

SPIRIT VESSEL

Chapter 18: A Song That Wrenches The Heart

Feng Feiyun slowly walked into the legendary and most dangerous place inside of Spirit State City – the Blood Eagle Mansion.

The twenty-eight large carriages, with the chests, had been brought by Boss Wu, and they were taken into the backyard.

The one hundred and thirty-six servants, that were captured, were all tied to a pillar, and they had lost their ability to act.

Feng Feiyun didn't look at these tied up servants, only at San Ye, who was sitting in the grand chamber. Rumour had it that San Ye had lived past one hundred. He was indeed an old — an undead monster.

San Ye sat comfortably on a large chair made from ivory as the mysterious black robe, on his body, fluttered in the wind; his scarred and boney left cheek was completely bloodless, and this made him look like a ghost in the night – very grim.

One had to pay a large price to cultivate the Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes!

Why must he turn himself into someone that doesn't look like a human or a ghost? Why does he bother with such torture?

Feng Feiyun sighed heavily, stood up, and he then said, in a reasonable manner: "Today was supposed to be a good day that celebrated San Ye's birthday. And yet, this is your way of treating your guests?"

Feng Feiyun pointed towards the servants that had been roped to the pillar, his words filled with dissatisfaction.

"Keke! Go offer some tea to Young Master Feng!"

San Ye, as if he didn't notice the implications behind Feiyun's words, wore a calculating smile on his face; he gently touched a black ornamental ring on his thumb. The black ornamental ring exuded a black glow, and, on the body, there were seven tiny ancient runic words; it was as if there were seven grimaces that gave off a mysteriously profound aura.

San Ye had stolen this black ornamental ring from the Sen Luo Temple; it was a quasi-spiritual treasure, and it was extremely hard. Even the sharpest sword couldn't leave the tiniest of marks on it; even if one put it in spirit fire in an attempt to melt it, the shape of it wouldn't even warp.

Sixty years ago, because of the theft of this Infinite Spirit Ring, San Ye had to escape from the Sen Luo Temple to Spirit State City, that was, many thousands of miles away.

However, after he'd successfully stolen the Infinite Spirit Ring, he was filled with regrets. The Infinite Spirit Ring, outside of its power that was many times greater than a regular magical treasure, didn't have any other functions. It could only be considered a powerful quasi-spiritual treasure.

Just because he had the quasi-spirit treasure, he had to hide from the experts of the Sen Luo Temple for sixty years; it hadn't been worth it.

"The Infinite Spirit Ring was a top secret treasure from the Sen Luo Temple. I've heard from a Sen Luo elder that its origin was extremely mysterious; it was dug up from an ancient burial ground filled with great dangers – it couldn't simply be just a quasi-spiritual treasure. It must have a hidden ability that I haven't figured out yet."

San Ye stared at the seven ancient runes on the body of the ring, and he felt that the ghostly eyes were also staring back at him. If he could figure out the truth behind the seven runes, then he could unravel the secrets of the Infinite Spirit Ring.

His heart certainly thought so!

Feng Feiyun's eyes also noticed San Ye's thumb on the black ring and thought it was probably the quasi-spiritual treasure that was in San Ye's hands.

A quasi-spiritual treasure's effect is powerful, it must be handled with caution. Feiyun wondered: had the experts of the Yin Gou ward arrived yet?

Feng Feiyun was acting calm and indifferent, but he'd started to worry in his heart. If the experts from the Yin Gou ward didn't appear, then, the entirety of his strategy would be wasted.

To confront a master like San Ye, Housekeeper Liu wasn't enough.

Today was San Ye's birthday, and the head figures of Spirit State City should've come to celebrate; even as the night curtain was slowly pulled down, not a single guest had appeared. Only Feng Feiyun and Housekeeper Liu were sitting in the grand chamber.

The party was quite deserted!

Men dressed in black, with red belts around their waists, patrolled the hall; their gazes were filled with danger, sneers were on their faces, and exceptionally dazzling grand sabers were held in their hands.

A chilly wind blew over, causing Feng Feiyun to be chilled to the bones. He lifted his head and saw a pair of serious eyes that were filled with evil energy from San Ye.

The eyes were filled with an evil aura and felt similar to a bloody knife stabbing into Feng Feiyun's soul. If it was a normal person, his soul would've already been dissipated from this glare.

However, Feng Feiyun carried the soul of a phoenix; his soul was extremely powerful. Even if San Ye's cultivation was ten times stronger, he still wouldn't be able to damage Feiyun's soul.

“Oh? This kid is quite strange. Even my Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes didn't have any effect... Could he be wearing a spiritual treasure that can withstand the evil pressure of my evil eyes?”

San Ye's heart became more alarmed. He naturally didn't believe that Feiyun could use his own strength to combat the power of the Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes; he assumed that he was using an external tool to block his invisible attack.

After all, the Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes was one of the twelve evil techniques of the Sen Luo Temple. Even though San Ye hadn't reached the grand completion stage with it, its power was still extraordinary.

San Ye's eyes became bright as he got ready to use his full power — intending to kill with his eyes.

Feng Feiyun naturally wouldn't wait for his death, he stood straight up. He didn't take a single step backward, but he went forwards instead. With two hands gracefully, behind his back, he went straight towards San Ye and said: “San Ye, your hospitality today has left me greatly disappointed, ah!”

Feiyun's clear eyes and his black pupils gazed straight back at San Ye's Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes. He didn't even try to avert his eyes from the glare; instead, he wore a smile on his face.

To use mortal eyes to confront the Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes!

However, San Ye couldn't smile even if he tried — this was really bizarre! Even with a spirit treasure on his body, there was no way that Feiyun could stop his Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes in this circumstance this close in proximity!

Plus, he was even staring straight back into the Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes!

What was this situation?

San Ye's heart was filled with fear. This crazy child couldn't be left alone! Otherwise, in the future, he would certainly become a calamity.

"Bang!" San Ye's fingers destroyed a corner of the table, turning it into dust, and a scary smile appeared on his decomposed face: "Feng Feiyun, you're considered my guest? Don't think that I don't know the reason that you're here. Even your father, Feng Wanpeng, wouldn't dare to destroy my Eagle Hawk Gang, yet, you, a yellow small child, thinks that you can accomplish this? [1. Yellow (Huang Kou) xiao er or a yellow small child. A derogatory term meaning others as young and foolish.]

San Ye suddenly stood up and signaled with his hand. There were one hundred black clothed men that came from all four directions, and all were holding black steel sabers filled with heavy killing intent. They surrounded Feng Feiyun and Housekeeper Liu.

Housekeeper Liu flew upward, and he then stood in front of Feng Feiyun in an attempt to protect him; his face became very solemn.

Feng Feiyun's expression remained the same, and he slowly stepped forward from behind Housekeeper Liu, who was in front of him. His face had a hint of a smile, and he said, "You're already over one hundred years old, yet you still can't maintain your composure? You shouldn't lose your head like this."

Feng Feiyun didn't try to hide the contemptuous smile in his eyes, making everyone present realize how insidious he was.

"What do you mean?"

San Ye's eyes squinted, as a bad premonition formed in his mind.

“Boom!”

A monstrously loud sound erupted from the Blood Eagle Mansion, along with a destructive force capable of annihilating everything.

“Rumble!”

Even the ground started shaking as many deafening explosions occurred. The house collapsed, pillars went flying, and a huge fire was started. This caused the entire Blood Eagle Mansion to be engulfed in a sea of flame.

The black clothed and domineering men from earlier were all frightened, and they had deathly pale faces; they escaped in the midst of the disaster. There were also those with piercing cries of despair that screamed like pigs being butchered.

“In the end, what’s happening?”

San Ye screamed loudly, but he still stood there, standing in the middle of the spreading flames as a black aura consumed his face like an evil ghost.

“San Ye, that bastard Feng Feiyun hid some elite troops inside the twenty-eight large carriages, as well as some fire oils and thunder explosive crystals. Now, the entire Blood Eagle Mansion has been destroyed.”

Boss Wu stumbled from the flames, and he kneeled in front San Ye; his face blackened by the fire, and a large chunk of his hair was burned off. His mouth exhaled smoke – words couldn’t describe the patheticness of the scene.

“Useless waste!”

San Ye’s entire body shook from rage, and a heavenly palm came out, turning into dark black clouds, tearing Boss Wu into pieces — blood and flesh scattered across the floor.

The twenty-eight large carriages had four chests each, and each chest had two men hidden inside; thus, the total was two hundred and twenty-four hidden elites from the city guard.

These two hundred and twenty-four guards were truly the real elite; in one shot, they fractured the Eagle Claw gang to the core.

They appeared to repair the gallery roads, but they actually made secret advances through Chencang! [2. A strategy by Han Xin, meaning to perform an elaborate ruse.]

Fire continued to spread and burned even more rigorously.

With the bright fire's light, that night in Spirit State City was particularly bright.

The Blood Eagle Mansion's walls were big and fortified, even thunder explosive crystals weren't certain of destroying them. It used to be an impregnable fortress, but now, it became the burial ground for the few thousand gang members of the Eagle Hawk Gang — they couldn't escape even if they tried.

San Ye broke into a long laugh, and he wore an especially gloomy smile, saying: "Feng Feiyun, I underestimated you. However, if you want to kill me, I'm afraid that this isn't enough weight."

"Boom!"

San Ye stomped once, and his whole body flew into the sky directly to the top of the wall that was tens of meters high. He spread his hands, and two strands of black spirit energy came out of his fingers, like two giant black suns floating in the sky.

Two magical divine runes and ghost spirits were wrapped around the two black spirit energies. One was "Ghost Manual" and the other was "Battle Sword."

It created a terrifying force that stirred the souls of the spectators.

“Oh! San Ye wants to activate the Soul Suppressing Blood Formation; if we let him activate the formation, we’ll all die here.”

Feng Feiyun flew out from the sea of flames with the Crimson Dragon saber in his hand, his hair standing up from anger. He headed towards the top of the walls, wanting to stop San Ye from activating the Soul Suppressing Blood Formation.

At this moment, Housekeeper Liu was fighting with a few hundred black clothed fighters, and his attention couldn’t be divided. Feiyun could only count on himself.

Right now, Feiyun’s cultivation was in the intermediate Spirit Realm stage, where one step could travel five zhang, almost to the stage where each step he took would be the same as taking flight. [3. One zhang = 3.33 meters. Each step taking flight describes someone so fast that his walking was like flying.]

San Ye stood on top of the wall that towered tens of meters high; his eyes filled with disdain. With both of his folded hands positioned in front of his chest, he yelled: “Soul Suppressing Blood Formation, open!”

His white hair stood straight up as the two magical runes in his hands fused together, creating a power capable of destroying the heavens and earth. At this moment, he was like an evil god descending.

The two magical runes and their spirit energies became a huge human head, that was as big as a black hole. It seemed as if it could devour the world.

“Boom!”

The force became ten times more powerful; like a wild tornado screeching, like a wild beast roaring, and like the wide sea turning itself into a tsunami.

Even the earth began to crack open, and it created a small opening. It was as if something was emerging from underground.

Feng Feiyun was unable to move from the pressure. He could only insert his blade into the ground and grip it heavily so that the energy wouldn't blow him away.

The blade's body in the crevice started making "crack crack" sounds from the friction as his body was slowly pushed backward.

San Ye originally was in the intermediate Immortal Foundation stage, and that was three stages higher than Feiyun's. Plus, the Soul Suppressing Blood Formation, indeed, had the strength to rebel against the heavens. Too powerful, one couldn't resist!

"A song that wrenches the heart, O where do I find knowing ears!"

A person was playing the lute, and the beautiful sound of the lute touched their hearts.

A loud lute sound vibrated from above the heavens, and it pierced the expansive sky. A ray of sonic waves came from above like a sharp blade.

San Ye's body was suddenly startled and became motionless; it was as if he had been petrified.

"Slash!"

San Ye's body split in two like there was an invisible double-edged sword that had cut him from above.

Fresh blood flew everywhere, staining the walls red.

San Ye's body fell from the wall down to the ground and shattered into pieces.

An intermediate Immortal Foundation expert died from just one note of a lute?

Everyone was shocked. Just who was the person who'd played the lute in the end?

Housekeeper Liu was frightened! In the distance, Feng Wanpeng was also shocked!

Feng Feiyun, with the Crimson Dragon saber in his hand, was also filled with surprise. He rubbed his cold palms together, looked towards the outside of the Blood Eagle Mansion, and he said: "Wow, this old grandma's cultivation is truly horrifying. It's surely gone beyond the realm of Immortal Foundation. Not simple, truly not simple."

"Boom!"

Just as Feng Feiyun finished speaking, a loud crumbling noise occurred.

The thick stone walls started to crack, and then they collapsed, becoming thick powder covering the ground.

Everyone took a deep cold breath. This lute sound was too extraordinary; it had killed San Ye, destroyed the Soul Suppressing Blood Formation, and it had broken the walls.

This... This was the power of a human?