

Sprit Vessel 291

[Chapter 291: Meridians](#)

“Caw caw!”

A group of crows flapped their wings and landed on the branches. They stared at the bloodied corpse with their bean-sized eyes. They opened their sharp peaks, intending to feast.

An aura of death had diffused throughout this area. What had been a fresh female corpse has now decayed in a rough manner.

“Animal, human meat is not for you!” Feng Feiyun pointed forward. A black ray shot through one of the crows and turned it into a rain of blood. A flame ignited and burned continuously.

He took down the corpse and laid it flat on the ground. There were no signs of life, but it was still a bit warm. It showed that she had died very recently.

Feng Feiyun stood there and stared at it for a long time before burying her in the forest. He quickly made a grave for her.

A solitary grave in the cold night. A heretical beauty had become a bloody corpse after death, buried in the most desolate of locations. Many years from now, she would turn back into loess.

At that point, this lonely grave might be flattened by the ruthless river of time.

A thousand years later, who else in this world would know that she once existed?

Feng Feiyun might still be alive and could occasionally remember her. However, he would definitely have forgotten about her face, name, and the location of her burial.

The only thing he could recall was that there used to be a woman who was an ephemeral part of his life.

“Every person is just a visitor in this revolving world. The moment they’re born, they are taking steps toward death — no one can escape this.” Feng Feiyun quietly stood before the grave and contemplated with a heavy heart. Of course, he wasn’t that affected.

Cultivators may become more and more indifferent to all things after seeing more of the world. Life and death are up to fate. How could mortals contend against the power of the heavenly dao?

Feng Feiyun and the Evil Woman didn’t enter Mount Banda. They stayed right outside while preparing stealth formations. Cultivators from all over were searching on these outskirts, but no one noticed them.

The Evil Woman motionlessly sat on a large boulder for three days. An invisible power from the top of the peak entered her body and helped restore her cultivation.

According to Feng Feiyun’s speculation, she likely returned in order to absorb the power from the ancient altar.

Meanwhile, he meditated around an array with a soft glow around his body. A bright True Mysterious Spirit Stone was shrinking at a rate visible to the naked eye due to his rapid absorption.

“Boom!” Once it was absorbed completely, strands of spirit energy gathered on his right hand and a meridian emerged.

A yellow light shot out of the meridian to connect the world to his dantian.

An inexhaustible energy poured into his body like a spring.

“The thirty-fourth fate meridian!” He opened his eyes as the meridian sank back down into his muscles. After three days, his cultivation had soared from opening twenty-five meridians. In addition to the first nine, he now had thirty-four in total.

These meridians acted as bridges between the dantian and the world. The higher the number of meridians, the greater the amount of spirit energy that the user could channel and naturally, the stronger their cultivation.

“Two millennium spirit grasses and five mysterious spirit stones have been used up altogether. One grass can open ten while one stone is just one.” Both of these items were great treasures of the cultivation world.

This was especially true for these millennium spirit grasses. They were exceedingly rare and nearly priceless. Even Heaven’s Mandate cultivators would kill for them.

He received these two roots from the Feng ancestral ground, but finding more was going to be virtually impossible.

“Just how many resources will it take to open all 360 meridians in one’s body?” At grand achievement God Base, one could use time to slowly cultivate or rely on the accumulation of resources.

However, even the four great clans wouldn’t be able to afford this huge consumption of resources. Only the highest ranking geniuses were able to enjoy such treatment. They would use these resources to empower themselves.

The eight Grand Historical Geniuses, the lords of the heretical schools, and Princess Luofu... These people were nearly all created by piling resources or else they wouldn’t have such a frightening cultivation at their young age.

For example, an ordinary person at grand achievement must cultivate for twenty years before opening all 360 meridians. This was predicated on them having incredible talents.

However, for the princess and the others, they could rely on resources to open all 360 in just two months.

This was the difference between the two groups. Because of this, geniuses of high status were always competing with each other due to the limited resources within their respective sects. Only by gaining more resources would they cultivate faster and increase the gap between their peers.

Feng Feiyun had become much stronger with his thirty-four meridians.

Suddenly, a great fanfare came from the northern sky. This thumping burst carried a terrifying evil aura. People were completely shaken after hearing it.

The drums sounded closer and closer. Its loud volume could make others faint.

It thundered amidst the wild winds. Feng Feiyun stood up with haste as flames appeared in his eyes. He gazed towards the north and saw a drum with a radius of thirty feet floating under the clouds.

This drum was made of bronze and covered by a layer of scales. A lightning hammer was striking it to create these blasts.

The person lifting the hammer was a four-meter-tall Ancient Jiang slave with steel-like muscles and a golden glow on his body. This hammer must carry a force of a million pounds, capable of flattening a small mountain.

“The ancient altar is activating, someone must be absorbing its secret power.” A group of elders wearing black robes flew out from the drum. They had red runes on their skin and each of them was riding a black cloud. They gazed at the peak of Mount Banda in the distance.

These were cultivators from the Fourth Hall. Xue Changxiao also stood shoulder to shoulder with these elders.

It had been a long time since someone had comprehended the mysterious power of this altar, so it was abandoned. However, no one looked down on it.

Not long ago, an earth-shattering battle took place here and alerted many older characters from the great powers. They came running and after two months of exploration, they found that this old altar had recently changed.

These older cultivators couldn't wait any longer and decided to climb to the peak.

“Boom! Boom!” A gigantic black palace slowly descended with half of it still looming in the clouds.

It emitted a terrifying force. Even the air itself became unstable. The entire world seemed to be still water in a pond, losing its natural rhythm. The elders and lord of the Fourth Hall slightly bowed their heads towards the palace in the sky.

Bi Ningshuai squatted on the ground from afar and stated: “This is the vice-leader of the Fourth Hall, a super monster.”

“How do you know?” Wang Meng sat the same way; he didn't quite believe him.

“How ignorant, I'm too lazy to explain it to you.” Bi Ningshuai shook his head. His eyes suddenly narrowed while staring at a different direction. His eyelids suddenly batted in horror: “What is going on, why are corpse controllers here as well?”

Wang Meng looked towards the same direction and saw an old man wearing a corpse-controller uniform of black and white among the faint snowy road. On top of his head was a great bell full of divinity.

He felt his scalp tingling just by looking at this old man. His heart seemed to have fallen into an icy cave while his lips trembled: “Is that a corpse controller from the legendary Northern Frontier Prefecture?”

“Nonsense, that’s the Lawless Cave Lord, a monster of the Giant level!” Bi Ningshuai recognized the hawk-nose old man and dug himself into the snow.

Wang Meng said: “Looks like he’s here to collect a Giant level corpse. I heard the Omni-Heaven Marquis died at Mount Banda and has turned into one.”

“Tut tut.” Bi Ningshuai clicked his tongue and said with certainty: “He is definitely here for that Giant corpse. Without a doubt, those corpse controllers from the north are going crazy right now. I’m sure that the Lawless Cave Lord isn’t the only one here. Other powerful controllers must be in hiding right now, even those from the ancient caves.”

There was a great movement underneath the mountain. Several more old men of the Giant level appeared. Each of them entrenched their own spot while gazing at the mountain.

Some were here for the altar while others came for the Giant level corpse and treasures in this mountain. Of course, some just wanted to go through it in order to reach the auspicious location of Trinity with the Heaven’s Emergence Tomb.

The Evil Woman stopped her cultivation and opened her bright celestial eyes. She was still as calm as a statue. Even though these auras in the air could crush stones, she was completely unperturbed.

“Why are there so many experts here? Just what is tempting them all?” Feng Feiyun used his phoenix gaze to observe the situation and grew increasingly alarmed. Five different waves of people had arrived. Each of them had Giant level characters presiding over the operation with many older cultivators in tow.

The Evil Woman coldly uttered: “Hmph, it’s because of that ancient tale about how this altar fell down from the sky. Anyone who could unravel its secret would be able to reach sainthood.”

Feng Feiyun slightly squinted his eyes. He glanced at her and asked: “Have you already figured out the secret there?”

She was able to absorb its power, so this was quite likely! Ascending into sainthood was too tempting. Even a Giant would be moved.

“Hmph.” She snorted without answering, clearly thinking that he wasn’t qualified to ask her questions.

[Chapter 292: Confusion](#)

Experts gathered below Mount Banda. The many forces here had their elders concentrated in this area.

Sometimes, more rays would come from the horizon, meaning that more masters had arrived. They quickly hid in the clouds before they came too close.

The mountain was shrouded by an evil fog. Even the corpses felt uneasy and uttered terrorizing howls like devils or shuras.

“Amitabha, the conflict in this world is endless. Not long from now, this place will be full of blood and lost souls.” Monk Jiu Rou held a large jar of wine and sat on his butt while lifting his head up for a drink. The strong wine spilled from his mouth down to his neck, drenching his buddhist robes.

Nalan Xuejian stood to the side with her black hair draping down. She had an angry grimace while mercilessly shaking the monk, issuing banging noises. However, he ignored her as if he didn't know she was angry.

This only further fueled her rage. She directly grabbed the staff and hit his head.

"Amitabha, amitabha, girl, can't you calm down for a little bit?" It was as if he had an eye on the back of his head. He reached back and caught the staff then placed it to the side.

"Calm? How can I be calm? Are you my ancestor or not?" Xuejian came over and grabbed the wine jar from the monk's hand and slammed it on the ground, shattering it into pieces.

The smell permeated the air while the monk sighed. A good jar of wine was smashed just like that.

"Of course I am." He was still sad about the wine on the ground, so he grabbed a broken slab with some wine left on it and carefully sipped it like it was a treasure.

She twitched her pretty nose and angrily asked: "Are you my master as well?"

"Of course!" The monk smiled just like a good buddhist.

She said: "I don't think you're my ancestor or master at all."

The monk replied: "Girl, your words are hurting me. Since when did I offend you?"

She complained: "Then tell me, how come you didn't help me when I was bullied by someone?"

"Who?" The monk played dumb.

She answered: "Nangong Honyan."

The monk took a deep breath and sat back down: "Buddha says jealousy blinds the heart. Why should a girl like you make it difficult for other women?"

"I'm not jealous at all! I'm telling you, she's a bad woman. That boy Feng Feiyun is too stupid, so he has surely been tricked by her and will suffer in the future. We have to help him escape his misery." She squatted down as well and shook the monk's hand back and forth in a coquettish manner.

"Amitabha, why do I feel like I'm not helping someone escape their misery but more like participating in a quarrel between two women?" The monk got a headache and rubbed his forehead while beating his chest. In the end, he couldn't handle Xuejian and had no choice but to agree.

In a distant thick forest, an extravagant carriage stopped in its tracks. This carriage was made from gold and decorated with spirit stones. Three large birds around seven or eight meters long were pulling it.

Just the curtains alone were woven from priceless silver yarn, so how noble and wealthy was the master inside?

A fair and soft hand pulled down the silver curtains. The person inside stopped looking out and spoke with a heavenly voice: "Did you see that old monk and girl dressed in the buddhist robe?"

The speaker was Nangong Hongyan; she was speaking to another woman in the carriage.

“Yes.” The other party replied respectfully. She sat below Nangong Hongyan and stared at her with awe and fear. Hongyan’s cultivation was too terrifying, so she had no desire to resist.

Hongyan’s pretty eyes seemed capable of seeing through all things: “Do you know why you are still alive?”

“I want to know who you are even more.” The girl stared at Hongyan, impressed by her beauty. Even though her face was hidden behind a veil, it didn’t conceal her wondrous aura.

Hongyan calmly answered: “Nangong Hongyan.”

“The most beautiful woman in the world?” The girl facing her instinctively stood up and wanted to rush out of the carriage. She didn’t expect to have fallen into this person’s hands.

“Get on your knees!” Hongyan reached out with fire in her hand in order to suppress the fleeing girl, rendering her unable to move in the slightest.

“The world all assumes that Nangong Hongyan is a weak woman. Who would have thought that you are this powerful? It looks like I won’t be able to survive after being caught by you.” Her jade-like face grew pale.

Hongyan smiled and lifted the girl’s chin: “If I wanted to kill you, then the woman Feng Feiyun buried would have been you.”

The buried corpse was naturally not Bai Ruxue since the real one was kneeling before Hongyan right now. However, her white hair had been shaved completely, so she looked like a stunning nun.

Her long hair had been transplanted on the female corpse in order to truly fool Feng Feiyun. Hongyan understood Feng Feiyun more than anyone else and knew that he wouldn’t use his divine intent to inspect a woman’s body, especially a corpse.

Not only did Bai Ruxue not become ugly, she grew even more beautiful and gained an indescribable charm. Her finely sculpted facial features stood out even more. Her long brows, bright eyes, aquiline nose, red lips, and most importantly, her bald head.

However, she bore no semblance of a nun since not a single one in this world was as alluring as her.

Everyone knew that Hongyan was the son of the demon’s lover. Ruxue thought death was assured after being captured by Hongyan, but this was not the case.

Hongyan pulled up the curtains once more and looked towards Jianxue’s direction. Her brows slightly narrowed, resulting in an exceptionally charming look. She smiled and said: “Do you hate Feng Feiyun?”

Ruxue replied: “I want nothing more than to eat his flesh and drink his blood.”

Hongyan asked: “A woman who has been raped must feel quite miserable, right?”

Ruxue was a bit confused and didn’t know why she asked this question.

“A woman, after having such a miserable experience, might see through the world and shave their head to become a buddhist nun — isn’t this quite normal?” Hongyan smiled.

Ruxue only became more confused: "You, what are you implying?"

She considered herself to be quite clever, but she was unable to understand Hongyan at all.

Hongyan stared at her and explained: "I want you to worship that monk as your master and become a nun."

"How can a monk have a nun for his disciple?" Ruxue also saw Monk Jiu Rou. His face was quite fierce with a seemingly evil temperament. Clearly, he wasn't a good monk.

"This monk is not simple, you won't be able to find a second one like him in the entire world. Even if a Grand Historical Genius kneels before him, he might not bother giving them a single glance. However, if you cry and beg him, he will surely accept you as a disciple." Hongyan gave a mysterious smile.

Ruxue questioned: "And why is that?"

"Because you are a woman Feng Feiyun raped." Hongyan smiled.

After hearing his name, Ruxue's eyes became cold. Two strands of evil energy surging within her pupils.

She asked: "Why should I make him my master?"

Hongyan elaborated: "To help me obtain two things."

Ruxue inquired: "Which two items?"

"The Nalan Buddhist Robe and Nalan Xuejian's life." Hongyan was still smiling as she threw a Blood Seal Bracelet towards Bai Ruxue.

"Stealing and killing? It looks like you found the right person, haha." Ruxue sneered. She knew that she couldn't oppose Hongyan, so she obediently put the bracelet on her wrist and got down from the carriage.

She looked towards the direction of the monk and maiden with a cruel glint in her eyes.

Ruxue eventually asked: "How should I convince the monk to take me in as his disciple?"

Hongyan's voice came from the carriage: "Just tell the truth about your experience, tell them about his evil deeds. I'm sure a woman from the heretical school like you are capable of this."

Ruxue smiled after understanding the plan. "Bang!" She suddenly broke her arms, causing her complexion to become quite ragged. She spread blood all over her body and unsteadily walked over towards the monk. Her teary eyes were full of despair and pain.

"This woman learns quite fast, I shouldn't keep her alive." Hongyan took out a red knife and gently peeled a pear. She did it quite quickly and carefully looked over the fruit in her hand.

There were too many cultivators gathered at the base of Mount Banda, such as the Evil Woman, Monk Jiu Rou, and Nangong Hongyan... They were hiding in the darkness.

Some came for fun while others had their own plans. A few wanted to wait until the last moment before taking action, not wishing to expose themselves too early and face the first wave.

However, some couldn't wait any longer!

"Work together to clean up the corpses on this mountain before probing the ancient altar." A majestic voice came from the black palace hovering in the clouds. Its heavy and awe-inspiring tone echoed for hundreds of miles.

"Let our Northern Frontier Prefecture deal with taking care of the corpses!" The Lawless Cave Lord still couldn't forget about the Omni-Heaven Marquis's body. The Evil Woman's aura was no longer there at the peak, so she must have left.

He wanted to try to turn the marquis into his slave again. He activated his corpse bell and talisman, one in each hand. The cracks from the last battle had been repaired.

In his red and black corpse robe, he floated into the sky and seemed to be drifting with the wind towards the ominous mountain.

[Chapter 293: Violetsea Corpse Cave](#)

A corpse controller versus a third transformation corpse!

On the ridge of Mount Banda, the marquis' broken corpse still carried a sky-shaking power. The pieces of his flesh were powerful enough to crush a grand achievement God Base to death.

He opened his mouth and spewed out a wave of lightning all over the sky.

"Rumble!"

The young cultivators nearby were struck and instantly charred before turning into black dust.

This was the attack of a third level corpse, ordinary people couldn't withstand it. Even the slightest touch from a strand of energy would render them into ashes.

"Clank! Clank!" The corpse bell rang on the mountain, carrying a force that instilled fear deep into the soul. Others nearby felt dizzy; it was as if their heads were about to split apart.

The weaker cultivators directly fainted with blood spilling out of their ears. This was a battle of the Giant level. Only incredible people could stand straight under the pressure of Giants.

The corpse talisman loomed up above like a dazzling divine tablet suppressing the mountain. Many corpses were crushed to a pulp.

"The Lawless Lord is powerful to this level? Then just how strong will the ancient corpse caves in the northern region be?" Older cultivators were speechless from fear. They recalled the olden days when the corpse masters almost became the tyrants of the cultivation world...

It was a period that now belonged in the historical annals, but no one could forget.

"The marquis grew even stronger after death, but it still isn't a match for that old corpse controller."

The marquis emitted a sky-shattering roar with thunderous explosions, but it couldn't destroy the talisman.

Several other great powers had made preparations as well. Once the marquis was captured, they would make their way up Mount Banda.

"Boom!" Among the snowflakes floating in the sky like a mat, a white ray shot out from Mount Banda and pierced the black clouds in the sky before striking the corpse talisman.

This talisman was an ancient Spirit Treasure, but it was blown away by this white ray. It lost its power and fell from the sky like a meteor before smashing into a small hill.

"The talisman was blown away?" Everyone was shocked. Who did this?

"Could it be... the Evil Woman? No, this isn't her energy..." The Lawless Lord was alarmed and controlled the bell floating above his head. His old body became quite tense as he felt a terrifying aura coming forward.

It came from Mount Banda and was accompanied by a fearful chill that reached the heavens.

The marquis was very powerful. If the Lawless Lord didn't have the bell and talisman, the corpse would have torn the lord into halves easily. However, this new aura was much stronger than the marquis.

The cultivators surrounding the mountain glanced at each other. Some believed that it was the Evil Woman while others thought that it was a Giant from an old lineage. The Giants from the heretical school turned serious as well. This force made them palpitate.

"It's him..." Feng Feiyun's heavenly gaze pierced the layers of corpse fog. He saw a man standing before a grave adorned in dust-free white armor while wearing a decaying red cloak.

He silently stood there. Even though he was a corpse now, his posture was still incredibly arrogant and immense like an eternal general.

"Keke! Another old corpse, I'll collect you too then!" The Lawless Lord had amazing vision. He saw through the fog as well and intensely stared at this white-armored corpse.

This was a timeless corpse. If he could refine it into his slave, its power could deter the world.

"Rumble!" The cave lord took off his black and white robe. The Yin and Yang fish began to quickly rotate.

The robe summoned this diagram of the Yin Yang fish that then turned into a black and white plume of clouds. It aimed to trap the other corpse inside. This robe was a treasure even more powerful than the divine corpse bell and talisman. It was precisely this robe that allowed him to withstand a palm from the Evil Woman without dying. Of course, it was just a casual attack from her. Nevertheless, one could still see just how powerful this robe was.

"Bang!" The fog from the corpses was overflowing from the tomb. Feng Chi stood there, overlooking a steep cliff without any emotion in his eyes. He slowly reached forward with one pale yet powerful hand.

"Whoosh!" The Yin Yang robe that was ravaging the sky instantly fell into his hand.

This was a robe meant to subdue these evil corpses, but now, it had fallen into the hands of one.

This scene was too shocking and caused jaws to drop to the ground. Just what the hell was this corpse? Why was it so powerful?

“To easily grab a corpse repelling robe like that, that man must have been an unstoppable expert when he was alive.” A heretical elder gasped. He was completely intimidated.

The Lawless Lord was even more astonished. After living for several hundred years, he had seen countless powerful creatures with a battle force comparable to Giants. However, he managed to subdue all of them until today when this corpse gave him the feeling of being powerless.

Suddenly, a white ray shot towards him. This corpse wanted to kill him now?

“Pluff!” The white ray was frightening. It broke through eighteen defensive arts that the lord shot out and pierced through his old body, leaving behind a gaping hole.

“Run! Run! Run!” This was the only thought in the lord’s mind at this moment.

He didn’t get far before a gigantic white palm stretched out from Mount Banda to seize his body.

The lord screamed: “No, you can’t kill me so easily! I have reached the Giant level, no one can kill me...” Patterns emerged from his wrinkled skin. Each pattern was refined using corpses and was more powerful than a wondrous armor.

“Bang!” These patterns were crushed while the lord desperately struggled. His body was crushed into a bloody mist as well.

The white palm withdrew and disappeared into the clouds.

“What... a Giant just got crushed to death, a cave lord that had lived for hundreds of years...” In this cold atmosphere, everyone felt fear rising in their minds.

Giants were characters that stood at the peak of the cultivation world, but one was just crushed to death in the air. The killer’s mighty cultivation made everyone feel uneasy.

Could there be a Supreme Giant in Mount Banda? Supreme Giant was the title given to the top characters among this level.

“Ding, ding, ding!” More bells rang amidst the howling winds.

Three old men dressed in corpse-repelling robes slowly came from the northern snowy plain. All of them held a little bell that emitted a violet glow. Their sandals were woven from wisteria plant.

Three ancient corpses were behind them, walking in a stiff manner. They wore dazzling violet crowns like kings. One could still see this radiance from dozens of miles away.

“The heavens is really helping our Violetsea Corpse Cave. If we can have such a powerful corpse in our control, it will turn into a weapon capable of slaying everything.” One of the old men creepily smiled like a ghost in the night. The bell in his hand clattered even more.

The Violetsea Cave was one of the oldest lineages in the northern region, countless times stronger than the Lawless Cave.

“These are three elders of the Violetsea Cave along with three corpse monarchs.” The crowd was shaken this time. This was the first time in a thousand years where the corpse controllers from the Violetsea Cave left the northern region. Was there a deeper significance behind this?

In the distant past, these corpse controller made the entire world tremble. They refined many ancestors from different sects into slaves, and some clan masters suffered the same fate as well. Sects like the Violetsea Cave almost became the tyrants of this region.

At that time, the Jin Dynasty had yet to be established, but the Violetsea Cave was already there. It was one of the top caves back then, much more powerful than the current four great clans right now.

After the great war, the corpse controllers were forced back to the Northern Frontier Prefecture. Countless caves were destroyed, but the Violetsea Cave was not among them. It continued to survive without leaving the northern region.

After so many years, just how powerful was this lineage now? Today, three elders and three corpse monarchs had arrived at the Grand Southern Prefecture. This was terrible news comparable to the emergence of the heretical schools.

These three corpse monarchs were enough to sweep through half of the Grand Southern Prefecture.

Even the heretical members didn't wish to offend the Violetsea Cave and gave way to the three elders.

“Such a formidable corpse coming out of nowhere... perfect, just perfect. After subduing it, perhaps we will be able to refine it into the king of our corpses.” The seventh elder gazed at the fog in the mountain with a gray glimmer in his eyes.

“The dragons will devour the sky while the Red Planet protects. The chaotic times are inevitable while the current establishments will end. Our Violetsea Cave shall return to the world to overcome the eventual turmoil.” The eighth elder's voice echoed across the area. Everyone clearly heard him.

The ninth elder smiled and added: “Since we want to appear once more, we must shock the world first. We are here this time to subdue the fourth transformation female corpse and refine her into our slave.”

In the entire Jin Dynasty, only the Evil Woman was at the fourth transformation. Could the Violetsea Cave be thinking so little of her and wanted to make her their slave? After so many years, were they strong enough to have the ability to take down the Evil Woman?

Without absolute power, how could anyone dare to utter such a bold statement?

Everyone was astounded. They actually wanted to maneuver against the Evil Woman? Was this a shameless boast, or were they mighty to such a horrifying extent?

The three elders with their corpse monarchs were indeed a mighty force that headed south. They didn't try to hide at all. This was a move even more blatant than the return of the heretical schools.

They spoke to the world with their actions: “We are not messing around.”

[Chapter 294: One Guardian, Ten Of Thousands In Fear](#)

“Ding, ding!”

The seventh, eighth, and ninth elders of the Violetsea Cave stood on the snow while shaking their exquisite bells to emit a suppressive aura.

Their robes were violet with golden silk lining. They were bright and beautiful, even nobler than the style of the royal court. A dark flame appeared in the middle of the seventh elder's forehead like a heavenly eye. He sneered: "A corpse that has been dead for a thousand years just recently came out... It was certainly a Supreme Giant when it was alive."

Even though his Crescent Heavenly Eye didn't open completely, he could still see through the background of the white-armored corpse.

The three elders shook their bells at the same time. The three corpse monarchs' eyes behind them turned violet; they leaped forward at the same time.

"Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!" In the next moment, the three corpses landed on Mount Banda and surrounded the armored corpse. Their crowns became even brighter. Looking from afar, they looked just like three demonic purple lamps that emitted a strange energy. The other corpses near the mountain instantly knelt on the ground.

These corpse monarchs were quite powerful since they were once preeminent characters during their respective generations.

The first monarch wore a white buddhist robe and had a round head. His skin exuded a jade-like brilliance. He had reached the level of Giant at only 140 years of age. Unfortunately, he couldn't go against fate. The calamity came and he died alone in the desolate mountains. An ancestor from the Violetsea Cave dug him out and refined him for a thousand years into a corpse monarch with unparalleled battle prowess.

The second monarch had a great background. He was a corpse that was sealed at the cave for more than two thousand years. It only woke up recently and was brought to the southern region.

The third was five meters tall, a previous leader of a certain tribe from the Ancient Jiang Race. He was born with natural godlike strength and capable of tearing Giants into pieces.

They were true monarchs among corpses. Each of them was powerful and belonged to the upper echelons of third level transformation corpses.

"Boom!" The broken corpse of the marquis was shattered by the third corpse into four pieces. Even its skull flew off.

"Rawrr!" This giant corpse shouted and swallowed the marquis' body with gobbling noises as if it was eating a piece of metal.

"The marquis' cultivation could compare to a Giant, yet it was smashed by just one fist? Just how strong is this corpse monarch?" Wang Meng was also a genius of the Ancient Jiang Race so he had natural godlike strength as well, but he was completely inferior compared to this monarch.

Every cultivator present was shocked. These three monarchs were devilishly powerful. It was no wonder why these three elders declared their intention of capturing the Evil Woman publicly. Ordinary forces couldn't compare to them.

Feng Feiyun was very close to Mount Banda. The shockwave from the attack earlier affected the surrounding ten thousand miles. The ground shook to the point where he had a hard time standing straight.

“The Violetsea Cave is powerful to this level!” He felt his organs shaking from pain. Without the Infinite Spirit Ring’s protection, that force would have rendered him into a bloody mist.

“I’ll destroy them sooner or later!” The Evil Woman stood behind him. It was his Spirit Treasure that helped her block the shockwave earlier.

There were too many of the older generation outside of the mountain, and some were even Giants. She was severely wounded, so if she were to use her own power, a few crafty men would instantly recognize her, placing her in a precarious situation. Thus, she could only hide behind Feng Feiyun without leaking any of her strength.

“I think... we should run for now?” Feng Feiyun had no confidence in her strong rhetoric right now. Her grievous injuries prevented the use of her cultivation completely. She even needed protection, yet she still uttered such strong words.

Before a stronger enemy, one should naturally hide if they can’t win! As the saying goes, a man does not care about temporary setbacks... Well, she certainly wasn’t a man.

If she suddenly rushed out to fight, he would surely be dragged down with her. The corpse controllers wanted to capture her while Feng Feiyun had offended many people. Death was the only path if they were to reveal themselves.

“Run? Do I need to run?” Her voice exploded by his ear like a diving gong, almost shattering his eardrums. Her majestic demeanor resembled that of an empress. She intensely stared at him with energy looming in her eyes like the moon up above.

He felt his spine freeze up, so he quickly answered: “My Lady, you are invincible in this world with a peerless cultivation, of course you don’t have to run. The ones who should be running are those rats over there.”

Meanwhile, the corpse energy on Mount Banda rose even more. It was thick like what one would find in an evil lair. The three corpse monarchs were as mighty as three towering mountains. They all attacked the motionless white-armored corpse next to the tomb.

“Rumble!” More black clouds condensed in the sky. With a cold whirling gale, the clouds turned into three black dragons. Feng Chi stood there proudly with a tall stature like an immovable pine tree on a cliff. His eyes were as deep as the sea as he slowly pointed forward.

His fingertip created a white water ray that rose three hundred feet into the air. It connected with the world to form a translucent barrier.

The attack from the three monarchs was completely stopped by this barrier. Only three ripples were created in this failed breach.

An incredible scene happened next. Feng Chi performed the same finger motion and completely suppressed the three monarchs ten meters away. They floated in the air, absolutely immobile. Even the violet crowns on their heads dimmed.

“How could this be...” The three elders were aghast as sweat ran down their cheeks. Their spirit energies erupted in order to power their corpses. This white-armored corpse’s might was beyond their expectations.

“Vigorous...” Feng Chi’s mouth slightly opened as he uttered a vague word.

“Gale...” The second word was even more ambiguous.

“Method...” The third word was mixed with the wind so no one could recognize it.

Even though the words were vague, Feng Feiyun heard them clearly and was surprised. The Vigorous Gale Method was the cultivation technique of the Feng Clan. This further confirmed that this man was the supreme genius of the Feng Clan, its number one member in the past, Feng Chi.

“Boom!” After uttering the words, a crushing sound came from his fingertip. This was the sound of air shattering and turning into a storm that ravaged this region.

The mighty gale covered hundreds of miles like countless knives flying in the air.

“Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!” The monarchs were in the front so they suffered the heaviest blow. All were crushed into little fragments by the gale and drifted away like grains of dust.

Even their corpse palaces were completely crushed to smithereens by the Vigorous Gale Method. They weren’t the only victims. Feng Chi’s single finger attack engulfed hundreds of miles. More than one hundred cultivators were killed by the shockwave. Some of them were at the Heaven’s Mandate level.

Feng Feiyun resorted to using the spirit vessel to protect the two of them, but the gale pushed the entire vessel down to the ground.

“How could the Vigorous Gale Method be this strong? Could this be the legendary ninth level?” Any Feng disciple could cultivate this art, but few could reach the sixth level. Right now, only three ancestors from the clan were able to reach the seventh level. In the legends, Feng Chi was the only person who made it to the ninth level.

All the corpses on Mount Banda were shattered just like the three monarchs. Black sand was everywhere while the land turned quiet. There were no other sounds except that of the wind. However, people were most afraid of hearing the sound of the wind right now.

Feng Chi quietly stood there next to the tomb. A white kitty crawled out from inside and jumped onto his shoulder. It looked towards the cultivators below the mountain in the distance without any fear at all.

A solitary corpse on the mountain had deterred everyone. The heretical school, those of the orthodox path, and the corpse controllers didn’t dare to take a single step forward. In fact, they didn’t dare to move at all.

Just how unstoppable was this? One person was enough to hold the gates while tens of thousands trembled in fear!

Eventually, someone shouted while pointing at the man: “Everyone, look, there is an ancient word on his armor, ‘Feng’.”

“His armor is very similar to the armor from the Feng Protector Hall. Could he be a great character from that clan when he was alive?”

“Impossible, the Feng might be relatively powerful in the Grand Southern Prefecture, but it isn’t much when looking at the entire dynasty. How could they have produced such a supreme character?” A heretical elder flatly dismissed this notion.

The vice-leader of the Fourth Hall said: “I have a guess. He is a heavenly genius of the Feng Clan. It is a pity that he had died more than a thousand years ago. Alas, his light is still so dazzling after climbing out of his grave.”

An old man with gray hair and three spirit lotus flowers on his head looked over towards the mountain with a flashing gaze: “I know who he is. This might be the greatest member of the Feng Clan. If the ten pinnacle experts don’t come out, it will be hard to find an opponent for him.”

A heretical elder responded: “Even if he is stronger, he’s only a Corpse Evil...”

“Pluff!” Before he could finish, a white ray came from the peak and pierced through his body, rendering it into a bloody pulp. The vice-leader wanted to save him, but he couldn’t stop Feng Chi’s attack.

Someone commented with a tinge of emotion: “The Feng Clan actually had such an amazing character. It’s no wonder they produced two top prodigies in this generation.” He thought about Little Demoness and the son of the demon from the younger generation. Alas, the boy had already been expelled from the clan by its current master.

[Chapter 295: Unstoppable Across The Nine Heavens And Ten Earths](#)

The three corpse monarchs only showed up for a little bit before being turned into dust. These were three monsters with a power comparable to Giants. It was a great loss to the Violetsea Cave.

The corpse repelling bells in the three elders’ hands had exploded while their chests were pierced. Only fear could be seen in their expressions.

After building up their strength for many years, they wanted to come out and shock the world. No one expected this disaster with their three corpse monarchs being dealt with so easily.

They didn’t dare to stay here any longer and swung their sleeves. A plume of mist gathered and condensed into a sky-bridge that led all the way to the horizon. This was the “Ghost Immortal Bridge”.

One step on this bridge equaled a thousand miles. Corpse controllers and treasure masters were similar, both traveled to the edges of the cultivation world. They would normally visit a few Yin Yang locations. After encountering something sinister and ominous, the wisest thing to do was to open this type of bridge.

Due to its ability to swiftly travel large distances, both gods and ghosts would find it difficult to chase them. After feeling Feng Chi's murderous intent, the elders opened the bridge right away in order to stay alive.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" They stepped on it and managed to flee thousands of miles away, but they still couldn't escape death. Feng Chi killed them through space. All three were crushed into a bloody powder. The stench of blood permeated the air.

Feng Chi's hand was still slightly stretched forward, causing dark, blood-colored clouds to billow for thousands of miles. These ominous clouds didn't disperse until he retracted his hand.

This was too unfair. The three elders were experts among the older generation, but they couldn't escape death even though they were thousands of miles away. This was the power of a Supreme Giant.

"Damn!" A few youths had begun to retreat from the base of the mountain. With Feng Chi standing guard, even an army wouldn't be able to do anything. This was an exceptional character of legend.

Among the ten halls of the Senluo Temple, five of their vice-leaders were present. They didn't retreat until the third day but decided to give up at that point.

Even though they could fight against Feng Chi with a numbers advantage and could even defeat him, the price would have been unimaginable. The three dead elders from the Violetsea Cave were the best examples.

This huge price made them hesitate and ultimately played into their decision to retreat.

"I thought many people will die in this competition, but Feng Chi alone was able to suppress the entire scene and force everyone back." Feng Feiyun and the Evil Woman were the only ones left at the base of Mount Banda.

The Evil Woman wanted to use the power of the ancient altar to restore her cultivation, so she meditated for another seven straight days without moving or batting an eye.

During this period, some people didn't give up and returned to this mountain. However, after seeing that the white-armored corpse was still there, they instantly retreated. No one dared to step within ten miles of this area.

Perhaps the corpse energy here was too thick so more corpses gathered in these last several days. It turned into a land of death once more.

"Dragon King's Saber Art, second technique, Nine Firmaments Slash." Feng Feiyun leaped into the air with an imposing momentum before falling back down with both hands on his saber for one slash. The energy turned into a white divine dragon. [1. The raw name for the technique is Dragon King Arriving/Looming Over The Nine Firmaments. Way too long, so had to shorten it.]

This energy was eighteen meters long and seemed to be a true dragon lying in the sky. There was a crown on the dragon's head where all of the blade's energy gathered.

"Boom!" Three bloody corpses were bitten by this blade energy. Their palm-sized palaces fell down to the ground, still stained with blood.

“This saber art is truly profound and difficult to cultivate. I only comprehended ten percent of this art after seven days.” Feng Feiyun put away his blade with energy and faint dragon runes still flowing through it.

After reaching one hundred percent mastery of the first slash, he began to study the second slash, but he could only utilize ten percent of its power.

He waved his sleeve and the three palaces flew into his spatial stone.

“Three more for a total of 1008 palaces on top of the one from a second-transformation corpse, equal to 2008 points.” The emergence of the heretical schools meant that the challenge was much harder for the pagoda’s disciples. In these three years, they not only had to kill corpses for their palaces, they also had to fight against the heretical youths.

It stopped being an in-house competition due to this new development. This was both a test of strength and intelligence. Of course, only those who could truly endure this test would be top experts in the future.

“Three months have gone by already, and three more will be the next lunar eclipse. Another great battle will take place at the sacred lake. I wonder if the pagoda will be utterly defeated again?” Feng Feiyun sighed.

Suddenly, his heart jumped. He started laughing and turned around while cupping his fists:

“Congratulations, Boss. Your cultivation has returned and your battle capabilities have reached the peak once more. You are unbeatable in the nine heavens and ten earths.”

The Evil Woman in her white daoist robe looked just like a beautiful older sister from the Wanxiang Pagoda. She was standing a hundred meters away beneath a dead black tree. Her black hair was fluttering in the wind. Who knew how long she had been standing there for?

Since Feng Feiyun noticed her, she took one step forward, leaving behind a series of shadows in the air. One second later, she stood right in front of him.

She stood coolly with both hands behind her back and snorted while glaring at him: “If my cultivation was back, do you think you would be able to detect me?”

“Then Boss, how much of it is back?” Feng Feiyun smiled. He naturally knew that she hasn’t completely recovered. The words from earlier were meant to flatter her.

Her expression was full of murderous intent. She took another step forward and reached out with her hand shrouded in faint evil flames to grip his neck. She awe-inspiringly stared at him while threatening: “Hmph! Enough to kill you without a problem.”

Feng Feiyun felt his throat being sealed and his blood freezing up. He couldn’t breathe as his neck was about to be crushed by her, prompting him to cough. However, his expression remained unchanged as he raised his voice: “Boss, you are matchless with no rivals in the nine heavens and ten earths.”

“It’s good that you are aware of this.” She scowled and let him go. With a calm pose, she stared into the horizon: “Get up already.”

Feng Feiyun placed both of his hands on his dantian and channeled a crimson flame. It melted the chilling energy in his blood and forced it out from the skin of his neck.

No wonder why she was known as the Evil Woman, her mood could change at a moment's notice. If it wasn't for her recovering cultivation and how he still had some worth to her, he would have been killed already. As she once said herself: "There should be no living creatures in front of me."

This was because she was not a living being. One should never treat her as a person and definitely not a woman.

Taking her down the mountain was definitely him digging a pit and jumping into it. However, he had no regrets. Everything had two sides; there was never an absolutely right choice. Perhaps he will be lucky in the future by taking her down Mount Banda. One's vision shouldn't be limited to what immediately lies ahead.

Feng Feiyun grabbed his blade and followed her.

The Trinity County had many ancient locations. Radiance was an ancient city with more than a thousand years of history. It was located at the edge of an old route leading towards Trinity's hinterland, one of the few cities that had not been invaded by the corpses.

It was between the sacred lake and Mount Banda, so cultivators from everywhere gathered here to create an unprecedented lively scene.

At dusk, five months of heavy snow had finally stopped. However, the cold wind blew even more urgently, causing the thick layer of snow on the ground to be blown everywhere. They hit a carriage being pulled by a five-meter-tall bull. It trampled on the snow and rapidly made its way through the plain, creating two deep lines along the way. It finally made it to Radiance before nightfall.

The soldier sitting on the bull wore the official martial army's uniform, indicating his rank of being a thousand-man commander. His armor was as black as ink. Even his face was covered with a layer of metal, exposing only his profound and sublime eyes. He appeared to be young, quick-witted, and unrestrained.

"Boss, don't tell me that you want to go to this old city to eat people? I heard corpses can eat people to increase their vitality and cultivation." The young commander turned back to ask the person inside the carriage, causing his plates to issue clunking noises from rubbing against each other.

"The power of the altar is far from enough to restore my cultivation. I must absorb a monstrous amount of vitality." A woman's voice as cold as ice answered him.

If anyone outside were to hear her voice and didn't die from freezing right away, they would be pressed down to the ground, unable to stand back up.

"Are you really here to eat people?" The commander's heart jumped.

"Correct, I'm here to feast." Her voice became colder.

He asked: "Who will you eat?"

She replied: "I'll eat whoever is delicious or have sweet enough blood for a drink."

“Wow, so domineering! Boss, you are indeed the number one in the nine heavens and ten earths, no one can oppose you!” This commander was naturally Feng Feiyun. His heart felt a chill after hearing her response. A Corpse Evil was still ultimately a Corpse Evil; it looks like the cultivators in this ancient city were about to be unlucky.

Many experts gathered at Radiance, the only city between Mount Banda and the sacred lake. The young, the old, and even Giant level cultivators were here. If the Evil Woman wanted to feast, she naturally would have to pick a populated location. She hid her identity and quietly snuck inside, which was why Feng Feiyun was wearing his current outfit.

The martial army had just suffered total defeat at Trinity. There were many abandoned carriages and sets of armor. It wasn't difficult to get this equipment. The snow stopped and night fell. An aggressive commander with a black carriage swaggered into Radiance.

[Chapter 296: Three Spirit Grasses](#)

There was a river of blood around a hundred meters wide running underground from the south to the north. Its powerful waves slammed into the rocky bottom, issuing loud and sonorous noises like copper gongs.

The Evil Woman was standing inside the river, letting its red water cover her. An endless blood energy entered her body.

“A river of blood like this is actually running through Radiance. Could it be that the blood of everyone who was killed in the southern prefecture gathered here underground and formed this river?” It was dark underground, but darkness couldn't impede Feng Feiyun's sight.

They were several hundred meters underground, right below Radiance. There was a passage in the city leading down to here. If it wasn't for the Evil Woman's guidance, he would never have guessed that there was this type of scene down here, it was like the yellow river in hell!

“She might not be eating people, but this is even scarier.” He waited for two days by the river. She had no intention of leaving and continued to devour this form of vitality. Who knew how long it would be until she wakes up?

“I would have to be stupid to not leave right now!” Feng Feiyun followed the pathway to get back to the surface. It took about an hour before he saw the sun again. The exit was a relay station with dozens of coffins lying around. [1. Relay station = post office.]

Through his Heavenly Phoenix Gaze, he could see that the coffins were full of dense, green energy around corpses with fierce expressions.

This station was still chilling even though it was daytime. A layer of snow covered each coffin.

“Swoosh!” A gray-haired old man watched over the place. His withered body looked like wood as he swept the floor with a broom.

Two days ago when Feng Feiyun and the Evil Woman arrived, he was also here sweeping away despite the fact that not a single leaf was on the ground.

“Quite a powerful corpse, he must be at the third transformation.” Feng Feiyun’s spiritual awareness found that he didn’t have a strand of life in his body.

He carefully walked around him and finally heaved a sigh of relief after getting out of the station. The aura of a third-transformation corpse was too immense; it was capable of suppressing the soul.

In recent days, cultivators gathered everywhere at Radiance. Some came for the ancient altar while others were here for the upcoming battle at the sacred lake. Before one knew it, this city had become lively with carriages everywhere.

“Clank! Clank!” Feng Feiyun, adorned in his commander armor to hide his face, was riding a bull larger than an elephant while swaggering through the streets.

On his back was an iron battle saber around 780 pounds; he truly had the style of a fierce soldier.

“Scram, get the hell out of my way or I’ll cut you down.” Feng Feiyun spoke like an official with an imperious manner towards the cultivators blocking the way. They saw that he had the uniform of the martial army and quickly scattered to the sides.

“Yin Gou Ward!” Feng Feiyun stopped by this location outside of Radiance with both hands on his waist and his head up high while reading the plaque.

As long as there were people and cities, there would be no shortage of Yin Gou’s industries. What places had the most treasures in the world? It wasn’t the imperial palace of the Jin Dynasty nor the Wanxiang Pagoda, and it was definitely not the Senluo Temple either. The answer was these Yin Gou Wards.

Feng Feiyun had reached grand achievement and needed to rely on spirit grasses and stones in order to rapidly increase his cultivation. As long as he had money, he could buy both at the Yin Gou Wards.

A single millennium grass could open ten meridians and one True Mysterious Spirit Stone could open one.

“Bang! Bang!” He walked to its large gate and slammed into it with his saber while yelling: “Anyone alive in there?”

“As long as you can pay, we will even sell people.” A slightly overweight middle-aged man came out.

He was around the age of forty with an embroidered robe and a big smile on his face. His narrow eyes had a bright glimmer like a fox that had just come out of their burrow.

Feng Feiyun asked: “You sell people here too?”

The man smilingly answered: “Yes. If you want to buy slaves, there are three different qualities. The same is true for women. As long as people are willing to pay, we’ll sell the dead too. There is no business that we won’t do at the Yin Gou Ward.”

Feng Feiyun cleverly asked: “There are people who buy the dead around here?”

The man replied: “Of course, and there are many too.”

Feng Feiyun asked for clarification: “By the dead, you mean Corpse Evils?”

The man slightly nodded. There were two types of people who would buy these corpses: corpse controllers and disciples from the Wanxiang Pagoda.

The first bought them in order to refine those corpses into slaves. The disciples from the pagoda naturally bought them to trade for more points.

“The Yin Gou Clan’s business is truly big, it’s no wonder why it is called the richest clan in the world.” Feng Feiyun commented before asking: “Are you the manager of this ward?”

“Sir Thousand Commander, my name is Dongfang Yiye, I just arrived at Radiance yesterday.” His squinting eyes only had a small opening. It was still bright like before.

This person’s cultivation was no joke. He had trained the Dragon Lake Righteous Energy to a great level. Even the phoenix gaze couldn’t see his real strength.

His last name was Dongfang as well. It looked like he was an expert sent by the Yin Gou Clan in order to benefit from this chaotic region. With the heretical schools and corpse controllers coming out, Trinity’s situation was very complex, so the clan wouldn’t send an ordinary person. Such a man should be able to handle the situation and profit from the chaos.

“Manager Dongfang, you are too polite. I am only an insignificant Thousand-man Commander.” Feng Feiyun became cautious again.

“The paying customers are always right at our Yin Gou Ward.” Dongfang Yiye smilingly stared at him. His eyes seemed to be able to see through Feiyun’s armor.

Feiyun said: “No wonder why your business is so successful.”

“It’s what you have to do to be a lucrative businessman. You must treat your customers like they’re the boss.” Yiye smiled back.

Feiyun replied: “But in the end, people will come to find that the real boss is you.”

The both of them laughed at the end of this conversation. Yiye invited Feiyun inside. It was even more extravagant with resplendent decorations to make it look like a palace.

It was surprisingly large with a staircase leading up to what was seemingly forever. Who knows how many floors this place had?

“What are you looking for, Thousand Commander?” Yiye asked.

Feng Feiyun answered: “Millenium Spirit Grass.”

Yiye stopped and glanced at Feng Feiyun one more time. His sharp eyes turned brighter.

“Don’t tell me the Yin Gou Ward doesn’t have them?” Feiyun frowned.

“There’s nothing one can’t buy here at the Yin Gou Ward, the key is whether they can afford it or not. You are no Thousand-man Commander.” Yiye laughed and spoke with certainty.

This person had very frightening insight.

“Haha.” Feiyun didn’t give a response.

“It doesn’t matter if you are or not. More importantly, the ward has three roots right now: two crane natans and one green maternal flower. Each one will cost 5 million gold coins. As long as you can afford them, I’ll sell them to you right away.” Yiye smiled.

This price might be steep for millennium spirit grasses, but if they were real, then it was worth the money. Both of these types were rare and about twenty percent stronger than ordinary millennium grasses. Feiyun still had notes worth 16 million gold coins, so he could easily buy them.

Three black jade boxes around three feet long were brought to them by three pretty maids with makeup and silk dresses. The jade boxes contained a yellow liquid that could maintain the spirituality of these grasses.

Feng Feiyun checked the three boxes before putting them into his spatial stone. They really were too expensive. Just one was enough to buy several small and medium-sized sects. Even though he had just spent 15 million, he still felt that it was worth it in order to open thirty meridians in a short amount of time. It would be a great improvement to his cultivation.

The battle at the sacred lake was imminent. All the elites from the pagoda and the lords of the heretical schools would be there. It was best to be as strong as possible before that time comes.

“I have a certain piece of information for sale, maybe you will be interested.” Yiye counted the paper money in his hand to confirm the transaction before putting into his sleeve. A green light flashed as they disappeared.

Feng Feiyun asked: “What info?”

“It will cost one million gold coins, I can guarantee you that it is worth the price.” Yiye paused for a moment before grinning.

Feng Feiyun stared at this middle-aged man before him. Does he know the exact amount of gold Feiyun had left? Earlier, the price for the grasses was perfectly fifteen, and now this information was one million.

Feng Feiyun was about to be drained of his money and squeezed completely dry. How could there be such a coincidence in the world?

Feng Feiyun stared at him for a long time before biting his teeth while taking out the last of his gold notes to hand it over.

Yiye cheerfully accepted the money and quickly put the bills away before slowly speaking: “Princess Luofu is finding invincible experts among grand achievement God Bases in preparation for marking the holy monument. Anyone who is chosen by her will be rewarded with five spirit grasses. Only the princess can afford such a grand gesture.”

“Five spirit grasses! Where is she right now?” Feng Feiyun was truly tempted. This was a reward that could drive any grand completion God Base crazy. Not to mention five, just one was extremely hard to come by.

Yiye revealed: “In the northern suburbs of Radiance is the Thousand Plum Manor. As far as I know, several heaven-defying geniuses from the heretical schools and a few successors of some corpse caves

will be there. Many disciples of the pagoda will go too, but the result is fairly obvious. They will be suppressed by the heretical geniuses, so those spirit grasses will fall into the hands of either the heretical members or the corpse successors. Even if the princess is unhappy about it, she still has to keep her word and distribute the rewards! Sigh, it seems that the pagoda has really fallen.”

[Chapter 297: Feng Danius Second Showing](#)

The crane natans and the green maternal flower were the natural essences of the world gestated over thousands of years, so they contained a lot of spirit and medicinal energies. The older they were, the purer the essences within would be.

Feng Feiyun refined all three items, leaving behind a pinch of powder in his palm. A golden brilliance rushed out of his head, chest, and limbs. Thirty more meridians were opened like thirty yellow bridges connecting to the world.

At this point, he had opened a total of sixty-four meridians. The God Base in his dantian condensed to appear more tangible as spirit energy oozed out of his body. His meridians and veins looked like long and narrow spiritual rivers.

As his cultivation increased by a huge margin, his blood energy became more vigorous as well. Each of his actions issued crackling noises.

“I’m actually thirty percent stronger now. It was just a little level, yet the difference is immense. If I could have those five spirit grasses, then I will be able to open 114 meridians. At that time, I’ll surely be able to fight against a first-level Heaven’s Mandate cultivator.” He had forty divine intents at this moment. Despite only being at grand completion, his battle prowess far exceeded cultivators at the same level.

Even Grand Historical Geniuses might not be his match if their cultivation was the same.

The sky gradually darkened as night finally fell. In the northern suburbs of Radiance was an apricot garden with three hundred years of history. It was once the manor of the Radiance Lord. Since Princess Luofu came to visit, the lord took the initiative to let the princess use it as her temporary abode.

Snow scattered in the sky with the scent of apricots lingering in the air. In these wintry times, most flowers have already withered, leaving behind apricot flowers as red as blood. Their fragrance spread for a thousand miles.

Even though these blossoming apricots might be pretty, they were no match even for the princess’ finger. Their fragrance paled before the sweetness of her hair.

“The princess is quite ambitious, just like Empress Long Jiangling when she was younger. She wants to go on the imperial path by leaving her name on the sacred tablet then removing the crown prince’s position so that she can obtain the throne.” The Tiger Marquis’ eldest son and the third prince of Dashi were standing outside of the Apricot Manor. Both were heroes among the younger generation and ranked within the top fifty of the Pagoda’s Hundreds List. They were heaven-defying with lofty statuses.

Both wore white daoist robes while standing in the snow with spirit energy covering their bodies. Invisible qi images were floating above their heads.

“If the current crown prince, Long Shenya, wasn’t one of the eight Grand Historical Genius, maybe we would be joining the princess. After all, she has condensed the Royal Dragon Energy on top of receiving the seal of Imperial Concubine Hua’s sect...” The eldest son had a layer of yellow tiger armor on his shoulder, making him look even more awe-inspiring.

The third prince whispered: “It’s better for us not to be too nosy about the competition for the throne.”

Both men were distinguished with great powers as their backings, but five millennium grasses were not a joke to them. Normally speaking, coming up with just one root was difficult. Only the princess could afford such a gesture.

They came here for the spirit grasses and directly entered the manor.

“Poof!” Blood gushed out and stained the red gates of the Apricot Manor, making them even more beautiful. A disciple wearing a white daoist robe miserably screamed and fell into a puddle of blood while clutching his right shoulder with blood all over his fingers.

One of his hands had been cut off and fell onto the stone steps.

“You heretics are quite bold, going so far as to insult my pagoda’s disciples.” Zhao Tian uttered coldly while glaring at the heretical disciples in their black uniforms, not showing any intention to surrender.

He was a grand achievement God Base who came here to participate in this event. However, he met these heretical disciples outside. They were quite arrogant and actually publicly used iron chains to imprison four female disciples from the pagoda as if they were slaves. They didn’t come here to participate in the princess’ event at all! This was only a means to humiliate the Wanxiang Pagoda.

He had heard about how these heretics would often catch female disciples and do whatever they wanted, such as drugging and imprisoning them. There were no evil deeds that were too much for them.

He originally didn’t believe it, but he saw it with his own eyes today. A fire of fury ignited in his heart as he immediately wanted to slay these evil scum.

Others didn’t dare to offend the heretical schools, but not him. Death was nothing if he could alleviate this anger in his heart. However, these heretical disciples were more powerful than he expected. His nine martial arts were shattered with just one blade. Moreover, his arm was severed; it was lying before the gate right now.

“Hehe! Boy, so what if we are arrogant?” A heretical disciple with a pair of hands that contained a metallic sheen walked to the front of Zhao Tian. He had boots made from bull’s skin and steel scales. He stomped on the severed hand on the ground and crushed it into a bloody pulp.

There were eight heretical disciples, all at grand achievement God Base. They wore black cloaks with their long hair flowing down freely like eight devils from hell.

This disciple that had refined his hands into metal was one of them. It was him who used one blade to defeat Zhao Tian’s nine techniques as well as chopping off his arm. He wasn’t even the strongest among the eight here.

The four female disciples were still wearing their white uniforms. The youngest was around fifteen and the oldest was twenty at most; all were exceptionally pretty. Alas, they were prisoners with their limbs being branded by an iron stamp.

There were many scars on their bodies barely hidden by their untidy clothing. They were very afraid of these heretical disciples. When these heretics smiled and stared at them, they would kneel on the ground and tremble with fear.

Who knows what terrible experiences they encountered to be frightened to this level? There was no semblance of a genius cultivator in them; they were now inferior even to an ordinary maid.

“It’s over for the pagoda. These so-called elite disciples are now our prey. Their so-called supreme beauties are only tools for our heretical schools to release our sexual urges.” A heretical disciple smirked. He went close to one of the female disciples who was around seventeen years of age. The slender body of this pure-looking girl immediately quivered as she dropped to the ground, prostrating.

“See this beauty from the Beastmaster Tower? She has slept with at least forty of our disciples after eating at least three pounds of aphrodisiac, haha...” He mercilessly squeezed her breast.

The girl from the Beastmaster Tower didn’t dare to move and let him ravage her under broad daylight. Tears covered her face and soaked her dress.

“Animal, I’ll take you down with me...” Zhao Tian climbed up from the floor. Three beast souls rushed out from his body as he unleashed a fist with the power of seven qilins. However, this force and the beast souls were easily crushed by the metal hand.

“Pluff!” The hand directly pierced Zhao Tian’s body. Blood splattered everywhere.

However, this hand was stuck in Zhao Tian’s body. The heretical disciple was alarmed. Zhao Tian was crazy, he directly used his head to bump against the disciple’s chest.

“Boom!”

A black light emanated from the two bodies. The heretical disciple quickly retreated after two of his ribs were broken. Zhao Tian was blown backward into a wall. His head was split open, but he was not dispirited in the slightest. He crazily laughed with an indescribable satisfaction.

The heretical disciple coldly shouted: “You want to die!” A bolt of lightning shot out from his hand with the power of eight qilins — a force of 1.28 million pounds. He truly wanted to turn Zhao Tian to smithereens.

“Boom!” A sharp ray soared from the distance. It was even brighter than the sunlight and contained a horrifying murderous intent. A crack appeared on the ground with its coming.

“Poof!” The heretical disciple naturally felt this murderous sensation behind him and forcefully channeled his attack backward. However, the eight qilins were shattered and the sharp ray severed one of his arms.

A spring of blood gushed out from his shoulder for more than three meters. The black robe on his body was stained with blood as well, just like apricots in the middle of the night.

“Boom!” The severed arm fell onto the middle of the street and was crushed by a Thousand-man Commander from the martial army into a puddle of blood before being swallowed by the bull behind him.

This Thousand-man Commander had a saber propped on his shoulder. Clearly, he was the one who attacked with that sharp ray earlier.

Zhao Tian was prepared to die, so he didn’t expect for a soldier to come out of nowhere with an outrageous saber technique. That blade energy earlier spanned more than ten meters wide.

The martial army was really strong, a single Thousand-man Commander could actually sever the arm of a grand achievement God Base.

“You dare to commit such a lawless act in broad daylight in the presence of a Thousand-man Commander? How should I punish you?” This Thousand-man Commander was very overbearing, especially his haughty stride. He arched his chest and walked forward while holding the reins of his bull. [1. Raw is walking like the word 八, so he’s basically walking with his legs spread far apart and taking arrogant strides while arching his chest.]

“Hmph! Just an insignificant Thousand-man Commander, yet you still dare to interfere with our heretical school’s business? Are you tired of living?”

“Even a general from the martial army would face death if they choose to offend us.”

This Thousand-man Commander immediately turned furious and stomped on the ground, causing the ancient bluestone tiles beneath his feet to shatter. He shouted with his hoarse voice: “You dare to threaten your father?! Which heretical sect do you belong to?!”

“The Seventh Hall of the Senluo Temple!” The heretical disciples shouted in unison as their murderous air gathered into a frightening black cloud in the sky.

They thought that the name of the Seventh Hall could scare this Thousand-man Commander into kneeling on the ground.

But...

“Good! Not only are you all committing murder, you’re also imprisoning women with wanton abandon for the law! Who is the prettiest woman in your Seventh Hall?” The Thousand-man Commander angrily shouted with a voice that boomed like thunder.

The heretical disciples were astonished and hesitated for a bit. One of them said: “Our number one beauty is naturally the Seventh Lord, Wan Xiangcen.

“Then go back and tell your Seventh Lord that if your heretical schools like to play with women from the pagoda, your father will play with your heretical schools’ female disciples. Tell Wan Xiangcen to wash her body; if I don’t take her chastity within three months, motherfuckers, I, Feng Daniu, will change my last name to hers.” This commander had a fiery temperament like a bull. It didn’t look like he was kidding at all as his voice echoed across half of Radiance.

[Chapter 298: One Versus Seven](#)

The Divine Martial Army was the most powerful force in the Divine Jin Dynasty. This was universally acknowledged.

Yet a mere Thousand-man Commander was arrogant like this! He had just declared his intention to sleep with the Seventh Lord of the Senluo Temple, Wan Xiangcen. How could the heretical disciples present stand for this?

These eight youths dressed in black robes were the top prodigies of the Seventh Hall. However, even they were inferior to dogs before Wan Xiangcen.

The heretical schools were extremely cruel with a strict hierarchy. They believed in the law of the jungle where the strongest takes all.

Being one level higher meant they were a god, being one level lower meant they were dogs.

“Have you no shame with your blustering? How suicidal!” The disciple with his severed arm had used spirit energy to seal his wound with a layer of scarlet light.

He was very confident with his cultivation. The only reason why he lost an arm earlier was because of the sneak attack that caught him off guard.

If it was a real confrontation, how could he lose to a Thousand-man Commander? What a joke!

The so-called Thousand-man Commander title meant that he was in charge of one thousand soldiers. The martial army had more than one hundred million troops, so a Thousand-man Commander was trash and as common as a cabbage.

How could a heaven-defying genius like him handle losing to a common “cabbage”?

“Boom!” A killing intent condensed in the air. The spirit energy of this area grew sharp. A yellow bird on a branch was quietly cut into halves by this murderous energy and fell to the ground.

This heretical disciple’s body emitted 180 black glimmers. Even his robe was fluttering from its force. He had opened all 180 meridians and could be considered an expert among grand achievement God Bases.

“Lightning Wave!” He only had a left hand now. It seemed to be made out of divine metal with seven currents running through it just like a dragon. Before people knew it, his lightning-covered hand had already lunged for Feng Feiyun.

“Ploof!” The saber slightly flashed as a sharp shadow flew forward.

Another severed hand was sent into the sky with an electric wave still channeling through it. Blood spurted out from the open wound.

“Your saber...” Both of the disciple’s arms have been crippled. He didn’t even know how it happened this time.

“My saber is very fast.” The Thousand-man Commander patted his saber clean with loud banging sounds like a knife peddler on the street.

However, such a crude man was able to cripple a heaven-defying genius from the heretical school!

He flipped his blade over again and unleashed another slash to split this disciple standing ten meters away into halves. The left and right sections were blown away. This casual cut was inescapable.

“This whatever Seventh Hall is some bullshit, so weak. It looks like the heretical school is declining nowadays.” The Thousand-man Commander sarcastically lamented, causing the other heretical disciples to gnash their teeth in anger.

“We’ll kill him together!” The seven shouted as their meridians erupted. A brilliance engulfed the area while the spirit energy nearby turned chaotic.

They were all grand achievement God Bases. The weakest had opened 60 meridians while the strongest had 280 opened.

The strongest one was extraordinarily powerful. He took out an ink grindstone, something that was almost a Spirit Treasure; it was capable of exerting a force around ten percent of a real one. Nevertheless, it was still quite frightening and capable of killing from several hundred miles away.

All seven leaped up at the same time and poured their energy into this grindstone. The focused blast shook the sky and shattered the street. The majority of the houses on both sides collapsed.

The commander sonorously roared: “Motherfucker, I’ll take all seven of you on!”

He heroically stood in the middle of the street while his black armor exuded a cold glint. A sharp ray rushed out from his saber that towered more than ten meters high into the air. With both hands on the saber, he unleashed a vertical slash with the shape of a crescent moon towards the grindstone.

The spirit energy in the sky was penetrated by the slash as if it was cutting through water.

“Boom!” The great grindstone was blown away. All seven disciples vomited blood at the same time as they went flying like kites with their strings cut before falling to the ground. The commander was too ferocious; he grievously injured seven grand achievement God Bases with just one move.

Zhao Tian was stunned while being pleasantly surprised. Sir Thousand-man Commander was very much like a divine soldier descending to the mortal realm. He possessed great fighting prowess and a hatred towards evil while beating those evil heretical geniuses into submission.

“Boom!” He had iron soles on and stomped on the chest of a heretical genius. He dragged along his black iron saber and pointed it at the guy’s neck while shouting: “Say it with me, the Senluo Temple is dog shit!”

His thunderous shout almost made the guy fainted. The cold edge of the blade had its energy tightly fixated on the youth’s neck, almost freezing it.

This commander was very bloodthirsty and had a grumpy demeanor. The disciple that was split in half by him still had his innards vividly sprawled on the ground.

Even though this disciple was arrogant and had been subjected to life-and-death training, being glared at by this commander was erasing nine out of the ten divine intents in his mind.

The willpower that made him unafraid of death was being shattered!

“Don’t kill me! I’ll say it, the Senluo Temple is dog shit!” This disciple was completely suppressed by Feng Feiyun’s forty divine intents. His mind almost collapsed.

The commander roared: “Louder!”

He cried: “THE SENLUO TEMPLE IS DOG SHIT!”

The commander mockingly laughed: “Keke! Keep going, say that the Seventh Lord of the Senluo Temple, Wan Xiangcen, is Feng Daniu’s mistress.”

“Ugh... The Seventh Lord of the Senluo Temple, Wan Xiangcen, is Feng Daniu’s mistress.” This disciple was about to cry.

“Wait a minute, that doesn’t sound right! I, Feng Daniu, am very free and romantic as I tread through this world. Since I’m still young, if I don’t do something earth-shattering, wouldn’t it be a waste of my invincible self?” The commander murmured to himself, but it sounded like he was asking the disciple on the ground.

“Ugh, then what kind of earth-shattering event do you want to make happen?” The disciple had no choice but to play along out of fear.

The commander said in a serious and earnest manner: “I want to capture all of the prettiest girls in each of the Senluo Halls and make them my mistresses. The temple has ten halls, so that should be ten kingdom-toppling beauties. Wow, I really have such amazing romantic luck.”

“...” The disciple was at a loss for words. He was simply out of his mind. The prettiest girls in the temple were all scorpions as well as mighty experts.

Just sleeping with any one of them would already be remarkable. Keep in mind that the competition was extremely fierce in the heretical schools. More often than not, the competition between women was even more vicious and sinister than the ones between men.

A beautiful woman would incite jealousy and die an early death. Thus, to become the prettiest girl in the temple while staying alive, they had to be powerful and capable. For example, Bai Ruxue of the Fourth Hall and Wan Xiangcen of the Seventh Hall...

Since she was able to become the young lord of the Seventh Hall, Wan Xiangcen must be far stronger than Bai Ruxue, and craftier as well.

Feng Feiyun said this just because he saw the tragic fate of these female disciples from the pagoda. He became extremely angry, so his choice of words was quite ruthless. If he could capture all of the prettiest girls from the temple, it would deal a great blow to them like ten continuous and resounding slaps. It would definitely feel good, but he would have a hard time surviving afterward.

The heretical schools would pay any price to kill him at that point. Some of their ancestors would come out as well. After all, no one would be able to endure this type of humiliation.

He was currently the Thousand-man Commander, Feng Daniu, so he could casually utter any arrogant and malicious words with wanton regard. It was fine to provoke all ten lords from the temple. If it came down to it, he just had to take off the armor and return to being Feng Feiyun.

Of course, if he knew that the rest of the world had already been talking about how he slept with Bai Ruxue and how the entire Fourth Hall considers him a mortal enemy, he wouldn't be acting this indifferent right now.

"Pluff!" He decapitated the disciple he was stomping on and kicked his head like a ball. This was the second disciple from the Seventh Hall that fell to his blade.

The other six were badly wounded and became fearful of this Thousand-man Commander. They all staggered backward.

"Who says that they were going to take Wan Xiangcen's chastity earlier?" An extremely cute voice came with the wind. Anyone would quiver after hearing this; their limbs would definitely go numb.

Even before hearing her voice, a sweet, flowery fragrance touched the tip of his nose. It was even more enchanting than the scent of a woman's body.

Just this trace of the fragrance would strip people of their self-control. They began to see illusions of a peerless seductress without an article of clothing, slowly taking them into their embrace.

The six disciples were shocked after hearing this voice. They quickly prostrated and shouted: "We welcome you, Your Highness!"

"A bunch of trash, the face of our Seventh Hall has been thrown away by you. You know what you have to do now, right?" The voice turned domineering, causing the disciples' hair to stand on end.

The fragrance in the air changed into the coldness of a snow lotus. This was coming from her body; it would change according to her mood.

Six muffled cries came at the same time. The six disciples all chopped off one of their fingers, staining their palms with blood.

Feng Feiyun touched his nose and said: "A heretical lord... Looks like it's for real this time..." This was his first time smelling such an enchanting fragrance. However, outside of her voice and scent, Wan Xiangcen was nowhere to be found.

[Chapter 299: Goodbye To Life](#)

A flowery scent lingered in the air. Wan Xiangcen had not yet shown herself, but her scent that could seduce butterflies was still present. She was clearly nearby.

The six disciples slowly got up from the ground while holding their severed fingers. They stood there in fear and slightly hunched over as if they were paying respects to a god.

Zhao Tian was speechless from shock. These disciples were all top geniuses at grand achievement God Base. They would be great characters regardless of the location, but all of them were incredibly afraid of a woman right now.

Could it be that this Seventh Lord was frightening to this level?

“Our Highness wishes to recruit you to be a hall protector of the Seventh Hall. What do you think, Sir Thousand-man Commander?” A man dressed in black with a red complexion appeared. He asked this question while standing on top of a cedar covered in snow.

His voice was a bit grating and gave off an effeminate feel. His black cloak was being rustled by the cold wind, exposing the white daoist robe underneath. He came in a mysterious fashion. With the flash of his shadow, he was already standing there.

Feng Feiyun felt a chill like the bleakness of an underground Piercing Mysterious Glacier. He lifted his head to stare at the youth and smiled: “What kind of position is a hall protector?”

His eyes also narrowed after seeing the white daoist robes beneath the black cloak.

“Haha!” The man laughed: “The ten halls of the Senluo Temple has one lord each, the strongest among the younger generation of each hall. There are three protectors below them with wondrous cultivations, just that they’re a bit weaker.”

“Years later when the lord inherits the position of hall leader, the protectors will also become guardians, a role only below the leader and vice-leader. So you tell me, is this a good position or not? Not to mention a random Thousand-man Commander, even a Warrant Officer leading 100,000 troops is inferior to a single finger of a hall protector!”

The Divine Martial Army was the most powerful force in the Jin Dynasty. It could destroy an immortal sect or a regional cultivation clan.

Within this army are many ranks: Denary Commander, Centurion Commander, Thousand-man Commander, Myriad Commander, Warrant Officer, Divine Commander, and Heavenly Marquis. [1. This is the imperial system of names, not the modern Chinese system that have direct translations such as Colonel/Lieutenant.]

A Warrant Officer could command 100,000 troops. A Divine Commander possessed one million under his camp.

A Heavenly Marquis had a paramount status. The rank had existed since the formation of the dynasty, a hereditary title with several thousand years of history. Several ancient and mighty clans were backed up by people of this status. Some had at least ten million or more troops. A few marquis actually had one hundred million troops.

In the Jin Dynasty, clans were numerous. The highest ranking was the four great clans while the clans of the eighteen marquis were the second tier.

As for the Feng, Qin, and Ji Clans from the Grand Southern Prefecture, they might look strong as rulers of the region, they were dozens of times weaker compared to the marquis’ clans. There was no need to compare them with the four great clans.

These twenty-two clans made up the nobles and generals of the dynasty. Every other stately clan was under their control. For example, the Feng Clan has been going strong for a thousand years, but compared to these clans with several thousand years of history, it could only be regarded as a tiny local lord.

The martial army was mighty, but there were tens of thousands of Thousand-man Commanders under a marquis.

Thus, they could be considered as common as “cabbages”. If Feng Daniu was indeed part of the army, he would definitely agree if someone wished to recruit him to be a heretical lord’s protector. However, Feng Daniu wasn’t a real person.

Zhao Tian disregarded his own injury and roared: “Lu Sanchuan, you shameless traitor. After being beaten into submission and willingly became their servant, you are now trying to recruit more people to be dogs like you?”

“Want to die?” The man on top of the tree branch changed his expression after hearing the word “servant”. A chilling touch came about as his palms condensed a ten-meter-high iceberg. This coldness could crack even treasure metals.

The iceberg slammed down with a terrifying windbreak, causing the ground to sink down.

Feng Feiyun had heard of the name Lu Sanchuan before. This was a young expert from the pagoda who had reached grand completion more than seven years ago. Rumor has it that he had opened 330 meridians.

Shi Yelai had surpassed the earth tribulation to reach first level Heaven’s Mandate, so Lu Sanchuan became the new number one God Base cultivator.

However, a prodigy like this still succumbed to the heretical schools to become a protector of the Seventh Hall. This was why he was wearing a white robe beneath the black cloak.

It was no wonder why the heretical schools could bully the pagoda’s disciples, they had too many weak-willed members.

Sanchuan’s cultivation was indeed terrifying. Zhao Tian, someone at the same level, couldn’t stop him at all. He couldn’t move his fingers and could only shout: “Sanchuan, are you still a man? How can you watch our female disciples be bullied by the evil heretics without being enraged at all?!”

Zhao Tian heart-wrenchingly roared while vomiting blood. The blood was being condensed into solid pieces from the cold temperature.

“I’m sure he joined in as a rapist as well.” Feiyun stood before Zhao Tian. The black shimmer on his armor soared to the sky. He channeled all of his energy to unleash a sword wave and broke the iceberg into pieces.

“Boom!” Sanchuan’s cultivation showed its worth. Feiyun’s saber shattered and fell to the ground. It cracked from being frozen by the chilling iceberg.

“That’s all you can do, haha!” Sanchuan assumed that he was stronger after breaking Feiyun’s weapon.

Feiyun didn’t respond. Sanchuan was indeed powerful, but he wasn’t unbeatable. This saber was a random blade from the martial army, it wasn’t a divine weapon at all. It was understandable that it couldn’t withstand Sanchuan’s Hell-Ice Technique.

It would be a different story with his own stone saber.

Zhao Tian gratefully bowed his head towards Feng Feiyun: "Thank you, Sir Thousand-man Commander, for lending a hand. These heretics are ruthless with monstrous backings. If you offend them, it will bring about endless trouble, so you should just join our pagoda..."

Zhao Tian noticed that this Thousand-man Commander's cultivation was incredible on top of being extraordinarily courageous, so he wanted to draw him into the pagoda in order to contend with the heretical schools.

"Haha! The pagoda are mere fish on the chopping board. We can ravage and trample on them whenever we want." Sanchuan's laughter became even more grating. Although he was quite handsome and tall, he sounded just like a eunuch from the palace.

With the broken saber still in his hand, Feiyun snorted: "I hate dogs who bully the weak and quiver before the strong like you!"

Sanchuan's eyes turned cold. His whole body was covered with icy crystals while nine huge icebergs emerged behind him. In just a split second, the air turned bleak. Even the six heretical disciples had to run back in order to withstand this chilling atmosphere.

This was his qi image, "Nine Glaciers Heaven."

Feng Feiyun heroically stood there and used his body to resist the cold. A plume of fire came out of his armor and glazed the bluestone on the ground.

"When I left here, willow shed tears. I come back now, snow bends the bough..." Suddenly, a song came from the Apricot Mansion. The tune was clear as if a musical goddess had descended from the heavens.

The melody drifted with the wind across all of Radiance that was engulfed in winter. The falling flakes became even prettier, just like scattering flowers. It wasn't because the snow itself was beautiful, the song made them so.

The voice was also melodious. One would be hard-pressed to find another beautiful voice of this level.

Feng Feiyun and Lu Sanchuan were ready to fight, but after hearing the song from the mansion, they were both distracted and lost the will to fight. Feng Feiyun was moved. He grabbed the apricot blossoms in the air and smelled them. There was a faint scene of that person.

There were only two people in the world who could play a tune to this level that Feng Feiyun knew of, Nangong Hongyan with her zither and Dongfang Jingyue with her jade pipa.

A sadness that made people shed tears uncontrollably, a softness that made people sleep with sweet dreams.

This was played with the zither...

As long as our fates are still connected, we may meet again...

It must be her! She was inside the mansion right now. Who was she singing and playing the tune for?

“Let us go.” A sweet fragrance came from above. One could vaguely see a peerless figure flying into the Apricot Mansion. Even Zhao Tian was stunned to see this figure, but Feng Feiyun had no interest in her at this moment. His mind was completely occupied by another woman.

In front of that woman, every other woman in the world was unimportant and not worth mentioning.

The six disciples and Lu Sanchuan all followed her into the mansion.

“Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!” Feng Feiyun slashed down four times in order to release the chained female disciples. The chains fell to the ground, but the four women remained there motionlessly as if petrified.

After a long while, shameful expressions appeared on their faces. They felt that their bodies had been dirtied. This stain has completely shattered their past honor and pride. They all slammed their palms into their forehead, no longer wanting to live while carrying this shame.

Luckily, Feng Feiyun had detected their abnormal eyes earlier and quickly took action. He used his spirit arts to seal their hands.

Feng Feiyun said: “The most precious thing to any living being is their life. There is only one chance; after dying, everything will disappear.”

“Sir, thank you for delivering us from the abyss of misery, but we beg you, don’t interfere. Only death will end this degradation done by the heretics.” Yaren was full of tears after saying this. Her eyes were begging him; they no longer wanted to live after this experience.

Just what kind of experience could make cultivators with powerful wills no longer want to live?

[Chapter 300: Apricot Manor](#)

Life was too fragile! The girls couldn’t overcome the knots in their hearts and personally ended their own lives. No one could stop someone who wanted to die.

Their blood dyed the snow red, and even more drops flowed in a dazzling manner. The stench of blood was absent. On the contrary, there was a faint, sentimental fragrance that lingered in the air.

Zhao Tian clenched his fists and was about to break his teeth from grinding them. Why did they have to die? It was because of the heretics. As a man, he failed to protect them. How could he be considered a man any longer?

“Ahhh!” He screamed with bloodshot eyes.

The four beautiful girls were alive just a moment ago, but they have now fallen to the ground and became as cold as ice. After dying, there were smiles of respite on their faces.

Feng Feiyun asked: “What’s your name?”

“Martial Tower, Zhao Tian.”

“Take care of their bodies and bring them back to the Wanxiang Pagoda.” A glint appeared in Feiyun’s eyes as he dragged his saber into the mansion and declared: “A life for a life. Four girls have died, so forty heretical members shall be buried with them!”

This was ten lives to pay for one!

Zhao Tian stared at the back of the armored soldier while being full of admiration. There were still true men in this world that weren't afraid of the heretical schools.

Today, the princess invited the world's heroes to gather at the Apricot Mansion. The majority of the young prodigies at Trinity came running not only for the five spirit grasses, but also to see the rank four beauty of the Jin Dynasty.

The mansion had opened its gates without any guards, anyone could enter today. Feng Feiyun noticed a red apricot garden decorated with white snow after entering. The imagery of white flakes dancing with red petals was quite beautiful.

It took him half an hour before crossing through this garden to reach a large lake. He then traversed two steep mountains full of flowers before seeing a palace with red walls and green tiles as well as birds flying in the sky. There must be more than one hundred pavilions and buildings here.

This manor was gigantic since it was the city lord's private property. An ordinary courtyard couldn't compare to it.

Feng Feiyun tried his best to calm his anger by taking this stroll and looking at the sceneries while listening to the zither music. He closed his eyes and immersed himself before he reached one of the buildings. The music stopped at this point.

"Boom!" A fight with spirit techniques was taking place in the sky that could be heard from the distance.

It was a fierce battle that had been going on for a while now. Dozens of matches had taken place. As he made his way closer, the sound of battle became clearer.

There were many young cultivators along the way, including heretical prodigies wearing their black cloaks and students from the Dao Gate with their daoist robes. There were also nuns dressed in white from the Beastmaster Camp as well as many young geniuses from the Wanxiang Pagoda...

They were rushing over with many different methods, such as flying or riding cranes. Some stood on the back of skeletal centipedes, so no one paid attention to Feng Feiyun. All of them had strong backings for they were top geniuses in the present. A Thousand-man Commander was no different than wild weed and couldn't get into their sight.

Beyond this section of buildings was an open field. This was finally the Apricot Manor with young and famous heroes everywhere.

Princess Luofu was seated in a pavilion. She was wearing a golden dress, making her seem just like a fairy. Her hair was as black and smooth as a waterfall and a yellow veil was covering her face. A dragon's aura was being exuded from her body. Ordinary people wouldn't be able to help themselves from kneeling in her presence.

Attendant Yu, adorned in a blue-dove robe, stood with a smile next to her. Eight inner-court experts with their black armor were also standing behind the pavilion in a line like eight unstoppable gods of war. They all emitted supreme battle intents.

No one dared to approach the princess. There was a woman dressed in white next to her, holding a violet zither. She also had a veil alongside an ethereal temperament.

There were too many cultivators here. Feng Feiyun was standing below an old apricot tree in the distance, so he could only see slightly moving figures and had no way of squeezing in.

Many important characters were present, such as four of the lords from the halls of the Senluo Temple. The third, fourth, seventh, and tenth lords were the ones present. They were the strongest among the heretical younger generation and had other experts beside them.

The halls were independent of each other despite having frightening power. However, in order to contend with the pagoda, they temporarily joined together. Alas, they had been separated for more than a thousand years and were quite wary of one another. A few halls were even antagonistic towards each other. There was no way for them to command great solidarity.

In addition to the heretical schools, the Beastmaster Camp, the eighteen marquis' groups, the four great clans, and other powers also sent their young prodigies to this place. One could see from this that the princess' influence among the younger generation was extraordinary.

"The princess is the host for today, you heretics are being too arrogant. Will you not even show the princess some consideration?" The third prince of Dashi, Zhuo Jiwen, shouted.

"Haha! The winner takes all. The top experts from your disciples have lost six matches in a row... what can I say? The pagoda has truly fallen, they don't have anyone capable at all. Sigh, how can you blame us for being arrogant?" Hong Mofeng sneered. A red plume of flames blossomed in his palm as he directly wounded a rank 36th expert from the pagoda. This person fell to the ground and quivered with their scorched body.

As one of Xue Changxiao's protectors, Hong Mofeng was a top fighter of the Fourth Hall. Few could compare to him in both willpower and cultivation.

"Today, the princess is trying to find the strongest expert at grand achievement God Base. Of course, this includes everyone in the world. Our heretical school is unbeatable, so why can't we join? Don't tell me your pagoda is afraid of us?"

"Your prodigies are trying to get revenge but lost six times in a row again. This is your own fault for being so weak."

"The princess is the supreme prodigy of the pagoda, I'm sure she is magnanimous enough to include our heretical schools in this competition?"

All the heretical disciples were laughing with derision and scorn. They knew the pagoda had people who would want to wash away the shame from before. Moreover, they also wanted the five spirit roots from the princess and teach this proud imperial daughter a lesson about the might of their schools.

The princess eventually spoke: "The enmity between the pagoda and the heretical schools will be dealt with three months later at the sacred lake. We will find out who is the king and who is the bandit then. However, anyone who can claim the throne at the grand achievement God Base level will be able to take these five spiritual roots."

Hong Mofeng stood in the center of the courtyard and deliberately scanned his eyes over the pagoda's disciple with a smile: "Looks like my heretical school will reign over this stage today. The pagoda really can't find anyone who can put up a fight. I only needed to use fifty percent of my strength to take down six heaven-defying geniuses from there..."

"I'll take you on." Zhuo Jiwen couldn't listen any longer. His white daoist robes began to flutter. With a whoosh, he had already leaped above her head and unleashed a crushing palm attack.

As the third prince of Dashi, he showed great talents at a young age and joined the pagoda for cultivation. This made him even stronger as one of the leading experts of his school.

"Boom!" Hong Mofeng kicked out a plume of flames that rose to the sky. His qi image, the Crimson Heavenly Sea, emerged. His body looked like a blue sky with crimson clouds floating on top of him. It looked like a sunset as well as a fiery sea from the earth's core.

Zhuo Jiwen didn't expect Hong Mofeng to be this strong. Mofeng's qi image was too intimidating, so he was struck by the wave of fire. A part of his hair was burnt clean.

The princess slightly frowned as if she could see the result already. Sure enough, not long after, Jiwen was hit again by Mofeng's Worldshaking Sixflames. Half of his body was burned as blood began to drip down.

Jiwen was horrified. This sixflames technique was horrifying, even the protective runes on his body couldn't stop it.

During his momentary lapse of concentration, Mofeng unleashed a palm that contained the force of eight qilins, causing him to spit out blood. Seven or eight more wounds emerged on his body as it nearly split apart.

This young hero was now lying on the ground and kept on coughing up blood. His attempts to climb up kept on failing.

The whole audience became speechless!

Jiwen was the future successor of Dashi, a top master at the pagoda. Many had heard of his name, but he ultimately lost in a miserable fashion.

Was it because the heretical school was too strong, or was it because the disciples from the pagoda were too incompetent?

"Haha, seven battles, seven defeats. Number one sacred ground in the world? Bullshit! They can only lick our feet. Well, maybe not, haha, their tongues are probably too rough... Ah!" A heretical disciple was laughing, but he suddenly screamed and fell to the ground. A glare had directly killed him by making his head burst open.

This was a heavenly gaze as sharp as a sword! Just one glare was able to kill a heretical disciple. The people here couldn't figure out where it came from.

"Who says the pagoda doesn't have anyone who can fight?" A cold voice sounded and intimidated the scene.

Feng Feiyun activated his spiritual senses and looked towards the apricot thicket in the distance. He slightly smirked; this guy actually came.

“Who is sneaking around? Roll out here!”

“Just a cowardly rat who won’t be able to—”

“Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!” More intents shot through the sky and pierced these grand achievement God Base cultivators from the heretical schools. Their hearts exploded as they fell to the ground.

A few of the heretical lords wanted to rescue them but were too late. This glare was too horrifying, just like one from a Ghost King.