

Chapter 21: There Is No Road To The Sky Nor A Door Into The Earth

If a man died in their favorite woman's hands, then all that person's love would be transformed into hate.

Feng Feiyun originally thought that he would never be able to see Shui Yueting again, in this life, but he didn't expect to meet her again so soon; this scenery was almost identical to their meeting before.

Shui Yueting rode her ancient Fragrant Moon carriage and flew down from the sky gently. She pulled aside the carriage's curtain, from the Fragrant carriage; she gently stepped down, and she stood in front of him. Her wide and round almond-shaped eyes were like the beautiful bright moon.

At that moment, Feng Feiyun felt that, for the first time, he could hear his own heart beat.

Dongfang Jingyue was so similar — their eyes gave off the same impression. Their temperaments were also the same; every inch of their eyes to each of their eyelashes, everything was exactly the same.

How could there be such similarities between two women in the world?

Feiyun's heart was both engulfed with intense love and hate towards Shui Yueting. Otherwise, he would not be so hysterical when he saw Dongfang Jingyue, or, in this case, recognize the wrong person. He knew once Dongfang Jingyue started to hunt him, there would be no road to the sky nor door into the earth for him.

Feng Feiyun had to escape for three days and three nights; even his eyes had not been closed, his legs, especially, never stopped even for a bit, and right now, he was tired, sleepy, thirsty, and hungry; however, he still couldn't stop. Dongfang Jingyue was definitely right behind him, and once he stopped, it would be likely that she would catch up.

Once she caught up, Feng Feiyun was afraid that he would die in the hands of a woman one more time; this would be such a shameful thing!

For the past three days, Feng Feiyun fled day and night, without breaks. With the speed of his legs, it was likely that he had ran more than one thousand miles. An ordinary person would never catch up to him, but Dongfang Jingyue was not an ordinary person; she had cultivated the "Thousand Miles Seeing Eyes", and she could channel her spirit energy to see for a thousand miles. Even if two ants were fighting a thousand miles away, it would not elude her eyes.

"Fuck, this woman's personality turns even faster than turning the pages in a book. I didn't want to mistake her for a different person, I didn't want to punch her head, I didn't want to call her a slut, and I didn't want to do anything! Who is to blame for her and Shui Yueting to be so similar?!"

Feng Feiyun didn't know where he had escaped to, but he knew it was outside of Spirit State City's boundary; there was a snowy mountain peak and before his eyes, there was a large and fast flowing river. Chasing the sound of the water, Feng Feiyun went to the river bank; seeing his reflection in the water was unbearable because there was not a distinguishable difference from a beggar.

He almost didn't believe that this person was him.

Escaping on the road for three days had made Feng Feiyun's fancy clothes become ragged, and his tied up hair was spilled, disheveled, and full of dust and leaves.

The gold engraved boots on his feet had been missing for an unknown amount of time, and his extraordinary handsome face right now was covered with black dirt and mud; it was as if he had just climbed out from a pit.

"Clang clank!"

Feng Feiyun threw his Crimson Dragon saber to the side, then crouched down on the ground. He clasped a palm full of water from the river, crazily drank from it, and he then cleansed the dirt off his face. He then picked up his Crimson Dragon Saber and stood straight up.

Right now, the night was dark, the foggy water on top of the river was wide, and a plume of blue smoke that rose from the river made it difficult for others to see the other side.

"Whoosh!"

A clear slashing wind rang from the sky above, and, even though it was still a hundred miles away, it could be heard along with the killing intent; this caused the atmosphere to suddenly become as cold as ice.

A round jade plate from the moon, above of the mountain, flashed a sparkling brilliant light. No, this was not the moonlight, this was a mirror flying in the air.

"Haotian Spirit Mirror! Dongfang Jingyue is catching up!"

This was a mirror of the spirit treasure rank, and the light was a spirit technique used by Dongfang Jingyue; once the light of the mirror reached him, she would immediately be alerted as to the whereabouts of Feiyun.

Even if one escaped a thousand miles away, she could still catch up.

This was the reason why Feng Feiyun didn't have a way of escaping the hunt of Dongfang Jingyue; facing this Haotian Spirit Mirror accounted for a large reason.

This was a genuine spirit treasure that had its own sentience!

One spirit treasure could kill the opponent; it could sweep high, low, and in the four directions once a spirit treasure was completely awoken. Then, with one blow from it, it could destroy an ancient city with a few hundred thousand people.

Dongfang Jingyue stood on top of a white peak covered by snow. Her hands carried her red lute, her white robe gently floated about, her slender fingers gently moved, and, from it, came many strands of white spirit energy making the power of the Haotian Spirit Mirror awaken a little bit more. Even though it was just a hint of the mirror's true vestige, it was enough to overpower the fierce beasts and caused them to kneel; the swimming fishes to freeze in the river.

This was the power of a spirit treasure; even though it was just a trace, it could still destroy mountains and suppress tens of thousands of existences from moving.

“What is happening? I was leading the people to destroy the Eagle Claw gang! I should be the hero of Spirit State City! The anticipated heroic young man, becoming one of the ten outstanding youths in all of Grand Southern City... Keke, all of these titles should be mine. However, unfortunately, I messed with Dongfang Jingyue. This time, I have a home that I cannot return to. It seems that I can only meet my end in a far corner of the world.”

Dongfang Jingyue was a big character of the Yin Gou Clan, and this clan was one of the four great clans in the Jin Dynasty. To mess with the Yin Gou Clan was like messing with the king of hell.

The Feng Clan was powerful, but it could only reign in the Grand Southern City. Essentially, it could not be compared to the Yin Gou Clan. If Feng Feiyun wanted to return to the Feng Clan to seek asylum, then, to put it simply: “idiotic nonsense; lunatic ravings.”

Once the Yin Gou Clan started to apply pressure, then maybe, the upper echelons of the Feng Clan would send experts to hunt Feng Feiyun. After all, the older generations of the Feng Clan wouldn't dare to offend the Yin Gou Clan. To them, sacrificing a young child to please the Yin Gou Clan was entirely doable.

Moreover, Dongfang Jingyue's personal cultivation was already frighteningly strong, and her fingertip alone was enough to annihilate all Immortal Foundation experts. If she wasn't absent minded at that time, then it would be impossible for Feng Feiyun to punch her down to the ground.

This was simply a great shame, ah! To be beaten to the ground by a hedonistic young master at the peak of Spirit Realm rank. Even though Dongfang Jingyue's emotions had seen through the profound Dao, she was still angry to the point of almost puking blood. She swore on her life to destroy this shameless Feng Feiyun; only this would allow the shame in her heart to be cleansed.

In the cultivation world, there were two things that could turn friends into enemies in the blink of an eye; one was benefit and the other was face.

As long as one had fame, they considered their face to be more important than even their lives; the higher the fame, the more valuable their face was.

Even though Dongfang Jingyue didn't care so much about her reputation, but to be punched in the head by Feng Feiyun without a valid reason was enough to drive her mad.

The Haotian Spirit Mirror was hanging in the sky. It was flying high up in the air, like a moon, radiating light through an area within a radius of one hundred miles; it was bright just like it was during the daytime.

Feng Feiyun knew to not be shined on by the Haotian Spirit Mirror no matter what. When the light of the spirit mirror came down, he immediately leaped into the river, creating a big bubbly splash. He then sunk into the bottom of the river that was bone-chillingly cold.

“Splash!”

His body completely disappeared in the water.

“Phwoosh!”

A beautiful white shadow came down from the sky, standing on a patch of green grass next to the river bank. One hand held a bright red lute, and the other hand held the Haotian Spirit Mirror. She stared intently at the billowing flow of the river with eyes filled with coldness.

Dongfang Jingyue fluttered in the night sky, like the wings of a white butterfly, while she made a cold howling sound.

“Feng Feiyun, you won’t get away with this!”

Before Dongfang Jingyue noticed that Feng Feiyun was an apex talented person, she wanted to take him under her command; however, after the big unexpected mishap, Dongfang Jingyue’s heart viewed him with contempt. She only wanted to dismember his body into ten thousand pieces.

Hovering in the sky on top of the wide foggy river, her tall slender figure was softly feminine. She strolled in the air. Her footsteps appeared to be taken with leisure, but with each step, she traveled a dozen zhang further. She was mystical, and she exuded the feel of infinite beauty.

This was the technique “Water Treading Steps”. Even the expert predecessors that had cultivated for a lifetime wouldn’t necessary be able to reach such a stage.

Dongfang Jingyue was regarded as the absolute top talent within the younger generation. As for someone like Feng Suiyu, this sort of trash wouldn’t even match a single hair on her body.

This large river that crossed through the entire Grand Southern City was named “Tong Liang river”. It was also the largest river of the Jin Dynasty; it ran through nine counties, and it was eighty thousand li in length. Even at its narrowest part, it was more than ten miles wide, and the other side of the river was not in view.

Tong Liang river, under the curtain of night, was like a coiling dragon. The unending waves issued angry dragon roars.

“Bahh!”

The waves hitting the river bank made a splash. A black shadow emerged from the water, and it slowly crawled to the shore.

“After this experience, it completely demonstrates that it is better to not offend women in the future.”

Feng Feiyun channeled the spirit energy in his body, drying the wet clothes on his body. He was ecstatic. If he was half a step late in escaping earlier, maybe Dongfang Jingyue would have caught up.

This woman’s cultivation was too high, and on top of that, she also had a spirit treasure. Even the predecessors from the last generations would most likely be beaten by her into many little pieces.

“It seems like I’ll have to quickly extract the spirit energy and spirit conscience from the Crimson Dragon saber and insert it into the Infinite Spirit Ring, turning it into a spiritual treasure. As long as I possess a spirit treasure in my hands, then maybe there is a chance of me being able to challenge Dongfang Jingyue.”

Feng Feiyun had this thought.

However, Dongfang Jingyue didn't give him a chance to refine his spirit treasure; the Haotian mirror, once again, rose to the sky just like the bright moon.

She came again!

"This woman doesn't mind fatigue; she has lost her wits!"

Feng Feiyun stomped his feet twice, and he then hid in the trees, fled alongside the river bank, and escaped for more than ten miles away. On the wide river, suddenly, came – loud and clear – human voices. There was also a green lantern burning brightly in the middle of the river.

It was a red ship made from steel; it was a few hundred zhang in length, and it towered at around eighteen zhang. Slowly, it moved on top of the river's surface. On top of the big ship were numerous lanterns, and on the lanterns were the two huge words "Feng Tian".

While the lantern brilliantly shined like wild fires, on top of the ship was joyous singing and dancing; one could vaguely hear the sound of the lute as well as the bells resonating together, causing spectators to not help but think about the type of person the owner of this huge ship was?

Feng Feiyun stopped running for his life, and he stared intensely at the huge ship in the middle of the river; his face had a happy expression.

Chapter 22: Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess

After nightfall, the thick mist appeared, and all the boats on the cold Tong Liang river were traveling at a very slow speed; after all, there were many dangers above a big river. If there were ships rushing at night, then, an accident was likely to occur.

This giant ship was also no exception; it slowly moved forward, in the water, but, even so, it still gave away the feel of a majestic atmosphere, like a huge steel monster, madly playing on the water surface.

This was a red ivory warship, crafted by the hands of a grand blacksmith master. He spent ten million pounds of rare soul metals to make, and it took many hundreds of years to finish it completely.

It could carry almost ten thousand people, and it absorbed the mysterious quintessence yang energy of the sun so it could travel thirty thousand li in one day.

Searching the entire Grand Southern Prefecture, one wouldn't be able to find ten red ivory warships like this. This was not to say the big families couldn't craft a red ivory warship; after all, a clan like the Feng Clan could spend ten million pounds easily, but the Feng Clan still didn't have a single one.

Crafting a red ivory warship wasn't hard because of the material requirement; however, it was hard to find a grand blacksmith master to forge it.

Blacksmith masters could be considered one of the most famous professions in the Jin Dynasty, along with beast taming masters, pill masters, treasure seeking masters, and wisdom masters – these were called the five grand mysterious masters.

In other words, after becoming one of the five grand mysterious masters, one could go anywhere and still always have food to eat. Powerful cultivation sects and cultivation clans would always respect the five grand mysterious masters, and they would gladly make them guest elders.

For instance, the current national teacher of the Jin Dynasty was a third rank grand pill master; even the Jin Emperor would refer to him as a high master. The great status of the five grand mysterious masters could be seen from this.

Blacksmith masters were divided into three ranks: blacksmith apprentice, blacksmith master, and grand blacksmith master.

Each rank was also divided into nine levels.

The requirements to become an excellent blacksmith master were very harsh; not only did it require a high cultivation, but you also need an even higher degree of formation mastery, spiritual materials, and infernal fire.

Becoming a grand blacksmith master was even harder; one had to successfully create a spirit treasure before one's abilities were accepted by the Wanxiang Tower. Once that happened, they were granted the title of grand blacksmith master. This gate had prevented countless blacksmith masters from advancing, so, even though the entire Grand Southern City accounts for millions of mountains and rivers, with a population in the billions, it only had two grand blacksmith masters.

Because of the few grand blacksmith masters, there was a low amount of red ivory warships as well.

To be able to ride a red ivory warship, the status of this owner couldn't be anything but high.

"Dongfang Jingyue is strong, but she will not necessary rush into a red ivory warship."

Feng Feiyun, once again, jumped into the cold-as-ice river and inched towards the red ivory warship in the middle of the river.

Even though Dongfang Jingyue carried a spirit treasure with great battle power, enough to suppress one direction, a red ivory warship's strength was also formidable. It had eighteen offensive arrays and eighteen defensive arrays, and each of these formation arrays was comparable to the power of a cultivator; their power was not lower than a spirit treasure, and their defensive power was even more frightening. Even a spirit treasure wouldn't necessarily be able to break through.

On the red ivory warship, there weren't any sails; however, in front of the bow was a huge spirit rune, lingering in the air, creating an eight trigrams formation. In the middle of the formation was a spirit compass, leading the way for the red ivory warship. Each time there were multiple branches on the river, the spirit compass would shine brilliantly, then change the direction of the ship.

"Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, have you found the position of the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess?"

A muscular man, three meters in height and wearing a thick black steel armor, was kneeling behind the legs of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng – very respectful in manner.

An old man with a black robe was standing on the bow of the ship, he was three meters tall, skinny as a stick, had yellow wrinkly skin, and a crumpled face with a pair of bright eyes like the stars in the night sky.

His eyebrows, hair, and beard were all white. His long white hair extended straight down to the ground; his white eyebrows were also three meters long, swaying in the air, while his white beard, on his chin, was like a stallion's tail, rocking back and forth.

His skinny hands were holding a magical basin made from a kiln firing workshop, and it was square shaped; on top, there were engravings of calligraphy runes and mysterious symbols. In this world, only this grand master could read these.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng's old eyes were filled with a light of wisdom, and he seemed to be able to see through everything in this world; he stared at the magical basin for a moment, his pupils flashed a hint of excitement, and he said:

“The heaven blesses my Heaven Worship Division, but where is the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess?”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng waved his black sleeves, and a black light came out of his finger like a meteor piercing the sky; this finger pointed towards a direction in the middle of the wide sky.

“In that direction... The location of Spirit State City is in that direction, maybe... Maybe the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess was born in Spirit State City?”

The expressions of everyone on the red ivory warship were ecstatic; with a respectful demeanor, they all knelt on the bow of the ship and kept on kowtowing towards the direction of Spirit State City.

“Boom, boom, boom!”

The sight of a few thousand people kneeling on the ground and kowtowing was an absolutely magnificent sight!

These people were all three meters tall, and their hands were as big as water buckets — much more powerful compared to an ordinary person. These characteristics belong to the “Ancient Jiang” race.

Ancient Jiang race was a huge race, located in the western Ancient Jiang City of the Jin Dynasty. Ancient Jiang City was similar compared to the Grand Southern City; they were both one of the eight grand cities of the Jin Dynasty, and Ancient Jiang City was one hundred thousand miles away from Spirit State City.

The Ancient Jiang people worshiped the Heavenly Witchcraft god. They lived in a prehistoric setting, making fire by drilling wood and ate raw meats and fowls. Even though they were born with human appearances, their strength was extremely powerful; they possessed a mighty body. Many great families were specialized in traveling to Ancient Jiang City to capture the Ancient Jiang people, domesticating them into slaves.

One could say that the Ancient Jiang race was a branch of humanity, plus, they were gifted with powerful strength; however, there were numerous Ancient Jiang slaves in the Jin Dynasty because they were tamed by the great families and nobles into combat slaves.

The Ancient Jiang race possessed one city as their main stronghold, with the following three large tribes within: Heaven Worship Division, Darkness Division, Heavenly Witch Division.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was the spiritual leader of the Heaven Worship Division, and he had lived for four hundred and eighty-four years. Not many years from now, he would become weak and go to heaven with his hands laying down; thus, before this, he was determined to find a successor; one that could lead the Heaven Worship Division to continue to have a successful future.

And this person was the “Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess.

In the mythical legends of the Ancient Jiang people, the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess was a girl; every ten thousand years, she was able to reincarnate again. The birth of a Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess would usher a new era for the Ancient Jiang people.

The Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess had a mission of educating and spreading witchcraft heritages.

Once a Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess reached the age of fourteen, her body would birth a Witchcraft tree within; one that could be felt by the tribal wisdom masters.

Ten days ago, the wisdom masters of the three large tribes of the Ancient Jiang people felt the presence of the Witchcraft tree at the same time, so they all led many experts to find the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess.

This huge news had alarmed the entire cultivation world of the Jin Dynasty. All the great families and sects sent many experts to secretly follow the masters of the three tribes in order to find out what exactly they were looking for.

The Heaven Worship Division had a red ivory warship, so in one day, they could travel three thousand miles. Plus, Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, with his exceptional knowledge, had led the Heaven Worship Division to this place, he and found the exact location of the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess.

The Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess was in Spirit State City!

Feng Feiyun utilized the dark night to go alongside the warship. He secretly climbed on top of the red ivory warship and was immediately frightened by this scene. Fuck, a few thousand people kneeling at the ship's bow, facing a far direction and kowtowing, what was this situation?

These people were kneeling, their lips were also mumbling something without breaks. Luckily, they were kneeling towards the other direction; otherwise, when Feng Feiyun had climbed up the ship, he would have been caught red-handed.

Feiyun ignored what these people were doing, and, from their back, he gently flew by and infiltrated into a steel door; he then hid inside a warehouse stacked with food.

Escaping for three days made Feng Feiyun really tired; even when his spirit was exhausted, he didn't dare to rest. He sat in a dark corner of the warehouse, took out the Infinite Spirit Ring and the broken Crimson Dragon saber, and he held them in each hand.

Old grandma Dongfang Jingyue was very astute, sooner or later she would come to the red ivory warship. Feng Feiyun couldn't sit still and wait for death; he could only extract the spirit awareness and spirit energy from the Crimson Dragon saber and put it into the infinite Spirit Ring in order to make the ring into a real spirit treasure.

Only with a real spirit treasure, in his grasp, could he have a chance of protecting his life!

Chapter 23: Dragon Horse River Diagram

The heaven and earth was enveloped by the dark night, and the cold waves of the Tong Liang river continued to slap the hulls of the red ivory warship, creating a rhythmic sound.

In Feiyun's dantian, there was an azure light with the shape of an ancient azure ship as big as a fist, floating in his navel.

Inside the ancient azure ship, was a strand of spirit energy, invoking a holy saint aura!

The Crimson Dragon saber that was on Feiyun's right hand suddenly quivered; the originally slumbering spirit energy in the blade became active, and a red spirit energy flew out from the blade's body.

"Thud!"

The Crimson Dragon saber, weighing at two hundred and forty pounds, was broken, once again, into two halves. A crimson dragon, of a hand's length, rushed out.

This crimson dragon was formed by spirit energy and spirit awareness merging and mixing together; it was ethereal like smoke, its head was only as big as a finger, and its eyes were glaring angrily.

"Rawrr!"

The crimson dragon roared softly; its muffled voice was like a mosquito's, so it didn't alarm the Ancient Jiang soldiers outside at the front of the ship.

It flew around Feng Feiyun's body three times, then suddenly, it entered the Infinite Spirit Ring in the palm of Feng Feiyun.

"Ba!"

The roar of the dragon eventually dissipated, and it disappeared in the Infinite Spirit Ring.

"Bang!"

After the spirit energy and spirit awareness had entered the Infinite Spirit Ring, a red brilliance from the inside bloomed outward. Next, the seven ancient runic words engraved on the ring's body, once again, started to move; it burst out large lights, and the seven ancient paintings appeared again: "Dragon Horse River Diagram", "Eight Trigrams Mysterious Language", "Four Yang Ancient Cauldron", "Netherworld Spirit Pagoda", "Heavenly Flying King", "Hundred Ghosts Banquet", and "Ten Thousand Lights".

"What the hell is this? Why are there only seven paintings in the Infinite Spirit Ring."

In his past life, Feng Feiyun was the patriarch of the Demon Phoenix Race, and his knowledge was broad; however, he couldn't see through the seven paintings. This could only mean that the seven paintings did not originate from the hands of an ordinary person, and they could be the Holy Saint High Records in the ancient legends.

Holy Saint High Records — even a corner of these records was enough for a cultivator to ponder for millennia. Not to mention, there were seven complete ones, here; each painting represented a different charm.

If one could not see through them, then it was better to temporarily pause here.

Feng Feiyun decided to turn the Infinite Spirit Ring into a spirit treasure first.

In his palm, a red spirit energy appeared; it moved sharply, creating a crackling sound.

“Bang!”

The spirit energy turned into infernal flames, and the flames began to refine the Infinite Spirit Ring!

This fire was the “First Dark Origin Flame”, and it was the most common flame used by cultivators from burning the spirit energy. The temperature, compared to a regular fire from burning wood, was dozens of times higher; it could easily melt steel into molten iron.

Pill masters and blacksmith masters, within the five grand mysterious masters, were experts at playing with fire, and the more skillful ones were able to create the “Second Dark Hell Flame” or even, the “Third Dark True Flame” that could burn the heaven and boil the sea in the legends.

The Infinite Spirit Ring was refined by the First Dark Origin Flame; the seven ancient paintings were also distorted by each of the little embers within the flame, and they jumped around playfully.

The shadow of the crimson dragon, loitering on the Infinite Spirit Ring, eventually turned into a crimson dragon engraving that surrounded the ring, coiling one full rotation.

“Ha ha! Finally, both spirit energy and spirit awareness are merged into the Infinite Spirit Ring. Now, it only needs a little more to complete the fusion. Even though it is still a bit weaker than a regular spirit treasure, but right now, it still can be considered a spirit treasure. I really want to try to see the power of the Infinite Spirit Ring right now!”

Feng Feiyun was ecstatic; after all, he now grasped a spirit treasure. Even if Dongfang Jingyue arrived, at least he could have the strength to strike back.

Suddenly, something unexpected happened!

The seven ancient paintings on the Infinite Spirit Ring started to turn, and the Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel in Feiyun’s dantian also started moving, by itself, along with one of the paintings; they started to resonate with each other.

“Dragon Horse River Diagram!”

The “Dragon Horse River Diagram”, in the seven paintings, was able to create intricate movements with the Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel, and these motions were like the calling of the origin; it became more and more intense.

The Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel turned even faster in the dantian, and, eventually, it exerted a powerful force that pulled the “Dragon Horse River Diagram”, that was originally engraved in the Infinite Spirit Ring, over to itself.

“Whoosh!”

The Dragon Horse Diagram flew into the dantian, and it floated around the Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel, slowly rotating.

To be able to merge with the body, it was really a painting made by a Holy Saint of the past.

This was a winding river, the water raged turbulently; it was filled with immortal fogs. A dragon horse lifted its head, turned and looked up at the moon, and, in its mouth, was an eight-legged immortal tortoise; it seemed solemn and majestic, indescribable by words.

On the dragon horse's back were eight times eight, sixty-four vortexes; they were positioned by a mysterious formation that made others feel like they resonated with one another — like the rhythm of the heavens — along with the arrangement of nature.

Even though it was just a painting, it gave the sense of being profound and vast; it contained millions and millions of pieces of ancient knowledge and hidden potential.

The painting was now suspended in the dantian of Feng Feiyun.

The Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel was floating beneath the Dragon Horse River Diagram, and, between these two things, there was a mysterious connection that attracted and refined each other.

This was a fantastic scenery: the River Diagram and the Spirit Vessel existing at the same time — in the dantian.

As Feiyun was about to curse, another mutation suddenly happened!

“Boom!”

Afterward, the speed of the spirit pathway in the dantian and the heart were stimulated by the Dragon Horse River Diagram and the Spirit Vessel; it began to shrink, change, and radiate lights.

This was the sign of the Spirit Realm breaking through to the Immortal Foundation.

The Dragon Horse River Diagram also brought a large amount of ancient spirit energy to him when it merged with Feiyun's dantian; this caused a chain reaction.

Judging by a normal cultivation speed, Feng Feiyun needed at least three more months before he could reach the Immortal Foundation rank; however, right now, this process had advanced greatly before the due time.

Tonight was when Feiyun broke through to the Immortal Foundation rank!

Immortal Foundation was a gate that, if cultivators did not reach, they would only be considered a half-baked cultivator. At best, they could rule the mortal world. However, without the immortal foundation, they couldn't even be considered a true cultivator.

This Immortal Foundation hurdle had blocked many cultivators outside of its gate; ten cultivators at the peak Spirit Realm stage wouldn't necessarily have one that could successfully form an immortal foundation.

Once successful, one's strength would be comparable to a governor of an ancient city, and they could be considered an expert in the cultivator world, like the governor of Spirit State City. Feng Wanpeng, who took thirty years to cultivate, was only at the intermediate stage of the Immortal Foundation.

Feng Feiyun was only fourteen years old, and at this age, a person that entered the Immortal Foundation would definitely be considered a genius; one in tens of thousands. With this aptitude, if the older generations of the Feng Clan were to find out, they would be grinning from ear to ear.

Feng Feiyun fully activated the spirit energy in his body, and the crazy spirit energy was coming non-stop; his blood boiled even more.

So fierce! Many powerful explosions, within him, happened one by one.

“Bang, Bang!”

A cry of a phoenix rang in the head of Feng Feiyun. The second step of Blood Purification had reached grand completion, and the rank of his blood had, once again, increased; it became as black as ink.

Feng Feiyun’s constitution, once again, ranked up, and the endurance of the body greatly increased. His bones were hard, just like steel; his muscles and meridians all contained black blood energy.

Now, even if Feng Feiyun was cut anywhere on his body, as long as it was not a dangerous place, then the wound would be healed within an hour; no scar would remain.

Even before, when his physique was not completed, he could still have defeated a cultivator one small level above him; if he could reach the early stage of Immortal Foundation tonight, then, his true power would be comparable to an Immortal Foundation expert in the intermediate stage.

This was the result of completing the second stage of Blood Purification. Such a strong body could only be attributed to the Immortal Phoenix Physique’s heaven-defying effect. This was a heavenly method only available to the patriarch of the demon phoenix race.

If Feng Feiyun could successfully complete the third level of Blood Purification, his blood would become sentient and a silver aura will radiate in the four directions. His constitution would be even more formidable, and he would be able to defeat opponents two levels higher than him; however, Feng Feiyun still had a long road ahead of him.

The cultivation of the “Immortal Phoenix Physique”, in the later stages, would become increasingly challenging.

“Condense the Spirit Realm, break it, and form the Immortal Foundation!”

Feng Feiyun clapped his hands together in front of his chest, and a spirit aura exploded out of his skin; his body became an ancient immortal statue.

Chapter 24: Chaotic Battle

A red seedling; it was just like a flame that was suspended in the dantian. It was born and grew on top of the “Dragon Horse River Diagram”.

There were two long leaves with the shape of flames; tiny and delicate. It was as if they were just newly grown teeth — filled with spirit.

This was the Immortal Foundation, it was formed with the transformation of the Spiritual Realm!

The first step of condensation for the Immortal Foundation was successful. The inside was filled with spirit energy. The purity and density of this spirit energy were many times greater than the spirit energy inside the body of a Spiritual Realm cultivator.

“Early realm of the Immortal Foundation; however, if I use all of my might, I wouldn’t be at a disadvantage even against an intermediate Immortal Foundation expert.”

Feng Feiyun opened his eyes, and he slightly smiled.

An unknown amount of time had passed; the cabin still remained dark without any light. The outside was tranquil, and there were only the footsteps of three or five Ancient Jiang soldiers on patrol.

Feng Feiyun slightly opened the door of the cabin. Outside, the night was encompassing; only the clear and bright moonlight was shining down, and this left a reflection in the water akin to a silver fish’s scales.

“Within the radius of one hundred miles, one could only hide inside this red ivory warship. With the intelligence of Dongfang Jingyue, she wouldn’t be able to guess that I was hiding here!”

Feng Feiyun naturally didn’t hope that Dongfang Jingyue would chase him to this point, but he didn’t want to think about the other anomalies within; thus, his heart had doubts!

I wonder; since she couldn’t find me, would she go to kill my father?

Feng Feiyun’s body shook when he had this scary thought. If Dongfang Jingyue truly didn’t spare any schemes, and she made a move with Feng Wanpeng; then there was nothing else Feng Feiyun could do.

In the end, both the cultivation and background of this damned old grandma were quite frightening.

“If that was the case, then I could only run back to Spirit State city and fight her to the bitter end.”

With this thought in his mind, Feiyun’s eyes became cold and solemn. Suddenly, a blinding light from the far distance reached the ship. A spirit aura came down repeatedly; it was definitely the huge mirror flying to this place.

Within the mirror, a bright silver light was hidden; it came down in ripples, like a bright moon, and it caused the red ivory warship to be enveloped in the light.

I just thought about her, and now she is here!

“This woman could be considered somewhat magnanimous since she is only chasing me and not causing dangers to my clan!”

Feng Feiyun couldn’t help but think a bit more highly of her. In the end, not everyone could distinctly see through their gratitude and grudges like this.

Many people, once angry, would seek revenge. Once they were truly irritated, they would massacre the entire clan of their opponent. However, Dongfang Jingyue was aware that if she caught Feng Wanpeng, then she could force Feng Feiyun to obediently show himself. And yet, she didn’t do so.

At least, it proved that she was not a person who would employ any underhanded methods.

Even though he was being chased by her, Feng Feiyun's view of her, on the contrary, had improved. Of course, it was only just a little.

"Whoosh!"

Dongfang Jingyue rode the wave like a "butterfly that flew gracefully on the water surface"; each step gently touched the large surging waves as she caused small ripples on the large river.

Her long black hair fluttered in the cold river wind. The white veil slightly covered her peerless beauty, only revealing a pair of bright eyes like black pearls. Inside her eyes was a depth without any emotions, giving others an enigmatic feel.

She was holding her ancient red lute, and her slender and soft fingers gently held the strings. She hadn't started to flick the strings, but it already gave off an unlimited pressure. Once she started to play, then one note of her lute could destroy a heavenly army and ten thousand horses.

"Dragon lake spans three thousand li like a white jade hung from the silver river."

"Sun sets on the sacred bird monument, Haotian mirror rose from the moon!"

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng stood above on the high platform, and he lifted his head towards the Haotian Spirit Mirror in the sky. While his wrinkly face had a serious expression, he quietly mumbled; he then raised his voice:

"I don't know which expert from the Yin Gou Clan you are?"

The number of spirit treasures in the Jin Dynasty was a lot, and each of them all had their own legends. When the Haotian Spirit Mirror arrived in the sky, it was instantly recognized with one glance from Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng.

The Ancient Jiang people had always been in conflict with the big clans of the Jin Dynasty. The other side was one of the four grand clans of the Jin Dynasty, an expert from the Yin Gou Clan, so the Grand Wisdom Master took heavy precautions. This was also a crucial period to find the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess, so there couldn't be the slightest mistake.

All of the Ancient Jiang warriors on the red ivory warship were alarmed. Each wore their iron armor, with weapons in their hands. Rushing out, their bodies were radiating a battle aura, and the heavy pressure made the atmosphere frozen.

Even though Feng Feiyun hadn't entered his battle condition, he still felt the frightening aura from these soldiers. The battle power of these few thousand Ancient Jiang soldiers were truly scary, they must be more than ten times stronger than the Spirit State city's guards.

Dongfang Jingyue hugged her lute, and she rode the big waves. Her eyes gently glared at the red ivory warship once, and she then replied without any emotion in her voice:

"This little girl's status is humble, and she does not dare to state my name in front of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng!"

"How do you know I am Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng?!"

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng smiled.

Dongfang Jingyue said:

“On top of the red ivory warship hangs the flag ‘Feng Tian’; this is the symbol of the Ancient Jiang city’s Feng Tian Bu. There are only three people of Feng Tian Bu that could control the red ivory warship. One is the Feng Tian general, the other is Grandma Gu Yu, and the last is Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng. With predecessor’s appearance and age, naturally, you are not the mighty Feng Tian general, Ling Geng, and you are definitely not Grandma Gu Yu. The only person left is Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng.”

“Ha ha, this little girl’s mind is meticulous. If I didn’t have an important matter to do, then I really want to make you a disciple.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng smilingly said.

The number of wisdom masters compared to blacksmith masters, pill masters, and animal taming masters were less. Each wisdom master was worth the price as they were respected and courted by all the major powers, let alone a grand wisdom master.

If one could become the disciple of a grand wisdom master, it would definitely be an extremely great honor.

Dongfang Jingyue was still serene, and she said:

“Many thanks for Grand Wisdom Master’s kind affection, but this time, this little girl is only here to catch a little thief. I am sorry to intrude Grand Wisdom Master’s convenience. However, would you please be willing to let me board to force his appearance?”

“This person is onboard of the red ivory warship?”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng asked.

“I am absolutely not wrong.”

Dongfang Jingyue’s eyes brilliantly shined; they looked around the red ivory warship, wanting to find Feng Feiyun.

This old grandma was like a haunted apparition that won’t move on. Not good; if she steps on the red ivory warship, then I would have no road for survival – Feng Feiyun thought this in his mind.

His eyes looked in the direction where Dongfang Jingyue was staring at; the corners of his mouth revealed a cunning smile. He already had calculated a top-level ruse in his mind.

Feng Feiyun decisively stepped out from the cabin, from behind the backs of the Ancient Jiang soldiers, and he quickly flew by. His speed was as fast as a ghost’s shadow, and he did not allow others to see him.

Dongfang Jingyue’s eyes angrily sank; having found Feng Feiyun, the anger that was initially in her heart was burned once again. Her fingers motioned on the lute’s strings as she created a light sound.

“Hmagg!”

The lute had just rang, and an invisible killing light immediately flew outward.

“Phoosh!”

An Ancient Jiang soldier yelled out and then fell to the floor. He rolled down the warship, and then he stopped moving!

“Oh heavens! The demon girl from the Yin Gou Clan is killing people!”

“Everyone, join together to fight her since this woman is so vicious and merciless!”

“This is a provocation to us Ancient Jiang people. If we don’t repay this blood feud, then our Ancient Jiang people shall perish.”

Feng Feiyun, with extremely fast speed, was constantly changing directions. The loud shouting of the few thousand Ancient Jiang soldiers increased the hatred in their hearts; the murderous atmosphere intensified. Two Ancient Jiang soldiers wearing iron armor, with fingers the size of a cup, jumped out of the red ivory warship and headed towards Dongfang Jingyue.

“This demon girl is pushing us too far. She actually killed my people for no reason. Let us see if this grandpa today will kill you for your murderous crime?”

These events happened way too fast and this was outside of Dongfang Jingyue’s expectations. Earlier, her Murderous Calm Sound Wave clearly headed for Feng Feiyun, so how could it kill an Ancient Jiang soldier?

That Ancient Jiang soldier naturally wasn’t killed by Dongfang Jingyue’s Murderous Calm Sound Wave but by Feng Feiyun’s fist. At the moment that Ancient Jiang soldier had stood up, his hand rubbed his neck, as he did not understand what had just happened.

However, right now, no one paid attention to him because the Ancient Jiang soldiers were enraged. Many of them left the red ivory warship to act as a vanguard with their lives against Dongfang Jingyue.

The situation became crazy, and all kind of attacks began. Their power caused loud explosions on the river’s surface.

“The price for murder is death; a life for a life!”

“If we don’t kill this demon girl, where will we show our Ancient Jiang’s face?”

“Today, we will fight for equality and fairness.”

The Ancient Jiang people were candid and frank; plus, they were frequently oppressed by the big families. With just a little provocation from Feng Feiyun, all of them became angry; all of them turned into fierce murderous devils, and they lost their minds like wild beasts.

At this moment, Dongfang Jingyue was annoyed and depressed. Naturally, she knew that Feng Feiyun had done some scheming behind the scene; however, even if she had one hundred mouths, she couldn’t explain herself at the moment. She could only use and activate the Haotian Spirit Mirror to block these barbarians.

Feng Feiyun was sitting at the highest point of the red ivory warship, looking at the flustered expression of Dongfang Jingyue, and he loudly laughed:

“Dongfang Jingyue wants to fight with this young master, you are still too young!”

As Feng Feiyun was happily smiling, an old noise came from behind his back:

“The person she wants to catch is you!”

Feng Feiyun could no longer continue laughing. He turned his stiff expression to directly look at the old wrinkly face, and he nodded and smiled.

Chapter 25: Unbeatable Slut

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng’s eyes were surrounded with wrinkly lines. Even though he was of old age and feeble strength, he made others feel a deep mysterious vastness.

He stood behind Feng Feiyun.

It was as if he had stood in this place for a long time; a smile was always on his face.

Is this old man a human or a ghost? His footsteps didn’t make any noise!

“Heh Heh!”

Feng Feiyun forcefully laughed twice.

“Dongfang Jingyue treats human lives like trash; predecessor doesn’t want to stop her?”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng shook his head, and he smiled:

“In this world, there does not exist a person who could fool me. Lying in front of me is something you shouldn’t do. Tell me the truth; where is the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess?”

The intelligence of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was exceedingly high, and he was perspicacious. These little tricks of Feng Feiyun could fool the Ancient Jiang soldiers, but they could not fool him.

“Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess? Who is that?”

Feng Feiyun was confused; his mind was full of questions.

He was not intentionally pretending. He had never heard of anyone who spoke about the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess, but, looking at the old man’s confident face, he was seemingly very serious.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng frowned, and he once again observed Feng Feiyun; he slowly said:

“On your body, I could feel the presence of the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess; you have clearly made contact with her. You came from Spirit State City?”

“That’s right!”

Feng Feiyun said.

“Then do you know a young girl around the age of fourteen?”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng said with a slightly nervous expression.

“About this...”

Feng Feiyun does know girls in Spirit State City, and not just a little amount. On top of that, they were mostly around fourteen to eighteen years of age, plus... Cough cough, the majority of them had been forcefully taken by him; he had many unforgettably passionate and romantic one-night stands.

At least, that was what Feng Feiyun thought; as for how the girls were feeling, he did not know.

If there was indeed a Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess in this matter, then he definitely had used devious means to forcefully take them. Oh god, could it be that he had already XXOO'd with the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess? That would not be good; it would be strange if he wouldn't be chased by the whole Ancient Jiang tribe, ah.

The expressions on Feng Feiyun's face was constantly changing, and it became increasingly ugly. He was praying that he would be lucky, and he eventually said with difficulty:

“What is the origin of the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess?”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng carefully observed the emotions on Feng Feiyun's face, and he gently stroked his white beard; then he sighed:

“The Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess is the daughter of the Heavenly Witchcraft Grand God; every ten thousand years, she would come back through reincarnation. Once she comes into this world, she will represent the birth of the ‘Witchcraft Scripture’ and the Heavenly Witchcraft Spirit Tree.”

“The Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess will unite the three largest tribes once more, and she would become the supreme leader of the entire Ancient Jiang tribe.”

“Ten days ago, the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess awakened; she has, once again, descended. Our tribes naturally have the obligation and responsibility to welcome the return of our goddess.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng's face was filled with a pious aura as if he viewed her as a true goddess.

This was a belief; a belief that existed in the hearts of every Ancient Jiang person.

However, having heard this, Feng Feiyun had cold sweat throughout his body. Just Dongfang Jingyue wanting to kill him alone was enough to make him unable to escape to the heaven that had no door to hell; if there were powerful cultivators of the Ancient Jiang tribe chasing him as well, then the consequences would be unimaginable.

This Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess was so unfortunate; the Heavenly Witchcraft Spirit Tree in her body was defiled by the low-life Feng Feiyun — this was simply sadness! Feng Feiyun couldn't stop sighing in his mind.

Even though it was young master Feng doing the good deeds, but, essentially, Feiyun couldn't escape the responsibility.

“Cough cough! I have never known who the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess is.”

Finished with his words, Feng Feiyun immediately threw his palm to the ground and ejected his body up above. His legs forcefully stepped once, and it was enough for him to fly straight out.

If he didn't escape at this time, then how would he be able to in the future?

As long as he could get out of the red ivory warship and jump into the deep turbulent river, all the way to the base of the river, then, no matter how great Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was, it still wouldn't be easy to capture him.

On Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng's face, there was a profound smile the whole time. Seeing Feiyun's escape made him even more certain that Feiyun had met the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess. As long as he could capture him again and force him to lead the way, then it was definitely possible to find the Goddess in the shortest amount of time.

"Phoosh Phoosh!"

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng lightly lifted his black robe, and he slowly fanned out his hand into a giant palm image; this one hand wanted to grab Feng Feiyun from the sky.

The pressure of the palm image encompassed the sky, isolating the spirit energy and making it look like the whole heaven was about to collapse.

Feng Feiyun's speed slowed down as if he had fallen into a quagmire. He knew that continuing to run ahead would allow him to escape the red ivory warship, but he would be caught by the large palm image.

"The cultivation of this old man could be stronger than Dongfang Jingyue."

Feng Feiyun had broken through to the early Immortal Foundation stage; naturally, he was not a depleted oil lamp. Both of his legs went into the horse stance. He rapidly channel the immortal foundation energy in his dantian, then threw out a punch into the middle of the sky. Next, was a second punch, then a third... He continuously threw out nine fists.

These nine fists represented nine Dao paths that synergized together and amalgamated; these nine fists lingered in the air before stopping, and they did not disappear for a long time.

At this moment, it was as if Feng Feiyun had nine long hands; these nine fists directly impacted the palm image that was covering the sky, creating a gap.

"This is the time."

Feng Feiyun withdrew his fist, headed towards the gap that was just opened, and he ran.

"Oh!"

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was a bit surprised, this little boy was not simple. The nine fists just now was truly profound with the rules of the heaven; this is definitely not something a person a bit older than ten could understand.

Even though he was just in the Early Immortal Foundation stage, he was able to exert the power of an Intermediate Immortal Foundation stage cultivator — truly not so simple.

To be able to jump a level higher and battle, this was a heavenly aptitude!

“Young friend, this old man simply wants to give you a path, you don’t have to struggle and hurt yourself. Even if you escape the red ivory warship, you still absolutely cannot run from the palm of the Yin Gou Clan’s young miss!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was in no hurry to catch Feiyun. He only stood still at the highest position, and, on his face, there was still the same old smile.

Feng Feiyun had only taken two steps forward and then immediately stopped. Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was not wrong; even if he could escape the red ivory warship, he would still be pursued by Dongfang Jingyue.

Feng Feiyun lifted his eyebrows, he turned his body, and he loudly asked while smiling:

“Predecessor will show me a path of light?”

Grand Wisdom Master seemed to have guessed that Feng Feiyun would stop trying to escape, and he smiled:

“The Yin Gou Clan is considered one of the Four Grand Families of the Jin Dynasty; powerful, not just in the country boundary, but also in the cultivation world. The young lady has the Haotian Spirit Mirror so one could see that her status in the Yin Gou Clan cannot be underestimated. Since you have offended her, even if you ran to the far sky or the corner of the sea, it would still be useless.”

Feng Feiyun nodded his head; he naturally concurred with the words of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng.

“However, if you agree to help me find the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess, then you will be considered a friend of the Ancient Jiang tribe. Since you would be our friend, of course I would show you a path of light.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng smiled and said.

This old man was worthy of being called a Grand Wisdom Master; he indeed had some talent. There was no way for Feng Feiyun to refuse his request.

Feng Feiyun stared at the battle between the Ancient Jiang soldiers and Dongfang Jingyue. This woman was not bad; on one hand, she was activating the Haotian Spirit Mirror, the other was playing her red lute. Standing on top of a large wave, her body was naturally standing on top of the vast and seemingly alive river.

The Ancient Jiang soldiers were strong and experienced in battle. Each of them possessed mighty power. Some of them were fierce men that could move the mountains and drain the sea, but none of them could get within ten steps of her.

This woman’s cultivation was truly high!

Feng Feiyun realized that even with the Infinite Spirit Ring, he wouldn’t be able to withstand three of her moves. If he was chased again by her, then he would be ten parts dead — there would be no path of survival.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was an old sly fox. Seeing Feng Feiyun's expression, he immediately added oil to the fire; he said:

"Young friend, the Yin Gou Clan's influence is so great, no one in this world dares to offend them. To be her opponent, death is certain. If your clan was brought into this, it would be so unfortunate. You need to rethink this carefully!"

Feng Feiyun looked at the beaming smile on Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng's face; even though it looked kind and graceful, he felt that it was a very treacherous smile.

Escape this calamity first, then think later. Once he could get away from this damned grandma Dongfang Jingyue and get back to Spirit State City, then it would become his world. Afterward, he could escape with no one to stop him. This was what Feng Feiyun was thinking in his mind.

"Fine. Since Predecessor is so straightforward, then I won't be so roundabout either. However, I do have my own condition, if you do not agree... He he, the Spirit State City has more than one million people; in order to find the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess, I'm afraid Predecessor would have to spend another half a year!

Feng Feiyun smiled, and he said.

Of course, Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng heard the threats hidden in Feiyun's words, but Feiyun's eyes were very serious. He would, indeed, have to waste a large amount of time. If the experts from the other two tribes were to get to Spirit State City as well, then things would become problematic.

In recent times, the three major tribes of the Ancient Jiang people were divided. Within their relationships, there were both competitions and cooperations. All three wanted to welcome the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess because the tribe that gets the honor would have their status, within the Ancient Jiang tribe, take precedence over the other two major tribes.

This was a competition, and the first to find the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess would be the winner.

"What is your condition?"

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng asked.

Feng Feiyun coughed twice, and he then sighed loudly:

"This... the slut Dongfang Jingyue is unreasonably tyrannical and craves for my beauty. It was because she saw me in a sea of people, she became enamored with my pretty face and talented smile. She lusted and had forbidden thoughts about me, and then she chased me for three days and three nights without letting go. Hmmph! This Feng Feiyun, living between the heaven and the earth, is a proud man; I wear the heaven on my head and trample the earth below my feet; how could I let her defile my body? I beg predecessor to make a move, so that she could know that the matter is difficult; then leave."

"Sighhh! Tell her that romance isn't something that can be forced! I already have someone I like in my heart, so get her to let go of strange thoughts!"

Chapter 26: Reversed Chase

The Grand Wisdom Master was surprised from observing Feng Feiyun. He only saw a lonely vagrant who was covered in mud and had messy hair. The depressing part was that his naked feet were as white as snow; how could this man have anything to do with appearing beautiful and heroic?

It would be strange if the noble Dongfang Jingyue had eyes for this person!

Regarding the words of Feng Feiyun, Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng naturally didn't believe half a word. However, since he wanted to rely on Feng Feiyun, at this moment, his only option was to first send Dongfang Jingyue away.

After half a day of plotting, Feng Feiyun and Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng looked at each other, smiling. The one old fox and one little fox seemed to have reached an agreement.

“Stay your hands!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng stood on the high platform with his black robe fluttering in the wind. One large shout suppressed the unresting waves in the curtain of the night.

The angry Ancient Jiang soldiers, at this moment, stopped their attack, and they withdrew back to the red ivory warship. Of course, there were some stubborn soldiers who didn't listen, and they still enclosed Dongfang Jingyue; their red eyes still showed their will to fight.

When Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng shouted once more, the arrogant ones — that did not listen the first time — finally and reluctantly retreated.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was skinny like a bamboo stick; he stood straight as he said:

“Little Miss Dongfang, even if you are the noble descendant of the Yin Gou family, once you have murdered a person from my Ancient Jiang tribe, you shouldn't even dream about this matter being settled easily.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng naturally knew that Dongfang Jingyue didn't kill anyone; however, since he had a secret pact with Feng Feiyun, he formulated a plan to take care of her.

Dongfang Jingyue elegantly and gracefully stood under the moonlight. Her toes stepped on the clear water, that was gleaming with the reflection of the moon, like a slender and elegant lotus tree. Her spirited eyes, like the stars under the veil, were faintly discernible like the mist, and she indifferently smiled:

“This Dongfang Jingyue, from the past till now, has only killed evil people that has committed heinous crimes; I have never indiscriminately killed an innocent person, there must be a misunderstanding.”

Even though she was just in a big battle, she showed no sign of fatigue or weakness. It was easy to see that she did not use her full power as there was not even a drop of sweat present on her forehead.

The corner of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng's mouth slightly angled. He glanced at the hiding spot of Feng Feiyun, and he let out a dry chuckle:

“So anyone that Little Miss Dongfang chases is an evil villain that has committed heinous crimes?”

Feng Feiyun's heart was laden with sorrow, this old man was truly contemptible. He dared to call me an evil villain. I do want to see what Dongfang Jingyue will say to sully my good reputation though.

Dongfang Jingyue hated me to the bones and marrows. Naturally, there would not be clean words out of her mouth. It would be strange if this damned old grandma didn't slander me, ah. In his mind, Feng Feiyun had already begun to curse Dongfang Jingyue.

Dongfang Jingyue contemplated for a moment; she remembered the scene where Feng Feiyun used one fist to knock her down to the ground. Suddenly, an anger surged within her heart, but, to say that this Feng Feiyun was an evil heinous villain, was out of the question. In the end, this little boy led people to kill San Ye. Regarding courage, intelligence, and character, he was the best of talents. Of course, this was because Dongfang Jingyue didn't know about the past of Young Master Feng; she only evaluated the current Feng Feiyun.

If she knew that the previous Young Master Feng had committed a myriad of evil deeds in Spirit State City, maybe the killing intent in her heart would be even stronger; she would want to cleanly kill this son of a bitch to her heart's content.

Dongfang Jingyue's expression became a bit unnatural, and she said:

"On the contrary, he is not a heinous villain who is wicked beyond redemption. Regarding his character and aptitude, he would be considered to have apex talent. It is just that he and I have a personal vendetta; I cannot let him go."

Huh!

'Apex talent... personal vendetta... Empress? Male slave? Fuck, could it be that the words of the little boy was true? That this little miss actually favors him? This was a quarrel within their emotional entanglement! Too much trouble, too much trouble!'

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng had observed the subtle changes in Dongfang Jingyue's eyes; plus, her words, after careful analysis, confirmed that the little boy Feng Feiyun did not lie. It was really because he was too handsome; thus, she couldn't forget about him. This was why she chased him until he had no road to the heaven nor door to the earth.

Feng Feiyun, at this moment, was very touched; standing in his dark corner, as he stared at Dongfang Jingyue on top of the far water, his eyes had a surprised expression:

'This... Dongfang Jingyue, even though she is a bit hot headed, she still could be considered rational regarding her gratitudes and grudges. On the contrary, I am the despicable man with the heart of a nasty person. Even though she and Shui Yueting resemble each other immensely, her moral character is not just one hundred times greater than Shui Yueting's.'

"Ah! A woman's heart is like a salty egg; on the exterior, it is naked and clean, but god knows how many flavorful flowers are inside."

Having had an emotional experience with Shui Yueting, Feng Feiyun had been deeply wounded. His heart had completely lost its trust regarding women; no matter how much he favored Dongfang Jingyue, there would always be a gap in his heart.

“Sigh! Little Miss Dongfang, these types of things cannot be forced, ah!”

Grand Wisdom Master sighed. His heart was lamenting, these youngsters are too vigorous. For someone they like, they could chase them for three days and three nights. This spirit was worthy of admiration.

Dongfang Jingyue coldly scowled:

“If he dared to do it, he must take responsibility. This isn’t a matter of force or not; today, I must capture him and make him give me a reasonable answer!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng’s eyebrows twitched; this little boy Feng Feiyun had an illicit sexual relation at first, and he then discarded her away. This had become even more complicated! Oh heaven, why did I have to meet such a complicated matter?

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng considered himself to be highly intelligent, but regarding the matter of romance between men and women, it gave him a feeling of confusion.

“This little boy Feng Feiyun is such a bastard. If I knew this was a lover’s quarrel, then I wouldn’t have accepted; however, since I have already agreed, then there is no road to turn back.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng gently fixed his beard for a little bit, then he said:

“Ahem, I’ll clarify once again: the person you are chasing is not on the red ivory warship. If you want to intentionally cause trouble again, then I won’t be so reserved with you. Murder must be paid with one’s life, a blood debt must be repaid by blood.”

The Ancient Jiang soldiers were also shouting together:

“Murder must be paid with one’s life, a blood debt must be repaid by blood!”

“Murder must be paid with one’s life, a blood debt must be repaid by blood!”

Feng Feiyun was laughing in his mind, but he also waited in eager anticipation. He wanted to see how Dongfang Jingyue would deal with this matter. This girl’s intelligence or cultivation were extremely capable. Her temperament was not comparable to an ordinary person; if she made a move, then the earth would shatter and the sky would be frightened.

The clear jade fingers of Dongfang Jingyue began to move on her red lute. Her heart was wavering; Feng Feiyun was most likely hiding on the red ivory warship. If she wanted to catch this bastard, she could only go through the gate of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, as well as the few thousands of powerful Ancient Jiang soldiers.

“Hmph! If Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng wants to shield him, then this little girl can only offend.”

Dongfang Jingyue’s beautiful eyes shot out two rays of indigo spirit flowers that headed straight ahead. The temperature between the sky and the earth immediately dropped; the waves on the large river surfaces that were rampaging were suddenly turned into a thick layer of ice.

“A song that wrenches the heart, oh where do I find a knowing ear?”

Dongfang Jingyue used three of her fingers to play continuously, each finger was as fast as lightning treading the water, the lute strings fluctuated; her silhouette was like a white butterfly flying in the sky.

“Bang bang!”

This one tune’s momentum was terrifying; the frozen water below was shattered into thousands of ice edges, like a mountain of sabers or a rain of swords, which hissed and flew towards the front.

“Two songs that wrench the heart, don’t reminisce the gentle feather that flew away!”

A pair of white heavenly wings were born from the sound of the lute. They appeared behind her back, and were around three zhang in length. Holy and beautifully pure, they dispatched many divine white lights that covered the long river.

With one flap of her wings, she was already on top of the red ivory warship.

“Three songs that wrench the heart; flowers fall from the rain as I become sorrowful!”

“Whoosh whoosh!”

Black clouds gathered, along with thunder, above in the heaven curtain; the sky was frozen by the power of the lute and naturally became many black flower petals which rained down like the rain in a dark night.

Feng Feiyun stared at the beautiful black petals in the sky and the ice mountain of swords and sabers; his heart became alarmed. The cultivation of this Little Miss Dongfang was much stronger than he imagined, maybe she had reached the grand completion stage of the Immortal Foundation.

“Break!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng remained motionless, and he only opened his mouth to gently say this one word. From his mouth, came five mysterious dark streams of air, like a turbulent flood; the bright brilliance filled up the vast sky.

“Boom!”

The rain of flowers became dust in the sky that fell down into the river. Even the frozen swords and sabers were instantly shattered into drops of water.

The night became bright again, and the clouds that covered the sky were dissipated, revealing a bright full moon.

“Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng is just like the legends; today, this little girl finally has learned.”

The voice of Dongfang Jingyue slightly filled the air, moving farther and farther away. When it couldn’t be heard any longer, she had already traveled dozens of miles away.

Just by listening to her voice, it was clear that she was seriously wounded. Her breath was lacking vitality, and most of the spirit energy in her body had disappeared.

This was the best moment to thoroughly beat a drowning dog; Feng Feiyun couldn’t let go of such an opportunity.

Heh Heh! Dongfang Jingyue, this day finally had happened to you! If this young master doesn't pursue you for three days and three nights, then it would be strange!

Feng Feiyun took advantage of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng's inattentiveness and jumped down from the red ivory warship. He quickly took cover and then stepped onto the water bank to chase towards Dongfang Jingyue's direction of escape.

Chapter 27: A Trap

"Dongfang Jingyue, you won't be able to get away!"

Feng Feiyun's feet stomped on the grass, and he rode the wind. He leaped a long distance over the long river's precipice to the other side, and he released a fist.

Dongfang Jingyue was indeed injured. Her white robe was stained with blood, and even her speed was far below the past; however, her shadow was still elegant. It was at ease, like the mist traveling in the forest, and her beautiful face was still as relaxed as ever.

Feng Feiyun anxiously chased after her as the unrestrained fist energy destroyed an isolated ancient tree near by.

"Feng Feiyun, even if I am wounded, you are still no match for me."

The shining moonlight seemed to immerse the faraway mountain ridges in a pristine state.

"Whew!"

Dongfang Jingyue suddenly stopped, and she eminently stood on top of the mountain peak. Even though she was in a hurry a moment ago, but at this time, she stood still — she quickly turned around; her fingers began to pluck the strings, and the lute quivered.

A destructive sound wave, from the strings, flew out like a blade.

The power from the sound of Dongfang Jingyue's lute was extremely frightening. An intermediate Immortal Foundation cultivator from a hundred zhang away would still be killed by it. Feng Feiyun naturally couldn't block it; his body moved to dodge the sound wave, and he then, step by step, stomped on the ground to escape away.

Both of his open palms continuously threw out nine strikes; each vigorous and destructive strike carried along a red flame!

This was the First Dark Origin Flame; many expansive heat waves flew out.

"Boom!"

Dongfang Jingyue stood under a red maple tree, her sleeves lightly fluttered, and her fingers quickly plucked the strings to play a beautiful sad tune. Each musical note was like a deadly blade; when all the notes intertwined, it became a battle space. Killing intent loudly screamed and flew forward, causing the all the vegetation on the ground to become dust.

"Bang, Bang..."

The nine fists of flames were shattered by the sound wave.

Although Dongfang Jingyue was wounded, her cultivation was still as strong as before. She steadily repressed Feng Feiyun. Each time she made a move, it was enough to cause Feng Feiyun to run around in circles. In the end, her cultivation was essentially strong enough.

Feng Feiyun became increasingly alarmed as the fight grew longer. His heart had a bad feeling: 'Is this damned grandmother really injured? Why do I feel like she was pretending to be wounded and intentionally lured me here to kill me in the wilderness?'

"Haotian Spirit Mirror!"

Dongfang Jingyue stepped on a spiritual white cloud. A pair of bright white wings grew from her back, her silky white sleeves barely motioned, and a white heavenly aura, from her hand, turned into a blinding white jade mirror.

She didn't even look a little bit like an injured person; on the contrary, she was full of vital energy. Her pressure frightened others. She directly exerted her spirit energy to the outside, and it floated one hundred zhang in the sky; a shining brilliance came down from above.

The spirit power of the Haotian Spirit Mirror was activated, a powerful momentum that destroyed the hearts of others covered the heaven and earth; even the ground was rended from the pressure, and heavy boulders — weighing a thousand pounds — were smashed into pieces.

"Rumble!"

Heavenly thunder was brought down by a large hand, coming from the Haotian Spirit Mirror, and they headed towards the direction of Feng Feiyun.

She actually called for the thunder spirit energy? Fuck, where would an injured girl get the strength to do something like this? I have fallen into her trap.

Feng Feiyun was enraged; before, he thought he had rused her, but now, she got him back. It was clear that she wasn't injured; however, she pretended to be so that she could lure Feng Feiyun away from the red ivory warship and discipline him after.

Feng Feiyun, of course, wouldn't lower his arms and wait for death. Both of his feet were grounded to the floor, one hand pointed towards the sky, and with the Infinite Spirit Ring that he wore on his finger, a bright black light infinitely turned into many black clouds as if it was a heavenly shield, wanting to stop the thunders in the sky.

The Infinite Spirit Ring was also a spirit treasure; with renowned power from it, a distinctive dragon roar transmitted outward, causing the mountains to vibrantly tremble.

"Rumble!"

The thunder that covered the sky fell down and attacked the black clouds. Between the two, a destructive and terrorizing noise broke out; it sounded like the mountains were collapsing.

"Roar!"

Suddenly, a huge white fox — around three zhang in length — rushed out from the Haotian Spirit Mirror. On its body were white scales, two round eyes that look like crystals, and in its mouth, it carried two long sharp swords.

The eyes of the white fox was filled with life, hinting a sign of intelligence. It spat out a white flame.

“Second Dark Hell Flame!”

Feng Feiyun’s expression greatly changed. This white fox was formed from the spirit energy inside the Haotian Spirit Mirror. It has its own independent thoughts, its body, and even more palpable, it could exert an unthinkable force.

This was something the Infinite Spirit Ring couldn’t compare to; the soul of the Infinite Spirit Ring was the Crimson Dragon, but it was only a strand of dragon energy. It couldn’t materialize into a physical body, so naturally, it couldn’t compete with the Second Dark Hell Flame of the white fox.

It must be said that, although the Infinite Spirit Ring was of the spirit treasure rank, it still needed time to be nurtured before it could compete with true spirit treasures.

“Escape!”

The power of the Second Dark Hell Flame was much more powerful than the First Dark Origin Flame. Even Immortal Foundation experts would be heavily injured if they were slightly touched; thus, Feng Feiyun naturally didn’t want to throw an egg at a rock. He recalled the power of the Infinite Spirit Ring and quickly ran away.

“Feng Feiyun, weren’t you very arrogant earlier? Why are you suddenly such a coward now?”

Dongfang Jingyue seemed to be calm while pursuing, but her heart was a little surprised; this despicable kid, Feng Feiyun, could actually stop the Haotian Heavenly Thunder attack; the Infinite Spirit Ring in his hands was certainly a spirit treasure.

Where did this despicable kid get a spirit treasure from?

One has to know that even the entire Feng family only had three spirit treasures. Each was a secret protector of the family’s fate. With Feng Feiyun’s current status at the Feng family, there was absolutely no way that he could have a spirit treasure; the only explanation was that this spirit treasure was personally obtained by him.

As Feng Feiyun escaped for his life, his speed was absolutely first class; he was like a wild hare in the valley. Even if the cultivation of Dongfang Jingyue was higher than him by many levels, she still couldn’t instantly catch him.

“Little Girl Dongfang, if our rank is equal, then I could defeat you with just one hand. You are not worthy to be my opponent.”

Feng Feiyun said while fleeing.

“Hmph! Even if the rank was the same, you still wouldn’t be my opponent. To tell you the truth, from the beginning till now, I had only used three layers of my cultivation. If I had exerted all of it, then I’m afraid I would have turned you into smithereens with one move.”

Dongfang Jingyue, with her feet on top of the Haotian Spirit Mirror, her colored ribbons flew freely, and the blood stains on her robe were gone; she looked as if she wasn't tainted with the mundane dust. She was pure and holy, as well as elegant, like a goddess arriving to earth.

Two people, one chasing and one running; the pursuit had been going on for a few hundred miles, and it was unknown what boundary they had come to.

“Roar!”

Suddenly, above in the horizon, there was a black shadow coming down like a large mountain in the sky; the wind breaking sounded like a fierce beast's terrifying roar.

This was the red ivory warship; it truly knew how to fly!

The formation on top of the ivory warship began to motion with the compass controlling the direction. The formation let out a frightening power, allowing the huge warship – weighing millions of pounds – to fly from the water and head towards Spirit State city.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, standing on top of the high platform of the warship, twirled his fingers in his beard. He smiled at the boy and girl fighting below, and the smile became increasingly profound.

“Whoosh!”

His black sleeve waved downward, and then a wind came upward, bringing Feng Feiyun to the red ivory warship. He then smilingly said:

“Little friend Feng, I had said earlier, ‘even if you were to escape from the red ivory warship, you wouldn't be able to escape the palm of Young Miss Dongfang.’ How could you not listen to me?”

Feng Feiyun, just now, was almost captured by Dongfang Jingyue. Right now, he was still in fear; looking at the smile on the face of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, with his mind still upset with the matter, he said:

“This old grandpa; you already knew all along that she wasn't injured, right?”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng declined to comment; he only smiled, and he said:

“Let us go! Come back to Spirit State city and help me find the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess. Then naturally, I will show you a path of light. If you help me find this person, then I will definitely solve your problem ahead.”

“Is there even someone in the world that is able to withstand this savage girl, Dongfang Jingyue?”

Feng Feiyun was skeptical; perhaps even a senior expert from the Feng family wouldn't be able to suppress her.

“Dongfang Jingyue has an older brother named Dongfang Jingshui. Dongfang Jingshui, fortunately, is a sworn brother of mine. As long as you help me find the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess, then I will take you to Dongfang Jingshui and reveal the matter between you and Dongfang Jingyue to him. Of course, he will consult his sister to not pester you any further.”

Feng Feiyun was surprised:

“Nao Dai Jin Shui?”

“It is Dongfang Jingshui!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng angrily glared at him. Dongfang Jingshui was a natural talent of a whole generation, and his aptitude was even above Dongfang Jingyue’s. He was considered to be one of the eight Grand Historical Geniuses in the Jin Dynasty, and no one had dared to call him a water kettle head before.

“Dongfang Jingyue has an older brother?”

Feng Feiyun’s heart shivered; if her older brother knew that I punched her head once, who knew if this “older brother water kettle head” would join the hunting rank, pursue me as well, and cut me into ten thousand pieces?

Feng Feiyun felt his heart beating faster; what path of light was this? This was truly a path of death.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng mischievously laughed:

“Dongfang Jingshui, whether it is his aptitude or character, is the best; you can rest assured. As long as the whole story is told clearly, he will — of course — take your side; he will do his utmost to convince his little sister. After all, romantic feelings can’t be forced.”

Even though Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng’s intelligence was above the rest; however, regarding the feelings between men and women, it didn’t enter a single aperture of his head. He still thought that Dongfang Jingyue was truly in love with Feiyun, and that was why she was chasing him.

“Is that right?”

Feng Feiyun, with a bitter face, sighed once. His heart was defeated; if he truly met the older brother of Dongfang Jingyue, then what was he going to do?

Heavens! Kill me with a single lightning bolt!

“Boom!”

From the sky, a heavenly lightning came down and struck the area adjacent to Feng Feiyun, turning an Ancient Jiang soldier into charcoal; he fell to the ground, causing a loud thump, and he immediately became unconscious.

Feng Feiyun took a deep breath to maintain his composure. He saw that in the far distant sky curtain was a shadow of a beautiful flying and gentle girl. The lightning strike must have come from her hand.

Dongfang Jingyue hovered in the air, her hand held the Haotian Spirit Mirror while she stared at the red ivory warship flying away with a blazing speed; her eyes were filled with coldness, and she scowled:

“Feng Feiyun, even Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng’s protection will be useless; no one can save you!”

The pair of white wings on her back flapped once, and she immediately pierced through the grand forest, heading toward the red ivory warship to continue her pursuit.

Chapter 28: Who is the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess

Inside Spirit State City, the morning lingered with white fogs filled with a hint of wetness!

Each strand of grass on the sideroad was bent downward from morning dew. A big dog ran out from a small alley, with a bone in its mouth, and ran into a bush; it then rolled up and ate the bone.

The grindstone alley began to bustle with noise and excitement, the street vendors had already pushed their carts to the great streets and small alleys, and the sound of wheels rolling created a rhythmic sound “kuang kuang ta ta” like the bellowing of the wind.

Everyone was heavily shouting in order to guarantee their survival.

This was their way of life; peaceful and ordinary.

However, in this world, there were always some people who wanted to be ordinary, but they were destined to embark on an extraordinary road.

“Come drink tea, come drink tea! Each bowl, one bronze coin! Hua Mao Feng, Zhu Jian Cui, Jing Tou Ya Zi! one bronze coin for one big bowl!”

A clear youthful voice came out from the tea house.

One could see a little girl that wore a little hemp dress. She leaned against a wooden pole, her bright blinking eyes stared at everyone who passed by the teahouse, and she yelled:

“Uncle, uncle, come drink a bowl of tea! One bowl one bronze coin!”

“Grandma, come drink tea!”

Xiao Yuer perched her little lips, and her fingers pinched her sleeves; she had a face full of disappointment. It wasn't even six o'clock, and she had already woken up to brew the tea, but she still hadn't sold a single bowl once the sun had risen.

“Yuer, are you tired?”

Old Man Luo asked lovingly with some pity in his heart.

The old man stepped forward with a staggered pace, and used a towel to wipe the sweat off her forehead.

“I'm not tired, not tired! Yuer is not even a little bit tired!”

Xiao Yuer hastily provided support for the old man with her hands at once.

Old Man Luo couldn't help but to heavily sigh after seeing her strong, yet stubborn, expression. He said:

“Sometimes businesses will have on and off seasons; the business is no good today, but it will slowly get better.”

“Grandpa, don't be too worried. Last time, Young Master Feng had left behind fifteen gold coins, and they are enough to last us for more than ten years. Even if business is bad, we won't have to worry about starving to death.”

Xiao Yuer said.

Old Man Luo was a bit alarmed and furrowed his brows. His eyes, with a touch of curiosity, stared intently at his granddaughter. He hesitated for a moment, then said:

“Since you reminded me, Young Master Feng, outside of his romances, is a real hero. He was able to lead the soldiers to destroy the Eagle Claw gang; even the villain, San Ye. They all had to pay for their crimes on the spot. Now, the entire Spirit State City is clamoring all about the deeds of Young Master Feng. I heard from Ma Ban Xian, from the Cheng Huang Temple, that Young Master Feng was the reincarnation of Xiao Yao Jade Emperor Bodhisattva. His first-born child would be heavenly blessed with the body of an immortal; in the future, Young Master Feng will accomplish many great things, complete the Dao, and become a celestial — this matter was written in the stars.”

After Feng Feiyun’s destruction of the Eagle Claw gang, he became the grand hero of Spirit State City; the number one character. All of the evil things, like oppressing males and bullying females in the past, were now considered as bold romanticism and heroically straightforward.

Of course, there were even some busybodies that boasted Feiyun to be a grand immortal; a buddha who came down to earth in order to accumulate merits and spread the religious scripture – there were all kind of different comments.

In any case, Young Master Feng’s achievement was being exaggerated even more by the people. Some said that his foot stepped on a Seven Star Lotus, and the top of his head was engraved with an Eight Jewel Seal. In the future, he was bound to be successful with promotions, marry one hundred thousand wives, and live for three thousand and five hundred years as a carefree immortal, vacationing in this world.

“Yuer, right now, everyone is saying that the reason Young Master Feng became enlightened to all things was because of your influence. Could it be... that you are the reincarnation of a certain Buddha?”

Old Man Luo’s pair of eyes became apprehensive. He stood up straight and observed Yuer with a serious and solemn gaze.

“Grandpa, people will always continue to change. Although, in the past, Young Master Feng had committed many evil acts, and he was slothful and lazy; however, recently, he had repented and changed in order to start from the beginning and learned how to properly act towards others. However, this person does not have anything to do with Yuer.”

Xiao Yuer’s fingers lightly touched her chin. In her head, appeared the image of Feng Feiyun killing for the first time because of her. At that moment, Young Master Feng was extremely stylish.

“I had only met him twice; why did he stand up for me? Maybe it was just like everyone else was saying; he was changed by me, or maybe, maybe it’s because he... he likes me. Not only cutting off the hand of brother Wu, but he also led people to destroy the Eagle Claw gang; could it all be because of me? Bah! Bah! Silly girl, have you no shame! His eyes must be so high, he is the... the reincarnation of Xiao Yao Jade Emperor Bodhisattva. With such a high status, how could he favor a foolish little girl like you?”

“Yuer, Yuer...”

Old Man Luo saw that she was lost in thought, and he continuously called for her.

“Uhh... what? Grandpa, what is the matter?”

Xiao Yuer’s slender face blushed brightly with a vacant expression.

Old Man Luo saw that she was thinking about something; he smiled and said:

“The tea is cold now, go reheat it in case there are guests coming. We can’t let them drink cold tea, right?”

Xiao Yuer’s expression darkened, and she said:

“I’m afraid that no one is coming to drink tea today.”

“Clank, Clank!”

“Thud! Thud!”

Outside the tea house was the sound of armor colliding; it was as if there was a heavenly army and ten thousand horses approaching. Countless footsteps echoed in the air, and their stomps caused the ground to slightly shake.

Immediately afterward, many large black armored men surrounded the tea house; there were about a few thousand of them. Each of them were three meters tall, and they had war spears in their hands. Their cold aura caused others to not be able to breathe.

Old Man Luo and Xiao Yuer were frightened to death at such a scene.

“This... Everyone... What is going on?”

Old Man Luo, in horror, kneeled directly to the ground.

A roar was let out and a path was made from the yielding armored soldiers. Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng and Feng Feiyun walked to the front of the crowd; both of their gazes were on Xiao Yuer’s body. However, they had nothing in common with each other.

In Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng’s eyes was respectful piety and happiness!

However, Feng Feiyun’s eyes was filled with surprise; it was indeed this little lady!

“I can sense the Heavenly Witchcraft Tree growing in her body; she is indeed the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was extremely excited.

Feng Feiyun had led Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng and his people to seven or eight places already. The young girls around the age of fourteen, in those places, were all denied by Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng. It was only until they got to the Grindstone Alley that Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng felt a resonance with the Heavenly Witchcraft Tree, and he confirmed that the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess was nearby.

At that moment, Feng Feiyun thought about Xiao Yuer selling tea at this place, so he brought them running here.

“Jing Feng pays my respects to the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess. Your Highness Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess’ power is vast and mighty; your eternal glory will never be forgotten!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, with both hands crossed on his chest, kneeled down to the ground in front of the frightened Xiao Yuer — who had lost her wit; He kowtowed until his face was next to the floor.

Even the spiritual leader Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was kowtowing, so the other Ancient Jiang soldiers naturally had to kneel to the ground; they faced forward towards the tea house, and they kowtowed.

“Boom, Boom, Boom...”

Their faces were filled with reverence and solemnity; it was as if they were worshipping a god in a temple.

From their perspective, this was a very sacred matter.

“Your Highness Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess’ power is vast and mighty; your eternal glory will never be forgotten!”

“Your Highness Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess’ power is vast and mighty; your eternal glory will never be forgotten!”

The voices of these Ancient Jiang soldiers were louder than ordinary people; all of them were emotional, and their blood boiled with excitement. One could imagine that if Xiao Yuer was to nonchalantly tell them to die, then they would definitely follow the order without furrowing their brows.

This was the power of faith!

Feng Feiyun was struck by this scene! He didn’t know about the others, but the old grandpa, Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, was an old monster that had lived for four hundred years. He had an unimaginably high cultivation, he was completely capable of moving the wind and calling for the rain, yet he was now kneeling on the ground. One could easily see how important the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess was in their hearts.

Old Man Luo was entirely shocked. Afterward, he immediately kneeled down to the ground as well, and he yelled:

“Her Highness Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess’ power is vast and mighty; your eternal glory will never be forgotten! Xiao Yuer, what are you waiting for? Hurry up and kneel down before the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess. The goddess could be nearby, so we shouldn’t offend her. Hurry up and kneel, hurry up and kneel!”

Xiao Yuer hesitated for a moment, then she also kneeled down to the ground:

“Young Master Feng, are these people are worshipping you?”

Only Feng Feiyun was still standing in his place, so Xiao Yuer naturally thought this would be the case.

“Poof!”

Feng Feiyun almost fainted from the comment, and he angrily said:

“Do you not have eyes, ah? They are kowtowing towards the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess? Do I look like a goddess in any way?”

“Then how come you aren’t kneeling down before the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess?”

Xiao Yuer tilted her head and thought, and then she curiously asked.

Feng Feiyun’s expression was frozen stiff. He took a breath to calm his mind, then he looked at her for a while. Finally, he forcefully smiled twice without saying anything else.

Chapter 29: Uncertainty

“I have already sent a Flying Jade Scroll to inform Dongfang Jingshui. You bring this letter to Violet Firmament Ancient City and find him there; naturally, he will help with your romantic quarrel with Dongfang Jingyue.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng gave a piece of jade paper to Feng Feiyun. On the paper was a brilliant moving light; it was like a surface of crystal clear water with calm waves. One could faintly see the handwritings that floated up and down.

It seemed like the only way to completely deal with this matter was to find Dongfang Jingyue’s older brother. In the end, to truly fight against the Yin Gou Clan was the same as courting death.

Feng Feiyun didn’t hesitate to take the jade paper, and he stored it away.

Grand Wisdom Master’s one hand gently grabbed the slender arm of Xiao Yuer. While smiling, he tapped Feiyun’s shoulder. He said:

“Little Friend Feng’s extraordinary aptitude is accompanied by a courageous and carefree attitude; Dongfang Jingshui’s favorite thing is to become friends with heroes like you.”

Xiao Yuer’s big eyes curiously blinked while she hid behind Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng’s back; she secretly stared at Feng Feiyun intensely.

When this young girl had found out that she was the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess, she was startled frozen for half day; it was like she had lost her soul. No matter who called out to her, she didn’t give a single response; only when Feng Feiyun went in front her face and give a smile, did she get frightened to the point where her soul immediately came back. She covered her chest with her hands; she then continuously back pedaled as if she was afraid that Feng Feiyun would ** her again.

This was a nightmare in her mind, how could she quickly forget it?

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng definitely had to welcome the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess back to the Heaven Worship Division. Under Feng Feiyun’s intimidation, Xiao Yuer and Old Man Luo were quickly convinced. Xiao Yuer earlier had thought that the kowtowing scene earlier was meant for Feiyun; one could say that our Young Master Feng had greatly contributed to their acquiescence to this departure!

If Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was allowed to be the one to do the convincing, then maybe even three days and three nights wouldn't necessarily be enough for this grandpa and granddaughter to obediently follow the plan.

This successful intimidation method was contributed to the frightening past reputation of Feng Feiyun. After all, Xiao Yuer was very afraid of him, and Old Man Luo was even more afraid; the threat of Feng Feiyun at Spirit State City was without rivals.

Even now, with Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng's protection, Xiao Yuer, towards Feng Feiyun, was still extremely afraid and could only stare at him while hiding at the side.

Feng Feiyun, although he smiled on the outside, his heart was solemn; he said:

"I dare to ask, in the end, what type of person is Dongfang Jingshui?"

Feng Feiyun was a big benefactor to him, and Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was naturally an upright person; thus, with a serious demeanor, he answered Feng Feiyun:

"Three years ago, when I was pursuing a fierce villain on the way to Dense Fog Ghost Forest, I had accidentally entered the Ten Thousand Ghosts Forest Grand Formation. Coincidentally, Dongfang Jingshui was also trapped in this formation. This person's cultivation was outstanding, and his innate talent was breathtaking. He was trapped inside the formation for three months without dying; his willpower and perseverance truly made me gasp with admiration."

"It was senior who saved him from the Ten Thousand Ghosts Forest Grand Formation?"

The Ten Thousand Ghosts Forest Grand Formation was one of the top killing formations of the Sen Luo Temple, and it was renowned alongside with the Soul Suppressing Blood Formation. No matter how talented Dongfang Jingshui was, once he rushed inside, don't even think about escaping this formation. To be able to last for three months without being devoured by ghosts — this was already quite extraordinary.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng nodded and said:

"Dongfang Jingshui is definitely a hero garnered with both talents and characters. Little Boy, if you were equal to just one part of him, the elders of your Feng Clan would definitely nurture you like a treasure. Hah hah!"

Feng Feiyun didn't think this was correct, and he said:

"Even if Dongfang Jingshui's aptitude is exceedingly high, you still don't need to embellish it so much! I don't believe that I am not equal to his one tenth!"

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng heavily sighed, and he said:

"I had long used the Witchcraft Eyes to check your innate talents. The purity of the blood, the intricacies of the skeletons, these innate talents within the nine grades could be considered to be first class. In Spirit State City, your talents would definitely be number one; however, if we throw you into the Bai Ling county, then the teenagers with the same talent as you would number by at least ten people. In the entirety of the Grand Southern city, the same talents as you would be even more — eight hundreds if not

one thousand. Heh heh, if put into the entire Jin Dynasty, then talents like yours would be at least numbered in the ten thousands!”

“However, Dongfang Jingshui is different. In the Jin Dynasty, he is considered to be at the top tier of talents. The people that could compare with him is only a few, like the eldest disciple, Li Xiao Nan, of the Spirit God Palace, or the current crown prince, Long Shen Ya... Only these people could be considered the world’s top figures. As young as them but to be so talented and handsome, this is naturally them blooming too brilliantly!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng shook his head while smiling. Even though he does kind of like Feng Feiyun and was optimistic about his talents, but he still didn’t think that Feng Feiyun had the qualifications to be compared with Dongfang Jingshui.

One was a Grand Historical Genius and the other was an ordinary genius — completely incomparable.

Even though Feng Feiyun was a little surprised, he was not discouraged. After all, he was cultivating the “Immortal Phoenix Physique”; each time it increased in rank, his talents and physique would also jump forward by a huge step. Currently, he only had successfully cultivated the second level of Blood Purification. If he could complete the third level, then both his cultivation and talents would increase greatly in quality. He would have the chance to catch up to the group of Dongfang Jingshui, or even go beyond them.

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng noticed Feiyun’s constantly changing expressions, and he smilingly said:

“Little Friend Feng, don’t be so discouraged; geniuses like Dongfang Jingshui are all heavenly-defying existences, in the world there are only a few of them. You don’t need to force yourself to compare with them. The pursuit for excellence is noble, but too high of a goal would just normally be a detriment to one’s self.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng’s voice carried a consoling tone.

Feng Feiyun modestly said with a smile:

“These principles; this boy naturally understands.”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng looked at the blinding sun above; the red ivory warship had absorbed enough solar essence, and it was slowly heading towards the sky’s curtain.

Old Man Luo had earlier been invited to the red ivory warship. Right now, it was only Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, Xiao Yuer, and Feng Feiyun saying their goodbyes.

“I have something that I don’t know whether to say or not?”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng originally wanted to board the flying ship; however, in the end, he couldn’t hold it back and had to ask.

“Senior just go ahead, don’t be so reserved!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng lowered his voice, and he said:

“This girl, Dongfang Jingyue, whether it is her willpower or talents or beauty, it is one of a kind in this world. If she truly wants to commit the one hundred years love with you, then it is a good thing; you should really reconsider. In the end... if you could climb to the top, to the high branches of the Yin Gou Clan, your future developments would truly open; it would be one hundred benefits and not one hindrance.”

In Jing Feng’s eyes, there were flashing lights of wisdom; no one knew what he was currently scheming in his mind.

Feng Feiyun was dumbfounded. First, judging from Dongfang Jingyue’s attitude towards him; if she didn’t cut him into eight pieces, then she wouldn’t be able to let go of the hatred in her heart. Second, even if her head was struck and she turned out to truly have feelings for Feng Feiyun, he still definitely wouldn’t be able to accept her.

Because her figure and Shui Yueting’s were too similar!

Of course, both of these possibilities had almost no chance of happening. Even though Dongfang Jingyue was a bit prideful, this little amount of pride was not enough to compare to Shui Yueting. Regarding this, Feng Feiyun was confident in knowing her character.

“This matter, senior does not have to worry about.”

Feng Feiyun smilingly said.

“Ha ha! It seems like little friend Feng’s heart already has its own universe; it seems like this old man had wasted my breath again! However, regarding the matter between you and Dongfang Jingyue, I had already informed Dongfang Jingshui through the Flying Jade Scroll. He currently knows that his young sister is brazenly in love with you; regarding this, you need to mentally prepare yourself a little bit, ah!”

Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng was laughing so hard that his normally kind smile became insidious.

“Poof!”

Feng Feiyun almost fell to the ground. He glared with his eyes toward Jing Feng, and he yelled:

“This old man and your nonsensical words, who gave you such a long tongue like this?!”

Feiyun had originally planned to meet Dongfang Jingshui and come up with a different story. He didn’t expect this damned old man Jing Feng to be such a gossipy scoundrel, and he had already long informed Dongfang Jingshui!

Imagine for a little bit; if an older brother suddenly heard that his cold-as-ice little sister has a lover, what expression would he have?

Would he be emotional? Or would he be surprised? Or would he be extremely happy?

Only his mother would know! After all, Feiyun was mercilessly thrown into the pit again by this grand wisdom master.

“Feng... Young Master Feng, will we have the chance to see each other again? I heard that the Heaven Worship Division is a very far away place, an ordinary person wouldn’t be able to get there, even if they travel for a lifetime.”

Xiao Yuer shyly asked her last question.

On the contrary, Feiyun didn’t want to think too much. He immediately said in a nonchalant manner:

“If I don’t die in the hands of Dongfang Jingyue or in the hands of Dongfang Jingshui, then maybe we’ll meet again another day.”

“Oh.”

Xiao Yuer gently replied, and she lowered her head again to follow Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng to fly to the red ivory warship.

“Rumble!”

The formation of the red ivory warship began to rotate; this caused the entire crimson ship to be encompassed and the surrounding air to form a huge vortex. With the help of the wind and the solar energy, the red ivory warship made a huge “Phoosh” sound, and then it flew towards the far curtain of the sky.

It was at this point that Feng Feiyun was suddenly startled. Seemingly, it was only now that he was able to react to the words of Xiao Yuer. He looked towards the direction of the red ivory warship and yelled:

“Later, I will definitely go to the Heaven Worship Division to find you. I gave you fifteen gold coins, you still owe me fifteen tea bowls; each bowl must be given in full to me!”

Feng Feiyun didn’t know whether she could hear him or not. After all, the red ivory warship had already disappeared behind the clouds, becoming a red dot, and then it completely disappeared in the end.

Chapter 30: Childhood Sweethearts

Young Master Feng disappeared for three days in a row without any news, so the governor of the city sent out three different official documents ordering the nearby towns to help search for him, but there was no useful information.

Young Master Feng seemingly had disappeared from this world.

The happiest person in this matter was, of course, Feng Suiyu!

Today, he wore a feather scarf, his hand held a paper fan made from rosewood while he leisurely enjoyed the flowers in his garden.

“Oldest master, this little boy Feng Feiyun showed off his ability too much; he must have offended someone he shouldn’t have, so he was murdered.”

A servant standing respectfully to the side wore a devious smile on his face.

Feng Suiyu, without showing his emotions, gently touched a flower and said:

“Feng Feiyun! Hah Hah! His disappearance is quite opportune. This saves me time from having to do it personally.”

After Feng Feiyun led the city guards to destroy the Eagle Claw gang, Feng Suiyu felt a great threat. If he didn't quickly get rid of Feng Feiyun, then he would not be able to eat well and sleep tight.

However, who would have guessed that this little Feng Feiyun just suddenly disappeared? He seemingly vanished from this world. This was the result that Feng Suiyu had truly wanted, so naturally, his heart was very pleased; he thought that even the heavens was helping him out.

“Big Brother, you are in a good mood today, ah! What are you smiling about?”

Feng Feiyun, from the outside the main door, came in openly, with a happy smile on his face.

Feng Suiyu couldn't smile anymore after hearing this voice. He turned around, and he saw that Feng Feiyun was walking toward his front.

“Feiyun, where did you go for these last couple of days? Foster father and I were very worried about you.”

Although Feng Suiyu was disappointed inside, he quickly controlled his emotions. A caring smile appeared on his face.

“This matter... ah, I was only strolling around in a circle. Right! Where is Father? I have an urgent matter for him.”

Feng Feiyun said.

“Foster father is in the main hall discussing important business with an esteemed guest, maybe you shouldn't disturb them.”

Feng Suiyu stared at Feng Feiyun intensely, his face began to become serious. After all, he felt that with this return, Feng Feiyun was not like he was in the past. This gave him a deep and unfathomable feel.

How could a playboy that only fooled around and awaited his own death have such a shattering transformation within just a few days? Could he have met an immortal's fortune or something?

Matters such as meeting an immortal's fortune was not impossible, but it was exceedingly rare. Only people with extreme luck would be able to find an immortal's fortune, and they would then soar to the heaven with just one step.

Feng Suiyu naturally didn't believe that Feng Feiyun had found an immortal fortune, so he intended to test him to find out his true worth.

Feng Feiyun was always worrying about that damned grandma Dongfang Jingyue's pursuit of him to Spirit State City; thus, he was in such a rush so he didn't pay attention to many things. He quickly headed toward the main hall.

Feng Suiyu's eyes followed Feng Feiyun's shadow, and his fingers picked out a white flower petal, secretly adding his spirit energy to it. The originally white flower was quickly covered by a blue-gray color.

“Whoosh!”

Without any warning, this petal from Suiyu’s finger flew out in a beautiful arc which aimed straight towards the Ji Liang meridian of Feng Feiyun.

Currently, Feng Suiyu was at the peak of the Spirit Realm; it could be considered an outstanding cultivation. He was confident that his little plan would not be detected by Feng Feiyun.

“Ba!”

The spirit energy of this petal turned into a deathly aura that penetrated the Ji Liang meridian of Feng Feiyun, and it disappeared without a trace.

Feng Suiyu’s eyes, from beginning to end, had been concentrated on the petal. It was only until the spirit energy had infiltrated the Ji Liang meridian of Feng Feiyun that he breathe easily; in his heart, he secretly smiled:

“It seems that I was too cautious. This little boy is only this much. With the spirit energy infiltrating the Ji Liang meridian, his cultivation, in this lifetime, will never take another step forward. It will stagnate forever in the same place at the early level of the Spirit Realm.”

Feng Suiyu assumed that Feng Feiyun’s cultivation was still at the early level of the Spirit Realm like before. He didn’t know that within the last couple of days, Feng Feiyun underwent multiple adventures and broke through to the Immortal Foundation. Currently, maybe Feng Wanpeng was not his match; as for someone with the cultivation of Feng Suiyu, he only needed one slap to kill him completely.

Feng Suiyu’s petty maneuver was naturally sensed by Feiyun, but he didn’t stop his steps. His mouth let out a little smirk, and he secretly channeled his energy inside his body. In the blink of an eye, the spirit energy of Feng Suiyu that had infiltrated his meridian was scattered and expelled out of his body.

“This little boy has a lot of underhanded schemes. I need to find an opportune moment to deal with him.”

Feng Feiyun continued walking at a fast pace, and he didn’t inform anyone before coming directly to the lobby. At any moment, that damned grandma Dongfang Jingyue could show up, so Feng Feiyun didn’t have time to wait around.

“Father, Feiyun has an important matter that requires your attention.”

As he spoke these words, he had already made it to the main hall. He lifted his head and saw that in the main hall, besides Feng Wanpeng, was another middle-aged man.

This middle-aged man was around forty years old with slightly dark skin, but it didn’t hinder his elegant aura. He was very well groomed with not a single strand of hair on his face. His body was rather slender, and his clothes were clean and tidy. It was evident that he was from a royal upbringing and lived like a prince.

Besides Feng Wanpeng and the middle-aged man, Strategist Ge and Housekeeper Liu were divided to the two sides. When they saw Feng Feiyun intruding into the main hall, they didn’t become angry; they turned ecstatic instead.

As long as one could return safely, then it was already a good thing!

Even though Feng Wanpeng's expression was serious, inside, he was very happy; he gleefully asked:

"Feiyun, where did you go these last couple of days?"

Feng Feiyun naturally couldn't tell them that he had offended a big character from the Yin Gou Clan; otherwise, all the people here would be frightened to the ground.

"Honorable father, these last couple of days I was in isolated cultivation in order to research military strategies, and I was actively preparing for the Military Strategy Iron Council that is coming up soon. I am hoping that I could show my talents in this assembly, so that father could be proud."

Feng Feiyun clasped his hands together, and he respectfully answered.

The middle-aged man, from beginning to end, had been observing Feng Feiyun; seeing his calm and appropriate response, he couldn't help but nod his head and smile:

"I can't believe that after three years, this boy Feiyun had improved so much. So young, but he has already asked for a military order to level the Eagle Claw gang. Even the ninth great-grandfather is aware of this, always praising this talented boy in front of me. If this was three years ago, even if you beat me to death, I wouldn't believe that he would have such an achievement like today."

Feng Feiyun's grandfather had three sons; Feng Wanpeng was the youngest. He was ranked third.

This middle-aged man was the second blood brother of Feng Wanpeng; his name was Feng Wanli. He was also the second older uncle of Feng Feiyun.

Feng Wanli was also a person with extraordinary talents, a hero. Twenty years ago, during the last Hidden Dragon War of the Feng Clan, he was placed in the top fifty. Currently, he was situated in the main Feng Clan house with the minister of affairs position, and he could be considered to have had some modest success.

The relationship between Feng Wanli and Feng Wanpeng was quite close. Wanli frequently visited Spirit State City as a guest. He had seen Feiyun at a young age, so he naturally knew what type of person this little boy was — a wasteful pervert and a foolish party fiend. From the past till now, he had never placed high hopes in Feiyun; however, the current Feiyun gave him a new sensation. It was as if he was a completely changed man.

Could this little boy truly become a prodigal son and become a genius?

Feng Feiyun smiled, and he said:

"Second Uncle, are you praising me or wanting to hurt me here?"

Feng Wanli shook his head and smiled:

"If you have truly become successful, then I naturally will praise you; however, if you are merely a foolish person, then, even if I don't scold you, I'm afraid my little girl will still scold you to death."

"Little Sister Jianxue?"

Remembering this mischievous little girl, Feiyun suddenly felt an oncoming headache.

Feng Jianxue was the foster daughter of Feng Wanli, and the little cousin of Feng Feiyun. She was only younger than Feng Feiyun by three days. Since childhood, they had always played together, and they were considered childhood sweethearts. The two were always innocently together, but once Feng Feiyun had turned into a bad boy with horrible characters, Feng Wanli no longer allowed for Feng Jianxue to become close to him.

Even though they had met again several times later, however, each time Feng Feiyun was scolded by Feng Jianxue to the point of vomiting blood. Especially after she had found out that he had raped a girl; she gave him a vicious beating, fracturing all the bones in his body. He couldn't get off the bed for half a month.

From then on, Feng Jianxue was thoroughly disappointed in this older cousin, and she no longer visited Spirit State City; it could be considered as having all ties severed.

Feng Wanli smilingly said:

"Feiyun, right now you need to be careful when coming to Violet Firmament Ancient City. These last few years, Jianxue was heavily nurtured by the clan, and she had achieved the fourth stage of the Vigorous Gale Method at the early Immortal Foundation. Within the fifth generation of the Feng Clan, she is considered one of the influential figures. Plus, before I came to Spirit State City, she told me that should you dare to come to Violet Firmament Ancient City, she will break your legs again."

When it came to the cultivation of Feng Jianxue, Feng Wanli was very proud. After all, he was only at the intermediate stage of the Immortal Foundation, and Feng Jianxue was so young, yet she made it to the early stage. Regarding cultivation, she had left the father and son pair of Feng Wanpeng in the dust; this was a matter worthy of smugness.

On the contrary, Feng Wanpeng's face was very hard to look at. In the beginning, he thought that Feng Suiyu's talent was high enough to take charge of a mission alone, but he didn't expect for Feng Jianxue's cultivation to be so frightening; she already broke through to the Immortal Foundation.

One was at peak Spirit Realm, and the other was early Immortal Foundation; there was no room for comparison.

Feng Feiyun didn't mind too much, so he smilingly said:

"Violet Firmament Ancient City; I have no choice but to go. If she really wants to break my legs, then I'll have no choice but to accept it."

Feng Wanli saw Feng Feiyun's nonchalant attitude, and he couldn't help but to rub his eyes and ask:

"Do you not want to know why she said these words to you?"

Feng Feiyun said:

"That's right! Even though she hates me to the bones, but she still can't have the illogical urge to break my legs for no reason."

Feng Wanli, facing Feng Wanpeng, smiled:

“Feiyun, you, today, could be considered an adult; plus, you have the courage to ask for a military order as well as successfully obtained military contributions. Our ninth great-grandfather thinks very highly of you, and he felt that you are our hope. We had already discussed it; if you can achieve success in the Military Strategy Iron Council and show off all of your hidden talents, then the ninth great-grandfather would personally arrange for the marriage between you and Jianxue.”

“A man starting a Clan early will always mature faster. Feiyun, right now, you are not settled, and you are too emotional; you truly need someone that can reign you in really well.”

Housekeeper Liu nodded his head and smiled.

Feng Wanpeng naturally had apparently already agreed to this matter, and he also smiled:

“This matter, I had previously discussed with Housekeeper Liu. Feiyun, you are decisively smart; you are a fitting person to walk on the road of a talented strategist, but your body is not fit for cultivation. This is your weakness, so you need a talented wife with a powerful cultivation to assist you. We have unanimously found that yours and Jianxue’s personalities were compatible; if you guys could become husband and wife, then it would truly be one gifted in martial arts, the other in wisdom; it is too appropriate.”

Feng Feiyun felt as if, in the bright sky, there was a loud thunder hurting his eardrums; in response, he said:

“Our personalities are compatible? She wants to break my legs, how do you all explain this?”

Feng Feiyun didn’t know whether to laugh or cry; he truly couldn’t think of how he and Feng Jianxue were compatible.

The bunch of Feng Wanpeng, Feng Wanli, and Housekeeper Liu were all coughing twice, and their faces became strange. Naturally, they had been silenced by this matter, but earlier they had already talked about everything. Whether Feng Feiyun wanted to or not, this had already been a foregone conclusion.