

Sprit Vessel 421

[Chapter 421: White Dress And Red Pipa](#)

The Jin Dynasty had three directors, nine ministers, and eighteen marquises. These were the upper echelon that had existed since the formation of the dynasty six thousand years ago. They were pillars of the government.

There was a shrine name Three Directors in the capital. It worshiped the three pioneering directors. These three contributed greatly to the dynasty so their descendants were able to enjoy the hereditary title.

Inside the palace was also the Cloud Tower to worship eighteen more contributing founders. All of them were bestowed the title of Heavenly Marquis and granted eighteen different legions of the martial army. The stronger ones even had several hundred million troops.

The royal family, three directors, and eighteen marquises made up the nobility in the dynasty. The governors of the eight prefectures all came from this particular line. Of course, some were recruited under these clans' banner and became eligible to join the upper echelon of the court.

The three directors and eighteen marquises all had their own personal territories. They were able to cultivate their own forces in these lands. This group was quite influential and had real power.

On the other hand, the nine ministers were no match for them because they belonged to the civil branch. Moreover, they were subordinates of the Grand Chancellor so they had no influence to speak of.

The three directors consisted of the following titles: Grand Chancellor, Grand Tutor, and Grand Preceptor. [1]

The Grand Chancellor was the most powerful of the three. This position currently belonged to the clan master of the Beiming, Beiming Moshou.

Due to these two positions, he was the most powerful in the dynasty outside of the emperor. One-third of the eighteen marquises all listened to him since they were under his banner.

The Grand Chancellor's residence in the Beiming Clan.

"Absolutely disgraceful! Going this far just for a prostitute, if this were to get out, our reputation would be destroyed overnight!" Beiming Moshou slammed loudly on the table and scared the middle-aged man standing in front of him into taking a step back.

This slightly portly middle-aged man was around fifty years old. He was Beiming Moshou's little brother, Beiming Cang.

Moshou had a nickname at the capital, Sly Fox. He wasn't one to reveal his emotion outwardly and even if the sky were to fall down, he wouldn't be afraid at all. This was his first time erupting with such anger.

His little brother was scared out of his mind: “Brother, it has already happened and I didn’t expect this demon’s son to come out of nowhere. If it wasn’t for him, it would have been perfect. Ye Xiaoxiang would be here right now.”

Beiming Cang was the one who ordered the kidnapping.

“Are you listening to yourself?” Moshou gradually calmed down. The matter had already occurred so it was time to figure out how to deal with it in order to avoid future problems.

A murderous glint flashed in Cang’s eyes: “Brother, don’t worry. I ordered people to guard the nine gates and seventy-two towns already. Plus, I sent heretical experts from the Dark Realm to pursue the demon’s son too. If we also send out half-steps and Giants from the clan, I’m sure we can eliminate him right away.”

“You incompetent bungler.” Beiming Moshou gave him the eye before becoming gentler. He touched the ring on his finger and said: “Long Chuanfeng has returned to the capital.”

“What?! That old man is back?” Beiming Cang’s expression carried a touch of fear.

The Divine King was the only person bestowed this title in the Jin Dynasty and enjoyed a position even greater than the three directors. Even though he had left the dynasty for almost two hundred years, he still had enough power, especially in the court. Moshou worried about him the most.

With an astute gleam in his eyes, Moshou said: “Chuanfeng wants the demon’s son to become his successor. Haha, it’s a shame that the guy is infected by Yama’s blood and won’t live for much longer so Chuanfeng had to give up. However, those two are still master and disciple. If we send out Giant-level cultivators to kill him, he’ll find out and will take action. We send out ten, he’ll kill ten.”

“Plus, I have received another message. The demon’s son has become the successor of the Feng Clan. That clan is protected by an Enlightened Being right now. I don’t know how strong that person actually is, but an Enlightened Being can definitely kill a Giant through space, all the way from the Grand Southern Prefecture.”

Cang replied: “Brother, you mean that we can’t do anything and can only watch that demon’s son prance around in front of us?”

Beiming Moshou shook his head and said: “Older experts participating will only incite the wrath of that Enlightened Being and Long Chuanfeng, but younger ones are fine. They won’t be able to say anything. People of their status won’t interfere with the competition among the youths.”

Cang laughed and said: “You’re right, brother. No need to use a butcher’s blade to kill a chicken. That demon’s son used to be the number one genius of our dynasty, but because of that decaying blood, how strong can he be right now? We have countless prodigies, I’m sure many can kill him.”

He wouldn’t be so optimistic if he were to know that Beiming Huaji, one of “Beiming Four Prodigies”, had been easily defeated by Feiyun.

Moshou nodded and said: “Tell Potian, I’m sure he’ll be very willing to kill the number one genius.”

Potian was naturally their best prodigy, ranked fourth on the upper list.

Cang was ecstatic to hear this: "The demon's son is dead for sure if Potian joins in."

He was leaving in excitement but Moshou called him back: "You need to do one thing."

"What is it, brother?"

"People with bad reputation always cast a shadow of doubts. Tell everyone in the capital that the demon's son has boundless lust and had captured Fairy Ye. Meanwhile, we are helping the Divine King get rid of this shameless pervert." Moshou calmly said.

In his eyes, this was killing two birds with one stone. First, it could put all the blame on Feng Feiyun. Second, everyone knew that the demon's son was the Divine King's successor. Shouldn't the master take some blame for not being able to restrain his own disciple?

Moshou's move would also be a punch aiming straight for the Divine King.

Cang hesitated for a moment: "But if we do that, we can't take Fairy Ye into the Beimings..."

"Hmph! This woman must die along with the demon's son in order to get rid of all the evidence. This will enrage all those music lovers and they'll aim their spear at Long Chuanfeng." Moshou's voice became colder.

Cang was very unwilling but he didn't dare to go against Moshou's order.

In just one night, one news spread across the entire capital - the successor of the Divine King, the demon's son had been inflicted with Yama's blood but he is still alive and had kidnapped Fairy Ye Xiaoxiang.

It shocked the entire capital since she had too many fans. All of them became enraged and wanted to find the demon's son. Some even vowed to kill him at all cost.

Of course, the rumors came from the street but many believed it. After all, the demon's son had a record of doing such a thing! It wasn't surprising at all.

The dragon lake at the Jin Gou Clan.

"Why is the demon's son still alive even with the poisonous blood?" Dongfang Jingyue's face was covered with a white veil. She sat on a chair made from a tree stump below an osmanthus tree while holding a red pipa. The ground was covered in leaves as the breeze made her black and long hair flutter. White petals dropped from the branches and created a snow-like scene.

A powerful man wearing a rhino-skin armor and a red cloak walked forward. His first words were: "Ye Xiaoxiang wasn't kidnapped by Feng Feiyun. It must be that Beiming fox's scheme."

Of course, he was Dongfang Jingshui.

Jingyue sat there quietly. Her expression remained a mystery due to the white veil; only her pretty yet cold eyes were visible. She nonchalantly said: "What does that have to do with me?"

"Potian had just left the city, under orders to kill him!" Jingshui spoke again.

“How uninteresting.” Jingyue stood up and walked by Jingshui. Her figure was peerlessly beautiful.

Jingshui smiled in response: “Don’t tell me you’re about to leave the city too?”

Jingyue slightly paused but didn’t stop completely: “If you want to leave the city, you can be my company.”

“I don’t care about the demon’s son so why would I leave?” Jingshui was holding his laughter.

“Come with me to laugh at that braggart. I’ve never liked him since several years ago.” Jingyue said.

“There’s no animosity between us so why should I go to laugh at him?” Jingshui asked.

“He said he could defeat you within five years. It’s been four years and five months now but there is still a big gap between your cultivation and his. Don’t you think we should laugh at a braggart like him?” Jingyue answered without showing any emotion.

“Looks like you have been keeping track of the time. If it is as you said, then I guess I’ll come together with you to mock him.” Jingshui finally burst out in laughter. Who knows if he was laughing at Feng Feiyun or at a certain girl?

[Chapter 422: Awakened Spirit Vessel](#)

This particular Buddhist mountain was neither large or beautiful. However, it became famous because of Faith Convent on top.

Behind the mountain was a large area full of rolling hills. People rarely came here, not even the disciples of Faith.

Feiyun meditated inside a cave in the middle of a cliff. His body emitted 360 golden lights. All 360 meridians were open and acted like bridges to absorb the spirit energy from the earth.

He held one True Mysterious Spirit Stone in each hand and absorbed the energy there as well. It flowed into his dantian and was converted into violet energy for his internal palace.

‘I must break through to the second level as fast as possible. That’s the only way to deal with the incoming crisis or I won’t ever have the initiative.’ Feiyun thought to himself.

Even though he had 2,900 strands of violet energy inside his central palace and was only one step away from the second level, it was still very difficult. Taking this step was akin to walking from one end of the world to the other side. One might not be able to make it this far.

The central palace was boundless like the universe. Cultivators wanted to refine their own “world” within. First-level Heaven’s Mandates only had a tiny land. In order to reach the second level, they must widen this area on top of having 3,000 strands of violet energy.

The energy requirement was the easy part but expanding this area within was exceedingly difficult.

Many cultivators wanted to rush this and eventually failed the expansion before suffering qi deviation.

Of course, Feng Feiyun’s God Base was fortified enough. It was unlikely for something like qi deviation to occur.

'This guy is really strong. Phoenix hymns and dragon roars are emanating from his body, no wonder why people call him the demon's son.' Ye Xiaoxiang was sitting inside with her chin resting on her knees. Her starry eyes quietly watched Feiyun who was now floating in the middle of the cave.

The truth was that this legendary demon's son wasn't so fierce-looking. He was actually very handsome with an attractive figure. However, there was a faint evil affinity coming from him, as if he could turn into a murderous monster at any moment.

Her eyes shifted down towards his chest and saw part of a purple flute. This was her beloved flute that had been confiscated by him. What a rude and unreasonable man!

There were invisible formations arranged in the cave entrance. She couldn't leave and could only watch this man.

"Heaven, please watch over me and help me run away from this evil clutch..."

"Boom!" Suddenly, the energy inside the cave ran amok. Thick strands of energy became visible to the naked eyes and flowed towards Feiyun, like rivers branching into the ocean.

His vitality became even richer. The demonic blood and the Yama's spine awoke. The demonic blood had an evil affinity while the Yama's spine unleashed a malefic force. These two types of power were churning as if wanting to turn his body into a chaotic cauldron.

Each increase in level has always been accompanied by the awakening of his demonic blood as well as the spine. They were too strong to be under the control of his current cultivation.

If he let them awaken completely, his current divine intents would be destroyed instantly so he must suppress them.

'Shit! Reaching level two will stimulate the blood and spine and I won't be able to suppress them then. Do I have no choice but to stop the breakthrough now even though it is so close?' Feiyun was thinking about a countermeasure.

At this time, the Azure Spirit Vessel floating in his dantian was also stimulated by the energy inside his violet palace. It suddenly moved a little bit.

"Clank, clank!" The ship issued an ancient yet sonorous sound like the awakening of an ancient god.

It was a very quiet reaction but it resounded in his eyes like the thunder.

He became crazily ecstatic!

'Looks like once my energy reaches a certain level, I'll be able to reach out to the vessel.'

The Evil Woman had refined the vessel by half. However, Feiyun was too weak before and couldn't make the vessel show its true power. Its sudden awakening now meant that he could use a tiny part of its power.

This was a holy artifact. Even a tiny part of its power was much more than ordinary spirit treasures. This vessel could even directly destroy the latter. They were not on the same level.

One of his divine intents turned into a miniature version of him before flying into his dantian.

His miniature avatar floated next to the vessel. It gathered all of its power and poured it into the vessel. The vessel began to absorb this energy for about an hour before it reached a saturated state.

“Bang!” A sound similar to an egg being broken occurred.

A layer of mist slowly receded from the ship to reveal its true shape. If Feiyun’s dantian was an ocean, then this ancient ship spanned for several thousand li just like a mountain range.

The largest ship type of the Jin Dynasty, red ivory, would only look like a speck of dust in comparison.

This was Feiyun’s second time seeing the vessel’s original form. He got a quick glance at the Yellow River the first time around before being knocked away.

He was much more shaken this time. It was really too gigantic, more like a primordial divine vessel traveling through space from one planet to another.

“Damn! Looks like my projection is still off. It’s certainly not just a simple holy artifact.” He became frightened by the aura emitted from the ship despite being a ninth-level Heaven’s Ascension in his previous life. This was his first time seeing something of this magnitude.

It had rusted and the ancient runes carved on the hulls were barely legible. Feiyun had never seen these strange images; they looked like they don’t belong to this world.

He landed on the ship and a sorrowful aura struck his ace. He felt as if he had entered another world. There were white grains of sand everywhere on the ground. However, when Feiyun crouched down, he found that each grain was as heavy as a mountain.

Each grain could crush a first-level Heaven’s Mandate to death and shatter their soul!

‘Damn! How can they be so heavy? Can it be that they were ashes of the saints? That’s the only possible explanation.’

Maybe in a distant era, many saints have fallen on this ship but because it was too long ago, even their corpses have turned to these white ashes?

One wouldn’t be able to see saints in this world any longer but this place was full of their remains. This was a truly frightening thought.

Feiyun was horrified. The body of a saint could last for ten million years. Was this ship even older than that?

The Infinite Spirit Ring was jumping excitedly and emitted a black light. The six carved diagrams were shaking as well before rushing out of the ring.

The Dragon-horse River Diagram floating on top of the ship also shot out a dazzling light and became connected with the ring. The creature inside seemed to be coming back to life and issued a deafening roar.

“The ring and the ship really have a connection. Perhaps the ring had something to do with the ship bringing me to the Jin Dynasty.” He speculated.

Shui Yueting, Azure Spirit Vessel, Infinite Spirit Ring, the statue by the Jin River, Dongfang Jingyue... All of these, more or less, had some connection to each other. Was all of this really just a coincidence?

'The previous and current life have too many similarities.' All of this made him uneasy.

His eyes slowly became serious.

"Boom!" Suddenly, an invisible force pushed him out of the deck. The ship was once shrouded by a layer of light again.

'My energy can only open the ship for a brief period right now. Connecting with it requires too much energy.' Feiyun's divine intent returned to his head.

His spirit energy seemed to be vast right now but it could only empower the ship for up to nine breaths. Any longer and it would deplete completely.

However, this was already powerful enough since he could use the ship nine times. This was enough to destroy even the enemies' spirit treasures.

At the same time, he found a pleasant surprise. The evil affinity and malefic force from his blood and spine were suppressed.

'The monstrous aura of the ship must have frightened them. Very well, I can go all out to reach the second level then.'

[Chapter 423: Goddess Of Jin River](#)

This was the second time trying to reach second-level Heaven's Mandate.

Feiyun opened his palms again; the spirit stones inside have been used up by half.

He quickly gathered three thousand strands of violet energy in his dantian. They were surging down there and caused his body to tremble. An unprecedented eruption of power occurred.

"Boom!" The central palace exploded like a big bang. It expanded and became several times wider than before, allowing it to contain much more violet energy.

He had officially entered the second level. Even though it was only one level, his power had increased by several folds.

He opened his eyes and two plumes of flame surged out. If anyone were to take a careful look, they would see that there were two shadows of a fiery bird within.

The Heavenly Phoenix Gaze had broken through as well, reaching the "Corporeal Discernment" level. His two rays destroyed the formations in the cave and rushed straight to the sky. The clouds nearby began to burn, creating a beautiful river of fire.

'My gaze is finally at the minor completion level, its offensive power won't be weaker than a spirit treasure.' Feiyun was quite pleased with himself.

At his current level, he could easily erase third-level Heaven's Mandate cultivators and was strong enough to handle any fourth-level. If he were to use the vessel and use its strongest attacks, he would become even more powerful.

Though he didn't know how strong the upper historical geniuses were at this moment, the gap between them couldn't be so great, if there was one at all.

He stopped meditating and noticed that Ye Xiaoxiang has escaped again. She would always do so if there was a chance. Earlier, the gazes had broken through the formations by the entrance so she ran away.

"Feng Feiyun, let me go, I have never done anything to you so why won't you let me go?" She was captured by Feiyun again since she didn't make it out of the river area just yet.

He used a rope to restrain her hands this time and held on to the other end. 'We'll see how you're going to run now'.

"Sorry, a friend of mine owes you a favor so I must take you back safely to the capital. If you run around like this, they'll capture you in less than six hours and who knows if you'll survive afterward." He walked in front and pulled on the rope while Ye Xiaoxiang unhappily followed behind him.

The famous Maestro Ye probably had never seen someone who didn't show any mercy towards her like this.

They made it to below the towering statue to rest again. Even its heel was as large as a hill.

There were many citizens prostrating on the ground and burning money and incense to worship this statue. They were very pious and considered it a goddess.

Feiyun stopped an old man and asked respectfully: "Hi, is everyone here villagers from below the mountain?"

The old man saw that he had a tied-up beauty behind him and thought that he was a human trafficker. He quivered with fear and stammered: "I, I, don't know anything!"

He pulled an old woman and ran along the river towards the downstream area and quickly disappeared from Feiyun's sight.

"Do I look like a bad guy?" In the end, he had to untie her and went to ask another old woman with gray hair.

The old woman saw that the pair was quite good-looking and clearly not bad people. She cheerfully told Feiyun: "My house is at a village eight miles downstream. Recently, there are many strange things happening here and people saw unclean things. That's why everyone came to pray to the goddess so that she can protect our village."

Just the omission of a rope gave a completely different first impression. Appearance alone wasn't enough to distinguish good from bad.

Feiyun smiled and said: "Aunty, you are saying that this statue is the Jin River Goddess?"

“Yes, this has been passed down all along. Because of the goddess’ protection, our village was able to have peace and no disasters.” She bowed towards the goddess again.

Feiyun sneered in his mind. This vile Shui Yueting is considered a goddess? If it wasn’t for the protectors inside Faith Convent, he would have broken down this statue already.

Feiyun asked again: “Oh, Aunt, do you know if there is a shrine for the goddess too? I want to offer my respect.”

The old woman contemplated before answering: “I’ve been living here for a few decades now but I’ve never heard of a shrine. Young lad, if you want to offer your respect, the statue ahead will be fine.”

“Ah, okay, thank you.” Feiyun’s eyes became serious. The turtle shell clearly had records of a shrine as well as the mysterious story about the two siblings. How could it not be here?

Maybe too much time had passed and the shrine, as well as that particular village, were gone now?

‘Why?’ Feiyun became disappointed. His clue was cut off again.

‘Shui Yueting, why is your statue from the past appearing here all of a sudden, what is going on?’

“Hey, did you not hear aunt talking about the strange things going on at her village?” Ye Xiaoxiang was unhappy.

Feiyun regained his wits and said: “So what?”

“You’re so strong so you should lend them a hand.” She said.

“Why should I?” He asked.

“Why are you so cold? If you don’t help them, so many people might die there. How can you stand and do nothing?” Her dissatisfaction grew.

Feiyun took a deep breath and rubbed his forehead before looking deeply at her. This woman was too kind, even worrying about the struggles of mortals. She had no arrogance usually found in a beauty.

Despite being the sixth beauty in the dynasty on top of her good fame, she didn’t consider herself amazing or anything. On the contrary, her heart was still innocent and kind. This was a very rare and praiseworthy characteristic.

“Are you joking? We’re being hunted right now, when do we have time to carry about others? Who will care for our wellbeing then?” Feiyun wasn’t someone who tried to be on good terms with everyone. He only wanted to survive in this cruel world so he must be careful with each step. A single mistake could bring about damnation.

“I’ll go myself then, hmph, coward!” She looked at him with disdain. Having said that, she started walking downstream.

Feiyun had been loved and hated by women. Some even tried to kill him before. However, this look of disdain was the first.

‘Damn, what is that look?!’ He thought to himself.

"I dare you to say it again?!" He shouted with a force that made her stumble and fall on the ground. Her slender legs became numb from the soundwave so she couldn't get back up.

Tears were about to drip out: "But you're really a coward. So what if the Beiming is trying to find us? If I'm not afraid, why should a man like you be afraid?"

"Who says I'm afraid? I just don't want to expose our location and bring on needless trouble." Despite his answer, Feiyun was a bit moved. Even a woman like her was so kind yet he was gradually becoming more aloof and distant while viewing others' lives as trash.

'I'm not an emotionless person like this. Remember, I helped that girl from the tea shop and took down the oppressors. Why can't I do the same now?' He thought.

Could it be that as one grew stronger and gained higher status, they would believe themselves to be infallible and stopped caring for others? 'I'm indeed inferior to this girl in this regards.'

"Why are you staring at me like that? What do you want... I was just speaking my mind... you can't be this narrow-minded..." Ye Xiaoxiang became a bit nervous while watching Feiyun approach closer.

'What am I going to do if he wants to do something...' She was scared.

Feiyun crouched down and condensed a black mist in his palm before placing it on her beautiful thighs. This mist permeated throughout her legs and the numbing sensation gradually lessened.

But now, a different numbness came instead since she could feel his masculine touch: 'This guy-y...'

"Okay, let's go." He withdrew his palm and began walking downstream.

She stood up and stared at his back before asking: "Where to?"

"To that small village. Looks like I want to be an exorcist tonight and find some ghosts." He teased.

She became slightly surprised. This guy was inscrutable, as ferocious as a devil at times but now, he seemed to be someone completely different.

[Chapter 424: The Forgotten Ghost Village](#)

"What are you waiting for? It's getting dark already." Feiyun's voice came from afar.

"Well... fine." She had thoughts of escaping before remembering his absurd speed and obediently followed him.

This was an old town next to the shore of Jin River and a black mountain.

Who knows how long these streets have been here for? There were many potholes around but at least the eaved roofs of the buildings on the side were still intact. When Feiyun got there, he could sense something strange in the air.

He suddenly stopped in the middle of an intersection with fires moving in his eyes. His phoenix gaze observed the qi image of this small village and noticed that there was a yin-yang energy concentrating above in the form of a fish. It engulfed the entire village.

Of course, this was only a qi image, something invisible, that ordinary eyes couldn't see.

Only cultivators versed in reading these qi images could see them.

This was... a qi image established by an Enlightened Being.

This village that couldn't seem any more ordinary was actually visited by an Enlightened Being. Something strange was happening here.

"What are you looking at?" Ye Xiaoxiang stared at the place Feiyun was with her pretty eyes and long, curving eyebrows but couldn't see anything.

"Nothing." He withdrew his gaze and continued on the street ahead.

Even before nightfall, all the villagers have closed their door. Outside of a fat rooster, there was no other living creature on the street.

Eventually, the old woman that had visited the statue returned. She was surprised to see the pair and commented: "Looks like the young is still faster."

Under her determined request, the two had to go stay at her house for one night.

Night finally came. The entire village was devoid of light outside of this old woman's house.

"The village isn't peaceful right now, why did the two of you still come here?" She was worried and felt that the lamp could bring some dirty things here.

Feiyun smiled and said: "Aunty, the truth is that I'm an exorcist. Why don't you tell me about the strange things happening here and maybe I can solve the problem."

He thought that she would become very excited after hearing this but it was the opposite. She became worried and said: "It's useless, even the immortals from Faith Convent didn't return. Young man, don't risk your life for no reasons."

"Oh, really? Thank you, Aunty, I won't try then. But why don't you tell us what is going on anyway so we can at least know." He replied.

"I'll tell you if you don't go." She was still worried.

Feiyun smiled brightly and said: "I won't."

She was relieved and said: "There is a ghost village next to us. It has been around for a long time now. Every several hundred years, it would come out before disappearing again." Several days ago, Old Yang from up the street on his way back saw the ghost village appearing again. It had lamps and buildings everywhere so the old man ran back and told everyone. On the second day, people came and only saw an empty field so they said that he was drunk and didn't know what he was saying, but, but..."

A chilling wind blew by in the night.

Xiaoxiang was slightly pale and leaned her soft body closer to Feiyun.

"But what?" Feiyun asked.

“On the second night, Old Yang screamed and ran like a madman around his yard about a ghost wanting to take his life. His scream was even scarier than a ghost and frightened everyone in the village. No one got any sleep last night.”

“At dawn, someone found him dead in his yard, he had swallowed his own tongue.” The old woman’s voice was trembling.

Feiyun commented: “This ghost village appeared again later on.”

The old woman nodded: “Several nights later, someone saw the well-lit ghost village again at the same place. Who knows what actually happened later but it was another miserable death. From then on, no one dared to go outside at night again.”

“Is there really a ghost village killing people...” Xiaoxiang thought that she was a brave person but she still shivered after hearing about this bizarre matter.

Feiyun became interested. A village disappearing by the Jin River that would occasionally appear again with some strange things inside causing mysterious deaths?

It was similar to the Yama’s Decaying Blood. Even strongest Giants would die mysteriously after having contact with the blood.

A disappearing ancient village and a qi image left behind by an Enlightened Being... all of these signs showed that this village was not ordinary. Perhaps there was a great secret hidden here.

The old woman was asleep late in the night. Feiyun sneaked out of his room without issuing a single thud. He planned on checking the ghost village nearby, perhaps a discovery was waiting there for him.

“You swindler.” Xiaoxiang was already standing outside as if she knew that he would try to go there.

Feiyun wasn’t surprised at all. After all, her shabby cultivation couldn’t escape his divine intents at all.

“You want to go too?” He quietly asked.

“If you’re going, why can’t I?” She replied.

“As long as you don’t piss your pants, you can... Wait, something is happening.” Feiyun gazed towards the horizon and saw three white rays flying towards the river shore. They were three monks wearing white buddhist robes. Their powerful aura showed that they were at Heaven’s Mandate.

“Looks like the monks from Faith are also paying attention to this ghost village.” He murmured.

There was no moon tonight, one couldn’t see their fingers in front of them. They could still hear the sound of Jin River in the distant and saw a tiny village on the other side with bright lamps. However, it was eerily quiet.

The three monks from Faith were standing outside of the village with all kind of artifacts such as a buddhist mirror, wooden bead, and a vajra scepter.

They were digging randomly while using the mirror to illuminate the village.

Feiyun was even further away. He became a bit anxious after seeing the ghost village.

He leaned closer to the ground and listened. There were faint screams and waves of nefarious laughter coming from below. They were intermittent and quiet, as if hell was right below.

However, when he used his divine intents to scout, there was nothing down there but the noises were certainly audible.

Ye Xiaoxiang copied him and slowly lied on her stomach to listen with her ear. She heard the same horrifying noises.

“Master said this ghost village had appeared six hundred years ago. Our seniors back then have also entered but no one came out.”

“It happened more than one thousand years ago too. An Enlightened Being came by on coincidence and used a supreme technique to enter. He never appeared in the cultivation world afterward...”

“If we can find the path that Enlightened Being used, maybe we can get in too.”

One of the monks suddenly shouted: “I found a trace of that senior, he certainly came from the northeast.”

“Come, let us search.”

The three powerful disappeared into a thicket near the village by the northeast.

Ye Xiaoxiang’s eyes lit up as she whispered: “We’ll follow them too.”

Feiyun shook his head and said: “Wait a minute.”

A bit later, three wails came from the village, followed by three red rays flying out of the thicket like pillars of blood. The night sky became even more horrifying.

“We’re leaving now!” He quickly dragged her towards the horizon whether she wanted to or not.

On the next morning during breakfast with the old woman, Feiyun planned on visiting the village again. Even if it wasn’t around, there should still be some strange things left behind.

However, once he got one foot out of the door, he quickly went back in and hid his aura then closed the door.

He just saw two familiar people just now on the old street, Dongfang Jingshui and Dongfang Jingyue. Why were they here at this tiny village?

He didn’t want them to know of his location, especially Dongfang Jingyue. He had complicated feelings for her because each time seeing her, it was as if he was seeing Shui Yueting again...

[Chapter 425: Young Throne Marquis](#)

“Strange, did this Feiyun take Ye Xiaoxiang into a rat hole or something, all of the young experts of the capital can’t find them.” Dongfang Jingyue was carrying her red pipa and approached slowly from the village’s entrance. She had a transcendent aura; the white veil couldn’t hide her elegance at all.

The villagers quickly retreated to the side after seeing them. Some even kneeled on the ground.

Dongfang Jingshui said: "Ignore the youths, I heard the Beiming even invited a ninth-ranked wisdom master in order to calculate Feiyun's location but nothing came out of it."

"Hah, this guy's escaping skill is first-rate. He's lucky or Beiming Potian would have found him. With his little skills, he would probably be beaten like a dog right now." Jingshui stood on the street like a crane among a flock of chickens. A complicated gleam appeared in her eyes as if she was thinking about where Feiyun was right now.

Jingshui spoke again: "I heard an ancient village has reappeared again close to here. The clan master has given us the order to check it out but I saw some top geniuses earlier as well. I suppose they have received some news too."

"This village is really not simple, there are even traces of an Enlightened Being here. Who knows what kind of trouble will come this time around?" Jingyue added.

The two of them eventually disappeared into the village while heading for the river shore ahead.

"So this place isn't completely unknown, just another secret location of the cultivation world, many ancient clans know about its existence." Feiyun's divine intents carefully seeped out and permeated across the entire village. He found that there were several powerful auras around, all from the top members of the young generation.

Even the Jin Gou Clan was alarmed this time. Looks like many experts will come around.

"Why are you standing near the door?" Ye Xiaoxiang had a purple nightgown on with a white ribbon covering her fair neck. The bun on her hair was still a bit messy but that didn't lessen her purity just like an orchid.

Just by standing there, she already gave off an enchanting feeling like a female immortal.

Feiyun slightly lost his focus while staring at her and mentally scolded himself in his mind. It was fortunate that she was innocent. Otherwise, if she had taken advantage of his momentary lapse of concentration, she could have made something out of it.

This was indeed the sixth-ranked beauty of the Jin Dynasty, a potential femme fatale.

"You are really pretty today." He smilingly teased.

Ye Xiaoxiang heard this countless times and had grown immune to it. Her cherry lips slightly opened: "Let's go, didn't you want to visit the ghost village today? Exorcists have to help people get rid of ghosts, right?"

She winked and walked forward, leaving a sweet breeze behind.

Feiyun wanted to tell her that it was very dangerous right now because many young prodigies were there. Maybe even experts from the Beiming and Dark Realm were present as well. But for some unknown reasons, he couldn't refuse her.

It was a strange feeling and of course, non-romantic feeling. To be apter, it was a feeling of appreciation and admiration.

She pursued freedom but still had the courage to help others with no sign of arrogance. Contrary to her slender figure, she had a courageous heart that wanted to move forward.

Feiyun hasn't met a beauty like her before who deserved so much respect.

"Oh lord, don't tell me I've also become a fan." Feiyun suddenly realized why so many people were crazy about her and called her goddess. It wasn't completely senseless.

The two of them came to the shore for the second time at the same location as last night. However, it was an empty field this time.

Feiyun used his phoenix gaze to check the surrounding in order to find some clues. Nothing came of it.

He leaned on the ground again to listen with his ear next to the ground. The strange sounds underground have disappeared.

"Did you find anything?" She asked softly as her eyes sparkled.

Feiyun stood up and shook his head but then, he noticed something. He started digging and took out a rusting vajra scepter from the mud. It was full of yellow rust so the Buddhist words have become faint. Nevertheless one could still read them: "Faith Convent."

This was a pseudo spirit treasure but the spirituality inside has corroded completely. It was scrap metals now.

"What is that?" Ye Xiaoxiang saw him being absorbed in observation and asked.

Feiyun spoke with astonishment: "This is a Buddhist artifact the three monks used last night, a vajra scepter."

"No way, this scepter must have been buried for several thousand years, how could it belong to the three monks last night?" She said.

Feiyun shook his head and explained: "I'm right, texts would change with time. After several thousand years it would be completely different but look at these two words, Faith Convent. This is the modern style of the Jin Dynasty."

She was dumbstruck after seeing the words. Feiyun used his Minor Change Art to calculate and began to dig some more.

He found a Buddhist mirror, another treasure that had almost decayed back to the soil. It also belonged to the three monks last night.

Who knows what happened after the three monks entered the village last night? Their treasures were buried underground for several thousand years after.

"Haha, wasted all this time searching only to find you here by chance, Feng Feiyun, where will you run off now?!" A young prodigy came out of the forest with two fairly-old men behind him.

This was a heaven-defying genius that came because of the ghost village. He didn't expect to see Feiyun and Xiaoxiang here.

Feiyun threw the two tools on the ground before looking over and smiled: "Who are you?"

"Throne Marquis Faction, Gu Zhuanfeng." The young prodigy had a cool pose on top of a small mound. A thick wave of spirit energy covered him along with the image of a divine bull sitting in the sky and absorbing the power of the celestials.

The Throne Faction also was also subservient to the Beiming Clan. Gu Zhuanfeng was their Young Marquis with a second-level Heaven's Mandate cultivation. He was relatively famous at the capital.

He used to be training in the frontier with his army and had only recently returned.

Feiyun smiled: "We have nothing between us, why do you want to fight me?"

"Because you have kidnapped Maestro Ye, we are now mortal enemies." Zhuanfeng coldly said: "You better release the maestro and I'll leave your corpse intact."

The Beiming had ordered a must-kill writ on Feiyun. Even if Feiyun didn't have Xiaoxiang with him, Zhuanfeng would still go all out against him.

Feiyun glanced at Xiaoxiang and asked: "Do you know him?"

She slightly shook her head.

Zhuanfeng rarely returned to the capital since he was an army's commander. He had only seen her picture and never been to the Beauty's Smile Pavilion. It would be strange if she were to know him.

Feiyun smiled: "Look, even Maestro Ye doesn't know you, how can I hand her over?"

"Ignorant bastard, daring to go against our Young Marquis?!" One of the old men behind him flew into the sky like a white bird. He did a circular motion with both hands and created a huge formation spanning for one hundred meters.

This was a third-ranked water formation with more than one thousand runic seals.

Zhuanfeng smiled coldly. He was aware of Feiyun's position on the lower list but he had no fear due to the Yama's blood weakening Feiyun.

'What's this about the future number one genius of the dynasty? I will kill him and become famous today!'

"Boom!" Feiyun stretched out his hand towards the sky before patting downward. A palm came out and crushed the formation and dismembered the old man. Blood flew everywhere.

A first-level Heaven's Mandate follower was killed so easily. Zhuanfeng became alarmed and full of hatred.

Feiyun shot out two fiery waves with his eyes straight for Zhuanfeng; one could hear a phoenix's screech.

"Whoosh!" Zhuanfeng was still a Young Marquis so he had all of his faction's supreme arts. He rode a throne made out of light and escaped the phoenix gaze.

However, the second old man behind him wasn't so lucky. The two waves pierced his body and left behind two fist-sized holes by his heart. The guy died instantly.

"You run really fast." Feiyun sneered.

Zhuanfeng spoke with a dark expression: "The Flowing Throne is the fastest movement technique at the same cultivation level."

[Chapter 426: Devil Dao Cultivation](#)

"Fastest movement technique?" Feiyun replied with contempt: "I'm also at the second level of Heaven's Mandate, we'll see who is faster."

After he finished speaking, he was already standing in front of Gu Zhuanfeng. Zhuanfeng became startled at Feiyun's astonishing speed.

Despite panicking, he was still a battle-hardened combatant with great reaction speed. He used his Flowing Throne technique to swiftly retreat and became at ease when he was several thousand meters away from Feiyun.

"This is the fastest movement technique at the same cultivation level." Feiyun's voice came behind him.

Zhuanfeng's face was drained of blood. He quickly channeled his violet energy in order to activate his soulbound artifact and suppress Feiyun.

"Boom!" Feiyun unleashed a palm strike on his back and shattered his energy. His internal organs slammed into each other; he felt something sweet on his throat before spewing out a mouthful of blood.

So what if he was a young marquis at second-level Heaven's Mandate? No one was Feiyun's match at the same level.

"Feiyun, how are you still so strong?! You can't have that much longer to live because of the poisonous blood!" He had never lost so badly before. Moreover, the guy was on the same level as him. It was a cruel blow to his confidence.

Feiyun kicked his butts and sent him flying down the surging Jin River.

"Yes, I'm still poisoned but it's too easy fighting someone like you." Feiyun pretended to cough a couple of times and acted as if he was still sick.

Zhuanfeng got hurt psychologically again. He was always praised as a heaven-defying genius since youth but couldn't even take on this sickly fella. 'Am I really this weak?'

He climbed up to the shore and was unwilling to accept this: "Feiyun, we go again!"

"Who said you can get up? Kneel." Feiyun had no interest in fighting again. He unleashed his devastating phoenix soul and forty divine intents.

"Bang!" Zhuanfeng was already wounded so he couldn't resist this powerful momentum at all. His legs bent down and made him kneel.

A young marquis like him grew up pampered and never had to face such humiliation. He mustered all of his strength in order to stand up. Alas, blood seeped out of his knees from his straining but this pressure was insurmountable.

Those who treated other like trash should experience feel this treatment. Only then would their air of arrogance disappear and replaced by respect.

“Feng Feiyun, you dare to make me kneel?! Don’t you know I’m the oldest son of the Throne Marquis, the successor of the title in the future?! Offending me is offending the entire marquis faction in the capital!” His face was red but nothing he did could make him stand up.

“Oh? I was only going to make you kneel for one day but I’ve changed my mind, three days and three nights then.” Feiyun said.

Zhuanfeng’s eyes were full of hatred and murderous intent as he answered: “You won’t be laughing for long. All the youths at the capital want to kill you now and they’ll be running here, some of them are kings of the young generation, ten times stronger than me.”

Feiyun frowned, not expecting the level of hatred. He had only visited the capital recently. Even if he had offended people, it should only be the Beiming Clan and the Furious Marquis Faction. Why did all the young ones hate him now?

He didn’t fully realize it was because of the rumor spread by the Beiming about him kidnapping Maestro Ye. All the young prodigies wanted to be her heroes and rushed out of the capital to find him.

However, they had no clues of his whereabouts but some will be coming here because of the ghost village’s legend. The most powerful ones will be coming.

“Sigh, A’Lang, A’Sang, I knew you two would be here when I didn’t see you at home. This place is too dangerous, don’t be so adventurous.” Suddenly, an old woman was running and yelling from the distant. She quickly ran over and stared angrily at Feiyun and Xiaoxiang.

A’Lang and A’Sang were Feiyun and Xiaoxiang’s fake name.

Feiyun apologized with a smile: “Aunt, no need to worry about us, no nasty things will be here during the day.”

He might have been affected by Xiaoxiang and started caring about ordinary people’s feelings, not wanting the old woman to worry.

“Right, right, with A’Lang protecting me, ghosts and devils won’t come close.” Xiaoxiang slightly shook the old woman’s arm back and forth while issuing bell-like laughter.

The old woman took a deep breath and finally saw Zhuanfeng kneeling by the shore. She asked curiously: “Why is that person kneeling over there?”

“He...” Xiaoxiang hesitated.

“He is kneeling and praying for the Jin River Goddess to protect your small town, hoping that the evil apparitions from the ghost village won’t appear again. It’s rare to see such a pious young man nowadays.”

The old woman nodded and told the two to come back before night time before heading back for the village. Feiyun and Xiaoxiang respectfully agreed several times.

After she left, Zhuanfeng vomited blood out of rage because of Feng Feiyun's comment.

Feiyun looked at Xiaoxiang and said: "You're really playing your role this time."

"I'm only thinking for the villagers. If you can really send away these evil things forever, then I'll truly believe that you're a good person. Give me back my flute." She stretched out her hand and said.

"For what?" Feiyun became cautious. Her flute was no joke, even a Giant would fall into a deep slumber because of her melodies. He still became dazed for a bit despite his phoenix soul.

Her eyes were as clear as water: "I want to use my song to cleanse this evil place."

Feiyun stared carefully at her eyes with a faint purple glow in order to see if she was telling the truth. He took out the flute and played with it in the process but suddenly, something behind her captured his attention.

Xiaoxiang was surprised too and looked back to see two young people standing in the distance; the male was heroic while the woman beautiful.

They were Dongfang Jingshui and Jingyue. The two siblings were dragon and phoenix among men. There was a natural and extraordinary aura to them so normal people didn't dare to come too close.

"Haha, you're amazing, Feng Feiyun is really near this village. How did you know?" Jingshui laughed and asked his prideful yet pure sister.

So it turned out that Jingyue had felt Feiyun back at the village. It was a strange feeling; she herself couldn't describe it.

Jingshui initially didn't believe it but after seeing Feiyun right now, he had no other choice. The two have met back at the base of Faith Convent but he didn't recognize Feiyun there.

"There's a wretched hoodlum smell on him, I can smell it from ten thousand miles away." Jingshui insipidly replied.

'This damned woman, I guess she's still mad about the punch back then.' Feiyun became cautious. Even though he was strong enough to be a king among the young generation, it wasn't enough to face both of the siblings at once.

Nevertheless, he didn't let it show on his face: "Oh? The famous young lord of the Jin Gou Clan, Dongfang Jingshui, I've heard of your name long ago, it's my pleasure."

He didn't bother looking at Jingyue at all and treated her like air.

Jingshui stood there coolly like an immovable mountain. The laws of the world seemed to be rotating around him as he crossed his arms before his chest with a slightly dark expression: "Who would have thought that the boy who got chased around by my sister back then had grown up to become the famous demon's son, the future number one genius of the Jin Dynasty. Not bad at all."

Jingshui was a cultivator who specialized in both the dao and the devil arts. He coincidentally obtained an incomplete devil law in an ancient sect during an adventure.

Devil cultivators have long disappeared in the Jin Dynasty, same with their cultivation manuals and scriptures. Perhaps Dongfang Jingshui was the only devil cultivator left in this land.

As for the Evil Woman, Little Demoness, and Feng Feiyun; they weren't really devil cultivators and only had a natural evil affinity. Their merit laws weren't of the devil branch.

Jingshui was a doting brother and as bright as the sun towards his little sister. However, against outsiders, his murderous evil temperament surged. An ethereal evil city formed above his head as if he was a devil king.

Just this immense energy alone was domineering enough and could kill anyone below Heaven's Mandate instantly. Few could match him at the same cultivation level.

[Chapter 427: Miss Dongfang](#)

A frightening and nefarious aura emerged from Feiyun's back. His spine issued some cracking noises while a fiery plume rushed out of his body to form the shadow of a gigantic phoenix. It towered for one hundred meters with fan-like fiery wings. The bird's screech could be heard for a thousand miles.

After sensing Dongfang Jingshui's evil energy, both Yama's spine and the phoenix soul uncontrollably activated and worked together to stop their foe.

"You aren't poisoned anymore." Jingshui gauged Feng Feiyun's cultivation successfully and recalled his evil aura.

Everything calmed down again.

After hearing Jingshui, Gu Zhuanfeng kneeling by the river shore was shocked. Feiyun being well again was an earth-shattering news. Many people wouldn't be able to sit tight after finding out.

A cruel glint emerged in his eyes. 'Feiyun, you made me kneel today. As long as I can come back to the capital alive, I will tell everyone. We'll see if you can act all that for much longer.'

Feiyun once again suppressed the spine using the vessel's power. He sighed and thought to himself: 'This guy's cultivation is quite something, worthy of being third on the upper list. I can't fight him until I reach third-level. However, he can't do anything to me either.'

Feiyun could even escape from half-step Giants. Jingshui might be strong but there was still a gap between him and half-steps.

Jingshui's eyes became gentle as he slightly bowed towards Ye Xiaoxiang: "Maestro, this madman dared to disrespect you like this, would you like me to teach him a lesson?"

His cultivation manual was incomplete so he had lost control of his evil heart before and it almost self-immolated. However, a calming melody from her saved his life. This was the reason why a crazy fella like him was so respectful towards her.

“Well, the truth is that he didn’t kidnap me that day at Faith Convent. Someone else did it, he was actually the one who saved me, but...”

“But what?” Jingyue who had been silent the entire time uttered coldly. She seemed to notice her inappropriate tone and calmly added: “Maestro, no need to be afraid of him. Just tell us, if that scoundrel dares to touch a finger of yours, I’ll break his hand.”

Feiyun was sweating inside: ‘What does this have to do with you, damned woman!’

He slightly glared at Xiaoxiang as a warning as if wanting to say, ‘Girl, watch your mouth. Don’t say anything unnecessary.’

Xiaoxiang replied: “It’s just that he took my flute and won’t give it back.”

“Feng Feiyun, you would even do something so lowly and shameless? I truly despise you.” Jingyue coldly uttered but found everyone here staring at her afterward, including her brother.

‘What, isn’t it just taking away her flute, why is that so lowly and shameless now?’ Feng Feiyun felt that she still hated him. This woman sure knew how to hold a grudge.

Xiaoxiang was slightly taken aback and said: “Well... it’s just a flute, not quite that serious.”

“Not serious? This is a perverted behavior, you think men would just take a woman’s flute for no reason and refuse to return it?” Jingyue told her before rolling her eyes at Feiyun: “Yes, Feiyun, why did you take her flute?”

Jingshui wanted to fan the fire even more: “Only when you like someone would you try to collect their items. It’s a sign of love.”

Xiaoxiang was shocked and became empty-headed. She slightly turned and stared at Feiyun with a complicated look. She seemed to be saying - you really took my flute because you like me?

Her beautiful face turned red from ear to ear. A woman would always feel a strange happiness whenever they heard from someone else that a man was quietly crushing on them. It didn’t matter whether the man was handsome or ugly, rich or poor. Ye Xiaoxiang was truly wearing her emotions on her sleeve this time around.

Meanwhile, Feiyun was cursing Jingshui’s eighteen generations of ancestors. ‘Your grandmother! Why are you teasing this innocent and borderline foolish woman?’

The guy was clearly trying to incite trouble.

Jingyue’s face might be covered by a white veil but her eyes have been fixated on Xiaoxiang the whole time. This wasn’t her first time seeing the famous maestro but it was definitely her most meticulous stare.

When a woman stared at another woman in this manner, there could only be two explanations, either homosexuality or she considered the other woman a love rival.

Feiyun really couldn't handle the "implicative and tender" stare from Xiaoxiang so he said: "Well, I just think that this flute is very special so I want to play with it for a few days. Of course, if Maestro Ye really wants it back, I'll just return it then."

He approached with the flute. Xiaoxiang became a bit awkward as her cherry lips trembled: "If... if you like it, then you can keep it for a few more days."

Her cheeks blushed even more after saying this.

Feiyun stood there frozen with his hand holding the flute in the air. He didn't know whether to keep it or give it back at all.

Jingyue was already fuming with no place to let it out and had to watch these two flirt. Her delicate fingers clenched tight as she coldly uttered: "Feng Feiyun, she told you to keep it already, don't be useless and put it away. Does Maestro Ye have to kneel and beg for you to keep it? Who do you think you are?"

"Calm down." Jingshui rubbed his forehead exasperatedly and quietly reminded her. 'Women! Truly inscrutable creatures.'

"Let's go." Jingyue took a deep breath, bit her lips, and turned to leave.

This surprised Jingshui: "Where? If we leave, what's going to happen to Maestro Ye?"

"Does it look like she needs to be rescued? If you take her back to the capital now, you're separating those two lovers!" Her tone was still as calm and cold as before. However, any listener could tell her current mood.

"Well..." Jingshui said.

"Are you going or not? I'll leave by myself then." Jingshui's pretty eyes turned cold and didn't want to stay here for a second longer.

With that, four feathery white wings grew from her back. They were four feet long and made her look holy like a flying goddess. She quickly disappeared from the river shore.

"Young Miss, wait for me!" Jingshui sarcastically said before taking a good look at the two. He rushed after Jingyue with a powerful aura in the form of an evil cloud.

The current of the Jin River continued to flow unceasingly and assaulted the reeds below. The wind grew colder and made the grass whistle. Even though it wasn't night, it was still very cold near the river.

Feiyun stood there for a long time in the same position with the flute in his hand. Meanwhile, Xiaoxiang's body slightly tilted with her head hanging low. She wasn't a bashful woman, this type wouldn't shine at a place like the Beauty's Smile Pavilion.

She recalled when he took her flying in the sky. Even though she was afraid of him doing something unpleasant, she also felt an unforgettable sense of freedom and relaxation.

Because of her identity, she had never been embraced by a man before, let alone one that carried her to the sky flying.

“Feng Feiyun, well, you’re a good person.” She eventually said.

Feiyun coughed in response since he wasn’t used to being called a “good person”, especially when it came from a woman’s mouth.

‘Is there something wrong with her? A rapist demon’s son is a good person?’ Feiyun found the whole thing too funny.

“I’m serious, at least in the last several days when we were together, you’re not like the rumors at all, not completely incurable, you still tried to exorcize the ghosts for the villagers.” She blinked and said.

“I’m really a good person. For example, when I was ten, I bedded a maid. At twelve, I played around and bullied innocent women with my servants before bringing them back to my mansion, and then... no need to tell you the rest.”

“It wasn’t until I was fourteen until I did something really shocking, punching the young miss of the Yin Gou and got expelled from the Feng. I fled everywhere and even became a bandit that frequented brothels; I even raped someone else’s fiancée and killed people I didn’t like, causing trouble everywhere. And now, you call me a good person? Lady, you don’t know this young master’s past.”

Even though Feiyun wouldn’t refuse a woman, he didn’t want to mess with Xiaoxiang because this was Nangong Hongyan’s good sister. He could toy with anyone else except her so he purposely tried to scare her at this moment.

Xiaoxiang was indeed scared but her expression quickly softened. She felt that he wasn’t who he said he was.

She didn’t know that he was telling the truth. However, there were some unfortunate circumstances behind the stories that he couldn’t tell anyone.

[Chapter 428: Kings Of The Young Generation](#)

Some waves were several meters high and swept through the vapor and mist for many miles.

Dongfang Jingyue recalled her four white wings and landed on the other shore like a pure flower.

She looked towards the other side with a pair of eyes as calm as water. However, tidal waves were unceasingly running through her mind.

“What now, can’t leave?” Jingshui landed with his black cloud and stood next to her with a smile on his face.

“Hmph, I only want to see how the two of them will die. That geezer Beiming Cang wants Ye Xiaoxiang so he sent out heretical experts from the Dark Realm to kidnap her but that idiot Feiyun interfered along the way. It’s interesting now, Beiming Cang is a fool but Beiming Moshou is a wily fox. Since he had placed all the blame on Feng Feiyun, he will definitely try and silence the two of them.” She said.

Jingyue was exceedingly intelligent and saw through everything with just a few clues. There were some slightly off details but it was as if she had witnessed everything in person.

Jingshui’s analysis skill was no match for his little sister.

She continued: "If that fox wants to kill someone at the capital, who can actually survive?"

"Right, but if you, the beloved daughter of the Dongfang, want to protect someone, no one can kill them either. Feiyun is really an idiot. If he had just asked you for help, maybe he'll be able to survive."

"I have nothing to do with him, it's useless even if he were to beg me." She slightly frowned while still staring at the other shore.

Jingshui chuckled: "Why do I smell some jealousy here?"

"Because there's something wrong with your nose." She retorted.

"Well, who told me that they were going to laugh at Feiyun but after seeing him flirting with another girl, they couldn't handle it and left right away yet still sneaking on this side to watch over them. Can you tell me what this person is thinking?" He didn't let up.

"Who says I'm watching them?" Jingyue turned back at her brother while feeling very annoyed: "I'm waiting for the ghost village to appear again. I have zero interest in this demon's son and Maestro Ye."

"But it's still too early so the ghost village won't appear any time soon. Why don't we go to the town first for a look?" He smiled.

"Go yourself then." She could tell that he was teasing her but she really couldn't leave.

Jingshui naturally didn't leave either and stay by her side.

After a long contemplation, she asked him: "Who is prettier, Ye Xiaoxiang or me? Do not laugh."

"Fine, fine, I won't laugh. Of course, you are prettier. There are many beauties in the world but none compare to my little sister." Jingshui was telling the truth, not just to please her.

Jingyue's features were too similar to the Jin River Goddess so, in order to avoid needless troubles, she always wore a white veil. Fewer than few have seen her real appearance; her brother was naturally one of the lucky ones.

"Then is our clan the richest in the world?" Jingyue asked again.

"Of course, even the national treasury isn't as great as ours." Jingshui answered.

"Is my cultivation better or hers?" She continued.

"Not only is your cultivation better, you are also smarter than her." He replied.

After a brief lull, she concluded: "I see, that fool must be in love of her talents, thinking that her musical gift is the best in the world."

Jingshui nodded and sighed: "That's indeed the case, her music is matchless, especially her flute. It is enough to make someone wants to live during the worst despair, enough for a Giant to forget themselves, enough to affect everyone's emotions and causing them to laugh or cry with her melodies..."

"Then do you think my pipa can match her flute?" She asked.

Jingshui was startled: "Well, sis, what are you thinking?"

"Just asking." A flash appeared in her eyes. [1]

Suddenly, several monstrous qi images rushed to the sky with the momentum resembling a great army.

Jingshui smirked and said: "Some young kings are here, Feiyun won't get off without a fight today."

Feiyun on the other side also sensed the brewing storm.

At this moment, certain prodigies of the young generation have just landed on the river shore.

The group consisted of one historical genius from the lower list and one young king.

What people referred to as young kings were prodigies at the third-level of Heaven's Mandate. They were only weaker than historical geniuses from the upper list. Even some of the new historical geniuses from the lower list might not be their match.

These kings of the young generation have made their debut for several decades now. For example, the best genius of the Destruction Cave, Wolong Sheng, was one of these kings.

"What a coincidence, meeting two old friends." Ling Donglai had his regular armor, looking quite mighty. There was also a powerful lady luck accompanying him.

After a long parting, this youngest Divine Commander of the Jin Martial Army has grown even stronger.

Standing next to him was a king with an extraordinary yet faint presence as if he was lost in the mist.

There were three more top geniuses behind them. They wore expensive embroidered robes, indicative of their amazing wealth. These were big shots no matter the location and fell under the category of "young overlords".

Overlords were heaven-defying geniuses at second-level Heaven's Mandate. In the next few decades, they could break through this level and eventually become Giants.

More importantly, they had a powerful background and more often than not, they were the successor of their sects or clans. Thus, they had quite a force that could be mobilized behind them.

One historical genius, one king, and three overlords; this team could sweep through any location.

However, Feng Feiyun wasn't scared at all and smiled: "Commander Ling, long time no see."

In the Jin Dynasty, Feng Feiyun could be considered to have the best talents but in terms of luck and providence, Ling Donglai was number one.

He could be the favorite son of the heavens with perfect luck at birth. He could randomly dig a site and grab a spirit stone, randomly stroll into a cave and find an ancient lineage. Even just by drinking from a clear river, he could find some gold below.

His six spirit treasures were all found by chance. Someone with an amazing luck like him was quite frightening since no one could actually defeat him. Even when he met a character of the Giant level, the crisis would always strangely be resolved in his favor.

Someone with such incredible providence couldn't possibly lose.

"Indeed, I can't believe that you're still alive after being poisoned by Yama's blood." Donglai let out an exasperated sigh.

Feiyun sighed back: "One year has passed out of the two, I won't be living for much longer."

A divine glow flashed in Donglai's eyes. He wanted to use a dao gaze to see through Feng Feiyun. However, the guy's body had a mysterious power that helped him hide everything. Donglai couldn't see any clues.

"Feng Feiyun, you are quite bold, daring to kidnap Maestro Ye. If I let you off today, I will change my name!" Wang Sanwang leaped out of the crowd and turned into a shadow.

He was a young overlord from the Eagle Marquis Faction. His father was an uneducated warrior named Wang Ba and only knew four words: "Yi, Er, San, and his last name, Wang."

Thus, he named his sons in a very simple manner. The oldest was Yiwang, the second was Erwang, and the third, Sanwang. [2]

This particular marquis had a hard time even writing his name each time. He still didn't know how to write the word, "Ba". [3]

This made everyone quite worried. If this marquis were to have a fourth child, he would feel a great pressure naming the kid.

Eagle Marquis Faction, Furious Marquis Faction, and Throne Marquis Faction were all under the Grand Chancellor. They had a close relationship with the Beiming Clan. All of these young prodigies under these factions have received a message to kill Feng Feiyun on sight, no need for a reason.

Wang Sanwang had a love for martial arts and had cultivated the Eagle King Physique to the level where his skin and bones were as tough as steel. When he stepped on the ground for momentum, a huge hole was left behind as he leaped forward like a cannonball.

"Boom!" His palm grew ten meters longer. Each finger was as large as a pillar. This was not just an energy palm strike but his hand actually became that large. Who knows the devastating force this attack contained?

"Boom!" A ten-meter pit was left on the ground after the attack.

[Chapter 429: Weak Act](#)

Feng Feiyun simply channeled his Swift Samsara and easily dodged the gigantic palm.

"That's the Eagle King Physique at the sixth level, allowing Wang Sanwang to change his frame. That strike earlier had the power of three dragon-tigers. That could seriously injure me if it connects." A young overlord sighed.

"No one at the same level can compete with Feiyun's speed." Donglai had fought against Feiyun before so he was aware of both Feiyun's strong and weak points and considered him to be his greatest rival.

On the lower list, he was ranked fourth while Feiyun occupied the third position. Only by defeating Feiyun would he be able to prove that he is stronger.

“But he’s poisoned now and won’t be able to fight for long. His vitality and power can’t support it.” The young king stated.

Donglai nodded in agreement but he still didn’t underestimate Feiyun.

“Haha, this is the legendary demon’s son? Feng Feiyun, did the poisonous blood make you even weaker than a woman?!” Wang Sanwang continued his barrage, leaving more pits in the shape of a palm on the ground while forcing Feiyun backward.

Feiyun sneered and suddenly stopped to unleash a palm strike straight for Sanwang.

It carried the power of the five elements with a black, red, white, green, and yellow shade. This palm shadow was ten meters large and directly slammed into Sanwang’s palm.

“Boom!” It was an even exchange.

Sanwang faltered one step backward and felt pain in his palm. No one could contest him in terms of pure strength at the same level but Feiyun did it just now.

“Alright, the demon’s son is not that bad. Eat this kick!” His left leg grew thirty meters longer and ripped through his pants. It was four meter thick and people could even see the enlarged pores with a metallic glow shining on the surface.

He jumped up before trampling down with his leg.

Feiyun didn’t want others to know that his poisonous blood had been cured so he didn’t go all out from start to finish. That palm strike earlier was only 30% of his real power.

How could this “Eagle King Physique” compare to the Immortal Phoenix Physique?

Feiyun’s complexion turned pale with beads of sweat as if he was frightened by this incoming attack.

“Thunderfire Jewel.” He took out his second-rank spirit treasure. It flew out from his palm and turned into a plume of fire with more than one thousand lightning rays dancing inside. The power of the treasure directly burned the skin of Sanwang’s foot and blew him flying. The resulting impact made him bleed all over the place.

The situation was instantly changed.

“Boom!” Sanwang fell by the river and left behind a huge pit. His internal organs were wounded by the jewel while his skin was burnt to a crisp. His hair was standing on end with smoke coming out.

He climbed up from the pit and heaved out some black smoke from his mouth. Some lightning rays were still running on his tongue.

“Kneel for me!” Feiyun used his treasure to force Sanwang down on his knees right next to Gu Zhuanfeng.

“The demon’s son deserves his reputation. Even a young overlord like Sanwang is no match for him.” A different overlord commented.

Meanwhile, Donglai was smirking while thinking to himself: ‘Feiyun’s vitality has really decreased to a sad level, needing to use a second-rank spirit treasure against Sanwang. If it was me, I wouldn’t even need to use 50% of my power. Feiyun, are you really this weak now?’

The two siblings of the Dongfang were also watching the fight from the other side.

Jingshui slightly frowned and said: “What’s going on? Feiyun shouldn’t be this weak. Did I sense it wrong? His body is still infected by Yama’s blood then?”

Even the intelligent Jingyue became serious. If the poisonous blood was still present, then it wasn’t looking good for Feiyun today.

Ye Xiaoxiang recognized these prodigies here today but for some reasons, she was worried a bit about Feng Feiyun. Of course, it wasn’t because she liked him or anything; it was a type of sympathy for the weak.

After all, if the poor fella was “bullied” by these young experts, her compassionate and kind soul would actually speak up for his sake.

She went over to Ling Donglai and said: “Everyone, this is a misunderstanding. I wasn’t kidnapped by Feng Feiyun. It was someone else.”

The prodigies here were all under the Grand Chancellor and have received the must-kill order. It didn’t matter whether he was the kidnapper or not, they would go all out in killing him today.

Donglai smile and said: “Maestro Ye, no need to be afraid of this heinous demon. He won’t touch a finger of yours today with us here.”

Xun You added: “We all know that you’re only saying that because he threatened you. Commander Ling is right, we’ll force him into submission. Maestro, just stay here and watch the fun.”

Xiaoxiang wanted to speak again but Xun You has already flown above her to attack Feng Feiyun.

He was another overlord of the young generation and felt quite confident after watching the fight, thinking that he had seen through Feiyun’s abilities. ‘I can beat him by myself!’

“Feng Feiyun, you’re only relying on that second-rank spirit treasure but I brought one too, how are you going to stop me?” He laughed as he hovered above Feiyun.

Feiyun coughed twice and slightly quivered but he still uttered coldly: “I’ll make you kneel.”

“Hmph, no need for posturing, don’t think I don’t see that your vitality is done for after fighting Sanwang earlier. You can’t even exert 70% of your strength now, how are you going to fight me?” Xun You didn’t waste time any longer.

His hands began to glow, one side black and the other white. An ancient sword flew out of his dantian. It was also half black and half white with a dao symbol carved on the hilt. It emitted a pure power of the daoist doctrine.

He was Ling Donglai's most loyal follower and cultivated a sword technique of the daoists taught by Donglai. It was derived from the Dao Ancestor's three mantras. Even his sword was given to him by Donglai.

The power of the daoist combined with a spirit treasure was indeed amazing. The sky was divided into the black and white color as well.

Xun You followed Donglai to all the battlefields as the vanguard. He had more actual battle experience than anyone on top of a battle-hardened bloodthirst.

When he took out his sword, thousands of lost souls floated around the blade. They were its victims.

The sword rushed forward like a rampaging army.

Despite using the Thunderfire Jewel, Feiyun still couldn't stop this power and was continuously pushed backward.

"Haha, you can't even take me on, how are you ranked before my commander. How senseless." Xun You was lost in a frenzy as the battle waged on with a yin-yang diagram below his feet. It empowered him even more.

The ray of the sword grew larger with a speed as fast as a dragon. It nearly split Feiyun into two halves several times already.

Xun You was elated in this process. If he could kill the demon's son, then he would instantly be world-renowned. This gave him all the fuel necessary to fight on.

Feiyun also took out his Infinite Spirit Ring. It floated to the sky with the jewel but this was still not enough to stop Xun You's onslaught.

"Feiyun's strength is dispersing more and more, just look at his aura." A young king's eyes were dazzlingly bright like two stars. He could see the current condition of Feiyun.

Donglai lamented: "I thought he would be an opponent worthy of beating so that I could prove my dao. What a shame that he is growing weaker like this, even my follower can defeat him. Truly disappointing."

Another young overlord was full of regrets about being one step late compared to Xun You. If he were the one to rush forward first and defeat Feng Feiyun, he could have been the famous one instead.

However, Xiaoxiang was feeling the most remorseful. She might be simple but certainly not stupid. She naturally could see that these prodigies wanted to kill Feiyun today.

Ultimately, she owed Feiyun a debt because without him, she would be ravaged by a wretched old man in the Grand Chancellor's mansion right now.

'I shouldn't have forced him to come to this small town and exercise the ghost village. If he didn't come here, these people wouldn't have found him and he wouldn't be bullied like this. It's all my fault, it's all my fault...' She became quite upset with self-blaming.

'The people here are all famous young lords of the capital while he is poisoned, he can't take them on...' If he were to die today, she would feel responsible for the rest of her life.

[Chapter 430: Battle Between Kings](#)

"Not good, something might actually happen to Feng Feiyun. I can sense the power in his body scattering away at a quick pace. Not to mention Ling Donglai, even Xun You can kill him now. Are you really not going to do anything?" Jingshui became serious and stared at his little sister.

"Wait a bit." Jingyue's eyes had an ethereal spirituality to them as she gazed at the battle.

'Feng Feiyun, if this is all you can do, I will be sorely disappointed. Even if you have to lose, at least lose to someone of Ling Donglai's level, how can you lose to his servant?'

Ling Donglai had personally visited the dragon lake to meet the Clan Master of the Yin Gou and earned a high evaluation from the clan master. The clan master said that he was the most talented youth the clan master had ever seen and liked the young man very much.

The clan master had talked to Dongfang Jingyue about this. Even though he didn't directly say it outright, he implicitly stated his intention of wanting to pair them together.

After all, a supreme genius with boundless potential would become a formidable master that can look down on the world in the future, provided that he doesn't die an early death.

The clan master was visionary and naturally wanted to recruit someone so gifted. The best method was through marriage.

However, the entire clan knew that Dongfang Jingyue had feelings for Feng Feiyun. Plus, Feiyun was the successor of the Divine King and the current greatest genius in the world. His potential was even higher than Donglai's. This was the reason why the clan master didn't agree right away.

However, this was no longer the case. Feiyun was poisoned by Yama's blood with not long to live. The difference between Feiyun and Donglai was the gap between the heaven and earth. If Donglai were to visit the dragon lake again, the clan master might be the one to initiate a marriage talk.

Because the clan master kept on harping to her about his name, Jingyue took note of Ling Donglai. If Feiyun were to lose to him, another historical genius, it wouldn't be shameful at all.

But if he were to lose to Donglai's follower, then the world would mock him till death.

"The heavenly dao is vast and unpredictable but same with one's life. If all of you must force me, then I shall use this heaven-defying forbidden art to stimulate my remaining power. Even if I have to die, I'll take several of you down with me!" Feiyun landed on the shore and slightly bend his body to channel his power. A blazing flame ignited on his body with a tragic yet moving aura.

For other people, it looked as if he was burning his cultivation and blood in order to obtain his final power in order to take the enemy down with him. However, Feiyun was the only one who knew that this was a different form of the Immortal Phoenix Physique to give him a power boost.

"Feng Feiyun is about to perform his final move." Everyone could sense his surging power.

However, they weren't afraid at all and were even sneering at him because the guy didn't have long to live. His blood was about to stain the Jin River.

"Feng Feiyun, only blame the heavenly dao for being ruthless towards you. If you are burning your vitality, then I shall use my strongest sword art to send you to the next life." Xun You's body became black and white. His energy also was half black and half white.

His sword grew several dozen meters larger, brimming with a daoist glow. He slashed downward as if wanting to separate the earth into two halves.

"Rumble!" Feiyun's ignited body seemed to have a faint phoenix shadow flying around and emitting a majestic presence.

"Pluff!" A broken sound about with blood raining down.

The dual-chromatic sky shattered, seemingly separated into two halves just like Xun You's body. It was torn apart by Feng Feiyun's bare hands and crashed into the ground.

Such violent carnage! A young overlord had just met his demise!

"Feng Feiyun is a desperate dog at its end now, he will want to drag us down with him. Let me suppress him." A king of the young generation leaped above Feiyun's head.

His sleeves trembled in the air and became larger just like two large clouds. The spirit energy there was frighteningly thick.

This young king wasn't a noble from the capital. He was a successor of a sect from Earthchild. He came to the capital because of the Princess Luofu's husband selection and became friend with Ling Donglai.

Donglai had an austere expression and felt that something was amiss. This scene ahead was too serious so he warned: "Feng Feiyun is not that weak, don't be tricked by him."

Xun You was his capable follower. His death made Donglai much more cautious. This Feng Feiyun had successfully tricked too many people before.

"Why won't you all spare me a path?! Fine, let my final light becomes even more resplendent!" Feiyun acted indignant by the shore and lamented at the surging river.

The two clouds created by the young king sucked Feng Feiyun into his sleeve.

This was a top technique named "Universal Sleeve", one of the best of the daoist order. It used one's sleeves to create a spatial sphere that could suck in the opponent then refined them inside with spirit energy.

This young king used this technique to imprison Feng Feiyun.

"Haha, I got him, just wait, I'll refine him into blood. This is too easy." He laughed.

Donglai became rest assured and thought to himself: "Looks like I needlessly worried."

"Refined into blood..." Ye Xiaoxiang's wondrous face became slightly pale. 'Is he really dead?'

“Boom!” The young king was startled with his hands wildly shaking out of his control. His sleeves were becoming bigger... ‘The guy still isn’t dead?! How can this be?!’

The shaking became more violent and moved the young king with it. Suddenly, his sleeves shattered and a fiery ray flew out.

It was Feng Feiyun with a fierce glare holding his oversized stone saber with both hands. He slashed straight at the foe and unleashed a white dragon.

Dragon King’s First Slash!

There was still blood dripping down the naked arms of the young king. He had an ugly expression on since he failed to take care of this sickly demon’s son. How could he stand for this?!

“Primal Golden Cage!” A golden glow appeared in his hand. This was a spirit treasure made from golden threads woven together, carrying a massive power.

It began to channel spirit energy inside a formation with an awakened spirituality and turned this whole area into a jail.

“Boom!” The saber slash slammed into the cage. The metallic ringing echoed across the world.

Young kings were at third-level Heaven’s Mandate and even stronger than many monsters that have lived for hundreds of years. These prodigies were exceedingly rare, almost like the leaves during autumn.

They naturally had methods and secret techniques in order to reign against their peers; the young overlords were no match for them.

This was finally an even fight between two kings of the young generation.

Their spirit treasures pierced through the earth while their best attacks crushed the sky.

The combat kept on moving from shore to the river and back again. This drove the current of the river crazy with waves towering for dozens of feet, almost sweeping away the clouds in the sky.

Feiyun couldn’t go easy at all against someone of this level. He channeled all of his energy into the saber and made white dragons dance above the river.

The place looked like a river of demonic dragons rushing everywhere.

This young king was completely frightened but he didn’t let it show. ‘This guy is as firm as a mountain, I can’t shake him at all. That’s why people say the demon’s son is the number one genius of the Jin Dynasty. He can still keep up with me despite being poisoned but how? He’s already burning his blood for power so he can’t last much longer. He’ll definitely fall tonight.’

This battle started at noon and didn’t end even at dusk.

Many cultivators have run over from the small town. They initially came for the ghost village.

“That move is called Daoist Origin Exchange, one of the top techniques of the Tiger Subduing Sect. It must be Luo Tao.” A prince dressed in a golden robe from the royal family watched with four eunuchs behind him.

“There are too many sects at Earthchild with cultivators as numerous as the fish in the river. However, only five or six sects can train a youth to this level. But who is this guy fighting against Luo Tao?” A different daughter from a marquis faction wore a white satin dress and landed elegantly like a speck of snow.

Energies kept on ravaging the Jin River. People only saw faint shadows and indiscernible techniques, not their real location.