

Invincible Conqueror Chapter 106-110

Chapter 106: "I'm His Old Man!"

A long time after Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou had left, a gust of cold wind blew, sobering Chen Li up to her current situation. She left the place in a haste and when she was running, she passed Liu Mu's corpse and tripped over it.

Falling face down, tears mixed with soil and sand, dirtying her face and hands. Enduring not cry out as she struggled to get up, she quickly ran off in the same direction Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou left earlier, towards the Yuwai Royal City.

Two days later.

Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou stood before the huge city gates, and Fei Hou nearly couldn't contain the excitement in his heart; he's back, finally!

The Yuwai Royal City gates were same as before, no big changes at all.

"Let's go in!" A short moment later, Huang Xiaolong spoke.

Repressing the excitement in his heart, Fei Hou nodded 'yes' enthusiastically.

Two figures entered through the city gates.

Passing through the city gates, the two of them strolled along the bustling streets in a relaxed manner, going along with the flow of people. Drinking in the lively atmosphere, Fei Hou was a little emotional. Seven years passed, and the Yuwai Royal City was just as he remembered it, but many of the shops had changed businesses, and some buildings were renovated and these newer additions were somewhat strange to him.

Huang Xiaolong nodded secretly as he observed the prosperous and bustling streets of the Yuwai Royal City. Compared to the Luo Tong Kingdom's Royal City, the condition here was way better. Moreover, judging from the buildings and infrastructure of the city, they were a level higher than the Luo Tong Royal City.

There were two more days until Fei Hou's eldest grandson's wedding day. Since they already arrived in the Royal City, neither of them was in a rush to reach the Fei Manor, taking their own sweet time strolling in the streets.

A couple of hours later, it was already noon. As they passed by a large restaurant, Fei Hou stopped and happily said to Huang Xiaolong: "Young Lord, this Absolutely Luscious Dishes Floor is one of the three best restaurants here. Their specialty, Fiery Wine, is tastier than the Delicious Restaurant's Snow Moon Wine. Should we go in and have a drink?"

Huang Xiaolong nodded, "Fiery Wine? Very well, let's go in and taste some."

Thus, without further ado, Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou walked into the Absolutely Luscious Dishes Floor.

Once he entered, Huang Xiaolong saw the lower floor consisted of over a hundred tables and all of them were seated with customers, leaving none open or empty. At this time, a person with the owner's attire and appearance was hurrying towards Fei Hou, asking eagerly "You are Marquis Fei Hou?"

Fei Hou nodded. "Boss Chen, these past few years that I didn't come, your business is flourishing nicely ah!"

This middle-aged man happens to be the restaurant's boss. In the past, Fei Hou patronized the restaurant often for their dishes and Fiery Wine; the two of them can be considered old friends.

"Hehe, Marquis Fei Hou jests. The few years that we haven't seen each other, yet Your Excellency looks younger than before." The restaurant boss laughed, "Unlike me, getting older every day." As he said this, his hand gestured courteously, "Marquis Fei Hou, this way please, to the second floor; I'll tell the small ones to arrange your table and dishes!"

Fei Hou nodded his head and went up to the first floor with Huang Xiaolong.

The second floor was just as boisterous as the lower floor, and it seemed to have no empty tables available, but the boss had swiftly arranged it for them.

Not long after both of them had sat down, the dishes were sent up.

There were also two jugs of wine - two big jugs of wine served with custom made fiery red cups resembling moving lava.

The fragrant wine teased Huang Xiaolong's nose as he poured some out into a cup and tilted the entire content into his mouth; a sweet dry taste flooded his senses as the wine rushed down his throat, turning into a strong, burning sensation that spreads out in an instant as if every blood cell in the body was about to combust, and a feeling of contentment and elation rose in the drinker's heart.

"Good wine!" Huang Xiaolong praised aloud.

Cups raises endlessly between Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou.

As Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou enjoyed themselves, discussions from tables nearby passed into their ears.

"Did you hear, the King personally conferred Yang An the title of Marquis!"

"Tsk tsk, that Yang An is only twenty-one years old, and he's already a Marquis. This is a first for our Yuwai Kingdom; in my opinion, in another few years that Yangan will probably be conferred the title of a Duke!"

"This is because that Yang An is our kingdom's number one genius, a monstrous genius! One year ago, he was already a peak late-Ninth Order, and with his cultivation speed, I say he can breakthrough to the Tenth Order within this year!"

"A twenty-one-year-old Tenth Order, what a monster! In another few years, Yang An will be representing the Yuwai Kingdom to participate in the Imperial City Battle, and with his talent, a top ten spot is almost guaranteed!"

Noises of discussion filled the second floor, and in the dozen or so tables, practically every table was talking about something related to that Yang An.

"Oh, Yang An?" Hearing bits and pieces of these discussions, Huang Xiaolong became curious.

"I never would have imagined Yang An, that kid is also a Marquis now!" At this moment, Fei Hou sighed: "That year when I left, that Yangan had just broken through to the Eighth Order."

Huang Xiaolong looked at Fei Hou.

Fei Hou explained to Huang Xiaolong, "Young Lord, this Yang An's martial spirit is a top grade twelve martial spirit, the Roaring Sky God Lion, and he is our Yuwai Kingdom's most talented genius ever, currently attending classes in Yuwai Academy. Perhaps later on, he will participate in the Imperial City Battle in Duanren Empire together with you, Young Lord."

"Top grade twelve martial spirit, Roaring Sky God Lion," Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Except for Jiang Teng, his Senior Brother Chen Tianqi, and the Duanren Empire's Emperor, this Yang An was the fourth person he had come to know to possess a superb talent martial spirit.

But Jiang Teng's martial spirit was a top grade eleven spirit, the Scared Bright Tiger, whereas this Yang An's grade twelve spirit threw Jiang Teng off by a long road.

Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou kept drinking while eavesdropping on the conversations around them. A short while later, they paid the bill and left. When Fei Hou was paying, the boss came out and proceeded to discount the amount by half before sending off Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou in person.

Leaving the restaurant, both of them headed straight to the Fei Manor.

Roughly an hour later, they came to the main street leading to Fei Manor; although there was still two days before Fei Ming's wedding day, the main door of the manor was already crowded with people in a merry mood and an endless stream of horses and carriages bearing gifts.

Obviously, these are people from noble families paying congratulatory visits due to the occasion.

Standing in the street before the sign plate of Fei Manor, bubbling emotions filled Fei Hou's heart and when he stepped into the Fei Manor with Huang Xiaolong, his excitement nearly spilled over.

However, just as they were about to step across the doorway, the two guards at the sides of the door suddenly raised their hands, blocking their path: "Where are you going here? What matters do you have with the Fei Manor?"

Fei Hou blanked for a moment before asking, "You two don't recognize me?"

The two guards scrutinized Fei Hou from head to toe, and one of them laughed, "I say old man, who do you think you are? Why must we recognize you?!"

Fei Hou was dazed by the answer, and a deep frown appeared on his forehead-- looks like these two guards were hired in the years after he had left so neither of them recognized him.

He turned around, a little embarrassed as he looked at Huang Xiaolong.

He didn't expect for something so awkward such as this to happen even before he returned to Fei Manor.

Huang Xiaolong gave him a faint smile and did not say anything. Only Fei Hou can handle this matter.

At this point, Fei Hou told the two guards: "Call your Patriarch out."

The same guard smiled wider, saying "Call our Patriarch out? Old man, I think you don't realize the situation. You think our Patriarch is someone you can see just cause you say so?"

"I'm his old man!" Fei Hou's temper came out!

But in the ears of the two guards, it sounded as if Fei Hou was cursing their family's Patriarch and that made their expression turn cold.

"Old man, be frank and tell us, did you come here to make trouble? Your blind dog eyes, how dare you make havoc here, look around and see where this is!"

Chapter 107: Really Is the Patriarch's Old Man?

Make trouble?

Your blinded dog eyes?!

Look around and see where this is?!

Fei Hou was floored being treated this way in his own home; anger and frustration bubbled inside him whereas Huang Xiaolong behind him was shaking his head while smiling bitterly.

"Impetuous!" Fei Hou bellowed; his right hand suddenly waved forward, bringing a violent gale that whirled at the two guards away, throwing them heavily onto the ground.

The two guards screamed at the top of their lungs, raising a commotion in the mansion's surroundings. Passersby and nobles who came to send congratulatory gifts nearly jumped out of their skin, and they instantly retreated.

At this time, loud footsteps were heard rushing to their direction from the inner yards of the mansion and a group of mansion guards appeared, around twenty of them.

Leading the group of guards was a thick-bearded, middle-aged man. A thick, black beard covered three-quarter of his face, making him look particularly fierce and vicious; judging from his attire and demeanor, this middle-aged man must be the guards' captain.

"What is happening?" The moment this thick-bearded man rushed to the scene, he shouted out the question as he came beside the two miserable guards.

Struggling to get up, the two guards said to the middle-aged man: "Captain Lin, it was these two people! They came to make trouble at our Fei Mansion; he berated our Patriarch and attacked us first!" A finger pointed towards Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou.

That thick black-bearded man spun in Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou's direction, and his expression sank. His mouth opened and a cold voice sounded, "Did you two eat a bear's heart or leopard's gallbladder? You dare come and make trouble in our Fei Mansion? Do you know what kind of place is the Fei Mansion?"

Huang Xiaolong rendered slightly helpless with the situation; it seems this black beard middle-aged man is also someone who doesn't recognize Fei Hou. Fei Hou was away for seven years, so how much did the guards change in during this period of time?

Fei Hou also was speechless.

"Tell Fei Rong to come out!" Fei Hou stated bluntly with a nerve twitching on his forehead.

The thick black-bearded man was angered hearing Fei Hou refer to their Patriarch by name as this was naked disrespect towards their Patriarch, and his face darkened considerably: "Go! Capture these two people, let the Patriarch to judge their crime!"

"Yes, Captain Lin!"

The Fei Mansion's guards acknowledged loudly in unison, and all of the guards rushed towards Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou. However, just when the group of guards wanted to make their moves, Fei Hou's palms slapped the void before him gently.

"Seal of Thunderstorm!" Tens, no, hundreds of handprints flew out like rain during a violent thunderstorm right onto the bodies of the Fei Mansion's guards, sending them flying off in all directions.

Over twenty of Fei Mansion's guards lay groaning on the ground.

Captain Lin's face changed for the worse; Fei Hou's strength had far exceeded his estimation as he himself was a Ninth Order, and he guessed Fei Hou to be, at the very least, a Tenth Order.

While this was happening at the front, Fei Rong was sitting in the main hall chatting with several other families' Patriarchs.

"Patriarch Fei, congrats, congrats ah; your dearest son and Miss Tao are getting married-- this is a great event in the Royal City ah!"

"Yes ah, Miss Tao is the pearl of Duke Tao's palm and the famous number one beauty in our Yuwai Royal City. Fei Ming, this kid really knows how to win the beauty's heart, even this Uncle Chen is feeling envious of him!"

Fei Rong chuckled, and just when he was about to speak, suddenly, loud shouting came from outside, and this realization surprised everyone sitting in the main hall. Is there still someone who dared to come and make trouble in the Fei Mansion?

At this point, a loud miserable scream resounded in the air; Fei Rong could tell it was Captain Lin Chenghu's voice, and his brows creased. Lin Chenghu was a Ninth Order expert: who could the person that injured him be, a Tenth Order?

"Everyone," Fei Rong stood up: "Please excuse me for a moment."

The several Patriarchs in the main hall and exchanged looks among themselves, and one by one stood up with Fei Rong.

One of them said: "We will go out together with Brother Fei and see what's happening. Let's take a look who has such big guts to come and create trouble here in the Fei Mansion!"

Fei Rong smiled, "Okay, I thank everyone here." Fei Rong stepped out of the main hall with the Patriarchs, heading towards the Fei Mansion's main door.

Moments later, Fei Rong and the group behind him arrived on the scene.

When Fei Rong reached the entrance area, his steps suddenly stopped and his body trembled. Noticing the silhouette near the entrance, Fei Rong was taken over by happiness and surprise.

The Guards Captain, Lin Chenghu, that was slammed away by Fei Hou earlier saw Fei Rong came out, and joy bloomed over this thick-bearded face as he scrambled to get up and reach Fei Rong's side: "Patriarch, it is these two people! They came to cause trouble in Fei Mansion!"

However, Fei Rong didn't look like he heard a word Lin Chenghu said, pushing him away to the side. Fei Rong walked and reached the middle-aged man who hit all the mansion's guards in a few brisk steps. Fei Rong shocked everyone present when he suddenly knelt down: "Father, you have returned!"

Father, you have returned!

Lin Chenghu's jaw dropped.

The several Patriarchs that came with Fei Rong were stunned.

The passersby and noble families that came to send congratulatory gifts were shocked, and the initial two guards that blocked Fei Hou's path stiffened on the spot.

Father?! The two guards turned deadly pale in the blink of an eye. That means this middle-aged man was really Patriarch's Old Man?! Not someone here to make trouble?!

Thinking of this, even their lower part shrunk in fear.

Fei Hou turned around, seeing saw his son, his solemn face relaxed: "Stand up!"

"Yes, Father!" Fei Rong answered respectfully, standing up. Fei Rong was full of smiles. "Father, you finally came back!" Seeing his Father back, Fei Rong was truly delighted from the bottom of his heart. The day after tomorrow is his son's wedding day, and Father rushed back in time to join in on the ceremony-- this was the greatest gift of all.

Fei Hou grinned, and then his expression suddenly became solemn as he said to Fei Rong: "This is Young Lord, quickly come and greet him!"

Young Lord?!

Fei Rong was greatly surprised as he inspected Huang Xiaolong visually. He looked at his Father with a puzzled face; why would Father recognize a fifteen, sixteen-year-old boy as Young Lord?

"What are you dilly-dallying for?" Seeing his son rooted there with hesitation, Fei Hou's voice grew solemn and he snapped.

Detecting the vast difference in his Father's expression, Fei Rong's heart nearly jumped out from his throat. Evidently, his Father wasn't playing a joke on him.

"Fei Rong greets the Young Lord!" Fei Rong no longer dared to be slow.

Huang Xiaolong reached out and helped Fei Rong up, "Patriarch Fei, no need to stand on ceremony, please stand."

This turn of event greatly baffled the Fei Mansion guards and the nobles around.

Fei Mansion's legendary Old Man was finally back, but he recognized a young man as Young Lord?!

What was this young man's identity?!

At this point, the Patriarchs of other families behind Fei Rong hurried to pay their respects to Fei Hou: "Greeting, Senior Fei Hou!"

Fei Hou nodded.

"Father, let's return inside the yard?" Fei Rong asked Fei Hou.

"Okay." Fei Hou agreed, and to Huang Xiaolong, Fei Hou made a 'please' gesture and invited Huang Xiaolong into the mansion: "Young Lord, please!"

Huang Xiaolong can do nothing with Fei Hou's gesture and became the first to walk in and he was followed by Fei Hou, Fei Rong, and the Patriarchs of other families.

When all had left, the guards and Lin Chenghu were still standing in the same spot in a daze.

In the Fei Mansion's main hall, Fei Hou requested Huang Xiaolong to sit on the main seat whereas he sat on his side. Fei Rong and the others can only sit in the normal seats in the hall.

Although Fei Rong has many questions and doubts about Huang Xiaolong, he didn't dare to ask about it in the open.

"Where is Fei Ming, that brat?" Fei Hou asked after taking a seat.

Fei Rong replied respectfully, "Father, Fei Ming went out with Miss Tao. I will send someone to inform him of your return, and tell him to come back!"

Fei Hou nodded his head in consent.

However, at this time, a Fei Mansion guard ran in abruptly in panic, hollering "Patriarch, it's bad. Young Master Fei Ming was beaten until he was injured!"

"What?!" Everyone in the main hall's expression's looked ugly.

"What happened exactly? Who did it?!" Fei Rong's fury erupted.

That person simply does not put the Fei Mansion in his eyes.

Chapter 108: What, Do You Dare to Do Something To Me?

That guard hesitated a moment before reporting truthfully: "He was been beaten by Yang Zhanfei!"

"Yang Zhanfei!"

Those in the main hall were shocked, and the angry expression on Fei Rong's face diminished a level.

Huang Xiaolong noticed the unfavorable expressions in the main hall, and could not help but ask, "Who is this Yang Zhanfei?"

Fei Hou replied respectfully: "Yang Zhanfei is that Yang An's younger brother!"

"Yang An?" This relation was out of Huang Xiaolong's expectations.

That number one monstrous genius of the Yuwai Kingdom, Yang An? On the way here, the name he heard the most number of times was this Yang An. He did not expect that Yang Zhanfei would be Yang An's younger brother!

"Where is your Young Master now?" Huang Xiaolong turned to ask that Fei Mansion guard.

Fei Hou, Fei Rong, and the rest also turned to look at the guard.

The guard quickly replied: "At the Thousand Virtues Street!"

"Thousand Virtues Street?" Huang Xiaolong shifted his gaze onto Fei Hou, "How far is this Thousand Virtues Street from Fei Mansion?"

"It is just three streets away, not far!" Fei Hou promptly answered.

"Let us hurry over and see." Huang Xiaolong stood up.

Subsequently, under Fei Hou, Fei Rong, and the Patriarchs' lead, Huang Xiaolong and the group showed up at Thousand Virtues Street a short while later. What welcomed them was the view of a group of people encircling another group in the middle. The encircling group was laughing, mocking, and pointing, having a merry time judging from the expressions on their faces.

When Huang Xiaolong's group neared the center, an arrogant loud voice sounded: "Your mother, with this ugly face of yours you think you're worthy of Tao Zhe? Don't assume your Fei Mansion is almighty; in my eyes, Fei Mansion is nothing at all!"

"Let me tell you, Fei Ming, today this father beat you up, so what! What does your Fei Mansion dare to do? That Dad of yours is also nothing but a toothless tiger!"

The encircling crowd broke out in raucous laughter.

Obviously, it came from that Yang Zhanfei's servants and guards he brought with him.

"Yang Zhanfei, I'll fight you to death!" A furious roar cuts through the noises.

And seconds later, a painful scream ensued.

Fei Rong's face paled hearing that voice. Anger and wrath erupted inside his heart, the Fei Mansion guards sprinted into the encirclement, breaking it and scattering the crowd away. Huang Xiaolong and the rest saw a twenty-five or twenty-six-year-old young man lying on the street with blood stains on his face while a beautiful young girl in her early twenties tried to lift the young man up with a worried face. At the same time, her face contained fury glaring at another young man dressed in golden brocade robe opposite them, not far away.

This beautiful young woman should be Tao Zhe, and that young man in golden brocade robe - Yang Zhanfei.

"Fei Ming, how bad is it?" Tao Zhe propped Fei Ming up and anxiously asked.

Fei Ming only shook his head.

At this time, the Fei Mansion guards had already cut a path through the crowd and Fei Rong was seen rushing up front.

"Dad!" Fei Ming called out seeing Fei Rong, but as his voice landed, his eyes caught sight of another silhouette behind Fei Rong; surprised, his voice trembled when he cried out: "Grandfather!"

"Grandfather, you're back!" Ignoring his injuries, Fei Ming hastened precariously towards Fei Hou.

Fei Hou nodded and flashed an affectionate smile as he quickly took over holding up his grandson up and checking the extent of his injuries. Fei Hou let out a breath of relief. His grandson's injuries weren't as bad as it looks; it seems that Yang Zhanfei still had a sense of proportion.

Yang Zhanfei was greatly shocked within when he saw Fei Hou; an old man that had disappeared for so many years actually came back? He knew Fei Hou was a peak late-Tenth Order.

"Heyhey, Fei Mansion guards' action is quite efficient-- even the Patriarch came!" Yang Zhanfei's poisonous tongue wagged. "Don't worry, that Fei Ming's life is in no danger! But he might not be so lucky next time." He looked at Fei Ming as he spoke these words, "When you see me in the future, hide far away, otherwise, I will beat you up every time I see you!"

"We're leaving!" Yang Zhanfei motioned with a hand wave, signaling the servant and guards behind him.

"Stop!" Just when Yang Zhanfei was about to leave with his servants and guards, a loud snarled resounded.

Yang Zhanfei's leg paused inches above the ground, his head looked back and saw the one who spoke was Fei Hou.

Fei Hou slowly stepped towards the young man.

If he allowed this young man to pat his ass and leave just like that, then the Fei Mansion wouldn't face any face to show in Yuwai Royal City anymore!

Yang Zhanfei calmly looked on as Fei Hou approached him slowly, "You are Fei Hou? You want to avenge your grandson?" Saying this, his eyes swept through the numbers of Fei Mansion guards, "You want to bully us having fewer people?"

Fei Hou opened his mouth about to answer, suddenly, Huang Xiaolong appeared next to him, "As long as you can take one palm from me, we'll allow you to leave."

Yang Zhanfei glared fiercely at Huang Xiaolong, but all of a sudden, a smile emerged on his face "Kid, what did you say? Take one palm from you? Repeat it again, this father didn't understand clearly."

The servants and guards behind Yang Zhanfei broke out in laughter whereas Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent.

"Kid, where did a kid that hasn't weaned milk like you run out from, can you even make decisions?" Yang Zhanfei said after he managed to stop laughing.

"He is my Young Lord, his meaning is my meaning!" At this time, Fei Hou interjected.

Young Lord?!

Yang Zhanfei was dumbstruck looking at Huang Xiaolong when he heard Fei Hou's words, and he was greatly surprised.

Fei Hou actually referred to this teenage boy as Young Lord!

The servants and guards behind Yang Zhanfei were also observing Huang Xiaolong with shock in their eyes.

Getting over his shock, Yang Zhanfei coldly said, "Since it is like this, I also want to see how you can defeat me with just one palm!" A cruel light glinted across Yang Zhanfei's pupils.

Although Fei Hou referred to Huang Xiaolong as Young Lord which greatly shook his heart, he did not take Huang Xiaolong seriously. Or it was more accurate to say, he'd never put a sixteen-year-old kid in his eyes, much less defeat him with just one palm!

At this point, the crowd sensibly retreated back. Yang Zhanfei and Huang Xiaolong stood in the middle with waves of energies fluctuating in the air.

The crowd's focus was entirely on the two figures in the middle, especially Fei Rong. His eyes followed Huang Xiaolong tightly as he wanted to know Huang Xiaolong's strength.

What does this young man have that made Father acknowledged him as Lord?!

"Dad, he is?" Fei Ming asked Fei Rong, pointing at Huang Xiaolong. Just now, his Grandfather actually acknowledged in public that young man is his Young Lord, and the shock and surprised he felt was much stronger compared to Fei Rong.

"Are you ready?" Huang Xiaolong asked in a nonchalant manner as he looked at the opposite side.

"Million Stars Holy Boxing!"

Yang Zhanfei suddenly dashed out, making a sneak attack — his fist punched towards Huang Xiaolong's chest. The attack arrived almost instantly in front of Huang Xiaolong and countless starlight shone like pillars as a discernable, holy aura spread out from the center.

Everyone present was startled for none of them imagined Yang Zhanfei would launch a sneak attack.

Including Fei Rong.

"Careful!" Fei Ming blurted out in anxiousness-- that Yang Zhanfei is a peak late-Seventh Order.

When everyone thought Yang Zhanfei's attack would hit the mark, Huang Xiaolong made his move. He raised one of his hands and slammed out an attack against the fist.

"Boom!" A loud explosion reverberated in the air.

Yang Zhanfei wailed tragically, flying out and crashing heavily onto the streets, causing the entire street to shake.

One palm!

Not one person dared to utter gasps of surprise loudly.

Fei Rong was stupefied whereas Fei Ming who shouted for Huang Xiaolong to be careful was transfixed on the spot with his mouth the shape of an 'O'.

The servants and guards that came with Yang Zhanfei were so scared they forgot to help Yang Zhanfei up from the ground.

Huang Xiaolong slowly walked towards Yang Zhanfei, the latter had fear written all over his face; his butt scraped the street surface in horror, "You, you, what do you want to do?!"

"What do I want to do?" Huang Xiaolong stopped in front of him.

Chapter 109: Yang An is Here!

Huang Xiaolong suddenly raised his foot and kicked out, sending Yang Zhanfei flying off and crashing into two pillars on the street belonging to a shop. The door frame was smashed into rubble with loose debris ricocheting in all directions.

The crowd exclaimed in a shocked uproar.

"Second Young Master!"

The Yang Mansion's guards only reacted at this moment; hurrying forward to help Yang Zhanfei to a stand.

Several of the guards chose to deal with Huang Xiaolong instead and sprinted towards him while drawing out knives and swords. But, before these guards could get close enough to Huang Xiaolong, all of them were slapped away with one palm from Fei Hou.

When the guards were slammed away by Fei Hou, a silhouette suddenly came piercing through the air, bellowing: "Who dares to touch my younger brother?!"

This voice reverberated in the air like rumbling thunder, agitating the eardrums of everyone in the streets.

Huang Xiaolong turned around and his eyes squinted. At this time, a figure flashed, and a young man in yellow robe appeared before everyone as his feet landed gently on the street floor.

The young man's face bore some similarities with Yang Zhanfei, but he stood upright like a sword with an innate, arrogant bearing that awed people.

"It's Yang An!"

"Eldest Young Master!"

Seeing the newly arrived person's face clearly, surprised voices sounded from the surrounding crowd whereas the Yang Mansion's guards were glad and happy.

"Big Brother!" Yang Zhanfei pushed the guard propping him away, and hastened to Yang An's side; with one hand, he pointed at Huang Xiaolong as he shouted: "It was him! He attacked me and injured me!"

Yang An's gaze fell on Huang Xiaolong, and the temperature in his eyes dropped sharply: "This is the first time someone dared to injure my younger brother!"

Huang Xiaolong's indifference expression never lost composure, "So what?"

"Kneel down this instant, kowtow and continue to do so until my young brother forgives you. If my younger brother is willing to forgive you, then I shall spare your life." Yang An's voice was as cold as the expression on his face.

"What big words!" Standing on the side, Fei Hou could not resist letting out a snicker, "Don't assume just because the King favors you that I won't dare to kill you!"

Yang An looked at Fei Hou, his eyes sharp, "So it is Marquis Fei Hou, kill me? Relying on your strength as a peak late-Tenth Order?" Yang An fully released his coercive momentum, causing the airflow in the surrounding became turbulent.

Although Yang An was a peak -late Ninth Order, he had stepped one foot into the Tenth Order line, with his superb talent martial spirit and its ability; in his opinion, even a peak late-Tenth Order expert such as Fei Hou can't harm him!

Then, sounds of whistling winds were heard, and several new silhouettes arrived on the scene. They were the Yang Mansion's experts that had rushed over after getting the report.

When these experts arrived, each of them glared fiercely at Fei Hou.

"Fei Hou, be careful of the catastrophe that resulted from your mouth. One of these days, your Fei Mansion might just be annihilated!" One of them, an old man in his seventies warned threateningly.

This old man was Yang Mansion's Chief Steward, Zhu Yi. Like Fei Hou years ago, he is a peak late-Tenth Order.

"Is it?' Fei Hou suddenly made a move.

Seeing this, Zhu Yi sprinted forward instead of retreating.

"Crystal Ice Claw!"

An ice claw attack went up against Fei Hou, causing the street's temperature to decline sharply as if they fell into an ice cave.

"We haven't met for a few years, I'll let you have a look at how much my strength has increased during this time!" A ferocious light glinted in Zhu Yi's pupils. In the past, the two of them had fought a couple of times yet no victory was determined. But now, Zhu Yi was confident that with his current strength he could suppress Fei Hou.

However, his expression suddenly changed drastically. Fei Hou's palm print came at him like a rotating cyclone, crushing his Crystal Ice Claw in an instant to smithereens. Finally, the palm print engulfed him.

Zhu Yi had yet to figure out what exactly happened, and he was already hit; his body flew off like a broken kite.

All present watching was stupefied.

Yang An and Yang Zhanfei had the same expression watching Zhu Yi being hit.

Zhu Yi, a peak late-Tenth Order actually could not withstand one move from Fei Hou!

The bustling street became deadly silent. The Yang Mansion guards that had their confidence and arrogance bolstered with Yang An and Zhu Yi's arrival were muted.

Fei Rong, Fei Ming, the several Patriarchs that tagged along, and the Fei Mansion guards were staring wide-eyed with shock at Fei Hou.

"Xian, Xiantian expert!"

A long while later, one of Yang Mansion's guards blurted out in a trembling voice.

Xiantian expert!

Everyone shuddered at the thought.

But Fei Rong's heart was thrilled— bubbles of ecstasy were bouncing happily in his heart.

Dad, his Dad had broken into Xiantian, stepped into the Xiantian realm ah!

Xiantian, Fei Hou actually advanced into the Xiantian realm!

In the past, the Fei Mansion was considered as one of the Yuwai Kingdom's prominent families, but it was barely qualified and had always been shunned by the super prominent families.

The reason being that there was no Xiantian expert in Fei Mansion.

But now, everything has changed.

From now on, the Fei Mansion will be included in the circle of super families.

Fei Rong was thrilled, and so was Fei Ming, and the Fei Mansion guards.

They fell into a state of quivering excitement, frenzy, and ecstasy.

Zhu Yi struggled up from the street; the expression on his face was no different with the crowd, staring at Fei Hou with apparent disbelief and shock. And mixed in there too was envy, jealousy, hate, and a strong unwillingness to accept this reality.

Fei Hou was faster than him, stepping into Xiantian realm one step ahead of him!

Xiantian – one step into the heavens; once one steps into Xiantian, their identity, position, and everything else changes.

Fei Hou looked at Zhu Yi that crawled up from the ground and sneered, "Annihilate my Fei Mansion? Relying on you?"

Zhu Yi's expression was twisted uglily.

"Fei Hou, although you had a breakthrough into the Xiantian realm, don't act too arrogant."

At this time Yang An spoke: "Don't assume you're invincible throughout in this world just because of it! Before my Grandfather, you are still nothing, just the same as your previous self!"

Yang An's Grandfather, Yang Dong is also a Xiantian. Moreover, he is a Xiantian Second Order who had a breakthrough into the Xiantian realm thirty years ago.

After saying this, Yang An looked at Huang Xiaolong: "Punk, today Fei Hou covered you, so I'll let it be this time, but I want to see if Fei Hou can protect you forever at your side!"

"Let's go!"

Finished his sentence, Yang An wanted to leave, bringing Yang Zhanfei and the rest.

However, when Yang An was about to leave, a silhouette suddenly flashed, and a powerful fist cuts across the airflow, coming sharply at him.

Yang An's heart tensed in that instant but he reacted swiftly, meeting that attack with a fist of his own.

Two fists collided, and two people staggered in the opposite directions.

"You!" When Yang An saw the attacker's face, shock was evident on his face. He cannot believe the attacker was Huang Xiaolong. Not only Yang An, even Zhu Yi, the other Yang mansion experts, and the crowd were stunned. Their attention zoomed onto Huang Xiaolong.

Fei Rong and Fei Ming received another shocking surprise.

In that collision, it seemed to them Huang Xiaolong was on par with Yang An?

Equal, neither weaker nor stronger!

Yang An was the Yuwai Kingdom's number one monstrous genius, advancing to the peak of late-Ninth Order at this age, and he was half a step into the Tenth Order whereas Huang Xiaolong was only a fifteen, sixteen-year-old boy.

"The number one monstrous genius of Yuwai Kingdom?" Huang Xiaolong showed an indifferent face: "In my opinion, only so-so!"

Yang An face turned red and purple due to anger, and his eyes were spitting embers of fury.

"Eldest Young Master!" Zhu Yi moved, stepping beside Yang An to say something, but was pushed away crudely by Yang An. Shouting, "All of you scam far away for me! Whoever dares to block me, I will kill them!"

Instantly, dazzling light and battle qi burst out from his body, and behind him, a giant of a lion emerged.

Grade twelve martial spirit, the Roaring Sky God Lion!

The Roaring Sky God Lion martial spirit was an elite in the lion clan martial spirits, and it is at least two significant grades higher than Marshal Haotian's Dark Nether Lion.

When the Roaring Sky God Lion appeared, it roared mightily skyward, and the wind became violent, clouds rolled as lightning split the sky.

"Dad, what do we...?" Fei Rong came behind Fei Hou, asking respectfully, implying if they should make a move.

Fei Hou shook his head: "Without Young Lord's instruction, all of you don't interfere!" Fei Hou signaled everyone to move back after he said that.

Chapter 110: Kaiser Lion Transformation

Yang An called out his Roaring Sky God Lion out; sensing the astounded, shocked, and awed faces of the crowd, he displayed a demeanor of the upper class as he stood with both hands clasped behind him and chest puffed up. Yang An looked proudly at Huang Xiaolong: "Don't say I did not give you a chance-- call out your martial spirit!"

Huang Xiaolong shook his head slightly with an indifferent face: "Even if I do not call out my martial spirit, I can defeat you just the same!"

"What?!" The people watching gasped in bewilderment with voices that were loud enough to reach the sky.

They felt Huang Xiaolong was too boastful; even an early Tenth Order expert is not Yang An's opponent after he called out the Roaring Sky God Lion martial spirit!

Moreover, the majority of them felt Yang An was unprepared in the earlier exchange because Huang Xiaolong launched a sneak attack. It was only due to this that Huang Xiaolong was able to fight to a draw with Yang An!

The anger in Yang An broke out hearing this, and the Roaring Sky God Lion let out a thunderous roar and a coruscating light flashed as Yang An soul transformed in the blink of an eye. After the soul transformation, Yang An's physical body enlarged by a third, and his dark hair turned a brilliant golden hue - exactly the picture of an enraged lion.

The moment Yang An soul transformed, he dashed towards Huang Xiaolong but the way he moved was wobbly and unsteady, like someone drunk. Even so, with every step he took, the dazzling light from his body would grow a circle bigger, and at the same time, the surrounding air howled fiercely.

"Step of the Kaiser Lion!"

This was Yang An martial spirit's innate ability.

The Step of the Kaiser Lion: every step induced the power of space that results in an increase of gravity, and each step adds to the overlapping heavy gravity. Lastly, when colliding, the opponent would like an entire mountain crashed on top of them.

When Yang An took the fifteenth step, the powerful gravity force caused the crowd to retreat in panic whereas the shops and building on the same street shook, cracked, and crumbled into rubble to the ground.

Some distance away, Fei Rong watched with a taut face.

He had just broken through the Tenth Order, but facing Yang An's martial spirit ability, he would fall at a disadvantage.

At this point, Yang An reached outside a three-meter perimeter from Huang Xiaolong; he took another step forward but it was a kick in disguise, targeting Huang Xiaolong's chest!

And standing there, Huang Xiaolong acted as if Yang An's action was too fast for him to follow or to react; he simply stood there.

Just when everyone thought Huang Xiaolong would fly off from Yang An's gravitational impact, Huang Xiaolong who stood still until now, suddenly struck out with precision.

"Collapse Fist!"

Battle qi surged and energies overlapped one another as they rolled forward like a tide of giant waves.

"Boom!" A deafening explosion resounded.

Yang An was pushed back one step, but Huang Xiaolong staggered six steps back.

Time seemed to freeze in that moment.

Countless eyes widened in shock staring at Huang Xiaolong - he actually took the hit head on!

Yang An's full force attack was received by Huang Xiaolong without calling out his martial spirit!

Although Huang Xiaolong retreated five steps more than Yang An, it must be emphasized that Huang Xiaolong did not call out his martial spirit and he did not use his martial spirit's ability.

There was an ugly expression on Yang An's face, and he was extremely gloomy. Continuing his attack, Yang An lifted up his right hand and made a movement that looked weird in everyone's eyes. His right hand slowly moved, drawing a circle in the air, and when the ends connected, his entire right arm sleeve blasted into fragments, revealing a muscular arm that is enveloped in a bright golden light; bulging green veins ran down his arms looked like golden earthworms, yet a despotic aura was coming from it.

"God King Lone Arm Punch!"

Yang An's right arm swung out, blasting towards Huang Xiaolong.

When Yang An's right hand was attacking, the rest of his body did not move an inch; a gigantic fist punch pierced the air so fast that even Fei Rong, a Tenth Order expert, could not follow the trajectory.

Huang Xiaolong watched as the big fist print came at him, and the Blades of Asura were already in his hands. His sharp blades slashed out.

Countless rays of blade lights flew out, turning into two violent wind cyclones that emitted wails and cries from hell. The two cyclones slammed into the fist print coming from Yang An, crushing the adversary into dust.

After slashing out the Tempest of Hell, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, and in mid-air, the Blades of Asura slashed down at Yang An again.

This time, countless blades lights turned into a thunderstorm, and the rumbling terrified Yang An as he retreated in fear. However, what terrified him the most was the droplets of rain that came from the numerous blade lights actually followed him! Yang An stepped back again and again; at the same time he was retreating, a long sword appeared in his hand and he swung a cut.

An immense sword image slashed into the blades of rain, and in the eyes of the spectating crowd, Yang An's sword attack splintered the moment it entered the rain of blades' area.

Yang An continued to move backward, swinging his longsword out with every step he takes, and after more than a dozen sword strikes, the storm of blades finally halted.

Seeing this result, Yang An was about to breath out in relief when the corner of his eye caught sight of Huang Xiaolong spinning rapidly up in midair. One after another lightning struck the ground, turning into miniature flood dragons that swallowed the area, and an aura of destruction spread through the streets.

Yang An watched in horror at the legion of flood dragons swarming his way.

He quickly waved his sword, but the lightning flood dragons swiftly engulfed him, even using Yang An's sword light as a conduit to reach him faster.

Unable to dodge in time, Yang An was zapped by the lightning flood dragons and his body shuddered, wobbling back out of balance. A patch of a black burn appeared on his chest where the lightning damage was most intense.

In a daze, another lightning flood dragon struck Yang An.

Horried, Yang An tried to dodge and succeeded, but he was blindsided by two attacks from different angles.

Struck twice, Yang An couldn't help letting out a painful scream.

However, the attacks came nonstop; in that brief moment, several lightning flood dragons found their mark, and Yang An was blasted off, crashing into buildings on the street. Those buildings were flattened into ruins.

"Eldest Young Master!"

"Big Brother!"

Zhu Yi and the rest of Yang Mansion's experts were jarred and wanted to hurry to Yang An's side when a palm print surged at them with enough energy to topple mountains and flipped the seas, blocking Zhu Yi and other experts' path. Zhu Yi turned to look and found it was Fei Hou.

"Fei Hou, you!" Zhu Yi was exasperated.

"This is a battle between the two of them; no one is allowed to interfere!" Fei Hou scoffed.

Zhu Yi nearly broke out in anger due to anxiousness, but he understood very well if Fei Hou bends to hinder them, even with their combined strength, they still could not break Fei Hou's defense.

At this time, Huang Xiaolong feet landed on the street gently whereas Yang An struggled slowly to stand up. Watching Yang An, Huang Xiaolong has to admit, Yang An who possessed a top grade twelve martial spirit, indeed has a strong defense. Under the circumstances, experts possessing grade ten martial spirits could hardly stand up again after being hit by his State of Abundant Lightning.

Successfully standing up, Yang An howled at the top of his lungs, and his eyes were a scary blood-red as he glared menacingly at Huang Xiaolong. The hatred and killing intent in his eyes were so thick that the crowd behind Huang Xiaolong shivered.

Yang An, the Yuwai Kingdom's number one monstrous genius, was actually defeated without resistance by a young man that was a minimum of five years younger than him! Moreover, in these circumstances where the opponent did not call out their martial spirit, for Yang An, this was his biggest shame!

The gazes of the people around felt like thorns that pierced cruelly into his flesh one by one!

"Die! Die! Die!" The desire to kill took over Yang An's heart.

Long golden fur grew on his body that was similar to a golden lion's hair.

"Kaiser Lion Transformation!"

This was his martial spirit, Roaring Sky God Lion's, second awakened ability after he broke through the Seventh Order and it went through a second evolution.

After initiating Kaiser Lion Transformation, Yang An's body grew larger again, nearly doubling his current size. His skin glittered in the sunlight as if his skin was coated with a layer of golden paint; eyes the color of a reddish gold and an aura more terrifying than before swept out from his body.