

Chapter 31: It Is An Endless Road, Dont Stop

The Feng Clan was enormous, and they consisted of sixteen immediate branches and forty-eight side branches.

The immediate branches had the same flesh and blood with each other; however, because their ancestors were different, they were divided into sixteen different branches.

Each individual branch had countless children that constituted the forces of the Feng Clan that spread out over many directions; this created a friendly yet competitive structure.

According to the number of experts and talent in the branches, every twenty years, the elders of the clan would initiate a ranking for each of the individual branches. This was why the Hidden Dragon War and the Military Strategy Iron Council existed.

Feng Feiyun belonged to the twelfth branch of the clan; even though it wasn't at the bottom of the sixteen branches, it was still viewed as the tail end of the ranking. This was why, even though Feng Wanpeng had an extraordinary talent, he was only arranged to be a governor at Spirit State City.

The title of governor seemed to be prestigious, but in the eyes of the Feng Clan's upper echelon, this arrangement did not have any future. The younger generation, with genuine importance in the clan, were arranged to join the godly military camps or arranged to become an official in the main government. These were the best ways to become renowned.

In short, the Feng Clan higher ranked branches' younger generations had higher statuses; this meant that they were able to cultivate with better martial methods while they also were rewarded with thousand year spirit plants or medicinal pills to increase their physique and cultivation.

These things were what the younger generations aspired to obtain. It could be said that any genius that wanted to become a great heaven-defying character relied on this accumulation of great resources.

If it wasn't for the Blood Spirit Seed, Feng Feiyun wouldn't have been able to reach his current cultivation so quickly. This was the power of strange plants and spirit plants.

Now that the Hidden Dragon War and the Military Strategy Iron Council were drawing near, all of the large branches seeking to increase their ranking had begun preparing.

The young geniuses also wanted to use this opportunity to suddenly become renowned and shock the world.

At the twelfth branch, Feng Feiyun was not considered to be a heaven-defying talent. According to the calculations of the branch leader, the ninth great grandfather, holding onto their twelfth ranking would be quite difficult.

When the ninth great grandfather was reaching desperation; there was news that came from Spirit State City. There appeared a person with military strategy and wits above others: Feng Feiyun. Suddenly, it seemed as if the old man had been able to grab onto a life-saving spirit plant. He decisively chose to heavily groom him. He was even willing to motivate him by using the charm of a woman, and this was why the marriage between Feng Jianxue and Feng Feiyun was decided at this point.

This was also the reason why Feng Jianxue said that if Feng Feiyun showed up at Violet Firmament Ancient City, then she would break his bones.

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At mid noon, the sun had risen and was radiating its blinding light. The atmosphere was a bit suffocating, even the willow tree on the side of the road was losing its spirit. It was seemingly very tired.

“Clank clank!”

A carriage with eight bronze wheels that was pulled by a mountain deer whose body was covered with scales was heading towards the main gate of Spirit State City.

Heavenly mountain deer; its antlers were like two mysterious peaks!

The fast rolling wheels broke the lonely silence at noon. After reaching a large street, the back of the mountain deer suddenly flashed with a bright white light from a magical rune.

This mountain deer was around four meters tall; its whole body radiated a bright light. In a short time, its power suddenly exploded, and its speed increased by more than ten times. It pulled the eight-wheeled bronze carriage with a shocking speed. It left Spirit State City by ten miles, and it then disappeared into the midst of the forests and mountains.

“This is a Strong Wind talisman belonging to the first rank talisman tree. Once it is placed on the back of the mountain deer, it could allow it to travel up to eight thousand miles per day. Of course, the effect of this Strong Wind talisman can last for only one day and one night; afterwards, the talisman’s spirit power will be depleted, and it will have to be replaced with a new one by the next day.”

Feng Wanli sat in the carriage and explained while he looked at Feng Feiyun and Feng Suiyu.

Even though the road was bumpy, the carriage was as calm as the sea — it was as if one was inside of a ship’s cabin.

While the Hidden Dragon War and the Military Strategy Iron Council were still two months away, the children of the fifth generation from the Feng Clan had already begun to gather at Violet Firmament Ancient City, and all of them were going back to the clan to prepare in advance.

Firstly, this allowed the participants to find out a bit more about their strong opponents, so they could prepare ahead of time.

Secondly, the children of the large branches needed to communicate and become more acquainted with one another in order to team up in the events; this was so they could avoid hurting each other.

These things were naturally planned by the branch leaders behind the scenes.

The purpose of Feng Wanli’s visit was to bring Feng Feiyun and Feng Suiyu back to Violet Firmament Ancient City.

Feng Suiyu was very well-mannered, and he had a sense of elegance that exuded from his body.

He calmly spoke:

“This Strong Wind talisman is so miraculous; it must have been difficult to create it. Only someone as excellent as second uncle would be able to create such a heavenly talisman like this.”

Feng Feiyun silently mocked in his mind:

“The Strong Wind talisman was only a first rank talisman, but Feng Suiyu was calling it a heavenly talisman. His flattering skill was the first rank thing here.”

Feng Wanli said:

“The Strong Wind talisman isn’t really a heavenly talisman or anything, but creating a Strong Wind talisman requires at least the early Immortal Foundation. Plus, some rare materials such as Jade Silk paper and Grand Wind blood are used in its creation. One Strong Wind talisman could be sold for a high price of one hundred gold coins.”

One hundred gold coins for Feng Feiyun or any children from a grand clan was essentially nothing, but to an ordinary person, it was definitely a price high in the sky.

A single Strong Wind talisman could only last for one day and night, yet it costs one hundred gold coins; one could see how extravagant this was.

This was the importance of resources. With a lack of wealth, a clan absolutely could not grow stronger.

“Both of your cultivations are still too weak; wait until you reach the Immortal Foundation. Then, you will naturally be able to buy the materials and personally craft the talismans.”

Feng Wanli continued.

Feng Feiyun lifted the corner of a curtain in the ancient bronze carriage. Outside was a dense forest along with gigantic mountains and rivers as far as the eyes could see.

Spirit State City was a few hundred miles away. They were heading towards an unknown road.

This road was the way to Violet Firmament Ancient City!

Violet Firmament Ancient City was the main city of the Grand Southern Prefecture as well as the largest ancient city in the south of the Jin Dynasty. This was a place where cultivators gathered; a collection of snakes and dragons, a place where the poisonous crowd go on rampages. All of the grand families were next to each other, and there was the matter of some leading immortal sects that were situated in the city to recruit new disciples on a wide scale.

Spirit State City was such a remote and backward place compared to Violet Firmament City, it was just a tiny place not worthy of mention.

“Feiyun, Suiyu, at Violet Firmament City, you two need to be well behaved. You cannot disrespect others like you did in Spirit State City. Violet Firmament Ancient City is a place with crouching tigers and hidden dragons; many geniuses lay in the shadows. Grand clans like ours number at three or four, and, inside, there are even more immortal sects with power no less than our Feng Clan.”

Feng Wanli’s expression became serious; when he looked over at Feng Feiyun, there was a hint of warning. In the end, Feng Feiyun had a past record; at Spirit State City, he only caused a bit of trouble,

not too big of a storm. If he dared to kidnap a young miss from some clan that lived in Violet Firmament Ancient City and toyed with her in bed, then it would be the same as messing with a female disciple from an immortal sect. Wasn't this just inviting a grand calamity onto oneself?

Feng Wanli was extremely uncertain about Feng Feiyun. He was afraid that this sexually driven person would cause a few world-shaking events; then it would be akin to messing with the heavens.

Feng Suiyu solemnly nodded his head, and he said:

"Once we reach Violet Firmament Ancient City, I will definitely follow all of second uncle's arrangements. I won't dare to disobey half a word."

Feng Feiyun didn't want to care too much. These words from Feng Wanli could scare Feng Suiyu, but not him. In the end, the Feng Clan was a top clan in the Grand Southern region, so it was absolutely a grand power at Violet Firmament City. Even if something actually happened, he was afraid that no grand power would actually dare to fight head-on with the Feng Clan.

In the cultivation world, benefits were above all else!

Without absolute benefit, no grand families would openly declare war!

On principle, Feng Feiyun could cause any calamities, and the upper echelon of the Feng Clan would be able to deal with it. Of course, this did not include him offending the young miss, Dongfang Jingyue. This was a completely different matter. Even if the patriarch of the Feng Clan personally came forward, Dongfang Jingyue wouldn't necessarily accept the bribe.

Having thought of Dongfang Jingyue, Feng Feiyun's mind suddenly flashed:

"Pshh! This is trouble! Dongfang Jingyue's brother, the Grand Historical genius, Dongfang Jingshui; isn't he at Violet Firmament City?"

At the same time when Feiyun's heart was heavily beating, the white robes of Dongfang Jingyue appeared on the walls of Spirit State City, standing majestically. Her white veil gently fluttered in the air, which matched her slender and adorable figure.

In her hand was the Haotian Spirit Mirror; the aura shined in the vast sky, and it pointed to a far direction.

"Without the protection of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng, Feng Feiyun, I want to see how you will escape from my grasp."

Her delicate and beautiful hand motioned around, and she then withdrew the Haotian Spirit Mirror. The white wings that protruded from her back began to spread out wide. Her slim figure became a white rainbow, and she headed towards the direction of the ancient bronze carriage; she began her chase.

**Author:** The first book "Spirit State City" has ended. This book is considered the foundation. Starting from the second book there will be many exciting and rich developments.

Chapter 32: Hidden Dragon Courtyard

The heavenly spirit mountain deer was combined with the blessing of the Strong Wind talisman, so it could travel for more than eight thousand miles each day. During the sunset of the seventh day, a black mountain range was in front of their eyes.

This black mountain range blocked the views of others, it was seemingly deep and resounding.

No, this was not a mountain range. This was simply part of the walls of Violet Firmament Ancient City. This wall was built by boulders, that weighed ten thousand Jin and towered at several hundred zhang, like a coarse and wild mountain range that reclined horizontally.

“Rumble!”

In the far distance, one could hear the roaring sound of the city moats. The flow of the water was lively, and its mist was high, not unlike the clouds in the sea — vast to the extreme.

At one end of the city moat, one had to look really far before seeing the city gate on the other side. The city guards were only as big as ants.

Finally, they had reached Violet Firmament Ancient City!

Even though it was just a city wall and a river moat, it was enough for others to feel a boundless atmosphere.

Feng Feiyun jumped down from the ancient bronze carriage, and he stood next to the city protecting river. His two eyes gave off a fiery light that looked at the far distance ahead. He could see that, inside Violet Firmament Ancient City, there were strands of moving dragon energy as well as mythical horse vapors that traveled quickly — it was indeed extremely shocking for others.

Currently, he was using the “Phoenix Heavenly Gaze”. He could see the hopes of the people, see through all things, understand the void, appraise different items... Et cetera. This was the spirit power he had cultivated in the last few traveling days.

Once the early Immortal Foundation was reached, one could begin to practice all types of spirit powers. The “Phoenix Heavenly Gaze” was his first spirit power; compared to the “Thousand Miles Seeing Eyes”, it was superior by countless times.

Even though he was only at the early level of the Phoenix Heavenly Gaze, he could see the fortunes of others easily. In addition, he was able to analyze the rise and fall of a region, and even his naked gaze was able to observe the underground mineral deposits.

What was the most important thing in the cultivation world?

Of course, the answer was natural resources. Regardless of whether one was a clan or an immortal sect, without a huge amount of resources backing them up, they would soon reach declination.

This was the reason why Feng Feiyun had to cultivate the Phoenix Heavenly Gaze first. Once successful, he could personally go into the wild to find mineral deposits, then he no longer had to care about the face of the clan’s upper echelon.

This was the advantage of the Phoenix Heavenly Gaze!

“Bam Bam!”

In the middle of the river moat, there was suddenly a blinding bright light. The turbulent river suddenly flashed many runeword formations which exposed a freezing pressure and caused the river to become ice crystals.

This was the power of a magical formation. It could directly cause the thousand mile wide river to become frozen!

“Feiyun, get back to the carriage, we can cross the river now!”

Feng Wanli yelled from inside the carriage.

“Coming!”

Feng Feiyun, step by step, entered the bronze carriage and sat down again. The mountain deer had already pulled the ancient carriage on top of the frozen river, and it quickly headed forward.

It sped rapidly to Violet Firmament Ancient City’s gate. Because there was the word “Feng” engraved on the bronze carriage, the city guards naturally did not dare to question them; they directly let them through.

Once inside the city, the sunlight had already dimmed down. However, because Feng Feiyun had the Phoenix Heavenly Gaze, the black sky curtain couldn’t affect his vision.

“Second Uncle, we are going to the main mansion of the Feng Clan now?”

Feng Feiyun asked.

The steps of the mountain deer had clearly slowed down after they entered the city. It comfortably ran on the ancient street that was filled with bypassers, and it crossed each colorful architecture that seemingly was without an end path.

Feng Wanli bent his knees while sitting down; he smilingly shook his head:

“The main clan house is located in the Vermillion Bird Inner City. If we want to go there, we would have to go through eight different city gates and cross three hundred to four hundred miles. Right now, we certainly aren’t going there.”

“Then where are we going right now?”

Feng Suiyu couldn’t help but to ask.

“The Hidden Dragon Courtyard, it is one of the largest courtyards of the Feng Clan in Violet Firmament Ancient City. It specialized in housing the younger generation of the clan before each Hidden Dragon War. You guys are going to stay there and focus on cultivation; of course, there will be servants to specially watch over you guys.”

Feng Feiyun’s thoughts were hidden. He lightly furrowed his brows:

“I heard that the immediate branch’s younger generation of the Feng Clan exceeds thirty thousand people, not counting the children of the forty-eight side branches. How could one Hidden Dragon Courtyard be enough to accommodate so many people?”

Feng Wanli smiled lightly, and he said:

“Feiyun, you can’t use the same perspective that you did in Spirit State City now for Violet Firmament Ancient City. Your second uncle has been here for a total of forty years, but I had only traveled to some corners of the ancient city; there are plenty of mysterious and unknown things that even I had only heard other people talk about.”

“Take the Hidden Dragon Courtyard for example, it occupies more than three thousand mu. There are countless numbers of pavilions, and even just the servants were around a few ten thousands. However, our courtyard was just another pavilion; in Violet Firmament Ancient City, there are at least one hundred courtyards like this, and this was only a small corner of the city.”

The extravagance and wealth of a grand clan would cause others to be tongue-tied; their amount of resources was a terrible figure. Even just moving such a monstrous amount would cost so many resources that it would terrify anyone.

No wonder these grand families had always robbed resources from everywhere, and they didn’t mind ruthlessly killing other living beings; it seems like it was for the sake of survival as well!

Feng Feiyun was emotional, but he was also happy. This gigantic Violet Firmament Ancient City, even if that damned old grandma Dongfang Jingyue came here, it was not certain that she would be able to find him.

However, another headache-inducing matter appeared.

“Second Uncle, Little Sister Jianxue wouldn’t be staying at the Hidden Dragon Courtyard as well, would she?”

Feng Feiyun was still worried about Feng Jianxue.

Feng Wanli smilingly nodded, and he said:

“You don’t have to worry too much about this. Ninth Great Grandfather had already warned her; before your participation of the Military Strategy Iron Council, if she really did break your legs, then Ninth Great Grandfather will personally cut off her legs.”

“What about after the Military Strategy Iron Council?”

Feng Feiyun wryly smiled.

Feng Wanli laughed. After this one sentence, he turned his head away. He didn’t look at Feng Feiyun again; it was as if this matter had nothing to do with him.

Feng Suiyu was sitting to the side didn’t say anything from beginning to end, but he had many thoughts inside his head:

'If Feng Feiyun truly shines at the Iron Council, then the upper echelon will definitely pay attention to him; will there be a place for this Feng Suiyu to stand? Plus, if he could marry Little Sister Jianxue... With her talents so high... if she truly became Feng Feiyun's wife, then wouldn't he be a tiger with wings?'

"No, I'll never let Feng Feiyun succeed! When necessary..."

Feng Suiyu's eyes contained a hidden killing intent, but he suppressed it quickly. The corners of his mouth twisted into an enigmatic smile. At this time, it was unknown what he was thinking about.

The Hidden Dragon Courtyard had six main gates. The mountain deer bronze carriage slowly stopped by one of the six main gates. Feng Wanli, Feng Feiyun, and Feng Suiyu came down from the carriage one after another.

A servant came out from the gate and took the ancient carriage away, and he also led the way to enter the Hidden Dragon Courtyard.

The children of the Feng Clan's fifth generation had already come back in waves. There was a scene of martial practicing in the courtyard. In the surroundings, there were many bright torches; currently, there was a male teenager that was testing his techniques.

Next to a pond, there were a dozen handsome and talented teenagers; all of them wore white robes and sat in the cultivation pose. Their bodies radiated glimmering light; when they saw Feng Feiyun's group of three, they only gave them a short glance, and then they retracted their gaze to continue their cultivation.

Along the eroding trail, one did not know how long it took before they got to a red lacquered pavilion. Inside, were five rooms together; they were connected, and they were also isolated from each other. The rooftops were decorated with glazed tiles, the red pillar stood straight, and even the stairs were made from white jade marbles.

This was only the most ordinary place in the Hidden Dragon Courtyard, but its appearance was already extravagant.

Feng Wanli pointed to a house to the far right, and he smilingly said:

"That place is the current living place of Xian Jue."

Feng Feiyun's heart jumped. From the direction of the finger, he could see a room with its door closed tightly; it didn't allow any light to penetrate inside of the room. This caused the atmosphere to be frightening. It was easy to tell that Feng Jianxue was currently not in the room.

As long as she didn't suddenly rush out, then it was a good thing. Feiyun let out a sigh of relief. However, the night had already fallen, where could she go? How come she still hadn't returned?

"The room adjacent to hers, I specially prepared it for you."

Feng Wanli clapped Feng Feiyun's shoulder, and he smilingly said:

"Feiyun, take good advantage of this opportunity; use this two-month period to nurture your relationship with each other."



Nurture my ass, ah! Nurturing a romantic relationship with such a violent woman; I'm better off embracing a mother pig if I want to sleep safely!

Feng Feiyun, to this point, clearly remembered each of her fists – the fists that broke the bones in his entire body. At that time, if Feng Wanli didn't bring a one thousand year Duan Xu herb for Feng Feiyun, then maybe it wouldn't have ended with him simply being stuck on the bed for half a month.

"You don't need to feel so much pressure inside here like this. Jianxue's temperament in these recent years has lessened. Plus, there is also the order from our Ninth Great Grandfather, so she wouldn't actually cripple you."

Feng Wanli actually wasn't sure in his heart. In the end, no one else understood his foster daughter more than him. She was the type of person who didn't care to give anyone face; she was extremely gifted, but she was also very proud. The entire younger generation of the Feng Clan couldn't get into her sight. The three or five individuals capable of being looked upon by her were all heaven-defying and outstanding talents.

Even though Feng Feiyun was a bit bothered by Feng Jianxue, he wasn't afraid of her. In the end, his current cultivation was at the early Immortal Foundation, and his actual battle power was equal to an intermediate Immortal Foundation expert. His battle prowess was stronger than her; why would he need to be afraid of her?

"Second Uncle, will I stay in the room over there?"

Feng Suiyu's eyes stared at the remaining room of the three, with a slight smile on his face.

"You... You are only a child from the side branch and are not qualified to stay at that place."

Feng Wanli's face didn't show any emotion; he turned and walked towards a different direction, and he waved his hand:

"Come with me!"

"Not qualified..."

Feng Suiyu gripped his hands tightly, and he forcibly suppressed his own resentment. Wasn't Feng Jianxue also from a side branch? He coldly glanced at Feng Feiyun once, and then he left in anger.

Feng Feiyun smiled as he watched Feng Suiyu's back during his departure. His heart felt a little pleasure; Feng Suiyu, this day has finally happened to you?

He stopped thinking too much, and he strode towards the pavilion. He wanted to settle down first before he planned his next move.

Chapter 33: Going Upstairs to Look at Fortunes

Darkness had completely covered the night, but there were still bright lights in the Hidden Dragon Courtyard. Many people that held torches were talking, talking about love, or maybe discussing cultivation.

In the distance, there were continuous thundering noises that came from crazy cultivators that were practicing their martial arts.

Feng Feiyun sat alone at the top of the crimson pavilion with his feet on top of the tiles, feeling the night wind. His gaze covered the Hidden Dragon Courtyard in its entirety. The fortune of everyone here couldn't escape his eyes.

He concentrated his energy for this observation!

“Boom!”

To the southeast of the courtyard, there was suddenly a giant shadow of a tiger that encompassed the whole sky; it radiated a violet red light. Its movement was akin to a dragon's flight and a tiger's hunt; it possessed an expression that was towering and extraordinary.

“This was the ‘First Tiger Soaring Cloud’ qi. Out of all of the children of the Feng Clan's fifth generation, it is unexpected to see someone with such talent.”

Feng Feiyun revealed a hint of surprise on his face.

The qi image of someone was the main representation of their talents. The stronger the qi image, the higher the talent.

Even though these qi images were domineering and huge in stature, only geniuses versed in qi observation could see them; ordinary people, even with a powerful cultivation, couldn't see anything.

Understanding qi images was akin to understanding the abstractness of a cultivator. If one wanted to see the qi images, they would need to cultivate their gaze first!

Feng Feiyun practiced the Phoenix Heavenly Gaze. He could not only observe the qi images of people, but also the qi images of an area, the qi images of all living things, and the images within the vastness of the sky.

The understanding of qi image reading was similar to a Wisdom Master reading the constellations during the night.

“Rumble!”

Suddenly, in the depths of Violet Firmament City, there was a monstrous qi image that pierced the nine heavens; it was accompanied by the shadow of a tiger and the image of a dragon. It manifested a heavenly and dazzling rainbow; its piercing glare caused others to be unable to open their eyes.

“Hah! With one's personal qi image, this person was able to lead the spirit image of an entire area. This is... Dragon Tiger Qi, the Regal Supreme Physique! Inside Violet Firmament Ancient City exists an illustrious talent!”

Feng Feiyun suddenly stood up; his body focused his gaze to the far distance. This was his first time being so alarmed; who the hell could be so frightening?

“Dragon Tiger Qi, Regal Supreme Physique!”

This was one of the top qi images between the heaven and earth. The person who could carry this type of qi image, their future will be exceptional; like the bright moon in the sky, no one could ever resist them.

“First Tiger Soaring Cloud” and “Regal Supreme Physique” had a difference of several ranks.

“Roar!”

The Dragon Tiger Qi hovered in the sky for half the time it took to drink a cup of tea, then it slowly disappeared in a corner of the ancient city.

Feng Feiyun originally wanted to see the talented fifth generation of the Feng Clan for a little bit, but he couldn't believe that inside this ancient city, there was a character who possessed the “Regal Supreme Physique”. The existence of this genius caused all the other talented people in the world to be suppressed, and they would lose all of their seven colors.

A chaotic burst of footsteps, along with clamorous commotions, sounded below!

Someone was coming!

Feng Feiyun quickly recalled his Phoenix Heavenly Gaze. He looked down below to see two white-robed boys that carried a different boy, and they rushed inside this pavilion.

“Fuck, these sons of bitches, they even broke the dantian of Haozi. This was equivalent to destroying his entire cultivation; such a vicious action!”

“Haozi's cultivation was the highest within the three of us. He reached the peak Spirit Realm stage, but he was beaten by just one blow. The experts of the third branch are indeed as common as the clouds; we are only from the twelfth branch, and I'm afraid only Little Sister Jianxue could fight them head on.”

“Little Sister Jianxue has reached the early Immortal Foundation rank, plus she is also well-versed in the ‘Double Gaze Fragment Moon Sword’. The third branch people that could fight against her only number three or five.”

“Unfortunately, Little Sister Jianxue isn't present right now; otherwise, with her character, she would help us take revenge already.”

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The entire body of the young man called Haozi was covered in blood; he was unconscious, and his face was as pale as a sheet.

These three people were the children of the twelfth branch of the Feng Clan, and they were the foster sons of Feiyun's oldest uncle. Their names were Feng Hao, Feng Ming, and Feng Lin. Because they were closely related to each other, as well as Feng Jianxue, Feng Feiyun had to stay at the same place in order to look after each other.

There were fights within the children of a clan. Sometimes, the fights between the branches were particularly ferocious. This was a competition — a cutthroat competition.

“What had happened in the end? How is Haozi?”

The sound of a young girl came from outside.

Her voice was accompanied by a cold breath, akin to a cold wind that blew by, that caused the floor to have a layer of white mist in the summer.

After hearing this voice, Feng Ming and Feng Lin became ecstatic. They quickly brought over Feng Hao, who was gravely wounded, to the bed, and then they left; both of them simultaneously loudly said:

“Little Sister Jianxue! Since you are back, you must take revenge for Haozi, ah!”

Feng Jianxue’s gentle footsteps slowly entered the room.

It had been a long time since Feiyun had last met this violent young miss. She had a slender and elegant look with a ponytail that was tied by a violet ribbon. She was wearing a martial arts robe that clung to her body, accentuating her curvaceous figure; it made her seemingly very vivid and full of life.

Her skin was extremely white; it was too unreasonably white, without a trace of pink blood. It was as if she had been sick for many years.

However, her true feature that attracted Feng Feiyun was her beautiful eyes. Inside were two silky black and round pupils; her gaze was as sharp as a sword, and it was like she could compete head-on with the Heaven Restoration Evil Eyes.

It was clear from the appearance of her eyes that she was practicing the “Double Gaze Fragment Moon Sword”.

My god! This spirit technique was very difficult to cultivate, but she had been successful; no wonder second uncle thought so highly of her.

“That person was the heaven’s proud son of the third branch, Feng Yu.”

“Feng Yu!”

Feng Jianxue’s pair of beautiful eyes contracted tightly; she had heard of this name before. Feng Yu was a person that could cause the rains to fall and the winds to blow within the third branch of the Feng Clan. He had drunk spirit spring water before. He also had a wonderful physique, and his flesh was as powerful as a brute beast.

Feng Yu was extremely arrogant. Outside in the courtyard, he constructed a martial arts ring, and he declared:

“Whoever can take three blows from my hand would be eligible to participate in the Hidden Dragon War.”

These words caused a big wave once they got out. The challengers continuously participated, but, from then till now, half a month had passed; no one has been able to accept two blows from him. Most of the challengers were all defeated with just one blow.

This matter had already alerted the Feng Clan’s seniors, but these older generation experts didn’t interfere. Obviously, they had discretely endorsed Feng Yu’s actions.

Using a martial arts ring to stimulate the potential of the children in the clan, this was not a bad thing!

Some of the upper echelons even wanted to change the rules of the Hidden Dragon War — this time around — to be more similar to Feng Yu’s words. Whoever could block three of his moves would have the qualifications to participate. If not, then they would just be an ordinary person, and they would not be eligible for the war.

If one wanted fame from just one battle, then they need to actually have true abilities!

Feng Jianxue asked:

“Feng Hao also went to challenge him?”

Feng Ming and Feng Lin lowered their heads without saying any words; naturally, they had tacitly confirmed.

“Feng Hao was able to block how many of his moves?”

Feng Jianxue continued to ask.

“He lost in just one move! Feng Yu was truly a mad man. One blow from him turned a wall into dust. Feng Hao essentially didn’t have the ability to fight back, and he immediately fell down into a pool of blood.”

The two angrily exclaimed.

Feng Jianxue’s eyes became more dignified. She was aware of Feng Hao’s strength; even if she used all of her power, it would still take her three moves to defeat him. However, Feng Yu only needed one to destroy his dantian. After some contemplations, this power was truly terrifying.

“Feng Yu is indeed so strong!”

The slender fingers of Jianxue intertwined; in her heart, a feeling of wanting to battle arose. A strand of spirit energy, like a howling large wave, rushed out, that caused the leaves on the evergreen tree outside of the pavilion to fall down and gently cover the ground.

“Who, who is on the roof?”

Feng Jianxue’s eyes moved as if they were stars; her pupils immediately became extremely sharp. A black light, with a shape just like a small sword and the size of a hand, flew out of her eyes.

“Whoosh!”

The black sword light cut through the night with its movement!

“Ah!”

A miserable scream filled the air; a shadow fell down from the rooftop. This person felt awkward with his hands and feet, he couldn’t get back up after he fell to the ground.

Feng Jianxue quickly rushed forward and saw that this person was wearing the white robe of the Feng Clan, but he was still lying motionless on the ground. Her heart was shaking:

“Not good! He turned out to be our own! Is he already dead?”

Feng Jianxue was afraid, because even though the elders of the Feng Clan allowed for competition between the younger generations, but the absolute condition was that there had to be no harm to one's life.

Feng Jianxue had butterflies in her heart. She carried a sword in her hand and gently poked the sleeves of the Feng Clan's child, who was lying on the floor; however, the person remained motionless; not even the sound of breathing could be heard from him.

"Little Sister Jianxue, you just killed someone!"

Feng Lin was frightened to the point where he had to take two steps back; he nearly fell on the floor.

"Your Double Gaze Fragment Moon Sword's power is too great! Little Sister Jianxue, how could you use it so carelessly?!"

Feng Ming was also frightened, his hands couldn't stop shaking.

At this moment, Feng Jianxue felt like it was too late for regrets. If she truly accidentally killed another person in the clan, then the punishment would be her own life!

"Before anyone can discover him, go bury him!"

Feng Jianxue quickly regained her wits, and she decided to bury the corpse.

However, at this moment, the Feng Clan child — who was lying on the ground — suddenly moved a little bit, and he spoke with a weak voice:

"Save... Help me! I'm going... going to die...!"

Why was this voice so familiar? Feng Jianxue stared at the Feng Clan's child that was lying on the ground. The more she looked, the more familiar he seemed.

Suddenly, her beautiful eyes shivered and thought of a particular man. She shouted in her mind:

'Is it that damned Feng Feiyun? Could it be that he has arrived at the Hidden Dragon Courtyard?'

The Feng kid was still lying on the ground; he appeared to be half dead.

Chapter 34: Why Am I Still Not Dead?

"Help... Ah!!! I... I'm going to... die!"

The Feng kid's entire body trembled with a painful expression. It took him great effort to reach out with his one hand; it was as if he wanted to grab onto something, but there was nothing to grab.

Feng Lin and Feng Ming hurriedly rushed forward. They picked him up with their hands.

"Little Sister Jianxue, he is not dead!"

The two were ecstatic!

Feng Jianxue carefully observed the Feng kid who was lifted. After seeing his familiar face, her expression changed. She gritted her teeth, and she angrily yelled:

“It really is this damned Feng Feiyun. Your luck is really great... It would have been fortunate if you had actually died! After all, everything would be resolved if you were dead!”

Feng Feiyun’s face was deathly pale, and he was feebly breathing; he couldn’t stop coughing. If Feng Lin and Feng Ming weren’t propping him up, he definitely wouldn’t have the strength to stand at all.

“I’m... going to die. I can feel... my life slowly drifting away... In front of me is a black-as-ink curtain, it as if... As if a ferocious malevolent ghost is coming to capture my soul...”

Feiyun’s eyes were blurry as he motioned his hands forward. He was desperately trying to grab a hold of this “something” like a man that was waiting for his own death. The lost memories throughout the long months and years, he wanted to grab onto them before the final moments of regret.

“You didn’t see a malevolent ghost, it was me!”

Feng Jianxue angrily glared at him; however, when she saw his mouth coughing up blood, her heart felt a glimmer of remorse. She couldn’t help but to remember when they were playing together during their childhood; that was truly a happy time, filled with innocence.

‘However, at this moment, I accidentally wounded him. If he really died, then wouldn’t my conscience suffer a lifetime of condemnation?’

‘He has not been the innocent Feiyun like before; he is just a bully to both men and women, a lustful evil young master. Even death wouldn’t be enough to redeem his crimes.’

Feng Jianxue’s heart towards Feiyun contained an extreme hatred. After she personally saw Feiyun \*\* with a maid, she had lost all hope for him. She swore that if she saw him again, she would break all of his bones to prevent him from getting up from his bed for the rest of his life.

However, at this very moment, Feng Feiyun was standing in front of her, dying from a serious injury. She originally clenched her fists, but she couldn’t finish her strike.

“So... it is Little Sister Jianxue. I didn’t think that before I died... I could see little sister again. This must be because Old Heaven pitied me, ah!”

Feng Feiyun somehow managed to gather his strength from an unknown source, he rushed free from the hands of the Feng brothers, and then he emotionally headed towards Feng Jianxue’s direction. However, because he was too wounded, he only made two steps before his legs became weak and fell to the ground.

“Boo hoo...”

He was lying on the ground, weeping until it tore his heart and mind. Then he sobbingly whimpered:

“Jianxue... Little Sister Jianxue, I know... I know I had it coming. I... my sins covered the sky, Little Sister... Sister wanted to kill me a long time ago, to be able... to die in your hand, I have no regrets. But... there is something... I must tell Little Sister... otherwise... otherwise I would... die with my eyes opened...”

Feng Jianxue astonishingly stared at Feng Feiyun lying on the ground; her beautiful pair of eyes were flashing translucent sparkles. Her steps slightly moved forward, but in the end, she didn’t come to help him up.

She bit the tip of her lips tightly; she made an effort to turn around so that she wouldn't have to see him anymore.

"I... really... really miss Little Sister! Jian... Xue, I have thought about it a lot... about those days in the past when we used to play together, when you were my new bride, and I was your new groom... The witness was the wild dog sitting at the other street..."

Feng Feiyun's tears dripped down his entire face; his voice became weaker and weaker... Until finally, there was no more sound coming from him.

The eyes of Feng Jianxue had long been teary. At this moment, she couldn't contain her emotions, so the tears dripped down and became lines from the corners of her eyes.

"Feng Feiyun, you cannot die; I will not allow you to die!"

Feng Jianxue's heart was in extreme pain; it was as if her heart was pierced by thousands of needles. She hurriedly rushed over to Feng Feiyun, and she lifted him from the ground, allowing his head to rest on her chest.

Feng Feiyun was motionless, and his body became increasingly cold like ice!

"This is all my fault; even if you were standing in front of me, I still wouldn't be able to kill you. Why did you have to say those words to torment me?"

Feng Jianxue tightly hugged Feiyun's corpse, her teardrops dampened the hair on his head.

"Little Sister Jianxue, a dead man cannot live again. Little Sister should restrain your grief!"

"That's right! If Little Cousin Feiyun is truly dead, then maybe it is a good thing. Little Cousin Feiyun didn't cultivate, and his body was weak. At that moment, we just need to say that he was not careful and accidentally fell down from the rooftop – that he died on his own. Then Little Sister Jianxue doesn't need to bear any responsibilities..."

Feng Lin said.

Feng Jianxue lifted her head, and gave him a stern glare, causing him to suddenly stop what he was about to say next.

"Murder is paid for with one's own life — this is the heaven's law and earth's principle. I will definitely bring Feiyun's body back to Spirit State City and accept all of the responsibility. If Uncle wants me to repay him with my life, then I will commit suicide in front of Feiyun's grave."

Sorrow and pain were written on Jianxue's face; in her heart, there was a sudden feeling of emptiness.

"Cough cough! I, why am I... still not dead?"

At the moment, when everyone thought Feiyun was really dead, he suddenly coughed up blood. Color returned to his face; it was as if he was returning to life.

Even Feng Jianxue was scared out of her mind. She quickly released Feiyun and then took two steps back.



“Boom!”

Feng Feiyun, once again, fell to the floor with his head directly hitting a block of limestone.

This bump was not bad because it unexpectedly cleared up the jumbled thoughts in his mind a little bit. He rubbed his forehead a few times, and he, with a struggle, crawled up from the ground. With a shocked expression, he stared at the three people in front of him, and then his gaze finally ended up on Feng Jianxue.

“Little Sister Jianxue, why are you here?!”

Feng Feiyun’s eyes jolted with horror on his face. Feng Feiyun, without any thoughts, hurriedly turned around and ran like he just saw a monster.

At this moment, Feng Feiyun was lively like a dragon and animated like a tiger — nothing like a dying man.

The others were even more scared by Feng Feiyun. A person who had died suddenly came back to life, and then he acted like nothing had happened afterwards — what the hell was this situation?

Feng Ming was thinking about something, then his two eyes suddenly flashed, and he said:

“I heard that at the top of every person’s head, there was an acupuncture point of life. There were some people who were already dead but wanted to prolong their lives, so they chose to stimulate this point. If they truly knew the required strength and the exact location, then that person could live for a few more years. Could it be... that earlier, Feiyun accidentally fell on that rock and hit this point?”

“I also had heard from Father about this. This acupuncture point, along with the opposite ‘Death Point’ on the body is called the ‘Life Point’. The positions of everyone’s Life Points are different; plus, the amount of force required to stimulate these Life Points are different as well. The exertion of strength, even with a tiny margin of error, could cause that person to immediately lose their life.”

Feng Lin sighed.

“If this is the case, then the luck of that Little Boy Feiyun is really good. He just casually fell onto a rock, and it was the exact spot of his Life Point. Moreover, the force exerted was just right.”

Feng Jianxue watched Feng Feiyun run away, and the guilt in her heart remained undiminished. In the end, even with the stimulation of his Life Point, he only had a few more years to live — he was still so young.

“Come back here for me.”

The graceful posture of Feng Jianxue leaped forward, her feet gently rode the wind, and she very quickly caught up to Feng Feiyun. She grabbed his arm, and she forced him back, throwing him down to the ground.

“Why did you have to run?”

Feng Jianxue’s heart was hateful and angry at the same time.

“Second Uncle said Little Sister wanted to break my legs.”

Feng Feiyun was sitting on the ground, and he didn't dare to move. His hands were holding his knees, he seemed very innocent; it was as if someone had wronged him.

Of course, this was all an act. Just because he didn't want to directly fight Jianxue with force, in the end, it was better to be gentle towards women. Being forceful would only have a negative effect.

Feng Jianxue's age was not too old — she was only fourteen. Her appearance was still very child-like, but her angry look, compared to a twenty year old woman, was even more cold. She gravely said:

"Feng Feiyun, stand up for me."

"I won't stand up. If I stand up, you will break my legs."

Feng Feiyun said.

"I won't break your legs so stand up for me."

Feng Jianxue said again.

Feng Feiyun was waiting for these exact words. His face revealed a happy smile, and he said:

"Are these words true?"

"I don't have time to break your legs right now because I still want to break someone else's legs."

Feng Jianxue coldly glanced at him once. Her will to fight once again surged, and she stared towards the far direction.

"Who is it?"

Feng Feiyun naturally knew who she was talking about, but he still asked anyway.

From the inside came the miserable screams of Haozi. He had woken up, and these screams were definitely not fake.

A cultivator with a broken dantian was no different from a crippled person. No matter who it was, they would still miserably scream like this!

"Who else could it be but that damned Feng Yu! Little Sister Jianxue, how about we go now to settle the score with him?"

The hatred of Feng Lin and Feng Ming were towering to the sky. Earlier, they had wanted to find Feng Yu for revenge, but because of the matter with Feng Feiyun, it was delayed. Right now, the night was dark so maybe the martial arts ring was empty and thus, shut down.

Feng Jianxue saw that Feng Feiyun was still sitting on the ground; she couldn't help but sigh. This person's courage was truly too small. If he was this afraid of me, how could he accomplish anything great in the future?

"Feng Feiyun, tomorrow you will go with me to the martial ring."

The sleeves of the robes worn by Feng Jianxue slightly shook, and she turned and went inside the pavilion without taking another look at him.

Feng Feiyun turned around; with a playful smile on his face:

“This is her wanting to test my courage; women are cold on the outside but warm on the inside! A martial ring, just the right time to go watch the geniuses of the fifth generation of the Feng Clan! Heh Heh!”

Feng Feiyun was tired of the feigning death act, but, in the end, he had successfully passed the gate of Feng Jianxue. He shook off the dust on his body, and he planned to get a good night’s sleep.

Chapter 35: Martial Ring

“Feng Yu is truly that strong?”

Early in the morning, in the Hidden Dragon Courtyard, there was a curtain of white foggy mist that was left, carrying a sense of coolness in the air.

Feng Feiyun was adorned with an unblemished white silk robe, with his hair tied high above by a white headband cloth; he resembled a refined and gentle gifted scholar.

This was also the first time Feng Jianxue had seen the handsome outer appearance of Feiyun. She didn’t think that this bastard still had this kind of temperament; he could absolutely be considered a bright young master.

Feng Jianxue restrained her thoughts and her gaze from him, and she then said, while maintaining a cold countenance:

“Feng Yu is the genius of the third branch of the Feng Clan. He is sixteen years old. He is young, but his cultivation is frighteningly high. There was an uncle from an older generation who fought with him, but he was defeated by just one blow; the strength of this person is like a brute beast.”

“A genius’s talent, no matter how strong, without good fortune, he still wouldn’t be able to become a master. However, this Feng Yu is someone with great fortune. During his childhood, in the ancient Jing Huan Mountains, he found a secret ground. He obtained a drop of spirit spring water, and, after drinking it, his body was refined. His body became much stronger; even sabers and swords were not able to pierce through his skin.”

Feng Feiyun originally looked down on the geniuses of the fifth generations, but after hearing the words of Feng Jianxue, he became more serious. Spirit spring water and spirit medicine were godly materials of the same rank. One drop of spirit spring water could completely change the physique of a person to the point where it could not longer be underestimated. Feng Yu was definitely not an ordinary person.

Feng Hao was sent away by a servant last night. As someone who had his dantian destroyed, he could no longer be called a Hidden Dragon. Thus, he was no longer qualified to stay at the Hidden Dragon Courtyard.

This was the sorrow of a practitioner; once the foundation was destroyed, so was the entire body.

Anger was written on the face of Feng Ming. He tightly gripped his fists, and he said:

“Little Sister Jianxue, Sister is the one with the strongest cultivation out of all of us; you must make Feng Yu pay with interest.”

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The Hidden Dragon War was only two months away, and the fifth generation geniuses of the Feng Clan had gathered from the four spheres and eight directions. At this moment, the martial ring was fully surrounded with people.

The eighteen scarlet bronze pillars, that were as thick as a water bucket, were rooted in the eighteen positions surrounding the martial ring. On top of them was a raging inferno. Each of the pillars had engravings that were meant to aggregate the world's spirit energy in order to support the imperishable flames in the middle of the pillars.

The eighteen bronze pillars almost towered at one hundred zhang, and exceeded one hundred thousand jin in weight. On the body were engravings of ferocious beasts, and it illuminated a faint red light, creating a bright layer that encompassed the ring.

Inside the martial ring, a shadow fist flew out and struck the bright layer, but it only created ripples without destroying the bright layer.

"Boom!"

A young man with a tall and sturdy body and wearing steel black boots came down from the sky. His feet stomped on the ground, causing the entire martial ring to shake.

A violent energy, that emanated from below his feet, overflowed and spread to the four directions.

"Phoosh!"

It was merely the strength of this cold violent energy that caused a child of the Feng Clan to be shaken to the point of vomiting blood. His body was like a broken kite, and he flew to the outside.

"Just one move, again. Could it be that even today, there will be no one capable of blocking two moves from me?"

The rough voice of Feng Yu rang in the air. He withdrew his two steel boots, and he contemptuously glared at the Feng Clan's children that were standing outside of the martial ring.

"Feng Yu is indeed a genius character of the third branch; even Feng Xu of the fifth branch was defeated by just one blow."

"That wasn't one blow; it felt more like half a blow."

"Feng Yu is only sixteen, but he has already reached the early Immortal Foundation rank and practices the Qilin Strength technique, even the senior uncles that can fight against him can be counted on one's fingers."

"I heard that the clan master had already secretly said that the elites that could take three moves from Feng Yu would be able to be considered a Hidden Dragon."

"Feng Yu's cultivation is indeed very strange; let alone three moves, the number of fifth generation disciples of the Feng Clan that could take one move of his is already low."

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Everyone was clamoring and clicking their tongues; it was evident to all that the powerful strength of Feng Yu frightened them.

Of course, there were also some courageous talents who coldly laughed and said:

“Feng Yu is indeed strong, but he is not the strongest person in the fifth generation of the Feng Clan.”

Talking was a boy that held a steel sword, with a slender body and yellow skin. The sword in his hand was like his body, the sword’s blade was filled with rust, and the edge of the sword did not lack gaps and cracks.

This was not a sword, but more like a broken piece of steel.

Right now, Feng Feiyun had managed to squeeze into the crowd, standing next to this fellow. He observed him meticulously, and he couldn’t help but smile:

“The Feng Clan is one of the leading families of the Grand Southern Prefecture. The fifth generation of the Feng Clan is considered the golden generation, so naturally, geniuses would appear one after another. Feng Yu is not the strongest, but I really want to know, who is the strongest person in the Feng Clan?”

Feng Feiyun said this without suppressing his own voice at all!

The martial ring was originally very loud, but after his sentence, it became extremely quiet. Everyone was staring at him; they looked like they were about to rejoice in another’s misfortune.

Feng Yu, standing on top of the martial ring, also fixed his gaze onto Feng Feiyun, and he coldly scowled:

“I also want to know who is the strongest in the fifth generation of the Feng Clan. This was why I had erected this martial ring right here, but after half a month had passed, there was still no one capable of blocking three of my moves.”

Feng Feiyun didn’t expect for this person to answer so quickly, so he removed his gaze from the impoverished-looking young man. He switched it to the person standing on top of the martial ring, and he shouted with disdain:

“Since you put it that way, are you trying to say that you are the strongest person in the fifth generation?”

“Hah Hah! I didn’t say that, but until now, the truth is that no one has defeated me!”

Feng Yu crossed his arms in front of his chest, revealing his white teeth that was accompanied with a cold smile.

Feng Feiyun’s gaze diverged a little bit, and he clearly saw the hands of the impoverished youth slightly shake; in his eyes was a hidden strand of killing intent.

This killing intent was very delicate; there were many experts here, but only Feng Feiyun was aware.

Feng Feiyun angrily yelled:

“Holy shit! This young master hates people like you the most! Acting like you are the father of the number one under the heavens, this is simply too hard to watch. Do you want to watch me throw my two shoes at your face?!”

Finished speaking, Feng Feiyun actually took off the shoes on his feet and threw it towards the martial ring.

Although Feng Feiyun seemed very rude, but he was releasing his anger and releasing what the crowd was holding back in their hearts.

Feng Yu was truly too tyrannical, and his moves were too fierce. Many children’s dantians from the Feng Clan were broken by him, becoming crippled.

Feng Feiyun’s shoes naturally did not hit the body of Feng Yu, but it was just as effective. This caused the children of the Feng Clan from outside the ring to burst out in laughter; no one knew whether they were laughing at Feng Feiyun or Feng Yu.

Feng Yu’s countenance could no longer remain calm; both of his fists were clenched, and he coldly spoke:

“Little Boy, if you are courageous, then come on top to the martial ring and fight me. I only need one fist to break all the bones in your body.”

“What is there to be afraid of? This young master will come to you.”

Feng Feiyun was high spirited and excited as he headed toward the martial ring.

Everyone was holding their breaths, they were extremely nervous. In the end, this kid with an unknown origin and having the courage to provoke Feng Yu, his skill must be extraordinary.

An epic battle seems to be in full swing!

“Ouch!”

However, when Feng Feiyun had only made it half way, he tripped on a tile stone and fell to the floor. He rolled for a long time, and was unable to get up from the ground.

Feng Jianxue, who was standing not far behind him, didn’t know what to say; her fingers gently rubbed her temples, and she almost fainted from anger.

“This idiot is without cultivation, yet he still wanted to be like other people and go up on the martial ring; this is too embarrassing!”

Feng Jianxue motioned her body, like a white shadow crossing through the crowd. In the blink of an eye, she was in front of Feng Feiyun, helping him up.

With the help of Feng Jianxue, Feng Feiyun finally managed to stand up. With a serious face, while fixing his clothing, and along with an absolute gaze, he said:

“Little Sister Jianxue, Little Sister knows that I am truly a persistent man with true perseverance; earlier was just a little mistake, and this battle cannot be avoided.”

Finished speaking, he started walking towards the ring again.

Feng Jianxue was truly teased by him, almost to the point of vomiting blood.

“Idiot, head back!”

A battle sword that came out from an unknown place flew to her hand, and this sword struck Feng Feiyun away. She used this momentum to jump on top of the bronze pillar, and she stood on the martial ring.

“Whoosh!”

With a sword in her hand, she proudly stood in front of Feng Yu around ten steps away. However, her sword was suppressing the aura emanating from Feng Yu’s body.

Her eyes were even more beautiful, and her pupils unleashed lights that contained sword shadows that were moving within.

“Who are you?”

Feng Yu felt the pressure, and he became cautious.

Feng Jianxue didn’t say anything, but from outside the ring came the voice of Feng Feiyun’s shouting:

“She is my wife!”

Feng Feiyun earlier was struck away by Feng Jianxue’s sword, and he fell straight to the ground. At this moment, he just got up and his forehead was still covered with mud.

“Heh Heh, my wife!”

Feng Feiyun turned towards the Feng Clan’s children in the close vicinity and giggled, acting very familiar.

Feng Jianxue’s expression once again froze, not knowing what to say. Even her sword intent was about to dissipate; if she wasn’t already standing on top of the martial ring, then she would have cut off the tongue of this Feng Feiyun first.

This shameful joke, making one loses all face; when will it end?

### Chapter 36: Qilin Strength

There were early rumors saying that within the fifth generation of the Feng Clan, there existed a few talented young woman with supreme beauty; could it be that she was one of them?

A person with sharp eyes immediately recognized Feng Jianxue.

“It is her, the cold beauty of the twelfth branch, Feng Jianxue! Even though she is from a side branch, she has the qualification to stay at the Hidden Dragon Courtyard; she is the most important nurtured seed of the twelfth branch.”

“I heard that she successfully cultivated the Double Gaze Fragment Moon Sword, and her innate talents are so high that it causes others to be tongue-tied.”

“It seems like Feng Yu has met his match this time. I’m afraid this battle will be quite splendid!”

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Feng Jianxue, within the fifth generation, had a great reputation. Many people recognized her presence from just seeing the double pupils in her beautiful eyes.

Feng Jianxue was at the age of early maidenhood; her cute swaying yet valiant stature that was standing on top of the martial ring with the bronze pillar behind her created a matchless dream-like atmosphere, like an orchid tree blooming on top of the highest peak.

Her facial features were meticulously crafted, without the slightest defects. There was always a cold expression to accompany the slender palm-sized face.

So young, yet she was already a cold beauty.

“This temperament really makes people yearn for her. She is like a fairy who shows disdain for the common people.”

“This beauty is worthy of being called the number one fairy of the Feng Clan’s fifth generation.”

The children of the Feng Clan obsessively stared at Feng Jianxue standing on top of the martial ring. Many had drool dripping down to the ground, and their eyes became crazy; it was as if they were looking at the goddess of their hearts.

“Heh heh! This is my wife!”

Feng Feiyun was also observing Jianxue carefully. He felt that at this moment, he was indeed very interested in her, ah. The serious and cold-as-ice aura was a fatal attraction to any man.

It wasn’t just any temptation, it was the strongest temptation!

“Yeah, right!”

Of course, no one trusted the words of Feng Feiyun. This person was a fool who couldn’t even walk straight. To have the courage to call Feng Jianxue his wife; this was so shameless.

Some people had their sleeves pulled up; if Feng Feiyun dared to call Feng Jianxue his wife again, then they would give him two really hard slaps.

Feng Feiyun naturally stopped talking because the battle had started on top of the martial ring!

Feng Yu was also slightly taken aback by Feng Jianxue’s beauty. After a brief absence of his mind, he concentrated again; he motioned his steel boots with a fortified stance, and he gravely said:

“Don’t think that just because you are beautiful that I won’t hit you!”

A wave of pressure came from the bottom of his feet, and it then spread around to the surrounding space.

The sword in Feng Jianxue’s hand slightly motioned once, causing the pressure from Feng Yu to be cut in half; her lively eyes became cold, and she said:



“Today, I want to take revenge for Feng Hao; you destroyed his dantian, so I will cut off one of your hands.”

“With just you? Hah Hah! Just a girl from a side branch of the Feng Clan? Your beauty isn’t bad, why not become my wife? As long as you follow me to the bridal chamber, let alone cutting off my hand, I would even be willing to let you cut off my head.”

The children of the Feng Clan suddenly burst out laughing!

Feng Yu had seen many beauties, but there was never a girl as pretty as Feng Jianxue; he couldn’t help but tease her.

Feng Feiyun, who was standing outside of the ring, rubbed his palms and he loudly yelled:

“You dare to tease my wife? Honey, quickly beat him up for me!”

Feng Feiyun’s words were drowned by the crowd’s laughter, so no one heard him besides the impoverished young man who was standing next to him.

He placed his rusty sword inside his sleeve, and he gently glanced at Feng Feiyun. He then said without any emotion:

“She is no match for Feng Yu.”

Feng Feiyun seemed to have been waiting for him to open his mouth, he playfully smiled, and he said:

“How do you know?”

The impoverished young man didn’t seem interested in talking; he was silent for a long time, and then he slowly said:

“She can at most return ten moves from Feng Yu. After ten moves, she will surely lose.”

He was thinly pale with yellow skin, but his eyes were wild like a wolf’s. His eyes were much sharper than the Double Gaze Fragment Moon Sword of Feng Jianxue.

Feng Feiyun replied:

“To be able to block ten moves from Feng Yu is already quite amazing. It would be hard to find twenty experts like this within the fifth generation.”

“Hmph!”

This impoverished youth changed his expression for the first time. His face became as cold as ice, he disdainfully stared at Feng Feiyun, and then he said:

“Are you not afraid of your wife being beaten to death by him? Or maybe she essentially isn’t your wife?”

His eyes were very accurate, it was to the point of seeing through people’s hearts.

“Heh Heh! I’m not worried about whether she will be beaten to death or not by the other, and I even less worry about whether she is my wife or not!”

Feng Feiyun bloomed a smile, glared at him, and he said:

“Truth be told, I’m even more interested in you than I am in my wife!”

These words of Feng Feiyun were also the truth. The moment he came to this martial ring, he had noticed this impoverished youth. He felt that this youth was much more terrible than Feng Yu, but this guy was good at hiding, not just his cultivation, but there was also something else!

This was the feeling of the Phoenix spirit sense, it was extremely magical.

The impoverished young man no longer said anything. His eyes turned cloudy again, and he intensely stared at Feng Yu standing on top of the ring.

Feng Feiyun continued to ask:

“This meeting was predestined, what is your name? Do you want to become friends?”

The youth continued to remain silent.

“Truth be told, I know a lot of famous people. If you become friends with me, then surely you will earn great benefits.”

Feng Feiyun said.

The impoverished young man gave him a stern look, and he had to open his mouth in the end:

“I know double the amount of famous people you have met, but as of this moment, they are all dead.”

Feng Feiyun was a little startled.

All dead? What is the meaning of this?

What is this person’s background?

Not leaving time for Feng Feiyun to ponder, the howling screams along with the sword sounds came from the martial ring. The sharp sounds were deafening; it was as if steel was being torn apart.

Feng Jianxue, in the end, couldn’t handle the teasing of Feng Yu, and she made the first move!

The battle sword in her hand was around three feet long, and it was radiating flames; it was like a flame serpent that wanted to pierce through all places, and it suddenly appeared in front of Feng Yu’s chest.

“Boom!”

Feng Yu suddenly lifted his foot; a strand of spirit energy rotated on top of the steel shoes causing a ripple to fly out and strike the battle sword in Jianxue’s hand, causing it to shiver like it was about to be fragmented.

His strength is so great!

Feng Jianxue had already mentally prepared for the ferocious strength of Feng Yu. She knew that she couldn’t fight recklessly, but, after a single confrontation, her arm was in pain; she found it hard to gather strength again.

Feng Feiyun's eyes narrowed. With just brute strength alone, Feng Feiyun felt that it wasn't definite that he could suppress the ferocious might of Feng Yu, even if he exerted all of his power.

The medicinal property of a single drop of spirit spring water was too great. If he could get a single drop, then his strength would definitely become much greater by leaps and bounds!

"Heh Heh! Watch, I will catch you within three moves!"

Feng Yu calculated, gave off a smile, and then jumped into the sky and dropped down a giant evil palm.

The steel shoes on his feet was a treasure weapon weighing several hundred pounds; combined with the palm, a spirit energy that emanated from the steel shoes came down and showered the world.

Feng Jianxue, of course, was not an easy opponent. She flew right outside, her speed was as fast as a ghost's shadow, and she circulated the martial ring. Her eyes condensed a dark spirit energy, and a jet black light from her pupils came flying out.

The light became a sword shadow that continuously attacked the unprepared Feng Yu.

"Rumble!"

The power of the Double Gaze Fragment Moon Sword was extremely frightening, creating a hole in the steel boots of Feng Yu; even his foot's sole was almost pierced.

"Qilin Strength!"

The fight between the two became more dangerous. Anyone with just a little opening would encounter a life-threatening danger. At this moment, Feng Yu no longer hid his strength; he took out his ultimate technique, Qilin Strength.

"Qilin Strength is one of the five power techniques of the inner Feng Clan, it's above the Vigorous Gale Method by one rank; I can't believe that Feng Yu, at such a young age, was able to reach the stage where his Qilin Strength was taking form."

A young child loudly exclaimed.

On the palm of Feng Yu, there was an explosive emission of a cyan spirit ball; the color became thicker and thicker. Strands of meticulous electrical spirit energy traveled back and forth in the spirit ball; it was as if it was a big chicken egg.

"Roar!"

A wild beast's roar came from inside the godly egg and resounded outside. This echoing sound aimed straight up towards the nine heavens like a bull's roar or an angry Qilin's scream!

"Rumble!"

The Qilin Strength had not completely formed its physical form, but there were tornadoes in the four directions surrounding the martial ring. It became a sandstorm with tremendous pressure, oppressing the soft body of Feng Jianxue. This caused her to take a few steps back; she was unable to stand straight.

## Chapter 37: I am a Wisdom Master!

“Ngao!”

A young beast image was born from the palm of Feng Yu, and it was shaped like a Qilin!

Even though it was only an image formed from spirit energy, the power within it still possessed a grand and powerful atmosphere. The intertwining lightning created many intimidating crackling sounds.

“Rumble!”

The entire martial ring rumbled. The eighteen bronze pillars were affected even more so; it was as if the pillar of the sky itself was shaking.

Feng Yu was able to exert the power of a Qilin. One Qilin’s power was a critical point; once one was able to exert the power of one Qilin, then he could be considered a mighty figure. Even if he joined the godly military barracks, he could still be a Ten Thousand Man Chief.

Some were shocked by the scene. Even though they knew Feng Yu’s power was very strong, they didn’t know that his level was this formidable.

What was considered one Bull’s power was the erupting power of one Qilin, and this was a pure form of power.

Qilins were considered the beasts of war; an adult Qilin was seven meters long and twelve to thirteen meters high. It’s natural habitat was the ancient desolate frontier. They were very low in number, and their power was known as the strongest spirit beast.

One bump of its head was enough to create ten thousand jin of power!

Whenever there was a war of a grand scale, there would not be a lack of Qilins leading the way. If there were nine Qilins as the vanguard, there were essentially no armies that could withstand the impact.

A person that could defeat a Qilin could be said to, in other words, be able to exert one Qilin’s power; this was enough for a person to be seen as a master.

At this moment, Feng Yu attacked with a Qilin shadow — with the power of ten thousand jin.

Feng Jianxue greatly changed her expression. Feng Yu was too strong, and he greatly exceeded her estimations. With regards to pure strength, he was not just two times greater than her. At the very least, she couldn’t have a way of outputting power akin to one Qilin’s power.

“Boom!”

The image of the Qilin howlingly leaped forward; even though she managed to dodge it, a corner of her sleeve was ripped, revealing a snow white arm with traces of blood.

This was the power of a Qilin; one couldn’t evade the power of a Qilin completely.

The second attack of Feng Yu began; it was another Qilin shadow image that was released from his palm, causing the pebbles and debris on the martial ring to be twisted into dust.

Feng Jianxue's speed was frightening, but, at this moment, she felt that there was no place to hide; the entire space seemed to be sealed.

The four claws of the Qilin all carried a flame that was able to cause the air to distort and burn. A pair of curved Qilin horns as sharp as two god horns from the empty space came piercing forward.

Risk it all here? This would be the road to disaster!

Escape? Escape to what place?

Until this moment, Feng Jianxue had never felt death approaching closer and closer like this. The eighteen bronze pillars sealed off this entire space; even the chance of escaping the martial ring eluded her.

However, at this moment, the voice of Feng Feiyun rang inside her head.

"The Qilin Strength of Feng Yu is not fully cultivated; even though the power is there, the actual body of the Qilin is not materialized. A strong wind will blow away the body of the Qilin!"

Her gaze quickly glanced over that direction a little bit, just in time to see Feng Feiyun standing outside the martial ring, watching her intensely. She quickly withdrew her gaze, and in it was a brilliance of enlightenment.

The Qilin image was ethereal, and the wind was also ethereal.

If the Qilin image was actually materialized, then of course the wind could not have a way of blowing it away!

However, the Qilin power released by Feng Yu, even though it really had the power of ten thousand jin, it was not condensed into a real form. As long as she could exert a formidable wind power, she could destroy the intangible Qilin image.

The corner of Feng Jianxue's mouth slightly smirked. Her hands slightly bent backward, and they began to move rapidly in the air; her five slender fingers, following a mysterious incantation, caused the air to flow rapidly. In a swift moment, the palm of her hand gave birth to a new wind.

This wind's power became increasingly powerful, and in the end, it became a dragon made out of a singular integrated chain, flying out from her palm.

"Rumble!"

Everything went according to Feng Feiyun's expectations, the wind power of this dragon chain was able to devour the ferociously unblockable Qilin image. Afterwards, both things dissipated into nothingness from the martial ring, it was like it was never there.

"Whoa!"

At this moment, the entire martial ring was silent; untrusting eyes looked at Feng Jianxue. No one had guessed that she would be able to shatter the Qilin power.

Even within the last generation of the Feng Clan, there wouldn't be that many people able to accomplish this task.

“Feng Jianxue’s power is so formidable, she could even break the Qilin power. At the very least, she could tie with Feng Yu.”

A person shook his head and said:

“I, on other hand, think that the boy who advised her is the real expert; at the very least, his insight is frightening.”

“Who was it? Oh it is that guy, haha! This kid earlier couldn’t even walk straight. I’m afraid he is only an arrogant fool.”

“Earlier it was him that referred to Feng Jianxue as his wife. Maybe he really is genuinely talented.”

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Everyone turned and pointed at Feng Feiyun, clamoring. However, his attitude was still nonchalant, and he was still smiling. It was as if he didn’t know that the others were talking about him.

“Wife, ah! Feng Yu had used the spirit spring water before, so his strength is higher than other cultivators at the same level. However, there are flaws in using the spirit spring water; his foundation has shortcomings. Once the foundation is unstable, the power of the core would not be sufficient.”

Feng Feiyun was sitting on a stone platform next to the martial ring; he leaned his back on the huge bronze pillar, with his legs crossed, and he yelled.

“Hah Hah! The entire power of this little boy Feng Yu is all concentrated on his top half, his bottom half is only an empty egg. This was why he especially created steel boots in order to stabilize his body, making it as firm as a rock. However, this is only in appearance; if wife could destroy the steel boots on his feet, then within three moves, he will definitely be defeated by wife’s hand.”

These words sounded like they were poking fun at Feng Yu, but the deep insight of this person saw through the truth of Feng Yu and expressed it through his words. It was indeed the truth that the strength of Feng Yu was all concentrated on his top half; his legs were still powerful, but it made others feel like it was the “mouth of a lion and courage of a hare.”

On the martial ring, even though Feng Yu’s face was unchanged, his heart was shaken. Feng Feiyun was not wrong at all; his weakness was in his legs. The reason why he created the steel boots was to fortify his foundation, so that he could fully utilize the strength of his two hands.

“Why is this little boy so smart?”

Cold sweat began drifting from Feng Yu’s forehead. He felt that he was seen through and truly understood by Feng Feiyun, without being able to hide a single secret.

Feng Jianxue had exchanged some rounds with Feng Yu, so she naturally knew better than anyone else regarding the real power of Feng Yu. After hearing Feng Feiyun’s explanation, she suddenly was enlightened with wisdom; in the midst of everything, her mind became penetratingly clear and brilliant.

So that’s it!

Feng Jianxue couldn't help but to send out a charming smile. This smile was like a blooming spirit flower, causing countless people in the audience to lose their minds.

"I didn't think that this fool could see through it. Even though his power is in complete shambles, his mind is quite sharp; no wonder why foster father thinks of him with such high regard."

Feng Jianxue pondered for a moment, and then she smiled again. This smile was so beautiful, it stole the souls of so many people.

Feng Feiyun was still sitting on the boulder next to the martial ring, and he casually said:

"The steel boots under Feng Yu's feet are made out of original cloud steel, weighing two hundred jin. Wanting to break these boots in reality is quite simple; use fire to roast it, and it shall be done!"

"Iron shoes with roasted pig trotters, it is part of an excellent meal, ah!"

Feng Feiyun once again gave Feng Jianxue another idea!

Feng Yu slightly retreated his feet to the ground; the contact created frictional sounds, and it was clear that Feng Feiyun had hit the mark.

His eyes became increasingly cold, and he gravely said:

"Little Boy, who the hell are you?"

He realized that Feng Feiyun was not an ordinary person because a fool wouldn't be able to see through his flaws with such precision. Moreover, even his will for victory was shattered; his battle spirit was gone.

When even the battle spirit was gone, how could he continue to fight?

Feng Yu suddenly felt very sullen!

Not only Feng Yu, there were others who felt that Feng Feiyun was not ordinary; many people wanted to know where he appeared from?

"Cough cough! This young master is a Wisdom Master!"

Feng Feiyun stood up, arched his chest, and then he said with a serious expression.

"A Wisdom Master!"

Someone exclaimed loudly; the tone was similar like someone who would scream: "Wow! A magnificent beauty!"

Feng Feiyun slapped his chest, and he said:

"That's right! I am a Wisdom Master! I am the only wisdom master within the fifth generation of the Feng Clan; young and talented, one and only, absolutely unique in this world!"

The children of the Feng Clan present immediately became silent. Some were surprised, some were skeptical, some were amazed, and there were even some females who started using their beautiful eyes to cast flirtatious glances at Feiyun.

A Wisdom Master was even more popular than a mighty cultivating figure.

Wisdom Masters were one of the five grand mysterious masters.

Wisdom Masters, along with treasure seeking masters, were the rarest within the five grand mysterious masters.

Once one could be considered a Wisdom Master, even if it was only a first rank Wisdom Master, then their status in the Jin Dynasty would already be frighteningly high. At the very least, they could be an elder in a grand clan, such as the Feng Clan.

To use the Feng Clan as an example, this was a tyrannical power at the Grand Southern Prefecture; however, the number of wisdom masters in the entire clan was only three, and each were old men living for almost one hundred years.

Wisdom Masters used wisdom as the base. It required time and the accumulation of knowledge. Without several decades, or even centuries of accumulated experience, one could not become a Wisdom Master.

Wisdom Masters barely older than the age of ten weren't unheard of, but they were phoenix feathers and unicorn horns; it would be rather fortunate to find one or two in the entire Jin Dynasty.

Chapter 38: True Identity of the Impoverished Youth!

If this person was truly a Wisdom Master, then him seeing through the openings in Feng Yu's cultivation wouldn't be surprising.

Of course, there were those who didn't trust Feng Feiyun's words. If he was really a Wisdom Master within the fifth generation of the Feng Clan, then it would shake the entire Grand Southern Prefecture; everyone here would be able to recognize him.

Someone shouted:

"If you are a Wisdom Master, then do you have the iron order of a Wisdom Master given out by the Wanxiang Pagoda?"

Feng Feiyun coldly smiled, and he said:

"A Wisdom Master's iron order? What the heck is that?"

Feng Feiyun had never heard of this item, let alone the Wanxiang Pagoda. This was his first time hearing of them.

"You don't even know what the Wisdom Master's iron order is, yet you still dare to call yourself a Wisdom Master; you are simply blowing on the cowhide."

The five grand mysterious masters all had a prestigious status and position in the cultivation world, but one had to be affirmed by the Wanxiang Pagoda to become a true mysterious master.

One could only be a true mysterious master once given an iron order from the Wanxiang Pagoda.



The iron order of the five grand mysterious masters was the symbol of their identity. As long as one had this iron order with them, then no matter where they go, they could use it and become an esteemed guest of others.

Without an iron order, even if one's intelligence reached the high heavens, they still wouldn't be recognized as a Wisdom Master.

After hearing the conversation of these people, Feng Feiyun had gotten a grasp of what the Wisdom Master's iron order is. In a short moment, his thick face reddened and coughed twice, then he said:

"This... A high level item such as a Wisdom Master's iron order can't be carried around on my body, I had left it at home. If you all want to open your horizons, then two days later, I will definitely show everyone this Wisdom Master's iron order of the highest rank."

Although Feng Feiyun's words were confident, no one trusted him. Everyone thought that he was boasting; in the end, the people weren't completely stupid. The Wisdom Master's iron order was the symbol of one's identity; how could one not bring it with them?

Feng Feiyun's words raised many vexing hisses!

This person's face was so thick. He still had both of his hands behind his back, acting confident and nonchalant. However, when he saw the eyes of Feng Jianxue and noticed her disappointment, Young Master Feiyun's self-esteem suddenly drooped down.

'Isn't it just a piece of Wisdom Master's iron order. Two days later, I will make a piece just like it; I definitely will make this little girl grin from ear to ear.'

Feng Feiyun thought this in his mind.

"Cough cough, this... Wife, didn't wife want to cut off one of his hands? Why are you just standing there in a daze?!"

Feng Feiyun turned towards Feng Jianxue, who was standing on top of the martial ring, as he loudly yelled; it was as if he was scolding his new bride. This made her yell back:

"Bastard!"

Feng Jianxue was very angry. Since childhood, she had never been scolded by anyone like this in public. This bastard Feng Feiyun pushed people too far. Was he addicted to calling me wife; he is acting as if I was really his wife. Hmph, hmph... How could I be the wife of a fool; he is not only just a fool, but he is also a good for nothing bum!

Even though Feng Jianxue was frustrated to the point of wanting to curse, she managed to suppress her fiery anger. She didn't immediately burst out, but a cold and childish attitude originated from her body. She said:

"Feng Yu, we fight again!"

Feng Jianxue picked up her battle sword from the ground. The body of the sword exuded a large trace of spirit energy, and this spirit energy suddenly bursted into flames; it became a First Dark Origin Flame sword.

She did what Feng Feiyun had told her; she had to use powerful flames in order to defeat the steel boots. As long as the steel boots were destroyed, then a victory over Feng Yu wouldn't be a difficult task.

This matter, right now, also gave Feng Yu a headache!

Feng Yu said in a dignified and pompous manner, showing his prominent manliness:

"Feng Jianxue, we have fought for seventeen rounds now. Your strength is without doubt; you are very formidable. You have the qualification to join the Hidden Dragon War. Today, I no longer want to deal with you."

In return, Feng Jianxue said:

"I'm afraid this is not up to you to decide!"

"Feng Jianxue, I know that you want revenge for Feng Hao, but you also need to pick the right moment. Our strength is about the same. If you really want to fight to the death, then no one could guess who will win. The real talents of the fifth generation are few in number. If we, at this important moment, both become wounded, then it would only benefit those watching on the sidelines."

Feng Yu naturally was unwilling to fight Feng Jianxue at this moment because his will for battle has been much extinguished by Feng Feiyun earlier; he had a low chance of winning if the fight continued on at this moment.

Plus, his goal was the Hidden Dragon War. There were powerful techniques and hidden aces that he was saving to use during the war; if he used all of them now, then he would lose his secret techniques. It would adversely affect his "one hit one kill" moves.

Feng Jianxue also understood this reasoning. At this moment, her face was very serious. She understood the weakness of Feng Yu, but she wouldn't be able to defeat him easily. Plus, each person had a secret killing technique, and no one knew how powerful Feng Yu's secret technique would be.

Feng Feiyun saw her hesitation, and he started to ponder. He thought about whether if this was the time to fight a battle?

"If you no longer want to fight... Then here I come."

A faint voice came about. Even though the sound was very quiet and without any emotion, it traveled across the rowdy martial ring, into the ears of each person.

This convincing voice carried an irresistible force, and it caused others to feel that Feng Yu had already been completely broken under his sword.

"Who said that just now?"

Everyone looked around their surroundings in order to find the person who spoke those words, but there were too many people here; it was difficult to find the person that opened his mouth.

However, Feng Feiyun knew who it was; he looked towards the crowd to find the impoverished youth. He was still carrying his rusty sword, standing straight in the crowd like an ancient immovable boulder.

Then, suddenly in the next moment, this immovable boulder disappeared. The moment he came into sight again before the people, he was already standing on top of the martial ring. He was still motionless, giving off the feel of a desolate dead tree.

Feng Jianxue had already left the martial ring. Her gaze was fixed on the impoverished young man. How in the world could someone be so fast; he was clearly standing outside, but, without even a trace of a shadow, he had entered the martial ring.

This cultivation was a bit unimaginable, and it shouldn't exist in the younger generation!

"Do you know him?"

Earlier, Feng Jianxue clearly saw Feng Feiyun happily chatting with this impoverished youth, so she asked this question.

"Yes, but not too well!"

Feng Feiyun casually replied; at this moment, his gaze was entirely focused on this impoverished youth.

Feng Jianxue grabbed Feiyun's neck with her hand, pulled him down from the jade boulder next to the martial ring, and she asked:

"Did you find any clues in the end?"

Feng Feiyun was not angry with her. He broke away from her hand, and he said in a serious manner:

"Of course I found some clues. Little Sister, look at this young man. He is truly poor; the clothes on his body had been washed at least a hundred times. His sandals are rotten straight to its heart. Also look at his steel sword, it is truly not even comparable to a steel fire stick; at least, I absolutely wouldn't use such a broken sword."

"Nonsense, who needs you to say these things; anyone with eyes could see that. He is indeed very poor, plus he definitely had traveled a long distance. I'm certain that he walked all the way to Violet Firmament Ancient City."

"You can tell these things?"

Feng Feiyun was a bit surprised; he assumed that Feng Jianxue was definitely a large chested beauty without brains, but he didn't expect her to have such insightful observations.

Feng Jianxue glared at him, and she said:

"Did you not see that he was carrying some dry rations on his back? His clothes are still covered in dirt and dust. On his waist also hangs a pair of straw sandals, so it was clear that he was prepared for a long journey."

"Of course I saw them, but don't you feel that this is a little strange?"

Feng Feiyun asked.

Feng Jianxue tilted her eyelashes, and she surprisingly asked:

"What things are strange?"

“The Feng Clan is a grand clan at the top of the Grand Southern Prefecture. As a child from the Feng Clan, there is no one that isn’t wealthy. Even a child from a branch clan wouldn’t be this impoverished so isn’t this strange?”

“It is indeed a bit strange.”

Feng Jianxue nodded, and she continued:

“You could only see such little clues?”

“Of course it’s not only this; Little Sister, look at behind his ears. There are round engravings of ancient patterns, they look really familiar. I think I have heard of them before.”

Feng Feiyun said.

Feng Jianxue also looked intensely at the ears of the impoverished boy; the more she looked, the more frightened she became.

This circular ancient pattern resembled the mouth of an ancient fierce beast. It was completely black, but they were clearly complex. There was a sword penetrating through the circular patterns, just like a sharp blade cutting into the hearts of people.

These circular ancient patterns were hidden behind the ears. Unless one carefully observed, they essentially would have no way of detecting them. However, once it was revealed, this circular pattern would terrify anyone.

“This is the symbol of the Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace.”

Feng Jianxue exclaimed loudly, and she turned towards the martial ring, yelling:

“Careful! There is an assassin!”

But, it was too late. The moment Feng Jianxue’s voice came out, the impoverished boy had taken out his sword; before her words had ended, he had already sheathed his sword.

The steel sword was released and withdrawn, ordinary gazes could not follow it.

“Poof!”

Feng Yu, at the early Immortal Foundation rank, didn’t have the chance to scream. His last breath had been ended. His throat was slashed through by one sword, and he fell backwards into a pool of blood.

“The talents of the fifth generation of the Feng Clan are truly funny!”

The impoverished youth muttered to himself; he squatted down without a care, and he searched the body of Feng Yu. He quickly took out a white bamboo block from Feng Yu’s chest.

This white bamboo block was around a palm length — as wide as two fingers. On the body were engravings of a mysterious rune diagram!

The impoverished youth took a look at the bamboo block, nodded his head, and stored it inside his chest. It was clear that his reason for murder was to obtain this bamboo block.

“He is not a child of the Feng Clan! Everyone, hurry and catch this criminal.”

A youth of the Feng Clan quickly reacted. He roared and, along with three other youths with extraordinary cultivation, he rushed towards the martial ring. They unleashed a brilliant light together to stop the path of the impoverished youth.

“Phoosh phoosh, phoosh phoosh!”

The impoverished boy didn’t even unsheath his sword or pause his steps. He directly walked straight forward. The killing aura surrounding his body immediately killed the four youths from the Feng Clan.

Blood poured from the four youths’ seven orifices, and their hearts were completely crushed, leaving no trace of life.

Chapter 39: Stars of the Last Generation

A rising killing intent intensified from the martial ring, forming sword shadow images. Thousands of these killing auras pierced the nine heavens, and they cut the sky’s dome.

The killing intent escaped from the body of the impoverished youth!

Even though it was just a strand of killing intent, its freezing frost was almost enough to extinguish the eighteen flames from the bronze pillars surrounding the martial ring.

The rusted steel sword in his hand was covered in blood, colored like a red plum; each drop fell to the floor, soaking the muddy ground.

The round ancient patterns behind his ears turned from black into a bloody crimson; it resembled a bloody devil eye, pressuring others. Most found it difficult to breathe.

“What are you trying to do? Are you courting death?”

Feng Jianxue wanted to rush ahead to stop the impoverished youth; however, Feng Feiyun grabbed her sleeve, and he dragged her back.

The cultivation of the youth was truly too powerful; the invisible chilling pressure caused the stones to be disintegrated into powders.

Feng Yu was already strong enough, but against this impoverished youth, he didn’t even have the power to retaliate. If Feng Jianxue came forward, the only path would be death.

“An assassin from the Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace dares to break into the Feng Clan’s ground and blatantly kill. As a descendant of the Feng Clan, we should be working together to annihilate this wretch.”

Feng Jianxue angrily glared at Feng Feiyun. In her eyes carried an intent of wanting to fight to the end.

Feng Feiyun was rather speechless, and he thought that “In the end, she really was a woman with a large chest without brains; knowing that death was assured yet she still wanted to go in head first, truly too foolish.”

“Phoosh! Phoosh!”

By the hands of the impoverished youth, two more children from the Feng Clan died in a pool of blood; they couldn't stop him.

He was like a statue of a death god. As long as someone was courageously standing in front of him, then that person must die; no one was an exception!

"Who the hell is the thief that dares to invade the Hidden Dragon War; do you know where this place is?"

"You dare to brazenly kill the talents of the Feng Clan? This is simply stepping on the head of the Tai Sui. Children of the Feng Clan, team up and kill him; use our Feng Clan's reputation and shock him."

"Kill!"

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There were layers upon layers of young talents in the Feng Clan's fifth generation. Even though there was a fierce competition between the branches, when encountering a foreign enemy, they were able to unite and fight together.

This was collectivity; any big power absolutely could not do without cohesion!

Eight children of the Feng Clan, at the peak of the Spirit Realm, stood in eight directions. Each were carrying eight white Xing Huang Talismans while channeling their energy into them. These talismans suddenly flashed bright brilliances. Many spirit rays came out from the talismans, and they condensed into the shape of an ancient beast.

The eight Xing Huang Talismans were eight ancient beasts. All eight were different; they towered magnificently, and they combined into a deadly formation.

"Eight Wild Beast Formation!"

The eight young boys teamed up to form a complete formation; its pressure was like eight huge mountains flying to surround the impoverished youth in the middle.

"Rumble!"

The Eight Wild Beast Formation began to activate; it was as if the formation wanted to dissolve the impoverished youth to death.

The sword of the youth began to move; he only stabbed once with the sword, but, in the blink of an eye, that stab shattered the Eight Wild Beast Formation. As for the eight young boys from the Feng Clan, their whole body began to tremble, and they lost their breath. They stood frozen in place.

Once the sword was unsheathed, no one would be left alive!

In the distance, Feng Feiyun's eyes became anxious, and he mumbled to himself:

"One sword eight strikes, he surely will not miss! Such a swift sword, such a deep killing intent!"

The sword of the impoverished youth was indeed extremely fast; it was too fast for the ordinary eyes to catch. Only ten breaths had passed but ten talents from the Feng Clan have already died in his hands. Each was killed with just one blow, without any survivors.

If Feng Feiyun didn't tightly grab Feng Jianxue, then this foolish girl would have been a dead woman by now.

Feng Feiyun didn't think the impoverished youth was the type of person to show mercy to flowers and jades!

"Rumble!"

From the depths of the Hidden Dragon Courtyard, a flash of thunder traveled in the air like a humanoid electric ball. In the blink of an eye, it stood at the peak of a pavilion; then the next moment, it was on top of the bronze pillar on the martial ring.

This thunder transformed into a human that was adorned with white armor; he had a black crest on his head, and he was in his sixties. His imposing pressure caused others to feel that the wheel of fate was spinning.

"An expert predecessor of the Feng Clan has arrived!"

Feng Feiyun was the first to notice this old man standing on top of the bronze pillar; this was a Feng Clan elder, guarding the Hidden Dragon Courtyard.

The Hidden Dragon Courtyard was an important ground of the Feng Clan, it was impossible for it to not have experts present.

An assassin from the Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace coming to the Hidden Dragon Courtyard has disturbed the predecessors of the Feng Clan.

"How bold, you dare to come to the Hidden Dragon Courtyard to cause trouble, die for me!"

The old master directly turned into a violet thunder bolt, and he aimed towards the head of the impoverished youth from the bronze pillar.

More than ten young talents from the Feng Clan had died and even a top genius like Feng Yu had fallen. This old master from the Feng Clan was completely enraged, he wanted to take the life of the youth instantly.

"This is one of the four great elders protecting the Hidden Dragon Courtyard. If he makes a move, this assassin will surely pay for his crime."

Feng Jianxue said with a happy expression.

"Poof!"

A loud sword sound ripped through the sky curtain, and then there was blood everywhere; it was like a burning rain of blood!

"You..."

The Feng Clan elder pointed his finger at the impoverished youth with an expression filled with astonishment, but he was only able to say one word. Then, it was as if his throat was cut, and he couldn't say another word.

"It struck!"

The body of the Feng Clan elder directly split into halves, and he fell down to the left and right. There were only broken bones left on the ground.

"What?"

All the Feng Clan children became frightened, and they couldn't believe their two eyes!

Even an elder had died in his hands; what was the background of this youth?

Each elder from the Feng Clan were all top experts; in the Grand Southern Prefecture, they could be considered first class characters and could even be considered kings in the cultivation world. However, this expert was dismembered by the youth's single sword strike.

This sword was too fast! This sword was too fierce!

At this time, Feng Jianxue turned pale from horror, and she didn't dare to take a single step forward. If an elder from the Feng Clan was killed in the blink of an eye, then she essentially couldn't compete.

The people that were considered talented in the Feng Clan, when compared to this impoverished youth, were not even equal to an ant; this was truly a "heaven's proud son".

"This is the best the Feng Clan can do? Predecessors and juniors, not one can be an opponent."

The impoverished youth sheathed his sword, wearing an indifferent expression. He headed for the outside of the Hidden Dragon Courtyard, and no one dared to stop him.

"Laughable! Don't even dream about escaping this place today!"

The other three elders of the Hidden Dragon Courtyard appeared with extreme killing intent. All three of the elders were old men that have lived for almost one hundred years; above their heads were godly auras, and the God Base within their dantian was as solid as a boulder.

The three let out a loud roar together; the sound was no different than three thunderous lightning bolts, echoing through the vast sky.

"Rumble!"

A thick layer of muddy dirt on the ground was lifted, and it flew straight towards the impoverished youth.

"Thump thump!"

The power of the three elders was very formidable. Even though it was only the strength of their roars, it was enough to force the youth back seven steps. There was a trace of blood on his arm and his right wrist was cut, resulting in blood drops running down his sword, then falling to the ground.

In the end, he was still too young, and he was not invincible in this world!



At this moment, he was wounded.

“Hmm! The Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace is renowned; however, if it dares to intrude on the Feng Clan and murder our people, then it should be mentally prepared to be killed.”

A Feng Clan elder used his spirit technique to turn into a large gust of wind; his figure became dozens of shadows, entirely blocking the escape path of the impoverished youth.

“Have a taste of my Five Soul Strange Cauldron!”

A different elder with a ten thousand jin cauldron in his hand, slammed it to the ground, and he suddenly created a devastating blast of energy akin to torrential waves of an angry sea; he unleashed his killing move.

“Five Qilin’s Power!”

The third elder was even more unthinkable; his two feet dug straight into the ground, and his two palms motioned outward, unleashing Qilin shadows. Each of these Qilin shadows were seven zhang high, and they were seemingly like five small mountains, quickly rushing forward.

One Qilin’s power was equivalent to the power of ten thousand jin. Two Qilin’s power was equivalent to the power of twenty thousand jin. Three Qilin’s power was equivalent to the power of forty thousand jin. Four Qilin’s power was equivalent to the power of eighty thousand jin. Five Qilin’s power was equivalent to the power of one hundred and sixty thousand jin.

One hundred and sixty thousand jin was enough to topple the mountains and overturn the seas; it could shift the hills and split the rivers.

This was absolutely a true high ranking master!

Being surrounded by the three elders, not to mention this youth, but even a battle-hardened old devil would be frightened out of his mind.

However, the impoverished youth was still as calm as before, still gripping his sword tightly in his hand. Suddenly, a strand of energy emancipated from his back and encompassed the entire space above him like it was welcoming him into a different world.

This energy brought about bright celestial lights that were seemingly like godly stars that were traveling under the night curtain. There were a total of three hundred and sixty celestials, positioned according to the Greater Celestial Circuit, and they flickered resplendently with a brilliant splendor high above.

“To adorn the sky as far as the eye can see, the heavens are turned and the stars were moved. This is... Stars of the Last Generation qi image... not below the Regal Supreme Physique.”

The flames in Feng Feiyun’s eyes moved, he could see that this qi image rising from the back of the impoverished youth was one of the top qi images; ten thousand magnificent brilliant stars rendered others unable to lift their head.

Chapter 40: Du Shougao

The Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace was a fearful location that only existed in the legends. Very few cultivators knew the existence of this place.

And in the whole world, those who truly knew the Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace were even less.

This was why it was considered an evil existence in the legends, only existing in the legends, but it was indeed a real place.

The Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace was humble at times, and arrogant during others. When it was keeping a low profile, there wouldn't be an assassin coming out for ten years; however, when it was arrogant, a god of death would come.

The number of assassins inside the Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace, this was a matter no one knew the answer to!

However, as long as it was an assassin from the Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace, each of them was an outstanding talent of a whole generation. This person would definitely shake an entire era.

This impoverished assassin from the Pinnacle Fate Ending Palace was not older than twenty, yet his cultivation was powerful enough to slay a predecessor cultivator.

“Boom boom!”

Above the Hidden Dragon Courtyard were ferocious winds and scattering clouds. The five shadow images of the Qilin flew in the air, carrying a heaven destroying aura. Its aftermath alone was enough to grind the three ancient rooftops, next to the pavilion, into dust.

An elder wearing a white robe with a cauldron in his hand was ready to grind the mountains into dust at any moment. His gaze swept the four spheres and eight directions; each of his circles of power and chilling energy turned into tornados in the shape of dragons.

The combination of the three elders together felt like three gods descending from the heavens, oppressing the juniors of the Feng Clan, and giving them a hard time to even breathe.

The impoverished youth, on the other hand, was still poised even when he was facing the three elders at the same time. His qi image became even more densely concentrated.

A resplendent star revolved around the peak of his head, and the three hundred and sixty celestials in constant rotation carried the laws of the heavens and devoured boundless killing intents.

“He wants to unleash his sword!”

Feng Feiyun stared intensely at the hand of the youth; this was the hand of a dangerous assassin.

“How do you know?”

Feng Jianxue expressed her disbelief. If she couldn't clearly see the shadows of the four men, then Feng Feiyun definitely shouldn't be able to either.

“Phoosh!”

Jianxue had just finished her words, and a sword broke free from the fabric of space. Next, there was a loud scream, and a rain of blood fell to the ground.

“Bam!”

The elder that was moving his shadows was skewered by the sword in the middle of his forehead. There was a hole as small as a finger. Blood, along with a white matter, dripped out from there.

Another elder has died by his hands!

“This impoverished youth is definitely the devil; killing another person of the elder rank with just one blow.”

A child from the Feng Clan was lying limp on the floor; it was as if he lost all strength in his entire body.

The others were not much better. All of their foreheads were tingling; they felt like the end of the world was approaching, and it was driving them crazy.

The impoverished youth unleashed his sword one more time, and a frightening rainbow shattered through space. The blade was swift, but a different elder used his cauldron to block it, resulting in a loud sound.

“Bang bang!”

The smile which had not disappeared from the elder’s face became frozen. It turned out that the steel sword had shattered the cauldron and pierced his heart in one blow.

A second elder has lost his life!

At this moment, the killing intent from the impoverished youth became increasingly strong like the sun during the middle of noon; he produced an unparalleled brilliance.

The last elder, the person with the most powerful cultivation, revealed a frightened look on his face. He gathered his strength, showing a peerless momentum, and he released a five colored god palm that slowly transformed into five Qilin’s of power!

“Whew!”

A flash of sword energy swept the sky, rending the Five Bull’s of power into blue smoke.

The head of an old man flew upward and fell a few hundred zhang away, turning into pieces of flesh.

“Rustling!”

A cold heavy wind blew to the front of the Hidden Dragon Courtyard that was already solemn, making it become even gloomier.

A pungent smell of blood hovered around everyone’s senses. As far as the eye can see, this could only be the scene of an Asura at work.

The impoverished youth stood proudly in the middle of the blood and corpses with his outfit bathed in blood stains; blood dripped down from his seven or eight wounds.

He was still gripping his sword tightly, just like a god of death!

The four elders of the Hidden Dragon Courtyard had all died in his hands, each to just one fatal move.

Feng Jianxue seemed nauseous and pale from terror. When the gaze of the impoverished youth glanced over her, she couldn't help but take two steps back.

This was an instinctive reaction to fear!

The impoverished youth coldly said.

"I thought she wasn't your wife!"

Feng Feiyun quickly blocked in front of Feng Jianxue, and he said loudly:

"What are you looking at, she also definitely isn't your wife!"

The impoverished youth gently wiped his sword, and he said with a bleak tone:

"I don't like men who take advantage of women!"

Feng Feiyun's spirit suddenly came around, and he smilingly said:

"She is willing to be teased by me, so it is none of your business. Little Boy, do you have a little sister? How about I tease her next time?"

"Little sister?"

The impoverished youth slowly touched the bamboo block in his chest. His eyes revealed a soft hint of emotions, but it was quickly replaced by killing intent. He then coldly snorted, withdrew his gaze, turned around, and he left.

"You are truly a despicable person. If we meet again, I will definitely kill you."

The impoverished youth's body disappeared, and, suddenly, he was standing on top of the Hidden Dragon Courtyard's high wall.

"Why not kill me right now?"

Feng Feiyun smilingly asked.

"Because I am out of time."

The impoverished youth seemed to be in a rush; he gazed towards the far distance as if he wanted to meet a certain person.

He quickly left, but, from his back, came the jabbering sound of Feng Feiyun.

"Hey! A meeting is fateful; how about leaving a name?"

Feng Feiyun chased after him.

"If you want to find this assassin's sabre, then find Du Shougao!"

The impoverished youth rushed straight through the sky like a giant bird, and he disappeared in the midst of the vast pavilion's rooftops.

His voice echoed continuously in the air for a long time without expiration.

"Du Shougao! This name will definitely resonate through the entire Grand Southern Prefecture in just a short period!"

Feng Feiyun watched Du Shougao's back as he was leaving; he smilingly mumbled:

"Clearly he was carrying a sword, but then he said 'assassin's sabre'; did he hit his head on a door or something?"

"His head naturally never hit a door before; it was only that you only saw his sword and not his sabre. In other words, you still didn't have the qualifications to see his sabre."

Feng Jianxue stepped forward with a perplexed expression, and she asked:

"He really didn't kill you because he ran out of time?"

Feng Feiyun said.

"Fuck, do you really want to see me die under his sword?"

"A foul-mouthed person like you staying alive is truly a miracle."

Feng Jianxue smiled.

Feng Feiyun's expression became serious, and he said:

"The truth is his not killing me had two reasons. First, he really did not have time. He came to the Hidden Dragon Courtyard to kill Feng Yu. It was apparent that his aim was the bamboo block on him; as for what the content was, it is unknown to me. However, one thing that is almost certain, the person that wanted this bamboo block is not him, but the employer who hired him to kill."

"An employer?"

Feng Jianxue was surprised.

Feng Feiyun said.

"Du Shougao is an assassin. The first requirement for an assassin to kill is for someone to pay money!"

"He has to go meet his employer now?"

Feng Jianxue's eyes flashed a strange expression while she gazed intensely at Feng Feiyun; a faint killing intent appeared in her dual pupils.

Feng Feiyun's entire body slightly shivered; he slowly turned while he carefully glaring in all four directions. Du Shougao had already left, so why did he feel another strand of killing intent earlier? Could he be delusional?

It must have been his mind playing tricks!

Feng Feiyun nodded, and he said:

“He definitely went to meet his employer, but this was only the first reason why he didn’t kill me. There is another, the second reason.”

“Which is?”

Feng Jianxue asked.

Feng Feiyun said.

“He was severely wounded. Not to mention killing, if he stood here for another second, he could have collapsed at any time without being able to stand back up.”