

INVINCIBLE

Chapter 101: Breakthrough – The Ninth Order

“Replying to Sovereign, there is still no news of Master.” Marshal Haotian reported and his face showed a worried expression, “Please punish this Subordinate!” These past two years, he failed to find news or the whereabouts of his Master, and this made him feel ashamed to face Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, “This matter can’t be blamed on you, stand up.”

“This Subordinate thanks Sovereign!” Marshal Haotian said.

Huang Xiaolong fell into a contemplative mood.

If there was no accident, two years was enough for Yu Ming to reach the Asura’s Gate headquarters in Starcloud Continent and back. However, until now, Yu Ming had not come back and that could only mean one thing– Yu Ming met with some problems.

Although he couldn’t confirm that Yu Ming’s disappearance was related to his Senior Brother, the Main Domain Chief of Asura’s Gate, Chen Tianqi, what he was sure of at the moment was that Chen Tianqi still didn’t about his existence. Otherwise, Chen Tianqi would surely send people here to kill him and snatch the Asura Ring away.

However, sooner or later Chen Tianqi would come to know about him. Thus, Huang Xiaolong must make preparations in advance.

Strength, he needed more strength.

Despite possessing superb talent twin martial spirits and the number nine Heavenly Treasure, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, which contributed to his unbelievable cultivation speed, about ten to twenty times faster than normal people, to Xiaolong, it was still too slow.

Huang Xiaolong must at least be a Saint realm warrior when facing Chen Tianqi to be able to protect himself.

Saint realm!

Not to mention the Luo Tong Kingdom, even the neighboring kingdoms do not have a Saint realm expert. To break through to the Saint realm was easier said than done. The famous number one expert of the Duanren Empire, the Duanren Emperor, possessing a top grade thirteen martial spirit was one hundred and twenty-three years old when he stepped into the Saint realm.

Thinking about this, Xiaolong frowned.

At this point in time, he wanted to increase his strength faster and the only way was to subdue more Heavenly Treasures. At the moment, the only Heavenly Treasure location that he knew of was the number four at Duanren Institute, the Absolute Soul Pearl.

In short, he urgently needed to breakthrough to the Tenth Order; as long as he could breakthrough to the Tenth Order, he was confident that he could capture the overall Academy championship and proceed to participate in the Imperial City Battle.

At that time, he would have the chance to search and conquer the Absolute Soul Pearl.

Furthermore, by becoming a student of the Duanren Institute, he was allowed to purchase a mansion in the Imperial City, thereby relocating his parents and little siblings there wasn't an issue and it would be much safer than the Luo Tong Kingdom.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong fall into deep contemplation, Marshal Haotian and Fei Hou dared not interrupt.

Moments later, Xiaolong came out from his pensiveness and asked Marshal Haotian and Fei Hou about the information for Baolong Kingdom's Big Sword Sect and the Martial Ning Family.

The two of them reported all they knew.

In the past years, Big Sword Sect had indeed sent people over to assassinate Huang Xiaolong's parents several times, but both remained safe under the protection of the Marshal Mansion's guards. And since that year Huang Xiaolong killed Ning Fei of the Martial Ning Family during his class advancement test at the kingdom's border, the Martial Ning Family's Patriarch, Ning Wang also sent people to assassinate Huang Xiaolong and his family a few times.

Thus, when Xiaolong broke through to the Xiantian realm in the future, the first thing he would do is destroy the Big Sword Sect and the Martial Ning Family.

After asking about the matters regarding the Big Sword Sect and Martial Ning Family, Huang Xiaolong proceeded to ask about Tianxuan Mansion's matters.

Since the first year he came to the Royal City, Xiaolong had instructed Fei Hou to procure some slaves to cultivate his own army, and for the past few years, the number and strength of his servants had increased exponentially, and under Huang Xiaolong's encouragement, they had started the Nine Tripod Commerce, mainly dealing in reading material printing like those entertainment magazines on Earth.

Although the Nine Tripod Commerce was set up for merely two years, the operation and management were quite satisfactory, opening more than a dozen branches in the Luo Tong Kingdom itself.

The daily publication exceeded ten thousand and a profit of several thousand gold coins.

Now, all expenses of the Tianxuan Mansion were covered by profits from the Nine Tripod Commerce.

"Fei Hou, next year, expand the operation of Nine Tripod Commerce. There must be a branch in every county— you handle the details." Huang Xiaolong said.

"Yes, Sovereign!" Fei Hou replied respectfully.

"On another hand, below the Nine Tripod Commerce location, form an underground assassin organization. You can pick the recruits." Huang Xiaolong continued; it was time to return the Big Sword Sect and Martial Ning Family 'kindness' with some retaliation of his own.

Fei Hou acknowledged him respectfully.

A short while after that, Marshal Haotian and Fei Hou left the main hall.

Just seconds after both of them left, his little sister, Huang Min and Li Lu came over; Huang Min pulled and shook Huang Xiaolong's arm, demanding he accompany them shopping.

With no escape, he relented.

The whole afternoon was spent strolling around the city and when he returned to his courtyard, Huang Xiaolong started to practice the Asura Tactics.

Asura Tactics. Huang Xiaolong had reached the third level and was able to condense the Wings of Demon; when he stepped into the fourth level, the Eye of Hell would open on his forehead. The advantage of this Eye of Hell was that it could see through the real nature of things, even through concealment, and it could launch a spiritual attack. When he reached the fourth stage, his Asura Physique would grow stronger overall.

But, according to Xiaolong's estimation, he would need to break through to the Xiantian realm before he could step into the fourth level of Asura Tactics.

Ten days passed.

In the courtyard, Xiaolong spent the day practicing the Asura Sword Skill and at night, he focused on Asura Tactics and the Body Metamorphose Scripture. As for the Golden Linglong Body, he had reached the second stage—reaching the second stage meant that he could absorb more of the fire dragon qi from the pagoda, strengthening his body by itself.

After ten days passed, the New Year drew closer.

Every corner of Tianxuan Mansion was brightly decorated, creating a cheerful, festive atmosphere.

One of the changes to the Tianxuan Mansion in the past four years was it had expanded and doubled in land area; just the guards amounted to more than six hundred, whereas the servants and maids were close to a hundred.

With the New Year coming, Huang Peng and Su Yan were busy buying things and getting ready to welcome the New Year.

On New Year's eve, Huang Xiaolong abandoned his practice routine to accompany his family and Li Lu, chatting and laughing to pass the night. On the First Day of New Year, the whole family went to some famous scenic spots in the Royal City.

The New Year came and went.

And Xiaolong continued to work hard practicing.

Half a month later, during the night.

The moonlight shone like water.

Huang Xiaolong was sitting cross-legged in the Linglong Treasure Pagoda's space, continuously running the Asura Tactics, and the netherworld battle qi rolled and surged in his meridians and Qi Sea, rolling and crashing.

Xiaolong had a feeling that tonight, he would break through to the Ninth Order.

Black and a blue twin dragons emerged behind Huang Xiaolong, coiled in the air, exuding a dragon's oppressive aura in the space. Four years since he broke through to the Seventh Order, the twin dragons martial spirit had grown bigger.

As the netherworld battle qi raged in his meridians and Qi Sea, the barrier towards the Ninth Order became thinner and thinner and every time his battle qi crashed against the barrier, a wave of pain traveled from his meridians— it was more painful than any other time he had broken through, at least by a few folds, even ten times more painful.

Xiaolong endured the pain while insistently pushing his battle qi.

It felt like a long century passed before his body shuddered suddenly and a subtle breaking sound came from inside his body.

The eighth order netherworld battle qi rushed cheerfully into the ninth order meridians, and at the same time, the netherworld battle qi in his Qi Sea was compressed down as it gathered more and more in the expanded Qi Sea.

The Ninth Order, finally!

The black and blue dragons behind Xiaolong roared towards the sky; the dragon scales on their bodies became denser and shinier. The Linglong Treasure Pagoda shook as it broke out in a dazzling bright light.

Chapter 102: The Yuwai Kingdom

Finally, he had broken through to the Ninth Order!

The sky was getting clearer and Xiaolong stopped practicing with delight in his heart.

A Ninth Order in any families or big counties within the Luo Tong Kingdom's territory was a force in one's own right. In the previous Huang Clan Manor, other than Huang Qide, only the Chief Steward Chen Ying was a Ninth Order expert.

Those so-called Huang Clan Manor Elders were just at the Eighth Order or worse, the peak late-Seventh Order.

Huang Xiaolong came out from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda space.

Just as he came out from there and out of the room, he ran into Fei Hou; seeing him, Fei Hou exclaimed in shock, "Sovereign, could it be, you...?!" He already was a Xiantian expert and Huang Xiaolong did not intentionally hide his breath fluctuations, thus Fei Hou noticed the difference at first sight.

Huang Xiaolong nodded and laughed: "I was lucky and I was able to break through last night."

Fei Hou felt a dizzy spell.

Was lucky?

To Fei Hou, it felt as if every other day he would come across Sovereign's lucky breakthroughs!

But wasn't this level of lucky coincidences a little too abnormal?

After a while, Fei Hou repressed the shock in his heart, but he still hesitated for a moment.

“Sovereign, this Subordinate would like to make a trip home.” Fei Hou honestly brought up his request.

“Go home?” Huang Xiaolong choked; and dazed for a moment, he still yet had not connected the dots. Fei Hou had followed Huang Xiaolong for seven years, but he had never mentioned anything about his family. That was why when Fei Hou mentioned the matter, he was a little slow on the uptake.

“Yes, Sovereign. Just now, a letter came from my son: he said next month my eldest grandson is getting married and I have not been back for seven years. Therefore, this Subordinate wants to go home and take a look.” Fei Hou explained, feeling slightly embarrassed.

When Huang Xiaolong recovered, he smiled and said, “Fei Hou, this is a big happy event ah, no need to feel embarrassed.” he asked: “Then, where is your home?”

“This Subordinate is a Marquis of the Yuwai Kingdom.” Fei Hou answered.

The Yuwai Kingdom? Huang Xiaolong was surprised by this news.

It had occurred to Huang Xiaolong that Fei Hou might not be a Luo Tong Kingdom local, but he did not expect Fei Hou to be a Marquis from the Yuwai Kingdom.

The Luo Tong Kingdom was located at the south side of the Silvermoon Forest whereas the Yuwai Kingdom sits on the north side. This knowledge was gained from the hours he spent in the Academy’s library; the Yuwai Kingdom was one of the strongest kingdoms amongst the thousand over kingdoms under Duanren Empire and was much stronger than the Luo Tong Kingdom many times over.

“When do you plan to leave?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

“This Subordinate plans to leave in another two days.” Fei Hou answered.

“How about this, I will make this trip with you to the Yuwai Kingdom.” Huang Xiaolong ‘suggested’ in a low voice.

Fei Hou was startled: “Sovereign, you want to come with this Subordinate to Yuwai Kingdom, then....?”

Huang Xiaolong waved his hand unconcernedly, and laughed, “Since it is your eldest grandson’s wedding, no matter what, I must also prepare a wedding gift, moreover, I also want to have a look around a new place. Am I not welcome?”

Since he came to this world, other than the Luo Tong Kingdom, Huang Xiaolong’s time was spent in the Silvermoon Forest training and because of that, he wanted to take this opportunity to go outside.

Fei Hou quickly smiled, “Sovereign is going with this Subordinate, of course, I am very happy.”

Huang Xiaolong said, “Then you go and make the proper arrangements; we’ll depart the day after tomorrow.”

“Yes, thank you, Sovereign!” Fei Hou replied respectfully, turned around and left to make arrangements.

After Fei Hou left, Huang Xiaolong went to the main hall. Both of his parents, Huang Peng and Su Yan were there, and Huang Xiaolong told them he would be leaving to the Yuwai Kingdom with Fei Hou in two days' time.

When they heard that, although a little unexpected, neither one objected.

These years, Huang Xiaolong had spent most of his time outside, in the Silvermoon Forest.

"Are you coming back at the end of the year?" Huang Peng inquired.

"Not sure— if nothing happens, we should be back in six months." Huang Xiaolong gave an estimate.

Then, Xiaolong gave his parents roughly ten Fire Dragon Pearls and explained a little about the management of the Nine Tripod Commerce. Fei Hou was the one in charge of the Nine Tripod Commerce and now that Fei Hou was going away, these things needed to be handled by his parents. Luckily, his parents were involved in some aspects, and with Marshal Haotian behind them, there shouldn't be any problems.

Two days passed.

Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou left the Luo Tong Kingdom and they were sent off by a crowd of family.

Just like every time before when he left the Royal City, Xiaolong would ask Marshal Haotian to look over his parents and little siblings' safety.

After leaving the Luo Tong Kingdom Royal City, Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou came before the Silvermoon Forest. Once they cut through the forest, they would arrive at the border of Yuwai Kingdom. This was the fastest route; while hurrying their way, the two of them could kill some demonic beasts and train.

Two months passed.

In a silent night.

Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou sat near the bonfire, lighting up a small area of the dark forest.

Two months passed and the two of them had arrived at the northernmost part of the Silvermoon Forest; tomorrow, they could probably make it across the border into the Yuwai Kingdom.

Sitting close to the bonfire, even as a Xiantian, Fei Hou could not help but feel excited thinking that he was about to return to the Fei Manor.

It was seven years of separation, how much had the Fei Manor changed in his absence.....

Looking at Fei Hou's face, Xiaolong could empathize with his mood.

The first year he left the Huang Clan Manor and returned at the end of the year, he felt the same on the journey from the Luo Tong Royal City to Huang Clan Manor.

"Another ten days, we will reach Yuwai Royal City, right?" Huang Xiaolong spoke.

"That's right, Sovereign," Fei Hou added, "That year when I left, Fei Ming that little brat was only seventeen. Seven years passed in the blink of an eye and that brat is already getting married!"

Fei Ming was Fei Hou's eldest grandson.

In his son, Fei Rong's letter, this eldest grandson of his had already broken through to the Seventh Order, and this made Fei Hou feel comforted; when he left, Fei Ming was just a late-Fifth Order.

Night slowly faded away.

And daybreak inched up from the horizon; Xiaolong and Fei Hou continued onwards and one day later, they came out from the Silvermoon Forest, reaching the Yuwai Kingdom's border.

Still, with Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou's speed, they needed at least eight to nine days to reach the Yuwai Royal City.

As they entered the Yuwai Kingdom's land, both of them would only delay little time at cities to rest for the night.

Six days passed.

As the two got closer to the destination, three more cities popped up, and soon, they would reach the Yuwai Royal City.

While Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou were hurrying, two carriages came from behind and when they neared them, a surprised exclamation sounded, "Is it Senior Fei Hou?"

This made Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou turn around to look and they saw one of the horse carriages stop. From inside the carriage, a twenty-something pretty young woman came out.

Coming before Fei Hou, the pretty young woman had surprise shining in her eyes. Sounding a little awed, she asked again: "Is it Senior Fei Hou?"

Fei Hou scrutinized the young woman in front of him with a puzzled expression, nodded, and said, "I am Fei Hou, and you are?" He really can't recall who this young woman in front him was.

Chapter 103: Running into Bandits

The pretty young woman laughed and said, "Senior Fei Hou, did you forget? Seven years ago, you saved me. My name is Chen Li." She pointed at the mountains in front of them: "That year, it was at that mountain area that you saved me!"

When the pretty woman said that, Fei Hou had a flashback; seven years ago, he wanted to enter the Silvermoon Forest to kill a Stage Ten Demonic Ghost Eye Spider, and when he passed by here, he came across a group of black-clothed men besieging a group of master and servants. Seeing the situation, he lent a little assistance and saved the victim. Just as he was about to leave, the other side said their name was Chen Li.

In fact, at that time, this Chen Li was only a fifteen, sixteen-year-old girl; after seven years, there were some changes to her features and body, so Fei Hou couldn't be blamed for not remembering.

"So it was you!" Fei Hou was pleasantly surprised.

"It is me, Senior Fei Hou!" Seeing Fei Hou remember her, happiness shone on Chen Li's face.

Meeting Fei Hou after seven years gave Chen Li a feeling of reuniting with an old friend.

“Senior Fei Hou, where are you heading to?” Chen Li opened her mouth and asked.

Fei Hou replied: “My Young Master and I are heading to Yuwai Royal City.”

At this point, Fei Hou introduced Huang Xiaolong: “This is my Young Lord.”

“Young Lord?!” Chen Li was startled as she looked at Huang Xiaolong.

That year, when Fei Hou saved her, judging from the way he killed those black-clothed men, he should be a Tenth Order expert. But now, he actually referred to the fifteen to sixteen-year-old young man in front of him as Young Lord?

Huang Xiaolong noted Chen Li’s expression, grinned and said, “Just call me Huang Xiaolong.”

Chen Li realized her blunder, immediately said, “Oh, so it is Young Master Huang.” She looked at Fei Hou, “Senior Fei Hou, I’m also going to Yuwai Royal City and since it is in the same direction, how about we go together?”

Fei Hou turned towards Huang Xiaolong, seeking his opinion.

Huang Xiaolong nodded his head. They were not far from the Yuwai Royal City, and there were still a dozen more days until Fei Hou grandson’s wedding day; since there was no hurry, traveling together was not an issue.

Fei Hou only nodded after Huang Xiaolong nodded.

Seeing Fei Hou agree, joy surfaced on Chen Li’s delicate face.

However, at this time, an old man that seemed to be in his sixties stepped up and interjected: “Miss, this isn’t proper; we don’t know these two people’s backgrounds and to having met with them here is too much of a coincidence.”

Chen Li’s brows creased together, “What do you mean by not knowing their background? Senior Fei Hou is my life savior!”

The old man persisted, “Miss, it is hard to see through a person’s heart, it’s better we...”

“Enough, no need to say more.” Chen Li snapped.

Seeing this, the old man stopped.

Chen Li looked embarrassedly at Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou, “Young Master Huang, Senior Fei Hou, this is my family’s steward, Liu Mu; he was just worried about my safety so his speech was offensive. I hope Young Master Huang and Senior Fei Hou don’t mind.”

“No harm.” Huang Xiaolong shook his head but he glanced meaningfully at Liu Mu; he felt this Liu Mu trying to dissuade Chen Li to allow Fei Hou and him going to the Yuwai Royal City together was not as simple as it seemed.

Since it was like this, Xiaolong’s curiosity was stoked. What goal does this Liu Mu have?

Thus, Xiaolong and Fei Hou traveled onwards with Chen Li's party.

Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou were riding on Russet horsebacks.

Russet horses were the Martial Spirit World's common mounts.

The Russet horse also belonged to the horse family, but it had much better speed than normal horses.

One day passed and the sky turned dark and Chen Li suggested for the party to stop for the night in the forest. Huang Xiaolong had no objections. However, when the bonfire was lit and everyone was about to sit down and rest, a wave of vibrations came from the mountain path ahead. Clearly, a large number of people riding on mounts were rushing towards them.

Chen Li and her original party were stunned, jumping up from their seats.

Soon, a band of black-clothed men riding on various different types of beast mounts and horses appeared before the party. There were quite a number of them, reaching over a hundred, with an aggressive atmosphere and from the looks of it, they were directed at this particular party.

Xiaolong and Fei Hou exchanged a look and both stood up.

When those black-clothed men arrived at the camping site, they immediately spread out and surrounded everyone in a circle.

"What do you want to do?" Chen Li already paled.

"What do we want to do?" A middle-aged, one-armed man who seemed to be the Bandit Head smirked lecherously at Chen Li, "Brothers, tell me, what do you want to do!"

Hearing this, the bandits around broke out in crude raucous laughter.

"We want to kill people!"

"We want women!"

Over a hundred bandits laughed wickedly –proud, arrogant, complacent, even a sense of euphoria before an impending massacre.

"This place is close to Kang City, and the Kang City Castellan is my father's best friend! If you dare...!" Chen Li shouted but before she even finished, the one-armed man broke out in fit of laughter, "Kang City's Castellan? I am so scared~~ah." As he was saying this, he used his only hand to pat his chest as if frightened by the threat, causing his cronies to break in another bout of laughs.

Chen Li's small face turned green and red.

"Go, kill the men and bring the women away!" At this point, the Bandit Head ordered.

"Yes, Head!"

A dozen bandits drew their blades and approached Huang Xiaolong, Fei Hou and Chen Li's several bodyguards, slashing down.

Sharp rays of blade lights shimmered beneath the moonlight.

Chen Li's several guards retreated in panic.

Fei Hou stared at the several bandits closing in on him and the Sovereign and a cold sneer appeared on his face; both of his hands waved out and a long sword was already in his hand. The long sword's sharp rays flashed and screams came from the bandits' throats. Heads flew and headless bodies tumbled to the ground.

The sudden screams startled the people around, turning towards the origin.

The one-armed Bandit Head's arrogant, complacent smirk stiffened on his face and his eyes narrowed.

"All of you retreat!" He barked the order towards the remaining bandits around Fei Hou.

Hearing this, all of them quickly stepped back.

"May I know this warrior's name? This matter is not related to you, and for your safety, I advise you not to meddle in other people's affairs." The one-armed Bandit Head said condescendingly from above as he urged his mount forward, looking down at Fei Hou. His eyes cast a gloomy glance at Liu Mu at the side, carrying a hint of question and shock.

That Liu Mu secretly shook his head.

Although the two of them communicated subtly, it did not escape Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

Fei Hou did not reply; instead, he snarled: "Roll down here!" As his voice sounded, lightning strikes down and instantly struck the one-armed Head Bandit. Screaming painfully, he fell to the ground.

"Head!"

The bandits around were shocked, and they immediately gathered around in a protective circle.

The Bandit Head struggled awkwardly to get up from the ground, his face dirtied with soil and mud; he glared at Fei Hou while his heart felt both anger and fear. A sharp light glinted in his eyes.

"Kill! Kill off this old dog!" His hand waved, bellowing the order.

He didn't believe this person could fight against a hundred of them!

Unless, of course, the other side was a Xiantian realm expert.

But, he believed his luck was not that rotten to come across a Xiantian expert here.

The bandits rushed towards Fei Hou.

Fei Hou's eyes swept across these bandits, his face turning cold. A bright light flashed, and a twenty-meter long silver river appeared. This was Fei Hou's martial spirit.

After Fei Hou broke through to the Xiantian realm, the Silver River martial spirit was wider, longer and had higher viscosity. Dazzling silver light flickered in the dark forest.

Chapter 104: Slander and Trust

Fei Hou called out his martial spirit 'Silver River' and swung both of his arms. A Silver River was seen surging in midair and when the attacks from the surrounding bandits crashed into the Silver River, 'dang dang dang' sounds of metals clashing could be heard, reflecting the attacks back onto the attackers.

Some unfortunate bandits escaped too slowly and were thrown to the ground, their own swords stabbing into their feet.

"My leg!!!"

Amidst painful howls, these bandits jumped around like kangaroos holding their feet.

Seeing this scene, the rest of the bandits were scared and retreated swiftly.

Fei Hou scoffed at their reaction and his arms kept swinging out and his Silver River martial spirit turned into a solid entity— a silver-colored river meandered through the group of bandits, and where it curved, screams reverberated in the air. Some bandits were smashed to the ground and some bandits were flung high up in the air.

Since stepping into Xiantian realm, Fei Hou's attack power had more than doubled. How could these Sixth and Seventh Order vermins resist Fei Hou's attacks?

Instantly, a large number of bandits laid on the ground and seconds later, only the Bandit Head remained standing, albeit in a daze.

Recalling his martial spirit back into his body, Fei Hou slowly walked towards the Bandit Head.

"You, you, don't kill me!" The Bandit Head exclaimed in fright.

"Who sent you over?" Fei Hou asked icily.

The one-armed Bandit Head had a frantic look in his eyes.

"I say, two Sirs, please stop putting on an act!" Suddenly, at this point, Liu Mu that was standing next to Chen Li spoke.

Everyone was stunned.

Liu Mu walked out of the group slowly, glaring fiercely at Fei Hou and Huang Xiaolong, saying "We have been traveling for more than half a month safely without any incident, but it happens that right after meeting two Sirs, we ran into a group of bandits, what does this represent?"

A sharp edge flashed across Fei Hou's eyes, but Huang Xiaolong waved his hand to stop Fei Hou and he faced Liu Mu with great interest, spurring him on: "Continue."

Liu Mu sneered: "This group of bandits was called here by the two of you!"

"Oh, we colluded with them? Had them come here?" Huang Xiaolong maintained an aloof expression, "And our motive?"

Liu Mu snorted and his voice sounded icy, "Reason? You know very well in your hearts." Then, he turned around, and fixed a deadly stare on the one-armed Bandit Head, threatening "Speak, was it them who instructed you to kidnap our Miss?"

That one-armed Bandit Head was agape.

“Say, am I right?” Liu Mu’s gaze bored intensely at the Bandit Head, and a vague ominous light flickered across his eyes. Noticing that, the Bandit Head immediately nodded his head vigorously: “Yes, yes, yes, it was them who told me to come here and kidnap your Miss!”

Liu Mu spun around, and said to Chen Li, “Miss, you heard him; they instructed these bandits to kidnap you. I have reminded you earlier, we don’t know these two people’s background. Evil lurks in the human heart!”

Chen Li shook her head, disagreeing “Steward Liu Mu, there must be some misunderstanding; Senior Fei Hou is my savior, he saved my life before and with Senior Fei Hou’s strength, he doesn’t need to instruct other people to kidnap me.”

Liu Mu persuaded, “Miss, you must be vigilant. He might have had his purpose in saving you that year; seven years have passed and how could there be such a coincidence for Miss to encounter them at the same place? Moreover, this Bandit Head has already confessed.”

Chen Li still shook her head; she didn’t believe Fei Hou would act this way for it wasn’t necessary.

If Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou were the main culprits, at this moment, both of them could kidnap her without any resistance; was there a need to use so much effort?

At this point of time, Huang Xiaolong clapped his hands.

Everyone shifted their attention to him.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Liu Mu, “I have to say, your little play is better than I have expected.”

Liu Mu’s face darkened, “What do you mean?”

“What do I mean?” Huang Xiaolong repeated coldly: “You arranged for this group of bandits.”

Hearing this, the people present were taken aback.

Liu Mu had an angry expression on his face, “You’re slandering, absolute slander! I have followed Miss more than a decade and there is no doubt about my loyalty and devotion to Miss! You are retaliating because I exposed your trick, that’s why you turn around and slander me!” He quickly turned towards Chen Li, protesting: “Miss, you must not believe them!”

Chen Li shook her head at Huang Xiaolong, “Young Master Huang, Liu Mu has been by my side since I was little and these past dozen years, he has loyally protected my safety. It cannot be Uncle Liu.”

To her, Liu Mu was even less a culprit compared to Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou.

Liu Mu’s cold stare fell on Huang Xiaolong, “As a stranger and outsider, do you think we will believe your nonsense?”

Huang Xiaolong turned towards Chen Li: “You really trust him?”

Chen Li nodded, “Others I dare not say, but Liu Mu, I absolutely trust him.”

Although Chen Li did not say it out loud, the dissatisfaction towards Huang Xiaolong was obvious in her voice.

Evidently, she agreed with what Liu Mu said, Huang Xiaolong slandered Liu Mu because Liu Mu first pointed the finger at them.

Liu Mu was someone who watched over her since she was little, and the feelings between them were very deep. Xiaolong's accusation made her heart uncomfortable.

Huang Xiaolong turned back, to Fei Hou he said: "We're leaving."

Since Chen Li stated her firmly position, there was no need to say anymore.

"Yes, Young Lord!" Fei Hou replied respectfully.

Chen Li blanked for a moment, and she called out to Fei Hou anxiously, "Senior Fei Hou, this isn't what I meant."

Fei Hou shook his head, saying nothing. He quietly followed behind Huang Xiaolong and left.

But before Huang Xiaolong left, suddenly, his palm struck the one-armed Bandit Head's chest as he was passing by. The Bandit Head let out a scream as he flew out, crashing into countless trees. When he hit the soil, there was no breath left.

Chen Li and everyone in her party were shocked.

And before their shocked eyes, Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou mounted on their horses and sped away.

Watching the two silhouettes grew further away, Liu Mu's shock turned into great relief. His eyes furtively swept passed the Bandit Head's corpse and the rest of the bandits and a frown appeared on his forehead that lasted less than a second.

A bunch of garbage!

"Miss, should we also leave this place?" Liu Mu asked Chen Li.

Chen Li nodded in agreement.

Thus, not long after Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou departed, Chen Li, Liu Mu, and the rest of her party also journeyed out from the mountain area.

"Obviously that Liu Mu is in cahoots with that group of bandits." After leaving the area, Fei Hou spoke: "Pity that Chen Li trusts that Liu Mu too much." Fei Hou tilted his head up to the sky and sighed.

Huang Xiaolong nodded silently.

Continuing on, Xiaolong and Fei Hou weren't in a rush, allowing the horse to run comfortably.

On the other side, one day after Chen Li and her party separated from Huang Xiaolong, they crossed a mountain pass when they suddenly ran into a group of black-clothed men. The way these black-clothed dressed were similar to the bandits from last night, and it was clear as day, they belonged to the same group.

Watching the retreat path around her being blocked off, panic rose in Chen Li's heart.

These black-clothed men besieged Chen Li and her party in the middle, without wasting a word, and they started slaughtering with the weapons in their hands. In just a short while, all of Chen Li's guards and servants were killed, but what surprised Chen Li was that these people 'spared' Liu Mu. They did not attack him at all.

While Chen Li was still surprised, one of the bandits stepped forward towards Liu Mu, and in a polite manner, he greeted him: "Steward Liu."

Liu Mu nodded.

Chen Li's eyes were wide with disbelief.

Chapter 105: Running Into Each Other Again

"Uncle Liu, it really was you!" Chen Li's face was filled with disbelief as she stared at Liu Mu. Even at this moment, she couldn't will herself to believe what was happening was real.

"That Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou were right," Reaching this point, Liu Mu wasn't afraid to admit it, and he nodded his head in all frankness and said: "The group of bandits earlier was arranged by me."

Chen Li trembled with anger yet she was scared at the same time, she gritted her teeth, asking: "Why?!"

Liu Mu sneered, "Why? You should ask your Father for the reason. Chen Li, don't blame me after you die, for the only one you should blame is your Father!"

"Blame my Father?" Chen Lu repeated stupidly, not understanding.

"That's right. Your Father uprooted the Long Family that year; pity he didn't realize that not all from the Long Family were annihilated!" Liu Mu recounted coldly.

"Steward Liu, what's the use of telling this to her? The Young Lord is awaiting our report." The bandit dressed man behind Liu Mu stepped forward and said.

Liu Mu nodded in agreement and signaled with his hands. The surrounding bandits stepped up and captured Chen Li.

"What do you want to do? Where are you taking me?!" Chen Li was terrified and her voice shook as she shouted fearfully.

"Where we're taking you?" Liu Mu scoffed, "Don't worry, the time for you to die hasn't come. The Young Lord already said that letting you die so easily can't satisfy the hatred in his heart. The Young Lord ordered us to bring you back for him to enjoy for a month or so and only when he's tired and bored of you, then we'll send you on your way. After that, we'll generously deliver your body back to the Chen Manor so that your Father can appreciate the 'scenery.'"

Chen Li's eyes shot fire as she glared hatefully at Liu Mu: "Liu Mu, my father was good to you; you're a traitor, biting the hand that fed you!" Chen Li spat saliva right onto Liu Mu's face.

Liu Mu wiped the saliva off his face with his fingers and his tongue licked one of his fingers; a burning light shone as his eyes roamed over Chen Li's curvaceous body, and leered sinisterly, "I didn't expect

even your saliva is so fragrant. If it wasn't for Young Lord's prior instruction, I would 'service' you right now!"

Chen Li was so furious that her bosom was heaving exaggeratedly.

"Take her away!" Liu Mu shouted.

"No need to handle these corpses, just leave them here and let those wild beasts take care of them."

"Yes, Steward Liu!"

Liu Mu and the group of bandits took the kidnapped Chen Li and left the scene, taking some off-roads through the forest instead of the main pathway.

Half a day later, they arrived at a mountain path in the wilderness.

But when the group of bandits wanted to continue on, Liu Mu suddenly halted his steps; horrified, he stared straight ahead at the two silhouettes traveling in his direction.

These two people turned out to be Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou who left their party two days ago!

He actually ran into them again!

At this point, Chen Li also noticed Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou up ahead, and joy lit up her small face. Her dull, desperate heart saw a ray of hope. However, at the moment, her mouth was sealed shut, unable to call out, constrained to making only 'ooo wu owo' whining sounds to attract their attention!

Some distance away, Huang Xiaolong and Fei Ho who were going about their way noticed Chen Li, Liu Mu, and the group of bandits and they too were surprised. Neither of them thought they would meet again so soon after separating from Chen Li's party.

Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou exchanged a glance and nudged their horses forward.

"Steward Liu, what's the matter?" The bandit behind Liu Mu asked after seeing him stop suddenly with a frightened expression; feeling puzzled, he went up and inquired about the matter.

Liu Mu quivered slightly as he pointed to the front at Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou that were approaching them: "They, it's them!"

"Them?" That bandit was confused.

He already saw the two people approaching them, but he couldn't see what's so special about them.

Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou reined their horses and came to a stop in front of Liu Mu. Huang Xiaolong's eyes swept through the group of bandits and paused for a second on Chen Li before he turned to Liu Mu, "I say, isn't this Steward Liu? I didn't think there would be such a coincidence that we would run into each other again— it really does seem like fate!"

Liu Mu did not say anything and the expression on his face grew increasingly ugly.

"And isn't this Miss Chen Li?" Huang Xiaolong laughed, "Hmm, where are you all heading to that you need to tie up Miss Chen Lu's hands and seal her mouth?"

Liu Mu maintained his silence, but the male bandit behind him was angered: “Kid, this has nothing to do with you, if you know what’s good for you, you better scam far away this moment. Otherwise, I’ll cut you into pieces!”

However, just as his voice ended, a sharp light ray from a sword flashed by and that bandit’s eyes protruded in shock as the light in his eyes dissipated. In less than a second, his body tumbled stiffly to the forest floor with blood spurting out from his throat like a fountain, dying the soil red.

The rest of the bandits were startled, and then, all of them swiftly drew out their swords as they burned with fury looking at both Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou.

“Stop your actions!” Liu Mu barked at the group of black-clothed bandits.

He understood very well if Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou wanted to deal with them, it would be just a matter of seconds.

The bandits that were preparing to rush towards Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou stopped after hearing Liu Mu’s order.

Liu Mu looked at Huang Xiaolong as he squeezed out an amiable smile, “Young Master Huang, Senior Fei Hou, this matter has nothing to do with you; if you can walk away, my Young Lord would repay the kindness in the future!”

“Young Lord?” Huang Xiaolong put on a haughty expression on his face, “Didn’t you claim the two of us to be the masterminds behind the incident?”

Didn’t you say that you have followed your Miss for more than a decade and that you’ve always been loyal and devoted? Didn’t you also accuse us of slandering you?”

Liu Mu didn’t know how best to answer the flurry of questions from Huang Xiaolong whereas the sealed mouth Chen Li felt ashamed. At that time, she had proudly declared that she trusted Liu Mu, yet she didn’t expect in the blink of an eye she was captured by Liu Mu and these people.

“What exactly do you want?” Moments later, Liu Mu asked with a sullen expression. Saying this, he took out a bag of money and lobbed it forward.

“There is a gold card with a hundred thousand gold coins inside, exchangeable at any bank in the Yuwai Kingdom.”

Huang Xiaolong caught the bag of money, yet the expression on his face remained aloof: “A hundred thousand gold coins?”

Seeing this, Chen Li became anxious and she shook her head vigorously, making muffled sounds hoping to dissuade Huang Xiaolong.

“A hundred thousand gold coins can only send off beggars.” Huang Xiaolong stared directly at Liu Mu.

Liu Mu’s brow scrunched together, gritted his teeth and threw out another money bag: “Inside this bag is another card with a hundred thousand gold coins!”

Huang Xiaolong shook his head, "There is roughly a hundred of you here, are your lives so worthless? How about this, I'm also not a greedy person. One life, a hundred thousand gold coins."

One life a hundred thousand gold coins, that amounts to over ten million!

Over ten million gold coins!

When Liu Mu understood the underlying meaning of Huang Xiaolong's words, and his anger erupted, "You're f*cking kidding me?" He finally realized, Huang Xiaolong was playing with them from the beginning!

"So what if I'm playing with you?" Huang Xiaolong shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly; his eyes glanced at Fei Hou and without the need for words, Fei Hou understood Huang Xiaolong's meaning. Fei Hou's silhouette flashed and vanished from the horseback, appearing right in front of Liu Mu. Liu Mu's eyes widened in fear, watching Fei Hou's palm slide past his throat, sharper than a weapon.

Shocked, Liu Mu stood in the same spot while Fei Hou did not move an inch as he waved his hands and Liu Mu and the rest of the bandits fell down by the dozens as miserable screams reverberated in the forest.

Not needing a long time, the cries and screams stopped, leaving only Chen Li breathing as she stood petrified in the same spot.

After he finished dealing with Liu Mu and the group of bandits, Fei Hou came beside Chen Li. With a wave of his long sword, Chen Li shut her eyes tightly in fear. Fei Hou's sword actually slashed the rope that bound her hands.

When all is done, Fei Hou returned to Huang Xiaolong's side.

"Let's go," Huang Xiaolong spoke, ignoring the other side, and he and Fei Hou galloped away on their horses.

Seconds passed by, and Chen Li braced herself and opened her eyes, watching Huang Xiaolong and Fei Hou's backs disappearing from view. Looking at the outcome around here, she suddenly broke out in tears.

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; I'm 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 had 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 conditions here were 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 happened 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 could 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 spread 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 Yang An will probably be conferred the title of 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 Yang An 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 the 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 Sacred 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 were 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 were people from noble families paying congratulatory visits due to the occasion.

Standing in the street before the sign plate of the 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? 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 could 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.

"Impudent!" 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 was 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 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 warrior.

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 at 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 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 Xiaolong into the mansion: “Young Lord, please!”

Huang Xiaolong could do nothing with Fei Hou’s gesture and became the first to walk in, 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 could only sit in the normal seats in the hall.

Although Fei Rong had 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 did 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 the 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, the 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 the death!" A furious roar cut 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 looked; 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.

"Hey, hey, the 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 the 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 surprise he felt were 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 couldn'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 was 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 the Fei Mansion.

But now, everything had changed.

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

Fei Rong was thrilled, and so were 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 was also a Xiantian. Moreover, he was 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!"

Finishing 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 cut 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 couldn't 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 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 scram 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 was 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 that Xiaolong was too boastful; even an early Tenth Order expert was 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 feel 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 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’s 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 took, 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 had to admit, Yang An who possessed a top grade twelve martial spirit indeed had a strong defense. Under normal 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.