

Sprit Vessel 231

Chapter 231: Dongfang Mu

He used his best spirit technique and summoned ten cauldrons made from mud and stone. All of them were three feet high and hovered in the air while emitting a violet light that had traces of a metallic golden sheen.

Grand achievement God Base cultivators were no joke; peak God Base cultivators couldn't compare to them. These cauldrons were refined with violet steel despite the base foundation being mud and stone. They occupied more than half of the space.

Everyone could feel a terrifying force permeating the air. One could only fight it head on since escape was not an option.

"Dragon King's First Slash! The Dragon King's First Slash..." Feng Feiyun mustered all of his strength, causing lights to erupt from his body. He unleashed ten slashes in a row. Ten white arcs flew out from the blade's edge and cut the ten cauldrons into pieces.

Ten explosions came about. The shattered cauldrons turned back into yellow mud. The ten white dragon arcs came together and lunged towards the grand achievement God Base. The Dragon King's Saber Art was unblockable since it gathered the royal energy of the world, giving it a tyrannical power.

'Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!' The shocked old man continuously let out dazzling spirit energy while retreating backward. However, the spirit energy couldn't stop the ten slashes. The tenth slash broke his technique and went straight down across his chest.

His chest cavity and ribs were torn asunder while his inner organs were affected by the saber energy. His body turned into mincemeat as his remains fell on the ground, forming a puddle of blood.

"Oh my god!" Even a grand achievement God Base had died under Feng Feiyun's blade! The Dragon King's Saber Art was truly unstoppable!

Everyone stared in horror at the young man before them. He was still seated in his chair. He didn't move a single step, but the blood of three experts from the previous generation had all been rendered into puddles on the ground.

Beiming Tang was astounded, especially after seeing the three corpses on the ground. He quivered and wondered when Feng Feiyun became strong to this extent. He suddenly felt a sense of death as Feng Feiyun raised his blade again and unleashed another slash towards him.

This was going to take his life!

"No, I cannot die!" Beiming Tang screamed out and once again condensed his cold energy from the profound art. He was ready to fight till the very end.

"Pluff!" His northern profound cold energy couldn't stop the blade energy in the form of a dragon. His armor was completely shattered!

"My cousin is one of the eight grand historical geniuses, Beiming Baitian! You can't kill me!" An uncontrollable fear surged in his mind as he howled.

“I’ll end you!” A second slash came forth after the first successfully destroyed the ice armor; he wanted to finish off Beiming Tang!

“Hmph, the son of the demon is really arrogant. You dare to kill people from our four great clans? If I don’t teach you a lesson right now, people will start to provoke our four clans.” The man who had been sitting there the entire time suddenly stood up. His figure shifted like a ghost and appeared three feet away. He raised his hand that held a steelclaw decorated with tiny scales.

“Bam!” The claw rushed through the sky and became several meters wide before crushing the dragon-shaped saber energy.

He guarded Beiming Tang with his luminous hands and glared at Feng Feiyun with his crimson eyes.

“You are also from the four great clans?” Feng Feiyun withdrew his saber and cautiously examined this man.

The man snorted and stood there arrogantly while speaking with disdain: “Feng Feiyun, there is still a big gap between you and the true experts of the younger generation. Do not be so arrogant.”

The eldest son of the Heavenly Tiger Marquis used his divine intent to secretly send a message straight to Feng Feiyun’s mind: “This person is a leading member of the Yin Gou Clan’s younger generation.”

The third prince sent a message as well: “His name is Dongfang Mu, a top five genius of the Yin Gou Clan. His talents are right behind one of the grand historical geniuses, Dongfang Jingshui.”

“A Yin Gou Clan disciple!” Feng Feiyun’s expression shifted.

The reason why these two reminded him was that they were afraid that he would offend both the Beiming Clan and the Yin Gou Clan at the same time. No one would dare to offend two great clans; even the Divine King would need to think it over.

The four great clans were amazing. They were all cultivation clans with great heritages and frightening reserves. Their vast influence stretched to all the corners of the Jin Dynasty and they could blot out the sun with their hands.

The Beiming Clan was in charge of one-third of the military power in the world. The Yin Gou Clan was the richest by being in control of half of the wealth of the dynasty. Rumor has it that they were even more bloated than the state’s treasury.

Offending both clans at the same time was definitely not a wise move.

Feng Feiyun furrowed his brows and snorted: “What is so special about the Yin Gou Clan? If Dongfang Jingshui was here, I would give him some face. But as for you, Dongfang Mu, there is too big of a gap.”

Too overbearing and arrogant!

“Feng Feiyun, you don’t know the immensity of the heaven and earth.” Dongfang Mu raised his voice: “Your cultivation is not worth mentioning before me.”

His crimson eyes carried a bizarre ray while his ninety-nine meridians around his body also lit up. All the energy nearby instantly rushed into his body. This was a very high-level technique among grand

achievement God Base experts. He was dozens of times stronger than the old man who died to Feng Feiyun earlier.

Feng Feiyun's eyes also turned serious as he focused the energy all over his body to face the oncoming blow.

"Gentlemen, this is the master's abode. If you two keep fighting, it will be very disrespectful." An old man completely shrouded in a black robe appeared between Feng Feiyun and Dongfang Mu. A black energy screen came from his hand and directly suppressed the forces from both of them.

This was a Heaven's Mandate cultivator, one of the attendants of the Genius Mansion. He hid his aura as well as his appearance behind the dark robe. It was obvious that he wished to keep his identity hidden.

The mysterious master's abilities were truly amazing. He even had Heaven's Mandate cultivators under his control to call him master.

This old man was definitely a famous figure in the cultivation world, someone with a great identity. There had to be many secrets here at the Genius Mansion.

After an attendant of the Heaven's Mandate level had appeared, Feng Feiyun and Dongfang Mu naturally stopped attacking.

Despite the protection from the many geniuses present, the damage to the building wasn't trivial. The ground was crushed with blood staining the floor. There was no sign of a feast anymore, it was more like a battlefield.

The mysterious master would definitely unleash their fury after seeing this scene. No one would be able to bear this responsibility. The old man in black quickly asked all the geniuses to leave the building before he ordered more than twenty servants to clean the bloodstains on the ground. He hoped that everything would be restored before the master's arrival.

After doing so, he went along a path to enter the depths of the mansion. The Genius Mansion was large. This palace hosting the feast was only one corner of the estate.

Feng Feiyun stood to the side and converged his aura while looking at where the old man went. His brows slightly puckered; could it be that the master was hiding in the mansion right now?

He touched the Blood Seal Bracelet on his wrist. There were only two ways to remove this bracelet so that he could escape the master's control.

The first was to drip a drop of the master's blood onto this bracelet, then it would naturally come off.

The second was to find the person who created the bracelets. Whoever crafted them definitely had to be a grand blacksmith master, and he could be hiding in the mansion as well.

"Brother Feng, what are you looking at?" The marquis' eldest son came and looked at the same direction as Feng Feiyun. His eyes turned grim as he spoke: "You noticed it too?"

Feng Feiyun was slightly startled!

"I have received some intelligence prior to this. The master of this mansion is very mysterious, there are many secrets here in the mansion." The eldest son whispered.

The marquis' camp was a great power, so it naturally had its own intelligence agency and could keep up with developments all over the place.

"What do you mean?" Feng Feiyun asked.

The elder son replied: "The previous owner of this mansion was a Heaven's Mandate senior. However, two months ago, the ownership suddenly changed while this senior disappeared without a trace."

"Really now!" Feng Feiyun was somewhat taken by surprise.

The elder son added: "On the day when the mysterious master entered the mansion, someone saw a coffin made from Black Tortoise Steel being moved out from here as well. It was from the southern border, around ten feet long and four wide."

"A coffin leaving the mansion, could a corpse be inside? Wait, what did you say? A coffin made from Black Tortoise Steel?" Feng Feiyun was slightly shocked.

The elder son nodded: "Yes, this is absolutely true. One of the heaviest metals in this world, Black Tortoise Steel. Just how heavy would such a big coffin be?"

"At least five million pounds." Feng Feiyun turned serious: "One has to at least be a seventh-ranked blacksmith master to make such a coffin."

"The key is that it was a seven hundred year old strange beast pulling the coffin. This beast's cultivation is definitely no weaker than a Heaven's Mandate cultivator, so only a seventh-ranked beastmaster would be able to tame it. Just what is the status and identity of this master, and what method did they employ to have high level masters and great experts work for him?" The elder son mused.

Feng Feiyun took a deep breath and said: "I'm actually a bit curious to know what is inside this five million pound coffin."

The elder son was astounded: "What are you going to do? There is danger looming everywhere here with several Heaven's Mandate cultivators guarding the premises. If you're not careful..."

"I'll tread cautiously!" Feng Feiyun had to explore this mansion if he wanted to unlock the bracelet. Plus, he also wanted to find out just what kind of person this mysterious master was.

Perhaps the answer could be found deeper within the mansion.

Chapter 232: Giant Coffin

Deeper in the Genius Mansion were pagodas made from stone with balconies lining up the sides. Both sides of the path had mysterious runes floating along the way. Only the Heavenly Phoenix Gaze was able to detect these hidden formations. Feng Feiyun carefully dodged these patterns all the way until he reached a completely dark room.

He was tailing the old man in black from earlier. He used the Verdant Wood Art to hide his presence as if he had become an old tree. This was how he managed to hide from the old man's divine intents.

The old man took several rounds through the mansions. He went to a study, a secret chamber, then several small courtyards as if he was on a stroll since he left each area very quickly. Eventually, he came to this small room and stayed inside for more than an hour.

Feng Feiyun's figure flashed as he stepped on the air and silently descended into this small room.

"Creakk!" The door opened and the old man in black came out from inside with a surging black aura around his body. He turned into a black shadow and shook his body once to completely disappear without a trace.

"What did this old man come here to do?" Feng Feiyun jumped down from the roof and looked inside this pitch black room. After hesitating for a while, he finally decided to push open the door to enter.

A cultivator of the Heaven's Mandate realm couldn't have stayed inside this old and tiny room for no reason. Perhaps there was a secret hidden inside.

Feng Feiyun had been through several places and this was the most suspicious location.

A blinding crimson ray shot out the moment the door was opened. A large circular formation attacked Feng Feiyun; it was a second-level offensive formation.

"Pow!" Feng Feiyun quickly took out his saber and unleashed one slash at the eye of the formation to break it. He then quickly ducked into the house and closed the door.

He palpitated with shock while his back was soaked with sweat. Luckily, he reacted in time just now. If that ray made it outside, cultivators from the mansion would have been alarmed. If that were to happen, he would be at death's door right now.

This was a small room with a few old desks and chairs laden with dust. It was apparent that no one had cleaned this place for a long time.

"There's some movement underground!" Others would leave right away after seeing the sight ahead. However, Feng Feiyun's spiritual sense right now was comparable to a third-ranked treasure master.

This tiny fluctuation was hidden by the formation and was very subtle, the same kind of movement a little worm wiggling seven meters underground would make. Any other powerful cultivator would ignore it, but Feng Feiyun knew that the old man in black was here for an entire hour, so it became a bit unusual.

"Heavenly Phoenix Gaze!" Fiery sparks lit up from inside his pupils as he looked underground. He saw that under the ground covered in dust were countless chains as thick as arms. Layer after layer of chains made their way all the way down like spirits of hell. It was quite an impressive spectacle.

This was a bit unbelievable. Why were there so many iron chains below the Genius Mansion?

"The feast has started a while ago, so why hasn't the master appeared yet?" Two different footsteps suddenly came from outside of the room and were approaching.

The speaker had a hoarse and unpleasant voice as if it came from some bones.

'Why are there people coming now of all times?!' Feng Feiyun was screaming in his mind while he quickly dispersed his gaze. He took out his stone saber and prepared himself. If these two stepped inside, then he would take the initiative to kill them then escape from the mansion.

Someone else loudly exclaimed: "It is best for us to not mind about the master's business... Eh? Why are there footprints on the floor? Did someone go inside?"

"I don't think anyone would dare to come here. Half a month ago, a grand achievement God Base infiltrated this place and was killed by Attendant Wu. His corpse was thrown out for the beasts to feast on."

Although they didn't believe someone had the courage to attempt this, they both took out their treasures and slowly entered the room.

Feng Feiyun's nerves were tense as he stood inside the room like a bow ready to fire at any moment.

He must kill both of them with just one slash!

Otherwise, if a Heaven's Mandate cultivator came, the one fed to the beasts would be him!

"What are you two doing?" A third voice came from outside. It was the old man in black from before.

"Attendant Wu, there are new footprints on the ground, so we think that someone might have gone inside."

The two stopped and turned around to bow towards the old man.

"Oh, it was me from earlier." The old man raised his voice: "The person inside is not to be messed with. No one can bear the responsibility of him escaping, so it is best for you two to not come close to this room from now on."

"Yes, we understand." The two stood up and quickly left without hesitation.

This Attendant Wu was a Heaven's Mandate cultivator rumored to have lived for more than three hundred years. His gaze alone could creep someone out completely, so naturally, these two would try to get as far away from him as possible.

The old man also left and quietly made his way towards the palace. It seemed that the feast was now prepared.

"Whew!" Feng Feiyun finally breathed a sigh of relief after the outside went quiet. He put away his saber and looked down at the ground once more.

Just what was buried down here to frighten even Heaven's Mandate cultivators?

"Break!" Feng Feiyun pointed his finger down at the ground. A ray from his entire body shot out, causing the array runes on the ground to recede like tides. The black chains on the ground also started to move while issuing clanking sounds.

A straight path into the depths of the ground appeared with a faint light coming out. There was a total of 270 thick chains as well as fiery sparks jumping in the air. These sparks could render cultivators into ashes, but they couldn't stop Feng Feiyun's advance.

A few more formations were shattered by Feng Feiyun and became green smoke.

“So it is that coffin!” Feng Feiyun went underground and found that there was a coffin made from Black Tortoise Steel. It was ten feet long and four feet wide and was completely tied by the chains to resemble a steel cocoon.

Just what was inside that required a coffin made from this type of steel on top of being hidden so with this many layers of seals?

Feng Feiyun’s curiosity grew as he approached. Each of his steps caused the giant chains to gently shake, creating clanking sounds each time.

“Boom!” A shadow with a pair of green eyes flew out from behind the coffin. It issued a chilling screech.

Its speed was too fast. With a whooshing sound, it brushed by Feng Feiyun’s face and added three bloody lines to his neck.

Drops of golden blood dripped down from his neck, causing the shadow to scream excitedly.

“Just what is this damned thing?” Feng Feiyun’s eyes narrowed. There was a powerful poison invading him from the injury. Even the Immortal Phoenix Physique was having a hard time expelling this poison from his body. It could only stop the spreading temporarily.

“Kaka!” The shadow from the corner lunged forward once more just as fast as before. It was difficult to grasp its trajectory.

“Boom!” Feng Feiyun directly took out the phoenix bone. It was as hot as a scorching cauldron and emitted a crimson light. It struck the shadow dead on, creating sizzling sounds along with a continuous stream of green smoke.

The temperature of this bone was incredible; it immediately burnt the shadow, turning it into ashes after just two seconds.

“Whoosh!” He gently waved his palm and the bone flew back into his hand.

“What the hell was that?” Feng Feiyun touched his neck. His wounds were burning and wouldn’t close easily.

The speed of that shadow was too fast. From start to finish, he couldn’t see its true shape, he only felt that it was not human. He might not have been able to take care of it without the phoenix bone.

“It must be one of the three strange from the Yang World or three evils from the Yin World.” Feng Feiyun walked closer to where a pile of black ashes was on the ground. That thing was burnt to an unrecognizable crisp.

He lightly reached out to touch the coffin’s wall and tried to use the Platinum Metal Art to see if he could detect the contents inside.

The Platinum Metal Art was the fourth move from the Minor Change Arts. Once successfully learned, one would be able to find rare metals underground in addition to detecting precious essences inside these metals.

This was a very important art for treasure-seeking. Of course, it is the most difficult to learn as well.

Feng Feiyun had trained for more than a month and could only understand some of the basics.

“There is even an isolation array!” Feng Feiyun knew that his Platinum Metal Art was not good enough so he couldn’t detect what was inside.

He was hoping to not release a monster!

He initially didn’t want to open the coffin before learning what was inside. However, there was no other choice at this moment. He activated his Crimson Fire Art to break the nine formations outside of the coffin, then he mustered enough strength in his arms to thrust open the coffin lid that weighed hundreds of thousands of pounds. This was a very gradual process.

“Zzzzz!” The lid and the coffin rubbed against each other, issuing an ear-piercing noise.

“Boom!” A green smoke rushed out from the tiny opening; it was apparent that his smoke carried a powerful corrosive property. Feng Feiyun’s sleeves were turned into ashes immediately.

He took out the phoenix bone once more to counter this ferocious aura. Otherwise, the flesh on his arms would corrode into bones in just a moment.

“I... truly... hate...!” A weak voice came from the coffin like a ghost panting in hell. This voice felt a bit familiar to Feng Feiyun. More sounds of chains being dragged inside the coffin came, followed by a low voice: “I... hate...”

Chapter 233: The Person Inside The Coffin

“This voice...” There was a slight ripple in Feng Feiyun’s mind since he thought about a certain someone. This voice was very familiar, but how could that be possible?

The phoenix bone as crimson as bloodjade emitted a faint flame to counter the corrosive aura from the coffin, so his body was safe from rotting away.

Not even a grand achievement God Base could survive this terrifying aura from the coffin. It was likely that their flesh would be corroded to the point where they became a skeleton. Although this person’s voice was feeble, his vitality remained strong. His life force was like a small stream that continued to flow to stop this evil aura. This cultivation was truly remarkable.

“Who are you?” Feng Feiyun wanted to find out the answer to this question in his mind.

After hearing Feng Feiyun’s voice, a considerable power erupted from within the coffin like a flood or magma pouring out from the gaps of the earth. It came out from the coffin and went straight towards Feng Feiyun.

This person was full of hatred and unleashed this blow in anger since they believed that Feng Feiyun was in cohorts with the mysterious master.

This person was still so fierce despite being trapped in the coffin!

“Dragon King’s First Slash!” With one hand holding the phoenix bone, he took out the saber with the other. He stabilized his stance then unleashed a white blade ray to split apart the oncoming attack.

“Rumble!” This force was too powerful and caused Feng Feiyun to stagger back more than three steps. His body was pushed into the cold-as-ice chains before he managed to stabilize himself.

Just a leak of their aura of fury was so powerful, could it really be him?

Feng Feiyun’s stone blade was too big. It cut apart several chains on the ground. The coffin that was tightly shut had loosened quite a bit.

“Boom!” The chains above the coffin were moved by a power from inside and began to scatter one by one. The lid started to shift and issued more ear-piercing screeches.

However, there was another formation from within that prevented the person from escaping. Three green arrays from the lid came crashing down straight onto the coffin, causing the person inside to scream continuously.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!” The three arrays were like three divine hammers slamming down onto the person inside, causing their bones to break completely while mangling their flesh.

“I... hate...” The person spoke through gritted teeth.

Feng Feiyun could sense this boundless hatred!

The coffin became silent again. It seemed that the person was scared and didn’t dare to revolt anymore. They also didn’t attempt to escape.

“Let me help you!” Feng Feiyun quickly stepped forward and placed both hands on the lid of the coffin. He once again pushed it, causing the gap to become bigger and bigger. The finger wide gap grew to an entire palm, then it became a foot wide... More cold energy rushed out and was about to fill the entire space underground.

The phoenix bone then illuminated a corner of the coffin.

This scene was like a grave robber holding a lamp to look inside a coffin from the earth.

“Feng Feiyun, it is you!” A surprised and spirited voice came from the coffin.

Feng Feiyun had never seen such a miserable state before. This man was huddled in a corner of the coffin. His silk robe was in complete disarray and he was soaked in dried, black blood. Then on top of that was a layer of fresh blood while his flesh was scattered about all over the coffin.

Nine rings were latched onto his chest at the nine great meridians. They were connected to nine chains that pierced his chest cavity completely. These chains were nailed to the Black Tortoise Coffin.

Outside of this, both his hands and feet as well as his clavicle were nailed with iron pins that sealed all of his power.

His bones broke in too many places to count. His flesh had been battered numerous times so his state was as miserable as humanly possible.

Only when one saw through his messy hair would they be able to see a face that was handsome to the extreme, but it was covered in dried blood.

“Flawless... Young Noble Flawless!” Feng Feiyun couldn’t dare to believe his own eyes. This was the most handsome man in the world? Completely unblemished and immaculate, Young Noble Flawless?

He was one of the eight Grand Historical Geniuses. Feng Feiyun had seen him fight Dongfang Jingshui before. At that time, mountains were razed to the ground. His cultivation was extremely terrifying. If he wanted to escape, then even a half-step Giant wouldn’t be able to stop him. But now, he was imprisoned in this place. How could Feng Feiyun accept this reality?

The best looking man in the world had fallen into such a sorry state!

“Haha!” The young noble laughed bitterly while displaying an incomparable sadness: “Flawless, so ridiculous, so ironic...”

“Why are you imprisoned here? Who did this to you?” Feng Feiyun touched the Boundary Spirit Stone on his belt. This was a treasure that belonged to the young noble, but it fell into the hands of the mysterious master who then gave it to him.

At that time, Feng Feiyun would never have believed that the mysterious master was Young Noble Flawless’ match. But now, after seeing him here, he started to believe that claim.

“Haha...” The young noble continued to laugh as if he was all alone in this world.

“Was it the person wrapped in the crimson flame that defeated you?” Feng Feiyun wanted to know who the mysterious master was.

“Have you seen her?” The young noble became agitated. His monstrous fury and hatred filled the entire coffin.

“Yes.” Feng Feiyun answered.

“Have you seen her face?” The young noble became even more stimulated.

“Not yet.” Feng Feiyun said.

“That’s good, that’s good, you will still have a chance to live if you haven’t seen her face, still a chance to live...” The young noble kept on murmuring to himself.

Feng Feiyun frowned and asked: “Does she have a special identity? Will she try to kill anyone who has seen her real appearance?”

Many big shots had several identities, and some had to remain in secrecy. Once found out, they would try their best to eliminate those who knew.

“It is her face that is unfathomable. If I hadn’t seen her face, then I wouldn’t be in this sorry state. I have truly fallen; I thought I could rely on my face and charm to cause all the women in this world to kneel as servants before me, but... but... when I saw her face, I found myself becoming the servant instead...”

Feng Feiyun didn’t understand what the young noble was saying at all. He thought that the young noble was confused due to his slurred speech; he assumed that flawless had been trapped in this place for too long. His mind must be in shambles after enduring the torture.

His words were too shocking and completely demonized the mysterious master.

Feng Feiyun understood this feeling very well. A victim who suffered grave indignance would have great hatred in their heart. They would consider whoever did it to them to be more terrorizing and monstrous.

The young noble was most likely suffering from the traumatic experience.

Feng Feiyun couldn't be blamed for misunderstanding the young noble. From start to finish, he had considered the mysterious master as a man. During their past conversations, the master spoke in a male voice, thus Feng Feiyun subconsciously viewed him as a man.

This being the case, he had a different interpretation of the young noble's words. Of course, he was a very cautious person as well and took note of the warning. Before having sufficient strength to fight the mysterious master, he would never look at his real appearance.

"I'll get you out." Feng Feiyun took out his stone saber and slashed the chains on the young noble's body. Sparks flew everywhere, but the chains were undamaged. On the contrary, his hands were jarred as if needles were poking into them.

"It is no use. These chains are made from Black Tortoise Steel and have fifth-rank formations carved onto them. Maybe not even a Spirit Treasure could break them." The young noble reminded Feng Feiyun: "You should leave this place quickly. If she finds out, you will end up even more miserable than me."

Suddenly, Feng Feiyun's divine intent felt movement from above. Someone was coming.

The young noble felt it as well and quickly spoke: "If you really want to help me, then there is only one way. Use the Second Dark Hell Flame to unlock the fifth-rank formations and melt these chains. Then I, Su Jun, will owe you a debt. If you are ever in trouble in the future, I will come running and aid you with all of my abilities no matter how far you may be."

Feng Feiyun was not a good person, but in some cases, promises would be made in an instant.

"Wait for me!" Feng Feiyun closed the coffin, then he quickly left the coffin. He shot out a black ray from his finger, causing the ground to close again.

All became the same as before. This was still an old room full of dust on the ground.

'This world is so unpredictable. Such a scion was imprisoned in a coffin. It seems like Young Noble Flawless is really too powerful; otherwise, the master wouldn't have used so many different methods to seal him. Buried underground as well as creating this Black Tortoise coffin in addition to sealing his nine main meridians and locking his limbs... Only a Grand Historical Genius would be able to withstand such torture. Others would have had a mental breakdown and died already.' Feng Feiyun thought.

Suddenly, a sweet fragrance came from behind Feng Feiyun. It was too sudden and came without warning. Feng Feiyun didn't notice her presence before she got into the room.

Feng Feiyun shifted three feet away then unleashed a palm strike.

A red shadow emerged and the palm that contained boundless murderous power from Feng Feiyun barely managed to touch a corner of her sleeve. She gently descended to Feng Feiyun's side and placed her jade-white hand on his shoulder while enchantingly speaking: "It's me."

“Xue Wu!” Feng Feiyun heaved a sigh of relief.

This was a tall and slender woman with a plump and attractive figure. She wore a thin gossamer red dress that caused her proud white breasts to be faintly discernible, resulting in endless temptation.

So it was her, the third-ranked lady from the Supreme Beauty Pavilion, the Temptress. That explained the great cultivation from this new intruder.

“Don’t you know where this place is? I can’t believe you actually intruded here, this is very dangerous.” Xue Wu solemnly stared at Feng Feiyun, yet her demeanor couldn’t cover her eyes’ seductive shade.

Chapter 234: Gift

“Why are you here?” Feng Feiyun asked with a smile.

Xue Wu glared at him and dragged him out of the house to another place at the back: “I obviously went to find you. Everyone is present except for you.”

“Then how did you know I was here?” Feng Feiyun was still smiling.

The front of the mansion had become quite lively already with a fair number of people.

Xue Wu suddenly stopped and snappily quipped: “Your fearless self knows no bounds. Plus, you can’t control your curiosity. It would be strange if you didn’t try to delve deeper inside the Genius Mansion!”

Feng Feiyun felt much better now that he was outside, so he teased: “You worry so much about my well-being, is it because you want to marry me?”

A seductive fragrance came from her body. She laughed while hiding her lips with her pretty fingers, causing her enchanting breasts to gently sway in the process: “Young Noble Feng is so forgetful. Have you forgotten that the master said that as long as you reach the seventh floor of the Immeasurable Tower, I would be yours?”

Feng Feiyun became slightly stunned!

“Haha, Young Noble Feng is the successor of the Divine King right now. You could even inherit this title in the future. To marry you as a concubine is a blessing culminated from several past lifetimes.” Xue Wu gently posed like a dancing butterfly with her red dress fluttering everywhere. This was indeed a kingdom-toppling temptress who was deliberately inciting Feng Feiyun’s lust.

He stood there as the demonic blood in his body began to stir once more. He felt a fire burning in his lower area as his mind became slightly dazed as if there was a supreme beauty lying naked below him.

He truly wanted to carry Xue Wu into bed and show her who’s boss.

She also noticed that there was something strange. From looking at his eyes, his thoughts became blatantly obvious. She quickly withdrew her charming posture since she was also afraid that his demonic blood would be awakened. Even if she wanted to give herself up, this was not the time.

“Haha, come! Master’s mysterious gift is here, it is waiting for you to come pick it up.” Xue Wu smiled naturally and led the way to the other hall.

Feng Feiyun suppressed the demonic blood that was riling up in his body. He took a deep breath and cursed while looking at Xue Wu's back: "What a scary seductress! Almost lost to her again."

This was a woman at the Heaven's Mandate level who could hide in a brothel. She was extremely smart and had great looks, so how could she easily give her body up to Feng Feiyun like this?

It was best not to be involved with this type of woman.

Inside the main hall, all the corpses on the ground had been taken away and the blood was removed from the now glossy floor. All the geniuses were still there; no one had left.

The eldest son of the Heavenly Tiger Marquis and the third prince of Dazhi came from afar to chat.

"Brother Feng, you are back. I thought you were playing around with some girl right now, haha!" The eldest son clearly knew that Feng Feiyun wanted to search the mansion, so he said this to give him an excuse.

"Haha, which girl would be so lucky?" The third prince also laughed before pulling Feng Feiyun over to their spot.

After sitting down, Feng Feiyun whispered: "Is the mysterious master here?"

The elder son pointed to the highest position in the hall. Feng Feiyun looked over there to see that a red jade curtain was hung over there to block everyone's sight. No one knew what was beyond this curtain.

At this moment, Xue Wu was standing to the right of the curtain and smiled. Her smile became even more radiant when she stared at Feng Feiyun; this was a smile that was about to steal the souls from some of the geniuses present.

People would be willing to lose ten years of life just to spend one night with her.

Meanwhile, an old man dressed in black was standing on the left like a ghost. Whoever he looked at couldn't help but take a step back as if they were being trailed by a poisonous creature.

Xue Wu smiled and said: "Master's feast today is to celebrate Young Noble Feng for becoming the Divine King's successor. Today, Young Master Feng is the master of the mansion."

"When is the master coming?" Someone asked. This was something everyone wanted to know.

Xue Wu slightly frowned and smiled at the speaker, causing him to lose his mind. He couldn't help but lower his head in embarrassment while wiping away the blood from his nose with his sleeve.

"Haha." Xue Wu smiled: "The master has a very important matter to attend to today and can't be here. However, the gift from him to Young Noble Feng has arrived."

A gift from this person must be great. Feng Feiyun became a bit curious too, so he asked with a smile: "Don't tell me this gift is a spirit treasure?"

"Although spirit treasures are rare and worthy of being the jewels of a sect, they are not unique enough." Xue Wu responded.

“Unique, can it be a thousand year old spirit medicine?” The eldest son from the tiger mansion was startled.

Xue Wu shook her head again: “Young Noble Feng is the successor to the Divine King so it won’t be hard for him to obtain one thousand year old medicines in the future. The master naturally wouldn’t prepare such a gift.”

Everyone became interested now. If both spirit medicines and spirit treasures were not good enough, then just what could it be?

Feng Feiyun slightly peered deeper into the curtain and smirked: “Don’t tell me that the master will gift you to me?”

“Haha! I would want nothing more, but the master has prepared an even better present than myself.” Xue Wu mysteriously smiled and gently clapped three times.

“Ba! Ba! Ba!”

“I have a song to present, would Young Noble Feng like to listen?” A pleasant and elegant voice came from behind the curtain.

The voice was low but extremely captivating. It was also cute and delicate with a touch of sadness. This sadness immediately filled the air, causing everyone to become sentimental just like her. Some couldn’t help but become teary as well.

They all asked this question: ‘For what reason am I feeling sad?’

The entire hall became quiet in the blink of an eye. Some people even held their breaths. How could there be such a soft and beautiful voice in this world?

One could already imagine the level of the beauty behind the curtain just from her voice. It made people want to protect her for the rest of their lives.

“I’m all ears!” Feng Feiyun was moved as well and channeled his Heavenly Phoenix Gaze to see through the curtain. He wanted to see just what kind of girl would have such an amazing voice.

However, it was blocked by an invisible barrier. He could only see a graceful outline that was exquisite to the extreme.

The zither started to play its heavenly tune!

“In the south rises trees without branches,
affording no shelter.

By the Han are girls rambling about,
but it is useless to solicit them.

The breath of the Han
cannot be dove across;

The length of the Jiang

cannot be navigated with a raft.

Many are the bundles of firewood;

I would cut off the thorns [to form more].

Those girls that are going to their future homes,

I would feed their horses..." [1. Praise the lord that this was translated already or I would have died. This is some super archaic/poetic language that would have killed me. It is from the Book of Songs.]

The zither tunes seemed like an immortal song gracing the mortal world, but her voice was even more divine; it was without equals in this world.

Suddenly, colorful butterflies were attracted by her singing and danced inside the hall between the window frames and ceiling beams.

The atmosphere grew colder with snowflakes quietly condensing in the air and fluttering down. They stopped on the glazed roof tiles and on the wings of the butterflies.

Such a song made snow fall at the right time during late autumn. Brilliant lights danced on the snow, causing the entire mansion to turn into a land of immortals.

"At first, when we set out,

the willows were fresh and green.

Now, when we return,

the snow will be falling from clouds."

The singing quickly changed as it became sadder. The zither also added a touch of grief. The entire hall became sentimental as everyone's emotions were led by the tune. Some started to cry while others kept on wiping their tears away with their sleeves.

Eventually, the sound of the zither came to an end, but her crying started to blare!

The abrupt end to the song was like the severing of everyone's emotions, causing many to feel as if their heart had just been cut into pieces. They couldn't help but scream.

Her crying made more than half of the geniuses here cry as well. Even the eldest son of the tiger marquis and the Third Prince of Dazhi, both with great cultivations, began to inadvertently cry.

Feng Feiyun let out a long sigh and commented: "This zither tune is the most beautiful song I've ever heard. This gift from the master is indeed unique and fantastic. It alone is worth more than any spirit treasure or medicine."

Her beautiful voice came from behind the red curtain: "Young Noble Feng has misunderstood. This tune was meant for your entertainment, but Hongyan couldn't help but think of the past and became a bit sentimental, causing everyone else to be downtrodden as well."

Feng Feiyun asked: "Then the gift from the master is...?"

"It is me! From tonight on, Hongyan belongs to you." Nangong Hongyan lifted the curtain and came out while carrying a zither made from sandalwood.

She was wearing a simple white chiffon dress without a trace of dust. She was slender and gentle like early morning mist or smoke by the pond in the celestial world. She gave off an aura as if she did not belong to this world.

Her hair was as black and beautiful as a waterfall — dark and glossy with a sectional bun tied by a simple white jade hairpin. There were two small earrings gently swaying and emitting the melodies of wind chimes.

There was a thin white veil on her face to cover her supreme features. However, her figure and temperament alone were more than enough to defeat all the other women in the world.

"Tender lady of sixteen moons; her smile causes the whole world to swoon!" Someone couldn't help but recite a poem on the spot.

A great expert of the younger generation spoke: "I thought I had seen the most beautiful woman in this world already, but right now, I feel as if all of them combined isn't as pretty as a single finger of Miss Hongyan." This was not mere flattery as it came from his heart.

Nangong Hongyan's hidden face couldn't hide her supreme charm. She walked to the front of Feng Feiyun and bowed her head while softly saying: "Hongyan greets Young Noble Feng."

Chapter 235: Most Beautiful Woman In This World

Nangong Hongyan, the number one lady of the Supreme Beauty Pavilion. Her plaque was situated at the front of the pavilion and remained untouched for three long years.

Back at Fire Beacon City, someone even said that death was nothing if they could meet Nangong Hongyan once.

Feng Feiyun was actually able to see her at this time. Although she was a lady lost in the mundane world, Feng Feiyun didn't see the least bit of inelegance from her. On the contrary, there was an otherworldly transcendent aura that forced people to look at her twice.

"Miss Hongyan's beauty is unsurpassed. Your zither play was wondrous and created an incredible tune, but you are more beautiful than both." Feng Feiyun felt that he was being blasphemous against a goddess when Nangong Hongyan was kneeling before him.

"Thank you, Young Noble Feng." She softly responded and slowly stood up with the zither still in her embrace. She sat down next to Feng Feiyun and was as quiet as an orchid flower in a desolate valley.

Everyone had a surreal feeling. Such a beauty was given to Feng Feiyun by the mysterious master. She was a hundred times more precious than any Spirit Treasure or Spirit Medicine!

Many of them consciously moved away. It felt sacrilegious to be too close to her.

“Whoosh!” A white ray crossed the night sky. A scholarly young man descended into the Genius Mansion. This was the wisest seer in the Wanxiang Pagoda, “Scholar Heaven Calculating”.

It was as if nothing in this world could elude his gaze.

He had a simple jade scroll in one hand with a bronze brush in the other. He went inside the hall and his eyes fell on Nangong Hongyan. With an expression full of disbelief, he gasped before exclaiming: “Wow.”

Then he stated: “The number one beauty in the world, Nangong Hongyan.”

Although these words were spoken so flatly, it caused quite a stir since it came from him. One could already imagine that these words would spread across the world tomorrow.

Nangong Hongyan was the new number one beauty in the world.

Although he had only seen half of her body since her face was hidden under the white, silky veil, no one dared to question the authenticity of this claim.

He carefully wrote several words onto the scroll with his brush. Nangong Hongyan, first place in the “Heavenly Beauty List”.

After writing her name on top of the list, he once again rode the clouds and disappeared into the endless night.

Everyone stared at Feng Feiyun with envious eyes. The mysterious master had gifted Nangong Hongyan to him. From now on, the number one beauty was his.

Of course, there was also greed and jealousy in some people’s eyes. They could only temporarily hide it for now. Of course, to try to seize this beauty before everyone was the same as provoking Feng Feiyun and opposing the Divine King.

Feng Feiyun felt several murderous intents. He wryly smiled and wondered whether the number one beauty was a blessing or a disaster. It seems like there will be some battles not far in the future because of her.

From start to finish, Nangong Hongyan silently sat on the spot. Her lovely eyes divulged that there was something on her mind, a trace of sorrow and weakness. Many people could only sigh in empathy.

“She must be dejected because the master gave her to the bastard Feng Feiyun, she has to be heartbroken right now.” Many people had this thought. The glares directed at Feng Feiyun became unfriendlier by the second.

Many people here had no grievances against him in the past, but now, it seemed that they had an irreconcilable feud and wanted nothing more than to mince him to pieces and grind his bones into dust before letting this go.

Feng Feiyun naturally felt that the atmosphere had gone awry. If he continued to stay, the crowd would team up against him. Thus, after three rounds of wine, he quickly made an excuse to leave.

A flowery carriage with an older design had already been waiting outside. It was built with gold and engraved with spirit stones. Three strange beasts of four hundred years of age were pulling it. They had wings at seven feet long with a golden glimmer on their feathers.

“Young Noble Feng, over here.” Xue Wu was on the carriage and called for Feng Feiyun in the distance.

Feng Feiyun gallantly walked ahead while Nangong Hongyan, in her unstained white dress with a zither in her embrace, gently walked right behind him with her head down.

Feng Feiyun came over and asked: “Xue Wu, what are you doing?”

“I’m here to give you the carriage of course. Young Noble Feng, my big sister has had a tough life since youth, please treat her well.” Xue Wu jumped down from the carriage and pleaded.

Nangong Hongyan and Xue Wu were both from the Supreme Beauty Pavilion. Hongyan was ranked first and Xue Wu was third, so this was why Xue Wu called her big sister.

Feng Feiyun revealed a serious expression and said: “I see her as a friend and definitely won’t treat her like a servant.”

“Then I am relieved.” With tears in her eyes, it was clear that Xue Wu was reluctant to say goodbye to Nangong Hongyan. If it wasn’t for the mysterious master, they wouldn’t be items to be casually gifted away.

Feng Feiyun and Nangong Hongyan boarded the carriage and began their departure. The three golden birds spread their wings and flew to the sky. The carriage turned into a golden beam as it flew through the mountain ranges of the Wanxiang Pagoda.

It was very quiet in the carriage.

After going inside, Feng Feiyun sat cross-legged and calmed his mind. A layer of light moved through his body and continued to assault the three wounds on his neck.

These wounds were caused by the mysterious monster underground. After his body was infected by its poison, he had not been able to expel it. At this time, he began to try and refine the poison away.

Nangong Hongyan quietly sat in a corner on top of a red, fox-furred blanket. Her flawless hands hugged her zither while she curiously gazed at Feng Feiyun. She wanted to come close several times but decided against it.

Eventually, she couldn’t help but softly ask with a tinge of concern in her voice: “Are you poisoned?”

Feng Feiyun turned paler by the minute. The wounds on his neck wouldn’t close and it seemed that the poison had entered his bloodstream, rendering him unable to refine them.

This was the first time this had happened. Even the mighty Immortal Phoenix Physique couldn’t refine this poison. Just what the hell was that monster? Why was it so terrifying?

Feng Feiyun slowly opened his eyes and glanced over at Nangong Hongyan’s wrist. He saw that her wrist as white as jade also had a Blood Seal Bracelet. It appeared that she was also under the control of the mysterious master.

“Yes, I am poisoned.” There was no need to hide since they were fellow sufferers.

Moreover, Feng Feiyun could see that her aura was very weak. It was apparent that she had no cultivation and was no threat to him.

“I have a third-ranked Antidote Pill, perhaps it can cure your affliction.” Nangong Hongyan put down her zither and slowly took out a cute jade bottle then handed it to Feng Feiyun.

Feng Feiyun didn’t accept it. A third-ranked Antidote Pill had incredible value. It could be described as an immortal antidote. How could he accept such a precious thing?

Nangong Hongyan quickly explained with sadness in her eyes: “This was given to me by a sixth-ranked pill master. Right now, I myself am yours, so this pill naturally belongs to you as well.”

Feng Feiyun shook his head and smiled: “Hongyan, we can be friends, there is no need for you to act like this.”

He paused for a second before continuing: “If you want to leave, I won’t stop you.”

He chose not to accept the pill and channeled his physique once more to slowly refine the poison in his blood. In his opinion, this was perhaps a good chance to cultivate his physique even further.

Perhaps he could use the threat of the poison to break through to the fourth level of Blood Transformation, Origin Restoration.

“Leave? Where will I go after leaving?” Nangong Hongyan shook her head and bitterly said with droplets in her eyes: “The master has incredible means, no one can escape.”

She was truly lovely. Each of her words was so charming. Her mood could influence everyone around her; her happiness was their joy and her sadness made them silent...

“Have you seen the mysterious master?” Feng Feiyun was also affected by her mood, and it made him a bit dejected.

This feeling scared him. Luckily, she was a nice and weak girl. Otherwise, her beauty could cause chaos in this world. No man could resist her wondrous looks.

Nangong Hongyan slightly nodded and spoke with fear: “He is really a devil!”

Feng Feiyun instantly asked: “Who is he?”

“I don’t know. The only thing I know is that he is very old with gray hair and a body withered like an old tree.” Her body gently quivered as if she was quite terrified of the master.

“Then can you draw his appearance?” Feng Feiyun had no love for the master. He felt that this person was definitely a great character. If he handed the drawing over to the Divine King, perhaps the Divine King could help him eliminate this master.

If the master was killed, the bracelet naturally wouldn’t be able to control him any longer.

She shook her head with tears streaming down her eyes: "I only caught a glimpse. His aura is too powerful so he can't be depicted with a brush. However, if I see him again, I can definitely recognize him."

Feng Feiyun closely stared at the sight of her crying — full of sorrow and regrets.

"Is there something on your mind?" He was once again affected by her mood. Although he made an effort to restrain his emotions, he couldn't help but sigh after her.

This feeling really wasn't good.

"I want... want to kill him, but I don't have the courage... Will you help me?" She pitifully glanced at Feng Feiyun. Her delicate eyes were adorable to the extreme.

As long as the person was a man, they would never be able to refuse her!

Feng Feiyun was also a man. He paused for a second before asking: "Why do you want to kill him?"

Her fingers tightly pinched her sleeves while she constantly murmured while quivering: "He took my big sister and sold her to the Beauty's Smile Pavilion. He is a devil, a devil..."

Chapter 236: Princess Arrival

A man who says no to a woman was definitely not a good man, whether it was a proposition in bed or a desperate plea.

Not to mention that this was from the most beautiful woman in the world.

Feng Feiyun had some qualms against women, but he was also definitely a good man. At the very least, this was what he thought.

"Well, the mysterious master is a shared enemy, so even if you didn't ask me, I would still end things with him sooner or later." Feng Feiyun answered then began to cultivate again. He used his phoenix physique to suppress the poison in his body and condensed his blood to break through to the next stage.

Nangong Hongyan's eyes were full of gratitude. A teardrop fell down like a delicate flower in the rain.

The three strange birds hauled the carriage across the sky towards the Martial Tower as if it belonged to an immortal.

"Boom!" Among the clouds in the sky, a huge yellow sword slashed down from above like a waterfall spilling down from the nine heavens.

Feng Feiyun opened his eyes and rushed out of the carriage. He raised his huge stone saber and also unleashed a vertical slash to break this endless sword energy.

The two forces collided, causing the carriage in the sky to fall sharply. All three birds cried out while a huge amount of feathers were blown off from their bodies.

"Who is in my way?" Feng Feiyun was standing on top of the carriage, saber in hand, with a proud stance while gazing into the faint sky.

Two figures came riding on their flying swords. They were Beiming Tang and Dongfang Mu.

“Feng Feiyun, you are only a fool abandoned by your clan with the wretched status of an insect. You are not qualified to have the number one beauty in the world.” Beiming Tang was standing on his sword with his Northern Profound Ice Armor activated, giving off a murderous aura.

Everyone wanted the prettiest girl in this world, but she had fallen into Feng Feiyun’s hands and became his woman. Naturally, there would be those who were unconvinced. This was even more unforgivable than him becoming the Divine King’s disciple.

Everything good had been taken by Feng Feiyun, so of course there would be people coming to cause trouble.

Feng Feiyun had the saber propped up on his shoulder as he leisurely laughed: “Haha, if I am not qualified, then how can someone who lost to me like you be qualified?”

Beiming Tang was relying on Dongfang Mu as his backer, so he dared to come here to mess with Feng Feiyun. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be challenging Feng Feiyun again even if he was ten times more courageous.

“Feng Feiyun, do you really think that you can do as you please with the Divine King as your backing? If you provoke the four great clans, even the Divine King would not be able to protect you!” Beiming Tang erupted.

“Is that so? But it seems to me that the one starting everything has been you?” Feng Feiyun’s eyes turned serious as he responded in a deep tone.

Dongfang Mu, who had been quiet the entire time, finally spoke: “Feng Feiyun, I don’t care about your feud with Beiming Tang, I just want to fight you right now. If you lose, Miss Hongyan will belong to me. If I lose, then I will kneel for three days as an apology.”

“Kneeling for three days!” Feng Feiyun raised his brows.

To a top level expert, nothing was more precious than one’s dignity. Proposing to kneel for three days showed just how confident Dongfang Mu was in himself.

“Do you dare to fight me?” Dongfang Mu opened all 99 meridians in his body. All the surrounding spirit energy rushed towards his location and into his body.

On the other hand, Feng Feiyun appeared to be much calmer. He shook his head and smiled: “No.”

“Are you so afraid to fight?” Dongfang Mu aggressively pressed on.

“There is nothing to gain from fighting you, what’s the point of watching you kneel?” Feng Feiyun was not that bored. If everyone wanted to use this method to fight him, then he wouldn’t be able to cultivate at all. There would be a line of challengers waiting for him each day. If this was the case, it would be strange if he didn’t die from fatigue.

“You’re going to fight even if you don’t want to!” With a black spear in hand, Dongfang Mu crossed the sky while riding a golden sword around nine feet long. An image of a black tiger towering at one hundred feet tall blotted out half the sky.

Feng Feiyun’s eyes narrowed. This Dongfang Mu was too overbearing!

On the other side of the sky, a law-enforcement officer adorned in silver armor while riding a silver bird flew by with his silver spear, shouting: "Fighting is prohibited in the Wanxiang Pagoda!"

Feng Feiyun smiled. This was the most favorable scenario for him; he didn't have to waste his time and energy.

"Scram!" Dongfang Mu threw his black spear and pierced the silver bird the officer was riding. Blood ran along the entire spear.

"Just a little officer dares to interfere with a disciple from the four great clans? Courting death." Dongfang Mu attacked without any hesitation and slashed down with his spear once more. It shattered the officer's silver armor and blew him away.

The law-enforcement corp was made out of excellent disciples from the Wanxiang Pagoda. However, Dongfang Mu was even more powerful than them. He was ranked 92nd on the Pagoda's Hundreds List. Just one move alone was enough to gravely injure the enforcer who just slammed into a mountain.

This was too badass, he even beat up someone from the corp! Feng Feiyun was admiring his boldness just a little.

"Feng Feiyun, I want to pierce through your body with my spear to show that you are not worthy of being the Divine King's successor. You're also definitely not worthy of having the number one beauty!" Dongfang Mu was determined at this time, no one could stop his will.

On one hand, he was a disciple from the four clans. His great status made it so that no one could stop him.

On the other hand, he became very bold due to Nangong Hongyan's beauty. A cowardly man would only be viewed in disdain by a beauty.

"Worthy or not, it is not up to you to decide." Feng Feiyun's energy slowly came out as well. With someone provoking him to such an extent, if he didn't rise to the challenge, he would be looked down upon by others.

With both hands gripping the stone saber, he lunged one hundred feet forward then slashed down with the momentum of his entire body. A white slash came out from the blade.

"Dragon King's First Slash!" A white dragon soared forward with its fangs ready to sink into the black spear before it. Both sides were violently shaking. The black and white energies intertwined and covered the sky.

Dongfang Mu was indeed overbearing, but he had the strength to act this way. He was at grand achievement God Base with ninety-nine opened meridians in his body.

"Rumble!" Feng Feiyun swung his blade around. Countless dragon shadows flew out with their roars echoing across the sky. They gathered to form an entire horde.

Dongfang Mu also unleashed the top technique from the Yin Gou Clan. His black spear was like a heavenly black pillar that swept through all directions, intending to shatter the dragon shadows.

This was a great battle. Just the residual energy alone was enough to turn huge trees to into smithereens.

Under the moonlight, Nangong Hongyan came out from the carriage in her snow-white dress; her skin was even whiter than her dress. She watched the battle between the two. Her cute eyes were relaxed, making her seem like a goddess visiting the mortal world.

“Whew! Whew!” Two shadows rushed along the mountain peaks then stopped before reappearing on another mountain. Eventually, they both stood on top of two different mountains and looked at the ongoing battle in the distance.

“It is the Dragon King’s Saber Art.” Mu Tiantian smirked.

“The son of the demon is actually cultivating this art. It seems like the Divine King truly wishes to train him to be the successor. No wonder why Princess Luofu can’t sit still.” Mu Yuedi also leisurely smiled.

Mu Tiantian was male and Mu Yuedi was female. Both of them were top hundred geniuses on the Pagoda’s Hundreds List. After hearing the news about Feng Feiyun cultivating the saber art, both of them ended their closed cultivation sessions.

A disciple of the Divine King cultivating this saber art was vastly different compared to a disciple who was not; they were two entirely different concepts.

And it wasn’t just them, many others on the list also came out due to this matter. They would certainly come to find Feng Feiyun in a short amount of time.

“The first challenger is Dongfang Mu, ranked 92nd on the list. I wonder if he has reached the fifth level of the Dragon Lake Righteous Energy from the Yin Gou Clan yet?” Mu Yuedi wondered as she looked at the sky with a pair of eyes as cold as frost.

“I actually don’t want Feng Feiyun to lose to him, it would be too disappointing being the successor of the Divine King.” Mu Tiantian smilingly responded.

“Rumble!” The night sky was restless as spirit energy surged like tidal waves. An imperial carriage rushed forward with eight grand achievement God Base cultivators on both sides for protection.

Eight Steps Dragon Carriage — this was Princess Luofu’s carriage. Outside of the eight experts, Shi Yelai, who was ranked 10th on the list, also came along.

Mu Tiantian and Mu Yuedi glanced at each other then bowed their heads at the same time while respectfully saying: “Welcome, Princess Luofu.”

Both of them knew that the princess was definitely coming. After all, if Feng Feiyun was truly cultivating the Dragon King’s Saber Art, then he would be related to the imperial family in the future. As a daughter of the imperial family, it would be strange if she didn’t come to check out such a grand matter.

“It really is the Dragon King’s Saber Art.” The princess’ voice came from the carriage. After a moment of silent, she said: “The two of you, rise.”

Mu Tiantian and Mu Yuedi finally straightened their bodies at this time.

“Your Highness, is it possible to not make a huge commotion tonight?” Mu Yuedi was a bit worried.

In the end, this was the territory of the Wanxiang Pagoda and fighting was not allowed. If the older generation of the pagoda decided to pursue this matter, no one could afford to bear the responsibility.

“It’s fine. I have met Nalan Wushuang from the law-enforcement corp. They will take the long way around this area tonight and avoid it altogether.” The princess frowned afterward: “Why did Dongfang Mu take action first?”

“If Princess says something, he will definitely back down obediently.” Mu Tiantian smilingly answered.

“No need, I actually want to see to what level Feng Feiyun has reached with his saber art, to see if he is qualified to be the Divine King’s successor or not.” The princess came tonight just for Feng Feiyun. She secretly planned out many things and invited seven to eight experts from the top 100 of the pagoda. Many came running, and Mu Tiantian and Mu Yuedi were among them.

Chapter 237: Fifty Percent

This mountain range spanned for several tens of thousands of miles. There were many wondrous peaks and sacred grounds as well as strange beasts that towered at hundreds of feet tall. They presided the jungle and filled it with their cries.

The Divine King stood on top of the Martial Tower while looking at the sky full of stars. A divine essence drop trickled down from his eyes that were capable of seeing through the void to look at the vast territories miles away.

His age was nearing the end and his blood was not burning like when he was younger. He wanted to retire in order to research the grand dao and give back the stage to the younger generation.

“The dragons will devour the sky while the Red Planet protects.” He glanced at the millions of stars and their movements. There was a complex emotion in his heart as he murmured: “The dynasty cannot fall. The dragons will rise and bring chaos to this world. Someone else must rise and slay these dragons to protect this land.”

“The key is when the Red Star will come. Does master think that Feng Feiyun is this Red Star?” Zhang Badao was also standing at the top of the tower. He paused for a bit before commenting: “Why do I feel like he is part of the dragons?”

Zhang Badao reached out and pointed at the stars. There were more than ten big stars in the direction where he pointed. All ten were recently born and had finally displayed their skills while surrounding the palace.

Only one faint Red Star was protecting the palace. Although this star was faint, it also had the biggest change. Once it started to shine, it would be able to compete against the sun and moon as well as illuminate this whole realm.

The Divine King stroked his beard and smiled: “I have met the Treasure Seeking Tower Master. We have discussed this and thought that Feng Feiyun is the best candidate.”

“Why?” Zhang Badao knew that the Treasure Seeking Tower Master’s background was not ordinary. It was normal for the Divine King to seek her counsel.

“Because he has no ambition and is only aiming for the dao. Plus, his aspiration is not to become an Imperial Emperor but that of an Immortal Saint.” The Divine King also went to find Scholar Heaven Calculating to determine Feng Feiyun’s intentions.

The scholar lost ten years of life before being able to come up with a prediction. However, the future was empty. Feng Feiyun was someone who couldn’t be divined, as if there was a vast and mysterious power helping him block others from seeing his fate.

Because of this result, the Divine King finally felt safe enough to pass down the Dragon King’s Saber Art to him. Otherwise, how could the supreme technique of the imperial family be passed down to an outsider so easily?

“I see!” Zhang Badao finally understood. The question lingering in his mind was dispelled, so he burst out in laughter.

He was a frank person and spoke what was on his mind without holding back.

The stars continued to change endlessly up in the sky dome. These astronomical phenomena were part of the heavenly images. Meanwhile, heavenly images illuminated earthly images and the earthly images illuminated the images of men. [1. Beats me. This goes deeper into Chinese fortune reading than my knowledge.]

Heavenly images were often before the earthly and mortal images, thus those who could read astronomical changes could predict some changes regarding the momentum of this world as well as the trends of the dynasties.

“Master, I’m afraid it won’t be calm tonight. Princess Luofu’s camp has been quite rowdy as of late!” Zhang Badao smiled and gazed towards the mountain range over yonder: “Should we interfere?”

The Divine King smiled and shook his head: “It seems like a lot of people know that Feiyun cultivates the saber art so they have commenced their own plans! There’s no need to worry about Luofu. Her actions are within my expectations.”

Zhang Badao was a bit surprised: “Princess Luofu doesn’t want Feng Feiyun to be the next successor?”

“If an outsider wants to be bestowed the King title, they have to marry a princess — this is a rule created by our ancestors. The Divine King status cannot be passed to an outsider.” The Divine King laughed cheerfully then freely walked outside. He stepped on the void to go back to the 99th floor of the Martial Tower.

Zhang Badao was wide-eyed. He took a deep breath and repeated: “My boy! Marrying a princess, haha, who would motherfucking want to marry a princess! Haha! No wonder why Princess Luofu is reacting this way. It is hard to be a eunuch, but it is even harder to be a princess’ groom! Haha!” [2. This is a popular phrase. Depending on the dynasty, it was not easy to be the emperor’s son in law. During the more open dynasties, princesses had decent sexual freedom. Their grooms weren’t allowed to have concubines and couldn’t hold court positions. The princesses were pretty much in charge and could have boy toys.]

The starry sky was blocked out by the surging dust, resulting in a thick layer of clouds. Feng Feiyun stood inside this dust storm with both hands grasping his blade and continuously unleashed the first slash technique. His whole mind was hellbent on understanding the intent of this saber technique.

A heavenly manual like the Dragon King's Saber Art was created by countless wise sages from the imperial family. After relentless research and improvements, it became truly profound and complex. Although Feng Feiyun's sense of the heavenly dao was quite high, he still needed more time to learn as well as actual battle experience.

Feng Feiyun only knew thirty percent of the essence of the first slash prior to this. After fighting against Dongfang Mu, he had unleashed another 300 slashes. After each slash, his understanding of the art increased a bit and its strength would rise as well. At this moment, he was able to unleash forty percent of the first slash's power.

"Boom!"

Dongfang Mu was indeed a grand achievement God Base cultivator. The spirit energy in his body was endless. The ninety-nine meridians could devour the world while his black spear continued to spew out black beams, causing Feng Feiyun's stone saber to shake.

Meanwhile, Feng Feiyun was trying to sense his saber art. The biggest difference between a sword and saber was that swords were about flexibility while sabers strived for a domineering momentum.

"Boom!" Feng Feiyun went on the offensive. With every single step, he would unleash another slash in the shape of a dragon. Eventually, the aura on his body grew stronger and stronger as if it was turning into a dragon, giving the sense of invincibility.

The stone saber was taken from the Immeasurable Tower, and it had quite a great origin. It was definitely not just a simple stone saber. Feng Feiyun had studied it before and he could feel an aura from ancient times within the blade. However, this aura had been sleeping for many moons and couldn't be awakened so easily.

Dongfang Mu became more astonished as the fight went on since he could feel Feng Feiyun's aura becoming stronger. The power of his saber technique was also increasing with each step as if there was no limit.

"He is using me to practice his blade, how outrageous!" Dongfang Mu retreated more than ninety feet away to maintain a gap between them. His dragon-like black spear thrust forward more ferociously than the last. He used the momentum of his entire body to spew out another black beam.

Feng Feiyun suddenly stopped, but he didn't try to avoid it. He tightened his waist while he strengthened his grip on his blade. He lifted it up high then slashed downward. A light that resembled white dragon scales appeared on the blade's body.

"Rawrrr!" A white dragon cried out as it took the form of a real dragon.

This blade energy contained fifty percent essence of the art and had reached the level of materialization. It directly shattered the black spear in Dongfang Mu's hand, rendering it into countless steel bits that were blown away like stardust.

After hearing the dragon roar, Princess Luofu — inside her imperial carriage — was caught off guard: “It hasn’t even been two months of training yet he actually trained the first slash to fifty percent essence... Is his comprehension ability really that frightening?”

In her mind, the person with the strongest comprehension ability was Crown Prince Long Shenya of the imperial family. He was her half-brother with a different mother, and he was given a devilish gift at a young age. He was the bright sun in the sky, one of the eight Grand Historical Geniuses.

However, it seems that even his comprehension ability was not as heaven-defying as Feng Feiyun’s. At the very least, he wouldn’t be able to reach fifty percent of the first slash within just two months.

Physique wise, Feng Feiyun naturally was still one level lower than Long Shenya. He was only equal to Shi Yelai.

“Feng Feiyun actually managed to break Dongfang Mu’s spear. It seems like the power of the demon’s son is not all talk.” Mu Tiantian, who was sitting on a boulder, laughed heartily.

“The two had exchanged 732 blows. Feng Feiyun is at peak level with seven divine intents while Dongfang Mu is at grand achievement with ninety-nine main meridians.” Mu Yuedi’s bright eyes didn’t blink once the whole time. She was presenting her analysis to everyone here.

“Dongfang Mu is also a heaven-defying genius, so why is he so weak? Aizz! So disappointing! Shit, this is making the Yin Gou Clan look bad!” A young man with messy hair sat down next to Mu Tiantian and almost knocked him down to the ground.

“How are you gonna boast so shamelessly? If you are so courageous, then go try Dongfang Jingshui on and find out if the Yin Gou Clan is weak or not!” Mu Tiantian angrily retorted.

“Well... that Jingshui guy is too badass right now, so I won’t bother facing him. Hehe, I am actually more interested in his little sister... Keke...” The messy haired boy rubbed his palms together and laughed. His dark face lit up due to his snow-white teeth. His scoundrel’s smile would even creep out a burly man.

“Shit, Bi Jicui, why is it you? Which motherfucker let you out?” After seeing the guy with the dark face sitting next to him, Mu Tiantian immediately jumped up and checked his pockets to see if he was missing anything. This guy was a notorious thief!

“Cough! Of course, only a noble daughter full of beauty and nobility like Princess Luofu would be able to invite me, who else in this world would have this great privilege?”

He suddenly shouted after realizing something afterward: “Also! Please call me Bi Ningshuai, not Bi Jicui.” [3. Shuai is handsome/dashing, Cui is weak. Cui and Shuai are similar.]

His face as black as the bottom of a pot was very creepy, especially when he smiled due to the contrast of his shiny white teeth.

Suddenly, there was a miserable scream. Mu Tiantian checked his pockets for a while and sure enough, he found out that some things were missing: “Motherfucker, I knew you were up to no good. Did you just steal my Sky Jewel Bell?”

“No, absolutely not.” Bi Ningshuai outright denied it.

“Fuck you, I can’t find three of my True Mysterious Spirit Stones either, you must have snatched them as well!” Mu Tiantian really wanted to cry. He pounced at the black-faced young man: “Motherfucker, not only is your face black, so is your heart. Give me back my spirit stones and pavilion!”

“No, I really don’t have them. Check if you want.” Bi Ningshuai was very calm and voluntarily lifted his arms.

All the geniuses here, including Shi Yelai, felt unsafe. They quickly checked the treasures in their pockets to see if they were still there before moving them to a safer location.

Chapter 238: Mangled Flesh

The sky remained the same as before. In the night, a darkness shrouded the entire world as if even the everlasting time would never be able to change this truth.

Dongfang Mu’s spear had shattered and only a small section of it was left in his grasp. This was a top-level treasure, yet it was split into pieces by Feng Feiyun’s saber, reduced to scraps of metal.

“Already so powerful before reaching grand achievement God Base!” Dongfang Mu’s heart sank as he stood on the ground full of cracks. He threw the shattered spear to the ground.

“I am only using you to refine my blade!” Feng Feiyun was a hundred meters away from him. His momentum was still strong and the saber energy surrounded his body.

“Hmph! Don’t speak too soon. I’ll show you my Yin Gou Clan’s great technique, ‘Righteous Energy of the Dragon Lake’.” Dongfang Mu had never lost to someone with a lower cultivation than himself. Although his weapon was broken, his will to battle remained unperturbed.

Dragon Lake spans three thousand miles, the White Jade represents Yin Gou! [1. This is the phrase representing the Yin Gou Clan.]

Feng Feiyun had been wanting to see the righteous energy from the Yin Gou Clan since much earlier. He raised his stone saber again and took the initiative. Both his saber and his own body resembled a dragon.

Now, Dongfang Mu was wearing two iron claws laden with scales. He reached out and a golden flash shot out from his body. The righteous energy echoed powerfully.

With this attack, a divine lake in the air easily shattered the saber energy in the form of a dragon that Feng Feiyun unleashed.

The second claw came quickly. The radiating golden lake came crashing down above Feng Feiyun’s head.

“Boom!” Feng Feiyun slashed his saber downward after propelling himself into the air. One slash came out after another like the waves in a blue sea — the latter stronger than the former. They forced Dongfang Mu to continuously retreat.

“Dragon Lake’s Righteous Energy, level four!” Four golden waves of spirit energy shot out from Dongfang Mu and shattered the seventy-two dragon slashes.

Both the Dragon Lake's Righteous Energy and Dragon King's Saber Art carried a draconic affinity. One was righteous while the other tyrannical. The two of them caused dragon roars to echo across the sky. These two draconic energies continued to suppress and antagonize the other.

Feng Feiyun was immersed in training his saber technique earlier. His mastery of the first slash increased as his grasp on its essence grew.

Nangong Hongyan was standing on top of the carriage under the gentle moonlight. Even with her feeble body, her starry eyes could still see the thick clouds a hundred miles away as well as the golden righteous energy and white saber energy clashing in the air, creating frightening gusts of wind.

"Whoosh!" Beiming Tang suddenly appeared right behind her on top of the carriage. He had an excited glimmer in his eyes to the point where he was slightly shaking; he could smell her sweet fragrance that would make people go wild.

Just Nangong Hongyan standing there was more than enough to make his blood boil. A tremor emanated from his bones, forcing him to say: "Feng Feiyun is not worthy of you. Follow me, I will let you be the future mistress of the Beiming Clan."

Beiming Tang didn't ask for her permission before grasping the three strange yellow beasts' reins. He controlled the carriage and flew towards the north under the bright moonlight.

Dongfang Mu started cultivating the Dragon Lake's Righteous Energy from an early age. After thirty years of training, he had reached the fourth level of the technique. This was not something a person who had only trained in the saber art for two months like Feng Feiyun could compare to.

"Rumble!" The golden righteous energy shattered the clouds. He unleashed another fist, creating a huge fist-formed shadow as large as a room.

"Saber training is over!" Feng Feiyun suddenly withdrew his saber and glanced over at the carriage in the north. A murderous intent flashed in his eyes: "To actually dare to rob someone right in front of me... Beiming Tang, you court death!"

He threw down the huge stone saber and pinned it in the ground, making it look like a stone tablet.

He landed on the shaft and summoned the Infinite Spirit Ring. The power of the Spirit Treasure was instantly channeled. Six ancient images flew out from the ring with their great suppressive pressures. [2. "Dragon-Horse Mountain and River Diagram", "Eight Trigrams Mysterious Language", "Four Yang Ancient Cauldron", "Netherworld Spirit Pagoda", "Heavenly Flying King", "Hundred Ghosts Banquet", and "Ten Thousand Lights".]

His cultivation was countless times higher after reaching the seventh floor of the Immeasurable Tower. Thus, his ability to use the Spirit Treasure's power doubled as well.

The ring attacked and shattered the huge golden fist in the sky then pierced through Dongfang Mu's righteous energy.

Dongfang Mu felt an overwhelming force strike his body as well as his chest. The blood inside his body seemed to be oozing out from his skin.

“Pluff!” The epidermis of his chest was torn apart as blood gushed out and splattered all over the ground. Dongfang Mu retreated seven steps back and eventually came to a stop with one knee on the ground. His hands were supporting his body.

The power of the Spirit Treasure was unstoppable. If he wasn’t at grand achievement God Base, then he wouldn’t have been able to stop it; he would have wallowed in regret in the afterlife.

“I have no time to play with you!” Feng Feiyun recalled his ring and carried his saber to pursue to the north. He stomped on the ground once and traveled three hundred meters instantly.

He was unsuccessful in killing Beiming Tang several times already. Now, this person dared to touch Nangong Hongyan. Today, he must kill him; no one will be able to protect him!

“Feng Feiyun, we’re not finished here!” As blood continued to drip from his body, a thick red smoke engulfed his body. Then, an endless golden light shot out from his flesh, creating a blinding domain.

“Dragon Lake’s Righteous Energy, fifth level!” Dongfang Mu gritted his teeth and unleashed another claw into the sky. This attack resembled a huge golden cloud that directly went towards Feng Feiyun.

He paid a huge price for using a forbidden technique. He crushed his own potential in order to unleash an attack of the fifth level.

Feng Feiyun looked up at the sky and noticed that the entire firmament seemed to have gained a golden hue. With continuous explosions, he saw a huge golden claw more than one hundred meters wide coming down straight for him.

“Fool, this is all the fifth level of the righteous energy can do?” The Infinite Spirit Ring flew out again and spun with haste. It caused all the wind in the vicinity to twist and turn into a huge black tornado with a ten-meter diameter to attack the golden claw.

“Pluff!” Dongfang Mu spat out a mouthful of blood. His body trembled like crazy and his eyes were wide open. He didn’t choose to back down and instead attacked even more ferociously.

“Bang! Bang! Bang!” Feng Feiyun’s body shifted and formed seven after-images. He quickly returned from three hundred meters away and slashed his saber down on Dongfang Mu’s shoulder. The cut spanned all the way from his shoulder to his chest. A fatal amount of blood splashed out from the wound as he fell to the ground.

Dongfang Mu’s body actually had an engraved cinnabar formation to block Feng Feiyun’s slash. Otherwise, that slash would have split him into halves.

Most heaven-defying geniuses from the great clans would be engraved with a cinnabar formation on their body by using blood from an expert of the Heaven’s Mandate level. This would accompany them for the rest of their lives to protect them before they were mature.

“Out of consideration for an old friend from your Yin Gou Clan, I’ll spare your life today. Since you said the loser would have to kneel for three days, kneel for me!”

Feng Feiyun lifted his saber then slammed it into Dongfang Mu’s thighs, causing his legs to bend before knocking him away. He ended it by slamming Dongfang Mu’s head down to the ground.

“Bam!” Dongfang Mu’s legs were one foot deep in the mud. His knees were shattered so could only prostrate on the ground.

He gritted his teeth and wanted to stand up again, but he was suppressed by a dark array and couldn’t move at all.

“Feng Feiyun, you actually dare to force a disciple from the four great clans to kneel? You have done it now! Our great clans’ disciples can be killed but not humiliated like this!” There was endless humiliation in Dongfang Mu’s heart as he let out a scream full of resentment.

“Really?” Feng Feiyun turned around then added another formation with the weight of 100,000 pounds on top of Dongfang Mu’s head. Now, he didn’t even have the strength to lift his head.

“Then go invite an expert from your Yin Gou Clan to come teach me a lesson, I’m ready anytime!” Feng Feiyun didn’t care for the threat and retrieved his saber before giving chase to the north in a cool and decisive manner.

“Shit, I’m not playing this crap. Your Highness, I’m not doing this. That son of the demon clearly has a Spirit Treasure. Even Dongfang Mu with his fifth level righteous energy was forced to kneel. Woe betides anyone who fights that guy.” Bi Ningshuai wanted to escape even if this meant not giving the princess any face.

“If you don’t do it, I can only inform Li Xiaonan from the Sacred Spirit Palace. Don’t forget that he has always been looking for you. You can imagine what he will do after finding out that you are hiding at the Wanxiang Pagoda...” The princess leisurely responded from the imperial carriage.

“Please no! Please no! My aunt, please don’t do it! Everything is negotiable!” Bi Ningshuai, who had already ran far away, obediently came back after hearing this. If Li Xiaonan actually came to the pagoda, then he would have no way to escape.

This Beiming Tang’s sexual urge truly made him courageous; he actually kidnapped Nangong Hongyan!

Feng Feiyun quickly gave chase while his murderous intent only grew stronger. Nangong Hongyan didn’t know cultivation and was only a weak girl despite being the prettiest in this world.

Since she was now his woman, other people absolutely weren’t allowed to touch her.

After chasing for five hundred miles, he finally saw the carriage floating in the air. He leaped up from the ground and landed on the carriage before being assaulted by the stench of blood.

An uneasy feeling arose within him.

Blood was everywhere on the carriage. The scared Nangong Hongyan was hiding in a corner of the carriage while curling her body in fear as if she had just witnessed something truly horrifying. She closed her eyes completely while repeating to herself: “Don’t kill me, don’t kill me...”

Feng Feiyun entered the carriage and saw even more blood inside. There was a cold corpse nailed to the carriage wall. Both of its eyes were removed and its tongue severed. Its hands were pierced with two nails as warm blood was still flowing out.

Although half of this corpse's face was smashed and mangled, Feng Feiyun could still recognize the person... Beiming Tang.

This was a miserable way to go. Blood covered his entire body, causing Feng Feiyun to feel creeped out as well.

Chapter 239: A Black Face With An Even Darker Heart

This scene was truly shocking. It was just like when Feng Feiyun saw Young Noble Flawless back in the coffin. However, the young noble was still alive while Beiming Tang couldn't be any deader.

Feng Feiyun's stomach churned and he felt some acid in his throat.

The person's eyes were gouged out completely. His tongue was severed while his eardrums had nails pierced through them. His nose was smashed and his heart was dug out as well; it was lying on the ground with blood and pus oozing from it. This brutal method of murder couldn't be done by the average person.

He definitely suffered before death. Feng Feiyun could see that his muscles and veins were tense. This type of pain was even worse than being flayed alive.

"Don't kill me, don't kill me..." Nangong Hongyan was quivering and hiding in the corner. Her pure white dress was stained with blood. It was clear that when Beiming Tang was being tortured, she was standing to the side. The blood splashing on her body gave her quite a scare.

"Hongyan, Hongyan, it's me, Feng Feiyun." Feng Feiyun felt sorry as well. This was a visceral experience since he was infected by her emotions.

"Don't kill me, don't kill me..." She tightly closed her eyes while her long eyelashes trembled as she kept on shaking her head.

"I'm Feng Feiyun, who killed Beiming Tang?" He crouched down next to her and gently touched her shoulder in order to calm her down. Her soft body quivered as she wailed pitifully.

The tears flowing out of the corners of her eyes were like raindrops, accentuating her pitiful and weak appearance.

"Young Noble Feng, you are finally here. I'm so scared..." She opened her beautiful, watery eyes. Her fragile and soft body rushed into Feng Feiyun's embrace, hugging him tightly just like someone drowning trying to grasp onto a life-saving straw.

"I'm scared... I was really afraid that he would kill me... That cruel monster, the way he kills... Wagh..." She hugged him tightly and buried her head into his strong chest, still trembling like before. Her words were incoherent due to the nightmarish experience. Her mind couldn't erase the brutal images.

In both of his lives, this was the second time a girl took the initiative to jump into his arms. The first was Shui Yueting. Back then when she hugged him, he felt his heart beating for the first time and was at a loss.

Now, when Nangong Hongyan hugged him as well, his heart accelerated once more; he became lost again.

"I assure you, as long as I am here, no one in this world will dare to touch a single hair of yours or else they shall die." Feng Feiyun hesitated for a moment before reaching out to gently embrace her with one hand placed on her head.

Nangong Hongyan's tears could melt the toughest glacier in this world. Before her teary eyes, even the most ruthless butcher would drop his knife.

Even a man who hated women would change because of her.

"I'm still afraid, men normally just lie to fool women..." She nestled in his embrace just like a kitten. As time passed, she stopped crying while rubbing her extremely pretty face on his chest. Her hands that resembled beautiful jade lotuses held him tightly as she softly spoke: "Do you dare to swear?"

Her enchanting voice penetrated his heart. Her arms as warm and gentle as flowing spring water was about to melt Feng Feiyun.

A different sweet figure appeared in his mind, but it was only a momentary flash. He answered: "If you believe the vow of a man, I..."

"I believe you!" She rested on his strong chest with her eyes closed. She felt an unprecedented sense of security while indecipherably murmuring to herself in a daze.

Feng Feiyun had never been so lost before, he had never felt this before since he didn't know what he was afraid of. He felt a looming crisis gradually approaching, the feeling of dread before an inevitable disaster. He couldn't see it or grasp it, but it was a tangible feeling that instilled a primal fear in him.

Feng Feiyun said: "I swear, as long as I am here, no one in this world will dare to touch a single hair of yours or else they shall die."

"I'll remember!" She was still resting with her eyes closed and quietly snuggled against him. It seemed that she had fallen asleep and was merely sleep talking.

The body hanging on the carriage's wall was still dripping blood. One could hear the trickling of water, yet the other corner was quiet and beautiful. The two of them hugged and could hear each other's heartbeats and breaths. This feeling... was truly magical.

Eventually, she woke up but still nestled in his embrace and gently spoke: "It was the master who killed Beiming Tang. I saw him being murdered and his blood dyed my eyes. I thought that I would be murdered as well. He only glared at me... When I looked into his eyes, I became really scared... really scared..."

More clear and shiny tears ran down her cheeks as she recalled the events.

"That was my guess." This cruel practice was the same that happened to Young Noble Flawless. No one could be this vicious except the mysterious master.

Suddenly, Feng Feiyun grimaced. His ears slightly twitched; he could hear the air moving outside. Although it was very weak, it couldn't elude his hearing.

“Who?” Feng Feiyun comforted Nangong Hongyan then went out of the carriage to stare at the darkness.

“Swoosh!” A shadow fell from the sky to the top of the carriage. This was a person without a face. No, it was not that he didn’t have a face, it was because it was too black, just like the bottom of a kettle pot.

One really couldn’t see his face in the dark. Only when he smiled could one see his two rows of white teeth.

“Haha, Brother Feng, I’ve been looking for you for a while and finally found you.” Bi Ningshuai smilingly walked forward with his black face as if he had just come out of a coal mine. He had short and messy spiky hair. He acted without any reservation as if he was very familiar with Feng Feiyun. Unfortunately, it was difficult to compliment his smile despite his friendly effort.

“Who are you?” Feng Feiyun also smiled while being discreetly cautious.

“I am Bi Ningshuai, of course. The young romantic of the Technique Tower, number one on the Pagoda’s Hundreds List.” He was still laughing loudly while rubbing his palms — that were even darker than his face — together. He really thought that his laughter was quite amiable.

If it wasn’t for the princess’ threat, he would have ran long ago instead of coming here to mess with Feng Feiyun. After all, Dongfang Mu’s result was as clear as day for all to see.

At this minute, he could only persevere onward.

Feng Feiyun asked: “You are number one on the list?”

“Ahem, let me finish. The number one on the list once had a wonderful time together with me, hehe.” He naturally wouldn’t tell Feng Feiyun that he stole the millennium spirit flower that was grown by the number one expert of the list. He was chased for nine days and nine nights and ran frantically for more than 37,000 miles, almost losing his life in the process.

“Why are you here?” Feng Feiyun still felt that something was wrong with this black-faced young man’s eyes. He kept on looking at his Infinite Spirit Ring with the gaze of a villain that had just been released from prison, staring at a beautiful young woman.

“I, I... Master, please accept me!” Bi Ningshuai suddenly dropped on the ground and grabbed Feng Feiyun’s legs. He bawled with both tears and saliva running over Feng Feiyun’s thighs, then he sobbingly cried out: “Master Feng, I have been a big fan of you for a long time; you have been my role model and idol ever since. When I was still in my mother’s belly, I swore that when I grew up, I would be a heroic man like you. Taking care of people while walking with an indomitable heroism... We can work together to do bad things...”

“Ahem, Master, please take me in as your disciple and teach me your great demonic techniques.” He finished.

Feng Feiyun frowned exasperatedly. This bastard actually used his pants to wipe his tears away, causing a huge area to be wet. Feng Feiyun really wanted to kick this bastard flying.

Where did this guy crawl out from?

"I'm still not fifteen yet." Feng Feiyun coughed and revealed the truth.

Bi Ningshuai stopped crying for a moment before wailing even louder than before, as if he was a pig being butchered: "Master Feng, please accept me and teach me your heaven-defying youth-restoration technique!"

Feng Feiyun was clenching his fist and ready to beat this guy up. The person was even more scoundrelly than him and quite difficult to deal with. Knocking him out with one punch was the best way to solve this problem.

Right when Feng Feiyun grinned and was about to do it, Bi Ningshuai who was bawling on the ground suddenly stopped as if nothing had happened. He patted the dirt on his clothes and said: "Brother Feng, may we meet again in the future. Goodbye for now."

With that, he flew into the night curtain and disappeared.

He went from a moment of heart-wrenching cries to getting up and leaving right away.

His arrival was a mystery and his departure was even more baffling.

Feng Feiyun was puzzled. He looked at the dark night and wondered about the origin of the black-faced young man.

Suddenly, his expression quickly changed. The Infinite Spirit Ring on his thumb had disappeared all of a sudden. There was nothing on his thumb anymore.

It was a Spirit Treasure with a great connection to Feng Feiyun as master and servant. Even if a cultivator of the Giant level wanted to take the ring away from him, he should still have been able to feel it.

That black-faced young man must have stolen it earlier.

"Fuck!" Feng Feiyun loudly cursed. He took his stone saber and frantically gave chase into the dark night while channeling his divine intents to communicate with the ring.

As long as the ring was still within one thousand miles of him, he would be able to call it back at any time. However, there was not the slightest response from the ring. Someone had forcefully severed the connection and sealed the spirit inside the ring.

"Help! Help! It's an attempted murder! The son of the demon has gone mad and wants to kill me now!" Bi Ningshuai was running while constantly crying for help as if Feng Feiyun wanted to rape him. He ran so fast that he left behind a trail of smoke.

Chapter 240: Undetectable Grasp

This black-faced Bi Ningshuai's escape speed was as fast as a wild rabbit. Even Feng Feiyun, who was very confident in his speed, had trouble keeping up.

However, the gap became smaller and smaller. The initial hundred miles became seven or eight. In a short moment, he drew even closer.

Feng Feiyun lifted his finger and condensed a wooden essence from the forest into a green sword ray more than thirty meters long and unleashed it.

“Verdant Wood Art!” The five elements had five corresponding colors: water with black, fire with red, wood with green. [1. Don’t ask me why water isn’t blue.]

“Mommy, it’s an attempted murder!” Bi Ningshuai took out a violet jade badge and countered the attack. This badge was a decent treasure with a formation carved on it. It was several times more valuable than an ordinary treasure and could be sold for several thousand gold coins. [2. Clarification is needed here. “Treasure” here is one level lower than spirit treasures.]

“Boom!” The Verdant Wood Art shattered this badge into six pieces that fell to the ground.

Bi Ningshuai used this chance to slip further away while continuing to shout for help.

Feng Feiyun smirked and pointed at him again. A peerless sword slashed through the air, causing the wind to howl.

“Spirit of the heavens, spirit of the earth! Myriad Sword Shadows, heed my call!” Bi Ningshuai had no choice but to summon a sword formation with eight ancient swords in total. Each of them was only as long as a hand, all of which were being carried on his back. After being summoned, eight streams of light suddenly rushed out.

The eight swords turned into a circular formation and soared from the ground to meet this next Verdant Wood Art.

“Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Feng Feiyun, who was right behind him, pointed his finger seven times and rendered the eight ancient swords into dust.

“Not bad. That’s a lot of treasures, did you steal them all?” Feng Feiyun was quite surprised; this black-faced man was extraordinary. His cultivation was not bad, contrary to his behavior.

Even though Feng Feiyun seemed to have easily defeated these treasures, he actually had to use all of his strength.

A normal grand achievement God Base would not necessarily be able to stop one of Feng Feiyun’s Verdant Wood Arts.

“Ahem, I am always honest and have never done something like stealing before. I am just a romantic scholar of the Technique Tower.” Bi Ningshuai responded with a face full of righteousness. He didn’t blush at all. Of course, he couldn’t blush even if he wanted to with his black face.

“Hand the Infinite Spirit Ring over right now!” Feng Feiyun was now very annoyed.

“I didn’t take it, you can check if you want!” Bi Ningshuai freely said while standing on a hill.

“I’ll come take it then!” Feng Feiyun used this time to catch up. With the stone saber in hand, he unleashed an energy wave in the form of a dragon.

Dragon King’s First Slash!

A white ray emerged with the edge slashing through the ground.

“Fuck, this is how you want to take it back? Motherfucker, you are trying to take my life if anything!” Bi Ningshuai threw down a stone bell. It spun in the air and emitted ringing noises.

Meanwhile, he spewed out a red cloud from his mouth. The bell that was only as big as a fist continuously grew larger. Ancient dao runes on it began to flow as it turned into a three-meter tall bell. The name of this treasure was the Sky Jewel Bell.

Bi Ningshuai squatted down and hid beneath this Sky Jewel Bell before Feng Feiyun’s slash reached him.

“Clank!” The sound of stone and metal colliding resounded. A rippling wave from the saber’s edge and the Bell pierced the sky. It then traveled three hundred miles, causing even the ground to slightly tremble.

This huge bell was pushed into the ground by Feng Feiyun, leaving behind a huge hole. It seemed like a large well with yellow smoke seeping outward.

Feng Feiyun removed this 9,000 pound bell from the ground. Without the spirit cloud’s empowerment, it became the size of a fist again, yet it still weighed the same as before.

It was completely unscathed even after receiving a direct hit from the stone saber.

“Where is he?”

The hole was more than ten meters deep. It was visible, but there was nothing below, not a single trace of Bi Ningshuai.

Was this guy a mouse? Even four more grand achievement God Base cultivators wouldn’t necessarily be able to catch him.

With one hand holding the saber while the other grasping the Sky Jewel Bell, Feng Feiyun activated the Verdant Wood Art again. His divine intents entered the wooden essences in the mountain. His five senses sharpened and his thoughts became even clearer.

This art was not only capable of finding treasures, it could also find people.

“Seven miles away already?” Feng Feiyun didn’t waste time thinking. He turned into a white shadow and crossed the landscape to give chase with haste.

The Infinite Spirit Ring was definitely not just a first-rank spirit treasure. The seven ancient diagrams must have a great connection to the Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel. Otherwise, the Dragon-Horse Diagram wouldn’t have come off of the ring to be imprinted on the vessel.

He absolutely couldn’t lose it. This was a part of a holy treasure. If enough spirits and souls could be put into it, its power would far exceed an ordinary spirit treasure.

“Shit, he’s catching up again.” Bi Ningshuai felt a chill behind his butt. Feng Feiyun was less than a hundred meters from him. He could even see Feng Feiyun’s dark smile; it sent a chill straight into his heart.

“Boom! Boom!” Two powerful strikes came from the left and right. Both contained the force of seven qilins.

These qilin images almost took physical shape. Each of them was as big as a small hill with a power that equated to 640,000 pounds.

Mu Tiantian and Mu Yuedi both attacked at the same time from two different directions.

'Not good!' Feng Feiyun's heart skipped a beat. He knew that he had fallen into an elaborate trap. It had been arranged in advance, they were just waiting for him to bite.

'Starting with the black-faced youth stealing the ring, I have already stepped into the trap. Just who was scheming against me? Was it because I became the Divine King's successor? Some felt uneasy because of this so they want to get rid of me?' Feng Feiyun didn't have time to think nor enough time to unleash a dragon slash. A feeling of suffocation rose, and even his skin felt a stabbing pain.

Fourteen qilins came crashing down on him like an army marching into battle. Tremors appeared on the ground.

Feng Feiyun directly rushed to the right with a dragon-like leap, then he used his stone saber to pave the way.

"Bam!" After slamming directly into the first qilin and accepting the damage, he unleashed six successive slashes to render the other six qilins into smoke.

He stabilized his stance right afterward and quickly punched to release a force of seven qilins towards the other seven. Both sides crashed together and turned into a thick puff of smoke.

"Feng Feiyun, we have been waiting for a long time." Mu Tiantian gently waved his right hand as eighteen spirit vortexes appeared. These were his main meridians; they were capable of channeling divine intents to perform techniques.

The stone bell that was on Feng Feiyun's waist was activated by Mu Tiantian's divine intent. It violently shook before flying back into Mu Tiantian's hand.

The Sky Jewel Bell had been lost for so long, but now, it was back in his possession, causing him to tremble with excitement. This was a spirit treasure. If he truly lost it, then he would be severely punished by his clan and would miss out on a chance to become the clan master.

Mu Yuedi also came closer from the other side while holding a crimson root in her hand. There were four wisps of light floating around her as she blocked Feng Feiyun's retreat.

"Sigh. My god, the two of you finally came out. If you didn't, I wouldn't have been able to hold onto this life!" Bi Ningshuai dropped his butt to the ground and kept wiping the sweat off his forehead. He was in a lot of pain after wasting several precious treasures from being chased by Feng Feiyun.

Feng Feiyun stood there and slowly calmed down. Although he was surrounded by three grand achievement God Bases, he still calmly spoke: "So you two are in cahoots with that thief."

"My ass, who is together with him!" Mu Tiantian grunted. He was very angry at Bi Ningshuai. So it was him who stole the Bell! He had searched his body before but couldn't find anything.

If Feng Feiyun didn't force him to use the Bell to protect his life, maybe the Mu Clan's defining treasure would have to change owners to Bi Ningshuai. This guy truly had bottomless greed and a black heart. The other three Mysterious Spirit Stones must have been stolen by him too.

Mu Tiantian gritted his teeth. If it wasn't for the princess' order, he simply didn't want to attack Feng Feiyun and would rather teach this bastard with sticky fingers a lesson.

Bi Ningshuai noticed Mu Tiantian's unfriendly gaze and immediately became unhappy: "What are you glaring at me for? I'm not a thief, the bell was clearly on Feng Feiyun's body. He is the thief! If you don't believe me, then take a look for yourself. Your three pieces of stones are also in his right shirt pocket." He angrily spoke with an aggrieved expression.

Feng Feiyun was surprised. He touched his right pocket and actually pulled out three white spirit stones. Who knew when the guy put them in there? Feng Feiyun failed to notice it completely!

Bi Ningshuai was indeed amazing. He actually managed to escape Feng Feiyun's great spiritual sense that was ninety times greater than an ordinary person.

If he could steal a spirit treasure without being detected, then placing three stones into Feng Feiyun's pocket was child's play.

"Fuck!" Feng Feiyun felt like cursing. He had always been the schemer, but today, he was the victim to this on two different occasions.

'Wait until I combine all five elements to cultivate the Minor Change Art. We'll play again to see who'll come out on top!' The five elements would form a Minor Change Art. This would allow one to extract metals up to one hundred meters down via telekinesis. This wouldn't be lesser than Bi Ningshuai's "undetectable grasp".

Feng Feiyun was only missing the "Platinum Metal Art" and "Yellow Earth Art". Once he gains the Minor Change Art, he would definitely scheme against this black-faced guy with an even darker heart to get revenge for today.