

## SPIRIT VESSEL 161

### Chapter 161: Eight Arts Volume

The clouds and spirit energies in the green mountain could breed rare plants after centuries and millenniums.

The old mountains hid many treasures. There was an apt phrase to describe these areas: “The higher the risk, the greater the treasure.”

The sun was up high at noon.

With a green volume made from bamboo that had an ancient appearance in his hand, Feng Feiyun meditated on a white boulder above a straight cliff. The bamboo itself had been corroded by time with many holes visible.

Moreover, each piece of this bamboo record had its own miniature carved formation to resist the corrosive power of time, but after such a long time, the bamboo record still suffered some defects.

“The ‘Eight Arts Volume’ is indeed profound. Just one art alone is enough for people to research for dozens of years, or even more than one hundred years.”

This ancient bamboo record was the “Eight Arts Volume.”

This was given to Feng Feiyun by Ji Xinnu; it was a supreme divine record of Treasure Seeking Masters. Even though it only recorded eight heaven-defying arts, it was comprehensive. Not to mention all eight, just successfully cultivating one of them to the extreme was enough for one to become a great sage in a given era.

Feng Feiyun had already sat on this boulder for nine days as he became immersed in comprehending the Eight Arts Volume, but he couldn’t understand even a strand of fur from it.

“Fifty grand change arts, forty-nine with special usages; forty minor grand change arts, thirty-seven with special usages.”

Feng Feiyun researched the most simple art, the “Grand and Minor Changes Art”.

Grand Change and Minor Change were the first techniques used to record times from early humans.

First heaven, second earth; third heaven, fourth earth; fifth heaven, sixth earth; seventh heaven, eighth earth, ninth heaven, tenth earth. Five numbers of the heavens and five numbers of the earth mutually existing together.

Later on, a great sage among Treasure Seeking Masters utilized the transformations within the Grand Change and Minor Change and combined them with the celestial formations in the sky and spirit veins array in the earth to create the Minor Change Art.

The Minor Change Art could not only calculate and find treasures underground, but it also borrowed the power of the five elements to gain many unimaginable powers.

Later on, another wise master appeared and found that the Minor Change Art had some flaws, so he spent several generations to research and perfect it. In the end, this became the Grand Change Art that was passed down all the way till the present time...

The Grand Change Art was even more profound than the Minor Change Art, and its transformation was more complex. It was able to borrow the power of the stars in the sky; there was enough profundity within for Wisdom Masters to spend their whole life learning.

“The five elements art is also called the Minor Change Art. The five elements are water, fire, wood, metal, and earth — in that particular order. One, three, and five are the Yang numbers, and they form the number nine together; nine is the most extreme Yang number. Two and four are the Yin numbers, and they create six; six is the most extreme Yin number. Yin and Yang then combined to form the number fifteen, so fifteen is the prime number among the Yin Yang Five Elements Number.”

Feng Feiyun placed down the bamboo slip once more with a serious expression on his face. The Grand Change Art was created and improved from the Minor Change Art. If he wanted to train the Grand Change Art, then he must first cultivate the minor art.

“Use the five elements to extend the Minor Change Art. In other words, one must study all the five element techniques and understand them just to be considered a beginner of the Minor Change Art.”

He then channeled the God Base in his dantian as a faint light emanated from his finger. In a short time, the water vapor around him began to move as layers of thin mist rose up from the ground, and even the fleeting white mist in the mountain nearby slowly drifted towards Feng Feiyun.

“Boom!”

The light on Feng Feiyun’s finger suddenly scattered chaotically as his formation collapsed; all the gathered mist dispersed right after.

Feng Feiyun opened his eyes and looked at the bamboo slip, then he said to himself: “No wonder why the art was becoming harder to control and eventually collapsed. So it is because I merely wanted to control the water, but I didn’t officially feel the mist’s mysticism when I sent in my own awareness within the water spirit energy.”

The “Dark Water Art” was one fifth of the Minor Change Art that was created by Treasure Seeking Masters. Its main aim was to incorporate the cultivator’s spirit and will into the mist, and then use their new sensation within the water vapor in order to sense the hidden treasures underground, or underwater, or within a rock, a tree... Or even treasures within the human body...

As long as there was a little bit of water, any existing treasures would not be able to escape the probing of the Dark Water Art. As for the precision, this was dependent on the skill of the particular user.

“Truly worthy of being a technique from the Grave Palace Treasure Seeking Record; even though it is only a minor technique, it is still so amazing! If this were to be spread, then it would drive countless masters into a frenzy.”

Feng Feiyun remained undaunted and began to practice the Dark Water Art again. First, he controlled the water vapor, then he incorporated his awareness and will within to sense the surroundings...

As time gradually passed, everything became clear. It was as if he could see through a high mountain with just a glance. Feng Feiyun felt as if he had turned into a tiny existence that was traversing through the mountain depths, inside the boulders, the trees, and the flowers and grasses.

The Dark Water Art naturally was not so easy to cultivate. Even a smart ninth-rank Treasure Seeking Student would need at least ten years to reach his current level.

The reason why his speed was so exceptional was because his soul's power far exceeded ordinary humans. His phoenix soul caused his spirit, energy, and soul to be especially powerful, and he could easily control the Dark Water Art.

The stronger one's soul, the longer the distance one could control the Dark Water Art.

"Not simple ah! Not simple at all! He only trained for ten short days yet he has already reached the 'Clear Mind' state. Was this because of the Grave Palace Treasure Seeking Record's magicalness, or are his talents really that frightening?" Zuo Qianshou could be considered a great master among Treasure Seeking Masters. His master praised him more than just one time regarding his talents, but he still took three years to reach the 'Clear Mind' state.

"Haha, of course it is because he is extremely gifted. Although the record is indeed amazing from the rumors, not many people cultivated it successfully so one can see its difficulty from this observation. Ordinary people have no chance of having such success within just ten days." Third Boss stood far away while gazing at Feng Feiyun; he paused for a moment before continuing: "Only an extremely talented genius would be able to do this."

The greater the heavenly records, the harder they were to cultivate — Zuo Qianshou naturally understood this logic.

Zuo Qianshou then asked: "Hehe, what is this brat's relationship with you? Don't tell me that he is not your disciple."

"He really isn't my disciple!" Third Boss said.

"Then why do you care so much about his affairs?" Zuo Qianshou clearly understood his old friend more than anyone else.

Stay away from anything that had nothing to do with them — this had always been their style.

Third Boss' dry hand gently stroked his beard. A glimmer appeared in his decrepit eyes, and he slowly replied: "If I were to tell you that he is the grandson of my grandson, would you believe me?"

"You still have a descendant?" Zuo Qianshou naturally believed him.

"That year, when you were tricked by Ji Lingxuan and imprisoned in the capital's great prison, in order to save you, I cut off all my relationships with the Feng Clan and completely severed my ties with them, but my descendants still remained in the Feng Clan."

Third Boss recalled the matters of one hundred and eighty years ago. At that time, he was the most amazing genius of the Feng Clan and was declared the next clan master, but after finding out about Zuo Qianshou's situation, he still risked his life and went to the capital.

Rushing into the capital to help someone escape from the prison was a clan-extminating crime. Thus, before doing this, he immediately left from the Feng Clan and severed all ties in order to not involve them.

Without Feng Dugu's help, even if Zuo Qianshou could break the Ten Heavens Formation from within, he still wouldn't be able to escape from the number one prison in the world.

Both of the old men became silent!

Zuo Qianshou was very grateful to Third Boss. He could have been the clan master of a great family, ruling over his region with great prestige. But now, he became a mountain bandit living in hiding, a mountain bandit that didn't resemble man nor ghost and was only scraping by foolishly through the days.

This was real camaraderie and true friendship that lasts a lifetime.

This was also the reason why Zuo Qianshou broke his promise of never helping anyone else with a favor; he had to break his oath for this old friend to save Ji Xiaonu.

"Sha Hangyun came to find me." A while later, Zuo Qianshou broke the silence.

"I also fought against him. His cultivation is much higher than before; I'm afraid that even in the Yang World, he is now a top tyrant." Feng Dugu said.

"This person has great ambitions, but I still cannot guess his intentions at the moment. His goal, however, seems to be the Ji Clan." Zuo Qianshou explained.

"The Ji Clan?" Feng Dugu clarified.

Zuo Qianshou nodded his head and said: "He invited me to go with him to the Ji Clan to help him with something."

Feng Dugu slightly narrowed his eyes and Zuo Qianshou also suddenly thought of something. The two old men looked at each other and exclaimed at the same time: "Yang Soul Supreme Trigram!"

"No, the Yang Soul Supreme Trigram has been gathering dust for more than one thousand years; only the blood of an Abnormality twin with the Yang Soul Holy Embryo would be able to activate it. Could it be that the Abnormality twin has appeared?"

Zuo Qianshou had a strong ominous feel in his heart. During these chaotic times, it seemed to be getting worse and worse.

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### Chapter 162: The Future

"Boom!"

All the moisture nearby was affected, and even the mist in the nearby mountains was not unscathed. Layers of white fog rose from the ground and quickly gathered towards Feng Feiyun.

The white mist extended to the distance like smoke hanging in the air.

“Dark Water Art!”

Feng Feiyun’s finger slowly pointed forward. “Xshhh…” A black light shot out from his finger and turned into many continuous smaller strands.

“Bam!”

The opposite cliff and the ensuing mountain were penetrated by his one finger, creating a hole with a one-meter diameter.

“Whooshh!”

Because the Dark Water Art gathered too much moisture, many areas in the opposite cliff turned into sand. The wind blew by and sand immediately scattered into the air.

The Dark Water Art was not only a skill to find treasure, but it also had frightening power with a battle potential no less than the divine arts of those great clans.

Feng Feiyun was a bit satisfied with this spell, but this was not its complete power. There was still room for mastery and improvement. He began to read the Eight Arts Volume again and continued to practice this technique.

“He has already passed the beginning basics.” Zuo Qianshou looked at the distant mountain that was penetrated by one finger with some apprehension in his heart.

The corner of Feng Dugu’s eye slightly jumped as he said: “This brat is actually so talented regarding the Treasure Seeking Art, why don’t you take him in as a disciple?”

Zuo Qianshou was a ninth-ranked Treasure Seeking Master. Moreover, his research regarding formations was peerless in this world. If Feng Feiyun could become his disciple, then his future accomplishment would be quite extraordinary.

Zuo Qianshou shook his head and declined: “His talents truly tempt me, but I’m afraid I will not have the chance to teach him.”

“You wish to go to the Godly Capital?” Feng Dugu knew Zuo Qianshou very well.

Zuo Qianshou nodded his head and said: “I don’t want to live like a fool hiding away for the rest of my life!”

“You really should go.” Feng Dugu agreed.

There were some matters that must be resolved. Otherwise, one’s cultivation would never be able to progress and, in the end, they couldn’t escape the unavoidable fate of life.

Zuo Qianshou said: “But we cannot waste his talents. Let him go to the Wanxiang Pagoda. In the future, maybe he could become a world-renowned Grand Treasure Seeking Master.”

Feng Dugu stared at Feng Feiyun from far away and also nodded his head. The Wanxiang Pagoda was indeed a sacred ground in the contemporary times; Zuo Qianshou came from it.

With two light breezes, Feng Dugu and Zuo Qianshou disappeared without a trace.

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Vigorous footsteps that emanated from the distance suddenly came about: “Brother, Brother, this is not good ah!”

With a large iron saber on his back, Wu Jiu jumped one hundred meters high then landed right behind Feng Feiyun, creating a huge pit in the ground.

Feng Feiyun was not alarmed; he slowly stood up from the big boulder and asked: “What happened?”

“The evil monk has taken the little Bodhisattva away. At that time, our little Bodhisattva cried and said that she wanted to meet you one last time, but the evil monk refused and forcibly dragged her and flew away.” Wu Jiu explained.

The evil monk was naturally Monk Jiu Rou, and the little Bodhisattva he spoke of was referring to Nalan Xuejian.

Monk Jiu Rou was determined to take Nalan Xuejian in as a disciple to cultivate the Mortal Life Ancient Scripture — the heritage of the buddhist faith. Taking her away was a reasonable response, but this came a bit too sudden.

Although Monk Jiu Rou was very vicious towards other people, he was quite doting towards Nalan Xuejian. There was no way that he wouldn’t take her to see Feng Feiyun after seeing her cry.

So there was only one explanation!

An ominous sense of foreboding appeared in Feng Feiyun’s eyes: “Surely, that evil woman Xiao Nuolan has found the Huang Feng Ridge. That Monk Jiu Rou must have sensed her presence so they decided to flee.”

If this was the case, then this place was no longer safe. Feng Feiyun would also have to run.

A sharp whistle came from the mountain path!

“Boom!” Wang Meng also came from above and stood next to Wu Jiu, creating a pit in the ground as well.

“Brother, Third Boss wants you to come back; he has an important matter to discuss with you.” Wang Meng said.

Feng Feiyun furrowed his brows and said: “We’ll go back, then.”

He put away the Eight Arts Volume and went back to the Huang Feng camp with the two bandits. Along the way, they met many returning bandits; some of them captured dozens of slaves and were whipping them on.

One bandit robbed three gold chests that were stained with blood; it was apparent that many people died under his saber.

Feng Feiyun glanced at the scene with indifference. In this world, the strong wins and the weak loses; the weak will surely become the prey of the strong, and no one could change this.

“What is your cultivation now?” Third Boss narrowed his eyes and asked.

Feng Feiyun liked this old bandit; this bandit took good care of him and surely had some roots with the Feng Clan. He could even be a Feng predecessor.

“I might have reached the elementary Treasure Seeking Master level.” Feng Feiyun was very confident about his cultivation and he also had a strong interest regarding the Eight Arts Volume. Even though he only cultivated this technique for ten days, the spirit energy in his body grew faster than usual and his cultivation could be said to have suddenly become stronger.

Third Boss nodded his head and took out a black iron order. This iron order was around the size of a hand and was quite heavy with the three words “Treasure Seeking Master” carved on top with molten iron.

Along the borders of the iron order were nine magical small white stones that emanated a faint light.

The nine magical small white stones represented his identity as a ninth-ranked Treasure Seeking Master — an extremely prestigious position.

“Treasure Seeking Master Iron Order!” Feng Feiyun said.

Third Boss nodded his head and spoke: “This is Master Zuo’s iron order, and he asked me to give this to you. Use this to easily enter the Wanxiang Pagoda and become a disciple to study treasure seeking techniques.

The Wanxiang Pagoda was the sacred ground for learning techniques in the present times, and its authority could exceed even the government of the Godly Jin Dynasty. “Treasure Ranking Codex”, “Ten Greatest Masters List”, “Heavenly Beauty Chart”, “Eight Grand Historical Geniuses”... All of these rankings were created by the students and teachers from the Wanxiang Pagoda, and these lists were printed into books. Not only did they sell well in the Jin Dynasty, but also in the four neighboring dynasties.

In order to become one of the five mysterious masters, one must obtain the qualifications from the Wanxiang Pagoda with the iron orders. Only then would others recognize one’s identity as a mysterious master.

This was the pagoda’s influence in the cultivation world, and it absolutely exceeded any great cultivation power.

This was not Feng Feiyun’s first time hearing the great name of the Wanxiang Pagoda. He accepted the iron order and asked: “Has Master Zuo left already?”

“Yes, he went to do one very important thing.”

Feng Feiyun was a clever person so, after hearing the Third Boss’ reply, he managed to guess a thing or two.

The Wanxiang Pagoda was actually a good destination. At the very least, he could temporarily escape trouble.

At this moment, Feng Feiyun's cultivation was not too weak, and he could even kill some elders from the previous generation. However, it was also not high because it was much weaker than a few heaven-defying geniuses. And when compared to the Grand Historical Geniuses, he was ten thousand miles behind.

Cultivating at the Wanxiang Pagoda for several years could allow him to compete with all the geniuses in this world once he came out.

Feng Feiyun was only fourteen years old at the moment, and he even started to cultivate late. He was a bird without wind supporting his wings; instead of being chased by cultivators until he had nowhere left to go, it was better to find a place to hide.

"The evil woman's appearance and the hidden waves in the Yang World along with the chaos in the Grand Southern Prefecture — all of this will spread to the entire dynasty in a couple of years." Third Boss stared at the sky and slowly spoke: "I can faintly see the near future where blood stains the earth and corpses cover this world. Not just anyone can be involved in this calamity; only those with a high cultivation would be able to play an important role. Otherwise, they would just become bloodstains on the ground."

Feng Feiyun had experienced a lot of things recently, and he also faintly sensed an unusual atmosphere. He then solemnly declared: "These next few years will be when my cultivation explodes. The next time I come back, I will compete and obtain total hegemony against all the talents in this world!"

"I will not have to run any longer, that will be an action taken only by other people!"

Chapter 163: Rich Young Master

Deep on an old path, a bronze carriage was pulled by a giant and it created a large blinding dust patch.

Feng Feiyun sat on a white blanket made out of lamb skin while holding a bronze cup to drink a sip of fine wine.

With the incense that emitted from the brass tripod, the burning of the finest musk caused the entire carriage to be filled with a sweet scent.

"Good wine! At this moment, in the entire Grand Southern Prefecture, maybe I am the only one enjoying life so much like this." Feng Feiyun closed his eyes and became intoxicated from the wine.

Seven meters long and four meters wide, the carriage was very spacious like an extremely extravagant room.

It was covered with a white sheepskin blanket with two bronze tables filled with fine wine and a delicious feast.

Of course, the most enviable and jealousy-inciting things were the two beautiful girls sitting in the corners. One appeared to be around thirteen to fourteen while the other was around fifteen to sixteen. Both were young and pure with their delicate features.

They were wearing blue silk robes with their lovely hair tied up into a bun. Their waists were decorated with jewels and jades while adorning precious jade seashells on their necks.



The Ji sisters were always wearing shabby clothing before, but now, they were wearing extravagant dresses, turning them into two entirely different people. They seemed to be goddesses coming out from a painting.

Their styles resembled two little female servants from a great family accompanying their young master.

In the morning, before leaving the Huang Feng Ridge, Feng Feiyun purposely took a shower and did his hair. He then wore a purple silk robe with an expensive gilded pair of boots; he no longer had the same sloppy appearance like in the past.

Before, he resembled a beggar, but now, he was more like a handsome young master from an immortal gate.

Ji Xiaonu, who was initially unhappy with Feng Feiyun, also became dazed after seeing his valiant appearance; she couldn't believe her own eyes! This villainous bastard was actually so handsome. Who knew how many pretty girls would be deceived by his appearance from now on?

"Pah! Feng Feiyun, you better let me go. Otherwise, the Ji experts will mince you into pieces." Ji Cangyue was locked by the Eight Veins Dragon Seal; the eight iron chains were connected to the bronze carriage and they imprisoned her in the corner.

The seal not only trapped her body, but it also closed off her veins so she couldn't utilize her cultivation. She was now no different from an ordinary person.

Although she could use the Eight Veins Dragon Seal, she couldn't unlock it.

Feng Feiyun slightly smirked and glanced at her. Then, he carried his knife over to her and used the tip to point at her pretty face while saying: "Tell me, why does your Ji Clan want to capture these two sisters?"

Ji Cangyue's tall and delicate body were tightly attached to the bronze wall of the carriage. Her well-endowed chest kept on shaking up and down. Regarding the physique alone, the Ji sisters were truly far below her. Both the front and the back were filled in complete perfection.

This was really a stunning woman ah!

"Hmph!" Ji Cangyue scowled with a gaze as cold as ice while her eyes stared straight at Feng Feiyun. She boldly faced him and did not yield.

"So you won't tell me... heh!" Feng Feiyun scratched his nose and said: "I already know even if you don't tell me. You want to steal the Yang Soul Holy Embryo on their bodies, right?"

These words were not only meant to test Ji Cangyue, they were also testing the Ji sisters, so he paid attention to the intricate changes in their eyes.

The Yang Soul Holy Embryo was too crucial to Feng Feiyun. Maybe he was the only one who understood its true value; the wealth of the entire Godly Jin Dynasty combined still couldn't compare to it.

However, the Ji sisters wouldn't tell him its location so he had no strategies left to try, thus he decided to try and get something out of Ji Cangyue.

The moment these words came out, all the girls inside the carriage started to panic. The Ji sisters were startled and had to hold onto their sleeves. One could see that they were quite alarmed; it was as if they were afraid of being assaulted by Feng Feiyun.

Ji Cangyue's cold eyes also produced a ripple of emotion, yet she still shut her mouth tightly. She slightly turned her pretty face away without saying a word.

Feng Feiyun looked at her pink jade-like lips and thought about the wonderfulness of her sweet tongue, so he started to laugh out loud.

Ji Cangyue noticed his bare gaze staring at her. Combined with his perverted laugh that was capable of scaring girls away, her delicate body shivered and she finally spoke: "Feng Feiyun, if you ever lay a hand on even a finger of mine, my fiance will grind you into dust."

"Fiance? Your fiance is really great, right? Has he kissed you before?" Feng Feiyun smilingly teased her.

"You..." Ji Cangyue thought about how her first kiss was robbed by Feng Feiyun and felt guilty for her fiance.

"Has he touched your chest before?" Feng Feiyun laughed and continued.

"You..." Ji Cangyue bit her lips; if it wasn't for the seal, she would have already jumped at Feng Feiyun right now.

"Aizz! Miss Ji is a great beauty in this world — capable of toppling cities. Unfortunately, your entire body has been touched by me. If you don't tell me the truth, then I don't mind cuckolding your fiance, hehe." Feng Feiyun's knife slightly glazed over Ji Cangyue's face.

"Bastard, you dare..." Ji Cangyue was really afraid. After all, Feng Feiyun was not a virtuous gentleman; he was three parts good and seven parts evil.

"Aizz! Some women have a desire to be forcefully loved. Since Miss Ji is so stubborn, don't tell me that you are waiting for me to assault you?" Feng Feiyun no longer smiled and became very serious.

The more serious he became, the more frightened Ji Cangyue felt. However, she was a Death Spirit Child who underwent strict training, so even if Feng Feiyun cut off her arms and legs, she was still unlikely to give in.

"Foolish stubbornness!" His eyes turned cold as the knife in his hand slowly reached down. Its cold and sharp edge slightly drew on her smooth neck.

"Xsh!" The sharp knife easily cut through her dress. Feng Feiyun's hand was quite steady as he slowly controlled the knife. From her neck to her chest, the tear on her dress became larger and larger. Her fragrant and snow white skin completely dazzled others.

"Xsh!" The luxurious silk dress tore apart even more, and even her personal white corset emerged as it was cut apart, revealing a seductive valley below. Between the two peaks was a milky white that caused others' hearts to boil; they would be filled with imagination.

Feng Feiyun's hand slightly paused. If the knife reached down any more, then her mysterious top half would completely appear before him. Ji Cangyue was still silent. While gritting her teeth, her hateful

eyes gazed at Feng Feiyun. Her terrifying and firm eyes sent a clear message; even if Feng Feiyun actually raped her, she would still not utter half a word.

“Miss Ji is indeed a heaven-defying talent of the Ji Clan; I am truly impressed by your willpower. Aiz! I really failed. However... I have changed my mind!” Feng Feiyun took back his knife and smiled at her, then he said: “Forcing a woman is not as great as stealing her heart. As long as I take your heart, you will naturally tell me everything.”

“Bah, in your dreams!” Ji Cangyue coldly scowled.

“Haha, sooner or later, there will be one day when you will kill your fiance and then shamelessly follow me. Amidst the lonely curtain of the night, you will secretly cry tears of love because of me!” Feng Feiyun laughed and once again drank the fine wine from his cup.

“Crazy bastard!” Not only did Ji Cangyue think this, but the two Ji sisters also thought the same. This guy was arrogant beyond cure. Ji Cangyue would rather like a dog before liking him, that’s for sure.

“Oh!” The bronze carriage slightly shook before coming to a halt.

Wang Meng, who majestically rode a scaled tiger behind the caravan, suddenly said: “Boss, we made it to Fire Beacon City!”

The bronze carriage, the scaled tiger, and the thirty slaves right behind them were the spoils of the Huang Feng bandits, but they have now become Feng Feiyun’s property.

One naturally couldn’t be shabby if they wanted to go to the Wanxiang Pagoda to become a student. Otherwise, how could they hold their heads high amidst the disciples of the immortal gates and clans?

Feng Feiyun suddenly turned into a wealthy young master with his own caravan, money, slaves, guards, maids, and even a “female slave.”

These were all the must-haves from the children of rich families!

Chapter 164: Bu Tianya

Feng Feiyun lifted the corner of the carriage’s curtain and took a look. With giant black eagles soaring high above, the mountain-life city walls were right in front of him.

Wang Meng and Liu Qinsheng were Third Boss’ confidants, so they also came along with Feng Feiyun on his trip to the Wanxiang Pagoda.

It was a long trip filled with dangers, so between these two bandits, one was a bodyguard and the other played the role of a strategist.

They were not ordinary people, so Third Boss had his own reasons for telling the two of them to follow Feng Feiyun.

Wang Meng had a stout body and while wearing heavy armor, he stood on top of the boulder-like scaled tiger. He was filled with explosive energy, causing the thirty slaves behind him to feel fear; they didn’t dare to act rashly.

Liu Qinsheng was also no less impressive. He was riding a qilin while wearing a white scholar robe with a feathered fan in his hand. Sometimes, he would stroke his goatee with a wily grin. As he stared at the majestic city walls, he smilingly said: "We got some trouble!"

Feng Feiyun's gaze also shifted towards the city wall.

"Son of the demon, the Evil Killing Alliance's Bu Tianya is here waiting for you, you cowardly turtle!"

One could find these large characters written on the ancient hundreds-of-feet-tall walls of Fire Beacon City. They could clearly be seen even while standing ten miles away. The ink was still fresh, so it was clearly written within the last few days.

After Bu Tianya got the news that Feng Feiyun appeared at Fire Beacon City, he immediately rushed here on his divine deers, completely exhausting seven of them before he finally entered the city five days ago.

However, once he arrived, he didn't even see a trace of Feng Feiyun's shadow, so he came up with this scheme in order to force Feng Feiyun out.

Bu Tianya sat still in a meditative pose on top of the wall for five days straight. There was a black banner filled with light and a dark energy pierced the sky.

He trusted that if Feng Feiyun saw the words on the wall, then he would definitely come out to fight him.

The wind at the high area not only blew his hair into a messy state, but it also caused his banner to flutter.

"Rumble!"

A bronze carriage came quickly from afar, and behind it were three wooden vehicles for cargo along with more than thirty slaves that wore iron chains on their hands and ankles.

A burly armored man that rode a great scaled tiger was slashing the slaves with his whip, demanding them to quickly step forward.

Bu Tianya was alarmed and opened his lively eyes. He looked at them with some disdain for he knew that this was a young disciple on a vacation from some clan; he had seen such a scene too many times already.

Not to mention thirty slaves, he had even seen someone bring several thousand slaves on a trip to show off their wealth. These type of young masters in these small places could not get into his sight.

"Haha, what a joke, this is clearly someone boasting without any shame, daring to call Feng Feiyun a cowardly turtle. If he actually appears, I'm afraid he will beat that certain person until he was down on his knees, begging for forgiveness."

Below, the bronze carriage stopped as a derisive laughter emanated from inside.

Bu Tianya gave a cynical laugh and said: "Do you know who you are talking to?"

“How could I not know the famed first disciple of the First Heaven Gate, Bu Tianya? The First Heaven Gate can be considered a great sect with a thousand years of heritage; it is comparable to the Grand Development Gate and the Violet Cloud Grotto. However, its current generation’s talents seem to be on the wane; there doesn’t seem to be a single notable heaven-defying genius. Truly a shame, truly a shame...” Feng Feiyun sarcastically replied.

The First Heaven Gate, the Grand Development Gate, and the Violet Cloud Grotto were referred to as the three great pillars of the Grand Southern Prefecture’s cultivation world. All three had been established for more than one thousand years, and they had a formidable amount of resources and more than one million disciples. They were powerful enough to be compared to the top clans within this prefecture.

Anyone with the least bit of common sense would not carelessly defame the First Heaven Gate. ‘If they knew that I am the first disciple of the First Heaven Gate yet they still dare to say these overreaching words, then their identities must not be ordinary.’

‘It seems like I was mistaken!’

“Who might you be? Why not come out of the bronze carriage to meet me face to face?” A divine light condensed in Bu Tianya’s eyes as his pupils began to move like two vortexes.

“I’m only a nobody, how could I get into the Bu Tianya’s eyes?” Feng Feiyun said.

“Then I will have to personally make you come out.” Bu Tianya’s eyes shot out two explosive lights like two black burning comets descending from the sky.

Feng Feiyun still sat in the carriage as his finger gave birth to a radiance. The water vapor within a radius of ten miles was controlled by him. A countless amount of white mist appeared and quickly gathered at his fingertip.

“Dark Water Art!”

With a reach of his finger, a myriad of water vapor condensed into the same place and turned into a flooding technique.

“Boom!”

The Dark Water Art was horrifying and directly destroyed the two glints from Bu Tianya’s Heaven Breaking Gaze, and its power did not diminish and continued to strike at Bu Tianya, who was sitting on top of the wall.

Bu Tianya’s hands were punctured by the Dark Water Art and four bleeding wounds appeared!

He furiously retreated for more than nine meters and almost fell off the wall. Although his hands were stained with blood, his battle intent remained undiminished as he coldly said: “You can’t be just a nobody.”

“Bu Tianya, you are too conceited. The cultivation world is too large, and people more powerful than you are everywhere. It is best for you to be more humble.” Feng Feiyun didn’t want to linger around with him for too long. He shot out a palm and erased the words on the wall, then he commanded:

“We’re leaving!”

Standing on the scaled tiger, Wang Meng revealed his large front teeth and chuckled at Bu Tianya, then he quickly rode ahead to open the way. They very quickly entered Fire Beacon City.

In order to get to the Wanxiang Pagoda, one must first go through Fire Beacon City through the south gate all the way to the north gate. Then, they would have to keep north all the way through the entire Grand Southern Prefecture for more than 200,000 miles.

“Whoosh, whoosh!”

Two purple lights flew out from the city and landed on the city wall. They were two heaven-defying geniuses from the Violet Cloud Grotto, Zi Chuan and Zi Qing.

“Brother Bu, I felt a disturbance in the worldly energy earlier, what happened?” Zi Chuan asked.

Bu Tianya channeled his Spirit Qi, wanting to repair the wounds on his hands, but these four wounds were invaded by Dark Water Qi so the recovery rate was quite slow. He only managed to barely stop the blood from flowing.

This spirit art was too strange and its destructive property was amazing.

Bu Tianya looked at the caravan that had entered the city and said with a deep glare: “Earlier, I met a mysterious guy whose cultivation is no less than mine. I was caught off guard and became wounded by his one move. Fire Beacon City — truly a place filled with sleeping dragons and hidden tigers.”

Zi Chuan and Zi Qing glanced at each other with surprise. Bu Tianya was the first disciple of the First Heaven Gate and also a heaven-defying genius. He once entered an evil city alone and fought against everyone, killing all the evil-doers in that city. He became famous from just this one feat.

Bu Tianya was absolutely a great hero in the contemporary times. In the First Heaven Gate, countless junior brothers and junior sisters looked up to him; he was absolutely not useless like how Feng Feiyun ridiculed him earlier.

His cultivation was also one step higher than Zi Chuan and Zi Qing.

“I have asked around in your stead. Ten days ago, in Fire Beacon City, someone saw Feng Feiyun carrying Miss Ji before disappearing completely.” Zi Qing’s bright eyes and white teeth in her purple dao dress had quite a divine look.

Bu Tianya clenched his fists and emitted a cold glare from his eyes before saying: “Feng Feiyun again! If he dares to touch even one strand of Cangyue’s hair, then I will absolutely grind his bones to dust.”

Bu Tianya was Ji Cangyue’s fiancée!

‘Bu Tianya is indeed formidable. Even though I took him by surprise, I could only leave a minor injury on him.’ Feng Feiyun sat in the bronze carriage and refined the black mist in his hand. Although he wounded Bu Tianya earlier, Bu Tianya’s Heaven Breaking Gaze also penetrated his veins.

Nevertheless, his golden blood shot out a bright brilliance and quickly dispelled the gaze’s power.

“If Bu Tianya used his great banner, then he could defeat you within ten moves.” Ji Cangyue coldly spoke in the corner of the carriage.

“Unfortunately, we have already left Fire Beacon City, and that fool might still be sitting on top of the wall to enjoy the breeze, haha!” Feng Feiyun did not refute her statement. However, this did not mean that he was truly weaker than Bu Tianya. If it was a real fight, then Feng Feiyun was seventy percent confident in being able to defeat him.

Luckily, Feng Feiyun also didn't know that Bu Tianya was Ji Cangyue's fiancée. Otherwise, he would have fought him well before leaving Fire Beacon City.

Ji Cangyue's alluring face had a sad and worried appearance. “If I keep staying by this bastard Feng Feiyun's side, then sooner or later, my chastity will be hard to keep. I must find a way to let Bu Tianya know so that he can save me.”

There is a way!

Ji Cangyue secretly pinched a wound on her jade finger; blood began to drip down from it and it slid down to the ground from the carriage's gap.

Ji Cangyue was from the Ji Clan's main family that had a special and ancient blood; it had a special imprinted marking.

Any cultivator could find out which clan the opponents belonged to just by analyzing their blood. Third Boss used Feng Feiyun's blood to guess that he was a disciple from the Feng Clan.

As long as Bu Tianya discovered the bloodstain on the ground, then he would be sure to follow after her.

Chapter 165: Corpse Evil

The divine deer pulled the bronze carriage onward and headed north while scattering dust everywhere.

There was a wind talisman of the first rank placed on top of the divine deer, allowing it to travel eight thousand miles each day.

Three days later, Feng Feiyun's group had traveled for more than twenty thousand miles; they had left the Godly Tiger area to enter the Hundred Peaks Range. Feng Feiyun purposely avoided Xiao Nuolan and wanted to leave the Southern Prefecture as fast as possible, so he took no breaks during the day and only left a few hours at night to rest. This way, the divine deer could recuperate.

They then kept on heading north for five more days, traversing dozens of thousands of miles. They eventually left the southern border to leave the Southern Prefecture, and the inhabitants of this place became scarcer and scarcer, creating a truly ominous scene.

Up above and in the sky was a circular group of crimson clouds; it painted a scene of a peony flower on fire.

“Boss, something isn't right ah! Why do I suddenly have this bad feeling... Could it be that the corpse army of the evil woman has already attacked the Trinity County?” Liu Qinsheng, who was riding on his qilin, looked with a deep gaze at the sky above, a sky that was seemingly baptized by blood.

In order to avoid the grand corpse army, Feng Feiyun didn't mind traveling for several thousand miles more and purposely went around the Trinity County. He would rather take the long route than to meet those terrifying corpse monks.

Feng Feiyun put away his Eight Arts Volume; today's training made his mastery of the Dark Water Art even more complete, so he had started researching the Crimson Fire Art.

First was water, then the second was fire, third was wood, fourth was metal, and earth was fifth.

If one were to divide the power of the Minor Change Art into fifteen sections, then the Dark Water Art would only encompass one part, the Crimson Fire Art would take up two parts, the Verdant Wood Art would take up three, the Platinum Metal Art would take four, and the Yellow Earth Art would take up five.

One could say that the Crimson Fire Art's power was twice that of the Dark Water Art, but its learning curve was also doubled. Feng Feiyun had spent several days, but he couldn't utilize its real power.

"I also felt an ominous aura from the north that's soaring in the sky, wanting to devour the heavens itself." Feng Feiyun got off the carriage while the two Ji sisters — like two maids — followed right behind him; their goddess-like beauty blinded the thirty slaves at the back.

"Whoosh!"

While holding a long whip in his hand, Wang Meng slashed these slaves and shouted: "What are you looking at? Keep on looking and I'll dig out your eyes!"

Eventually, the sun finally hid behind a mountain.

Only the sunset that emitted a scarlet shade could repaint the clouds in the sky. The wicked shrills of the cold wind also added to the eerie atmosphere.

"We shall sleep here tonight. Stay alert, I have had a feeling as if someone has been watching us from behind." Feng Feiyun's eyes swept towards the deep jungle right behind them as if he was searching for something.

These words caused everyone to feel alarmed, and they all turned around to look as well. Could it be that some type of monster was following them?

The thirty slaves in their tattered clothing didn't have the endurance of cultivators, even if their bodies were strengthened with the Wind Talismans. They suffered from an endless amount of fatigue, so after hearing Feng Feiyun's words, they finally exhaled a sigh of relief. Some of them began to set up their tents while others went to pick up dry wood to prepare for dinner; all of these matters were taken care of by the slaves.

"I still feel that tonight will not be peaceful. Wang Meng, Liu Qinsheng, the two of you need to be careful; I will go and scout ahead."

After giving orders to the two, Feng Feiyun immediately rode the scaled tiger along with the Ji sisters into the sky. In the blink of an eye, he had traveled dozens of miles away.

Not too long after, a small town became visible, so the scaled tiger landed right before it.

"Strange, why is there not even a single person around here?"



This small town was enough to house several hundred families, but it was exceptionally quiet at this moment. There wasn't even a single person in sight. There were no living beings nor dead existences, so it was apparent that all of the townsfolk had already left.

Examining the traces left behind, they must have left within the last three days.

Not to mention, it seemed that they were in quite a rush; many things were left behind. What kind of situation could have warranted their sudden departure like this?

"Woof woof!" A lone mangy dog crouched on the street with a dispirited look. The sunlight from the horizon prolonged its shadow.

Autumn was drawing near, so as the breeze made its visit, the leaves also fell down from the wutong tree in front of the tower.

"Come!" Feng Feiyun jumped back on the scaled tiger's back and stood on its extremely large head.

The Ji sisters also seemed to feel a repressive aura. This was too strange, and even Ji Xiaonu — who liked to argue with Feng Feiyun — at this moment was completely silent.

The scaled tiger continued to fly forward, and they saw several small towns. Everyone there also evacuated, creating a frightening solitary atmosphere. Not even the sounds of animals and birds remained.

The sky became darker and darker.

"Boom!"

Right when Feng Feiyun intended to return, suddenly, a black corpse fog shot out from a mountain below like the bombardment of a tidal wave.

Feng Feiyun snorted and condensed a black light at the tip of his finger. The Dark Water Art immediately rushed out and shattered the corpse fog, then it kept on attacking.

A miserable scream emanated, similar to the shrills of ghosts.

Feng Feiyun immediately jumped down from the scaled tiger with the Ji sisters right behind him. This was the first "living" thing that they had encountered along the way, so naturally, they couldn't easily let it go.

"Xshooo..!"

A shadow appeared several meters right before Feng Feiyun. A black fog billowed from its body that was covered with corpse hair.

Feng Feiyun was even faster; with one kick, he knocked an adjacent tree towards the shadow, shooting the trunk like an arrow towards it.

"Boom!"

The shadow was knocked away and it once again fell to the floor, wounded.

Feng Feiyun's body suddenly shifted and immediately appeared right before the shadow. He trampled on it with one foot as it kept on screaming out noises that were human-like, but not quite; ghastly, but not completely demonic.

"A corpse evil that has undergone the first Corpse Transformation!"

A faint crimson flame gathered on Feng Feiyun fingers as many red layers of red radiance came together.

"Crimson Fire Art!"

Although Feng Feiyun's Crimson Fire Art was only at the basics of the basics, there was no problem using it to destroy the evil energy of a first transformation corpse evil.

The corpse evil's black hair was burnt into ashes that scattered onto the ground, revealing its body beneath.

After being burnt away, more than half of the corpse evil's vitality also withered away. As time passed, it helplessly lay limp on the ground.

"The skin is intact, and the internal organs also have yet to decay. It seems that this is a new corpse that had only transformed within the last three days. It had not devoured enough blood nor essence; no wonder why it is so weak like this!"

After cultivating the Eight Arts Volume, Feng Feiyun was quite knowledgeable regarding the Yang World's Three Strange and the Yin World's Three Evils.

"Pss!" Suddenly, the corpse evil's eyes shot out two beams of light towards the sky and pierced the cloud before exploding like two fireworks.

These were the pupils of the corpse evil!

The corpse evil on the ground also burst into blood and pus. Luckily, Feng Feiyun had quickly retreated. Otherwise, he would have been completely covered in blood right now.

"Its eyes exploded — this is to inform the surrounding corpses. We need to leave this place fast. Soon, extremely strong corpse evils will gather around here. Maybe even one thousand year old corpse evils will show up." Ji Xiaonu and Ji Xinnu came right behind Feng Feiyun and spoke.

Feng Feiyun gazed at the dim darkness and heard several sharp gusts of wind that was accompanied by the terrorizing shrieks from corpse evils. The leaves started to fall and even the ground trembled.

"Such powerful corpse energy!" Feng Feiyun knew that they couldn't run away, so he took a step forward to protect the Ji sisters right behind him.

Chapter 166: Second Transformation Corpse Evil

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!" The howling wind became even more fierce, so fierce that even the ancient trees began to shake. A faint dark mist began to silently approach above the ground.

"Xsttt!" Without any warning, a Corpse Evil with a pair of crimson eyes that was covered in hair like a gorilla walked out.

This was initially a human, but because of the corpse transformation, its hair started growing a lot longer so it didn't resemble one anymore.

With her agile reaction, Ji Xiaonu prepared her bow. A glimmer shot out from the bow, and it turned into a blue serpent flying outward.

This iron bow was a weapon of the Treasure level, and its arrow was also created by the finest steel. It was shot out after the energy gathered, and it could break through the defense of an early God Base. However, this bow couldn't harm this Corpse Evil even in the slightest.

Its long black hair was tougher than even armor, so it was as if it was adorned with a set of black armor. A spark exploded from the friction caused by the arrow hitting the armor-like hair. It was blocked and deflected into flying outside and into a tree.

"Boom!" This maple tree turned into pieces of broken wood on the ground.

The Corpse Evil became enraged and pounced towards Ji Xiaonu with eyes as red as blood.

Although Ji Xiaonu's cultivation was not low, her battle experience was very lacking. Seeing the terrorizing Corpse Evil soaring towards her, she was at a loss at this moment and could only retreat before almost falling on the ground.

"Boom!"

A golden light burned on Feng Feiyun's hand as he punched the Corpse Evil, causing it to fly ten meters away. However, its body immediately got up; it was obvious that even Feng Feiyun's fist couldn't hurt it.

Feng Feiyun's hand, on the other hand, was in pain as he lamented the corpse's terrifying defensive capabilities. Even though it was only a First Transformation Corpse Evil, its defense could already compare to a peak God Base cultivator.

Only the secret arts of a Treasure Seeking Master would be able to suppress these evil monsters. For example, the Crimson Fire Art was specifically designed to restrain these Corpse Evils.

Naturally, other Treasure Seeking Masters would also have different troves of secret skills.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!"

In just a moment, seven more Corpse Evils rushed out from the forest; now, there were eight of them.

Eight pairs of bloody eyes — more frightening than wild animals — were staring intensely at Feng Feiyun's group of three.

Although Ji Xiaonu and Ji Xinnu were abnormalities, they were still girls who weren't as bold as Feng Feiyun. They couldn't help but to use their movement techniques to get close to Feng Feiyun. It seemed that he had become their pillar...

"Eight First Transformation Corpse Evils, and their auras are not that dense, so they are clearly newborn."

Even if someone was killed by a Corpse Evil, only one out of one thousand would transform into a murderous monster. The other unlucky ones would just turn into regular corpses and eventually rot back to the earth.

The appearance of eight Corpse Evils meant that eight thousand people died at the hands of these corpses.

It seems that the Evil Woman's grand corpse army already attacked this place.

The earth heavily shook as all eight Corpse Evils pounced at the same time with their outstretched black claws.

Countless corpse energies intertwined together and filled the entire forest; the energy was dense to the point where even the heavens would lose its color. The moon was swallowed and one couldn't see their own hand even if it was placed right in front of their eyes. Only the shrill screams of the corpses existed beside one's ears.

Feng Feiyun gathered his energy and stretched out one finger, then he pointed it at the ground. Countless blazing crimson flames erupted from the ground and immediately incinerated half of the mountain. The eight Corpse Evils chaotically scurried around like eight lanterns; they wailed for a long time without stop.

The flames burned the corpses and the night also turned red.

From afar, it seemed as if the whole mountain was set on fire.

"Poof!"

A horrifying light rushed down from another mountain in the distance. It was initially more than thirty miles away, but in a flash, it appeared right behind Feng Feiyun. And with one claw, it scratched a huge wound on Feng Feiyun's back where one could even see his spine.

The ninth Corpse Evil!

Feng Feiyun's golden blood began to drip down; in it contained a thick corpse aura as a black mist began to form. The corpse poison had permeated into his blood.

This was a terrorizing existence that had underwent the second Corpse Transformation, and its speed actually almost exceeded a grand achievement God Base cultivator, so that was why it was able to harm Feng Feiyun like this.

"Boom!"

The Infinite Spirit Ring flew out and channeled its spirit energy to strike away the Second Transformation Corpse Evil that appeared out of nowhere.

Although Feng Feiyun was taken by surprise and suffered a severe injury, his bloodlust was provoked. He recalled the ring and turned around to retaliate. His body turned into a shadow with the ring in his hand, and he continuously unleashed more than one hundred moves against the Second Transformation Corpse Evil.

As fast as lightning, their battle vibrated in the sky as a dark light encompassed one man and one corpse.

This Corpse Evil no longer had hair covering its body, and it had cultivated to the point where it had an impenetrable diamond body. With Feng Feiyun's current mastery of the Crimson Fire Art, he essentially could not harm it.

The First Corpse Transformation was easy; one thousand bodies contaminated by the corpse poison could have one transformed corpse.

However, for a Corpse Evil to undergo the second transformation, the process would be extremely arduous. Even within ten thousand Corpse Evils, there would not necessarily be one that was able to transform the second time.

This not only required a huge amount of blood energy and souls as the foundation, but it also required a few special treasures that were born naturally from the earth. These treasures must have a dao-seeking property as well as be in a special location for earth corpses so that its own heavenly aura was able to assist the process.

Therefore, only the extremely talented within the Corpse Evils would be able to successfully transform twice into this impenetrable diamond body.

Its battle power was also remarkably horrifying. In the past, even with Dongfang Jingyue's amazing cultivation and the accompaniment of the Haotian Spirit Mirror, she was also majorly wounded by two Second Transformation monk corpses and nearly died.

"Boom!"

Feng Feiyun retreated with his pair of fists filled with blood. Some was his own, but some was also blood from the Corpse Evil.

So powerful, such a terrifying power!

Although Feng Feiyun's fists were reinforced with the Spirit Treasure's power, they couldn't break through the corpse's defense, and he was barely able to fight evenly against it.

"This is just a Corpse Evil that recently transformed the second time. Its power is roughly equal to the force of six qilins, and it is among the weakest of Second Transformation Corpse Evils."

Six Qilins of power was around 320,000 pounds, and many peak God Base cultivators were unable to release such a powerful force.

"Your back is hurt, and you have been invaded by the corpse poison. I will fight in your stead!" Ji Xinnu looked at the gruesome wound on Feng Feiyun's back and immediately shifted her body forward. Her slender jade hands turned into a blue color — transparent like a sapphire. Ten nails as sharp as swords stretched out from her long and slender fingers.

Her nails were also of a blue color, shining like crystals while exuding a cold and dark air.

"There is a man here, so there is no need for a woman to fight. Stand back!" Inside Feng Feiyun's body was a corpse palace that belonged to a Fourth Transformation Corpse Evil, so he simply didn't care for this little bit of corpse poison because it couldn't harm him at all.

Moreover, he cultivated the Immortal Phoenix Physique, so his body's recovery rate was several times greater than an ordinary cultivator. The wound on his back has already been half healed.

The Second Transformation Corpse Evil spewed out multiple gusts of black air and once again turned into a shadow to strike. Feng Feiyun did not flinch and moved forward instead. The Evil Woman's corpse palace inside his dantian quickly activated as a green corpse fire shot out from his palm.

This corpse fire did not have any heat, and rather, it carried a cold ice-like sensation.

Chapter 167: Wanxiang Pagodas Disciples

"Whoosh!"

The Second Transformation Corpse Evil felt the extraordinary presence of this corpse fire as if it was the natural repression of a stronger fighter versus an inferior fighter. It immediately turned around to run. It stomped its foot heavily on the ground and then shot up towards the sky like a cannon, landing more than ten miles away. Then, with another stomp, it disappeared from sight.

"A Fourth Transformation Corpse Fire really has the ability to suppress these Corpse Evils, haha! It seems that as long as I do not meet Xiao Nuolan, I would not need to be afraid of any other Corpse Evils." Feng Feiyun found the benefits of having Xiao Nuolan's corpse palace inside his dantian.

Feng Feiyun searched for the eight skeletal corpse palaces inside the burnt ashes. All of them were as big as a hand with the shape of a palace that had an entrance.

These were the essences and primal corpse palaces of the eight corpses left behind after they were incinerated.

"Fellow Daoist, I am willing to pay 800 gold coins to buy these eight corpse palaces." Suddenly, a voice appeared. It was a handsome young man in a white scholarly robe whose voice traveled across one thousand miles. Not too long later, he descended down from the sky while riding a strange, azure bird that had three hundred years of cultivation.

"I am willing to pay 8,000 gold coins!" Another pretty girl with a white robe also came down while riding a four hundred year old crane like a goddess.

"Gu Lianqiu, if you are willing to pay 8,000, then this Murong Zhuo is willing to pay 30,000 gold coins for these eight corpse palaces!"

Another white-robed young man riding a giant beast like a qilin quickly arrived from the mountain.

... ..

All of these white shadows raced through the sky as fast as lightning.

They seemed to have come from the same place because they all wore the same white dao uniform. The only difference was the markings printed on their chests; some had cauldrons while others had beast pictures and spirit stones. Also, the amount of these markings were not similar.

Not much time passed before seven men and women stood before Feng Feiyun.

They all had strange mounts, and they were also quite generous; several thousand gold coins appeared to be nothing to them.

Feng Feiyun analyzed these young people who had suddenly arrived and found that all of them were quite dignified. The men were handsome and the women were beautiful. They all carried a noble aura; it was clear that they were groomed from a young age, and the newly rich young masters could not compare to them.

Their talents were not all at the heaven-defying level, and some of them had ordinary talents. However, without any exception, all of them were full of confidence.

Only people with true abilities could wield such confidence.

“Who are you?” Feng Feiyun became alert and quickly asked.

“Wanxiang Pagoda, God Base level, blacksmithing department, Murong Zhuo.”

“Wanxiang Pagoda, Immortal Foundation level, beastmaster department, Gu Lianqiu.”

“Wanxiang Pagoda, Immortal Foundation level, beastmaster department, Qin Long.”

“Wanxiang Pagoda, God Base level, dan-master department, Luo Shixiong.”

... ..

All seven of them introduced themselves and subtly revealed a sense of pride.

Everyone had their arrogant moments, but the most important part was whether they had the ability to be arrogant or not.

This group had the ability to be arrogant because they were all part of the five mysterious grand masters, and they were also disciples of the Wanxiang Pagoda. Either of these two identities was quite prestigious in the cultivation world, not to mention that their clans were especially notable.

“So they are Wanxiang disciples!” Feng Feiyun was quite surprised. Why did the disciples of the pagoda come all the way to the Trinity County of the Grand Southern Prefecture?

The Wanxiang Pagoda was the sacred ground for learning in the Jin Dynasty, and more than seventy percent of all grand mysterious masters came from it. One could see its great influence in the cultivation world.

With the appearance of the Evil Woman, the rest of the world trembled in fear. As the sacred ground of mysterious masters, the pagoda naturally could not ignore such a matter. These seven disciples were sent here to investigate the movement of the Corpse Evils.

They wanted to kill a few Corpse Evils and take their corpse palaces back to the pagoda; only then would their task be considered complete.

However, the Corpse Evil’s might far exceeded their expectations. Now, a First Transformation Corpse Evil was three times stronger than a First Transformation Corpse Evil of the past, so they never found an opportunity to strike.

Therefore, after evacuating the people within a thousand mile radius and luring dozens of Corpse Evils to this area, they wanted to separate and defeat them. However, they didn't expect for someone else to take the initiative and burn the eight Corpse Evils and even take away their corpse palaces.

Anyone who could send back corpse palaces to the pagoda would contribute a great merit, and the rewards would naturally be rich. Even someone with their identity would be tempted, so they didn't mind spending several ten thousand gold coins to buy it from Feng Feiyun.

"Fellow Daoist, just name any price, I must buy these eight corpse palaces." Luo Shixiong gauged Feng Feiyun and felt that he was a rich young master who was traveling with two beautiful maids. Even though he had a decent cultivation, he should be tempted by money.

Luo Shixiong firmly believed that everyone had a price, no matter how wealthy they were.

"I don't lack money!" Feng Feiyun played with the eight corpse palaces in his hand and answered with a faint smile.

Luo Shixiong didn't expect such a direct refusal, so his face suddenly became dimmed. The other disciples also let out some amusing laughter.

Luo Shixiong couldn't restrain the anger that showed on his face; he scowled then bit his teeth before he took out a pretty little dan bottle from his robe and said: "This is a first rank top pill bottle personally refined by me, containing Spirit Rising Dan. One pill can increase one's spirit energy to the point where it would be comparable to harshly cultivating for one year. One cannot buy these pills with gold. There are three pills left in this bottle, which should be more than enough for your eight corpse palaces."

The other six were no longer laughing as they stared at Luo Shixiong with surprise. This guy was actually willing to pay such a price for the eight corpse palaces! Truly someone who came from a great background.

However, Feng Feiyun didn't care for the Spirit Rising Dan; he only felt that these people were very arrogant. Since the very start, they didn't even look at him, so he was quite annoyed.

Was the Wanxiang Pagoda truly so great? Is being a mysterious master really that amazing?

Feng Feiyun also didn't care for the eight corpse palaces. He gazed at this Luo Shixiong fella, then he shook his head and smiled before directly throwing the eight corpse palaces straight to the ground into the black ashes.

Afterwards, he didn't bother to give them a glance as he climbed on top of the scaled tiger's back with the Ji sisters. They soared into the sky and disappeared into the night curtain.

If you are so arrogant, then please discard your pride and pick up the eight corpse palaces on the ground.

"Too arrogant..." Luo Shixiong gripped his fists and remembered the look of disdain in Feng Feiyun's gaze before leaving; it was as if Feiyun was donating these corpse palaces to beggars.

Charity!

Till now, they would always be the ones to give charity to others!



He really wanted to fight Feng Feiyun, since no one had ever disrespected him like this before.

“Really so bullish ah!” If Teacher didn’t previously warn us to not pick on the weak unless it was a last resort, then I would have taught him a lesson so that he could learn the rule of the jungle.” Murong Zhuo’s expression turned cold. He was a heaven-defying genius and also the strongest in this group as an intermediate God Base. Even among the many experts at the pagoda, he was somewhat famous.

None of these seven mysterious masters were willing to bend their backs to pick up the eight corpse palaces on the ground. How could someone with such distinguished backgrounds like them pick up something purposely thrown away by someone else?

That would be too humiliating!

“We should still kill a Corpse Evil and take its corpse palace, then go back and report it. As long as we don’t meet a Second Transformation Corpse Evil, there will be no danger.” Gu Lianqiu’s pretty eyes glanced over these eight corpse palaces. Even though she was very close, she couldn’t go to pick them up so she felt a bit regretful.

She felt that the departed teenager just now was not simple. To be able to kill eight Corpse Evils... The seven of them combined couldn’t compare to him. Murong Zhuo would most likely have been taught a lesson instead.

#### Chapter 168: Blood Feud

The scaled tiger resembled a black tiger, but it was many times bigger than a regular tiger. Its scaled wings alone covered the sky and blotted out the moon.

It occasionally issued out a roar, causing the sky to shake as the noise pierced through the night.

Feng Feiyun stood on top of the scaled tiger; he was not thinking about the students from the pagoda. Although they were genius masters with prestigious statuses, Feng Feiyun only found them to be mediocre.

What was worrying him was the powerful Corpse Evils. Although he had the Evil Woman’s corpse palace and could suppress the Corpse Evils to a certain extent, but if he met the Giants among the Corpse Evils that had intelligence like Thousand Year Corpses or Undying Golden Corpses, then the Evil Woman’s corpse palace might not be able to suppress them.

“What does Xiao Nuolan plan to do? Could it really only be her trying to accumulate blood and soul to break through to the fifth transformation?” Feng Feiyun met the night breeze that was as cold as ice while staring towards the far horizon. The moonlight had been covered by a bloody mist and dyed the moon in a bloody shade.

A stench of blood was mixed in the air as it was blowing towards them from the far distance.

“Not good, something happened to Wang Meng and Liu Qinsheng!” Two flames appeared in Feng Feiyun’s eyes as he glanced six hundred miles ahead. He saw a few shadows fighting with surging blood energy as light was illuminating a whole direction.

Wang Meng’s roar shattered the clouds in the high sky.

They were met with a sneak attack by several great experts. The enemies' cultivations were truly too powerful. Being caught off guard, Liu Qinsheng's hand was cut off and fell to the ground, then the opponent crushed it with their feet.

These people had been following them for several days, and it wasn't until when Feng Feiyun left the caravan to scout did they suddenly attack.

"Humph!" Feng Feiyun stomped hard on the scaled tiger's back. The tiger was in pain, so it let out a roar and its speed became even faster.

They were only a few dozen miles away from the caravan. Feng Feiyun immediately jumped down from the tiger's back and glided in the air while quickly soaring forward.

"What happened!?" Feng Feiyun looked at the scorched earth and the dead slave bodies on the ground. He had felt people following them earlier, but he didn't expect for them to attack within one hour of his departure.

The moment he came back, the opponents had already left. Clearly, they had formulated a meticulous plan, so it was definitely not done by the Corpse Evils who lacked intelligence.

More than thirty slaves were all dead; many of their bodies were burst open by a powerful spirit energy, so their flesh had become mangled and unrecognizable like thirty bloody meatballs.

Under the pressure of cultivators, a mortal life was even more fragile than ants.

Was this a warning?

Feng Feiyun felt that the enemies wanted to warn and frighten him. That was why they committed such atrocities.

They used the blood all over the ground to warn Feng Feiyun!

"It was the First Heaven Immortal Gate's first brother, Bu Tianya, and Zi Chuan and Zi Qing from the Violet Cloud Grotto." There was a fist-sized hole in Wang Meng's chest. It was caused by a sneak attack from Zi Qing, a sword stab from the back. If his body wasn't so tough and if this sword pierced his heart, he would have already died.

The armor that weighed a thousand pounds on his body was broken in several places. His body was filled with bloody patches and his face was completely pale. If Feng Feiyun came back just a bit later, he would have been split into pieces by the swords.

Feng Feiyun spoke with a cold glimmer in his eyes: "The heaven-defying geniuses from the Evil Killing Alliance again! I didn't go to cause trouble for them, yet they actually came to me first. No, something isn't right, how did they know our route?"

"It was Ji Cangyue! She is Bu Tianya's fiancée; this bitch must have secretly informed them!" Liu Qinsheng's left arm was completely severed from the shoulder, revealing his white bones. He was lying limp on the grass, completely powerless in an extremely weak state.

His pale face was even more frightening. The blood around the area was all from his body.

Feng Feiyun approached, wanting to prop him up, but once he got into the grass bush, he found that Liu Qinsheng's legs were broken into three sections. His ankles, knees, and thighs appeared to be struck by rods countless times. His bones had become residue and his flesh became bloody mud.

Not only was his arm severed, but even his legs were crippled.

"Who did it?" Feng Feiyun gritted his teeth and asked.

"Bu... Bu Tianya..." Although Liu Qinsheng was in such a miserable state with blood dripping from his lips, there was a faint smile on his sorrowful face: "He told me to tell you a message, that he will deal with you in this manner. He will cut out all the bones in your body, then feed them to the dogs. This is the result for daring to touch his fiancée."

"But... I told him, that he will die a pathetic death, so he kicked my chest... This kick... Cough cough!" Liu Qinsheng spoke, still with a smile.

Feng Feiyun noticed that his chest was caved inward with at least two broken ribs as blood was flowing out. Feng Feiyun's hands started to shiver a bit.

Wang Meng and Liu Qinsheng naturally were not good people, but they were quite loyal and brotherly to him. After seeing Liu Qinsheng's life force leaving his body nonstop, Feng Feiyun felt a great anger.

He took out the last top of Spirit Spring Water in order to help prolong his life.

"No... it won't have any effect..." Liu Qinsheng shakily pushed Feng Feiyun's hand away as his eyes became even more muddled. Then, he said: "My dantian has been shattered, even a drop of Spirit Spring Water will not be able to save me."

Feng Feiyun placed his hand on Liu Qinsheng's dantian, but blood started to flow the moment he touched it. Bu Tianya was way too vicious.

"Bastard!" Feng Feiyun's fingers started to crack and his hair stood on end.

"This is all because of me, they came for me..." Feng Feiyun was silent for a long time. He laid Liu Qinsheng's body flat on the ground so that he could feel a bit better.

"If you truly feel guilty, then... help me with something!" Liu Qinsheng spoke.

"Say it!" Feng Feiyun replied.

An even greater sadness appeared in Liu Qinsheng's eyes. Although he was a bandit, he had not always been one. It was simply because of a big mistake that he couldn't do anything except escape to Fire Beacon City to avoid his enemy.

His mouth began to utter his story: "I was a strategist for the Heaven Shaking Marquis, a third rank Wisdom Master, but I committed a great mistake... Sigh..."

Not only Feng Feiyun, but even Wang Meng and the Ji sisters all came around. They knew that Liu Qinsheng's life was at its end, and these were his last words, so they became quite sentimental.

"I slept with the eighth concubine of the Heaven Shaking Marquis and even made her pregnant." Although his face was pale and his body was bloody, there was still a glimmer in his eyes.

If it was an ordinary day when he heard such crazy words, then Feng Feiyun would have absolutely laughed and teased him, but he couldn't laugh right now.

The Heaven Shaking Marquis was one of the eighteen Heavenly Marquises of the Godly Jin Dynasty; he had more than 30,000,000 troops in his control. Even a few great clans were a bit dreadful of him.

This was a character that could shake the earth with one stomp in the Godly Jin Dynasty's imperial court, and Liu Qinsheng actually slept with his eighth concubine. No wonder he had to run all the way to the southern border.

"This happened more than ten years ago, and I have once begged Third Boss to seek for news about the baby. Third Boss was a great friend, and he went out of his way to help me by taking a trip to the Godly Capital. He found out that the baby that year was not executed, and the eighth concubine also didn't die."

"How can this be?" Feng Feiyun wondered; a character like the Heaven Shaking Marquis... If someone made him a cuckold, then he should have executed the eighth concubine and the baby.

"Haha! The Marquis' status is very high in the court, so even if he clearly knew of this affair, he didn't dare to publicize it. He could only try his best to cover it up. Aizz! This trip to the Wanxiang Pagoda... I wanted to secretly meet this child once, to see if it is a boy or a girl, to see if they have grown up. But... It seems like I will not have the chance..." There was a tinge of red on Liu Qinsheng's face, but having spoken to this point, he suddenly coughed out some blood. He wanted to say something else to Feng Feiyun, but the sound would not come out.

"Your child is in the Wanxiang Pagoda? What is their name... Hey... What are you asking me to do?" Feng Feiyun lamented his fate. How could a wife from a Marquis' household care for a strategist? It seemed that Liu Qinsheng and the eighth concubine had a great tale between them.

Unfortunately, he was no longer able to speak.

Those right before death usually suffered this heartache. They wanted to speak, but the words would not come out — this was a feeling even worse than death itself!

Liu Qinsheng's body stretched straight as his eyes gazed at the moon in the sky. They became more and more blurred. He raised his hand as if to catch something, but in the end, it helplessly fell down to the ground.

Silence...

Everybody was slowly filled with a bleak sensation. Everyone had a different story; Liu Qinsheng risked his life to enter the Wanxiang Pagoda just to secretly see his child once, but the old heavens would not even grant his little wish.

The heavens let him die along the way. Even in his death, he didn't know what his child looked like. Heck, he didn't even know if they were a boy or a girl.

What kind of unwilling and reluctant feeling was this ah!

"I'm going to make mincemeat out of that bastard, Bu Tianya!" Wang Meng's eyes were a bit teary. His brother died with regrets, so he was extremely enraged and emotional. He chased towards the distance,

but he only managed to run a few steps before he fell head first into the ground. He was seriously injured. Although his body was powerful, he could no longer stand straight.

He attempted to stand up several times, but he kept falling down again and again.

#### Chapter 169: Bloodline Marking

On a mountain pass, the wind was blowing a bit hastily, dispersing the stench of blood in the air.

A new grave had just been erected without a tombstone nor offerings!

Cultivators were not immortals. On the contrary, it was even more melancholic when a cultivator died. They usually lived for several hundred years, and all of their friends and families would already be dead. It was a solitary end to be buried in the sand. There would not even be one person to take care of them before their moment of death.

Feng Feiyun personally buried Liu Qinsheng into his grave along with his crushed arm. Buddha said that if a dead person's body remained intact, then they could reincarnate into a human in their next life.

Wang Meng was lying on the ground with a complicated expression in his eyes that were as big as brass bells. It was a mix of sadness and hatred!

The cultivation of Wang Meng and Liu Qinsheng was not ordinary; both of them had reached peak God Base, and their battle power was no weaker than heaven-defying geniuses like Zi Chuan and Zi Qing. If it wasn't a sneak attack, then even if they didn't win, they could still have protected their own life.

Feng Feiyun silently went into the bronze carriage and found that Ji Cangyue was indeed rescued, but the Eight Veins Dragon Lock on her body still remained locked.

"It really was her blood!" Feng Feiyun noticed a dried blood mark from the corner of the carriage and realized that Ji Cangyue used her blood to inform the group of Bu Tianya.

The Patriarchs for the great clans in the Grand Southern Prefecture, such as the Ji Clan, the Qin Clan, and the Feng Clan, were all renowned entities. These people had cultivated their bloodlines into an extremely high state and were able to pass their excellent bloodline down to future generations.

There was also an ancient and unique air in their blood; this was called the bloodline mark. The top clans had more than millions of disciples, so they relied on these bloodline marks to determine whether a disciple was a descendant from the main branch of a clan or not.

The Ji Clan and the First Heaven Immortal Gate were in-laws. Ji Cangyue was a Death Spirit Child of the Ji Clan, and Bu Tianya was the first disciple of the gate; both were heaven-defying geniuses, so their marriage marked the alliance between the two powers.

They were both top powers at the Grand Southern Prefecture, so if they could form an alliance, it would completely suppress the other clans and powers, resulting in them gaining even more cultivation resources.

Feng Feiyun touched this bloody mark with his finger, and a crimson layer of residue immediately infected his fingertip.

“Heavenly Phoenix Gaze!” Feng Feiyun’s eyes became clear with two flames in his pupils. The flames jumped up and down as he stared at the bloody mark on his finger.

Other people naturally wouldn’t be able to see any clues. After all, everyone’s blood was similar. However, those with extreme talents and a deep bloodline had an ancient seal in their blood.

The problem was that these seals were hidden deep in the origin of the bloodline, and one needed special techniques or items to determine whether there was a hidden seal within the blood or not.

A faint bloody mist appeared right before Feng Feiyun as if it was hiding an ancient beast with seven heads. However, since Feng Feiyun’s Heavenly Phoenix Gaze was still in its introductory stage, it couldn’t see through this mist; he couldn’t tell what the special bloodline marking of the Ji Clan was.

“There is no need to look, the first Patriarch of the Ji Clan had a great cultivation and had refined the soul of a one thousand year old spirit beast to embed into his bloodline. It was a seven heads python, and it had become the bloodline marking of the Ji disciples ever since.” Mao Wugui revealed its white head from Feng Feiyun’s chest while staring with its bean-sized eyes at the blood mark on Feng Feiyun’s finger.

This turtle of an unknown origin — for one reason or another — wanted to follow Feng Feiyun, or could it be following the Ji sisters... No matter what, this guy didn’t want to leave. Feng Feiyun threw him out several times in the middle of nowhere, but it was still able to chase after them.

“Since we know the Ji Clan’s mark, it will not be difficult to chase after Ji Cangyue.” Feng Feiyun said with a chilling tone.

“Brat, you want to kill Ji Cangyue for revenge?” Mao Wugui quickly warned him: “You can kill that Bu Tianya guy, but you cannot touch Ji Cangyue. The Ji Clan isn’t as simple like you think; messing with a heaven-defying genius of the Ji Clan will bring about a frightening disaster.”

In the eyes of outsiders, the Ji Clan and the First Heaven Immortal Gate were existences on the same level, so why was it that he could kill the gate’s disciple but not a Death Spirit Child from the Ji Clan?

This old turtle must be hiding something!

“I want to do it even more!”

Feng Feiyun made a seal and activated the Crimson Fire Art to burn Ji Cangyue’s remaining blood mark. An invisible bloody mist wrapped around the seven heads python before it flew towards another direction in the air.

This bloodline seal could only be seen by the Heavenly Phoenix Gaze; it would be completely invisible to others.

The Ji sisters could only see Feng Feiyun quickly leaving in the night curtain as he disappeared before them.

A murderer does not care whether it was day or night!

Even if the enemies had four heaven-defying geniuses, Feng Feiyun still wanted to fight.

“Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!”

Feng Feiyun hid his aura like a ghost as he crossed through the mountains. He — very swiftly — traveled more than two hundred miles. He gradually found some traces of humans, so his chase became even more urgent.

Suddenly, Feng Feiyun paused and heard a majestic river flowing nearby. It was a river several dozens of meters wide. The waves went back and forth like the scales of a slithering silver serpent under the moonlight.

They were directly on the other side!

Bu Tianya, Zi Chuan, and Zi Qing were sitting at a shallow bank next to the large river. There was a one meter round circle engraved on the ground. Zi Chuan then let a white broken sword down into this circle.

This white broken sword was a broken Spirit Treasure, but its inner spirit and formation were still relatively intact, so he could utilize one level of a Spirit Treasure’s power.

Even though it was just one level, it was already quite amazing. Its power must be ten times greater than a half Spirit Treasure.

The three of them shot their energy into the circle at the same time and activated the formations inside the broken sword. A strand of unbound energy shot into the sky as the broken sword turned into a white dragon that slashed the Eight Veins Dragon Lock on Ji Cangyue’s body.

The eight formations on the lock mobilized at the same time, causing the black chains to turn into a crimson color. Runic patterns appeared on the chains and unleashed eight strains of force, shaking the white sword.

“Whew!”

The white sword was blown away; it fell back into the circle and couldn’t stop vibrating.

The three heaven-defying geniuses were also hit by this force, causing their chests to feel numb. As a result, they quickly decided to recover their spirit energy.

Ji Cangyue then suffered the backlash of the dragon lock as her body was roped even more tightly. Her delicate and fine skin appeared to be crushed as her graceful body contorted in pain; she couldn’t help but to let out a little groan.

“Even a broken Spirit Treasure cannot break the Eight Vein Dragon Lock!” Zi Chuan let out a sigh.

“Although Miss Ji’s cultivation is high, the power of this lock is truly too strong. If we cannot unlock it, then the power of the lock will destroy her God Base within three days. Then, she will lose her cultivation and turn into a mere mortal.”

“From here to the Ji Clan’s house would take another five or six days. Could it be that we can only watch as Miss Ji lose her source of power?”

“This demon Feng Feiyun is too cruel!”

So they said, but they didn't think about the fact that this lock was actually the Ji Clan's treasure. Even if Feng Feiyun was vicious, could he be more vicious than those from the Ji Clan?

Bu Tianya had been quiet the whole time ever since he rescued Ji Cangyue. His brows never relaxed since that moment. Ji Cangyue was captured for nearly half a month, and Feng Feiyun even tied her up.

Feng Feiyun was definitely not a virtuous person, and Ji Cangyue was absolutely a city-toppling beauty. How could he not do anything to Ji Cangyue? Having thought to this point, Bu Tianya's calm dao heart suddenly issued a ripple, then it escalated into a torrential wave.

"Feng Feiyun!" Bu Tianya suddenly stood up as he was filled with a murderous battle intent.

"Brother Bu, where do you want to go?" Zi Chuan felt the terrorizing energy on Bu Tianya's body.

"To take Feng Feiyun's head!" The coldness that reeked from Bu Tianya's body created a layer of ice over the entire river.

Zi Qing's pretty brows furrowed as she asked: "Then what about Miss Ji? She..."

"Kill Feng Feiyun first!" There was a resolution formed in Bu Tianya's eyes. No one could change his mind. If Feng Feiyun didn't die, then his heart would not be able to stay calm.

A ten-meter high wave suddenly soared across the river like a water dragon rushing about. A powerful and sharp force came from across the river.

"You don't have to go, I am right here!" Above the river, a purple, cool figure walked on the water. Each of his steps caused the water to turn into a whirlpool.

Feng Feiyun had arrived!

Chapter 170: Fight Against Bu Tianya

"Feng Feiyun!" Bu Tianya's glare turned cold as he loudly shouted while he spewed out a chilling air.

Feng Feiyun, adorned in his gorgeous purple robe, came from the other side of the river as his steps gave birth to numerous whirlpools, causing the waves on the calm surface to rise even higher.

Not too long after, he reached the middle of the river.

He trod on the water as if it was the ground. The breeze caused his sleeves to flutter violently.

Zi Chuan and Zi Qing were both alert; they couldn't forget about how Qin Zhan died to Feng Feiyun. They knew that the evil demon's son was no weaker than any of the heaven-defying geniuses.

Although they were both part of the heaven-defying group, they had only reached the intermediate God Base realm; they were a level weaker than Qin Zhan, so naturally, they were apprehensive of Feng Feiyun.

Although Feng Feiyun was only an early God Base, he had a Spirit Treasure in his possession and could even kill Qin Zhan. Without taking out a Spirit Treasure, one simply couldn't stop him.

"Brother Bu, Feng Feiyun has a Spirit Treasure, and it even killed Qin Zhan." Zi Chuan quickly reminded him.



Bu Tianya's cultivation was also at the intermediate God Base. He was at the point where each of his fingers were as tough as immortal ingots. He could be considered to be at the peak level of intermediate God base, and as long as he cultivated a divine intent, then he could immediately step into peak God Base.

"No problem. In order to deal with this demonspawn, I especially brought the Grand Wind Banner from the Heavenly Peak; it is enough to deal with his Spirit Treasure." Bu Tianya came prepared so he was without any fear.

His cultivation was one minor level higher than Feng Feiyun, and with the Grand Wind Banner as his backup, killing Feng Feiyun would be as easy as killing a pig.

Feng Feiyun harbored anger in his mind, but this anger was hidden in his heart. He revealed a calm appearance and said: "Brother Bu is truly the first disciple of the First Heaven Immortal Gate. Your way of conducting business is indeed straightforward and upright; others can't help but admire you ah! That day on Fire Beacon City's wall, I misjudged you."

"I was also mistaken on that day. Otherwise, you would not be living till this moment!" Bu Tianya stood at the shallow part of the river and was only a few feet away from the water. However, no matter how fierce the waves were, they could not reach his shoes for there was an invisible force repelling them.

The moment Feng Feiyun appeared, the auras of the two people collided.

Feng Feiyun's God Base in his dantian — that was around the size of a rice grain — was immediately stimulated by Bu Tianya's aura, so it rapidly rotated and exuded an endless amount of spirit energy.

Bu Tianya's God Base was ten times larger than Feng Feiyun's, but its spirit energy's purity and awareness were far from being comparable.

One was quantity, the other was quality!

Both of them were extremely gifted with strong willpower; they had hid all of their psychological weaknesses early on. One stood firmly like an anchor in the middle of the river while the other was stoutly situated like a mountain by the river bank. Both were without any flaws and extremely powerful.

"Boom!"

Although the battle had not yet started, a murderous sensation filled the air between them. The rivers were splashing with droplets of water. As they were mixed together with a murderous energy, it caused these droplets to fly outside; they even pierced through the head of a nightingale more than one thousand meters away, causing it to fall to the ground.

The atmosphere became more and more oppressive. It was as if the air itself was becoming heavier; it didn't allow people to breathe.

"Bu Tianya's cultivation had actually reached such a level. He only needs one more month at most to cultivate a divine intent. Then, he will reach peak God Base." Zi Chuan was also extremely gifted. He arduously cultivated in a forest that was filled with wild beasts for ten years in order to understand the dao. Even four hundred year old wild beasts had died under his sword.

He considered himself as one of the younger generations that were capable of competing with all other heroes, but the moment he left the Violet Cloud Grotto, he found that the world did not lack geniuses. Bu Tianya's age was not much different from him, but his cultivation was already one step higher.

Zi Qing was a beautiful prodigy. She was wearing her purple dress with a cultivation no weaker than Zi Chuan. She spoke: "Why do I feel that Feng Feiyun is no weaker than Bu Tianya?"

Once a person was considered a heaven-defying genius, they were the tyrants within the same cultivation level. Within the same level, heaven-defying geniuses could easily slay other cultivators.

However, if both were heaven-defying geniuses of the same level, victory and defeat could be ascertained, but it would be very difficult to kill the opponent. For example, Bu Tianya and Zi Chuan were both at the intermediate God Base, and one of them was about to reach the peak level while the other had just reached the intermediate level; there was a sizable gap between the two of them.

Bu Tianya could defeat Zi Chuan, but he was absolutely not able to kill Zi Chuan.

Of course, if he had a heaven-defying weapon like a Spirit Treasure, then it was a different matter altogether. Like Feng Feiyun with his Spirit Treasure, he was able to kill the intermediate God Base Qin Zhan.

"One cannot judge the son of the evil demon with common sense." Zi Chuan spoke while holding the short white sword in his hand. This was a broken Spirit Treasure, and it could utilize one layer of its true power. He continued on: "Feng Feiyun is also the henchman of the evil woman. While she is away, we must end his life tonight no matter what."

Perhaps Bu Tianya alone was unable to kill Feng Feiyun, but with two more heaven-defying geniuses like Zi Chuan and Zi Qing, it would not be a difficult matter to surround and kill an early God Base.

Feng Feiyun looked at the bright moon above; he could also hear the screams from the Corpse Evils from the far mountain. He then coldly sneered: "I heard from a recently deceased friend that Miss Ji is Brother Bu's fiancée, haha!"

Bu Tianya's eyes narrowed, and a trace of coldness was added to his calm countenance.

"But... I'm afraid Brother Bu doesn't know Miss Ji as well as me. I surely know a lot more about her than you... Hehe!" Feng Feiyun especially stressed the words "a lot".

Bu Tianya's aura became a bit more chaotic. An unsuppressible cold energy escaped from his body, freezing the water below his feet.

Feng Feiyun knew how to break through his flawless defense, so he added another spark to the fire: "Miss Ji is definitely a treasure of this world. That night, I still can't forget about it..."

"Boom!"

Bu Tianya's eyes became bloodshot. He was completely furious like an enraged lion. He roared and instantly rushed to the front of Feng Feiyun and unleashed a fist filled with black energy.

Inside this black energy was the monstrous shadows of six qilins!

His first shot was already a force of 320,000 pounds — truly worthy of being called a heaven-defying genius. This power had already exceeded the strength of many peak God Base cultivators.

“Swish!”

Feng Feiyun was ready. Half of his body sank into the water till his waist. A countless amount of water vapor condensed around his body to turn into a small mountain with icy pricks, and it collided with the six qilins’ force.

No joke, Feng Feiyun — at the moment — was cultivating the five elements arts in the Eight Arts Volume; his Dark Water Art’s mastery was excellent. Places with more water caused the power of this art to be amplified with even more transformations and violent tactics.

This large river had a lot of water vapor, so Feng Feiyun continuously shot out nine different waves of Dark Water Art. Some were divine shields, some were water prisons, and the others were direct energy attacks.

“Bang, bang, bang!” Bu Tianya was taken by surprise and lost nine clashes in a row. His body was covered in broken ice. This cold energy almost froze him completely, but it also calmed him down. He now knew very clearly that Feng Feiyun was trying to rile him up and break his focus, which was why he fell into a disadvantageous situation.

“Boom!” Bu Tianya shattered the ice. He suddenly stomped on the water surface and soared straight up in order to escape the water prison.