

Sprit Vessel 201

Chapter 201: Princess Invitation

Even an expert among the top three hundred of the Pagoda's Hundreds List had died in the hands of Feng Feiyun. This took everyone by surprise.

Heaven-defying geniuses could kill people two small levels higher, but Gu Qing was a peak God Base with eight divine intents; he was far beyond an ordinary peak God Base.

Even a heaven-defying genius would not be able to kill a Giant in the intermediate God Base realm.

The son of the demon truly could not be gauged with common sense!

Although Feng Feiyun claimed that his dantian was shattered right now and that his cultivation was lost, no one dared to make a move against him.

Murong Zhuo, Gu Lianqiu, and Luo Shixiong were already horrified and ran away. They no longer dared to oppose Feng Feiyun. This bastard was not a human; no one could kill him — this was the only thought in their minds right now.

"Young Noble Feng, this is a spirit medicine from my young lord." A soldier with a battle sword by his waist handed a box that contained a second rank pill to Feng Feiyun.

Inside was a Nature Pill the size of a longan fruit. Opening the box just a tiny bit was already enough for the pill's fragrance to emanate outside. A second rank pill was nearly priceless.

Feng Feiyun did not accept the box and asked: "Who is your young lord?"

"The oldest son of the Heavenly Tiger Marquis, Li Fengxian." The soldier had a polite and friendly smile.

This was Li Fengxian's invitation for Feng Feiyun.

Regardless of his strength and potential or the Evil Woman behind him, Feng Feiyun was someone worthy of recruiting. At the very least, everyone thought that the Evil Woman was his backing.

The Heavenly Tiger Marquis was also one of the eighteen heavenly marquises in the Godly Jin Dynasty, someone with tens of millions of troops under his banner. Li Fengxian was his oldest son, and his talents had reached the top of heaven-defying since he was within the top one hundred of the pagoda's list. In the future, he would surely become the heir of the marquis.

His influence and status were way above someone like Murong Zhuo.

Each marquis had many wives and concubines with many offspring. Murong Zhuo was not the most talented son of the Heaven Shaking Marquis, so his status and influence were naturally far below Li Fengxian's.

Each of Li Fengxian's words was carefully chosen and carried a lot of weight since they practically represented the entire Heavenly Tiger Mansion.

Feng Feiyun looked at the man that wore a dragon and tiger robe in the distant spectating platform. The person also nodded his head and smiled at him. Feng Feiyun withdrew his gaze and pondered for a

moment before speaking: "Thank the young marquis on my behalf. Today, this Feng is only a cripple without any cultivation, so I do not want to waste this spirit pill."

"Haha! Young Noble Feng is being too modest. Our young marquis said that this second rank Nature Pill is only a small token between friends, please don't think about it too much. This has nothing to do with riches or interests." The soldier said with a smile.

True noble disciples were all polite with great etiquette and generosity, unlike children from new clans. At the very least, they had to act in this manner on the surface.

Of course, these noble children also misbehaved, but that was a very small minority. In the end, they could satisfy all of their desires easily, so reputation was more important to them than anything else.

Since it came down to this point, only a fool would not take it!

"Then thank the young marquis in my stead!" Feng Feiyun accepted the second rank Nature Pill, but he didn't eat it and only put it away in his pocket.

The soldier had accomplished his mission so he left with a smile.

"Young Noble Feng, this is our prince's gift to you, an 800 year old Calamus Root. Although it has not reached the level of spirit grass, it is not far from it. This root is very useful when it comes to recovering the vitality of cultivators. Young Noble Feng had fought many continuous battles and lost too much blood, so you could surely make use of this." This was a stout man around two and a half meters tall. With a white towel wrapped tightly around his head and a big cloak around his body, he carried this root that emitted a faint brilliance forward.

This root was very close to the spirit grass level and was absolutely not limited to recovery. It could be considered a quasi-spirit grass. If an ordinary person consumed it, they would be able to live for thirty more years.

Cultivators would be able to condense their energy and soothe their meridians afterward. To a grand accomplishment God Base, this grass could even help them open seven or eight new meridian points.

"Who is your prince?" Feng Feiyun naturally couldn't accept such a precious gift so easily.

"Dashi's third prince." Dashi was one of the small countries that acted as a subsidiary of the Godly Jin Dynasty. Although it was a small country, that was only relative to the dynasty. In fact, its population was around 300 million and spanned for tens of thousands of miles. A prince from Dashi was indeed a character with great status.

Also, the princes and princesses from these small countries would come to the dynasty to join powerful sects for their cultivation. On one hand, they could obtain really good cultivation methods and on the other, they could build relationships with influential characters of the younger generation at the dynasty.

"Ah! My cultivation has been completely destroyed..." Feng Feiyun began.

"Our prince said that even if your cultivation is gone, if you ever find yourself cornered, then you can come to Dashi. You will definitely be treated as an esteemed guest. You must accept this Calamus Root no matter what, please." The man said with a smile.

“All right!” Feng Feiyun helplessly smiled and could only accept this 800 year old Calamus Root.

“Young Noble Feng!” A strange voice appeared behind Feng Feiyun, jolting him with a scare.

This voice was a bit high; as it sounded both like a man and woman, it gave Feng Feiyun the creeps.

It was Attendant Yu, who wore a green dove robe. This eunuch appeared out of nowhere right behind Feng Feiyun like a ghost. His body also emitted a cold air.

“This... How should I address you, Senior?” Feng Feiyun felt this eunuch’s gaze sweeping over his body, causing him to instinctively cover his figure.

Don’t tell me this eunuch had some bad habits!

“Haha!” Attendant Yu revealed a smile and said: “Yu Liubing.”

“What, Yu Liubing!” Feng Feiyun quickly took two steps back. [1. Bing for the eunuch’s name is fire, but Feng Feiyun misheard it as the character for disease. And the word hua liu bing = a sexual ailment.]

Motherfucker, a sexual ailment ah!

“No, it is Yu Liubing!” Attendant Yu was still grinning while staring intensely at Feng Feiyun. His gaze was especially fixated towards where his dantian would be.

However, Feng Feiyun felt as if the eunuch was staring at his crotch.

“Attendant Yu, don’t tell me you are here to give me a gift as well?” Feng Feiyun once again retreated while keeping his thighs tightly together.

Attendant Yu then took two steps forward and said with a smile while shaking his head: “My princess wants to invite Young Noble Feng to a trip on a boat to enjoy the Southern Lake’s scenery!”

“Which princess?” Feng Feiyun asked.

“The contemporary Jin Emperor’s daughter, Princess Luofu.” Attendant Yu replied.

Feng Feiyun’s expression slightly changed. If it was a princess from a smaller country inviting him to a trip on a boat, then they might have wanted to befriend or recruit him. However, who was Princess Luofu? Not to mention Feng Feiyun, even a sect master would not necessarily have the qualifications to sit with her side-by-side.

“Haha, this Feng is only a peasant while Princess Luofu is the golden daughter. I am in awe and truly do not dare to go sightseeing with the princess. With this being the case, goodbye then, goodbye...” Feng Feiyun quickly turned around and left.

A member of royalty such as Princess Luofu was not someone that he could mingle with at his current level. Her bodyguards alone were already at the grand accomplishment God Base realm, so this eunuch’s cultivation must be even more unfathomable.

If he stayed next to her, then just the slightest mistake could bring about a calamity.

“Princess, this person is very wily. He’s definitely a cunning fella.” Attendant Yu went back to behind the princess and said with a subtle grin still on his face.

“Just let him be.” Princess Luofu softly said with her sweet voice, causing others to become lost in reverie. She then continued: “After causing such a commotion, the other tower lords will not be able to sit tight. The son of the demon... If he is truly the messenger of the Evil Woman as well, then people of the tower lord level will definitely come and find him.”

“Princess is saying...?” Of course, Attendant Yu clearly knew what the princess was thinking, but he could never say this out loud so he asked with a respectful tone.

This was something a servant needed to know at the very least. [2. This part is a bit confusing, but my understanding is that a servant must act dumb before their master. For example, a king would never want his subjects to know what was actually on his mind. There was a story when a servant/general/eunuch was killed by a king for knowing too much. Another example is Cao Cao. He had a great advisor who knew that Cao Cao wanted to pull back his army during a campaign, so he told the generals to prepare for it because the generals were quite worried since Cao Cao was sick. Cao Cao indeed had such a thought, but he also executed this advisor for spreading false messages about retreating despite it being his true intent. No one wants someone else to truly understand what was on their mind. So here, the author is comparing the princess to a king, giving her an exalted status. Hence, the eunuch is treating her with caution, fear, and respect.]

“Wait until he gets out of this difficult situation. Then, I will go and see him in person.” Princess Luofu’s beautiful pair of eyes were very profound at this second. In this brief moment, even a wily old fox like Attendant Yu was not able to guess her thoughts.

Chapter 202: A Secret

The duel had been settled. Now, it was the evening with a red sky. Sparkling scarlet lights reflected off the lake, creating a beautiful red surface.

Feng Feiyun crossed the lake and the bamboo mountain all the way to a cave.

He opened the formation and entered.

“Swoosh!” His finger shot out a burning spirit light that turned into the First Dark Origin Flame to light up an oil lamp.

The light of the oil lamp was as small as a bean, and it faintly illuminated the interior of the cave.

There was a stone bed, a stone table with four seats, and nothing else.

On the freezing stone bed was a thin, pale figure. He slowly opened his eyes after hearing the noise and revealed a glimmer of happiness before saying: “You came back alive after all.” His voice was as weak as the sound of a mosquito.

“You managed to stay alive till my return after all.” Feng Feiyun’s voice was also strangely weak. It was as if the words were stuck in his throat.

The person laying on the stone bed was Murong Ta. In order to help Feng Feiyun break through, he traded four pounds of blood for a two thousand year old lingzhi.

Feng Feiyun didn’t have many friends, but he considered Murong Ta to be one of his brothers now.

“Haha...” Murong Ta’s laughter was suddenly interrupted since his feeble body suddenly quivered from a chill.

A person who had lost too much blood would always have this chilling sensation, just like Feng Feiyun’s heart at this moment.

Feng Feiyun took out the eight hundred year old Calamus Root from the third prince of Dashi. It would have extraordinary results when used by someone who had lost a lot of blood.

He pulled off a piece from it and carefully fed it to Murong Ta. Then he left the remaining seven pieces next to Murong Ta’s pillow.

“An eight hundred year old Calamus Root... Its medicinal effect is too strong. If you eat one per day for eight days, you will recover completely.”

Murong Ta’s pitch-black eyes suddenly lit up. This could have been because his eyes used to have a glimmer within them, and now it was strengthened by the Calamus Root. He then said: “Thank you.”

“I should be the one thanking you.” Feng Feiyun silently sat by the stone bed and secretly bit his lips while leaning his body to hide the hand on the location of his dantian.

After half an hour had passed, Murong Ta’s face regained some color. Feng Feiyun then took out the second rank Nature Pill and gave it to him.

This Nature Pill was a great medicine for healing. It immediately melted in Murong Ta’s mouth as his body then became covered with a spiritual light while emitting a strong medicinal scent.

“Bam!” At the same time, Feng Feiyun could no longer bear it and fell straight to the ground, fainting. Blood flowed out of the location of his dantian and stained his clothing.

He was truly wounded earlier, especially during the fight against Gu Qing.

Gu Qing was indeed very powerful. Even if Feng Feiyun used his Spirit Treasure, it wouldn’t have necessarily been able to block that secret sword technique. He could only use a reckless method where both sides got hurt for a chance of victory.

Gu Qing’s one sword pierced his dantian. Although it was blocked by the Evil Woman’s corpse palace, it still hurt Feng Feiyun’s overall energy. It was his powerful will that allowed him to drag himself back here. Otherwise, he would have already died in the Martial Exhibition Tower.

Murong Ta slowly sat up on the stone bed. He stared at the unconscious Feng Feiyun for a long time while his fingers formed a sword gesture. After a long period of hesitation, he eventually put his hand down.

He once again lied down.

The night became a bit dreary and full of unknowns.

When Feng Feiyun woke up, it was the morning of the third day. A warm sunlight from the outside shone into the cave. At this time, he was also lying on top of the stone bed while being treated with medicinal grasses.

The wound over his dantian was cleaned and bandaged. Even the wounds on his shoulder, chest, and thighs were all applied with herbs. Only his thighs still hurt from the pain.

“This Murong Ta fella!” Feng Feiyun shook his head and smiled.

Feng Feiyun cultivated the Immortal Phoenix Physique so his body could recover extremely fast, ten times faster than an ordinary man to be exact. He essentially didn’t need any spirit medicines to aid his recovery.

After two days of rest, his injury was thirty to forty percent healed. In the eyes of ordinary people, this was an extremely terrifying rate of recovery.

He went out of the cave and saw the green lake along with a new Pure Bamboo root growing from the ground. Maybe it had absorbed too much spirit energy, but it was as clear as jade.

After two days of rest and taking in the Calamus Root along with the Nature Pill, Murong Ta was a lot better. He went to the lake to catch several freshwater fish and burned some bamboo leaves to grill them.

On top of the bamboo shoots were an iron rod. There were very simple tools and ingredients that Murong Ta got from who knows where. The smell of grilled fish gently drifted by, causing Feng Feiyun to sniff twice.

It had to be said that Murong Ta really had the style of an accomplished chef!

“Do you always cook at night?” Feng Feiyun slowly came out from the bamboo forest.

Murong Ta was sitting on the ground and answered with a sickly appearance: “I have been used to hunger from an early age. If I don’t go and search for my own food, then I would have starved to death a long time ago.”

He then handed a mat seat made from bamboo leaves to Feng Feiyun.

This seat was finely woven and had three layers. It was very comfortable to sit on.

“Right, I haven’t heard about your home, mind telling me?” Feng Feiyun asked with a smile.

Murong Ta’s expression became a bit forced. He became silent and only focused on eating before finally speaking after a long time: “I don’t have a home.”

“How could a person not have a home?” Feng Feiyun asked.

“Ever since I could remember, everyone had already called me a bastard, including my brothers and father. Even the servants addressed me as such. Only my mom called me Ta’er. Such a home... I have no need for such a home.” Murong Ta gripped his fists and articulated each word. [1. Ta’er = an address showing love/affection.]

“Are you not your father’s own?” Feng Feiyun asked.

“No biological father would call his own son a bastard. Not to mention, he is the famous Heaven Shaking Marquis, Murong Chengde.” Murong Ta answered.

“You are the son of the Heaven Shaking Marquis?” Feng Feiyun’s expression became a bit delighted.

“No, he had never considered me his son, so I have never considered him my father. I only have Mother in my heart, only Mother, never a father...” Murong Ta muttered this phrase repeatedly.

“Is your mother the marquis’ eighth concubine?” Feng Feiyun asked again.

“How did you know?” Murong Ta exclaimed.

Feng Feiyun happily laughed. So this fella was Liu Qinsheng’s biological son. Was this what people called fate?

“Unfortunately, my mother had died from sickness three months ago. Before dying, she wanted me to become someone great, an amazing Treasure Seeking Master. If I couldn’t do so, then I would have let her, who is now in heaven, down.” Murong Ta said.

Feng Feiyun wanted to tell him the truth, that he indeed has a father, but after hearing these words, he decided not to say it. After all, his mother had died recently so he would become even sadder if he knew that his biological father had died as well.

“I will help you.” Feng Feiyun said.

“You can help me fulfill my mother’s wish?” Murong Ta asked.

“You are a natural born spiritualist so it is not difficult to become an amazing Treasure Seeking Master. You are only missing a training manual.” Feng Feiyun slowly took the Eight Arts Manual out from his Boundary Spirit Stone, but he quickly put it back after a second thought.

He felt very regretful about Liu Qinsheng and wanted to make it up with his son. However, at the moment, he couldn’t pass down a divine scripture like the Eight Arts Manual to Murong Ta; he had to wait until the boy’s foundation becomes better.

If only Feng Feiyun knew that the Heaven Shaking Marquis’ eighth concubine did not die from illness, but in Ji Cangyue’s hands instead, how would he feel?

If only Feng Feiyun knew that the real Murong Ta had also died by Ji Cangyue’s hands, how would he feel?

Chapter 203: Spiritual Sense Examination

There were many things that did not go as one wished in life.

Although Feng Feiyun was sympathetic towards Murong Ta’s situation, he was not overly affected by it. In the end, everyone had their own stories. The most important part was how their future would turn out.

Murong Ta’s bright eyes gazed at the Boundary Spirit Stone by Feng Feiyun’s waist. Earlier when Feng Feiyun wanted to take out the Eight Arts Volume but then decided against it, this stone did not escape Murong Ta’s eyes.

He handed a deliciously grilled fish to Feng Feiyun. This fish was fresh and fatty with the sweet fragrance of bamboo leaves. Although Feng Feiyun was used to eating delicacies, those cuisines were only mundane and ordinary. They could not compare to this grilled fish.

Both the chicken and fish grilled by Murong Ta were number one. To become friends with him was a blessing for one's eating habits.

"It is a pity that you are not a chef!" Feng Feiyun ate three of these fish as quick as the wind and threw the fishbones all over the ground. His mouth was full of oil that reflected the warm sunlight.

After being exiled from the Feng Clan, he had not eaten or laughed so joyously.

"If you open a big restaurant, then I'll be your head chef." Murong Ta jokingly said with a smile.

"Really?" Feng Feiyun threw away the fourth set of fishbones and asked.

"I never joke around." Murong Ta spoke with a secretive glare.

"Haha! Very well, remember these words then." Feng Feiyun said, then he suddenly stood up and picked up a branch from the ground. With this branch, he began to draw a strange line with complicated runes. Each symbol was particularly interesting.

Murong Ta came standing by his side and looked at the drawing on the ground before curiously asking: "What are you drawing?"

"In order to become a Treasure Seeking Master, outside of having a great spiritual sense, one must have great eyesight and a basic knowledge for a few things. For example, formations. This is something that all Treasure Seeking Masters must know."

Feng Feiyun moved his hand back and forth. Very quickly, he carved a formation on the ground. To be more exact, an outline of a formation.

"You want to teach me formations?" Murong Ta became quite ecstatic. His thin body crouched down and he carefully looked at the runes and outlines on the ground with a very interested expression.

Feng Feiyun put away the bamboo branch and also crouched down. Then, he smilingly said: "There are too many formations in this world; with many different types and complex arrangements, there are more than one thousand different techniques of drawing them. However, they are divided into nine ranks. The higher the rank, the greater the complexity. Some high level formations would require several years of drawing and preparation to complete."

Murong Ta sat next to Feng Feiyun and quietly listened to his lecture while his spirited eyes gently shifted.

"However, everything has the same beginning, and all the initial frameworks of these formations are the same. Just like what Master Taozi said, the Infinity gave birth to the Absolute, then the Absolute gave birth to the heaven and earth, then the four divisions came from the heaven and earth, and then the Bagua came from the four divisions, and finally all living things were born from the Bagua. Although the myriad existences are cumbrously complex, all beginnings are stemmed from the Infinity and the Absolute." Feng Feiyun was afraid that Murong Ta wouldn't understand, so he explained everything in

great detail. [1. I died a little inside with this. Infinity = wuji, Absolute = taiji, four divisions = the four great mythical beasts.]

Murong Ta slightly nodded his head and said: "Then this thing you carved just now is the bare outline of all formations?"

"You can put it that way." Feng Feiyun patted Murong Ta's shoulder and handed him the bamboo branch while gesturing for him to draw.

Murong Ta's talent at creating formations especially shocked Feng Feiyun. It was as if he was someone who had studied formations for many years. After just three failures, he managed to draw a complete formation outline.

This was the culmination of many years of research from many wise sages from the Demon Phoenix Race, the result of many years to form an outline capable of carving all the formations in this world. It was much more amazing compared to the formation scriptures of humans.

Feng Feiyun thought that Murong Ta was truly an unparalleled genius of the Treasure Seeking Master branch.

Time began to slowly pass by like this. Before they knew it, the two were laughing and studying like a teacher and student, but they were also friends.

When the sun was up high, the examination teacher of the Spirit Treasure Tower came to find them and wanted to bring them to the real spiritual sense test.

It was already extremely impressive for someone to have a spiritual sense nine times greater than an ordinary person. They would be greatly valued by the predecessors from the tower. Moreover, one of them was also the son of the demon, so even the tower master specifically came to ask about this.

After finding out that Feng Feiyun was the son of the demon, this old man before them who always liked to pretend to be cool had to behave a bit. He quietly led the way, but Feng Feiyun suddenly stopped when they reached a straight cliff along the way.

Murong Ta was right behind him and almost hit his head against Feng Feiyun's back. He quickly paused as well.

The old man noticed the strange expressions from the two geniuses behind him, so he quickly asked: "What is wrong?"

Feng Feiyun asked with a cold glint in his eyes: "Who is the person staying inside that cliff?"

The old man slightly narrowed his eyes and carefully spoke: "Inside is a first level Heaven's Mandate senior. You should never provoke him; that old fossil is a third rank Treasure Seeking Master who had once intruded an archaic cemetery. His body was infected with corpse poison so he is staying here and hasn't come out for more than a hundred years."

"Strange, there was a two thousand year old Lingzhi root on that cliff before. How come I don't see it now?" The old man shook his head and murmured.

In the end, Feng Feiyun gave a cold glare towards the cliff then eventually followed the old man once more.

What was referred to as the Spirit Treasure Tower was actually a huge mountain. All four directions of the tower were just straight cliffs with many pine trees and black dragon spirit grass.

When one looked up, they would see this majestic mountain that pierced through the clouds with cranes flying around along with the roars of animals. There were also spirit lights emanating from the stone walls where old spirit roots would grow.

Within Feng Feiyun's view, there were at least seven to eight spirit roots that were more than a thousand year old. There was also ginseng moving below the muddy puddles and spirit grasses emitting crimson lights...

It was indeed worthy of being called the Spirit Treasure Tower. Even a big immortal sect would only be able to have two to three spirit grasses, but one could see seven to eight of them here.

The sacred ground of Treasure Seeking Masters was indeed extraordinary.

It was no wonder that some cultivators claimed that Treasure Seeking Masters owned sixty percent of the world's treasures while the other forty percent was divided to the rest.

The tower was not only the sacred ground, it was also the treasury of the Wanxiang Pagoda. There were many treasures inside that were comparable to a kingdom's treasury, and there was no shortage of Spirit Treasures, Spirit Medicines, Spirit Pills, and ancient weapons.

The most precious amongst them had to be the nine defining treasures of the Wanxiang Pagoda.

These nine treasures were extremely magical. Each year, there would always be supreme cultivators who came here to steal them, but all of them would be killed by a mysterious expert that protected the Spirit Treasure Pagoda. No one had successfully taken something out of this tower.

The old man took Feng Feiyun and Murong Ta to the 17th floor. Along the way, they saw many Treasure Seeking Masters holding positions inside the tower. There were also some older masters who came here to learn more things along with some Treasure Seeking Students reading ancient scrolls.

The tower was even more complex and huge compared to Feng Feiyun's imagination. Each level was extremely vast and the tower even had ninety-seven floors.

The 16th floor had some Treasure Seeking manuals such as the "Astrology Study", "Soul-soothing Grave", "Yang World's Three Strange", "Yin World's Three Evil", "First Level Comprehensive Formation" ... Of course, all of them were only low level texts.

There was also a training ground for one's spiritual sense, allowing one to increase their speed of cultivation.

There was also a special floor to train insight with dedicated teachers.

The density of the spirit energy here was abnormally high; it was about seven times higher than the outside. Training for one day here was comparable to three days outside.

Feng Feiyun was very suspicious and thought that there had to be a spirit vein below this tower.

It was not hard for a bunch of Treasure Seeking Masters to anchor a spirit vein for their own use.

“Oh my god, a spiritual sense more than seventeen times that of an ordinary man. You’ll only need some time before you become a first rank Treasure Seeking Master.”

The moment they got to the 17th floor, they heard a hoarse voice.

Having a spiritual sense twice that of an ordinary man would make one a first level Treasure Seeking Student; two times that was a second level student... Nine times was a ninth level student.

However, in order to become a first rank Treasure Seeking Master, one must have — at the very least — twenty times the spiritual sense of an ordinary man.

As for the second rank, one would need forty times the spiritual sense of an ordinary man.

This was the reason why there were so few masters. Just the spiritual sense aspect alone was enough to deny many people at the door, and high level masters were fewer than few.

The moment he entered the door, he saw Ji Feng standing in the center of the 17th floor. It was right when he stepped down from the test platform, so the genius with seventeen times the ordinary amount was Ji Feng.

The Treasure Seeking Students were all looking at Ji Feng with admiration. The eyes of the pretty female students were full of waves; Ji Feng’s talents were really high, resulting in them having a crush on him. He would surely become a high level Treasure Seeking Master that would be highly respected by the rest of the cultivation world.

Although Ji Feng was gravely wounded by Feng Feiyun, a bunch of old teachers from the Spirit Treasure Tower saved him and fed him Spirit Pills, allowing him to regain his basic functions within two days. Today, he was praised by everyone so he had a radiant glow with a hint of pride. The shadow of defeat due to the hands of Feng Feiyun several days ago was instantly swept away.

Chapter 204: Heavens Emergence Cemetery

“Brother Ji Feng, I heard that the Death Spirit Children in your Ji Clan are all heaven-defying geniuses. All of them have an extraordinary cultivation, right?” A little sister wearing a white daoist robe stared at Ji Feng and asked with a soft and delicate voice.

“Of course, our Ji Clan has four Death Spirit Children, I am one of them.” Ji Feng calmly and leisurely responded.

His answer caused a group of apprentices to scream. After all, the Ji Clan was a top tier clan in the Grand Southern Prefecture. Being a Death Spirit Child meant that the person had a chance to become the heir of the clan in the future.

“Click click!” At this time, Feng Feiyun and Murong Ta arrived at the 17th floor and were noticed by the ten apprentices who were pointing at them.

Ji Feng’s expression immediately darkened after seeing Feng Feiyun. If it wasn’t for the fighting restriction within the Spirit Treasure Tower, then he would have already attacked Feng Feiyun.

He was not convinced of his defeat back at the Exhibition Tower.

“They are also disciples who managed to make it through the first examination, I wonder how good their talents are?”

“They are here for a spiritual test as well. Don’t tell me it is that monster with nine times the spiritual sense of an ordinary person?” All of these apprentices were wearing white daoist robes and were very young. The boys were handsome and the girls were pretty. All of them came from prestigious clans.

However, they were not like those maniacal cultivators who always went to the Exhibition Tower to fight and kill. They normally stopped by the Spirit Treasure Tower and focused on formations while honing their spiritual sense. Not until they became first rank Treasure Seeking Masters would they finish their training and travel around the world.

Because of this, their knowledge of the outside world was also outdated; they didn’t know that Feng Feiyun was the son of the demon and that their adored Ji Feng had lost to Feng Feiyun two days prior.

“Stand on top of the platform. Close your eyes and focus, let go of your thoughts.” An old man around the age of fifty inserted a True Mysterious Spirit Stone and a white barrier instantly wrapped around Feng Feiyun.

Feng Feiyun felt as if he was immersed in water with a sense of warmth.

All eyes were on the platform since everyone wanted to know how strong Feng Feiyun’s spiritual sense was.

Ji Feng’s eyes narrowed as he gazed intensely at the white light that wrapped around Feng Feiyun. He was thinking that although Feng Feiyun had the Eight Arts Volume, he would not be able to cultivate his spiritual sense to a strong level in such a short period of time. Feng Feiyun would definitely not be able to compare with him.

Ji Feng suddenly felt a chill from behind him and quickly turned around. He only saw a slender young man watching him — Murong Ta.

Murong Ta gently smiled at him then withdrew his gaze to look at the examination platform instead.

Ji Feng naturally had seen Murong Ta before. He knew that this person might be a natural born spiritualist, but he didn’t believe it. In the end, a spiritualist was too rare, and one wouldn’t be found even in a century.

His sister, Ji Cangyue was a natural born spiritualist, so if this Murong Ta was also a spiritualist, then this so-called spiritualist would be way too common.

“For-Forty-two times the spiritual sense of an ordinary man!” The old man rubbed his eyes with trembling lips as he read the score.

Wow!

The entire 17th floor exploded. A young man who was barely older than ten actually had forty-two times the spiritual sense of an ordinary person. This was way too much and was even comparable to a second rank Treasure Seeking Master.

If his formations and visions could reach the level of a second rank Treasure Seeking Master, then he would instantly obtain the iron order.

With such an order, he would then be an esteemed guest no matter where he went. No matter which sect he goes to, his status would be even higher than an elder of the Heaven's Mandate realm.

After all, Treasure Seeking Masters were too rare. If a clan had one master, then they wouldn't have to worry about cultivation resources. The most frustrating thing for clan masters in the cultivation world was cultivation resources.

Others with talents for treasure-seeking would need thirty to forty years to reach Feng Feiyun's current spiritual sense level. However, these people would eventually only stop at the first rank Treasure Seeking Master level.

Ji Feng's expression sank. He snorted before turning around to leave.

Feng Feiyun watched Ji Feng leave and slowly stepped down from the platform with a smirk on his face. 'This is true talent, you can't be unconvinced any longer ah!'

The old examiner was quite shaken. He had cultivated for more than eighty years and his spiritual sense had only just reached ninety times the ordinary amount, allowing him to become a third rank Treasure Seeking Master. How old was this young man to have a spiritual sense comparable to a second rank master? This young man's future was unfathomable ah!

The younger generation will indeed surpass us in time!

"Motherf*cker, a spiritual sense sixty-five times greater than an ordinary person!" This old man could no longer hold back and had to curse. He nearly smashed the entire examination platform with a slap.

This was Murong Ta's spiritual sense level, and the crowd was frightened once again.

Even though the teachers of the tower had already heard about the incoming three geniuses and were mentally prepared, this result still caused them to become drenched in cold sweat.

Sh*t! This talent was too hurtful towards others.

If Ji Feng's talents were considered extremely gifted and caused the teachers to be very happy, then Feng Feiyun's and Murong Ta's talents disheartened even the teachers, let alone the apprentices. At this time, everyone became dejected and were unable to say a single word.

A twenty-fold spiritual sense was a requirement to become a first rank master; forty-fold was the requirement to become a second rank; eighty-fold was the requirement to become a third rank... It was a multiplicative requirement, so the higher one went, the greater the difficulty.

Feng Feiyun did not find it strange at all. He was already ninety percent certain that Murong Ta was a natural born spiritualist. To a spiritualist, sixty-five times was nothing. Very quickly, a few old geezers heard the news and quickly rushed here, wanting to take Feng Feiyun and Murong Ta as disciples.

All of these old geezers were several hundred years old. Their clothing seemed to have not been changed for dozens of years. Surely they had only left their isolated cultivation for the first time in many decades.

All of them had an extremely high status. Even a few teachers of the tower had to call them "teacher." Feng Feiyun and Murong Ta were almost torn to pieces by them.

An old man came and respectfully bowed his head before telling these old geezers: "Martial Uncles, the tower lord wants to meet Feng Feiyun and Murong Ta."

"Damn, so cruel. Does the tower lord want a piece as well?" An old man with hair like a chicken nest shouted.

"F*ck it, I'll go settle it even if it costs my life." Another old man with a dark complexion took out a knife from his chest as if he wanted to murder the tower lord.

The old messenger wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead and slowly explained: "Dear Uncles, the tower lord said that there was some new information. An Immemorial Ice Palace flew out from a Heaven's Emergence Cemetery in the Trinity County of the Grand Southern Prefecture. It hovered in the sky for nine days without falling and has at least 80,000 years worth of history. A thousand mile radius around this ice palace has been frozen completely. Its cold energy caused snow to fall in August. Among this chaotic snow, you can hear supreme immortal hymns emanating; these hymns have gone on for more than nine days now, attracting more than six million souls. A sacred treasure might be coming out... Ahh... Wait... Uncles... guys... guys, don't leave so quickly!"

Before this old messenger could finish his sentence, the old geezers that had lived for centuries all stormed out of the tower and went towards the Trinity County.

The Heaven's Emergence Cemetery was one of the eight ancient ruins in the Godly Jin Dynasty. That place was desolate without any green vegetation in a three thousand mile radius; one could only find black grass covering everything.

But now, an ice palace flew out of this cemetery, causing the old geezers to immediately rush there as soon as possible. Nothing was more tempting than this for powerful Treasure Seeking Masters.

After seeing these old geezers leave, the old messenger finally heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he took a deep look at Feng Feiyun and said: "You two, follow me. The Tower Lord has been waiting for a while."

Feng Feiyun was already mentally prepared for when his identity as the son of the demon would be exposed. He knew that the upper echelons of the Wanxiang Pagoda would come to find him, but he didn't expect that the person would be at the level of a tower lord.

He then hurriedly channeled his dantian and used spirit energy to cover the Evil Woman's Corpse Palace and hid it further inside.

A tower lord's cultivation was no joke, not to mention that the person was also a powerful Treasure Seeking Master. Both their vision and spiritual sense must have reached a terrifying level. It would be big trouble if the lord found out about the Corpse Palace inside Feng Feiyun's dantian.

Chapter 205: Spirit Treasure Tower Lord

Walking inside a mountain through flights of stairs made from old hard rocks... They had walked for a very long time and traversed countless steps. Eventually, the old guide stopped.

"Tower Lord, they are here." The old man bowed and said.

"Yes, you may go now!" From within came an old woman's voice.

The Tower Lord was a woman, and judging from her voice, her age must not be young.

Entering an empty stone room with walls laden with a faint golden light, one would see a one meter wide True Mysterious Spirit Stone in the middle of the room.

Surely this would be the biggest True Mysterious Spirit Stone anyone would ever see. It emitted a faint white light that caused the entire room to become covered with a layer of silver sparkles.

Feng Feiyun took one step forward and the light on the ground rippled into many waves. When he used his Heavenly Phoenix Gaze, he found that within these ripples were countless formation runes interweaved together.

If anyone dared to trespass, then even a Heaven's Mandate cultivator would be suppressed by this mighty formation, resulting in death.

Feng Feiyun became even more careful and hid the Evil Woman's Corpse Palace deeper within his dantian.

"You are the son of the demon?" The Tower Lord sat right below the hanging Spirit Stone with her back to the entrance.

She wore beautiful and extravagant clothing. Her golden silk gown reached to the ground while she sat in a meditative pose on top of a jade chair. It was as if she was researching an ancient manual.

Although her voice was old and coarse, her long hair was still black and carefully groomed; it was even adorned with an ebony hairpin. From just looking at her back, one would think that this was a golden lady only around the age of twenty — someone with an alluring beauty.

While being hundreds of meters apart, Feng Feiyun still managed to sense a powerful divine intent hovering around his body. This Tower Lord had the cultivation of a Giant!

The intensity of her divine intent alone allowed Feng Feiyun to guess her cultivation. An expert of this level was not someone the current him could oppose. Even escaping would be impossible.

In contrast, Murong Ta, who was standing next to him, didn't have any reaction. He only curiously gauged the sitting Tower Lord then whispered to Feng Feiyun: "Son of the demon... Is she talking about you?"

"Yes." Feng Feiyun slightly nodded his head as a response to both the Tower Lord and Murong Ta.

The Spirit Treasure Tower Lord who was reading an ancient book suddenly stopped and asked: "What is your purpose for coming to the Wanxiang Pagoda? Did the Evil Woman send you here?"

Although these words had the same level of cadence as before, the atmosphere suddenly became tense as if it had now hardened in contrast to the previously soft air. It was as if time and space itself were frozen, causing Feng Feiyun to be unable to even breathe. His body became heavy as if there was a mountain pressing down on him.

His bones became tense and he knew that the opponent was suppressing him with her pressure. The moment he answered even half a word incorrectly, this power would break him into pieces instantly.

"Respectful Tower... Lord, although I am the son of the demon, this name was forced upon me by others... Moreover, I don't have any relations to the Evil Woman, and I had also nearly died several times in her hands. Because of this, I ran all the way to the Wanxiang Pagoda to hide from her." Feng Feiyun struggled to speak; none of his words were lies.

A character of the Tower Lord's level had a spiritual sense thousands of times greater than an ordinary person. If someone dared to lie in front of her, then her spiritual sense would be able to detect it immediately.

This was the frightening property of Treasure Seeking Masters. Unless their spiritual senses were even, no one would be able to fool her.

Although Feng Feiyun's soul was powerful, because of his cultivation, his spiritual sense was far from being her match.

"Nonsense! If you are not her messenger, then why did you help revive her?" The Tower Lord exerted her pressure once more. Just a sentence carried boundless power; it was enough to cause a peak God Base to lay flat down on the ground.

Although she didn't sense that Feng Feiyun was lying, she knew a lot of information. It was enough to determine that Feng Feiyun was indeed the Evil Woman's lackey and that the two of them had a special relationship.

Feng Feiyun's entire body trembled. He was already wounded before, and now that he got attacked by this force, it caused his nearly-recovered wounds to worsen.

Nevertheless, Feng Feiyun still clenched his teeth and stood proudly. He essentially did not yield under this pressure. This woman was too unreasonable.

Murong Ta noticed Feng Feiyun's strange expression and how he was trembling. He then understood that, at this time, Feng Feiyun didn't even have the power to talk. He also knew that the Tower Lord was secretly maneuvering against Feng Feiyun.

"Tower Lord, please show mercy and spare his life. I believe that he is not lying to you!" Murong Ta quickly prostrated on the ground and begged the Tower Lord.

"Hmph! Scram!" The Tower Lord swung her sleeve and directly sent Murong Ta into the stone wall.

Murong Ta was already suffering from blood loss and his body had not yet completely recovered. After being struck by the Tower Lord, his back almost snapped and his innards began to churn, causing him to spew out blood.

With his slender and feeble body and one knee on the ground, he used his hands to prop himself up while trembling in fear.

“The Evil Woman is ruthless; countless innocent people had died at her hands. All of this was because of Feng Feiyun. Everyone knows that you are the one who revived her, yet you still dare to say that you have no relations with her?” Although the Tower Lord had lived for more than four hundred years, she still despised evil. She then continued on: “Murong Ta, you are a natural born spiritualist. I want to take you in as my disciple, but if you dare to intercede for Feng Feiyun again, you will just be asking for trouble.”

Feng Feiyun was still under great pressure and couldn't move at all. He only felt that this old grandma before him was too unreasonable. Dying today in her hands would be such injustice!

“I thank you for your grace, but I cannot stop myself from speaking on behalf of Feng Feiyun. Although I had only been around him for several days, I trust that he is someone who has the courage to accept the consequences of his actions and will not trick Tower Lord.” Murong Ta gasped for air while speaking.

His tone was slightly pinched when he said the words “courage to accept the consequences of his actions,” causing Feng Feiyun to feel quite strange. He thought that there was something odd about Murong Ta's tone.

Murong Ta then dragged his wounded body towards Feng Feiyun while leaving bloody footprints on the floor.

“Bam!” He once again stubbornly prostrated on the ground with a determined gaze fixated on the Tower Lord. He respectfully bowed with his forehead and slammed it onto the ground, creating a loud bang, then a second one, “bang!”...

His forehead was bloodied, causing blood to stain the ground, but he kept on bowing while speaking: “Please give him a chance to explain!”

“Bam!”

“Please give him a chance to explain!”

“Bam!”

“Please give him a chance to explain!”

At this time, the Tower Lord became silent. Although her finger was gently placed on a page, she didn't turn it to the next. Despite despising evil the most and having a strong personality, in the end, she was still human, and a woman at that.

Women could not escape from being sentimental and emotional.

“A beauty is hard to find in this world, but a close friend is even harder to obtain.” The Tower Lord gently sighed. Her voice sounded even older as if she was recalling a time when she was younger. Maybe she was recalling a time when she was stubborn and persistent just like Murong Ta right now.

In the end, nothing came of it. Despite this realization, the sentiments were still enough. It was still better than never having these feelings and never trying with such persistence.

Murong Ta’s persistence had moved her!

How could Feng Feiyun not be moved as well? ‘I owe him again!’

If it wasn’t for Murong Ta’s painful beseeching, Feng Feiyun was prepared to release the Evil Woman’s Corpse Palace to risk it all against the Tower Lord. Even if he were to die, he would make her pay a great price. Of course, this was going to be the very last desperate strategy; he wouldn’t resort to this unless there was no other choice.

Feng Feiyun suddenly felt the pressure disappear. As he regained control of his body, he quickly helped Murong Ta up.

At this moment, Murong Ta finally smiled and passed out in Feng Feiyun’s arms.

“Speak! Why did you enter the Wanxiang Pagoda?” The Tower Lord emotionlessly spoke.

Feng Feiyun took out a Treasure Seeking Iron Order from his chest pocket. This order was handed to him by Zuo Qianshou; Zuo Qianshou told him that he could definitely enter the Wanxiang Pagoda with it.

At that time, Zuo Qianshou had already gone to the capital, so this order was first handed over to the Third Boss, then to Feng Feiyun.

Zuo Qianshou was a ninth rank Treasure Seeking Master with unparalleled formation skills. If he said that this iron order would allow entry into the pagoda, then it must be so. It also meant that Zuo Qianshou must have been an important character from the pagoda and that he might also still have some old badass friends in the pagoda.

Ninth rank Treasure Seeking Masters were quite rare. There would not be more than ten across the entire dynasty. If Zuo Qianshou was from the pagoda, then he must have had a very influential position. He might even be a close friend of this Tower Lord.

“To tell you the truth, I am here under my master’s orders. I have something for Tower Lord to see.” Feng Feiyun intended to pose as Zuo Qianshou’s disciple.

Chapter 206: Refining The Body With A Spirit Pill

On the iron order were nine spirit stones to show that the owner was a ninth rank Treasure Seeking Master; there were very few across the entire Godly Jin Dynasty.

Zuo Qianshou’s name was carved on the back using the divine intent of the owner, so no one could create a fake order to steal his identity.

The Tower Lord took the iron order and became a bit startled after seeing the name on the back. She suddenly stood up and asked: “He is your master? Where is he now?”

Her voice was still old and coarse as before, but it now carried a sentimental tone!

The moment she turned around, Feng Feiyun became a bit surprised. She bore no resemblance to a several hundred year old woman. Instead, she was as beautiful as a young lady at the tender age of twenty.

Elegant and noble, delicate with white skin like a baby. She was nothing like a woman beyond the age of thirty, especially with the noble temperament exuding from her body. She was even more dignified than princesses and imperial concubines of countries.

This was the Spirit Treasure Tower Lord.

While being slightly stunned, Feng Feiyun secretly cursed: 'This grandma took really good care of herself. It seems that she has eaten quite a few spirit pills in order to look like a lady despite living for several hundred years.'

"My respected master has left for the capital to meet an old acquaintance." Feng Feiyun felt a surge in her emotions and clearly understood that the Tower Lord had a special relationship with Zuo Qianshou.

The Tower Lord gripped the iron order tightly in her hand. While gazing towards the north, she murmured: "Two hundred years, gone for two hundred years... And now you send a student to meet me... Is this the result of two hundred years of waiting? Haha..."

She was quite emotional; sometimes she murmured, sometimes she laughed, and sometimes she became sad while lost in her memories. It was as if she was undergoing all the human emotions.

Feng Feiyun only stood silently to the side. The Tower Lord's temper was too odd. Only god knows what she would do later, so being quiet right now was the best approach.

"He went to the capital to meet Ji Lingxuan, right?" The Tower Lord then lightly asked.

Ji Lingxuan was one of the four grand concubines of the current Jin Dynasty and also Ji Cangyue's aunt. In addition, she was the woman who caused Zuo Qianshou to lose his right hand.

"This... I'm not too clear on this." Feng Feiyun told the truth since he hadn't heard of Ji Lingxuan's name before.

"Hmph! Men always make the same mistakes over and over again." The Tower Lord's emotions calmed down as she stood there proudly in a serious manner.

"Ah..." Feng Feiyun really wanted to say that women made the same mistakes and even more frequently than men, but at this time, he didn't dare to oppose her. If these words came out, then even if he didn't get killed, he would still lose some skin.

"It seems that he is certain of his death on this trip to the capital, so he gave you the iron order to come here. No wonder why you have such exceedingly high talents for treasure-seeking. So you are his disciple." The Tower Lord said to herself.

"I still require a lot of guidance from Tower Lord before becoming a powerful Treasure Seeking Master. My master said that you were his good friend and that you would not decline his will." Feng Feiyun noticed that the relationship between the two of them was quite deep, which is why he said this.

“Hmph, good friend?” The Tower Lord coldly laughed. Her voice was no longer old, it actually sounded quite young.

Treasure Seeking Masters had many strange arts that could not only change one’s voice, but also one’s appearance and figure.

Unless one’s spiritual sense exceeded this person, one wouldn’t be able to see through their disguise.

“Since you are his disciple, it is not strange for your spiritual sense to be forty-two times the ordinary amount. Your formation skills must also not be poor, right?”

“Not really...”

The Tower Lord tied up her hair and stood on a jade stone. Then, she pointed her finger at the space in front of her. A halo appeared; at first, it was only the size of a ring, but then it grew to the size of a bracelet. Finally, it became a round formation that flew towards Feng Feiyun.

This was a second rank trapping formation. Inside were eighty-four ancient runic formations, and this entire formation flew straight at him like an iron cage.

Feng Feiyun then waved both of his hands in the air in a circular motion. Countless lights condensed together to form a formation. On it was also eighty-four runic formations.

“Hiss!”

The two second rank formations slammed into each other, but it didn’t create a deafening blast like one would think. They simply devoured and canceled each other out, eventually turning into two green puffs of smoke that dissipated in the air.

A glimmer of approval appeared in the Tower Lord’s eyes. To be able to carve out a second rank formation so quickly and control it with such finesse... This formation mastery was already comparable to a fourth rank Treasure Seeking Master.

By having such extraordinary accomplishments at this young of an age, he was worthy of being Zuo Qianshou’s disciple.

“Your formation control is not bad, but if you want to carve a third rank formation, you need to at least be at the first level of Heaven’s Mandate. The first thing you have to do now is increase your cultivation.” After finding out that Feng Feiyun was Zuo Qianshou’s disciple, her attitude drastically changed.

“Thank you for your guidance!” Feng Feiyun clasped his hands together and said.

“I didn’t teach you anything, and I won’t teach you about cultivation either. Everything will be up to you and you alone.” The Tower Lord then reached out into the air with her finger. A door suddenly opened by the jade wall to the side, and a light shot out from inside before falling into her hand.

A pill as big as a longan fruit floated above her palm; it was covered in a red light while emitting a faint medicinal scent. One could see the pill’s energy flying on the surface, taking on the shape of a dragon.

Feng Feiyun felt his body easing up from just smelling this aroma, causing him to be full of vitality. Even the wounds on his body became a lot better.

“Eat this spirit pill and your injuries might be completely cured within two days.” The Tower Lord gently waved her palm and the pill of an unknown rank suddenly flew before Feng Feiyun, floating there in the air.

The light flashed with circulating brilliance like a spirit jewel.

After eating this spirit pill, Feng Feiyun’s entire body became encompassed with spirit and medicinal energies. It was as if he had been engulfed by a medicinal pond. Endless amounts of medicinal power rushed into his veins and blood.

The effect was much stronger than what Feng Feiyun had imagined; it almost crushed his veins. This painful feeling was as if he had eaten poison as it churned in his stomach. But very quickly, the next medicinal wave repaired his broken veins, allowing them to become even stronger with more spirit.

This process of breaking then repairing repeated itself all around his body thirty-six consecutive times.

The golden blood within his body became more refined and contained a stronger spirit. Its flow became twice as fast and his Eternal Phoenix Physique took a step forward.

After thirty-six circulations, not only did the purity of his blood improve, the God Base inside his dantian became thirty percent bigger as well. His spirit energy also rose by a similar amount. With Feng Feiyun’s current cultivation speed, he would have needed another three months to reach his present level.

Feng Feiyun had already taken a two thousand year old lingzhi root and the medicinal effects inside his body were still there, hiding in his blood and bone marrow. Now, after eating this unknown pill, the stagnant lingzhi’s power was stimulated once more.

His blood tumbled like boiling water. The power of the lingzhi root turned into spirit energy as it circulated to his dantian.

The God Base in his dantian also quickly spun around as it devoured these medicinal effects. The God Base was originally only the size of a thumb, but now it kept on growing as its light became even brighter.

Feng Feiyun had immersed himself in cultivation and entered a state of enlightenment. He wanted to use this opportunity to reach peak God Base.

An unknown amount of time passed by.

Murong Ta slowly woke up and opened his eyes. The first thing he saw was the figure of the Tower Lord while Feng Feiyun, at this time, was sitting in a meditative pose with his eyes closed. There was also a bright formation hovering above his head for protection.

Feng Feiyun’s aura became stronger and stronger. His body was covered with oscillating lights as boundless spirit energies rushed into each of his pores.

“Are you awake?” The Tower Lord was still staring at Feng Feiyun with her back turned towards Murong Ta. However, these words were naturally aimed at Murong Ta.

Murong Ta slowly got up from the ground and whispered: "Tower Lord..."

"Who the hell are you?" The Tower Lord slowly turned around with a pair of eyes fixated on Murong Ta, a gaze seemingly capable of seeing through all voices in this world.

Murong Ta felt as if he was completely transparent before the Tower Lord. He couldn't hide anything, so he only bowed his head without saying a word.

The Tower Lord only snorted, but it shook Murong Ta's eardrums and almost rendered him unconscious.

Chapter 207: Peak God Base

Feng Feiyun's body was as bright as the moon on a river's surface. He sat cross-legged over there while emitting a transcendent aura. At this time, he gave off the feeling of a deep and unfathomable sea.

However, the inside of his body was not as calm as this. His blood was churning as the God Base inside his dantian burned like a sun. Mist escaped from his pores, creating a strange sensation as if he was a moon hiding behind the mist — mysterious yet illuminating.

A countless amount of mist-like spirit energy gathered at his dantian just like how all the rivers eventually join together at a vast sea. Then, this energy poured into his God Base. A bit of it even went inside the small yet exquisite Corpse Palace.

"Rumble!" The four entrances to the Corpse Palace opened. An ancient and vast aura rolled out from within as if the entrance was jaws of four primordial devils. Wisps of spirit energy rushed and disappeared into the palace entrances like pebbles being thrown into an endless ocean.

A grand heavenly yin dao came out from the Corpse Palace. It was both mysterious and dark, creating a fascinating scene.

Feng Feiyun couldn't stop his curiosity; he wanted to enter the palace to find out what was inside. He felt that something very important was hidden inside and that it was not just a simple Corpse Palace of the Evil Woman.

However, he couldn't form a divine intent. Every time, he was always a single step away. After condensing half of a divine intent, it would fail and cause his soul to quiver.

As long as one could form the first divine intent, then they would be at peak God Base. However, he was always lacking when it came to this final step. This meant that he couldn't use his divine intent to search the Corpse Palace.

A blinding and unstoppable glow came out from one of the entrances. This glow contained an immortal aura along with the heavenly yin dao as if a god from the immortal world was singing.

It was as if one would reach a new vast world just by stepping inside this Corpse Palace.

After hearing this sound, a faint sensation appeared at first, but it also felt very real as if his body was already inside.

“I must form a divine intent to enter this Corpse Palace to make things clear.” Feng Feiyun felt that there was an unknown existence in the Corpse Palace, almost like a divine corpse opening its eyes — that contained endless rivers — and leading his mind inside.

He tried to condense a divine intent once more. After each attempt failed, he could feel his soul being damaged, but he couldn’t give up. Instead, he became even more determined.

Murong Ta and the Tower Lord watched Feng Feiyun intensely and found this gorgeous light shooting out from his body like a celestial light escaping from the immortal world, causing them to be quite confused.

The light that flashed out of his body seemed to have transformed into a piece of spirit stone that was full of wonder.

“Strange, a third rank Dragon Tendrils Pill... Although it can stimulate and increase the spirit energy in his body, it shouldn’t be able to create such a pure spirit river. There surely has to be a great treasure in his body...” The Tower Lord’s eyes shot out two beams; she wanted to see through Feng Feiyun’s dantian, but it was reflected by a blinding light and almost caused her eyes to be injured.

Murong Ta also had a puzzled glimmer in his eyes, but he didn’t dare to look at Feng Feiyun’s dantian like the Tower Lord. Even the Tower Lord was almost wounded, so there was no need to talk about himself.

“Young miss, what is your relationship with Feng Feiyun?” The Tower Lord had seen through Murong Ta and knew that she was not a real man. She only used a secret technique to change her body shape along with many hidden methods to have her current appearance.

Although Feng Feiyun cultivated the Heavenly Phoenix Gaze, Murong Ta was a natural born spiritualist and practiced secret techniques from the “Spirit Treasure Volume” of the Grave Palace Record, so even the Tower Lord was almost fooled by her. Moreover, Feng Feiyun’s Heavenly Phoenix Gaze was only at the elementary level.

A so-called spiritualist had supreme aptitudes and was a dragon among men with spirit bones in their bodies and blood with great consciousness. Moreover, they also had treasure pupils and five perceptive senses.

This type of person was sure to be fated with the heavenly path, and very few people could see through them. Although Feng Feiyun had a keen eyesight, spiritualists could escape his gaze unless he had reached a very high level with it.

“Are you cultivating the Deceive Heaven Method from the Spirit Treasure Volume?” The Tower Lord’s expression sank as she spoke: “Are you a woman from the Ji Clan?”

She was aware that the Spirit Treasure Volume was in the hands of the Ji Clan.

Murong Ta’s aura suddenly became sharp like an unsheathed blade. Her eyes became cold and an unparalleled sword technique condensed at the tip of her fingers. She would dare to fight even the Spirit Treasure Tower Lord.

“Hmph! Junior, even if Ji Lingxuan was here, I still wouldn’t be afraid of her, let alone you!” The Tower Lord spoke with her flawless attire while not putting Murong Ta in her eyes.

Ji Lingxuan was one of the four grand Divine Consorts. Moreover, she also had the Jin Emperor as her backing, yet the Tower Lord still didn’t care for her. Since the Tower Lord was saying such strong words, it was clear that she was not just posturing.

“You know my aunt?” In the end, Murong Ta still had to admit her identity. However, she didn’t take off her disguise and maintained a cold yet cautious attitude towards the Tower Lord.

“I not only know her, I have fought against her no less than ten times.” The Tower Lord spoke.

Not too many people in this world would dare to fight against a Divine Consort. Murong Ta’s mind was very perceptive and she quickly thought about someone. So this Tower Lord must be that person...?

Murong Ta gazed at the Tower Lord carefully and reaffirmed her speculation.

“Feng Feiyun and I had one passionate night together. After that night, he simply left. I painfully followed him just to stay by his side without any other desires.” Murong Ta’s words were only half true. Other people would definitely not be able to deceive the Tower Lord, but she was a natural born spiritualist so even the Tower Lord couldn’t completely see through her.

The Tower Lord was slightly stunned and then shouted right after: “Foolish.”

“He already has someone else in his heart. I know that I am only an outlet for his lust, but I have no regrets.” Murong Ta’s voice became a woman’s voice.

This was indeed Ji Cangyue’s voice; it was as beautiful as the chirping of a sparrow and as clear as a spring.

“Shameless.” The Tower Lord had been tricked by Ji Cangyue. The Tower Lord became slightly angry as she said: “Like master, like disciple. Zuo Qianshou really taught such a good disciple ah!”

“I only wish to quietly stay by his side and do things for him. Please fulfill my wish and do not tell him about this matter.” Murong Ta bowed down with her face nearly touching the ground, but there was only deep hatred in her eyes and a very potent grievance in her heart. ‘Feng Feiyun, just straight up killing you is too much of a favor. You ruined my body so I will make you pay with your emotions until you suffer a fate worse than death, until you are completely heartbroken. Only then can I satiate this hatred.’

The most painful thing in this world was not physical pain, but a tortured soul.

Ji Cangyue believed that there would be a day when Feng Feiyun would suffer such torture. Just thinking about Feng Feiyun’s terrible fate caused her to feel especially excited. The pleasure of revenge while feeling her own pain formed a sharp contrast.

One shouldn’t be afraid of an unsightly woman, just be wary of one with a vicious heart.

“Boom!” Another light rushed out from Feng Feiyun’s body and cleansed the surrounding space. Above his head was a halo the size of a fist; it slowly condensed into the form of a human.

This meant that a divine intent was taking shape; he was near success.

The Tower Lord's hand deployed another formation to protect Feng Feiyun's head. She knew very well that he was about to break through to peak God Base, so he couldn't be disturbed even by a little bit at this moment.

The divine intent was the first pillar of a cultivator. Only when one created a divine intent would they be able to take the first step on the path to the heavenly dao.

When the light above his head completely turned into the form of a human, it immediately wanted to soar into the sky and leave.

"Come back!" Feng Feiyun's soul roared and called for the fledgling divine intent to come back to his mind.

The first divine intent was successfully created and he had formally entered peak God Base.

"Such a fast cultivation speed!" Murong Ta gazed intensely at Feng Feiyun. He had only broken through intermediate God Base recently, yet he has now stepped into peak God Base. This talent was unheard of.

She began to hesitate and felt that Feng Feiyun was even more unfathomable than what she imagined. He might even be outside of her control.

If she continued to let Feng Feiyun grow, then maybe not too long from now, he would be able to see through her disguise.

Once that happened, the person with a fate worse than death would be her instead!

"Swoosh!" Feng Feiyun suddenly opened his eyes that had two flames burning within like two flying immortal birds. The lucidity of this pair of eyes was truly frightening. It was as if a primordial demon was looking into the future and coincidentally had its gaze set on Murong Ta's body.

Ji Cangyue slightly shuddered and felt that Feng Feiyun's eyes were giving birth to a power capable of seeing through time and space. It was as if she herself had been seen through by him.

Her heart started to beat faster and she became nervous to the extreme. Her hand, once again, took on the gesture of a sword technique and if necessary, she would strike first to gain the upper hand.

Chapter 208: Another Evil Woman?

His pupils were like two burning comets. The cries of a phoenix could be heard from a crimson divine bird that was reincarnating with its flames before finally soaring to the nine heavens.

Are these still a pair of human eyes?

The Heavenly Phoenix Gaze had reached its next step, the Profound Level!

Of course, this was far from the apex of the Heavenly Phoenix Gaze.

Although Ji Cangyue still had the appearance of Murong Ta — pale and unshaven with linen robes, her body had now become tense like a readied bow. Feng Feiyun's eyes intensely gazed at her, causing her

to be nervous. If it wasn't for the Tower Lord standing right there, she would have already taken the initiative.

Feng Feiyun's eyes quickly closed and the endless flames disappeared. He then silently sat there in a meditative pose like an eternal statue guarding a palace.

"So he was only cultivating a profound vision." Ji Cangyue heaved a sigh of relief. Unless it was the worst case scenario, she wouldn't directly kill Feng Feiyun.

After all, it was easier to kill someone than to torture them.

When Feng Feiyun forcefully threw her into the river, she was humiliated and tortured and wasn't able to fight back. Even the heavens didn't answer her cries for help. When Feng Feiyun tore off her clothes and ruthlessly tainted her, this was not simply tearing her hymen, it also slashed a gap in her heart.

At that time, she not only bled from between her legs but from her heart as well.

This was why Feng Feiyun must pay for what he had done. This must be paid back tenfold, no, a hundredfold!

Each time she recalled the river scene under the moonlight, it felt like a nightmare that continued to haunt her, not allowing her to stay calm. In her mind, Feng Feiyun was an apparition that drove her crazy, forcing her to fantasize about eating Feng Feiyun and swallowing his flesh bite after bite to drive away her hatred.

At this minute, Feng Feiyun was lost in a world within his body. After successfully cultivating the first divine intent, it was as if he had another pair of eyes. This divine intent could see everything outside as well as inside his body.

This condensed divine intent was exactly like Feng Feiyun except countless times smaller, like the so-called Nascent Soul in the writings of the daoists.

However, there was also a difference; a divine intent could form as well as dissipate, but the Nascent Soul of a daoist couldn't dissipate.

The recently formed divine intent swept through his body and finally entered his dantian where it observed the skeletal palace from afar. This was the Evil Woman's Corpse Palace. Erected by countless bones, it carried a dense and vast corpse energy that was full of evil.

This evil presence penetrated deep into one's soul, but when one looked beyond the palace's entrance, they would be able to see an immortal river. It was as if there were infinite auspicious lights along with lush vegetation inside the palace.

And it was because of this auspicious presence, that subdued the evil energy of the Corpse Palace, that prevented Feng Feiyun's dantian from exploding. After all, his dantian couldn't accept the vast evil energy from the Corpse Palace.

"Just what is inside?" Feng Feiyun was very curious. His divine intent directly flew into one of the entrances.

A frightening power then rushed right into his face; this was a terrifying force capable of making a coward run away in fear.

Feng Feiyun, however, was unperturbed. After all, this was a divine intent so in the worst case scenario, he would only lose a divine intent and get sent back to intermediate God Base. There was no real risk of death, so what was there to be afraid of?

Entering the entrance was almost like entering another world.

At this very moment, the Evil Woman standing 170,000 miles away also felt a sensation. Her brows furrowed and she suddenly disappeared on the spot before showing up on top of a peak that was surrounded by strange stones everywhere.

With her supreme figure akin to a delicate lotus, she stared towards the Wanxiang Pagoda in the far distance. The boundless murderous intent coming from her body made her seem like an evil sword pointing straight at the nine firmaments.

This was a world full of the unknown. Entering it was the same as entering an immortal and ethereal world with dense and pure spirit energy. Just by standing here, one would feel spirit energy flowing into their body.

“A person!” In the midst of this ethereal scene, Feng Feiyun noticed a figure lying in a stone coffin that was hanging from the sky. This was a corpse, but it was emitting a sacred white light just like a sleeping goddess.

Why was there a female corpse inside the Evil Woman’s Corpse Palace?

This was quite unexpected and went beyond common sense. No one would be able to accept this.

Moreover, the immortal river came from this female corpse’s body. It was truly bizarre to the extreme.

Feng Feiyun was immediately moved by her aura. Step by step, he went closer, but the atmosphere suddenly tensed up. It was as if a cold breeze flew over his spine, accompanied with a gaze that glared at him.

He didn’t even dare to breathe at this moment. Feng Feiyun slowly lifted his head only to see that the female corpse that was initially lying in the stone coffin suddenly sat up. Yes, she was sitting on the edge with her slender jade-like legs swaying in the air without a single piece of cloth on her body. Despite this, she still carried a sacred and immortal aura, making others unable to harbor impure thoughts.

“Xiao Nuolan!” Feng Feiyun thought of himself as a calm person, but after seeing this female corpse, he screamed and nearly jumped up.

This female corpse was clearly Xiao Nuolan. It wasn’t just them having similar appearances, she had to be Xiao Nuolan herself!

The tracing seal on the body of the Evil Woman and this body was the same person, so they absolutely couldn’t be two different people with similar appearances. However, their temperaments were quite different.

One person was completely engulfed in evil energy — cruel and emotionless. A single glare from her eyes was enough to cause corpses to flood thousands of miles.

Before him was also a female corpse, but her body was full of immortal energy without any sense of evil. On the contrary, she even carried a natural and gentle essence along with a hint of playful cuteness.

“She... is laughing... The Evil Woman knows how to laugh?” Feng Feiyun couldn’t accept this scene before him. Xiao Nuolan was actually smiling at him; this smile was very friendly and intimate while her eyes were full of noble and sacred glimmers.

F*ck, is this a joke or what?

Two female corpses, two polarizing extremes. One was a devil and a mass murderer while the other was an immortal without any flaws.

The most crucial part was that this female corpse that was full of good and sacred intentions actually appeared inside the Evil Woman’s Corpse Palace. What kind of situation is this? Is this not just an illusion?

Inside the palace was another Evil Woman, no, an Immortal Woman.

“Clank clank!” Sounds of chains clanking together appeared. It was as if ghosts from hell were clawing their way up, creating a particularly harsh noise.

At this time, Feng Feiyun finally noticed that this completely naked corpse was tied with four iron chains around her arms and legs to the four corners of the stone coffin.

The iron chains were the size of an adult’s arm. They were pitch black and as cold as ice, creating a sharp contrast with the jade-like skin and slender features of the female corpse.

This was a scene that would incite evil thoughts from people. A supreme beauty without a single piece of clothing to hide her body was tied up like this as if this was a pleasure chamber. Any man would be filled with certain thoughts after seeing such a scene.

If this wasn’t the Corpse Palace of the Evil Woman, then Feng Feiyun would have already cursed all eighteen of the previous generations of the person who imprisoned Xiao Nuolan.

“Good corpse, evil corpse, one’s self; slaying the three corpses to test one’s dao. If the evil corpse comes to find you, only the Grand Change Art will be able to stop her.” She was actually able to talk. Her voice was exactly the same as the Evil Woman’s except it was full of goodness and innocence. Even her beautiful eyes were full of pureness and concern.

She was holy and dignified like a fairy who lived on the moon. She calmly sat on the stone coffin despite not wearing anything, revealing her white breasts and alluring tummy along with her cute and slender thighs... Everything was out in the open.

What is this evil corpse?

What is this good corpse?

What is one’s self?

Feng Feiyun didn't have the chance to ask her about the meaning of these words before he felt a terrifying presence that came from 100,000 miles away. It was the aura of the Evil Woman. It emanated from a distant peak as if it wanted to destroy his soul.

At this time, he couldn't do anything but forcefully recall his divine intent and leave the Corpse Palace.

"Bang, bang, bang, bang!" All four entrances of the Corpse Palace were shut and he came back to reality. That scene from earlier was like a dream and recalling it left him with a surreal sensation.

"Earlier, did I just enter the palace?" Feng Feiyun couldn't help but murmur. He still felt that earlier was only a dream and that his mind was being affected by something. It seemed that this influence gave birth to the illusion, so he saw something and someone he shouldn't have seen and that, in fact, from beginning to end, he had never entered the palace.

It was a strange feeling full of unknowns, creating a sense of indescribable dread. He felt that the Evil Woman was much more terrifying than he imagined. With his eyes closed, he felt both his heart and soul were quivering with fear.

Chapter 209: Feng Laisan

In a distant place at the Grand Southern Prefecture, the Evil Woman stood on a high peak with her cold eyes blinking towards the horizon. She reached out with her finger, and a beam of light appeared like a shooting star soaring across the sky.

On this day, many cultivators in the Grand Southern Prefecture saw this spectacle in the sky. A beam containing a world-destroying power shot through the horizon towards the northern region.

"Bang bang!"

This beam of light was accompanied by rolling thunder. It soared all the way through the Trinity County for 170,000 miles before falling on the Wanxiang Pagoda.

A vast murderous sensation descended from the sky, causing the experts from the previous generation of the pagoda to be greatly alarmed. This white beam of light caused even the sky to change its shade as it attacked the pagoda. This killing aura caused the clouds to roar and brought along cold and sharp winds.

"Where might Fellow Expert hail from?" The four old protectors of the Spirit Treasure Tower all pointed their fingers at the sky. Four spirit lights combined together to form an ancient formation like the shell of a Black Tortoise.

"Bam!"

The ancient formation was immediately pierced by the white light, and the four powerful old men were all injured at the same time as their bodies shook, spurting out blood.

They were all experts close to the Giant level, experts with comparable power to a Tower Lord, but their joint effort could not stop this white light.

"Hmph! This Evil Woman is indeed arrogant. Wanting to destroy the Spirit Treasure Tower from thousands of miles away, she really does not put us in her eyes." The Spirit Treasure Tower Lord was a

real Giant. Moreover, she was also a ninth rank Treasure Seeking Master with a vision countless times that of an ordinary man. Just a single glance could surpass 100,000 miles. She could faintly see the Evil Woman's supreme figure standing on top of the Heavenly Cloud Peak like an evil god in a painting.

Right when her eyes met the Evil Woman, the Evil Woman also coldly glared at her.

"Pluff!" The Tower Lord's eyes felt a sharp pain. She withdrew her gaze from thousands of miles away like a receding tide. Two drops of blood suddenly spilled from the corners of her eyes. She was actually wounded by the Evil Woman's glare!

The Tower Lord was extremely shaken. This Evil Woman was too terrifying. Fortunately, she had reached the Giant level. Otherwise, she would have died for sure under that glare.

A first level Heaven's Mandate cultivator could control a sword to kill someone from a thousand miles away, but the Evil Woman almost blinded the Tower Lord from 170,000 miles away.

However, the Wanxiang Pagoda was still the number one learning sacred ground in the world, and the Spirit Treasure Tower was the number one forbidden ground of the pagoda, so there were many experts hiding in the darkness to protect it. After their combined efforts, they finally managed to repel the single finger beam from the Evil Woman. Nevertheless, many old men were also gravely injured since they paid a great price.

No one knew why the Evil Woman suddenly decided to attack the Spirit Treasure Tower. Many became alarmed since the Evil Woman had dared to attack this tower. Maybe sooner or later, she will rush into the pagoda.

Feng Feiyun opened his eyes and his divine intent went back into his brain. He clearly knew that the Evil Woman had taken action earlier. Could this have something to do with him entering the Corpse Palace?

Even if everything was just an illusion, the Corpse Palace was still hiding a huge secret about the Evil Woman.

'It is best that the Evil Woman doesn't rush into the Wanxiang Pagoda.' He had such a thought in his mind.

On this day, many great characters from the pagoda all entered the Spirit Treasure Tower and had a secret meeting. Groups came and went; clearly, they were all startled by the Evil Woman.

Just one attack from 170,000 miles away was already that frightening; if she personally came, then even if the pagoda had experts as numerous as the clouds, it still wouldn't necessarily be able to stop her.

Feng Feiyun and Murong Ta were nothing before these experts, so as they walked down the stone steps, no one even bothered giving them a glance.

"Have you seen the Evil Woman before?" Murong Ta curiously asked while walking next to Feng Feiyun.

"Of course I've met her!" Feng Feiyun slightly looked at him with a strange glimmer in his eyes before staring at him more intensely. Then, he stroked his chin with an even more meticulous glance.

Murong Ta punched him in the chest and pretended to be angry: "I'm not a girl, so why are you staring at me like this?"

"Nothing, I'm just curious... Your eyebrows are a bit asymmetrical right now, why are you so nervous?" His lips curled into a smile as he suddenly put his arm around Murong Ta's thin shoulder and dragged him over before whispering into his ear: "I'll tell you a secret. Back in my Spirit State City, everyone used to say this: a person with asymmetrical eyebrows might appear to be stoic on the outside, but they are very warm on the inside... Ow! You actually hit my chest. It hurts a lot, stop, I'm only speaking the truth!" [1. The term used in this passage is 闷骚; I couldn't come up with a good equivalence in English, but it almost has the meaning of a tsundere, except it is a lot more broad and even has a positive connotation. It could be an introverted person who is full of passion and hope. "A person with asymmetrical eyebrows is a tsundere."]

"How could your place have such a saying?" Murong Ta pushed Feng Feiyun's arm away and kept on going down the stairs. He didn't bother looking back at him as if he was angry.

"Hey, why are you so petty as a man! I'm only joking around. How about this, two days later, I'll make it up to you with a flower drinking session, yeah?" Feng Feiyun chased after him and once again grabbed his shoulder without any reservation, revealing quite a free spirit. [2. Flower drinking session means going to a brothel.]

"I don't want to go to such a dirty place." Murong Ta once again pushed Feng Feiyun's arm away, but Feng Feiyun hugged him too tightly so he couldn't break apart.

It was very normal for good brothers to act so close together!

"Brother Murong, your words are quite mistaken. Without prostitutes, how could we have so many wonderful and romantic tales? A young person should enjoy his life, you are way too obstinate." Feng Feiyun pulled on Murong Ta's neck and sighed deeply.

"Hmph, unfortunately, these romantic tales all end with men betraying the hearts of women. A brothel might be a paradise for men like us, but it is hell for the spirit of women." Murong Ta's eyes became cold with a glimmer of ruthlessness.

"A dog's butcher has more affection than the unloyal scholars. We are the butchers, with friendship and loyalty, so those heartless bastards are not the same as us." [3. The first sentence has a very interesting background story. Back in the Ming Dynasty, the royal family was conceited and arrogant, including their servants. One of their favourite hobbies was to take their dogs on a stroll and have them bite/kill people for fun. One day, they met a scholar, but right before the scholar was about to be killed, a butcher showed up and killed the dog. Later, the servants brought this case to court; the servants blackmailed the scholar into betraying the butcher, and the scholar ultimately decided to betray his benefactor. However, the judge was wise and ruled against both the servants and scholar. The judge then spoke the phrase: A dog's butcher has more affection than the unloyal scholars.]

"Friendship and loyalty!" Murong Ta laughed in a sarcastic manner.

Feng Feiyun looked at him and asked: "Why is Brother Murong laughing in such an exaggerated manner?"

“Nothing, I am only remembering a bad person.” Murong Ta said.

“Bad in what way?” Feng Feiyun asked.

“When I was a kid, my mother told me about this sinful man named Feng Laisan. At three years of age, he was a beggar; at five, he was competing for food with pigs and dogs; at nine, he became a thief. After fourteen years of age, he did even more evil deeds. On a cold winter day with three feet of snow, Feng Laisan met a girl from the same village as him. She was wearing very thin and tattered clothing, and even her shoes had holes in it. She was running in the cold snow, wanting to go to town to get her sick mother some medicine. Meanwhile, Feng Laisan was rolling in the snow. He had been hungry for three days and three nights. This girl took pity on him and gave him the last of her bun so that he didn’t die from starvation.” Murong Ta was telling the story while going down the Spirit Treasure Tower. [4. Ergou = second dog; Laisan = regene third. Feng Ergou was one of Feng Feiyun’s previous aliases, and obviously this Feng Laisan is also meant to be him.]

Feng Feiyun was still hugging his shoulder while listening very carefully before suddenly interjecting: “The snow covered even the mountain, yet this girl still weathered the cold to go get medicine for her mother. This filial piety is quite commendable.”

“Of course it is quite commendable, but she met a sinful man like Feng Laisan.” Murong Ta said as he gritted his teeth.

“Surely this Feng Laisan’s sexual urge was incited after meeting this girl?” Feng Feiyun asked.

“Not just that. After eating the bun, this bastard raped the girl in the snow. Afterward, he slashed the extremely ill mother of the girl to death and took the girl in as his wife. A fellow righteous villager came to demand justice. Make a guess, what did this sinful Feng Laisan say?” Murong Ta looked straight at Feng Feiyun and asked.

“What did he say?” Feng Feiyun inquired.

“He said he was a humane person with loyalty!” Murong Ta wryly sneered and replied. [5. For this part, I believe the sinful man is saying he is loyal because he is marrying the girl, and is humane by killing the extremely sick mother to spare her from suffering further since the girl couldn’t get medicine? This part was vague for me too, but this conjecture makes sense.]

“Haha!” Feng Feiyun burst out in laughter and said: “Such a scum still considers himself a humane and loyal person. That is the funniest thing in this world.” After laughing, Feng Feiyun became serious and said: “Is Feng really his last name?”

“Definitely!” Murong Ta asserted.

“And he is called Feng Laisan?” Feng Feiyun asked again.

“That is not for certain.” Murong Ta paused for a bit and then said: “In the end, it is already not easy to remember the last name of such scum like this, let alone his full name.” Murong Ta then grunted and quickly stepped outside.

Feng Feiyun stood in the same spot while staring at Murong Ta’s back as he stroked his chin. His eyes narrowed with a smirk, carrying a deep meaning.

“Hey, wait for me!” Feng Feiyun once again rushed forward and hugged Murong Ta’s shoulder again. Because he was taller than Murong Ta, he almost pulled Murong Ta’s face into his chest.

Chapter 210: Immeasurable Tower

The Spirit Treasure Tower was among the top ranked towers in the Wanxiang Pagoda. The spirit energy here was dense and vast, three times higher than that of other places. Training here allowed for one to improve at an amazing speed. Of course, in a real secret training ground of the Wanxiang Pagoda, one’s training speed would be even more terrifying.

However, only heaven-defying geniuses on the Pagoda’s Hundreds List who had great contributions to the pagoda would have the qualifications to enter these locations for cultivation for a few days.

“First water, second fire, third wood, fourth metal, fifth earth; water plus earth equals six, fire plus earth equals seven, metal plus earth equals nine, and earth plus earth equals ten to form the heaven and earth’s five numbers.”

Feng Feiyun sat in a meditative pose behind the bamboo forest as a cool breeze blew by with fluttering bamboo leaves like little pieces of jade floating in the sky. However, they couldn’t touch his body. When these leaves were three feet away from him, an invisible barrier pushed them away.

“Earth cannot give birth to earth. There are only five and one cannot add another five, so the Grand Change’s number is fifty, and the heaven’s number also correlates to fifty...” [1. I have no idea what any of this means either, but it is from the Book of Changes — I Ching.]

In his hand was the Eight Arts Volume. He was cultivating the Verdant Wood Art, one of the five elemental arts. When all five elements come together, they would become the Minor Change Art, and with continuous derivations, they would become the Great Change Art.

Only the Great Change Art was considered one of the eight official arts.

What was called the Dark Water Art, Crimson Fire Art, Verdant Wood Art, and others... These were only parts of the process to derive the Great Change. It was a long and arduous road to cultivate a complete and flawless Great Change Art.

Feng Feiyun, with the bamboo scroll in his hand, had an expression as calm as water, yet his heart was burning with fire. His eyes were shut as if he had turned into a bamboo leaf within this forest.

“Who!” A breeze blew by. His body was like a balloon and floated in the direction of the wind, yet he still maintained his seated meditative pose.

This scene was quite bizarre. If it happened during nighttime, then unsuspecting spectators would think that he was an apparition.

“Verdant Wood’s order, grasses and trees all have souls...” Feng Feiyun was murmuring something as a light appeared on his hands then converged to form a beam.

Meanwhile, Murong Ta was standing by the forest. He wore a white scholarly robe with a spirit stone that had special patterns on his chest. This was the uniform of the Wanxiang Pagoda, and the spirit stone represented their status.

He stood there with his arms crossed while gazing intensely at Feng Feiyun, who was cultivating with his black. His eyes shone brightly as he thought to himself: "He has only meditated for seventeen days yet he actually understood the wood section of the five elements... Feng Feiyun's aptitude for treasure seeking is really no weaker than a natural born spiritualist like me."

It has been half a month since the spiritual sense examination. During this time, Feng Feiyun was still teaching Murong Ta formations and even gave him a great technique like the Northern Profound Manual as if he considered the guy a good friend.

They had been cultivating together, laughing and playing, and even sleeping in the same place. These days were especially hard to come by; it was as if they had turned back into two carefree kids.

Murong Ta's cooking skills were first rate so Feng Feiyun was gaining a fortuitous knack for enjoying and getting to eat excellent food.

In these recent days, Feng Feiyun's enlightenment with the Eight Arts Volume also suddenly became stronger. His Crimson Fire Art had reached a grand accomplishment state, and after training for seventeen days in a row, he also had a breakthrough with the Verdant Wood Art.

Murong Ta touched the bamboo necklace made from weaving bamboo sticks together. This was the gift Feng Feiyun gave him on his fourteenth birthday.

"Hey, Murong Ta, this is for you." Feng Feiyun said this that day.

"Why are you giving me this?" Murong Ta looked at the bamboo necklace and felt quite annoyed. This bastard Feng Feiyun had too much free time.

"Isn't today your fourteenth birthday?" Feng Feiyun asked with surprise.

"Is that so?" Murong Ta responded.

"I just met your brother, Murong Zhuo. He was the one who told me." Feng Feiyun smiled then placed the bamboo necklace into his hand.

"Ah... So it was today. It seems like I forgot about my own birthday!" Murong Ta hastily replied.

"The one who usually knows when a birthday is coming up is not the person themselves, but their best friend." Feng Feiyun smiled and said: "Try putting it on."

"No need! It looks like a necklace for women, and on top of that... It is so simple and crude." Murong Ta would rather die than to wear something given by Feng Feiyun.

"Hey now, why not try it on. I spent three days to find the prettiest spirit bamboo within a hundred miles. Although it is not expensive, the brotherly sentiment is there."

After Feng Feiyun's repeated egging, Murong Ta had no choice but to put on the bamboo necklace despite his unwillingness.

"Boom!"

A majestic stream of energy emanated from Feng Feiyun's finger, causing all the bamboo nearby to flutter and become controlled by an invisible force.

"Swshh, swshhh, swssh!" Countless bamboo leaves drifted towards Feng Feiyun's body, then they turned into a dragon head that flew towards the direction his finger was pointing at. This attack contained a terrifying destructive force and momentum, causing many leaves to be ground into dust.

Feng Feiyun then quickly withdrew his finger and spirit energy before falling down to the ground.

"Grand accomplishment Verdant Wood Art and my spiritual sense increased to fifty-one times that of an ordinary person..."

He had soon guessed that by cultivating the Verdant Wood Art, his spiritual sense would increase. However, he didn't expect for it to increase this much.

From forty-two to fifty-one times... He was one step closer to the level of a third rank Treasure Seeking Master.

He then closed his eyes and noticed a second divine intent being born in his mind. Waves of lights emanated as if it was a little human lighting up.

Once one reached peak God Base, it would then be all about cultivating one's divine intents. They had to create ten divine intents before reaching grand achievement God Base. This was a long process that had no shortcuts unlike increasing one's spirit energy.

Feng Feiyun was already happy about spending half a month to cultivate his second divine intent.

Suddenly, a hot gust of air came from behind along with a monstrous presence capable of splitting the heavens and burning the sea. It felt just like a striking sun.

Someone was lurking nearby!

Feng Feiyun focused his gaze. He quickly channeled the spirit energy all around his body, then condensed it at his finger tip before pointing directly behind him.

This finger, alone, controlled countless bamboo leaves. Each leaf was covered with a layer of light and could easily slice apart ordinary steel. There were more than ten thousand leaves in the air, and they all attacked like the rain.

"Swish, swish, swish!"

"Boom!"

The hot air in the form of a flame was scorching hot and incinerated all the leaves in the sky. It illuminated the entire sky; fiery sparks rained down as if it was doomsday.

From the far distance, Murong Ta had a sense of dread. Feng Feiyun's attack earlier couldn't be described as anything but powerful. Even an army would be killed by it, but it couldn't stop all the flames in the sky.

Who was this person!?

Feng Feiyun stopped attacking and went back to his old spot, gazing at the hovering flames in the sky while being completely emotionless.

“Congratulations! Brother Feng’s cultivation is now one step further.” This bundle of flames was accompanied by a frightening might and seemed to be an extremely large heart that was jumping.

These flames caused the air to fluctuate, so no one could see the figure of the person inside.

“I knew it was you.” Feng Feiyun spoke.

It was the mysterious person who had just arrived, someone with an amazing cultivation. Although Feng Feiyun had reached peak God Base with two divine intents and unleashed his full strength, this person still easily shattered the attack.

The flames that covered their entire body truly could be compared to the Second Dark Hellflame.

“After the battle at the Martial Exhibition Tower, Brother Feng’s name had spread across the entire pagoda. You are the star admired by countless young prodigies. Don’t tell me that Brother Feng is willing to lay low without competing with all the other geniuses at the pagoda?” The voice of this mysterious person was coarse like the screeches of ghosts.

“My cultivation is weak. I have only just broken through to peak God Base so how could I go compete with the others?” Feng Feiyun had guessed the intention of this mysterious person; he knew that this mysterious person wanted him to do something, so he had to politely refuse in this manner.

“Haha, Brother Feng is too humble. You are 287th on the Pagoda’s Hundreds List since your name has been carved on it. With such a cultivation, you could already be considered an excellent prodigy among the younger generation, so how could it be viewed as weak?” The mysterious person responded with a smile.

The 278th spot was initially Gu Qing’s, but after he died to Feng Feiyun, Feng Feiyun then took his position and became an expert on the list.

Feng Feiyun only chuckled without replying!

This mysterious person had a grand scheme for entering the pagoda. There were at least ten followers with a stronger cultivation than Feng Feiyun, but time and time again, this person came to find him so Feng Feiyun couldn’t help but feel cautious.

“I sincerely think of you as a friend and do not want to use the Blood Seal Bracelet to suppress you. Brother Feng, don’t tell me you wouldn’t even give me this little face?” The voice of the mysterious person suddenly turned a bit colder.

Feng Feiyun then slightly glanced at the black bracelet on his wrist and gently sighed in his mind. The mysterious person was implying that if Feng Feiyun didn’t understand the situation, then he had no choice but to play hard.

Once one wore this bracelet, their life would be in this person’s hands.

Feng Feiyun thought to himself: ‘It seems like I have to quickly unlock this bracelet or else it will be my funeral after he uses me.’

“What do you want me to do?” Feng Feiyun could only tolerate this right now.

“Haha.” The mysterious person laughed again in an especially happy manner. The feeling of grasping someone else in one’s palm was especially pleasurable. The person then spoke: “This matter is only beneficial to you and is without any downsides. Inside the pagoda is the Immeasurable Tower. Any disciple who enters the pagoda must enter this tower, and what you need to do is enter the eighth floor.”

“Why must we infiltrate the eighth floor of this tower?” If it was so easy, then the person wouldn’t have come in person to find Feng Feiyun. This surely was a difficult matter, or maybe even an impossible task.