

# INVINCIBLE 321

## Chapter 321: Battling Zhao Chen Again

Huang Xiaolong listened silently to Snow Dragon City's Li Qiuping and the others' sardonic comments in the distance with stoic manner...

Whereas Zhao Chen's expression grew grim as he watched Huang Xiaolong, he didn't miss the remarks coming from Li Qiuping's side. He knew better than anyone here Huang Xiaolong's strength. He let Huang Xiaolong escape last time, so no matter what, he absolutely mustn't allow Huang Xiaolong to escape a second time, otherwise, in front of Li Qiuping and the other geniuses, all his face would be lost clean!

Zhao Chen's momentum increased as he narrowed the distance, a heavy pressure enveloped Huang Xiaolong. Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and Guo Dehui, who were bantering amongst themselves, noticed there was something odd with the atmosphere, their casual remarks trailed off, exchanging a look amongst themselves. Each saw their own puzzlement reflected back from others' expression.

Obviously, none of them understood why Zhao Chen acted as if he was facing a great enemy.

"Isn't he just a little peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order kid?" Li Qiuping shook his head secretly, "Does he need to look so serious?"

Just when Li Qiuping and the others thought that Zhao Chen was exaggerating, blue flames rose from Zhao Chen's body, dancing wildly as an enormous two-headed blue bird materialized above his head.

This two-headed blue bird was Zhao Chen's top grade twelve martial spirit, Two-headed Blue Flame Bird.

Seeing that Zhao Chen actually summoned his martial spirit to deal with a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, Guo Dehui, and the rest on the square were greatly astonished.

However, it did not end there. In the next moment, the blue flames shrouding Zhao Chen flashed brightly and layers of blue-colored plumage covered his body like an armor. On the sides of his arms, steel-like blue spike feathers stood on ends.

Not only did Zhao Chen summon his martial spirit, he even soul transformed!

Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and Guo Dehui's eyes protruded in shock. Zhao Chen dealing with the kid personally was shocking enough for them, but now, even before Zhao Chen made the first move, he summoned his martial spirit and soul transformed?

A Saint realm expert killing a Xiantian warrior was a mere pinky raising effort, when did it come up to having to soul transform?

While the Snow Dragon City, Saber Imperial City, and Green Ghost City disciples were still in shock with Zhao Chen's actions, another burst of blinding light shone from Zhao Chen's body as a large blue abyssal-like cave appeared.

“Saint realm space!” Nearly everyone blurted out, flabbergasted. The look in their eyes shifted from inexplicable to disbelief. Zhao Chen even resorted to the Saint realm space! If only they knew that Huang Xiaolong managed to flee from Zhao Chen’s hand last time even after he called out his Saint realm space, what would they think?

Even so, none of them could figure out or understand why Zhao Chen was behaving so excessively to the point of calling out the Saint realm space. All of them shifted their curious eyes to Huang Xiaolong, yet they could not see what was so special about this peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order lanky young man that would push Zhao Chen to this extent.

It was at this time that Zhao Chen launched this attack. Bellowing, his palm pushed the blue flame space and it shot up to the sky, emanating scorching heat waves that engulfed Huang Xiaolong.

“Huang Xiaolong, your death is here!” Killing intent exploded in Zhao Chen’s eyes. This time, he wanted to take Huang Xiaolong’s life in a single attack—to wash his shame!

Like the previous time, before the scorching heatwave neared him, Huang Xiaolong already felt as if he was about to be burned into nothingness, however, this time, Huang Xiaolong did not dodge. The desire to battle danced brightly in his dark pupils like flames, he transformed into Asura Physique, the Wings of Demon extended out sharply. Without summoning his martial spirit nor soul transforming, both of Huang Xiaolong’s palms struck forward.

Earthen Buddha Palm!

One after another, Buddha statues emerged from the ground, flying skyward in dazzling Buddha luminescence. These Buddha statues were different from the past, every Buddha statue was shrouded in powerful flames that seemed to overpower the blue flames from Zhao Chen’s Saint realm space. Shattering Zhao Chen’s scorching heat waves, the Buddha statues surged forward towards Zhao Chen’s blue flames.

The flames shrouding the Buddha statues were Huang Xiaolong’s true essence fire! Huang Xiaolong fused his true essence fire into the Earthen Buddha Palm, adding a cloak of flames around the statues, as if they were avatars of the Fire Buddha.

Boom! Huang Xiaolong’s Earthen Buddha Palm collided with Zhao Chen’s blue flames from his Saint realm space. The air shook with a volley of blasts and even the square floor shook violently.

Steward Feng and the other subordinates that encircled Huang Xiaolong were thrown back from the shockwave, even giant ghost Feng Yang was forced to the side.

Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and the rest felt the glaring collision, and in the next second, they watched Huang Xiaolong attack with the Earthen Buddha Palm, the many fire Buddha statues breaking through the sea of blue flames and colliding with Zhao Chen’s Saint realm space.

Zhao Chen felt as if a heavy mountain crashed against his Saint realm space, causing it to shake intensely. The blue flames scattered as Zhao Chen was forcefully pushed back.

The scorching heat waves spread out, lingering in the air for a long time. A deathly silence descended on the square.

Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and Guo Dehui's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets as they stared at Zhao Chen—Zhao Chen was actually pushed back!

Im—Impossible! A Xiantian actually forced a Saint realm expert back!

A Saint realm expert that resorted to using his Saint realm space actually failed to kill a mere Xiantian!! Bearing witness to such mystifying sequence, none present were able to react promptly.

Despite repelling Zhao Chen successfully, Huang Xiaolong too staggered back from the impact. From the surface it may seem that both fought equally, neither gaining an advantage over the other, but all of them were aware deep down, who was stronger and who was weaker.

Not only did Zhao Chen soul transformed, he even used the Saint realm warriors' trump card, the Saint realm space, whereby Huang Xiaolong did not soul transform.

Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and the rest retrieved their gazes from Zhao Chen, looking at Huang Xiaolong instead. Each of them secretly drew in a sharp intake of breath; what if Huang Xiaolong soul transformed, didn't that indirectly show that Huang Xiaolong was stronger than Zhao Chen?!

A Xiantian warrior was more powerful than a Saint realm expert?!

This was insanity! The world had gone mad!

A Xiantian was stronger than a Saint realm!

"You, actually...!" Zhao Chen's face warped with anger when he managed to steady himself. Mixed within his anger was an undeniable shock as he stared at Huang Xiaolong. In the exchange earlier, he found that Huang Xiaolong's current strength had enhanced a great deal compared to that time in the City of Myriad Gods!

Huang Xiaolong didn't bother with Li Qiuping and others' expressions directed at him. He looked coldly at Zhao Chen, "Zhao Chen, in the City of Myriad Gods you claimed that you will enlighten me on the gap between a Xiantian and a Saint realm? Is this the gap you were referring to?"

Li Qiuping and the rest were once again shocked by the message that Huang Xiaolong revealed. From Huang Xiaolong's words, it indicated that both he and Zhao Chen battled before in the City of Myriad Gods!

They wondered what the outcome of that battle was!

Then, they remembered a rumor that had been going around in recent days, many people had been saying that some reckless Saint realm expert offended Zhao Chen in the City of Myriad Gods some days ago, then Zhao Chen and that Saint realm expert battled it out in the city and that person was defeated by Zhao Chen and fled in embarrassment.

Could it be...?!

It must be! The person who fought with Zhao Chen in the City of Myriad Gods must be this black-haired young man, not some reckless Saint realm expert, but a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order.

But then again, Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and Guo Dehui had no idea that at that time Huang Xiaolong was still a mid-Xiantian Tenth Order.

Zhao Chen detected the ridicule in Huang Xiaolong's words, a red flush crept up from his neck to his face. Zhao Chen hollered in anger, his silhouette flickered into a blur, punching out at Huang Xiaolong.

"Star Burst Fist!"

Blue flames burst like a burning meteor, exploding in front of Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong snickered as he watched this, his palms smoothly struck forward, sending circles of golden rings expanding out.

God Binding Palm!

Before the astounded gazes of Li Qiuping and the rest of the people around, the exploding blue flames' trajectory froze midair several zhang away from Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong seized the time gap, he leaped up and two majestic dragon roars rendered heaven and earth, as one black and one blue primordial divine dragons emerged, winding around Huang Xiaolong's body.

### **Chapter 322: Giant Ghost Feng Yang's Might**

Huang Xiaolong bore the atmosphere of an ancient primordial divine dragon with dragon's might surging from his body, piercing the Nine Heavens.

Li Qiuping and the rest watched with jaws agape the scene before them, especially the dazzling black and blue dragons winding around Huang Xiaolong.

"Twin, twin dragons martial spirit?!"

"There is a something like a blue dragon martial spirit in this heaven and earth?!"

Everyone was stunned out of their spirit stones.

While everyone was still in shock, coruscating lights of black and blue flickered, Huang Xiaolong soul transformed in an instant with the twin dragons martial spirit. Gleaming black and blue dragon scales covered Huang Xiaolong's body, sharp nasty bone spikes lined the length of his arms.

Huang Xiaolong disappeared in a blur, both hands formed into fists, pummeling in Zhao Chen's direction. Intangible fist imprints filled the air, blocking the sky, mysterious and profound.

"Great Void Divine Fist!" Zhao Chen's face tightened, countering with his two fists in a frontal collision. When Zhao Chen's fists struck out, multiple large fist imprints of blue fire rotated forward at rapid speed, like a ball, piercing through space.

A few keen ears caught Zhao Chen's exclamation, Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and the others stared unblinkingly at Huang Xiaolong's attack.

Great Void Divine Fist?! The legendary Great Void Divine Fist?!

In that split second, Huang Xiaolong's Great Void Divine Fist and Zhao Chen's rotating blue flame fist slammed into each other in midair, causing a thunderous chain of explosions, raining fire sparks over the square.

A stalwart rebound force drove Zhao Chen to stagger back more than once. Huang Xiaolong sidestepped, reappearing with the Eminent Holiness Halberd in his hands. A single swing brought forth fierce twisters that expanded like waves, layers upon layers.

"Tossing Mountains, Flipping Seas!"

Zhao Chen was perturbed, striking out a Star Burst Fist, and at the same time, he utilized the Saint realm space to block the attack.

The earth quaked as if it was about to shift places with heaven.

Huang Xiaolong somersaulted in midair, the long halberd in his hands continued to spin akin to a dragon leaping out from the sea, thrusting straight at Zhao Chen.

The Eminent Holiness Halberd executed attack after attack at rapid speed, it was so fast that even Li Qiuping and the rest could barely follow his speed. Zhao Chen was constantly knocked down and pushed back in the battle.

Huang Xiaolong's attacks continued to rain down like a torrent, and Li Qiuping saw that Zhao Chen could only defend, barely having a chance to counterattack.

Zhao Chen too realized how awkward and disadvantaged he looked and an ugly expression hung on his face.

A Saint realm expert actually took a beating from a Xiantian without even having the power to resist in the slightest?! Moreover, if it wasn't for his Saint realm space's existence blocking Huang Xiaolong's attacks, he would have already been defeated.

Enduring more than a dozen rapid attacks from Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Chen was exasperated, being forced into a corner.

"Absolute Control!" Zhao Chen hollered as he was retreating, surging battle qi wrapped around his palms, aimed at Huang Xiaolong. Huang Xiaolong felt as if every trace of energy in the surroundings disappeared, as if everything was enveloped by a vacuum. The mountains around the perimeter emanated heavy pressure that locked him in the air, making him unable to move.

This was a Saint realm expert's absolute control over space!

Stepping into Saint realm territory meant having a certain understanding towards the law of space, allowing them to manipulate and control space within a limited area. The only downside was that it consumed a large amount of spiritual force and battle qi to perform, so unless it was absolutely necessary, most Saint realm experts would not use this method.

Zhao Chen looked fiercely grim seeing Huang Xiaolong shackled in the air. A long sword materialized in his grip. A long sword with the length of an average adult, its body was a crimson red, inscribed on its blade was the diagram of a fire dragon.

“Go die!” Zhao Chen roared with fury. The Fire Dragon Longsword cut through space straight at Huang Xiaolong. Just as the longsword’s tip was about to pierce into Huang Xiaolong’s heart, a glaring light burst out from Huang Xiaolong’s body, accompanied by a terrifying energy. With a minuscule shake, the space law that shackled Huang Xiaolong in place loosened.

Huang Xiaolong disappeared from the spot, but Zhao Chen’s Fire Dragon longsword managed to leave a line of red blood across his ribs.

Zhao Chen was dumbstruck, shocked to the core. Huang Xiaolong broke free from his space law Absolute Control manipulation?!

While he was still caught in shock, two sharp blade lights flew toward Zhao Chen and he dodged at the last moment in a panic. Zi! Sharp noises sounded as the blade lights grazed the edges of his robe, pain spread from Zhao Chen’s waist to every part of his body.

Zhao Chen jumped back a great distance before standing still. His left hand touched the wound on his waist, fresh blood painted his palm red, two bone-deep cuts ran across his back. Feeling the extent of his injuries, Zhao Chen was startled, he even forgot the pain for a moment.

How many years has it been, he had forgotten what pain felt like.

In the distance, Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, Guo Dehui, and the crowd could hardly believe staring at the two gruesome, bone-deep slash wounds on Zhao Chen.

“Young Lord!” Steward Feng and the rest of the guards finally reacted, they all rushed to Zhao Chen’s side at the fastest speed, rattled and ashen-faced.

After a small scene of chaos, Steward Feng and some of the guards took out several golden, thumb-sized pellets from their spatial rings, giving them to Zhao Chen to swallow, and from another jade bottle, Steward Feng poured out a crystalline emerald liquid, smearing it over Zhao Chen’s wounds.

Zhao Chen waved his hand at them, stating: “I’m fine.” The throbbing pain on his waist actually helped him become clear-headed.

Huang Xiaolong stood some paces away and did not attack when Zhao Chen’s subordinates healed him. Yet his eyes were like glacial ice; Fine? Perhaps in Zhao Chen’s eyes, these were nothing but flesh wounds, but very soon he would taste the enigmatic torturous pain of having the Asura qi corrode his flesh.

And indeed, as Huang Xiaolong thought, moments later Zhao Chen lost all the color from his face all of a sudden. Black fumes weaved around the wound on his waist, issuing hair-raising shrieks.

Steward Feng and others who noticed the abrupt change were alarmed.

“Young Lord, are you alright?!” Steward Feng approached, inquiring with a face full of ‘concern.’

Zhao Chen raised his head, his vicious eyes glowering at Huang Xiaolong in the distance, killing intent surged in his eyes as he spat the words: “Kill them!”

Kill!

Steward Feng and the guards immediately called out their martial spirits and soul transformed, pouncing on Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang like hungry wolves.

On Zhao Chen's side, other than Steward Feng, there was one other Saint realm expert. These two Saint realm experts cooperated, targeting their attacks at Huang Xiaolong, whereas the five half-Saints focused on giant ghost Feng Yang.

In the eyes of Steward Feng and the guards, the biggest threat was Huang Xiaolong. As long they removed the variable Huang Xiaolong, everything would be within their control. As for the giant of man behind Huang Xiaolong, they were never concerned about him.

Zhao Chen watched gloomily as the five half-Saints sieged the giant man, ordering coldly: "Get it done quickly!"

"Yes, Young Lord!" The five half-Saints answered in unison and went all out, each one executing their most powerful attack on Feng Yang. In a split second, fists and palm imprints covered the area, and blinding lights lit up the space.

Facing attacks from five different directions, giant ghost Feng Yang threw his head back, issuing a strange ear-splitting roar at the sky. The people present were astounded to see the giant 'man' neither dodging nor avoiding, letting the five half-Saints' attack fall on his body.

Zheng! Bang! Blasts and explosions rang out one after another, yet Feng Yang remained standing on the same spot.

Everyone's eyes popped out in shock.

When the glaring lights dimmed, giant ghost Feng Yang raised his fist, sending a punch towards one of the opponents and that half-Saint lifted one hand, attempting to block giant ghost Feng Yang's fist, but ended up being thrown back, screaming. His body exploded into pieces in the air, turning into blood mist.

One punch shattered a half-Saint, a peak half-Saint at that.

Then, Feng Yang used both fists, landing punches on two half-Saints' torsos, the heavy force penetrated through their flesh, coming out from their backs.

The last two remaining half-Saint lost all color from their faces. Just when they turned around wanting to run, gigantic hands clutched at their heads from above, five fingers pierced holes into their skulls. The screams from the two half-Saints were abruptly cut short.

Giant ghost Feng Yang opened his mouth, swallowing the half-Saints' souls into his body.

### **Chapter 323: Entering the Ghost King's Cultivation Cave**

Initially, Zhao Chen's focus was glued solely on Huang Xiaolong alone, but when he noticed his several half-Saint subordinates being easily killed in barely a breath's time, and sensing the unreserved ghost aura flowing from the giant's body, the expression on his face became tensed: "Ghost!"

Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and the others who heard Zhao Chen, inhaled sharply, staring fixedly at giant ghost Feng Yang.

Such a scary level of ghost aura, it was only possible for...?

Saint realm!

This 'man' in front of them was a Saint realm ghost cultivator! A Saint realm ghost!

Steward Feng and the other Saint realm expert were working hand in hand against Huang Xiaolong when they heard continuous screams, risking a glance over the other battle, both became ashen at the sight of the five half-Saints' appalling ending.

Feng Yang let out a satisfied burp after swallowing the last two half-Saints' souls, casually flinging the lifeless bodies to one side as the three-pronged blood spear appeared in his hand. He then lunged forward, brandishing his three-pronged blood spear at Zhao Chen, glowing an eerie blood-red.

Before the three-pronged blood spear arrived, the death aura and rotten stench it emitted had enveloped Zhao Chen. Taken by surprise, Zhao Chen waved his arms hastily, summoning his Saint realm space to counter the attack in front of him.

An explosion thundered in the square and Zhao Chen's body flew back, straining his waist injury, he had to grit his teeth to keep himself from grunting out. In that short exchange, the Asura Qi that was previously being contained by his Saint realm energy broke out, wreaking havoc internally. Suffering double injuries made Zhao Chen pale.

Giant ghost Feng Yang hollered at the sky, the three-pronged blood spear thrust out another attack.

"Young Lord!" Seeing Zhao Chen's dire situation, Steward Feng and the other Saint realm couldn't be bothered with Huang Xiaolong anymore, they changed their target to giant ghost Feng Yang. However, just as the two of them prepared to aid Zhao Chen, a shadow flickered and a cloudburst of thousands of millions of blade lights hindered their path. That shadow was none other than Huang Xiaolong.

"Tempest of Hell!"

"Tears of Asura!"

The Blades of Asura in Huang Xiaolong's hands served attack after attack, not giving Steward Feng and the Saint realm expert any breathing space, forcing them back, further away from Zhao Chen.

On the other hand, Zhao Chen fared no better, he was pushed into a corner by giant ghost's Feng Yang's three-pronged blood spear.

At the edge of the battle, Snow Dragon City's, Saber Imperial City's, and Green Ghost City's disciples were watching, exchanging expressions of muted shock amongst themselves, none of them ever imagined this result.

"Second Senior Brother, should we lend a hand or...?" Wang Lin regained a shred of reason, looked over at Li Qiuping and asked.

Regardless, Zhao Chen was Sin City Castellan's, Zhao Yi's son. Moreover, Zhao Chen was highly favored by Zhao Yi, if he ever came to know that while Zhao Chen was in trouble, their Snow Dragon City disciples and others stood by, spectating as Zhao Chen was killed on the side, Zhao Yi's wrath would burn over to Snow Dragon City, as well as the others.



“Lend him a hand.” Li Qiuping decided, his voice somber.

Whether it was for the sake of Sin City’s Castellan or the ally cooperation between Snow Dragon City and Sin City, he couldn’t stand idle and watch Zhao Chen get killed.

Wang Lin nodded at his decision. With a low bark, a long whip appeared in her hand. It was hard to tell what materials were used to make this long whip, the thong sections were actually segmented, with a total of thirteen parts. With a flick, the long whip instantly bound giant ghost Feng Yang’s body.

Seeing Snow Dragon City’s disciples make their moves, disciples from Saber Imperial City and Green Ghost City had no choice but join in as well.

In a moment of confusion, giant ghost Feng Yang suffered a palm on his chest from Green Ghost City’s Guo Dehui and was knocked back. Thick green smoke rose into the air.

“Go!” Watching the sudden change, Huang Xiaolong shouted towards Feng Yang, launching a State of Abundant Lighting attack with the blades in his hands. A sky of rumbling lightning streaks drew a line between the attackers while Huang Xiaolong used Space Concealment to appear beside giant ghost Feng Yang. Huang Xiaolong placed his hand on his shoulder and both of them vanished from sight in the next instant.

Zhao Chen was laboriously suppressing the Asura Qi in his body when he saw Huang Xiaolong and the giant ‘man’ vanish right in front of his eyes. Roaring in anger, he hollered: “Search! Absolutely dig that little ghost out for me!”

But when he saw Li Qiuping and the others’ inaction, his anger spread to them: “What are you all still standing here for, go f—king search!!”

Li Qiuping’s brows furrowed with discontent with Zhao Chen’s attitude, shouting at them as if they were his subordinates. He sneered in retort. “Zhao Chen, we’re not your slaves.”

Zhao Chen was indignant.

“Come on, come on, all of us here are brothers, don’t fight because of a small Xiantian. He can run away from the monk, but can’t flee the temple.[1] He definitely won’t be able to run out of the Bedlam Lands, when we manage to corner him later, Brother Zhao Chen can deal with him however you like.” Guo Dehui played the mediator, smiling amiably.

Only then did Zhao Chen’s face looked slightly better.

“That kid probably ran into the Ghost King’s cultivation cave.” A disciple from Saber Imperial City spoke, “Let us hurry in too, in case that kid gets the first dip, looting the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan.”

“Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan?” Zhao Chen snickered with contempt, “Are these treasure items things that he could lay his hands in just because he wants to?” Not saying more, Zhao Chen took out a talisman and initiated the array formation inscribed within, summoning Sin City’s experts.

After advancing into the Saint realm, one would possess the ability to manipulate space. Certain array formations or talisman, such as these, could be used to summon comrades and relay messages.

Moments later, Zhao Chen and the rest too made their move into the Ghost King’s cultivation cave.

Huang Xiaolong, on the other hand, quickly passed through the first floor of the Ghost King's cultivation cave to the second floor with giant ghost Feng Yang guiding the way. The first floor was a vast field of snow, whereas the second floor was an endless range of mountains.

A bright sun that never seemed to set hung high up above the mountain peaks, a picture of calm and peace. But giant ghost Feng Yang faced Huang Xiaolong with a dignified expression: "Owner, the mountains on this second floor are rigged with powerful array formations, to the extent that bumping carelessly into a single leaf or a branch could trigger their activation. We must fly across this long mountain range in one go, cautiously."

Fly over this mountain range without stopping at all? Huang Xiaolong was stunned. Then he breathed out in relief, this matter may be difficult to others, but not to him.

Because he had the Godly Mt. Xumi. Borrowing the power of the Ten Buddha Formation, he could fly using the Godly Mt. Xumi all the way until they reached the third floor entrance.

"Other than this, what else do I need to pay attention to?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong didn't seem to place importance on his previous reminder, he couldn't resist emphasizing the matter once more: "Owner, the arrays around this mountains are very strong, accidentally triggering any of them, even a Saint realm expert could fall on the spot."

Huang Xiaolong waved his hand, "You don't need to worry about this."

Feng Yang could only stop and change the topic from Huang Xiaolong's demeanor, "Other than that, on this second floor space lives a kind of ghost creature, called Blood Dagger Ghost. Although these Blood Dagger Ghosts are not strong, half-Saint strength or at most the peak of half-Saint strength, the problem lies in their numbers. They are extremely tenacious and extremely difficult to kill."

"Blood Dagger Ghost?" Huang Xiaolong was baffled, "Didn't you say there are array formations everywhere? How come these Blood Dagger Ghosts aren't afraid of them?"

Giant ghost Feng Yang shook his head helplessly, "About this, this slave doesn't know the exact reason behind it, if this slave dared to make an assumption, then the reason why these Blood Dagger Ghosts aren't afraid or obstructed by the arrays on this floor would probably be because Lord Ghost King made some markings on the formation eye when he laid the arrays."

Huang Xiaolong nodded in agreement.

He didn't care much for these Blood Dagger Ghosts, those who needed to fly across this mountain range need to watch out for the attacks coming from them, but Huang Xiaolong was free from this worry since he was using the Godly Mt. Xumi.

Not wasting more time, Huang Xiaolong brought up the Godly Mt. Xumi. The moment the golden mountain appeared, Buddha luminescence and energy brightened up the space around them.

"Let's go." Before the rounded shocked eyes of giant ghost Feng Yang, the scene changed as he was brought into the Xumi Temple. Huang Xiaolong then initiated the Ten Buddha Formation and the Godly Mt. Xumi shot forward in a golden streak, disappearing from view.

He can't run far

## Chapter 324: The Third Floor

Inside the Xumi Temple, giant ghost Feng Yang stared dumbly at the Ten Buddha Formation at the center, bubbling with vigorous Buddhism energy, unable to come out from his bewilderment for a long time.

“Owner, this... this is?” He stammered.

Huang Xiaolong glanced at giant ghost Feng Yang: “This is the Godly Mt. Xumi.”

“What?!! This, the Godly Mt. Xumi!” Giant ghost Feng Yang exclaimed in a loud voice.

Huang Xiaolong nodded in affirmation. It was neither strange nor surprising for giant ghost Feng Yang, as a Saint realm ghost cultivator, to know about Godly Mt. Xumi. Moreover, Godly Mt. Xumi was a treasure from the Buddha World, an anathema for Yin creatures such as ghosts. If it weren't for Huang Xiaolong diverting the Buddhism energy away from Feng Yang, he would have been purified into nothingness the moment he appeared in the Xumi Temple.

Ignoring the dumbfounded look on giant ghost Feng Yang's face, Huang Xiaolong concentrated on driving the Godly Mt. Xumi, speeding forward past the mountains below.

Through Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong was able to view the outside mountains, there were indeed many creatures that were entirely blood-red moving around, physically similar to apes. These ghost creatures had a mouthful of sharp teeth, long arms with black strands of energy coming out from their eyes. On the top of their heads was a dagger-like spike, glinting with a sharp light.

“This is the Blood Dagger Ghost?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

Giant ghost Feng Yang was pulled out of his dazed, answering, “Yes, Owner, these are Blood Dagger Ghosts!”

Because Huang Xiaolong had the Godly Mt. Xumi shrunk to the size of a dust particle, the Blood Dagger Ghosts loitering below did not sense its presence. Huang Xiaolong punched out a Great Void Divine Fist in the Xumi Temple, the attack transferred out from Godly Mt. Xumi's space to the outside world, striking a Blood Dagger Ghost that strayed somewhat far away down below.

A loud boom resounded, and before that Blood Dagger Ghost could issue a scream, it exploded into a cloud of blood mist. Huang Xiaolong opened his mouth and sucked in its ghost soul, running the Blood Pact Mandate to refine the ghost soul.

After slightly more an hour, Huang Xiaolong successfully refined the Blood Dagger Ghost's soul.

He subsequently reaped more Blood Dagger Ghosts using the same method. Since he was cautious enough to select those Blood Dagger Ghosts that strayed off from the group, the matter did not alert the Blood Dagger Ghosts into frenzy madness.

Huang Xiaolong pushed the Godly Mt. Xumi to fly forward. In the past, many strong experts too passed the first and second floors, most of the treasures on the first and second floors had been plundered clean a long time ago, so Huang Xiaolong did not stop at all.

Still, the second floor of the Ghost King's cultivation cave consisted of a large area, Huang Xiaolong was able to refine more than a dozen Blood Dagger Ghosts. They took a whole day of flying before they arrived at the entrance to the third floor.

There were some obvious differences between the entrance to the second floor and the entrance to the third floor; the entrance to the second floor was as high as an adult, two meters in width, and had a glow that rippled like waves with strong resistance against foreign objects. The entrance to the third floor was much more spacious, several zhang tall, and the width of several li, overgrown with black vines.

These black vines wound around the entrance layers over layers, sliding over each other, issuing shrill wails. In all, they looked like oversized crawling black maggots, with hair-raising level of disgustingness.

"What is this?" Huang Xiaolong frowned looking at the black vines.

"Owner, this is something from Ghost World called Ghost Maggot." Giant Ghost Feng Yang explained, a strong fear reflected in his eyes, "Not only do these maggots suck human blood, they could even suck a person's battle qi, including Third Order Saint realm experts'. If one got entangled by Ghost Maggots, in less than a dozen breaths' time, they would be turned into a dry corpse!"

Huang Xiaolong drew in a mouthful of cold breath. A Third Order Saint Realm expert turned into a dry corpse in less than a dozen breath's time. These Ghost Maggots were a little too terrifying!

On the other hand, if these Ghost Maggots were something from the Ghost World, how did the Ghost King manage to culture them in his backyard garden?

"Furthermore, these Ghost Maggots are very resilient. A new vine could grow within seconds after being chopped off, it is almost impossible to kill, regardless if a high-level Saint realm expert was here, they won't die unless their main root is destroyed." Giant ghost Feng Yang added.

Huang Xiaolong nodded. Still, there were probably millions of these vines, to search and destroy the main root among this mass was... difficult. It seems like the reason giant ghost Feng Yang failed to proceed to the third floor was mainly due to these Ghost Maggots guarding the entrance.

Huang Xiaolong carefully guided the Godly Mt. Xumi to fly toward the entrance, approaching with care. In general, being inside the Godly Mt. Xumi, Second and Third Order Saint realm experts would not be able to detect Huang Xiaolong's presence, but still, it didn't guarantee that it would show the same result on the Ghost Maggots.

After all, they originated from the Ghost World.

And voila! Just as the Godly Mt. Xumi got close to the entrance, the crawling vines suddenly issued an ear-splitting shriek, vines shot out to wrap around the Godly Mt. Xumi. More and more vines circled tightly around the Godly Mt. Xumi, there were no gaps for air to pass through, it was like a ball of vines, wholly swallowing the Godly Mt. Xumi.

Huang Xiaolong was startled by the speed of things, he hastily pushed the Ten Buddha Formation and Buddhism energy gushed down from the void, sacred aureate rays pierced through the vines. Since Godly Mt. Xumi was a treasure from the Buddha World and the Ghost Maggot was a living organism from the Ghost World, the Godly Mt. Xumi should be able to restrain it.

Like Huang Xiaolong envisioned, the tight black vine ball was akin to darkness meeting light, disintegrating in an instant after coming in contact with the Buddha luminescence.

Feng Yang watched the black vines that were illuminated by the golden light slowly wither and fall. But in the next moment, the fallen vines were once again replaced by lively new ones.

Watching the result, Huang Xiaolong was delighted, he did not expect the Buddhism energy to have such a large damaging effect, although the withered and fallen vines were quickly replaced by new ones, this result was more enough for Huang Xiaolong. He made a full effort to push the Ten Buddha Formation inside the Xumi Temple, Buddhism energy gushed out, bursting out from the Godly Mt. Xumi in all four directions and it managed to speed away quickly through the third floor's entrance.

All the Ghost Maggot vines dried up and withered after being illuminated by the Buddhism energy. Seizing this small window of time, the Godly Mt. Xumi entered the third floor with Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang inside.

Entering the third floor, angry shrieks rang out behind them. Huang Xiaolong breathed out in relief as he scanned the third floor's environment.

The third floor's space was another endless stretch of snowy land. Low bushes of white-colored grass and plants, snowflakes falling from the high above. Other than snow, there were only the snow-covered bushes and nothing else.

Huang Xiaolong looked inquiringly at Feng Yang.

Giant ghost Feng Yang said, "Owner, this slave has never been this third floor before this, therefore I am not very clear. However, this slave remembered a Ghost Domain senior mentioned that the third floor was ten times more dangerous than the second floor. Beware of snow."

"Beware of snow?" Huang Xiaolong observed the area carefully and noticed that the falling snow on this third floor was different from normal snow.

The snow here seemed more translucent, white, and lighter. Despite that, other than these three points, Huang Xiaolong did not find other clues.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong continued to fly forward using the Godly Mt. Xumi, entering the snow territory. The falling snow stuck on the surface of Godly Mt. Xumi, accumulating more and more. Gradually, a chilling air penetrated into the Xumi Temple from the surface. A shiver ran down Huang Xiaolong's spine, feeling as if the blood running in his body was frozen solid.

### **Chapter 325: The Fourth Floor**

Inside the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong was dumbstruck.

This falling snow was so tyrannical! Even more so, it was a hundred times worse compared to the extreme cold wind at the bottom of the Broken Tiger Rift.

Huang Xiaolong felt his blood slowing down, and giant ghost Feng Yang's situation even was more drastic—a thin layer of ice formed over him, wrapping the giant ghost inside, the protective fog of ghost aura shrouding him turned bleak.

Huang Xiaolong swiftly infused more energy into the Ten Buddha Formation, Buddha luminescence poured out, filling every corner. The nameless fire tree too was puffing billows of fiery ember glow, melting away the coldness spreading in the spacious temple hall.

The frigid coldness might have dissipated, but Huang Xiaolong noticed that the layer of ice clothing over the Godly Mt. Xumi's surface remained, not only did it not melt, it actually increased in thickness as time passed.

As snow continued to accumulate over the Godly Mt. Xumi's surface, it became heavier and heavier, decreasing in flying height, scaring Huang Xiaolong enough to go all out in pushing the Ten Buddha Formation. Only then did he managed to stop the Godly Mt. Xumi from its gradually descent. However, as more snow accumulated, even when using all his effort to push the Xumi Temple formation, he merely slowed the rate and speed of the descent. This greatly troubled Huang Xiaolong.

If the Godly Mt. Xumi was so heavy that it landed below, unable to fly, with the snow and ice encroaching every inch of Godly Mt. Xumi and chaining it to the ground, at that time Huang Xiaolong would really be trapped in this snow land.

Gritting his teeth, Huang Xiaolong made the Godly Mt. Xumi turn back, all the way back until the edge of the third floor entrance, leaving the area of falling snow. Finally, the Godly Mt. Xumi stopped falling in altitude.

Still, it did not console Huang Xiaolong in the least, his robe dampened by cold sweat.

Close call! If they didn't turn back when they did, they absolutely would have fallen to the ground and be buried by the falling snow.

As a treasure from the Buddha World, the Godly Mt. Xumi was formidable against unworldly dark creatures, but helpless against the snow on the third floor. It was fortunate enough there was the nameless fire tree in the Xumi Temple, otherwise, he would have turned into an icicle early on.

Out of the falling snow area, Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple. Observing the layer of snow covering the Godly Mt. Xumi's surface, he frowned grimly; this snow, most likely even a Third Order Saint realm expert's flame could not melt it.

Pondering the matter, the true essence in Huang Xiaolong's dantian churned and the true essence fire danced cheerfully on his palms. If his true essence fire also couldn't melt this snow, he could only give up and leave this Ghost King's cultivation cave.

Under Huang Xiaolong's nervous gaze, he moved his palm closer to the snow covering the Godly Mt. Xumi, and to his delight, the snow slowly melted, turning into drops of ice blue water.

This strange snow actually melted under his true essence fire!

Great! This meant that he could pass through the third floor! On this third floor, other than the scary strange snow, there was probably no other danger.

A short while later, the snow-covered Godly Mt. Xumi was freed and Huang Xiaolong collected all the drops of blue water into a jade bottle. The strange snow came from this ice blue water, so it was obviously no ordinary water. It might come in handy in the future.

Thus, delaying no further, Huang Xiaolong formed a barrier of true essence fire on the Godly Mt. Xumi's surface, then initiating the Ten Buddha Formation, the Godly Mt. Xumi once again flew forward at breakneck speed, entering the third floor space.

Snow continued to fall flake by flake.

But this time, when they fell on the Godly Mt. Xumi's surface, almost instantly they were melted by the true essence fire. Although it still slowed its speed, it didn't hinder the flight progress.

They flew past the white snow land without stopping.

Perhaps there were many of treasures on the third floor, but in Huang Xiaolong's opinion, the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan superseded everything he could find here, therefore he had to reach the fifth floor at the fastest speed.

While Huang Xiaolong was rushing toward the fourth floor entrance, Zhao Chen, Li Qiuping, Wang Lin, and the others arrived at the entrance leading to the third floor. Although they had the numbers on their side, they faced more ordeals than Huang Xiaolong to reach this far.

Zhao Chen's group battled the Ghost Maggots' horrifying black vines over six hours before they seized the chance, sprinting past the entrance and arriving on the third floor, but even so, a number of disciples from Sin City, Snow Dragon City, Saber Imperial City, and Green Ghost City were turned into fertilizer for the Ghost Maggots.

Everyone's appearance was lamentable after reaching the third floor.

"These Ghost Maggots are really scary!" Li Qiuping exclaimed in apprehension as he looked back, shrieks echoing in his ears. The rest with him looked pale, assenting in silence. If it weren't due to their early preparation, chances were that everyone here would have died there at the third floor entrance.

"That little pup Huang Xiaolong, where has he ran to!" Zhao Chen barked moodily.

"The way I see it, he probably died under the vines of that Ghost Maggot." Standing behind Zhao Chen, Steward Feng spoke.

"Regardless whether that Huang Xiaolong is killed by the Ghost Maggot or not, we must rush to the fifth floor as soon as possible." Wang Lin added, "There are only ten more days before the Ghost City disappears."

Everyone had a solemn expression on their faces being reminded of this fact.

They had to leave before the Ghost City was closed, failing to leave meant they would be trapped inside until the Ghost City's next reappearance.

And the next time would be one thousand years later.

"Fine. Now, everyone swallow a Fire Spirit Bead to resist that soul snow, so we can quickly ascend to the fourth floor." Guo Dehui took out a reddish bead as he said that, swallowing it down. Instantly, a clear blue flame shrouded his body.

Zhao Chen and the rest followed his actions, swallowed the same Fire Spirit Bead and stepped onto the snowy ground. With the help of the Fire Spirit Bead, Zhao Chen's group sped through the vast snow land, narrowing the distance between them and Huang Xiaolong at amazing speed.

Whereas Huang Xiaolong carefully observed the surroundings on the lookout for any sudden circumstances while control the Godly Mt. Xumi, flying towards the fourth floor's entrance. Nothing jumped out and it was peaceful the entire way. One day later, Huang Xiaolong safely arrived at the entrance leading to the fourth floor. What surprised him was the fact that there was nothing at the fourth floor's entrance.

Huang Xiaolong spread out his spiritual sense, even opening the Eye of Hell to scan the entrance's surroundings, but he detected nothing.

Ten minutes later, Huang Xiaolong was still in a state of disbelief, even as he was passing through the entrance smoothly, until he reached the fourth floor.

A moment later, Huang Xiaolong converged his thoughts, surveying the environment on the fourth floor. The scene in front of him reflected prism color fog everywhere, this fog glittered gorgeously, emitting a psychedelic light, floating with the occasional breeze, but other than that, Huang Xiaolong saw nothing of significance.

However, giant ghost Feng Yang blurted in astonishment when he saw the prism colored fog: "Seven Color Ghostfog!"

"Seven Color Ghostfog?" Huang Xiaolong repeated in bafflement.

"Owner, this Seven Color Ghostfog is the nastiest type of ghost fog one can find in Ghost Domain. It is extremely toxic, a small breath and not even a high-level Saint realm expert could escape from its death clutch, dying from rotting flesh. Similar ghost type creatures like us are no exception." Giant ghost Feng Yang explained.

Huang Xiaolong was truly shocked, it never crossed his mind that this colorful fog would be so poisonous that a high-level Saint realm could die after inhaling tiny wisps.

But Huang Xiaolong calmed down very quickly, deadly as this multicolored fog was, it probably could not enter Godly Mt. Xumi's space. Despite his confidence, Huang Xiaolong took out two Jasper Lotus elixirs from the Asura Ring, giving one to Feng Yang. They each swallowed one Jasper Lotus.

This Jasper Lotus was one of the many elixirs he found at the bottom of the Broken Tiger Rift in the Eminent Holiness' secret space. It was able to solve hundreds of the world's toxic poisons.

After both had swallowed the Jasper Lotus elixir, Huang Xiaolong once again guided the Godly Mt. Xumi into the sea of colorful Ghostfog with caution.

### **Chapter 326: Ghost King Dan and Ghost King Sutra**

But, Huang Xiaolong's extra precaution was proved to be superfluous. Travelling in the sea of ghostfog, nary a wisp managed to seep inside the Godly Mt. Xumi. Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong breathed out in relief.



Inside the ghostfog, Huang Xiaolong's sharp eyesight could only determine the situation in an area less than a hundred zhang, stretching the distance slightly up to a thousand zhang with the Eye of Hell.

The Godly Mt. Xumi flew across the ghostfog without any surprises other than the occasional strange cries from unknown sources far away, raising goosebumps down the neck.

Huang Xiaolong was surprised that something actually lived within the Seven Color Ghostfog. He asked giant ghost Feng Yang about it, but the giant ghost shook his head, ignorant of what it could be.

Though they continued to hear strange cries throughout the flight, they did not meet with any attack. The entire crossing was calm and peaceful, in half a day's time, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang reached the doorway to the fifth floor.

Like the entrance of the fourth floor, there was nothing guarding the entrance towards the fifth floor, thus Huang Xiaolong passed through the entrance without any surprises onto the fifth floor.

On the fifth floor, the magnificent splendor of a palace came into sight, towering above a mountain peak.

A massive palace on a towering mountain.

A contradiction to the darkness Huang Xiaolong had seen on the way here, the fifth floor was like a celestial wonderland. On the mountain peak, the refreshing scent of elixirs wafted out, from ganoderma, herb elixirs, and spiritual trees shrouded in mesmerizing halos.

Huang Xiaolong even suspected he arrived at the wrong place for a second. Staring at the grandiose palace, Huang Xiaolong reined in the excitement bubbling in his heart, together with giant ghost Feng Yang, both of them exited the Godly Mt. Xumi, flying straight for the palace.

Soon, Huang Xiaolong stood on the same peak as the palace, powerful spiritual energy surged from the surrounding elixirs and ganoderma, enveloping Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang as if they dove into an ocean of spiritual energy.

Feeling this, Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed. These elixirs on this peak were no worse compared to the ones he found at the bottom of Broken Tiger Rift, some of these elixirs were even more precious and rare.

"Golden Sky Infant Fruit!"

"Jade Gold Pearl Flower!"

"Nine Nodes Grass!"

Not missing a beat, with a gentle wave of both hands, all the nearby elixirs flew towards Huang Xiaolong and into the Asura Ring. In less than the time it took to sip tea, all elixirs on the entire mountain peak were cleaned out by him. Not even the corner of a root was left behind for Zhao Chen's group.

After collecting the precious elixirs, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang stood in front of the palace gates. The gates were ten zhang tall, five zhang wide, and were opened.

The surroundings were quiet.

Huang Xiaolong spread out his spiritual sense and opened the Eye of Hell at the same time. Confirming that the gates were not rigged or placed with any curse, a moment later he stepped in together with giant ghost Feng Yang.

One step into the palace grounds, both Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang felt a whelming pressure enveloped them. Before this momentum, Feng Yang's knees went soft, falling into a kneeling position.

Huang Xiaolong too nearly fell to his knees, but the twin primordial divine dragons flew out from his body. An ancient dragon atmosphere, seemingly in slumber, awakened, surging out from Huang Xiaolong's body, indirectly helping him withstand the pressure.

Even so, Huang Xiaolong felt the oppressive pressure linger. Looking around, Huang Xiaolong saw a stalwart statue not too far up front. From its appearance, Huang Xiaolong couldn't tell what material the statue was made from, but it was extremely life-like. The statue was of a robust middle-aged man with a short beard, thick brows, and a generous-sized mouth. Knots of unknown origin, resembling tiny black pythons, flowed from the man's head like hair and the man's feet were standing atop two dragon heads.

Two devil dragons with scarlet red eyes!

The horrifying oppressive atmosphere he felt earlier came from this statue.

A statue actually exuded this much oppression!

"Lord, Lord Ghost King!" Hearing Feng Yang's shaky voice, he turned over to look, noticing the fear, worship, excitement, and trepidation in his eyes as he looked fixedly at the statue.

Ghost King! This extremely life-like statue really was a statue of the Ghost King!

Huang Xiaolong drew a deep breath looking at the Ghost King's statue, the shock in his heart undisguisable. Although he could hardly imagine the era when Ghost King's prestige soared heaven high, deterring many other experts and ruling billions of powerful ghost and devils, Huang Xiaolong felt the Ghost King's majestic might exuding from the statue.

Even the devil dragons were mounts under his feet!

It was some time later that Huang Xiaolong managed to suppress the sudden reverence, turning to check out the large hall. There were four main stone pillars in the hall, the top side of these pillars was decorated with carvings depicting evil spirits, while at the center of the ceiling was a pool of holy spirit clouds.

The aura of a devil mixed with holy spirit filled the large hall, half darkness and evil, half light and holiness, it gave off a weird feeling. There was nothing else in the large hall but the four stone pillars.

Huang Xiaolong looked carefully several times, finding nothing, he frowned. It was a single floor hall, no second, third, or fourth floor nor did it have an inner or outer hall. Just one open large hall.

Then, where could the legendary Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan be? All of a sudden, Huang Xiaolong's eyes looked over to the Ghost King statue, falling on the ring on the Ghost King's finger.

Spatial ring!

This spatial ring blended well with the statue, if it weren't for Huang Xiaolong observing the statue in detail he wouldn't have found any difference.

Huang Xiaolong's heart throbbed wildly. It seems like the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan were most likely in that spatial ring.

Huang Xiaolong lifted his hand and a strong suction force pulled the spatial ring off the Ghost King's hand, falling into his palm. The Ghost King's spatial ring was very different from the Asura Ring, purple in color and almost translucent, with two devil dragons carved on its the body, closely resembling the two devil dragons under the Ghost King's feet.

They were baring their fangs and claws, looking intimidating!

Running his battle qi, Huang Xiaolong tried to open the Ghost King's spatial ring, but just as he was about to infuse the spatial ring with battle qi, a monstrous swarm of evil spirits broke out from within, howling and wailing, an intense ghost aura engulfed Huang Xiaolong. Alarmed, Huang Xiaolong quickly released the Buddhism energy inside his body, gradually suppressing the mad group of evil spirits.

There was such an unnerving ban on the Ghost King's ring!

Huang Xiaolong once again looked at the Ghost King's spatial ring in his hand. Recalling the monstrosity coming at him just seconds ago, the lingering fear in Huang Xiaolong's heart had yet to subside. Luckily, he reacted in a timely manner, and most of all, he was lucky to have been imparted with Buddhism energy. Otherwise, he wouldn't be standing there safely now.

Still, this level of curse on the Ghost King's spatial ring was not something he could break at this moment.

'Looks like, I need to figure out a way, but first, I have to leave this place.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself, putting away the Ghost King Ring into the Asura Ring.

Then, Huang Xiaolong circled the hall to confirm that he did not miss any treasures lying around before leaving the hall with giant ghost Feng Yang.

Once they were out of the hall, Huang Xiaolong returned using the same route.

At this time, there were merely six to seven days left before the Ghost City disappeared, therefore he had to hurry back to the first floor, exit the Ghost King Palace and leave the Ghost City.

When he reached the fifth floor's entrance, Huang Xiaolong once again brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi, bringing giant ghost Feng Yang with him, both entering the Xumi Temple. Passing through the doorway, Godly Mt. Xumi disappeared into the ghostfog.

Being familiar with the route, Huang Xiaolong took only two days to exit the Ghost King's cultivation cave and continued onward to the Ghost City's main gates without stopping.

Since the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan were already in his hands, he had no interest in exploring other areas of the city.

Before long, Huang Xiaolong passed through the Ghost City gates, leaving the city behind.

## Chapter 327: Return to Duanren Empire

Huang Xiaolong felt a sense of relief when he exited the Ghost City. His current strength was sufficient to deal with Zhao Chen, but it was still quite troublesome if they ran into each other for now.

Especially if Zhao Chen's group realized that the Ghost King Sutra and Ghost King Dan fell into someone else's hands and Huang Xiaolong seemingly walked out safely from the Ghost King's cultivation cave, they would be able to connect two and two together.

If the news ever leaked out, he would be targeted throughout the Bedlam Lands.

Strength! Huang Xiaolong urgently needed to increase his strength!

Regardless if he could go against an early Saint realm expert such as Zhao Chen at his current peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order strength. Even against some mid-First Order Saint realm, it was far from sufficient. He would be powerless to do anything if he came across a Second Order Saint realm.

The same thought once again emerged in Huang Xiaolong's heart—break through to the Saint realm, as soon as possible!

Not to mention that there was only slightly more than a year's time left until Deities Templars' disciple selection. He had to break through to Saint realm before that, every ounce of strength was crucial, increasing his chances of rescuing Li Lu.

Huang Xiaolong checked the directions and then sped away southward with giant ghost Feng Yang, all the way without stopping. Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang flew for three hours, landing in a quiet, secluded valley.

Leaving giant ghost Feng Yang as a lookout on the outside, Huang Xiaolong entered the valley, brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi and entered the Xumi Temple. Even though he knew that refining the Ghost King's Ring would be hard at this current strength, Huang Xiaolong was determined to give it another try.

He was not someone who was willing to give up that easily.

As long as he could refine the ring and obtain the Ghost King Dan within, he had a high chance of breaking through to Saint realm in the next few months. Breaking through to Saint realm could not be achieved by merely swallowing some ten or hundred thousand year elixirs, otherwise, why would there be so many half-Saints stuck at that stage for a hundred years or so, unable to pierce through that slim barrier.

And divine grade spirit pellets, such as the Ghost King Dan, were highly beneficial in aiding the process of stepping into the Saint realm.

It was said the Ghost King spent many years and effort to refine the Ghost King Dan using more than a hundred precious elixirs, all for the sake of breaking into the God Realm.

Taking out the Ghost King Ring, Huang Xiaolong observed for a moment the ring floating in front of him, glimmering in a soft purple glow. He sat down cross-legged in the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, fully releasing the Buddhism energy from his body, only then did he cautiously ran his battle qi, infusing it into the ring in an attempt to refine it.

Just like the first time, the moment Huang Xiaolong's battle qi came in contact with the ring, the howling cries of evil spirits rang out and a monstrous ghost aura enveloped Huang Xiaolong. This time, it was even more powerful than before.

The intense ghost aura clashed against the Buddhism energy within the temple, raising an endless volley of explosions echoing throughout the Xumi Temple. A short while later, the monstrous ghost aura was suppressed by the Buddhism energy within the Ten Buddha Formation.

Nevertheless, Huang Xiaolong's back dampened with cold sweat at the sight. Fortunately, he prepared in advance or the result would have been devastating, especially because the second retaliation was more powerful than the first!

Huang Xiaolong's brows furrowed deeply; must he really give up here?!

Moments later, Huang Xiaolong directed the true essence fire from his dantian, forming a protective barrier over his body. At the same time, he initiated the Ten Buddha Formation, combining the Buddhism energy from the array formation with his own, creating a vigor barrier out of Buddhism energy before infusing his battle qi into the Ghost King Ring again.

The same thing happened, just like the previous two times. When Huang Xiaolong sent his battle qi into the ring, the ban inside was triggered, a soaring ghost aura rushed out from the ring, colliding with the Buddhism energy a second time.

In the spacious hall, a scrimmage between the rumbling ghost aura and the sacred Buddha luminescence took place. It took some time before the Buddhism energy managed to suppress the ghost aura, taking a longer time than the first time.

The process repeated again and again until Huang Xiaolong's fifth attempt to refine the Ghost King Ring, the ghost aura inside suddenly rushed out like an endless raging tsunami, shattering the vigor barrier erected from the Ten Buddha Formation, shooting straight towards Huang Xiaolong.

When it rammed into the true essence fire shield burning around Huang Xiaolong, it reacted like water overboiling, black fumes of smoke filled the temple hall.

Lasting until the end, the true essence fire barely succeeded in burning away all the ghost aura that aimed at him, but Huang Xiaolong's face paled considerably. Although his true essence fire burned away all the ghost aura, he was overdrawing the true essence in his dantian at the same time.

Focusing his thoughts, Huang Xiaolong executed his third martial spirit ability, Instant Recovery. Mottled blue lights spread up beginning from his feet, returning the ruddiness to his face, but it took several hours for the true essence in his dantian to recover.

Having recovered from his true essence exhaustion, Huang Xiaolong breathed out turbid qi from his mouth. He stared at the Ghost King Ring before him and sighed helplessly. It seems that relying on his current level of strength, it was simply insufficient to refine the Ghost King Ring, even considering the help of an early Saint realm giant ghost Feng Yang's assistance, the task had a very low chance of success.

A light flickered as thoughts ran through his mind swiftly. 'Then, the only option was to make a trip back to Duanren Empire. Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were both high-level Saint realm, with their help, the possibility of refining the Ghost King Ring was much higher,' Huang Xiaolong contemplated.

Once Huang Xiaolong made his decision, he exited the Xumi Temple and called giant ghost Feng Yang over. Both of them left the valley, speeding at breakneck speed towards the Duanren Empire.

As for Black Demon City, Huang Xiaolong wouldn't be returning for the time being. The most crucial matter now was to refine the Ghost King Ring so that he could refine the Ghost King Dan and break through to Saint realm.

Speeding up all the way, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang were out of the Ghost Domain territory in three days' time. They came across many other ghost creatures, but all were killed by Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang, their ghost souls were refined by Huang Xiaolong using the Blood Pact Mandate. Hence, by the time Huang Xiaolong left the Ghost Domain, his strength further enhanced significantly, approaching half-Saint.

Ten days later, Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang reached Duanren Empire's border. Seeing that the sky was already dark, he decided to rest for the night in the small town up ahead before traveling again.

'Not far from here is the Luo Tong Kingdom.' The thought crossed Huang Xiaolong's mind when he arrived at this small town called Thousand Spring, close to Duanren Empire's territory.

'Luo Tong Kingdom! I wonder how Lu Kai is doing now. It has been five years, that guy should have probably advanced to Houtian Eighth Order...'

A smile appeared on Huang Xiaolong's face at the thought of Lu Kai, that little guy most likely ascended the throne by now! He couldn't resist chuckling imagining Lu Kai's expression as he sat on the royal throne of the Luo Tong Kingdom.

The Luo Tong Kingdom held many of Huang Xiaolong's memories of this life.

Although the Huang Clan Manor no longer existed, in Huang Xiaolong's heart, the Luo Tong Kingdom had always been his starting place, a hometown so to speak. The best memories of his childhood were spent there.

...

At this time, deep inside the Luo Tong Kingdom Palace, in an underground dungeon, sounds of whip cracking against the flesh resounded.

"Hehe, Lu Kai, I didn't expect you to be so stubborn judging from your tender appearance." A cold sinister voice spoke.

"Ptui! There will be a day when I chop you old dog into pieces and feed you to the pigs!" An angry roar echoed in through the dungeon, and this was none other than Lu Kai's voice.

Inside the dungeon, Lu Kai's appearance was disheveled, his white robe stained with blood, both his arms and legs were chained to a thick iron column.

Standing in front of Lu Kai was an old man in a gray robe.

## Chapter 328: Back in Luo Tong Kingdom

The gray robed old man looked appreciatively at the blood-caked wounds on Lu Kai's body, a smile crept up his face, blossoming into laughter, yet it looked twisted: "Punk, you've got a mouth on you, want to chop me into pieces and feed me to the pigs? Relying on your current circumstances?" The old man's voice was full of mocking ridicule.

Lu Kai's eyes were filled with red veins as he glowered ferociously at the other side, his tone spine-chilling cold, "Old dog He Hui, you'd be wise and kill me now!"

The gray-robed old man, He Hui, snickered, very satisfied with himself, "Don't worry, we'll be displaying you tomorrow in the square outside the palace doors, and publicly behead you! This will be your final night alive, take the time to appreciate the night sky." The old man He Hui looked over the tiny frame that served as a window, chuckling, "It's a beautiful night."

Hazy moonlight shone into the dungeon cell through the small opening, pulling a blurry veil over the dungeon, adding a surreal effect. At this time, someone opened the dungeon door, a young man in brocade dragon robes stepped into the cell, followed closely behind by four palace guards.

The facial features of this young man bore some resemblance to Lu Kai.

Watching the young man enter the cell, the murderous look in Lu Kai's eyes intensified. If eyes could kill, if his eyes could murder, then this newly arrived young man would have been flesh-flayed by a million daggers many times over.

The young man entered unperturbed, even as he noticed the burning hatred and killing intent in Lu Kai's eyes. Walking towards the gray robed old man, he greeted: "Senior Brother He."

He Hui merely nodded.

Only then did the young man turn towards Lu Kai, speaking in a detached manner: "Big brother, have you been well in here for the past few days?" He glanced around the dungeon cell, noting the different torture instruments heaped in a pile at the corners, covered in dried blood and other stuff, emanating an indistinct unpleasant stench.

"Big brother?" Lu Kai threw his head back and laughed a dolent laugh. His eyes were blood-red as he stared at the young man, "Who is your Big brother?! Lu Jing, you think you will be able to ascend the kingdom's throne with me out of the way?"

This young man that bore similar features to Lu Kai was his younger brother, Lu Jing.

Lu Jing laughed, "Your Prince status has been revoked, I am the Luo Tong Kingdom's Prince now, in a few more years I would be able to ascend the throne. But pity, ah, you won't be able to witness that moment!" He waved a hand at the four guards behind, one of them stepped forward, presenting a tiffin box in front of Lu Jing respectfully.

Lu Jing opened the tiffin box revealing several small dishes inside, colorful, fragrant, and looking delicious. Together with the dishes on the side, there was a jug of wine.

Lu Jing spoke: "Don't say I didn't perform my brotherly duties, these are all your favorite dishes and your beloved Snow Moon Wine. But then again, you should know that this is your final supper in this world."

Lu Kai looked at his so-called brother Lu Jing, "So I should thank you instead?"

Lu Jing was nonchalant, "No need for thanks, we're real brothers after all, no need to be so polite." Then Lu Jing ordered the guards standing behind him, "Unchain him."

The same guard answered respectfully, went up to Lu Kai and released the lock to his chains.

"Don't even think of running away, it would save you some unnecessary bitterness." Lu Jing said, "Just enjoy your last meal. Senior Brother He, let's leave." With that, Lu Jing left, bringing the guards as well.

He Hui glanced at Lu Kai before leaving the dungeon cell after Lu Jing, shutting the door behind him.

Hands and feet released from the chains, Lu Kai slumped to the floor in a sitting position. Staring numbly at the spread of dishes and wine before his eyes. A light chuckle escaped his throat and a blur obscured his sight, mumbling, "Brother Xiaolong, it seems like we won't be able to meet again in this lifetime!"

As Luo Tong Kingdom's Prince, he spent most of his time practicing, therefore he didn't have many trustworthy friends around him. It could be said that Huang Xiaolong was his only true friend.

He slowly walked up, grabbed the wine jug and took a large mouthful.

The night slowly faded, relinquishing the sky to the morning sun.

Inside an inn at the Thousand Spring Town, the morning sunlight streamed into the room through the window, falling on Huang Xiaolong's body. Huang Xiaolong walked over to the window, taking a deep breath of the crisp morning air, stretching out.

He walked out of the room moments later.

Giant ghost Feng Yang was already waiting outside Huang Xiaolong's room, saluting when he saw Huang Xiaolong coming out of the room.

"Let's go." Huang Xiaolong said. Settling the payment for the accommodation, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang left the small Thousand Spring Town, flying rapidly in the direction of the Luo Tong Kingdom.

Since he was nearby, Huang Xiaolong decided to make a quick trip to the Luo Tong Kingdom to visit that guy, Lu Kai. He hadn't seen Lu Kai for many years.

The sunlight shone brilliantly. Although Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang were flying at breakneck speed, they did not arouse anyone's attention. At their level of strength, even a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order couldn't grasp the edge of their shadows, not to mention those of lower cultivation. It was even more impossible for the commoners to see them.

In a small kingdom, such as Luo Tong, disregarding mid-level Xiantian warriors, even early-level Xiantian warriors were hard to find.

Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang flew all the way, passing through the borders to reach the edge of Luo Tong Kingdom land. Entering the Luo Tong Kingdom, Huang Xiaolong first stopped where the Huang Clan Manor used to stand. That year, the Huang Clan Manor was uprooted by the Baolong



Kingdom's Big Sword Sect, now, the place was empty and abandoned, overgrown weeds had taken over the place amongst crumbled walls and ruins. Most of the buildings had collapsed to the ground.

Standing in the air as he looked at the ruin of a once huge manor, Huang Xiaolong lamented in his heart. In a flicker, he appeared in the small courtyard where he used to live.

In the small yard, that same tree was still there, and in a corner, there was a slightly crumbled large boulder. Seeing the small handprints on it, Huang Xiaolong couldn't resist smiling recalling how he tested his strength using that stone boulder every time he had a small breakthrough in cultivation. Those handprints were left by him in those years.

Walking to his room, Huang Xiaolong pushed the door open, thick dust danced in the air. Sliding a finger over the frame of his bed, inch thick dust stuck to his finger.

'Well, time to hire some people to repair Huang Clan Manor.' Huang Xiaolong thought. That year, in order to avoid the people from Big Sword Sect, he brought his parents and siblings away from the Huang Clan Manor, then, in order to avoid the Deities Templar, he moved them again to Duanren Empire Imperial City.

In the future, after he destroyed Deities Templar, he would send someone to repair the Manor. Huang Xiaolong knew that his parents had always missed this place.

"Come on." Huang Xiaolong said as he walked out of the room, leaving the Huang Clan Manor behind, heading to the Luo Tong Royal City.

A little more than an hour later, both of them arrived at the Luo Tong Royal City. In the past, Huang Xiaolong needed several months to reach Luo Tong Royal City from the Huang Clan Manor, but now, it was a matter of only a couple of hours.

Standing before the Luo Tong Royal City gates, watching the commoners coming and going, another wave of nostalgia washed over Huang Xiaolong. Stopping only for the briefest moment, he entered the city with giant ghost Feng Yang.

However, giant ghost Feng Yang's four-meter stature, even with his ghost aura well-hidden still terrified the common subjects in the Royal City, everyone scurried away or to the sides, giving way to Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang.

Huang Xiaolong did not mind the commotion, walking without a goal along the streets, when he suddenly stopped. Not far from him was the Delicious Restaurant. The taste of Delicious Restaurant's Snow Moon Wine was not bad.

Hence, leading giant ghost Feng Yang, Huang Xiaolong walked into the restaurant.

### **Chapter 329: Unable To Rescue?**

Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang climbed up to the first floor upon entering the restaurant, but he didn't expect to run into the restaurant's boss just as he stepped on the second floor. Seeing Huang Xiaolong, the boss's eyes widened to the size of fists, he was so excited that there were tremors in his voice, "You, you're Young Noble Huang?!"

Although it had been many years since Huang Xiaolong left the Luo Tong Royal City, and just as many years since he visited the Delicious Restaurant, the boss still recognized Huang Xiaolong in one glance.

He might forget others, but not Huang Xiaolong!

Huang Xiaolong was someone that represented the Luo Tong Kingdom in the in Duanren Empire's Imperial City Battle, the legendary figure that won the first place, how could he forget!!!

That year, Huang Xiaolong won the Duanren Imperial City Battle's first place, when the news was sent back to the Luo Tong Kingdom, celebrations were held throughout the kingdom. King Lu Zhe held a three-day celebration feast when he announced the glorious achievement!

Moreover, the boss was well aware that Huang Xiaolong was someone that even the sole Marshal of Luo Tong Kingdom, Marshal Haotian was respectful to!

Watching the restaurant boss's expression, Huang Xiaolong smiled and nodded slightly, he didn't expect the boss to remember him after so many years.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong admitted his identity, the boss grew more enthusiastic, nearly performing a full kneel and kowtow to salute Huang Xiaolong. Huang Xiaolong easily stopped the boss's action, extending his left hand out, indicating him to stand up while his eyes looked at him and then the surroundings meaningfully.

Watching Huang Xiaolong's actions, the restaurant boss instantly understood that Huang Xiaolong didn't want others to know of his presence. Only then did he hurried to a stand, but even so, his demeanor was of utmost respect, the angle of his waist probably exceeded ninety degrees. He personally led Huang Xiaolong to a secluded section and took Huang Xiaolong's orders.

Other customers noticed the complaisant attitude of the restaurant boss before Huang Xiaolong, most were shocked and curious.

A short while later, the boss excused himself respectfully.

While waiting for the dishes to arrive, the sudden loud commotion on the streets attracted Huang Xiaolong's attention. Huang Xiaolong looked outside through the restaurant's window and saw the common subjects moving in small and large groups heading in one direction.

At this time, discussions on tables nearby reached his ears.

"Quickly eat, after we finish eating we're rushing over to the square across the palace doors to watch a good show!" One customer said.

"Life is really strange, ah, who would've thought that, as a Prince, Lu Kai would end up so tragically." Another person commented.

Lu Kai?! Huang Xiaolong was stunned hearing Lu Kai's name being mentioned.

'What is happening?'

"Young Noble Huang, your dishes are here." At this point, the restaurant boss returned, personally bringing Huang Xiaolong his dishes.

As he put the plates one by one on Huang Xiaolong's table, Huang Xiaolong questioned, "About Lu Kai, what's that all about?"

The restaurant boss' action lagged for a second, not knowing what to say. It was known to many people in the Royal City that Huang Xiaolong and Prince Lu Kai were good friends back in the day, thus he also knew.

"Speak!" Huang Xiaolong's face sank, exuding a powerful momentum that enveloped the entire restaurant. The noisy restaurant instantly fell into a dead silence, the customers all around were filled with apprehension.

Whereas the restaurant boss was so scared that he fell to his knees, "Huang, Young Noble Huang..." ashen face and cold sweat, he looked at Huang Xiaolong with awe.

Watching the restaurant boss' reaction, Huang Xiaolong converged the terrifying pressure he released, slightly adjusting his expression as he said, "First, stand up."

Not daring to delay, the restaurant boss hurried to his feet, respectfully recounting the matter from the beginning to Huang Xiaolong in a trembling voice.

The more Huang Xiaolong listened, the gloomier the expression on his face became.

Until the end, the restaurant boss noticed the hot dishes he just served moment ago with steam still curling were now covered with layers of white ice. They were in the peak of spring, where did this ice come from?

Finished telling the matter, the restaurant boss felt his throat feel dry and itchy as he stood there, not daring to move.

In plain words, Lu Kai's younger brother, Lu Jing, in order to seize the kingdom's throne, joined a sect that called themselves Wind God Cult, worshipping the Sect Leader as Master, working hand in glove on a conspiracy. Controlling King Lu Zhe, they forced him to renounce Lu Kai's Prince status and throw him into the dungeon.

They even announced that Lu Kai will be brought to the square opposite the palace doors for public beheading!

"How much time till the execution?" A moment of silence later, Huang Xiaolong looked at the restaurant boss.

The restaurant boss looked at the sky outside, answering, "Around one hour's time."

One hour. Huang Xiaolong stood up, preparing to leave with giant ghost Feng Yang.

Guessing what Huang Xiaolong wanted to do, the restaurant boss courageously stepped in, "Young Noble Huang, I know you want to rescue Prince Lu Kai, but with just the two of you, it's impossible to cope with the tens of thousands of palace guards. At that time, not only will you fail to rescue Prince Lu Kai, you might even lose your life in this gamble."

That year, when Huang Xiaolong relocated his family to Duanren Imperial City, Marshal Haotian also went, following beside the Huang Family. Thus, Huang Xiaolong had no reinforcement in Luo Tong Royal

City anymore. If he planned to rescue Prince Lu Kai with a mere two people, in the restaurant boss' opinion, it was a hopeless feat, regardless if Huang Xiaolong was the champion of Duanren Imperial City Battle and had already broken through to Xiantian.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the restaurant boss and smiled, "Lose my life in this gamble?" He was not angry, for he understood that the restaurant boss reminded him out of good intentions.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong was still nonchalant about the matter, he grew solemn, emphasizing, "Yes, I know that Young Noble Huang has broken through the Xiantian realm, but other than the numerous palace guards, I've heard that the person responsible for guarding Prince Lu Kai was a peak late-Xiantian Second Order expert."

"Peak late-Xiantian Second Order?" Huang Xiaolong was dumbfounded. A small kingdom such as Luo Tong Kingdom has a peak late-Xiantian Second Order.

The restaurant boss nodded gravely, "That's right. An expert from the Wind God Cult, also Lu Jing's Eldest Senior Brother, named He Hui."

'So, someone from Wind God Cult, Huang Xiaolong mused, but where did this Wind God Cult pop out from? Even the restaurant boss doesn't know.'

No matter what hole they came out from, it was fated that the Wind God Cult would be destroyed.

"Keep the dishes warm, after I rescue my brother, I'll come drink with him." Huang Xiaolong said to the restaurant boss laughingly, a finger casually pointed at the table of food.

The restaurant boss blanked momentarily before he understood the meaning of Huang Xiaolong's words, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang's silhouettes had vanished from his sight.

The restaurant boss looked dazedly at the spot where Huang Xiaolong and the giant 'man' stood earlier, now it was empty and airy. A long time passed before he shook his head, muttering to himself, "I hope that the Heavens bless Young Noble Huang so that he can escape from this disaster." He didn't think that Huang Xiaolong and his friend had any chances of rescuing Lu Kai.

At this time, the palace's main doors slowly opened. Lu Kai, with his four limbs chained down to an iron column, escorted out by a group of palace guards, all the way to the square center. Lines of palace guards barricaded the square's perimeter tightly.

Commoners that came to watch a lively show crowded the square some distance away, pointing fingers and shaking heads, some with pity, some gloated.

### **Chapter 330: God Killing Fist!**

He Hui glared at Lu Kai at the center of the square and barked: "On your knees!"

Lu Kai stood upright, looking coldly at the old man.

Watching Lu Kai's stubbornness, He Hui snickered instead, lifting his foot and kicking the back of Lu Kai's knees as swift as lightning. Lu Kai's knees bent and he fell to his knees.

“Do you think you’re still Luo Tong Kingdom’s Prince?” He Hui mocked, “Now, you’re nothing but a death row prisoner waiting to be beheaded, merely a prisoner!”

Lu Kai raised his head, eyes tinted with bloodlust watching He Hui. Seeing this, He Hui struck across Lu Kai’s face without any misgiving, leaving a raw five-finger print on Lu Kai’s cheek. His head fell to the side, blood filling his mouth.

From afar, the commoners became agitated and angered.

Lu Jing frowned slightly as he stood on the erected stage, saying “Senior Brother He, it’s good enough.” After all, Lu Kai was his brother.

“Big brother, speak, do you have any last words?” Lu Jing looked at Lu Kai, kneeling at the center of the square, asking in a condescending manner.

Lu Kai looked up, a tiny depreciating smile lifted the corner of his mouth as he stared fixedly at his younger brother: “Don’t kill my mother.”

Although they were brothers, they were born of different mothers.

Lu Jing shook his head: “Change your request.” His meaning was very clear. Once Lu Kai was dead, his mother must also die, all possibilities must be uprooted.

Tears fell from Lu Kai’s eyes without warning.

“Junior Brother, it’s about time.” He Hui added, “Master ordered that there must not be any mishap.” The last sentence contained a hint of reminder.

Lu Jing was displeased, in the end, he did not say anything, he merely nodded.

He Hui walked up, raising his voice: “Prepare for execution!”

The executioner, who was ready at the side, approached Lu Kai, but before he came close to Lu Kai, his body froze for a moment and tumbled to the ground abruptly.

The sudden turn of events struck everyone dumb.

“What is happening?!” Lu Jing jumped from his seat.

He Hui scanned the surrounding crowd, snorting disdainfully, “Someone wants to snatch people from the execution?” He leaped into the air, landing beside the dead executioner, yet what puzzled him was that he couldn’t find the cause of death. There were no wounds at all on the executioner’s body.

The noisy crowd quieted down all of a sudden, all of them turned their heads towards a certain direction where a black-haired young man and a four-meter-tall giant man covered entirely in a black cloak were slowly walking towards the square center.

He Hui and Lu Jing inevitably also turned to look.

When Lu Kai saw the young man’s face, his body shook, eyes wide with disbelief, a joy rushed from his heart and even his lips quivered.

As Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang moved forward, the crowd opened a small berth for them. The palace guards barricading the perimeter shouted a warning, motioning the guards to execute the two trespassers on the spot, but shockingly, before the palace guards took more than ten steps, their bodies were pushed back without reason, no matter how many of them went up.

Witnessing this scene, all the commoners on the square were dumbstruck, eyes larger than the size of a gold coin. They clearly saw that neither one of the two people made any attack.

He Hui's brows wrinkled slightly because he did not see any of the two people making a move either. Or should he say, with his sight, he was unable to determine these two people's attack?

But then he shook his head, thinking that the probability was too absurd. According to his knowledge, in this tiny Luo Tong Kingdom, a Xiantian Third Order did not exist, the strongest cultivation was only a mid-Xiantian Second Order.

Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang finally arrived at the execution stage. Lu Kai stood up, filled with excitement looking at Huang Xiaolong.

They merely looked at each other like that.

"Brother, I am late." Huang Xiaolong spoke first.

Lu Kai shook his head, tears streaming down his face, unsure if they were tears of joy or grief. He never imagined that Huang Xiaolong would appear here, didn't Haotian's letter a few months ago say that Huang Xiaolong traveled to the Bedlam Lands?

"I heard Marshal Haotian mention some months ago that you went off to the Bedlam Lands?" Lu Kai asked.

Huang Xiaolong grinned, "En, I stayed there for some time. Just came back, and on the way, I thought of having a drink with you."

Have a drink? Lu Kai laughed through his tears, "Can I ask, in the Bedlam Lands, are there a lot of beauties?"

Huang Xiaolong was stumped, speechless, this fella nearly had his head chopped off, and now he was standing there enquiring about beauties?

A cold voice cut into their conversation, "Drink wine? Beauties? Hmph, when you go to hell, you can reunite there and enjoy yourselves." It was He Hui's voice.

He Hui's heart was on fire. These two people broke into the execution stage yet they dared stand there conversing idly, they were not putting him in their eyes at all! He marched towards Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang, battle qi flame burst out from his body, exuding a terrifying atmosphere.

Lu Kai's heart tightened, quickly looked at Huang Xiaolong, "Brother, this old fogey is a peak late-Xiantian Second Order, do you have any confidence?" Although he understood Huang Xiaolong, knew that this brother of his wouldn't do things he has no grasp in, Lu Kai still worried. After all, when Huang Xiaolong left the Luo Tong Kingdom, he has yet to break through Xiantian realm.

Huang Xiaolong shrugged nonchalantly, "What do you think?"

Hearing this, Lu Kai relaxed, completely reassured.

He Hui heard Huang Xiaolong's words and he glared at him, "Vainglorious boast! Little brat, I want to see what capability you have to rescue people from under my watch!" He Hui prepared to attack at the end of his words.

However, precisely at the same time, amongst the crowd, someone suddenly exclaimed out loud: "That one looks like... Huang Xiaolong... Huang Xiaolong!"

"Huang Xiaolong? A few years back, the same Huang Xiaolong that brought glory to our Luo Tong Kingdom, winning the first place at the Duanren Imperial City Battle?!"

"Yes, yes, that's him! Huang Xiaolong! Our Luo Tong Kingdom's legendary genius!" The crowd's excitement was incited, the voices around became louder, everyone speaking and shouting at once, turning into a trend.

Finally, someone recognized Huang Xiaolong!

The news spread, one to ten, ten to a hundred!

He Hui was stunned at first, before it turned into a cold sneer, "Duanren Imperial City Battle's number one several years ago? No wonder you're so arrogant, but do you think that winning whatever Imperial City number one makes you invincible in the world? Today, I will show you that there is a Heaven beyond the Heavens, mountains beyond mountains!" With that, He Hui aimed a punch at Huang Xiaolong, fist imprint breaking the wind, distorting airflow, and space.

"God Killing Fist!" He Hui hollered as if beneath his fist, even God would be annihilated.

Huang Xiaolong was calm as ever watching the other side's fist coming at him, standing there, waiting, unmoving, as if he has no intention to counter. Lu Kai became nervous only to see the giant 'man' beside Huang Xiaolong reach out. With a single pat and an eerie cry, He Hui was struck down, embedded into the square floor.

Lu Kai's mouth was agape with shock, fixed at the jaw, his eyeballs almost popping out staring at He Hui's half-buried body.

The crowd that was excited because of Huang Xiaolong's appearance also went silent in a daze. Including Lu Jing and the surrounding palace guards.

Ignoring the expressions around him, Huang Xiaolong slowly approached He Hui.