

# INVINCIBLE 331

## Chapter 331: Deities Templar Appears Again

Huang Xiaolong's feet stopped a few meters away from He Hui. A single hand raised and a powerful suction force extracted He Hui from the ground. Looking at He Hui coldly, Huang Xiaolong repeated slowly, "Heavens beyond Heavens, Mountains beyond Mountains?"

Earlier, he had ordered Feng Yang to hold back a little, hence, He Hui did not die on the spot... but then again, he was not far from death.

He Hui struggled weakly to open his eyes as he let out a low snicker, his hoarse voice sounded, "Little brat, you're dead! Our Wind God Cult is under Deities Templar, do you know Deities Templar? Deities Templar is the strongest force in our Martial Spirit World. To destroy you and every member of your family clan is as simple as blowing dust."

The Wind God Cult was one of the weaker dependent forces that Deities Templar netted, and He Hui was just an insignificant character, therefore, he had no knowledge of the intense friction between Huang Xiaolong and Deities Templar.

He Hui thought that Huang Xiaolong didn't have any idea about the transcendent existence of Deities Templar, which was why he purposely exaggerated it's 'terrifying' force at the end.

Huang Xiaolong chuckled at He Hui's words, but still, he didn't expect this Wind God Cult to be a branched out part of Deities Templar.

"Oh~, destroying my family and clan is no different than blowing dust to them?" Huang Xiaolong laughed.

He Hui's attitude turned haughty, "I know that perhaps you don't believe it, but..!" His voice stuck here, stopping abruptly. His eyes lowered to see his chest exploding with one palm strike from Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong simply flung He Hui's body aside, falling to a corner of the execution area, and then proceeded to walk towards Lu Kai while ignoring the flabbergasted look on his face. Battle qi wrapped around his palm, straight like a blade, chopping the chains tying Lu Kai's hands and feet into a dozen sections.

Then Huang Xiaolong took out from the Asura Ring a Soul Replenishing Fruit he collected from the Ghost King's cultivation cave and told Lu Kai to open his mouth, swallow and refine it.

Lu Kai's crippled Qi Sea and meridians did not escape Huang Xiaolong's eyes. The benefits of this Soul Replenishing Fruit was slightly better than Nine Leaves Purple Grass. Very soon, vigor and ruddiness returned to the pale-faced, weak-atmosphered Lu Kai. His strength returned and even continued rising, becoming stronger.

"This..!" Lu Kai was greatly shocked at the result of the fruit. He dared not believe what was happening, astonishment was written all over his face as he felt his Qi Sea and meridians recover fully.

Not only that, the battle qi coursing in his Qi Sea and meridians was stronger, more powerful. Just moments ago, he broke through consecutively all the way to mid-Houtian Eighth Order!

Lu Kai's eyes sparkled with excitement staring at Huang Xiaolong, but just as he wanted to ask, Huang Xiaolong stopped him. Shaking his head with a smile, "We'll talk about this later. Solve the matter at hand first." He said, pointing a finger at Lu Jing on the side.

Lu Kai nodded. Then he looked over at Lu Jing.

Seeing Lu Kai looking at him, fear and terror flickered in his eyes. When he was about to flee from the scene, Lu Kai leaped out, blocking the path right in front of Lu Jing.

"Kill, I order you to kill him, kill them all!" Lu Jing shouted in panic at the palace guards around him. At his order, the guard beside Lu Jing waved his sword and attacked Lu Kai, however, before that palace guard could attack, giant ghost Feng Yang opened his mouth and sucked in. Before Lu Jing's terrified eyes, all the palace guards around him turned into dry mummified corpses.

The rest of the palace guards that prepared to attack halted sharply in their actions watching this result, inhaling cold breaths as they stared at the giant 'man' beside Huang Xiaolong warily.

Although Lu Kai too was shocked inside, he recovered fairly quickly, concentrating on his younger brother, Lu Jing. Lu Kai punched out without another word, striking Lu Jing's chest. Lu Jing's body inverted with scream, falling to the square floor from the stage.

Lu Kai leaped down and once again approached Lu Jing.

The rows of palace guards around the square stood by and watched, none of them dared to step up to stop Lu Kai.

"Big brother, don't, no, don't kill me!!" Lu Jing climbed up from the ground, keeping his eyes on the approaching Lu Kai. He was terrorized, frantically waving his hands at Lu Kai: "I know I was wrong, I beg you, don't kill me."

Lu Kai's face was cold and grim, "Don't kill you?!" his left palm straightened, and chop down decisively.

Lu Jing grasped at his throat, mouth opened like a fish out of water, red in the face. The entire time, fear never left his widened eyes, mixed with despair and anger. One of his hand flailed around, clawing for Lu Kai but Lu Jing tumbled to the ground after taking two steps. His body twitched once and forever remained still henceforth.

Lu Kai glanced coldly at his body. The surrounding palace guards, as well as the commoners in the distance, fell into silence watching Lu Jing's corpse.

Moments later, Huang Xiaolong stood beside Lu Kai, "How are you?"

Lu Kai shook his head, breathing out heavily as if all his burden could leave him that way, "I am fine."

Huang Xiaolong smiled, "I have some food and drinks readied at the Delicious Restaurant, shall we go for a drink?"

Lu Kai was stunned for a moment before revealing a grin, "Is there Snow Moon Wine?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded firmly: "There is Snow Moon Wine."

"There's food and wine, of course I have to go." Lu Kai laughed.

Moments later, all the palace guards present in the square watched as Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai left in leisure steps, no one dared to object or stop them. It didn't take long for the three of them to reach the Delicious Restaurant.

When the Delicious Restaurant's boss saw Huang Xiaolong return, along with Lu Kai beside him, he reacted like a wooden chicken standing on the spot, dumbstruck for a very long time before he remembered to kneel down, greeting Lu Kai.

After the restaurant boss stood up, Huang Xiaolong led the way up to the first floor while asking, "Boss, the dishes, did you warm them?" before Huang Xiaolong left earlier, he specifically instructed them to warm the dishes.

The restaurant boss had an awkward expression on his face, not knowing how to answer Huang Xiaolong for he didn't believe for a second that Huang Xiaolong would be able to rescue Lu Kai, even more so returning here to eat if he, by some miracle, succeeded.

Therefore... he did not keep the dishes warm.

How could Huang Xiaolong not understand watching the restaurant boss' interesting expression. He didn't blame or admonish the matter, walking to the same table as before with Lu Kai.

Although the restaurant boss didn't keep Huang Xiaolong's dishes warm, he also did not allow others to use the table or take away the food served.

After sitting down, with a turn of his hand, a small kindle of true essence fire floated on Huang Xiaolong's palm. With a quick sweep over the wine and dishes, curling wisps of steam instantly filled the air with enticing fragrance.

The restaurant boss was stunned. He hesitated before speaking up, "Young Noble Huang, Prince Lu Kai, the pursuing guards might reach here very soon, shouldn't you...?" To him, since Huang Xiaolong succeeded in rescuing Prince Lu Kai, he and Prince Lu Kai should flee far away from Luo Tong Royal City as soon as possible, the further the better. Yet, these two people were in the mood to just sit here, drinking wine and enjoying meat?

Later, when the Wind God Cult and the palace guards chased them here, what would they do?!

Both Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai chuckled hearing that, making the restaurant boss feel lost and baffled.

Huang Xiaolong stopped laughing and said, "Well, Boss, you go down first, we'll call for you if there's anything we need."

Seeing this, the restaurant boss didn't dare to broach the subject anymore. Saluting respectfully, he excused himself.

"Come, let us drink." Watching the restaurant boss disappear from view, Huang Xiaolong raised his cup and clinked it against Lu Kai's.

Needless to say, the Snow Moon Wine reheated using true essence fire tasted better than usual. The wine was smooth down the throat, with a hint of warmth after the initial iciness, intoxicating to the soul.

Calling it ambrosia of the gods was befitting.

But in this world, probably only Huang Xiaolong was profligate enough to use true essence fire to reheat dishes and wine.

...

While Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai were enjoying themselves with food and wine at the Delicious Restaurant, a hundred miles outside Luo Tong Royal City, on a small mountain range, stood the structures of several palaces. These palaces were Wind God Cult's main headquarters built in the Luo Tong Kingdom.

At this time, Wind God Cult's Leader was standing below the dais in a respectful manner, whereas on the main seat in the hall sat a young man in a white robe, with icy blue eyes. There was an obvious golden runic pattern on his forehead.

This young man was the very same person who took Li Lu away in Duanren Imperial City together with Li Molin, Deities Templar's Ao Baixue! That time several years ago, Ao Baixue had revealed his Saint realm strength and injured Huang Xiaolong with it.

### **Chapter 332: Even If Given Wings... Won't Be Able To Escape**

Ao Baixue sat on the throne seat in the hall, his fingers caressing the emeralds decorating the sides...

The atmosphere in the great hall grew smothering. Fan Yiming had his head lowered, not daring to breathe loudly.

"No news yet from the Luo Tong Kingdom's side?" A while later, Ao Baixue finally spoke, his majestic tone shattered the suffocating silence.

Fan Yiming trembled, but he swiftly stepped forward to answer, "Replying to Elder Ao, most likely there will not be any unanticipated accident. I've sent my eldest disciple He Hui to supervise the matter, by this time, that Lu Kai should have been beheaded. With Lu Kai's death and with Lu Jing ascending the throne, we can smoothly control the Luo Tong Kingdom."

Ao Baixue condescendingly glanced at Fan Yiming from above the throne seat, deriding in soft-spoken words, "I hope it is as you said. Serve well, and Deities Templar will reward you justly."

Joy flooded Fan Yiming's face and he knelt down in a kowtow: "This lowly one thanks Elder Ao!"

It was at this time, from outside the great hall, a Wind God Cult Elder rushed into the hall in a flustered manner.

Ao Baixue's brows wrinkled with dissatisfaction: "What is it?"

That Elder fell to his knees and reported with a shaky voice, "Reporting to Elder Ao, Leader, Luo- there's a mishap on the Luo Tong Kingdom's side."

Mishap? Mishap could only refer to Lu Kai's death, unless...?

“What happened?!” Fan Yiming demanded anxiously.

“Some- someone rescued Lu Kai, and, and...” The Elder hesitated.

“And what?” Fan Yiming snapped.

“And Elder He is dead!” That Elder dared not conceal the truth.

“What?!” Fan Yiming didn’t look good, he was very confident in his eldest disciple He Hui’s strength, a peak late-Xiantian Second Order. To his knowledge, no Xiantian Third Order expert existed in the Luo Tong Kingdom, yet his disciple was killed?!

“What about Lu Jing?” Fan Yiming pressed.

“Lu Jing was also killed!” That Wind God Cult Elder reported the truth with all honesty.

However, his answer made Fan Yiming’s face murkier than muddy water.

Ao Baixue remained seated on the hall throne and wasn’t angered even after listening to the Wind God Cult Elder’s report. Instead, Ao Baixue laughed softly, “Interesting, there are actually people who dare to oppose my Deities Templar? Interesting.”

Although Ao Baixue looked calm on the surface, Fan Yiming instantly knelt down on his knees, kowtowing repeatedly, “Elder Ao, this subordinate is incompetent, deserving a thousand deaths!”

“Enough, stand up.” Ao Baixue said.

Fan Yiming and the Elder gave their thanks before daring to stand up.

“How many people took part in rescuing Lu Kai?” Ao Baixue questioned that Wind Cult Elder.

The Wind God Cult Elder hastened to answer, “It was two people. One was a young man, the other a four-meter-tall giant, it seems that young man is called Huang Xiaolong, and that giant man is probably his bodyguard.”

“What? Huang Xiaolong?” Ao Baixue showed surprise on his face, “You are very sure that he is called Huang Xiaolong?”

“That is correct, Elder Ao. When that young man was rescuing Lu Kai, the commoner crowd gathered around the square recognized him, claiming that the young man was Luo Tong Kingdom’s greatest genius talent, participated in the Duanren Imperial City Battle and won the first place that year.” The Elder answered respectfully.

Hearing the Elder’s explanation, Ao Baixue was absolutely sure that it was none other than Huang Xiaolong, making him burst out in laughter in delight. He stood up as he laughed, “Huang Xiaolong ah Huang Xiaolong, truly, enemies meet on a narrow road, I truly did not expect that you will appear here!”

Amongst the ranks of Deities Templar, Huang Xiaolong was labeled a ‘sinner!’

Anyone who went against Deities Templar would be listed as sinners, and in the Deities Templar Sinner’s List, Huang Xiaolong might not rank first, but he was definitely within top ten.

If he could capture Huang Xiaolong and bring him back to Deities Templar, he would be greatly rewarded. Of course, the reward would be the same if he brought back Huang Xiaolong's corpse.

"Elder Ao, that Huang Xiaolong is..?" Fan Yiming approached, venturing with caution.

Ao Baixue smiled, "Just a stinky boor of a young man. There's some small grudge with him from a few years ago, at that time he was only an early Xiantian. Regardless of his current strength, he is a designated sinner wanted by Deities Templar."

Fan Yiming quickly said, "So it's like that. No matter how much of a genius talent that Huang Xiaolong could be, at most he's only a mid-level Xiantian. Probably yet to break through the mid-level Xiantian. In front of Elder Ao, he won't be able to escape even if you put wings on him, peeing himself the instant he sees Elder Ao appear."

This brown-nosing put Ao Baixue in an extremely good mood.

"Did you find out in which direction that Huang Xiaolong fled to?" Ao Baixue then asked the Elder.

"Replying to Elder Ao, that Huang Xiaolong did not run after rescuing Lu Kai. They went to a place called Delicious Restaurant within the Luo Tong Royal City, they are drinking wine." The Elder replied with due respect, "Even now, both of them are still there."

Ao Baixue was stunned. 'They did not run?' Then he inquired about the characteristics of the giant man who was with Huang Xiaolong. After confirming that it was neither Zhao Shu nor Zhang Fu, he was totally at ease.

As long as it wasn't Zhao Shu or Zhang Fu, the matter would be easy to handle. At Huang Xiaolong's side, the only high-grade Saint realm experts were Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu. Whereas those miscellaneous people like Yu Ming, Haotian, Fei Hou, and what not, taking care of them was only a matter of snapping his fingers.

"Huang Xiaolong, I want to see how you're going to escape my hands this time!" Ao Baixue declared coldly. He turned around to instruct Fan Yiming, "Order down the lockdown of the entire Luo Tong Royal City, you make a trip there with me."

"Yes, Elder Ao!" Not delaying further, Ao Baixue flew out of the great hall, leading Fan Yiming and some others in the direction of Luo Tong Royal City. With Ao Baixue's Saint realm speed, a hundred li was a matter of only half an incense stick's burning time.

Before long, Ao Baixue's sighted the Luo Tong Royal City in front of him. Watching the city structures growing bigger and closer, excitement gleamed in his eyes. He was now a mid-First Order Saint realm. This time, if he could capture Huang Xiaolong alive and bring him back to the Deities Templar headquarters, with the reward from the Temple Preceptor he could definitely advance to late-First Order Saint realm in the shortest time.

While Ao Baixue and his group narrowed the distance to Luo Tong Royal City, Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai were still clinking cups in the Delicious Restaurant. It had been a few years since they last saw each other, words were bound to be many.

Talking about the Cosmic Star Academy and the days they spent there, each sighed with nostalgia. When the topic came to the annual Academy year competition, Lu Kai laughed, "You kid, shouldn't you have let me hit you once or twice those years?" Those years, whenever Huang Xiaolong met Lu Kai on the stage, he barely showed any mercy.

Huang Xiaolong too laughed, "I cannot cheat." Speaking of this, Huang Xiaolong recalled someone, "That Jiang Teng, how is he now?"

Jiang Teng was Huang Xiaolong's classmate in his first year, also the only student with superb talent martial spirit apart from Huang Xiaolong.

"Principal Sun Zhang and Vice Principal Xiong Chu placed high importance on him. Now, Jiang Teng is already a mid-Ninth Order." Lu Kai said. The Ninth Order Lu Kai referred to was, of course, mid-Houtian Ninth Order.

Huang Xiaolong nodded. Jiang Teng was both Sun Zhang and Xiong Chu's disciple at the same time, with his grade eleven superb talent martial spirit and the two elders' guidance, it was no wonder Jiang Teng had this achievement.

Mentioning Jiang Teng, Lu Kai couldn't resist asking, "Brother, tell me frankly, what is your strength now?" He had an itching curiosity about Huang Xiaolong's strength.

### **Chapter 333: Able To Contend With Me?**

Huang Xiaolong showed a faint smile hearing Lu Kai asking about his current strength, "In your opinion, what's my current strength?"

Lu Kai kept mum for a moment, then said, "You little bastard cannot be judged using normal logic. That year when you participated in the Duanren Imperial City Battle, you had just broken through the Xiantian realm, by now, you probably advanced till Xiantian Fourth Order, right?" Lu Kai squinted his eyes as he fixed a stare on Huang Xiaolong's face for his reaction.

Xiantian Fourth Order! Thinking about what a Xiantian Fourth Order represented, Lu Kai couldn't help but tremble secretly. Xiantian Fourth Order, a mid-level Xiantian realm, not one person in the entire Luo Tong Kingdom could contend with that kind of strength!

Forget the Luo Tong Kingdom, even several neighboring kingdoms didn't have a Xiantian Fourth Order expert! How old was Huang Xiaolong? No more than twenty-three, right?!

Watching Lu Kai staring at him wide-eyed, Huang Xiaolong shook his head a little helplessly. Huang Xiaolong's response stunned Lu Kai, and he subsequently breathed out in relieved, grinning "See, didn't I say, no matter how much of a monster genius you are, how could you break through mid-level Xiantian so fast!"

Huang Xiaolong was speechless at his friend.

"So, are you a peak late-Xiantian Third Order now?" Lu Kai was relentless.

Peak late-Xiantian Third Order? Huang Xiaolong smiled bitterly, shaking his head.

Seeing this, Lu Kai continued, "Late-Xiantian Third Order?"

Huang Xiaolong shook his head again.

“Peak mid-Xiantian Third Order?” Lu Kai tried again.

He got the same response from Huang Xiaolong.

Lu Kai’s face was full of doubt, “Cannot be, ah, then mid-Xiantian Third Order? With the speed of your cultivation, it’s impossible for you to be only a mid-Xiantian Third Order?”

Huang Xiaolong laughed, “I am really not a mid-Xiantian Third Order.”

Not a mid-Xiantian Third Order? Lu Kai blanked for a moment, then a shocking thought struck him, “Could it be... above Xiantian Fourth Order?!”

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Lu Kai laughed as he said, “You kid, really a freak, you actually broke through Xiantian Fourth Order so fast.” Hearing Huang Xiaolong confirmed he had broken through Xiantian Fourth Order, Lu Kai was truly happy for his friend.

“Then you’re now mid or late Xiantian Fourth Order?” Lu Kai asked.

Huang Xiaolong pondered his answer, “Can be considered as a high-level Xiantian realm.” Though Huang Xiaolong could defeat the Saint realm Zhao Chen, he was still a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, therefore, he was considered as a high-level Xiantian realm.

Lu Kai was totally dumbstruck at Huang Xiaolong’s blasé answer, his eyeballs rounded like they were about to fall off, that look was no different than looking at an unknown strange creature.

Can be considered as high-level Xiantian realm?!

Lu Kai drew a sharp breath, he had assumed that regardless how talented Huang Xiaolong was, in a short few years’ span, it was already beyond normal to advance into Xiantian Fourth Order, but now...!

“Peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order?” Lu Kai tried. Lu Kai thought that Huang Xiaolong’s ‘can be considered as’ meant that he hadn’t stepped into Xiantian Seventh Order, but infinitely close to breaking through to Xiantian Seventh Order.

Huang Xiaolong smiled a little at Lu Kai’s guess, no longer admit or deny, let’s take it that he was peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order.

At this point, the restaurant boss hastened to their table with an anxious expression. In front of Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai, he spoke urgently, “Young Noble Huang, Prince Lu Kai, quickly run! Just now, Prime Minister Wu Feng ordered to have the city on lockdown, all the city guards are rushing over here!”

Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Talking with Lu Kai, Huang Xiaolong already found out that Wu Feng and most of the Luo Tong Kingdom ministers supported Lu Jing. That Wu Feng too had taken liege under the Wind God Cult, which was why Huang Xiaolong was calm. Raising his cup, he emptied the wine inside.

Watching Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai's unhurried response, the restaurant boss urged them, "Young Noble Huang, Prince Lu Kai, leave quickly, otherwise it will be too late. I heard that Wind God Cult's Leader and a group of Wind God Cult's experts are rushing over, they're probably right outside the city gates!"

Just as the restaurant boss' voice ended, an overwhelming momentum enveloped the entire Luo Tong Royal City like a flood of divine retribution from Heaven, not an inch of land was spared.

The commoners living in the city were terrified, feeling fear and despair at the sudden unknown calamity. Even the initially calm Lu Kai was affected, trepidation flickered in his eyes that went all the way to his core, it felt like an insurmountable mountain was pressuring his soul, making it hard to breathe.

Whereas Huang Xiaolong was surprised; Saint realm? Well, this was unexpected. Running into a Saint realm in this small place, someone from the Wind God Cult? Not likely, a small sect like Wind God Cult could hardly have such an existence. Then it could only be the people from Deities Templar.

At the same time outside, Ao Baixue, who released his Saint realm aura, flew straight toward the Delicious Restaurant at breaking wind speed. In the blink of an eye, Ao Baixue, Fan Yiming, and the Wind God Cult experts stopped right above the Delicious Restaurant.

"Greetings, Elder Ao, Leader Fan." Prime Minister Wu Feng, who had brought the city guards over to surround the Delicious Restaurant early on, hurried forward to salute Ao Baixue and Fan Yiming together with other Luo Tong Kingdom's ministers, on their knees.

Ao Baixue nodded, permitting them to rise. Spreading his spiritual sense, he instantly locked onto Huang Xiaolong's group of three.

"Huang Xiaolong, Lu Kai, you're surrounded from all angles, quickly roll out here and kneel before our Elder Ao!" Leader Fan Yiming took a step forward, barking out loudly.

All around was silence. Seconds later, the restaurant door opened, Huang Xiaolong walked out with Lu Kai and giant ghost Feng Yang. Huang Xiaolong's gaze collided with Ao Baixue in midair, an invisible storm swept out.

Fan Yiming sneered coldly when he saw Huang Xiaolong appear, "You are Huang Xiaolong? Brat, before our Elder Ao, why aren't you getting on your knees, begging for mercy?! I am sure you're already aware that our Elder Ao is a Saint realm expert. Killing you is child's play."

Huang Xiaolong merely glance at Ao Baixue: "Really?"

But Lu Kai was ashen at the sight of Ao Baixue, a Saint realm expert?! This young man was actually a Saint realm expert! Saint realm expert, a high above legendary existence!

Getting over his shock, Lu Kai turned towards Huang Xiaolong, "Brother, I have dragged you down, I am sorry!" In his view, as freakishly talented as Huang Xiaolong was to reach peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order at his age, he still wasn't a Saint realm expert's opponent.

In front of a Saint realm expert, whether one was a peak late-Xiantian Sixth Order or a Xiantian First Order, the result was the same: one move kill!

Huang Xiaolong gave Lu Kai a reassured look, saying: "Don't worry."

"Don't worry?" Ao Baixue laughed, "Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu are both in Duanren Imperial City now, do you think they can make it here to save you from Duanren Imperial City?"

Huang Xiaolong faced Ao Baixue indifferently, "Do you think you can still injure me like you did that year?" That year, Ao Baixue intentionally injured Huang Xiaolong in front of Li Lu, this score, Huang Xiaolong had never forgotten.

Ao Baixue laughed even louder at Huang Xiaolong's words, eyes judging Huang Xiaolong up and down, "You're trying to say that with your current strength you can contend with me? With me, a peak mid-First Order Saint realm master?" His tone was thick with ridicule.

Experts from Wind God Cult joined Ao Baixue in his mocking laughter.

### **Chapter 334: This Monster!**

The Luo Tong Kingdom's Prime Minister Wu Feng and the other ministers followed, laughing aloud.

"Huang Xiaolong, you're at a dead end, stop putting on an act!" Wu Feng mocked Huang Xiaolong, "Too bad that old fogey Haotian is not here, if not, he could witness your death with his own eyes!"

Wu Feng, as Luo Tong Kingdom's Prime Minister, was the pillar of the governing side, and had many contradictions with Haotian, who was the only Marshal. Of course, the grudge he had with Huang Xiaolong wasn't small either.

Huang Xiaolong remained the same, "Is that so?" At the moment, Huang Xiaolong was in no hurry to kill jumping clowns such as Wu Feng. The important thing now was to resolve Ao Baixue first.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Ao Baixue, "Don't say I didn't give a chance, call out your Saint realm space."

Ao Baixue was startled, the sounds of laughter from Fan Yiming's group died down halfway. When they finally understood that Huang Xiaolong meant what he said, weird expression hung on their faces looking at Huang Xiaolong.

"What did you say?" Ao Baixue said doubtfully, "Just now, you say you want to give me a chance so that I can call out my Saint realm space?" Did he hear correctly just now?

Huang Xiaolong generously affirmed: "You did not hear wrongly."

Ao Baixue finally ascertained, Huang Xiaolong really did say that he will give him, Ao Baixue, a chance just now, for him to use his Saint realm space.

His lips parted in boisterous laughter, even more unscrupulous than before, a frenzy laughter tinted with madness to the point of forgetting himself. At the end, anger crept into Ao Baixue's laugh. This was the anger of someone who was used to being high above challenged by someone equivalent to an ant in his eyes.

This time around, Fan Yiming, Wu Feng, and the others dared not join in the laughter. The terrible anger in Ao Baixue's voice did not go unnoticed by them.

Ao Baixue stared coldly at Huang Xiaolong, "Originally, I planned to capture you alive and bring you back to Deities Templar, where the Temple Preceptor can judge your sins and punishment, allowing you to live a few more days. But now, I want you to die, terribly, miserably!"

But, Huang Xiaolong made the first move instead, before the last word was spoken out from Ao Baixue's lips, Huang Xiaolong had traveled the short distance between them. A punch of Great Void Divine Fist shot out at full force, straight at Ao Baixue's chest.

Sensing that Huang Xiaolong's strength wasn't as weak and negligible as he had assumed, Ao Baixue's face tightened. However, Huang Xiaolong's Great Void Divine Fist struck his chest.

A zealous force passed through Ao Baixue's chest. The agonizing pain made him scream unwittingly as his entire body inverted, flying back and crashing into the shops on the other side of the street.

The row of shops on the opposite side of the street crumbled, burying Ao Baixue underneath. Dust clouds were blown up into the air.

Any noise in the surroundings died in an instant. Except for the wind, which seemingly grew violent.

Fan Yiming and the rest could almost swear they could hear the wind howling in their ears. Everyone present looked blankly at the opposite side of the street, where Ao Baixue was buried under crumbled buildings. Between the gravel and wood gaps, Ao Baixue's arse stuck out prominently.

Apart from his arse, they managed to make out his left leg. The rest of his body was obscured from sight.

Standing behind Huang Xiaolong, Lu Kai, who was dead worried earlier, was now staring with mouth agape, as large as his mouth could stretch, at Huang Xiaolong. Didn't this kid just tell him that he could only be considered a high-level Xiantian?

Someone that can be considered a high-level Xiantian actually sent a Saint realm expert flying off with a single punch?!

That was a Saint realm expert, ah, a legendary existence!

Every breath Lu Kai took felt insufficient. Huang Xiaolong stepped into Xiantian the year he participated in the Duaren Imperial City Battle, how many years had that been? He could already send a Saint realm expert flying!

Counting this year, Huang Xiaolong was only twenty-three years old! This...! Lu Kai failed to describe the shock, astonishment, and everything else he was feeling at this moment.

The freak! Super monster!

This was the best Lu Kai could do, describing Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong did not pay attention to the shocked people around him, but merely looked at Ao Baixue. After all, he had said that he would give him a chance.

At this point, Ao Baixue, under the building debris, moved. A horrifying aura burst out from his body, the gravel and wood pieces above him exploded, blasted into the air.

Ao Baixue's robe fluttered vigorously in the absence of wind. He looked over at Huang Xiaolong, eyes scarlet with murderous intent soaring sky-high.

Humiliation!!

For him this was a humiliation that could not be forgiven!

"Huang Xiaolong, die—!" White-colored flames burned around Ao Baixue, his momentum continued to rise higher. His fingers spread, instantly locking the space around Huang Xiaolong.

Space manipulation!

At the same time, Ao Baixue's fist aimed at Huang Xiaolong's chest! He wanted to blast Huang Xiaolong to death with a single punch, to wash away the humiliation just now!

When Ao Baixue's fist was close to striking its target, a golden mountain shone bright and brilliant. With a shake, it shattered the space lock that the other side placed around Huang Xiaolong. Then, his body veered to the side and Ao Baixue's fist brushed past him, less than an inch from Huang Xiaolong's body.

Ao Baixue was stunned, his attack landed on empty air. But very quickly, his face warped, a howl came from his throat, his back bending forward like a cooked shrimp.

After dodging Ao Baixue's attack, Huang Xiaolong countered with a heavy punch deep into Ao Baixue's stomach. Ao Baixue only felt a strong tremor, and his intestines were shattered into countless pieces by Huang Xiaolong, and was sent flying once more, crashing through another row of shops. Several hundred meters back, he was buried beneath an even bigger pile of rubble and broken wood.

This time, they couldn't even see Ao Baixue's arse anymore. He was fully buried underneath.

Fan Yiming, Wu Feng, Lu Kai, and everyone else watched on dumbly. If they could excuse that the first time was because Huang Xiaolong made a sneak attack, then what about this time?!

The wind seemed to have grown fiercer.

Fan Yiming and Wu Feng's group felt that today's weather was sunny and bright just moments earlier, but somehow, the sun seemed cruel and harsh at this moment.

The gazes they looked at Huang Xiaolong with were filled with horror, intense, boundless fear. But no one dared to run, no one even dared, they already realized, they wouldn't be able to outrun Huang Xiaolong. Thus, all their hopes were pinned on Ao Baixue.

Watching the mound of rubble, Huang Xiaolong scoffed, this Ao Baixue failed to judge the situation clearly earlier. Did he really think that he was the same Huang Xiaolong that he could pinch with his fingers easily?

If Ao Baixue summoned his martial spirit and Saint space realm, he wouldn't fall to this tragic point so fast.

Huang Xiaolong's current strength was much stronger than the time he entered the Ghost King's cultivation cave. That time, Zhao Chen was unable to endure Huang Xiaolong full force punch, not to mentioned now. Ao Baixue? Hmph!

A while later, Ao Baixue emerged from underneath the rubble, standing up slowly. With a 'waw' blood came spewing out from his mouth. Due to his stomach injury, he was unable to stand up straight for the time being.

Huang Xiaolong wasn't shocked watching Ao Baixue stand up again. A Saint realm expert's physical defense was tough, possessing strong vitality, they wouldn't die so easily even if all their internal organs were shattered. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong never expected to kill Ao Baixue easily.

Ao Baixue stood up once again. Although his eyes were still scarlet with rage, the losses he ate the last two times finally cleared his head. Now, he was not in a hurry to attack Huang Xiaolong.

"Little pup Huang, good, very good!!!" Intense hatred and killing intent spilled over Ao Baixue's eyes, "Truly unexpected! A mere few short years and you actually grew to this extent!"

In a short few year's time, Huang Xiaolong's strength actually rose to this level. This created a palpable fear in him. At the same time, it firmly cemented his determination to kill Huang Xiaolong.

If not, in a hundred year's time, Deities Templar would probably be destroyed under Huang Xiaolong's hand!

### **Chapter 335: The Holy Maiden of Deities Templar**

Huang Xiaolong flashed a disdainful smile as he looked at Ao Baixue, "A few years passed, it seems like your strength stagnated, without any improvement. I am sorely disappointed."

Ao Baixue's expression turned ugly at Huang Xiaolong's taunting words. Although it was known that it was generally difficult for a Saint realm expert to enhance their strength and breakthrough, a decade, several decades even were a normal time span. However, Huang Xiaolong's words stabbed deeply into Ao Baixue's heart, sharper than swords or knives.

He glowered icily at Huang Xiaolong, "I admit that you're very strong now, but, do you think you can really oppose a Saint realm expert as you are right now, a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order?" by this point, Ao Baixue had determined that Huang Xiaolong had yet to break through into Saint realm. Therefore, he still did not place Huang Xiaolong in his eyes much, despite being injured consecutively in the previous two attacks.

Before a Saint realm expert, even if it was a half-Saint, there was only one result—death. What more, a mere peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order? He refused to believe that Huang Xiaolong could smash this eternal 'law' that existed since ancient times!

Subsequently, Ao Baixue no longer held his strength back, releasing his full momentum out. Above his head, an eagle appeared, white as pure snow, with powerful wings that seemed to extend for miles, the sharp claws on its legs looked as if they were coated with white silver, glinting sharp and dangerous in the sunlight.

Ao Baixue's martial spirit, Snow Eagle!

Ao Baixue soul transformed the moment his martial spirit emerged. As he did so, a layer of thick sparkling white armor covered him from head to toe, even his blue irises turned pure white. The nails on his fingers elongated, emulating the white silver sharpness of the Snow Eagle.

The momentum of a Saint realm soared to the sky, overwhelming like a bombogenesis. Engulfed by this terrifying atmosphere, all the commoners of Luo Tong Royal City were down on their knees in prayers, trembling, absolute terror evident in their eyes.

In his next move, Ao Baixue called out his Saint realm space, its appearance differed from Zhao Chen's Saint realm space. Zhao Chen's Saint realm space took the form of a blue flame sea, whereas Ao Baixue's was snow white in color, in the Saint realm space proximity, glittering snowflakes fall softly.

By this time, Fan Yiming and the rest had retreated far back to safety, their gazes held fear, and burning reverence staring at Ao Baixue. The was the whelming might of a Saint realm expert!

When Ao Baoixue summoned his martial spirit, soul transformed, and prepared his Saint realm space. Huang Xiaolong did not remain idle, transforming into the Asura Physique. He too summoned his martial spirits, both black dragon and blue dragon emerged above him, soul-transforming with the twin dragon martial spirits before the shocked eyes of everyone present.

The mighty atmosphere of ancient dragons emanated from Huang Xiaolong's body, flooding the area, showing signs of suppressing Ao Baixue's Saint realm momentum.

"Falling Sun Almighty Fist!" Ao Baixue made a sudden attack at full power towards Huang Xiaolong, shattering the space with a swing of his fists.

Violent energy spread over a large area influenced by Ao Baixue's fists, forming two spheres of wind, and in the middle of the wind spheres were a dozen groups of flames, burning brilliantly.

Two spheres of burning wind resembled two falling suns, emanating their last shining rays at the end of the day. Twirled within the terrifying energy was the desolate allure of a sunset.

This Falling Sun Almighty Fist was a secret skill belonging to Deities Templar. According to rumors, it was a very high-grade battle skill originating from the Divine World.

However, Huang Xiaolong made a frontal assault instead of retreating, even after seeing this, both of his fists punched out at the same time. Two intangible giant fist imprints flew out, mysterious and profound, ever-changing.

The Great Void Divine Fist!

Boom!! A thunderous collision rendered the air as the Falling Sun and Great Void meshed. A tyrannical shockwave blasted outward in all four directions, the destructive power crushed all nearby shops and building into ruins, the pavement that lined the street was forcefully uplifted and pulverized into dust. The Delicious Restaurant had been reduced to splinters and gravel in the first blast, the restaurant building no longer existed.

Fan Yiming, Wu Feng, and the others watched fearfully as the horrifying shock waves were raging in their direction and had long since fled for their lives with ashen faces. Some Wind God Cult Elders were too late, their bodies made an arch high in the air after being hit by the shock waves, and by the time they crashed to the ground, they were already dead.

Witnessing the end of Wind God Cult's Elders that were struck by the shockwaves, Fan Yiming's pale face turned a shade paler. Fortunately for him, the shockwave's energy lost its power not far from him, stopping dead in its tracks.

On another side, Lu Kai paled as he watched woodenly the surging shockwave, however, just as he was about to be swept away, giant ghost Feng Yang's palm slammed outward, dissipating the energy coming at him.

Watching this scene, Lu Kai, who was drenched in cold sweat, was once again stunned agape staring at giant ghost Feng Yang.

Up in the air, Ao Baixue and Huang Xiaolong's bodies shook and simultaneously staggered back. But Huang Xiaolong's silhouette vanished from view the moment he staggered back, when he appeared again, he was within an arm's length from Ao Baixue, shrouded in Buddhism energy. In close proximity, Ao Baixue received the full force blow from an Earthen Buddha Palm attack.

Ao Baixue was flustered and shocked.

"Night of the Fallen Sun!" He hastened to counter in panic, both fists punching out. When his two fist imprints materialized, the surroundings instantly fell into darkness, whereas Ao Baixue conveniently concealed himself in that darkness.

This was one of the moves within the Almighty Falling Sun Fist used for defense and was one the more difficult moves to master, for one must have a deep understanding of the the connection and fusion between day and night before achieving any success.

If one could cultivate this move until perfection, once displayed, it was powerful enough to instantly turn daylight into night in a large area. Of course, this battle skill was only possible for Saint realm experts, who had a certain understanding of the space laws.

With Ao Baixue concealed in the darkness, Huang Xiaolong's Earthen Buddha Palm missed its target, but Huang Xiaolong merely sneered. The Eye of Hell opened on his forehead, almost immediately locking onto Ao Baixue's silhouette. A finger imprint flew out, shattering the darkness created by Night of the Fallen Sun, penetrating Ao Baixue's body.

Ao Baixue grunted in pain, falling out from the cover of darkness. His face totally void of color.

"You, actually can see me?!" He stared at Huang Xiaolong, refusing to accept the fact. He was very confident in the Night of the Fallen Sun that he cast. In general, not even Second Order Saint realm could tell his position when concealed within the darkness. Earlier, if it weren't for his Saint realm space acting as a barrier and absorbing half of the power of Huang Xiaolong's attack, that seemingly insignificant finger attack from Huang Xiaolong would have reaped his life away, piercing through his heart.

Huang Xiaolong remained coldly silent, two bright lights flickered in his palms, revealing the Blades of Asura.

The Blades of Asura slashed out, myriad blade lights turned into links of chains numbering in the thousands, encaging the space around Ao Baixue. Unable to dodge and having no place to retreat, unnerved, Ao Baixue hollered: "Scorn of the Falling Snow!"

White-colored flames flared high up, flaming snowflakes could be seen falling from the sky above like flakes of icy burning snow, spiraling to the earth, forming a protective barrier around Ao Baixue.

Countless Death God's Chains wrapped him layer upon layer, deadly locking down space all around Ao Baixue, imprisoning him. In a rapid flicker, Huang Xiaolong's body blurred, appearing above Ao Baixue's head, the Blades of Asura slashed down on him. Streaks of angry lightning bolts exploded, piercing through his flaming snow protective barrier.

Losing his protective barrier, Ao Baixue's body was shredded and torn apart by the many streaks of lightning, regardless of the Saint realm space shielding him, the pain he suffered was no less than being flayed by millions of swords and knives. Heart-wrenching screams reverberated in the air, losing strength, Ao Baixue plummeted to the ground.

Huang Xiaolong slowly returned to the ground, landing in front of Ao Baixue, showing a deadpanned expression looking at the blade made blood-stained marks on Ao Baoixue. Lightning smokes curled to the air.

Though a Saint realm expert could use the Saint realm space to protect their body, it was not invincible, merely a sturdier defense. As long as the attack exceeded a certain power, the Saint realm space could be broken just the same.

Ao Baixue scrambled to get up from the ground. Despite his miserable appearance, he flashed Huang Xiaolong a brilliant smile, "I never imagined that I, Ao Baixue, would die in the hands of a Xiantian." His words paused here slightly, his smile grew bigger, "But, Huang Xiaolong, even if I die, Deities Templar will still send others to kill you, and I believe that one day you will die in the hands of our Holy Maiden!"

"Holy Maiden?"

Looking at Huang Xiaolong's expression, Ao Baixue said, "I forgot to tell you, Li Lu is already our Deities Templar's Holy Maiden!"

### **Chapter 336: Senior Huang**

Deities Templar's Holy Maiden? A frown creased Huang Xiaolong's forehead looking at Ao Baixue, his instinct told him that Ao Baixue wasn't lying.

Li Lu actually became the Holy Maiden of Deities Templar, what was this about? Huang Xiaolong quivered with an ominous feeling inside.

Ao Baixue's sudden holler cut into Huang Xiaolong's thoughts. Turning over, he saw Ao Baixue's Saint realm space shoot up, hovering above Huang Xiaolong's head, where numerous flaming snowflakes fell like an avalanche, burying Huang Xiaolong underneath.

Even a Second Order Saint realm expert would avoid coming in close contact with this flaming snow, any Xiantian realm would be melted into nothing with the slightest touch.

Ao Baixue glared at Huang Xiaolong, his eyes shining with hatred and sharp killing intent.

"Die!!!" He refused to believe that a miracle would happen twice, a Xiantian realm absolutely could not survive being buried under his flaming snow.

Just as the snow avalanche began rumbling down, Huang Xiaolong raised his head, and before Ao Baixue could react, a golden ember fire burst out from Huang Xiaolong's body, taking shape in the form of a golden red fire dragon, spiralling upwards. Ao Baixue watched stupefied as his flaming snow was swallowed clean by the golden red fire dragon.

The golden red fire dragon continued upward, colliding with the snow white Saint space realm.

Zi! A sonorous boom resounded, the Saint realm space shook, emitting wisps of smoke plumes endlessly as its size shrank. Ao Baixue lost all color from his face, hardly disguising the obvious shock in his eyes.

His Saint realm space was actually being burned? What the f\*ck is this fire?!

Huang Xiaolong ignored the horror in Ao Baixue's eyes, fully pushing the true fire essence in his dantian and making it burn more vigorously. The golden red fire dragon, shaped from the true essence fire, wound itself tightly around Ao Baixue's Saint realm space, eating it away.

A Saint realm space's defense was extremely sturdy, after all, it was formed from a Saint realm expert's understanding of the space law. Under usual circumstances, even the flames formed by a high-level Saint realm expert could not hack away other Saint realm experts' Saint realm space, but Huang Xiaolong's true essence fire could.

Ao Baixue attempted to recall his Saint realm space back into his body, but Huang Xiaolong's palm struck out, a golden palm imprint distorted the space. Ao Baixue actually found that he couldn't move at all.

This?! He was greatly shocked. In the next moment, however, warm liquid rushed up his throat, he was spurting blood from his mouth. Ao Baixue quickly looked up, only to discover that his Saint realm space was gone, burned away to nothingness by Huang Xiaolong's fire dragon.

Bottomless despair intertwined with terror in Ao Baixue's eyes.

To a Saint realm warrior, their Saint realm space was equivalent to a second life, if their Saint realm space was destroyed, the dire consequences were much worse than a Xiantian realm warrior having their Qi Sea destroyed. Even with the help of another Saint realm expert, it was impossible to rebuild the Saint realm space, as they lacked the capability to assist. In short, if Ao Baixue managed to survive, his cultivation would suffer a severe setback and have no hope of promotion ever again in his entire lifetime.

After burning away Ao Baixue's Saint realm space, Huang Xiaolong's silhouette blurred in a flicker, arriving in front of Ao Baixue. The Blades of Asura appeared in his hands and silently slit across Ao Baixue's throat.

Blood dyed the ground below red.

Ao Baixue clutched his throat, but Huang Xiaolong's blades already penetrated his chest. The blades shook a little before Huang Xiaolong pulled them out again. Ao Baixue wobbled unsteadily and staggered backwards even as he tried to steady himself.

Still, with his throat slit and heart cut into halves, Ao Baixue was somehow still alive. Furthermore, Huang Xiaolong sensed a strong vitality desperately healing Ao Baixue's wounds in his throat and heart.

Saint realm warriors, not only was their physical defense formidable, their healing ability wasn't far behind.

Seeing this result, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, his palm enshrouded in true essence fire, slamming down on top of Ao Baixue's head. The true essence fire spread from the head down to Ao Baixue's body.

Tragic shrieks came from Ao Baixue's throat, but it ended just as quickly. A short while later, his body slumped to the ground, all signs of life vanished. To totally kill a Saint realm warrior, the only way was to destroyed the soul, otherwise, no matter how grave their bodily injuries were, they would still not die.

Just like giant ghost Feng Yang, it would only die if its ghost soul was destroyed. But then again, a Saint realm warrior's soul was quite formidable too. Luckily, Huang Xiaolong had the true essence fire, otherwise he wouldn't have been able to kill Ao Baixue.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Ao Baixue's corpse, and after a small thought, he moved the corpse into the Asura Ring. In fact, he wanted to test if it could be refined by the Thousand Beast Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

'En, if it can be refined, it would surely be very beneficial', Huang Xiaolong secretly thought.

Divine grade spirit pellets were refined from many rare spirit elixirs. In the Martial Spirit World, someone who used Saint realm warriors as an ingredient for refining pellets had yet to appear...

Then, Huang Xiaolong turned around, facing Fan Yiming's group of Wind God Cult, as well as Wu Feng's group of ministers.

Fan Yiming, Wu Feng, and the rest quivered when they noticed Huang Xiaolong looking at them. The legs that could shatter a large boulder with a single kick now felt weak and jittery, refusing to stand up no matter how hard they tried, as if their legs were permanently cramped.

Huang Xiaolong sneered. With a single step, he was already in front of Fan Yiming. Fan Yiming, Wufeng, and the rest were so scared seeing the distant Huang Xiaolong suddenly appear right in front of them that their knees gave out with a snap, kneeling on both legs.

"Se-Senior, Senior Huang!" The Wind God Cult's Leader, Fan Yiming, stammered, the expression on his face was as if he had seen a ghost. Wu Feng's head was so low that he was practically kissing the ground. He was tongue-tied, his mouth opened and closed but no words came out. The Luo Tong Kingdom ministers that followed him didn't know what to say either.

Listening to the Wind God Cult's Leader, Fan Yiming, calling him Senior, Huang Xiaolong smiled brilliantly at him, "What's the matter?"

Fan Yiming blanked at Huang Xiaolong's beaming smile, millions of words were all stuck in his throat. After a brief moment of blankness, he hurried forward, crawling on his hands and knees until he reached Huang Xiaolong's feet, "Senior Huang, I beg you, spare us! We were only against Prince Lu Kai because Deities Templar threatened us, I...!"

"Is that so?" Huang Xiaolong cut short Fan Yiming's words. Lifting a finger, Fan Yiming's forehead was pierced with a finger-sized hole, blood spurted to the ground. Fan Yiming tumbled down without another word.

Wind God Cult's Elders all turned deathly pale. Huang Xiaolong was smiling one second and killed their Wind God Cult Leader the next, some even had dark wet patches on the ground underneath them.

Detecting the distasteful smell, Huang Xiaolong frowned. His finger stabbed the void. In that instant, several Wind God Cult Elders' heads were pierced through and through. Without another word, Huang Xiaolong killed all the present Wind God Cult Elders.

Finally, Huang Xiaolong turned to Wu Feng. By this time, Wu Feng was already terrified out of his mind. Losing interest, Huang Xiaolong resolved Wu Feng swiftly. Initially, he had planned to play around a little, but since Wu Feng had already lost his mind, then forget it. The group of Luo Tong Kingdom's ministers, however, Huang Xiaolong was too lazy to be bothered with them so he pushed them over to Lu Kai, letting him handle them.

When Huang Xiaolong once again stood in front of him, Lu Kai looked at Huang Xiaolong for a very long time with complex emotions, before finally uttering such a sentence: "Your mother, you super monstrous freak! This is too much of a blow to me!"

Truly, the strength Huang Xiaolong had shown earlier was too big of a blow towards Lu Kai's 'fragile' heart.

Huang Xiaolong merely chuckled at his words.

### **Chapter 337: Back To Duanren Imperial City**

After the battle, Huang Xiaolong and Lu Kai were no longer in the mood to talk about old days. Looking at the ruined shops and streets due to his battle with Ao Baixue, especially the destroyed Delicious Restaurant, Huang Xiaolong waved his hands and a shower of gold coins rained down, falling right in front of the Delicious Restaurant boss.

Looking at the pile of gold coins the size of a small hill, the restaurant boss was stunned. Then, he trembled with excitement, both hands shaking visibly. From afar, he kowtowed endlessly in gratitude toward Huang Xiaolong.

Watching this, Lu Kai laughed at Huang Xiaolong, "Damn, you kid shouldn't be such a spendthrift even if you're rich." Even though Huang Xiaolong wanted to compensate the restaurant boss, that small hill pile of gold coins was enough for ten Delicious Restaurants.

Huang Xiaolong smiled and retorted, "I've always been this spendthrift." To Huang Xiaolong, gold coins were just figures.

Merely the number of gold coins he had gotten from the spatial rings of the Xiantian realm warriors he killed throughout this journey was enough to pave all the streets in the Luo Tong Royal City. Especially the two spatial rings belonging to the Blood Dragon City's Li Li and Du Huagang that Huang Xiaolong killed in the Ghost City, the amount of gold coins inside their spatial rings was piled mountain high and several miles long.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong stayed one night in the Luo Tong Royal City.

The next day, Huang Xiaolong and Feng Yang moved separately to clean out all the Wind God Cult remnants around the Royal City. When that matter was settled, he regrouped with giant ghost Feng Yang and continued on their way back to Duanren Imperial City.

On the way, Huang Xiaolong decided to check Ao Baixue's spatial ring. Inside, other than mountains of gold coins, there were a lot of grade eight, grade nine, and even grade ten spirit pellets. There were even three heaven grade spirit pellets, but none were of divine grade.

What came as a pleasant surprise to Huang Xiaolong were the sixty plus grade one spirit stones that he found amongst the items. Although Huang Xiaolong's battle qi had enhanced significantly in the recent months, the consumption still too large to enable the Godly Mt. Xumi to fly, as well as initiate the Thousand Beast Cauldron inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. With those grade one spirit stones he would have an easier time. Sixty plus pieces weren't much, but it was sufficient for a period of time.

After leaving the Luo Tong Kingdom, Huang Xiaolong traveled at a moderate pace, while practicing the Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, and other techniques while attempting to use the Thousand Beast Cauldron to refine Ao Baixue's corpse.

Of course, Huang Xiaolong did not relax his practice of the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate. After battling with Saint realm experts like Zhao Chen and Ao Baixue, Huang Xiaolong realized ever more the crucial importance of a strong soul.

After one broke through to the Saint realm, as long as the soul was not destroyed, one would be immortal, so to speak. Therefore, Huang Xiaolong made every effort to continuously enhance his spirit and soul.

Amidst all these, what baffled Huang Xiaolong was that the Thousand Beast Cauldron was unable to refine Ao Baixue's body. There were no changes to Ao Baixue's corpse in the last few days except for one thing: it became translucent, resembling crystal, and Huang Xiaolong actually felt that Ao Baixue's physical body was stronger than it was before...

"This...?" Huang Xiaolong was astonished when he found out. Did this mean that the Thousand Beast Cauldron could also be used to temper one's physique?

In the past, Huang Xiaolong had only used the Thousand Beast Cauldron to refine pellets, it had never crossed his mind that the cauldron could be used to temper his body.

Sensing the change in Ao Baixue's corpse, Huang Xiaolong appeared inside the Linglong Treasure Pagoda in a flicker, dived into the Thousand Beast Cauldron, and used a grade one spirit stone as energy source to activate the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array inside the cauldron.

One day later when Huang Xiaolong emerged from the Thousand Beast Cauldron, he confirmed that his flesh was much stronger. From his meridians to his Qi Sea and internal organs, every part of him was strengthened.

This discovery came as a pleasant surprise to Huang Xiaolong. Although he didn't manage to refine Ao Baixue's corpse, he accidentally discovered a new function of the Thousand Beast Cauldron. If he continued to use the Thousand Beast Cauldron to temper his body, his flesh, defense, and strength could be enhanced continuously, becoming more powerful.

Although a strong soul and spirit were at the top of Huang Xiaolong's list before breaking into the Saint realm, the body was equally important.

Cultivating as he made his way towards the Duanren Imperial City, it merely took Huang Xiaolong seven days to reach his destination, otherwise, with his speed, he would barely need three days to travel the distance.

Seven days later, Huang Xiaolong stood before the gates of Duanren Imperial City, a wash of nostalgia tugged at his heart looking at the grand city gates. A while later, Huang Xiaolong passed through the gates with giant ghost Feng Yang and led him to the Southern Hill Estate.

It had been close to two years since he left home. Time flowed by so quickly, he felt as it was only yesterday when he left Duanren Imperial City.

But, when Huang Xiaolong walked along the Imperial City streets, he noticed that it was livelier than usual, people filling every street, carts and carriages looked like a hundred miles long dragon, crowds made their way in groups after groups towards the north side of the Imperial City.

Huang Xiaolong became curious.

"This brother, what is happening? Why are there so many people moving towards the north side?" He called out to a passerby young man and inquired.

The young man scrutinized Huang Xiaolong up and down with a strange expression on his face, "Don't you know? Today is the last day of this year's Imperial City Battle."

"Imperial City Battle?" Huang Xiaolong was slightly stunned, then he shook his head as a faint smile emerged on his face.

'I wonder how Xie Puti, that guy, is doing...'

The young man that was stopped by Huang Xiaolong to ask questions noticed that Huang Xiaolong stood there daydreaming, so he went off in a huff, ignoring Huang Xiaolong after throwing a word at Huang Xiaolong: "Idiot!"

Idiot...? Huang Xiaolong smiled bitterly, this was his first time being labeled as an idiot. Alas, Huang Xiaolong left the place, heading straight to the Southern Hill Estate.

Very soon, Huang Xiaolong and giant ghost Feng Yang stood in front of the doors of the Southern Hill Estate.

The main entrance of the Southern Hill Estate was twice as big compared to the time he left two years ago. Most likely it was renovated after Huang Xiaolong left, the two lion statues on each side of the gates looked imposing and domineering.

"It's Young Master, it's the Eldest Young Master, Eldest Young Master is back~!!" At this point, the guard stationed in front of the Southern Hill Estate recognized Huang Xiaolong and started announcing happily at the top of his lungs.

The instant the guard's voice rang out, the whole Southern Hill Estate boiled up with excitement.

A flurry of footsteps sounded from afar.

Huang Peng and Su Yan were seen rushing haphazardly towards the main door, right behind them were Huang Xiaohai, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and a group of loyal guards.

Huang Xiaolong watched the overjoyed expression on his parents face as they rushed out as fast as they could, and inexplicably, his eyes moistened.

“It’s Long’er, it’s Long’er, really, Long’er is back!!” Su Yan beamed the moment she spotted Huang Xiaolong, rushing to be the first one to arrive at the door before anyone else, pulling Huang Xiaolong into a hug.

“Long’er you’re finally back!” She sobbed.

Huang Xiaolong’s sight was slightly hazy, he nodded. Ardently.

It was a long time before Su Yan was willing to let go of Huang Xiaolong.

“Father.” Huang Xiaolong turned to his father at the side.

Huang Peng’s eyes were slightly moist and red: “It’s good you’re back.”

“Big brother.” Huang Xiaohai stepped up, calling out.

Huang Xiaolong patted his younger brother’s shoulder. His younger brother had grown much taller.

“Young Lord!” When all the family members finished their greetings, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu stepped forward, saluting Huang Xiaolong respectfully.

Watching everyone present—his parents, younger brother, Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, and the rest, a warm feeling flowed into his heart.

### **Chapter 338: Begin, Refining the Ghost King Ring**

“Let’s go back to the manor.” Huang Xiaolong said to the present people.

Thus, his parents, Huang Peng and Su Yan, as well as the others, walked back inside. Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu followed behind, whereas Feng Yang trailed close to Huang Xiaolong.

It was only at this moment that Huang Peng, Su Yan, Zhao Shu, and Zhang Fu became aware of Feng Yang’s presence among them.

When everyone was seated in the grand hall, Su Yan was the first to ask, “Long’er, this is?” looking at the giant ‘man’ standing behind Huang Xiaolong.

Feng Yang’s four-meter-tall stature roused their curiosity.

Huang Xiaolong smiled at them, explaining simply: “This is a ghost I took in from the Bedlam Lands.”

“Ghost!” Everyone was aghast hearing that.

Huang Xiaolong nodded, emphasizing: “A Saint realm ghost.”

“Saint realm ghost!!” Another wave of shock.

Huang Xiaolong taking in a ghost entity was shocking enough for them, it would never have crossed their mind that this ghost could be a Saint realm cultivator!

What a Saint realm expert represent, everyone present was well aware. In the current Duaren Empire, how many Saint realm experts were there, they could be counted on one hand.

Huang Xiaolong went on to add: "He's called Feng Yang." Then he turned to Feng Yang, "Feng Yang, greet House Master and Mistress." Introducing Huang Peng and Su Yan both to him.

Entirely covered in a large black cloak, Feng Yang nodded in understanding, then he stepped forward to give Huang Peng and Su Yan a proper salute. Panicking slightly, not knowing what to do, Huang Peng and Su Yan quickly told him to rise.

Although in recent years both Huang Peng and Su Yan had seen quite a few large occasions, this was still the first time either of them received a salute from a Saint realm ghost.

Getting up, Feng Yang once again returned, standing in the same spot behind Huang Xiaolong in a respectful manner. Everyone was amazed watching this, wondering how Huang Xiaolong had managed to take in a Saint realm ghost as a slave.

"Long'er, have you been well these two years in the Bedlam Lands?" A while later, Su Yan asked.

Huang Xiaolong did not conceal the events in the Bedlam Lands, roughly describing the situation of the two years he spent there. Hearing how Huang Xiaolong managed to take control of the Sky Magi Sect, Blood Swallow School, and finally, Black Demon City, Huang Peng and Su Yan's hearts tensed up, yet they were happy for their son at the same time.

Then, it came to the part in the City of Myriad Gods, where he had a conflict with Zhao Chen, where Zhao Chen's subordinates tried to attack Huang Xiaolong. Everyone listening had their hearts hanging in the air. At the mention of how He Yunxiong, one of the top ten Bedlam Lands' experts helped him solve the immediate crisis, everyone sighed in relief, happy that Huang Xiaolong managed to avoid unnecessary problems.

Another burst of joy spread over the small group at Huang Xiaolong's adventures down the Broken Tiger Rift, listening to how he refined the spiritual energy fish, swallowing the nameless fire fruit, and divine grade spirit pellets, greatly enhancing his strength.

However, when it came to the Ghost City and Ghost King Palace, Huang Xiaolong glazed over the details, without recounting the matter of his second battle with Zhao Chen. Merely saying that he entered the Ghost King cultivation cave and managed to find the Ghost King's Ring. Everyone in the hall were people that Huang Xiaolong trusted, thus he did not conceal the fact that he got the Ghost King Ring from them, and wasn't worried that the matter would leak out.

After recounting his experience in the Bedlam Lands, Huang Xiaolong asked his parents about their lives, the Southern Hill Estate's current situation, and also about his younger sister, Huang Min's well-being.

Huang Xiaolong breathed in relief knowing that nothing much happened to the Southern Hill Estate for the past two years. His sister Huang Min was doing well after marrying over to the Guo Family, and would frequently come back to visit them. His parents also told him that his sister Huang Min gave birth to a chubby baby boy, which already knew how to walk.

Huang Xiaolong was very happy for his sister.

Then Huang Xiaolong took out the rare elixirs he found at the bottom of Broken Tiger Rift, dividing them between his parents, younger brother, even Zhao Shu, Zhang Fu, Yu Ming, Haotian, and Fei Hou.

Though his parent's talent was limited, the chances of them stepping into Xiantian realm being slim, these elixirs could change a person's flesh and body. At the very least, for the time being, his parents could live up to a hundred, maybe even surpassing a century.

Moreover, Huang Xiaolong believed that within a hundred year's time he could break through to God Realm. As long as his parents were still alive at that time, he would have a way to let his parents breakthrough to Xiantian realm.

Soon, everyone dispersed from the grand hall and Huang Xiaolong returned to his own yard. There, he called for Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu to assist him in refining the Ghost King Ring. When both of them arrived, Huang Xiaolong brought them into the Godly Mt. Xumi's space and took out the Ghost King Ring.

Looking at the translucent ring, emitting a soft purplish glow, both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu had a dignified expression on their faces. With their high-level Saint realm strength, both could tell with a glance that the ban on this Ghost King Ring was not simple.

"Let's begin." Huang Xiaolong said while running the battle qi in his Qi Sea, at the same time, directing the true essence fire inside his dantian.

Seeing this, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu both pushed their battle qi with every effort, each placed a palm against Huang Xiaolong's back, transferring the battle qi from their bodies into Huang Xiaolong. Instantly, Huang Xiaolong's brocade robe fluttered, rising at the hems as he crazily channeled battle qi and true essence fire into the Ghost King Ring.

The Ghost King Ring shook and a purple light beam shot skyward, at the same time, the cries and howls of thousands of evils spirits sounded in the trio's ears, echoing throughout the entire temple hall.

If they weren't inside the Godly Mt. Xumi at this time, perhaps they would be alarming all the experts in the vicinity of the Duanren Imperial City.

Following the deafening cries of thousands of evil spirits, a surging powerful energy seemed to be breaking out from within the Ghost King Ring. Sensing this, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu's expressions became heavy, fully focusing on transferring battle qi into Huang Xiaolong's body, not daring to risk the slightest negligence.

Huang Xiaolong too wore a grim face, borrowing Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu's battle qi to suppress the unknown power from breaking out.

However, as time passed, this scary powerful energy became stronger and more violent, showing signs of overpowering the three people's combined suppression, so much that Huang Xiaolong was forced to summon the twin dragon martial spirits and soul transforming.

Behind him Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu followed, summoning their martial spirits and soul transformed.

Their battle qi was enhanced after the soul transformation, successfully containing the potential outbreak. Seconds later, humming noises came from the Ghost King Ring.

Huang Xiaolong was ecstatic hearing it, it meant the first ban placed on the ring was broken!

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu also had joyous expressions on their faces.

Riding on the first success, the three of them soldiered on, breaking the second, third, and the fourth ban on the ring. But, the further down they went, the harder it was to break the next ban. By the time they successfully broke the sixth ban, three long hours had passed. Huang Xiaolong noticed that the two evil dragons carving on the Ghost King Ring had turned bright red as if it was dipped in blood. Not only that, their eyes were glowing red, giving an extremely eerie feeling.

Ten hours passed. When Huang Xiaolong broke the tenth ban, the two evil dragons on the Ghost King Ring transformed into ethereal entities, flying away from the ring. Before Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu, and Zhang Fu understood what was happening, the two evil dragons disappeared between Huang Xiaolong's eyebrows, entering his body.

Huang Xiaolong stiffened, his eyes turned glowing red like the evil dragons' in an instant. An overwhelming power took over Huang Xiaolong's consciousness in the blink of an eye while destroying every part of his meridians.

Pain, so painful!

Huang Xiaolong couldn't endure any more, his head threw back roaring in pain.

"Sovereign!!" Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were aghast at the sudden turn of event. Just as they came close to Huang Xiaolong, the terrifying energy possessing Huang Xiaolong's body released a bout of energy, sending them flying back, spurting blood from their mouths.

### **Chapter 339: Absorbing the Ghost King Dan**

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu were dumbfounded.

That shocking power just now... God Realm?! It was the power of a God Realm master! Both of them were high-level Saint realm warriors, and not the average Tenth Order Saint realm either, yet facing against the surge of power, both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu could not even summon the courage to resist.

The only explanation for this was a God Realm master's power!

By this point, every inch of Huang Xiaolong's skin looked like it was doused in red blood. From his eyes to his neck, down to both arms, red fiendish patterns snaked underneath the surface of his skin, looking extremely grim and horrifying. The entire time, the agonizing pain continued to attack Huang Xiaolong internally.

Huang Xiaolong clutched at his head, his hoarse voice howling in pain.

Watching this, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu exchanged a glance, both leaped toward Huang Xiaolong, wanting to pull his arms away from his head, and at the same time, attempting to suppress the terrifying energy wreaking havoc in Huang Xiaolong's body. But when they came in contact with Huang Xiaolong's arm,

they were once again flung away by the overwhelming power inside Huang Xiaolong's body. This time, both were repelled much farther, slamming into the walls of the Xumi Temple.

It took some effort for Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu to get back on their feet.

All of a sudden, Huang Xiaolong's anguished howls stopped. Watching Huang Xiaolong, Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu saw a red flame spread over him, wrapping Huang Xiaolong's body like a layer of protection. When this red flame emerged, Huang Xiaolong's meridians and flesh, that were damaged by the invading power, started to heal. As the red flame burned, a layer of thick callous membrane formed on the surface of Huang Xiaolong's skin.

Similar to a phoenix's nirvana, reborn from the ashes, Huang Xiaolong's body started to exude a throbbing vitality. The glaring red devil patterns under his skin gradually receded and dissipated.

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu looked at each other with shock at the baffling change happening before their eyes. But before they could relax, the red devil patterns resurfaced, accompanied by the scary power's return. Huang Xiaolong started to howl from pain, clutching his head.

A short while later, the burst of vitality appeared once more.

The red devil patterns disappeared.

The process repeated for a total of ten times.

After the tenth time, the red devil patterns truly subsided, while the vitality continued to radiate from Huang Xiaolong's body, vigorous, abundant, so powerful that both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu lacked the vocabulary to describe the atmosphere.

Although he was standing there, Huang Xiaolong gave off the feeling that he was a different person altogether.

Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu exchanged another doubtful glance, cautiously moving closer to Huang Xiaolong.

"Sovereign, are you alright?" Zhao Shu asked, observing carefully Huang Xiaolong's expression and movements.

Huang Xiaolong looked over, those scarlet eyes looking at them actually caused Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu to shudder when meeting them. However, very quickly, the scarlet redness in Huang Xiaolong's eyes receded.

"I am fine." Huang Xiaolong shook his head. He endured it!

Recalling the purgatory torture he experienced, a cold shiver ran through Huang Xiaolong involuntarily. In the last hours, his meridians were ravaged, shattered, and then healed, time and again. This was more horrendous and harrowing than being skinned alive.

"Sovereign, are you... really alright?" Zhang Fu stepped up beside Zhao Shu, asking for confirmation once more.

Noticing the concern in Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu's eyes, he smiled, "I'm alright, what could happen to me?" Not only there was no problem with his body, it felt even better than it had ever been.

Coming out from that ordeal, he noticed two things: his battle qi cultivation broke through to the peak of half-Saint, and second, the true essence in his dantian enhanced by leaps and bounds. His overall physical defense greatly surpassed the level of an average Saint realm warrior.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong's expression that carried a resemblance to his normal self, both Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu's hanging hearts finally relaxed.

"Sovereign, that power earlier...?" Zhao Shu asked.

"Most likely a vestige of power that the Ghost King imbued into the ring when he refined it." Huang Xiaolong pondered the question and replied Zhao Shu.

Although it was merely a weakened strand of power left behind by the Ghost King, it nearly obliterated Huang Xiaolong. If it weren't for his strong willpower and passable spiritual force, with both black and blue dragons protecting his soul, he would have lost himself in the pain, dying in the process.

"The Ghost King's strength actually reached such a terrifying level!" Zhang Fu lamented with envy.

A small amount of power that the Ghost King imbued into the Ghost King Ring many hundreds of thousands of years ago was enough to gravely injure them both, they could only try to imagine the extent of the Ghost King's true strength. If it weren't for the fact that a long time had passed, lessening the power, just now Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu would have ended up with more than simple grave injuries.

Subsequently, Huang Xiaolong gave each of them a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir. Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu expressed their thanks and Huang Xiaolong sent both of them out of the Godly Mt. Xumi. Taking their leave, both went into closed-door practice to heal.

After both had left, Huang Xiaolong began to look through the items inside the Ghost King Ring. Spreading his spiritual sense inside, what he found was a blood ocean!

Hovering above the blood ocean were a number of ghosts, but the strange thing was, instead of an intense ghost aura, these ghosts emitted a peaceful golden radiance. From those ghosts' bodies, Huang Xiaolong caught whiffs of vague fragrance.

The fragrance of spirit pellets!

Huang Xiaolong instantly understood, those large ghosts hovering above the blood ocean were all Ghost King Dans! The Ghost King Dans that had taken shape! Furthermore, each Ghost King Dan manifestation had reached the Saint realm in cultivation. Although none reached mid or high-level, they were still stronger compared to giant ghost Feng Yang, averaging at late-First Order Saint realm.

Excited, Huang Xiaolong took one of the Ghost King Dan manifestations out from the blood ocean. The instant the ghost was out of the spatial ring, detecting Huang Xiaolong's presence, it lunged toward him without hesitation. Huang Xiaolong sneered, with a simple wave of his palm, he sent the ghost flying back.

If Huang Xiaolong was still a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order, he would have needed to exert a little more effort to subjugate this Saint realm ghost, but now, it was effortless. Huang Xiaolong caught up with the ghost in a flicker, an Earthen Buddha Palm struck accurately on the ghost's body. Its body flew out in a different direction.

Without any suspense, a short while later, the ghost surrendered, its body shrunk in size until it was a thumb-sized round pellet.

The pellet was claret red in colour, with a lustrous gloss over the surface, projecting a vague shadow from within, the shadow of the 'ghost' earlier.

Not wasting any time, Huang Xiaolong sat crossed-legged within the Ten Buddha Formation as he swallowed the pellet. Abundant surging energy filled Huang Xiaolong like great waves, spreading throughout his limbs and body. Huang Xiaolong concentrated all his effort into refining and absorbing the energy from the Ghost King Dan.

As he progressed, his Qi Sea started to evolve. The liquid battle qi in his Qi Sea began to condense like it was about to solidify, resembling diamond, reflecting soft sporadic glints of metallic golden.

The three mandates above Huang Xiaolong's Qi Sea were also shining with the same golden glints.

Strands of fiendish aura floated out from Huang Xiaolong's body, but they were quickly swallowed by the Ten Buddha Formation.

Two days and three nights later, Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes. Finally, he had fully absorbed one Ghost King Dan.

"So it's like this!" Huang Xiaolong exclaimed to himself.

After refining a Ghost King Dan, Huang Xiaolong finally understood why this legendary Ghost King Dan was said to be capable of helping half-Saints and peak half-Saints in breaking through to Saint realm.

Breaking through to the Saint realm was highly dependent on one's battle qi cultivation and would be hard to achieve, nearly impossible. At the same time, one must have certain space law comprehension, and this Ghost King Dan contained the Ghost King's enlightenment towards the space law. Refining and absorbing a Ghost King Dan would enable one to springboard on the Ghost King's space law comprehension, therefore greatly increasing one's chances of breaking into the Saint realm.

### **Chapter 340: Refining the Supreme Ghost Flag**

However, even though the Ghost King Dan contained the Ghost King's space law comprehension, it didn't mean that one could breakthrough to Saint realm just by swallowing one or two Ghost King Dans. Saint realm territory was not that easy to enter.

Huang Xiaolong swept a glance over the 'ghosts' floating above the blood ocean inside the Ghost King Ring, a rough estimate gave Huang Xiaolong slightly over four hundred Ghost King Dans, if Huang Xiaolong absorbed all of them, it would probably be enough to propel him into the Saint realm.

Thus, Huang Xiaolong wasn't anxious to start with them, instead, he carefully scanned every nook and cranny within the Ghost King Ring's space. He found the Ghost King Dan, but what about the legendary Ghost King Sutra?

What bewildered Huang Xiaolong was that his spiritual sense had explored up, down, and sideways around the space, yet he didn't find any clue related to the secret cultivation skill.

In the next moment, Huang Xiaolong's eyes caught sight of the blood ocean once again. What about the bottom of the blood ocean?

When Huang Xiaolong's spiritual sense tried to explore the blood ocean, a dazzling light shot out and disintegrated Huang Xiaolong's spiritual sense. He had no way to check the bottom of the blood ocean.

A tiny frown formed between Huang Xiaolong's brows. He resorted to the Eye of Hell, the eerie red glow shone on the ring and inside it, but it only managed to penetrate ten zhang down from the surface of the ocean, unable to see further down. In the end, after many attempts, Huang Xiaolong could only give up for now.

'It seems like I need to try after breaking into the Saint realm.' Huang Xiaolong speculated in his mind. He then put away the Ghost King Ring and took out the Supreme Ghost Flag he got when he defeated Feng Yang on his way to the Ghost King's cultivation cave.

On the journey back, Huang Xiaolong focused on improving his Godly Xumi Art, Asura Tactics, as well as having a good time, which indirectly caused him to neglect this Supreme Ghost Flag. After refining the Supreme Ghost Flag and using it as the core to arrange the Sea of Devils and Ghosts Array, not only could it trap the enemies, it could also eliminate them.

Huang Xiaolong stood in the center of the Ten Buddha Formation after taking out the Supreme Ghost Flag. Slowly but surely, he erased the tool spirit inside the Supreme Ghost Flag using the Buddhism energy from the formation. When that was done, he extracted a drop of blood from his heart, dripping it onto the Supreme Ghost Flag, instantly, the thousands of devils and ghosts inside the flag came alive, shrill shrieks and howls echoed faintly from the flag. At the same time, the mysterious runes on the flagstaff glimmered in a dazzling light.

According to the method Feng Yang told him beforehand, Huang Xiaolong swiftly suppressed the ghost aura boiling from the ghost flag while he branded his own soul mark on the flag.

One day passed.

Suddenly, a bright light shone from the ghost flag, lighting up the entire temple hall. As the light dimmed, the sinister-looking inscriptions of devils and ghosts slowly quieted down.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong breathed out in relief.

After a day's effort, he finally fully refined the Supreme Ghost Flag. Fortunately, he had first erased the tool spirit inside with the Ten Buddha Formation's support, otherwise he might not be able to refine this Supreme Ghost Flag even if he used ten days to half a month's time. Despite that, his battle qi and the true essence in his dantian were largely consumed in the process.

Hence, Huang Xiaolong swallowed a drop of Geocentric Buddha Elixir and executed the Instant Recovery martial ability, shimmering blue lights sparkled around Huang Xiaolong's body. A few seconds later, his expended battle qi and true essence recovered.

'I wonder how powerful it is...' Huang Xiaolong muttered curiously.

Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple. Arriving in his own little yard, he raised the Supreme Ghost Flag in the air.

The Supreme Ghost Flag descended from midair, the bottom end of the flagstaff fixed to the center of the yard. Huang Xiaolong ran his battle qi and the wicked, sinister devils and ghost drawings on the flag began to move, the mysterious runic patterns on the flagstaff started to glimmer. In that instant, monstrous ghost aura broke out like a flash flood out from the ghost flag. Accompanying the ghost aura were evils spirits and devils, one after another.

They appeared as if neverending. Each of them actually had the strength of a peak half-Saint ghost. At first, Huang Xiaolong was stunned, and then shock turned into delight.

Though these devils and evil spirits only had the strength of half-Saints, they triumphed in number. A First Order Saint realm wandering or getting lost inside the array would lose their life, no doubt. Even if the enemy was a Second Order Saint realm warrior, the array would be able to contain them for some time, they would be unable to get out.

Furthermore, this Supreme Ghost Flag's power could be enhanced, the more experts the ghost flag swallowed, the stronger it could become. After testing the Supreme Ghost Flag's power for an hour or so, Huang Xiaolong kept it away. Because Huang Xiaolong was careful to limit the area within his yard, the rumbling ghost aura did not alert anyone in the Southern Hill Estate.

Finished with what he wanted to do, Huang Xiaolong walked out of his yard toward the direction of the grand hall, but when he was passing by his younger brother Huang Xiaohai's yard, he heard sturdy blasts of punches hitting the air. His footsteps halted. With a direction change, Huang Xiaolong stood watching from the entrance of Huang Xiaohai's yard.

Huang Xiaohai, with his upper body naked, revealing a firm muscular torso, was practicing a set of fist skill called Heart Burrowing Fist, a mid-grade Earth rank battle skill. With Huang Family's current reputation and strength, it was not difficult to have Earth rank battle skills.

Hearing the sound of footsteps, Huang Xiaohai turned his head around, beaming when he saw Huang Xiaolong. Stopping his practice, he called out: "Big brother!"

Huang Xiaolong nodded while smiling, walking into the yard.

"I heard Dad and Mom say that you have a target of affection?" Huang Xiaolong asked.

Hearing this question, Huang Xiaohai's face turned red, fidgeting awkwardly.

"What's there to be shy about?" Huang Xiaolong laughed at his younger brother. Huang Xiaohai was already twenty this year, in Martial Spirit World, a young man would bring a bride home at the age of eighteen or nineteen.

"Come, let us brothers go out for a walk and drink some wine." Huang Xiaolong said.

All these years, other than practice, all Huang Xiaolong did was to practice even more. He spent very little time accompanying his parents and even less time given to this younger brother of his.

"Yes, Big brother!" Huang Xiaohai was very happy, sprinting off to put on clothes and stepped out of the Southern Hill Estate. Huang Xiaolong did not call for any guards with them, they were just two brothers spending time together.

All in all, the time spent by Huang Xiaohai in Duanren Imperial City was longer than Huang Xiaolong by far. All year round, Huang Xiaohai stayed in his yard, practicing, therefore he wasn't familiar with the Imperial City outside the four walls of the Southern Hill Estate.

While walking, Huang Xiaolong asked about Huang Xiaohai's practice, the problems he had, clarifying them to Huang Xiaohai one by one. Even though Zhao Shu and Zhang Fu would occasionally guide Huang Xiaohai, certain aspects of their battle qi comprehension were limited compared to Huang Xiaolong. Listening to Huang Xiaolong's explanation, Huang Xiaohai gained a deeper level of comprehension related to battle qi and his own cultivation.

The two brothers walked without direction as they talked, until an hour and a half later. Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of a restaurant called Happy Monarch House. From its outside appearance, this Happy Monarch House looked elegantly decorated, the lively atmosphere inside could be felt where they stood.

"How about this Happy Monarch Restaurant?" Huang Xiaolong looked at his younger brother.

The only two places he had been to in the past were the Unforgettable Intoxication Restaurant, where they had the Beauty Allure Wine, which he thought was not bad, and the other one was the Sapidity Wine House, which he visited with Xie Puti to drink Sapidity Wine.

"I heard that this Happy Monarch's Hometown Wine is quite good." Huang Xiaohai said.

"Hometown Wine?" Huang Xiaolong added another question, "You were here before?"

Huang Xiaohai shook his head, "I just randomly heard some of the estate guards speak about it."

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "Come on, let's go in."

The brothers walked in, went up to the first floor, searched for a table closer to the window and sat down. Calling the waiter over, they ordered some dishes and two jugs of Hometown Wine to see if it really was as good as the guards said.

Soon, the waiter brought their orders, filling the table with fragrant dishes and two jugs of wine.

Just when Huang Xiaolong wanted to uncork the wine, they heard loud noises of discussion from the next table.

"Did you hear, this year's Imperial City Battle's first place winner was a young man named Huo Ping. This Huo Ping's martial spirit is a top grade thirteen White Bear, just a young'un, twenty-two-year-old and already a Xiantian Second Order!"

"Some people say that this Huo Ping's talent exceeds that year's Young Noble Divine Dragon, Huang Xiaolong."