

Invincible Over the World #Chapter 1 - 1 1 Snow Continent - Read Invincible Over the World Chapter 1 - 1 1 Snow Continent

1: Chapter 1: Snow Continent 1: Chapter 1: Snow Continent The night slowly deepened, falling into silence, as the stars shone brilliantly in the sky.

On the hillside, a child around six or seven years old stood in a strange posture, his feet apart with his toes touching the ground and heels raised, hands held high above his head, his head slightly tilted back, and a faint stream of nature's spiritual energy continually swirling and twisting around his body.

Moonlight, pure and bright, spilled down, enveloping the child's body.

The child maintained this posture, taking deep breaths, as the spiritual energy of the world followed his rhythm, entering his body and circulating through his meridians.

The night passed slowly.

As the moonlight faded and the first rays of sunlight fell upon the child, he slowly brought his palms together and opened his eyes, revealing a sharp glint within their depths.

Huang Xiaolong exhaled a breath of stale air as his starry eyes gazed at the rising sun.

Since his birth in this world, seven years had passed, and he had been practicing Yijinjing for four years, starting from the age of three.

In those four years, he had cultivated Yijinjing to the third position, Palm Supporting the Heavens.

In his previous life, his ancestors had been Inner Sect Disciples of Shaolin Temple, and this Yijinjing was a heritage passed down to him.

To this day, Huang Xiaolong still couldn't understand how he, once hailed by his family as a martial arts prodigy that appeared once every hundred years, suddenly crossed into this world after waking up from a deep sleep!

And what made him feel depressed was that he had taken over the body of this newborn child.

Huang Xiaolong looked at his small arms and managed a wry smile.

In his previous life, at the age of seventeen and after fourteen years of hard training, he had finally cultivated Yijinjing to the Ninth Form.

Now, he had to start cultivating from scratch again.

Just then, soft footsteps reached Huang Xiaolong's ears, coming from the foot of the hill.

Without turning around, he knew who it was; sure enough, a sweet and tender voice rang out, "Big brother, I knew you'd be here watching the sunrise again, Dad and Mom are looking for you."

Huang Xiaolong turned his head and saw a cute little girl around five or six years old with two long braids and round, looping eyes, walking up from the bottom of the hill—this was Huang Min, Huang Xiaolong's sister in this life.

Besides Huang Min, Huang Xiaolong also had a younger brother three years his junior named Huang Xiaohai.

"Dad and Mom are looking for me?" Huang Xiaolong questioned, "What for?"

"I don't know." Huang Min's voice still carried a hint of childlike innocence, "Big brother, let's hurry back, or else if we return late, Dad and Mom are going to spank you!"

Upon hearing this, Huang Xiaolong chuckled, pinched his sister Huang Min's cute little cheek, and said, "Then let's go."

Huang Min touched the cheek that had just been pinched by Huang Xiaolong, pouted her lips, and said indignantly, "Big brother, you're so annoying.

I've told you before, you can't pinch my cheeks anymore."

However, no sooner had Huang Min finished speaking than Huang Xiaolong pinched her cheek again.

After pinching her, he laughed and started running off, with Huang Min squealing in her milk-like voice, chasing after him.

"Big brother, stop right there!"

Thus, the siblings playfully chased each other down the hill, heading back to the Huang Family Manor.

In his previous life, Huang Xiaolong, although a seventeen-year-old youth, sometimes felt a sense of childishness when he was with his sister Huang Min.

Soon, the brother and sister returned to the Huang Family Manor.

Upon returning to the Huang Family Manor, Huang Xiaolong headed towards the eastern court.

When he arrived, he saw a man, around thirty or so, with a refined appearance, sword-like eyebrows, and an aquiline nose, dressed in a white robe, seated there.

Next to the man was a beautiful young woman—these were Huang Xiaolong's parents in this life, Huang Peng and Su Yan.

“Dad, Mom, you were looking for me?” Huang Xiaolong entered the court and asked.

Huang Peng's eyebrows raised sharply, “Where did you go early in the morning?!”

“Alright, don't scare the child.” Su Yan intervened with a smile, “Long'er, you'll be seven years old in a few days.

Around the age of seven, the Martial Soul in the body can awaken.

We will take you to the Martial Hall later to stimulate the awakening of your Martial Soul.”

Martial Soul awakening?

Huang Xiaolong was momentarily stunned.

In this world, most people possessed a Martial Soul within their bodies.

A warrior's future strength was closely linked to the Martial Soul.

Martial Souls varied in low, intermediate, and high levels, subdivided into ten ranks, and above the tenth rank, there were the heavens-defying Super Martial Souls.

Only those with a Martial Soul could absorb spiritual energy and become warriors.

Of course, there were people without Martial Souls, or some had Wasted Martial Souls that couldn't cultivate.

Such people were considered utter wastes!

“Martial Soul.” Huang Xiaolong's eyes sparkled, as he too was eager to find out whether he possessed a Martial Soul and, if so, what it was.

Thus, led by Huang Peng and Su Yan, Huang Xiaolong made his way to the Huang Family Manor's Martial Hall.

By the time they arrived, the hall was already packed with people.

Apart from Huang Xiaolong, other disciples from the manor were also there for the awakening of their Martial Souls.

Standing in the center of the Martial Hall was a middle-aged man with a stern face and thick eyebrows, exuding an imposing aura that exerted an invisible pressure.

This was Huang Xiaolong's father's elder brother, Huang Ming, followed by his own son, Huang Wei, who stood beside him.

Huang Wei was one month older than Huang Xiaolong and had also come to the Martial Hall for the awakening of his Martial Soul.

Huang Peng and Su Yan led Huang Xiaolong to the center of the great hall, and Huang Peng spoke first, "Big brother."

Huang Xiaolong followed his parents and called out, "Uncle."

Upon seeing Huang Peng and Su Yan, Huang Ming, whose face had been expressionless, relaxed a bit and nodded, "You've arrived."

From what Huang Xiaolong could remember, he had never seen his strict uncle Huang Ming smile.

Huang Ming was in charge of the manor's discipline.

After speaking, Huang Ming said nothing more.

Knowing his brother's temperament, Huang Peng was not bothered by it.

Not long after Huang Xiaolong and the others arrived, hearty laughter sounded from outside the hall.

Everyone turned their eyes toward the entrance to see an old man with snow-white hair and a tall stature walking into the hall, amidst a crowd of people.

This was Huang Xiaolong's grandfather, Huang Qide, the Manor Master of the Huang Family Manor and the man who had established the manor forty years ago.

"Old Manor Master!"

Upon Huang Qide's arrival, all the manor disciples in the great hall hurriedly paid their respects.

Huang Ming, Huang Peng, and Su Yan also quickly approached, saying, "Father!"

Both Huang Xiaolong and Huang Wei stepped forward and called out, "Grandfather."

With a smile on his face, Huang Qide nodded to Huang Ming and the others, then cheerfully said to the disciples in the hall, "Alright, alright, no need for formalities, I'm just casually stopping by today." Normally during the annual opening of the Martial Hall, when the clan's disciples awakened their Martial Souls, Huang Qide wouldn't attend.

However, this year was different; because of Huang Xiaolong and Huang Wei, he had made a special exception and left his closed-door cultivation to be present.

Huang Qide moved to the front of the hall, his gaze sweeping over everyone before finally coming to rest on a gray-robed elder.

Smiling, he said, "Now that everyone's here, let's begin."

"Yes, Manor Master," the gray-robed elder replied respectfully before proceeding to the center of the hall.

The gray-robed elder was Huang Family Manor's chief steward, Chen Ying.

Huang Xiaolong had heard from his father that Chen Ying was the oldest person who had followed Grandfather Huang Qide, even before the establishment of the Huang Family Manor.

As Chen Ying stepped into the center, his hands glowed, and a formidable, heart-palpating power radiated outwards from his body.

Huang Xiaolong's eyes sparkled; this was the power of a Ninth Rank warrior's Fighting Energy?

So powerful!

Even in his previous life, when he had cultivated the "Yijinjing" to the Ninth Form, he was definitely no match for Chen Ying.

As Chen Ying's Fighting Energy surged, the six-sided pattern at the center of the hall suddenly flickered with light, which then grew intensely bright, creating pillars of light.

"Huang Wei, it's your turn," said Huang Qide looking at Huang Wei.

"Yes, Grandfather." Huang Wei replied and then walked in front of the pattern, stepping into the column of light.

As Huang Wei entered, all eyes in the great hall were fixed on him.

Even the usually stoic Huang Ming couldn't help feeling nervous as he watched his son.

As the six-sided pattern enveloped Huang Wei in light, before long, clusters of black light emerged on his body.

The flowing black light revealed a shadow behind him, manifesting as a black tiger with three eyes.

As the shadow of the black tiger appeared, a tiger's roar pierced the air, causing the hall to tremble.

Everyone was shocked.

Huang Qide watched the tiger-shaped black shadow behind his grandson, his eyes shining brightly.

He was overjoyed and burst into loud laughter.

"That's a Tenth-level Martial Soul, a Three-eyed Black Tiger!" the chief steward Chen Ying exclaimed, his voice trembling.

A Tenth-level Martial Soul, among the top of Advanced Martial Souls, an entity infinitely close to a Super Martial Soul!

Huang Wei's Martial Soul was a Tenth-level Martial Soul, the Three-eyed Black Tiger!

(The new book has been uploaded.

The new book period is very important, so if friends who've read pirated versions in the past could come to the starting point to collect and vote for the new book, it would be much appreciated!

The contract was mailed out yesterday; it will be changed to A-sign in a few days, and then everyone will be able to send gifts.)

2: Chapter 2: Level 7 Martial Soul?

2: Chapter 2: Level 7 Martial Soul?

"A Tenth-level Martial Soul, it's actually a Tenth-level Martial Soul!"

Not to mention Canglan County, even in the entire Luotong Kingdom, a Tenth-level Martial Soul is rarely seen!

Huang Ming looked at the Three-eyed Black Tiger hovering behind his son, his fists clenched, his body trembling slightly with excitement.

Huang Qide's laughter echoed in the Great Hall for a long time.

He hadn't expected to receive such a great surprise upon visiting the Martial Hall this time!

"Good, good, good!" Huang Qide laughed heartily, taking a deep breath to suppress the excitement in his heart.

His eyes filled with joy, he looked affectionately at his grandson who possessed a Tenth-level Martial Soul, believing that with the dedicated cultivation from the Huang Family Manor, this grandson could definitely break through the realm that Huang Qide himself had dreamed of but never reached!

At that moment, Huang Peng approached Huang Ming and congratulated him, "Congratulations, Big Brother."

Huang Ming, looking at the sincere-faced Huang Peng, clapped him on the shoulder and smiled, "Thank you, Second Brother!" He paused, adding, "When Xiao Long's Martial Soul awakens later, he might also possess a Tenth-level Martial Soul." However, anyone could hear that Huang Ming's words were merely comforting, for a Tenth-level Martial Soul was not something just anyone could possess.

The Huang Family Manor elders and several stewards also came up to Huang Ming repeatedly to offer their congratulations.

"Wei'er, come here," Huang Qide then called out from the center of the Great Hall, smiling and beckoning to Huang Wei.

"Yes, Grandfather," Huang Wei responded and walked past Huang Xiaolong towards Huang Qide.

As he passed by Huang Xiaolong, Huang Wei looked at Huang Xiaolong with what seemed like nonchalant pride and arrogance—imperceptible to others, but not to Huang Xiaolong.

"A Tenth-level Martial Soul," Huang Xiaolong watched Huang Wei's retreating back with a calm expression.

Although Huang Wei was his cousin from his oldest uncle, their relationship was not very close.

Two years ago, Huang Wei and sons of several elders from the Manor had bullied Huang Min, his younger sister.

When Huang Xiaolong had come upon them, the outcome had been predictable—Huang Wei and the others were beaten miserably by Huang Xiaolong, and since then, Huang Wei had held a grudge against him.

Upon reaching Huang Qide, the old man smiled warmly and affectionately patted Huang Wei on the head, turning to Huang Ming with a grin, “Huang Ming, well done in giving me such a fine grandson!”

Hearing his father’s praise, Huang Ming smiled shyly, “Dad, should we proceed with the awakening ceremony?”

Huang Qide nodded, also realizing it wasn’t the time to continue discussing this, and smiled, “Yes, let’s continue with the awakening ceremony.”

After Huang Wei, it was Huang Xiaolong’s turn to undergo his Martial Soul awakening.

As Huang Qide’s voice quieted, all the elders, stewards, and disciples in the Great Hall turned their attention to Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Wei had a Tenth-level Martial Soul; what about Huang Xiaolong, who was also the grandson of the Old Manor Master?

Under everyone’s gaze, Huang Xiaolong walked calmly into the Hexagonal Pattern Light Column.

Watching their son stepping into the light column, Huang Peng and Su Yan clasped each other’s hands tightly, their hearts taut as they watched unblinkingly.

Soon after Huang Xiaolong entered the column, similar to Huang Wei, dark light began to emanate around his body.

Seeing the same dark light radiating from Huang Xiaolong, everyone was startled when suddenly, streaks of blue light also started flaring around him, flickering strangely.

Eventually, a black and blue shadow appeared above the back of Huang Xiaolong’s head—a Martial Soul that looked like a snake with one black and one blue head.

The crowd exchanged glances.

A Two-headed Snake Martial Soul?

But as far as they knew, the Two-headed Snake Martial Souls among Beast Martial Souls were supposed to be yellowish-red for both heads and the body.

Yet, in this case, one head was black, the other blue, and the body bore the same colors.

Looking at the Martial Soul behind Huang Xiaolong, Huang Qide felt confused but inevitably disappointed, as he saw it merely as a mutant variant of the Two-headed Snake Martial Soul.

It was not uncommon among disciples of noble families to have a Mutant Martial Soul.

The Two-headed Snake Martial Soul was only a Seventh-level Martial Soul.

Though it was considered a high-level Martial Soul, it paled in comparison to the Tenth-level Martial Soul of his grandson Huang Wei.

Huang Peng and Su Yan, observing the Martial Soul behind their son, expressed similar feelings to Huang Qide's—a bit of disappointment.

Although a Seventh-level Martial Soul was decent compared to other disciples in the Huang Family Manor, which parent wouldn't hope for their child to have a Tenth-level Martial Soul?

"Manor Master, what do you think?" Steward Chen Ying couldn't help but look towards Huang Qide.

Huang Qide mused, "This is a seventh-level Martial Soul, the Mutant Two-headed Snake."

In the Great Hall, the Huang Family Manor Elders and the Steward all nodded subtly, apparently agreeing with the assessment of the Old Manor Master, Huang Qide.

A seventh-level Mutant Two-headed Snake?

Huang Xiaolong stepped out from the Hexagonal Pattern Light Column, his face calm, knowing only to himself that the Martial Soul within him was likely not just a simple seventh-level Mutant Two-headed Snake.

Seeing that Huang Xiaolong's Martial Soul was just a seventh-level Mutant Two-headed Snake, Huang Wei's lips unconsciously curled downwards as he provocatively looked at Huang Xiaolong.

Noticing the provocative look in Huang Wei's eyes, Huang Xiaolong remained indifferent, too indifferent to engage in a staring contest with a mere child.

Following Huang Xiaolong, it was then the turn of a son of an elder named Zhou Guang from the Huang Family Manor—Zhou Xuedong, who was one of the disciples that had bullied Huang Min with Huang Wei in the past and had been dealt with by Huang Xiaolong.

A moment later, Zhou Xuedong underwent his Martial Soul Awakening but it turned out to be only a sixth-level Martial Soul, a Blood-eyed Wolf.

After Zhou Xuedong, another twenty or so juniors from the Huang Family Manor underwent their Martial Soul Awakening.

Most of them possessed fourth, fifth, and sixth-level Martial Souls, a few had Wasted Martial Souls, and others had only first or second-level low-level Martial Souls.

In this Martial Soul Awakening, Huang Xiaolong's Martial Soul was second rank, but like the other juniors of the Huang Family Manor, he was merely a backdrop to Huang Wei, who possessed a Tenth-level Martial Soul.

After the Martial Soul Awakening ceremony concluded, Huang Qide, with a smile brimming across his face, said to Huang Ming, Huang Peng, and the gathered elders, "From now on, I will personally guide Huang Wei in his cultivation."

Personally guide?

The crowd was taken aback.

"Yes, Father!" Huang Ming replied with joy on his face.

Hearing that his father, Huang Qide, would personally guide his elder brother's son, Huang Wei, Huang Peng glanced at his son, Huang Xiaolong, and sighed inwardly.

A while later, the Martial Hall closed, and everyone dispersed.

Back in the eastern palace courtyard, Su Yan said discontentedly, "Father is too biased.

He is actually going to personally guide Huang Wei in cultivating.

Huang Wei is his grandson, but isn't our Xiao Long also his grandson?"

Huang Peng frowned and, waving his hand, said sharply, "Enough, let's not talk about this anymore." He was not any less distressed, but he knew that since Huang Wei possessed a Tenth-level Martial Soul, it was natural for his father, Huang Qide, to want to personally guide his cultivation.

"Xiao Long, your talent is also good.

With your talent and future dedication to cultivation, it won't be hard to become an Eighth-Order warrior," Huang Peng turned and said to Huang Xiaolong.

"I understand, Dad," Huang Longxiao said.

As he spoke, he opened his mouth, wanting to tell Huang Peng and Su Yan that his Martial Soul was likely more than just a seventh-level Martial Soul, but after considering it, he ultimately kept silent.

Later, Huang Peng gave Huang Xiaolong a cultivation technique for cultivating Fighting Energy and explained a few important things about cultivating Fighting Energy.

Huang Xiaolong memorized everything closely.

After leaving the palace courtyard, Huang Xiaolong went back to his own small courtyard, reviewed the Fighting Energy Technique given by his father, Huang Peng, and sat down cross-legged, starting to absorb the nature's spiritual energy according to the First Level of the technique.

As Huang Xiaolong circulated the technique, the Mutant Two-headed Snake, which appeared to the others like just a seventh-level Martial Soul, manifested behind Huang Xiaolong.

Its two heads suddenly opened wide, devouring the surrounding nature's spiritual energy at a terrifying speed, causing a sizzling noise.

The nature's spiritual energy devoured by the Two-headed Snake continually poured into Huang Xiaolong's body, circulating through his meridians, and gradually converting into Fighting Energy.

Night slowly arrived as moonlight, like water, spilled through the windows of the small courtyard.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, a look of extreme strangeness upon his face, because just now, when he had circulated the Fighting Energy according to the Mystic Azure Technique's First Level provided by his father, he had managed to complete a full cycle without any obstruction or difficulty!

In just a few hours, not only had he successfully condensed Fighting Energy, but he had also broken through to the First Order, becoming a First-Stage Warrior!

Huang Xiaolong was filled with a sense of absurdity.

He recalled his father mentioning that his grandfather, Huang Qide, took a whole six months to break through to the First Order and become a First-Stage Warrior!

And his grandfather, Huang Qide, possessed a Top-level Martial Soul among the Eighth Stage, the Six-winged Golden Monkey.

(New book, seeking everyone's recommendation and favorites!)

3: Chapter 3 Xiao Long Alone (Seeking Recommendation Tickets) 3: Chapter 3 Xiao Long Alone (Seeking Recommendation Tickets) If people knew that within a few hours, Huang Xiaolong not only successfully condensed Fighting Energy but also broke through to become a First-stage Warrior, they would probably be scared half to death.

Not to mention others, even Huang Xiaolong himself couldn't believe it.

Although Huang Xiaolong had previously felt that his Martial Soul was not as simple as a Level 7, this was too heaven-defying.

According to his father, the higher the level of the Martial Soul, the greater the talent and the faster the cultivation speed.

His grandfather, Huang Qide, possessed a top-level Level 8 Martial Soul, the Six-winged Golden Monkey, and it took him half a year to break through to a First-stage Warrior.

He only took a few hours, which indicated that his Martial Soul's level was far higher than his grandfather's.

A Tenth-level Martial Soul?

No, even a Tenth-level Martial Soul's cultivation speed couldn't be this monstrous.

Higher than Level 10?

Then, only one possibility sprang to mind, a Super Martial Soul!

Super Martial Soul!

The legendary Super Martial Soul!

Above Level 10, there were Level 11 and Level 12, but the highest level of Martial Soul in this world was not Level 12.

Although he couldn't yet determine the exact level of his Martial Soul, he was certain that it was definitely a Super Martial Soul above Level 10!

A while later, Huang Xiaolong managed to calm down the excitement and absurd feeling in his heart.

He activated the Mystic Azure Technique again.

The Two-headed Snake Martial Soul appeared behind him, its twin heads opening widely, violently devouring the surrounding nature's spiritual energy.

The Fighting Energy flowed continuously within the first-level meridian paths in Huang Xiaolong's body.

Compared to before, the flow of Fighting Energy was faster this time, and Huang Xiaolong noticed that the Fighting Energy in his meridians had thickened slightly.

Although it was not obvious, after dozens of cycles, the Fighting Energy in the meridians had increased by about half compared to before.

When Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, the bright moonlight had already faded, and the soft sunlight was now shining through the window onto his small body from the horizon.

The morning sunlight felt somewhat warm.

Huang Xiaolong stretched lazily, stood up, and realized that after a night of cultivation, he had not only achieved a breakthrough to the First Order but had also reached the First Order Middle Stage.

“First Order Middle Stage,” Huang Xiaolong mused as he watched the rising sun with eyes as bright as stars.

With his cultivation speed, he should be able to reach the First-stage Late-stage Peak in three days, or even break through the First Order to reach the Second Rank!

Huang Xiaolong walked out of his room and came to the small courtyard, clenching his fist tightly, his Fighting Energy flowing, he struck a half-meter tall large rock in the corner of the courtyard with a flash of light.

“Bang!” A resounding echo followed, and the half-meter tall rock was sent flying backward, rolling several meters before finally settling on the ground, with some fragments scattered around.

Huang Xiaolong nodded as he looked at the flying rock.

Generally, a warrior in the late stages of the First Order had the strength of one “dou”, equivalent to 120 pounds, and although he was only at the Middle Stage of the First Order, his combination of practicing Yijinjing meant his attack was comparable to that of warriors in the Late Stages.

Meanwhile, Huang Xiaolong realized that after a night of Fighting Energy cultivation, the muscles throughout his body had become much firmer.

From the First to Third Rank as Initial-stage warriors where the Fighting Energy flowed through the first to third layers of meridians, it could temper the entire body’s muscles.

If Huang Xiaolong reached the Late Stage Peak of the Third Rank, his muscles would be robust and full, his reactions several times sharper than now, and both his physical defense and strength would be much stronger than currently.

At that moment, a slight sound of footsteps came from outside the courtyard.

Huang Xiaolong's heart stirred, and then he shook his head, smiling, knowing it was his younger sister, Huang Min.

Indeed, it was followed by Huang Min's childlike voice, "Big brother, big brother!"

As Huang Xiaolong turned around, he saw Huang Min running into the courtyard and came before him, panting and saying, "Big brother, dad and mom are arguing."

"Did Dad and Mom start arguing?"

"What about?" Huang Xiaolong was surprised; in his memory, his parents never fought.

"I'm not sure."

"It seems to be about Uncle," Huang Min said.

"Related to Uncle." Huang Xiaolong furrowed his brows, "Let's go and see." Having said that, he led Huang Min out of the small courtyard toward the East Hall Courtyard, but Huang Xiaolong had not yet reached the Great Hall of the East Hall Courtyard when he could already hear the sounds of his parents arguing from afar.

"Big brother is bullying us too much!" The angry voice of Mother Su Yan rose: "Why is it that during this Martial Soul awakening, the other disciples all have Fighting Qi Pills, but our Xiao Long doesn't?!"

Huang Xiaolong involuntarily stopped in his tracks.

Fighting Qi Pill?

This is a Second Grade Spiritual Medicine which, after the awakening of the Martial Soul, if one could consume it, the condensation of Fighting Energy would be doubled in effectiveness.

Of course, for warriors at the Initial Stage, consuming a Fighting Qi Pill would also enhance their Combat Energy Cultivation.

"Didn't big brother say it?"

The manor has few Fighting Qi Pills left, and they were just distributed completely.

Xiao Long will receive his next time." Then, the exasperated voice of Father Huang Peng echoed.

"Just distributed completely?"

"That sounds nice."

Who would believe such nonsense!

There were twenty-six disciples at this Martial Soul awakening.

Even those with Wasted Martial Souls, Level 1 and Level 2 low-level Martial Souls, all received a Fighting Qi Pill, but our Xiao Long, with a Level 7 Martial Soul, did not, and he was the only one who didn't!" Mother Su Yan's voice grew even more indignant: "Why?!"

Why?!"

Our Xiao Long is still his nephew!"

Huang Xiaolong frowned; from his parents' argument, he could tell that during this Martial Soul awakening, apart from himself, the other disciples all received Fighting Qi Pills for their cultivation.

Two years ago, Huang Xiaolong had beaten Huang Wei terribly, and although Huang Ming didn't say much at the time, now it seemed that Uncle Huang Ming harbored significant resentment toward Huang Xiaolong.

Although Grandfather Huang Qide had not yet passed the position of Manor Master to Uncle Huang Ming, in recent years, Uncle Huang Ming had been in charge of all major and minor matters within the manor.

As Mother Su Yan said, although Huang Xiaolong was Huang Ming's nephew, like those others with Wasted Martial Souls, elders and steward disciples, everyone received a Fighting Qi Pill except for Huang Xiaolong.

This was too much of a "bullying"!

After all, Huang Xiaolong was still Huang Ming's nephew.

Was it necessary for Huang Ming to act like this?

By doing this, Huang Ming was not only holding a grudge against Huang Xiaolong but also humiliating his parents, Huang Peng and Su Yan, in front of all the elders and stewards of Huang Family Manor!

"This won't do, I'm going to ask Dad to settle this!" Inside the Great Hall, unable to swallow the insult, Su Yan angrily declared.

"You, come back here!" Huang Peng shouted furiously: "Such a trivial matter, and you want to take it to Dad?"

Aren't I already losing enough face?!"

Outside the Great Hall, hearing this, Huang Xiaolong silently turned back to walk away.

A trivial matter?

Huang Xiaolong's eyes flickered with light.

If Uncle Huang Ming was already starting to behave like this before even taking over as Manor Master, such 'trivial matters' might lead to even more significant trouble in the future!

Huang Min, seeing Huang Xiaolong leave without a word, was momentarily stunned before she realized what was happening and hurried after him: "Big brother, big brother!"

Without speaking, Huang Xiaolong led his sister Huang Min out of the East Hall Courtyard.

As it happened, just as they left the East Hall Courtyard, they ran into Huang Wei coming in their direction, followed by several disciples of Huang Family Manor, the very people who had bullied Huang Min in the past.

Upon seeing Huang Xiaolong coming out of the East Hall Courtyard, Huang Wei was surprised and then moved towards him and his sister with a few others.

(Thanks to Mermaid Sings at Dusk and Sister Weiyang for providing the cover!

Another update tonight, and the recommendation tickets are a bit low, so I'm asking for a recommendation ticket.)

4: Chapter 4 Family Annual Meeting 4: Chapter 4 Family Annual Meeting Huang Min saw Huang Wei and several others approaching and involuntarily hid behind Huang Xiaolong.

Huang Xiaolong stood there, watching Huang Wei and his group approach with an indifferent expression.

When Huang Wei reached Huang Xiaolong and stood firm, he looked down on him with a slightly superior gaze, "Huang Xiaolong, do you think you can protect your sister forever?"

Hearing this, Huang Xiaolong revealed a wicked smile, his eyes flashing with bloodthirst, "What, looking for a fight?" Having just exited the East Hall Courtyard, he was already fuming inside.

Behind Huang Wei, the elder Zhou Guang's son, Zhou Xuedong, seeing Huang Xiaolong's demeanor, couldn't help but speak out with displeasure, "Damn, you really

think you are—” However, before he finished speaking, a sudden scream escaped him as he was kicked in the stomach by Huang Xiaolong.

Like a big yellow shrimp, his body arched as he was sent flying.

With anger fueling him, Huang Xiaolong’s kick was naturally not light.

Zhou Xuedong was sent tumbling away, rolling six to seven meters before stopping.

He curled over, hands pressing on his stomach, his mouth open as wide as it could be, unable to make a sound, only feeling an intense burning sensation inside him as if his organs were churning violently.

A good few breaths later, Zhou Xuedong finally started to cry out.

His wails were thunderous and incredibly jarring.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Zhou Xuedong, his face coated with dust and tears streaming down like a waterfall, and couldn’t help but curl his lips in disdain.

Little kids will always be little kids, crying at the drop of a hat, just like peeing.

“You!” Huang Wei and a few other Huang Family Manor disciples behind him finally came to their senses.

Looking at Huang Xiaolong, their eyes filled with panic and shock, they hadn’t expected Huang Xiaolong to be so ruthless, even more so than two years ago!

“I what?” Huang Xiaolong looked at Huang Wei and the other disciples of Huang Family Manor elders with a brilliant smile, “Do you also want to try getting kicked by me?” Hearing this, Huang Wei and the others reflexively took several steps back, eyeing Huang Xiaolong’s right foot with terrified eyes.

Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong couldn’t help but chuckle.

Listening to Huang Xiaolong’s laughter, Huang Wei’s face turned red with rage, and with a mix of bluster and inner trepidation, he bellowed, “Huang Xiaolong, you dare attack an elder’s son without reason, wait until you are punished!”

“Attack without reason?” Huang Xiaolong looked at Huang Wei coldly, his eyes as sharp as knives.

Huang Wei, unable to meet Huang Xiaolong’s gaze, stammered, “You, just you wait, come the end-of-year family meeting, I’ll make you pay!” After speaking, he hurriedly walked off with the other elder’s descendants, dragging along Zhou Xuedong who was still clutching his stomach.

“Big brother, you hit Zhou Xuedong, when they tattle, won’t Uncle punish you?” Huang Min said worriedly, the image of the uncle whipping the misbehaving family youths to death haunting her mind.

“It’s fine, don’t worry about it,” Huang Xiaolong said nonchalantly as he watched Huang Wei and his group leave in disarray.

He was confident about that kick.

Even if Huang Ming, Zhou Guang, and others were to examine Zhou Xuedong, they wouldn’t find any injuries or even wounds on him.

Even if Uncle Huang Ming was to punish him, it would require evidence, right?

Without evidence, they can’t do anything to him, just like two years ago.

Huang Wei and his cronies had been dealt with miserably by him, yet Huang Xiaolong was unscathed.

“The family’s end-of-year conference,” Huang Xiaolong muttered to himself, eyes cold, after Huang Wei and the others had disappeared.

The Huang Family Manor held an end-of-year family meeting every year, where disciples of the same age could spar and learn from each other.

It looked like Huang Wei was planning to make his move against him at this year’s meeting, an opportunity to showcase his talent and strength in front of everyone and to exact his revenge.

With five months left until the end-of-year meeting, given Huang Wei’s talent and Grandfather Huang Qide’s personal guidance and devoted cultivation, he should be able to reach First-stage Late Stage of a warrior.

Huang Xiaolong couldn’t help but laugh, his laughter tinged with a hint of wickedness.

Since that was the case, in five months, he would beat up Huang Ming’s son so badly in front of Huang Ming that even his father wouldn’t recognize him.

“By the time of the annual meeting, Grandfather should also make an appearance,” Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Huang Wei was the grandson personally instructed in cultivation by Grandfather Huang Qide.

He was certain to show up for this year’s meeting.

A little while later, Huang Xiaolong sent his sister Huang Min back first, while he left the Huang Family Manor to head towards the back mountain.

In the back mountain, after practicing Yijinjing for a while, Huang Xiaolong turned around and went back to his own courtyard.

The Yijinjing was a supreme Martial Arts secret scripture from his previous life in Huaxia.

Even without cultivating Fighting Energy, Huang Xiaolong insisted on proceeding with his training in Yijinjing.

It was rumored that at its highest realm, the Yijinjing granted one mysterious and unfathomable power.

Moreover, last night when cultivating Fighting Energy, Huang Xiaolong discovered that when the Fighting Energy circulated, the inner energy in his body did too, complementing the Fighting Energy in his meridians.

That was why he could advance his Fighting Energy to the First Order Middle Stage overnight.

It was related to the four years he had previously spent cultivating Yijinjing.

Otherwise, even with a Super Martial Soul, reaching the First Order Middle Stage in one night would have been impossible.

After returning to his courtyard, Huang Xiaolong began circulating the Mystic Azure Technique and continued to cultivate his Fighting Energy.

Three days passed by quickly.

During these three days, outside of eating, drinking, and the calls of nature, Huang Xiaolong spent nearly all his time either cultivating Fighting Energy in his courtyard or practicing Yijinjing on the back mountain.

The fourth day.

The moonlight was like silver, and the night deep and silent.

As usual, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged on his bed and started to circulate the Mystic Azure Technique.

Behind him, the Two-headed Snake Martial Soul devoured the nature's spiritual energy around him at a terrifying speed.

The spiritual energy from nature surged madly into Huang Xiaolong, transforming into Fighting Energy.

Compared to three days ago, the Fighting Energy in the meridians of his body had thickened tenfold, circulating rapidly over and over.

Day and night of cultivation over the past three days brought Huang Xiaolong to the First-stage Late-stage Peak.

He had a premonition that tonight, he would break through the second layer and advance to the Second Rank.

More than an hour later, the Fighting Energy that had been rushing through the meridians in Huang Xiaolong's body grew even more frenzied—it was like the waves under a storm, causing the meridians to swell with a dull pain due to the mad impact of the Fighting Energy.

However, this level of pain was insignificant to Huang Xiaolong.

As the Fighting Energy madly circulated, Huang Xiaolong had the sensation of being on the verge of a breakthrough, but felt blocked and unable to push through, like a huge wave crashing against a dam only to be pushed back.

Huang Xiaolong did not get discouraged and knew that it was a critical moment.

He circulated the Mystic Azure Technique even faster, stirring the Fighting Energy in his meridians.

Then, at the moment when the Fighting Energy inside him was circulating most violently, suddenly, a faint vibrating sound that only Huang Xiaolong could hear rang out from within his body—the barrier to the second layer had finally been broken through!

The Fighting Energy from the first layer meridians, as if finding a release, surged into the second layer meridians in an instant, impacting, surging, and cheering.

Huang Xiaolong felt elated in his heart.

After several days of arduous cultivation, he had finally broken through the second layer and advanced to a Second-stage Warrior!

(Thanks to book friend 130704135308332 for the reward.

This friend was the first to give a reward to “Invincible,” thank you.)

5: Chapter 5 Disable My Hands?

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Second-stage Warrior!

From starting his cultivation to becoming a Second-stage Warrior, Huang Xiaolong only took a little over three days!

While he dared not claim that none should follow, there were definitely none who preceded him!

Typically, a disciple with a Tenth-level Martial Soul needed about a year to break through to the Second Rank, and even those with a general Super Martial Soul needed about half a year.

But Huang Xiaolong, he only took a mere three days!

Huang Xiaolong suppressed the excitement in his heart, circulating his Cultivation Technique, and the Fighting Energy in his Second Level meridians slowly calmed down, quietly flowing before slowly moving on.

If the First Level meridians could be likened to a small stream, then the Second Level meridians were like a small river, wider and larger, capable of holding more Fighting Energy.

A night passed.

When the warm morning sunshine streamed in through the window and bathed Huang Xiaolong, he finally ceased his Cultivation and opened his eyes.

After a night of Cultivation, he had stabilized his strength as a Second-stage Warrior.

“Wonder how Huang Wei is doing with his cultivation,” Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

Then he stood up, jumped down from the bed, walked out of the room, and stretched his limbs in the sunlight.

After walking out of the room, Huang Xiaolong’s gaze swept over to the half-meter tall stone in the corner of the small courtyard that he had knocked away a few days ago.

He couldn’t help but stride over to it.

Standing in front of the stone, Huang Xiaolong raised his right hand, with light flickering in his palm, and Fighting Energy surged forth as he fiercely slapped down.

The rock trembled violently, and tiny pieces of stone fell off, scattering on the ground.

Huang Xiaolong retracted his right palm, and small, fine cracks extended across the stone.

Seeing the effect of his palm's strength, Huang Xiaolong nodded in satisfaction.

As anticipated, now that he had advanced to the Early Stage of the Second Rank, his attack power was comparable to a warrior in the Late Stage of the Second Rank, with the strength of his palm worth two stones.

If this were back on Earth, the idea of a seven-year-old child possessing the strength of two hundred jins would be unimaginable, but in the Martial Soul World, it was nothing out of the ordinary.

Huang Xiaolong left the small courtyard and headed towards the East Hall Courtyard.

However, he hadn't gone far from his small courtyard when he heard several of the family's guards discussing ahead.

"Tsk tsk, I heard that Young Master Huang Wei only took three days to successfully condense Fighting Energy!

It took us almost two months to do the same when we began!

By this rate, Young Master Huang Wei might break through the First Rank in less than four months!"

"I wonder how Young Master Xiao Long is doing with his cultivation?"

"Young Master Xiao Long?"

Although Young Master Xiao Long's talent is also not bad, he probably needs a month to successfully condense Fighting Energy.

He simply cannot be compared to Young Master Huang Wei, breaking through the First Rank would at least take a year, right?"

Huang Wei condensed his Fighting Energy successfully?

Huang Xiaolong stood with his hands behind his back, looking like an adult as he watched the talking guards walk away.

As he watched the backs of the guards disappear, Huang Xiaolong turned and continued walking towards the East Hall Courtyard.

In a short while, he arrived at the East Hall Courtyard, and upon entering the Great Hall, he saw his father Huang Peng and his mother Su Yan were both there.

Besides his father Huang Peng and his mother Su Yan, his younger sister Huang Min and his four-year-old younger brother Huang Xiaohai were also present.

“Dad, Mom,” Huang Xiaolong greeted as he walked into the Great Hall.

“Sit,” Huang Peng said, lifting his head and pointing to a seat next to the Great Hall.

There was a hint of worry between his brows.

After Huang Xiaolong sat down, he noticed that Su Yan also looked worried and couldn't help asking, “Dad, Mom, what happened?”

“Did you hit Zhou Guang's son a few days ago?” Huang Peng stared at his son and asked.

Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but look towards his younger sister Huang Min.

Without a doubt, it must have been this girl who spilled the beans.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong looking at her, Huang Min stuck out her tongue and dared not meet his gaze.

“That kid had it coming,” Huang Xiaolong said calmly.

Huang Peng and Su Yan both started, exchanging glances.

“How is your cultivation going these couple of days?” A while later, Huang Peng didn't press further on that matter and changed the subject.

Huang Xiaolong had been cultivating day and night in his small courtyard, dedicating himself to bitter training, which Huang Peng and Su Yan had seen and were greatly comforted by.

Hearing his father ask about his cultivation, Huang Xiaolong hesitated, wondering whether he should tell his parents the truth or hide a portion of his strength, simply saying that he had successfully condensed Fighting Energy?

Seeing his son hesitate, Huang Peng couldn't help but offer words of comfort, “It's only been a few days.

It's fine if you haven't condensed Fighting Energy yet.

It took your dad more than a month to succeed when I first did it.”

“Yes, Xiao Long, your talent is even higher than your dad's.

You'll definitely be able to condense Fighting Energy within a month!" Su Yan followed up.

It seemed that they thought Huang Xiaolong's hesitation arose because he was embarrassed to admit he hadn't managed to condense Fighting Energy yet.

Huang Xiaolong, hearing his parents' words, was taken aback for a moment and then gave a wry smile inwardly.

However, after a brief consideration, he went along with what they were saying, "Dad, Mom, don't worry.

Within a month, I will definitely be able to condense Fighting Energy!"

Huang Peng and Su Yan, hearing their son's "oath," felt deeply reassured.

However, their brows furrowed more deeply with worry, and as Huang Xiaolong wondered what could be the cause, Huang Peng said, "Xiao Long, the day before yesterday, Huang Wei declared that he's going to cripple your hands at the family's annual meeting!"

Huang Xiaolong then understood the root of his parents' concern.

While others might not dare to do such a thing, if Huang Wei had said it, then he might very well cripple Huang Xiaolong's hands during the annual meeting.

Huang Xiaolong knew that even if Huang Wei did cripple his hands, he would just claim it was an accidental injury, and his grandfather, Huang Qide, would likely do nothing more than scold Huang Wei a few times without imposing any punishment.

"Cripple my hands?" Huang Xiaolong chuckled, feeling a surge of defiance rising from within his heart.

Seeing her son's nonchalant expression, Su Yan, worried that he didn't grasp the seriousness of the situation, raised her voice anxiously, "Xiao Long, Huang Wei has already succeeded in condensing Fighting Energy, and by the end of the year, he might even reach the Warrior First Order Late Stage.

What he says, he can do; he might really cripple your hands at the annual meeting!" As Su Yan spoke, the thought of her son having his hands crippled brought tears to her eyes.

"What can we do!

What can we do!" Su Yan cried, tears falling.

Huang Peng, seeing his wife crying, became irritated, "Women are such crybabies, what good does crying do?"

Su Yan turned to him, her eyes brimming with tears, "But what if Xiao Long really does get crippled by Huang Wei?"

If Xiao Long's hands are crippled, how will he live on?

Huang Peng, why don't you go beg your elder brother to ask Huang Wei to spare our Xiao Long?"

"Beg Big Brother?" Huang Peng frowned.

"I know it's embarrassing for you, but are you really going to just stand by and watch Xiao Long get crippled by Huang Wei?!" Su Yan's crying grew louder.

Seeing their mother crying, Huang Min and Huang Xiaohai, the two little ones, also came to Su Yan's side and began to cry, their voices melding in a chorus of sobs.

Just as Huang Xiaolong was about to speak up, Huang Peng suddenly stood up, his teeth gritted with determination, "Fine, I'll go!" Having said that, he walked over to Huang Xiaolong, took his hand, and headed toward the North Hall Courtyard where Huang Ming was.

"Father, I—" As they left the East Hall Courtyard, Huang Xiaolong began to speak, intending to explain that there was no need to plead with Huang Ming, but Huang Peng cut him off with a stern face, "Xiao Long, when you are in front of your uncle later, you must be obedient, understand?" After speaking, without allowing Huang Xiaolong to argue, he led him straight to the North Hall Courtyard.

When they reached the North Hall Courtyard, Huang Ming and his son Huang Wei were in the Great Hall of the North Hall Courtyard, and by coincidence, Elder Zhou Guang and his son Zhou Xuedong were also there.

(Thanks to ksdra, Night Dance, Fat Boy 6, zfy01, Fireworks in the Night Sky, Jackal 22, and other book friends for the rewards.

Truthfully, seeing those platinum authors get ten or a hundred Alliance Hierarchs on the first day of publishing, it's false to say I'm not envious.

However, I also know that's not something to envy, as the only way is to plot carefully and write about becoming invincible.

I hope everyone can cast a vote for recommendations!)

6: Chapter 6: It's No Use Begging Me 6: Chapter 6: It's No Use Begging Me Sitting in the Great Hall, Huang Ming saw Huang Peng walking in with Huang Xiaolong and was somewhat taken aback, but he did not stand up and remained seated.

"Second Manor Master." Zhou Guang and his son Zhou Xuedong saw Huang Peng come in and did not dare to remain seated like Huang Ming, standing up and saying.

Huang Peng glanced at Zhou Guang and his son Zhou Xuedong, nodded, then turned to Huang Ming and said, "Big brother."

Huang Xiaolong followed with a call, "Uncle," his voice somewhat reluctant.

Huang Ming's face was expressionless as he spoke, "You're here, Second Brother, take a seat."

Huang Peng and Huang Xiaolong took their seats beside the Great Hall.

After sitting down, Huang Peng sat up straight, thinking about what to say, but for a moment did not know how to begin.

"Second Brother, what brings you here?" Just then, Huang Ming asked.

Huang Peng hesitated, then spoke truthfully, "Big brother, I've heard that Huang Wei said he's going to cripple Xiaolong's hands at the family's annual meeting, so, so..." Huang Peng paused.

"Oh, is that so?" Surprise showed on Huang Ming's face.

Huang Xiaolong watched his uncle Huang Ming's deadpan face, sneered inwardly.

Even his father Huang Peng had heard about it; the news must have spread throughout the Huang Family Manor.

How could Huang Ming not know?

"Huang Wei, is this true?" Then, Huang Ming turned to ask his son Huang Wei.

Huang Wei didn't blink, his face not showing panic, and he said, "There's no such thing." At this, Huang Wei glanced at Huang Peng and Huang Xiaolong and continued, "I think someone is using this as a pretext to cause trouble at our North Hall!"

Upon hearing this, Huang Peng's face turned red with anger.

Was Huang Wei implying that he and his son had come here to make trouble without cause?!

Huang Xiaolong observed his uncle Huang Ming and cousin Huang Wei acting out their questions and answers, sneering inwardly.

“Big brother, what do you think about this matter?” Huang Peng suppressed his anger, turning his head to look at Huang Ming.

Huang Ming waved his hand, still wearing that deadpan expression, “Alright, Second Brother, since there’s no such thing, you can go back now!”

No such thing!

Wasn’t Huang Ming’s implication also that Huang Peng was here to cause trouble for no reason?!

Huang Peng struggled to suppress his rage, “Big brother, are you also saying that we, father and son, came here looking for trouble because we’re full and have nothing better to do?”

Huang Ming frowned, his expression cooling, “Even if this is true, what about it?”

During the family annual meeting, it is normal for disciples of the same age to compete and learn from each other.”

Huang Ming said it lightly but made no mention of Huang Wei crippling Huang Xiaolong’s hands.

Huang Peng’s face turned furious as he abruptly stood up, staring intently at his big brother Huang Ming, “Are you saying that it’s normal for Huang Wei to cripple Xiao Long’s hands at the time?!”

Huang Ming’s expression was indifferent, “Are you suggesting that I should forbid the disciples of the same age to spar and learn from each other during the annual meeting?”

It’s a rule set by our father for the annual meeting.

Are you saying that the rule our father set is wrong?!”

A cold light flashed in Huang Xiaolong’s eyes.

Huang Peng simply wanted Huang Ming to tell his son Huang Wei to show some mercy, everyone in the Great Hall could hear the intention of his father’s words, but Huang Ming deliberately twisted it to suggest Huang Peng was asking him to forbid the disciples from sparring entirely, clearly insinuating that his father was intentionally making things difficult for him!

Zhou Guang and his son Zhou Xuedong sat there, not speaking, yet their eyes conveyed a sense of delight in another's misfortune.

Huang Peng's face was purplish red, his fists clenched tight, obviously furious to the extreme.

He took a deep breath and said to Huang Ming, "Xiao Long is your nephew!"

Huang Ming's eyelids lifted slightly as he glanced at Huang Xiaolong and said to Huang Peng, "Do I need you to remind me of this matter?"

Do you think I don't know he's my nephew?

Even if he is my nephew, begging me is useless!"

Huang Peng burst into a furious laughter, "Good, good," he said.

Now, he finally saw his eldest brother's true colors, and a sense of desolation surged in his heart.

Decades of brotherhood had become so estranged!

Unable to contain himself, Huang Xiaolong coldly said, "Huang Ming, do you really think your son can cripple my hands at the annual family meeting?"

"Presumptuous!" upset that Huang Xiaolong, a mere child, was addressing him by name in front of Zhou Guang, Huang Ming rose abruptly from his seat and swung his palm towards Huang Xiaolong, sending a powerful Fighting Energy towards him.

Just as it was about to strike Huang Xiaolong's chest, a figure flashed and stepped in front of Huang Xiaolong, countering with a palm strike.

"Boom!" A loud echo ensued as the figure in front of Huang Xiaolong was driven back repeatedly.

"Dad, are you alright?!" Huang Xiaolong, in a panic, flashed to Huang Peng's side; the one who had just received Huang Ming's palm strike was Huang Peng himself.

Huang Peng gestured with his hand and shook his head, "I'm fine."

Despite his fury, Huang Ming had restrained himself because Huang Xiaolong was his nephew; otherwise, Huang Peng, with his Sixth-stage Late Stage strength, wouldn't have been able to withstand a palm strike from Seventh-stage Late Stage Huang Ming.

Seeing his father unharmed, Huang Xiaolong breathed a sigh of relief.

At this moment, Huang Wei stepped forward and spoke up, "Uncle, it's not impossible for me to spare Huang Xiaolong."

All he needs to do is kneel down, kowtow three times to admit his wrong, and let me slap him twenty times.

Then, I will let him off at the year-end meeting!"

Three kowtows and twenty slaps?

Huang Peng's brow tightened as he looked towards his son.

Huang Xiaolong looked at Huang Wei and let out a cold laugh, "Whether in the past or now, I, Huang Xiaolong, kneel only to the heavens and the earth, never to any person!" Then, he said to Huang Peng, "Father, let's go."

Kneel only to the heavens and the earth, never to any person.

Huang Peng was taken aback, then a smile of admiration crossed his face, "Good, my son, let's go." Having said that, he turned around with Huang Xiaolong and left.

Huang Wei, watching the departing figures of Huang Peng and Huang Xiaolong, felt a surge of irritation and yelled at Huang Xiaolong's retreating figure, "Huang Xiaolong, do you really think I wouldn't dare to cripple your hands at the family's annual meeting?!"

Huang Xiaolong didn't look back, and he disappeared at the entrance of the North Hall with his father, Huang Peng.

Huang Ming watched their departing silhouettes, his eyes showing complex emotions.

"Great Manor Master, this Huang Xiaolong relies on his status and shows no respect for his elders, daring to call the Great Manor Master by name in front of everyone, this is too..." At this point, Zhou Guang started to speak up.

However, before he could finish, Huang Ming sent a palm his way, leaving a clear print of five fingers on Zhou Guang's face.

Huang Ming looked at Zhou Guang expressionlessly, his eyes sharp as knives, "This is a matter between my brother and me; it's none of your business!"

"Yes, yes, Great Manor Master, I misspoke, I misspoke!" Zhou Guang said hastily, nodding again and again in panic.

After a while, Huang Xiaolong and his father, Huang Peng, who had left the North Hall, returned to the East Hall.

Su Yan, seeing Huang Xiaolong and Huang Peng return, quickly went up to them, asking anxiously, "How did it go?!"

Huang Peng didn't know how to begin, while Huang Xiaolong said, "Mother, don't worry about the family's annual meeting; I will be fine."

Hearing this, Su Yan thought Huang Wei had agreed to spare her son at the meeting, and her hanging heart was relieved.

She smiled broadly, "That's good, that's good!"

Watching his wife's content smile, Huang Peng opened his mouth to speak but ultimately said nothing.