

INVINCIBLE

Chapter 08: Fortuitous Adventure at the Bottom of the Lake

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Huang Xiaolong stared at the several pieces of Yang fruit, eyes aflame with desire. His throat convulsed nervously and then turned towards the Violet Devourer Spirit Monkey as he finally understood why this little violet monkey brought him over.

The several pieces of Yang Fruit were about twenty to thirty meters high on the cliff. This little guy could only look but was unable to eat, thus bringing him over to help pick the fruits.

“Little guy, you brought me over here to help you pick these Yang fruits?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

“Hoo Hoo Hoo!” Delight showed in the little violet monkey’s eyes as it nodded enthusiastically.

Huang Xiaolong smiled. This little guy was truly quite cute. Turning back towards the Yang fruits that were more than twenty meters up on the cliff, he surveyed the surroundings.

The cliff wall was smooth all the way up to the peak and it almost had no spots to firmly grab hold of. Picking the twenty meter high fruits was no easy task, especially for the current Huang Xiaolong.

Moments later, Huang Xiaolong leaped up. Reaching to a height of about four to five meters, his fingers bent into a claw-shape and his fingertips sunk into the cliff wall. However, the cliff wall was rock-hard and his fingers only managed to insert a few millimeters deep, but it was enough to support his small body while dangling mid-air.

Subsequently, he did the same with his left hand, bending his fingers into claws and inserted them higher up into the cliff wall, stabilizing his body. Just like this, one step at a time, Huang Xiaolong slowly climbed towards to Yang fruits.

Every step of the way, he needed to exert his internal force to support his body, making it extremely strenuous. When he passed the ten-meter mark he was already panting heavily, his speed slowing down.

On the ground, the cheerful squeaking little violet monkey quieted down. The pair of light blue eyes gazed worriedly at Huang Xiaolong's silhouette as if it was worried Huang Xiaolong may tumble down at any time.

Under the watchful eyes of the Violet Devourer Spirit Monkey, Huang Xiaolong's small, thin body finally reached the Yang fruit after he climbed over twenty meters in height. Looking at the five pieces of Yang fruit in front of him, Huang Xiaolong's eyes shined brightly as he carefully withdrew a small cloth that he prepared earlier, gently picking the Yang fruits one by one before placing them into the small piece of cloth and wrapping them carefully, then finally leaping off to the ground.

Huang Xiaolong tapped his foot a few times against the cliff wall to reduce his landing speed while in mid-air on the way down.

Seeing him successfully pick the Yang fruits, the little violet monkey started squeaking cheerfully, gesturing happily with his little paws.

After demonstrating its delight, the little violet monkey calmed down and started staring pitifully at the little cloth bundle in Huang Xiaolong's hands that held the Yang fruits.

"Little guy, catch!" Huang Xiaolong could not help but laugh at the antics of the little violet monkey. Removing two pieces of Yang fruit from the cloth bundle, he threw it over. The little violet monkey leaped up and caught both fruits, one

in each hand. Giving Huang Xiaolong a happy cry, it went to a corner and swallowed both fruits before sitting down to absorb the spiritual energy from the Yang fruits.

Seeing the little violet monkey running a cultivation technique to absorb the energy from the fruit, Huang Xiaolong was not surprised. Most spiritual beasts could cultivate, not to mention the Violet Devourer Spirit Monkey which was a rare, top-tier spirit beast.

Without disturbing the little violet monkey, Huang Xiaolong surveyed the surrounding valley and after determining that it was safe, he too sat down on the side and took out a piece of Yang fruit and swallowed it, running the Xuan Qin cultivation technique to absorb the fruit's energy.

When the energy from the Yang fruit dispersed throughout Huang Xiaolong's body, multiple strands of Nine Yang energy almost instantly emerged. Nine Yang energy was the purest top-grade fire attribute spiritual energy in the world.

Submerged inside the flow of the Nine Yang energy, Huang Xiaolong felt extremely comfortable and warm, as if he was soaking in a hot spring. The battle qi inside his meridians flowed rapidly.

A few hours passed.

Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes. After a few hours, he finally absorbed all the energy within that one Yang fruit and the battle qi within his body had become thicker by more than double, advancing his cultivation to late-Second Order warrior!

According to his original estimation, in order to reach the late-Second Order he would need at least another month and a half, but he had now succeeded much quicker!

Huang Xiaolong was happy with his achievement. Just as he thought that, a horrible smell assaulted his nose. Looking down, he saw his whole body covered with a layer of sticky, black mud. In his previous life, he had taken something similar to the Yang fruit, so he knew that this sticky, black mud was the impurities being forced out of his body.

Huang Xiaolong jumped up feeling refreshingly lighter, then stretched his limbs for a little bit. He noticed the little violet monkey was still absorbing the Yang fruit's energy so he did not bother it and headed towards the lake in the middle of the grassy area.

In front of the lake, he stripped naked and carefully set aside the remaining two Yang fruits. With a splash, he jumped into the lake to wash the layer of black impurities off his body.

Very quickly, Huang Xiaolong cleaned himself up and was about to get out from the lake when he suddenly detected traces of a cold aura coming from the bottom of the lake. It was hard to notice when one was not paying attention. Huang Xiaolong's interest was stirred so he dove down into the lake.

Diving a short distance, Huang Xiaolong saw a cave entrance not too far ahead where the cold aura was coming from.

A short while later, he arrived at the hole entrance of the cave and entered without hesitation.

Entering through the hole, he noticed the walls were dry and not slippery wet as one would imagine. On one side of the cave wall, there was a Water Dispersing Pearl the size of a goose egg embedded in it.

If this pearl was taken out for an auction, its worth would exceed one hundred thousand gold coins.

Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but be curious about this cave. Walking along the tunnel for about ten meters, he came to an empty hall about a hundred square meters wide yet it was obvious at a glance there was nothing inside the hall. There were three other rooms apart from the empty hall though. Huang Xiaolong walked towards the first room.

In the first room, he gained nothing. It was empty, just like the hall outside.

Huang Xiaolong moved on to the second room and it was also empty.

"F**k, don't tell me the third room is empty too?!" Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but exclaim to himself.

Standing in front of the third room, Huang Xiaolong slowly peeked inside. Finally, inside the third room there was a jade bed and on top of the jade bed was a book made from unknown materials. On the walls hung a pair of half-meter long black shiny blades.

Pausing for a moment, Huang Xiaolong's eyes fell on the book placed on top of the jade bed, so he walked over and picked it up. The seemingly thin book was so heavy that his arms sank under the weight, startling him. What material was this book made of that it weighed close to thirty pounds for something so thin?

Looking at the book cover, there were three words written in ancient inscriptions: 'Asura Tactics'.

At this exact moment, as if an explosion rang out, a terrifying aura of frenzied slaughter spread out in Huang Xiaolong's mind. His eyes flickered and he appeared in a place surrounded by infinite mountains of bones with a boundless sea of blood at its boundary.

Standing on top of a mountain of bones, it was as if he was the embodiment of an Asura from Hell.

Above the endless mountains of bones, ghastly apparitions of resentful spirits tried to 'invade' him. Feeling the countless ghastly, resentful spirits' desire to swallow him, a light flickered again in Huang Xiaolong's eyes and he was back in the third room of the cave.

Although it was only for a brief moment, cold sweat drenched his body.

Looking with trepidation at the book in his hand titled Asura Tactics, the scene with the mountains of bones and boundless sea of blood did not appear again for a second time, allowing Huang Xiaolong to breathe out a heavy sigh of relief.

A while later, repressing the shock in his heart, with slightly trembling hands he opened the first page of the Asura Tactics.