

Sprit Vessel 271

### [Chapter 271: Holy Monument](#)

Everyone must pass a certain place if they wanted to take this route to Trinity!

At the end of the barren forest was a plain with two great mountains that towered all the way to the clouds. They lied parallel to block the path ahead. On top of one of them was an old daoist temple. It was built with red walls and green tiles and was full of lingering fog. Looking from afar, it was as if there was a Buddha living in seclusion here.

Between the two mountains was a large lake akin to an unpolished blue jade. And in the middle was a stone monument 33 meters tall, making it seem like a little island.

Snow continued to flutter. This entire location had turned into a world of white. However, the water in this lake didn't freeze. Some boats made from spiritual wood were still anchored in the lake.

Just who were the masters of these extravagant boats?

"The Heaven's Ascension Cemetery and an icy palace flying out of the ground, suspended in the sky for several months — these two things have caused a great change in the weather of Trinity. Snow keeps on falling." A man's voice came from one of the boats. Judging by the sound, he was around twenty years old.

This divine boat was 30 meters tall and 100 meters long. The hull was crafted from violet jade and three white sails were situated above. Even though it was anchored, it still gave off the sensation that it was wafting through the void.

"A heavenly treasure must be appearing at that cemetery. Alas, it has been barricaded by several great powers. Others have no chance of taking a single step inside unless they want to die." A very beautiful voice commented as well. It was ethereal and mysterious like a nightingale.

"The Qin and Ji Clans are ancient powers that have dominated the Grand Southern Prefecture for more than one thousand years. I'm sure the two houses are also part of this containment. Brother Qin, Miss Ji, you two have a high status in your respective clans, so I'm sure no one will stop you if you two want to go to the cemetery." Ning Fengdao raised his wine cup for a toast.

Qin Ming and Ji Yunyun smiled back and drank.

Even though Ning Fengdao was the son of the new marquis, Qin Ming's and Ji Yunyun's positions were not much lesser than his. One was the best young expert of the Qin Clan while the other was the jewel of the Ji Clan Master.

The three of them seemed to be discussing an important matter on the boat. There were three levels of sound barriers to avoid others from listening in on them.

Feng Feiyun's group finally made it to the lake before nightfall.

"This is the great ancient lake you were talking about? Only the top characters in each generation would be able to engrave their name on that monolith?" Wang Meng looked at the lofty lake with sparkling

waves and suddenly felt a heroic urge. He wanted to use his sky piercer to carve his name on that stone tablet.

Bi Ningshuai looked at the boats near the shore. He internally pondered while answering: "You can go if you feel like dying."

"So be it!" Wang Meng took a deep breath and shook his body to blow all the snow away. He jumped and stepped on the lake with both hands while clutching his sky piercer like a pen in order to immortalize his name.

Feng Feiyun nodded approvingly. This Wang Meng fella indeed had great talents. He was infinitely close to grand achievement God Base. With his natural superhuman power on top of being a peak God base, very few people could be his match.

"Bang!" A ray shot out from the violet boat, stirring the waves on the lake. It directly struck Wang Meng's chest and sent him flying to the snowy shore.

"Hmph, how impudent. Despite being completely unqualified, you still want to leave your name on the holy monument?!" Ning Fengdao scowled and felt a little bit amused by this ignorant fella.

If it was this easy to leave one's name on the tablet, they wouldn't have been sitting here waiting for three days.

"Motherfucker! Who are you calling unqualified? Come and fight me if you dare!" Wang Meng rubbed his buttocks and climbed out from under the snow.

"Since we are both disciples from the pagoda, I don't want to humiliate you in front of outsiders or else they'll laugh at you." Ning Fengdao's bright eyes were full of arrogance.

He had an exalted fame in the pagoda, so he naturally didn't want to spoil his image. The outsiders he was referring to were not just Qi Ming and Ji Yunyun. Many prodigies and experts from the other great powers were gathered here as well. It was just that some chose to hide in the shadows.

Wang Meng had smoke coming out of his head from anger. Ning Fengdao's words were too presumptuous, calling him insensible and shameful for the pagoda. No one would be able to stand this kind of criticism.

Moreover, Wang Meng was a disciple of a tower lord. Even if Ning Fengdao was strong, he wasn't qualified to utter such words.

"You can't beat him. Ning Fengdao has been at grand achievement God Base for many years now. He's ranked 40th on the list and can probably easily beat ten other grand achievement God Base cultivators simultaneously." Bi Ningshuai quickly stopped him: "There are a lot of people here today. If you actually fight him, he'll kill you for sure in order to keep up his appearance."

Wang Meng stopped. Even though Bi Ningshuai was direct, it was also the truth.

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Night fell with a bright moon in the sky.

Today, the moon looked exceptionally big and round. The moonlight illuminated the tablet in the middle of the lake as it shined like a flawless white gem.

Ancient words emerged on the tablet, each of them dazzling.

The names represented the most excellent geniuses. Some legendary names were on there as well.

“Long Jiangling, isn’t that the only empress in the history of all the God Base Dynasties? Her cultivation was matchless and all the sects had to bow down before her. Of course her name would be on this holy tablet.

“Nalan Hongtao, a member of the four great clans and Nalan’s first clan master. This is one of the most ancient clans, even older than the current royal family. They almost became the rulers but ultimately, there was a minute difference and they lost to the Long Clan.

“The entire clan left and became dormant in the Heavenly Cloud Prefecture despite being its ruling authority. For a long time now, they haven’t participated in any power struggles. It must have been founded for at least ten thousand years and have monstrous reserves. Their history far exceeds the other three great clans. And this was when one person reigned above all, Nalan Hongtao.”

This name made many geniuses here think about the northern tyrants of the Jin Dynasty, the Nalan.

Even though they were not as rich as the Yin Gou Clan or as influential as the Beiming Clan, they still competed against the Long Clan for this kingdom several thousand years ago. Despite the eventual defeat, they still controlled an entire prefecture.

To be able to survive for several thousand years even under the might of the royal family, to a certain extent, showed the power of the Nalan Clan.

“Fo Canzi, a deified character from around thirty thousand years ago. He obtained the heavenly dao and then disappeared from the Jin Dynasty. Some say he is dead and has returned to the earth on a peak while others say that he is still traveling in this world, westbound, out of the Jin Dynasty for something broader.” [1. This is the title of a Buddhist Monk. Silkworm Egg Buddha would be the direct translation, but I think I prefer the pinyin here. Just know that he is a monk.]

All of these names have resounded both in the past and the present. They played a big part in the historical annals.

Outside of Long Jiangling, Nalan Hongtao, and Fo Canzi, there were other remarkable names. They were personally written in their youth, not after they became famous.

Because of this, the dao contained in these words weren’t exceptionally strong. Otherwise, at their apex, the names they leave behind could still kill Heaven’s Mandate cultivators even after the passage of a thousand years.

These people were too powerful; all were at the top of their own generation.

“Only during a full moon one hour till midnight of an eclipse as the world plunges into darkness would someone be able to write their name on the tablet. Everyone who could successfully do so meant that they would be blessed by the heavens to become the strongest in the contemporary.”

“Moreover, I heard the sages of past would also bless them by increasing their cultivation by a large margin.”

“An intermediate God Base actually became the highest stage of grand achievement God Base after writing their name down, or so I’ve heard.”

“That’s nothing. A peak God Base once did so and his cultivation reached first-level Heaven’s Mandate in just one night, gaining a lifespan of 500 years. How enviable, there was no need to go through the Earth Tribulation either.”

The sky had just turned dark so there was still a while till the lunar eclipse.

However, some people already couldn’t wait!

“I don’t believe we have to wait until the eclipse for one to carve their name on the holy monument.” A young cultivator in a golden robe with a golden aura and a shining golden spear rushed out of the clouds and pierced straight towards the tablet.

“Whoosh!” A bright barrier came out from one of the boats, aiming to stop him. However, this cultivator was exceedingly strong. Four beast souls appeared behind him and shattered this barrier.

His spear was in front of the tablet! He was about to carve his name!

The atmosphere became quite tense for both the people hiding in the dark as well as the prodigies on the boats. It was too late for them to stop him. Could this dark horse that came out of nowhere be able to leave his name on the holy monument?

Feng Feiyun stood by the shore and shook his head: “How suicidal.”

“Bang!” The shining spear was only three feet away from the monument. Suddenly, one of the engraved names shot out a powerful light. It transformed into the figure of an empress!

It was Long Jiangling’s name!

Even though it was written several thousand years ago, these three words still condensed into an imperial dao with a force comparable to how strong she was when she wrote them.

### [Chapter 272: The Empress Style](#)

Long Jiangling!

If time were to go backward for two thousand years, her name alone would make all men in this world tremble in fear.

Back then, no man stood before her without kneeling and bowing their head.

Even the powerful and ambitious heroes in that era all stayed away from her, not daring to get close.

A woman proclaiming herself to be empress required far more than a powerful cultivation. She was ruthless and extremely intelligent and able to overcome all the weaknesses of the fairer sex.

Such a woman might not show up again in another ten thousand years!

However, a fatal weakness always accompanied such a strong woman. Even if their cultivation could reach the heavens, there was still no way to overcome it.

Ultimately, she died an unnatural death. After 250 years of reign, she was still as gorgeous as a flower and as young as a sixteen-year-old maiden at the moment of her death.

That day, her blood stained the palace. The mourning bell cried all the way to the nine heavens.

Such an empress who was as beautiful as a fairy had suddenly passed away. No one knew how she died or who actually killed her.

However, in that generation, only one person was capable of killing her!

It was... herself!

She had been dead for more than two thousand years. Even though she was once a brilliant talent and as pretty as a swan, her descendants could only see her name in the historical annals.

However, her figure has emerged on the lake from the words that made up her name. She wasn't wearing an imperial dragon robe, but a noble aura was still being exuded from her body. Others could only look up to see her due to this oppressive aura.

This was an eternal figure, but she was only a peak God Base at this moment!

"Boom!" Her aura deterred all others. With a single wave of her hand, the golden spear from the cultivator split into three sections.

"Pluff!" This cultivator dressed in gold had reached peak God Base with nine divine intents, yet he was still rendered to a bloody mist. Not a single bone remained.

The protection of the empress returned to the tablet and transformed back into the three ancient words "Long Jiangling"!

This scene was too magical. Just an intent of their soul engraved on the monument was several times stronger than a cultivator of the same level. It was simply unstoppable.

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"Is that what the empress looked like when she was young?" Princess Luofu murmured inside her dragon carriage shrouded by the black clouds of the northern sky.

She seemed to be asking herself questions.

Meanwhile, Shi Yelai had reached the ranks of grand historical geniuses, but he was still only her servant. Of course, he was unwilling in his mind. No one wanted to stay as a dog, but he could only endure it.

He was waiting for the chance to completely subdue the princess. With that, he would rise to the position of the master and the princess would become the dog instead.

His blood couldn't help but boil whenever he imagined the princess groveling like a dog before him and letting him do whatever he pleased; she would have to endure his scolding and beating.

If he could wait until that day, then it wouldn't be a problem to act like a dog for now.

The princess naturally knew that this dog was very restless. It was a ferocious dog that would bite people for sure. However, if she wanted to become a supreme empress like Long Jiangling, she must be able to tame this kind of dog. If not, how could she even think about ruling the world?

"That's all Long Jiangling can do. If I took action, I would definitely shatter the remnant soul she left behind on the holy monument." Shi Yelai was wearing a white robe while standing next to the dragon carriage. He acted respectfully without the slightest sign of impudence.

"Hmph! When the empress left her name, she was only a peak God Base. If you try to go there right now, your opponent will not be the empress but another wise sage or overlord at the same level. You have only barely reached the grand historical level, you're still far from competing against these overlords." Mu Tiantian sneered.

Mu Tiantian and Mu Yuedi were the top geniuses from the Mu Clan. Both were among the best grand achievement God Bases and were also two capable officers of the princess.

In order to leave behind a name on the tablet, the first step was to defeat a predecessor at the same level on the tablet.

"Are you pissing your pants now? The former empress is no joke at all. She is incredibly strong, how can such power belong to a peak God Base?" Bi Ningshuai was truly shocked to see the empress' figure take action. He couldn't believe that a peak God Base could be this formidable.

"Uncle, can you be that strong too?" Wang Meng was weaker than the man earlier, and he was killed in just one slap. Wang Meng naturally didn't want to go any closer.

Bi Ningshuai also shifted his gaze towards Feng Feiyun since this was another monster! At intermediate God Base, he was able to kill a peak God Base with seven divine intents. After leaving the Immeasurable Tower, he must have gotten even stronger.

Feng Feiyun shook his head in response: "Her battle prowess is ten times greater than mine. Even if I cultivated a ninth divine intent, I would only be able to withstand one move from her at best, her second would slay me with certainty."

Feng Feiyun had formed his eighth divine intent and was only two steps away from grand achievement God Base. He had observed what happened earlier very carefully. There was too great of a gap between himself and the empress which he found quite unbelievable.

A human could actually have such incredible talents; this race could indeed surpass phoenixes in this regard.

Bi Ningshuai asked: "What if you use your Spirit Treasure?"

Feng Feiyun replied: "No point, the treasure will be suppressed by the holy monument's power. One must rely on their own ability to leave their name on the tablet."

"Then is it hopeless for you, Bro?" Little Demoness held his sleeve and looked up at him.

She clearly wanted to leave her name as well, but she didn't know how powerful her foe would be just yet.

"Not necessarily, if this is..." He stopped as his eyes focused on the tablet with blazing flames in his pupils.

He had noticed some clues and wanted to see through the stone tablet. He felt a legendary force within this tablet that had been mentioned in the ancient scrolls of his phoenix clan. However, it was just a similarity that he couldn't confirm at the moment.

Under the moonlight, the holy monument shone as bright as a piece of jade. The monument having this much spirituality made it seem as if it had fallen down from the heavens.

Feng Feiyun thought: 'If this is indeed that type of spirit stone, then one day, the people with their names on this stone will be able to obtain a stone body. They could then refine that into a true body and come out of the tablet for an unbelievable rebirth.'

There were eighteen types of spirit stones in this world, one stranger than the previous. The higher ranking ones were exceedingly rare to the point where only a single piece might exist.

For example, the Dragon Spirit Stone at the tenth spot was unique in the entire Jin Dynasty. It could protect a kingdom's fate and allow the dynasty to enjoy several thousand years of peace.

As for the Daomization Stone in the seventh spot, this was something formed after the death of a saint. If one could comprehend the essence of this stone, they could eventually become a saint themselves.

And in the legends, there were even more precious stones compared to these two. Some could even replenish the heavens, suppress a world, or illuminate an entire galaxy...

This stone tablet ahead made Feng Feiyun think of a mythical spirit stone. He had never seen it before and would never believe that such a thing would appear in a human kingdom, so there was no point in revealing it.

No one dared to approach the monument since they didn't want to follow the footsteps of the golden-robed man.

"After the lunar eclipse, darkness will come and the monument will lose half of its power. That will be the best time to take action." Many people knew that it was prohibitively difficult to defeat these ancient sages. Only when it was dark would they be able to take advantage of the weakened stone.

"Even if the monument loses half of its power, who in this generation can defeat the empress at peak God Base? How about a grand achievement God Base to defeat Nalan Hongtao? Or a third-level Heaven's Mandate to take down Fo Canzi?" No one in the crowd answered this rhetorical question.

"Not necessarily!" A sinister voice came about.

A sail-like black cloth that also resembled black clouds came from the western sky. It blotted out the moonlight and dispersed the snowflakes.

"Swoosh!"

A bloody mist lingered above this man dressed in black. He floated above the lake and stretched out his hand to recall the divine sail.

This man's face was completely pale. It was whiter than the snow on the ground or the bones of a corpse.

His white face and black robe created quite a colorful contrast. The moment he appeared, everyone turned silent.

"Shit, they actually came here!" Bi Ningshuai plunged into the snow, leaving out only his buttocks and legs like an ostrich.

This was a disciple from one of the Heretical Schools. He didn't mention the exact one that was scaring him so much.

Wang Meng pulled out Bi Ningshuai by the legs and asked: "Who are these people? Even if they are the kings of hell, do you need to be so scared?"

"That's who they are! Young reapers!" Bi Ningshuai blocked his face with both hands due to the fear of being recognized.

"If you don't tell me, I'm going to throw you over there." Wang Meng smiled and was about to swing Bi Ningshuai's skinny body away.

Bi Ningshuai's cultivation was stronger than Wang Meng's, but he was too scared to utilize his strength at this moment.

"Don't, don't! I'll tell you!" He was indeed afraid of being thrown over there as he would die for sure. He slowly revealed: "The white-faced person is the prince from the fourth hall of the Senluo Temple."

### [Chapter 273: The Three Lords](#)

This white-faced black-robed man's name was Xue Changxiao. [1. Changxiao means long laughter.]

However, no one had ever seen him smile before.

He was lord from the fourth hall of the Senluo Temple, a direct disciple of that hall's master and someone who represented the will of the temple.

The heretical successors have shown themselves once more. Everyone here was speechless and pressured by his sinister aura.

Even the lights on the boats were turned off. The young prodigies all converged their auras. If possible, they didn't want to be involved with the Heretical Schools.

"Whoosh!" Another shadow rushed forward from the sky. He was holding a miniature palace and landed next to Xue Changxiao.

"Third, you are late!" Xue Changxiao stood on the lake as if he was standing on the ground. Snow continued to fall on his long hair without melting.

Falling snow was very beautiful indeed. However, when the flakes landed on his hair, it gave off a sad emotion as if he was an old man with graying hair.

“It’s because I met someone along the way and exchanged three moves with him.” This man called Third was playing with the palace in his hand.

It was made from Black Tortoise Steel and must have been ten times heavier than a real palace. However, it floated in his palm as if it was just a piece of scrap metal.

Xue Changxiao asked: “Oh? Why only three moves?”

“Because if we exchanged another move, I could have been killed by him.” Third laughed.

Third was naturally not an ordinary person. He was the lord of Senluo’s third hall. The Heretical Schools’ successors were all chosen under great scrutiny and boasted great battle records.

However, Third didn’t find it shameful to be defeated after three moves. In fact, he actually took pride from it.

Xue Changxiao grew curious and asked: “Who was it?”

“Young Noble Flawless, Su Yun!” Two ghastly flames burned in Third’s dusky eyes. He looked just like a lone wolf in the middle of a plain. Both his pupils and complexion had a green hue to them. It was the color of green grasses growing near a grave.

“Oh, that guy!” Xue Changxiao understood right away. Very few could withstand even a single move from Su Yun, so exchanging three moves with this person was quite incredible.

This man here was indeed worthy of being the third lord from the temple.

“Su Yun doesn’t like fighting against men. Why didn’t he kill you with the fourth move?” A voice rang.

Third looked over the lake to see where the voice came from. He saw a white-robed young man with a cute little lady holding onto his sleeve. They looked like a pair of brother and sister standing in the snow together.

The brother was clearly from the Wanxiang Pagoda due to his uniform. The little sister was cute with her sparkling eyes, white complexion, and a kitty in her hand.

Third raised his brows and smiled: “Because he was chasing someone.”

Feng Feiyun asked: “Who?” Didn’t Su Yun go to recover? Why was he here at Trinity? Could he be looking for that person?

“The number one beauty in the world, Nangong Hongyan.” Third laughed deviously, causing the snow to fall even faster.

“That can’t be!” Feng Feiyun didn’t believe it at all.

Even though Flawless was the biggest playboy, he also had his principles and was reasonable with his conduct. Otherwise, Feng Feiyun wouldn’t have viewed him as a friend.

Flawless knew that Hongyan and Feiyun had a special relationship, so how could he chase after her all the way to Trinity?

“Why not?” Third smiled.

“Because if Su Yun is trying to win Nangong Hongyan over, he wouldn’t be Young Noble Flawless.” Feng Feiyun was certain in his judgment.

Third elaborated: “He is chasing her not to court her, but to kill her.”

This answer left all the young prodigies surprised. No one knew why Su Yun wanted to do this.

Someone was actually ruthless enough to try and kill the prettiest girl in the world, and it was the biggest playboy at that.

Third was the lord of the Senluo Temple, so there was naturally no need for him to lie.

“Did Young Noble Motherless hit his head somewhere? Why is he trying to kill Hongyan and even lie to us about getting treatment? What is this guy trying to do?” Bi Ningshuai’s head was in a pile of snow once more. His voice barely came out.

He was afraid of being recognized by Xue Changxiao and Third from the Heretical Schools, so he acted like a hibernating turtle and shrunk his body into the snow.

Feng Feiyun grimaced and asked again: “Then did he catch up to her?”

Third replied: “Of course.”

“What’s the result?” Feng Feiyun became more anxious.

“The result is... Young Noble Flawless became blind while Nangong Hongyan’s whereabouts and fate is unknown.” Third sighed and added: “From now on, Young Noble Flawless is flawed!”

“Then... Nangong Hongyan was the one who blinded him?” He wanted to ask about her disappearance, but he still inquired about Su Yun in the end.

A friend and a lover — it wasn’t easy for a man to pick between the two.

“Not quite. He was the one who pricked himself blind because he had seen Nangong Hongyan’s face. Only by blinding himself would he be able to suppress her charm and be able to kill her.”

“Any man with eyes would never be able to kill her...” Feng Feiyun didn’t know why Flawless had such a strong enmity towards Hongyan to the point where he didn’t mind blinding himself.

Third spoke again: “His will to kill is resolute; he would show no mercy to even the number one beauty.”

Feng Feiyun’s heart couldn’t stay calm. It was as if someone had thrown a pebble into a lake to cause a series of ripples.

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The moonlight was still especially bright while the snow continued to fall. With the two in combination, tonight should have been a beautiful time for lovers to look at the moon and snow. However, this pretty painting had become an extravagant hope.

Several dark energies mercilessly ruined this scene. Neither the snow nor the moon was beautiful.

Xue Changxiao suggested: "There are only about fifteen minutes for us to compete after the eclipse and darkness. If we all go together in such a short period of time, the competition will never end and no one will be able to come before the holy monument. I have an idea; before it is dark, why don't we find out the strongest person in each cultivation level?"

Someone replied: "This isn't a bad idea, but there are too many students from the pagoda here. Aren't the other schools like us at a disadvantage?"

"Hahaha, Wanxiang Pagoda! Only a bunch of useless lambs claiming to be the number one sacred ground for learning. The truth is that it has been in decline in the recent years." An extremely piercing voice came from a boat made from sandalwood floating on top of the lake.

This boat was gigantic and capable of accommodating tens of thousands. It was completely black without a single light and gave off a mysterious feel.

"Who is so arrogant to dare not place the Wanxiang Pagoda in their eyes?" Ning Fengdao confronted the voice on his violet boat.

"Am I wrong?" A snicker came from the sandalwood boat: "Back then, every tower of the sacred ground contained supreme existences. The heroes in the world nearly all came from the pagoda. It used to be incredibly glorious and influential, even more than the dynasty itself. But now, it has fallen to an unbelievable level. Among the eight Grand Historical Geniuses, the pagoda doesn't even have one."

A student from the pagoda retorted: "Two more Grand Historical Geniuses have come out of the pagoda!"

A resounding laughter came as a response from the boat: "Are you talking about Shi Yelai and the Feng Clan's Little Demoness?"

A graceful figure appeared at the bow. She wore a dress decorated with a symbol of the sun. Her ethereal nature looked like smoke swaying in the wind.

She had a flower in her hand, a Red Hell Lotus.

Even Xue Changxiao and Third, two lords from the Heretical School, took two steps backward after seeing this woman. They didn't dare to be too close to her.

This woman was also a lord from the Heretical School with a similar status to these two. However, the two were not a match for her with regards to strength.

Bi Ningshuai, who was lying in the snow, shivered twice and murmured to himself. No one could hear what he was saying.

Shi Yelai snorted: "You think those two aren't qualified to be considered grand historical?"

Xie Honglian sneered: "Is Shi Yelai worthy of this title? In terms of cultivation, willpower, and even battle prowess, there is too much of a gap between him and the other eight; he's not on the same level at all. Little Demoness' talents might be peerless, but she is still too young and can't compete against the other eight right now." [1. Honglian means red lotus.]

"If you wish to belittle my pagoda, your cultivation must be incredible, right? I want to have a taste!" Ning Fengdao flew into the sky. Ten golden carriages followed him as well. Flashing rays of golden light rushed straight for Xie Honglian.

"There's no need for First Sis to take action against the likes of you. I'll show you just how far the Wanxiang Pagoda has fallen! No one can carve their names onto the holy monument besides our Senluo Temple's lords!" Third went forward with his palace and directly slammed into the ten carriages.

A great battle erupted!

On one side were the lords of the Senluo Temple while their opponents were the top prodigies of the Wanxiang Pagoda!

The strongest Heretical School versus the number one sacred ground. Today, they were about to go all out not only to leave their names on the tablet, but also to decide who was stronger.

This might have played a big part in why three lords of the temple came to Trinity. They wanted to defeat the pagoda in order to let the world know of the Heretical School's re-emergence.

#### [Chapter 274: Ten Battles; Ten Defeats](#)

A palace made out of Black Tortoise Steel was black and substantial. Thirty-three pillars connected the top with the base. Even the roof tiles were made from molten iron and joined together perfectly.

Who knows how many pounds this treasure must weigh?!

Ordinary people might not even be able to carry a single tile, but this was a weapon for Third.

"Boom!" The ten golden carriages were sent into disarray from Third's attack. The iron chains connecting the carriages couldn't handle the power and shattered.

"Pop! Pop! Pop!" Three carriages fell into the cold lake like three oxen drowning in the water, leaving behind only air bubbles on the surface.

Three more were deformed by the impact from the palace. Their golden light dimmed and the engraved formation was crushed completely. They continued to fly before crashing into the vast snowy plains, leaving behind three deep lines.

"Omni-Heaven Marquis' golden chariots really are worthless. Their combat effectiveness isn't special at all!" Third swung his sleeve to recall the palace to his palm.

The golden carriages were naturally quite powerful and Ning Fengdao's cultivation was extremely high as well. However, he had suffered quite a blow right away. Six out of the ten carriages had been lost.

And that was only a single move!

“Swoosh! Swoosh!” Qin Ming and Ji Yunyun came out of the violet boat. They stood on the deck and emitted their bright spirit energies.

They were Ning Fengdao’s guests, so of course they had to support him at this moment.

“The disciples from the heretical school are indeed worthy of their reputation. Unfortunately, your school is currently in decline; the orthodox cultivation ways have won, yet you still dare to show yourselves and court death?” Qin Ming scowled.

“What a big mouth!” Third stomped on the lake and sent countless water droplets flying in the air. He fanned his sleeve as wisps of spirit energy shot up high. It froze these water droplets and covered them with a metallic aura before shooting them straight at his enemies.

Everyone was very cautious of these heretical disciples, so they didn’t dare to be careless.

Qin Ming’s sword technique was one level higher than before. His “Ten Thousand Swords, One Origin” technique had been mastered. One sword came out and turned into two, two into four, four into eight... In the end, 422 swords came out.

These sword images lined up into a line and rushed out like a torrent!

Meanwhile, an old iron scroll flew out from Ji Yunyun’s back. It was a painting sketched by a knife, depicting a formation adept in both offense and defense.

“Pluff! Pluff!” The 422 sword shadows were shattered by the water droplets, and the same went for the iron scroll!

Third’s cultivation was too high. Just two droplets alone were enough to defeat the other two’s techniques and severely wound them.

Qin Ming and Ji Yunyun lost at the same time. Their bodies went flying for a hundred feet before falling onto the snowy shore, creating two deep pits.

There was a bloody hole on Qin Ming’s chest as his blood stained the field. The liquid quickly froze as well. Ji Yunyun’s right hand was almost severed completely. Spirit lights were oozing from the wound.

Two geniuses from top clans of the Grand Southern Prefecture couldn’t even withstand one move when they were working together. They were defeated incredibly easily.

“Qin Ming lost just like that? But he is the number one youth of the Qin Clan right now.” Wang Meng couldn’t believe his own eyes. Even though Third was very powerful, he shouldn’t have won effortlessly.

The cultivators from the southern region couldn’t accept this swift defeat.

“It has nothing to do with talents, their gap in cultivation was just too great!” Feng Feiyun knew that his cultivation speed was quite fast and enough for him to deal with the younger generation. However, after seeing Su Yun and Third’s cultivation, he felt that there was still some way to go between him and the real youths at the apex.

He thought to himself: ‘My cultivation is still too low. How can I raise it in a short amount of time?’

Many people here were at grand achievement God Base. Only this level was qualified to participate in duels between geniuses. Otherwise, they could only act as spectators.

Feng Feiyun also wanted to fight to show off his skill. He craved for power more and more...

What was the point of having exceedingly high talents? Only practical battle prowess mattered in this case. For example, Shi Yelai's talents were at the grand historical level, but because he was only a first-level Heaven's Mandate, he couldn't compare to his peers who had been famous for a long time. He was not even a match for Princess Luofu.

In order to become unbeatable, one must increase their battle capabilities first.

"Boom!" Ning Fengdao had been at grand achievement God Base for a long time and was ranked 40th on the pagoda's list, but he was defeated by Third. He was injured by the palace and was down on one knee by the shore while constantly coughing up blood.

"Like I said earlier, the Wanxiang Pagoda has declined. Ning Fengdao, your talents aren't bad, I had to use 30% of my power to defeat you. You might as well submit to my third hall, I guarantee you will be ten times stronger in just three years." Third's green face began to laugh deviously. The laughter didn't disperse from the night sky for a long time.

Third was even younger than Ning Fengdao, but his cultivation was too frightening. Numerous disciples from the pagoda here had to lower their heads in silence.

Ning Fengdao felt hesitant. Not only was he defeated physically, he also lost mentally. Was the Senluo Temple really stronger than the Wanxiang Pagoda? Were their cultivation methods also better?

He thought: 'If that wasn't the case, then why did I lose? This must be the case! It has to be! Joining the Senluo Temple will give me a more promising future!'

Feng Feiyun stood next to an old willow tree by the lake. Little Demoness was still holding her kitty and his sleeve. Her round eyes were fixated on Ning Fengdao.

"Bro, he is ranked 40th, a young prodigy, why won't he stand up?" Her voice was sweet. Due to a lack of experience, she didn't understand everything.

Feng Feiyun replied: "He's scared. A mutilated body can stand again, but a defeated heart will forever kneel on the ground."

"Bro, you're a liar, he's standing up right now!" She watched as Ning Fengdao slowly stood up.

"The truth is that he's still on his knees." Feng Feiyun held her tiny hand tightly and left towards the snowy plains, leaving two lines of footprints, one big and one small.

The howling storm engulfed their bodies with snow.

Many experts from the pagoda were still here, such as the third prince of Dazhen, Shi Yelai, Princess Luofu, and some others hiding in the darkness. However, Feng Feiyun didn't want to watch any longer after that battle.

Even if someone could defeat Third or all three of the lords here, the pagoda had lost in terms of morale. [1. This is a tricky line for translation; it can be taken both literally and metaphorically. The one here is metaphorical. The literal translation would be "it has lost people", which could be referring to Ning Fengdao deflecting, but since that is only implied, I chose the safer route.]

She asked: "Bro, are we not fighting for the names on the holy monument?"

"If you want to compete, then I can take you back." Feng Feiyun continued forward at a quickened pace.

"Bro, if you don't want to, I won't either." She followed right behind him. Even though her steps were shorter, her speed remained the same as him.

After these two were gone, the battle near the lake didn't stop. No one realized that they left, nor did they care.

Bi Ningshuai slipped away as well. It wasn't because he was disappointed by the disciples of the pagoda, it was because he was afraid of someone among the three lords. He thought about running away as far as possible to never see that person again.

Wang Meng, on the other hand, stayed behind. He enjoyed watching the fun no matter the occasion.

And tonight was destined to be very fun!

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Even after four days, snow still covered this region. The cold and nasty wind was blowing fiercely as well.

The snow looked like goose feathers and never stopped falling. The snow piles grew on the ground as if the world had re-entered an ice age.

"The Wanxiang Pagoda has been utterly defeated by the Senluo Temple. Ten fights, ten losses! Is it because the heretical school is too powerful, or is it because the pagoda has fallen?"

In a tattered temple near a hillside covered in cobwebs, cold wind squeezed in from one of the broken walls, carrying in countless snowflakes.

The ruthless breeze was even colder than before. The water inside a bronze pot in the middle of the temple had frozen completely into a block of ice.

A fire had been started in this broken temple. A group of refugees was unceasingly talking about what happened four days ago back at the lake.

"I heard the Grand Historical Genius from the pagoda also fought during the tenth battle, but he could only exchange 3,000 moves against the fourth prince before being miserably defeated." These men were shabbily dressed. They were local cultivators of Trinity that had lost their sects from the invasion of the corpses. Their peers were virtually all massacred.

It wasn't until recently when the talents all over the world rushed into Trinity to kill corpses that their situation became better.

Someone said: "Princess Luofu didn't fight. If she did, maybe the pagoda could have won one round!"

“The first princess of the Senluo Temple with the red lotus didn’t take action either, but someone did say that those two fought somewhere else. Who knows who won?”

“Sigh! In any case, the number one sacred ground in the world has lost ten rounds. I’m afraid their disciples won’t be holding their heads high for a long time in the future.”

“The heretical schools want to come out again and trample over the pagoda to shock the world!”

A youth asked from outside the temple: “Then did anyone leave their names on the holy monument?”

Even the urgent gales outside couldn’t drown out this youth’s voice!

The refugees inside stopped talking and looked out the tattered windows!

“Clat, clat!” Two different footsteps could be heard approaching. A young man wearing the pagoda’s uniform came inside while holding a little girl’s hand to escape the thick snow.

### [Chapter 275: Corpse Energy Out Of Nowhere](#)

The sky had not been clear for a long time now! Snow continued to fall for months with no signs of stopping!

Leaves and branches were covered in snow. One could only see dark brown tree trunks and hear the howling of the wind.

A sea of snow engulfed the plains. On top of a hillside, the temple’s doors were pushed open, issuing an unpleasant squeak.

The winds rushed in from this new opening! Chilling flakes flew in before a powerful hand closed the doors.

“Whoosh!”

The fire on the ground was stirred by the breeze. The snowflakes that had just been blown in were melted by a warm touch and wafted in the air.

The refugees near the fire gazed at the young man dressed in white that had just arrived. This white uniform represented the Wanxiang Pagoda.

“Meow, meow!” The fair kitty quietly growled and then lazily lied down in Little Demoness’ bosom.

She gently stroked its fur with a charming smile on her face.

“I’m asking if anyone left their name on the holy monument four days ago.” Feng Feiyun stared at the group.

One of the refugees used the tip of his green sword to play with a fire. He answered with a strange laughter: “Oh. A disciple from the Wanxiang Pagoda, keh keh!”

The others laughed as well. In the past, they would certainly be respectful towards students from the pagoda like a servant seeing their master. However, after the battle at the lake and suffering ten defeats in a row, the pagoda’s supreme status has plummeted to rock bottom.

Nothing was left from the initial respect. This was a poor man watching a rich man eating the best meat and playing with the most beautiful women; of course, there was a sense of respect and enmity looking up.

However, one day, they found that this rich man's face had been beaten swollen and his history is one of debts. Naturally, the poor man would stop finding him special and even sneer at him.

This was the current embarrassing situation for the pagoda's disciples.

Feng Feiyun nodded: "Yes, I'm from the Martial Tower."

"A Martial Tower's disciple, hahaha!"

"Hahaha!"

...

Mocking laughter accompanied their words.

Little Demoness' lips slightly perched as her eyes narrowed.

Feng Feiyun held her hand tighter and responded: "You think being from the pagoda is very funny?"

"The pagoda has fallen as it has no more talents. Those who could fight have already lost to the heretical disciples; some have even submitted to them. Haha, number one sacred ground! Haha, is this not hilarious?" The person holding the green hilt carved a rune with his sword on the ground. His eyes slightly focused. It looked as if he wanted to try defeating a pagoda's disciple.

He would have never dared to even think about such a thing before, but now was a different story.

"There are too many ignorant people in this world!" Feng Feiyun rolled up his sleeves and pointed his forefinger forward: "Answer me or die."

"You still think you are somebody? A real badass for being from the pagoda? What a joke, I—" Before this refugee could finish his sentence, his sword had already fallen to the ground, issuing clanking noises.

His forehead had been pierced. A steady stream of blood dripped down with white brain matter oozing out as his body dropped straight down with a bang.

"Whoosh!" The howling wind came again in a frightening matter.

The entire temple was quiet. The other refugees shrank down and stared in horror at the swift murder. It was way too decisive and without any hesitation.

The pointing of a finger ended with the loss of one's life!

Feng Feiyun retracted his finger and said: "The pagoda is indeed nothing great, but these are words only experts are allowed to say!"

These refugees were all cultivators, but they were quite weak. The highest was only an early God Base, the very man who was so easily dispatched by Feng Feiyun.

A skinny man bravely asked: "What, what do you want to know?"

Feng Feiyun replied: "I ask, you answer."

The rest nodded their heads continuously as if a slight sign of disobedience would result in death to this young man.

Feng Feiyun asked: "In the battle at the lake, which ten came out from the Wanxiang Pagoda?"

"The first was Ning Fengdao, the second was Wang Yue, the third was Mu Tiantian... the last one was Shi Yelai..."

The pagoda was renowned, so those who were on the list were quite famous. Even the cultivators from the remote regions had heard of their names.

Alas, these preeminent cultivators had all lost to the heretical disciples.

Feng Feiyun murmured with a frown: "Even Mu Tiantian lost!"

He asked again: "Did anyone leave their name on the monument?"

"No, the three lords and Princess Luofu all tried. Some unknown masters attempted as well, but none were successful." The refugees watched from a distance that night, so they were aware of the events.

The skinny man added: "But these supreme geniuses didn't leave. They will wait for half a year before trying again."

Feng Feiyun puzzlingly asked: "Half a year?"

"A lunar eclipse will come every six months. If they couldn't do it this time, there is another chance in half a year. A few people were only a little bit off, so they wouldn't want to give up the chance of carving their name on the monument. The second meeting will be in half a year."

Everyone knew that the monument had a mysterious power. Those who could carve down their name would be blessed by this power. It was quite intangible, similar to something like the force of fate, force of faith, force of curses, and so on...

Those who gained the providence of the monument would become tyrants of their generation. Because of this, people flocked to this place.

"Also, I heard that the prodigies from the Wanxiang Pagoda are all coming to Trinity in order to declare war against the heretical lords. The meeting time is still half a year from now at the sacred lake."

Four days ago, only Shi Yelai and Princess Luofu were among the top ten of the pagoda's list at the scene.

The ten defeats were simply too humiliating. The prodigies in closed cultivation couldn't endure this anger. It would be even stranger if they didn't come out to declare war.

"Can, can we leave now?" The refugees stared at Feng Feiyun in horror and didn't want to stay any longer.

Feng Feiyun pondered for a moment before asking: "Do you know about a yellowstone mountain near here, one with an ancient altar at the top?"

The refugees blurted at the same time: "Are you talking about... Mount Banda?" Their voice was full of amazement.

One must cross through Mount Banda on this old road towards Trinity. There were rumors about an ancient altar, so everyone wanted to take a look.

"Is this the altar where someone meditated and went from grand achievement God Base to the level of Giant in just one night?" Feng Feiyun asked for confirmation.

Why do these people wear such an expression when talking about such a holy place? It was a look of fear!

"Not long ago, a terrifying war broke out at Mount Banda. The Evil Woman defeated the Omni-Heaven Marquis there. His blood stained the mountain red while his bones slammed into the mountain.

"Because it was the blood of a Giant that stained the ground, countless evil corpses gathered there with their miasma spreading for several hundred miles. It's not a place people can go to." The refugees quickly answered Feng Feiyun.

Feng Feiyun replied: "You all can leave now."

The refugees were immediately relieved after hearing this; it was as if they were spared a life. They lifted up the dead cultivator and exited the front gate.

The doors were closed once more. Meanwhile, the fire in the temple was still ongoing.

Terrifying screams resounded from outside. It was as if they had just seen something truly frightening.

It was the bunch of refugees. They didn't manage to walk a hundred feet away from the temple before falling to the ground. Feng Feiyun didn't kill them; they were murdered by something else.

Their heads were eaten by something, leaving behind their thick necks with blood oozing onto the snow. The blood quickly froze into a red ice that looked just like beautiful rubies.

The cold gale blew again. The rubies on the ground flew into the doors and windows, issuing booming sounds like a ghost knocking at midnight.

This situation didn't go unnoticed from Feng Feiyun's divine intent.

However, his sense couldn't tell who took their heads. The speed was too fast, and there wasn't even a single footprint on the snow.

A terrifying corpse energy engulfed the temple and even the entire mountain.

This mighty and terrorizing energy left others out of breath!

"Bro, are there ghosts in this world?" Little Demoness squeezed her tiny body into Feng Feiyun's chest. Who knows if she was afraid of the cold or frightened by the screams outside. Or maybe, she just wanted to lean on him.

Girls didn't only want the embrace of a lover, they also yearned for the safeguard of a big brother's chest.

A lover's embrace was warm while a big brother's chest was more than tough enough.

"You are afraid of ghosts?" Feng Feiyun felt that this girl was even scarier than ghosts.

"Of course I am scared. Look, it is behind you right now. It has a pair of green eyes and a bloody mouth. Such long teeth and tongue..."

Little Demoness threw herself into his chest while still holding the kitty, causing it to meow pitifully. Her big round eyes were staring at the evil corpse behind Feng Feiyun. It looked really fierce with blood and flesh foaming from its mouth, making it appear that it had just finished a meal.

Who knows when this ghost with black hair and a pair of horrific ghastly eyes managed to get behind Feng Feiyun.

### [Chapter 276: Big Bro Your Sister!](#)

Feng Feiyun felt a cold chill behind his back. It seemed to be freezing his spine. Even his neck was feeling a stinging pain.

This corpse energy was truly powerful. It wasn't something a first-transformation corpse could compare to.

He quickly touched his boundary stone, sending out a white arc. It was the gigantic stone sword at seven feet long. With one slash, it divided the entire temple into two halves. Both sides collapsed and the area was suddenly cleared.

Countless snowflakes blew back into the sky from the blade energy.

"Rawrr!" The corpse that was initially behind him instantly drifted ten feet back and stood next to a withered purple tree. It looked just like a corpse that had just been hung.

"Gobble!" Blood dripped out of it along with rotten flesh. The skin on its face all the way to the ears was gone, revealing its bloody jaw. Half of its skull was cracked with teeth resembling a row of white nails.

Its black hair draped all the way down to its waist, and its pair of green eyes like two dancing ghastly flames were quite scary!

"This is a second-transformation evil corpse?" Feng Feiyun pinned his blade in the snowy ground and carefully stared at the corpse.

After the first transformation, these corpses would become as hard as steel and gain incredible battle potential.

However, it was quite difficult for them to reach the second transformation.

First, they must devour the flesh of ten thousand mortals. Of course, eating cultivators was even better.

Second, they must refine the divine intent of a cultivator into their own wisp of intelligence.

Third, they must surpass the corpse tribulation from the earth.

After meeting these three conditions, they would turn into a second transformation corpse and be able to cultivate a diamond physique. At that point, it would be exceedingly difficult to shatter their body.

An older second transformation corpse had defensive capabilities similar to a half-step Giant.

Furthermore, they would mutate even further and derive their own offensive forces. Some would gain unbelievable speed, others would have incredible power, and some would even sprout three heads and six hands. A few would be able to grow ten times stronger into a giant...

Why was the undefeated divine martial army completely routed?

It was because these corpses were too strong and outnumbered them. A Heaven's Mandate cultivator would still be ripped apart and eaten by an old second transformation corpse.

"Gurggg!" A strange sound came from the throat of this corpse as if it was laughing. This noise was capable of making one's hair stand on end.

This was a newly transformed corpse at the second level, so its battle prowess had not reached a frightening state yet!

Little Demoness asked: "Bro, can you beat it?"

Feng Feiyun replied: "Of course!"

She inquired once more: "Are you sure?"

Feng Feiyun confidently declared: "Of course I'm sure!"

"But..." She wanted to say something else, but he had already left, leaving only the view of a heroic back with his blade on his shoulder.

"Swoosh!" The corpse sensed a murderous intent and turned into a shadow to take the first shot!

A cloud of corpse energy came crashing down. It was blinding and terrifyingly thick. All of a sudden, a bloodless gray hand reached out from within. The oscillating lightning on its nails issued sizzles.

"Boom!" Feng Feiyun unleashed a white dragon slash from his blade with ninety percent mastery.

The blade met the claw. Sparks went flying with a deafening impact!

The corpse was blown flying into the violet tree, breaking it in half before rolling on the packed snow.

That slash was strong enough to kill an ordinary grand achievement God Base. However, it didn't split the corpse's claw, it could only blow it away.

"Boom!" Feng Feiyun wanted to catch up and continued his offensive. However, the snow in front of him surged upward like a white wall and forced him back.

"Swoosh!" Another slash cut the snow wall into two halves. Snowflakes blew all over the ground.

Feng Feiyun took three steps forward, each step further than the previous as if he was soaring to the sky. On the third step, his body was three meters above the ground as he slashed down with both hands.

The corpse that was on the ground leaped up like a cannonball and slammed its fist into the blade.

“Bang!” A strong vibration came from the blade, causing it to ring. Feng Feiyun’s hands were forced back as he almost lost control of the hilt completely.

This corpse was too strong; its strike was comparable to the force of eight qilins. In terms of pure power, it was even stronger than Feiyun.

“Bro, can you actually win?” Little Demoness sat on a boulder using the kitty as her cushion. Her hands propped up her chin while she pouted, seemingly losing her patience.

“I have to!” Feng Feiyun inserted the blade into the snow again. With both palms together in front of his chest, he channeled the power of the five elements. Black, red, white, green, and yellow colors flew out of his palms.

The snow on the ground instantly melted into water and then turned into a swirling mist storm. It rotated around Feng Feiyun at a rapid pace. This was the power of water.

Fire, wood, metal, and earth elements condensed and joined the rotation. This was a move from the Grave Palace Record that specialized in suppressing the creatures from the Yin and Yang Worlds. Of course, these corpses were included.

The monster felt a terrifying power materializing and aiming to dissolve its diamond body, so it roared and quickly dashed forward as its aura grew denser.

This one fist could shatter the world!

Feng Feiyun pointed his finger to meet this strike. Five different lights circulated around his fingertip, encompassing the great power of the five elements.

“Boom!” The corpse’s hand shattered while the elements poured into its body, rendering it into a bloody mist.

A white corpse palace fell to the ground. This second-level palace could be redeemed for one thousand points, the same as killing one thousand regular corpses.

Feiyun stored it in his spatial stone then turned to look at Little Demoness: “What do you think now?”

“Bro, you are too handsome!” She laughed and followed right behind him.

Feiyun grimaced and turned to leave. The little girl was still right behind him, matching his speed.

“Bro, are we going to Mount Banda now?” She quickened her pace a little bit in order to grab onto his sleeve.

“Yes.” His movement became faster. One step could take him ten meters further, and he could take ten steps in just one breath.

“Bro, why are we going there? To find that ancient altar?” She was still on his right-hand side.

“Yep.” His speed increased even more. Now, one step took him twenty meters while his pace quickened to twenty steps per breath.

She stared at him and asked while keeping up: “Bro, do you want to meditate there? But I heard that for the past several hundred years, no one has learned even half a dao from there, so it is completely deserted.”

Eventually, Feng Feiyun stopped to look at her: “Can’t I just go to take a look?”

She stubbornly said: “No, that place is too dangerous, it contains all the corpses!”

Feng Feiyun startlingly said: “Don’t you want me to die? Alright, why are you following me like this, what do you actually want?”

She stood there and gazed at him in a stupor without saying anything. She was quite young, so this appearance looked quite pitiful; it was as if she was wronged and couldn’t stand up for herself.

“Don’t act pitifully. We don’t know each other, so let’s go our separate ways.” Feng Feiyun took back his sleeve and soared through the snow like a white dragon. He felt much better after finally letting go of that unstable bomb. However, he looked down and noticed that Little Demoness was holding his right sleeve again.

“Are you going away or not!” He almost wanted to curse eighteen generations of her ancestors, but he felt that something would be wrong if he did so, so he hurriedly swallowed the curses. [1. Because they have similar ancestry.]

She still didn’t say anything and only raised her head to pitifully stare at him.

“Meow, meow!” The white kitty in her embrace also looked up and stared at Feiyun with its cat eyes. It was also touching him with its paws.

“Meow your sister!” Feng Feiyun grabbed the kitty from the girl’s bosom and threw it into a pile of snow. The kitty growled even more urgently.

Little Demoness quickly ran down the slope and hugged the kitty again. She busily patted away the snow on its body while comforting it: “Whitey, don’t be angry, big bro is just mean, a wicked and stingy person...”

Feng Feiyun naturally used this chance to turn into a fleeting shadow and rushed into the barren forest. In the blink of an eye, he crossed through four hills.

Little Demoness was a big annoyance with an unpredictable temperament. He wouldn’t know when she would scheme against him, so it was best to lose her as soon as possible.

“Ugh!” After crossing through seventeen hills, he looked down and saw his sleeve being held again. No one knows when she caught up with him, but she was there to his right.

“Why are you following me?” Feng Feiyun became quite discouraged.

She tilted her head and cutely stated in a matter-of-fact manner: “Haha, because you are my big bro!”

“Big bro your sister!” Feng Feiyun couldn’t help but curse.

[Chapter 277: Womens Battle](#)

The cold wind blew snow across the mountains and rivers, making this frosted land even harsher.

When standing at a high altitude looking down below, countless miles could be seen covered in permafrost.

The gales became even more urgent as a gorgeous carriage came from the distance, leaving behind deep lines on the ground. Not only did this journey crush the snow, it also crushed her unwillingness to leave.

“The world says, even heroes have a weakness for the charm of a beautiful woman. However, beautiful women can’t resist a hero either.” She quietly sighed. This was a rare act for her since a woman that sighs would often age faster. Alas, she had been sighing quite often recently.

A sighing woman was definitely a lonely one!

There was only one man in this world that could make Hongyan feel lonely. She wanted to see him, but avoiding him altogether was the easier path.

She had never thought that loneliness would be this dreadful; it actually scared her to death. In times of fear, she would start to sing, so she placed her fingers on her zither strings and gently flicked them.

Xue Wu was driving the golden bird and carriage. She sighed after hearing the sad song from within and lamented: “No matter how cruel and cold a woman might be, they will always have a moment of weakness like this. The thing to blame is that not all men in the world have died just yet.”

Her singing was beautiful and the zither was even more wondrous!

However, on the path ahead, Nalan Xuejian could be seen wearing an ashen buddhist robe while holding a buddhist bead in her hand. She looked like a lotus flower above the snow as she blocked the path of the carriage. She listened to the song inside and could feel the affection from within.

The carriage finally stopped because Xue Wu tugged on the chains.

Hongyan’s song also stopped as her fingers moved away from the strings.

“Are you Nangong Hongyan?” Xuejian stared at Xue Wu in her simple red dress. This woman was indeed beautiful with skin fairer than snow and a delicate figure that seemed to be carved out of jade.

Xue Wu was naturally a beauty and an extremely sexy one at that. Her red dress fluttering in the white snow was truly seductive.

“Haha, that I am!” Xue Wu also stared at this little girl ahead of her. To be exact, Xuejian was no longer a little girl. Her tall and thin figure was lovely alongside her lofty breasts and delicate waist. Even though she was not as sexy as Xue Wu, she was no longer a child.

Xuejian didn’t meet Xue Wu back at the Supreme Beauty Pavilion, so she didn’t recognize her and thought that she was really Nangong Hongyan.

Xuejian asked: “Aren’t you cold wearing such a flimsy dress?”

Xue Wu rubbed the surface of her dress and her snow-white shoulders. Her long fingers directly touched the inside as if she was feeling her enchanting breasts. Any man would vomit blood if they were to witness this scene.

She was truly a temptress. Even if she took all of her clothes off and stood naked in this wintry weather, no one would find it surprising.

Xue Wu teased: "I've always been wearing just this much since youth. If you think I'm wearing too little, take off your clothes for me to wear."

Xuejian angrily blurted: "How faceless!" She wasn't only angry at Xue Wu, but also at Feng Feiyun. That bastard was indeed a perverted devil, to go as far as liking such a scantily-dressed woman.

"I'm just a courtesan, how can I make a living if I cared about my face! Haha!" Xue Wu laughed. [1. Note, "courtesan" is the closest word, but the raw didn't denote an actual ranking. Most people probably think of Japanese courtesans which are higher-ranking prostitutes, but Xue Wu's word is just a euphemism for any prostitute. I also thought about using "companion" or "lady of the night" because "courtesan" isn't perfect due to its connotations, but it is close enough and better than the other two.]

"Then you don't need your face anymore!" Xuejian threw out the bead in her hand. The nine holes in to shot out nine rays of light. They looked like pillars that illuminated the entire area. [2. This is the reason why I used "faceless" instead of "shameless" a few lines ago. In Chinese, "face" is reputation, so calling someone "faceless" is the same as calling them shameless. In this line, Xuejian chose the literal path, threatening to cut off Xue Wu's actual face as a retort. You can also interpret this as her contempt towards prostitution and lack of self-respect. This is actually my first time using faceless in this literal manner, but the text required it. Otherwise, I would have to rewrite Xuejian's response.]

"Wait a minute, wait, we have no grievances, so why do you want to kill me?" Xue Wu was naturally not afraid of Xuejian. She was still smiling like before.

"We have an irreconcilable feud!" The nine pillars of light attacked at the same time. Xue Wu retaliated by reaching forward and spreading her fingers. They shot out five waves of light and shattered the buddhist lights.

"Boom!" Next, her palm indirectly struck Xuejian's chest. The fabric of her robe moved and condensed into thousands of buddhist seals to repel this force.

Alas, Xue Wu was still a Heaven's Mandate cultivator. The robe couldn't deflect all of her power, so Xuejian fell and rolled down in the snow. Her hair and clothes were full of flakes.

"Haha, little sister, your cultivation is still too weak!" Xue Wu's laughter was as crisp as a bell as she drove the carriage away.

Nangong Hongyan suddenly gave an order: "Wait, she is wearing the Nalan Buddhist Robe, take off her clothes!"

Xue Wu affirmed and stared at Xuejian. No wonder why her palm strike earlier couldn't hurt Xuejian. So it turns out that she was wearing the Nalan Robes.

They didn't waste their trip this time.

“What are you doing?” Xuejian gripped the front pieces of her robes in fear.

“Taking off your clothes, obviously.” Xue Wu captured Xuejian and began to undress her with a smile.

“Nangong Hongyan, you are too shameless!” Xuejian tried to run for her life, but she was caught by Xue Wu and directly pushed down to the ground. Half of her robes were about to come off.

“Indeed, how about I strip you bare and hang you on a tree so that every man that walks by can see the exquisite figure of a little beauty like you?” Xue Wu acted like an evil madam. Nevertheless, her smile was still very pretty as she began to resemble a heinous pervert more and more.

Xuejian was truly frightened as her face paled. Tears ran from her eyes as she shouted: “Hongyan, you will not die a pretty death! I’ll tell Feng Feiyun! If he knew that you bullied me like this, he’ll dump you for sure!”

Xue Wu had already torn open Xuejian’s robes to reveal her pretty breasts, but she stopped after hearing the name “Feng Feiyun” and looked back at the carriage.

“Feng Feiyun...” Hongyan pondered for a moment and replied: “I understand. You want to kill me because of him?”

“Nangong Hongyan is who I want to kill!” Xuejian was down in the snow while trying her best to cover her breasts. She felt that Xue Wu was about to eat her, so she was naturally in deep panic.

“I’m Nangong Hongyan.” Hongyan got out of the carriage and stood before Xuejian while signaling for Xue Wu to back down.

Hongyan stared at the disorderly girl. A little smile appeared behind the white veil, one so beautiful that it even stunned Xuejian down on the ground.

The world actually had such a beautiful woman!

“I’m Feng Feiyun’s wife!” Xuejian was still hiding her breasts. For some reason, she was a little afraid of Hongyan.

Hongyan sighed: “You are too childish.”

Xuejian retorted: “Not at all!”

Hongyan nodded and said: “Fine, if you’re his wife, then we’ll definitely have to strip you. Not only that, we’ll take your life too.”

“You want to kill me?” Xuejian didn’t expect Hongyan to be so cruel and treat murder this lightly; it was as if she had grown used to it.

“I’ll kill Feiyun’s wife.” Hongyan really wanted to kill this time, she wasn’t just trying to scare Xuejian.

Flames surfaced and wrapped around Hongyan’s palm. She reached forward, seemingly wanting to choke Xuejian.

“Amitabha, amitabha, Benefactor, let go of the butcher’s knife to become a Buddha, don’t continue to make mistakes!” A buddhist mantra was emphatically recited in the wind.

Nalan Xuejian was suddenly nowhere to be found!

Hongyan pulled back her hand and turned to the north. Xuejian was already standing in the snow quite a distance away. Next to her was a monk holding a wine jar with its scent pervading far into the night sky.

Hongyan glared at the monk and sneered: "I'm afraid I can't become a Buddha!"

"Then evil has penetrated your heart too deeply. I have a scroll of exorcism; if you chant it three hundred times each day, your heart will be as clear as water and everything will become easy." Monk Jiu Rou took out a crumpled scroll and threw it towards Hongyan.

Hongyan caught it but didn't bother looking. On her fingers appeared a spark that immediately burned the scroll into ashes.

She sneered: "Nosy people usually don't live too long!"

She slowly raised her slender fingers towards the side of her face and into her hair, wishing to take off her veil...

"Don't move! I still want to live for several more years, leave your face for Feng Feiyun to see!" Monk Jiu Rou knew that one of the most powerful weapons for murder was a beauty's face. This was the prettiest woman in the world, so he couldn't afford to catch half a glimpse of her. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to live too long afterward.

Because of this, he grabbed Xuejian and fled at an unprecedented speed.

Hongyan put down her hand and stared at the flying snowflakes in the sky. The veil made her look quite mysterious while the answer of the monk kept on echoing in her mind: "Leave your face for Feng Feiyun to see..."

'Perhaps I really should let him see my face so that one day, even if I'm no longer here, he will still remember me alone and miss me like I miss him... but... sigh!' She lamented once more.

The old carriage continued deeper towards the storm.

### [Chapter 278: Corpse Controller](#)

Into Trinity they went!

Mount Banda should have been a land of pilgrimage, but it was engulfed in a thick corpse energy. The roars of corpses echoed loudly, instilling fear in everyone and deterring them from taking a step into this place...

"Pluff!" Feng Feiyun slashed forward. A white dragon energy rushed out and ground three corpses to dust. This was the first slash of his technique at ninety percent mastery still. He couldn't comprehend the last ten percent just yet.

He waved his sleeve and collected the three corpse palaces on the ground before throwing them into his spatial stone.

Feng Feiyun counted: "833 first transformation palaces, 1 second transformation, equivalent to 1833 points."

This place was not far from Mount Banda. Gazing from a distance, this gigantic mountain resembled a huge beast lying on the ground to block the path ahead completely.

According to the sheepskin parchment, an average man would need half a month to cross this mountain. Even a cultivator wouldn't be able to cross it too quickly.

Feng Feiyun had been observing right outside the mountain for several days, but he couldn't find an uphill path. Some of the dangerous locations have been occupied by corpses. If he were to rush there, he would be surrounded by them instantly.

The number of corpses gathered here far exceeded his expectations. Even while standing dozens of miles away, he could still see groups of corpses. Some of them were worshipping the mountain while others patrolled the cliffs. There were a few second-transformation corpses cultivating at the peak. They absorbed and released sky essences and the power of the earth.

This was an infernal hell. An aura of resentment permeated the area alongside a stench of blood.

Little Demoness pulled on Feiyun's sleeve and curiously asked: "Bro, what are they trying to find? It looks like they're trying to dig some bones out of the mud..."

"The Omni-Heaven Marquis recently died here. His body was shattered by the Evil Woman after slamming into this mountain, so these corpses are surely digging up his bones. Just a little piece of a Giant's bone would allow their body to reach the next level."

Feng Feiyun has been studying the Eight Arts Volume recently. The upper half of the book specialized in these corpse evils.

The three evils of the Yin World included specters, corpses, and fiends. These were creatures walking on the thin line between life and death. It was difficult to define what they were and of course, they were difficult to kill.

For example, the body of these corpses was absurd. At second-transformation, it was the same as an untouchable diamond body. Even spirit weapons couldn't destroy them without a sufficiently powerful user. If the user wasn't at a particular level, it would be a fool's dream. [1. This "diamond" is a vajra protector in Buddhist mythos, not necessarily true "diamond", even though it is the same word for diamond. This is a common word to describe an impervious physique, we have one in Emperor's Domination too.]

Specters were even more devilish. They didn't have a physical body, so they were completely immune to regular attacks. Even spirit weapons had limited effects on them. Only a few artifacts were able to seal, subdue, suppress, and destroy them.

Lastly, fiends were the most mysterious and intangible.

Of course, this was mainly for ordinary people. As for treasure-seekers, they specialized in restraining the three evils and three strange of the Yin and Yang Worlds with their special techniques.

After the marquis fell, his blood seeped into the soil and dyed Mount Banda completely red. However, this red mountain was covered in snow right now.

“Whoosh!” A brilliant light that contained a majestic power surged from the bottom of the ground. This was a piece of bone from someone’s hand and only the size of a little peach. It was as clear as jade with a burning temperature like an unearthed gem.

It belonged to the marquis.

A corpse with a half-decayed body dug it out. It attracted the attention of the other corpses, so they all rushed towards it.

The bone of a Giant was a deadly temptation to these corpses and would allow them to cultivate to a more powerful state.

Feng Feiyun quietly looked at this crazy scene from the distance. These corpses were slaughtering each other until the sky turned dark for this piece of bone. Even three second-transformation corpses rushed out and smashed their own to smithereens.

It was a flood of corpses. Even grand achievement God Base cultivators would be easily torn to pieces.

“Rumble!” A close-by cliff collapsed and heavy boulders rolled down, sending dust flying everywhere. Two terrifying rays shot out for dozens of miles. This was a gaze that belonged to a corpse!

“Rawrr!” Its roar alone shattered several hundred corpses nearby.

All the trees and rocks cracked as well from this sonic blast.

Feng Feiyun could feel this avalanche of power coming towards him, so he unleashed nine slashes to shatter the wave roar.

“So strong, is there a third-transformation corpse in this place?” His eyes lit up to increase his vision so that he could see the corpse crawling out of the ground.

“Boom!” Another large section of the cliff fell!

An ominous cloud gathered in the sky. The many layers eventually turned into a huge vortex.

A broken corpse flew out from the cliff and lifted its head to roar at the sky.

The clouds above shot down several hundred lightning bolts that struck its body. Not only did this fail to vanquish it, it made it even more tenacious. Electric currents continuously flowed throughout its body like worms. It had become a lightning corpse!

“Such power!” Little Demoness hid behind Feng Feiyun from fear while looking at the broken corpse.

“Don’t tell me... that’s the Omni-Heaven Marquis?” Feng Feiyun stared intensely at the robe on the corpse. It had been damaged beyond words, but one could still see the mark of a marquis on the inner shirt. Half of a golden lion’s head was still embroidered on it.

The body was truly annihilated. Its skull was smashed with a large section chipped away. The left torso and hand had been severed. There were many parts missing on this particular corpse.

It must have suffered an attack from a supreme master when it was alive. Even at the Giant level, it was almost split into a thousand pieces.

The assailant must have been the Evil Woman and this broken corpse was definitely the Omni-Heaven Marquis.

A great marquis had actually turned into a corpse evil, and not only did his power not deteriorate, it actually grew. A single breath could turn the vegetation within a dozen miles into a black death.

Little Demoness asked: "Bro, do we still want to go there?"

Feng Feiyun asked: "Are you afraid?"

"Yes!" She nodded repeatedly.

A third-transformation corpse had unexpectedly appeared and guarded Mount Banda. It collected broken bones to form its own body. The low-level corpses were shivering while kneeling on the ground as if they were worshipping a king.

Feng Feiyun glanced at the towering mountains once more. There were many locations shrouded in mists and clouds. One particular place had a treasure light that pierced the sky. Others had waterfalls flowing with several-meter-long silverfish swimming at the bottom.

On a particular cliff were engravings of pictures and ancient characters. There were also statues of people and Buddhas.

This place was once incomparably prosperous. Many humans would come here just because of its great reputation. Sages had left their footprints behind, but it has now turned into a land of death that was occupied by these monsters.

Feng Feiyun really wanted to see the ancient altar. He felt that it was a great location. There was an invisible force that was leading him to that place.

In the end, he didn't leave and started to walk around the mountain. He opened a cave a hundred miles away as a temporary haven while waiting for the right time.

One month passed by incredibly quickly. The broken corpse was still cultivating at the mid-section of the mountain. The ominous clouds in the sky accumulated to a thicker level as more corpses gathered. Even more second-transformation corpses arrived.

Of course, this was to Feng Feiyun's advantage. He could hunt dozens of stray corpses each day, so he collected more and more palaces. This was killing two birds with one stone.

Little Demoness always started early and returned late. Each time she came back, she would carry a bag of palaces several times larger than her body. She looked just like a dwarf carrying a mountain. From afar, she actually looked like a big snail!

This made Feng Feiyun quiet angry. He had to sneak around, plant traps, and ambush them in order to not alarm the mass of corpses nearby. Each day, he could only take down a couple dozen corpses, but Little Demoness obtained ten times his amount, perhaps even more.

She put down the bloody bag and patted it with her tiny hand before sitting down. She wiped away the sweat on her forehead and said: "Bro, do you want me to give you half?"

Feng Feiyun replied: "Uh... no need."

Several more days passed!

In the sky, a series of soul-stealing rings resounded! A gigantic black bell came from the northern sky while issuing these rhythmic noises that contained a power that clawed at the mind.

It continued to echo without stopping. An old man wearing a corpse-repellent robe walked towards Mount Banda. The great bell hovered above his head at the same pace.

His robe looked like a daoist uniform, but it wasn't. The left side was white and the right was black. It represented the Yin and Yang Worlds. In the middle was a taiji symbol with black and white rays floating through it. They were two Yin and Yang Fish.

"Yin corpses are coming, people of the Yang affinity, make way!" The old man with a slight hunchback wore an iron crest. Wrinkles covered his face that had narrow eyes and an aquiline nose.

"Rumble!" Wherever he went, the bell would ring. The evil corpses began to follow right behind him in a line just like a group of servants.

There were hundreds of them, resulting in a long, black line. They walked in a uniform fashion on the snowy plain. This shocking scene was quite eye-catching and strange.

Someone was actually able to control hundreds of these corpses. This ability was even more formidable than that of treasure masters.

"A corpse controller from the Northern Frontier Prefecture is actually here. With his cultivation, I think he might be a character of the lord level from a corpse cave."

#### [Chapter 279: Charging Into Mount Banda](#)

The Northern Frontier Prefecture was at the northernmost area of the Jin Dynasty, several hundred thousand miles away from the Southern Grand Prefecture. Normal people would never be able to travel between these two places even if they tried for a lifetime. It was simply two different worlds in their eyes.

The cultivators in the northern region were different. This was the home of corpse controllers. The strong masters there all belonged to this classification.

The terrorizing corpse caves had controllers capable of refining a living Giant into a corpse slave.

A very long time ago, there was a period when corpse controllers almost ruled the Jin Dynasty. Many ancestors from the great powers were refined by them. Because of this, the cultivation world could tolerate them no longer and formed an alliance to siege them.

In that era, even though corpse controllers had several masters far beyond the level of Giant, they couldn't withstand the fury from the entire world. Three ancient corpse caves were eradicated completely.

Eventually, the defeated group retreated to the northern frontier!

At that time, the cultivation world itself suffered grievous losses. More than one hundred Giants were killed. If they were to invade the north to uproot the corpse masters, the price would have been too heavy.

Since both sides no longer wanted to fight, several leaders with the highest authority in the corpse caves signed a truce with the masters of the cultivation world. They promised to no longer sacrifice and refine living people. In the end, they maintained their lineages in the northern region.

This happened a long time ago, even before the establishment of the Jin Dynasty.

“Yin corpses are coming, the living of the Yang affinity, make way!” This old corpse controller was running towards Mount Banda. The spectacular lineup of corpses behind him now numbered more than one thousand.

He stared at the broken corpse that belonged to the Omni-Heaven Marquis in the middle of the ridge.

“I can’t believe the Evil Woman is strong to this level. Her evil energy alone could turn a Giant into a corpse.” The old man gave a devious smile.

Feng Feiyun was right, this old corpse controller was the Lawless Cave Lord from the northern region, and he was here for the marquis’ corpse.

The defeat of the great army and the death of the marquis made many cave lords come running to collect his corpse!

A Giant’s lifespan was too long. Moreover, they would be buried in ancestral lands after death where they would be protected by supreme guardians. These corpses were incredibly rare because of this, so all corpse controllers would covet them.

The cave lord hoarsely laughed and took out a large charm from his chest pocket. It was as red as blood and had many twisting runes engraved on it.

“Lawless is our creed! Sacrifice humans to seal the heavens!” The corpse-suppressing charm flew towards the ridge where the marquis was. It was originally only the size of a palm, but now it suddenly stretched out to be eight meters long like a majestic red tablet. The corpses nearby all quivered on the ground.

“Boom!” This charm was too powerful. Some corpses were pushed down to the ground as their bodies began to crack.

This charm was an ancient treasure of the Lawless Corpse Cave specialized in subduing corpses at the Giant level.

Even though this body had undergone the third transformation, it could still be suppressed. The charm had an unfathomable power when it came to these creatures.

The marquis issued a long hiss and shot out bursts of lightning from its body in an arc that covered both the sky and ground. Lightning crackled everywhere as the air and clouds were torn apart.

The charm couldn’t suppress it and was forced back.

“Hmph! Worthy of being a marquis. It has become even more powerful after death. Hehe, yes, the stronger, the better...” The Lawless Lord rang his bell. All the corpses were howling near the ridge.

A great battle ensued between a third-transformation corpse and a cave lord. They exchanged blows from dozens of miles apart since one was at the base of the mountain and the other was on the mountain ridge.

The earth was being boiled and the sky enveloped.

“Now is the time!” Feng Feiyun wanted to use this chance while all the corpses were in disarray. After more than one month of observations, he found six different climbable paths. They were all well-hidden and quite dangerous.

He chose the most remote path. This could avoid alarming the cave lord and the third-transformation corpse to minimize his risk.

However, he only managed to cross several hundred meters before a corpse full of black energy crawled out of a pit and attacked him.

“Pluff!” A white light flashed and split the corpse into two pieces.

Feng Feiyun didn’t stop at all. He must reach the top of the mountain before the fight between those two monsters end.

He collected the palace, rapidly advancing through a barren stone forest and into a narrow mountain path. This place was dark and grim; a series of shadows rushed out to meet him.

There were more than thirty corpses!

Their corpses were already rotting with tattered clothing. They could condense spirit energy due to drinking the blood of a Giant on the ground. Thus, they were much stronger than ordinary corpses.

“Crimson Fire Art!” Feng Feiyun pointed his finger and a plume of flames penetrated a corpse’s forehead. The fire spread from its head and burned the rest of its body to ashes.

Their body was as tough as steel, but this flame could easily burn them. Other cultivators wouldn’t have an easy time like Feng Feiyun.

A fire ignited from the ground as the five elements were channeled by him.

Dozens of corpses could fight against a grand achievement God Base, but they were suppressed by the five elements and couldn’t put up the slightest bit of resistance.

A total of thirty-eight corpse palaces fell to the ground. A white light swept by and collected them all into a boundary stone.

“The Minor Change Art is at five percent power right now with five elements present. If I could understand the Yellow Earth Art completely, maybe I can understand ten percent of the minor art and double my battle prowess.”

The five elements art couldn't be considered a technique from the Eight Arts Volume alone, only the Minor Change Art could barely be considered one. When minor turns into grand, that would be when it became the real technique.

The contents of the Eight Arts Volume were too profound and broad. Just one art alone could take a lifetime to master. Few could cultivate two arts at the same time, let alone all eight. Those who could garner some success in two arts were already exceedingly rare.

Mount Banda had plunged into darkness with layers of black clouds hanging above. One could hear the roars of corpses and the bell of the corpse controller.

These were the only two sounds in a ten-mile radius, but they were able to directly kill any cultivator at the Immortal Foundation realm.

Feng Feiyun activated his Infinite Spirit Ring. It floated above his head and used its energy to stop the power of these frightening sounds. He stepped on the bones, issuing crisp noises as he made his way forward. These bones had been dragged here by the corpses. There were human bones as well as bones of animals. The flesh had been eaten completely, leaving behind scary skeletons.

"Hiss!" Horrifying screams resounded from ahead. There was a faint glimpse of a figure that then vanished right into the fog before them.

Along this path were many old monuments. The right side had two lifelike stone statues with smooth lines. A line of inscriptions was carved to record the events of several hundred years ago.

If it wasn't for the ever-present threat of the corpses, Feng Feiyun would definitely sit down and carefully read it. Alas, it was not the right time. He passed by several ancient sites with haste.

Along the way, some corpses would jump out. They were all at the first transformation, so Feng Feiyun easily took care of them.

After going through the narrow crevice, the ground turned red like blood and became steeper. It could be said that there was no road, only intertwining and rising platforms of rocks.

Feng Feiyun began his ascent. After making it to the end of this rocky section, he saw a figure that caused his heart to jump before he could even stand straight.

It was an old corpse that wore a neat set of white armor. The only reason he was an "old" corpse was because he had died a long time ago. His actual age seemed to be quite young.

He looked more like a melancholic man than a corpse. He stood there motionless as if lost in thought. Of course, he had been dead for many years and only climbed out of his grave recently.

His body was still untouched; his flesh didn't rot. His eyeballs were still there, but they were empty and dark. Meanwhile, his skin was frighteningly pale without any blood.

He was just standing there, but a suffocating pressure was being exuded. Feng Feiyun didn't dare to move since this horrifying force was comparable to the Omni-Heaven Marquis'.

A third-transformation corpse was actually here. What was his origin?

“Bro, there is a grave behind him, don’t tell me he just crawled out of it?” Little Demoness appeared behind Feng Feiyun out of nowhere. She curiously stared at the white-armored man several hundred feet away.

She continued: “I heard that Mount Banda is an ancient holy land with a single altar. It isn’t strange for a few ancient corpses to be buried here.”

Feng Feiyun gently bit the tip of his tongue and cursed in his mind. That Evil Woman really was a big threat. Her corpse energy was too thick; wherever she went, even people that had been dead for an unknown amount of years initiated their corpse transformations.

If she didn’t come here, these corpses would have continued their eternal slumber instead of crawling out of their graves.

He thought: ‘I hope the good corpse and true body can take care of her!’

Little Demoness exclaimed in astonishment: “Hey! Bro, look at the jumping purple light inside the grave behind him. Such a rich spirit energy, don’t tell me an ancient treasure is gestating there?”

Her shouting alerted the white-armored corpse. It finally moved and turned its head!

“Boom!” His empty eyes stared at them. An aura of death rushed out from his otherworldly gaze, intending to devour the souls of men.

#### [Chapter 280: Feng Clans Legend](#)

The air froze as their bodies seemed to be trapped in ice, unable to move. The armored corpse slowly walked over. The soles of his feet produced ominous clouds. It stretched out its hand towards the two that were still dozens of meters away. Despite the gap, they were already suppressed by this corpse.

It was a creature comparable to a Giant.

“Meow, meow!” Only the kitty in Little Demoness’ bosom could still move. It jumped out of her chest and turned into a white ray that rushed towards the tomb behind the corpse. Its amber eyes were fixated on the purple light in there.

The corpse stopped. It shot out two gray beams from its eyes that made the air ripple as they chased after the cat. However, they didn’t hurt it at all.

“Swoosh!” The kitty burst into the grave.

Little Demoness shouted: “Whitey!”

The armored corpse’s miasma was too thick, so she didn’t dare to go forward and could only anxiously hide behind Feng Feiyun.

The old man stopped and converged all of the energy back into his body before he turned back towards his grave to chase the kitty.

He walked in a very slow and stiff manner, yet it only took a moment for him to return to the grave.

“Bro, Whitey!” Little Demoness grabbed onto Feng Feiyun’s sleeve and was on the verge of tears.

Feng Feiyun replied: "Stay here, I'll go take a look!"

She said: "I'll go too, Whitey is definitely in there to eat some bones."

"Cats don't eat bones." Feng Feiyun prepared the earth with his Minor Change Art in order to find an entrance. He refined the corrosive corpse energy and carefully walked towards the grave.

Because there was a third-transformation corpse here, the corpse energy was incredibly frightening. The ground and rocks were all stained with it. If this form of miasma were to touch the body, they might be poisoned and turn into corpse evils as well.

With the spell, the corpse energy on the ground receded to the sides like the tide.

"Whitey likes to eat bones, it's not an ordinary cat!" Little Demoness maintained her grip on Feng Feiyun's sleeve.

"Is it a dog then?" Feng Feiyun was starting to get frustrated.

She earnestly nodded: "During a full moon, it would copy a dog and bark. It thinks that the sky is a big pancake, so it keeps on trying to eat it." [1. Chinese readers would immediately think of the Tiangou, or Heavenly Dog. The Tiangou resembles a black dog or meteor, which is thought to eat the sun or moon during an eclipse.]

"I see..." Feng Feiyun naturally didn't trust anything that came out of this little girl's mouth.

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"Rumble!" In the distance, the corpse of the Omni-Heaven Marquis was shrouded in corpse energy. The world seemed to be engulfed by a black ink as it tried to stop the corpse bell and the suppressive talisman.

Energy waves rushed everywhere, damaging the cliff, causing boulders to roll down.

If Mount Banda didn't span for three hundred miles, it would have been decimated to the ground.

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Here was a little ravine far from the ridge of the great battle. This particular grave was very remote. These small hills made out of bones had been polished throughout the years.

If it wasn't for the ancient corpse walking out of the grave by itself, no one would think that this was the tomb of a Giant.

The ground constantly quaked like a boat on rough waters. Boulders continued to roll down alongside tumbling corpses.

The tomb was eerily quiet outside of the ringing footsteps.

Little Demoness was still behind Feng Feiyun while biting her index finger like an innocent child.

"The soil here is quite old. It must have been buried here for more than a thousand years." Feng Feiyun picked up a handful of soil and sniffed it.

The deeper they went, the darker the tomb became. The miasma also thickened; only his ring was able to stop it.

Without this spirit treasure, even a grand achievement God Base would be invaded by this corpse energy. They would either turn into a bloody puddle or a corpse evil.

A black pond appeared in the tomb with boiling water. Plumes of steam came from the pond with a group of violet light lingering above it. The source was a purple bead.

The black steam that came out of the pond looked like ghost hands, as if the pond was giving birth to countless apparitions. Eerie laughter seemed to be emanating from it.

Feng Feiyun suddenly stopped, causing Little Demoness, who was distracted, to slam into his back. She kept on rubbing her forehead afterward.

“Such a powerful Yin energy!” Feng Feiyun looked at the purple bead and noticed runes orbiting it before entering its body.

“Isn’t that a fourth-rank spirit pill?” While salivating, Little Demoness’ eyes flashed with a glimmer.

Feng Feiyun mumbled: “It really is a fourth-rank spirit pill refined from water. An ancient corpse was actually performing alchemy in this tomb...”

A second-rank pill was already a rare treasure. A third-rank pill wasn’t something one could buy with money. The exceedingly scarce fourth-rank pills could compare to spirit treasures. No more than ten alchemists in the entire Jin Dynasty could produce one.

A second-transformation corpse had a certain level of intelligence. One at the third transformation was just as smart as an ordinary person.

Even though a corpse performing alchemy was a bit shocking, it certainly wasn’t impossible.

“Meow, meow!” The white armored corpse stood by the pond, completely stiff and motionless. He was hugging Whitey who was docile to the extreme. The cat’s eyes were glued to the purple light above the pond.

With the corpse’s cultivation, it naturally detected Feng Feiyun and Little Demoness, but it didn’t turn around. Instead, it only showed its back like a statue.

“Bro, look at his armor...” Little Demoness gently pulled Feng Feiyun’s sleeve.

Even after a thousand years, there were no signs of decay and rust on its white armor. A white light was still flowing on the plates. It clearly wasn’t an ordinary item.

There was also a red cloak that had rotted completely. Nevertheless, it still resembled a broken banner fluttering in the wind.

One could imagine just how majestic and heroic this corpse must have been when it was alive.

However, the thing that caught Feng Feiyun’s attention was the circular stamp on the armor with the word “Feng”. It looked like a conspicuous round shield.

“Could... he be a master of the Feng Clan?” Feng Feiyun moved his palm in order to activate his Minor Change Art to calculate the origin of the corpse. However, an invisible force severed his connection and almost broke his palm.

Little Demoness took out a yellow scroll from her bosom. It was carved by iron and made from bamboo. A golden wire connected a total of 300 tiny pieces; names and dates were engraved on each of them.

She held it with one hand while using her fingers on the other hand to meticulously read these scrolls.

“What are you holding?” Feng Feiyun quickly glanced at the scroll.

“The sacred list!” She was still looking.

“Sacred list? Don’t tell me you stole the clan’s genealogy listing?” Feng Feiyun took the scrolls from her and sure enough, it was the clan’s history. The real names of their ancestors were carved with great detail on these scrolls.

She really did steal it...

Every ancient clan had a genealogy record. It didn’t only contain the names and lives of their predecessors, but also the secrets of the clan. For example, the four ancestral grounds of the Feng were clearly recorded here.

Due to having too many secrets, this list would normally be stored in the clan’s ancestral temple and guarded by supreme experts. Outside of the clan master in each generation, others would never be able to see it.

He read the list for a long while as more black lines appeared on his forehead. No wonder why this little girl could enter the Feng’s ancestral ground and even dig out the ancestor’s bones. So it turns out that she found the method of entry from this list!

“A thief in the family is difficult to detect.” Feng Feiyun repeatedly sighed.

“I didn’t steal it, Whitey was the one who snuck it out.” She blamed everything on the cat.

Could a cat steal this list from the heavily guarded ancestral temple?

If that was the case, then those supreme experts from the Feng Clan were too incompetent.

“Oh, is it him?!” Feng Feiyun found some clues on the list. Perhaps this was the true identity of this man who had died more than one thousand years ago.

The Feng had been established more than one thousand years ago. Their brilliant first clan master was quite talented, but regardless of how strong he was, he alone couldn’t create a great clan like the Feng.

These records wrote about his younger brother who was even more gifted than him. The younger brother was the king of that generation who fought 780 battles without suffering defeat.

Anyone who dared to defy the Feng would be forcefully suppressed by him. He would beat them all into submission. Even the Grand Southern Prefecture Lord lost three times to him.

The records had a great evaluation of him. He nearly broke through the Giant level before the age of thirty and was known as the “Feng’s Number One”! If he didn’t die, he most likely could have led the Feng Clan to become an entity comparable to the four great clans.

Very few people knew his real name, but it was recorded on the list — Feng Chi.

Sigh! A hero who went missing in Trinity and never appeared in the world again.

This was an unsolved case of the Feng Clan. No one knew where he had gone. Some saw him appear right outside of the Feng’s ancestral ground before entering Trinity, then he disappeared into thin air.

If this armored man was indeed an ancestor of the Feng Clan, then Feng Chi was the only one who matched the genealogy records.

Could it be that the number one member of the Feng unexpectedly died at Mount Banda and was buried beneath this hill?

What a lamentable story. If the Evil Woman didn’t come out, then this legend of the Feng Clan would never see the light of day again.