

INVINCIBLE 291

Chapter 291: Life Soul Grass

Huang Xiaolong's and Yao Fei's eyes met briefly and then both looked away.

Since this Yao Fei came here, to the Bedlam Lands, then he should stay here forever. A flash of killing intent flitted in Huang Xiaolong's eyes.

A short while later, the doors to the auction firm hall closed, signaling the start of the auction. The auction was presided by an old man with spirited dark pupils and a full crown of white hair, the only high-grade auctioneer in the City of Myriad Gods, named Fang Dong.

Standing on the stage, Fang Dong explained some auction rules and things to note in a candid manner, then swiftly proceeded with the first auction item. The first auction item wasn't an elixir of any type nor was it spirit pellets or spirit stones, it was a sharp cutlass named Demon Blood.

The cutlass was short in length, with a dark maroon-black body, as if it was smeared with a layer of black-colored blood.

According to Fang Dong's introduction, this Blood Demon cutlass was a weapon left behind by a Saint realm warrior called Chen Fei from a thousand years ago. The cutlass was extremely sharp and its most terrifying ability was that it could suck blood! Sucking the enemy's blood. The victims that fell under this cutlass, when they died, all the blood in their bodies would be sucked dry, akin to a mummified corpse.

When the warriors present in the auction hall heard that Demon Blood had the terrifying ability to suck the blood of the enemies, their eyes lit up noticeably. For them, who lived in the Bedlams where killings happened every day, a good weapon was essential for a higher chance of survival.

However, when Fang Dong revealed the bidding price for the cutlass, the majority of the warriors below drew a sharp intake of breath.

Fifty million!

Fifty million gold coins, and it was only the starting price!

Although for some big forces and families the sum of fifty million wasn't a lot, it still wasn't like pebbles on the mountains.

Just as Fang Dong's voice stopped, there were already people bidding: "Sixty million!"

Sixty million!

An increase of ten million in an instant, the warriors turned to look at private room six.

"Sixty-one million!" While everyone was still in shock, another voice rang out.

"Seventy million!" Private room six again.

The price continued to go up and soon it broke one hundred million! Regardless what price others bid, the guest in private room six increased it by ten million each time.

The entire time, Huang Xiaolong sat calmly. Although the Blood Demon Cutlass seemed like a good weapon, to him, who possessed the Blades of Asura, bidding for Demon Blood was redundant.

In the end, the Demon Blood cutlass was bought by the private room number six for one hundred and ten million.

The second auction item after the Demon Blood cutlass was a jade box containing three stalks of spirit herbs—Life Soul Grass, an extremely rare spirit herb. Every single one of those stalks of Life Soul Grass was above one thousand years old. The value of a stalk of Life Soul Herb older than one thousand years was immeasurable.

Watching the three stalks of Life Soul Grass of the stage, Huang Xiaolong's eyes brightened. If he took these three stalks of Life Soul Grass, his Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate cultivation could definitely have another breakthrough, doubling his spiritual force power, perhaps triple it or even more!

“For these three stalks of Life Soul Grass, the starting price is thirty million each, all three are auctioned together at the starting price of ninety million.” Auctioneer Fang Dong briefly described the many uses of Life Soul Grass, at last stating that all three stalks of Life Soul Grass would be auctioned together.

This time, unlike the previous time, the hall was silent. No one made any quick bid.

Although the Life Soul Grass was a spirit herb greatly beneficial for the soul, one needed to complement its dosage with a spiritual force cultivation technique to reap any actual benefits. Otherwise, its effect would barely reach the minimum, moreover, there weren't many spiritual force cultivation techniques available. Therefore, not many people had any interest towards Life Soul Grass.

“One hundred million.” After a short silence, someone finally made a bid. Everyone in the hall turned to look, once again it was private room number six.

“One hundred and ten million.” came a raise from the private room number seven.

“One hundred fifty million.” private room number six.

One hundred fifty million! Private room number six spiked the price forty million higher, scaring everyone in the hall below. Shocked voices erupted in the hall.

Huang Xiaolong remained taciturn, not showing any impatience to join in. However, at one hundred fifty million, private room number seven quieted down. It was clear that the expert within did not feel the three stalks of Life Soul Grass were worth one hundred and fifty million, despite their rarity.

“Anyone else wishes to offer a higher price?” A short silence lapsed, auctioneer Fang Dong scanned the crowd and asked.

All Fang Dong received was silence.

“One hundred fifty million, once.” Seeing that no one was responded, Fang Dong declared.

“One hundred fifty million, twice.”

When the people present thought there won't be anyone bidding, a voice suddenly rang out: “One hundred sixty million.”

Stunned, the people turned over to look at the source. Huang Xiaolong, who wanted to bid, was also surprised, for that person was Yao Fei!

Huang Xiaolong sneered coldly, he didn't expect that Yao Fei would also be interested in these three stalks of Life Soul Grass.

"One hundred seventy million!" Huang Xiaolong's voice sounded.

Hearing Huang Xiaolong's voice, Yao Fei turned around, two pairs of eyes locked with ill-will.

"One hundred eighty million." Yao Fei made a bid, his eyes filled with frost glaring opposite him.

"One hundred ninety million."

"Two hundred million."

Huang Xiaolong and Yao Fei's voice sounded in the auction hall tit for tat, each increasing the bid by ten million every time, quickly hiking the price to two hundred million. By this time, private room six had stopped bidding.

The people in the hall were left dumbstruck as each expert tried to guess Huang Xiaolong and Yao Fei's identities. After all, most big forces couldn't simply chuck out two hundred million just to bid for three stalks of Life Soul Grass.

"Two hundred and ten million!" Hearing Yao Fei increased the bid price to two hundred million, Huang Xiaolong called out, unperturbed.

Strong killing intent flickered across Yao Fei's eyes, his fingers dug into his palm, but they gradually relaxed.

Surprisingly, Yao Fei did not continue to bid, thus, in the end, Huang Xiaolong got the three stalks of Life Soul Grass for two hundred and ten million gold coins.

Huang Xiaolong kept the Life Soul Grass in the Asura Ring after he paid for them. His eyes looked at Yao Fei's without much expression, he could naturally guess what Yao Fei was scheming. Most likely, Yao Fei planned to kill him after the auction, grabbing the Life Soul Grass at that time was just the same.

After the Life Soul Grass, roughly twenty items were auctioned. Every item was rare and precious and bidding voices rang out endlessly in the auction hall, but despite that, neither Huang Xiaolong nor Yao Fei bid for anything else.

"Next, our auction item is grade one spirit stones." After sealing the deal for some spirit wood, Fang Dong introduced the next item.

Grade one spirit stones!

Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up. Finally, they have brought up the grade one spirit stones, this was Huang Xiaolong's main objective in attending this City of Myriad of Gods auction.

"Grade one spirit stones' value and usage, I believe everyone here already knows and I don't need to explain; this time, there is a total of fifty-nine pieces of grade one spirit stones, the bidding price starts at five hundred million." Fang Dong's voice rang out in the hall.

Five hundred million! Many experts in the auction hall couldn't help but shudder when the amount was mentioned.

Five hundred million was considered a sky high price in the Bedlam Lands.

"Six hundred million." At this time, Zhao Chen's voice came from private room number nine.

Six hundred million! The auction hall fell into immediate silence hearing Zhao Chen's voice.

Chapter 292: Our Young Lord Wants to See You!

Six hundred million!

Hearing this figure made the hearts of many experts in the auction hall jump... The starting bid price was horrifying enough, they didn't expect there would be someone who would increase the price by a hundred million at the first go!

"This sounds like Young Noble Zhao Chen's voice!"

"Sin City's Young Noble Zhao Chen?" The auction hall boiled up with whispers.

Because Zhao Chen did not disguise his voice in any way, the people in the auction hall guessed the owner of the voice almost immediately.

Zhao Chen? Huang Xiaolong frowned, he didn't expect this Zhao Chen would be interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones. The other experts that were interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones hesitated hearing Zhao Chen's voice, the majority of people had misgivings about Zhao Chen's identity.

"Private room number nine offered six hundred million, is there anyone else with a higher offer?" Seconds later, Auctioneer Fang Dong surveyed the crowd and asked.

"Seven hundred million." When everyone thought there wouldn't be anyone increasing the bid, a sonorous voice sounded from private room number twelve, raising another commotion in the auction hall.

"Seven hundred million! I wonder who this person is, daring to challenge Young Noble Zhao Chen?!"

Many suspected that this person might be Millennium City's Senior He Yunxiong. Knowing full well that it was Zhao Chen, there were only a handful of people who still dared to bid. Undoubtedly, that person must be one of ten strongest experts in the Bedlam Lands, Senior He Yunxiong.

Inside private room nine, a tiny crease appeared on Zhao Chen's brows, others perhaps couldn't recognize He Yunxiong's voice, but he could. Years ago, He Yunxiong once visited the Sin Palace. At the same time, the silver-haired old man standing on the left side behind Zhao Chen approached, saying, "Young Lord, since it is Senior He, do we...?"

Zhao Chen snorted dismissively, "Senior He? So what, are we afraid of him?"

Hearing this, the silver-haired old man dared not persuade further and retreated to his position.

"Eight hundred million!" Zhao Chen waved his hand and ruthlessly increased another hundred million.

Eight hundred million! His voice echoed like the crashing waves, hitting the auction hall below.

“Nine hundred million.” The moment Zhao Chen’s voice sounded, He Yunxiong’s voice followed.

“One billion!”

“One billion one hundred!”

The rest of the auction hall was quiet, only Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong’s voices reverberated. The experts below shuddered every time Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong called out.

One billion one hundred! What kind of concept was that? One billion one hundred gold coins pooled together was probably higher than a hundred zhang tall mountain. In fact, that many gold coins were enough to reclaim a river.

Listening to Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong’s price war, even Huang Xiaolong was shaking his head inside.

He could afford the price of one billion one hundred, but He Yunxiong being interested in this batch of grade one spirit stones was something Huang Xiaolong didn’t expect. Thus, he could only give up, it was unnecessary to form a conflict with He Yunxiong for these spirit stones. Moreover, he wasn’t in any rush to have these grade one spirit stones.

Huang Xiaolong looked around and once again his sight fell on Yao Fei’s silhouette. From Huang Xiaolong’s seat, he has a clear view of Yao Fei profile, watching Yao Fei sitting there unmoving in a pensive manner. After the Life Soul Grass, like Huang Xiaolong, Yao Fei didn’t bid for anything else.

In the end, the batch of grade one spirit stones was bought by He Yunxiong with two billion two hundred.

Inside private room nine, Zhao Chen’s eyes turned a chilling cold.

The next auction item was a large blade, a large blade that was broken by an unknown entity. The remaining body of the broken large blade was filled with dense ancient language writings and diagrams.

“This large broken sword was determined to be an ancient relic after it was inspected by our expert.” Auctioneer Fang Dong explained. “Although we cannot determine what materials this large blade is made from, it cuts through steel as if it were mud. Furthermore, engraved on the body of the large blade is an ancient sword skill. It may be incomplete, but our expert has confirmed it to be at least a Heaven rank battle skill.”

A Heaven rank or above sword skill! Regardless of it being an incomplete one, it was enough to stir the interest of many experts in the auction hall.

Huang Xiaolong directed his spiritual sense, wrapping around the broken large blade. Finding nothing special about it, he lost interest immediately. A Heaven rank sword skill was tempting, too bad it was incomplete, not to mention he wasn’t lacking in battle skills.

This large broken sword was bought by the guest in private room two.

“Next up is the Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger.” Auctioneer Fang Dong’s voice resounded once again.

Great Thousand Technique!

Peerless Wind Breaking Finger!

The whole auction hall erupted with excitement. Most of the people present at the auction this time had set their sights on these two items.

“Both Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger are Heaven rank skills,” Auctioneer Fang Dong continued, “I’m sure everyone is aware of what a Heaven rank cultivation technique or battle skill is, thus I shall not waste any more time.”

“According to the owner’s requirements, both Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger will be auctioned together, and their bidding price starts at twenty billion.”

Twenty billion! The noisy auction hall fell into a dead silence that they could hear their own heartbeats drumming in their ears.

Twenty billion! Some experts almost stopped breathing on the spot, they already knew the Great Thousand Technique and Peerless Wind Breaking Finger would fetch an exorbitant price, but twenty billion was too horrifying.

Who even had the capability to take out twenty billion in one go? In the Bedlam Lands, only a scarce number of people had that background.

Yao Fei’s brows scrunched together tightly, more than twenty billion wasn’t much for his Yao Family, but the gold coins he currently had on him would barely suffice.

“Twenty billion and one hundred!” Zhao Chen’s voice rang out in the silent hall. After Zhao Chen, He Yunxiong’s voice trailed behind, just like the scene earlier, when both were fighting for the batch of grade one spirit stones, Zhao Chen and He Yunxiong’s voices called out one after another.

Huang Xiaolong sat calmly, watching things unfold. To him, it was inconsequential whether it was Zhao Chen or He Yunxiong who got the Great Thousand Technique and the Peerless Wind Breaking Finger.

In the end, both Heaven rank cultivation technique and battle skill were bought by Zhao Chen for thirty billion. The next item was the Herculean King Jade, also the final item the auction, and this piece of ancient Herculean King Jade was bought by He Yunxiong for a steep price slightly over thirty billion.

With that, the auction ended.

This time, although Huang Xiaolong failed to get any grade one spirit stones, he didn’t leave empty handed, with three stalks of Life Soul Grass over one thousand years old.

Huang Xiaolong led Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng out from the auction hall. When Yao Fei spotted him, his figure flickered, blocking right in front of Huang Xiaolong, “Huang Xiaolong, hehe, you never thought you would run into me here, right?” As he said that, a dark energy fluctuated around Yao Fei.

“What, you want to fight here?” Huang Xiaolong faced the other side, an unconcerned expression on his face.

Fights and killings were the norm in the Bedlam Lands, but even so, it was forbidden to fight within the ten main cities. Not even a Saint realm expert would dare to break this rule, fighting inside the city.

Yao Fei glared icily at Huang Xiaolong, "Don't worry, I won't do anything inside this City of Myriad Gods. Hopefully, you can hide here forever and never take half a step outside the city." Yao Fei disappeared amongst the crowd with a sway after throwing the sentence to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong stared at Yao Fei's silhouette, a cold sneer appeared on his face as he turned around to leave. However, when Huang Xiaolong turned, two young men came towards him. Huang Xiaolong recognized them at first glance, these two young men were part of Zhao Chen's guards.

The two young men stopped in front of Huang Xiaolong, obstructing his path.

"Little rascal, our Young Lord wants to meet you, come with us for a little trip." Halting Huang Xiaolong's steps, one of them stated with a disparaging tone as he grinned widely.

Chapter 293: So, It Was Like This...

"Your Young Lord wants to see me?" Huang Xiaolong took a quick glance at the two pompous young man, "What if I decline...?"

Ideally, Huang Xiaolong preferred not to have any conflict with this Zhao Chen, but he was not a soft persimmon that everyone could pinch or squash as they liked.

"Decline?" Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu exchanged a look between them before laughing in a brazen manner.

Still laughing, Chen Cheng said, "Little rascal, perhaps you don't know who our Young Lord is? Our Young Lord is Young Noble Zhao Chen. In the Bedlam Lands, there is yet anyone who dared to defy our Young Lord's words!"

"Our Young Lord orders you to go meet him, that is your greatest honor," Zhang Chu snickered, "Little rascal, I advise you to follow us obediently, otherwise, hehe..." an undisguised antagonistic spark shone in his eyes.

Huang Xiaolong remained nonchalant, "If your Young Lord wants to see me, tell him to roll over himself." Not waiting to see the two young men's reaction, Huang Xiaolong looked over to Qin Yang and the other three, saying "Let's go."

"Yes, Young Lord."

Roll over?! Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu were enraged hearing Huang Xiaolong actually dared to tell their Young Lord to roll over even after knowing his identity.

"Bastard, you're courting death!" Chen Cheng struck his fist out in rage towards Huang Xiaolong. Trailing the powerful punch was a surreal shadow of a tiger's wide opened jaw.

Feeling the strong energy fluctuation coming at him, Huang Xiaolong dared not underestimate the enemy, his feet swiftly retreated as his hands formed a fist and punched out—the Great Void Divine Fist!

The Great Void Divine Fist, ethereal, yet tangible the next moment, reality and illusion overlapped, collided head-on with the tiger fist.

A booming explosion resounded, raising a curtain of sand and dust.

Huang Xiaolong's body shook, retreating more than ten meters back, however, Chen Cheng also retreated more ten meters back.

"You!" Chen Cheng was astounded as he stared at Huang Xiaolong, he was a peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order expert and he could see that Huang Xiaolong hadn't even broken through to the early Eighth Order.

Zhang Chu was no exception.

"Brat, no wonder you're so arrogant, relying on these few points of strength." Zhang Chu smirked derisively, "Do you think with only this much strength you can defy our Young Lord's order?! Let me enlighten you, even if you were a Saint realm expert, there's only death in defying our Young Lord!" A dark teal light burst out from Zhang Chu's body, both hands formed into claws, slashing down towards Huang Xiaolong.

More than a dozen dark teal lights transformed into dozens of snakes that were as thick as an adult's arm, flaring out in Huang Xiaolong's direction.

Zhang Chu was an early-Xiantian Ninth Order, a mere difference of a small order, but his attack was many times more powerful than Chen Cheng.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes narrowed, his expression turning grim. Both his hands struck out and glowing golden rings pierced the air. Where the golden rings passed, all attacks slowed down and gradually stopped in midair.

Zhang Chu was dumbfounded: what kind of battle skill was this?!

At this time, Qin Yang, Lifei, and the rest moved, blasting off the dozens of teal green snakes.

"Who is it? So audacious as to fight inside the City of Myriad Gods!" From afar, a voice thundered, echoes reverberated in the street, even building structures seemed to shake. In less than a breath's time, a team city guards clad in shiny black armors appeared riding on Earth Tiger mounts, galloping into the scene.

Seeing this, Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu had no choice but to stop.

Moments later, the team of city guards arrived. A seemingly captain-like middle-aged man of the team nudged his Earth Tiger mount closer, stopping in front of Huang Xiaolong and the others.

"Captain Wang." Seeing the middle-aged man, Zhang Chu cupped his fist and greeted with a smile.

Wang Hai was surprised, seeing it was Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu both, he laughed and said, "So it was Brother Zhang Chu and Chen Cheng." Wang Hai dismounted from the tiger beast's back as he did so.

Huang Xiaolong stood where he was, watching. It was surprising to see that Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu were familiar with City of Myriad God's city guards captain. Judging from their greetings, they seemed to be on good terms too. He waited expectantly to see how this captain would handle the matter.

At this time, Zhang Chu proceeded to 'explain' the situation with a smile, "Captain Wang, you truly arrive at the right time," with one finger pointing at Huang Xiaolong, Zhang Chu continued, "We have some previous grudges with this punk, we didn't expect him to ambush us while we weren't paying attention."

Wang Hai nodded, "So it was like this..." then, his expression became cold as he turned to look at Huang Xiaolong, "Brat, don't you know it's prohibited to fight inside the City of Myriad Gods?" Without waiting for Huang Xiaolong to explain, Wang Hai waved at his subordinates at the back, "Arrest all of them first, throw into the dungeon."

"Yes, Captain."

The team of city guards quickly surrounded Huang Xiaolong's group of five.

This result raised a mocking sneer on Huang Xiaolong's face; since this was the way they wanted to play, he didn't mind slaughtering his way out.

Just as Huang Xiaolong was about to call out the Blades of Asura, preparing to let blood flow, suddenly a voice sounded from the void above: "Stop!" The voice wasn't loud but it contained a strong deterrence force that crushed any objection. Everyone turned to look.

A gray haired old man in mulberry robe strode over, on the chest of his robe was embroidered a double-headed celestial beast emblem, and surrounding the beast were extremely life-like dark, fiery red flames.

Noticing this person's arrival, Chen Cheng and Zhang Chu's face tightened, ashen a little. In the next moment, Wang Hai hastened forward to greet the old man, "Greeting Senior He!"

Senior He? The name struck Huang Xiaolong's mind: He Yunxiong! This old man was none other than Millennium City's He Yunxiong, one of the top ten experts of Bedlam Lands—that He Yunxiong.

He Yunxiong ignored Wang Hai, walking straight towards Huang Xiaolong as his eyes observed him up and down. There was praise in his eyes, rubbing his barely-existent beard in an appreciative gesture, He Yunxiong smiled, "Not a bad brat, are you interested in worshipping me as your Master?"

Worship He Yunxiong as master?

People who gathered closeby was dumbfounded hearing He Yunxiong's words, especially Wang Hai, Chen Cheng, and Zhang Chu, their mouths agape.

Huang Xiaolong sweated quietly, if he didn't know that this old man in front of him was He Yunxiong, he'd definitely suspect whether this old man was crazy. Before Huang Xiaolong could answer, Zhang Chu stepped forward, venturing with caution, "Senior He, this kid is someone our Young Lord..."

However, his sentence has yet to finish when He Yunxiong flick his robe sleeve and Zhang Chu felt as if he slammed into a tall mountain. His entire body shot away in a tragic holler until he reached the end of the street. Crashing onto the street pavement, not even a grunt came.

"I, He Yunxiong, am talking, it is not a place where a slave like you can interrupt." He Yunxiong scoffed, not even turning around to look.

Chen Cheng looked over at the end of the street where Zhang Chu's corpse laid, he was so terrified that even his bones were shivering, falling butt first to the ground. Wang Hai and the team of city guards sweated profusely, looking pale as white sheets.

He Yunxiong pointed a finger at Chen Cheng, and he was thrown back several hundred meters away, blood spurting from his mouth as he landed.

"Return and tell that brat Zhao Chen that I like this kid." He Yunxiong's light, fleeting voice sounded.

"Yes, yes, yes, many thanks for Senior He's mercy in sparing my life!" Chen Cheng fled for his life in panic after a series of kowtows, in a mere few seconds, his figure disappeared in the crowd.

Wang Hai felt an itching thirst in his throat, standing there and not daring to move.

"Why aren't you scrambling away?" He Yunxiong snapped at Wang Hai.

"Yes, yes, Senior He." Immediately, not even climbing onto his mount, he led his subordinates and ran away on foot.

Chapter 294: Back to Explore Broken Tiger Rift

As Wang Hai and the city guards fled further away, Huang Xiaolong retrieved his gaze, looking at He Yunxiong, he really couldn't figure out what about him He Yunxiong liked enough to receive him as a disciple.

He Yunxiong was one of top ten experts in the Bedlam Lands, as long as he said the words, the people who wanted to be his disciples could line a hundred miles long!

As though He Yunxiong saw through Huang Xiaolong's doubts, he laughed lightly, "Brat, you must be puzzled about the reason I want to accept you as my disciple? To be frank with you, I practice a kind of secret law that could roughly estimate a person's talent, moreover, your character matches well with mine."

Huang Xiaolong was nonplussed; that simple? However, He Yunxiong's secret law that could estimate a person's talent astounded Huang Xiaolong, such techniques, admittedly, were a little terrifying. Even if it was only a rough estimation.

He Yunxiong went on, "Brat, up to now, you haven't cultivated over a hundred years, right? Less than a hundred years and you can already defeat a peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order, this level of talent, amongst the geniuses I've come across, you can be considered one of the top three."

A hundred years? Huang Xiaolong smiled, if He Yunxiong knew he was only twenty-something, how would he react? Most people in general, once they entered the Xiantian realm, would use some secret techniques or take certain elixirs that made them look younger than their real age. Hence, it was difficult to guess a person's actual age just by judging from appearances.

"How about it? My words are accurate." Seeing that Huang Xiaolong kept silent the entire time, He Yunxiong thought Huang Xiaolong acquiescence to his evaluation, smiling, he said, "Brat, for now, let's make it a simple kowtow acceptance ceremony. Once we return to Millennium City, I will send out the invitations for the official ceremony with top experts as witnesses, we'll do the proper master-disciple ceremony at that time."

When He Yunxiong assumed Huang Xiaolong would kowtow with joy, Huang Xiaolong shook his head instead, “Many thanks for Senior He’s assistance earlier, however, I have a Master.” In Huang Xiaolong’s mind, he only had one Master—the previous Asura’s Gate Sovereign, Ren Wokuang!

Though he acknowledged Shi Tianfu as Senior Brother in that trip to the Blessed Buddha Empire, those were unexpected circumstances and it was merely a title.

He Yunxiong looked stupefied for a moment, this brat actually refused him?! Then he broke into a grin, he had been explaining without introducing himself to the little brat, this brat surely wasn’t aware of his identity.

“Little brat, I think you don’t know who I am, right?” He Yunxiong smiled amiably, “I am He Yunxiong, Millennium City’s Castellan.” Fearing that Huang Xiaolong might still be lost, he added another sentence at the end, “One of Bedlam Lands’ top ten experts.”

Huang Xiaolong smiled helplessly at his words, “Senior He, I’m aware of this.”

It was He Yunxiong’s turn to be bewildered, frowning, he stared fixedly at Huang Xiaolong. This little brat knew who he was, yet he still refused to worship him as Master?

“Why?” He Yunxiong’s voice was solemn.

Huang Xiaolong replied, “In my heart, I only have one Master.”

He Yunxiong paused, “In Martial Spirit World, most of the Saint realm experts have more than one Master in their lifetime, I myself worshipped four different Masters.”

What He Yunxiong said was the general truth, in Martial Spirit World, the majority of Saint realm experts had more than one Master. Despite that, Huang Xiaolong still shook his head and declined.

He Yunxiong looked at Huang Xiaolong, suddenly an intangible pressure burst forth from He Yunxiong’s body, enveloping Huang Xiaolong, causing the other four, Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng to pale visibly.

But, facing the pressure from He Yunxiong, Huang Xiaolong appeared calm, even as He Yunxiong gradually increased the pressure. In the next moment, the solidified pressure from He Yunxiong retreated like the tide, vanishing.

He stared at Huang Xiaolong like a defeated rooster in a match as he smiled, saying “Little brat, since it’s like that, I shall not force you, if you ever change your mind, come look for me in Millennium City. This is a Millennium Medallion.” Fishing out a small pendant-size medallion, he gave it to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong received the grayish medallion inscribed with a double-headed celestial beast. The same celestial beast on He Yunxiong’s robe.

Without another word, He Yunxiong’s hand reached out, tearing space, his body entered and disappeared from the spot in a flicker.

Keeping the Millennium Medallion into the Asura Ring, Huang Xiaolong returned to the small courtyard residence they bought with Qin Yang and the rest.

On another side, in the south section of the city, within an exquisitely decorated grand mansion, Zhao Chen was extremely sullen as he glowered at Chen Cheng, who was kneeling before him.

“Garbage!” Zhao Chen kicked Chen Cheng, who was kneeling on the floor, without mercy. A woeful scream came from Chen Cheng as he was sent tumbling to a corner of the yard.

Zhao Chen’s hands grasped at the chairs beside him, turning them into powder. An intense sharp light glinted in Zhao Chen’s eyes, “This He Yunxiong, acting against me every time, one of these days I’m going to crush Millennium City and toy with his wives and concubines to their death!”

All the guards behind Zhao Chen lowered their heads, none dared to utter a sound.

Crush Millennium City? Not even Sin City’s Castellan dared to speak of crushing Millennium City lightly. Millennium City had existed for thousands of years, the forces within were deeply rooted, would it be so easily destroyed?

Zhao Chen swirled around towards the silver-haired old man behind him, “Steward Feng, keep a tail on that Huang Xiaolong kid, once they leave the City of Myriad Gods, come report to me immediately.”

“Yes, Young Lord.” The silver-haired old man answered respectfully.

Zhao Chen nodded as a light gleamed in his eyes. ‘Little punk, as long as you come out from the City of Myriad Gods, I’ll let you know the consequences of defying my, Zhao Chen’s orders! Don’t assume just because there is He Yunxiong, that old fogey, shielding you that I won’t dare to kill you!’

As for Huang Xiaolong, he entered the Godly Mt. Xumi upon arriving back to the courtyard. Swallowing all three stalks of Life Soul Grass in the Xumi Temple hall, he concentrated on practicing the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate.

Due to He Yunxiong’s intervention, Huang Xiaolong believed that Zhao Chen wouldn’t act against him in public, at least not while he was still inside the city.

Sitting cross-legged in the center of the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong distinctively felt waves spreading out from his soul sea as his spiritual force gathered into a twister of energy, rotating like a violently howling storm, with strands of azure energy multiplying constantly. Sensing this, Huang Xiaolong quickly ran the Ancient Puppetry Art and Soul Mandate to absorb this energy.

Ten days passed.

Under constant refinement, the energy inside all three stalks of Life Soul Grass was absorbed by Huang Xiaolong. Finally, his soul sea returned to its prior calm, while in the space above his soul sea, the black and blue dragons hovered, dragons roars echoed endlessly, exuding dragon might in every direction.

At the same time Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, the Eye of Hell of the center of his forehead opened as well and two beams of deep scarlet glow materialized like a thunderstorm.

After refining the three stalks of Life Soul Grass, Huang Xiaolong’s Ancient Puppetry Art finally broke through to the third level, greatly enhancing his spiritual force, and combined with his Eye of Hell, his spiritual attack was even more powerful than before. Huang Xiaolong astutely felt that after this time’s practice, even his battle qi and internal force benefited.

'It's time to visit the Broken Tiger Rift again.' Huang Xiaolong decided.

Huang Xiaolong had a strong feeling that the Broken Tiger Rift was the said Four Seas Mountain. In the depth of that rift was where that Ancient God Tribe master's dwelling was, he was as sure as he could be.

Despite his rapid increase in strength over these years, Huang Xiaolong still felt that he was too weak. Disregarding experts like He Yunxiong, merely facing Yao Fei or Zhao Chen at his current level of strength, it would be a tough battle to fight. Therefore, he had to break through to the Saint realm as soon as possible.

Chapter 295: Beneath the Rift

Exiting the Xumi Temple, Huang Xiaolong summoned Qin Yang, Lifei, Jie Dong, and Fan Encheng, telling them that he would be absent for the next few days, and in that period, they should stay and wait for him in the residence. After giving them certain tasks, Huang Xiaolong took out Godly Mt. Xumi, controlling it to fly in the direction of Broken Tiger Rift, he stealthily left the City of Myriad Gods.

Leaving the city using the Godly Mt. Xumi, Huang Xiaolong needn't worry about being found by Zhao Chen. Very soon, Huang Xiaolong arrived at Broken Tiger Rift, standing at the edge of the same sharp rift, looking down.

Staring down at the dark, endless bottom, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi and internal force, cautiously adjusting his speed as his body fell. Due to the previous experience, this time, his speed was much faster than before.

However, six hundred meters down, Huang Xiaolong was forced to transform into the Asura Physique and soul transformed with the black dragon martial spirit simultaneously, and by one thousand meters, he summoned his blue dragon martial spirit and fused with it as well.

Soul transforming with the twin dragon martial spirits, layers of black and blue dragon scales covered Huang Xiaolong like an armor, yet he still felt the frigid cold wind blowing up, invading his body through the dragon scales.

Regardless of the spherical barrier of vigor qi around him, the wind still affected him, its effect was minimum.

The frigid cold energy gradually spread through Huang Xiaolong's body, freezing the blood in his veins, even the battle qi within his Qi Sea showed signs of solidifying.

There's actually such terrible ice energy in this Martial Spirit World! Huang Xiaolong made every effort to control his speed of falling, feeling shocked in his heart. The Asura Tactics required him to absorb the netherworld's spiritual energy, and the netherworld's spiritual energy was deemed the coldest and most yin energy in this heaven and earth, but now, this unknown cold wind actually surpassed the netherworld's spiritual energy by at least ten times.

I cannot continue like this, otherwise I'd turn into an icicle before reaching the bottom! Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Now, he was one thousand and three hundred meters down, yet there was still no sign of the bottom. Perhaps he might not see it even after another two or three hundred meters further down. Relying on Huang Xiaolong's current level of strength, he had no hope of succeeding.

What do I do?!

Leave...? Come back when he breaks through to Xiantian Eighth Order?

But, how long will it take for him to breakthrough to Xiantian Eighth Order? It might be half a year, or even longer. Ever since he broke through to Xiantian Seventh Order, Huang Xiaolong clearly felt his cultivation speed slowing down drastically.

Huang Xiaolong's feet landed on a protruded boulder on the rift wall, his brows furrowed deeply in thought as he stared downward. There were less than three years until the next Deities Templar disciple selection, he didn't have much time to waste. Furthermore, Yao Fei came searching for him in the Bedlam Lands and found him, this would very likely lead more people belonging to Deities Templar over here.

Therefore, no matter what, he had to find that ancient God Tribe master's dwelling. But, how could he resist this unknown cold wind?! Then, a thought flashed in Huang Xiaolong's mind—Godly Mt. Xumi!

Godly Mt. Xumi was the Buddhist World's heavenly treasure, as terrifying as this cold wind was, it shouldn't be able to penetrate into Godly Mt. Xumi's space... right? Immediately, Huang Xiaolong brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi and went inside the Xumi Temple hall in a flicker.

Stepping into the center of the Ten Buddha Formation, Huang Xiaolong initiated his battle qi and guided it to fly down slowly. Several gusts of cold wind blew up, wrapping over the Godly Mt. Xumi, and moments later, Huang Xiaolong confirmed that this cold wind could not penetrate into the Godly Mt. Xumi's space. This finding greatly relieved him.

At last, he found something that could block this damn nameless cold wind. Nevertheless, Huang Xiaolong was still shocked, although the cold wind failed to penetrate into the Godly Mt. Xumi space, it formed a layer of crystallized dark azure-colored ice around the outer exterior! And this layer of dark azure ice actually affected the speed of Godly Mt. Xumi.

Huang Xiaolong immediately pushed the Ten Buddha Formation, Buddhism energy poured down from the void above, spreading out inside the temple hall and outwards, slowly melting away the dark azure ice enveloping the Godly Mt. Xumi. When all is done, Huang Xiaolong continued to travel down further, ever more cautious as he tried to avoid the increasing number of nameless cold winds blowing up, covering the Godly Mt. Xumi with another layer of ice.

Further and further down, reaching two thousand meters down, Huang Xiaolong finally caught a glimpse of the ground.

The sand and stones at the bottom of the rift were a brownish azure, barren as far as the eyes could see, not even a leaf of grass growing, it gave a desolate and gloomy atmosphere.

Huang Xiaolong surveyed the spacious surroundings. On both sides, the rock walls were thickly layered with crystallized dark azure-colored ice, and above, a dark azure blue twister rotated in a never-ending cycle, with howling winds that left the hearts of those who heard it full of apprehension.

Not only that, this dark azure wind twister's form was ever changing, sometimes it was a dragon, next it was a serpent, a tiger, and other times it was shaped like a phoenix.

This cold wind actually gave birth to intelligence! Huang Xiaolong was shocked. And his first thought was impossible!

Between Heaven and Earth, it was not easy for living beings like trees and flowers to grow intelligence, something that cannot be achieved without tens of thousands of years, and that required fulfilling strict conditions. As for elements like wind, it was even harder compared to trees or flowers.

Like this wind, in another few thousand years or even a few hundred years, it could evolve into a real solid entity of existence, such as an ice element dragon or phoenix.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong calmed down, his eyes gradually brightened as he studied the ever-changing azure wind.

'This is some good stuff, ah!' Although this azure wind hadn't fully evolved and taken shape into dragon or phoenix, if he could absorb it, someone practicing the Asura Tactics like Huang Xiaolong would definitely reap an unimaginable harvest. But... this azure cold wind that had given birth to intelligence was no doubt extremely frigid, with Huang Xiaolong's current strength, merely coming in close contact was enough to turn him into an ice sculpture.

Lights flickered in his eyes when he thought about the Thousand Beast Cauldron on the second layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda.

"I wonder if the Thousand Beast Cauldron could absorb this cold azure wind that has intelligence, if it's possible, then I can absorb it!" Instantly, with a single thought, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda that was combined into the Godly Mt. Xumi flew out into midair, guided by Huang Xiaolong, it slowly approached the gales of the azure cold wind.

However, the closer the Linglong Treasure Pagoda got, the more terrifying the frigid coldness became, the surrounding space turned into a domain of ice.

The battle qi and internal force within Huang Xiaolong's body spurred madly to support the Linglong Treasure Pagoda getting closer to the azure cold wind until it was within a ten meters range. Then, he initiated the array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron to absorb the azure cold wind.

Huang Xiaolong dared not devour the azure cold wind all at once, bidding his time, slowly absorbing tiny strands, but even at this rate, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda was covered by a layer of ice on the outside. Seeing this, he had no choice but to divide a portion of battle qi and internal force to initiate the Ten Buddha Formation, using Buddhism energy to melt the layer of ice away.

In this manner, Huang Xiaolong stayed there for more than two hours, absorbing the azure cold wind until he felt it was enough and retrieved the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. He then concentrated his battle qi and internal force on the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array to refine the azure cold wind, expelling the extreme cold element.

Chapter 296: Fish of Natural Spiritual Energy

One hour passed and Huang Xiaolong was delighted, the extreme cold element of the dark azure wind was gradually dispelled by the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron.

The refinement process went on for ten long hours before all the extreme cold element was expelled. When it finally ended, Huang Xiaolong was ecstatic and relieved at the same time, his eyes sparkled staring at the cloud of refined azure green wind inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron. Although the cold element had been separated, it did not affect the spiritual benefits it would bring.

Then, Huang Xiaolong opened the lid of the Thousand Beast Cauldron, revealing within an azure snake about ten meters long and thick as an adult's arm that flew out, trying to escape. Dazzling azure energy flashed in midair, filling up an area of a hundred zhang in azure light, emanating a pulsating vibrant spiritual energy.

Such a dense natural spiritual energy!

Huang Xiaolong's eyes lit up as he quickly sat down in a meditative pose, running the Asura Tactics. He opened his mouth and sucked in akin to a whale drinking water, swallowing the cold azure energy flow into his body.

Not only did Huang Xiaolong not feel cold when the azure energy entered his body, instead, he felt extremely warm and comfortable, to the point of almost groaning aloud. Huang Xiaolong made every effort to run the Asura Tactics, controlling it to refine the azure natural spiritual energy. Instantly, Huang Xiaolong felt the fog pool of battle qi accumulated within his Qi Sea rumble violently.

Above his Qi Sea, the three mandate shapes—golden Primordial Divine Dragon, Archdemon, and the Golden Buddha shone brightly, while battle qi roared inside every inch of his meridians and veins.

Further down, Huang Xiaolong's dantian glowed a hazy aureate as the internal force in his dantian increased rapidly.

One hour, two hours...

In a mere two hours, Huang Xiaolong's battle qi cultivation broke through a small order. Gold, azure, midnight ink, and ember colored glows whirled endlessly around him.

Three days and three nights passed.

Huang Xiaolong, who had been sitting in a meditative pose, suddenly opened his eyes, a dark azure light flashed and disappeared in midair as the four-colored lights of gold, midnight ink, azure, and ember dissipated.

Huang Xiaolong immersed his spiritual sense internally to check the situation inside his body and cultivation and was delighted to discover that after three days of refining and absorbing the azure energy, his cultivation broke through from mid-Xiantian Seventh Order to peak mid-Xiantian Seventh Order.

Moreover, the internal force in his dantian was more abundant, with signs of transforming into a liquid state. This was the precursor to internal force evolving into true essence force! This made Huang Xiaolong unable to calm down for a long time.

If his internal force could evolve into true essence force, it meant that he could successfully step into a stage where generations of Huang Family ancestors had failed, becoming 'Immortal' as civilization on Earth would term it.

An atmosphere of strong confidence burst forth from Huang Xiaolong's body.

Huang Xiaolong turned to look at the remaining azure cold wind hovering in the space above. Previously, the Thousand Beast Cauldron only sucked and refined in a tenth of the extreme cold wind. Once again Huang Xiaolong guided the Linglong Treasure Pagoda to approach the hovering azure cold wind and initiated the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron to expel the cold element within.

Once the cold element was eliminated, Huang Xiaolong absorbed and refined the Xiantian spiritual energy within, time and again, repeating the same steps.

It was slightly over a month later that Huang Xiaolong finally finished refining the azure cold wind, propelling him to breakthrough to Xiantian Eighth Order, reaching peak early-Xiantian Eighth Order at the end.

If word got out that someone broke through to peak early-Xiantian Eighth Order from a peak mid-Xiantian Seventh Order in slightly over a month's time, it would be hard to imagine the stir it would cause in the cultivation world.

Before arriving at the bottom of the rift, even Huang Xiaolong would find it hard to believe it himself.

Not only his battle qi, even his internal force took a great leap forward, the fog-like internal force in his dantian turned dense and viscous, floating above his dantian.

This was definitely a sign that his internal force was on the verge of turning into liquid form! Just a little bit more was needed to succeed.

Nourished by the half-formed true origin force in his dantian, Huang Xiaolong felt that with every breath he took, his flesh and body grew stronger visibly. Once the force in his dantian was fully turned into true origin force, his flesh and body would continue to be nourished at all times, every minute, every second, being strengthened. This was more beneficial and effective to Huang Xiaolong than taking grade eight or grade nine spirit pellets that enhanced physical strength.

'Now that I've advanced to Xiantian Eighth Order, I wonder how many giant puppets I can control now.' Huang Xiaolong mused. Not wasting time, he disappeared from the spot, entering the third layer of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Running the Ancient Puppetry Art, he started gathering spiritual force to brand the seventh giant puppet's mind. It didn't take long for him to succeed.

He then moved on to the eighth puppet. When Huang Xiaolong finished branding the tenth puppet and wanted to control the eleventh puppet, his spiritual force was unable to support him and the attempt failed. Only then was Huang Xiaolong willing to stop, but he was still satisfied with the result.

He realized that to fully control all nineteen giant puppets, he had to breakthrough to the Saint realm. After branding the tenth giant puppet, Huang Xiaolong appeared inside the rift, exploring the ground by flying with Godly Mt. Xumi.

After flying slowly for half an hour, all he could see was barren ground the entire way. Not a single leaf of green grass. In an environment dominated by the azure cold wind, not to mention plants, even a Saint realm expert could not survive in such conditions for long. Still, the path stretched further, the end had yet to be seen even after an hour of flight.

Although Huang Xiaolong had refined the azure cold wind, the frigid cold air remained, thus he continued to explore using the Godly Mt. Xumi. What baffled Huang Xiaolong was, the deeper he went, the stronger the cold atmosphere seemed to grow.

Another half an hour passed before Huang Xiaolong detected a small lake, perhaps a cold spring would be more accurate. The water bubbling up from the spring was dark green in color, whereas above the spring were flows of azure cold air that formed endlessly.

“This, could it be...?!” Huang Xiaolong was stunned. Did the azure cold wind at the bottom of this rift originate from this cold spring?!

What was this cold spring exactly! There was a hundred zhang distance between them and he was inside the Godly Mt. Xumi, yet Huang Xiaolong felt the terrifying extreme frigid air coming from the cold spring.

However, just as terrifying the extreme frigid air was, it also contained abundant spiritual energy. Huang Xiaolong activated the Eye of Hell to search within the small lake and saw that there were actually fish swimming within!

Fish!

But these weren't normal fish, they were something transformed from the natural spiritual energy in the air. Fish born from natural spiritual energy!

Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed, this was a treasure even a Saint realm expert would go crazy for, ah. Taking one could not only enhance one's strength, it also tempered one's flesh, muscles, and bones, akin to being reborn from the soul to every inch of the physical body, including internal organs, even to the ends of the hair. Removing the body's impurities, when one cultivates later on, it brings unimaginable benefits, especially in terms of absorbing spiritual energy.

Chapter 297: Tree of the Divine World

He would never have expected that at the bottom of this rift would exist such a treasure! Even with Huang Xiaolong's calm demeanor, he couldn't help getting excited, moreover, in this small cold spring pond, he detected two natural spiritual energy fish, not one!

Two natural spiritual energy fish! It took Huang Xiaolong some time before he could calm down...

It was fortunate that he had Heavenly Treasures like Godly Mt. Xumi, otherwise, not even Saint realm experts could reach this far in the rift. ‘Even the top of the Heavenly Treasures List, Godly Mt. Xumi, was covered with a layer of crystallized ice due to the cold azure wind, as strong as a Saint realm expert's flesh is, it cannot compare to the Godly Mt. Xumi.’ Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Then, the next step he needed to think of was how to refine those two fish.

The truth is, although Huang Xiaolong had broken through to Xiantian Eighth Order, his strength was still lacking in order to refine these natural spiritual energy fish, even taking into consideration the existence of the Thousand Beast Cauldron in the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, it was a trying task.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong observed the spiritual energy gathering around the cold spring like fog and decided to first refine it, increasing his strength. If he could advance to Xiantian Ninth Order after refining the spiritual energy around, he would have a chance to absorb and refine the two spiritual energy fish.

Although the spiritual energy around the cold spring could not compare to the two fish, it was sufficiently dense, the spiritual energy contained here was ten times stronger than the azure cold wind Huang Xiaolong had refined earlier.

Immediately, Huang Xiaolong brought out the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and started the Thousand Beast Cauldron array. Slowly but steadily, he absorbed and refined the spiritual energy with the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array, only stopping when he sensed that it was nearing the limit. Then, he initiated the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array to dispel the cold element within, before swallowing and refining the pure spiritual energy in his body.

One day after another passed.

As Huang Xiaolong refined the spiritual energy around day in and day out, his battle qi cultivation enhanced rapidly, advancing into late-Xiantian Eighth Order before long.

One month later, he stepped into late-Xiantian Eighth Order.

The spiritual energy here was ten times or more abundant and rich than the azure cold wind he first came across. As Huang Xiaolong's strength continued to climb higher, the time required to refine the spiritual energy shortened as his speed increased. Two months later, he fully refined every shred of spiritual energy around, successfully advancing into peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order.

Peak late-Xiantian Eighth Order!

Half a step more to breakthrough to Xiantian Ninth Order.

Huang Xiaolong's enthusiasm dampened slightly. According to his original plan, if he could advance to Xiantian Ninth Order, there was a bigger chance he could refine and absorb the two spiritual energy fish, but now...

Huang Xiaolong hesitated a little as he stared at the two spiritual energy fish inside the pond. If he forcefully refined them, there was a possibility for the frigid cold element to enter his body. At that time, not only would his cultivation not increase, he would bring upon damaging consequences upon himself, the gains wouldn't make up for the loss.

He pondered for a moment and decided to first explore the place. After all, the two fish were in the pond, they couldn't fly away. With that in mind, Huang Xiaolong guided the Godly Mt. Xumi deeper in.

Flying using the Godly Mt. Xumi for a short while, suddenly the scenery up ahead changed, the barren and dry environment was replaced by lush greenery full of vitality, the soil was covered with a luxurious

green coat. Furthermore, the rock walls on both sides, which were supposed to be hidden underneath a layer of ice, had plants and foliage covering the rocky surface.

They were like two different worlds.

What is happening?! Huang Xiaolong was stunned. Quickly guiding Godly Mt. Xumi to the edge of the greenery, Huang Xiaolong exited the Xumi Temple and appeared outside. The moment he was out, he felt a gentle warm breeze blowing, just like the summer wind, extremely comfortable, whereas taking a step back, biting cold wind seemed to penetrate bone-deep, as if his internal organs would freeze solid any moment.

This was like a two-layer world of ice and fire. Merely the distance of one step, yet two very distinct sensations.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong returned to his senses. Looking in front, he was sure there was something strange, hence, he flew forward.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong was standing in front of a tree!

A tree ten zhang tall, with flowing red energy at its trunk that looked like flames! In fact, this tree, from the trunk, branches, leaves, was entirely flaming red in color! Growing among the branches were a dozen or so fist-sized fiery red fruits. These pieces of fiery-red fruit exuded vast spiritual energy no weaker than the spiritual energy around the cold spring.

The only difference was that the spiritual energy from the cold spring contained extreme frigid energy within, tyrannical at the same time, while these pieces of fiery red fruit contained a gentle fire element. Standing beneath the tree was like standing in the sunlight, warm and cozy, serene and content.

“A tree like this could actually grow in this deep rift.” Huang Xiaolong muttered as he studied the red tree.

Back when he was still in the Duanren Institute, he had gone through many books that introduced Martial Spirit World’s odd wonders, but none of them mentioned about this particular tree or that cold spring.

Huang Xiaolong circled the tree as he pondered; could it be that this tree did not belong to the Martial Spirit World? A thought suddenly struck Huang Xiaolong’s mind.

Godly Mt. Xumi was a treasure hailed from the divine Buddhist World, the Asura Tactics was the Netherworld’s top cultivation technique... if things from Buddhist World and Netherworld could exist here in the Martial Spirit World, then there was a chance that this tree came from the Divine World!

“No matter, eat first, talk later.” Seconds later, Huang Xiaolong shook his head for thinking too much. Converging these nonsensical thoughts, he sat down cross-legged on the ground and opened his mouth. A suction force pulled one of the fiery red fruits straight into his mouth as he started to run the Asura Tactics to absorb the spiritual energy within.

The instant the fiery-red fruit melt into his body, a warm energy traveled to his four limbs and every part of his body. The same situation when he refined the cold spring spiritual energy, the battle qi in his Qi Sea rolled and rumbled.

...

Again and again, battle qi crashed against the Ninth Order barrier. Two days later, Huang Xiaolong finally refined a piece of the fire-red fruit. Though he had yet to break through, he was closer than before. Huang Xiaolong continued without stopping, sucking in a second fruit into his body and started refining.

By the time he finished refining the second fruit, he finally broke into Xiantian Ninth Order. Despite that, Huang Xiaolong did not stop. He continued to refine the fiery-red fruits one by one.

Sitting cross-legged underneath the big tree, the twin dragon martial spirits hovered above Huang Xiaolong's head, the atmosphere of dragon might flooded the entire rift as glows of midnight black, gold, dark ember, and fiery-red swirled around Huang Xiaolong.

Breaking through Xiantian Ninth Order, the black and blue dragons reached the size of a hundred zhang in length, seemingly covering heaven and earth. Ancient True Dragon qi poured from the void above.

One month later, Huang Xiaolong, who was sitting underneath the tree, stopped at last. Getting up slowly, the ground shook beneath his feet. After refining all the fiery-red fruits, his cultivation reached peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order!

Peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order!

Feeling the abundant power inside his body, Huang Xiaolong couldn't help roaring towards the sky like a dragon. His roar reverberated through the rift, piercing the sky, reaching as far as a hundred miles around the Broken Tiger Rift area.

Running his battle qi, Huang Xiaolong stomped his feet on the ground, raising a cloud of sand. With Huang Xiaolong as the center, deep fissures lined the ground surface. Stones and rocks rolled down from both sides of the rift walls and the entire rift area seemed to be shaking.

This was Huang Xiaolong's current strength—earth shattering might, enough to collapse a mountain.

Chapter 298: Refining the Spiritual Energy Fish

Huang Xiaolong recalled the blue and black dragons back into his body, the powerful atmosphere surging around him slowly converged.

A short while later, rocks and stones stopped rolling down from the rift walls.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the tree in front of him. A thought came to him and he suddenly struck a palm out at the trunk, but the tree didn't even shake! With Huang Xiaolong's current strength at peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order, striking the flame tree actually didn't even make a single piece of tree bark fall. Not to mention, the branches and leaves remained still, unaffected.

Huang Xiaolong was amazed. Running his battle qi, increasing his power, he used both palms this time to strike on the tree trunk, 'Bang!' A loud blast rendered the air, yet the flaming tree didn't even shake.

In the end, Huang Xiaolong soul transformed with both black and blue dragon martial spirits, striking out at full force at the tree trunk. However, the three merely shook for a moment, just for a moment. Neither leaves of branches fell. Furthermore, at full force, Huang Xiaolong's palm didn't even manage to leave a print in the trunk. Forget palm print, there wasn't even a scratch at all.

Huang Xiaolong was greatly astonished. The sturdiness of this tree was a tad too terrifying. At his current level, the force from one of his palm was enough to blast an average Xiantian Seventh Order, even a Xiantian Eight Order into pieces without even soul transforming with his twin dragon martial spirits.

Yet, landing a full force attack on the tree trunk after soul transformation failed to damage this nameless fire tree in the slightest.

With a quick leap, Huang Xiaolong landed on one of the branches on top of the fire tree. Sitting down in a meditative pose, he ran the Asura Tactics and found that cultivating on the fire tree was much faster than sitting underneath it.

While Huang Xiaolong absorbed spiritual energy, the fire tree branches, leaves, and trunk would absorb the fire element energy from the air. As the fire element energy enveloped the tree, it also enveloped Huang Xiaolong wholly, giving him inexplicable comfort.

One day passed and Huang Xiaolong felt as if he was reborn from his soul to his flesh.

‘This fire spiritual energy shouldn’t be some average kind of spiritual energy.’ Huang Xiaolong was delighted with the finding as the thought crossed his mind. Could the spiritual fire energy absorbed by this tree come from the Divine World?! Huang Xiaolong looked at the nameless fire tree, eyes twinkling.

Undoubtedly, this nameless fire tree was a great treasure, he had to think of a way to take it away with him. However, divine trees such as this one couldn’t be placed into a spatial ring. Including the Asura Ring.

Still, Huang Xiaolong wanted to try. With a thought, the Asura Ring emerged on his finger and he infused it with battle qi as he tried to move the fire tree into the ring. The fiery red of the tree seemingly came alive, exuding a force that repelled Huang Xiaolong. Huang Xiaolong was sent staggering backward, his blood roared violently in his veins before it calmed down some time later.

Seeing this result, Huang Xiaolong shook his head and let the Asura Ring submerge again.

Huang Xiaolong’s brows furrowed deeply staring at the fire tree. Then, an idea struck him! Swiftly calling out Godly Mt. Xumi. The Asura Ring may have failed, but what about Godly Mt. Xumi?

Under Huang Xiaolong’s control, Godly Mt. Xumi flew up, hovering right above the fire tree. Huang Xiaolong waved his hands, sending multiple streams of battle qi into the Ten Buddha Formation at the center, initiating the array formation. Instantly, a blinding light burst forth from the Godly Mt. Xumi, reaching the sky, Buddhism energy spread out akin to the morning sunlight. Golden light sprinkled over the fire tree, enveloping the entire tree.

When the Buddhism energy enveloped the fire tree, Huang Xiaolong was delighted to find out that the fire tree didn’t put up a resistance like it did before, it only emitted a gentle fiery glow.

The fiery flow blended in with Buddhism energy, glowing brighter, lighting up the entire rift like it was a surreal fantasy.

A moment later, the fire tree shook as its roots gradually left the ground, flying into the Godly Mt. Xumi, disappearing in an instant into the Godly Mt. Xumi’s space.

Huang Xiaolong jumped with joy. He expected to exert some effort to move the tree into Godly Mt. Xumi, but the tree actually went in so easily.

He finally got the fire tree!

In a flicker, Huang Xiaolong appeared inside the Xumi Temple and saw that the fire tree was rooted next to the Ten Buddha Formation and the entire Xumi Temple felt warm and comfortable as a fire element spiritual energy flowed to every corner of the Xumi Temple.

Looking at the fire tree, Huang Xiaolong was in an extremely good mood. With the fire tree within the Ten Buddha Formation, he had the confidence to breakthrough to Saint realm and higher—God Realm!

A while later Huang Xiaolong gradually calmed down and exited the Xumi Temple. Since he had broken through to Xiantian Ninth Order, reaching peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order, it was time to refine the two spiritual energy fish.

Although the fire tree was taken away by Huang Xiaolong, that area of the rift was just as warm as spring, and the cold energy from the other side did not encroach over, despite the absence of the tree.

Huang Xiaolong traced his path back to the cold spring, and before long, he was standing at the edge of the small cold spring lake.

Observing the two spiritual energy fish swimming merrily in the water, Huang Xiaolong called out the Linglong Treasure Pagoda and initiated the Thousand Demon Engulfing Destruction Array. A powerful suction force swallowed the two fish into the cauldron.

The instant the two fish entered the Thousand Beast Cauldron, a layer of ice formed on the surface of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. Huang Xiaolong swiftly infused his battle qi into the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array within the Thousand Beast Cauldron to refine the two fish, expelling the cold element within. At the same time, a small part of his battle qi was sent into the Ten Buddha Formation, using the Buddhism energy to melt away the layer of azure ice on the Linglong Treasure Pagoda's surface.

But Huang Xiaolong was shocked when the layer of azure ice melted by the Buddhism energy formed again over the Linglong Treasure Pagoda. As if the two fish contained endless amounts of cold element, the layer of azure ice recurred time and again.

Even with Huang Xiaolong's peak mid-Xiantian Ninth Order strength, maintaining both sides' requirements of battle qi was onerous. Later, Huang Xiaolong needed to use the internal force in his dantian as support.

Now that Huang Xiaolong's internal force had almost fully transformed into true essence energy, he noticed that the Buddhism energy coming from the Ten Buddha Formation was denser and purer when internal force was used compared to his battle qi.

One hour passed.

Finally, the layer of azure ice covering the Linglong Treasure Pagoda's surface slowly melted and thinned, and three hours later, the layer of azure ice did not form again.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong was able to breathe out in relief at last, still, he dared not proceed carelessly, persevering in pushing the array inside the Thousand Beast Cauldron to refine the two fish, expelling the remaining cold elements.

Five days and five nights later, the Thousand Beast Cauldron trembled, shining brightly, the last shreds of the cold element were expelled from the two spiritual energy fish. When the lid was opened, both spiritual energy fish flew out from the cauldron in sparkling splendor.

Huang Xiaolong opened his mouth and a suction force drew both fish into his body. In that instant, spiritual energy akin to a boundless ancient sea roared to every inch of Huang Xiaolong's body. Terrified, Huang Xiaolong hurried to run the Asura Tactics, fervently absorbing and suppressing the spiritual energy, not letting it run amok.

While Huang Xiaolong was refining the spiritual energy fish, two figures were rushing towards the Broken Tiger Rift, stopping at the same rift edge above.

The new arrivals consisted of an elderly and a young man. Both men were clad in dark violet brocade robes, on the chest of their robes was embroidered the pattern of a six-horned devil scorpion.

"Are you sure that dragon's roar came from the bottom of this rift?" The old man Fenggong questioned.

Dai Li hurried to answer, "Yes, Master. At that time I was nearby this area, I heard it clearly."

Fenggong nodded as he stared down at the bottomless rift.

Chapter 299: At the Bottom of the Cold Spring

"Stand guard here, I'm going down to have a look." Fenggong solemnly said.

"Yes, Master." Dai Li answered respectfully.

Not delaying further, Fenggong's silhouette disappeared in a flicker, running his battle qi, he controlled his body to descend down the rift at a slow pace.

Similar to Huang Xiaolong's experience, the deeper down he went, the stronger the gusts of azure cold wind blew, at a higher frequency too. Several hundred meters down, Fenggong was forced to summon his martial spirit, the Six-horned Devil Scorpion, and soul transformed.

However, passing the one thousand five hundred meters mark, Fenggong couldn't withstand the frigid cold and had to return above.

Seeing his Master return, Dai Li quickly went up, inquiring cautiously, "Master, how was it?"

Fenggong shook his head saying, "The cold wind coming from the bottom of the rift is too strong, there's no way to reach the bottom." His body shuddered, expelling the frigid air that had entered into his body. Fenggong quickly took out a pellet and swallowed it down, circulating his battle qi. Only then did he manage to suppress the effects the azure cold wind.

Dai Li was evidently shocked at his Master's words, for he was well aware that his Master was a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order expert, half a step into the Saint realm! Someone that was half a step into the Saint realm like his Master actually couldn't reach the bottom of the rift!

Noticing his disciple's expression, Fenggong explained, "In fact, many Saint realm experts had tried to go down this Broken Tiger Rift, but despite that, in the last twenty thousand years, I've yet to hear about anyone succeeding."

"Even Saint realm experts failed to reach the bottom?!" Dai Li was flabbergasted, this was his first time hearing this matter.

Fenggong nodded, "I didn't believe it either, but after that attempt just now, that rumor should be true."

"But Master, that dragon's roar at the bottom...?" Dai Li inquired.

Fenggong's tone was solemn, "These tens of thousands of years, in our Martial Spirit World, the Primordial Divine Dragon has been an extinct existence. That dragon roar was not made by a real dragon, more likely than not it was issued by a certain treasure. We'll stay here for the time being, to confirm if there's really a treasure being born."

Whereas at the bottom of the rift, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged beside the cold spring, refining the spiritual energy from the spiritual energy fish. Although five days had passed, the amount of spiritual energy inside his body remained abundant. The airflow around Huang Xiaolong gathered into a giant energy vortex, and in the eye of the vortex, aureate, ember, azure, and a black light glimmered endlessly.

The vortex grew bigger as time passed.

On the surface of Huang Xiaolong's skin, plumes of black soot appeared, they were impurities that had built up in his body being cleansed out.

Half a month passed.

The energy vortex around Huang Xiaolong reached the height of ten zhang, with howling cries as it rotated at high speed, hiding Huang Xiaolong's silhouette in the center as a stalwart force surged out.

After more than twenty days, close to a month's time, the energy vortex around Huang Xiaolong suddenly stopped, bursting in the air like a giant bubble and dissipating, revealing Huang Xiaolong's muscular physique at its center.

By this time, the robe he wore was shredded and pieces of cloth scattered in the surrounding. Huang Xiaolong's muscles looked as if they were sculpted, masculine and perfect with a face that was carved out of an artist's knife, eyes that resembled the vast galaxy framed by thick sword-like brows.

More than twenty days passed, Huang Xiaolong fully refined the spiritual energy fish. Checking his body's condition with his spiritual sense, Huang Xiaolong found that his battle qi cultivation had reached peak late-Xiantian Ninth Order, with signs of advancing to Xiantian Tenth Order any time.

Furthermore, his meridians and veins were tougher and larger; the blood running through his veins, his marrow, and flesh seemed to pulsate with a faint golden halo. He felt much lighter, and his soul, much clearer.

'The benefits of these spiritual energy fish are amazing!' Huang Xiaolong exclaimed in his heart. After undergoing the cleansing from the spiritual energy fish, Huang Xiaolong's body burst with power and

vitality, his soul was also greatly enhanced, becoming stronger, so powerful that he felt hints of breaking through the fourth level of the Ancient Puppetry Art.

Suppressing the joy in his heart, Huang Xiaolong took out a new robe from the Asura Ring and put it on. Then, he brought out the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, sucking in the second spiritual energy fish into the Thousand Beast Cauldron, initiating the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array to expel the cold element.

Twenty days came and went.

As the days passed, Huang Xiaolong managed to refine the remaining spiritual energy fish, finally entering Xiantian Tenth Order.

Xiantian Tenth Order!

Though it may be early Xiantian Tenth Order, Huang Xiaolong's strength had always been higher than the average warrior's. Even without soul transformation, a peak late-Xiantian Tenth Order would suffer gravely from Huang Xiaolong's punch.

Before entering the rift, Huang Xiaolong was still a Xiantian Seventh order, but now, several months later, he advanced into Xiantian Tenth Order. He couldn't help but marvel at the changes.

Huang Xiaolong stood up, eyes scanning around the rift, spreading out his spiritual sense. Being here for so many months, Huang Xiaolong had seen most of the places, but he did not find the so-called dwelling of that ancient God Tribe master.

Could that master's cultivation place not in this rift?

As Huang Xiaolong's spiritual senses spread out, a weak energy fluctuation rippled from the bottom of the cold spring lake. Weak as it may be, Huang Xiaolong detected it the moment the energy rippled.

His eyes were attracted towards the cold spring. Was there something hidden beneath the cold spring?

Pondering over the matter, Huang Xiaolong decided to enter the cold spring and check it out. He immediately brought out the Godly Mt. Xumi and disappeared within, guiding the Godly Mt. Xumi from the Ten Buddha Formation to enter the cold spring lake.

Submerged within, as far as the eyes could see was an endless blue.

And nothing else.

Going further down, he already reached the bottom of the cold spring, but other than sand and mud, there was only more sand and mud. Huang Xiaolong frowned, he was certain that the weak energy fluctuation earlier originated under the cold spring, how could there be nothing around.

As Huang Xiaolong controlled the Godly Mt. Xumi to explore further, a turbulent force struck, causing Godly Mt. Xumi to shake.

What's happening?! The scenery in front of Huang Xiaolong shifted as he entered another space.

The view before him was a lush green space with fragrant flowers and cheerful birdsongs ringing in the air, all kinds of spiritual herbs and elixirs filled the ground, and a waterfall up ahead. This was paradise.

“This... could it be that ancient God Tribe master’s cultivation space?!” Huang Xiaolong’s eyes sparkled.

He must have guessed it right! That ancient God Tribe master’s cultivation dwelling was actually built beneath the cold spring, it if weren’t because of the Linglong Treasure Pagoda allowing him to refine the cold element within the cold spring, if it weren’t for the Godly Mt. Xumi, if it weren’t for that weak fluctuation earlier, he may have never located this place.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes looked around, falling onto the many herbs and elixirs on the ground.

“Seven Colors Spirit Mushroom!”

“Nine Leaves Purple Grass!”

“Fervid Yang Fruit!”

Huang Xiaolong was exclaiming the names of each one.

The herbs and elixirs spread casually over the space were all rare materials, and judging from their appearance, each and every one of them was over ten thousand years.

Huang Xiaolong’s eyes shone with ecstasy; all these are treasures, ah! Not only that, there were also many that he couldn’t name.

It was quite a while before Huang Xiaolong managed to tear his eyes away from these elixirs towards the several small straw huts nearby the waterfall.

‘This is where that ancient God Tribe master cultivated? Isn’t this a little too humble?’

Chapter 300: Divine Grade Spirit Pellet

Huang Xiaolong flickered into a blur, landing close to the several straw huts...

There were a total of six straw huts, picturesque in their disorder, as if they were part of nature, carrying with them a charm from an ancient past.

He opted for the hut in the center and went in.

Inside the straw hut, a messy room welcomed Huang Xiaolong, odd things strewn over here and there. Catching sight of something in a corner, Huang Xiaolong walked over and blew the dust away with a flick of his sleeve, revealing a stack of books.

It was unknown what materials were used to make these books. They were pale yellow in colour and even after several thousands of years, they were still in good condition.

Huang Xiaolong’s hand formed a suction force and one of the books flew to his hand. Looking at the cover, the four characters title was written in ancient text. Taking a moment to interpret the words, he read softly: “Fiendgod Treasured Reflection.” He opened the book, reading page to page.

This book, Fiendgod Treasured Reflection, depicted events of ancient times related to the God Tribes and Devil Race.

After he finished reading the book, Huang Xiaolong moved on to the other books from the stack. Most of the contents in these books were records related to ancient tribes and races in that era, no cultivation techniques nor battle skills.

Huang Xiaolong was disappointed. To him, these books weren't of much use. What he needed most at the moment were things that could aid him in enhancing his cultivation.

Still, regardless of these books' usefulness, Huang Xiaolong moved all the books into the Asura Ring one by one as he read through them. These books weren't useful to him, but if put out for auction, he would probably get some good stuff in exchange.

Having dealt with the books, his eyes wandered to another section of the hut and walked over.

In this corner, piled up high, were different ores and metals that were also covered in dust. Huang Xiaolong swept the layer of dust away with a simple wave of his hand.

"This is Purpleblood Silver Crystal!"

His gaze were attracted by a palm-sized, translucent red ore nestled amongst the pile of ores when the dust lifted and exclaimed out loud. This Purpleblood Silver Crystal was extremely rare, it was born from hard to find bloody mine veins. If taken out for auction, it would likely fetch a much higher price than ten pieces of grade one spirit stones.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes swept over the other dozens of ores and metals.

"Fire Flame Black Iron!"

"Ash-gray Blood Magnetite!"

"Moontide Stone!"

The other dozens of ores and metals were all materials hard to find in Martial Spirit World. Some of them even disappeared more than one thousand years back.

Eyes shining brightly, Huang Xiaolong moved all of them into his Asura Ring.

Moments later Huang Xiaolong came out from the central straw hut and entered the hut beside it. The inside of this straw hut was slightly smaller compared the one in the center. Placed at the center of the hut was a pill furnace. Again, Huang Xiaolong didn't know what materials the pill furnace was made of, the furnace body was a mass of matte black. There was a jade drawer placed at a corner of the hut. On top of the flat surface, there were several small jade bottles.

'It seems like this is a pill refining room.' Huang Xiaolong thought to himself. Taking another look around the hut, his eyes once again fell onto the jade drawer. More accurately, on the several small jade bottles on top.

A suction force came from his hand and one of the jade bottles fell into his palm. The jade bottle was pure light red in color and felt warm to the touch, making him wonder what kind of jade it was made of.

Even more curious was what kind of medicinal pellet it held inside!

Carefully, Huang Xiaolong opened the lid and an alluring medicinal fragrance immediately filled the hut, spreading to every corner, actually forming into something that looked like a little elf.

Watching the scene in front of him, Huang Xiaolong's eyes were the size of fists due to shock.

This, could this be divine grade spirit pellet!

Divine grade! Only a divine grade spirit pellet could cause such a manifestation!

Huang Xiaolong peered inside the jade bottle excitedly and saw an amiable, floating little Daoist man in cross-legged position! The little Daoist man was shrouded in a hazy gray halo.

He was honestly stunned, then understanding set in. This little Daoist man was likely a transformation of the divine grade spirit pellet. Some high-grade divine spirit pellet like the spiritual energy fish could take shape in another form.

While Huang Xiaolong's thoughts were turning at rapid speed, the little Daoist man opened his eyes, taking a glance at Huang Xiaolong. A streak of lightning flashed in his eyes and Huang Xiaolong felt something collide with his mind with great momentum, causing him to lose focus, however, he managed to recover in the blink of an eye.

Watching Huang Xiaolong recover so fast shocked the little Daoist. He purely focuses on soul force cultivation, warriors under the Saint realm shouldn't be able to break his soul attack. This brat in front of him was probably not a Saint realm expert, yet this young man wasn't overwhelmed by his soul force attack.

Whereas Huang Xiaolong, who nearly fell into the little Daoist man's plot of being controlled, was also taken aback. He didn't expect a little Daoist man evolved from a divine grade pellet knew method of soul control!

Judging from the attack earlier, this little Daoist man's cultivation wasn't weak at all, close to a human Saint realm expert!

"Young man, it's surprising that you managed to enter this Eminent Holiness space." At this point the Daoist spoke, "How about we discuss a deal?"

"A deal?" Huang Xiaolong remained calm on the surface while sneering inwardly. He wanted to see what this little Daoist was playing at.

The Daoist continued, "This Eminent Holiness space was opened by Supreme Eminent Holiness during the ancient era. Left inside here is an Eminent Holiness Technique that only I know how to get, as long as you let me go I will tell you where this godly Eminent Holiness Technique is."

"Oh~, really?" Huang Xiaolong remained calm on the surface but he was sneering inside. With a wave of his hand, a bright light flickered and the Linglong Treasure Pagoda materialized above his head.

What so-called Eminent Holiness Supreme Technique? Huang Xiaolong obviously didn't believe one word. Even if what the little Daoist man said was really true, Huang Xiaolong held no interest, it was enough that he had the Asura Tactics and Godly Xumi Art, as for battle skills, he had them in abundance and was definitely not lacking.

What Huang Xiaolong truly lacked were miraculous pellets and elixirs that could help him enhance his battle qi cultivation, and this little Daoist man in front of him was exactly the panacea he was looking for!

This little Daoist man's cultivation was quite formidable, however, Huang Xiaolong has the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, wanting to refine 'it' wouldn't be difficult.

"This! A heavenly treasure, the Linglong Treasure Pagoda!" When the little Daoist saw the Linglong Treasure Pagoda Huang Xiaolong called out, he couldn't help exclaiming.

Huang Xiaolong paused briefly, this little Daoist recognized the Linglong Treasure Pagoda...

"Correct, this is the Linglong Treasure Pagoda." Huang Xiaolong smirked smugly.

"Not so fast!" How could the little Daoist not realize what Huang Xiaolong planned by this point, hastily shouted: "Young man, don't you desire the Eminent Holiness Technique?! That is a high-grade Heaven rank cultivation technique, even during the ancient era it was a much coveted high-grade cultivation technique. After cultivating it, you would possess a godly holy power."

"Refining me will only enhance your cultivation by a tiny level, it's a vast difference if you get the Eminent Holiness Technique!"

While the little Daoist was busy persuading Huang Xiaolong, a great suction force descended over it from the Linglong Treasure Pagoda, pulling both the little Daoist and the red jade bottle into the Thousand Beast Cauldron. Then, the Heaven and Earth Origin Reverting Array initiated, pressuring the jade bottle from all directions.

"You punk, let me out!"

"You think you can refine me by relying on the Linglong Treasure Pagoda?!"

...

"I'm going to kill you!"

The divine grade pellet Daoist's raging wrath rang out endlessly from the Thousand Beast Cauldron.

Huang Xiaolong remained unperturbed as he continued to infuse the Thousand Beast Cauldron with battle qi, slowly melting away the hazy gray halo of protective vigor qi around the little Daoist.

Although this little Daoist was the manifestation of the divine grade pellet and a tough nut to crack, compared to refining the spiritual energy fish, this was by far easier many times over.