

SPIRIT VESSEL

Chapter 3: Holy Saint Treasure (2)

She was truly a blossoming, beautiful woman. Especially, the pair of “small white rabbits” were very tempting.

Feng Feiyun recalled the image and he felt a bit faint from how dazzling it was.

“Cough, cough, do you need me to take responsibility?”

Feng Feiyun paused for a second, and he then unpredictably asked these words.

Feng Feiyun did not truly want to possess her, but he wanted to be accountable for his actions. He knew that women were conservative and highly valued their purity. If he saw her whole body, he needed to be responsible for her.

However, if she did not want it, then he would not even touch her finger. This was his basic moral code.

This was the biggest difference between the old Feng(Wind) Feiyun and the new Feng(Phoenix) Feiyun. [1. Both Feng are identical when translated to English. However, they sound different in Chinese with an additional accent mark. One means wind and the other phoenix.]

“No need... no need...”

In the whole Spirit State City, no girl would dare to ask for Young Master Feng to take responsibility.

The girls that were ravaged by him in the past would have been considered fortunate if they weren't sold to the brothel. They all avoided him, afraid that he would do it again. No one dared to ask for him to take responsibility.

Xiao Yuer lightly bit her lips and stared at Feng Feiyun. Her hand lightly rubbed the red handprint on her cheek; it still seemed to be sore.

This handprint was from Feng Feiyun; she was still very scared of him.

“Does it still hurt?”

Feng Feiyun asked softly.

“It hurts!”

Xiao Yuer didn't dare to look into his eyes. She felt like the current Feng Feiyun was a completely different person. She had this feeling that he wouldn't hit her again.

“Today... I'm truly sorry. In the future, if you have any problems, you can come to the Feng's office to find me.” [2. Imperial Chinese call the big houses of important family “government office” because most big house owners were involved in the government.]

With that, Feng Feiyun walked away. The two servants naturally hurried to follow like two dogs following their master.

“He... He just left, he really just spared me like that...”

A while later, Xiao Yuer finally closed her tiny lips. She stared at Feng Feiyun's shadow, and she felt something in her heart that was previously missing. Her fingers were toying with her hair, her feelings had not calmed down.

“Is young master ill now?”

Her heart couldn't calm down; she believed that Young Master Feng would come back and abduct her again. She stood there for an hour before seeing that Feng Feiyun didn't return. She sighed and then ran to take care of her grandfather.

It was currently night time, but Spirit State City was still the same. Horse carriages were still bustling on the streets; the background was vibrant and loud; and the street was filled with the sound of people moving around, filled with the chants of street vendors.

The girls in the brothel were wearing colorful and extravagant dresses; they were soliciting new customers. A tall man from a tribe in Xian Jiang was controlling a big ox with a big carriage behind its back. The blacksmith shop had a little boy with a black battle sabre in his hand, yelling loudly; the city felt alive.

Feng Feiyun, with his hands elegantly behind his back, quietly strolled through the ancient street. In his mind, he couldn't stop thinking about why he had come back to life while fusing with the soul of a mortal.

Did the Spirit Vessel travel through the fabric of space and time?

This was a blue ship with an ancient design – similar to a ghost ship – with an unfortunate breath of vicissitude. Feng Feiyun, at that moment, was only able to stand still in fear; he was immediately taken by the Spirit Vessel to this current body.

It was indeed the Spirit Vessel that brought his soul to this place. Then where did the Spirit Vessel go?

Feng Feiyun opened his right palm and there was a faint shadow of a ship, about an inch long. It was too blurry to see without heavy concentration.

It is very strange; it was as if it was a tattoo of the spirit boat. To merge with the body would require a treasure of Holy Saint rank in the legends.

Even the first of the eighteen spirit treasures would not be able to merge with the body; only a Holy Saint treasure in the legends would be able to reach this stage.

Feng Feiyun, in his past life, was the Patriarch of the Demon Phoenix Race. His cultivation had reached the ninth level of Heaven Emergence, but he was still one step away from reaching the Holy Saint level. He also had never seen a Holy Saint treasure.

He was already undefeated in his past life; a first class peerless master. However, when he reached the ninth level of Heaven Emergence, he felt that Holy Saints did exist in this world. When they reached this stage, however, they all went into secluded isolation and never went outside.

This was why he was considered the strongest in the immortal world, at least, only in appearance. Behind the scene were numerous ancient Holy Saint masters; they were strong to the point of being unstoppable. Even if they were separated by many million miles, they could still kill Feng Feiyun with a single finger.

“If this Spirit Vessel is indeed a Holy Saint Treasure, then it proves that saints do exist.”

In his past, he speculated the existence of saints, but it was not definite. Now, with the addition of the Spirit Vessel, Feng Feiyun had the utmost confidence that saints do live in this world.

He became ecstatic; maybe he could use this Spirit Vessel to eventually reach the Holy Saint level. Once he reached this stage; then he would successfully jump out of the mortal world to truly become an immortal in both spirit and soul.

“Thump!”

Feng Feiyun accidentally stepped on a stone from being too excited and he almost fell flat on the ground.

His body now was too weak and small. He was drowned in decadence, so he was weaker than an average person. There was no trace of cultivation energy inside him; plus, his meridians were blocked. His muscles were weak, and his skeletal structure was poor. The old Young Master Feng was not fit for cultivation; he would even be limited when practicing regular martial arts.

However, to the current Feng Feiyun, this matter was not impossible.

If he did not want to conform to mediocrity, then he must once again embark on the road of cultivation; the road he must take in order to crown himself as a tyrant once again. However, first, he must improve his body's constitution.