

SPIRIT VESSEL

Chapter 5: Amazing, He Actually Learned To Read

“Click clack click clack.”

Outside of the library pavilion were heavy footsteps; then the dragon engraved doors were pushed open.

A gray haired housekeeper came in from the outside; despite his old age, each of his steps were steady and did not leave a trace of dust on the ground. The gap in between his eyebrows was narrow, exuding a cold aura similar to the light of an unsheathing sword. His deep eyes were brighter and sharper as compared to a younger man.

As he saw Feng Feiyun, he cracked a big smile that showed all of the wrinkles on his forehead. He excitedly grabbed Feng Feiyun’s hand and clamored:

“Young master! Young master! All of the little girls said that you could read; is this true? This is the truth?”

He repeatedly asked with eyes filled with expectations.

The old man carried a worried expression with a wavering heart. He hoped that Feng Feiyun had grown up, but he was also afraid to hear the answer he didn’t want to hear, which would ruin his excitement.

“Grandpa Liu, your age is very high now, and you need a lot of rest. The servants and maids... *sigh*... to bother you with such an insignificant matter. They truly are too insensible.”

Feng Feiyun carefully held Grandpa Liu’s hands.

Housekeeper Liu was the housekeeper from Feng Feiyun’s mother’s side. He was part of the dowry for their marriage. After the death of Feng Feiyun’s

mother, Housekeeper Liu was like a grandfather to him; he took care of Feng Feiyun's every need.

Feng Feiyun's mother died when he was only one year old; she died of an unknown illness. He actually wasn't even positive that she had died of an illness because the affair was told to him by his dad, Feng Wanpeng.

At that time, Feng Feiyun was too young to remember. His impression of his mother was very vague; he only knew that she was very pretty and gentle, and there was no other girl in the world who was as gentle as she was.

In Feng Feiyun's memories, his mother was only an incomplete shadow. His father was always busy with tasks, and their meetings had only resulted in scoldings and beatings. Only the old man in front of him had shown him any warm affections.

Housekeeper Liu was utterly loyal to Feng Feiyun's mother. After her death, he considered Feng Feiyun to be his new master, and he acted in a manner befitting a servant that would always take care of Feng Feiyun.

Although Feng Feiyun was a tyrant outside; however, he was truly respectful towards Housekeeper Liu, and he treated him like a real elder.

This Housekeeper Liu was not a normal person, but one that had cultivated. When he held Housekeeper Liu's hand, he felt a strong qi rotating within the body of the old man. If he garnered all of his qi, then the destructive force would reach multiple thousands of pounds. One punch would turn a tiger into a pool of blood; he was definitely not a normal human.

As a phoenix in his past life, his soul still contained the phoenix's soul which was why his spiritual senses were high. Even a strand of qi could not be hidden from him.

Housekeeper Liu had definitely cultivated an immortal style. Even though his body was seemingly elderly, his muscles and bones were filled with radiant life and youthful auras.

This was the first cultivator Feng Feiyun had seen since his reincarnation; in the mortal world, it could be considered to be very high. Judging from his level, he would easily live past the age of one hundred and fifty.

If a housekeeper was this formidable, then he couldn't imagine the depths of his mother's household. This was definitely not a normal family; it had to be a powerful family of cultivators.

Housekeeper Liu lamented:

"This is not a small matter; if the young miss below the Yellow Springs was to find out, she would be ecstatic."

The young miss referred to by Housekeeper Liu must be Feng Feiyun's mother. When he said these words, his eyes contained a hidden flash of strange thought. It was quickly retracted by him, but Feng Feiyun had noticed it.

Feng Feiyun committed atrocities outside, no one in the Spirit State city was ignorant of this fact. Housekeeper Liu, of course, was aware of it as well; however, he had not left the mansion in the last few years. He definitely wanted to turn a blind eye to it, and he had no expectations for Feng Feiyun. However, today, when he suddenly heard that Feng Feiyun could read, and a hard book like "Regarding Soldiers" at that, the originally disappointed Housekeeper Liu saw a hint of hope. If Feng Feiyun could straighten up to become an adult, then he wouldn't be so ashamed for failing the young miss' request.

“If my mother was indeed watching me from the Yellow Springs, she should start praying for me to find a pretty and talented wife to bear her many grandchildren.”

Feng Feiyun jokingly said.

Housekeeper Liu’s eyes narrowed; if they could actually find Feng Feiyun a talented woman, one that could reign and watch over him, maybe he would become someone worthwhile, even if it was a little late.

Men after marriage always grew up quickly.

The more Housekeeper Liu thought about it, the more sense it made to him. Feng Feiyun, this little bastard lacked proper discipline and scolding, and this was why he turned out this way. It seems like we must find him a proper marriage; a wife that can control him.

In his mind flashed the pictures of many great candidates. They have to be beautiful as well as courageously strong in order to discipline and repress the playboy Feng Feiyun. Among the list was the Goddess of Death, cultivators of proper powerful sects, female monks from a convent, and even the best lady from the most notorious brothel... [1. Some of the highest valued girls from brothels do not sell their bodies, but their social skills.]

Feng Feiyun didn’t know that his silly joke made Housekeeper Liu harbor some strange thoughts in his mind. He would be extremely regretful if he knew about the candidates that Housekeeper Liu was thinking of.

“Come on! Come on! Your father was originally on patrol in the city’s military encampment. He heard the news and quickly returned. Now, he is waiting for you in the main lobby.”

Housekeeper Liu definitely had an evil plan; this could be known by the strange smile that was on his face. He led Feng Feiyun to the main lobby.

Within Feng Feiyun's memories, Feng Wanpeng was a stoic man with a strong body. His emotions were always hidden underneath his iron face; it was as if he had never laughed or cried before.

Young Master Feng was an evil boss in Spirit State city; however, in front of Feng Wanpeng, he was still deathly afraid. When meeting his father, it was akin to a mouse meeting a cat; his whole body shook in fear. It was rightfully so because his father hated his cowardly demeanor; he had always beaten him up.

Right now, Feng Wanpeng was situated in the chair of the house in the main lobby. He appeared to be around the age of thirty, wearing a silky white robe beneath his armor. His heroic eyes were matched well by his well-trimmed beard.

He was also a refined man, placing third in the nation in the past. Not only that, he was diligent in his martial arts practice as well; he even learned some cultivational techniques. Although it was little, he was still stronger than the normal man by at least ten times. One versus one thousand on the mortal battlefield would not be a stretch for his abilities; he was completely eligible to be named as a master that was reigning over one corner of the Jin kingdom.

He slowly sipped his tea under the flashing candles. When he had heard that Feng Feiyun had learned how to read, he immediately rode home on his horse to return without breaks. He didn't even have time to take off his armor; his head was still dusty from the journey.

He couldn't appreciate his tea because his focus was on Feng Feiyun; he calmly asked:

"I heard that you can read now? Is this true?"

Feng Wanpeng naturally knew the character of his son more than anyone else, so his expectations were not high.

However, in the end, Feng Feiyun was still his only son; if this little bastard could repent, he would spare no cost for molding him into a respectable person.

His newly found literacy, if true, would be considered a big improvement.

“In my free time, I started to learn different words; it seems like reading is not an issue any longer.”

Feiyun responded without fear; it was a response that exuded pride in a respectful manner.

Of course, these words was only an excuse; he couldn't tell Feng Wanpeng that he had taken over his real son's soul and that he could easily write immortal manuals, let alone reading mortal manuals. If his father knew the truth, he would most likely considered Feiyun as a demon and annihilate him.

Feng Wanpeng was surprised; his eyes narrowed at the sight of the new, confident Feng Yun Fei, and he thought inside:

“This little bastard. Normally when he sees me, he would be scared to death, and he would immediately kneel on the ground. He wouldn't even be able to form one coherent sentence. However, today, he could casually stand in front of me and clearly respond? Did his brain finally start working?”

His heart was happy for a moment, but his expression didn't change. He placed his tea back on the table and said:

“I heard that you have read “Regarding Soldiers”. What did you think about it?”

Before, Feng Feiyun was only flipping a few pages. Truthfully, he didn't have any deep understanding regarding the book.

In the Jin Dynasty, if one wished to become renowned, he had to join the military, destroy demons and enemies of the court, and obtain many war

achievements to become an established general. A general with an army of a million troops was definitely stronger than an official in the court or even a royal noble.

Even though the Jin Dynasty was a mortal country, it did not lack cultivators. There were many great families and sects that possessed ancient cultivation manuals. There were many geniuses that were successful with their practice and were able to fly in the sky and traverse the earth; to call the rain and move the wind.

Even though it was only a mortal country, there were countless formidable experts. However, the experts generally did not know militaristic strategies and formations.

There were many fighting experts, but none of them were fit to be commanders!

Feng Wanpeng knew that Feng Feiyun was not suitable for cultivation; however, if the little bastard could achieve an acceptable understanding of militaristic strategies to become a commander, he could still become a great person. Perhaps he could eventually even surpass Wanpeng in ranking.

Of course, these were all speculations. No one knew if he had the qualification to become a commander just from learning how to read.

He was a shameless person who only knew how to drown in lust and women; how much knowledge could he have? Feng Wanpeng thought he got overzealous and overrated his son. His heart lost its excitement, and his expectations were gone. He wanted to avoid the big disappointment after having high expectations.