huang Xiaolong swallowed the pellet into his body, sat down and started to run the Asura Tactics, refining its medicinal properties.

The energy within a divine grade spirit pellet was comparable to the spiritual energy fish. The instant it entered his body, the medicinal energy surged like angry waves through his four limbs and the rest of his body. Huang Xiaolong's Qi Sea and dantian absorbed the medicine energy in a frenzied manner. A faint herb fragrance wafted out from Huang Xiaolong's body spreading to the surroundings.

Half a month passed.

Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes as he ended his cultivation session. He had fully refined the little Daoist man after half a month's time. Now, not only had he stabilized his recent breakthrough to Xiantian Tenth Order, his cultivation improved as well, closer to peak early-Xiantian Tenth Order.

Immersing his perception internally to check his condition, he noted that his meridians expanded once again and became tougher, even the true essence in his dantian was denser.

Huang Xiaolong once again ran the Asura Tactics, attracting the surrounding spiritual energy, swirling speedily towards him. 'At this speed, perhaps not even a Saint realm expert's speed of absorbing spiritual energy can contend with my own.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

A short moment later, Huang Xiaolong stood up, his attention on the remaining three jade bottles on the drawer. The first jade bottle he checked contained a divine grade spirit pellet, what about the others? He could barely hold his excitement in.

Walking over, he opened all three jade bottles, and indeed, all three jade bottles contained divine grade spirit pellets. The second bottle Huang Xiaolong opened contained a divine grade spirit pellet that had taken the form of a winged-tiger, the third pellet was a golden flood dragon, and the fourth bottle held a purple fox.

The strength of these three, a winged-tiger, a golden flood dragon, and a purple fox, were much weaker compared to the little Daoist man earlier. Thus, not wasting any more time, Huang Xiaolong refined and swallowed them one by one.

...

While Huang Xiaolong was busy refining the divine grade spirit pellets, inside a manor on the south side of the City of Myriad Gods, an extremely ugly expression hung on Zhao Chen's face; it had been almost half a year! Huang Xiaolong, that useless punk, was still hiding inside the city!

"Are you sure Huang Xiaolong, that punk, has been inside that yard all this time?" Zhao Chen's asked gloomily.

The silver-haired man, Steward Feng, stepped forward, answering humbly, "Our people are watching the yard twenty-four hours a day, Huang Xiaolong has never stepped out of the courtyard, only his several followers come out occasionally. Even so, they only came out to buy some daily necessities, none of them exited the city."

A light glinted in Zhao Chen's eyes.

But the silver-haired Steward Feng spoke cautiously, "Young Lord, this subordinate has a question, I'm wondering if it is appropriate to ask?"

Zhao Chen took a quick glance at Steward Feng saying, "You're wondering why I'm acting against Huang Xiaolong when there is no feud between us?"

Steward Feng was surprised having his thoughts seen through, but he nodded, "Yes, this slave's heart has doubts. Moreover, Huang Xiaolong is just a nameless junior, with Young Lord's identity, there is no need to act in person."

In fact, just like what Steward Feng said, with Zhao Chen's background, he needn't take this matter into his own hands, as long as he spoke the words, there would be many people willing to be of service.

Zhao Chen said, "I have my reason to handle this matter personally. Don't ask what you shouldn't ask, you will know in the future."

"Yes, Young Lord. This slave spoke too much." Steward Feng acknowledged respectfully, but after hesitation, he ventured again, "However, if Huang Xiaolong continues to hole himself in City of Myriad Gods, we...?"

The look in Zhao Chen's eyes sharpened, "There are three months remaining until the opening day of the Ghost City, two more months, if that Huang Xiaolong still doesn't show up, then I can only take him away forcefully!"

Ghost City, one of six main cities during the ancient era, a monument left behind by one of the six ancient kings, the Ghost King, appearing once every one thousand years.

...

Days passed and it was over a month, in the secret dwelling beneath the cold spring lake, Huang Xiaolong succeeded in refining the last of three divine grade spirit pellets, bolstering his cultivation to mid-Xiantian Tenth Order.

Mid-Xiantian Tenth Order!

Huang Xiaolong stood up and initiated his battle qi. A simple breath gathered the airflow into a spiral, turning into a howling wind dragon that roared endlessly, rotating above the space for a long time before dissipating.

This was Huang Xiaolong's current level of strength! Every breath he drew in and out contained the force of a dragon. Then Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the straw grass hut to an open space close by and started practicing the Asura Tactics, displaying the moves one after another from the very beginning.

Whirls of fierce winds rotated above the space, followed by a lightning-filled sky as buds of strange flowers bloomed in the air, then glaring red eyeballs appeared out of nowhere, releasing terrifying light beams.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong stopped, but it took longer for the fierce winds, powerful lightning, and scarlet red eyeballs to dissipate.

Displaying the Asura Sword Skill from the first move after breaking into Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong found his comprehension of them deepens.

'I wonder what's inside the rest of the grass huts?' Huang Xiaolong focused again on the present, his eyes strayed to the remaining grass huts. With a flicker, he entered a random third grass hut.

Inside, other than a long halberd, there was nothing else.

The long halberd was entirely a metallic dark-gold, on its body were inscribed numerous mythical beasts of ancient times, each looking vividly alive. Trailing the length of the long halberd, Huang Xiaolong noticed dense ancient text at the bottom of the halberd.

"Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra." Huang Xiaolong translated the words.

According to what was written, as long as he refined the Eminent Holiness Halberd, he would be able to inherit the full Sutra heritage. This Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra was left behind by the owner of this space, Supreme Eminent Holiness, this halberd Sutra was his strongest battle skill.

'By refining this Eminent Holiness Halberd, one can actually gain the Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra, this is an unexpected harvest.' Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up. Although he wasn't lacking in terms of cultivation techniques and battle skills, these were things that no one would deem as having too much.

Judging from the situation, this Eminent Holiness was a great master himself. Only those who had reached the God Realm could inscribe their cultivation techniques or battle skills into non-living items so that it could remain for many years, a heritage.

Thus, following the method of refining inscribed on the body of the Eminent Holiness Halberd, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi, slowly refining the halberd to become his own.

A dozen hours later, when Huang Xiaolong finished refining the halberd, a scene suddenly appeared in his mind.

In that scene, a person reaching three zhang tall stood high above a mountain peak. His halberd slashed down and the sea in front of him receded without resistance! Then, his halberd swung out, halberd intent reaching ten thousand miles cut right across the huge mountain through and through, straight in the middle.

This giant person displayed one attack after another continuously—the Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra!

Witnessing the Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra's power of shaking mountains and flipping seas, Huang Xiaolong was greatly shocked.

Soon, the scene in his mind ended and vanished.

There was a total of nine moves in the Eminent Holiness Halberd Sutra, every move was just as powerful and strong.

'I must find time to ask Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu about this Supreme Eminent Holiness, he shouldn't be someone nameless.' Huang Xiaolong made a note.

Looking at the long halberd, with a thought, it shrunk smaller and smaller in size, in the end, it submerged into Huang Xiaolong's right arm. On Huang Xiaolong's right arm, the Blades of Asura made their home there long ago, now, beside the tattoos of the twin dark blades was a totem-like pattern of a golden halberd.

Chapter 302: Have You Heard of Heavenly Treasures?

Keeping the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his body, Huang Xiaolong walked to the fourth grassy hut. Inside the fourth grass hut, paintings of beautiful women were hung on the walls and there was nothing else apart from these paintings.

Huang Xiaolong looked around and counted a total of sixteen paintings of beauties. Sixteen beauties, all different, unique, gentle, uninhibited, sweet and pure, alluring. And all sixteen beauties were naked. Looking at the glamorous curves, proud peaks and luscious grassland below, even with Huang Xiaolong's strong will, he couldn't stop his heartbeat from quickening.

It took Huang Xiaolong a while to suppress the rising desires in his heart, his eyes focused on the red thread that was wrapped around all sixteen beauties' naked bodies. The loops and turns of the red thread on the beauties' paintings were different, Huang Xiaolong believed that this showed the energy flow of a cultivation technique. Huang Xiaolong turned towards the first painting, noticing a line of words on the left bottom corner, written in minuscule ancient text.

"Seven Desires Magic Art."

Seven Desires Magic Art? Didn't the Eminent Holiness cultivate in the Eminent Holiness Technique? Huang Xiaolong was surprised to find this Seven Desires Magic Art, in his view, this Seven Desires Magic Art must have been a cultivation technique practiced by some evil lord during the ancient times and coincidentally, it fell into Eminent Holiness' hand.

Huang Xiaolong didn't waste time being polite, and without hesitation, he moved the all the paintings into the Asura Ring. When he came to the fifth grass hut, it was actually empty, whereas in the sixth grass hut, there was a scepter placed within. At the head of the scepter was the carving of a celestial beast's head, eyes scarlet red, emanating the esteemed momentum of an ancient celestial beast.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong picked up the scepter. Holding it in his hands, a warmth spread in his palm. Turning the scepter up and down and around as he tried to figure out the scepter's origin, he came to a nil. Although he could not figure out the origins of the scepter, Huang Xiaolong keenly felt that it was by no means simple, like the Asura Ring and the Blades of Asura.

The scepter also went into the Asura Ring.

Coming out from the sixth grass hut, Huang Xiaolong swept clean all the herbs and elixirs in the space, moving everything into the Asura Ring.

After emptying everything the eyes could see, Huang Xiaolong spread his spiritual sense out to every corner of the space, attempting to see if he could find the Eminent Holiness Technique that divine grade spirit pellet little Daoist man mentioned.

He didn't need this Eminent Holiness Technique, but he could give it to his family to cultivate. However, despite carefully searching every inch, Huang Xiaolong was sorely disappointed, he didn't find any clues about where the cultivation technique could be, if it truly existed.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong left the space, leaving the cold spring using the Godly Mt. Xumi. In the last few months, with the spiritual energy fish and azure cold wind absorbed by Huang Xiaolong, the frigid coldness at the bottom of the rift had greatly reduced compared to when he first arrived. At this rate, all the cold air would completely disperse from the rift within a year's time.

In that moment, Huang Xiaolong no longer dallied, recalling the Godly Mt. Xumi back to his body, he flew up, heading straight to the rift edge.

Previously, Huang Xiaolong used more than ten hours to reach the rift bottom from above, but now, on his way back, his speed had doubled. At amazing speed, Huang Xiaolong got closer to the edge of the rift.

At the same time, on the edge of the rift, two figures sat in a meditative pose. They were none other than the very same people who were attracted over by the dragon's roar and stayed to guard the possibility of a treasure being born, the master and disciple, Fenggong and Dai Li.

But several months passed and the so-called treasure they had been looking forward too did not appear. Fenggong stared down at the bottomless rift, these months of waiting had worn his patience thin.

Was his judgment wrong? If there was a treasure being born, it would have materialized long ago.

"Master, maybe we can try going down again?" Dai Li asked.

Fenggong nodded in agreement and stood up, resolved to go down the rift again. He was unwilling to simply leave like this.

But, just as he prepared to leap off the edge, a sound of piercing wind came from below, startling the two people. In the next moment, they saw a silhouette flying up from the rift at rapid speed. When they realized it was a human, both Fenggong and Dai Li were stunned.

In the months they have been here, they did not see anyone entering the rift. Therefore, the only reasonable conclusion was this person went down the rift before they arrived! This person actually managed to withstand the azure cold wind, staying there for several months?! Could it be that this person wasn't afraid of the extreme cold wind at the bottom of the rift?!

While both of them were immersed in doubt and shock, Huang Xiaolong's body shot past the rift edge, landing softly on the ground with a turn. Feeling the warm sunlight on his skin, Huang Xiaolong breathed in deeply: 'So refreshing!'

After about seven to eight months, he finally returned to the surface. It felt like a full lifetime passed.

Then Huang Xiaolong looked over at Fenggong and Dai Li. Seeing Huang Xiaolong looking at them, the master and disciple both recovered from their shock and Fenggong was secretly relieved when he saw the young man's cultivation was only at mid-Xiantian Tenth Order.

"Master, the treasure at the bottom of the rift, perhaps this person might know..." Dai Li inched closer to Fenggong, whispering in his ear.

Fenggong nodded, he has the very same thought.

"Young man, I have some questions for you, if you answer them truthfully, I can let you go. However, one false word and this rift will be your burial place!" Fenggong pointed at the rift behind him, declaring in a condescending tone. He was a peak late-Xiantian expert, half a step into the Saint realm, a status that was indescribably close to an actual Saint realm expert, killing a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order warrior was quite easy.

Since he descended to the rift bottom, Huang Xiaolong found the Eminent Holiness cultivation cave, swallowed the fiery-red fruit, refined the spiritual energy fish, the divine grade spirit pellets and his strength increased monumentally, thus he was in a good mood. Hearing Fenggong's words didn't anger him in the slightest, secretly smiling in his heart, he looked at Fenggong, "What do you want to know?"

"How long did you stay below?" Fenggong questioned.

Huang Xiaolong pondered, did a quick calculation of the time and answered, "Roughly seven months."

Seven months! Fenggong and his disciple exchanged a glance, both were inwardly astonished.

Counting the time they've spent here, it was close to four months, yet the black-haired young man in front of them was actually here three months ahead of them, descending down to the rift bottom?

"You have a treasure that could block the extreme cold element?!" Fenggong's eyes were burning with greed as they stared fixedly at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong exposed a faint smile watching these two people's expressions: "Correct."

Fenggong's silhouette flickered the instant he heard the answer. Both hands formed into claws, he arrived in front of Huang Xiaolong in a flash, clutching Huang Xiaolong's shoulders, his eyes sharp like the tip of swords as he demanded: "Speak, what is it! Hand it over! Otherwise...!"

Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent, 'allowing' the man's claws to clutch his shoulders. A dazzling light glimmered from his palm as a small golden mountain appeared in the center of his palm.

Abundant Buddhism energy immediately surged out like tidal waves, exuding a mesmerizing golden halo.

It was none other than Godly Mt. Xumi!

Fenggong was awed, fire danced feverishly in his eyes: "This is...?!"

Although he failed to recognize the magical item, he could tell the little golden mountain was extraordinary.

Huang Xiaolong laughed, "Have you heard of Heavenly Treasures?"

“Heavenly Treasures?!” Fenggong and Dai Li exclaimed aloud at the same time.

“You meant to say that this is a Heavenly Treasure?!” Fenggong fixed a deadly stare on the Godly Mt. Xumi in Huang Xiaolong’s palm, his breath getting heavier. Of course he had heard of Heavenly Treasures, every Heavenly Treasure contained mysterious power and force.

Fenggong’s hands were trembling, one hand moved, reaching out towards the Godly Mt. Xumi in Huang Xiaolong’s palm.

Chapter 303: Let Me Experience the Strength of a Half-Saint Realm

Watching calmly as Fenggong’s fingers were about to touch the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong flipped his palm in a minuscule movement, causing Fenggong’s fingers to fall on empty air.

Fenggong, who was overjoyed thinking that a Heavenly Treasure was about to become his possession, was left dumbfounded for a second. Just when he was about to act, to kill Huang Xiaolong and grab the Heavenly Treasure, Huang Xiaolong spoke, “Didn’t you want to ask about the treasures at the bottom of the rift? Aren’t you curious what treasures I took from there?”

Fenggong halted his actions, stunned.

At this moment, a powerful force surged forth from Huang Xiaolong’s body, repelling Fenggong’s body, sending him staggering back more than ten meters.

“You!” Fenggong glowered angrily at Huang Xiaolong, at the same time, he was greatly shocked inside.

Before Fenggong could say another word, another burst of bright light flashed in Huang Xiaolong’s palm, when the bright light faded, it revealed the stem of a seven-colored aura mushroom in Huang Xiaolong’s palm, glowing in a resplendent light.

“Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom!” Both Fenggong and Dai Li exclaimed in unison. Fenggong’s eyes shone with naked greed. The Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom was a top-grade elixir for people cultivating battle qi, a stem of Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom over a thousand years old was already rare, above ten thousand years was considered a treasure, priceless! With his keen eyesight, one look was all it took for Fenggong to estimate the Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom’s age at about thirty to forty thousand years.

A thirty to forty thousand years Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom! Fenggong’s breathing grew heavier.

In that brief moment, another dazzling light flashed in Huang Xiaolong’s hand. This time, a small plant with nine purple-colored leaves materialized next to the mushroom, exuding a noble, dignified purple halo.

“Nine Leaves Purple Grass!” Fenggong’s eyes were bright scarlet as if blood was about to drip from them.

Nine Leaves Purple Grass! A legendary sacred healing medicine!

Swallowing Nine Leaves Purple Grass exceeding a thousand years could heal one’s injuries regardless how grave in just a few months’ time, if it was above one hundred thousand years, even if the meridians and veins were broken and the Qi Sea shattered, taking a ten thousand years Nine Leaves Purple Grass could fully heal the damage!

This Nine Leaves Purple Grass should be the same as the Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom, around thirty to forty thousand years!

A thirty thousand years Nine Leaves Purple Grass!

However, Huang Xiaolong seemed to be in the mood to toy with Fenggong, another flash, and another, and another.

“Fervid Yang Fruit!”

“Human-shaped Purpleblood Ginseng!”

“Jasper Green Lotus!”

One after another legendary elixir materialized continuously, Fenggong was so excited that he started to cry out nonsensically, body shaking as if he was suffering from epilepsy. His disciple was even more embarrassing—Dai Li wet his robe from overexcitement.

Staring at the series of legendary elixirs, Fenggong’s attention was distracted, forgetting about the matter of the Heavenly Treasure.

Huang Xiaolong randomly selected a dozen strains of elixirs from the several hundred that he had. When Huang Xiaolong felt that it was stimulating enough, he finally stopped. Chuckling softly as he watched both Fenggong and Dai Li’s expressions, he said, “At the bottom of the rift, not only did I find these elixirs, I also found four divine grade spirit pellets.”

“Divine grade spirit pellets!!!” Four at that!

Fenggong and Dai Li both trembled visibly...

“Moreover, all four were high-grade divine spirit pellets.” Huang Xiaolong added in all seriousness.

High-grade divine spirit pellet!! Their legs grew weak at the knees.

“But I ate and refined all of them.” Huang Xiaolong continued.

“What?!” The two people that were swaying with excitement stiffened as if they were struck by lightning, nearly stumbled to the ground.

“You, you, you took all, refined?!” The redness in Fenggong’s eyes deepened as he stared at Huang Xiaolong as if he can’t wait to swallow Huang Xiaolong whole into his stomach. His heart bled thinking of the four divine grade spirit pellet,

High-grade divine spirit pellet ah, four of them!

He had been stuck at peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order for more over two hundred years, unable to break through, if he had those four divine spirit pellets, the chances of him breaking through to the Saint realm would drastically increase to nine-tenths!

“You! How could you swallow all of them?!” Fenggong glared at Huang Xiaolong with anger and hate, roaring at Huang Xiaolong overdriven by his emotions, as if those four high-grade divine spirit pellets belonged to him. Huang Xiaolong shouldn’t have dared to refine them, they were meant for him!

Huang Xiaolong suppressed his blooming smile, "Why can't I swallow them? I found those four divine grade spirit pellets."

Fengsong was jolted back to the present; indeed, those four divine grade spirit pellets were found by this young man.

"Kid, obediently hand over that Heavenly Treasure, Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom, Nine Leaves Purple Grass and the rest of the elixirs!" Regaining his composure, Fengsong stop shaking, and commanded Huang Xiaolong, "For that Heavenly Treasure and these elixirs' sake, I will allow you to leave!"

Although Fengsong felt strange with Huang Xiaolong's behavior, so easily revealing the Heavenly Treasure and those priceless herbs, he still wasn't too concerned over this point. Merely a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order. Not to mention a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order, even a late-Xiantian Tenth Order warrior couldn't take more than a hundred moves from him.

At this point, Dai Li approached Fengsong from the back, rubbing his hands with glee and a smug grin, "Master, those elixirs, can I...?"

Fengsong looked at his own disciple and nodded, "Don't worry, you'll have your share. Later, that Human-shaped Purpleblood Ginseng can be given to you."

Dai Li shuddered with joy, repeatedly thanking Fengsong: "Thank you Master, thank you Master!"

Fengsong waved his hand nonchalantly and Dai Li respectfully retreated to the side. Fengsong turned his attention back on Huang Xiaolong, in an unhurried tone he questioned, "Kid, have you thought it over? Will you choose to hand over the Heavenly Treasure and elixirs to me and leave in one piece or be buried at the bottom of this rift? I advise you not to harbor any hope of lucky escape, I've already achieved a peak late-Xiantian cultivation more than two hundred years ago, and now I'm already a half step into the Saint realm. Before me, there's no way you can flee."

Flee? Huang Xiaolong secretly shook his head, looking at the other side with amused interest, "Half-Saint? The Heavenly Treasure and elixirs are in my hand, come over and take them from me if you can." Just as well, Huang Xiaolong wanted to gauge the extent of his current strength.

A half-Saint was the best candidate. If it was some average peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong really wouldn't have wasted the time.

Fengsong was stumped at Huang Xiaolong's words, then a sneer crept up on his face, "Kid, since you wish for death, then don't blame me." As his voice fell, Fengsong's fist punched out towards Huang Xiaolong.

"Let me open your eyes to the power of a half-Saint!"

"The strength of a half-Saint is not something a measly mid-Xiantian Tenth Order like you can contemplate!"

A giant fist imprint shot out, piercing through the air while emitting a purple flame, raising turbulent winds. Before the fist imprint got close to Huang Xiaolong, the stones and boulders on the ground already shattered from the force, pulverized.

At this moment, Huang Xiaolong lifted his hand, striking a punch straight against Fengsong's fist.

Fenggong sneered derisively watching Huang Xiaolong's action: "Naive recklessness!" A measly mid-Xiantian Tenth Order wanted to block his half-Saint attack in a frontal collision? He could already see the scene where Huang Xiaolong was blasted into mincemeat by his punch.

At this point, Huang Xiaolong's and Fenggong's fists finally collided, resulting in a booming explosion. Dust and sand flew into the air as horrifying shock waves surged mostly in Fenggong's direction.

Fenggong's face tightened, his hand quickly struck at the surging shock waves, successfully dispersing the terrifying energy rolling towards him. Despite that, he was forced to retreat back awkwardly for quite a distance.

The surroundings suddenly fell into a deathly silence.

Dai Li had imagined his Master easily dealing with the black-haired young man and him, seeing himself refining the Human-shaped Purpleblood Ginseng. Watching his Master being forced back again and again, his mouth rounded to the size of a chicken egg.

Whereas Fenggong no longer moved as he stood there.

Chapter 304: Back to City of Myriad Gods

The wind howled sharply...

It was a beat later that Fenggong was jolted to his senses, looking at Huang Xiaolong.

Impossible! How could a trifling mid-Xiantian Tenth Order block his half-Saint fist force! How could he be the one pushed back!

He refused to believe!

Suddenly, Fenggong bellowed sharply, a purplish-black energy flow surged from his body as a Six-horned Devil Scorpion emerged behind him and he soul transformed immediately.

Black and purple streaks covered Fenggong's face, making him look ferocious and terrifying.

"Devil Scorpion in The Sky!"

Fenggong leaped into the air, both hands shaped into claws, launching an attack on Huang Xiaolong, akin to a giant devil scorpion.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong dared not underestimate the opponent, swiftly transforming into the Asura Physique. The Wings of Demon extended from his back and his silhouette disappeared in a blur as he initiated his battle qi. Also shaping his hands into claws, Huang Xiaolong confronted the enemy with a similar attack.

Instantly the area was filled with surging devilish air, condensing into many howling wraiths—Asura Demon Claw's first move, Laments of Thousands of Demons!

Upon breaking through to Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong's Asura Demon Claw could form a solid entity, materializing fifty to sixty wraiths at one go. The momentum was a hundred times more overwhelming than before his pre-rift adventure.

Listening to the wraiths howling, Fenggong felt an icy coldness creep up his heart.

However, at this point, his Devil Scorpion claw and Huang Xiaolong Asura Demon Claw collided. The rebound force felt like a tsunami, forcing Fenggong to stagger backward. Seizing this opportunity, Huang Xiaolong sent another palm in Fenggong's direction, the power of the palm overlapped and multiplied, sending golden halos that spread out continuously, looming over the earth.

God Binding Palm!

Fenggong was shocked watching the golden halos coming out from Huang Xiaolong's palm. Almost simultaneously, he felt the airflow around him being vacuumed away, while his limbs and body were shackled by numerous invisible chains.

Apprehension rose rapidly in Fenggong's heart. He pushed his battle qi with a frenzy, wanting to free himself from these invisible shackles, but what made him frantic was that the more he struggled, the tighter these chains seemed to bind him!

Sensing Huang Xiaolong getting closer, he was afraid, frantic, and angry.

"Boundless Qi Explosion!" Fenggong's eyes turned red, his battle qi suddenly resonated and a series of explosions rang in the air. Just when Huang Xiaolong was about to strike again, Fenggong finally succeeded in escaping the binds, quickly raising both his arms to block Huang Xiaolong's palms.

Once again, Fenggong was repelled back in embarrassment, his face turned a shade whiter. By the time he stopped, he had retreated several hundred meters, panting heavily, he looked at Huang Xiaolong with shock and intense terror.

'Just now, what was that battle skill?!' If it wasn't for him using a desperate method, forcefully executing the Boundless Qi Explosion, perhaps by now, he would already be...!

Huang Xiaolong was not surprised that Fenggong managed to escape the God Binding Palm's restriction, because if a half-Saint didn't have at least that much strength, then he couldn't be called a half-Saint.

However, when Huang Xiaolong prepared to continue attacking, Fenggong shouted anxiously: "Stop!"

Fenggong looked at Huang Xiaolong, both of his arms were numbed with pain. Although the total time they actually exchanged moves was only several breaths, he was already afraid. A fear as if he was fighting an actual Saint realm expert wrapped around his heart.

But Huang Xiaolong acted like he did not hear anything, leaping up, the force of both fists blasted out. Fists imprints shielded the sky, intangible and surreal, extremely profound.

The Great Void Divine Fist! This was the first time Huang Xiaolong used it against an enemy.

Watching giant fists imprints fill the sky, Fenggong leaped back, dodging. At the same time, his palms struck out intermittently towards the sky, blasts and explosions rang high up one after another. Even so, the Great Void Divine Fist still landed on Fenggong's chest.

Issuing a muffled grunt, blood spurted from Fenggong's mouth in large amounts, while his body was thrown back like a broken kite. When he managed to crawl to a stand, he saw Huang Xiaolong holding a long halberd in his hands. With a shake, the long halberd stabbed at him, raising layers of big waves akin

to seas flipping over. Failing to dodge, Fenggong was pulled into the crashing waves of energy, blasting his robe into pieces.

Before Fenggong crashed to the ground, a long halberd appeared out of nowhere, piercing through his chest with the tip coming out from the back, a sharp pain burst from his chest. Fenggong stared dumbly at the long halberd stuck in his chest, his eyes traveled along the halberd length to the other end, where Huang Xiaolong stood.

Both of them landed the ground. And Huang Xiaolong pulled out the Eminent Holiness Halberd.

Fenggong wobbled unsteadily more than a dozen steps, barely able to keep his body from swaying. Blood flowed endlessly from the hole in his chest even as his hands clutched at it. Feeling his own blood seeping out uncontrollably, Fenggong suddenly smiled; a smile that held forlorn despair.

“May I know, in whose hands I fell?” Fenggong looked at Huang Xiaolong, each word wheezed out painfully.

“Huang Xiaolong.” Huang Xiaolong replied coldly.

“Huang Xiaolong?” Fenggong’s feeble voice repeated the name, at the end, his body fell the same time as his voice.

“I forgot to tell you, I got this Eminent Holiness Halberd from below too.” Huang Xiaolong said, looking condescendingly at Fenggong.

Fenggong’s eyes gradually dimmed and closed. A half-Saint died in the hands of a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order!

In the distance, watching his Master’s demise, Dai Li was struck dumb. In truth, Huang Xiaolong’s battle with Fenggong, from the beginning to the end, lasted merely a dozen breaths’ time. Everything happened so fast that Dai Li had a hard time processing what took place right before his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong strode over in Dai Li’s direction, jolting Dai Li awake from his shock to the gravity of his situation.

“You!” There was only terror in his eyes other than terror. His feet moving backward woodenly, Dai Li was suddenly at a loss.

While Dai Li was still in a daze, Huang Xiaolong’s long halberd snaked to the front, piercing Dai Li’s chest in one quick strike before being pulled out.

It was exactly high noon at this time, and underneath the bright sunlight, the Eminent Holiness Halberd glinted with a noble halo, there was not a drop of blood on the length of its blade. Huang Xiaolong returned the halberd to his arm after appreciating it briefly.

A moment later, Huang Xiaolong had removed two spatial rings and burned the two bodies. Disappearing in a flicker, he headed towards the City of Myriad Gods.

‘It’s been seven months, I don’t know if Yao Fei, that scourge, is still in the City of Myriad Gods’ A sharp light glinted in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes at the thought of Yao Fei. ‘Hopefully, Yao Fei hasn’t left the city!’

There was also that Zhao Chen!

However, Huang Xiaolong had doubts regarding Zhao Chen. He firmly believed that he didn't offend Zhao Chen before, thus there was no grudge to speak of. But, why do Zhao Chen want to deal with him? Moreover, it was as if this Zhao Chen knew him.

Huang Xiaolong sped through the air, appearing like a line of azure light cutting across space. One hour later, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the City of Myriad Gods.

Back in the City of Myriad Gods, Huang Xiaolong first headed to the courtyard where Qin Yang and the rest were.

The moment Huang Xiaolong appeared at the City of Myriad Gods' city gates, within a manor on the south side, Zhao Chen was the first to receive news of Huang Xiaolong's appearance. Hearing his subordinate's report, Zhao Chen looked icily at Steward Feng, stating, "Didn't you say we have people watching that courtyard twenty-four hours a day, that Huang Xiaolong did not take a step out from that yard?! Now that he returned from outside the city, how do you explain this?!"

A film of cold sweat dotted Steward Feng's forehead, not knowing how to answer.

Huang Xiaolong left the City of Myriad Gods, when was this?! He truly did not know.

Zhao Chen sneered, "I didn't expect that kid to return again after leaving. Since you dared to return, then this time around, you shouldn't even dream to leave the City of Myriad Gods ever again! After dealing with you, it's time to make that trip to Ghost City."

Chapter 305: Why Should I Run ?

Originally, Zhao Chen had decided to capture Huang Xiaolong in his residence courtyard, but now that Huang Xiaolong had returned, very good!

"Order down, tell those trash not to alarm Huang Xiaolong at the moment, wait till I'm there before making any move!" Zhao Chen snapped an order at Steward Feng.

"Yes, Young Lord!" Steward Feng hastened to appease Zhao Chen.

A short while later, Zhao Chen led a group of expert subordinates heading out to Huang Xiaolong's courtyard.

On the other side, Huang Xiaolong stepped inside the yard. Seeing Huang Xiaolong return, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng were in high spirits, all four quickly went up to greet Huang Xiaolong. Telling them to stand, Huang Xiaolong inquired about the general situation in this period of absence.

Listening to Qin Yang's report, it appears Zhao Chen's men had been watching their every move all these months, Huang Xiaolong sneered inwardly. Spreading his spiritual sense, his body disappeared in a blur, and when he re-appeared in the yard, Qin Yang saw his hands held four brocade robed middle-aged men prisoner. With a casual flick, he threw the four people to a corner of the yard.

Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest were wide-eyed as they looked at the four people Huang Xiaolong casually threw to a corner, they of course recognized the four people's faces being Zhao Chen's subordinates—moreover, each of them was a Xiantian Eighth Order expert.

It was merely a lapse of few breaths' time, Huang Xiaolong already captured four Xiantian Eighth Order experts?!

Did this mean that their Young Lord found the dwelling left behind by that ancient God Tribe master? Apart from that, they couldn't think of any other reason for Huang Xiaolong's strength advancing so much in a short seven months!

'Young Lord not only broke through Xiantian Eighth Order, perhaps he reached late-Xiantian Eighth Order, maybe even peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order.' Qin Yang secretly surmised.

In his judgment, Huang Xiaolong could defeat a late-Xiantian Eighth Order when he was still a mid-Xiantian Seventh Order, now that he had broken through to late-Xiantian Eighth Order, dealing with several Xiantian Eighth Order experts was nothing out of ordinary.

Huang Xiaolong had no idea about the thoughts passing through his four subordinates' little minds. Looking at the four people on the ground, his cold voice sounded: "Speak, why is Zhao Chen so keen on dealing with me?"

Huang Xiaolong was really curious why someone he had no feud or grudges with was looking to trouble him.

The four of them ignored Huang Xiaolong's questioning, all raised their head and glared at him. One of them snickered, "Punk, if you're wise, let us go now, if not, you won't even be able to wish for death later!"

"That's right, obediently release us right now, our Young Lord might leave you with an intact corpse!" Another man added with contempt.

"Is that so?" Huang Xiaolong's expression was icy cold. His hand reached out and made a grasping motion and the two people flew straight into Huang Xiaolong's hands.

Their necks were tightly clutched in Huang Xiaolong's hands, his icy voice sounded, "Then I shall leave you with an intact corpse now." Finished saying that, Huang Xiaolong exerted pressure in his fingers, instantly breaking their necks.

When the two bodies fell to the ground, their eyes were bulging out in disbelief, Huang Xiaolong actually dared to kill them. The remaining two people stared in fear at the bodies of their comrades. The proud arrogance earlier vanished without a trace, leaving only terror on their faces.

Huang Xiaolong slowly approached them.

"You, don't kill us!" Both men retreated in panic.

"Speak! Why must Zhao Chen come after me?!" Huang Xiaolong's eyes were sharp and cold.

"We don't know, truly, we really don't know!"

"Steward Feng only ordered us to watch your movements, as for why Young Lord wants to deal with you, we really don't know!" Both men blabbed out everything for a slim hope of survival.

“Since it’s like that, there’s no use in keeping you two alive.” Huang Xiaolong commented, without another word, his fist punched through the air.

The Great Void Divine Fist landed squarely on the two men’s chest, blasting a hole in their chests.

Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng jumped seeing Huang Xiaolong kill all four people without any hesitation, after all, these four were Zhao Chen’s men.

“Young Lord, isn’t it better if we leave this City of Myriads Gods now?” Qin Yang stepped forward and inquired cautiously. Zhao Chen would not let this matter of killing his subordinate go.

“Leave?” Huang Xiaolong turned towards the distant sky, “I’m afraid we won’t make it now.”

Just when Qin Yang and the rest were puzzled by Huang Xiaolong’s answer, several black dots appeared on the horizon, moving at amazing speed in their direction.

“Zhao Chen!” Qin Yang and the other three paled.

Huang Xiaolong watched as the several dots representing Zhao Chen and his people grew bigger and closer. He sneered, thinking ‘this Zhao Chen’s actions are real fast.’ It seems he was informed the moment he passed through the city gates.

Huang Xiaolong stood on the same spot, not showing any expression, waiting for Zhao Chen to arrive. Moments later, Zhao Chen and his subordinates finally landed in the courtyard where Huang Xiaolong was.

Zhao Chen landed in the middle of the yard, and his eyes scanned the surroundings. As he did so, he saw the four bodies of his subordinates and his face sank gloomily. Facing Huang Xiaolong, his voice was sullen, “You dared to kill them!” Like the saying went, ‘Look at the master before you hit the dog’, moreover, he even killed them!

He knew Huang Xiaolong was aware that these four were his men.

Huang Xiaolong retorted indifferently, “Why wouldn’t I dare?”

Zhao Chen glared fiercely at Huang Xiaolong, a blue light flitted in his eyes and he suddenly burst into laughter, “Huang Xiaolong, you really think I won’t dare to kill you just because that old fogey He Yunxiong is shielding you!”

“Let me enlighten you, anyone who offends me, no matter who it is, cannot live!”

A blue flame emerged from Zhao Chen’s body, dancing wildly. Blue flames licked the air, raising the surrounding temperature ten times higher, as if the entire courtyard fell into boiling magma. Qin Yang and the rest were astounded to see the water inside a big urn in the corner evaporating drop by drop, turning into strands of mist.

Streams of hot waves wrapped around the four of them, causing a searing pain in their flesh.

At this point, the silver-haired Steward Feng stepped forward, “Young Lord, please allow this slave to act, killing a mere Xiantian warrior would dirty your hands.” This Steward Feng was also a Saint realm expert, hence he did not put Huang Xiaolong, a mere Xiantian warrior in his eyes.

“No need.” Zhao Chen lifted one hand. Looking at Huang Xiaolong, a complacent sneer appeared on his face, “I will do it myself, I want to let He Yunxiong, that old fogey, know that the people I want to kill, no one can save!”

“Yes, Young Lord!” Hearing this, Steward Feng and the other subordinates retreated to the side.

Huang Xiaolong too indicated Qin Yang’s group to stand aside.

Zhao Chen looked at the calm Huang Xiaolong and an indifferent smile arched up the corner of his mouth, “This is my first time seeing someone at death’s door still being able to maintain such calmness.” Seeing Huang Xiaolong’s lack of reaction, Zhao Chen was no longer in a hurry to kill him. To him, killing Huang Xiaolong was merely a matter of second and minute.

“Are you so sure you can kill me?” Huang Xiaolong didn’t mind Zhao Chen’s words, showing a nonchalant expression.

Zhao Chen was stumped momentarily at Huang Xiaolong’s words, as he if had just heard the world’s funniest joke and he couldn’t help laughing aloud. Seeing this, Steward Feng and the rest of his subordinates also broke out in laughter. In their opinion, those words were indescribably silly and idiotic.

A Saint realm expert couldn’t kill a small, measly Xiantian warrior? If a Saint realm expert wanted to exterminate a Xiantian warrior, without a doubt, it was only a matter of squashing an ant. They had never heard of a Xiantian warrior having the ability to flee from a Saint realm expert.

Zhao Chen finally stopped laughing, but there was still mirth in his eyes as he looked at Huang Xiaolong, “You think you can run from me?”

“Run? Why should I run?” Huang Xiaolong asked in return.

Chapter 306: Battling Saint Realm

Zhao Chen snickered, “You actually plan to battle me?” His tone was full of ridicule.

Standing some distance away, Steward Feng and the rest of Zhao Chen’s subordinates shook their heads hearing that Huang Xiaolong had no plans to escape.

“Has this kid’s brain gone cuckoo? Does he really plan to battle our Young Lord?” Zhao Chen’s subordinates snickered amongst themselves.

“I think he’s scared silly by our Young Lord! Perhaps he knew there’s no chance of escaping, that’s why he didn’t plan to run.” One of them laughed.

Listening to his subordinates’ discussion, Zhao Chen waved a hand at them, signaling them to stop, before turning back to Huang Xiaolong, “Don’t say I didn’t give you a chance, summon your martial spirit, I’ll even give you two hands handicapped. If you can force me to retreat half a step, I will let you leave.”

Zhao Chen then stood with both his hands clasped at his back, anchored akin to Mt. Tai. Judging from his stance, he planned to stand there and let Huang Xiaolong attack unhindered.

“Really?” Huang Xiaolong remained stoic. Suddenly, a strong burst of evil energy surged around him as streams of fiendish Asura qi spread in the yard like tidal waves. A powerful atmosphere soared to the sky from Huang Xiaolong’s body.

Steward Feng and his group saw a pool of terrifying fiendish energy gathering above Huang Xiaolong’s head, condensing into a demonic cloud.

This greatly shocked everyone present. Only when a person’s evil qi accumulated to a certain degree could it condense out a demonic cloud, the requirements were so strict that even some Saint realm evil cultivators failed to reach this extent.

‘What kind of battle qi does this Huang Xiaolong cultivate?!’ Even Zhao Chen was slightly taken aback.

The Wings of Demon extended from Huang Xiaolong’s back, mysterious runic patterns glimmering on their surface, emanating a biting chill.

“Well, at least you have something to look at,” Zhao Chen looked at the demonic cloud above Huang Xiaolong, laughing in a carefree manner, “I just wonder if your battle strength is as good.”

Although he sensed that the atmosphere from Huang Xiaolong wasn’t weak, it wasn’t enough for him to pay any real heed.

Within a split second, Huang Xiaolong made his move—both of his hands shaped into claws and struck down on Zhao Chen. Terrifying evil qi transformed into wraiths, baring sharp fangs and pointed claws, as the giant claw imprint pierced the air onto Zhao Chen. Before the claw imprint struck Zhao Chen, the furious draft wind caused Zhao Chen’s robe to flutter madly. In the distance, other than Steward Feng, the rest of the subordinates could not withstand the violent energy and were forced to retreat.

Merely the secondary force raised by the claw imprint contained such might!

Zhao Chen was honestly shocked at the power of the claw imprint, the saint force surged from his body, creating an energy barrier around him.

Just as the barrier formed, the Asura Demon Claw slammed onto the surface. A booming explosion rendered the air, splitting the eardrums of Zhao Chen’s subordinates.

Before the watchful eyes of Steward Feng and the rest, their Young Lord, who had his hands behind his back, shook and was pushed back.

One step!

Two steps!

Three steps!

Zhao Chen retreated a total of three steps before coming to a stop. At the same time, the Asura Demon Claw and the qi barrier dissipated, their energy exhausted.

Zhao Chen looked at the three footprints he made on the ground in disbelief; these three footprints were left by him? He, a Saint realm expert, was actually pushed back by a tiny, insignificant Xiantian!!

His subordinates drew in a sharp cold breath seeing this result, especially the four half-Saints amongst them, these four were shocked to the core. They knew very well the extent of a Saint realm warrior's strength and defense. Even if Zhao Chen stood unmoving, allowing the four of them to attack together simultaneously or separately, Zhao Chen wouldn't move an inch.

But now! Their stupefied gazes fell on Huang Xiaolong; didn't this mean that Huang Xiaolong was far stronger than the four of them combined?! Still, the black-haired young man standing in front of them was undeniably a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order.

By this point, Zhao Chen returned to his senses and had an ugly expression on his face, glowering at Huang Xiaolong. He was actually forced back by a Xiantian warrior, if word got out, he would be treated as the butt of a joke in the Bedlam Lands.

The longer he looked at Huang Xiaolong, the more intense the killing intent in his eyes grew. Never before had he ever felt such a strong urge to kill someone. Zhao Chen walked towards Huang Xiaolong step by step, the blue flames shrouding his body dancing wildly.

"What, didn't you say you would give me a handicap of both hands?" Watching Zhao Chen walking over with a ferocious expression, Huang Xiaolong taunted. "Now you don't intend to give any more handicaps?"

Zhao Chen halted, his expression grim. Indeed, that was what he said earlier... Not only would he not use his hands, but if Huang Xiaolong could force him back half a step, he would let Huang Xiaolong go.

As thick as his skin was, Zhao Chen couldn't help feeling a burning heat rising to his cheeks. However, surpassing all these was his killing intent towards Huang Xiaolong.

"Blue Polar Ice Flame!" Zhao Chen sprinted forward, his palm slapping down aiming at Huang Xiaolong. Blue flames overcast the yard, but, just as the flames were about to engulf Huang Xiaolong, his silhouette vanished into thin air.

The blue flames landed on the stone mountain where Huang Xiaolong stood previously, shattering it into powder.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong escaping his attack once again, his face was extremely gloomy.

Zhao Chen spread out his spiritual sense wanting to find Huang Xiaolong, but was alarmed by the powerful energy fluctuations behind him. Without a second thought, Zhao Chen twirled around and struck his palm out. Despite his swift reaction, his palm attack still fell on empty air. Again, Huang Xiaolong's figure was nowhere to be seen.

Breaking through to mid-Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong was able to use his martial spirit's ability, Space Concealment, with ease, and the duration of the concealment in the space pocket had increased to slightly more than one minute.

Fully utilizing his martial spirit's ability, Huang Xiaolong continued to conceal and attack repeatedly. In the eyes of Steward Feng's group, their Young Lord was indirectly turned into Huang Xiaolong's combat practice dummy, standing there and counterattacking only when Huang Xiaolong attacked.

Combining both of Huang Xiaolong's main martial spirits' abilities, Space Concealment and Phantom Shadow, his speed reached an unimaginable level, akin to a daylight phantom. Only Steward Feng, who was a Saint realm managed to capture the blurry images left behind, whereas the several half-Saints only saw an illusory flash of black light. Those late-Xiantian Tenth Orders had it even worse, for they could see nothing at all.

Zhao Chen stood still. He was furious, he didn't expect that a careless moment of underestimating Huang Xiaolong would lead to him suffering several hits.

"Blue Sea Devouring the Heavens!" Zhao Chen bellowed.

The blue flames shrouding Zhao Chen transformed into a sea of blue fire, blocking the sky, expanding over the entire area of the courtyard. Everything in its path was incinerated to ashes, including the stone walls and chairs in the compound.

Steward Feng, Qin Yang, and the rest swiftly retreated until they were outside the courtyard's perimeter. Under the pressure of this sea of blue fire, Huang Xiaolong was forced to reveal himself.

"Star Burst Fist!" Seeing that he successfully forced Huang Xiaolong to appear, Zhao Chen launched a decisive attack, punching towards Huang Xiaolong. The blue flames were bright like a shooting star in the night sky. Arching over the air, the flames arrived in front of Huang Xiaolong and exploded instantly, releasing a terrifying destructive power that spiraled in his direction.

Huang Xiaolong shot out an Earthen Buddha Palm and visions of Buddha statues filled the yard in an aureate glow, colliding against the power of destruction.

Even so, the large collision impact sent Huang Xiaolong reeling backward, flying in the air for a dozen meters, when he stabilized himself, Zhao Chen's attack was already incoming. With no time to think, Huang Xiaolong reacted, punching out with his fist.

Giant fist imprints overcast the sky, intangible yet real the next moment, mysterious and profound.

The Great Void Divine Fist!

Chapter 307: Ghost City Appeared

Zhao Chen, who was in the midst of attacking Huang Xiaolong, was stunned by the surreal giant fist imprints overcasting the sky, a thought struck his mind at lightning speed...

'This...! This seems like the rumored legendary Great Void Divine World's Great Void Divine Fist!'

The blue flames emitted from Zhao Chen's body transformed into blue flowers, blossoming in the air. From afar, it was a mesmerizing view.

The Great Void Divine Fist imprints crashed into the many blossoms of blue flame flowers. One by one the flowers were destroyed, blasted into smithereens, yet once again they blossomed, filling the sky.

Sparks and flames flew in every direction.

Zhao Chen stood in midair, fixing a deadly stare at Huang Xiaolong: "The move you made just now, was it the Great Void Divine Fist?!"

The Great Void Divine Fist! That was a top-grade battle skill from the Great Void Divine World!

As Sin City's Young Lord, Zhao Chen lacked neither cultivation techniques nor battle skills, however, he did not possess something of the same grade as the mythical Great Void Divine Fist.

Huang Xiaolong didn't expect Zhao Chen to recognize the Great Void Divine Fist, but he did not conceal it, "Correct." There was nothing to conceal after all.

"Hand over the Great Void Divine Fist technique, I can make a concession, letting you die more comfortably!" Zhao Chen's eyes were burning with desire.

'The Great Void Divine Fist, it was really the Great Void Divine Fist!'

"Is that so?" Huang Xiaolong sneered sarcastically. In a split second, a vertical slit appeared on Huang Xiaolong's forehead, the Eye of Hell opened, shooting out two crimson red light beams. Zhao Chen suddenly felt something impacting his mind, causing him to go blank.

The Blades of Asura appeared in Huang Xiaolong's hands and quickly swung out. Two grand blade lights flew out, similar to volcano eruption awakened after a millennium of slumber, like a stampede of a million beasts, a storm covering the Nine Heavens, arriving in front of Zhao Chen faster than the eye could blink.

Asura Sword Skill's third move: Wrath of the Nether King!

Zhao Chen's clarity recovered almost instantly, however, the Wrath of the Never King already penetrated through his blue flames, aiming for his heart. But before the blade lights could pierce his skin, a blinding light burst forth from Zhao Chen's body. A large blue-colored black hole emerged, blocking the attack, when the blades lights fell into the black hole, it was no different from droplets of water swallowed by the vast sea.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed. Saint realm's space!

When one advanced into the Saint realm, they were able to manipulate the Laws of Space and an individual space would open in the Saint realm warrior's Qi Sea. Facing an enemy in battle, a Saint realm expert could summon that space from the Qi Sea into the real world, both for attack and defense.

Zhao Chen looked at Huang Xiaolong with mockery in his eyes, "Huang Xiaolong, with this level of attack you expect to penetrate through my defense? I'll open your eyes now to the real extent of the gap between a Saint realm and a Xiantian!" Exuberant battle qi surged profusely, the blue glow around the Saint realm space before Zhao Chen shook the heavens, releasing a terrifying heat that enveloped Huang Xiaolong.

Before the heat wave arrived, Huang Xiaolong felt like he was about to turn into ashes at any moment, even with the toughness of his physical body, it was difficult for him to truly withstand the scorching heat. If he was really hit by this hot wave, he would very likely be turned into gray ashes.

Huang Xiaolong did not dally or hesitate, with a leap, he vanished from the spot. At the same time that Huang Xiaolong vanished, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fen Encheng also disappeared where they stood.

....

Moments later, the sound of Zhao Chen's enraged roar reverberated in the entire City of Myriad Gods.

"Search, get that kid in front of me even if you have to flip over the whole Bedlam Lands!" Blue flames danced wildly, turning everything inside the courtyard to ashes.

Half an hour later, on a small hill a hundred miles outside the City of Myriad Gods, Huang Xiaolong's group of five appeared.

Although he had broken through to Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong knew that with his current level of strength he was far from being able to defeat a Saint realm expert. The previous battle with Zhao Chen was a mere test to gauge where he stood against an actual early Saint realm expert.

Comparatively, in terms of strength and defense, he was of a lower rung. Of course, Huang Xiaolong had the Space Concealment and Phantom Shadow martial abilities, Zhao Chen couldn't really harm him if he truly wanted to run. Furthermore, Huang Xiaolong did not display the Godly Xumi Art, soul transform with his twin dragon martial spirits nor bring out the Godly Mt. Xumi.

He realized that he didn't have enough strength for self-preservation if rumors about him having the Godly Xumi Art and Godly Mt. Xumi were made known.

'There's no other way but to break into the Saint realm as soon as possible.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself. Once he broke through to the Saint realm, defeating Zhao Chen was only a matter of a breath's time.

While Huang Xiaolong was contemplating all these things, the four, Qin Yang, and the rest stood quietly behind him, but in truth, great waves of shock were hitting their hearts. Qin Yang initially assumed that, at most, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation would rise to peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order from the last adventure, never did he imagine that Huang Xiaolong could battle with an early Saint realm expert like Zhao Chen and still retreat safely!

Recalling the scenes of Huang Xiaolong battling Zhao Chen one after another, their emotions could hardly calm down even after a long time.

This... had far exceeded their scope of imagination.

"I asked you to investigate that Yao Fei, what's the result?" At this point, Huang Xiaolong suddenly looked at them and asked.

Before Huang Xiaolong left the City of Myriad Gods, he ordered the four to keep an eye on Yao Fei. Due to Zhao Chen and his men's interference earlier, Huang Xiaolong hadn't had the opportunity to ask until this moment.

Qin Yang was pulled out of his trance, quickly stepping forward to answer, "Young Lord, according to our investigation, that Yao Fei headed to the Ghost Domain."

"Ghost Domain?" Huang Xiaolong's brows creased into furrows, 'What is this Yao Fei doing, going to the Ghost Domain?' Huang Xiaolong knew of the Ghost Domain, being one of the largest forbidden lands in the Bedlams, mostly occupied by ghosts and evil spirits. The lower level Xiantian warriors that entered the Ghost Domain would only end up as nourishment for those ghosts and evil spirits.

Even some early Saint realm experts needed to think twice before venturing deeper into the Ghost Domain. In the deeper parts of Ghost Domain lived demons that had been alive for several thousand years.

These evil spirits had evolved into demons, each one had earth-shaking power, some even comparable to high-levels of human Saint realm experts.

“Replying to Young Lord, according to the rumors, a Ghost City would appear above the Ghost Domain in the near future, this subordinate’s guess is that Yao Fei’s objective in the Ghost Domain might be the Ghost City that is about to appear.” Lifei stepped up, reporting the information.

“Ghost City?” Huang Xiaolong was slightly baffled, he had heard of the Ghost Domain, but not about a Ghost City.

“The Ghost City is a time old city left behind by one of the six ancient kings, named after the Ghost King himself, appearing only once every thousand years. Inside, the Ghost City is rumored to store many rare treasures, from cultivation techniques, top battle skills, spirit pellets and elixirs, even magical weapons, armors, and the like crafted by divine level craftsmen during the ancient era. Every time the Ghost City appears, warriors from all over the Bedlam Lands would rush to seize this opportunity.” Qin Yang explained.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes flickered with anticipation. This came as a surprise for him, he didn’t expect that something like the Ghost City was left behind by the Ghost King. During the ancient era, six ancient kings ruled the earth, each one of them a tyrannical hegemony that covered one direction.

Amongst the six ancient kings, the Ghost King was considered the most mysterious of all and the most impalpable, commanding a ghost army of billions; his own body was part human, part ghost, and part God.

“Interesting.” Huang Xiaolong merely uttered a single word. Originally, he planned to return to Black Demon City and start his move of conquering the Blood River City as well as the surrounding cities. However, since he coincidentally chanced upon the appearance of the Ghost City, he should definitely take a look.

“All of you return to Blood River City first, I’ll make a trip to the Ghost Domain. We’ll attack the Five Poison Cult when I return.” Huang Xiaolong commanded solemnly.

The four of them dared not disobey Huang Xiaolong’s order, each answered with the utmost respect.

With a step, Huang Xiaolong’s silhouette disappeared in front of them in a blur.

“Say, do you think the Young Lord is a Heaven God’s reincarnation?” Sending Huang Xiaolong away with her gaze, Lifei suddenly spoke.

There was an old legend in the Martial Spirit World that every ten thousand years, a human reincarnation of a Heaven God would appear. Qin Yang and the other three exchanged a look.

“Let us go.” Qin Yang said after a while. Hence, the group of four flew off in the direction of Blood River City.

Chapter 308: Earth Dragon Egg

The Ghost Domain was located in the northern parts of the Bedlam Lands.

Departing from the City of Myriad Gods to the Ghost Domain, the distance wasn't that far. Two weeks later, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the border of the Ghost Domain.

Gazing into the Ghost Domain's land, visible greenish mists permeated the air, fleeting, and laced between the green mists were gray and black energies.

A peculiar death aura washed over him.

Huang Xiaolong quickly initiated his battle qi, forming a protective barrier around himself. Piercing through the thick death aura in front of him, he went inside the layers of green mist.

Inside this Ghost Domain, there wasn't a ray of sunlight, as far as the eye could see, every direction was covered in a twilight darkness.

Huang Xiaolong continued to make his way deeper into the domain, and occasionally, strange shrieks and noises entered his ears.

"Gua~gua~!" "Guagua!" In a dead tree up ahead, several black crows flapped their wings and flew away.

One hour later, Huang Xiaolong landed at the edge of a green lake. The color of the water was extremely green, so much that it made an eerie feeling creep up one's spine. On the lake's surface, bubbles would float up from its depth, popping and releasing devil qi into the air.

Although there was no sun in the Ghost Domain, there was a blood-red moon hanging in the sky. Beneath its sanguine moonlight, the lake's surface reflected a blood-red glow. At the edge of the lake, a plant that was neither too big nor too small grew, bearing three fruits. The stalk of the plant was black as ink, yet the fruit it bore was an opulent gold, emanating an exotic fragrance.

'I didn't expect to find a Detoxification Fruit here.' A sparkle shone in Huang Xiaolong's eyes and he lifted his foot, stepping towards the plant.

The Detoxification Fruit could resolve a hundred kinds of poison, it was an extremely rare spirit fruit.

However, an entirely greenish-black evil creature emerged from the lake, jaws opened wide, revealing sharp pointed teeth, it pounced on Huang Xiaolong like a brutal predator. Even before its jaw got close, a revolting rotten smell polluted Huang Xiaolong's surroundings.

Watching the creature coming at him, a light flickered in Huang Xiaolong's hand and the Blades of Asura slashed out numerous blade lights, disappearing under the sanguine moonlight.

A strange sounding miserable scream rang out in the lake. Starting from its mouth, the evil creature was split into countless pieces, falling back into the lake, splashing water all over.

This evil creature was a common existence in the Ghost Domain, called a Devil Sprite. To an average Xiantian warrior, it might be slightly troublesome, but to Huang Xiaolong it was not a problem at all.

Picking the three Detoxification Fruits from the plant, Huang Xiaolong threw all three into the Asura Ring and took out the detailed map he bought when he first arrived in the City of Myriad Gods.

Every time the Ghost City appeared, it would be located in close proximity to the Evil Spirits Mountain, thus Huang Xiaolong planned to speed over.

“Evil Spirits Mountain.” On the map, Huang Xiaolong managed to pinpoint its location quickly. Calculating roughly, to reach the Evil Spirits Mountain from his current spot would only take three to four days at his speed, whereas there were still seven to eight days until Ghost City appear. There was ample time and he was in no hurry, therefore he decided to first rest before continuing onward.

Surveying the area, Huang Xiaolong’s flickered into a blur, appearing on a more veiled spot on top of an ancient tree and sat down. Then, he took out the Jasper Lotus elixir he got from the Eminent Holiness space and swallowed it down.

Huang Xiaolong took a few hours to finish refining the Jasper Lotus.

Just moments after Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, the wind whistled through the air. Turning over to look, Huang Xiaolong saw two middle-aged men in blue robes approaching closer from afar.

“This time, we really made a bountiful harvest on our trip to the Ghost Domain!”

“Haha, you’re right. Once we brothers refine this Earth Dragon egg, our chances of breaking through to the Saint realm would increase to nine-tenths!”

Their voices carried by the wind reached Huang Xiaolong’s ears.

Earth Dragon egg! Judging from these two men’s conversation, it seems they got their hands on an Earth Dragon egg!

The Dragon Race had become extinct long ago, Huang Xiaolong didn’t expect that a dragon egg could have survived up to now.

A dragon egg contained pure dragon essence, and this pure dragon essence was not something the spiritual energy fish Huang Xiaolong refined could compare with.

If...! Huang Xiaolong’s heart raced wildly, immediately standing up. With a leap, he was already blocking in front of the two men.

“Who?!” Chen Naiming and Du Xinjie were startled at the sudden appearance of the young man in front of them, quickly gathering battle qi, preparing for battle.

“Hand over the Earth Dragon egg!” Huang Xiaolong did not waste time blabbing nonsense, directly stating his purpose.

Chen Naiming and Du Xinjie’s eyes narrowed. Observing longer, both of them noticed that Huang Xiaolong was merely a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order, both instantly relaxed, breathing out in relief.

“Your mother, I thought ‘who could it be’, but it’s merely a small mid-Xiantian Tenth Order.” Chen Naiming laughed at Huang Xiaolong, but in the next moment, his expression turned grim: “Brat, what did you say just now?”

A small mid-Xiantian Tenth Order actually dared to rob two half-Saints?

Du Xinjie snickered sinisterly, "Just now this brat said he wants our Earth Dragon egg." His voice was thick with ridicule.

Both men once again burst out laughing.

"You're right, we indeed have an Earth Dragon egg." Chen Naiming stared at Huang Xiaolong, sneering, he said, "Brat, are you sure you are strong enough to take it from us?"

"Why talk so much nonsense with this brat, kill him and be done with it." Du Xinjie said.

"No rush. We're idle anyways, we could spend some time to play with this little brat." Chen Naiming said to Huang Xiaolong, "Little brat, if you kneel down obediently, eat up that pile of beast dung, and make an oath to serve us brothers, I might be in a good enough mood to spare your life. Perhaps, I might even be generous enough to give you some Earth Dragon eggshells."

A finger pointed at a large of black dung not far away, not knowing what kind of evil beast or creature it came from. An extremely large pile, reaching to an adult's waist.

Du Xinjie laughed heartily, "I'm only afraid the Earth Dragon eggshell is too hard for you and you can't digest it."

An Earth Dragon's eggshell was harder than a ten thousand year cold iron. Imagining the scene where the brat in front of him gnawed miserably on a piece of Earth Dragon eggshell, Du Xinjie couldn't help laughing.

However, as he laughed merrily, a blurry shadow shot out, and Huang Xiaolong arrived in front of him in an instant. Du Xinjie was startled, a cold light reflected in his pupils and the next thing he knew was the icy pain coming from his neck.

Du Xinjie touched his neck, feeling the warm blood seeping through his fingers.

"You!!" He stared at Huang Xiaolong wide-eyed in disbelief.

The gaze in Huang Xiaolong's eyes was phlegmatic, his palm landed a strike on Du Xinjie's chest at lightning speed, sending him crashing to the ground a few meters away, falling exactly on that waist-high pile of unknown dung. His legs twitched in the air a few times before losing all actions.

Huang Xiaolong shifted his attention on Chen Naiming: "It's your turn now."

Only at this moment did Chen Naiming recover from his shock after watching Du Xinjie being attacked, he was unable to hide the shock and trepidation in his eyes.

"Little brother, no! Senior!" Chen Naiming blurted out in a stuttering voice. However, he merely managed these few feeble words before Huang Xiaolong's fist connected, burying him in the same waist-high pile of dung.

Huang Xiaolong looked icily at the two bodies.

It didn't take long for Huang Xiaolong to find the spatial rings of the two men, and in Chen Naiming's spatial ring, there was a giant egg that was as tall as two people stacked head to feet. On the surface of

the egg were rows and rows of dense mysterious runic patterns. Huang Xiaolong sensed the terrifying energy contained inside the egg.

Chapter 309: Refining the Earth Dragon Egg

Looking at the gigantic egg, Huang Xiaolong's eyes shone brightly. Without a doubt, this was the Earth Dragon egg.

Earth Dragon egg, ah! This was an egg that contained all the true essence of a dragon!

Huang Xiaolong was excited, after refining the true dragon essence of this egg, there was a high chance he would break through to peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order! Maybe even higher...!

Saint realm!

It took some time before Huang Xiaolong calmed down, and then a tiny regret set in. If he had thought of it earlier, he wouldn't have killed the two men so quickly, he could have asked them where they found this Earth Dragon egg. If it was inside an ancient dragon's cave, there might be other good things lying around.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong left the area after dealing with the two bodies.

Now, he needed a safe place to refine the true essence inside this Earth Dragon egg. As for that so-called Ghost City that was about to appear, it was thrown to the back of his mind.

Every time the Ghost City appears, it would stay open for one month's time before vanishing again, making a move after he refined the dragon essence still wouldn't be too late. Moreover, Ghost City's appearance always triggered fierce and tragic competition for treasures, therefore Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to rush over.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong drilled into a giant tree bark hole halfway up a mountain. The diameter of the tree needed at least ten people to fully hug it, dense foliage and thick branches that conceals well the hole in the bark. Moreover, the hole was twenty meters above ground, not so easy to see.

Huang Xiaolong looked around, the natural tree hole was spacious enough to accommodate fifteen people. There was an adult's height between the floor and the exit, thus the people outside wouldn't notice anyone sitting inside.

Inside the tree hole, Huang Xiaolong summoned the Godly Mt. Xumi, entered the Xumi Temple hall and brought out the Earth Dragon egg.

The shell of an Earth Dragon egg was harder than steel, to absorb its true essence through the eggshell was unbelievably difficult, not to mention extremely slow. However, this difficulty only applied to other people, not Huang Xiaolong, since he had the Thousand Beast Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda!

Summoning the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, Huang Xiaolong infused battle qi into the Thousand Beast Cauldron and activated the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array to suck the dragon egg inside. He then activated the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array, the light around the Earth Dragon egg pulsed ever more brightly.

Ten minutes passed, the bright yellow glow of the earth element seeped out from the gap of the Thousand Beast Cauldron's lid and tiny strands of energy streamed out. Although these strands of energy were small, the energy contained in them was shocking.

Huang Xiaolong was delighted seeing this, his palm slapped the cauldron lid and sucked in the essence of the Earth Dragon egg into his body. Quickly running the Asura Tactics to refine the abundant energy from the Earth Dragon egg.

The instant the dragon essence entered his body, Huang Xiaolong felt every part of his meridians, Qi Sea, and dantian being filled with vigorous surging energy, prompting Huang Xiaolong to increase his refining speed even more. His Qi Sea, meridians, and dantian were filled over and over again, expanding in size every time they filled.

To Huang Xiaolong, his Qi Sea, meridians, and dantian were akin to a dry desert, whereas the dragon essence was the vitality injected within. There had never been a moment where his Qi Sea, meridians, and dantian were full of spry vitality.

One hour passed, two hours passed...

The black and blue dragons hovered above Huang Xiaolong's head, roaring with excitement. The more Huang Xiaolong refined the dragon essence, the stronger the twin dragons martial spirits became, they were even more solid and bigger.

For the black and blue twin dragon martial spirits, the dragon essence from the egg was, without a doubt, the best nourishment. As Huang Xiaolong continued to refine the dragon essence, the black and blue dragon martial spirits reaped great benefits, growing stronger and more powerful.

One day passed.

A resplendent halo shrouded Huang Xiaolong's body, the atmosphere of dragon essence permeated the Xumi Temple hall. Even the nameless fire tree brought into the Xumi Temple by Huang Xiaolong was emitting a soft glow. If one took a closer look, they would notice that the faint dragon essence that lingered in the air was being slowly absorbed into the nameless fire tree.

This nameless fire tree was also absorbing the dragon essence!

Even so, it only absorbed the energy floating in the air, what was expelled by Huang Xiaolong, thus it didn't affect the refinement of dragon essence inside Huang Xiaolong's body.

When three days had passed, the nameless fire tree actually bore fruit, fiery-red fruits were hanging from the branches, glistening with a tantalizing luster.

Time flowed and very soon ten days passed.

The resplendent halo around Huang Xiaolong grew stronger, lighting the Xumi Temple in a prism of rainbow colors.

While the nameless fire tree absorbed the dragon essence, it actually grew a circle bigger, its lush foliage was like puffing fire clouds, shining a reddish gold. Huang Xiaolong sat in the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, and coincidentally, in the area shrouded by the puffs of fire clouds.

From afar, he looked like a sleeping fire dragon. Compared to ten days ago, the atmosphere around Huang Xiaolong's body had more than doubled.

Half a month passed.

On this particular day, the dazzling lights that filled the hall vanished suddenly, the time in the spacious hall seemed to have stopped when an awe-inspiring energy of light burst forth from Huang Xiaolong's silhouette, shaking heaven and earth.

Majestic dragon might flood into the hall, originating from Huang Xiaolong.

When Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, the sky in the outside world above the giant tree was rapidly changing.

Half a month, it took Huang Xiaolong half a month to finish refining the energy from the dragon egg. The amount of dragon essence inside the egg was meant for the hatching of a real dragon, so in short, Huang Xiaolong refined a dragon.

Now, every inch of Huang Xiaolong's body, Qi Sea, meridians, blood, and flesh contained the pure energy and essence of a dragon. The surging dragon might that filled the hall belonged to Huang Xiaolong himself, and not the black and blue twin dragon martial spirits.

Submerging his spiritual senses within to check his physical condition, Huang Xiaolong found out that his meridians and veins expanded five to six times and were much tougher as well. Moreover, each vein was like a real dragon, devouring and absorbing spiritual energy at all time.

In the space above Huang Xiaolong's dantian, true essence gathered like pieces of liquid crystal.

"This!" Huang Xiaolong was surprised and ecstatic. His dantian's internal force had fully, completely, entirely, turned into true essence! This liquid crystal form of true essence seemed to hold a stronger power than he had expected. With every complete cycle, he could feel his physical strength enhancing.

Huang Xiaolong's battle qi cultivation reached peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order. Although he was slightly disappointed that he did not advance into the Saint realm, he was contented, because stepping into Saint realm was never so easy. As heaven-defying as an Earth Dragon egg was, it was nearly impossible to enable a Xiantian to break through into the Saint realm within the span of a month.

"It's time to make a visit to the Ghost City." Huang Xiaolong stood up, muttering to himself. A sharp light glinted in his eyes and his momentum came rolling—if he come across Zhao Chen again, he was confident that he could battle on the same level without revealing the existence of the Godly Xumi Art!

Chapter 310: Stepping into Ghost City

As for Yao Fei, if they met again, Huang Xiaolong had the confidence to squash him with ease! It would be no different than squashing an ant, crushing him into meat paste little by little between his fingers!

Just as Huang Xiaolong was about to exit the Xumi temple and go to the outside world, he caught sight of the nameless fire tree and the numerous fiery fruits hanging on its branches. He also noticed that its trunk was wider, its branches thicker, and its leaves were denser and more vibrant.

Huang Xiaolong stared slightly wide-eyed, dumbfounded.

In the past few months, he had tried different methods, yet failed to make the nameless fire tree grow even a centimeter, forget about making it bear fruit. But now, not only was it taller and bigger, it was even bearing fruit!

One, two, three...!

With a single glance, Huang Xiaolong counted twenty-six fiery fruits, exceeding the number of fruits that were in the tree when Huang Xiaolong first found it at the bottom of the rift. Pondering on the changes of the nameless fire tree, Huang Xiaolong guessed that its growth was related to the dragon essence. His fingers made a twirling motion and a red fruit flew to his hand, then he opened his mouth and swallowed the entire fruit.

Entering his body, the fire fruit melted into pure fire element energy, spreading out to his Qi Sea and meridians. Barely the time it took for an incense to burn, Huang Xiaolong had fully refined the fire fruit. His Qi Sea, meridians, veins, and flesh had reached a terrifying new height after refining the Earth Dragon egg, so much that Huang Xiaolong no longer needed to sit down and meditate to refine rare elixirs like the fire fruit.

However, Huang Xiaolong shook his head after that. If he was still a Xiantian Ninth Order warrior, this new evolved version of the fire fruit might have been able to enhance his cultivation, but now its benefits were negligible. Hence, Huang Xiaolong left the rest of the red fruits where they were, keeping them for his family for when he would see them later.

With a flicker, Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple, went out of the tree hole and, determining his position, he made his way towards the Ghost City.

Refining the Earth Dragon egg delayed him for half a month, and by now, the Ghost City had already appeared for eight days.

Huang Xiaolong's silhouette was like a phantom under the moonlight as he sped up to the destination unobstructed, taking a one day and night's journey before he reached the Evil Spirits Mountain.

Evil Spirits Mountain was, in fact, an extended mountain range covering an unknown land area, further than the eye could see. The Ghost City was one of Bedlams forbidden lands, but Evil Spirits Mountain was one the biggest nefarious locations. Although Evil Spirits Mountain wasn't considered a deep region of the Ghost Domain, it gathered a large number of evil spirits, demons, and devils that went on a rampage, it was a place where ghost and demonic aura pierced sky high.

However, when Huang Xiaolong reached the Evil Spirits Mountain, what awed him wasn't the heavy ghost and demonic aura, but the unparalleled giant of a city hovering above the Evil Spirits Mountain!

A real, crimson red city that stretched for tens of thousands of miles and seemed to be just as tall!

The city walls were above a hundred zhang, made from an unknown ore. The entire time, blood flowed endlessly from the top of the city walls! This blood was a blackish red, emanating a sense of horror, even standing a few miles in the distance, Huang Xiaolong detected an unpleasant pungent stench, akin to the foul smell of thousands of millennium old corpses, whose stench was never gone.

The airspace above the city loomed in total darkness, obscuring the moonlight in this part of the Ghost Domain. Looking closer, Huang Xiaolong noticed that the cloud of darkness that floated over the city consisted of evil spirits, devils, and half-ghost half-devil entities!

An orchestra of high-pitched shrieks and howls echoed from above the city, agonizing one's eardrums.

Staring at the grand floating city, the amazement Huang Xiaolong felt was hard to describe. While he was still observing the city, a piercing shriek rang abruptly and a large ghost-like creature separated from the dark cloud above, flying straight at Huang Xiaolong.

Jolted back to the present, Huang Xiaolong didn't spare a glance at the creature, his palm turned and slammed at it, causing its mass to explode in the air. Then, he leaped up, flying towards the gigantic floating Ghost City.

But the gates leading into Ghost City were blocked by the swarm of countless evil spirits, devils, and half-ghost half-devil creatures that wouldn't even let water trickle through. For Huang Xiaolong to enter the Ghost City, he had to kill his way in.

Not far from the Ghost City gates, Huang Xiaolong saw three middle-aged men clad in certain sect's blue robes in the midst of slaughtering their way into the city, but before they could succeed, they were drowned by a swarm of evil spirits and devils, bitten off, torn apart and eaten alive!

Huang Xiaolong watched as the three people had their flesh torn off by a group of hundreds of evil spirits and little devils, from the arms, thighs, to other parts. The brutal bloodiness caused Huang Xiaolong's brows to scrunch together.

This horrifying scene was also witnessed by other warriors and sect disciples who had the same thought of slaughtering their way into the city and caused them to retreat in panic, their faces turned a deadly white and a chill that wouldn't go away crept into their hearts.

They could see that the group of three were all late-Xiantian Tenth Orders.

"Look, someone's trying to break into the Ghost City again!" At this point, one of the onlookers exclaimed, pointing at Huang Xiaolong.

"A peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order? Another one is going to die, probably eaten by these evil spirits before he can even touch the city gates!" An onlooker sneered.

"That's right, this is the ninth day of Ghost City's appearance, the number of evils spirits and devils plugging the entrance keeps increasing. There's no way to go into Ghost City without a Saint realm expert leading!"

In the short lapse of time when the people around were talking, Huang Xiaolong leaped through the air, landing about three hundred meters from the city gates.

The evil spirits and devils crowding the entrance saw a new prey approaching and all of them bared their sharp fang and claw in excitement, pouncing towards Huang Xiaolong.

Watching this, Huang Xiaolong snorted, his hand raised up and struck an Earthen Buddha Palm frontward. In that moment, the world was filled with a myriad of Buddha statues, holy Buddha luminescence lighted up the land.

Harrowing cries came from the evil spirits and devils as they exploded, erased from the world.

Buddhism energy flooded out from Huang Xiaolong's body like angry waves, spreading to his surrounding.

The second swarm of black creatures that was about to join in pulled back hastily, as if they were facing the most appalling thing in the world. Some didn't stop in time, coming into contact with the Buddhism energy emanating from Huang Xiaolong's body and tragic shrieks rendered the air due to excruciating pain as dark green mist sizzled from these dark creatures' bodies.

These evil spirits and devils retreated in haste out of Huang Xiaolong's path.

The other sect disciples and warriors' jaws dropped to the ground watching this result, only managing to recover their senses when Huang Xiaolong's silhouette disappeared from sight behind the city gates.

"This, who was that kid? How could he have such pure Buddhism energy?!"

"Is that a Blessed Buddha Emperor's secret genius disciple?!"

"That palm attack just now, what kind of battle skill was that? Does the Blessed Buddha Empire have such battle skill?!"

Intertwined with everyone's shock was extreme regret, if they knew earlier, they would have followed right behind Huang Xiaolong, entering the Ghost City.

Huang Xiaolong looked back behind him after entering the city. Those evil spirits and devils were kept outside the city gates, three zhang away from them, unable to come even half an inch closer. There had to be some unique arrays around the city gates that kept those creatures out from the city, as for the massive number of creatures in the sky above the city, the same theory should apply.

Huang Xiaolong strode in, standing on one of the streets, a biting cold wind blew over. The howling sounds issued were enough to scare away most people. Huang Xiaolong looked around and all he could see was absolute desolateness and heavy solitude. On his left and right were collapsed structures, dilapidated ruins, and headless bodies that were strewn everywhere. Pieces of incomplete body parts and blood stains decorated the scenery.