

SPIRIT VESSEL

Chapter 10: Young Master Fengs Sabre

“Oh god! Five hundred coins!”

Old Man Luo lost his wit; his strengthless body laid on the floor, and he started begging:

“Master Wu, I’m only a small-time business owner. I don’t have five hundred coins to give you. All I have, right now, is one hundred and forty three coins. I will offer all of it to you. The rest of the amount, I will be able to pay next month.”

Normally, Boss Wu would let this go; however, this was before he had received the order from Feng Suiyu, so he couldn’t just ignore this. The reason Boss Wu could terrorize Spirit State City was because he had the backings of both the government and the underground world. San Ye was his dark backer while Feng Suiyu was his political supporter. This was why, with the exception of very few people in Spirit State City, he could do anything without fear of repercussion.

Boss Wu smirked, stroked his beard, and he then said:

“Old Man Luo, the truth is, five hundred coins aren’t a big amount. If you sell your granddaughter to the brothel, you would get at least thirty thousand coins...”

Not waiting for Boss Wu to finish his sentence, Old Man Luo dropped to the floor, grabbing Wu’s legs, and he begged:

“Boss Wu, please don’t joke about this. Yuer is only fourteen, and she can’t be sold; she can’t be sold!”

Old Man Luo was living at the bottom of society, and he had no power; besides kneeling to beg, there was nothing else he could do to save his granddaughter.

Boss Wu, exasperated, kicked Old Man Luo away, and he then walked inside the tea shop with his fierce beast. At this moment, Xiao Yuer ran out from inside, and she threw a gold coin toward Boss Wu.

“Here is your money; don’t hurt my grandfather.”

Yuer quickly lifted her grandfather up from the ground.

“Bang.”

The gold coin fell on the floor and rolled towards Boss Wu’s feet. The gold coin was equivalent to ten thousand bronze coins, and that was way more than the five hundred bronze coins payment. Boss Wu picked it up and rubbed it; he was surprised to find that it was real gold. Where did she get it from?

“You think this matter can be settled with just money?”

Holding the gold coin, he looked over to the direction of Xiao Yuer and Old Man Luo with a cold devious smile.

“Chen Liu, Zheng Hao, tie this little girl up for me. Today is a merry occasion! This girl is pretty, with her soft and fair skin. I had chosen this girl from a long time ago; today, I will fulfill my wish.”

After hearing the command, the two thugs came over with ropes in their hands and an evil smile on their faces.

Xiao Yuer’s heart was shaken, but she tried to be courageous:

“Boss Wu! We still have an important guest waiting for my service; if you tie me up, he would not be pleased.”

After he heard this, Boss Wu's eyes hovered to the shop. He saw an extraordinarily handsome young man inside with extravagant clothing that was smiling in his direction.

"Young Master Feng!"

Boss Wu's eyes narrowed, and his expression became serious. He signaled for the two thugs to fall back. Feng Feiyun was still sitting in the same position, and he smiled:

"Boss Wu, who gave you permission to collect fees in Spirit State City?"

"About this..."

Boss Wu's face became ugly. Spirit State City was the Feng's home turf. Although his reputation and power were plentiful, it was not comparable to the main Feng house. However, he quickly regained his confidence. Feng Feiyun was only an idiot that could only eat and wait for his own death. Even Feng Wanpeng had given up on him, so why should he be afraid? After thinking it through, Boss Wu couldn't help but laugh. He casually walked to the tea shop and sat in front of Feng Feiyun; his eyes wandered as if to judge Feng Feiyun:

"Young Master Feng wants to interfere with this matter?"

Feng Feiyun had not even opened his mouth, and Feng Ping quickly whispered in his ear:

"Young Master, Boss Wu isn't easy to play with; there is no need to turn against him because of a woman."

The two servants, Feng Ping and Feng An, were praying for their young master to not impulsively fight with Boss Wu over a woman. As long as he could remain calm, nothing bad would happen.

Xiao Yuer was quite tense; in the end, Feng Feiyun was only an idiot young master. He could also be a coward. If he became afraid of Boss Wu, then her fate would be extremely miserable.

If given the choice, she would rather fall into the hands of Feiyun; not be roped and taken away by Boss Wu.

Feng Feiyun smirked and proclaimed:

“I will definitely interfere; anyone who even touches her hair will die!”

His voice filled with authority like thunder resonating in the sky.

Xiao Yuer went into a daze, exposing her round widened eyes. She was surprised and confused, even a bit blushful. They weren't related to each other, so for an immoral playboy to stand up for her like this, it could even be considered heroic. There was a wave of unknown feelings surging in her heart; she once again judged Feng Feiyun, and she found that maybe he wasn't as evil as she originally thought.

Boss Wu nodded his head, and he gravely said:

“Good! Very good! Young Master Feng today is indeed one to care for the flowers; let us see if you can protect her.”

With the wave of his hand, five thugs immediately headed for Xiao Yuer.

After his purchase, Feng Feiyun wanted to test his sabre; these thugs were delivering themselves on a platter. Feiyun's eyes became emotionless, and his hand steadily gripped the Crimson Dragon sabre weighing at two hundred and forty pounds. His movement was like the wind, one step took him three meters far. Jumping into the air, creating a crescent moon while channeling his qi, he unleashed a strike, down from above. The sabre's energy was crimson, like an unstoppable flame.

“Whoosh!”

The sound of the sabre cutting the air was akin to a fierce beast's roar, hurting the spectator's ears.

“Phoosh!”

The sabre's power was great; it sliced one of the thugs into two pieces from his head to his legs. Fresh blood gushed out, and it painted the ground red. The speed of that one slash was too great. From the moment the sabre was lifted, to the instance of dismemberment, Feiyun's actions were swift and natural; it was as if he was extremely experienced. It all happened so fast that Boss Wu didn't have time to react while Feiyun's sabre was already basked in a bright coat of sanguine blood. The other four thugs were frightened out of their minds; one blade was enough to cut a person into two pieces. The force of that blow must have been great. Feng Ping and Feng An turned into stone statues, with their jaws dropping to the floor. When did the young master become so strong? He was almost like a God of War.

Facing the bloody scene, Xiao Yuer fainted from fear, and she was held by her grandfather. Before her consciousness faded, the image of Feng Feiyun's killing techniques, his transformation from a regular person into a heroic man with an undaunting, yet charming, aura, lingered in her mind.

“You... you...”

Boss Wu was out of words. Although he had never cultivated through immortal manuals, he had trained his body to the point where he was comparable to even cultivators. But after seeing Feiyun's blade, he didn't know if he could have personally survived it.

Feng Feiyun, with the sabre on his shoulder, went back into the tea house and smiled:

“Boss Wu, tell me; who commanded you to make a move against Old Man Luo and Xiao Yuer?”

Feng Feiyun carefully drifted his fingers across the bloody blade, removing the remaining remnants of blood drops.

“I do whatever I want; I was never commanded by anyone else.”

Boss Wu was also a veteran that had went through many battles; he quickly regained his composure. Although Feng Feiyun’s slash was very frightening, that didn’t mean it was unstoppable. With the help of his Red Eyed Golden Lion, he could potentially defeat Feng Feiyun.

However, at this very second, the Red Eyed Golden Lion was lying on the floor in a puddle of cold sweat. Feng Feiyun’s revealed phoenix aura had terrorized the beast, rendering him immobile. Feng Feiyun’s body carried his phoenix soul; naturally, there was an accompanying heavenly phoenix aura. The phoenix placed first among the four divine beast, and their bloodlines were extraordinary. An impure creature like the Red Eyed Golden Lion could not withstand the royal aura of the phoenix. Boss Wu, wanting to use his beast to subdue Feng Feiyun, was a great miscalculation.

“If you don’t want to speak, then you will have to pay the price!”

Feng Feiyun was smart, even without Boss Wu’s confession, he could roughly guess who it was. Who could it be outside of Feng Suiyu or San Ye.

“What are you doing?”

Boss Wu’s face darkened:

“Feng Feiyun, I am San Ye’s underling. If you kill me, there will be serious consequences.”

“Seriously, your mother! Here in Spirit State City, the Feng Clan has the final say. Who the hell is San Ye, and is he gonna stop me from doing what I want to do?”

How could Feng Feiyun be threatened by him?

“Boom!”

Feng Feiyun dragged his heavy sabre and headed towards Boss Wu.

Boss Wu remained vigilant this whole time; when he saw Feng Feiyun’s movement, he immediately leaned forward and threw out a punch with the force of a few hundred pounds, aiming for Feiyun’s arm. His body was huge, but his speed was swift; a punch swept forward with grinding force, like a flying dragon.

“Bang!”

Feng Feiyun was lifting his sabre while he quickly stepped forward; his feet were as light and flexible as a snake, moving forward and then back to easily dodge Boss Wu’s mountain-shattering punch. The sabre took a quick turn; its bloody aura appeared, and it met the fist’s power.

Boss Wu’s hand was trained and tempered like iron steel, but it was impossible for him to face the sabre in a straight battle of power. Boss Wu’s expression became maddened; he tried to move away, but it was too late.

“Poof!”

The two hundred and forty pound Crimson Dragon sabre directly cut Boss Wu’s right arm straight down, starting from his shoulder. Hot blood flooded from the open wound, squirting as far as three feet away.

“Bang!”

Feng Feiyun kicked Boss Wu in the stomach, his body rolled on the floor, like a dead dog on the street, in the fetal position. Blood was oozing from his mouth; he was twitching in great pain.

The street had been slowly filled with spectators. These people, normally, were bullied and exploited by Boss Wu; however, seeing his current state, they all started to clap and cheer.

“This is it! Yes! Young Master Feng! Young Master Feng has cut off Boss Wu’s arm!”

“How could a normal person handle Boss Wu? The idiotic Young Master Feng turned out to be a great master! Just like his sabre, he is earth shattering.”

“This might not be a good thing! Based on my experience, a calamity is coming!”

An old man with gray hair slowly stroked his beard and predicted.

The people around were clamoring and making statements about how Young Master Feng had beaten Boss Wu; this was definitely an event that would shock Spirit State City.

Feng Feiyun sheathed his sabre and gallantly walked in front of Boss Wu. He threw the hand that he previously dismembered in front of him, and said:

“Return and tell San Ye that I will definitely be on time for his birthday!”

Boss Wu endured the pain; he bit his teeth and crawled on the ground to grab his arm. He angrily turned around, and he left with pernicious and indignant eyes...

Feng Feiyun simply didn’t fear his future revenge. Boss Wu was only a mortal martial artist, and Feiyun was now in the early stage of Spirit Realm; he could easily crush him. Once he reached the intermediate or peak Spirit Realm stage, his inner qi would be multiple times stronger. Even ten Boss Wus wouldn’t be his match. Sparing him was like sparing a dog; it would not cause any big waves in the future.

“Master, what do we do with this Red Eyed Golden Lion?”

Feng Ping asked.

The two servants, now, have considered Feng Feiyun to be a god. They have determined to worship him for the rest of their lives. Young master was simply too amazing!

There remained a Red Eyed Golden Lion with chains around its neck. There was no will to battle in him; only fear remained in its red eyes. He became a sickly cat after feeling Feiyun's dominating phoenix aura.

"It is only a low blood animal; we will roast it tonight for everyone. It will strengthen the body and prolong the life span; at night, one can bed ten girls, and your "glory" will not fall. Ahem, ahem, remember to leave some for me."

Feng Feiyun smiled and wiped the blood off his sabre.

"Ah!"

The two servants were shocked. This was a fierce beast, and its value would be around three hundred gold coins. This wasn't roasted meat, rather, it was roasted gold. Alas, their young master had spoken, so they could only follow his order.