

Sprit Vessel 391

[Chapter 391: Entering The Tomb Again](#)

There were thirty-seven black peaks outside of Trinity with an ancient aura, full of death energy. A skeletal bird flew out of this gray mist and clawed down a mountain while issuing a dry screech.

The pine forest has turned into dried trees. There was a spring of blood overflowing across the black ground.

Wan Xiangcen stood on this place and stared at the gray mist rushing out of the forest. She became shocked and said: "Feng Feiyun, where is this place? Why are we here?"

"It's breath is stronger now." Feiyun stared at the mist deeper in the cemetery where there were rains of blood pouring down.

A murderous aura came from the top with terrorizing roars from a primordial beast that had just woken up.

"Rawr!" It sounded like a ghost or a beast, as loud as the evil thunders from the heavens.

This was a recent development in the recent years. It looked as if a realm of death has descended from the sky. All cultivators were wise enough to stay away.

As a heretical lord, Xiangcen had seen many ominous grounds but her pretty expression still changed at this moment. She inched closer towards Feng Feiyun.

"Feng Dulong is grievously wounded and is probably hiding in the Feng ancestral ground." Feiyun couldn't sense Dulong's aura outside.

This area might be full of corrosive mist but people at the Giant level could still use their powerful cultivation to stop it.

"What are you doing?" Wan Xiangcen stared at Feiyun who was walking towards the black forest as if he was insane.

Feiyun turned around and grabbed Wan Xiangcen with his pale hand. A sweet fragrance blew into his face while her soft body fell into his embrace. She tried to break free with a horrified expression but her punches merely tickled him.

Six lights rushed out of his ring and turned into diagrams. They surrounded the two of them then flew towards the black forest.

With this protection, the corrosive mist couldn't touch them at all and was kept at a far distance.

As they traveled deeper into the mountain, the terrifying power became scarier. After four more hours and crossing through ten more peaks, Feng Feiyun has finally reached the bottom of the cemetery.

They met many strange creatures along the way. They were pushed back by Feng Feiyun and ran away towards the depth.

This large mountain in the shape of a tomb had bloody showers falling down from above. There were skeletons and rotten corpses floating inside. This scene was especially frightening. Ordinary people wouldn't be able to walk without trembling.

After an evil transformation, this place has turned into a cursed ground. Below the main grave was a river of blood with waves of more than ten meters high.

"Cough!" Feiyun placed her down while standing next to the shore. He looked at the gigantic skeleton at the bottom of the river. It has been slumbering and bathed by this bloody river for so many years yet all of its bones remained intact.

A skeleton towering for several hundred meters!

Feiyun had an indescribable feeling each time he saw this skeleton. This time was even clearer. The Yama seal on his chest began to jump and its shadow seemed to be coming back to life.

Feiyun felt a sharp pain in his chest as he coughed out more blood.

"What the hell? Just what is stimulating the poison again?" Feiyun had an acute sense and could feel a channeling power coming from the grave at the top of the river.

"Something that can stimulate the poison should also be able to suppress it!" Feiyun was ecstatic and felt like a drowning person latching onto a life-saving vine.

This was a hope of survival.

There were two sides to everything. Water could move a boat as well as capsizing it. At the end of death was life and after a disaster was salvation.

Xiangcen was also shocked by the hellish scene. Why was Feiyun laughing before such a grotesque river?

"Feiyun, don't tell me you want to go into that deathly area on the mountain?" Xiangcen's cherry lips were trembling.

Feiyun found a sliver of hope so he was in a great mood: "The Feng ancestors are buried there so I naturally have to go there for worship."

"Go if you want to die, don't drag me down with you. There is a terrible character over there, entering will be suicidal... Ah, you're insane!"

Feiyun grabbed her underarm and flew across the river. This was his second time moving through the little path to the top of the mountain. The moment he stood at the base, a black lightning bolt came from above.

Feiyun's cultivation was far stronger than the past so he easily evaded this bolt. He turned into a shadow by using his Swift Samsara and rushed for the pinnacle.

Lightning bolts came from the ground and the sky, creating an ocean of currents. It instantly disintegrated pebbles on the ground to ashes and left three wounds on Feiyun's body where his skin was charred with smoke coming out.

When he made it to the waist of the mountain, there were ancient pines everywhere with nearly one thousand devil crows standing on them. Their body was seven or eight times larger than an ordinary crow.

“Those are devil crows, your Feng Clan is actually feeding devils in your ancestral ground. They are creatures from the Yin World.” Xiangcen raised her brows while looking at these birds.

She was startled even more. Why would these yin creatures appear in this tomb?

“Caw, caw!” A flock of devil crows stared at the two of them with their green eyes and issued a feminine-sounding screech. Their wings started to flap.

The yin energy from these crows was thick like black clouds as they rushed forward.

Feng Feiyun took out the Thunderfire Jewel. It floated in his palm and a sea of fire oozed out from the black jewel with countless lightning waves inside.

“Szzz!” More than ten crows were burnt to a crisp with their feathers scorched to ashes. These other crows quickly flew back and hid on the trees with trembling wings.

Feiyun continued towards the top and met several near-fatal incidents along the way from creatures coming from the Yin and Yang Worlds. Among them were beings at the same level as a half-step Giant. It was fortunate that he was able to detect them early and took a long way around. Who knows if these creatures were born here or were attracted by something to this place?

He crossed through a dried lake and a ravine full of stone tablets then a long stairway before reaching the top of the tomb.

The closer he got, the more the Yama Seal was jumping on his chest. Feiyun had to take out the Ascension Platform to suppress the seal in order to calm it down.

At the top was a circular mound with the center caving down.. This black expanse had black branches and leaves growing out of it just like tentacles. Dark, deathly energy was emanating from this place.

“Whoosh!” The nether winds coming from below gave him goosebumps. A layer of frost covered his body.

Xiangcen in his embrace was holding his arm tightly. Her starry eyes focused on the black expanse and said: “That wind earlier is even colder than the nether wind from the Yin World. There must be an incredible evil creature below, even Giants will die for sure upon intruding.”

“Rawr!” A monstrous howl came from the depth, accompanied by a black gale and almost blew Feiyun off the mountain into the bloody river.

Luckily, he had the Ascension Platform out. He pushed it down into the muddy ground in front of him in order to stop the shockwave.

Two blood-red leaves from the Daomization Tree fluttered with the wind caused by the roar. Feiyun secretly grabbed them and sent them to his spatial stone.

Heaven's Mandate cultivators would die for these leaves since it could aid them in comprehending the dao.

One leaf was even more precious than a millennium spirit grass. Feiyun had three leaves at the moment since he got one the last time he was here.

This was a supreme treasure that could drive the cultivation world crazy. He naturally couldn't let Wan Xiangcen know.

"The Daomization Tree is really here. It might be growing in this caved down section." Feiyun used his phoenix gaze to peer at the area below. However, the moment he used it, a terrible aura repelled it and nearly blinded his eyes.

The first clan master of the Feng was buried here. Monk Jiu Rou said that he has awakened through an evil transformation and was now a monster.

Why did the evil transformation happen? Why was he coming back to life after more than one thousand years? What kind of abomination was he now? What did all of this have to do with the Yama Decay Blood?

"Feng Feiyun, don't tell me you want to jump down?" Xiangcen was on the verge of crying. She was worried that he would jump down while taking her with him.

Feiyun didn't hesitate at all. He took out all of his treasures before jumping down with Xiangcen. She was his hostage so he needed to take her everywhere.

[Chapter 392: Legend Of Yama](#)

The large mountain with springs of blood pouring down and the gray miasma looked just like the tomb of a defeated dynasty.

At the top of the mountain was a crater created by a meteor. Below were plenty of black vegetation and deathly miasma.

This particular crater was several hundred meters deep. Upon jumping down, Feiyun immediately saw a tomb.

It was built with square white marbles carved with yin runes meant for corpses. There were still white lights oozing from the gaps. The grave itself had sixteen white pillars with one tablet floating in front of each of them.

"Ancestor of the Feng's Third Generation, Feng Jingyi." Ancient words were carved on the tablet with time. This particular ancestor had died for more than 1,200 years.

It was the grave of a Giant. An exceptional character was buried within.

These graves were floating in the air with a bronze lion protecting them from any robbers. It would come back to life to attack them in such cases.

"Whoosh!" The white altar flew into the miasma and disappeared without a trace.

At this place, even a heretical lord like Wan Xiangcen was strangely quiet. She didn't say anything and only stared at the flying altar.

A bit later, they met the second altar. This was the grave of a hero from the Feng's fifth generation. It also flew away like a shooting star and disappeared from sight.

"Rustle!" Feiyun stepped on the leaves below while still maintaining his composure as he headed for the central area. This was a cemetery with many floating graves, belonging to the top characters of the clan. The weakest was still at half-step Giant.

One or two top prodigies would always come out in every generation. After more than a thousand years, the Feng had dozens of Giants buried in this place.

"No, something is wrong. A Giant's vitality is too strong. Even after death, it can't be this quiet. What's the problem...?"

Feiyun couldn't help but jump on top of the third altar they saw.

This was the grave of the seventh generation clan master. He took out his saber and destroyed it. What he saw made him shiver. Something had eaten a hole through the grave. There was no corpse inside.

The clan master had died six hundred years ago, he naturally couldn't climb out himself.

Could it be those corpse controllers from the north? Did they steal the corpses here?

Feiyun found out that this wasn't the case. He found an arm skeleton in the grave. It was as clear as jade with a monstrous aura.

It belonged to a Giant, ten times heavier than an ordinary bone. A weak cultivator would be killed instantly by the power within.

He also found a strand of hair that was more than ten meters long. It was quite bizarre with a terrifying evil presence, very similar to the Yama Decay Blood.

He didn't dare to touch this strand of hair at all and quickly left the grave in horror. This hair was left behind by a strange monster. It had eaten the clan master's corpse.

Just what kind of monster that could treat these dead Giants as food?

Wan Xiangcen stared at the bone with the bite mark and took a deep breath: "It can't be that legendary creature?"

Someone at her position must have read many books and had access to ancient scrolls not privy to ordinary people. Thus, she was aware of many mysteries.

"What?" Feng Feiyun said.

She looked around with her bright, crescent eyes and became slightly startled as if she was afraid of something. She quietly said: "I heard a predecessor from the Violetsea Cave had excavated an ancient corpse from a Heaven's Emergence tomb. This corpse was extremely strange and incomplete, only having a few parts. I'm not sure which parts though."

“The predecessor was very excited after finding it and quickly brought it back to the cave. However, a disaster ensued. He was at the Giant level but on the third day, a disciple saw him being eaten by the corpse.”

Feiyun said with a smile: “A corpse controller being eaten by a corpse, that’s pitifully ironic.”

“Indeed, but it didn’t end there. This corpse must have been extremely evil when it was still alive, evil incarnate. The corpse-monarchs there were attracted by its aura and got eaten as well. This eventually alarmed the four Nether Kings of the cave. At that point, this sect was more than ten times as powerful now and even more influential in the cultivation world than the Senluo Temple and Mount Potala. The four kings were on the same level as the Jin Emperor with amazing cultivation. They far exceeded the Giant realm.”

“The four of them worked together yet still needed four years before suppressing this corpse. When the controllers thought that this problem was resolved, something happened to the four kings. All of them strangely died in just three years.”

“After their death, the place where the corpse was sealed had howls and screams every night for three days.”

“This was the darkest moment of the cave’s history. The deaths of the four kings were known by the other corpse caves. They used this chance to seize Violetsea. It almost got destroyed by this. At the very last second, a disciple from the sect went into the sealing place of the corpse and took out a drop of blood from its body and used it to kill a Giant from the enemy’s camp.”

“The other disciples also copied this method and used this decaying blood. Just one drop alone was enough to kill a Giant. Alas, they also died instantly with terrible deaths too.”

“After twenty Giants had fallen, the other powers finally became afraid by the terrible blood and quickly ran. The Violetsea Cave protected themselves and became respectful towards the sealed corpse and began to call it...”

Feng Feiyun became serious and looked at the seal on his chest: “Yama.”

“That’s right, Yama. In the legends of the corpse controllers, Yama was the lord of the yin realm with control over life, death, and the reincarnation cycle. He was the judge of mortals, cultivators, and immortals. Not only is he the lord of the underworld, he is the master of all things. To give this corpse such a great title showed their reverence towards it. It was definitely countless times scarier than the Evil Woman.” Xiangcen said.

Feiyun looked at the altars flying away and said: “Not many things could eat bodies of the Giant level...”

“It is virtually non-existent. As far as I know, Yama is the only exception.” She clenched her fist and stared at the darkness with worries. There were several other altars floating in the air.

At the Giant realm, when their blood fell to the ground, it would burn for several months. Their flesh was as strong as a powerful beast. The power in their corpse would stay there. When ordinary creatures took a bite, they would be killed by this power.

Powerful creatures on the same level as Giants that have eaten the flesh of Giant would have their own dao being corroded by the Giant's dao. Eventually, the imbalance of powers in their body would result in their body exploding.

In the Jin Dynasty, only Yama could eat this type of flesh without dying but actually grow in strength.

"Rumor has it that more than one thousand years ago, a gigantic being of several hundred meters like a god descended from the sky to the Violetsea Cave. It shattered Yama's seal and took it away into the sky. From then on, Yama disappeared completely from the world..." Xiangcen took a deep breath and didn't finish stating her speculation.

Could Yama be here at the Feng Clan's ancestral ground?

Feng Feiyun palpitated with his eyes widening. More than one thousand years ago was around when the first clan master of the Feng died a mysterious death and was buried here.

This mountain was created by him to be used as his tomb. Everything was too much of a coincidence and the timeline worked out. It truly made others think.

"That damned monk must know a lot of stuff!" Feng Feiyun felt that Monk Jiu Rou knew the first clan master. Alas, the guy was off to the Beastmaster Camp so there was no way of asking him.

Feiyun must find the answer himself!

He continued towards the darkness. He was already a dead man, there was nothing else to fear.

As he went on, he saw several more floating graves. The bodies inside have been eaten with a tinge of evil energy lingering within. It seemed similar to the aura of the decaying blood but also different. This whole ordeal was full of surprises.

[Chapter 393: The First Clan Master Of The Feng](#)

Another altar was floating within the miasma with thirty-six high pillars situated around it. The pillars were decorated with dragon and phoenix engravings; some were stained with blood to the horror of the crowd.

There were words carved on a tablet in front of the altar: "Feng Clan's Second Master, Feng Jiye."

After Feiyun entered this altar, a skin-pricking wind flew out from the grave. Anything touched by this yin-affinity wind would be turned to dust instantly. Even five of the pillars nearby became white sands.

Feng Feiyun only managed to be fine due to this divine diagrams.

"Can it really be Yama? An evil corpse is staying here and eating these ancestors to recreate its body?"

The second clan master was also eaten as well with blood inside and two long strands of hair with oppressive evil energy. If it wasn't for his Immortal Phoenix Physique and the fact that he was already poisoned, the evil energy inside would have invaded him as well.

These strands of hair were even more lethal than ordinary spirit treasures. He picked them up anyway. If he could escape this place alive and be lucky enough to find an antidote for his poison, he could sell these strands of hair for a high price.

The Yama seal on his chest became more animated by the second just like a black flame. His body weakened with his life force disappearing. Even the hair by his temples was turning white.

The Yama Decay Blood was devouring his life and accelerating his aging. Even the bones strengthened by the phoenix blood were becoming stiff.

As he walked towards the darkness, he saw a white light coming from the distance. It was emanating from an old tree on top of a grave.

Its barks were gray with gaps everywhere like a coiling dragon. It had an ancient aura with many branches as thick as an arm and more than ten thousand leaves with the color of blood.

The leaves had the shape of a human's hand with visible veins. Their sheer number made the tree glow red.

"What is that tree? Such thick dao affinity." Wan Xiangcen was amazed.

Even though her cultivation was sealed, her spiritual sense was still there and could feel the original dao presence on the Daomization Tree. If one could cultivate under this tree, even a fool could easily reach the Giant realm.

Feng Feiyun naturally couldn't tell her that this was the Daomization Tree. If the existence of such a divine tree was known, the entire cultivation world would be shaken by this news.

He quietly walked towards the tree. If he could uproot it, he could start an entire sect by himself.

As he inched towards the darkness, it actually became more serene. All the bizarre monsters were nowhere to be found. Alas, this scared the two of them even more.

Feng Feiyun walked for nearly two hours across the black expanse. He made it through three stone bridges and more than ten graves but still felt that the tree was relatively far from them. It was as if he was staying in the same spot; the distance wasn't closing at all.

Xiangcen was following right behind him the whole time. Of course, she sensed this as well and said: "There is something strange about this particular place. That blood-red old tree doesn't seem to be in the same world as us. We won't get there even if we walk forever."

"World-Reversal Art." Feiyun said.

She was surprised in response: "What did you say?"

"Cough, nothing." Feiyun coughed and didn't continue forward. He squatted on the ground and used a rock to derive the laws of the world.

At this moment, he was much better at the Minor Change Art so he had many ways to deal with tombs like this.

Moreover, he was at first-level Heaven's Mandate now and could use a few previously unavailable phoenix arts. Even inside this World-Reversal location, he could still find the laws in order to find the correct path.

"Got it, follow me!" Feiyun stood up and paced forward in a strange order. The space ahead fluctuated and the air seemed to be turning into a liquid. They felt as if they were walking through a layer of water.

"Bang!" When Feiyun's foot reached the ground the next time, the scene ahead changed completely.

Xiangcen saw this and immediately covered her mouth in astonishment: "The tomb is gone..."

The tree was initially growing on the tomb but after the setting created by the World-Reversal Art, the tree was still there but the tomb was nowhere to be found. A hut made of leaves took its place.

The tree was growing in front of this hut and still emitting light while its red leaves fluttered in the wind. Feiyun's eyes were fixated on it.

Xiangcen was curious and followed his gaze. Sure enough, there was a corpse on that tree. It was completely broken without a skull, arms, left leg, and chest.

The remaining right leg and spine were indescribably rotten and dried. There was not a single drop of blood as if someone had severed it and burned it completely.

Nevertheless, this broken skeleton still emitted a boundless frightening aura. It made people uncomfortable even at a distance.

The evil energy within could destroy an entire zone. Feiyun was already as pale as a piece of paper; he became even grayer as the seal on his chest wanted to fly away, causing great discomfort.

"Why is my Yama blood going out of control? Could that corpse hanging on the Daomization Tree be Yama?" Feiyun sat in the meditative pose and channeled all of his energy to suppress the poison.

"Creak." The wooden door by the hut opened and a lively old man wearing a purple robe walked out. He had been here the whole time.

Feiyun quickly withdrew his spirit treasures and stood up, maintaining his guard against this old man. Xiangcen shifted back quietly behind him.

So strange, a living person was actually staying at this place? How unbelievable.

This old man looked friendly and good-natured with a peaceful aura. A green, auspicious light floated above his head. He looked just like the portrait of the Feng's first clan master.

He was actually still alive? How could this be?

Even a grand historical Giant wouldn't live till one thousand years. Plus, he had died more than one thousand years ago. Why was he living in the hut?

A flame ignited in his eyes as he channeled his phoenix gaze. He felt that the old man ahead had turned into an evil corpse and came out of his grave.

But alas, he was disappointed to see that there wasn't a trace of corpse energy inside the old man. This was a living person.

"I feel the bloodline of the Feng Clan coursing through your vein. You are a descendant?" He revealed a friendly smile like the wind of spring.

Feiyun calmed himself after hearing the old man and said: “No.”

The old man slightly frowned in response.

Feiyun continued: “The ninth clan master of the Feng had expelled me so I’m naturally not a descendant of the Feng.”

“According to the Feng’s ancestral teachings, only the truly evil or disrespectful to the ancestors and clan betrayers would be expelled. Which of the three have you violated?” The old man became stern to a frightening level. An oppressive aura forced Xiangcen down on her knees.

It wasn’t a suppression from power but a primal fear deep in the soul.

This old man actually knew the Feng’s ancestral teachings. Could he really be the first clan master then? He had lived for more than one thousand years?

Then why did Monk Jiu Rou said he had turned evil?

At the very least, Feiyun couldn’t see any evil energy from him, only a transcending aura.

Feiyun stood proudly without bending his back and sneered: “It’s because I offended a daughter from a great power so the Feng Clan Master could only give me up in order to preserve the clan.”

“Impossible. Even if the clan was on the verge of destruction, it wouldn’t bow down to anyone and definitely not give up one of their own due to external pressure.” The old man noticed Feiyun’s proper attitude and that he was able to stand straight despite the pressure. He found that this youth had peerless talents. An unskilled and servile youth wouldn’t have this appearance.

Feiyun laughed after hearing this but it made him cough out blood. He said: “May I ask for your name, predecessor?”

“Feng Mo.” The old man replied.

Feng Feiyun’s mind slightly quaked after hearing this. This was indeed the name of the first clan master.

Feng Mo and Feng Chi were the two most gifted members of the clan. One was the first clan master while the other was a legend.

Feng Mo was the older brother. Under their leadership, the Feng could have been a power comparable to the four great clans. However, they both died mysterious deaths to the regrets of their descendants.

Why was this man who had died one thousand years ago standing before them, alive and well?

[Chapter 394: The Demonic Blood And Yamas Blood](#)

It felt surreal to see an old man inside a hut in this land of death, especially when he was the first clan master of the Feng.

After carefully listening to Feng Feiyun’s explanation, the old man finally got the gist of the story.

“Truly shameless, the clan actually had these pieces of trash, fearing the Yin Gou Clan and sacrificing their own. Completely shameless!” Feng Mo twirled the beard on his chin with his eyes glaring. The initially gentle old man has become sharp.

He was strolling around the hut before suddenly flashing and appearing next to Feng Feiyun then grabbed Feiyun's wrist.

He nodded with a sigh: "Yes, first-level Heaven's Mandate, Grand Historical Genius."

He let go of Feiyun's wrist and noticed the gray strands of hair on his forehead. His face grimaced as he wondered why this youth became so feeble before his age?

He suddenly loosened Feiyun's robe and stared at Feiyun's muscular chest. There was an evil mark there covering half of it. It was trying to invade the boy's heart.

His hollowed eyes narrowed with shock: "Yama's Decay Blood. No wonder why you are so weak despite having such great talents."

Feiyun was slightly moved and hurriedly said: "Senior, do you know how to cure this poisonous blood?"

Feiyun didn't call him ancestor but senior instead. The old man clearly didn't like this address, evident by his expression. However, Feiyun had been expelled from the clan so he naturally wouldn't call the old man, ancestor.

The old man sighed and shook his head: "There is no antidote for Yama's Blood in this world. It is already amazing that you can live till now."

A tinge of disappointment rose on Feiyun's face but this was within expectation. If there was really a cure for Yama's Blood, it wouldn't be feared by so many great masters.

Life, death, and wealth were up to fate.

"Cough!" Feiyun looked at the broken corpse hanging on the Daomization Tree. He had many questions but he didn't ask them. Instead, he said: "The Feng Clan is suffering an existential crisis, may I ask if you plan to go and help them, senior?"

The old man replied: "I already knew the clan would face something like this. After the crisis, it shall soar like a star. I have been waiting for too long now, it is time to come out."

His eyes bemoaned the state of the universe and pitied the fate of his clan as he stood quietly outside of the hut. However, without any warning, he saw the beauty standing behind Feng Feiyun. A sharp glint came from his eyes as he uttered: "A non-Feng member cannot enter the ancestral ground. Death to all intruders."

Xiangcen was already shocked. The first master of the Feng was still alive and has been staying in their tomb. Who knows how powerful he was now?

When a character of this magnitude came out, perhaps all of the experts of the Seventh Hall working together wouldn't be able to stop him.

She naturally couldn't be as nonchalant as Feng Feiyun and dropped to the ground while trembling: "Feng Feiyun is not a Feng member either. He has to die as well."

The quick-witted woman noticed that the old man had taken a liking to Feng Feiyun and definitely wouldn't kill him. Thus, she tried this particular route.

The old man responded: "He is not one now but once I come out, he shall return to the Feng. A talent like this can't be expelled from the clan by those worthless descendants. Without my agreement, he is still part of the Feng."

With that, he smiled at Feiyun with a profound stare.

Feiyun bravely met his eyes without faltering. He was speculating the old man's intention. The guy clearly knew that he was on the verge of death yet still valued him? Could it be that the old man knew how to cure the poison but just haven't told him yet?

'That's right, the old man only said that there was no antidote, not that I must die.'

This tomb was definitely a forbidden ground. An outsider with all of this knowledge and spreading it after leaving would be a bad thing.

The old man saw Xiangcen's pale complexion and gently smiled: "Haha. I'm only playing with you, lass. Stand up! A daughter-in-law of the Feng naturally can enter the tomb as well."

He waved his hand and a force lifted her body up.

This clan master misunderstood after seeing Feiyun bringing Xiangcen to this place. He thought that the two were lovers.

He valued Feiyun so he naturally wanted him to return to the clan. Thus, he scared the girl at first in order to see if Feiyun would want to compromise.

However, the boy didn't react at all; there was only a frightening calmness. This made the clan master like Feiyun even more.

Since Feiyun didn't speak up, Xiangcen was more than willing to pretend to be his future wife. Not only would this save her life, she might even gain some good stuff from this old man with unfathomable cultivation. It would be foolish not to do so.

The old man handed a bottle with traces of blood running through it and told Feiyun: "This is Turtle Fragrant Water given to me by a friend a long time ago. Drink it, it'll prolong your life by three months."

A turtle lived for the longest out of all things in this world. This so-called Turtle Fragrant Water was their saliva. It could nourish the body and delay aging, replenish the yin and yang. Women could regain their youth and men could regain their strength. It was the ultimate panacea.

The older the turtle, the stronger the spiritual property.

Feiyun accepted the saliva while thinking that just the saliva alone could prolong his life, if he were to capture and boil a turtle, then perhaps he could even live for several more years.

The old man left the hut after saying that there was some important business he needed to attend to. He told the two of them to wait in the hut and that they will go back to the Feng Clan tomorrow.

After he left, the atmosphere suddenly became bizarre, especially the skeleton hanging on the tree. It looked like it moved a bit so the seal on Feiyun's chest moved as well.

“Pluff!” Feiyun spat out a mouthful of blood and felt as if the strength from his body had been sapped. He dropped on his knees while the poisonous blood had engulfed the area and became once with his own bloodstream.

His life was drifting away.

Feng Feiyun quickly took out the bottle and didn’t check if it was the right thing or not before pouring it into his mouth.

No, this isn’t Turtle Fragrant Water!

The real thing didn’t actually need to be drank. One could just pour it on their palm and it would seep into the body. However, the liquid in this bottle didn’t melt after flowing down his throat. On the contrary, it was going upward into his brain.

Wan Xiangcen stared at the boy rolling on the ground in pain and revealed a cruel smile: ‘Feng Feiyun, this day has finally come for you.’

A faint glimmer appeared in her hand and turned into a spirit sword. She was still a heretical lord and had broken a tiny part of the seal already to regain a layer of cultivation. She walked towards Feiyun and sneered: “You must be very uncomfortable with this much pain. Let me spare you from it!”

“Rawr!” Feng Feiyun suddenly lifted his head to show his blood-red eyes just like a beast. Xiangcen was scared out of her mind to see his demonic appearance and quickly darted backward.

“Boom!” Feiyun lunged forward and used his body to break her spirit sword then grabbed her body. The both of them slammed into the hut’s wooden door and fell inside.

One could see that there was a coffin in the hut. This belonged to the first clan master but the lid had been broken. Something had escaped from inside.

If Feiyun had calm of mind, he would definitely notice this. However, the demonic blood and Yama’s blood inside him were activated at the same time and ran amok inside his body. He couldn’t suppress them to maintain his sanity at all.

He grabbed the woman on the floor again and ripped apart her thin, silky green pants without any mercy to reveal her enchanting legs.

“No, Feiyun, be gentle, ah!”

“Rawr! Ugly bitch, I’m going to kill you!” [1]

Feiyun slapped her bare body flying. This time, she was lying unconsciously on the ground.

With his fiery eyes, bulging muscles, and erupting vigor, scales appeared on his arms. Dragon roars and phoenix cries resounded all over his body. He directly got on top of her slender, jade-like body...

A cold wind blew outside of the hut. Feng Mo stood outside and looked through the broken door to see everything happening within. He could hear the heartbreaking cries of the woman as well as her moans...

A dark smile appeared on his face as he murmured: "There is really demonic blood in his body, one that can compete against Yama's blood, just how powerful is it then? Feng Feiyun, Feng Feiyun, keke, you will return to the Feng Clan and conquer the world with me. This is your fate, there is no escaping from my grasp."

The immortal aura was no longer there for Feng Mo. A surging evil energy replaced it. His gray hair turned black as well and grew to more than ten meters long as he gave off an oppressive bloodthirst.

[Chapter 395: Yamas Spine](#)

Feng Feiyun woke up from his daze, overwhelmed by drowsiness. The scene ahead gradually became clearer. He could smell the sweet scent of a woman at the tip of his nose. His fingers felt warmth; they were placed on her waist.

'I'm still alive!' This was his first thought upon waking up before rising up.

A faint light fell on his well-sculpted chest. Well proportioned muscles ran across his arms, lower back, and chest. They were perfectly shaped, not overly large yet still gave off a powerful appearance.

The woman next to him had her pants torn off completely. Her violet hair band was ripped off so her long and thick hair draped down her soft body. It hid half of her slender neck, voluptuous breasts, and the two pink dots - making them sexier and more mysterious.

She softly held her white panty that was pulled down to her left thigh. There were strings of red running down her still-quivering legs. It looked like the painful sensation was still present.

She then propped up her body and stared at Feiyun's eyes with her teary ones. However, she didn't last long before lowering her head, too afraid to meet his gaze. She felt afraid of him, especially his eyes.

There was a bruise the shape of a palm on her white cheek and the corner of her lips was bloodied. She looked just a mistreated bride.

Feng Feiyun rubbed his forehead in astonishment! 'What kind of barbaric things did I do to her, why is this heretical lord so afraid of me now?'

He calmed himself and tried to remember. First, the poisonous blood in him activated. Next, he drank a bottle of turtle's saliva and his demonic blood from deep within was stimulated as well. Afterward, his sanity was suppressed by the demonic blood so he gave Xiangcen a beating before raping her.

He took a deep breath and stared at his chest. The Yama seal was still there so the blood was still within his body. Meanwhile, the demonic blood appeared for the second time in his veins. Of course, it was only a small strand that was awakened.

This particular strand couldn't be suppressed like before. It subconsciously affected his decision making, especially his sexual urges. They became stronger and continued to assault his rationality.

When Feiyun saw Xiangcen sitting by the corner of the room, he felt an uncontrollable urge like a starving person wanting food; a thirsty person in the desert desiring water; a near-death person wishing to live.

This was an evil urge affecting him. He knew that this wasn't good at all. If he couldn't suppress it, he would eventually be drowned in lust and would become a devil that only wants women.

The demonic half of his blood was the culprit.

Demons and beasts were different. Though they had the same origin, demons could transform into humans. Some demons were innately lustful; for example, dragons, fox demons, serpent demons... Some of the five sacred demonic races would even carry out orgies and sexual ceremonies in each of the Minor Change Reincarnation Year.

They were different from humans. The more ancient the demon, the more powerful. Meanwhile, humans became stronger through improvements and training.

The demon nature was more primal than the human nature. It was more sexual, violent, and gluttonous.

For certain demons, excessive sex for pleasure was an ordinary matter since the olden days. This wasn't the case for all humans.

If this perverted bloodline were to be awakened completely, then his demon and human nature would be at odds. In the end, both will be destroyed and Feng Feiyun would become an abomination.

As his cultivation grew stronger, the power of his demon blood became stronger as well. Without the help of the Nine Doves Gown, this blood will eventually awaken and the consequence will be unimaginable.

"No more... I beg you, no more..." Xiangcen saw Feng Feiyun walking towards her. Her body shrank in horror as she tried to get up with her hands. However, an aching sensation came from her waist so she fell to the ground.

She was extremely weak, lacking the strength to even stand up.

Feiyun squatted down and smelled her face before heartily laughing: "Haha, smells good!"

She couldn't help but quiver while looking at his smile and lowered her head.

Feiyun took out a white robe from his spatial stone and threw it on her before leaving the hut. He felt quite comfortable. Even though the poisonous blood was still there, it wasn't as annoying as before.

Above him was the as-red-as-blood Daomization Tree hovering at one hundred meter high. The broken corpse of Yama was hanging in the middle position with only the spine and right thigh left. The other parts could have been taken by others or rotted away along the river of time.

Anyone would be scared out of their mind to see this broken corpse. It was the fear of a mortal seeing the corpse of an immortal.

"Whoosh!" A nether wind blew by causing the spine hanging on the tree to fall down. It gave Feiyun the feeling as if a mountain was falling down from the sky.

Feng Feiyun quickly retreated lest he got touched by it. A thing of this level would annihilate him without the slightest touch.

However, he found that he couldn't move his body.

“Boom!” The spine directly slammed into his back with an unbelievable power. Feiyun channeled the strength from his entire body and barely stopped it from crushing him.

His legs were trembling. The power above had an ice-cold aura. It seemed to be trying to either crush him or freeze him to death.

At this time, the black Ascension Platform in his dantian had a bloody light flowing through its surface. It carried a mysterious power and actually affected Yama’s spine.

This spine continued to crush his back, pushing out the upper layer of flesh and went below his skin. It was actually fusing into his own spine.

A majestic and scary evil energy emanating from the spine went straight to his brain. He quickly used his phoenix soul to suppress this energy back to the spine.

Lust was an innate nature of all beings. Even the forty divine intents and the phoenix soul couldn’t contain it.

However, it was possible to contain this evil energy considering the immense power of this particular phoenix soul.

He regained his ability to move and surprisingly found that the poisonous blood was flowing into Yama’s spine, back to its origin.

His crisis was gone just like that!

Though the spine being part of his body wasn’t necessarily a good thing, at the very least, it absorbed the poisonous blood. Feiyun couldn’t help but happily laugh.

“Haha, this blood might have taken away 200 years of life from me, a first-level Heaven’s Mandate cultivator still has 500 years of longevity. Each minor level would also increase the lifespan by 50 years. I can cultivate all the lost years back.” Feiyun was completely confident.

“Congratulation, congratulation, Feng Feiyun, I didn’t misjudge you.” The first clan master of the Feng was standing next to him out of nowhere.

Feiyun instantly turned his head towards the old man. He was still the same person but the aura on his body was completely different. This aura was austere, domineering, and cruel. There was an evil energy within just like a devil.

His gray hair has turned black as ink with an energy of death flowing around. They floated in the air like sharp and thin swords.

Feng Feiyun swallowed his saliva. He found that the hair on this clan master’s head was the same as the ones found inside the coffin. They had the same aura as well.

He suddenly had a scary thought - could it be that the Feng ancestors were all eaten by him? He felt his scalp tingling at this point.

“Who the hell are you?” Feiyun took out the Thunderfire Jewel. It floated in his palm, ready to attack at any moment.

“Hmph, brat, put away your spirit treasure! It’s not easy for the Feng to have a prodigy like you. I don’t want to kill you.” The old man said gravely with black runes flowing in his eyes. Death energy oozed out of his mouth.

Feiyun continued to stare at him with no intention of putting the jewel away.

Xiangcen put on the white robe to cover her body. She had a hard time walking but she still secretly watched the two outside.

The old man glanced at her before revealing a strange smirk. He swung his sleeve and called a boundless group of deathly clouds: “Let’s go to the Feng clan.”

The clouds surrounded Feiyun and Xiangcen then lifted them to the sky.

[Chapter 396: Cause And Effects](#)

A gray cloud floated up from the peak of a mountain with three shadows standing inside. It was drifting towards the north.

“Rumble!” After the three left, a great change happened at the Feng cemetery. The energy of death reversed back into the mountain and disappeared completely.

The nearby vicinity was a land of death but now, some signs of life began again.

Only the top of the mountain was still full of miasma and flowing blood on top of screeching crows.

Of course, Feiyun didn’t know all of these changes. They were already a thousand miles away.

The first clan master became young again with his transcending aura and kind expression like a loving senior. He stood above the clouds as his purple robe fluttered in the wind. An auspicious light gathered above his head.

A ray formed beneath the cloud as it soared across the sky. Feng Feiyun didn’t speak a word and showed an emotionless appearance. After all, the guy’s cultivation was too high. He couldn’t escape even if he wanted to.

“Yama’s Corpse was taken from a Heaven’s Emergence tomb. It was only a half skeleton when it was excavated with a spine, left hand, right thigh, three ribs, a heart, and a skull. Eight in total.” The clan master said.

Feiyun didn’t know why the guy was speaking about this matter. It was clearly a secret to the upper echelon of this cultivation world. Ordinary people weren’t privy to this information.

Feiyun didn’t interrupt and let him continued.

Sure enough, he went on: “Yama’s body contained a monstrous power, a thousand times stronger than a Giant. Just one drop of decay blood alone could slay one of them. This power was contained in all eight parts. Those who could obtain one of them would be able to gain a peerless strength.”

Feiyun finally asked: “That skeleton hanging on the Daomization Tree is Yama?”

“Yes.” The old man nodded.

“Why is there only a spine and a right thigh left?”

The old man answered: “Let me tell you an old story. Initially, Yama’s corpse was sealed by the four great kings at the Violetsea Cave. However, around 1,500 years ago, several big shots from a couple of great powers wanted to steal it from the cave before dividing it with each other. The intruders all died in the cave; they didn’t even get to see Yama’s corpse before being eliminated by the corpse controllers. Finally, this group came up with a method to take the corpse without letting anyone know it was them.”

“What method?” Feiyun asked.

“Using the Yang Soul Holy Embryo’s blood to open a Yang Soul Trigram to summon a Divine Yang Behemoth. This god wasn’t a creature from this world so it wasn’t afraid of Yama’s evil energy. Moreover, it was 374 meters tall with immense power. Giants couldn’t stop it at all.” The old man said.

A Divine Yang Behemoth!

Feiyun thought about the giant slumbering beneath the river of blood. The image of one that could wear the sky with a terrifying shout, causing birds to flee...

The old man saw Feiyun’s expression and smiled: “That’s’ right. The skeleton below that river is the Divine Yang Behemoth!

“It might not belong in this world but it still had a body made out of flesh and blood. This body simply couldn’t handle the evil energy from yama. Its body melted into that river of blood while its bones slumbered beneath. Only by using the blood of the Yang Soul Holy Embryo would one be able to wake it up for the second time.”

This behemoth could slay a Giant with one punch. It ferociously rushed into the cave and broke the four kings’ seal before taking Yama’s remains away.

Such an existence, if woken up, would be an incalculable destructive force.

Feiyun was startled: “The Yang Soul Holy Embryo is essential in waking it up?”

The old man nodded: “Have to borrow the Yang Soul Trigram from the Ji Clan too.”

The Yang Soul Holy Embryo was a type of Abnormality twins, not just Ji Xinnu and Ji Xiaonu. No wonder why the Ji Clan and the Yang World wanted to capture them again. It turned out their blood could activate the trigram to wake up this behemoth.

Anyone who could wake it up would gain an invincible general that could sweep through the world.

Feiyun said: “Then which powers were involved in stealing Yama from the cave?”

The old man didn’t hold anything back: “Yang World’s Monarch, Yin World’s Mother, Ji Clan, and the First Hall of the Senluo Temple.”

Feiyun took a deep breath. These were all super-level sects! The leaders of the Yang and Yin Worlds on top of the First Hall.

Only the First Hall had yet to show itself among the ten. It seemed particularly mysterious.

He was still curious: "If these big shots stole the skeleton from the cave, why would it be here at the Feng Clan's tomb?"

The old man smiled mockingly: "The eight parts of Yama are all powerful. They couldn't divide them evenly and started fighting."

"This gave our Feng Clan a chance. Even though it was stealing food before the tigers' jaw, we still managed to steal some parts of the skeleton. Alas, during the battle at Mount Banda back then, the ultimate genius of the Feng Clan was buried there. His talents were just as magnificent as yours."

A glimmer of sadness flashed in the clan master's eyes. Feiyun felt that this was a genuine expression from a real person, not an animated corpse.

The genius this old man was talking about was the Feng Clan's legend, Feng Chi.

Feiyun really wanted to tell him that Feng Chi had crawled out of the ground as a Corpse Evil, no longer the unbeatable hero back then.

"The two eyes were taken by the Ji."

"Skull was taken by the Yang World's Monarch."

"Left hand was taken by the Yin World's Mother."

"The First Hall got the three ribs."

"We got the heart, spine, and right thigh."

Originally, there were only eight parts, but someone took out the two eyes from the skull so there were ten instead.

The old man continued: "The strongest ones are still the eyes, spine, and heart. The spine, in particular, represents endless strength. It can push a mountain and create a new generation. Feiyun, it has fused with you. Once you grasp this source of power, just your fists alone will be unbeatable."

Feiyun didn't really care about this power. It didn't matter how powerful the spine is, how could it compare to a perfect Immortal Phoenix Physique?

He inquired: "The heart should represent Yama's evil life energy, where is it?"

The old man revealed a sinister smile while slightly rubbing his chest. He revealed a non-beating heart. It would only jump after he devoured the body of a Giant.

He spent more than one thousand years to fuse with this heart. It allowed him to live longer.

There was no need to say anything else, Feiyun was clear of the situation by now!

After fusing with Yama's heart, the clan master had turned "evil". Perhaps he didn't even realize this.

What Feiyun couldn't tell at this moment was whether the clan master was still alive or dead?

Perhaps the clan master was really dead 1,500 years ago. This current man had been eaten by Yama's evil energy and turned into someone else.

Longzhe County, Celestial Paradise.

This used to be the training ground for the Feng Clan but it had become the Seventh Hall's territory. More than one million Feng members were now prisoners.

This was the third day.

Many influential characters came to this location for the grand event.

A few came to take advantage of the situation. For example, the clans and sects from the Grand Southern Prefecture that were on the same level as the Feng - Grand Development Gate, Violetcloud Grotto, Qin Clan, and First Heaven Gate...

They came here to deal with the Seventh Hall, wanting to divide the Feng's territory.

Of course, some were only here for fun, like the Fourth and Tenth Halls. Their big shots have arrived at noon yesterday.

Feiyun had captured their young lord. This whole incident was quite a stir and everyone was laughing at them. It was quite a joke that they couldn't defeat a near-death Feiyun and their successor was captured as well.

People were also secretly laughing that women who have fallen into Feiyun's hands wouldn't be able to keep their virginity. The Seventh Lord was no exception either.

Rumor has it that the Seven Hall Lord was furious and would personally come to the Celestial Paradise.

[Chapter 397: One Call, A Hundred Responses](#)

The Celestial Paradise was located at the end of a spirit vein with ninety-nine peaks. With clouds above, red maple leaves and green bamboo, these towering hills were washed by the mist. Four three-meter-long cranes flew out from the mist with four cultivators standing on top of them, dressed in a golden daoist robe.

The cranes uttered very pleasant and clear sound. They entered the mountain to reach the Celestial Paradise.

Looking from the distant, one could see three collapsed peaks on the ground like three lying giants. The palaces ahead crumbled into a sad atmosphere. This was the result of the battle three days ago.

The Feng experts were all virtually dead. The other disciples were imprisoned among the peaks. Many of the caves have turned into prisons.

The Celestial Paradise has been taken over by the Seventh Hall.

There were many cultivators here today. Heretical members, nobles from the government, and seniors from the cultivation sects were present.

The youngest Divine Commander, Ling Donglai, was also here. This was a talented genius with a million troops under his banner.

He wore an iron armor and rode a lizard beast towering at ten meters. He came representing the government with four more powerful Generals with him. These were his most capable subordinates that have survived many battles - all dragons among men.

Ji Cangyue wore a black robe like a messenger from hell. She used a Ghost Immortal Bridge to cross through the hills towards the paradise.

She had reached first-level Heaven's Mandate two years ago while cultivating the evil spirit art from the Grave Palace Treasure Seeking Record. She was now an evil Treasure Master, capable of stealing others' cultivation for her own. This type of cultivation made her improve by leaps and bounds. Her cultivation was unfathomable at this moment.

Today, everyone understood that if Feng Feiyun didn't take Wan Xiangcen back, all the Feng descendants were going to be killed.

"Wan Xiangcen has a hegemon for a father yet Feiyun still dared to touch her. No wonder why even the Seventh Hall Lord is anxious right now." A man with a face as pale as a ghost slowly stepped into the paradise.

This was the Fourth Lord of the Senluo Temple, Xue Changxiao. He had two old men following him and acting as his protectors.

One of the old men smiled with disdain: "Feng Feiyun is stricken by the Yama's Decay Blood. He's already a dead man, is there anything a dead man doesn't dare to do in the world?"

"Makes sense." A black cloud appeared beneath Changxiao's feet. He floated to the sky and headed for the central peak of the paradise.

This central peak had bells and palaces everywhere with a surging auspicious light.

This was indeed a big event with many cultivators. The big shots from the Grand Southern Prefecture personally came with their followers.

The Qin Ancestor controlled a bronze carriage through the sky. The driver was a young man in a yellow robe with a sword on his back, adorned by a silver pendant. This was the Qin's best genius, Qin Ming.

The ancestor called Daoist Mountain Piercing from the Grand Development Gate was also present. He was once heavily wounded by the Evil Woman and after several years of recovery and a great number of spirit pills and medicines, he had gotten better.

First Heaven Gate and Violet Cloud Grotto were both here. These two were the top cultivation sects with more than a million disciples and a thousand year of history, quite an impressive foundation.

They came to divide the Feng Clan's businesses in the mortal world. After all, these businesses were nothing to the Seventh Hall but not to these two sects.

"The Feng used to be so prestigious, but now, they're bullied in their own territory." Feng Mo on top of a collapsed peak inside the Celestial Paradise and stared at two hanging corpses while stroking his white beard.

These two corpses were the two Feng ancestors, killed by the Seventh Vice Lord. Their body was left to rot in the sun while hanging on top of a peak. A group of crows was attracted.

The body of Giants couldn't be eaten. After these crows took a bite of flesh, they instantly caught on fire and became ashes. Nevertheless, more crows still came over like moths drawn to the flames.

Half of their flesh had been eaten so their bones were exposed in the air.

Feiyun stood behind Feng Mo and also stared at the corpses. He had no love for the three ancestors of the Feng so he didn't feel anything.

Before reaching this place, he had received news that the third ancestor had also been killed. The Nine Doves Gown was also missing. The corpse of this ancestor was brought to an auction at the Yin Gou Ward and sold at a sky-high price.

The death of the three ancestors was a fatal blow to the clan. Feiyun could hear the wails of anguish nearby from the imprisoned descendants. They stared at their ancestors' corpses and cried in despair.

It was nearly over for the Feng Clan.

"It's over, we'll all die here in this ancestral ground."

"Even if we survive, we'll only be slaves. I heard the people from the Seventh Hall all want to buy us."

"I rather die to the sword than kneel as a slave!"

The caves for cultivation have turned into prisons. Along the way, only cries of despair were heard.

After crossing through a valley full of strange stones, a shout came from one of the cave: "Feng Feiyun, you can't bring that goddamned woman back, that's suicidal!"

Feng Feiyun stopped and stared at the cave. There were more than one hundred Feng members inside. The screamer was a heaven-defying genius, Feng Lingji.

He was the top prodigy besides Feng Feiyun and Little Demoness. He used to be in the evil slaying alliance and tried to pursue Feiyun before. It ended in his defeat.

In the past, he wouldn't give up even after losing to Feiyun but it was different now. They didn't even have the power to resist against the Seventh Hall but the guy managed to capture the Seventh Lord. This was the disparity in ability.

Another person was full of tears: "The Feng Clan is on the verge of extinction, Feiyun, you're the last of us, you can't go to your death like this!"

"That's right! You don't have long to live, hurry up and leave our clan a seed! I can't watch our clan ends like this!"

"Don't think too much, sleep with that demoness already and have a child with her!"

"Sleep with her, leave an offspring for the Feng!"

These children all thought that they were doomed for certain so they were telling Feng Feiyun to sleep with Wan Xiangcen in order to have a kid. Otherwise, if Feng Feiyun were to die, it would really be over for their clan.

One could hear this sentiment echoing across the mountain. It caused Feiyun to be quite awkward while Xiangcen walking behind him couldn't lift her head. What was she going to do? Tell them that she was already raped by Feng Feiyun?

"Stop blabbering, everyone, come with me to the ceremony hall at the central peak! Find your own heretical girls and sleep with them if you can!" With a white flash, a stone saber appeared in his hand. He aimed and slashed at the formation on the cave.

A white dragon soared from the blade and issued a loud roar. It directly shattered the seven layers of formations. All the Feng members went flying from inside.

This was a formation prepared by a heretical expert at Heaven's Mandate so the prisoners couldn't do anything about it. However, Feiyun only needed one blade to the astonishment of the crowd. Many of them wore an expression of fandom.

After escaping, the stirred members all lunged for Wan Xiangcen to get revenge. Of course, some of them also wanted to impregnate her.

Feng Feiyun stood with his blade on his shoulder. A fierce roar emanated from his body as he protected Xiangcen. Are they joking? This demoness was his woman right now, how could he let them cripple her?

"If you want revenge against the Seventh Hall, come with me. Defeat them and their women shall be yours. But, this beauty is not for you to touch." He embraced her soft body and declared

Xiangcen was furious not only at these Feng members but also Feng Feiyun who was running his hand all over her body. If it wasn't for part of her cultivation being sealed, she would have killed everyone here.

"Very well! We'll listen to you, even if it is throwing an egg at a stone. We're Feng men and will die fighting them. We'll use our blood to prove our unyieldingness as members of the Feng!"

All the members followed Feiyun and rushed for the central peak. They broke many prisons along the way and their rank grew stronger. Once they made it to the place, there were several tens of thousand men behind him.

This was one person calling and getting a hundred responses. The right charm and charisma could eventually win the world.

All the people here were ready to die. After all, the disparity in strength was too much. Moreover, they didn't notice the old man standing next to Feng Feiyun or they would have found him to be exactly the same as the portrait of the ancestor whom they worshiped every year.

[Chapter 398: The Central Peak](#)

The cultivators at the Seventh Hall were alarmed. Several hundred disciples in black flew down like birds from the peak. Wind-breaking noises filled the air.

They were elites with a ferocious aura and were ready to suppress the rebelling Feng children.

“Bang!” Feng Feiyun slashed the sky open. A dragon wave flew out and engulfed the sky. More than ten heretical disciples were killed with blood pouring down from the sky. Their body slammed into the mountain.

Meanwhile, the Feng members were filled with hatred. All of them unleashed their techniques; more than ten thousand beams of light flew up and blasted the group of elites into smithereens.

The first clan master leisurely followed Feng Feiyun and didn’t say a single thing from start to finish. He stared at Feng Feiyun’s back while slightly nodding his head with an approving smile.

Once they made it to the waist of the mountain, some real experts from the Seventh Hall finally showed up. They were three old men dressed in black robe tinged with gold. Their hair was gray with many wrinkles on their face.

They have cultivated for more than 400 years and were at first-level Heaven’s Mandate. This was the elder level of the Seventh Hall.

Heaven’s Mandate had nine levels. Once reaching the first, one would have five hundred years of life.

It was exceedingly difficult to break through each level. More than half of cultivators became stuck at the first level due to a lack of talents. They would eventually die from old age at this level.

For example, if the Jin Dynasty had one hundred billion citizens, only a very sad amount could reach Heaven’s Mandate, around one million. In other words, only one out of one million would be able to do so.

Alas, among this group, more than half would stop at the first level even if they were to cultivate for four hundred more years. Of course, with all of the training and accumulation through the centuries, they were much stronger than ordinary first-level Heaven’s Mandates.

This was a cruel elimination process. The higher the level, the higher the chance for elimination. For example, only one out of ten half-step Giants would be able to reach the Giant level. Fifth-level Heaven’s Mandate cultivators only had a ten percent chance of reaching the half-step level as well.

Always only a few people could stand at the apex.

There was a great disparity of power for each of the level. It became harder to surpass levels and win. After all, the top members could reach the upper levels must all have relatively decent talents after a natural filtering process. Because of this, grand historical geniuses could no longer kill someone three levels higher. Even just fighting someone two levels above was relatively difficult; it could even result in defeat.

“Feng Feiyun, release our lord and we won’t desecrate your corpse.” The skinny one among the three pointed at Feng Feiyun and demanded.

Feiyun carried his saber over towards them and smiled: “Release my family and get the hell out of the Celestial Paradise then I’ll hand her over.”

“Such impudence! You think you are qualified to negotiate with us?” The skinny old man knew Feng Feiyun was no slouch. He immediately took out his soulbound artifact. His dantian lit up and a bronze vessel flew out just like a blue lightning bolt.

Feiyun didn't want to fight against them since his goal was to rescue people, not kill. Killing was the business of real masters.

He grabbed Wan Xiangcen and propped his saber by her neck, resembling a meat-seller uncle at the street market getting ready to kill a swan.

Xiangcen was his swan at this moment. He said in an unyielding manner: "Which motherfuckers dare to come over here? You think I won't chop off her head?"

His face was still pale without any pink like an ailing youth. He didn't want others to know that he had cured the poisonous blood. If the big shots from the last generation were to find out, he would never be able to sleep and eat well. They would view him as a thorn and always try to kill him. Thus, he has to keep on pretending to be dying.

Xiangcen's slender fingers were cracking from her clenching them too hard out of anger. This damned Feng Feiyun actually grabbed her head and pushed her down to the ground before inching his blade on her neck. How could she ever look at anyone after this?

Feiyun indeed scared the three old men back. They were worried that he would panic and do something stupid. If Xiangcen were to be hurt at all, the three of them would disappear from the cultivation world.

Everyone knew that Feiyun didn't have long to live so he wasn't afraid of death. That's why no one wanted to gamble against him.

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!" Xiangcen's four female guards also landed from the peak. They had a black cloak and a ponytail. A yellow belt accentuated their slender neck.

All four were at second-level Heaven's Mandate; they were heaven-defying geniuses. Their thick aura showed that their battle capabilities couldn't be that much weaker than Feiyun.

An older one among the four escorted a middle-aged man along and said coldly: "Feiyun, do you recognize him?"

His skin was slightly black but it didn't deter his scholarly and gallant presence. His flashing eyes stared angrily at the female guard.

"Second Uncle!" Feiyun's eyes turned gentle. His uncle had grown older after these last several years.

Feiyun's grandfather had three sons. His father was Feng Wanpeng, the third son.

This middle-aged man was Feng Wanli, his father's second older brother.

"Feiyun!" Wanli stared emotionally at Feiyun and couldn't help tears from coming out. He sighed and said: "You shouldn't have come here!"

If Feiyun only had the soul of the phoenix clan master, he simply wouldn't care for familial ties and this human.

However, though he had a phoenix soul, his body was still a human body. The real master soul was the human one from the young master.

Meanwhile, the phoenix soul was more of a gigantic sphere of memories. To a certain extent, it could affect the young master's emotions and decision-making ability but it was not in charge.

Alas, the hatred towards Shui Yueting had been carved deep into the soul. Even after a reincarnation of sorts, it didn't diminish at all.

Because of this, Feng Feiyun was kind towards his family and treated him as seniors. Otherwise, he wouldn't care for this mess.

He smiled wryly: "Second Uncle, don't worry. Since I dare to come here, I'm completely confident about saving everyone."

Feng Wanli closed his eyes and shook his head. The Seventh Hall was too strong for a junior to handle. In order to avoid troubling his nephew, he was ready to kill himself

There was still one more thing he was worried about. He opened his eyes and asked: "Jianxue left with you, is she still alive?"

Wanli was Jianxue's foster father. He didn't know that Feng Jianxue was a spy sent by Monk Jiu Rou in order to find the Feng Clan's cemeteries. Her real name was Nalan Xuejian.

Feiyun slightly paused and said: "She's... doing well and have met a wise monk, virtuous and good at everything. No one can bully her now."

"Good, good. That girl is really lucky then, you need to take good care of her later!" Wanli was finally at peace with his last worry one. He could finally die now.

Feiyun naturally noticed that he was setting up for death. When he wanted to stop Wanli, a fierce lightning bolt shattered the air and aimed for his head.

"Boom!" A top expert wanted to kill Feng Feiyun in one blow with a sneak attack in order to save Wan Xiangcen.

The first clan master standing by his side had a flashing evil glint in his eyes. He wanted to take action but then noticed something in the far horizon. He recalled his aura and stood quietly again.

A majestic and heroic voice came like a heroic bell. It made others feel pain in their eardrums: "Hmph! A half-step Giant ambushing a junior? Have you no shame?"

A second later, the voice was already very close. A stick came from the crowd and destroyed the lightning bolt.

The half-step Giant from the Seventh Hall landed from the peak and stared at the crowd: "Who the hell just did that? Daring to mess with our business? How bold, come out here!"

The voice of this half-step Giant was sonorous as well and caused more than ten kids from the Feng Clan to bleed from their ears.

A hunchback old man with gray hair came out from the crowd. He had a walking stick and a red trouser on top of a broad blade used for chopping. He lost half of his teeth already but was still nibbling on a pear.

[Chapter 399: The Return Of The Feng Experts](#)

The old man stumbled about as if he had one foot in the grave already. Nevertheless, he still dressed very freely in the style of a bandit.

Feng Feiyun almost spat in astonishment. This was Third Boss from the Huangfeng Ridge.

Back when he was a bandit, he had already guessed that this old geezer had something to do with the Feng Clan. Sure enough, he climbed out of his cave the moment something happened to the Feng.

Feiyun didn't know that this person named Feng Dugu was his grandfather's grandfather, four levels of seniority higher than him.

Third Boss used to be a supreme genius from the clan, the next successor even. However, he went to the capital in order to save his good friend so he left the clan first. After saving the friend, he hid in the southern border and became a bandit. Alas, when the Feng's survival was hanging on a thread, he still came out as its member.

He held his walking stick while trembling to say: "What's the Seventh Hall? Never heard of it."

"Old geezer, I'll show you what it is." The skinny old man took out a spear and cut through the sky with lightning speed.

Third Boss threw away the half-eaten pear and grabbed his blade. He slashed the old man into two halves. The guy's innards fell outside onto the puddle of blood.

"Oh? Didn't put in any strength?!" Isn't the legendary Senluo Temple really badass?" Dugu laughed, revealing his lack of teeth.

Despite being an old geezer, he was a bully and resembled a mountain bandit that had committed many heinous crimes.

A half-step Giant became livid and shouted: "Ignorant fool!"

"Boom!" He made a cross with both hands. A cold energy oozed out and made the temperature go down. Snowflakes fell from the sky with this bleakness.

A gigantic slash the size of a mountain range made out of ice divided the clouds in the sky.

"Rumble!" This was an attack from a half-step Giant. Just the momentum of the slash alone forced more than one thousand Feng members to drop to the ground. His power even made many of them vomit blood.

Third Boss used his blade to shatter the gigantic ice mountain in the sky. He laughed and leaped upward to slash at the half-step Giant.

It was a strike strong enough to sweep the half-step Giant off his feet.

"Keke, here's another one." He unleashed the second slash and knocked the Giant's soundbound artifact away.

A third slash came downward.

“Pluff!” This half-step Giant was severed into two pieces as well. Blood flowed from his corpse on the ground.

This scene shocked everyone. Who the hell was this stick-like old man, to actually kill a half-step in just three slashes? Even the Seventh Hall would feel pain after losing a member at this level.

One old cultivator from the Feng Clan shouted: “Father, is it you?”

Third Boss dressed very freely in his red trousers. He replied: “I’m here to kill today, not for a family reunion.”

The Qin Ancestor on top of the central peak smiled hoarsely: “The last Giant of the Feng is back. Feng Dugu was gone for 180 years, who would have thought he would come back to die today?”

The Qin and Feng have always been enemies. That’s why the ancestor was able to recognize Feng Dugu.

“If he’s the last Giant, I’ll send him off.” A dark voice came about. The speaker flew out of the Feng’s ancestral temple and soared down the peak.

At the Celestial Paradise right now, outside of the two Vice Hall Lords outside, there were six other Giants from the Seventh Hall. The attacker was the strongest of the six, Lu Kuang.

He didn’t waste time at all and immediately attacked Feng Dugu. Both were Giants so each technique was earth-shattering.

Third Boss landed on a peak far away with Lu Kuang chasing right behind him. Lu Kuang destroyed the peak with a single punch. This battle capability was truly fierce. Even the sky shook in response.

“Haha, the cultivation laws of the Feng Clan are too low-level like the Grand Gale Art. Even though you are a Giant, your battle capabilities are no match for our Seventh Hall’s Giants.”

Lu Kuang unleashed a palm attack with the reverberating power of a dragon-tiger. Two more large mountains collapsed like dried branches. His abilities were indeed frightening, nearly on the verge of becoming a Super Giant. This Boss’ blade was shattered by his strikes. He became crazier and more powerful as the battle waged on. [1]

“The Feng shall face extinction today. Men shall be sold as slaves and women, prostitutes. Show no mercy to the ones who dare to rebel!” A different Giant from the temple said.

The Seventh Hall wanted to win as fast as possible. Two Giants began to team up against the Third Boss.

Feiyun became worried and glanced at the first clan master. ‘Why is this old geezer still just watching?’

Meanwhile, the first clan master was staring at the southern horizon. Feiyun followed his gaze as well and saw a huge white cat flying in the sky. There was a fourteen-year-old girl sitting on its back. Who else could it be but Little Demoness?

However, the thing that really shocked him was the stalwart man standing next to her. He wore a white armor with an extremely tattered red cloak.

On top of his armor was a shield with a large character, “Feng”.

Feng Chi stood there proudly like a pine tree floating in the middle of the sky. His eyes were deep as he stared at the mountains ahead.

“Feng Chi!” Feiyun blurted out.

Little Demoness had actually brought Feng Chi from Mount Banda to this place. This little girl still cared about the clan and brought this mythical character back here.

Despite being dead for more than one thousand years, he was still as strong as ever. He alone scared the Giants stiff from the Violetsea Cave and the Senluo Temple.

Feiyun still hasn't forgotten the scene of him alone holding the gate and deterring the crowd.

A fun show was about to happen. The strongest members of the Feng were back. If the Seventh Hall was to underestimate them, this sect wouldn't be able to leave the Celestial Paradise alive.

Little Demoness' starry eyes were searching through the crowd. She finally found Feiyun and her lips started moving. Who knows what no good she was up to?

Meanwhile, Feng Chi looked like a statue and stared at this familiar place. A wave of emotion rippled through his eyes.

He stiffly stretched out a finger. A white ray shot out towards the sky.

A miserable scream sounded instantly with blood pouring down.

Lu Kuang's arm was severed by the ray earlier. He flew out from the clouds with fear on his face and quickly stopped the bleeding. He landed on the hillside and stared at the armored man to the south.

Third Boss and the other Giant also stopped, alarmed by the sudden development.

That attack earlier resembled a light from the heavenly dao. The three felt a terrible and irresistible power within.

Little Demoness laughed with a voice as clear as the wind: “Cultivators from the Seventh Hall, listen up. Our strongest expert, a Supreme Giant, has returned. Scram right now or get ready for a beating!”

Everyone became confused since Feng Chi had died a long time ago. No one knew him right now.

The big shots on top of the central peak were startled and started to think about the identity of this armored man that came out of nowhere. Just the lift of his finger was enough to sever Lu Kuang's arm.

Even the Qin Ancestor became puzzled this time. How could the Feng produce such a terrible expert? If they had someone like this, they would have long been the hegemon of the Grand Southern Prefecture.

“Hmph, one can count the number of Supreme Giants in the Jin Dynasty with one's hand. Little girl, who are you trying to fool?” Despite being crippled, Lu Kuang was still as ready to fight as ever. He was unconvinced and thought that the enemy was only successful due to the sneak attack. If it was a direct fight, he wouldn't necessarily be the loser.

Little Demoness' pretty face became angry. She pouted and said: “I'm a good girl, not a liar!”

Lu Kuang snorted and took out a grindstone of a bloody color. It towered at one hundred meter high. He moved the axle of the grindstone and it issued a screeching sound.

This was a spirit treasure!

Lu Kuang was aware of Feng Chi's strength so he didn't dare to take it easy. He took out a spirit treasure but Feng Chi still stood there in a daze without moving.

This enraged Lu Kuang since he thought the guy was looking down on him. He used his full power to attack with the grindstone. Thunders resounded everywhere with a majestic aura; this resembled the fury of a thunder god.

"Rumble!" Feng Chi stretched out his hand this time and casually waved it. The huge grindstone shattered and created eight huge pits on the ground.

The guy had actually crushed a spirit treasure with his bare hand just now!

That was too much to take for Lu Kuang. He had an ominous feeling and turned to run...

"Boom!" A huge palm seal descended from the sky and pushed Lu Kuang down to the ground, crushing him to a pulp.

Feng Chi withdrew his hand and stood there motionlessly again like an everlasting tablet among the winds.

The entire place was shocked. No one could stay calm.

[Chapter 400: Undefeated Legend](#)

Flowers of blood fell from the sky with a sanguine stench. The Feng children, the cultivators at the central peak, and the Giants from the Senluo Temple looked like they were struck by thunder.

Just a wave of the palm was enough to kill a Giant - how many people in the contemporary were capable of this?

"Is this a forgotten hero from the Feng?" Many people had this question.

The Jin Dynasty was truly large. Not to mention a prefecture, just a county alone was boundless. No one could walk through the entire place.

Many powerful monsters in their old age would leave their clan and sect. They would travel to the wild marshes or a random city in order to comprehend the immortal ways in hope of breaking through. Success would grant them a renewed life while failure would end with a peaceful death.

This was the reason why it was relatively normal to find seclusive experts in the caves. A street beggar could once be a sect master as well. They were using different method in order to find the profundity of the heavenly path.

This was the reason why that after hundreds of years, these awesome characters gaining a thousand years of life would return to their clan after breaking through. However, too many years have passed and no one would recognized them.

The Feng had more than a thousand years of history. It was understandable for them to have an expert returning after several hundred years.

“Could... could it be our legend coming back?” A member of the clan stared at Feng Chi’s majestic figure and stirringly said.

“The invincible hero that had cultivated the Grand Gale Art to the ninth level, the ultimate genius, Feng Chi?”

“It has to be, he looks just like him!”

The children recalled the portrait of their ancestor. There was truly a striking resemblance. However, the portrait was even sharper and more heroic. This man in white armor was cold with a hint of vicissitudes and stiffness.

Feng Feiyun was quite curious. Feng Chi was already a Corpse Evil, how did Little Demoness bring him here? Could it be that there was still a strand of soul within him, a little hint of consciousness?

“Meow!” Whitey was rubbing on Feng Chi’s knee.

Perhaps it wasn’t Little Demoness but Whitey. This was a cat that had run out from the Feng Clan’s ancestral hall. Who knows how many years it had lived for?

Feiyun thought that there was a chance that it was Feng Chi’s cat. It waited in the ancestral hall for a thousand years for its master to come back.

However, it couldn’t wait till Feng Chi came back since Little Demoness took it out instead.

“Hmph, only a dead man. No matter how strong his cultivation is, it’s still only a Corpse Evil.” A burly man with a straw hat and long beard jumped off the central peak while riding a black hawk.

His legs were muscular while his body had a bronze luster. He had a thick iron armor with six iron spears hanging behind him. A fierce and honest temperament resided in him.

His black hawk also had armor made from Black Tortoise Steel. It weighed more than a thousand pounds.

It skirted down the mountain like a Kun Peng on top of an immortal peak. Its screech stirred the souls of the spectators.

Wu Jingfu was another Giant of the Seventh Hall. His ordinary bell-like eyes had a chilling glint. He noticed the faint corpse energy around Feng Chi and realized that the man was dead.

The biggest advantage for these corpses was their terrifying strength while their biggest weakness was their lack of intelligence and reaction time.

This was the reason why Wu Jingfu dared to come out and fight.

The corpses indeed lacked intelligence but this was limited to the first and second levels of transformation. At the third, their intelligence was relatively high and comparable to an eight-year-old child.

At the fourth transformation, they were as smart as regular people. For example, the Evil Woman was no different from the top human cultivators.

Feng Chi noticed Jingfu's hostility. He glanced over and slowly took a step forward.

In a blink of an eye, he was already standing before Jingfu.

'So fast!' Jingfu was shocked. This corpse could actually sense his hostility.

Nevertheless, he was still an experienced Giant and had met all types of experts before. Despite the initial shock, he wasn't afraid at all. He channeled a dragon-tiger power with both hands. Nine shadows of this beast appeared like nine floating mountains, resulting in an indescribable power. Who knows how many pounds of force were about to be unleashed?

Only those capable of unleashing nine dragon-tiger shadows were considered Giant. This was an ability reserved to them, capable of toppling rivers and mountains with just one move.

"Crack!" Feng Chi reached out and formed a fist with his gray hand. A green light surrounded his hand before a gale rushed out through his entire arm. It directly shattered the armor on Jingfu's arm before breaking his bones as well. Keep in mind that these bones have been trained to an unbelievable level and looked just like divine jade.

Jingfu was aghast. This corpse's reaction was not only slow but even faster than his own.

"Supreme Mount Wuzhi!" Jingfu's hand turned into a golden color. His fist alone could shoulder the heaven. The winds and clouds changed with thunders blaring everywhere. A mountain came crashing down from above with five peaks. It looked just like a giant's palm.

This was one of the Senluo Temple's twelve grand evil techniques, created by their third generation lord. This person cultivated both heretical arts and buddhism at the same time due to his great talents. This technique, in particular, was extremely destructive.

All twelve evil techniques were top arts. Just cultivating one alone would allow one to reign against cultivators at the same level.

Feng Chi sighed and let the mountain slam on his body. His body disappeared inside.

"Whoosh!" A white ray flew out of the mountain and curved back down.

"Boom!" Feng Chi placed his palm on top of Jingfu's forehead.

"Crack!" This Giant's head exploded like a watermelon with blood gushing out. The air and the soil began to burn. A heat wave assaulted the area.

"Clank!" Jingfu's armor and six spear fell down and turned red from being burned in the fire.

Another Giant had fallen!

This scene wasn't too shocking to Feng Feiyun but others were quivering in astonishment. Two Giants have fallen just like two great mountains crumbling down.

The cultivators from the Seventh Hall were even more shaken. Some screamed because these Giants were their ancestors. They rarely saw them normally and considered these ancestors to be unstoppable deities. But now, their blood was staining this entire place. This felt like a nightmare.

No one could stay calm as they stared at Feng Chi as if he was a ghost. This man stood there so inconspicuously but when he took action, he turned the place into hell.

Flowers fluttered down from the sky like the rain with a strange sweet fragrance. A huge, black poppy flower blossomed in the middle of everything. It was bright enough to resemble a black sun.

Two suns were in the sky now. One was dazzling while the other a boundless circle of darkness.

A beautiful woman came out of the poppy flower. Her dress was tight fitting, revealing her slender body. Her cloud red shoes, strangely enough, were worn out. She looked arrogant and murderous.

A hint of heroism was situated in the middle of her forehead. Her arms were covered with a thin cloth with a lace pattern. Her weapon of choice was a short sword with a sharpness deterring others from looking straight at it.

"Vice Hall Lord Ying Su, this is a top three existence at the Seventh Hall, definitely a Super Giant. Liu Kuang and Wu Jingfu are only her subordinates."

Ying Su had a frightening cultivation as a top member of the heretical faction. She was also a lady with notorious fame.

She was even more merciless compared to the other two Giants earlier like the sharpest of swords.

She pointed forward and unleashed a sword ray spanning for a thousand meters.

This was a fight between top experts so many cultivators were accidentally wounded. Just a single strand of remnant energy could cut down a mountain side.

Feng Chi stood against the sword attack without moving. His tattered red cloak was fluttering in the wind, issuing some noises.

Ying Su became serious after seeing the ineffective first move. She shot out the Heaven Restoration Evil Gaze, one of the twelve grand evil techniques. Two black rays flew out of her eyes, aiming for Feng Chi's own.

"Grand!"

"Gale!"

"Art!"

Feng Chi's lips slightly moved and whispered the three words. He stretched out his finger and a wind-breaking noise came from his fingertip.

The atmosphere of the area was broken and turned into a force of the wind affinity. It took the shape of an enraged serpent.

This wind serpent crushed all the flowers in the sky and pierced through her body. This alluring beauty shuddered like crazy with a pale expression before her body disappeared with the wind. Her left shoulder disintegrated and her head turned into blood. Her chest became powder and her legs became a victim to the wind as well.

A great beauty, a Super Giant, the Vice Lord of the heretical faction had been blown away by the wind without leaving anything left. What's left of her body scattered all over the place.

Silence!

Everyone knew about her notoriety and two Giants of the Feng were taken down by her. However, she was rendered into dust by a single finger from Feng Chi.

Who would dare to say that the Feng's cultivation law was useless? Who would dare to say that their Giants were weak now?