

SPIRIT VESSEL

Chapter 8: Crimson Dragon

Feng Feiyun was a romantic fourteen year old. Today, he was wearing a purple silk robe with his hair neatly tied behind his neck, and he had a paper fan in his hand; he revealed an unprecedented handsome look, like never before.

Feng Feiyun was already good looking and today, he was like a young scholar. After practicing the “Immortal Phoenix Physique”, his temperament and expression was brighter than the light; he was, in addition to all of this, accompanied by the air of a romantic wanderer.

Even his two servants, Feng Ping and Feng An, were dazed by his new look; they couldn't see the resemblance to his normal self at all.

“Let us go! I am going to the Yin Gou Ward right now. What are you two waiting for? Hurry up and lead the way.”

Feng Feiyun loudly commanded.

The two servants regained their wits, then they led the way.

The Yin Gou Ward was situated in the prosperous south side area in Spirit State City. It had seven floors, and it was made from wooden bricks decorated with dragon and phoenix carvings. It become a well known symbol of the city.

There were weapons, strange treasures, medicinal pills, armors... Basically, anything that had to do with cultivation, this place had it. However, a regular person couldn't buy anything here.

“Ehhh, isn't this Young Master Feng? Which wind brought the great you here? Please come in, please come in!”

Zheng Dongliu was the manager of the Yin Gou Ward, and his age was over sixty. He knew a lot of people and with his sharp eyes, he immediately recognized Feng Feiyun.

Although his eyes wouldn't be considered to be forged by heaven's fire and all seeing, they were indeed knowledgeable and sensitive the moment it came to judging people.

It was Feng Feiyun's first time visiting the Yin Gou Ward, but his dad was the tyrant of Spirit State City; thus, he had already been added to the important person list. This was a young master, so he needed to be well received.

Feng Feiyun, with the fan in his hand, gracefully walked into the Yin Gou Ward, and he said with a smile:

"The Yin Gou Ward's reputation is as it was mentioned; this is my first time here, but you have already recognized me."

"In this city, anyone who doesn't recognize you will have his business go downhill."

Zheng Dongliu led Feng Feiyun to an inner chamber where there was already a pot of tea brewing. He acted quite friendly and familiar with Feiyun.

Feiyun did not shy away from the warm welcome; he sat down, and he said:

"Your words are too much. Other people's business might go down, but the Yin Gou Ward is definitely not a part of this group."

Behind the ward was the great Yin Gou Clan, one of the four great clans in the Jin Dynasty. Normal people couldn't afford to offend them.

Feng Feiyun, of course, was not foolish enough to mess with the Yin Gou Clan; at least, he was not at the moment since he currently lacked the strength.

The moment Feiyun had entered the door, Zheng Dongliu had already started to observe this legendary young master very carefully; however, his impression of Feiyun, compared to his reputation, was greatly different.

This young master did not seem to be an idiot!

Zheng Dongliu smiled, and he then inquired:

“If you didn’t have any business, you wouldn’t have come here. What did you want to buy here at the Yin Gou Ward?”

“Weapons! I heard the Yin Gou Ward sold the best magical weapons.”

Feng Feiyun replied.

Zheng Dongliu continued:

“Which do you want to buy? Weapons are categorized into twenty-eight different sections: sword, blade, staff, hook, rings...”

“The sabre!”

Feiyun said.

“Which one do you want? The sabre is also divided into thirty four different categories: Zhanma sabre, horse slaying sabre, butterfly sabre, tiger sabre...”

Zheng Dongliu was a shrewd merchant, and he was familiar with any merchandise; otherwise, he would not be the manager of the Yin Gou Ward.

“The heavy sabre!”

Feng Feiyun spoke.

Zheng Dongliu was surprised; this Young Master Feng looked like a person who was physically weak. Could he even hold a heavy sabre?

Even though his mind was questioning the choice, he didn’t want to bring his concern to light.

“The heavy sabre; the lightest is eighty nine pounds, and it is divided into three ranks: iron sabre, magical sabre, and spirit sabre. I trust that you wouldn’t find an iron sabre to be worthy of your status. Today, our Yin Gou Ward has two finely crafted magical heavy sabre, you can pick from them.”

Zheng Dongliu explained.

Weapons are divided into three categories: normal weapons, magical weapons, and spirit weapons.

The highest grade of normal weapons was made from common metals, and they could split iron ingots without damaging the blade.

However, even the lowest grade of magical weapons could easily slice through the best grade of normal weapons. they were made with a few special metals that were extremely valuable.

As for spirit weapons, they were exceedingly rare. Each of them was a heavenly weapon with the power to scare the heavens and shake the earth. Even if one wanted to trade ten mortal cities for them, no one would be willing. Right now, in all of Spirit State City, no one had one available. Maybe, in the Yin Gou Ward, they could potentially be the only group to have one for sale.

Zheng Dongliu took Feiyun to the fifth level. The higher the level, the higher the grade of the weapon as well as the level of protection.

The first magical heavy sabre was brought by two bodyguards. Its blade was completely black and around one and a half meters long. It was half a palm thick, and on top of it, were animal engravings with an icy cold aura.

This was a true killing weapon; people couldn’t help but shudder at the sight of it.

“The blade’s name is Man Ya, and it weighs three hundred and forty two pounds. It is made from Dark Steel that is found in the bottom of the ocean.

The whole blade has the ice element; once it slices off someone's neck, it can freeze the blood in the blink of an eye. Thus, even after killing someone, the blade will not be covered with blood."

Zheng Dongliu brought in a cup of water, and he poured it over the blade. A freezing noise filled the room, and they were no longer water drops the moment they reached the floor; the water was turned into ice.

"This blade's price is three thousand gold coins."

One gold coin was equal to one hundred silver coins, and one silver coin was worth one hundred bronze coins.

One gold coin was enough to feed a regular family for a year, so one could see that three thousand gold coins was a staggering sum; a grand fortune in the eyes of regular people.

"It is a good blade!"

Feng Feiyun clapped his hands, but he also shook his head and said:

"Unfortunately this blade is too big; is there one with a smaller body?"

Feng Feiyun didn't mention the price, showing that three thousand gold coins, to him, was not a large sum.

"Yes!"

Zheng Dongliu had the second blade brought out! This second blade was only one meter long, and the body wasn't as thick. It had a crimson color with an ancient aura; one touch of the hand brought about a feeling of warmth.

The blade's body exuded a natural feeling while the edges themselves felt dull; it even had a hole in it. It, seemingly, was not made with a great attention to detail.

Zheng Dongliu sighed, and he said:

“This blade is named Crimson Dragon. The materials it is made of are special; from special examination, it was found to be a mix of nine different rare metals. Even though the length was not great for a heavy sabre, it reached the weight of two hundred and forty pounds; it is truly astonishing.”

After seeing this blade, Feng Feiyun’s eyes revealed a strange glimmer. He immediately stood up, caressing the blade with his finger. His heart was ecstatic, and his intuition was telling him that, even though the blade’s external appearance is lacking, its absolute power was ten times over its counterpart.

He could feel the spirit energy moving within the blade; this feeling was very delicate. With the exception of him, no one else could feel this faint spirit energy.

“This is a spirit blade. Unfortunately, the blade was broken once, and all of the spirit energy had left its body; thus, no one else knew that it used to be a spirit weapon.”

Feng Feiyun’s finger lightly touched the broken part, and he made his decision.

Even though it is a broken spirit weapon, its power was incomparable to any normal magical weapons.

Feng Feiyun was silent, trying to hide his excitement. He removed his hands from the blade, and he asked:

“This blade suits me, Manager Zheng; how much do you wish to sell this blade for?”

“Five thousand gold coins.”

Zheng Dongliu, of course, knew that this blade was abnormal, but he didn't know why. He announced such a high price, but he was not sure of it; he hesitantly looked at Feng Feiyun after naming the price.

This was a remnant of a spirit weapon, so its price would definitely be higher than fifty thousand gold coins. Feng Feiyun was laughing, internally, at Zheng Dongliu for not knowing the value of his own item, but he expressed an impatient expression and furrowed his brows:

“Manager Zheng, is this you trying to cut my throat with a price? Five thousand gold coins would be enough for me to play around with five thousand exceptional beauties. For one broken blade to be valued at five thousand coins, isn't this just a robbery?”

Zheng Dongliu smiled:

“How much would be an appropriate price for you, Young Master Feng?”

“Three thousand gold coins.”

Feng Feiyun replied.

“Okay, so be it.”

Zheng Dongliu was seemingly afraid of Feng Feiyun leaving, and he immediately agreed with that proposition. His face grew a smile; three thousand gold coins, compared to his original expectation, was already double of what he wanted for it.

Seeing how quick Zheng Dongliu conceded, Feng Feiyun regretted setting the price to three thousand in his heart. It seemed like his given price was too high, but three thousand gold coins, to buy a broken spirit weapon, was still a great deal.

Zheng Dongliu was visibly happier than Feng Feiyun; he even gave him a magical steel scabbard for free, and he engraved it with detailed flowers showing its expensive price.

“Young Master Feng, do you need me to deliver this blade to your place?”

The Crimson Dragon Blade weighed two hundred and forty pounds; Zheng Dongliu automatically assumed that Feng Feiyun couldn't hold it, so he asked the question.

“No need.”

After Feng Feiyun paid the amount owed, he carried the blade in his hand and left the fifth floor.

Zheng Dongliu was frightened by this sight. After a while, he regained his composure and mumbled:

“Strange, how strange. The idiot in the legend turned out to be an expert. How interesting, how interesting. It seems like I'll have to sell this information to Feng Sui Yu; it would fetch a good price.”

“Master, this is the blade you have chosen?”

The two servants outside of the Yin Gou Ward greeted Feng Feiyun.

“It is only a broken blade, nothing to behold.”

Feng Feiyun smilingly nodded, and he left to the outside.

Feng Ping and Feng An immediately chased after him, and they asked:

“Young master, where are we going?”

“Tea drinking!”

“The best tea house in Spirit State City is Zhu Jian pavilion, and the oldest one is the Jing Shui tea house. Which one do you want to go to?”

Feng Feiyun didn't answer, and he only kept walking. He swiftly passed through the ancient street even though he had a two hundred forty pound sabre on his back. His steps were as fast as lightning, making the two servants behind him run out of breath.

Today, his cultivation has reached the early Spirit Realm stage. In his Dantian existed a strand of spirit energy forming the inception of a small river; this was considered the first door to the cultivation world. Feng Feiyun's mood had never been better.

Crossing three big roads, Feng Feiyun reached a small desolate alley.

At the end of the alley was an old, open-door tea house, and its roof was made out of straws. There were five old tables and next to that, a slanted desk with a sign written by charcoal: "Tea."

Feng Ping and Feng An were heavily breathing; they watched Feiyun from far away, and they noticed the old tea house. Their expressions were as if they had just reached an understanding.

"The young master didn't come here to drink tea; he came here for the little miss Xiao Yuer."

Feng Ping devilishly smiled.

"Last time, the young master showed her mercy, so this time she can't run away from the sun. Ha ha!"

Feng An also joined in with his evil laughs, causing a lot of commotion.

This tea house was where Old Man Luo and Xiao Yuer worked at!

Feng Feiyun, of course, wasn't the same person who bullied both men and women, and he definitely wouldn't ravage Xiao Yuer. He only came here to see Old Man Luo's injuries. In the end, this poor old man and granddaughter

were all alone, without any backing, and they were bullied by his servants; of course, he felt responsible.

Giving them a bit of money would make their lives a lot better.

Feng Feiyun's eyes looked around and saw Xiao Yuer in the tea house. She was making tea with her petite figure, slim, like a neighbor's little sister; the gentle wind blew her blue ribbons back and forth on her head, her silky black hair scattered straight down, like a waterfall, and the wind also brought the scent of tea to the rest of the street.