

Sprit Vessel 381

[Chapter 381: Fight To The Death](#)

The yellow leaves covered the streets during late autumn.

Cold breeze and murderous intents chilled the heart. The cultivators nearby felt something was amiss and quietly left. Meanwhile, the scaled beasts and yellow birds also sensed danger and ran as well.

Of course, some cultivators were bold enough. For example, disciples dressed in white continued to drink or the old men sitting on top of the pavilions. They were very confident in their cultivation; nothing could make them run.

Feiyun took out a white cloth to cover his mouth while coughing. It was stained by blood right away as his face turned paler. It made people speculate who this sickly person was.

The two soldiers in front of Feiyun had black glows on their armor. One of them took out their saber with a cold glint in his eyes: "Young Noble Feng, have you thought it through?"

Feiyun simply smiled without responding.

The other soldier shouted: "Feiyun! You have been poisoned by Yama's Decay Blood, just a dead man walking now. You must come with us today. Don't blame us for bullying a cripple like you."

He threw a shackling chain meant for criminal down in front of Feng Feiyun and said: "Put it on yourself or we'll help you."

Feiyun was still sitting on his courage with the rain hat. He didn't answer while having muddled eyes. His body quivered like an old man suffering a fatal illness.

"So it is the demon's son, Feng Feiyun." A female disciple sitting by a dragon pillar in a courtyard turned around. She was around sixteen with a relatively pretty figure. Her eyes were fixated on the carriage.

A man in the white uniform next to her said with pity: "Sigh. What a shame for a hero of this generation. He could have been the greatest in the Jin Dynasty but look at him now, being pushed around like a dog without a master."

"Fate is playing with him. To flourish and wither early."

"Feiyun might be alive right now but he only has two more years on top of not being able to fight anyone. Otherwise, the decay blood will flow even faster, bringing him to an earlier death."

The disciples from the pagoda felt quite sad. In the past, these three knew Feiyun but no one wanted to help him right now. After all, he was only a sick cripple.

Who would want to offend someone like Ling Donglai just to help him?

These disciples turned around and pretended to not see anything.

The human's heart was too fickle!

Feiyun's lips slightly trembled as he asked: "I'm already a dead man, you still won't spare me?"

“Haha! Spare you? I’m gonna die from laughing! Haha, the famous demon’s son would actually say something like this?” One of them said gravely right after laughing: “Feng Feiyun, if you kneel down and beg us, we might say some good words for you to our general.”

The other soldier sneered while staring at Feiyun.

“Sigh. I didn’t want to kill, the two of you shouldn’t have forced me.” Feiyun’s hand quivered while slowly raising. Next, he slashed down and a cold breeze flew across the street.

“Pluff!” The soldier to the left was instantly cut into two vertical halves with blood spurting out. Even the bull he was riding fell to the ground with a bloody gap.

A mark more than one meter deep appeared on the street from Feiyun’s location all the way to the end. Debris was everywhere.

This was the slash of a sickly cripple!

The other soldier quivered with disbelief in his eyes. If it wasn’t for his strong willpower from training, he would have fallen off his bull.

“Feiyun, you still dare to fight back?!” He roared and reached out with one hand. The shackle on the ground flew back into his embrace as he rode forward to battle.

The stomp of the beast shook the entire city while the chain was issuing clanks.

“Whoosh!” The second saber energy crazily severed this soldier into multiple pieces. The four legs of the bull were cut as well so it dropped to the ground.

The woman drinking wine slightly paused but she didn’t turn around and continued on.

“Cough!” Feiyun picked up the hat full of dust and placed it back on his head: “Ling Donglai, come out. I’ve been itching to have a real fight with you.”

Donglai stood on the top of a pavilion in an imposing manner. It looked like he wouldn’t falter even if the sky was falling down. He answered: “Fighting will only make the poison kill you faster. You won’t last long if you fight me.”

“It will be a worthy death to fight against an expert like you.” Feiyun replied.

“So be it!” Donglai’s saber flew out of his waist like a crescent moon. The wave was unbelievable frightening with a beast soul inside. It combined together with the Martial Saber Art.

“Rumble!” This slash could slash all things!

A stone saber soared from the bottom with a draconic energy and met the martial saber.

After colliding into each other for seventy times, the martial saber was smashed into iron scraps and flew back towards Donglai like a hail.

He reached forward and a wave rushed out of his palm. It rendered the scraps into powders and they dispersed right away.

“Rawr!” The stone saber attacked with a vivid crescent dragon energy like a divine dragon surging in the sky.

This was the second move of the Dragon King’s Saber Art.

Anyone else would have run away from fear but Donglai was still as calm as ever while his cloak flutter in the wind. ‘Looks like Feiyun is risking it all to fight against me. This is a desperate beast, no need to be reckless against a dead man.’

Donglai floated up by riding a purple cloud. He wanted to make Feiyun die by exerting all of his energy.

He was a wisdom master, not just a brute who only knew how to fight. This was the reason why he became the youngest general in the martial army.

“Rumble!” Feiyun was way faster than him. He had already situated above and unleashed another wave coming from the horizon.

It forced Donglai back since he didn’t want to risk it in a direct confrontation.

“Soaring Pure Finger!” Back on top of the pavilion, Ling Donglai unleashed a wave of energy from his finger. It turned into a bright pillar heading straight for the sky. A water-like blast destroyed the surrounding area.

The buildings, streets, pavements, and beasts nearly were turned to ashes by this blast. Several disciples from the pagoda didn’t escape in time so they became bloodied, nearly dead from the finger blast. They were confident with their cultivation earlier but just the shockwave alone left them grievously wounded.

This was also another amazing technique he learned from the three mantras of the Dao Ancestor. Its offensive potential was even greater than the Eight Pure Arrays.

Feiyun was now standing on top of the clouds with his dantian activating. A black tablet flew out and became thirty meters tall just like a heavenly seal from the sky. Hundreds of purple light surrounded the tablet along with eighteen ethereal figures in different directions. They began to chant the sound of the grand dao.

He got on top of the tablet and pressed it down directly. He has used his soulbound artifact with all of his strength in order to win as fast as possible. He resembled a god coming down from the celestial world with a suffocating pressure.

“Rumble!” Donglai unleashed another finger blast but it couldn’t stop the black tablet. His energy seemingly struck into a sea of black clouds. Not even a single sound came out.

The ground began to sink into the shape of the tablet. The pavilion where he was standing has turned into ruins.

“Such a powerful soulbound artifact!” He swung his sleeve and five spirit vortexes flew to the sky. He has actually just unleashed five different spirit treasures at the same time.

The first was a three-feet-long white sword. The second was a rotten piece of wood. The next was an iron tower. The other two were spirit jewels, half blue and half purple. Their power could annihilate a city or crush a mountain.

Donglai was a person blessed with fortune. These five spirit treasures were found from an ancient ruin on top of many spirit stones, pills, and manuals.

The treasures looked like five little suns with blinding radiance. Donglai raised his hands and created a Pure Eight Array. The spirit treasures rose above and struck the black tablet.

This scene shocked everyone. The fight between two historical geniuses could really destroy this city.

“Ling Donglai’s talents are incredible on top of having the greatest providence. One Dao Untethered wanted to take him in as a disciple but was refused.”

“No other geniuses can have five spirit treasures at the same time. Just one was enough for them to reign but he can take out five? I’m so jealous.”

“Feng Feiyun is also very powerful, still as strong as a dragon despite being inflicted with Yama’s Decay Blood. We can’t really underestimate the former number one genius of the Jin Dynasty. Before his cultivation lowered to a certain degree, people can’t really mess with him.”

Those who have previously viewed him with contempt had no comments at this moment. The cultivators inside the city began to run, fear that these two might destroy the city completely.

[Chapter 382: The Start Of Chaos](#)

The earth inside this city quaked with walls falling down. The shockwaves from the spirit treasures turned the sky pale.

The Eight Pure Arrays powered the five treasures with a blinding light to stop the black tablet. It seemed to be gaining grounds.

Feiyun was standing on top of the tablet up in the air with one palm placed on it. He unleashed more than eight thousand beast souls. The leader was the Golden Leo with the ancient bloodline. It was several hundred meters tall with the head of a lion and the body of a dragon. It exuded a golden aura.

The souls came down like meteors onto the tablet. It smashed down with even more force and shattered the Pure Eight Arrays.

The five spirit treasures were fierce but couldn’t withstand the tablet either. They were forced back down to the ground with dimming lights.

Ling Donglai swung his sleeve to recall the five treasures before turning into a green ray to fly out tens of miles away. His eyes became serious while thinking that despite being stricken by the poison, Feiyun was still a real Heaven’s Mandate. His cultivation didn’t deteriorate too much just yet. Fighting him right now wasn’t a good idea.

His eyes flashed as if he had come up with a new plan.

“Boom!” The tablet has created a ten meters deep pit on the ground with cracks emanating outward across half of the city.

This tablet was Feiyun's soulbound artifact, "Ascension Platform". Feiyun swung his sleeve and recalled the beast souls. His other hand gently raised the Ascension Platform. A white glow covered his body but it couldn't hide his pale face. He said: "Your speed got better."

"Feiyun, I have also grown in the last two years. I know you are fast so I have cultivated the Pure Soaring Trinity, the culmination from the three dao mantras, enough to chase the stars." Donglai stood on this energy with both hands postured behind his back. He looked quite gallant just like a hero.

"I want to see if your Pure Soaring Trinity is faster or my Swift Samsara." Feiyun challenged.

Donglai continued to retreat while shouting: "Miss Ji, Feng Feiyun has left the pagoda now. I'll leave this sickly tree to you since I have something else to do. See ya." Donglai smiled before channeling his trinity energy to create a bridge. He strolled across this bridge in a leisure manner but his speed was incredible. He disappeared to the horizon on the third step.

He wanted to use Ji Cangyue to take care of Feiyun. After he left, Feiyun landed on his carriage again with his wobbly body. His expression became as white as paper.

"Cough!" He gathered more violet energy to suppress the Yama's seal on his chest but it was useless. The seal spread even more.

"Looks like I just lost one month." He murmured while coughing.

Half of the city was destroyed but one woman was still drinking among the ruins. Her chair, table, wine jar, and cup were perfectly fine without a speck of dust.

She placed the cup back on the table.

"Clatter!" This slender woman slowly walked forward. She had both spirit and evil energies as her black dress fluttered in the autumn wind. Her eyes were demonic; people couldn't help but stagger before them.

Ji Cangyue!

Feiyun wasn't surprised at all since he knew she was drinking at the end of the street. He spoke with a wry smile: "Everyone kicks a dog while its down. Cough, cough. You're joining in too?"

"What do you think?" She was still as cold and heartless as ever.

She walked on the pebbles one step at a time with energy and a black cloak veiling her body.

While being two steps in front of him, she finally looked straight at him with an indiscernible glimmer in her eyes then sneered: "Look at how sad you are now. I'm really disappointed."

Feiyun was struggling for breath on his carriage with more blood oozing out from his mouth. He grabbed on to the carriage just stay sit straight: "Are you happy to see me like this?"

Ji Cangyue sneered: "I naturally want you to suffer. This is karma, karma..."

Her voice changed to exasperated: "you are so weak now, what's the point of living on?"

"The more I weaken, the more humiliated you will feel." Feiyun laughed.

Her pretty face became increasingly furious so she rushed directly at him.

“Stop!” Feiyun said with a smirk: “Remember, I have the Yama’s Decay Blood right now. Those who stand too close to me will suffer too.”

Cangyue paused for a bit before continuing closer. She touched his wrist and her spiritualist blood seeped into him.

A bloody light suddenly appeared. This energy resembling a flower had a unique scent.

Feiyun didn’t bother to attack. After all, he was already a dead man. What was there to fear?

She simply wanted to test whether he was truly inflicted with the poison or not. After all, Feiyun’s words weren’t trustworthy but it seemed that this was indeed the case.

“Boom!” The Yama’s seal corroded the spiritualist blood and turned it into a black color. Just one drop alone corroded the gravel on the ground into a black surface.

“It is the Yama’s Decay Blood. Feng Feiyun, you’re dead for sure now. Not even an immortal can save you.” Cangyue’s eyes became slightly elated as she took two steps back while still peering at him.

She gritted her teeth and thought about how she hoped that this man would die a horrific and grotesque fate. However, she felt a strange sense of loss after confirming his fate.

Was it because he wouldn’t be dying to her hands?

Feiyun noticed the expression in her eyes and asked: “You know the origin of this poison?”

“You don’t have much longer to live so it’s fine to tell you. This poison is gathered from a corpse at the bottom of a Heaven’s Emergence tomb by a predecessor of the Violetsea Cave. Rumor has it that this corpse is very bizarre. Even a Giant could only take out three drops of blood at best. One more and they would die on the spot.”

“Moreover, these cultivators who gathered this blood wouldn’t die from old age. They suffered horrific deaths within ten years. This blood is indeed a terrible curse so the corpse was named Yama.”

Feiyun asked: “Then this corpse is still located at the Violetsea Cave?”

Ji Cangyue shook her head: “More than one thousand eight hundred years ago, a monstrous man towering several hundred meters invaded the cave like a god from above and took away Yama.”

“How could there be such a big giant in the world?” Feiyun has never heard of such a race despite his considerable knowledge.

“It’s only hearsay, I don’t believe it either...” She stared carefully at him as if wanting to say something.

Suddenly, four wind-breaking sounds came about. Four old men with gray hair dressed in black robe have arrived. Their eyes were sparkling with fierceness. They took the four corners and surrounded Feiyun.

He glanced at these uninvited guests. Just their black robe embroidered with nether flowers showed that they were members of the Seventh Hall. Moreover, they had very high positions as well.

Feiyun laughed drily: "So many people want my life today. Seniors, have you not heard of the order from the Divine King?"

He had guessed that many will try and kill him after he left the pagoda but didn't expect even the seniors from the last generation would try to do so in spite of the Divine King's order.

One of the old men with a high forehead like the god of longevity spoke gloomily: "We aren't interested in a dead man and do not wish to offend the Divine King either. We only want to borrow something from you."

"What?" He asked.

"The demonic blood that can refine the Nine Doves Gown. We only need one bowl, you do it yourself. Don't force us." A different old man with protruding cheekbones said.

The Nine Doves Gown was the only thing left behind for him by his mother. It had an unbelievable amount of evil energy and was being stored in the ancestral hall by the Feng ancestors. Only his blood was able to refine the gown.

Feiyun's eyes batted as his expression changed ever so slightly.

800 miles away.

A soldier riding a scaled tiger landed from the sky at full speed and kneeled before a camp.

"General, two Vice Lords, six Giants, sixteen Supreme Elders, and eighteen thousand troops from the Seventh Hall are heading south to attack the Feng Clan."

Ling Donglai was sitting on a watch platform. His eyes stared towards the old city and thought that Feiyun would fight against Ji Cangyue. However, after waiting for two hours, no battle has actually happened. Only this news came.

"The Seventh Hall is really going all out then!" He frowned. Why would the heretical people make such a big commotion if there was nothing to gain?

"Is the Feng Clan really that lucrative? I don't see it at all. Are you sure it is the Seventh Hall?" He inquired.

"Wherever they went, the men from the Feng are decapitated and the women are forced into prostitution. It's definitely the Senluo Temple's style." The soldier answered.

Donglai gently rubbed his chin and smiled: "Then that's something fun to watch. Sure enough, it will begin at the Grand Southern Prefecture. From today henceforth, an era of chaos shall arrive at the Jin Dynasty!"

[Chapter 383: By The River Shore](#)

The black robe fluttered on the four old men from the Seventh Hall. They were first-class experts that had cultivated for more than two hundred years.

These famous characters from the heretical school were full of vitality, causing others to palpitate.

Feiyun sat feebly on his carriage with a smile still on his face: "My blood has the Yama's Decay Blood. Even if I put it in a bowl, will you dare to take it?"

"Keke, don't think we're not aware. You have eaten a fifth-ranked spirit pill to temporarily trap the evil inside the pill itself so it hasn't corroded your body just yet. As long as you get blood from your dantian, the blood will not be contaminated." The old man with the high forehead smiled deviously.

Feiyun replied: "My spirit energy will disperse even faster if I do it in that spot and I'll die faster."

"That has nothing to do with us. Feng Feiyun, you think we're here to negotiate with you?"

"We don't give a damn when you die, just your demon's blood. Idiot!"

Feiyun revealed an amused expression in response: "If there's no negotiation, then I'll send you off then."

The sickly looking guy suddenly sprung forward with a shadowless speed.

The four old men were shocked and instantly activated a defensive barrier at the same time.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" Feiyun simply circled around them and unleashed three slashes. Three old men fell down with blood streaming from their body. Their barrier didn't stop his saber at all.

When he had returned to the carriage, the three old men finally fell down with vitality leaving their broken dantian. Even their soulbound artifacts inside were shattered.

Feiyun used the stone saber as a walking stick with sweat beads pouring down his body. His arms were shaking but his eyes frightened the last old man.

The old man was full of fear. 'Isn't he poisoned? Why is he still so strong?'

"Bang!" Feiyun raised the saber in front of the old man. The saber emitted a murderous glint with draconic runes as he coldly asked: "Speak, why do you want the demonic blood?"

The old man staggered backward while feeling pain from the saber's glint hitting his chest. His lips were trembling: "Well...."

"Speak!" Feiyun shouted. His voice carried a suppressive force from the forty divine intents surging like a tsunami.

The old man's head became empty from the pressure. He directly kneeled on the ground and spoke with fear: "Our Hall Lord heard that the Feng Clan has the Nine Doves Gown. One can be invincible wearing this armor so he ordered Vice Lord Ming Jinu and Ying Su to attack the clan for both the gown and their resources. This is all preparation for the incoming chaos."

"You can die now." Feiyun lifted his saber and an oppressive dragon flew out from the blade.

"Don't kill me, don't kill me, ah!" The old man suddenly stopped speaking.

Feiyun put away his saber with a solemn expression. The Seventh Hall wanted to destroy the Feng Clan. This would be impossible in any other period because the Feng was still a top power in the Grand

Southern Prefecture. It had several million disciples so a true massacre would bring about scorn from the cultivation world.

However, they have started a massacre without any hesitation. It looked like the chaos era has begun and this could be the catalyst. The cultivation world shall be drenched in a rain of blood.

The Seventh Hall was more than ten times as powerful as the Feng Clan so it wouldn't be hard for them at all.

"Cough, cough!" Feiyun coughed two mouthfuls of blood on the ground before sitting back on the carriage. He swung his whip and the bull continued southward with great speed.

Meanwhile, the old city was in shambles with debris everywhere.

Ji Cangyue was standing on top of a rooftop beam inside a broken pavilion. Her eyes were as bright as the star as she gazed towards the carriage. Her cherry lips slightly opened: "The Seventh Hall wants to attack the Feng Clan? That's good. It won't bode well for Feng Feiyun this time, I'll have you suffer a fate worse than death this time."

The Grand Southern Prefecture was quite vast with one hundred thousand miles in diameter and twenty-eight counties. More than twenty-two have fallen into the hands of the Evil Woman and were infested by corpses.

The cultivators here have all retreated back to their old ancestral grounds or the six that were still freed from an invasion to make their last stand.

As one of the top cultivation clans in this region, the Feng had more than a thousand years of history. Their children scattered all over the area and were divided into sixteen direct branches and forty-eight side branches. Each branch was prosperous and populated.

The young ones cultivated at an early age. Some of them were extremely gifted. Every twenty years, a few heaven-defying geniuses would come out to become the pillars of the clan.

However, the region was drowned in war after the Evil Woman came out. The army of corpses assaulted Violet Firmament first and took over half of the regions. The cultivators suffered greatly as a result.

The Feng was no exception. Countless children died and eventually ran to the distant Longzhe County, one of the six that was still safe.

They had an ancestral ground in this area. More than one million members of the clan were staying here along with other powers.

It was even more arduous to enter Longzhe compared to Trinity. There were many dangerous locations, especially the rapid Jin River and the towering Longwu mountain range. These were two natural barriers stopping both corpses and cultivators from entering.

The gale didn't let up by the river shore.

Red maple trees were on the two sides during autumn. Leaves fluttered down from the branches like a red rain before floating down the clear water.

The current was very rapid with white bubbles. There was a gate engraved bronze loops and runes on the water itself, towering at ten meters. The river also had many thick and dense formations from an ancient era. These diagrams were floating in the air and would kill anything trying to get across.

Under this gate was a wisp of smoke. More than ten disciples from the Senluo Temple were brewing wine. They were responsible for watching this particular gate and stopping all intruders.

“Haha! This place is really just a barbaric land. The great powers here can’t stop anything; they’re just dogs before our Seventh Hall.” A black armored man with a golden cloak laughed.

He had participated in the battle four days ago and toyed with the elites from the Feng Clan, crushing them with just one palm. Even the sixth elder from that clan died to his hands.

“Boss, you’re the top expert among the young generation of our Seventh Hall. Only Lord Wan Xiangcen can take you down so of course, you would have an easy time against these little characters.” One thin disciple happily flattered.

The guy’s name was Sen Lin. He laughed arrogantly in response: “This is too easy for us but I think some help is coming for them. After all, that clan has been around for more than one thousand years so they have a lot of ties.”

“We just need to guard the gate into Longzhe. If anyone dares to come and help the Feng, we’ll let the supreme elders know and they’ll take down these incoming forces.”

A different disciple laughed: “Who would dare to interfere with our business? Even the other southern powers are running like a mouse seeing a cat, completely afraid of us, let alone other people?”

“Haha!” A big ship was coming closer from Longzhe. There were many disciples from the Senluo Temple standing on deck. They all had a chilling bloodthirst.

It was going quite fast and made it to the gate. One golden cloak man came out and smiled at the guards: “Sen Lin, your brothers haven’t forgotten about you. We know you have nothing to do here so we especially brought some girls from the Feng Clan here for you to have some fun.”

Sen Lin jumped up and stood on a platform by the gate and laughed: “That’s my good brothers. Come, let me see the goods.”

“They’re all from the direct branch, completely pampered so they’re quite pretty.” Xue Yi waved his sleeve. Several disciples escorted eight maidens from the ship down.

The eight girls were around fifteen or sixteen with fair skin. They wore pretty dresses with many pieces of jewelry. They had a gold-inlaid belt that accentuated their curvy waist.

Their hair was disorderly while blood stained their face. Iron chains locked their body battered by whips. Their clothes were ripped, revealing their skin and wounds inside.

Xue Yi let out a perverted laugh: “We broke through a city from the Feng Clan and captured these girls from the mansion. Look here, this is the golden daughter from their third direct branch. Look at her

body, so nice. I had to stop the other brothers or these girls would be ruined by now and you guys wouldn't have any fun. They haven't been played with just yet. How are you going to thank me this time, haha?"

One of the girls had a red hairpin. She wept and screamed: "You animals and butchers! Our experts will cut you to pieces!"

"Haha, this girl is really naive. Your experts are trash before our Seventh Hall." Sen Lin came forward and grabbed Feng Qingyu's chin then sneered: "Slut, we'll start with you. Boys, it's our lucky day."

"Bang!" He slapped her, leaving a print on her pretty face as she fell down to the ground.

[Chapter 384: The Son of The Demons Arrival](#)

"Evil people like you will not die a peaceful death! We have countless experts that will give you a painful lesson!" A different girl from the clan angrily shouted.

She was Feng Qingyu's little sister, also from the third main branch. Her name was Feng Qinglan. She was fifteen with a pretty and elegant appearance.

She returned from the pagoda last night and didn't even get down from her carriage before being caught then brought here by two heretical cultivators.

"Your Feng Clan can only reign in the southern prefecture, mere trash before our Seventh Hall." One heretical disciple laughed with disdain.

Suddenly, a thunder came from the river. A man that looked fifty rode the waves. He had an aura of vicissitudes with a sad expression. His eyes weren't something a fifty-year-old man could have.

The heretical disciples were alarmed by his aura so they all looked over.

"It's the eighth elder, we're saved!" The daughters from the Feng were ecstatic and finally saw hope. The eighth elder had an amazing cultivation since he has trained for more than one hundred years. He enjoyed a high position in the clan.

Feng Qingyu was still on the ground. She looked up and said: "Our expert is here, there's nowhere for you to run now."

Xue Yi smiled sarcastically. Two beast souls flew out and he flew up with a spear before questioning with a sinister tone: "Who are you?"

The middle-aged man stood on the wave and smiled: "Eighth elder of the Feng, Feng Weiting."

"The elders from your clan are paper tigers, can only bully your own members. Our Boss, Sen Lin, made mincemeat out of the sixth elder, he chopped off his head and fed it to the dogs. Let me deal with this guy then." A skinny disciple jumped down from the gate like a flying shuttle towards Weiting.

Weiting slightly stomped down on the water. A ripple started and became increasingly more powerful. A wave was formed next.

"Pluff!" The heretical disciple's legs were severed by this invisible wave. Blood oozed out of his body as his upper-half sank down into the water as well.

“Your Seventh Hall is pushing us too far, you think our clan is so easily bullied?” The elder pointed in the air. Twelve spirit rays shot out from his finger and aimed to destroy the heretical ship.

Xue Yi smirked and attacked with both palms. Two beast souls rushed out, bearing their fangs and howling. They shattered the incoming rays.

They continued forward while bringing a silver wave behind them.

The elder became serious. These disciples are strong indeed. The guy looked around twenty but he was just as strong.

He stabilized his stance and channeled a technique of the Feng, Vigorous Gale Method.

A powerful gale engulfed the water as if wanting to blow the surging river away.

“Boom!” The two beast souls were forced back while the elders staggered seven steps behind. His blood was churning while feeling immense pain in his fingers.

Sen Lin laughed: “Xue Yi, your cultivation is regressing, can’t even take care of a guy like this. Want me to help you yet?”

Xue Yi scowled in response: “He’s still a senior from the Feng Clan. If I take him down with one move, that’s too humiliating.”

“Boom!”

Xue Yi turned serious and directly attacked with his spear. His aura surged crazily as his spear traveled like a dragon. Before one knows it, it was already in front of the elder’s chest.

The elder was aghast at the boy’s amazing speed. He used Vigorous Gale again but it was easily broken this time. A bloody hole appeared on his chest.

“Pluff!” The elder spat out blood while his body was being invaded by a gray miasma. He couldn’t move at all as his internal organs feel as if they were on fire.

“Boom!”

Xue Yi smirked and grabbed the elder by the crest before throwing him down on the ship. He then stomped the elder’s back. The elder felt very humiliated, being put in this position by a junior.

He struggled to get up but Xue Yi heavily stomped down again and mangled the elder’s back.

“This is the top expert from your Feng Clan? Can’t even handle a single move.” Xue Yi sneered as he looked at the daughters of the Feng.

Feng Qingyu, Feng Qinglan, and the other girls had tears of desperation running and didn’t dare to meet the perverted gaze of the heretical disciples. Even the eighth elder has lost to them. Who else could actually take them down?

In their eyes, the elder was an immortal level of being. Even their father and grandfather were respectful towards him but now, he was being trampled upon. This has completely shattered their worldview.

“Haha, like I said, the experts from your clans are just dogs to us.” Sen Lin crouched down and grabbed Qingyu’s fair and tender face, molding them to his will and causing her to cry. This made him even more excited: “Today, I’ll turn you all into women in front of your eighth elder.”

All the other disciples laughed in response. They then stared at the women with a tent forming in their pants. All were eager to go.

Winner takes all. A cultivation clan not strong enough was destined to be bullied. Their resources would be taken while their women would become sex toys. The children would become slaves...

This was the law of the jungle. Only by becoming strong would one escape this fate and be the bully instead.

“Xshh!” Clothes were torn. A sad melody was woven together with the girls crying and screaming helplessly.

They were pampered daughters but were being turned into sex slaves.

“You bastards!” The elder slammed into the ship and struggled to get up again but Xue Yi stomped down and caused him to vomit blood.

He lamented in indignation and closed his eyes, unwilling to watch this scene. However, two disciples pried them open and forced him to watch.

Xue Yi laughed and said: “Watch carefully as we rape your women. They’ll definitely feel good, I’m sure you’ll enjoy this scene too.” [1]

The elders’ hands were tied up and he couldn’t move at all outside of trembling a bit. His eyes were forced open to watch the girls’ clothes being torn apart. Some tried to run but they were pushed down by the men and their long legs separated...

“Cough, cough!” Suddenly, someone was coughing outside of the gate.

It was a very sickly noise yet it emanated to the ears of all the disciples.

A shabbily dressed youth with a rain hat came from the shore with runes beneath his feet. He had a walking stick and had to stop to cough after several steps. His face was deathly white. It was clear that the guy was terminally ill.

“Where did this pasty brat come from? Scram already, this isn’t the place for you to be!”

The disciples from the Seventh Hall were in the mood and have stripped down two girls to their underwear. Alas, they had to stop for a bit. Playing was one thing but they needed to ensure the security of the gate without any carelessness.

Despite being aggressive and evil, they were also very meticulous.

This constantly coughing youth slowly walked below the gate and stared at the scene ahead.

He leaned on the bronze entrance and slightly lifted his hat to half-expose his sickly face: “So it’s the people from the Seventh Hall. Let them go and I can spare your lives.”

His voice was quite hoarse.

The disciples here were startled before bursting out with laughter. A tall fella spoke: "This brat must be really sick, he's talking nonsense now."

He came forward with a heavy mace and slammed down. A green light surged out from the smash.

"Boom!" The heavy mace was split into two and same with the burly fella. The two halves went flying for more than ten meters with blood still gushing out.

The rest of the group was astonished. They took out their weapons and rushed forward.

Sen Lin was in front and said: "Looks like a real expert from the Feng Clan is here."

"Wrong, I'm not part of the Feng since I've been expelled already." The sickly man slowly took off his hat to reveal his handsome but pale face.

Sen Lin instinctively retreated for more than three meters with fear on his face and cried out: "The son of the demon is here!"

[Chapter 385: A Sick Lion Is Still Mighty](#)

Sen Lin had met Feiyun back at the sacred lake and the guy left a deep impression on him. In fact, all of the heretical disciples remembered him well. This was a guy who gave them a bad headache.

He took a deep breath and stabilized his pace. 'Why am I so scared? This is only a poisoned demon's son, no need to be afraid.'

Xue Yi and the other disciples became vigilant as well. This was once the number one genius of the Jin Dynasty. He shouldn't be underestimated even with the Yama's Decay Blood.

The girls from the Feng got up from the ground with messy hair. Their silk dresses have been torn in many places so they had to cover their breasts. All were staring at youth whom the heretical disciples were treating as a dangerous enemy.

Curiosity flashed in their eyes since they have heard about this legendary prodigy from their clan. Despite being expelled, many of them were still big fans of him and viewed him as a source of pride.

Feng Qingyu was borderline obsessed with Feng Feiyun, her older cousin who had forced many geniuses into submission. She has long wanted to meet him and today, her dream finally came true.

She was trembling from excitement as if looking at an idol. Though he was in a sorry state due to the poison, she still found that there was a heroic and peerless temperament to him.

"There's no way these evil men can deal with our older cousin." She had blind faith in him.

Feiyun slightly glanced at her, causing her to blush red with her heart beating faster. She lowered her head to avoid his gaze.

"Cousin, these heretical disciples bullied me and sis, you must avenge us and knock their teeth off." Feng Qinglan was still very young but the men still stripped her down to her pink underwear. She sat on the ground with tears running down.

Feiyun came over and took off his outer layer then covered her: "I'm not part of the Feng Clan but since you have called me cousin, I will not allow anyone to bully you."

Feiyun wasn't a cold-hearted person. In the past, he was a phoenix hatching from an egg and didn't have parents or siblings, not knowing where he came from. Because of that, he viewed familial ties more importantly in this life. Despite being expelled, he only hated the ancestors and the Feng Clan Master, not the rest of the children.

Feng Qinglan tightly grabbed the robe on her body with her heart jumping like being embraced by her crush.

"Swoosh!" Xue Yi landed on the ship with a black spear and two beast souls floating around him. He sneered: "Feng Feiyun, you still think you're the demon's son who can beat Nalan Hongtao? No, you're only a piece of trash that doesn't have long to live."

Feiyun turned around with his glare becoming sharp. Two fiery rays shot out and an invisible divine intent created an immense pressure. Xue Yi's legs trembled and couldn't stand straight. He had to stagger three steps backward.

"He's only a dying fiend, I'll take his blood and offer it to the Supreme Elders." A skinny disciple jumped out and took off his cloak. He turned into a black gale that enveloped the entire area.

"We'll be famous if we kill him!"

"Feng Feiyun dares to interfere with our business? That's touching a tiger's butt. If we don't teach him a lesson, he'll keep thinking that he's so great."

Two more disciples took out their weapons and unleashed their evil arts. Rippling waves emanated in the air with terrible power.

The girls came together in horror. These disciples were too strong. Any one of them was stronger than the Feng seniors like devils from hell. They wondered: 'Can this legendary cousin really chase them away?'

Only Feng Qingyu and Qinglan had absolute faith in Feiyun. They simply wanted to watch him defeat everyone. This was their idol and prince.

Feiyun reached forward with an average speed but a dragon-tiger image still formed in his palm.

One dragon-tiger force was equivalent to ten qilins so it had the power 10.24 million pounds and could move mountains.

Even a few Heaven's Mandate cultivators couldn't necessary unleash one dragon-tiger.

It towered at several dozen feet with the head of a dragon and body of a tiger with scales everywhere. This amazing sight of an ancient beast instilled fear in all spectators.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" The three disciples were blown away by this power. Their body exploded into mists of blood that eventually dripped down into the surging river.

Feiyun was decisive with a speed countless times faster than the wind. He circled and seven screams emanated. Seven more disciples had their internal organs destroyed and fell down to the ground like puddles of mud.

This scene frightened everyone. The rest of the heretical disciples got cramps; two even ran away by turning into black rays. Within a single second, they made it to the other side of the river and continued to run towards the county.

“Pluff! Pluff!” Feng Feiyun stood outside and pointed twice. Two black rays directly pierced through the two runners. They dropped straight to the ground with blood flowing out.

“Guys, to hell with it. We have so many people, there’s no way we’ll lose to this dying man!” Xue Yi rushed out with his black spear and beast souls. Thirteen elites followed right after him.

He was definitely a top expert in the Seventh Hall at the heaven-defying level.

“Dragon King’s First Slash!” With a bright light, Feiyun had a stone saber in his hand. He stood upright and slashed downward. A loud roar resounded with a white dragon energy flying outward.

The thirteen elites were cut horizontally into two pieces instantly. Their innards turned to pulp and fell outside.

“Boom!” Xue Yi’s black spear and beast souls shattered. A deep cut was left on his body as the tyrannical energy seeped inside and crushed his mind. He fell straight down like the rest.

Just one slash had ended fourteen elites including a prodigy like Xue Yi.

Feiyun propped his saber on the ground to help him stand and began to cough.

The girls’ jaw almost dropped to the ground. This was indeed the legendary genius of the dynasty. He was too handsome and strong, killing these heretics like chopping cabbages.

Only Sen Lin was alive at this moment. He couldn’t stand still any longer with sweat pouring down his forehead.

“Whoosh!” A transmitting jade flew out towards the horizon. He wanted to let the experts from the Seventh Hall know.

Feiyun swung another slash and destroyed the jade.

Sen Lin used this opportunity to run away. His blood began to boil as he used a forbidden art to boost his speed. A bloody cloud emerged beneath his feet as he soared to the horizon.

“Get back here!” Feiyun’s voice came from above his head.

A gigantic palm seal descended from the sky with a fiery glow and many runes. It directly vaporized Sen Lin.

Everything happened so quickly within just one minute. All the disciples from the Seven Hall were slain.

Nevertheless, Feiyun didn't feel good at all. The heretical cultivators were far stronger than the Feng Clan. They had entered Longzhe for four days now, could they have destroy the ancestral ground already?

It would mean the end of the Feng and the Nine Doves Gown would be taken as well. Feiyun didn't wish to see that at all.

"The gown is the only thing my mother left me. I'll end anyone who dares to think about it." Feiyun thought to himself and rushed towards Longzhe.

"Cousin, wait a minute." Feng Qingyu mustered her courage to catch up.

Feiyun stopped without turning around: "What is it?"

With tears in her eyes, she said: "These people have slaughtered my family. My father, uncles, and grandpa are dead now. Sister and I no longer have a home, can we come with you?"

Feng Qinglan also bit her lips and stared pitifully at Feiyun.

"No." Feiyun answered and used his Swift Samsara to turn into the wind. He crossed the river and the mountain range towards the Feng's ancestral ground.

If it wasn't for the decay blood and the precarious situation the Feng was facing, he wouldn't mind bringing these two lovely cousins with him. He wouldn't have any qualm sleeping with them either.

There had been too many examples of little girls worshipping an older figure and eventually slept with them.

Despite being from the same clan, they virtually had no blood relation so it wouldn't be inbreeding. Feiyun naturally wouldn't say no to such beauties.

However, time was of the essence so how could he take care of these little girls? Plus, the eighth elder here was enough to protect them. He simply wanted to take back his mother's gown before death.

[Chapter 386: Celestial Paradise](#)

Longzhe County was located in the eastern region of the Grand Southern Prefecture, next to Trinity. It was also a land full of ancient ruins. Many experts traveled here and left their marks behind.

There were many green mountain ranges with white clouds washing the tall peaks. Birds played around the mountains and left their prints on the steep cliffs.

Feiyun rode the wind forward. Along the way, he saw waves of disciples from the Seventh Hall. Their hands were stained with blood. Many children from the Feng have been killed in these desolate region. Their body was ravaged and eaten by the beasts.

The once glorious Feng Clan, a top ranking sect in the southern region, has suffered this disaster due to the Nine Doves Gown. It wasn't only the heretical experts. Even the other top clans here secretly colluded against them to steal their mines, resources, and cities.

As the saying goes, possessing a jade ring becomes a crime. Survival of the fittest was an unchanging law in this world.

The Feng had several ancestral grounds. One of them was located right here on top of a spirit vein with the name, Celestial Paradise. It was where the first clan master of the Feng was born and where he comprehended the dao.

After the Evil Woman came out, many descendants from the clan had died to the evil corpses. The majority of the survivors ran back to Longzhe. The Celestial Paradise became their stronghold.

The place itself was situated within ninety-nine peaks. It had many perilous locations on top of a celestial formation erected by the first clan master himself. Even several Giants attacking at the same time couldn't break through in a short time.

Once Feiyun made it to the Celestial Paradise, the experts from the Seventh Hall have been attacking for seven days. There were cracks on the formation now.

The ninety-nine peaks shot out ninety-nine bright pillars towards the sky. They were carrying a gigantic, floating formation to withstand the attacks of more than ten thousand heretics.

It was an amazing battle between two great powers. The blinding lights from techniques engulfed the sky with different colors.

So many cultivators in black cloak were hovering above. Some were riding spirit deer while others had four-winged birds. They surrounded the entire area and continued to attack while finding a weak spot.

It was only a matter of time before the formation would break.

Feiyun watched carefully while standing on a far hill. There were really too many heretics here in every nooks and corner. He simply couldn't sneak in.

"This is why the Senluo Temple used to be the strongest heretical sect. Just the Seventh Hall alone is this powerful, using six Giants just to destroy the Feng." Feiyun thought to himself. Six Giants were quite formidable since not a single sect in the southern region could have so many.

The Feng was already a top power here but after one thousand years of accumulation, it only had three ancestors at the Giant level. Two of them were too old so their battle prowess has weakened.

One Giant could support a first-rate sect but any heretical hall could take them down easily.

More than ten thousand troops were here to attack the Celestial paradise. However, Feiyun knew that this was only a small portion. The other troops were massacring the Feng descendants in the other cities.

The heretical schools have never shown mercy; nothing was too evil for them. This was the reason why the world feared the heretics.

Nightfall came again and the heretical side finally halted. The barricade remained outside with the entire area lit up by thirty-six pillars with a lamp on top.

The fire made the ninety-nine peaks look pink. The heretics meditated in order to recover the energy expended during the day in preparation for the next attack in the morning.

At this time, two rays of light rushed out from the ancestral ground. These were two senior cultivators from the Feng Clan with gray hair and a hunchback. They wanted to use this opportunity to run away.

“Whoosh!” A snow-white palace descended from above like a star. A stern voice came from inside: “Feng Jingyan, Feng Ping, you think you can escape?”

A gigantic black palm came from within with clouds surrounding it. It directly pushed the two escaping cultivators to the ground.

“No... I don't want to die!”

“All of you are too ruthless!”

“Boom! Boom!” These two Feng seniors were crushed to a pulp. Their flesh and blood dug into the soil.

Feiyun stood in the cold wind and felt sorry for them: “These two are the second and fifth elder of the Feng. If they are running away now, it looks like the clan is in disarray even before the heretics make their way in.”

More than one hundred descendants tried to run out from the paradise for a successful escape. All of them were killed by the heretics. Their corpses were tied around the pillars and being burnt to a crisp.

More clan members surrendered. They became slaves and were toyed and humiliated for a while before being killed.

The stench of blood by the brightly-lit pillars was truly nauseating.

Wan Xiangcen, the Seventh Lord, descended into the area while accompanied by a rain of flowers. Towering pillars stood to both sides with raging flames.

She was also the prettiest in the Seventh Hall with an enchanting fragrance. It smelled like an immortal honey wafting in the air for many miles.

She had a white cloak on her sexy figure and hair draping down to her buttocks. This was a woman resembling both a pure fairy and a seductive demoness.

Four girls in black cloak stood behind her. All were pretty with the same ponytail hairstyle and below twenty of age. Their hair was tied with a black lotus pin.

Wan Xiangcen revealed a smile that would rob the stars of their light. She happily said: “Bring them here.”

A team of heretics brought a group of Feng prisoners before her. There were a total of forty-six talents. They had countless whip marks and wounds on their body and were forcefully pushed down on the ground.

“Kneel!”

“Bastard, get down on your knees!”

These young clan members had their dantian sealed so they didn't have a single strand of spirit energy left. Their knees got broken so they dropped to the ground.

Wan Xiangcen smiled with her apricot eyes: "Seniors from the Feng Clan, I know you are watching from the inside. I know you don't want to see these prodigies die like this. Open the Celestial Formation and I'll give them back to you?"

A cold voice came from inside: "Little demoness, your trick can't fool us. Once we open the formation, you will slaughter all of us and that will be the end of our clan."

The voice was very old. It must be a great character from the Feng. This person could see the scene right now without showing up.

Wan Xiangcen smiled amorously: "You're too smart, senior."

She gave an order by gently raising her beautiful finger.

The three heretics behind her have been waiting for a long time. They smirked and swung their blade at the same time.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" The head of three young prodigies went flying and rolled away like balls.

"Demoness, you..."

"You're insane!"

"You're pushing us too far!"

The experts hiding inside the ancestral ground clamored furiously but no one dared to come out.

Xiangcen was still smiling. She touched her chin and said: "The ones killing them are you all, not me. If you don't open the formation, all of these prodigies will die! Haha!"

Feiyun held his breath watching the kneeling prodigies as well as the direction of the ancestral ground.

There was no response from inside.

Xiangcen stretched leisurely. Her breasts, waist, and buttocks all showed off their sexy curves. She happily said again: "Kill all of them."

With the command, the heretics cried out the word "kill" in unison.

"Pluff..." One head fell down after another as the living turned into cold corpses. The future hope of the Feng Clan had all fallen.

The experts and ancestors inside the paradise could only watch helplessly.

This was the tragedy of the weak where the winner takes all.

Xiangcen chuckled and gestured: "If seniors don't care for the young, that's fine. We'll play something even more exciting. Bring them here."

[Chapter 387: Maiden, Little Demoness](#)

Ten thousand "Sen Luo Black Robes" guarded this place on top of sixteen Supreme Elders sitting the floating black palace. Their body was resplendent like sixteen gods in a temple.

There were also six Giants, evident by their faint aura. This was the reason why the Feng seniors didn't dare to do anything. The slightest mistake would result in their clan's demise.

A group of pretty girls was led out this time just like Feng Qingyu. They were from the direct branch, daughters of city lords and leaders. The once pampered ladies were now prisoners.

Their fathers and uncles were all dead. They were only spared because they were pretty girls.

There was 136 of them total. Half were around twelve to sixteen. They were pale and trembling with fear. Each of them was as pretty and charming as a flower.

The heretics here became excited with perverted laughter. Their eyes peered at these beautiful girls and wanted nothing more than to rush up and have their way with them.

Wan Xiangcen smiled again: "Feng seniors, as you can see, our cultivators are salivating at the sight of your daughters..."

Someone couldn't help but shout from inside the ancestral ground: "Demoness, touch them and we'll fight to the very last man."

She covered her mouth and laughed: "Don't be angry now and no need to fear about not having descendants. Even if all your men die, our several thousands of cultivators will help you pass on the seed. Haha, what are you waiting for, strip their clothes."

Xiangcen smirked. She knew that these ancestors could handle a slaughter but not this humiliating rape. Otherwise, even if the Feng were to survive this disaster, they wouldn't be able to lift their head again in the cultivation world.

She already had the psychological advantage in the beginning.

"Haha, we've been waiting for the order!" A group of heretics howled like wolves and rushed for the girls.

"No, no, ancestors, save us!"

"Grandpa, save me!"

"Boom!" The celestial formation was finally opened. A door made from light appeared and an old man came out. He unleashed a ray from his finger and directly blew those heretics flying with blood spurting out from their mouth.

They helplessly drifted like the leaves during autumn. More than twenty heretics were killed on the spot with blood flowing from their seven orifices. The others were seriously injured and unable to stand up.

Xiangcen didn't become angry since the big fish had finally bite.

"Haha, Feng Hanyao, you old turtle has finally shown your face. Come, let me send you off to the afterlife." A Giant flew over from the darkness. This person had a bright red armor and unleashed a palm strike at the old man.

Feng Hanyao was one of the three ancestors of the Feng. He has lived for more than eight hundred years so he didn't have much vitality left. Nevertheless, he was still a Giant.

He took out an exquisite cauldron with two handles and four corners, engraved with ancient words and endowed with great spirituality. This was one of the clan's three spirit treasures with the name "Jin River Cauldron". It was excavated from the river and had been rotten to an indiscernible shape.

It contained the power of the earth after being taken out by an old ancestor. He then refined it into a fist-sized cauldron.

Feng Hanyao fluttered in the wind like a leaf and attacked with the cauldron, killing many heretics.

The Giant's bloody palm strike finally struck the cauldron, creating a loud explosion.

"Pluff!" Hanyao was too old so this palm strike made him vomit blood. He turned in order to escape.

A second palm strike came about and stained the sky red with waves. Each attack made Hanyao cough out blood.

"Haha! You're too weak. Even a spirit treasure won't do save you from me today!" This Giant was one of the Seventh Hall's protector with the name, Lu Jun. He had cultivated for five hundred years and was among the top five in terms of power.

The battle between two Giants was devastating. Mountains shattered with boulders running everywhere. The trees shattered into pieces from the deathly shockwaves.

Hanyao couldn't stop Lu Jun's barrage. Even the crest on his head broke so his white hair draped down in a messy manner.

Feiyun watched indifferently. He had no love for the three ancestors of the Feng; they were three greedy bastards. In order to seize the gown, they expelled him from the clan on top of imprisoning his grandfather and trying to catch his father.

In order to refine the gown, they even wanted to kill him. He didn't forget about this feud just yet. Even if the Seventh Hall didn't kill these three dogs, he would do so later given the chance.

So what if it was unfilial? They were the ones to start this mess. However, he didn't have the same hatred towards the other children of the clan and would even help them at times.

"Lu Jun! Your Seventh Hall is going too far, you only want the Nine Doves Gown, right? Why did you have to kill our prodigies too?" A yellow light came from the ancestral ground. The second ancestor of the Feng joined the fray and fought against Lu Jun with Hanyao.

The two of them barely stopped Lu Jun.

Lu Jun became increasingly fierce as the one-versus-two battle waged on. His aura materialized into physical clouds as he laughed wildly: "Geezers, you're not any better than us since you wanted to kill your own junior just to have the gown."

The Feng Giants' expression soured. They used their spirit treasure and attacked Lu Jun at the same time. The soil on the ground was flipped over like a tsunami.

This was a high-level battle, causing spectators to palpitate. If anyone interfered without being Giants themselves, they would be killed in a matter of seconds.

The scene outside the Celestial Paradise was a mess now.

Feiyun's eyes became serious. He saw a girl running out from the ancestral ground. She was around fourteen years of age with a pretty face. Her eyes were round and shiny like two crystal grapes.

He didn't recognize her at first until he saw the white kitty in her embrace. That confirmed that this beautiful girl was Little Demoness.

After two years, the little girl that used to follow him has grown taller. Even her breasts were bigger now. After hitting adolescence, she turned from a little loli into a beautiful maiden.

Who would expect that this elegant maiden was the evil Little Demoness?

She took out a purple pouch with gold inlays. A group of purple cloud flew out and enveloped the girls from the Feng.

"Return!" The clouds receded like the tide back into the pouch. She tied it up and put it back on her slender waist and shouted, "mission accomplished!"

"How bold, you dare to save them? Come back here!" Wan Xiangcen turned into a rain of flower and rushed towards Little Demoness.

Twelve old men at Heaven's Mandate followed her like twelve black fogs sweeping over.

"Haha, come then! I'll give it back if you can catch me. Wow, you smell so good, I can't take it!" She licked her lips and stared at Xiangcen for a bit before escaping.

"Meow!" The white kitty jumped out from her chest with a white light. When the light dissipated, the white kitty became as big as a tiger with nine tails with the word "king" on its forehead.

"Beauty, bye bye now!" Little Demoness sat on Whitey's back. Four fiery plumes ignited on the beast's legs as it flew to the sky. The girl even turned back and waved at Xiangcen.

Whitey's speed was unbelievable. Even someone like Xiangcen couldn't catch up and could only watch Little Demoness run away.

"Little Demoness, I'll wipe that smile off your face one day." Xiangcen landed on top of a hill and stared coldly at the escaping kitty.

Her black hair was fluttering in the cold autumn wind. Even her hair was full of fragrance. Her complexion was shining like jade beneath the moonlight. Her sculpted brows belonged to the heaven.

When she was about to head back, a cough came from behind. It was a very rough and hoarse sound as if the guy was about to cough out his organs.

"Who?!" She was startled. Someone had actually managed to come this close to her undetected.

A sickly man slowly walked out from the darkness with his sleeve covering his mouth. He was still coughing all the same but his eyes were especially bright, just like two stars.

The smirk on his face would scare any woman in this world.

[Chapter 388: Capturing The Demoness](#)

The night and fluttering cloaks were met with misty winds. There was a taste of wild bitterness in the air.

“It’s you!” Wan Xiangcen was surprised and stared at this youth coming out of the darkness. The hand hidden behind her back channeled a plume of light that turned into pink petals made of fire, as sharp as the blades.

Her skin emitted an unbelievable fragrance. She stood on this hill like a pure flower. Her natural fragrance attracted a large amount of butterflies.

Feiyun came closer and said: “Surprised that I’m still alive?”

Xiangcen chuckled causing her slender waist to slightly shake. The cloth piece on her shoulder was moved by a purple energy and looked just like butterfly wings. The hair on her cheek brushed back and forth, creating an amorous appearance. She said: “I’m just surprised that you’re here instead of looking for your prettiest girl since you don’t have long to live.”

“Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!” Four tall, slender figures descended from the night. All had a black robe and an extraordinary cultivation. An aura glowed around them with a black lotus floating above their head. Even their hair was full of energy. Ripping one off and they could be used as a sharp weapon.

Twelve more billowing clouds of smoke came about. They were old men that have lived for several hundred years, all at Heaven’s Mandate. They stood below Wan Xiangcen like devils with a black glow.

Wan Xiangcen’s side became much stronger with these sixteen people.

Her cultivation was already above Feiyun so she became even more emboldened. She started to float above with flowers beneath her feet that eventually turned into a seat made of lotuses.

“Capture him alive. Whoever can take his blood will be richly rewarded by the Hall Lord.” Her exquisite features became even more stately while basking in the moonlight.

“If he wants to die, then I’ll lend him a hand.” An old man formed a mudra with both hands, creating a green light. A three feet long sword flew out from the light. He gripped the hilt and came for Feiyun.

Feiyun retaliated by raising his finger. A yellow plume condensed on the tip, representing the power of half of the mountain range here and shattered the sword.

He channeled his Swift Samsara and disappeared from sight. The moment people saw him again, he was already standing behind the old man and casually pointed forward again.

Another ray shot out and pierced the old man’s defensive aura then neck, devouring all of his divine intents in the brain.

“Boom!” The old man fell to the ground with blood pouring out from his eye sockets. A cultivator that had lived for more than three hundred years died just like that to Feiyun.

“That’s all a cultivator from the Seventh Hall can do? Just a piece of trash.” Feiyun turned and stared at the floating Xiangcen. A wisp of smoke replaced his body on the spot as he soared for her.

“How brazen, daring to be disrespectful towards our lord?” The four girls flew forward to meet him with their nimble and slender figure. They used the black lotus on top of their head; four majestic forces shot out in unison like four black suns.

These female guards were talented cultivators and experienced life-or-death training. They could survive in the mountains full of beasts and monsters and have killed countless cultivators.

The black lotus above their head was another top heretical technique. Even though they weren't part of the twelve great evil techniques, the difference wasn't great.

The four of them together amplified their battle potential and once managed to wound a senior at second-level Heaven's Mandate.

Feng Feiyun moved like a specter through the four lotuses without a problem. The four guards simply couldn't stop him.

Two fist strikes came resoundingly. Two more old men attacked with a dragon-tiger power. They specialized in brute force so they were capable of performing this task.

Feiyun directly raised his palm to unleash a seal with clouds of five different colors.

The palm seal directly shattered the old men's punches. Their body was helplessly torn to several pieces.

Three Heaven's Mandate cultivators had died within one move to Feiyun.

“It's fortunate that the guy is poisoned or no one will be able to compete with him in the present.” Xiangcen watched as Feiyun drew closer in an unstoppable manner.

This was a god of death. The poison didn't deter his drive at all. Fewer than few members of the young generation could stop him.

Meanwhile, Xiangcen had reached third-level Heaven's Mandate. This was a young lord that could inherit the Hall Lord position in the future.

She simply wasn't afraid of him at all with her cultivation even if he wasn't poisoned. There was no chance a first-level Heaven's Mandate could take her down.

These young lords were all blessed by the heavens and shouldn't be underestimated.

“Boom!” Feiyun used the second-ranked spirit treasure, Thunderfire Jewel. It started a lightning tribulation that came down on Xiangcen.

She calmly sat in the meditative pose on her lotus platform. She slightly swung her green sleeve up to the sky and clouds rushed forward to break the lightning tribulation. Next, she reached for the jewel.

“This second-ranked treasure is wasted on a dead man, let me hold it for you instead!” When her long brows fluttered, she became even more beautiful.

A second-ranked spirit treasure had extraordinary value. Even Giants would be tempted.

“That depends on whether you are capable enough to take it.” Feiyun's voice came from inside the wind.

A breeze brushed by her with a huge palm strike emanating from within. Next, Feiyun finally showed up as well with unbelievable speed.

Xiangcen was slightly startled by his agility. It was definitely comparable to a half-step Giant.

This palm came like lightning with great intensity. She had equanimity despite the initial surprise and reached out with her fair hand. Her slender fingers created a green flower that destroyed the attack.

“Whoosh!” She turned into a ray to fly. Even though Feiyun’s cultivation was no match for her, she felt threatened by his incredible speed.

She didn’t want to take the risk because women who had fallen into his hands had a terrible result.

Feiyun naturally wouldn’t let her have her way. He came specifically to capture her so letting her escape was not an option.

She was an illegitimate daughter of an ancient corpse cave’s lord. Her status was quite amazing. Even the Supreme Elders from the Seventh Hall were prudent around her.

As long as he could capture her, he could use her as a bargaining chip against the heretics. Even if the gown was taken away by them, he could use her as a trade piece.

This was a risky move because her cultivation was five times stronger than him. Moreover, there were also four female guards and other old men at Heaven’s Mandate present as well.

He must seize the perfect opportunity in order to subdue her within the shortest amount of time. Otherwise, all the preparations would be wasted if a Giant from the Seventh Hall caught winds of this.

Though the probability of success was quite low and failure might even result in an unsightly death, Feiyun felt that it was worth it. Risks have always come with high rewards.

“Swoosh!” He channeled the Swift Samsara and gave chase. The opportunity would be gone if she were to make it back to the camp.

“Feiyun, you’re really brave, you think you can take our lord on?”

“You’ll have to get through us first!”

“Boom!” All four female guards reached forward with their jade-like hands. Blood suddenly oozed out from their wrists and turned into a mist. It then jumped into the four black lotuses.

The flowers rotated and joined together to form an evil flower with an immense destructive power. It spun forward like a wheel.

The flower created a gale in the shape of a dragon soaring into the sky. Spectators would tremble before this sight.

All four girls were at the heaven-defying level in terms of talents. They weren’t that much weaker than Feiyun.

This combined blow had a majestic force that made the nine surviving old men retreat. They didn’t want to be hurt by accident.

Feiyun also stopped and used the “Ascension Platform” in his dantian.

This platform was only thirty-three feet high. It carried a violet energy crushing down from the sky like a holy tablet.

“Boom!” The eighteen supreme souls on the platform had a terrible power. Thunder descended from the sky and directly blew the black flower away.

Feiyun took advantage of the explosion and sprung from the platform to be above Xiangcen before coming back down.

“Boom!” She had a smile on her face. Her lotus throne had already made it to the river but she stopped. This kingdom-toppling beauty stood on her lotus platform with her proud chests like an elegant and transcending goddess before raising her fair hand.

[Chapter 389: The Fallen Ancestral Ground](#)

Her slender hand waved a petal with a bloody shade to stop the large Ascension Platform.

Feiyun got back on the platform and unleashed everything. Roars emanated from his body with more than eight thousand beast souls flying out, including tigers, serpents, winged and scaled creatures...

The empowerment of these souls turned the platform into a sky-flipping seal with a destructive might.

“Feiyun is actually so strong, no wonder he’s number one on the same level.” Xiangcen was still too experienced. Other daughters accustomed to a life of silks and riches couldn’t compare to her.

The fragrance on her body became even stronger and materialized into a pink color, discernible by the naked eyes.

She fused together with the lotus platform, causing her body to have a holy, green glow. She took out a crystal bow and pulled on the string.

An arrow made out of light spanning for more than ten meters slammed into the platform. Sixteen beast souls over five hundred years old instantly shattered into spirit debris.

She quickly pulled back and fired again straight at Feiyun’s chest. This time, the arrow was more than twenty meters long and eight times stronger than the previous.

Feiyun hastily used the Infinite Spirit Ring. Six diagrams emerged and shielded his body.

The lotus platform and crystal bow were first-ranked spirit treasures with array runes carved on them. After several hundred years, they finally gained spirituality so their power was quite immense.

The lotus platform could increase her power and allow her to gather energy faster. This resulted in a level-jumping battle prowess.

The bow could break the earth and kill cultivators at higher levels.

Xiangcen’s spirit treasures with their overwhelming power blew the platform flying. The third arrow was thirty meters long and looked just like a heavenly ray.

Feiyun’s six diagrams were pushed in by the impact. The sharp arrow continued to reach for his chest.

“Bang!” The diagrams were finally shattered. The ray pierced through his body.

He screamed with blood spurting everywhere while falling into the surging river.

Xiangcen had a complacent smile on her face and put the bow back on her back then recalled the lotus platform. She flew towards the river and her phoenix eyes perused the area with two peering glimmers in order to find him.

Feiyun wanted to capture her but she had the same idea. Only his blood would be able to refine the Nine Doves Gown. This was the main goal behind this offensive.

This was a river flowing between two mountains. The riverside was full of red maple leaves so it looked very mysterious under the night light. Who knows how many unknown creatures were lurking nearby with their green eyes?

These beasts made way when Xiangcen’s powerful aura descended. They knew that this pretty girl was not easy to play with.

Tiny swirls formed on this cold river. The many aquatic creatures below have learned how to cultivate. After several hundred years, they turned into demons and strange beasts.

“Strange, is the guy dead now?” Her fragrance was raining down into the river with an enchanting smell. The beasts undersea began to swim towards the drops.

A well-scented woman made men enamored with them even more.

Suddenly, a shadow swept under the river with unreal speed and instantly appeared below her.

This was naturally Feng Feiyun. He had been hiding his aura under the water and could faintly see her green dress through the clear water.

Beneath her dress were her long legs. Just a single glance could arouse someone’s desire and make them want to cop a feel to feel its bare suppleness.

This demoness had the finest figure. Just her legs alone were seductive enough. They were normally hidden beneath her dress but Feiyun got a good look this time.

He might be the only one who would dare to look at her like this from below. Others didn’t have this courage.

She frowned and could feel the tiniest ripples from below so she planned to take out the lotus platform again...

“Boom!” Feiyun rushed out of the water and directly grabbed her legs and pulled her into the river.

His speed was several times faster so she couldn’t react before being dragged down to the muddy bottom.

Nevertheless, she was still a third-level Heaven’s Mandate with superb talents. Her eyes turned cold and instantly took out her soulbound weapon from her dantian.

A green light shot out from her stomach and aimed straight for Feiyun’s stomach.

This was an ancient watchtower. It looked quite small but contained immense power. It instantly vaporized the water below.

Feiyun smirked - he has been waiting for this chance!

The moment her artifact flew out, Feiyun was even faster and punched right below her dantian.

“Bang!” A mountain-destroying power emanated from his fist and caused her dantian to crack.

A severe pain pricked her and made her faint with her eyes turning white and body twitching for a bit. Blood dripped out of her mouth as she sank to the bottom.

The ancient watchtower was inches from him but it lost control and fell into Feiyun’s hand.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. Feiyun calculated each move since he knew that the only way to defeat her was to utilize his speed.

He needed to be faster than her soulbound artifact. The difference in cultivation was too great. If Feiyun was a split second slower earlier, her soulbound artifact could have rendered him to ashes.

A bit later, the four female guards and nine protectors finally made it here. They jumped into the river but simply couldn’t find the two at all.

“Not good, our lord is captured.” The four girls were aghast since they knew Xiangcen’s background. This was a really big deal.

On this night, two Giants of the Feng have died miserably. Ying Su, the Seventh Vice Lord, personally killed them. Their bodies were hanging on one of the hills for all to see.

The Celestial Formation had been broken. The heretics rushed inside and more than one million members of the Feng Clan turned into prisoners.

The ones who fought to the end were killed. Their bodies piled up into mountains while blood ran like the rivers.

However, the Nine Doves Gown was taken away by the last Feng ancestor. Two heretical Giants chased after him and still haven’t come back.

Even though they didn’t get the gown, they had access to the Feng’s resources that have accumulated for more than a thousand years, consisting of spirit pills and stones; centurial and millennium grasses on top of two spirit treasures...

While they were celebrating, a bad news came about, “the future Hall Lord, Lord Xiangcen , has been captured by Feiyun!”

Everyone gasped in unison and smiles were wiped off their face. They naturally heard of Feiyun’s name before. This was someone who had been torturing their ten halls.

Because of this, the cultivators here couldn't celebrate anymore. Who was Feng Feiyun? This was a guy even scummier than them. Bai Ruxue of the Fourth Hall and Lu Liwei of the Tenth Hall were raped by him.

Even till now, the cultivators from two halls couldn't lift their head from being ridiculed by others.

Feng Feiyun was probably the most dreadful name to the Senluo Temple right now, even more wretched and shameless than the heretics.

Anyone would have a headache after dealing with someone who had no integrity nor cared about his reputation.

After hearing about this matter, the two Vice Lords were furious. Nothing could happen to her because she had a terrible monster as her backing. Even they couldn't handle the trouble if this was the case.

"Looks like Feng Feiyun can still do something despite being poisoned. We can't touch these Feng descendants then."

A while later, the Seven Hall began to spread a message for the entire Longzhe County: "The Vice Lords wish to meet Feng Feiyun in three days at the Feng's Celestial Paradise."

Characters of the Vice Lord level were actually wanting to meet a junior. This was simply unprecedented. The unaware cultivators in this county were completely lost.

Feiyun sent a response: "In exchange for Wan Xiangcen requires the Seventh Hall to retreat from Longzhe without harming any member of the Feng Clan."

This message caused an even bigger stir. Feiyun had actually caught the young lord of the Seventh Hall. No wonder why these heretics sent out such a vague message. So they were afraid of this news leaking.

After all, there was only one way for a woman to keep her virginity after being held captive by Feng Feiyun - she would have to be extremely ugly!

Xiangcen was the prettiest in the Seventh Hall so this definitely didn't apply to her. No wonder why the two Vice Lords were so anxious as if sitting on fire.

[Chapter 390: Ambush](#)

Longzhe County was dated with many interesting ruins and footprints left behind by many sages.

Feiyun brought Xiangcen across these ruins. There were many runes carved here that could stop the top heretical seers from finding them.

This was the reason why Feiyun's location was especially elusive. The Giants from the Seventh Hall couldn't calculate him either.

One of the ruins here was half-buried under the sands. The other buildings were broken beyond repair. Not a single complete wall could be found.

In the middle of the ruins was a stone buddha towering at one hundred meters. It was heavily damaged with its hand missing. There were many cracks on the surface, showing a trace of vicissitudes.

Feiyun stood below and saw two famous people leaving behind their image on the statue. One person had an imperial robe while the other had a stately daoist robe.

This city used to be of the Buddhist doctrine. Many cultivators would come here for their pilgrimage but with the passage of time, this place has been abandoned for a long time and covered in thick sand.

“Cough, cough!” The Yama seal on his chest had spreaded even more. His lifespan became shorter, much less than two years.

Xiangcen was more than ten meters away from him. Her dantian had been sealed so she couldn’t muster any spirit energy at all. She had tried to escape several times to no avail.

She gritted her teeth in anger, being stuck in this rut despite being a young heretical lord. She wasn’t afraid of being anyone’s prisoner because she was confident no one would dare to hurt her. However, Feiyun was an exception.

She didn’t dare to come close at all, not because of his Yama’s blood but rather a fear of being violated.

“Rustle!” Feiyun walked towards her.

Xiangcen’s expression slightly changed and involuntarily moved backward: “Feng Feiyun, touch a finger of mine and your entire clan will die.”

Feiyun stopped a bit with sweat dripping down his pale face and smiled: “I’m no longer part of the Feng and plus, even if they all die, you will help me give birth to a new one.”

“Don’t even think about it!” She performed a palm strike towards his chest.

He easily grabbed her wrist and threw her onto the sand. The fine grains poured into the gap of the neck collar into her plump chest and shirt sleeves.

Feiyun stared insipidly at her. This woman was indeed beautiful, even a level higher compared to Bai Ruxue and Lu Liwei. This was even before mentioning her natural, seductive fragrance. It really incited men into committing crimes.

If it wasn’t for the Yama’s blood, Feiyun would have done her already but he was not in the mood right now. No time to waste on a woman.

“Whoosh!” A ray came from the sky. This was a messenger talisman. Feiyun grabbed it and poured his energy inside. Words came out and floated in the sky.

The Feng had many members. Though the majority was being captured by the Seventh Hall, some had still managed to escape. This talisman came from one of them containing the newest information.

These escapees viewed Feiyun as the Feng’s last hope. All of them would listen to him.

“In three days, the ancestral hall of the Celestial Paradise.”

Feiyun put away the talisman and murmured: “They’re using my family to force a trade.”

Feng Feiyun's grandfather and several uncles were also at the Celestial Paradise. They have fallen into the hands of the heretics. This was their ultimatum to Feiyun. If he didn't give back Xiangcen, they would kill one family member each day until they run out.

Xiangcen angrily crawled closer on the sand. She also saw the content of the talisman and laughed: "Feiyun, we only want the Nine Doves Gown, not the Feng members. As long as you release me, I can guarantee you that no one else will die from the Feng."

Feiyun glanced dismissively at her and said: "Big-chested women love to swindle others. You think I'm so gullible?"

He was aware of the heretics' schemes. Even if he were to give her back, the Feng would have to face genocide and he would die with them too.

Even if he wanted to negotiate with them, he needed the power to do so or he would just be fresh meat.

Feiyun alone didn't have this power. He needed some help but who? Who was strong enough to suppress an entire hall?

He immediately thought about the Divine King but he had already owed the guy too much and couldn't shamelessly ask him. Moreover, the Divine King already made countless enemies. Offending the Seventh Hall as well would make it even for the king as he grew older.

But who else besides the Divine King?

"Whoosh!" Another talisman flew into his hand.

"The Feng ancestor is running towards Trinity with the gown." Feiyun shattered the talisman and started to think.

This was the last Giant of the Feng who managed to escape. Two heretical Giants were after him.

"There is only one place for this ancestor to run to!" Feiyun immediately had a clue: "The second ancestral ground of the Feng, that burial ground right outside Trinity!"

He suddenly recalled the first clan master of the Feng too as well as the gigantic grave, the skeleton under the bloody river, and the Daomization Tree...

Not to mention the clan master that might have been woken up. This was a true monster, even Monk Jiu Rou couldn't suppress it.

"If the first clan master had truly awakened into an evil being, if I can lead him to Longzhe, that will surely scare the crap out of those heretics. Then I can get the gown..." Feiyun didn't hesitate anymore and grabbed Xiangcen before soaring to the sky.

Trinity and Longzhe weren't far from each other. With his speed of a half-step Giant, he made it to the outskirts of Trinity on the next day.

Next, he rushed for the Feng's burial ground. He had no other choice but to infiltrate this forbidden ground again. Time was of the essence.

Feng Dulong was the youngest among the three Giants of the Feng. He was also extremely talented and only needed fifty years to reach this level.

The other two dead Giants from the Feng couldn't compare to his youthfulness. This was the reason why he made it out of the blockade in Longzhe.

Nevertheless, he was still seriously injured with seven wounds, three of which struck his meridian points.

This burial ground was the far more dangerous than the Celestial Paradise. This was his only way out. Only by hiding in his ancestors' graves would he be able to escape the two Giants behind him.

However, the moment he made it outside the burial ground, he found the surrounding area to be engulfed in a gray miasma. This area of several hundred miles has turned into a zone of death. Anyone who came in would start to be affected by the miasma and their skin turn into pus.

"What the hell happened here?" Dulong was shocked. With the bloody river and large grave in the center, the vegetation around all withered. The earth has turned black. The once beautiful sceneries have become a dark, ghastly zone.

"Rawr!" Howls emanated from the depth. Who knows what was making these scary sounds?

Dulong had been here before but it was completely different now. This looked like hell itself so he didn't dare to enter right away.

At this time, an elegant zither came about with a beautiful female voice.

"For whom the beauty smiles as youth is passing by? In this mundane realm, the heart will not age, but without you, the world is a waste. Don't climb all alone till gray hair flutters on the steep pavilion. With no time remaining, who will draw her eyebrows in the end..."

The singing drew closer and became clearer. It was more beautiful by the moment like the song of a goddess in heaven.

Eventually, Dulong could hear it by his ears but there was no sight of anyone.

"Pluff!" A sound wave directly decapitated him. Blood gushed from his neck and bathed the grass below.

An absolutely wondrous figure holding a zither appeared in the air like a ripple in the water. She took the Nine Doves Gown from the corpse and rode the wind away.