

Invincible Over the World #Chapter 7 - 7 7 The Strange Valley - Read Invincible Over the World Chapter 7 - 7 7 The Strange Valley

7: Chapter 7: The Strange Valley 7: Chapter 7: The Strange Valley After returning from the East Hall Courtyard, Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged on the wooden bed in his room, ruminating over the arrogant, indifferent, and hypocritical display of Huang Ming and his son at the North Hall earlier that day, feeling the malice within him rising continually.

Originally, he had some reservations about beating Huang Wei to the point where even his father wouldn't recognize him at the end of the year, but now that last shred of hesitation had completely disappeared from his heart.

"Huang Ming must think he has the position of Manor Master firmly secured by now," Huang Xiaolong sneered.

Since Huang Wei's Martial Soul had awakened, almost all of the Huang Family Manor's elders had sided with Huang Ming, which led to the incident with the Fighting Qi Pill and today's event at the North Hall.

A moment later, Huang Xiaolong suppressed the resentment in his heart and continued to channel the Mystic Azure Technique to cultivate his Fighting Energy.

The Mutant Two-headed Snake Martial Soul unfurled its twin mouths behind Huang Xiaolong, voraciously devouring the spiritual energy of nature around him.

Huang Xiaolong noticed that after advancing to the Second Rank, the Two-headed Snake Martial Soul behind him swallowed the surrounding nature's spiritual energy at a speed much faster than before.

Moreover, the Martial Soul, which was originally only the size of two palms, had grown significantly larger, with the black and blue glows on its body becoming much more intense.

As the Two-headed Snake Martial Soul's twin mouths swallowed the surrounding nature's spiritual energy, the black and blue glows continuously pulsed.

Masses of nature's spiritual energy flowed continuously into Huang Xiaolong's meridians, transforming into Fighting Energy, circulating within the Second Level of his meridians, over and over again.

Quickly, several days passed.

During those days, Huang Xiaolong cultivated day and night, almost to the point of madness.

After several days of cultivation, Huang Xiaolong gradually reached the peak of the early Second Rank.

Over these days, Huang Peng and Su Yan visited Huang Xiaolong's courtyard nearly every day.

Seeing their son cultivating so fervently, they were naturally distressed.

Especially Su Yan, who shed tears in secret on several occasions.

Though Huang Peng and Huang Xiaolong did not speak of it, she had still learned about the incident at the North Hall a few days ago from the manor's servants.

Half a month went by.

In those half a month, aside from cultivating Fighting Energy in his courtyard, Huang Xiaolong would go to the back mountain to practice the Yijinjing.

Naturally, this had to be kept secret, which meant Huang Xiaolong could only practice at night in the back mountain.

In the pitch-dark of night, under the dense trees of the mountain forest, a small figure stood in an odd position, with moonlight filtering through the leaves, dappling the ground.

Huang Xiaolong raised his hands high above his head, and as he channeled the Yijinjing, spiritual energy from nature flowed into his meridians at a visibly swift pace, then transforming into Inner Strength, converging at the Dantian located near his navel.

The darkness of night gradually faded, giving way to the light of dawn.

As sunlight began to illuminate the morning dew on the surrounding grass, Huang Xiaolong finally opened his eyes and ceased the circulation of the Yijinjing.

Huang Xiaolong suddenly shouted, his palms moving in swift motions, his figure leaping and shifting atop the grass, leaving behind layers upon layers of handprints in his wake.

Currents of air swirled and whistled through the space around him as he moved.

This was the high-level Martial Art from his family in his previous life, Mian Palm.

As Huang Xiaolong swung his palms, his hands were as flexible as if boneless, and towards the end of his practice, each palm strike left a handprint of condensed moisture in the air, which lingered for a long time.

The ultimate level of Mian Palm was to be cohesive but not dissipate, with a subtle strength that was enduring and unbroken.

In his past life, Huang Xiaolong was a martial arts prodigy, not only because his body was excellent material for martial arts training but also due to his terrifying ability to comprehend martial arts.

Half an hour later, Huang Xiaolong slowly came to a stop.

A few breaths after that, the trees around the size of bowl openings had all toppled over, each tree trunk bearing a faint handprint.

Furrowing his brow as he looked at the faint handprints on the trunks, Huang Xiaolong thought that if it had been in his former life, his Mian Palm's palm power wouldn't have left any mark at all upon striking a tree.

In the end, it was because his current Inner Strength was too weak.

"I wonder how powerful the Combat Skills of this Martial Soul World are," Huang Xiaolong thought quietly.

However, Family Young Masters generally had to reach the warrior Middle Stage Fourth-stage before they could learn Combat Skills, because only with a certain foundation of Fighting Energy could they bring out the power of Combat Skills.

Even if a warrior at Initial Stage practiced Combat Skills, it wouldn't be very useful.

Just then, a strange noise suddenly came from behind him.

Huang Xiaolong's heart stirred, and as he turned around to look, he saw a half-meter-sized, light purple monkey with pale blue eyes hanging on a tree ahead.

"Soul-devouring Purple Monkey!" Huang Xiaolong exclaimed in surprise.

In his past life, Huang Xiaolong had read in the family's ancient texts that the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey was a rare spiritual beast in the world.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong look over, the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey suddenly grinned and chattered, gesticulating with its hands and then turning its head to run deeper into the forest.

After some hesitation, Huang Xiaolong followed the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey into the deeper parts of the mountain forest.

What Huang Xiaolong hadn't expected was how fast the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey could move through the trees.

If it weren't for Huang Xiaolong's years of cultivating the Yijinjing and using the Heavenly Revolving Steps, he would have found it very difficult to keep up.

Half an hour later, after crossing numerous small rivers and forests, Huang Xiaolong followed the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey to a valley.

Silence reigned, an oppressive yin energy emitted from the valley, causing Huang Xiaolong to frown.

"Chitter chitter chitter!" As Huang Xiaolong hesitated whether to enter the valley or not, the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey that had gone into the valley ran back out and called out to him, clearly beckoning Huang Xiaolong to follow it inside.

After thinking it over, Huang Xiaolong lifted his foot and followed the little creature into the valley.

Upon entering, he was greeted by a damp and musty air, tinged with an unpleasant odor.

Not far inside the valley, Huang Xiaolong saw scattered human bones on the ground, which looked like they had been dead for many years.

As they went deeper, the number of bones increased drastically, nearly to the point where they could be described as mountains of bones.

Even for someone like Huang Xiaolong who had lived two lives, the sight was chilling to the bone.

However, just as Huang Xiaolong was about to leave the valley, he unexpectedly entered a green meadow, fragrant with life and covered in exotic flowers and grasses—a veritable paradise.

In the center of the meadow lay Green Lake, and Huang Xiaolong was dumbfounded, not expecting to find a paradise behind the skeleton-filled hell at the front half of the valley.

At this moment, the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey came to a standstill at a cliff within the valley, calling and gesturing to Huang Xiaolong, pointing toward the top of the cliff.

Huang Xiaolong approached and followed its direction to see a short, thick green branch sticking out from the cliff with several red fruits on it.

The fruits were so dazzlingly red they captivated the eyes, and whiffs of unusual fragrance wafted from them, intoxicating to those who smelled it.

“Is this, could this be Yang Fruit?!” Huang Xiaolong gasped, a surge of excitement rushing through him.

Yang Fruits, growing in Extreme Yin Lands yet consisting of the condensed Nine Yang Qi of heaven and earth, when ingested by those cultivating Combat Energy, not only could enhance Combat Energy Cultivation but also possessed the incredible benefit of Washing Marrow, which would be unimaginable for future cultivation!

8: Chapter 8 The Adventure at the Bottom of the Lake 8: Chapter 8 The Adventure at the Bottom of the Lake Huang Xiaolong looked at the several Yang Fruits on the mountain wall, his eyes ablaze with intense light, his throat moving slightly, and then he turned towards the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey, finally understanding the little guy’s reason for bringing him here.

The Yang Fruits were growing more than twenty or thirty meters up the mountain wall.

The little guy must want to eat them but can’t reach them, so did it ask him to come and help pick them?

“Little guy, are you asking me to help you pick these Yang Fruits?” Huang Xiaolong asked.

“Chirp chirp chirp!” The Soul-devouring Purple Monkey’s eyes lit up with joy, chirping incessantly while nodding.

Huang Xiaolong smiled.

This little guy was quite cute.

He turned his head back, looked at the Yang Fruits growing some twenty meters high on the mountain wall, and then scanned the surroundings of the cliff face.

The mountain wall was smooth, almost a straight ascent with hardly any footholds.

The difficulty of picking the Yang Fruits from twenty meters up was no small feat, especially for the current Huang Xiaolong.

After a while, Huang Xiaolong leaped up, reaching a height of four or five meters, his right hand formed into a claw, and Inner Strength burst forth as he stabbed fiercely into the cliff.

The mountain wall was extremely hard, and with Huang Xiaolong's current Inner Strength, he could only bury his fingers a short distance into the cliff, but it was just enough to support his small body hanging in mid-air.

Then, Huang Xiaolong extended his left hand into a claw and stabbed it into the cliff to steady his body completely before continuing to scale towards the Yang Fruit step by step.

Every step took a great effort as Huang Xiaolong had to run his Inner Strength for support, so it was extremely strenuous.

By the time he reached about ten meters high, Huang Xiaolong was already panting heavily, and his speed had slowed down.

The Soul-devouring Purple Monkey, which had initially been chirping noisily on the ground, quieted down upon seeing this, its pale blue eyes anxiously watching Huang Xiaolong who seemed like he could fall at any moment.

Under the watchful eyes of the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey, Huang Xiaolong's slender body finally reached the Yang Fruits twenty meters high on the mountain wall.

He looked at the five Yang Fruits in front of him with excitement lighting his eyes.

He took out a small cloth he had prepared earlier, picked the fruits one by one, wrapped them in the cloth, and then leaped down towards the ground.

Midair, Huang Xiaolong's feet lightly tapped on several spots beneath the mountain wall, landing steadily on the ground.

Seeing Huang Xiaolong successfully pick the Yang Fruits and come down, the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey let out excited chirps, dancing with joy, extremely delighted.

After dancing around for a while, the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey calmed down and then stared intently at the Yang Fruits in Huang Xiaolong's hands, looking eagerly expectant.

"Little guy, catch." Seeing this, Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but smile and tossed two Yang Fruits over.

The Soul-devouring Purple Monkey leaped up, catching the two Yang Fruits with its hands, chirped happily at Huang Xiaolong, and then went to one side, stuffing the two fruits directly into its mouth and sat down cross-legged, absorbing the Spiritual Power of the Yang Fruits.

Watching the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey cultivate and absorb the Spiritual Power of the Yang Fruits, Huang Xiaolong wasn't surprised.

Most spiritual beasts could cultivate on their own, let alone the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey, which was a top-grade existence among them.

Seeing the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey cultivating and absorbing the Spiritual Power of the Yang Fruits, Huang Xiaolong scanned the surroundings of the valley, confirmed it was safe, and then sat down cross-legged as well.

He took out a Yang Fruit, swallowed it, and then began to run his Mystic Azure Technique, absorbing the Spiritual Power of the Yang Fruit.

As the Spiritual Power of the Yang Fruit spread within Huang Xiaolong's body, soon he was surrounded by a bunch of Nine Yang Qi.

Nine Yang Qi is one of the most pure and high-quality fire attribute Spiritual Energy between heaven and earth.

Enveloped in Nine Yang Qi, Huang Xiaolong felt extremely comfortable and warm, as if soaking in a hot spring, and the Fighting Energy in the meridians within his body circulated rapidly.

Several hours passed.

The cross-legged Huang Xiaolong slowly opened his eyes.

After several hours, he had completely refined and absorbed the Spiritual Power of the Yang Fruit.

Huang Xiaolong found that the Fighting Energy within him had become more than twice as thick as before, reaching the Second Order Late Stage!

Originally, he had estimated that it would take at least another month for him to reach the Second Order Late Stage, but now he had easily achieved it.

Huang Xiaolong was overjoyed, but at that moment, a stench invaded his nostrils.

Looking down, he saw his skin was covered in a sticky black mud, a byproduct he recognized from his past life experience of ingesting Spiritual Medicines like the Yang Fruit—impurities from within the body.

Huang Xiaolong leaped up, feeling light and airy, and with an inexplicable sense of comfort within him.

After moving his limbs around, he noticed the Shi Ling Purple Monkey was still sitting cross-legged nearby, obviously still refining the Yang Fruit's Spiritual Energy.

Deciding not to disturb it, he headed towards the green lake in the middle of the grassy field.

Upon reaching the Green Lake, Huang Xiaolong stripped off all his clothes, carefully placed the remaining two Yang Fruits aside, and with a splash, he dove into the lake.

Feeling uncomfortable with the sticky black mud all over him, he was intent on taking a refreshing bath.

Once in the Green Lake, Huang Xiaolong quickly washed the grime off his body.

Just as he was about to get out of the water, he suddenly felt a cold stream surge from the bottom of the lake.

It was subtle, barely noticeable unless one was paying attention.

Intrigued, Huang Xiaolong dived toward the bottom to investigate.

It wasn't long before Huang Xiaolong discovered an opening at the lake bed, the source of the cold stream.

A short while later, Huang Xiaolong arrived at the entrance of the cave and jumped in.

Upon entering, he found the cave's walls dry and not as damp as he had imagined.

Embedded in the stone wall of the cave entrance was a Water-Repelling Pearl the size of a goose egg.

That single Water-Repelling Pearl, if auctioned off outside, would be worth a hundred thousand Gold Coins.

Curiosity piqued, Huang Xiaolong followed the cave passage for about ten meters and came upon a Great Hall spanning over a hundred square meters.

The hall was completely empty, a quick glance revealed nothing within, but there were three rooms around its periphery.

Huang Xiaolong headed towards the first room.

The first room held nothing, empty as well.

Entering the second room, Huang Xiaolong became slightly dumbfounded to find it, too, was empty.

"Damn, don't tell me the third room is also empty," Huang Xiaolong couldn't help but curse.

In the third room, Huang Xiaolong peered inside to see a jade bed, with a book made of an unknown material placed on top.

Besides that, two half-meter long black blades hung on the stone wall.

After a moment's pause, Huang Xiaolong's gaze fell upon the book on the jade bed.

Walking over, he picked it up, and although the book seemed thin, it was surprisingly heavy, making Huang Xiaolong's arm sink, weighing perhaps twenty to thirty pounds.

Looking at the cover, Huang Xiaolong saw the title "Asura Technique" written in archaic script.

Just then, a terrifying aura of slaughter emanated from it, causing a thunderous noise in Huang Xiaolong's mind and a flash in his eyes.

He found himself on the Corpse Bone Mountain Range, constructed of endless skeletons, surrounded by a boundless Blood Sea.

Huang Xiaolong stood atop the Corpse Mountain's peak as if transformed into a Hell Shura.

Resentful Spirits hovered above the skeletons, rushing towards Huang Xiaolong with gaping maws, ready to devour him.

Just as the relentless spirits were about to consume Huang Xiaolong, a flash of light appeared before his eyes, and he was back in the cave's chamber.

Although it was only a moment, Huang Xiaolong was soaked in cold sweat.

He looked at the Asura Technique in his hands with dread.

However, when he looked again, the visions of the Blood Sea and Corpse Mountain didn't reappear, and he exhaled deeply.

After a while, Huang Xiaolong suppressed the shock in his heart and opened the first page of the Asura Technique with somewhat trembling hands.

(The recommendations are still too few.

As always, I hope that friends who read pirated versions will come to the starting point and cast a preference vote to support Divine.

Of course, many friends may not know that Divine's new book has been published.

If you find this book exciting, I hope you can help promote it for Divine.

Thank you!)

9: Chapter 9 Shura Blade 9: Chapter 9 Shura Blade Upon opening the first page of the Asura Technique, there was only a drawing of an Asura with blood-red eyes, a robust upper body with exposed muscles, and white hair standing upright.

Looking at this humanoid Asura drawing, an aura as if from Hell's slaughter overwhelmed Huang Xiaolong like the Endless Sea, turning his eyes blood-red and his expression bewildered and painful.

Just as Huang Xiaolong was about to descend into madness, suddenly, the Two-headed Snake Martial Soul appeared behind him.

The heads roared to the sky with a deafening cry, dispelling the blood-red in his eyes, and he came back to his senses, greatly shocked.

At this moment, the Asura drawing on the first page flew out from the page, flashed with light, and imprinted itself into Huang Xiaolong's forehead, adding a layer of cultivation technique in his mind.

This layer of cultivation technique was indeed the first level of the Asura Technique.

"Hell's Origin, the beginning of sin..." As he silently recited the first level of the Fighting Energy cultivation technique of the Asura Technique, Huang Xiaolong felt it profoundly mysterious.

In the Martial Soul World, Fighting Energy Techniques were graded into Heaven, Earth, Xuan, and Huang, each grade divided into low, middle, and high tiers.

Huang Xiaolong wondered which grade the Asura Technique belonged to.

After a while, Huang Xiaolong turned to the second page, which also featured a humanoid Asura drawing.

However, different from the first, this figure had two black wings behind it, spread wide, emanating killing intent and arrogance.

Just like before, when Huang Xiaolong turned to the second page, a slaughtering aura from Hell instantly submerged his consciousness.

However, the Two-headed Snake Martial Soul behind him appeared and suppressed this malicious aura, branding the second level of the Asura Technique into Huang Xiaolong's mind.

The third page, the fourth page, the fifth page...

Huang Xiaolong flipped through one page after another.

With each page turned, a new layer of the Asura Technique was added to his mind.

Since he wasn't flipping through the pages quickly, it took him more than an hour to reach the final page.

The last page was not a technique of the Asura Technique but was inscribed with a line of powerful, flowing script.

“Carrying the slaughtering aura of Hell, whoever obtains my Asura Technique will be my direct disciple and succeed as the head of the Asura Sect!

When Asura emerges, invincible under the heavens!”

This inscription was signed by Ren Wokuang, the first Sect Leader of the Asura Sect!

When Asura emerges, invincible under the heavens!

Huang Xiaolong was shocked.

How arrogant could this Ren Wokuang, the first Sect Leader of the Asura Sect, be?

Nobody dared claim they were invincible under the heavens, and yet Ren Wokuang said that practicing the Asura Technique could make one invincible!

The short line revealed extreme arrogance and dominance!

At that moment, a map fell out from between the pages along with a dark ring.

Huang Xiaolong was astonished and picked them up.

From the description on the map, Huang Xiaolong learned that the ring was known as the Asura Ring, and the two black blades hung on the stone wall were called Shura Blades.

Unexpectedly, the Asura Ring turned out to be the legendary Space Ring.

He was familiar with the concept; he had heard from his father that in the entire Luotong Kingdom, only the king possessed one, not even his grandfather, Huang Qide!

The appearance of a Space Ring could spark a bloody conflict.

A moment later, Huang Xiaolong calmed his excitement, followed the instructions, cut his little finger, and dropped a drop of blood onto the Asura Ring.

With the blood's fall, black light burst from the Asura Ring.

It soared up and automatically fitted itself onto the ring finger of Huang Xiaolong's left hand, then disappeared into his body.

When Huang Xiaolong silently called for it, the Asura Ring automatically became visible.

Huang Xiaolong felt joy as the Asura Ring's space was several hundred square meters.

With this Asura Ring, he no longer had to worry about others discovering anything he carried.

Then, Huang Xiaolong turned and looked at the two black Shura Blades on the stone wall.

He leapt up, took down the blades, and as soon as he did, a strange howl emitted from them, sending chills down his spine.

Huang Xiaolong closely examined the two Shura Blades in his hands, noticing an eerie black glow flowing slowly over the blades, vaguely forming a terrifying image.

The more Huang Xiaolong looked at the Shura Blades in his hands, the more he liked them.

"Shura Blade, Blade of Slaughter, good, from now on you will slaughter all enemies with me!" Huang Xiaolong spoke as he touched the blade, and the Shura Blades seemed to understand his words, emitting a cheering howl in response.

Huang Xiaolong, liking them even more, did the same as with the Asura Ring and dropped a drop of his blood onto each blade.

As the blood merged into the blades, they burst out with light and flew up, embedding themselves in his arms.

Two small images of the Shura Blades appeared on the skin of Huang Xiaolong's arms, resembling long blade tattoos.

A while later, Huang Xiaolong put the Asura Technique scroll along with the map into the Asura Ring and prepared to leave the room.

When he reached the door, he paused, turned around, and took the Cold Jade Bed with him.

After exiting the room, Huang Xiaolong did a final check inside the cave and, finding nothing else, left the cave.

However, as he passed the cave entrance, he did not take the Water Repelling Pearl, thinking that the cave's secretive location would be beneficial for future cultivation.

After leaving the cave and swimming out of Green Lake, Huang Xiaolong got back to the shore and dressed up, putting the Yang Fruit into his Asura Ring.

“Chirp, chirp!” Just then, the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey, which had assimilated the Spiritual Power of the Yang Fruit, woke up and, seeing Huang Xiaolong, joyfully chirped and ran over.

Huang Xiaolong noticed that after assimilating the Yang Fruit’s Spiritual Power, the fur of the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey was glossier and its eyes twinkled with even more charm and cuteness, though its size had not changed.

“Little guy, I need to go back now, but I’ll come see you again,” Huang Xiaolong said as he bent down to look at the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey.

However, just as Huang Xiaolong was about to turn and leave, the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey chirped and, in a flash, jumped onto Huang Xiaolong’s shoulder and sat down calmly.

Huang Xiaolong was startled and chuckled, “Little fellow, are you planning to come with me?”

To his surprise, the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey nodded affirmatively.

Huang Xiaolong hadn’t expected the little monkey to really want to come with him.

After a moment’s thought, he chuckled, “Alright, let’s go together!” Then, the man and monkey walked out of the valley.

As they left the grassy area and passed the countless white bones, Huang Xiaolong wondered to himself whether these people had been killed by Ren Wokuang.

After leaving the valley, Huang Xiaolong did not stop and headed back to Huang Family Manor.

By the time he returned to Huang Family Manor, it was already afternoon.

Huang Xiaolong was walking towards his small courtyard when he ran into his sister, Huang Min, who was coming out.

“Brother, where have you been?” Huang Min asked, but as she spoke, her eyes widened, staring at the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey on Huang Xiaolong’s shoulder.

Clapping her hands excitedly, she exclaimed, “What a cute little monkey!”

Brother, where did you buy it?”

(There will be another update tonight, with updates now typically at around 4 pm and then at 8 pm.)

10: Chapter 10: Thousand-year-old Luo Xin Grass 10: Chapter 10: Thousand-year-old Luo Xin Grass “Where did you buy it?” Huang Xiaolong, hearing his sister Huang Min’s exclams of joy, couldn’t help but shake his head and smile.

A spiritual beast as rare as the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey couldn’t be bought with money.

“Squeak squeak!” The Soul-devouring Purple Monkey, seeing Huang Min calling it a little monkey, suddenly let out a squeal and showed its teeth in anger, startling Huang Min who had been reaching out to touch it.

After being startled, Huang Min glared with angry, puffed-up eyes, intently staring down the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey.

Thus, a staring match ensued between the girl and the monkey.

Some time later, Huang Xiaolong finally managed to get his sister Huang Min to leave.

Watching her go, he heaved a big sigh of relief.

Once back in his room, Huang Xiaolong had the Soul-devouring Purple Monkey come down from his shoulder and took out the Cold Jade Bed from the Asura Ring.

He sat cross-legged upon it and began to cultivate according to the mental method of the Asura Technique’s first level.

As he circulated the Asura Technique, a cold air, as if coming from the Nine Netherworld Hell, descended from the void.

It was continuously devoured by the Two-headed Snake Martial Soul behind Huang Xiaolong and surged into the meridians within his body.

When this chill invaded his body, Huang Xiaolong couldn’t help but shiver, feeling as if he had plunged into an abyss of ice.

Shocked in his heart, he guarded his mind and circulated the cultivation technique, slowly refining the cold energy.

This chilling air moved exceedingly slowly through the meridians in Huang Xiaolong’s body.

With every step it took, Huang Xiaolong felt as though his blood was almost frozen.

Huang Xiaolong clenched his teeth and continued to circulate the Asura Technique’s first level, over and over again.

Finally, he slowly refined the chilling air, transforming it into pure Fighting Qi.

When the cold air transformed into pure Fighting Qi, Huang Xiaolong discovered that in less than half an hour, his body's Fighting Qi had actually grown stronger by one fraction – this was more than ten times better than the results he got from cultivating the Mystic Azure Technique previously!

This discovery delighted Huang Xiaolong, "It seems the blueprint was right.

Although Nine Netherworld Dark Energy is difficult to refine, once it is refined, the benefits are tremendous!"

The blueprint hidden within the Asura Technique had stated that by cultivating the Asura Technique, one could connect with the Nine Netherworld Dark Energy from the void to temper one's body.

This chilling air must be the Nine Netherworld Dark Energy.

Nine Netherworld Dark Energy is one of the highest quality forms of nature's spiritual energy.

The higher the quality of the spiritual energy, the better the tempering of the body, and the stronger the transformed Fighting Qi will be.

That is the difference between Advanced Skills and low-level skills.

The higher the grade of a cultivation technique, the higher the quality of nature's spiritual energy it attracts, and the stronger the Fighting Qi it transforms.

In the Martial Soul World, some practitioners of Earth Rank high-level skills can often challenge those who cultivate high-level skills of a lower grade – this is the reason why.

A Martial Soul determines a person's strength and potential, but the cultivation techniques practiced are equally important.

Time flew by, and a month passed quickly.

In this month, Huang Xiaolong did nothing but cultivate.

Unlike before, he no longer practiced the Huang Family's Mystic Azure Technique but had switched to the Asura Technique.

In addition to cultivating the Asura Technique, Huang Xiaolong also persisted in practicing Yijinjing.

After switching to the Asura Technique, Huang Xiaolong's cultivation speed increased even more.

One month after returning from the valley, he had reached the Second-stage Late-stage Peak and was on the verge of breaking through to the Third Rank.

The night was charming, and the Silver Moon spilled its light.

Huang Xiaolong sat cross-legged on the Cold Jade Bed as streams of Nine Netherworld Dark Energy descended from the void.

The Two-headed Snake Martial Soul opened both mouths wide and devoured them fiercely.

Like surging waves, the Fighting Qi rolled and surged within Huang Xiaolong's meridians, battering against them.

This sensation was just like when he broke through from the First-stage Late-stage Peak to the Second Rank.

However, the barrier to breaking through to the Third Rank was much thicker and harder to overcome than the one to the Second Rank.

But Huang Xiaolong did not give up.

He drove the Fighting Qi within his meridians time and again against the Third Rank's barrier until, at last, a tiny breach appeared.

Feeling the Third Rank's barrier finally weakening and the small breach forming, Huang Xiaolong was elated and spurred his Fighting Qi to strike even more furiously.

The breach continuously expanded until at last a soft booming sound emanated from Huang Xiaolong's body.

Fighting Qi, like a flood, surged into the Third Level meridians, trumpeting as it went.

The Third Rank had finally been breached!

Huang Xiaolong opened his eyes, unable to mask the joy in his heart.

With the breakthrough to the Third Rank, the Fourth Stage was no longer far off!

"If I can advance to the Fourth Order, then I can start to cultivate Combat Skills, and upon advancing to the Fourth Order, my Martial Soul will go through a metamorphosis.

By then, I'll be able to possess an Innate Soul Skill!" Huang Xiaolong thought to himself.

At the age of seven, his Martial Soul had awakened, but it was only in its initial state.

It was only when one's cultivation of Fighting Qi reached the Fourth Order that the Martial Soul would undergo a metamorphosis.

Once transformed, the Martial Soul would become stronger and grant its owner a unique Innate Soul Skill.

The higher the level of the Martial Soul, the stronger the Innate Soul Skill born from the metamorphosis!

However, the Fourth Order was a watershed.

For some with a low-level, First, Second, or Third Level Martial Soul, due to the inherent limitations of their Martial Souls, it would be difficult to break through to the Fourth Order without encountering some serendipity.

Thus, some people with low-level Martial Souls were unable to possess an Innate Soul Skill in their entire lives because they could not break through to the Fourth Order.

Their low-level Martial Souls couldn't undergo the first transformation.

Huang Xiaolong stepped off the Cold Jade Bed and left his room.

At this time, the night was still hazy and the moonlight enveloped everything.

Huang Xiaolong's figure flashed as he took advantage of the night to leave the Huang Family Manor and then headed to the back mountain.

Once at the back mountain, he began to circulate the Asura Technique.

His eyes gradually turned blood red and his originally black hair slowly stood up, turning white.

Streams of black killing aura continuously swirled around Huang Xiaolong.

This was the Asura Body obtained after cultivating the Asura Technique, but now it was only in a nascent state.

According to the scroll, once Huang Xiaolong cultivated the Asura Technique to the highest realm, he would be able to transform into a true Asura.

After summoning the Asura Body, Huang Xiaolong's figure flashed under the moonlight like a dark cloud.

He swept his hands and suddenly sent a palm strike towards a large tree that could only be embraced by one person.

A palm print, containing the power of extreme cold, burst through the air and struck the trunk of the tree.

It passed right through, then successively hit the second, third, and fourth trees in line.

Each of the four trees bore a small palm print.

Huang Xiaolong looked at the palm prints on the trunks of the four trees and nodded in satisfaction.

His advancement to the Third Rank coupled with the Nine Netherworld Fighting Qi had made his Mian Palm's destructive power about three times stronger than before.

Now, with his strength, he was confident enough to kill a Third Stage Late Stage expert.

Of course, after advancing to the Third Rank and the tempering of his Nine Netherworld Fighting Qi, Huang Xiaolong's physical body had become more robust and sturdy.

After cultivating the Yijinjing on the back mountain for a while, as dawn approached, Huang Xiaolong then returned to the Huang Family Manor.

Upon his return to the Huang Family Manor, Huang Xiaolong's father, Huang Peng, summoned him to the East Hall.

"Dad, Mom, you were looking for me?" Upon arriving at the East Hall, Huang Xiaolong sat down and asked.

Huang Peng and Su Yan had complicated expressions and hesitated to speak.

"Huang Wei advanced to the First Order yesterday," Huang Peng finally said.

Huang Xiaolong then understood why his parents had asked to see him.

In the end, they were still worried about the issue of the year-end gathering.

However, it had been less than two months, and Huang Wei had already advanced to the First Order.

How could that be so fast?

Logically, even with a Tenth-level Martial Soul like the Three-eyed Black Tiger, it shouldn't have been possible for him to reach the First Order so quickly.

"Your grandfather spent a large sum of money at the auction in the county city to buy a Thousand-year-old Luo Xin Grass!" Huang Peng continued.

Thousand-year-old Luo Xin Grass!

Huang Xiaolong was taken aback, then sneered.

No wonder Huang Wei had managed to advance to the First Order in less than two months.

It turned out that his grandfather, Huang Qide, had spared no expense to purchase a Thousand-year-old Luo Xin Grass for him to consume and cultivate.

The price of a Thousand-year-old Luo Xin Grass wouldn't be cheap.

It seemed that Grandfather Huang Qide had already started to fully nurture Huang Wei as the future hope of the Huang Family Manor, while he, also a grandson, had not received anything worth mentioning, not even a Fighting Qi Pill!