

# INVINCIBLE 311

## Chapter 311: Ghost King Palace

Inside the Ghost City, a very thick scent of blood lingered in the air. Signs of death and massacre appeared around every corner...

Ghostly and evil aura rumbled outside the Ghost City's perimeter, whereas inside the city itself, not a shred of these two could be detected. But Huang Xiaolong knew that this didn't mean that there were no evil spirits or devils here, more like they were detained, sealed in a certain place.

Once this seal was broken, those evil auras would certainly be overwhelming.

Huang Xiaolong's battle qi ran gently in his veins as he walked down the streets, he was cautious and ready for any sudden movement. Despite his strength having been greatly enhanced after refining the Earth Dragon egg, advancing to the peak of late-Xiantian Tenth Order, this was the Ghost City, a place where even Saint realm experts could fall at any moment.

Huang Xiaolong continued in the same manner for more half an hour, the streets remained empty of other people. Other than the death aura in the air, the only thing that accompanied Huang Xiaolong was the howling wind.

The severed limbs, headless corpses, and mutilated bodies were most likely the result of battles amongst disciples of different sects that had entered the Ghost City seven to eight days ago, their bodies had yet to rot.

Huang Xiaolong spread out his spiritual sense around him and continued moving forward with care and caution. It was at this time that a faint scream was heard from the front, as soft it may be, Huang Xiaolong could still hear it.

It was a human voice!

Huang Xiaolong made a split second decision and flew in the direction of the voice. He didn't see even one living person ever since he stepped into the city, this was an excellent opportunity to ask someone where the sect disciples that entered Ghost City days earlier had gone.

Soon, following the sound of the voice, Huang Xiaolong reached the deserted ruins of a courtyard. In the middle of the yard, he came to the scene of a young woman that could be considered pretty, pleading fearfully at two brawny men holding sharp blades in their hands.

"I beg you, let me go, as long as you let me go, I promise to do anything." The woman endlessly pleaded.

"You would do anything for us to let you go?" The man in green robe gave a nasty chuckle, "It's not impossible to let you go, this master's lower part hasn't enjoyed some pleasure for a long time, make this master's lower part happy and I can consider letting you go." He pointed to the crotch of his pants where a tent rose.

His comrade broke out in boisterous laughter.

The woman stubbornly shook her head, trying to restrain her sobs to a minimum.

The green robed man strode towards the woman, his hand brutally grabbing the clothing on her chest and tearing it off, exposing her jade-white breasts. Shivering in the wind, it was a scene that would arouse desire and lust.

Watching the scene in front of him, the brawny green robed man swallowed loudly with lust. He took another large stride forward, wanting to grab the woman's thigh, but a sharp light glinted in front of his eyes. Both of his hands paused in midair, his eyes were wide with shock even as he tumbled to the ground in the next second.

Huang Xiaolong appeared in the ruined yard, in front of the three people. The other man was jarred seeing his comrade's corpse, his fearful eyes darted towards Huang Xiaolong's face.

The woman awakened, quickly tidying her clothing before approaching Huang Xiaolong's side with an embarrassed expression: "Many thanks for Young Noble's helping hand."

However, just as her sentence ended, a sharp blade appeared in her hand stabbing down on Huang Xiaolong's back. If Huang Xiaolong spine was severed, as powerful as Huang Xiaolong was, he would be gravely injured, even paralyzed on the spot.

The weak and pitiful look completely vanished from her face, replaced with vicious cruelty and bloodlust. Her sadistic laughter rang in Huang Xiaolong's ears, "Little kid, you only have yourself to blame for being nosy, but don't worry, I'll leave your corpse in one piece."

The sharp blade fell right into Huang Xiaolong's spine bone.

At this moment, the other man broke out in manic laughter as he pierced his sword into Huang Xiaolong's chest, vicious words spewing from his mouth, "Punk, it didn't cross your mind that we're actually a group! Seventeen disciples from different sect died under our hands before this, and you're the eighteenth!"

These three people were actually a group!

The three people in cahoots put on a show, all to lure sect disciples like Huang Xiaolong over, killing them when they weren't on guard, and pilfering their treasures.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at the two faces, a sneer appeared on his face, "Is that so?"

Both of them noticed that Huang Xiaolong was calm instead of wailing in pain, and were alarmed. Two pairs of eyes separately darted towards his spine and chest 'wounds' only to realize that their so-called sharp blade and sword stopped right on the young man's skin surface, not even making a cut through Huang Xiaolong's skin.

"This!" The man and woman were dumbstruck.

How could this be! The first word that crossed their minds was—impossible!

Huang Xiaolong had a faint mocking smile on his face looking at their wonderful expressions. He practiced the Golden Linglong Body that came from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, and throughout his years of cultivations, he had lost count of the number of spirit fruits and elixirs he had swallowed. Even

before he refined the Earth Dragon egg's essence, his physical body's defense and toughness were comparable to an early Saint realm expert's. Average blades and swords had no way of hurting him, as they couldn't even break the surface of his skin.

Intense Battle qi surged out from Huang Xiaolong's body, repelling the two people. Their sharp weapons were bounced to the air and broke into a dozen pieces, scattering on the ground. Huang Xiaolong reached out, the suction force pulled the man back, with his throat in Huang Xiaolong's palm. An icy cold voice sounded, "Eighteenth?" The man's face turned purple as he struggled to say something, but Huang Xiaolong's hand exerted a slight pressure, instantly crushing the man's throat and flung him to the side without another glance. Then, he turned around and faced the woman.

Paralyzed by fear, the woman hastened to beg, "Young Noble, have mercy, have mercy, ah! It was them, they forced me, they forced me to do this!" Her fingers pointed frantically at the two men's corpses.

"Speak, where did all the sect disciples that entered the Ghost City go?" Huang Xiaolong questioned coldly.

"They, they headed towards the Ghost King Palace." The woman quickly answered.

"Ghost King Palace?" Huang Xiaolong frowned.

"Right, right, all of them went to the Ghost King Palace. It's at the north side of the city, the Ghost King Palace was the Ghost King's residence in the past, I heard there are a lot of valuable treasures inside, cultivation techniques, battle skills, even Ghost King Pellets refined by the Ghost King himself." The woman quickly listed all the good things to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong then asked the woman what she knew about the Ghost King Palace, and everything was answered honestly.

"Young Noble, can you...?" After answering the last of Huang Xiaolong's question, the woman inquired carefully, eyes seeking mercy.

Huang Xiaolong was indifferent, his hand lifted and a finger pointed directly at the center of the woman's eyebrows, piercing through her head with an Absolute Soul Finger, "I can leave you an intact corpse."

The woman fell, her eyes widened in shock, laying on the ground with her milky white breasts exposed to the sky.

"Ghost King Palace." Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself and flew up towards the said direction of the Ghost King Palace. No wonder he didn't see anyone on the streets, each and every one of them had rushed to the Ghost King Palace.

If so, then Zhao Chen and Yao Fei would surely be at the Ghost King Palace as well!

Huang Xiaolong rushed all the way, his silhouette was only a blur in the Ghost City's airspace. Half a day later, he arrived at the said location.

Standing in midair, Huang Xiaolong looked before him, where the palace structures waved up and down in the horizon line in a complex pattern. The area was so big that it was hard to estimate, and above the palace, the ghost and devil auras were thick enough to condense into ghost and devil clouds.

This was the Ghost King Palace! The place where the Ghost King cultivated in the past.

### **Chapter 312: What If I Intervene?**

Huang Xiaolong paused for a moment in midair before landing on one of the palace's many roofs.

Here, in the Ghost King Palace, Huang Xiaolong found that his spiritual sense was being limited. At most, his spiritual sense could only extend one hundred meters, but the Ghost King Palace area was too enormous, a mere hundred meters radius of spiritual sense was basically redundant.

A thought struck his mind and a vertical slit opened on his forehead—the Eye of Hell. Sure enough, the Eye of Hell could see farther and clearer than his spiritual sense in this ghostly place, even through several layers of walls, Huang Xiaolong was able to see what was happening behind them without obstruction.

Still, it was limited to only a thousand meter in radius.

One thousand meter radius... Huang Xiaolong shook his head. In truth, one thousand meters wasn't that much of a difference. He leaped down from the roof, landing on the ground below, staying on the roof was too obvious a target.

Just as his feet touched the ground, powerful energy fluctuations came from the direction in front of him. Judging from the level of energy fluctuations, the two people fighting were, without a doubt, half-Saint experts. Furthermore, their strength was slightly higher than the old man he battled on the Broken Tiger Rift.

Huang Xiaolong leaped forward, heading towards the source. It didn't take him long to arrive at the scene.

The two people fighting were two young looking men, one was clad in a red robe, while his opponent in a purple robe. On the red robed man's chest, there was a pattern of a two-headed mythical beast, something that Huang Xiaolong had seen before. In the City of Myriad Gods, he saw the same two-headed mythical beast on He Yunxiong's robe.

Therefore, Huang Xiaolong surmised that this red-robed young man was someone from Millennium City, and chances were, he was He Yunxiong's disciple. Whereas the purple-robed young man, the emblem on his robe was an Elephant.

Elephant? It seems this other young man belongs to the City of Myriad Gods, Luo Wujun's disciple!

Luo Wujun, the City of Myriad Gods' Castellan, also one of top ten Bedlam Lands' experts.

From observing these two people's battle, this Luo Wujun disciple's strength was a bit better than He Yunxiong's disciple. Fists and palm imprints collided, the sound of exploding air resonated. All of a sudden, Luo Wujun's disciple changed his movement midair, somersaulting over and slamming a palm strike squarely on He Yunxiong's disciple's back.

Pu! Sun Haoran coughed out a mouthful of blood, plummeting to the ground

Succeeding in injuring Sun Haoran, Wu Zhang landed on the ground, staring at Sun Haoran's miserable condition. A malicious sneer crept up his face, "Sun Haoran, you didn't expect that you would die here, right?"

Sun Haoran wiped off the blood from the corner of his mouth, no fear in his eyes: "If I die, Master will avenge me."

Wu Zhang burst into laughter hearing this, "Master? You think that old man He Yunxiong could leave this Ghost City alive? Let me tell you, the Ghost City's appearance this time, your Master, as well as your nine apprentice-brothers and sisters can only dream of leaving here alive!"

"You!" Sun Haoran paled: "What did you say?!"

"What did I say?" Wu Zhang snickered, "Wait till you see He Yunxiong in hell, you can ask him yourself." Wu Zhang moved again, both palms aiming at Sun Haoran's torso.

Sun Haoran dodged swiftly, but Wu Zhang's palm dogged him like a shadow, closer and closer. Just when Wu Zhang's palms attack was about to strike, a dazzling aureate light filled the sky, overtowering Buddha statues leaped out from the ground below.

Startled, Wu Zhang hastily changed the direction of his attack with a turn of his wrist at the sudden attacker.

A booming blast resounded, the large rebound force repelled Wu Zhang back again and again until he was pushed more than several hundred meters back. Wu Zhang was greatly shocked, his bewildered eyes searched the surrounding to discover that a black-haired young man had appeared in front of Sun Haoran.

Ignoring Wu Zhang's shock, Huang Xiaolong turned back to look at Sun Haoran, "Are you alright?"

Sun Haoran was looking at Huang Xiaolong's back, dumbfounded. Huang Xiaolong's voice pulled him back to the presence, and Sun Haoran shook his head: "I'm alright, thank you."

Huang Xiaolong considered for a moment and took out a stalk of White Ganoderma from the Asura Ring. Its fragrance immediately wafted in the air, lighting up the gloomy dark gray sky as if it was day.

"This, this is White Ganoderma!" Both Wu Zhang and Sun Haoran exclaimed in amazement, eyes staring fixedly at the white fungus in Huang Xiaolong's hand, almost a translucent crystal with a white-colored emulsion moving on the inside.

This was one of the many elixirs Huang Xiaolong found at the bottom of Broken Tiger Rift. A hundred year old ganoderma was common, but a thousand-year-old and above was rare, a stem of a ten thousand year old ganoderma was considered extinct, not to mention the king of ganoderma, the White Ganoderma.

This king of ganoderma, other than enhancing cultivation, it was a holy elixir for healing injuries.

Before the two pairs of feverish eyes, Huang Xiaolong sent the White Ganoderma to Sun Haoran with a gentle flick, "Here, swallow it."

Sun Haoran looked dazedly at Huang Xiaolong in disbelief. Doubtful of what he had just heard, he asked, "Are you sure you want to let me swallow this White Ganoderma?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "I owe Senior He a personal favor."

That time in the City of Myriad Gods, He Yunxiong helped Huang Xiaolong out, now he was just reciprocating the favor by saving his disciple. The White Ganoderma might be a rare elixir in others' eyes, but it wasn't that significant to Huang Xiaolong. In the pile of elixirs inside his Asura Ring, this White Ganoderma ranked at the bottom.

"So, this Brother knows Master." Sun Haoran was relieved after clarifying this point, but still, he refused, "But this is too much, please keep it for yourself. My injuries are not that heavy." He moved to send the White Ganoderma back to Huang Xiaolong. In his opinion, Huang Xiaolong's repayment was slightly overboard, he was embarrassed to accept such a heavy gift.

It was at this moment, a shadow flickered, Wu Shang's hand reached out to grab the White Ganoderma.

However, before he could touch the White Ganoderma, a torrent of halberd shadows appeared, bringing a storm of violent winds that overlapped like layers of waves. Alarmed, Wu Zhang resolutely retreated.

"Big Cutting Palm!" His arms gathered back and then slashed down vertically.

A dozen knife-like palms slashed down on the violent winds created by the halberds.

Boom! A thunderous explosion shook the space.

The numerous halberd shadows dissipated, Wu Zhang succeeded in blocking the layers of violent winds, but despite that, his back was damp with cold sweat. He looked at Huang Xiaolong with trepidation for only he truly understood how horrifying Huang Xiaolong's halberd attack was.

What was this black-haired young man's background, for a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order to possess such terrifying strength? Wu Zhang's throat felt parched, "Friend, this is a matter between our City of Myriad Gods and Millennium City, I advise you, it's better not to interfere unnecessarily."

Huang Xiaolong was impassive, "So what if I interfere?"

When he was in the City of Myriad Gods that time, Zhao Chen's subordinates blatantly attacked Huang Xiaolong without fear of repercussions and the city guards were shamelessly siding with Zhao Chen's subordinates. These didn't help build any good impression on the City of Myriad Gods in Huang Xiaolong's mind.

Hearing that, Wu Zhang shook his head, "This friend's strength is not bad, but still, it's better not to act recklessly, otherwise you would be bringing a catastrophe to your family." Wu Zhang's words were not empty threats. Very little people in the Bedlam Lands dared to interfere in the City of Myriad Gods' affairs.

At this time, Sun Haoren persuaded, "Brother, go." He felt it was not necessary for Huang Xiaolong to offend the City of Myriad Gods because of Millennium City, regardless if Huang Xiaolong owed his Master a favor or not.

### Chapter 313: Ghost King Sutra

Seeing that Sun Haoran too persuaded him not to interfere, Huang Xiaolong shook his head, secretly thinking, 'As a man, what is fear, and what is there to be afraid of?' He wasn't even afraid of Deities Templar, would he bow to a mere City of Myriad Gods?!

When Wu Zhang saw Huang Xiaolong being silent, he immediately assumed that Huang Xiaolong feared the City of Myriad Gods' power and prepared to retreat and he couldn't resist smiling, "This friend could see the truth and make the wisest decision, to preserve oneself is the brightest road..." His words trailed off here, his greedy eyes shifted towards the White Ganoderma with his hands extended out, his meaning evident in the gesture.

But when his hand almost caught the elixir in his hand, halberd images rained down once again. This time, the power of destruction surpassed the last attack, scaring Wu Zhang and causing him to leap back in shock, striking out Big Cutting Palms continuously in an attempt to block.

Wu Zhang retreated again and again until he was several hundred meters back before stopping, a film of sweat trickled down his forehead.

"You!" His expression distorted glowering at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong jeered, "Preservation before principle? When did I tell you that I'm leaving?"

A gloomy light flickered in Wu Zhang's eyes, "Friend really isn't afraid that the family you belong to would perish in calamity due to your folly?"

"That depends if your City of Myriad Gods has the capability." Throwing that sentence, Huang Xiaolong no longer bothered to exchange more words, the Eminent Holiness Halberd hummed, slashing down a thousand zhang long golden black halberd light. Space shook as the long halberd pierced through the air, arriving instantaneously in front of Wu Zhang.

The abrupt change made Wu Zhang's confidence wavered.

"Elusive Dragon Step!"

Without a second thought, Wu Zhang leaped high up from the ground as if he was a flood dragon, barely escaping the thousand zhang golden-black halberd light. A booming sound reached his ears. Turning back, he saw that the palace building structure behind him was cut into two sections right in the middle. Crumbling down to the sides, extending past the structure, dust and sand obscured the view.

Wu Zhang face was ashen watching the result, fortunately, he managed to dodge the attack fast enough, otherwise, he'd be split in two.

While Wu Zhang was still immersed in his lucky escape, bright golden light cast over him. Turning to look, he saw Huang Xiaolong descending on him like a Dragon God. In an upward motion, the long halberd executed another attack. Blinding halberd lights shot straight at him.

"Crimson Blood Palm!" Terrified, Wu Zhang bellowed. His palms doubled in size, turning a blood crimson red, slamming down towards Huang Xiaolong.

Two blood-crimson palm imprints crashed against countless halberd images, shock waves and explosions reverberated in the air.

The powerful impact sent Wu Zhang staggering back when a wayward halberd light flew towards him. Wu Zhang merely caught sight of a bright flash, and the next thing he knew, bursts of pain came from his chest area.

He stared dazedly at his own torso where a halberd was sticking to his chest, penetrating him through and through, the tip coming out from his back.

Huang Xiaolong's expression was cold as he pulled out the Eminent Holiness Halberd before landing on the ground.

Blood fell like rain to the ground from high altitude, as Wu Zhang plummeted.

Sun Haoran was bewildered as he watched Wu Zhang falling from the sky. At this point, he was well aware that Wu Zhang was at the end of his rope, his life not far from being extinguished. He was familiar with Wu Zhang's strength, he was a peak of half-Saint, the City of Myriad Gods' Castellan's second disciple. For centuries, there had never been an opponent that managed to defeat him or strong enough to be a rival.

But now, Wu Zhang actually died in the hands of a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order? Moreover, it was only a matter of several strikes. From the beginning until the end, Wu Zhang never had a chance to resist.

While these thoughts ran past Sun Haoran's mind, on the other side, Wu Zhang struggled to get up slowly. Eyes filled with venomous viciousness, he glared at Huang Xiaolong, his hoarse voice sounded: "You...will...regret this!"

"I'm not one to regret things." Huang Xiaolong's cold gaze directed at Wu Zhang.

Wu Zhang looked at Sun Haoran and back at Huang Xiaolong again, a laugh sounded from his throat, a little helpless, a little lonely, "Worry not, both of you will come down to accompany me soon enough." His body swayed, tumbling to the ground as he uttered his last word, no longer moving.

Huang Xiaolong let the Eminent Holiness Halberd return to his arm. Approaching Wu Zhang's corpse, he found his spatial ring and took it. His spiritual sense swept inside and detected many spirit pellets, and elixirs. In a deeper corner of the space, Huang Xiaolong found two pieces of grade one spirit stones.

The spirit pellets were mostly of grade eight and grade nine, if this was before, Huang Xiaolong would have been delighted, however, these grades of items couldn't enter his eyes now. As for elixirs, in Huang Xiaolong's Asura Ring were elixirs over thirty thousand year old.

Still, having beats not having any time, thus Huang Xiaolong threw the spatial ring into his Asura Ring. Looking at Wu Zhang's corpse, with a wave of his hand, a lump of true essence fire fell on the corpse, incinerating the body before one could blink. In the end, only a pile of gray ashes remained.

Witnessing the terror of that spark of flame, Sun Haoran swallowed nervously. Once again, his knowledge of things was challenged. He had never seen or heard of this before, what kind of flame condensed out of battle qi could contain such power?!



The physical body of a half-Saint was undoubtedly strong, so strong that it couldn't be burned by an average battle qi flame, not even the hairs on the skin surface of a half-Saint's body, thus one should forget about incinerating the whole body.

Huang Xiaolong turned around and walked towards Sun Haoran.

Only then did Sun Haoran wake up from his daze, stuttering a little, "Ma-many thanks for B-Brother's help. This saving grace, I, Haoran, will remember in my heart." Facing Huang Xiaolong again, there was reverence in his eyes, even he failed to notice the subtle changes in his demeanor.

Sun Haoran's words made Huang Xiaolong smile. Shaking his head, he said, "No need, I've already said that I'm just repaying Senior He's favor. Now, swallow this White Ganoderma, I'll help you heal your injuries."

"Yes!" Sun Haoran accepted, not daring to refuse. Thus, Sun Haoran swallowed the White Ganoderma, whereas Huang Xiaolong ran his battle qi, both palms pressed against Sun Haoran's back, aiding Sun Haoran in refining the medicinal benefits of the elixir. With Huang Xiaolong's help, three hours later, Sun Haoran had fully absorbed the medicine.

"Many thanks, Brother!" Sun Haoran once again cupped his hands in thanks towards Huang Xiaolong. After refining the White Ganoderma, he found out that not only had all his injuries healed, even the hidden injuries of old wounds disappeared, and his battle qi was more vigorous than before.

"Don't mention it." Huang Xiaolong asked, "Do you know where Senior He is at this time?"

Sun Haoran shook his head, "I was separated from Master and the other apprentice brothers, I don't know where Master or my Brothers could be, but, judging from what Wu Zhang said before, that Luo Wujun is planning something detrimental to Master. Master must be in a dangerous situation now!" Sun Haoran became anxious.

"Let's leave this place first." Huang Xiaolong suggested.

Sun Haoran nodded in agreement. With that, both flew off, leaving the scene.

"This time, when the Ghost City appeared, did both Senior He and Luo Wujun come here?" While flying, Huang Xiaolong asked.

"Yes, other than my Master and Luo Wujun, Senior Yang Yi from Imperial Saber City and Ghost Bear Senior Wang Kun are also here." Sun Haoran added, "Because there is a rumor saying that this time, the sutra that Senior Ghost King cultivated would appear in the Ghost City!"

Saber Emperor Yang Yi!

Ghost Bear Wang Kun!

Huang Xiaolong was astounded, four of the ten Bedlam Lands' top ten experts were present! It couldn't be guaranteed that none of the remaining six did not come either, it was only that Sun Haoran didn't know.

"Is this Ghost King Sutra that powerful?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

The Ghost King Sutra actually attracted four of Bedlam Lands' top experts here! Experts of He Yunxiong's level definitely didn't lack top grade cultivation techniques.

Sun Haoran nodded solemnly, "The Ghost King Sutra is indeed powerful. The Sutra is divided into ten stages, and according to legends, as long as one cultivates until the ninth stage, they would be invincible and have unimaginably long lifespans, to the point of immortality."

### **Chapter 314: Saint King's Junior Brother?**

Invincible!

To the point of immortality!

Hearing Sun Haoran's excessive praise of the Ghost King Sutra, Huang Xiaolong couldn't help smiling inwardly, that year when he got the Asura Tactics, his Master Ren Wokuang also wrote on the first page of the manual—Asura Tactics, Invincible Throughout!

Through many years of cultivation, Huang Xiaolong understood one thing, the cultivation technique wasn't the most important aspect, but the person themselves.

"Then, do you know what stage the Ghost King managed to reach in his lifetime?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Sun Haoran explained, "It was said, that year, Senior Ghost King reached the seventh stage of the Ghost King Sutra. Although it was only the seventh stage, amongst the six kings, Senior Ghost King's strength was ranked second, even the third-ranked Senior Herculean King was once defeated by the Ghost King. If Senior Ghost King reached the eighth stage, perhaps even Senior Saint King wouldn't have been his opponent!"

Saint King! The number one master of the ancient era!

Huang Xiaolong was secretly shocked, he didn't expect this so-called Ghost King Sutra to be so amazing, merely at the seventh stage, the Ghost King secured the second position amongst the six famous kings during that time.

"Have you heard about an Eminent Holiness during that time?" Suddenly a thought struck Huang Xiaolong, he asked Sun Haoran.

"Eminent Holiness!" Sun Haoran had an astonished expression on his face looking at Huang Xiaolong, "I didn't expect that Brother would know about Eminent Holiness. In fact, this Eminent Holiness was the Saint King's Junior Brother."

"Saint King's Junior Brother?!" It was Huang Xiaolong's turn to be surprised. The leader of the six kings, Saint King's Junior Brother! Huang Xiaolong did guess the Eminent Holiness would be a famous master in his own right, but the Eminent Holiness being the Saint King's Junior Brother seemed beyond his imagination.

Sun Haoran nodded, "That's right, the Eminent Holiness was indeed the Saint King's Junior Brother. It was by coincidence that I found this information, flipping through an old ancient record, because Eminent Holiness preferred to stay hidden in the mountains, rarely showing up in public, thus during the ancient time, not many people knew about him."

Huang Xiaolong nodded, so it was like this.

“Still, as the Junior Brother of the Saint King, his strength should be quite strong as well.” Sun Haoran added.

Both conversed as they flew. However, Sun Haoran knew very little about Eminent Holiness and had no other information to offer to Huang Xiaolong.

Along the way, both of them came across many scenes of sect disciples fighting for treasures, but they neither stop nor interfere in these battles. Inside the Ghost King Palace, killings and slaughters were everywhere, even if they had the heart to care, it was an endless burden.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the corpses littered on the streets along the way, shaking his head; everyone in this world knew that life was more important than anything, yet in this world, how many people could actually really see and understand?

Birds die for food and humans die for wealth.

Sun Haoran and Huang Xiaolong flew for two hours, but despite that their speed, they didn't even cover a tenth of the vast Ghost King Palace.

At one point, Sun Haoran stopped, taking out a piece of map from his sleeves. Checking the aged yellow map, a finger pointed to a spot on the map, “In front should be the Ghost Temple, one of the places the Ghost King used as a cultivation place. Brother Huang, should we go and take a look there?”

Huang Xiaolong nodded in agreement, “Good.” After all, he wasn't familiar with this Ghost King Palace and since that Ghost Temple was one of the places where the Ghost King cultivated in the past, there was bound to be something valuable inside.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong agreed, Sun Haoran flew up, leading the way to the Ghost God Temple. No more than ten minutes later, from afar, both of them could see the outline of the Ghost Temple.

Above the temple, dense ghost aura condensed into pillows of ghost clouds. From afar, one could hear the shrill cries coming from these ghost clouds, penetrating the soul.

When the two of them got closer to Ghost Temple, they heard echoes of battle and loud, angry voices. It seems there were some people who arrived at Ghost Temple before them.

“This is... Third Senior Brother's voice!” When Sun Haoran heard one of the voices, his face tightened, “Third Senior Brother's in danger!” He rushed towards the scene with Huang Xiaolong.

Arriving on the fighting scene seconds later, they saw a red-robed middle-aged man with a light goatee besieged by two middle-aged men clad in blue robes.

On the chest of the red-robed man, there was a similar two-headed mythical beast pattern just like Sun Haoran's, identifying him to be Sun Haoran's Third Senior Brother. Other than the three people fighting, not far away, there was a pair of young man and woman watching the battle, from the looks of things, they were on the same side as the two middle-aged men in blue robes.

“Snow Dragon City's people!” Sun Haoran's expression grew grim the instant he saw the two middle-aged men and the pair of young disciples.

Snow Dragon City!

Huang Xiaolong blanked, looking carefully, he noticed the white dragon emblem on the two middle-aged men's sleeves. Snow Dragon City was one of the top ten cities in the Bedlam Lands, ranking above Millennium City. Its City Castellan, Silver Dragon Ao Gu was quite formidable.

'That pair of young people must be Silver Dragon Ao Gu's disciples,' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself, 'while those two middle-aged men were probably guards.'

At this point, Sun Haoran's Third Senior Brother, Peng Feng, received a full force punch to his shoulder, a low grunt escaped his mouth. His entire body was thrown back, blood flowing out the corner of his lips.

"Third Senior Brother!" Sun Haoran cried out, jumping into the fray with a punch aimed at the same blue-robed middle-aged man who attacked. Although he wasn't clear why his Third Senior Brother had a conflict with the people from Snow Dragon City, at this kind of situation, he couldn't bother with the smaller details.

The power of Sun Haoran's punch forced the middle-aged man to retreat, while Peng Feng seized the opportunity to punch the other middle-aged man. Suddenly, the battle came to a standstill.

"Fourth Junior Brother, run quickly!" However, Peng Feng felt no joy seeing Sun Haoran appear. Instead, he blurted out an anxious warning, looking extremely agitated. If it was his Senior Brother, perhaps both of them could retreat safely, but Fourth Junior Brother's strength was slightly weaker than his. As for that black-haired young man with his Fourth Junior Brother, although Peng Feng didn't know who the young man might be, he was still only a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order and was of no help at all.

"Run? Since you're here, don't dream of leaving!" The pair of young people approached and the young woman sneered. Huang Xiaolong's guess was right on the gold, this young man and woman pair were Snow Dragon City Castellan Silver Dragon Ao Gu's disciples, the young man was called Du Huagang and the young woman was Li Li, the two blue-robed middle-aged men were indeed their guards. Regardless, all four of them were powerful, all four were half-Saints.

Li Li walked over, her eyes taking a quick glance over Huang Xiaolong and Sun Haoran, not putting either one of them in her eyes. Sneering at Peng Feng, she said: "Peng Feng, in this time's Ghost City's appearance, your Millennium City should never have come." Shaking her head sorrowfully with a heartache expression, Li Li continued, "Pity, ah, six of you master-disciples will all be buried here in Ghost City! One month later, Millennium City's name will be erased from the Bedlam Lands, forever!"

Sun Haoran paled at these words. The meaning of these words, was Snow Dragon City plotting against Millennium City? Or... Were the City of Myriad Gods and Snow Dragon City working together in this?

That Du Huagang spoke, "The two of you go and deal with the both of them, leave that brat to me."

"Yes!" The two blue-robed middle-aged men answered respectfully, immediately launching attacks on Peng Feng and Sun Haoran, whereas Du Huagang was walking towards Huang Xiaolong, the one seemingly easiest to deal with.

**Chapter 315: I Hope You Can Think It Over Clearly**

Du Huagang stopped before Huang Xiaolong, giving him a once over glance from head to toe as he shook his head, "Brat, it wasn't easy for you to come this far, you being a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order means that your talent is not bad. If you can follow a good master, you may have a bright future, but it's a pity, you took cover under the wrong tree, therefore you can only die here today!"

Because Huang Xiaolong arrived with Sun Haoran, standing slightly behind Sun Haoran, Du Huagang naturally presumed that Huang Xiaolong was tied to Millennium City, serving as Sun Haoran's subordinate.

Huang Xiaolong merely replied with a stoic word, "Really?"

Du Huagang chuckled watching Huang Xiaolong's lack of expression, "Definitely, unless a miracle happens."

"Don't waste time with words, swiftly take care of that brat." Beside Du Huagang, Li Li was getting impatient. "Then the four of us can deal with Peng Feng and Sun Haoran."

Du Huagang nodded, wasting no more time with nonsense. His body flickered, arriving close to Huang Xiaolong in an instant, his palm struck out, aiming straight at Huang Xiaolong's heart.

"An opponent that dies with a single strike has no meaning." Resolving Huang Xiaolong so easily, Du Huagang shook his head with disdain. But then again, he wasn't surprised. With his strength, it would need a miracle for a measly peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order to dodge his attack.

However, in the next moment he noticed something wasn't right, because...! It felt as if his hand struck against an ancient cold iron, a weak tingling pain came from his palm!

Du Huagang raised his head to see Huang Xiaolong facing him with the same indifferent expression, unmoving, standing on the same spot. Before he could recover, a surge of energy that made his heart quiver burst from Huang Xiaolong's body. Du Huagang hastened to jump back, but he was still a step too late. The shadow of a halberd pierced through the air and penetrated cleanly through one of his shoulders, leaving a pillar of blood in its trail.

A pained muffled grunt escaped Du Huagang's throat as he retreated to Li Li's side, staring at Huang Xiaolong with anger and wariness. Luckily he dodged in time just now, or else it wouldn't be his shoulder that was pierced, it would be his heart instead.

Hearing a pained grunt originating from Du Huagang, Li Li, who was immersed in watching the battle on the other side with Peng Feng and Sun Haoran, inevitably looked over. Seeing the large wound on Du Huagang's shoulder, she was shocked.

Even Peng Feng and Sun Haoran couldn't help risking a quick glance over to Huang Xiaolong's side. Other than Sun Haoran, the rest were flabbergasted.

"Garbage, you can't even handle a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order!" When the shock receded, Li Li snapped at Du Huagang.

Du Huagang's face flushed bright red, but he dared not lash out against Li Li, hence he could only excuse lamely, "This brat is very strong."

Li Li snorted coldly, turning to Huang Xiaolong, "Brat, looks like we've underestimated you earlier, unexpectedly, you have some skill." In her opinion, although Du Huagang was injured due to carelessness, being able to injure him was still considered quite good.

"I'll give you a chance, as long as you cooperate with us, kill both Peng Feng and Sun Haoran and submit to us, to Snow Dragon City, I will recommend you to my Master. If your talent is really good, who's to say that my Master won't receive you as a disciple as well." Li Li said, the superiority in her voice evident.

She conceitedly believed this bait was tempting enough.

In the Bedlam Lands, how many talented geniuses would break their heads fighting for a chance to be received as a disciple under her Master, the Silver Dragon Ao Gu, but those people failed to catch a glimpse of him, not to mention meeting him. Some of these geniuses even knelt in front of Blood Dragon Mansion for ten days and ten nights, kowtowing continuously, but it was all in vain, for they still didn't get a chance.

Now that she offered to introduce him to her Master, this was like a dream come true to many people.

"Change my allegiance to Snow Dragon City?" Huang Xiaolong repeated, it seems the other side really took him as Sun Haoran's subordinate.

Li Li nodded with a smug smile, "Correct." Then she added another sentence, "This kind of opportunity comes only once, I hope you can consider it carefully."

Huang Xiaolong shook his head inwardly; this kind of opportunity comes only once? To recommend him to Silver Dragon Ao Gu?

"So, have you thought about it carefully?" Seeing Huang Xiaolong remained silent for some time, Li Li asked.

"How about this, I'll also give you an opportunity to consider carefully," Huang Xiaolong turned the tables instead, "This kind of opportunity only comes once, I hope you'll think it over."

Li Li and Du Huagang were dumbfounded, for a moment, neither understood what Huang Xiaolong meant.

Huang Xiaolong went on, "Renounce Snow Dragon City, submit to me and I can consider sparing your lives."

Everyone felt as if they've been struck by lightning, Peng Feng was even looking at Huang Xiaolong with a weird expression on his face. Was this brat out of his mind? He turned to Sun Haoran, the look in his eyes obviously asking if there was something wrong with this brat's brain.

Whereas anger erupted from Li Li and Du Huagang, akin to a volcano, flaring to the sky from the bottom of their hearts, especially Li Li. A terrifying killing intent exploded from her, and around her, a storm of black-colored snowflakes suddenly started to fall.

"What did you just said?!" Li Li's eyes were razor-sharp, penetrating as they focused on Huang Xiaolong, each syllable hissed through her lips.

She was Silver Dragon Ao Gu's most favored disciple, bearing a distinguished status in Snow Dragon City, with countless sect disciple geniuses wooing her, showering her with compliments, all she ever heard were beautiful words. In Snow Dragon City, she could call the wind and rain with a single word, but now, an ant-like existence of a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order brat dared to tell her to forsake Snow Dragon City and submit to him?!!!

Become his subordinate?!

In the crudest term, *a slave!*

This was humiliation!

*Pure, naked humiliation!*

"You didn't hear it clear enough?" Huang Xiaolong ignored the killing intent spewing from the other side's eyes, "There's only one chance, have you thought it over carefully?"

Just as Huang Xiaolong's sentence ended, an indignant scream split the air. Li Li twirled around, amassing a violent windstorm with her at the center, akin to a wind dragon, spiraling towards Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong remained calm watching the mad attack, he transformed into Asura Physique and was ready for battle. Thick, dense slaughter aura gathered around him, two giant ebony black wings extended out from his back while the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his hand stabbed out decisively.

"Shaking Mountains, Flipping Seas!"

Halberd shadows numbered in the millions, a fierce gale gathered like a tsunami, colliding with Li Li violent wind storm. The windstorm dissipated and Li Li's slender body spun with ease, like a dragon in the vast sea, narrowing the distance between them, her palms flat and straight like the edge of blades, stabbing towards Huang Xiaolong's chest.

"Dragon Breaking Hand!" Sun Haoran tensed up watching this move, blurting out anxiously: "Brother Huang, watch out!"

Dragon Breaking Hand? Huang Xiaolong's eyes grew icy, his hands shaped into claws, ripping towards the opponent.

Thousands of demons howled, devil aura overcast the sky!

Asura Demon Claw!

The moment the Asura Demon Claw appeared, the devils and ghosts hovering above the temple felt a pull, an attraction, flying towards the claw below, boosting the attack power.

Watching the towering dark claw looming over her head, Li Li paled. She retreated back swiftly like a frightened little dragon, whereas Huang Xiaolong dashed forward, swinging the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his hand.

"Halberd Galaxy!"

Countless halberd shadows shot out, shining brightly like falling meteors in the twilight sky.

## Chapter 316: White Phoenix

Watching the countless halberd shadows raining down like meteors, fear suffused Li Li's eyes. Both of her hands struck out the Dragon Breaking Hand one after another endlessly.

The Dragon Breaking Hand could terminate any attack midway and it was the skill that Snow Dragon City's Castellan, Ao Gu, was most proud of. Every time Li Li used it against her opponents, it worked ten times out of ten, but this time, the skill seemed to have lost its prowess. She watched, eyes wide with apprehension and shock, as the halberd shadows pierced through the wall barrier of Dragon Breaking Hands like meteors over the sky, growing bigger in front of her eyes in an instant.

Halberd shadows fell on her body like a torrential rain.

Puff~~! Her body was thrown back after being hit by the great waves, crashing heavily to the floor with a boom. All surrounding noise and sound died with the crash.

Peng Feng and Du Huagang looked dazedly at the spot Li Li crashed into. The dust settled, revealing her tragic appearance, her body was filled with deep wounds, with blood flowing out constantly.

Only after some time did Du Huagang react.

"Fifth Senior Sister!" Crying out, he arrived beside Li Li in the blink of an eye. Only then were the two middle-aged men jolted back to their senses and hurried to Li Li's side with an apprehensive expression.

Although Silver Dragon Ao Gu had more than a dozen disciples, Li Li was, without a doubt, his most favored disciple by far. If anything happened to Li Li, then...! Imagining the horrifying scene when their master Silver Dragon Ao Gu found out about what happened here, the two blue-robed middle-aged men shivered involuntarily as a chill spread over their hearts.

Li Li groaned from pain, wobbling unsteadily as she tried to get up from the floor, pushing away the three people surrounding her. Looking at Huang Xiaolong, the dread in her heart showed in her eyes, but even more was anger, indignity, embarrassment, and plain fury!

She was a half-Saint warrior, her Master was the Silver Dragon Ao Gu. At her level cultivation level, beneath Saint realm, the number of half-Saint realm warriors that could defeat her did not exceed ten, but despite that, a mere peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order insect managed to gravely injure her!

Peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order!

Li Li's eyes were spitting fire, her venomous eyes fixed on Huang Xiaolong were filled with hatred, "From childhood till now, no one dared to hurt me! No one!! I want to kill you! I'm going to kill you!!!" Scorching white flames flowed from her body, burning wildly, and a large phoenix emerged behind her!

Top grade twelve martial spirit! White Phoenix!

This was Li Li's martial spirit, and because of her martial spirit and talent, she was Silver Dragon Ao Gu's most favored disciple.

The White Phoenix hovered above Li Li's head, letting out a ringing cry that sounded from the ancient era, shaking heaven and earth and traveling more than a dozen miles. White flames surged around Li Li,



emanating a powerful atmosphere and coercive pressure with her as the center, spreading in four directions.

Peng Feng and the rest were astonished as they watched speechlessly, the many wounds caused by the Eminent Holiness Halberd piercing into her flesh closed up at a speed visible to the naked eye, finally leaving no scar.

Li Li floated up in midair, her cold and imposing eyes staring at Huang Xiaolong.

“Brat, you’re very surprised that I have the top grade twelve martial spirit White Phoenix, aren’t you?! Let me tell you, the White Phoenix has the sacred white flame, no matter how serious my injuries are, I won’t die. I’m going to let you know how foolish your actions of injuring me were. I will make you regret, make you kneel down before, me begging for mercy!!” The more Li Li spoke, the more turbulent her emotions became, intense hatred ravaged her sanity.

Compared to Peng Feng and Sun Haoran’s shock after seeing Li Li’s White Phoenix martial spirit, Huang Xiaolong was more composed. Not to mention a top grade twelve martial spirit, even if a top grade thirteen martial spirit materialized in front of him, he wouldn’t blink an eye.

That year, during the Duanren Imperial City Battle, he battled Xie Puti, who possessed a first-rank grade thirteen martial spirit, Black Flame Phoenix, but in the end, didn’t he come out the winner? The Black Flame Phoenix was two grades higher than this White Phoenix.

The anger in Li Li’s heart escalated after seeing Huang Xiaolong’s nonchalant attitude after she called out her White Phoenix.

“Godly White Phoenix Claw!” Li Li bellowed, her body thrust forward in Huang Xiaolong’s direction. The shadow of a large white claw imprint fell on Huang Xiaolong from above. Before the claw arrived, the dense slaughter aura gathered around Huang Xiaolong exploded in a salvo, thinning his imposing momentum.

Just when Li Li’s claw was about to tear Huang Xiaolong apart, Huang Xiaolong hollered under his breath. Before the astonished eyes of Peng Feng, Sun Haoran, Du Huagang, and the two blue-robed middle-aged men, a resounding dragon roar reverberated in the sky with the emergence of a giant black dragon above Huang Xiaolong’s head.

“Primordial... Divine Black Dragon!” Peng Feng and Sun Haoran exclaimed out loud.

It never crossed anyone’s mind that Huang Xiaolong’s martial spirit would be a Primordial Divine Dragon, a top grade twelve Black Dragon! Although they were both considered top grade twelve martial spirits, dragons were deemed slightly stronger than phoenixes.

Li Li stared blankly at the black dragon hovering above Huang Xiaolong, dumbfounded. In the next moment, she watched Huang Xiaolong leap up, his fist punching out at her White Phoenix’s body.

The fist imprint looked surreal, profound and mysterious, it was the Great Void Divine Fist!

Boom! A thunderous blast echoed miles away. A streak of white flame was seen flying back, the white claw imprint shattered into smithereens. Failing to withstand the powerful shockwave, Li Li staggered

back until her feet touched the ground. Even so, it was a dozen steps later that she managed to steady herself.

“You!” She could no longer conceal the overwhelming shock she was feeling as she looked at Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong stopped attacking and his feet landed back on the ground. His icy gaze fell on her.

Peng Feng, Sun Haoran, and the others forgot to breathe watching the two people going against each other.

“Fourth Junior Brother, he is?” At this point, Peng Feng asked dazedly. The shock Huang Xiaolong gave him was ineffable. Since when did such a character appear in the Bedlam Lands?

Sun Haoran shook his head, “I am also not sure of his identity.”

“You also don’t know?” Peng Feng choked slightly at Sun Haoran’s answer. He assumed that his Fourth Junior Brother knew who Huang Xiaolong was, seeing that they arrived together.

Sun Haoran nodded, “Before coming here, I ran into Wu Zhang, and nearly died in his hands. He was the one who killed Wu Zhang and saved me.”

“Wu Zhang... he’s dead?” Peng Feng’s eyes protruded in disbelief.

Sun Haoran nodded again, emphasizing, “He died... In three moves!”

Three moves! Peng Feng stood in stupefied stillness on the spot.

Suddenly, they heard a holler from the other side, the white flames shrouding Li Li soared to the sky in a spiral, at the same time, a glittering white armor covered her body, where a life-like totem of a white phoenix appeared.

Huang Xiaolong forced her to the point of having to soul transform. When Li Li soul transformed, Huang Xiaolong did the same, black scales emerged on the surface of his skin, covering him like a full-bodied armor. Pointed sharp spikes lined the length of his arms, reddish black energy shrouded him, akin to a true blood primordial divine dragon, a demon overlord.

Two powerful momenta clashing brought Peng Feng back to reality. Turning to look, he saw a soul transformed Li Li whistled through the wind like a mythical phoenix soaring through the Nine Heavens, a phoenix cry echoed in the sky, white Phoenix flames overshadowed the earth, and it dived down on its prey.

“Sky Sundering Phoenix!”

A giant white blade transformed from the white phoenix appeared above Huang Xiaolong’s head, cutting down. As the white blade came closer and closer, Huang Xiaolong raised the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his hands, and with a flick of his wrist, a windstorm of halberd shadows tunneled upward, like a whirlpool in the deep sea.

“Tossing Heaven, Moving Earth!”

The white phoenix blade was right in the path of the abyssal whirlpool of halberd storm, metallic sounds of clashes rang endlessly and pieces of blades and halberds dissipated.

In the center of the storm, a brilliant pillar of light erupted, soaring high up. The Eminent Holiness Halberd was akin to a divine dragon bursting out from the deep sea, penetrating straight into Li Li's chest.

An anguished scream split the air, accompanied by pearls of red blood, splattering over Peng Feng and the others' bodies. Li Li was thrown far away in the distance, slamming into a stone pillar.

### **Chapter 317: Underground Palace**

The stone pillar cracked and crumbled into gravel, rolling to the floor, burying Li Li underneath!

"Fifth Senior Sister!!" Du Huagang's face was ashen at the result, in a flicker, he appeared above the palace building. With a sweep of his palm he blew the stone and gravel off Li Li, scooping her up, after which he landed on the side.

The two blue-robed middle-aged guards also rushed over to Li Li's side. When they saw up close the magnitude of the halberd wound on her chest, all three drew in a sharp cold breath.

It was a penetrative wound, through and through, blood flowed out unceasingly. What horrified them even more was that at the edges of her wound, plumes of black flame corroded her flesh and even the sacred white phoenix flame was ineffective against them, thus failing to heal Li Li's injury.

"This...!" Du Huagang and the two men found it hard to believe what they were seeing.

A silhouette tore towards them, swinging a long halberd and creating another terrifying storm of halberd shadows. The three people looked over and saw Huang Xiaolong thrusting his halberd at them.

Neither Du Huagang nor the two men dared to confront the dangerous looking halberd head-on, in their moment of hesitation, the halberd had already pierced through Li Li's throat.

Being helped to get up by Du Huagang and the middle-aged men, Li Li's eyes lowered, staring at the long halberd stuck to her throat. Her mouth opened with difficulty, "You, you, dared to kill me?"

She never imagined that one day she would die in the hands of a Xiantian ant! Better yet, she had never imagined her death! Because of Silver Dragon Ao Gu's existence, there were only so many people in the Bedlam Lands who dared to kill her.

"So what if I killed you?" Huang Xiaolong retorted without any changes to his expression, "I've said already, there is only one chance." His hand then pulled out the Eminent Holiness Halberd, sidestepping some distance away.

Blood spewed out at high velocity, the White Phoenix sacred flame gradually dimmed.

Li Li desperately clutched at Du Huagang's arm in her last moments, struggling with much effort to breathe out her last words intermittently, "Tell, Master, say, say I cannot take care of him anymore, tell him to kill, kill—kill this person, a million, pieces!"

Du Huagang nodded fervently as tears rolled down his face. Finally, Li Li's lifeless body slumped down.

“Fifth Senior Sister, Fifth Senior Sister!” Du Huagang cried out.

No answer came.

But, another noise of whistling wind sounded. Du Huagang turned back in alarm to see Huang Xiaolong’s hands no longer held the long halberd, instead, it was replaced by two black blades that emanated a frigid air, slashing down at him.

Du Huagang’s face was ashen, panic and fear filled his eyes, but his hands shot out by reflex: “Dragon’s Fetter!” Abundant energy from his palm transformed into a rope that resembled dragon tendons, binding Huang Xiaolong.

However, before these dragon tendons could come close to Huang Xiaolong, they were cut apart with a wave of his blades. Almost instantly, the Blades of Asura slit his throat.

Huang Xiaolong’s assault continued without stopping, like a ghostly phantom, he appeared in close proximity to the two blue-robed middle-aged men.

Once again, cold blade lights glinted in victory.

By the time Huang Xiaolong’s feet touched the ground again where he stood previously, Du Huagang and the other two men tumbled to the floor. Peng Feng and Sun Haoran stared dumbstruck as three heads rolled off, separated from their bodies.

Four half-Saints, all dead!

The dumbstruck expression seemed carved forever on Peng Feng and Sun Haoran’s faces as their gazes moved from the rolling heads on the floor to Huang Xiaolong.

Sun Haoran remembered what his Master He Yunxiong once said, if no accident happened, Li Li could very well break through to the Saint realm within ten years, but now, she was dead!

Seeing that everything was done, the Blades of Asura returned to Huang Xiaolong’s arms and he walked towards the four bodies, harvesting four spatial rings from each of them. Then, with a turn of his hand, sparks of true essence fire fell onto the four corpses, instantly incinerating everything into gray ashes.

Sun Haoran had seen Huang Xiaolong doing the same thing before, with Wu Zhang’s corpse, therefore, he wasn’t so surprised this time. Peng Feng, however, inhaled sharply watching Huang Xiaolong’s familiar actions in dealing with Li Li and the other three bodies, turning them into ashes in an instant. A cold shiver ran down his back.

After burning the four bodies, Huang Xiaolong walked over to Peng Feng and Sun Haoran, whose thoughts returned to the present after sensing Huang Xiaolong coming towards them.

Watching Huang Xiaolong reaching closer, Peng Feng was nervous and a little apprehensive, not knowing how to act.

“Third Senior Brother, let me introduce you, this is Brother Huang.” Sun Haoran spoke and made introduced Huang Xiaolong to Peng Feng, then, turning to Huang Xiaolong, he said, “Brother Huang, this is my Third Senior Brother, Peng Feng.”

Peng Feng hurried forward, "Brother Huang, many thanks for your saving grace!"

Huang Xiaolong smiled, replying, "Don't mention it."

Peng Feng replied courteously, feeling a little bit flattered.

"Third Senior Brother, do you know where Master and Eldest Senior Brother are?" Sun Haoran asked Peng Feng, showing anxiety, "Master and Eldest Senior Brother could be in danger at this very moment!"

Peng Feng too looked worried, "Half a day ago, I got separated from them, so I also don't know where they could be now. But the last time I saw Eldest Senior Brother, he was heading towards the deeper area of Ghost King Palace."

"The deeper area of Ghost King Palace!" Sun Haoran exclaimed, "Let us head there now." As he said this, he looked at Huang Xiaolong, inquiring, "Brother Huang, what are your plans?"

"I'll tag along with you." Huang Xiaolong answered solemnly.

According to Sun Haoran's explanation earlier, this time, the Ghost King Sutra was very likely to appear in the deeper parts of the Ghost King Underground Palace. Huang Xiaolong decided to tag along with them to check out the underground palace to see if he could get his hands on the Ghost King Sutra cultivation technique. Although he had no need for another cultivation technique, it would still be beneficial if he could gain some insights from it.

The Ghost King Sutra, there was a chance that it contained the Ghost King's records and understanding of his years of cultivation. The best outcome would be obtaining the Ghost King Dan that the Ghost King refined himself. According to rumors, this Ghost King Dan would greatly benefit those wanting to break through to Saint realm.

Both Peng Feng and Sun Haoran were delighted that Huang Xiaolong would continue onward with them.

"Brother Huang, then shall we set off now?" Sun Haoran inquired.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

The treasures in the Ghost Temple were already plundered clean by Li Li's group, hence it wasn't necessary for them to explore the Ghost Temple further. After all, all four spatial rings were taken by Huang Xiaolong.

The three of them flew in one direction, heading deeper into the Ghost King Palace.

As they got closer to the center of the Ghost King Palace, ghost and devil auras became heavier that at a certain point, these auras morphed into different strange shaped fogs, enveloping the sky above the Ghost King Palace. From afar, it looked no different from a ghost mountain or a devil mountain.

One day later, the three of them arrived at the entrance leading down to the underground palace.

The underground entrance exceeded a dozen zhang in height and in width, leading into a nothing but endless darkness. Huang Xiaolong was a hundred meters from the entrance, yet it was close enough for

him to feel the terror of ghost and devil auras blowing out from the underground palace, to the extent that it made Huang Xiaolong uneasy.

He frowned, this was the first time feeling such strong unease ever since he arrived in this world.

“Brother Huang, shall we go in now?” Sun Haoran spoke.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, since he was already here, then he should relax and go with the flow. He was even more unwilling to give up at this point. With the Godly Mt. Xumi in his possession, nothing could go terribly wrong.

The three of them flew through the entrance, and in the blink of an eye, their silhouettes were swallowed by the darkness of the underground palace, obscured by the billowing ghost and devil auras.

“Brother Huang, this underground palace’s structure is extremely complex, filled with traps and bans, not to mention countless ghosts and devils. Everyone should be extra careful and cautious moving forward.” Peng Feng reminded.

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

However, just as Peng Feng said so, the space around them rippled with echoes of unworldly things.

### **Chapter 318: Giant Ghost That Reached Saint Realm Cultivation**

The sudden shrill howls coming from all four directions startled Huang Xiaolong, and without any indication, the scenery in front of him changed. The original corridor disappeared, whereas Peng Feng and Sun Haoran’s figures were nowhere to be seen.

“What is this? What is happening?!” Huang Xiaolong opened the Eye of Hell on his forehead, scanning the area. Ghost aura rolled endlessly from the void, evil spirits hissed and bared their fangs at the fresh prey.

Huang Xiaolong shot out an Earthen Buddha Palm without hesitation. Myriad Buddha statues emerged from the ground, aureate Buddha luminescence brightened the world. Where the holy light shone, the ghost aura evaporated and the evil spirits were purified. The environment felt lighter and fresher in an instant.

However, Huang Xiaolong had just cleared a small section when the ghost aura and evil spirits emerged once again from nearby, as if they were endless and couldn’t be exterminated.

‘This is? An array formation trap!’

Watching new evil spirits being generated almost at the same time he vanquished them, Huang Xiaolong understood that they had stepped into some kind of array formation. A powerful ghost array formation at that.

Now, the most crucial task was to locate the eye of the array formation! Huang Xiaolong quickly figured out a solution to the current situation. His silhouette flickered around in the array, killing the ever-increasing number of evil spirits while observing his surroundings, trying to locate the origin of the dense ghost aura and evil spirits.

'There!' A short while later, Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up as he stared at a spot on the left side. He leaped forward, heading straight to that point.

The Earthen Buddha Palm was the archnemesis of these ghosts, evils spirits and devils, therefore, along the way, Huang Xiaolong used solely the same attack to disperse all obstructions. Despite that, the closer he got to the center, the thicker the ghost aura became, gathering stronger and more powerful evil spirits, so many of them that there was hardly any place to move forward. Even with the Earthen Buddha Palm, Huang Xiaolong's speed gradually slowed down. Helplessly, Huang Xiaolong ran his battle qi at full force, releasing the Buddhism energy within his body. Resplendent Buddha luminescence pierced through the darkness, lighting up a large area. The evil spirits within the immediate proximity of Huang Xiaolong evaporated into nothingness.

Huang Xiaolong picked up speed again, heading towards the array formation's eye. Twenty minutes later, he reached a spacious hall.

In the center of the spacious hall, a meter high flag was stuck to the floor. The flag's surface was inscribed with hieroglyphs of evil spirits, whereas on the thin black flagstaff, strange talisman symbols were engraved. These talisman symbols bore similarities to ancient writings, yet at the same time, they were not.

Ghostly aura spewed out endlessly from the flag's surface, the evil spirits hovering in the surroundings were palpable, akin to endless rumbling clouds of wolves. If it wasn't for Huang Xiaolong's Eye of Hell, it would have been impossible for him to locate the flag amidst the darkness and the overwhelming number of evil spirits.

Doubtlessly, this flag was the key to the large ghost array formation, the array formation's eye. But when Huang Xiaolong stepped up, wanting to pull the flag off the ground, a black light flickered in the spacious hall. A towering ghost figure landed right between Huang Xiaolong and the flag, blocking his path.

This giant ghost was at least four meters tall, glittering black snake-like scales covered its body like an armor. One of its hands was holding a three-pronged spear decorated with skull knobs on each prong. The three-pronged spear seemed to be dripping with blood.

When the giant ghost appeared, it directly attacked Huang Xiaolong at amazing speed. It was much faster compared to Zhao Chen. Huang Xiaolong was startled, the Eminent Holiness Halberd materialized, clashing with the opponent's three-pronged blood spear.

Clang! A sharp sound of metal clashing rang out.

A numb feeling traveled up Huang Xiaolong's arm, his feet staggered from the impact and retreated a few steps back, but the giant ghost remained immovable, like a sturdy mountain.

"Such force!" This giant ghost had most likely already shed its ghost form, advancing into the Saint realm.

When human warriors cultivated, breaking through to Saint realm, they would shed their mortal physique and the same principle applied for ghost cultivators. Breaking through the Saint realm meant shedding off their ghost form, shaping a real body of flesh and blood. From every aspect: power,

defense, and vitality, this newly shaped body would be far stronger than average human warriors, in short, it was bordering immortality. Even a Saint realm expert would turn around and run when going against a ghost that had advanced into the Saint realm.

Huang Xiaolong wasted no time in summoning the Eminent Holiness Halberd and both black and blue dragon martial spirits, instantly soul transforming. Inside this ghost array formation, he need not worry about exposing his true strength, hence, Huang Xiaolong went all out, no longer concealing his real strength.

Black and blue dragon scales layered over Huang Xiaolong's body. In the time taken for Huang Xiaolong to soul transform, the giant ghost's three-pronged blood spear launched another attack.

Flaming battle lust shone in Huang Xiaolong's eyes as he watched the three-pronged blood spear piercing toward him. Swinging the halberd out, noises of metal clashing rang out.

When Huang Xiaolong was battling Zhao Chen in the City of Myriad Gods, he was still a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order, moreover, they were fighting in public and he was concerned about having all his trump cards exposed, so Huang Xiaolong resorted to guerilla warfare—hit and run.

But the situation now was different, he had broken through to peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, this Saint realm ghost was the best opponent he could ask for to test out his real strength.

Clang~! Another loud clash hummed in the spacious hall, the surrounding ghost aura rippled violently. The strong impact forced the giant ghost to stagger back more than a dozen meters, whereas Huang Xiaolong remained still this round, his feet firmly planted on the same ground.

In the earlier exchange, without soul transforming with the twin dragon martial spirits and activating the Asura Physique, Huang Xiaolong fell slightly underwind strength-wise against the giant ghost. After the soul transformation, however, Huang Xiaolong's battle prowess did not merely increase by level.

If someone were here to witness Huang Xiaolong actually forcing back a ghost that had broken into the Saint realm, they probably wouldn't know what to think.

After repelling the giant ghost, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his hand swinging out. Countless halberd shadows shot out like falling meteors in the night sky.

“Halberd Galaxy!”

It was too late to dodge, all the halberd attacks struck the giant ghost's body. Under extreme pain, it let out a hoarse cry, it's body slammed into one of the pillars at the far end of the hall, shaking the entire structure.

Landing a crucial strike on the giant ghost, Huang Xiaolong wasn't feeling thrilled at all, a ghost that had successfully entered the Saint realm would hardly be defeated that easily.

Sure enough, barely a breath's time later, the giant ghost swung his legs and flipped its body back up to a stand, roaring angrily. Its eyes turned crimson red, seemingly resonating with the three-pronged blood spear in its hand, glowing a bright eerie red. It once again rushed to attack Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong was shocked seeing that his full force Halberd Galaxy attack merely left light injuries on its body. Wasn't a Saint realm ghost's defense a little too scary, to be able to reach this level?



Fortunately, a Saint realm ghost, unlike a human Saint realm warrior, couldn't form a Saint realm space in their Qi Sea, otherwise, it would be strenuous for Huang Xiaolong to deal with this giant ghost.

Seeing the giant ghost's attack inching closer, Huang Xiaolong thrust the halberd in his hands, and with a twist of the long handle, an energy vortex spiraled out in midair.

"Tossing Heaven, Flipping Earth!"

Entangled by the energy vortex, the giant ghost stumbled and Huang Xiaolong seized the opportunity. The Eminent Holiness Halberd snaked through the vortex center straight into the giant ghost's chest.

A distressed howl came from the giant ghost, its body was thrown out of the entanglement of the energy vortex. Black blood flowed from its chest, dripping onto the hall's floor, and muffled sounds came from where the blood dropped, emitting green fumes.

However, after being stabbed by Huang Xiaolong's halberd, that giant ghost once again flipped up, launching another attack at him.

Huang Xiaolong frowned. This couldn't go on endlessly, he had to find this giant ghost's soul to be able to resolve it once and for all.

The physical body of a ghost that broke through the Saint realm was basically immortal, only by destroying the soul within would it really die.

### **Chapter 319: Blood Pact Mandate**

Ghost creatures' souls were no different than a human's, it was the fundamental block of their existence.

But to find the location the soul inside its body was easier said than done, for the place where a ghost hid its soul was different. Some concealed their souls in the head, some hid their souls deep in the heart, some around the thigh, some even in the armpit.

Huang Xiaolong swung the Eminent Holiness Halberd time and again as he tried to think of a method to locate the giant ghost's soul.

Eye of Hell! Suddenly the thought struck Huang Xiaolong's mind like lightning.

That's right, the normal method hardly had any possibility of success in finding the soul's location, but maybe the Eye of Hell could! Immediately, Huang Xiaolong opened the Eye of Hell on his forehead and a red glow enveloped the giant ghost's body.

What delighted Huang Xiaolong was that the Eye of Hell indeed worked. Under the red glow, he could see past the layer of snake scales armor to its core.

Right behind its ear!

With the Eye of Hell's assistance, he clearly saw its soul, that was hidden behind the left ear, it was the size of an eyeball, flickering in a shiny black light.

This was the ghost creature's soul!

Huang Xiaolong leaped into the air, the long halberd cleaving down on the giant ghost's left ear. The giant ghost hastily shifted the three-pronged blood spear to defend, but Huang Xiaolong executed the Space Concealment ability, vanishing from view as he hid inside the space pocket. Moving swiftly behind it, he stabbed the Eminent Holiness Halberd forward.

Zi!

The halberd accurately pierced its soul hidden behind the left ear, the woeful scream it issued sounded like cold iron thrown into boiling water. The three-pronged spear stabbed frenetically towards Huang Xiaolong at its back.

Huang Xiaolong jumped back rapidly.

"Hu—Human, I will kill you!!!" The giant ghost spat the words in human language. Howling in rage, its momentum rose to another level, ghost aura surged around it, condensing into ghostly creatures that wound around the giant ghost.

Ghost cultivators were able to speak the human language after advancing into the Saint realm. Despite that, what shocked Huang Xiaolong was that this giant ghost wasn't dead even though the Eminent Holiness Halberd pierced right through its soul!

Huang Xiaolong watched as the numerous ghostly creatures made out of ghost aura shaped into an enormous jaw, looming over him. A potent suction force wrapped around Huang Xiaolong, causing him to lose his footing, nearly flying into the giant mouth without resistance.

Huang Xiaolong quickly executed Space Concealment to escape being swallowed whole, reappearing above the giant ghost's head. Bursting with sacred golden light, his palm slammed down on top of the giant ghost's head with an Earthen Buddha Palm.

A thunderous boom shook the air.

The Earthen Buddha Palm struck accurately at the top of the giant ghost's head. The ghost wailed miserably, the ghost aura surrounding its body rippled, thinning out.

Although the Earthen Buddha Palm did not land on the giant ghost's soul, it contained abundant Buddhism energy, the bane of all negative Yin creatures. The Buddhism energy force traveled down from the head, affecting its ghost soul.

Landing a successful attack, Huang Xiaolong twirled to the side. While the giant ghost was wailing in pain, Huang Xiaolong struck another palm at the crown of its head, once again impacting its ghost soul.

The giant ghost was thrown forward and crashed into a stone pillar in the spacious hall. The large jaw shaped from thick ghost aura shattered and dissipated. Black blood spewed uncontrollably from the giant ghost's mouth.

It didn't take long for the giant ghost to get back up. It stared fixedly at Huang Xiaolong, its scarlet rage-filled eyes finally dimmed slightly, mixed with slight apprehension, its giant silhouette flickered rapidly to the side, wanting to flee. Catching its intent, Huang Xiaolong pursued, executing Phantom Shadow, blocking right in front of the giant ghost. The Blades of Asura appeared in his hands, glinting with a cold sharp light.

“Tempest of Hell!”

Howling twisters that sounded as if they came from depths of hell encircled the giant ghost immediately. Countless wind blades cut across the giant ghost’s flesh, fire sparks shone as noises of hard metal objects clashing rang out and drops of black blood splattered everywhere. The giant ghost’s body was marred by numerous cuts from the wind blades, the layer of protective snake scales was cracked in many places, with black blood seeping to the surface from underneath.

The Tempest of Hell dissipated, revealing the giant ghost’s badly mutilated body. During the Tempest of Hell’s attack, sharp wind blades struck its ghost soul as well, multiples times. Its weakened injured body fell back to the hall center.

“Don’t, don’t kill me, I’m, I’m willing to become your ghost slave!” The giant ghost wobbled unsteadily as it struggled to a stand, despair, and horror evident in its eyes, displaying its submissive intent to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong was shocked that the giant ghost was still alive at this point, considering the numbers of all-out attacks he made. Truly, a ghost creature that had broken through the Saint realm was truly terrifying, to think that it was still alive after everything it experienced.

“Become my ghost slave?” Huang Xiaolong looked at the giant ghost before him, tempted, wondering if his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate could be used to rein in a Saint realm ghost creature.

His spiritual force enhanced greatly when he broke through to peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, he knew there won’t be any problem to brand soul marks into a half-Saint expert, but Huang Xiaolong wasn’t so confident that it would work against a Saint realm.

As if it saw through Huang Xiaolong’s concerns, the giant ghost spoke, “I have a Blood Pact method that would allow you to take me in as your ghost servant.”

“Blood Pact?” Huang Xiaolong looked at the giant ghost, waiting for it to explain further.

“That’s right.” The giant ghost creature nodded and then took out a piece of human skin diagram. “This Blood Pact Mandate is something I found in Lord Ghost King’s cultivation cave. After practicing this mandate, not only can one refine ghostly creatures’ souls to enhance one’s cultivation, it also allows the person to receive ghost creatures as slaves.”

Blood Pact Mandate!

Left behind by the Ghost King?!

Refine ghost creatures’ souls to enhance one’s own strength! Huang Xiaolong was astonished. A suction force came from his left hand and the piece of human skin diagram flew to his palm. Holding it, Huang Xiaolong studied it carefully.

Of course Huang Xiaolong wouldn’t take the words of this giant ghost for granted, therefore he had to ensure that this Blood Pact Mandate was foolproof safe before deciding whether to practice it.

Finally, after going through the human skin thrice, Huang Xiaolong determined that what the giant ghost said was not false. Indeed, after practicing this Blood Pact Mandate, he could refine ghost creatures to enhance his own strength. Moreover, he could control and have ghost creatures submit to him.

However, there was one detrimental factor in cultivating this mandate skill, if his soul wasn't strong enough, he would easily suffer a backlash from the evil spirits and turn into a part-human part-ghost existence as a result.

Huang Xiaolong had been practicing the Soul Mandate and the Ancient Puppetry Art, compared to most human warriors his soul was very strong. Therefore, this little downside was negligible to him. Looking at the diagram in his hand, Huang Xiaolong was inwardly pleased.

With this Blood Pact Mandate, inside this Ghost King Palace he would be like a fish returning to the sea. At first he was somewhat worried about the large number of ghost and evil spirits, but now, all of his worries vanished.

Subsequently, Huang Xiaolong followed the method stated in the Blood Pact Mandate and pricked his finger. Using nine drops of blood, his hands moved quickly, drawing a Nine Palace Diagram that shrunk and submerged into the giant ghost's soul through the center of its eyebrows.

Huang Xiaolong's blood slowly fused with its ghost soul, and a short while later, Huang Xiaolong felt a vague telepathic connection with the giant ghost.

A Saint realm giant ghost was subdued!

Even though the giant ghost had just advanced into the Saint realm not long ago, to Huang Xiaolong, it was still a great force on his side. Moreover, this giant ghost would most likely be very familiar with the Ghost King Palace, since it had been living in it for many years. It was definitely a great assistance to Huang Xiaolong in his search for the Ghost King Sutra and the Ghost King Dan.

After subduing the giant ghost, Huang Xiaolong took out a Nine Leaves Purple Grass from the Asura Ring and passed it to the giant ghost so that it could heal its injuries. The Nine Leaves Purple Grass was indeed a panacea for healing injuries, it didn't take long for the giant ghost to heal the injuries it suffered, even its ghost soul recovered fully.

"You mentioned that you found the Blood Pact Mandate in one of the Ghost King's cultivation caves, where is that?" When the giant ghost's injuries have fully healed, Huang Xiaolong asked.

"Yes, Owner." Giant ghost went on, "But Lord Ghost King's cultivation cave is set with heavy bans and traps, I only managed to reach the second floor, but according to my knowledge, the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan are both at the same place, on the fifth floor!"

### **Chapter 320: Ghost King's Cultivation Cave**

"The Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan are in the same cultivation cave, on the fifth floor!" Huang Xiaolong was ecstatic at this piece of news.

The Ghost King Palace was extremely vast, searching by himself was akin to looking for a needle in a giant haystack. Now that he knew where the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan were located, things were much easier!

"Guide me to that place now!" Huang Xiaolong said. He would think of a way to enter then.

"Yes, Owner." Giant ghost replied.

However, before leaving, Huang Xiaolong removed the array flag and placed it into the Asura Ring.

Initially Huang Xiaolong didn't know the exact method to deactivate the array, thus he had planned to use violent force, but with the giant ghost there, he managed to break out of the array at the shortest time with a ghost flag booty to add to his collection.

According to the giant ghost, the ghost array formation was called Sea of Devils and Ghosts Array. In the future, once Huang Xiaolong refined the Devil and Ghost Flag, he could control and lay out the Sea of Devil and Ghosts Array against his enemies.

Leaving the spacious hall, the giant ghost led Huang Xiaolong straight to the aforementioned Ghost King cultivation cave. On the way, Huang Xiaolong found out the giant ghost's name, Feng Yang.

The giant ghost, Feng Yang, led Huang Xiaolong through the maze corridors of the Ghost Kings Palace. Due to his familiarity with the grounds, knowing where and how to avoid the traps and bans, neither of them stumbled into another trap along the way.

Despite that, as they got closer to the cultivation cave, the bans and traps placed became more powerful, enough to trap even Saint realm experts within for a long time. Hence, the closer they got, the slower their speed became.

Three days later.

"Owner, not far upfront is the Lord Ghost King's cultivation cave that I mentioned." Giant ghost Feng Yang pointed.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and exhaled deeply. They were finally there.

Although they did not trigger any traps on the way, they came across numerous evil spirits and devils. Some of those evil spirits and devils were very strong, comparable to human Third Order or Fourth Order Saint realm experts, a level that Huang Xiaolong and the giant ghost Feng Yang couldn't defeat even if they went two against one.

Fortunately, he had the Godly Mt. Xumi, enabling him and Feng Yang to escape from the hands of those devils and evil spirits' pursuit. Not all encounters were bad, Huang Xiaolong utilized the Blood Pact Mandate to refine seven half-Saint ghost and devils' souls. The soul was where their cultivation gathered, the energy inside them was enough to elevate his cultivation to half-Saint.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong saw a mountain up ahead. An enormous mountain was suspended in the sky, about several dozen miles in length and several hundred zhang tall! Flowing ghost clouds shrouded the ghost mountain, the ghost aura there was denser than anywhere else Huang Xiaolong had been.

"That is the Ghost King Mountain?" Huang Xiaolong stared in awe at the enormous mountain floating midair, asking Feng Yang. An underground structure of the Ghost King Palace actually had such an enormous mountain floating in midair, the scene was awe-inspiring.

"That's correct, Owner. This is the Ghost King Mountain, Lord Ghost King's cultivation cave is located at the top of the mountain." Giant ghost Feng Yang explained respectfully.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "Let's go!" His foot tapping the floor, he flew towards the Ghost King Mountain with Feng Yang following closely from behind.

But before Huang Xiaolong reached the Ghost King Mountain, from afar, he detected a group of people gathered on the square. A quick glance over calculated at least fifty to sixty people.

Huang Xiaolong's heart sank, he didn't expect there would be such a large number of people arriving earlier than him. But on a second thought, Huang Xiaolong found it acceptable for others to arrive before him, he was delayed eight days to refine the dragon essence from the Earth Dragon egg.

Suddenly, a cold light gleamed in Huang Xiaolong's eyes—Zhao Chen!

Amidst the group of fifty to sixty people, Zhao Chen was among them! He might have his back towards Huang Xiaolong, but Huang Xiaolong recognized that silhouette with a glance. Beside Zhao Chen was none other than that silver-haired old man, Steward Feng, and seven others Sin City's experts.

Grouping on the square, the different groups of experts were discussing the methods of entering the Ghost King Mountain. Detecting the noise of breaking wind, everyone was surprised, turning to look curiously.

Zhao Chen turned his head, spotting Huang Xiaolong that was flying over, their gazes collided. Zhao Chen was stunned at first, but very quickly delight took over. Killing intent flashed in his eyes. In their last encounter in the City of Myriad Gods, Huang Xiaolong managed to escape from his hands, this was the greatest humiliation in his entire life!

These days, he had been keeping an eye out for Huang Xiaolong, yet it was as if Huang Xiaolong vanished into thin air, for there were no clues at all as to where he might be. He didn't expect that not only Huang Xiaolong came to Ghost City, he entered the Ghost King Palace and even reached up to this point!

Detecting the killing intent in Zhao Chen's eyes, Huang Xiaolong sneered sardonically. Under many pairs of watchful eyes, Huang Xiaolong and the giant ghost Feng Yang landed on the square.

Because Feng Yang was covered from head to toe in a black brocade robe, hiding his physical body and leaving only his eyes and mouth, as well as converging all of his ghost aura as per Huang Xiaolong's instructions, no one doubted this big giant of a 'man' to be anything other than human.

Landing on the square, Huang Xiaolong took another quick look at the people present. Other than the City of Myriad Gods' forces, there were Snow Dragon City, Imperial Saber City, and Green Ghost City's disciples.

Out of top ten of Bedlam Lands' forces, four of them were in front of Huang Xiaolong. However, the disciples of Millennium City were nowhere to be seen. A few days prior, after Huang Xiaolong broke out from the ghost array, he was separated from Peng Feng and Sun Haoran, after not seeing them here, Huang Xiaolong was wondering if they were still alive or dead.

The quick glance around gave Huang Xiaolong an idea about the strength of the forces gathered there.

Early level Saint realm, four in total. Most of them were like Zhao Chen, early First order Saint realm. This result made Huang Xiaolong feel slightly at ease.

Whereas disciples from Snow Dragon City, Imperial Saber City, and Green Ghost City also breathed in relief seeing that Huang Xiaolong was only a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order.

“Hehe, Huang Xiaolong, you didn’t expect to run into me here, did you?” Zhao Chen snickered sarcastically, leading Steward Feng and his subordinates over.

In the blink of an eye, Steward Feng and the other guards had Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang encircled in the middle, closing all possible escape routes.

The rest of the people there noticed that Huang Xiaolong and Zhao Chen knew each other, and furthermore, had a grudge. Everyone stood on the sides, waiting in anticipation for a good show.

“Huang Xiaolong? Which sect does this fool come from? He’s so stupid to offend Zhao Chen.” Snow Dragon City’s Li Qiuping said with feelings of schadenfreude.

Li Qiuping was the Second Senior Brother to Li Li and Du Huagang that Huang Xiaolong killed earlier at the Ghost Temple. At this time, Li Qiuping was still unaware of this fact.

“I wonder how Zhao Chen is going to end this kid later.” A middle-aged man with big eyes and thick brows from Green Ghost City chuckled. This man was Green Ghost City’s Castellan, Ghost Bear Wang Kun’s eldest disciple, Guo Dehui.

“I say, Zhao Chen won’t let this kid die so fast, he’s probably going to play for a little while, and when he gets bored, that kid will die.” A young woman, who was quite pretty, standing beside Li Qiuping spoke this time.

This young woman was Li Qiuping’s Third Junior Sister, Wang Lin, Third Senior Sister to Li Li and Du Huagang.