

Sprit Vessel 401

[Chapter 401: Enlightened Being](#)

More than ten thousand Feng members applauded in a furor, having witnessed the true power of the Grand Gale Art. No one could calm their boiling blood. Wouldn't it be nice if they could reach this level one day? They could rampage across the world without anyone capable of stopping them.

The cultivators from the Seventh Hall were speechless, including the ten supreme elders, the four Giants, and the remaining Vice Lord. It was impossible to describe their feeling with words. They have met an impenetrable wall, there was no chance for victory.

The ones who wanted to take advantage of the situation felt something was wrong. For example, the Qin Clan Master, the Giant from First Heaven, Violetcloud Sect Master, Yue Chongzi from the Grand Development Gate; they all wanted to leave.

"Boom!" An expanse of water ran across the sky like a river. A middle-aged man wearing a black-dragon robe with a crest led a group of old men closer.

This was the Seventh Hall Lord.

This was his first time showing himself to the public. Only a formidable character would be capable of becoming a heretical Hall Lord.

All the heretical cultivators prostrated to greet him, including the Giants and supreme elders, as if they were meeting a king.

The strong rules with strict hierarchy in the heretical faction. A Hall Lord was a supreme existence so all the other cultivators needed to kneel.

"Seventh Hall, heed my order. Everyone, follow my lead!" The members followed his command. Waves of evil energy soared to the sky and turned into an expanse of billowing black clouds. Where they went, the cultivators nearby were annihilated by their aura. Their flesh exploded instantly.

The Hall Lord, Vice Lord, four Giants, and the supreme elders led the unit to kill Feng Chi.

Feng Chi stood there proudly with his armor as white as snow. His expression was one of loneliness like a broken-hearted man standing in winter.

It has been many years since the last magnificent scene of this level. Many Giants were fighting at the same time. Just the murderous bloodthirst alone could be sensed thousands of miles away.

Half of the sky turned dark to the dismay of the crowd.

Suddenly, an ominous and ancient voice whispered into everyone's ears: "From today henceforth, the Senluo Temple shall only have nine halls."

"Thump." The first clan master standing next to Feiyun took a step forward and soared into the sky. His hair became black and grew more than ten meters long. His eyes were fierce; just his evil energy alone was denser than all of the experts from the Seventh Hall combined.

Imagine this scene, a great sun in the sky overshadowing all the stars nearby.

People still couldn't tell who he was but he had already taken action. He unleashed a single palm with a hint of softness and unquestionable authority. It had the power to change the landscape of the world.

This ultimate palm strike descended from above and blew all the heretical experts flying.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" The sixteen supreme elders of the half-step Giant level were instantly disintegrated. They couldn't even scream in time.

The four Giants were torn to pieces from the power of the palm. Their blood began to burn the air so they became balls of fire slamming into the ground, a truly calamitous scene.

The Vice Lord also faced death. His flesh turned into bloody grains from the impact. Only his bones remained, as shiny as white jade. It fell into the ground and issued some clicking noises.

Only the Seventh Lord survived but he was filled with holes. Many parts of his body have been blown away by the wind and required immediate mending.

Feng Mo hovered in the sky with black clouds increasingly gathering above his head. His bloodthirst truly made the world tremble. So many people uncontrollably dropped to the ground.

His aura was simply too powerful, just like an invincible Godfiend.

The sun disappeared and replaced by the moon. The stars started to move as a nefarious image appeared in the sky.

A gigantic full moon floated above Feng Mo with stars rotating around it.

"This is a change of the sun and moon, a distortion of the stars." Feng Feiyun stared at the nefarious image.

The last time when an image like this appeared was the emergence of the Evil Woman. One must go back more than six thousand years for the one before that, during the night before the formation of the Jin Dynasty.

This type of celestial image would only show up when a great saint or devil came out.

The top experts all over the Jin Dynasty could sense this nefarious energy coming from the south. Cultivators that have been in isolated training all woke up.

Back at the Beastmaster Camp in a distant mountain range, Monk Jiu Rou was holding a large jar of wine inside a temple. He looked southward and lamented: "One Evil Woman isn't enough, another nefarious being has come out. The time of chaos has arrived, no one will be able to stop this unprecedented turmoil. Mountains of corpses and oceans of blood, countless shall be buried."

"One palm killing five Giants... this, this isn't a power available to Heaven's Mandate cultivators. It must be an Enlightened Being at the Nirvana level."

Those on the central peaks felt a cold chill as they stared in horror at the old man floating in the sky. Even Giants dropped to their knees.

Only ten people in the entire Jin Dynasty have reached the Nirvana level. All of them were called Enlightened Beings.

Some of them were characters from several thousand years ago. A few have not shown up for more than a thousand years now. Many people assumed that they have died in some remote and unknown places.

After all, even Enlightened Beings would die eventually.

Thus, only five or less Enlightened Beings were confirmed to be living. This was the reason why these Giants were in awe of Feng Mo.

“That’s the patriarch...” A random member of the Feng suddenly screamed: “Oh god, that’s the patriarch! He looks exactly like the portrait!”

“Our patriarch is still alive! The heaven blesses us! The heaven blesses us!” Many members of the clan started to cry.

This was Feng Mo’s goal, to either go big or not do it at all. He wanted to show the world that the Feng wasn’t so easily bullied. The Feng must gain some benefits in this incoming chaos.

Feng Mo carried back the wounded Seventh Hall Lord and threw him to the ground like a dead dog: “Feng Feiyun, kill him!”

The Seventh Lord was still a hero. Despite his injuries, he still stood up proudly. His robe was completely tattered but he didn’t look downtrodden at all. His eyes were still unyielding and dignified.

Feng Mo had long considered Feng Feiyun to be his successor. He would be the next clan master so Feiyun needed to follow his plan and become merciless and stern.

But this wasn’t Feiyun’s style. He had no plan on coming back after being expelled. No one could make him submit or force him to violate his own creeds.

Feiyun seemed to not have heard Feng Mo. He ran directly towards Feng Wanli lying in a pool of blood. He held him up and said with concern: “Second Uncle, Second Uncle...”

The palm strike earlier from Feng Mo didn’t only kill all the experts from the Seventh Hall but it also affected many innocent people. Feng Wanli who was captured by the four female guards was one of them.

The four guards were killed by the shockwave emanating from the strike. Feng Wanli was also bloodied with his internal organs broken. He was on the verge of death.

Feiyun moved the violet spirit energy in his body to Feng Wanli to cure his wounds and protect his veins. He was extremely unhappy with Feng Mo. This evil old man was too cruel and didn’t care for the lives of people on his side.

That palm earlier killed so many children from the Feng Clan. If he had any loving sentiments, an expert of his level could have masterfully avoided this!

It was more apt to say that the Feng Clan was about to be his stepping stone for world hegemony.

After turning evil, Feng Mo had lost certain emotions that a man should have.

Feiyun naturally wouldn't become his friend. His option was to run away right now since he was not a match for Feng Mo. Submitting was not a choice at all.

Feng Mo was livid. His most hopeful descendant didn't listen to him. A cruel glint appeared in his eyes as he raised his hand and directly tore the Seventh Hall Lord to pieces.

"Feng Feiyun, how bold, you dare not listening to the ancestor? You are indeed a traitor, deserving of death!" The current clan master of the Feng jumped out and said.

Before Feng Chi and Feng Mo came out, this clan master was hiding inside the crowd and didn't dare to say a single word. He only came out after all the experts from the Seventh Hall were killed.

This clan master could see that the ancestor favored Feng Feiyun. Remember that expelling and sending people to kill Feng Feiyun were all his ideas. If Feng Feiyun were to gain power, he would be the next to die.

"Shut up! No need for you to tell me what to do!" Feng Mo slapped the clan master into a rain of blood before glaring at Feiyun: "Listen up, take Feiyun back into the clan's prison."

Despite losing certain emotions after turning evil, Feng Mo still used to be the first clan master. He naturally knew that one person alone, regardless of how strong they might be, couldn't build a dynasty. He needed supreme talents under his banner. Feng Feiyun was the most suitable candidate.

Feiyun definitely couldn't die. He still had some uses for the guy.

[Chapter 402: Evil Intentions](#)

Seven days later at the Celestial Paradise.

The auspicious atmosphere had returned to this place. Even the collapsed peaks have been rebuilt by someone with an amazing technique. Spirit springs gave birth to trees of different colors - purple, green red...

Bells could be occasionally heard again among the ninety-nine peaks. Huge beasts were flying in the clouds and issued their wild roars. Handsome cultivators rode their swords into the sky. Some old men with gray hair and beard came with their cranes.

In just seven days, the smoke-filled battlefield had turned into a scene of immortals.

A proverb fits this situation perfectly: Small a mountain may be, with an immortal it shall be famous. Shallow a river may be, with a dragon it shall be glorious.

The appearance of an Enlightened Being was enough to turn the Celestial Paradise into a true holy land for cultivation. Due to the spirit vein underground, the energy here grew thicker by the days.

The central peak was even more magnificent with many jewel-carved palaces. They have been built recently in a majestic and imposing style.

In the last several days, virtually all famous cultivators in the Grand Southern Prefecture came to pay their respect to the Enlightened Being. This place became quite lively as a result.

Meanwhile, the big shots who wanted to take advantage of the situation a few days ago lost all and more. They were frightened by the Enlightened Being and had to join the Feng. For example, the Qin Clan, First Heaven Gate, Violetcloud Cave, and Grand Development Gate...

The ten closest powers became tributaries of the Feng after the threat of Feng Mo.

Some of these powers had Giants. The Qin had two ancestors at the Giant level. The Grand Development Gate had one and First Heaven had one as well.

Alas, these Giants didn't dare to resist at all. On the second day when the Enlightened Being came out, all voluntarily ran here and prostrated before him.

When an Enlightened Being wanted to kill a person, even if they were a Giant at tens of thousand miles away, they would still be killed. The only exception was if they could hide their aura from the Enlightened Being's divine intent.

After the emergence of the Evil Woman, these great powers suffered a terrible setback. Thus, they had no way to resist the Feng at this moment so they had to join the Feng banner.

Among them, only the Ji Clan retreated earlier and escaped having to join the Feng.

There were twenty-eight counties in the southern prefecture. Twenty-two have been invaded by the corpses and were under the control of the Evil Woman. The remaining six became the Feng Clan's territory.

The great powers here rarely united. It had happened in the past but only Enlightened Beings were able to carry this out. After they died, the great powers would separate again.

At this moment, the Feng had nine Giants. Even though this wasn't a match for the four great clans in the capital, it was enough to oppose any hall of the Senluo Temple. Furthermore, they had an Enlightened Being as well. Even the Evil Woman would have to be wary of this new behemoth.

The corpses have withdrawn instead of invading the remaining six counties.

This was the new political climate of the southern prefecture, one Evil Woman and one nefarious being. The entire dynasty sensed a terrorizing aura coming from the south. This was no longer the desolate frontier.

Feiyun sat in the cold and pitch-black prison cell. There was nothing above him but a formation board with a diameter of six meters. It poured down black rains and trapped him inside.

Feng Mo personally created this formation. Feiyun had tried ten different methods to no avail and couldn't break it. He had been imprisoned here for more than a month.

He still kept up with his cultivation and had fortified his first-level Heaven's Mandate. As for Yama's spine on his back, he preferred to suppress it instead of using it.

After all, it didn't belong to him. If he fused it into his body like Feng Mo did, he might not be able to suppress it later on. It would be nothing but trouble.

Feng Mo also visited twice during this period but Feiyun didn't yield. It wasn't because he enjoyed staying in this prison or he was too foolish to act submissively for now. He simply disliked Feng Mo's conducts so he couldn't pretend even if he wanted to.

The Evil Woman wouldn't kill corpses on her side but Feng Mo treated the Feng members' lives like trash. How could he yield to this type of person?

Feng Feiyun would call the Evil Woman, "Her Excellency", and the Divine King, "master" but he would never refer to Feng Mo as "ancestor".

"Haha, bro, look what good stuff Lil' Qingqing is bringing you this time." A sweet laughter came first before her voice.

Feiyun opened his eyes while sitting in the meditative pose on the ground. Both of his arms were chained so he issued metallic clanking while moving them. He saw the exquisite body and thin waist of this pure girl and smiled: "I have a pretty good guess."

He sniffed and said: "You broiled the wings of a six-hundred-year glaring lentigo for me?"

"Correct! Guess again, again!" Little Demoness had both hands postured behind her back with a charming smile on her face. Her black hair draped down to her waist like a waterfall.

The crazy little girl that used to follow Feng Feiyun by grabbing his sleeve has grown into a beautiful lady. Even her chest had grown a bit with a tempting curve.

Feiyun happily guessed again: "Don't tell me you really found a five-hundred-year sparkling wine?"

"Haha, right again." Little Demoness took out both things and entered the prison then placed them in front of Feiyun.

She squatted down in front of Feiyun while wearing a white-snow fox fur coat. Her tiny hands held up her chin as she stared straight at him with her round and beautiful eyes.

He had been imprisoned here for one month. The person he saw the most often was Little Demoness. The girl would come here nearly every day to give him food and even sing for him to drive away the boredom. However, she only sang children's songs such as the little tadpoles trying to find its mom; skipping around, round and round. Then there was another song that goes, I'm a little kitty, a little kitty...

He felt that she was extremely bored having nothing to do. Others were busy with cultivating unlike her. If it wasn't finding bones for Whitey, it would be coming here to play with Feiyun. Nevertheless, her cultivation speed was still frightening. He could sense her growing stronger each day. Even though it wasn't by a large amount, it was still very impressive.

He made a joke yesterday about wanting to drink five-hundred-year sparkling wine yet she actually brought it here today to his astonishment.

She also told him new information, such as the changes in the Grand Southern Prefecture along with his relatives' current status.

Of course, the thing that garnered the most attention from him was that Feng Mo had taken Feng Chi to a secret location. He felt that something was wrong, especially about Feng Mo's intention.

He even thought that Feng Chi's death back then at Mount Banda might have had something to do with this older brother of his, Feng Mo.

One thing was beyond doubt, Feng Mo's ambition. After one thousand years of reclusive training and refinement of Yama's heart, he was climbing on the big stage the second time. No way he would be satisfied with only the six counties here.

It was the dark of night.

The breeze was cold, accompanied by the evening mist and leaves fluttering to the ground. A woman dressed in black was walking on the old road.

There were other passengers along the way but they couldn't see her.

When the breeze stopped, Ji Cangyue stopped as well. She stood before a beautiful pavilion. Inside were people coming and going with dances. A plaque was on top with the title, Supreme Beauty Pavilion.

She disappeared with a flash and re-emerged at the top of the pavilion the next second. There was a palace floating in the sky.

The gate to the palace also opened for her. A wave of fire rushed out and illuminated her face hidden behind a black veil.

"Who are you, to be so bold as to intrude my cultivation abode?" A beautiful and natural voice came from the palace.

Ji Cangyue coldly said: "Who I am does not matter. What matters right now is that I know who you are. Nangong Hongyan, I have been looking for you for a long time now, didn't expect for you to be hiding here."

"What's your business?"

It was indeed Hongyan inside this palace. After obtaining the Nine Doves Gown, she had been hiding here in order to refine the gown with a special technique.

Others couldn't refine the five divine garments but she had a way. She was halfway done with the gown right now and successfully suppressed the evil energy within.

Ji Cangyue said: "Just to tell you something. Feng Feiyun is stricken with Yama's Decay Blood and imprisoned in the Celestial Paradise. He doesn't have long to live so he wants to see you one last time."

"What?!" Hongyan threw the gown to the side and rushed out of the palace in the form of a crimson wave. She grabbed Ji Cangyue and threatened: "What did you just say?!"

Cangyue was not afraid at all and ignored her neck being gripped. She smiled coldly: "This was a big event two months ago, you are too cut off in here. Feng Feiyun told me himself, that he doesn't want to die in a cold prison, only in your embrace."

Hongyan was seemingly struck by thunder. Her soul wavered with her eyes becoming dazed as she stumbled backward and nearly fell on the ground.

[Chapter 403: Woman In Love](#)

Under the waning crescent moon, the moonlight draped down on the mountain range like a soft dress.

At the entrance of the Celestial Paradise were two stone doors piercing through a mountain. Two statues of old men were erected right outside. They contained the rhythm of the dao and a black-white glimmer just like two immortals.

Two youths with pretty jade swords were guarding the entrance. They stood straight facing forward with a hint of haughtiness.

Given the Feng's current status, they naturally could keep their head up high and looked down on others.

The breeze from the mountain range was quite refreshing with red leaves fluttering into the entrance.

A faint flame was flickering in the air before disappearing completely. It was flying towards the prison inside the Celestial Paradise.

There was an old man wearing a purple daoist robe standing at the entrance. A glimmer flashed in his eyes as he stared at the foggy night: "Miss, come on out."

A ripple appeared in the air and a fiery plume floated in the air next to the cliff. Nangong Hongyan said: "How did you detect me when I'm wearing the Cloak Of Invisibility?"

After listening to Ji Cangyue, she was in disarray. After confirming about Feiyun being struck by the poison and imprisoned in this place, she immediately traveled through the night lest she wouldn't be able to see him one last time.

No matter how smart a woman might be, when she fell in the ocean of love, she must be ready to drown.

Along the way, she understood that there were countless experts at the paradise. There was even an Enlightened Being here so she was certain of the danger; death was virtually assured. Nevertheless, this didn't deter her.

One shouldn't think too much when in love. Over-thinking everything makes one too afraid to love.

Without thinking, on the contrary, one would be able to feel what they want and must do.

Despite being the most beautiful woman in the world, she was also the loneliest person. Men loved her and women were jealous of her. Only Feiyun saw the fear in her heart, the fear of old age, death, and loneliness. That's why he took out the phoenix bone from his body and gave it to her, dispelling all her fears.

Feng Feiyun also made her feel less lonely. At the very least, when she was at her most vulnerable and fatigued, there was someone to think about in her heart.

If Feiyun were to die, she wouldn't have anyone to yearn for.

If one didn't even have someone to care for, they would be no different from a walking corpse.

That's how she used to live in the past and she no longer wanted to do so. If Feiyun wanted to see her one last time, how could she refuse?

"Haha! Someone had told us long ago that the most beautiful woman in the world wants to break into our prison. I have been waiting here for a long time now." The old man smiled coldly.

He was a half-step Giant from the Violetcloud Cave and infinitely close to being a Giant.

The cloak could hide her aura completely. Even a Giant wouldn't be able to detect her. That's why she was able to kill Giants with only the power of a half-step.

She thought that she could use this unique ability to easily infiltrate the prison. However, someone had actually informed them ahead of time about her plan. Who could this be?

Another three half-step Giants flew out; their body shimmered like stars and surrounded Nangong Hongyan in three different directions. These were seniors several hundred years of age. All of them closed their eyes and used their divine intent instead.

They were aware that she could kill with her beautiful face so they were prepared enough to not look straight at her.

"Boom!" A formation fell down from above and suppressed the area like a star.

They knew that she had the cloak and Giants wouldn't be able to find her. Thus, they utilized this formation in order to stop her from going invisible.

Two half-steps took action first. One was the old man in purple; the other was a middle-aged man with a mole on his forehead. They were excellent cultivators so their mind was tough. There was no problem for them killing the world's most beautiful.

Though their eyes were closed, their movement was strangely fast.

"Ten Thousand Swords, One Origin!" The middle-aged man used a supreme sword art. More than one thousand sword shadows rush outside and turned into a rain of swords.

"Righteous Violet Energy!" Purple clouds floated behind the old man's back. His momentum soared and the sky shook because of his attack.

The other two half-steps joined in with their heaven-defying arts, showing no mercy.

Under this formation, Hongyan had to fight against four half-steps. It was a real fight to the death, strategies and schemes weren't of use here.

The flame burning on her body became even stronger and grew in size. It covered half of the sky like a terrible sun

"Boom! Boom!" The four half-steps were blown out of the ocean of fire and became heavily injured. Their robes were on fire so they looked just like four fireballs.

When they extinguished the fire on their body, Hongyan had disappeared inside the prison.

“She still made it inside.”

“It’s fine, I got her with an energy slash through her divine gown’s protection. Surely she is wounded.”

“My Heavenmist Bracelet broke her bones, she’s definitely not feeling well.”

“Even if she meets Feiyun, she won’t be able to escape with all the injuries. Just wait here and directly kill them once they come out. That’s the clan master’s wish.”

The four half-steps were heavily wounded as well. They sat down in the meditative pose and guarded outside the prison for recovery.

Hongyan rushed into the dark cave with cells on both sides. They were full of skeletons, some still chained to the wall. These were people that have committed great crimes and were imprisoned for more than one hundred years then eventually died here.

“I have been waiting here under the order of the clan master.” Yue Chongzi jumped down from the top of a burning pillar. He had a Voidbreaking Sword on his back as he entered the hallway on the bottom of the prison.

The power of a Giant emanated from his body. Winds ravaged the closed cave and blew away the embers on the pillar. They looked just like fireflies.

Nangong Honyan’s fire disappeared. She walked on the cold ground; each step would leave behind an extremely red, bloody footprint.

Her white dress was stained with blood. A sword had pierced through her undergarment and was stuck on her body. Blood drops were running down the blade and touched the ground.

There were also spots of blood on the veil covering her wondrous face, like roses among the snow.

Yue Chongzi frowned and sighed as he watched her take each step forward. If it wasn’t for the clan master’s order, he would want to be a good guy for once and let her past. After all, few people in this world were so deeply in love, especially one that was willing to lose her life.

That would be one less in the world.

“Miss Nangong, you won’t be able to see Feng Feiyun today. Don’t blame me for being merciless if you take one more step forward.” Chongzi held his middle and index fingers together. A sword seal appeared and the sword on his back began to scream like a qilin.

“I only want to see him one last time since I must tell him something.” Hongyan’s pretty eyes were dazed. She didn’t stop at all because she was afraid Feiyun would die if she were to linger around. Who would she talk to then? Herself?

Chongzi took out his sword and began. He had no other choice since she must die if he were to live.

A sword technique shot out with sharp energies. They cut the prison like a tornado, wishing to destroy everything.

Several bloody holes appeared on Hongyan's body but she didn't fall down just yet. The sword technique inside her pupils became even larger. This ferocious attack was about to tear her to countless pieces.

"No!" A beastly scream came from deeper inside the prison.

Feiyun sensed the fluctuation above and stood up. He channeled his phoenix gaze through the iron layers to see Nangong Hongyan fighting against Yue Chongzi.

"Pluff! Pluff!" The sword energy of a Giant was too powerful. Even her two gowns couldn't stop it completely.

Feiyun's eyes turned red as an evil energy exploded out of the Yama's spine. It looked like a pillar slowly raising towards the formation above.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" The formation was slowly being pushed up.

Feiyun was forced to go crazy and didn't hesitate in using the power of the spine in order to break out. 'Hongyan can't die! She mustn't!'

The moon became slightly red as if foreboding the departure of a supreme beauty from this world.

Ji Cangyue stood on a hill far away, wearing her loose black robe. She laughed happily: "Nangong Hongyan, who would have thought that you would be foolish like this. If you die tonight, do not blame me, blame Feng Feiyun instead."

The best way to make someone suffer was to let them watch their most beloved die. Feiyun cared too little about women but Hongyan was definitely someone he loved.

If Nangong Hongyan were to die, wouldn't Feiyun feel a wrenching pain?

Just imaging Feiyun crying while hugging her corpse left Ji Cangyue satisfied after obtaining revenge. She laughed, full of hatred.

Never underestimate women's vengefulness. They hid like scorpions, ready to sting at any moment to deliver a painful blow.

[Chapter 404: Certain Things Must Be Said](#)

Poetry added an implicit charm to a woman. Love allowed them to be indomitable.

Hongyan's white dress was red now. Her pretty and elegant eyes were capable of seducing others but she was the one seduced in this case.

A spirit flew out of the Voidbreaking Sword. It was a blue qilin appearing on the sword tip, carrying an unstoppable sharpness capable of slicing through the firmament and shattering great mountains.

"Pa!" Nangong Hongyan took out her purple zither. This was left behind by a senior from the Supreme Beauty Pavilion, made from violet sandalwood for the base and icy silkworm for the strings. So many courtesans adored it so it had an ancient and beautiful fragrance accumulated through time.

She flicked her finger and a sound wave surged forward. It turned into a round formation and ten shields to stop the Voidbreaking Sword.

“Boom! Boom!” The power at the half-step level was no match for a Giant and a spirit treasure. The sound wave was shattered and disappeared into the wind.

Blood oozed out from her mouth and down her white neck before stopping by her fair chest.

She had never lost so much blood before but there was no sense of pain.

“Boom!” She directly attacked with her zither but it was split into two. Both fell down at a corner of the prison.

Meanwhile, she turned into a fiery shuttle to head for the bottom of the prison.

“Where are you going, die!” Yue Chongzi raised his finger. Waves of energy condensed at the tip and turned into countless sword shadows rushing forward like a flood to chase after the plume of flame.

“Pluff!” Hongyan uttered a miserable cry. She stumbled and fell onto a pool of her own blood. Nevertheless, she got up and continued to delve deeper into the prison.

“Die!” Yue Chongzi became serious. He stepped on his sword and turned into a ray to give chase. If Hongyan were allowed to see Feiyun, his master wouldn’t let him off easy.

“Open!” Dark flames engulfed Feiyun’s hands as his muscles bulged and tore his sleeves. The chains stopping him were pulled out all the way and on the verge of snapping.

Another flame rose from Yama’s spine with the power capable of pushing mountains. Feng Feiyun’s hair was standing straight up with sweats running down his body. He pushed up on the formation with the same difficulty as if he was pushing up a world.

The hard stones on the ground had a foot deep mark of his soles with pebbles everywhere. He roared to show his rage.

At this time, he saw something and his red eyes became gentler. Nevertheless, he felt distressed while looking at the supreme beauty outside.

In the end, he still couldn’t break for formation created by Feng Mo. The formation pushed down again. He dropped the chains next to the pillar full of runes and felt as if a knife was carving out his heart. His throat felt dry as he hoarsely spoke: “Hong...yan...”

She stood outside with blood everywhere. There were more than ten wounds; a broken blade was still stuck on her back.

He had never seen her injured in this manner. Such an incredible woman had allowed herself to be in this sorry state.

Her voice was also dry and feeble: “I... I came on time, didn’t let you down, right?”

“Why are you here?! You shouldn’t have come here!” Feiyun was nearly screaming with his eyes becoming wet.

Hongyan smiled bitterly: "Where you are is where I should be. It's fine, the only thing I know is that I'll be lost once you are dead."

"Why must you do this?"

Hongyan stubbornly replied: "Feng Feiyun, you haven't told me that you love me."

"I love you!" Feiyun never thought that he would say this to another woman but these words came out faster than anything.

"You still haven't heard me say that I love you." She sighed.

She wasn't a woman who would utter these words so easily but she was afraid that there would be no other chance. She felt that she didn't have long to live and might go even earlier than Feiyun.

"I've been waiting to hear it." Feiyun reached out, wanting to wipe the tears and blood on her face but a lightning bolt forced him back.

Hongyan's eyes grew weaker. She fell down into a new puddle of blood with tears in her eyes: "I don't know how to describe love. I only know that each night under the stars, I feel that you are next to me. The southern sky has 38,042, the west has 12,000, the north has 74,561, and the east... the sun is usually up when I get to this point. What about you? How many stars?"

"I..." Feiyun shook his head while feeling a sting in his heart.

He knew that when a woman was missing someone and feeling lonely, they would count the stars in the sky.

She started in the south because both of them were under the southern sky. Once she made it to the east, the loneliness had usually passed by then.

Feiyun had never counted the stars before so he felt embarrassed. His love came so fast and at an inopportune moment. Meanwhile, her love had been kept secret for a long time.

She has been very lonely without him.

"Clatter." A murderous bloodthirst descended from above with a sharp and austere sword shadow. However, when Yue Chongzi stabilized himself and looked up, Feng Feiyun was nowhere to be found inside the prison.

'Not good, did the two got away?' He was slightly late due to a formation laid out by Nangong Hongyan.

Suddenly, a shadow came in the air without any warning. An ultimate force consisting of numerous thunderbolts struck Chongzi's back.

This attack was too sudden so Chongzi could only guard when he felt something was amiss. Alas, how could he stop the offensive power of the Thunderfire Jewel? He was directly blown outside.

The skin on his head was heavily damaged. He stared at Feng Feiyun standing right in front of him in disbelief: "You... how did you escape?!"

Feiyun was embracing the bloodied Nangong Hongyan who had already fainted. He glared at the man on the ground a bit before a crimson flame blazed up around his body. He turned into a fiery being and rushed forward.

Feiyun's power alone naturally couldn't break the formation prepared by Feng Mo. However, Hongyan gave him both the Invisible Cloak and the Crimson Phoenix Garment.

With the two divine gowns, his battle power surged and he was able to shatter the formation to escape.

When Hongyan was without any cultivation, she was still comparable to a half-step Giant just by wearing the two gowns. Feiyun was much stronger than her so even if he couldn't straight out defeat a Giant, he could still contend against them.

"Hongyan, you can't die! I will find the best doctor to save you." Feiyun gently rubbed away the blood on her forehead and could feel her life passing away. Her body was becoming cold.

She was only at the early Immortal Foundation level. Such grievous injuries were fatal to her since she lacked the same powerful constitution as Feiyun. He could recover completely in just several days.

After taking off the divine gowns, she was no different from other frail women.

When Feiyun made it out of the cave, daylight was approaching from the horizon. The stars by the eastern sky were disappearing.

Would dawn really come after the night?

"Rumble!" Suddenly, winds broke out in the sky. Rays rushed down from the central peak towards this particular cave.

A dozen or so people with monstrous aura were present. They were all half-step Giants with eight of them real Giants. These were the current top experts of the Feng Clan.

They have lived for hundreds of years and were once ancestors of the great powers. Recently, these people came in here to curry favor from the Enlightened Being after the big changes at the Celestial Paradise.

"Feng Feiyun, you actually made it out? But do you think you can leave today?" Four half-steps that were guarding the cave entrance leaped out as well to join the bigger group.

All of them focused their aura on his body. This powerful pressure added immense weight to him. Even a mountain would collapse instantly.

"It's not up to any of you whether I can leave or not!" Feiyun was determined even if the sky was falling down. He took out the Ascension Platform and turned it into a sacred tablet towering for thirty meters. The runes flowing on the surface carried an eternal and profound strength.

The eighteen remnant souls of the geniuses stopped the aura of these ancestors.

Feiyun summoned his azure vessel and jumped on it. The tablet remained above his head. In one hand, he had Nangong Hongyan, the other the stone saber. He began to make his way forward like a raging dragon going against the tide in the open sea.

[Chapter 405: Never Aging Again](#)

A group of dark clouds was gathering on the horizon. It blotted out the blueness of the eastern sky!

Dawn never came, only rumbling thunders. Heavy rain was incoming.

The atmosphere was even heavier in the Celestial Paradise with continuous battle noises louder and scarier than the thunders.

“Feiyun, do you think you alone can stop our entire Feng Clan?” A half-step Giant wearing a purple daoist robe was floating in the sky. A violet light flowed around his body with a taiji mark above his head.

This was one of the four half-step Giants that attacked Hongyan earlier.

They were responsible for protecting the prison, not allowing outsiders inside. However, Hongyan managed to infiltrate successfully so they were in trouble. Only by taking down Feiyun and Hongyan would they be able to avoid the punishment.

That’s why the four were at the forefront and attacked the fiercest, willing to pay any price to get Feiyun back in the prison.

“Your Feng Clan? Haha, is your last name Feng?” Feiyun shouted loud enough that the old man in the purple robe felt a sting in his ears as if he was next to a gong. This made him lose focus.

In this split second, Feiyun gripped his saber with both hands and unleashed a ferocious slash. A wave spanning for one hundred meters in the shape of a dragon rushed out.

“Dragon King’s First Slash!” The sky quaked before its ferocity.

This saber manual relied on great power and domination. The old man was aghast and quickly retreated.

Alas, the saber energy still struck his chest. Nevertheless, a half-step Giant was quite tough and managed to survive.

He thought that as long as he made it back next to the ancestors at the Giant level, he would be safe.

The spirit vessel rushed to the sky like a star. Feiyun stood at the bow with a pale expression but he still added another slash.

“Pluff!” This particular wave pierced through the half-step’s body. The old man screamed in indignation. The violet energy dispersed from his body and became one with nature again.

His old body fell straight down and hit a peak, completely smashed.

A Giant wanted to save him but it was too late. Feiyun was simply too fast, releasing two slashes in an instant.

Feiyun held Hongyan’s waist again and could feel that she was turning cold. Even though he has been sending energy into her body, it couldn’t normalize her heart rate. It was becoming slower.

He couldn’t prolong this! A bit longer and he would only be able to watch her die next to him.

Loneliness would seize him once more.

While riding the vessel, he activated his Swift Samsara and turned into a ray crossing the sky.

He wanted to leave but the Feng experts wouldn't let him. The three half-step Giants blocked his path and all unleashed a palm strike of dragon-tiger power.

Several dozen shadows gathered into three mountainous seal attack with majestic momentum and billowing force.

"Heaven Punishing Hammer!" Feiyun had learned ten percent of the Minor Change Art. His hammer technique was one level stronger.

Even though it was only a shadow, it contained a trace of aura from the ancient weapon.

The three half-step Giants vomited blood from the impact. Two among them had broken bones in seven or eight places with blood running all the way down their soles.

They had to land to recover and immediately ate some spirit pills before running to a safe spot, no longer able to fight.

The Giants glanced at each other. The two divine garments were indeed mythical for a reason, allowing such an eruption of power after wearing them. This young cultivator was able to resist top members of the last generation.

Though only a short time had passed, Hongyan's heartbeat has grown even weaker.

Feiyun's mind was on fire. He controlled his vessel to fly towards the horizon.

"Boom!" It seemed to have hit an invisible wall and trembled greatly. This was a grand formation blocking off the entire area. Countless runes were on the surface and finally appeared after the contact and emitted a blinding light.

"Return!" An old Giant shouted and the runic barrier quickly flew back towards him.

It also forced the spirit vessel back along the way. This power was irresistible, like a fish stuck in a net and now, someone was pulling the net up.

Feiyun naturally wouldn't wait to die. He noticed that this barrier was also a runic formation. However, it was quite unique, similar to a boundary.

But as long as it was a formation, there must be an eye of the formation.

"Third slash, Dragon King's Sunpiercer!"

"Aooo!" A white dragon flew out from the blade in a deafening fashion. It pierced through the sky and the barrier. Layers of the barrier broke just like a collapsing wall.

Feiyun had a great comprehension aptitude so he had learned the third slash a long time ago. It was just that his strength wasn't enough to use it.

Since he had the power of a half-step at the moment, he could even use the fourth slash right now.

A Giant riding a gale beast rushed forward from the mountains in order to stop Feiyun. He was met with another slash that ultimately killed his eight-hundred-year-old gale beast by tearing it into pieces.

The Giant took out an ethereal, liquid expanse to stop the sharp slash and retreated several dozens miles away. He stood on top of a peak and looked quite transcending. He spread out his palm and saw that there was a white mark inside, slightly painful.

The youth will indeed surpass us in time. Feiyun's attack earlier almost broke through his skin from a thousand meters away, nearly drawing blood.

"With those divine gowns, he's comparable to a Giant now. Looks like the five divine garments are no joke. Any of them could boost a cultivator ten times over."

These old cultivators were all tempted. Initially, they looked down on these so-called divine garments due to their powerful cultivation. However, watching the garments in action today had broken their perspective.

It looked like the stronger the cultivation, the more effective were these garments.

The Crimson Phoenix Garment could give a mortal the power of a half-step Giant.

The Cloak of Invisibility could hide its user even from Giants. It was the ultimate artifact for an ambush. A top assassin with this garment could even slay a Supreme Giant.

The Nine Doves Gown was rumored to be the battle regalia for a demon. After wearing it, one would gain an unfathomable amount of strength, even more mysterious than the Crimson Phoenix Garment. It would allow for a Paramount Giant to fight an Enlightened Being.

"Boom! Boom!" The sky was full of thunder and lightning. The rain continued to pour down and washed away the blood on the ground without any hesitation.

Meanwhile, Feng Mo was standing on the central peak with nine heavenly palaces behind him. A beautiful woman was standing behind him and held up an umbrella.

The rain issued dripping noises on the umbrella. Wan Xiangcen said: "Ancestor, looks like no one can stop him."

"He can't leave, he must be a Feng." Feng Mo's gaze pierced through the rain and watched the scene. A scheming glint appeared within.

"Boom! Boom!" More thunder assaulted the sky with rumbles. Even the black clouds were trembling.

Fall had always been the rainy season but this rain was fiercer than the rest. The thunder just now had woken many people from their sweet dream.

"Boom!" The spirit vessel that had soared six hundred miles away suddenly stopped and dropped to the ground, creating a large pit.

Feiyun's entire body was soaked with messy hair. His eyes showed his current distress as he moved his hand closer to Hongyan's nose.

The blood on her body was being washed away by the rain. Her pretty face was as white as paper and her arms as cold as ice.

The shade on her white dress was now pink from the water. There was no breathing and her heartbeat has halted...

There was a frozen smile on her face. Meanwhile, Feiyun's heart was turning cold, cold enough that his blood seemingly froze as well.

She died with a smile in the embrace of her lover.

"Ahh!" Feiyun heartbrokenly screamed under the torrential rain while holding her body.

"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 wondrous voice and the melodies of her enchanting zither replayed in his mind. Even a goddess wouldn't be able to replicate her song.

No other girls in this world would be able to smile as beautifully as her last. She no longer needed to be afraid of growing old, losing her fair complexion and gaining white hair.

The maple leaves were fluttering wildly due to the storm like red butterflies. Alas, all of them eventually fell into the mud.

Feiyun stood in the rain. It looked like the heaven was mocking him, sending down the rain to hit his face.

He could faintly hear her other song: "At first, when we set out, the willows were fresh and green. Now, when we return, the snow will be falling from clouds."

The strong gale eventually blew away her hushed voice inside his mind, leaving behind a lonely and sorrowful man.

[Chapter 406: Young Lord Of The Feng](#)

The azure spirit vessel turned into a ray of light and flew back inside Feiyun's body. There was only Feiyun standing there now embracing Hongyan.

The rain continued with no sign of easing.

Suddenly, he felt a sudden warmth while standing there in a daze. It woke him up from the pain.

"Oh? This is the power of the phoenix bone!" He stared carefully at Nangong Hongyan's chest. A thick crimson light was slowly jumping like a flourishing flame.

A weak and slow noise clearly sounded by his ears. This was the sound of a heart beating. Her cold blood began to flow once more with its temperature raising.

Life was added to this dead body. The flame jumped faster and became increasingly brighter, like a star carved in her heart.

The excited Feiyun murmured to himself: "She's not completely dead yet, the phoenix bone is giving her a path towards life. That bone must have been a heartbone from the phoenix."

All creatures' heart was made from flesh but the phoenix heart was a piece of bone, as red as a crystal and as beautiful as a flame.

It was similar to a cultivator's God Base. It was the first "phoenix" bone cultivated by this type of creature and the most primal.

The so-called phoenix rebirth was the boneheart coming back to life. Fire would burn everything to ashes and from the ashes, the boneheart would condense again for another life.

As long as this rebirth process was successful, the heartbone would become tougher and same with the phoenix's life.

An ordinary phoenix bone couldn't awaken a human cultivator's life force but a boneheart could.

Even though her blood was flowing again with her life force returning, she still looked like a slumbering beauty.

"Only the power of rebirth, no energy necessary for the process. Two hours at most and her life will disappear again for a true death." An old voice resounded next to him with the sound of footsteps.

An old man slowly walked out from the misty rain.

Feng Mo walked through the mud and wet grass from the darkness with Wan Xiangcen right behind him. She carried an umbrella for his sake; her sweet fragrance was ever so present.

The raindrops fell down from the umbrella and connected together like a string of pearls.

Feiyun turned towards Feng Mo. He naturally understood this too. The energy required for rebirth belonged to the Nirvana realm, the level of an Enlightened Being.

In order for Hongyan to live again, an Enlightened Being needed to take action but how many were there in the entire dynasty?

Plus, how was he going to find one in just two hours? Only Feng Mo was available.

Feiyun stared at Hongyan's tightly-shut eyes and lowered his head to kiss her eyebrows. 'You can't die, I'll pay whatever price.'

Xiangcen stared at Feiyun standing in the rain with his messy hair and the woman in his embrace. She felt a strange sense of jealousy.

Feng Mo sighed and said: "Little children sometimes become disobedient and betray. Once they play enough outside and become wounded and trapped, they will find that home is the warmest place. Child, come home."

Feiyun clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. This was a guy who started all this and now, he wanted to play the good guy? To submit now or to wait for death?

If the dying person was Feiyun, he would never submit!

But now, he had no other choice. A weakling often lacked choices. He must become stronger and stronger to become someone who can decide his own fate.

Half a month later.

When a woman takes off her clothes off for a man, the man would need to help her put them on again.

Feiyun put the Crimson Phoenix Garment and the Cloak of Invisibility back on Nangong Honyan. He was sending her away from the Celestial Paradise.

She simply turned back and gave him a smile, one that was enough to make the flowers bloom. She didn't need to say anything; her eyes revealed everything.

Feng Mo flashed behind Feiyun all of a sudden. He looked at the woman that was gone now and said: "Her being here will only slow you down. This is better for both of you."

Feng Mo didn't allow Hongyan to stay so she had to leave. He was the current lord of the six counties and this place right now.

His will was an unquestionable decree.

"Ancestor, you are right." Feiyun stopped looking at the horizon.

Feng Mo nodded approvingly: "As the successor of the Feng, you are simply too weak. Many among the young generation can still beat you. Xiangcen, take him to the spirit vein underground so he can train. I leave him to you and satisfy all his demands. If you don't take good care of him, you are not qualified to be a bride of the Feng."

Xiangcen nodded and brought Feiyun towards the entrance to the underground vein.

Feng Mo stood with both hands behind his back while staring at the scenery ahead. His eyes were profound and all-encompassing with a dark glare within.

The Celestial Paradise was at the tail of a spirit vein so its energy was quite thick.

However, Feng Mo was still not satisfied so he used a great method to lead the spirit energy in the vein directly below the paradise. He also connected four smaller veins at one-hundred-miles long to surround the bigger one at the central area.

Five different cultivation palaces were erected underground as well: Central Jade Emperor Hall, Western Hall, Eastern Hall, Southern Hall, and Northern Hall.

Only those who have greatly contributed to the clan were allowed to train down here. The spirit energy here was several times thicker than the air outside. One could even find random spirit stones scattering about. That would increase their cultivation speed even more.

Naturally, cultivators all wanted to get to this area with such good conditions for training. They considered it a great honor.

Meanwhile, inside the main area of the Jade Emperor Hall was the thickest amount of energy. Only Feng disciples from the direct branch were allowed inside.

Feiyun saw many geniuses along the way down. Some were of the heaven-defying level from the other great powers...

These great powers were side branches to the Feng. They must bow before the main branch or face grave punishments.

Feng Mo had changed the ancestral laws. Those not part of the main branch had their status lowered. Those with lower status must kneel before their superiors.

These regulations were even more severe than the Jin Dynasty's imperial court.

There was also a prison section at the Celestial Paradise. Those who disobeyed the clan master would be taken here and suffer terrible torture.

This was only the beginning. Feng Mo wanted to perfect his familial system before changing it to a kingdom. His next goal would be the Jin Dynasty.

A loud furor came about.

"The young lord is here, the young lord is here..."

The handsome and beautiful crowd from the side branches all stared at Feiyun quietly.

"Greetings, Young Lord!" They kneeled respectfully before him.

Only the main branch didn't have to kneel. However, these people also slightly bowed. No one dared to look straight at him.

Feiyun slightly paused and glanced at them before entering the path towards the cultivation palace. Even the two old men guarding the entrance slightly bowed and opened the door for him.

"Rise." Xiangcen spoke before following Feiyun into the entrance.

They finally stood up after being given permission and stared at the connecting entrance then excitedly talked among themselves.

One person said: "The demon's son is stricken with Yama's blood, he has two years left at best. I can't understand why the clan master would pick him to be the Feng Young Lord."

"The clan master is a supreme Enlightened Being, completely omniscient, yet you dare to question his will? Watch it or they'll send you to jail." An older man said sternly.

The youth earlier turned pale and closed his mouth.

Meanwhile, Feiyun stood inside the seventh floor of the Jade Emperor Palace, the highest level. He stared at the surging spirit vein ahead. The energy here had materialized into liquid form, like an immortal river washing everything.

In the end, he couldn't escape the twist of fate. On the outside, he was the young lord respected by all but in reality, he was only a pawn. If Feng Mo wanted him to jump, he would have to ask: "How high?"

This was all because of his weak cultivation!

"I want to be stronger!" Feiyun's eyes became determined. He stood there coolly with his green robe and jade belt with an unprecedented heroism. He stood above the spirit river with a pair of eyes brighter than the stars.

He turned back to the palace and began to train.

Chapter 407: One Year Later

The realm of Heaven's Mandate was about cultivating the violet palace, or the central dantian. Despite being inside a body, it was unfathomably vast and mysterious just like the brain, impossible to be understood completely.

Just ten percent of development was amazing enough. The violet palace was about increasing strength while the brain was about improving intelligence.

It was relatively difficult to widen the violet palace. Each attempt could require up to several dozen years. Because of this difficulty, after each successful step, the cultivator would gain another fifty years of life in addition to the five hundred.

Feiyun sat among the boundless and surging spirit vein with all 360 of his meridians opened. They turned into 360 maelstroms that were crazily absorbing the spirit nearby then refined it into violet energy within the middle dantian.

An ordinary cultivator would only have one to ten strands of violet energy at first-level Heaven's Mandate. However, Feiyun had around one hundred strands of majestic and billowing violet energy.

When one reached three thousand strands, they would reach the second level. Changing spirit energy into violet energy was a slow process. One thousand strands of spirit energy might turn into one strand of violet energy.

Because of this, it was too slow to rely on absorbing natural spirit energy from the world and refining it into the violet kind.

Thus, one needed to use spirit stones and veins. Without these two things, cultivators would forever be stuck at the first level, unable to convert energy into three thousand strands of violet energy.

This was the reason why people would compete so hard for resources in the cultivation world, fighting to the death even.

Feng Feiyun also researched the boat while converting his energy. This was an ancient divine boat that he saw on the Yellow River, full of rusts and was broken down. Surely something shocking was hidden inside.

However, with his current energy, he could only make it three hundred meters long. If it was any bigger, he would be drained dry.

This wasn't the vessel's real size. Its truest form was several thousand meters long, the size of a mountain.

Without reverting it back to its original form, there was no way of opening it.

Feiyun had tried to refine it but was pushed back by the mysterious power within. It wasn't because he was weak, the power within was simply too strong.

Even the Evil Woman could only refine half of the spirit vessel even after borrowing the power of the altar.

Since he couldn't overpower it, he decided to start with the Infinite Spirit Ring that was related to the vessel. He believed that this ring was an embryo artifact that could be upgraded to a spirit vessel.

When he obtained it in the beginning, it was only a pseudo spirit treasure. After adding the soul of a crimson tiger, it became a first-ranked spirit treasure. 'If I could add an eight-hundred-year beast soul to the ring, I could upgrade it to a second-ranked treasure.'

His cultivation soared during this one year and had converted more than 2,800 strands of violet energy, nearly reaching the second level.

On this day, both Wan Xiangcen and Little Demoness came to visit.

"Feng Feiyun, the ancestor is waiting at the Skycycle Palace." Xiangcen stood before him with a beautiful embroidered robe. Her hair was tied with a blue jade ribbon above her radiant, snow-white complexion.

Nearly one-half of the experts from the Seventh Hall have been killed by Feng Mo alone. Heretical cultivators were dying during their assault on the Feng recently too. Only Wan Xiangcen was fine. She had become a confidant of the Feng clan master, enjoying some authority.

Many Feng cultivators secretly called her the Feng young matron.

It was understandable that the clan would rise since they had an Enlightened Being. Becoming the young matron of this clan was not a bad thing for her.

Feiyun floated down while riding the wind with a touch as soft as a fluttering leaf. He looked at the beauty ahead with running emotions.

"I'm surprised that you still haven't left the Feng Clan." A faint smile appeared on his face.

Xiangcen used to be the prettiest in the Seventh Hall, on top of being its young lord. This was quite an enviable position.

"Feiyun, stop dreaming if you think I am staying because of you." She smiled contemptuously back at him.

A woman like her would never follow a man just because he took her virginity.

Feiyun could guess the reason why even if she didn't tell him. After the previous battle, the Seventh Hall had fallen and could be bullied by the other nine halls. Meanwhile, she was being trusted by Feng Mo and could call for rains and winds at the Feng Clan. Why would she come back to the Seventh Hall?

He touched his nose and walked out of the underground pathway. Sunlight finally came in sight.

The rays coming from the high sun were warm.

The paradise had changed considerably during this one year. The ninety peaks became even more majestic with spirit beasts pulling ships across the sky. Powerful cultivators were within. They were in high spirits as if they were visiting a land of immortals.

New palaces and caves were erected all around the paradise. A dragon platform towering at one hundred meters was lost in the clouds. It looked like a platform meant for ascension.

Xiangcen told him that this was the place for the young elites of the clan to train. There were fourteen of them, prodigies at the Heaven's Mandate level, all below the age of thirty.

Since the Feng had taken over the great powers of the southern region, it wasn't strange that it had so many prodigies.

When Feiyun made it to the Skycycle Palace, Feng Mo was sitting on a nine-meter-high jade throne decorated by carving of dragons.

Feng Mo slightly nodded: "Not bad reaching this level in just one year. You'll be second-level within three months."

"It is all thanks to you, ancestor. Without the spirit vein, I would have needed two years to reach this current level." Feiyun said.

Feng Mo was happy being called ancestor by him. He smiled and said: "During your isolated cultivation, many great events have happened at the Jin Dynasty. Three, in particular, have shocked the cultivation world. Listen now."

Feiyun stood solemnly below, ready to listen.

"The first, after the appearance of the ten heretical halls, the three heretical realms are out too, Nether, Dark, and Lifeless. They immediately started killing to establish their prestige and have taken over a prefecture."

This was an ancient lineage. Any of the realms was stronger than the current Feng Clan. They had to come out during this era of chaos.

Feiyun had predicted this much earlier.

"Secondly, the three strongest sects in the Earthchild Prefecture have announced their independence. They have expelled the governor and officials from the Jin Dynasty. This prefecture is no longer under the Jin's jurisdiction, now ruled by the three top sects and more than one hundred top powers."

Feiyun was finally surprised. Earthchild was the largest prefecture outside of Central Royal. It was seven times the size of the Grand Southern Prefecture and had ten times the population.

Grand Southern was the smallest and farthest among the eight prefectures of the Jin Dynasty. It was also quite barren, hence its other name, southern wildlands.

Earthchild and Central Royal were actual prosperous grounds with a considerably higher number of spirit veins and treasures underground.

This was the reason why the Feng Clan was a top power in this region but they were nothing before behemoths like the four great clans. These four clans could swat the Feng like a mosquito.

Even though the Feng had an Enlightened Being at this moment, it was still no match for the sects in the central plains and definitely not the four great clans. After all, these adversaries had too many resources and history. They also had Enlightened Beings once and probably had many means to stop other Enlightened Beings.

Meanwhile, the other experts in these powers were too numerous and scattered all over the dynasty.

One Enlightened Being alone was far from enough to propel a clan towards the apex.

“Plus, the oldest corpse caves from the Northern Frontier Prefecture have also announced their independence. They were even crazier and massacred all Jin officials, turning them into battle slaves.” Feng Mo revealed with amusement.

Feiyun took a deep breath. These corpse caves were insane, this was a clear declaration of war against the dynasty.

This was indeed the dragons biting the heart. Three prefectures were now no longer under the control of the Jin Dynasty.

“Lastly, the Great Powers Ranking has been released recently. The Sacred Spirit Palace is in first place so the Jin Dynasty has to accept second place. The four great clans are among the top ten while we are at the nineteenth place.” Feng Mo took his time speaking.

“The Jin Dynasty is not number one?!” Feiyun was astonished this time. The Jin Dynasty’s one billion strong army alone should be able to sweep through the world, not to mention the Jin Emperor considered number one by many. Yet it was still only second place.

[Chapter 408: Journey To The Capital](#)

Feng Mo nonchalantly said: “If the Jin Dynasty was ranked first, then how could the prefectures dare to announce their independence and forsaking the government? Of course, the astronomical phenomenon was the biggest reason.”

This was abnormal. Keep in mind that the dynasty has lasted for six thousand years so it had great resources and accumulation. Some shocking events had happened before too.

In one of them, all seven prefectures fell and the government only protected the Central Royal Prefecture. Later on, a supreme genius came out from the royal family and suppressed the chaos.

It was the Empress Long Jiangling.

So many heroes were slain by her during that generation, even several Enlightened Beings. In the end, she became invincible.

The Jin Dynasty has seen times of turmoil so they were vigilant about current events.

Feng Mo shook his head and said: "The dynasty isn't afraid of challenges, but it is wary of that astronomical phenomenon since it represents the will of the heaven. Even if the dynasty were to suppress the two rebellious prefectures, other foes will pop up."

"So are they going to ignore the rebellions?" Feiyun asked.

Feng Mo smiled in response: "The dynasty is waiting for the 'red planet' to show up."

"The dragons will devour the sky while the Red Planet protects!" Feiyun recalled. [1]

Feng Mo nodded: "No one can go against the will of the heavens! The Jin Emperor is most likely frustrated because of this so he has to find the 'red planet' right away."

"Only with this would he be able to calm the dragons, just like Long Jiangling back then. The power of one was enough to defend the dynasty." Feiyun said.

Feng Mo grew increasingly fond of Feiyun. The boy had great talents and a quick mind. He said: "The dynasty is not waiting to fail. They have already made plans."

Feiyun pondered for a bit before speaking: "They are taking advantage Great Powers Ranking."

"That's right. It wasn't created by the government but it created quite a stir in the cultivation world. Cultivators are still humans and they care about reputation and fame. Some are naturally elated to be at a high rank. Even their servants can walk with their head held high as if they are better than other people."

"Of course, the lower ranking ones or those excluded from the list wouldn't accept this. It's definitely a nice strategy." Feng Mo continued.

Feiyun agreed: "Indeed. Who knows which is stronger of the two top. Plus, the sixth-ranked wouldn't think it is inferior to the fifth and the fifth wouldn't be convinced of the fourth's superiority..."

"Just a list alone is enough to cause these great powers to go wild with each other. It makes it much easier for the government." Feng Mo concluded.

Feiyun shook his head: "Not necessarily though. After all, each sect certainly has an intelligent wisdom master. They can see through the government's trick. Plus, the dynasty itself is too vast. These great powers are countless miles away. The conflicts shouldn't escalate too fiercely."

Feng Mo smiled and said: "Because of that, the Jin Emperor is provoking the crowd by gathering everyone. There will be a groom selection for Princess Luo Fu."

"What?!" Feiyun was surprised.

Princess Luo Fu was the emperor's favorite daughter and one of the most excellent women in the world. Some of her highlights were being the fourth prettiest beauty in the dynasty, a Grand Historical Genius, the daughter of Imperial Consort Hua, someone who has left her name on the sacred tablet...

Just one of these was enough for any woman in the world. Such a beauty was coveted by all so this competition would invite many prodigies.

Feiyun took a while before regaining his composure: "Now that's a good move, getting five different goals in one."

"Elaborate." Feng Mo said.

Feiyun explained: "First, if all of the prodigies show up, one of them will certainly be the 'red planet'. This might be the imperial family's intention."

"Second, with this gathering, the great powers will certainly have conflicts with each other, especially due to the list."

"Third, I have met the princess several times. This is a gifted and crafty woman. I'm afraid no prodigy can actually hold her back due to her great intelligence and schemes, but her pride is the biggest reason. Even if one were to marry her, she would be the one in charge."

"Fourth, a successful marriage would mean gaining a powerful ally for the court."

"Fifth, and this is the most important, will all these prodigies... leave the capital alive?"

Feng Mo's smile grew wider as he was content with Feiyun's thorough analysis. He said: "Everyone knows about it but they still have to go. There is a competition between the crown prince and the princess right now. After leaving her name on the tablet, many powers in the court have begun to support her so she seemingly has the upper hand at the moment. If she were to eliminate the crown prince, it wouldn't only be a princess they're marrying but a future empress."

After all, the dynasty was still tough at the moment. It was easier said than done to destroy it. All the powers were still considering the Jin Dynasty as the leader. If they could curry favor from it, they naturally would.

"Who can say that Long Luofu won't become the next Long Jiangling?" Feiyun said.

"That's why all the prodigies will have to try their best to bring her home." Feng Mo stared intensely at Feng Feiyun.

"Ancestor, you want me to go to the capital?"

"Naturally, but I won't force you into that groom competition. There's something else I want you to do."

Feiyun felt a weight being lifted off of his shoulder and asked: "What is it?"

Wan Xiangcen came in at this moment with enchanting and elegant steps. She stopped next to him.

Feng Mo raised his finger. A light came out from the tip, containing a black box made out of jade around one meter long. This coffin-like box fell before Feiyun.

It was full of forbidden runes depicting two ghosts. Even though it had been sealed, Feiyun could still sense a monstrous evil energy from within due to his heightened spiritual awareness.

Feng Mo said: "Go to the capital with this gift and talk to Wolong Sheng of the Destruction Cave about an alliance."

The Destruction Corpse Cave was one of the oldest lineages in the northern region, just like the Yinvoid and Violetsea Caves, feared by all due to their strong history.

“Where?” Feiyun asked.

Clearly, the Feng and the Destruction Cave have known each other before and came up with an agreement. Feiyun’s trip was only the meeting between the young generation and to exchange an alliance gift or sign a pact.

Feng Mo said: “Xiangcen will take care of it for you.”

Feiyun slightly frowned. There has been rumors of her being the bastard daughter of a cave lord. Destruction seemed to be the one then.

However, he was still skeptical. The Feng was all the way south while Destruction was north, two extreme ends. There seemed to be more than meet the eyes here.

But Feiyun didn’t pry any further. He put the box into his spatial stone and left the palace.

He was excited to leave this place after one year. The prodigies were gathering at the capital, signaling a brewing storm.

Friends and enemies together, what kind of friction was going to happen?

Friends... Feiyun thought about Young Noble Flawless and Bi Ningshuai. He wondered if they were coming or not?

“Bi Ningshuai is definitely coming if he can manage to run from his fiancée. How could a thief like him miss such a fun show?”

He then thought about Nangong Hongyan and whether he would see her there.

It was a long journey from the southern region to the capital, completely away from home. Feiyun went to say goodbye to his grandfather and uncles before leaving the Celestial Paradise.

He also saw Third Boss in his red trousers and found out that the guy was his grandfather’s grandfather.

He finally made it out of the paradise during nightfall. Only Wan Xiangcen, two maids, and four armored guards came with him.

These six were distinguished characters as well. The two maids, Zi Luolan and Zi Luoxin, were successors from the Violetcloud sect, a pair of twins currently at perfect God Base.

The four guards were chosen from the Feng Clan’s elites; all were at first-level Heaven’s Mandate.

Though the Feng didn’t have much at the moment, they still needed to keep up their appearance. After all, they were going to the capital and couldn’t afford to lose face as the nineteenth-ranked power.

[Chapter 409: Image Of A God](#)

There were many paths leading to the capital. It was located in the central plains of the dynasty and contained all the auspicious fortunes due to its location at the dragon vein.

Divine Capital was the official name. It used to be called Jin Capital but four thousand years ago, a 1,874-meter tall divine statue was erected by the shore of the Jin River and shocked the world. Thus, the capital's name was changed in accordance with the heaven's wish.

This statue was majestic as it looked down on the world and the heaven. At that point, a princess from the family decided to become a nun and started nunnery around the statue with the name, "Faith Convent." [1]

What used to be a grass hut has grown into a sacred ground for the Buddhists.

Feiyun was learning all of this from Wan Xiangcen.

"One more day and we'll reach the Faith Convent, then we'll only be half a day from the capital using a water route." Xiangcen sat under a lamp with her jade-like face. Her pretty eyes were especially clear as if they were made from glass.

One could hear the sound of waves hitting the hulls outside while the night mist invaded through the windows.

They were traveling on a red ivory warship on top of the Jin River for almost half a month now to reach Central Royal.

This ship could travel thirty thousand miles each day, faster than the flying speed of a Heaven's Mandate cultivator. A grand blacksmithing master would need several hundred years and an insane amount of materials in order to build one.

Cultivators needed to use these warships if they wanted to across the prefectures.

The warship absorbed the sun rays for energy so it traveled the quickest during the day and slowed down considerably at night. It was only the beginning of nighttime right now so the passengers were cultivating. Only a few young ones during their first journey would be hanging out by the deck.

Feiyun said: "Such a tall divine statue excavated from the river? I must take a look."

Wan Xiangcen smiled back: "Most cultivators visiting the capital would go visit it. There are quite a few prodigies coming recently. If you go tomorrow, I'm sure you will meet many of the top ones."

"That has nothing to do with me." Feiyun only came to complete Feng Mo's mission while checking out the most prosperous city. He didn't care about anything else.

Xiangcen left for her room to rest. She couldn't be as carefree as Feiyun since she needed to personally take care of many arrangements.

"That's the ex-Seventh Lord for you, to be able to talk to her rapist so casually. Ordinary women can't exactly do this." Feiyun stared as she was leaving with a smile. He took a deep breath; the air still had her enchanting fragrance.

After being raped, other women, if they chose not to commit suicide, still wouldn't dare to look at their rapists. However, Xiangcen didn't have any problem in this regard.

She was much more frightening in this aspect compared to Ji Cangyue, Lu Liwei, and Bai Ruxue. She didn't reveal her emotions and wasn't blinded by vengeance.

He became much more vigilant of her and reminded himself that this was a heretical lord, not just a weak girl restraining herself.

After leaving the southern prefecture, Feiyun trained every day, wishing to break through to the second level. However, he couldn't focus tonight as if something was interfering with his mind.

In the end, he left the room and stood by a red, winding corridor on the sixth floor. He looked up and could see a taiji diagram floating in the sky with a spirit board in the middle. It was gathering energy for the ship on top of acting as the directional compass.

Under the corridor was the deck nearly spanning for one thousand meters long. This was a behemoth made out of steel.

"Tomorrow, a girl from the Beauty's Smile Pavilion will go pray at the convent. The master has given us orders to capture her and secretly take her back to the capital." A quiet voice came from one of the rooms.

Even though there was a separating barrier, Feiyun's hearing was good enough to faintly hear it, especially the words, "Beauty's Smile Pavilion". He became even more attentive after and thought to himself about Hongyan's sister who was sold to this pavilion, the ultimate playground in the world.

With that, he focused even more to listen.

A different voice came about: "Master is talking about the pan-pipes beauty and musical maestro, Ye Xiaoxiang."

"Hmph! Only a prostitute, what is this about a musical maestro? It's putting a slut on a pedestal."

The quiet voice came again: "You better not say this in front of outsiders. She has many fans and geniuses who consider her to be a musical fairy, including some Grand Historical Geniuses."

Feiyun had heard that the capital was the place where all the nobles come together. The imperial court had more than six thousand years of history so there were quite a few noble clans. The leaders were the three Grand Officials and the eighteen marquises. Below them were smaller clans that number in the ten thousand, too many to really count.

These nobles were influential in the court on top of being quite powerful. They cultivated many experts; some of the low-key ones could even destroy a cultivation sect.

Everyone needed to be low-key and reasonable at the capital. Just a random person on the street could have a top position in the court and shouldn't be offended.

These nobles were divided into many factions. The most popular was the scholarly and elegant faction. These nobles cared for their reputation and external appearances. The girls among them were even more elegant with a fanatic love for music and literature.

This was something not found outside of the capitals. All the other sects were breaking heads just to gain more resources to become even stronger. Who would have time for literature and music?

Because of this love for arts due to the nobility, talented musicians and poets were called maestros. Many royal youths didn't mind offering a fortune or even fight to the death just to hear a single tune.

Some older cultivators at the Giant level have even fought before are an argument about which maestro was the best singer. This eventually spread to the young generation as well; the fans supported their own musical favorites. This wasn't a rare sight at the capital.

Meanwhile, Ye Xiaoxiang was the hot maestro at the moment at the capital. The combination of a pretty singer with a sad song made many people cry.

Even a few famous Historical Geniuses were her guests. If anyone dared to badmouth her, a group of geniuses would make mincemeat out of them.

"Master might be a fan of Maestro Ye so when you go capture her, do not hurt her in the slightest or master won't be happy." The quiet voice eventually disappeared.

Feiyun smirked at this fun show even before he got to the capital. This so-called "master" must be a big shot at the capital, wanting to take his fairy for his own but was afraid of others finding out so he hired outsiders.

"The atmosphere of the capital is outrageously extravagant with no respect for cultivation. A decline was inevitable, no wonder why people in the world want to rebel. Looks like it's not just because of the astronomical phenomenon." Feiyun lamented.

On the second day, the warship has finally made it to the Faith Convent. There were many ships stopping here with geniuses coming out.

There were wild warriors from the Ancient Jing Prefecture and students from Earthchild. Corpse controllers were here as well. All of these prodigies came from all over the world. They left their ship and climbed the up the stone steps with many thousand years of history to light an incense at the convent.

"The divine statue was taken out from the river ahead. It's blocked by that mountain right now. You just need to climb up to see it." Xiangcen said.

Feiyun was right behind her with the twin maids and four armored guards.

After climbing up the mountain and staring at the gigantic statue, Feiyun seemed to be petrified and struck by lightning at the same time. There was an indescribable shock in his mind with surging emotions.

"How, how can this be? It's her statue, why was it under the Jin River? What is going on?" Feiyun murmured while staring at the statue.

Xiangcen could see his strange expression that was pale to a scary level. Sweat beads ran down his forehead as well. Was the poisonous blood attacking again?

"Are you alright?" She asked.

Feiyun grabbed her arm and said: "Are you sure this statue was excavated from the river four thousand years ago?"

Xiangcen was taken aback by the question.

A young cultivator that was here to worship the statue answered instead: "Of course, there are clear records about the excavation inside the convent. If you don't believe it, brother, you can go have a look."

His friend was wearing a beautiful embroidered robe. The guy spoke: "Ye Xiaoxiang is coming to pray today so many geniuses are already waiting at the Ask Buddha Platform. I think Dongfang Jingshui, a historical genius, will be there too."

Feiyun didn't really listen. He looked at the statue again before sighing. His face was still as pale as before.

[Chapter 410: Meeting Between Old Friends](#)

"May I have your names, Brothers?" Feng Feiyun tried his best to calm down but waves of emotions continued to assault his mind.

Why was a statue from four thousand years ago so similar to her? It felt like a dream.

The two youths staring at the statue had a tidy appearance. Earlier, they helped Feiyun out because they could see that he was special and wanted to be his friend.

The youth to the left was tall and thin with thick brows. He said with a tinge of pride: "Heavenly Tiger Marquis' faction, Li Fengxin."

The marquis had a hundred million troops under his banner. He was a top-level noble since the first of his line was a founding father of the dynasty. This won his descendants the inheritance title.

In other words, the faction of the tiger marquis also had more than six thousand years of history. It had produced many amazing talents and was quite influential all around the world.

Thus, Li Fengxin couldn't be blamed for being proud of his faction.

The youth to the right wore a green robe and was around seventeen or eighteen years of age. He said: "Profound School, Zhu Ming."

Profound was one of the five schools of the daoist doctrine; the majority of them were vagabonds and became guest followers of the nobles.

Both youths had amazing cultivation with a black solar light in their dantian. They also had an elegant air as well.

"May I ask where you are from?" Li Fengxin took notes of Feiyun's clothing and couldn't see through the guy's cultivation. Moreover, he had a great beauty as his companion. His maids and bodyguards were full of spirit so the guy had to come from a great background.

Feiyun was still a bit out of touch while staring at the statue. Xiangcen answered in his stead: "We're from a minor sect of the Grand Southern Prefecture, hoping to broaden our horizon by visiting the capital."

The southern region was indeed desolate in the eyes of these nobles. They believed that real experts were from Central Royal and Earthchild.

Feiyun naturally understood why she answered in this manner. They were here to form an alliance with a corpse cave so a low-profile was necessary.

Fengxin became a bit excited and asked: "I heard a demon's son came out in that region and people considered him the best in the dynasty. Have you met him before, Brother?"

Zhu Ming was attracted by this topic as well.

Xiangcen didn't realize that the southern region has shocked the world at this moment. All eyes were fixated on it. She slightly glanced at Feiyun and vice versa.

Feiyun became a bit awkward and said: "He's a dragon among men, the jewel in the southern region. Little characters like us aren't lucky enough to meet him."

Fengxin nodded in agreement: "He even slept with the Seventh Heretical Lord. Such courage is quite rare indeed."

Feiyun's smile instantly froze while Xiangcen turned pale.

"Sigh. It's fine to not see him. I heard he's poisoned right now and only has two more years to live. It has been one year so I'm sure his vitality has weakened along with his cultivation. He could be dead in a marsh somewhere." Zhu Ming said.

Feiyun kept on agreeing as the group walked towards Faith Convent.

His mind was in disarray and his expression showed it. Why was a statue of Shui Yueting here in the Jin Dynasty? It was excavated four thousand years ago but surely, the statue must have been there for even longer.

What was going on? Perhaps reading some books in the convent would grant him some clues.

The convent was north of the statue and deep in the clouds.

A stone pathway led all the way to the peak. There were loud bell rings up there but it didn't break the serenity of the Buddhist building. Occasionally, one could see a young nun preparing some boiled water along the way while reading some scriptures and heading for the top.

The Beastmaster Camp was another sacred ground for Buddhism that only took in female disciples. However, it allowed for female disciples to cultivate without adopting Buddhism completely. Meanwhile, the Faith Convent's disciples must become nuns and monks. It was divided into the Jialan Hall and Arhat Hall.

Jialan was for women cultivating the Orchid Scripture. The goal was to transcend the world while realizing that everything was nothing.

Arhat was ascetic with the Diamond Wisdom Scripture. It focused on the self while removing all unrelated aspects and leaving behind all pursuits in the world. Wisdom was the way to reach nothingness.

The real difference between the Beastmaster Camp and the Faith Convent was their way of life. The Beastmaster disciples would join the mortal world to polish their nature. However, the disciples here wouldn't come out and participate in mortal conflicts.

Many cultivators came to light an incense; the majority of the group were young prodigies.

With Fengxin leading the way, the group finally made it to the library of the convent. There weren't any Buddhist cultivation manuals here, only the most ordinary scripture and old canonical texts. Because of this, only four nuns at early Immortal Foundation kept a lookout.

They all wore a white dress. One stood by the entrance while the other three were cleaning up the shelves.

After stating his intent, one nun led Feng Feiyun inside and took out an old book about the divine statue stored in a dark corner. People rarely read it.

As for Fengxin and Zhu Ming, they had no interest in these Buddhist texts so they left for the Ask Buddha Platform. They were only here to see Ye Xiaoxiang and couldn't wait at all.

Meanwhile, Xiangcen received a jade talisman and took it out. After reading the content, she quickly left with the two maids, only leaving behind the four guards. They stood outside waiting for Feiyun.

Feiyun stood alone under the red sandalwood shelf. He slowly opened the bamboo scroll written more than four thousand years ago. Even though it was carefully preserved, many words were nearly illegible. Some ashes also fell out.

Feiyun carefully read: "In the ninth year of Chengfeng, the Jin River became dried and the statue of a goddess showed up..."

It took an hour before he finished reading the scroll without missing a single detail. In summary, it stated that a rare flood had occurred in the dynasty during this period so half of the statue's head was shown. At that point, the court mobilized thirty thousand troops to change the flow of the river and another two years to excavate the statue completely.

The emergence of the statue was quite auspicious. Rains poured down with spirit items appearing all around the dynasty. It was a prosperous era.

This was the reason why that emperor during that generation changed the name of the Jin Capital to the Divine Capital.

Feiyun slightly grimaced. There was not a single clue in the scroll. It didn't talk about where the statue came from at all.

'Looks like I have to dig deeper into the legends.' Feiyun rolled the scroll back before putting it back on the shelf.

However, there was a pair of eyes on the other side. They stared at each other through the gap.

The girl was afraid since she didn't expect for someone to be in front of her and issued a scream.

"Lady, are you alright?" A different girl quickly walked closer.

“No... it’s fine.”

Feiyun didn’t expect to meet an acquaintance in this place. It was Yu Chan from the Supreme Beauty Pavilion.

After several years, this talented musician became even more elegant with a scholarly aura.

She told him that the Supreme Beauty Pavilion had moved to the capital. He was quite surprised and asked: “Hongyan is still there?”

Yu Chan sighed and shook her head: “Big Sis has been missing for a year without any news.”

‘That’s when she left the Feng Clan.’ Feiyun was disappointed. He thought he could meet Hongyan if Yu Chan was here.

Where could she be going if not the pavilion?

Feiyun looked at the other girl who was dressed in white and asked: “Are you and Xue Wu doing well?”

He didn’t know whether he started caring for them just because he loved Hongyan. After all, these girls in this business looked beautiful on the outside but they faced hardship and couldn’t complain to others.

This was a maid name Lan’er, a young girl with bright eyes and white teeth. She didn’t know who Feiyun was and proudly answered the question: “Our lady and Lady Xue Wu are the top three at the Supreme Beauty Pavilion. But...”

“But?” Feiyun inquired.

Yu Chan took a deep breath and said: “The capital is the most prosperous place in the world with countless cultivators. All the playgrounds here normally have the backing of the nobility or cultivation sects and clans. However, we only got here so we lack stability. Other powers are either staying away from us or stealing our talents...”

She slightly whimpered with her eyes getting misty.

Feiyun naturally heard the unhappiness in her voice and became surprised: “Isn’t the Supreme Beauty Pavilion only behind the Beauty’s Smile Pavilion? Shouldn’t all of you be quite successful in this capital where people love this type of stuff?”

Yu Chan shook her head: “More than half of our sisters in the top ten ranking have been poached by the Triflower Palace and we’re without Sister Hongyan too. We’re no match for Triflower now, let alone Beauty’s Smile.”

Lan’er said exasperatedly: “Really, in terms of music and dancing ability, the top girls from Triflower are not necessarily better than Lady Yu Chan and Lady Xue Wu. But if we have a Grand Historical Genius backing us up, it will attract many visitors then we can be as hot as Triflower.”

“Why does having a Grand Historical Genius as your guest increase your popularity so much?” Feiyun was confused.

Lan'er explained: "The people who go to these playgrounds are young. The most excellent among them are part of the lower and upper lists of Grand Historical Geniuses. The twenty members are the young generation's idols."

"When a historical genius visit a playground, young nobles and young masters will come running. The value of the lady will go up several times and she could be granted the title of maestro."

"The hot maestro right now is Ye Xiaoxiang from Beauty's Smile. Because three historical geniuses like her a lot, she is propelled to a very influential role in the capital right now."