

Sprit Vessel 431

### [Chapter 431: Temporal Flower Blooms](#)

“That’s the Dragon King’s Saber Art. Hmm, only three at most among the young generation of the imperial clan could cultivate it to this level.” The prince mused and said: “But he isn’t any of those three, so he must be that person.”

“But that art is only for the royal family, how can someone not part of the clan... oh, you’re talking about that guy.”

“Yes, it must be him.”

After people realized that it was Feng Feiyun fighting against Luo Tao, they became frightened. A mortally-poisoned fella was still so strong? They suspected that he had found an antidote.

Luo Tao became increasingly surprised. Feiyun truly looked like he was burning his body but at this point, there should be nothing left of this bastard, but he kept on becoming stronger as the fight waged on. Such trickery!

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The evening rays looked like blood, accompanied by the chilling crepuscular breeze.

Night time was near and the ghost village was about to come out. Who knows what will happen then so Luo Tao couldn’t wait any longer. He wanted victory now.

“Tiger-subduing Bottle, make the Temporal Flower bloom!” He raised both hands above his head and gathered all the energy nearby. A large, yellow bottle took form with boundless dao laws inside. It was containing the power of the world.

Feiyun also spread both arms and used his forty divine intents to derive the universe. This gave birth to a black expanse shrouding a hammer. The hammer became larger and larger, from the size of a fist to a skull and didn’t stop until it was several hundred meters long just like a mountain. The entire sky turned black.

This hammer was endowed with an ancient power. Its emerging shape alone already gave an immense feeling. This was a weapon of a thunder god capable of shattering a huge continent.

“Heaven Punishing Hammer!” Feiyun called out the legendary hammer with the Minor Change Art and his forty divine intents. Of course, this was only a faint shadow but it was still enough to freeze the space around it.

Luo Tao’s bottle also has a frightening origin. It belonged to a legendary character and he could only call a faint shadow as well.

“Rumble!” The contest between the two caused the sky to shake. The water in the river was also evaporating.

This was a fight between two young kings. The prodigies nearby felt their blood boiling and wondered when they will be able to reach this level of true power.

“Luo Tao can compete with a fourth-level Heaven’s Mandate cultivator now.” Donglai thought to himself.

Not many among the young generation could even reach the fourth level.

“Bloom, my Temporal Flower! Make the bottle come back to life!” A yellow energy wave shot out of his mouth. The shattered bottle came out of the Jin River with intertwining runes with an abnormal amount of power.

Feiyun also cried out: “Minor Change Revolution, Heaven Punishing Hammer!”

The forty divine intents floated on Feiyun’s palm and activated his Minor Change Art. The black hammer came out again.

A sect from Earthchild was amazing indeed. Its disciple could use a dao technique to recreate a sacred artifact from their doctrine that could contend against the hammer.

Feiyun had a newfound respect for these sects. No wonder why they dared to separate from the Jin Dynasty and rebelled against the Jin Emperor.

“Boom!” Both shadows became faint again on the second impact.

This time around, a huge flower came out of the shattered bottle and emitted a powerful suctioning power to absorb Feiyun into its petals.

“Whoosh!” The petals surrounded him and pulled him down the river, all the way through the base.

“The Temporal Flower exists in hell, according to the legends.”

“The broken bottle made the flower bloom in the Yellow River.”

“The flower just dragged Feiyun into hell just now.”

Everyone was shocked by this particular technique. Not to mention the flower, just the first form, the bottle, alone was unstoppable.

The remaining young kings became serious. They all had forbidden techniques that could boost their power by several times to stop the bottle. However, they weren’t so sure against the Temporal Flower.

Even Donglai’s expression changed. He had the best of luck but if the petals were to surround him, he could be taken into hell and die down there.

Rumor has it that there was a special sphere down in hell. After entering, the body would disappear, only the spirit would remain with no way of coming back.

Everyone used their divine intents in order to search underground. There was no sign of life; Feng Feiyun had indeed disappeared from this area.

The dead could enter hell but there was definitely no way of coming back.

“The demon’s son will now be gone from the Jin Dynasty, never to appear again.” Luo Tao declared. That guy was too strong earlier and he had almost fallen to the hammer. But in the end, he emerged as the final victor.

The young cultivators here had complicated feelings. The young kings were frightening indeed. This particular one could even send someone to hell. Later on, even the historical geniuses might need to be wary of him.

“Boom!” Suddenly, the ground began to quake after a loud blast.

What was this sound?

“Boom!” One more resounded. The ground cracked with many lines and the air was affected with ripples and waves.

It seemed that an invisible portal was opening.

“Boom!” The sound became louder and the quaking intensified. A tiny void cracked in the air with black light oozing out. There was a strange and dark aura from another world.

Luo Tao had a cold chill. Did Feng Feiyun not die down there and was making his way back?

The other prodigies were frightened as well. They could sense this otherworldly aura coming from this tiny gap in the air.

“Boom!” The gap didn’t open completely and eventually closed.

“Phew” Everyone heaved a sigh of relief. If hell couldn’t keep Feng Feiyun, who else would be able to kill him.

However, this showed that he couldn’t come back from hell so his death was certain.

“No one can survive a minute in hell. It’s been thirty seconds now, there’s no way he can come back even if he has some heaven-defying means...”

“Boom!” Another ferocious blast resounded with cracks widening on the ground.

Another void the size of a finger emerged again. Eventually, a hand came out of this enlarging gap. It was Feng Feiyun intending to break out of this hell sphere to escape.

“Bang!” One could see a figure through the gap now. He was standing on top of an azure vessel, wishing to break through the spatial wall.

“What the hell? Is he still human? We must stop him from breaking the barrier and returning.” A young overlord attacked the gap with a dao technique.

Luo Tao, Ling Donglai, and other geniuses under the Grand Chancellor shared the same idea. They must not let him come back from hell.

As they were about to unleash their ultimate techniques, a melody of a flute fluttered about. It was beautiful like a song from the world of immortals and bewitched the mind. Everyone’s energy became chaotic and they couldn’t condense it at all.

It had a strange and irresistible charm. Even a historical genius like Donglai and a young king like Luo Tao became slow. The flow of energy stagnated and they couldn’t unleash their moves or even call out their soulbound artifacts from the dantian.

This was naturally Ye Xiaoxiang in action. She stood on top of a peak with her violet dress dancing with the wind just like an immortal during dusk. She held a simple flute and played her heart out.

Her violet flute had been taken by Feng Feiyun so while he was fighting against Luo Tao, she ran into the mountain to make a simple bamboo flute out of a tree. Now, she had the chance to use it against those who were attacking Feiyun.

Dongfang Jingyue had planned on taking action just now but Ye Xiaoxiang was one step ahead of her. Jingyue became even more frustrated with Xiaoxiang, evident by the grudge in her eyes.

“Boom!” A loud tear quaked the area. Feiyun’s hair was flying just like a devil god as he flew out of the void.

### [Chapter 432: Beiming Potian](#)

Ye Xiaoxiang stopped playing her flute with an obvious flash of happiness in her eyes. ‘He’s finally back from hell.’

Spirit energy returned to Ling Donglai’s group but not their composure. Everyone seemed to be waking up from a long dream and found Xiaoxiang to be even more frightening than Feiyun.

Despite her weak cultivation, she could rob the young kings of their power with her flute.

They have never expected this scholarly and gentle woman to have this ability.

“If this woman chooses Feiyun, we have to kill her.” A murderous intent flashed in the crevices of Donglai’s eyes.

However, they had an opponent to take care of right now and had no time to deal with Xiaoxiang.

Feiyun was brought by the Temporal Flower to a spatial trap, not hell. If it was hell, there was no coming back even with his spirit vessel.

It was similar to the beast soul realm back in the Wanxiang Pagoda. Both existed in unstable gaps of space. However, wise sages from the pagoda opened and prepared formations for the beast soul realm.

On the other hand, the space where Feiyun was pulled into had no formations from this world, not even spatial coordinates. He had to use his Minor Change Art to calculate the way to get back.

He barely made it out with the help of his spirit vessel. Anyone else wouldn’t have been so lucky. They would be trapped inside until only bones were left.

Feiyun’s hair was standing up straight with pride. Yama’s spine on his back emitted a large expanse of black light with a shudder-inducing evil affinity. It was as if he had a black dragon resting on his back.

He no longer used the vessel to suppress the power of the spine.

“Rumble!” Bones started to crack on the spine. A monstrous power engulfed his body.

The spine represented “power” for Yama. It was awakening now as its power channeled to his arms.

“Boom!” Feiyun’s long hair was flying like crazy with his eyes turning golden like a bell. He unleashed a palm attack against Luo Tao. The impact of this attack knocked Luo Tao’s Golden Primal Cage right on his chest. Both he and his treasure fell to the ground.

What kind of power was this? Even a spirit treasure couldn’t stop it.

“Boom!” A second palm strike came about with an even larger energy radius and more evil affinity. Feiyun wanted to kill this young king.

“Tiger-subduing Bottle!” Luo Tao used this awesome dao technique. The bottle floated above him in order to stop this shocking strike.

“Poof!” The bottle shattered into golden energy and Feiyun placed his palm on Luo Tao’s head.

“Bang!” This young king’s legs broke down so his body kneeled on the ground. His internal organs were annihilated into bits. Blood oozed out of his orifices.

There was no sign of life on this kneeling king. A top expert of the young generation had fallen just like that.

“Ugh.” Feiyun also vomited blood due to the backlash from using the power of the spine. He quickly channeled the vessel again in order to suppress the spine. This power quickly receded to his back along with the evil affinity.

The young kings were very powerful. If Feiyun didn’t take this risk, he might not have been able to kill someone like Luo Tao.

He had only reached second-level of Heaven’s Mandate so his battle potential was around the same as these young kings. Of course, this was without using the spirit vessel.

People all stared unblinkingly at Feiyun. “Is this guy really still inflicted with the poisonous blood?”

A young king was just taken down by him.

“What do you want?” Feiyun used his Samsara Steps and emerged right before Ling Donglai. He noticed that the guy was coming towards Ye Xiaoxiang with malicious intention.

Earlier, if it wasn’t for Xiaoxiang’s flute, they would have trapped him in that other world right now by working together.

Someone as careful and smart like Donglai could see that Xiaoxiang was even a bigger threat than Feiyun. He wanted to eliminate her first.

Donglai smiled in response: “Demon’s son, your reputation is rotten. Maestro Ye, on the other hand, is everyone’s fairy. If she stays with you too long, her reputation will be ruined too. I’m sure that’s not something you want to see. Maestro Ye, come with me, I stake my integrity on the line and will guarantee your safe return to the Beauty’s Smile Pavilion.”

Xiaoxiang’s expression changed as she stood behind Feng Feiyun and didn’t know what to do at this moment.

“She’s not coming with you.” Feiyun grabbed her hand and pulled her closer.

Xiaoxiang couldn't sense the elusive murderous intent on Donglai but he could. If he were to hand Xiaoxiang over, she would be killed along the way.

This so-called staking it on his integrity was only an excuse. Donglai could easily blame it on Feiyun after killing her. Thus, there was no way Feiyun would let something like this happen.

"Maestro Ye, we're all your fans. Feng Feiyun, you're trying to restrain her? Do you want to antagonize everyone here?" Donglai expressed his anger with words.

He was pushing Feiyun to the front of trouble. There were at least fifty young prodigies here. Some among them were overlords and kings.

However, not many were under the Grand Chancellor's camp so they had no grievances against Feng Feiyun.

Alas, more than half were Ye Xiaoxiang's fans. Some came specifically to save her so after hearing Donglai, all of them were angry and viewed Feiyun as their enemy. Aggressive auras all focused on Feiyun.

Donglai sneered: 'Let's see how you get out of this one, Feiyun.'

"The historical geniuses are indeed extraordinary, not just talented but also smart. Donglai knows how to kill with a borrowed knife." The golden-robed prince smiled while watching the contest between two historical geniuses.

An eunuch behind him smiled and said: "They're the third and fourth ranker on the bottom list but their power is virtually equal. In a life-and-death fight, who knows who will come out on top? Both of them surely still have hidden moves."

"It's getting more interesting." "The prince was amused.

Even though Feng Feiyun had just killed a young king just now, this wasn't enough to scare off these music fans.

"Demon's son, you better release Maestro Ye. You grabbing her hand like that is very disrespectful."

"Feng Feiyun, I'll take you on!"

"Feng Feiyun, hand over her to Commander Ling so that he can escort her back to the capital, we won't desecrate your corpse then."

Feng Feiyun was determined to not hand Xiaoxiang over. He looked back and stared at her to ask: "Do you want to go with me or him?"

She was frightened by his stare and lowered her head while wondering: 'Why so mean? Don't you know you should be gentler towards a girl?'

"Do you trust me or him?" Feiyun emphasized again.

"Of course I trust ... you." Her hand was hurting from his tight grip.

Feiyun sneered at the crowd and said: "As you all can see, Maestro Ye doesn't trust Commander Ling and wants to go with me. I, also stake my life, on taking her back safely to the Beauty's Smile Pavilion."

Ling Donglai's expression darkened and began to channel power into his palms. A maelstrom was forming inside.

Everyone could see that these two geniuses on the bottom list were about to fight. It was going to be a brilliant battle.

Suddenly, a majestic voice interrupted them even when it was still a thousand miles away: "I highly doubt that you'll be able to take her back to the pavilion."

On a mountain path, a man was riding a red deer over towards the direction of the ghost village. He had a gigantic sword without a tip. It looked just like a large piece of metal with a hilt.

It looked like a black mountain; who knows how many pounds it actually weighed?

Few have ever seen such a large sword and even fewer could carry it.

It didn't take long before he reached the river. His presence alone made everyone here waver mentally.

"Beiming Potian!" A young overlord blurted out after seeing this man.

The other prodigies were startled too. Potian has been famous for nearly twenty years. Even young kings would bow their head before him.

Beiming Potian, Dongfang Jingshui, and Long Shenya were known as the Capitals' Trio of Excellence.

Not only were they incredibly talented but their background was frightening as well.

Potian was the strongest of the Beiming's young generation.

Jingshui was the best for the Yin Gou Clan.

Long Shenya was the crown prince of the dynasty.

Any of them would stir up the crowd wherever they went. Potian stole the spotlight right away and overshadowed all the other geniuses here.

### [Chapter 433: Re-appearance Of The Ghost Village](#)

Beiming Potian's appearance brought along a tense atmosphere.

His deer was as red as blood with a pair of antlers growing from the top of its head. They were two meters long and as hard as blood metal. It arrogantly glared at everyone with disdain.

This was a Crimson Horned Deer that had cultivated for eight hundred years. Its fighting ability was comparable to a third to fourth-level Heaven's Mandate.

Potian sitting on the deer had an even more oppressive aura. His greatsword stole the breath out of people.

"I heard Potian was cultivating the sixth-level of the Northern Profound Art but he's out now, even if he hasn't finished with it, I'm sure his cultivation has improved."

The prodigies who wanted to go against Feng Feiyun quickly backed off. Who were they joking? There were three historical geniuses here; each fierce in their own way, especially Potian. They couldn't interfere in this competition.

"Boom!" The water in the river suddenly rose upward. Two people from other shore flew over, one male, one female. The girl had four white wings and a white dress; her face shrouded behind a veil. Her hair was as long as a waterfall and gave off a transcending feeling.

The male was full of evil energy with the qi image of a nefarious city above him. People couldn't help but falter.

"Dongfang Jingyue and Jingshui, the two top prodigies of the Yin Gou are also here."

The crowd was shocked for the second time. Too many heroes have gathered here already with four historical geniuses. Normally, even seeing one of them was difficult.

Ling Donglai couldn't hide the happiness in his eyes. He stared intensely at Dongfang Jingyue: 'She, she's also here now.' [1]

He couldn't forget their incredible first meeting. Mists were everywhere then as he marched back with his army across the dragon lake. He heard an enchanting pipa melody on the river and followed the sound. He saw a beautiful lady sitting over yonder and playing her pipa.

She looked just like a goddess lost in the mortal world.

He thought that he would never like a woman but after seeing Dongfang Jingyue, he knew he had met his fated love in this life.

The song stopped and the woman disappeared. It took some investigation before he found out that she was the fourth daughter of the Yin Gou Clan, Dongfang Jingyue.

Ever since then, he would often go to the dragon lake in order to catch her by chance again. He was indeed successful but only watched from afar, not wanting to disturb her serenity, the pure lotus in the middle of the lake.

"Beiming Potian, you cultivate the heavy sword art, thinking that the heavier the sword, the more destructive power." Jingshui stood face to face with Potian; his aura was not inferior in any way.

He was the only one here who could truly take on Potian.

"Heavy or not is up to a single thought of mine. I only need one slash to break all the arts in this world." Potian replied.

His clan's Northern Profound Art was the most powerful merit law in this world, especially its ice armor that was virtually peerless at the same cultivation level. Alas, this also played a role to the clan's relatively weak offensive potential.

Strong defense, weak offense.

This wasn't as obvious at lower cultivation. However, at a higher level, one would eventually find how important offense was.



Because of this, Potian cultivated the heavy sword dao in order to make up for this deficit.

Jingshui laughed in response: "I'll take you on then, we'll see to what level your heavy sword dao has reached."

"I don't want to fight you today, I'm here to kill." The gigantic sword on his back issued a ringing noise. A murderous energy shot out from his body straight for Feiyun and Xiaoxiang.

Jingshui slightly shook his body and blocked out this murderous intent: "But I really want to fight today. You must entertain me." [2]

Everyone could see that Potian was here to kill the demon's son but Jingshui was purposely interfering. Did he just want to antagonize Potian?

"This Jingshui fella, why is he interfering? Is his head not working?" The prodigies under the Grand Chancellor were very annoyed since they were waiting for Potian to take care of Feng Feiyun but Jingshui jumped out of nowhere.

"Did too much water enter his head or something? Or is he helping the demon's son?" A young king wondered. [3]

Potian revealed a frightening glare and said: "Jingshui, our battle prowess is even so we won't be done for at least three days. If you really want to fight, I'll visit your dragon lake on a future day."

"No, I prefer today since we're here already, come now." Jingshui channeled his energy. The air around him condensed and trapped Potian inside.

At this moment, Potian had no choice but to fight.

The area around them became explosive. The first to make a move would definitely turn this into a long fight and involve everything in a hundred miles radius.

"Lucky me, 'water head' got here in time." Feiyun thought to himself. He then noticed Dongfang Jingyue's pretty eyes glaring at him and Xiaoxiang. [4]

'Sigh, they're both Dongfang but why is one so much cuter than the other?' He lamented. 'This damned grandma must still be mad at me, why can't she learn from her older brother? Look, 'water head' knows how to be such a good person.'

The sun was setting to the west and its rays were dimming down. Finally, there was a moon hanging above.

Meanwhile, no one was doing anything by the river shore. All were indirectly restrained by their opponents, not wanting to make the first move.

Night descended as the grasses fluttered with the biting wind that sounded like cries.

Suddenly, a ghost village appeared before the crowd and took everyone inside.

The scene changed too quickly. All of them were standing in a village lit up with lamps. All the prodigies were creeped out since they have heard about the rumors of this place. They came to satisfy their curiosity but never wanted to actually enter.

All along, only one Enlightened Being was able to come out after entering the village. However, this person never showed themselves again to the world. Who knows if he had died from being infected with something nefarious?

“Did the demon’s son just screwed all of us? I only wanted to come here for fun but we were standing right at the village. We’re gonna die here tonight.”

The youths have only visited the small town today so they didn’t know that this was the location of the ghost village. Even Ling Donglai and Potian had slightly shaken expression.

Feiyun was naturally aware of this but even if he were to say it, no one would believe him anyway. They would think that it was an attempt of running away.

Plus, he couldn’t leave under that situation either or everyone would instantly attack him at the first sight of movement.

“Damn it, what should we do now?” One person cried out.

There were more than twenty houses in this ghost village. All of them were lit up but no one was inside, not even a chicken or any livestock, no cricket chirping either.

This eerie silence devastated the mind.

Tree shadows were fluttering back and forth under the moonlight with rustling noises.

“Oh? Where did Gu Chuanfeng go?” Someone blurted out.

Chuanfeng and Sanwang were forced to kneel by Feiyun earlier by the river and were still there after the ghost village’s appearance. People saw them just now but in the next second, Chuanfeng was nowhere to be found. Only Sanwang was kneeling there.

This was too bizarre. Even Sanwang didn’t know what was going on.

“Did he run out of the village already?” Donglai became austere.

“You think it is that easy to enter and leave this place?” Feiyun sneered at him before taking out his stone saber. He used the Heavenly Phoenix Gaze and shot out two rays of fire in order to find something.

His eyes eventually fell on an old mulberry tree at the corner of the village and started digging under there with his saber.

No one knew what he was doing but all eyes were on him.

Potian and Jingshui also withdrew their battle auras and stared suspiciously over.

“Found it.” Feiyun dug a while until there was a pit in front of the tree.

Jingyue was quite curious and walked cutely over to tease him: “Idiot Feng, you found some treasure?”

“Gu Chuanfeng.” Feiyun lifted a corpse out of the ground. It was stained with blood with rotted clothing resembling the attire of a beggar. The flesh had decayed into black bits with bones visible in several areas.

## [Chapter 434: Death Approaches](#)

This corpse had a rotten stench to it. Both the scalp and hair were almost peeling off, showing that it had been buried for decades underground. That's the only way the corpse of a Heaven's Mandate cultivator could deteriorate to this level.

This scene was too creepy with Feiyun digging this corpse out.

"You said, you said this is Gu Chuanfeng?" Someone couldn't believe it.

Donglai asserted: "No way, Chuanfeng had just disappeared earlier while this corpse was buried for several decades, how can it be him? Feng Feiyun, who are you trying to scare?"

Chuanfeng was the young Throne Marquis, a relatively well-known fella at the capital. Many prodigies were his acquaintances.

One young overlord was a good friend of his. After seeing the corpse, he became startled and said: "That's definitely Gu Chuanfeng, there's no doubt about it."

"Zhao Li, what are you talking about?!" Donglai glared at the youth.

The youth named Zhao Li responded: "Ling Donglai, I'm telling the truth. Chuanfeng cultivated the Flowing Throne technique, both of his leg bones are refined to metal level, look at those bones on that corpse."

Sure enough, the corpse's leg bones were different from the other body parts, at least two times tougher.

"That's not enough because anyone who trains in movement techniques would have tougher leg bones." Donglai said.

Zhao Li continued: "Then tell me what's hanging on its waist?"

The frightened crowd all looked over at the corpse's waist at the same time. There was a silver order the size of a palm with the word, "Throne". It belonged to the young marquis of that faction.

Everyone felt their scalp tingling, including Ling Donglai.

That corpse was surely Gu Chuanfeng.

The atmosphere became even creepier. This corpse in Feiyun's hand looked even more nefarious under the moonlight and instilled a primal fear.

The young cultivators here were all dragons and phoenixes among men. They had an unyielding mentality and had seen many strange things but they have never felt afraid to this level.

Ye Xiaoxiang was standing behind Feiyun and also felt a biting chill. She couldn't help but grab his sleeve again.

Jingyue took a deep breath and asked: "Feng Feiyun, how did you know that Chuanfeng was borrowed beneath that tree? You know who killed him?"

Feiyun shook his head then buried the guy again.

Because he found the buddhist mirror and vajra scepter underground during the day, he managed to guess that Chuanfeng would also be underground after disappearing.

The truth was that he himself was surprised to see this body.

Donglai sneered and said: "You really don't know? There are several people here with stronger cultivation than you yet they couldn't find any clues but you knew the exact spot. You must know something we don't."

Feiyun snorted back: "Even if I did, why should I tell you. Xiaoxiang, let's go."

He had used his Minor Change Art to calculate several things and knew that he couldn't wait here because a grotesque death would await him.

"Shit, Wang Sanwang is gone too, but he was just kneeling right there!" Someone else blurted out.

Sanwang's disappearance was even more sudden since there was no other sign. Even Dongfang Jingshui and Beiming Potian didn't notice anything.

Feng Feiyun was about to leave with Xiaoxiang but he stopped and pointed a finger at the entrance of the village. Another rotten corpse exploded out of the ground with only bones left.

Because Sanwang cultivated the Eagle King Physique, someone quickly recognized him.

At this moment, even the bravest prodigies panicked. They gathered together in groups, back to back, while maintaining the utmost vigilance.

Potian had a serious expression while the crimson deer behind him kept looking around while stomping on the ground with its hooves. It naturally felt that strange atmosphere in this place.

The prodigies under the Grand Chancellor all relied on him at this moment.

"No! Zhao Li is missing!" A voice broke the silence and made everyone's heart jump.

Zhao Li was grouping with three other prodigies earlier with a circular formation but he disappeared instantly before the eyes of his confused teammates.

At this time, no one needed to say anything. All eyes were already on Feiyun.

He still managed to find Zhao Li's body later with only a few bones left. He seemed to have died more than a century ago.

"Feng Feiyun, you better tell everyone what you know or all will die here." Someone finally lost control.

Ling Donglai had the best luck but this affinity seemed to be suppressed in this village. He said with a tinge of dread: "Feng Feiyun, we're all on the same boat now but if we all have to die, we'll definitely kill you first.

"That's right, Feiyun, don't even think about escaping alone." Someone else chimed in.

Feiyun sneered in response: "I'll have you know that I don't know what's going on either."

"Who would believe that?" Donglai uttered coldly.

Everyone felt that Feiyun purposely led them here in order to kill them.

Xiaoxiang jumped in with a soft tone: "I, I believe him. We only got to the small town yesterday. I was the one who told him to come or he wouldn't have done so. Thus, there's no way he knows what's going on in this ghost village."

Maestro Ye had never lied before. All the prodigies here knew this.

Jingyue scowled and said: "He really listens to you, doesn't he? If you wanted to come here, then maybe you know what's going on."

Xiaoxiang could see Jingyue's unfriendly gaze and wondered why this noble woman had to attack her.

Feiyun became unhappy: "Miss Dongfang, you need to think before speaking."

"You..." Jingyue felt an indescribable vexing sensation.

"I knew trouble would happen." Meanwhile, Jingshui was murmuring to himself but he noticed the fight between the two and jumped in right away: "What are the two of you doing? We need to think about how to get out of the ghost village first. Settle your grievances later when we're outside"

Jingyue calmed down but still glared at Feiyun with a complex look in her eyes.

Feiyun smirked and became quite pleased to see Jingyue's angry appearance.

"The only way out now is to run into these houses and wait till dawn. The village will disappear automatically, that's our chance to survive." Feiyun said.

Donglai smiled back: "Why do I feel that it's even more dangerous in the houses? Feiyun, why do you want to kill all of us?"

Feiyun replied: "Then you can keep waiting here or try to escape."

Donglai had no response.

"I will definitely not go in these damn houses. This village is so tiny, I can get out in a single breath." A tall and thin prodigy took out a soulbound artifact and jumped one hundred meter into the sky. He suddenly disappeared from this world completely.

Feiyun very quickly dug out his body from the mud.

The other cultivators who initially wanted to run let go of this thought.

This village was truly as scary as the legends.

"If you want to stay here and die, feel free to do so but I'm out." Feiyun pulled Xiaoxiang into one of the rooms lit up with a lamp.

It was a house with yellow bricks surrounded by a wooden fence with two rooms.

There were more than twenty like it in this village. They were lit up but no one was inside. This was the reason why these prodigies didn't dare to come in.

“Feiyun is really going in? Are these houses really our only way to survive? Why do I think something even terrifying is in there?” A beautiful noble daughter from a marquis mansion said. She was also a young king at third-level Heaven’s Mandate.

“It’s sure safer in there than outside if he chose to go in. Instead of waiting here for death, we might as well just go in for a sliver of hope.” Donglai directly entered one of the rooms in a different house. Several prodigies and beauties followed him. After all, he was the luckiest in the group. Perhaps one would be able to survive by following him.

Potian and his own group entered a different house. The rest made friends and also did the same.

The truth was that Feiyun wasn’t certain at all. He was merely guessing.

“We can really survive if we go in there?” Xiaoxiang hesitated before asking.

“I didn’t guarantee that.” Feiyun replied.

“Then why are we entering?” Xiaoxiang asked again.

To which Feiyun smiled and teased: “Look at this room, there are such a big bed and soft blankets. Since we’re going to die anyway, why not do something fun first?”

#### [Chapter 435: With Jingyue](#)

Everyone assumed that these houses were also creepy but this wasn’t the case. Each room had a table, bed, curtains, blankets, and an eternal burning lamp.

Xiaoxiang heard Feiyun’s teasing so she slightly frowned with her willowy brows above the pair of pure almond eyes. This charm was simply too beautiful for words.

“Feng Feiyun, looks like you’re having fun.” A voice as beautiful and pleasant as the chirping of an oriole came from outside the room. Its owner was surely a kingdom-toppling beauty.

Two different footsteps resounded. Feiyun quickly got up from the bed and cursed his own luck. ‘This damned Dongfang woman, why is she interfering at this key moment?’

The newcomers were naturally Dongfang Jingyue and her brother, Jingshui.

“Ah, the famous fourth daughter of the Yin Gou Clan. The moon is so beautiful tonight, why do you have the time to visit me on a nice day like this?” Feiyun sarcastically said.

Jingyue didn’t show any reservation before pushing in the doors, accompanied by a sweet fragrance. Her figure was simply impeccable - slender and long neck with skin as white as snow. Her waist was delicate, unlike her towering yet soft breasts. Each curve was created with perfection in mind.

The most important thing was still her temperament that was as wondrous as an immortal, unstained by the smoke of the mortal world.

She was too similar to Shui Yueting. Feiyun couldn’t calm down each time he saw her. It was as if Yueting was standing in front of him.

“With regards to being famous, of course, I’m not a match for the demon’s son.” Jingyue calmly responded before gracefully sitting down on a worn-out chair: “Sorry for coming in like this, I hope we’re not interrupting you two.”

Feiyun thought to himself: ‘This damned woman clearly heard what I said earlier.’

Xiaoxiang’s cheeks turned red but don’t mistake her for a bashful woman. For some strange reasons, she would often blush in Feiyun’s presence.

Jingshui also came in with his perpetual evil affinity just like a devil king. His eyes flashed brightly as he remained vigilance.

Feiyun coughed and said: “The two of you aren’t here just to chat, right?”

Jingshui said seriously: “Feiyun, this village is extremely perilous. People are dying even after hiding in the rooms.”

“What happened?” Feiyun asked.

“Earlier, more people disappeared without a trace.” Jingshui felt a bit helpless since he couldn’t grasp this situation despite his cultivation: “Perhaps all of us will die before dawn.”

Xiaoxiang gently bit her lips after hearing this as her face turned pale. Even someone as fearless as Jingshui felt fear, let alone an inexperienced, fragile girl like her.

Some normal girls would have probably passed out already from fear. The fact that she could follow Feiyun quietly to this point was indicative of her mental fortitude.

Feiyun came over and held her hand tightly before pulling her into his chest then softly whispered: “Don’t be afraid, I will protect you and take you back to the capital with my life.”

He only wanted to make her feel safe; this had nothing to do with romance.

However, in our Miss Dongfang’s eyes, he was crossing the line for doing something rather ungracious before people. She was about to go crazy and would have rushed outside if it wasn’t for her brother holding her shoulder.

Feiyun saw her glare and glared right back at her: ‘Damned woman, why are you looking at your father like that?! It’s not like I’m hugging you, stop glaring!’

Jingshui really couldn’t stand this weird atmosphere and said: “Feng Feiyun, I heard you trained in the Grave Palace Treasure Seeking Record so you should know a bit about the ghastly phenomenon here. Why don’t we work together so that we can leave this place alive?”

This was actually Feng Feiyun’s secret but it wasn’t hard for a monster like the Yin Gou Clan to find out.

Feiyun let Xiaoxiang hide her face in his chest and replied: “This strange ghost village is not part of the death zones listed in the record. However, I heard that an Enlightened Being had managed to leave this place successfully. There must be some marks left of him and they might even be able to stop these unknown things.”

“So if we can find his path, maybe we can escape.”

Feng Feiyun felt that this “water head” was a pretty cool guy. At the very least, he helped when Potian wanted to kill Feiyun and stopped that monster.

Jingshui said: “You have a way to find that path?”

Feiyun replied: “I can find the formations and marks left behind by that Enlightened Being.”

Jingyue interjected with a sneer: “Boasting again, an Enlightened Being’s formations and marks have their own dao. One can’t see it unless they were at the same level.”

Even a Giant couldn’t distinguish and find these marks, let alone Feiyun.

“Little girl, you’re purposely antagonizing me. Fine, I don’t give a damn whether you believe me or not.” Feiyun retorted.

No one dared to call her a little girl beside Feng Feiyun. She was really angry this time and shouted: “Feng Feiyun, you must have been a wretched bird in your last life with a foul mouth like that.” [1]

“A bird...” Feng Feiyun murmured to himself while thinking that this damned woman got it so right. Even though a phoenix wasn’t really wretched, it was still definitely a bird.

Jingshui rubbed his forehead again. These two are fated enemies. One was a graceful noble daughter while the other was the world-renowned son of the demon. However, they turned into brats that were always at odds when together.

Another scream came outside. It looked like another had gone down. The atmosphere became quite tense.

Jingshui grimaced and said: “Feiyun, you and I will go find the marks from the Enlightened Being. I’m sure we’re capable enough to survive this.”

“Then... what do I do?” Xiaoxiang quietly said. She felt insecure being away from Feiyun for too long.

Jingyue spoke up: “I will protect you.”

The other three instantly stared at her with skepticism.

Jingyue felt uncomfortable from the stares and deepened her tone: “You three don’t believe me?”

“Cough, Miss Dongfang, everyone knows you are unhappy about Maestro Ye. What if you bully her after we leave? It’s not that I don’t trust you, it’s just that... you can be petty...” Feiyun said.

Feiyun had already experienced Jingyue’s grudge so how could he dare to leave Xiaoxiang with her. Maybe when he came back, Xiaoxiang’s face would be swollen beyond recognition.

Jingshui, more than anyone else, was aware that his little sister had some kind of romantic feeling for Feng Feiyun so she considered Xiaoxiang to be a love rival. Who knows what will happen if they were to leave these two alone?

Jingshui pondered for a moment and said: “I got an idea. I’ll stay, Jingyue and Feiyun, the two of you go find the marks.”

“What, us two?!” Feiyun was surprised.



Jingyue stood up and said: "I agree."

'Agree your sister!' Feiyun wanted to yell this out but he refrained from doing so since this was still the best course of action. After all, he didn't feel right leaving Xiaoxiang with the grudgeful Jingyue.

He was completely confident in "water head" and his ability to keep Xiaoxiang safe. He took out a purple flute and gave it to her: "Take care, I'll be back for you."

"Mmm, you be careful too. It's more dangerous outside and you need to especially look out for ... I feel that she really hates you." Xiaoxiang accepted the flute with her jade-like hand.

Feiyun nodded: "Don't worry about me, I'll be watching my back."

Jingyue naturally heard every word from these two. She was about to explode while nearly breaking the pipa in her hands. Nevertheless, she still maintained a nonchalant demeanor.

"They're big bullies." Jingshui sent Jingyue a telepathic message while wearing an amused grin.

"None of your business." Jingyue frowned and sent a message back.

"Little girl, let's go." Feiyun walked over and pulled her shoulder forward, making her tumble and nearly fall.

"You..." Jingyue became angry again but he was already standing outside. She calmed down and went out as well.

Jingshui murmured to himself: "I'm regretting letting these two go together, the future is so grim..."

#### Chapter 436: Jin River Goddess' Shrine

The twenty houses here scattered by the shore, some quite far from the others.

The village also had farmland and mulberry thickets. Bamboo groves were planted along the raised pathways.

With the shade of night, the thickets and groves looked even gloomier. The moonlight shone on the falling leaves, resulting in scary shadows on the ground.

Feiyun had a pebble to carve runes on the ground. He was using a secret technique of his race in order to calculate and search. Meanwhile, Jingyue stood quietly behind him with a radiating glow with her red pipa.

"Okay, five steps to the left." Feiyun stood up and carefully took five steps forward with Jingyue copying his pace.

He stopped again and carved more runes on the ground before walking further.

Even though this process was considerably slow, it was also safe. At the very least, nothing sinister had happened so far. Jingyue began to have a better impression of him. 'Looks like this thick-skinned king is a little capable.'

Feiyun was squatting on the ground to draw these runes. Suddenly, he gazed towards the dark and said seriously: "Why are you watching us? Come out here!"

Jingyue also noticed someone tailing them. She slightly flicked the strings on her pipa and issued a deafening and murderous sound wave. It severed a mulberry tree instantly.

A shadow flew out from that location with extreme speed. It jumped several times before disappearing without a trace.

“Such incredible speed, are these the unknown creatures here?” Jingyue said.

Feiyun snorted: “We’re not capable of seeing those creatures. It must be one of those young kings. They saw me leaving the house and assumed that I know the way out, it would be stranger if they didn’t follow us. Don’t mind them, take seven steps forward.”

Feiyun’s vision was better than Jingyue’s. Even though that person was very fast just now, Feiyun still caught his general figure and knew who he was.

Meanwhile, Donglai was hiding in the shadows while observing these two. The murderous intent in his eyes grew denser. He has always been a rational person and never wanted to kill a person so bad like right now: ‘Feiyun, if you dare to be this close to Miss Dongfang, you shall pay for it with your death!’ [1]

After another two hours, the group made it to a small farm. Feiyun suddenly stopped and noticed a boulder slightly protruding from the ground. It had clearly been polished.

He channeled a wave of spirit energy in his palm and began digging it up. This was a rough-looking tablet used to mark the border of the village.

There were three ancient characters on it. Even someone as knowledgeable and well-read like Jingyue couldn’t recognize it.

However, Feiyun was able to. It was the same as the text he saw on the turtle shell back at the convent.

“Duo Village.” After reading the name, Feiyun felt a shock coursing through his entire body.

He had given up looking for this village mentioned on the shell and felt that these legends of the goddess were fabrications from ten thousand years ago. But now, he had found it.

Jingyue was also strangely startled by this name: “I’ve heard of this village before.”

“Where?” Feiyun hurried inquired.

Jingyue pondered for a moment before answering: “I think, I’ve seen it on a painting in the clan’s ancestral room. That painting was named Duo.”

Feiyun’s mind became even more shaken after hearing this. The legend of Duo was related to the Jin River Goddess while this goddess was related to the statue that looked exactly like Shui Yueting while Jingyue looked exactly like her. Just how were all of these things connected?

This ghost village was indeed the legendary place named Duo. It was not part of this world and would only appear near the river shore at special intervals.

Feiyun asked: “Where is your ancestral room?”

“At the dragon lake, but I heard the ancestors said that this wasn’t the case in the beginning. It was moved there later.” Jingyue understood that this was important and didn’t hide it from him.

“Dragon lake...” Feiyun murmured and thought that he needed to take a trip there. Perhaps more clues were waiting for him.

Feiyun continued: “I have something else I’ve been wanting to ask you. You... look too similar to that statue on the river. Does your clan not know this?”

Her eyes flashed with a peculiar glimmer and her expression under the veil changed as well. She slightly turned away and said: “Of course they know but there are a lot of girls in this world. It’s not hard to find two that look alike. I’m sure there are many more in the Jin Dynasty who look like that statue.”

‘This damned woman is hiding something from me.’ Feiyun’s intuition told him that she wasn’t telling the truth.

If she didn’t want to reveal it, further prying was useless. There would be more chances to get it out of her later, he thought.

“Alright, let us continue, I can faintly sense the aura left behind by that Enlightened Being now.” Feiyun said with the same expression.

The two walked on the little raised-pathway on the farm with careful steps.

After another hour, Feiyun finally found the mark left behind by the Enlightened Being due to his phoenix gaze. Jingyue, on the other hand, didn’t see anything.

“If we follow these marks, we won’t suffer these unknown calamities. However, keep in mind of the formations too. If we touch them by accident, we’ll die for sure with our current cultivation.” Feiyun warned.

Jingyue flared her nostrils in response: “You actually care about my wellbeing?”

“You’re overthinking it. I’m just afraid of having to carry your corpse around after you die, that’s too much of a hassle... what are you doing? I’m just kidding, don’t be so violent. I told you way before that you need to keep an open mind about comedy. Keep on ... fine, fine, I’ll stop.” Feiyun rushed forward towards the remnant marks.

Jingyue was heaving in and out, completely livid just like an angry hen.

“Feng Feiyun, should we go back now and take your Maestro Ye and my big brother with us?” Jingyue chased after him.

Feiyun shook his head: “No, this is only a pathway through the village, it might not be the way out.”

“What, can you be more reliable please?!” Jingyue bit down on her lips and had the urge of throwing her pipa straight for his head.

“What are you getting worked up about? I didn’t say we can’t leave the place.” Feiyun added.

He wouldn't bicker with her since he felt that would be an insult to his intelligence. On the other hand, Jingyue wasn't an easily provoked woman. In fact, she was always as calm as water or the clouds up in the mountains. However, Feiyun always had a way to enrage her.

She knew that he was doing it on purpose.

Was he really? Perhaps a little bit.

Who was to blame for making Jingyue and Yueting so similar? Moreover, their auras were alike as well so Feiyun naturally didn't like her. Whenever he met her, he always felt the urge to hit her head. Of course, this was only a passing thought right now.

"Oh?" He suddenly stopped so Jingyue who was right behind him ran into him with her soft body, especially her towering breasts directly hitting his back. A cold sensation started from her nipples and ran throughout the rest of her body, rendering her immobile for three seconds.

'Damn him, damn him! He definitely did it on purpose!' Jingyue was really furious this time with sparks almost flying from her pretty eyes. She believed that he was deliberately playing with her by stopping so that her breasts would hit him.

If it wasn't on purpose, then where did this cold air come from that nearly turned her into an ice sculpture?

It indeed looked like Feiyun was toying with her. Even though he didn't mind doing this, but he was really wrongfully blamed this time. This was because of Yama's spine being fused to his back. The real person at fault here was Miss Dongfang and her rotten luck.

Right when Dongfang Jingyue lost her temper and wanted to go at the guy, Feiyun suddenly grabbed her arm and said: "I found something big, come."

There was no warning again so Jingyue tumbled and almost dropped her pipa.

After following the marks left behind by the Enlightened Being, they found a tiny shrine at the base of a cliff. It was only half the size of an adult with a lamp inside. There were many red ribbons next to it that were fluttering to the wind.

It looked like a shrine for the local god but wasn't. There was a clay sculpture of a woman inside with the features of an immortal. She was as pure as jade with fluttering, long ribbons and plumes of clouds beneath her feet. After glancing at it several times, one felt a much stronger urge to prostrate and worship compared to statues in other temples.

"Shui... Yueting!" Feiyun's eyes widened as he clenched his fists as if he wanted to break his own bones. He gritted his white teeth hard to an audible level.

## [SPIRIT VESSEL](#)

### [Chapter 437: The Shrines Collapse](#)

Under a cliff in the village was a lonely, tiny shrine made out of rocks.

A lamp was burning for an eternity under the shrine. It flickered back and forth due to the cool breezes. This painted an even sadder atmosphere. Who knows what had happened to make all the villagers disappear, leaving behind only this shrine.

After finding the village named Duo from ten thousand years ago, they were able to find the shrine of the Jin River Goddess.

There have been many stories from the other villagers around this area but no one had ever seen Duo and this shrine before, until now with Feiyun.

It confirmed that his speculation was correct. 'Shui Yueting! On what basis do you justify being worshipped by others! Have you earned your title of goddess!? Get the hell out here for me!'

Feiyun screamed with a ferocious expression. His stone saber flew into his hand and a destructive force came out with a crescent slash, aiming straight for the shrine.

"Boom!" A holy light shot out from the statue and expelled the saber.

It was as if he had tried to cut a mountain of steel. His hands suffered the backlash and became numb while feeling that his bones were about to break.

His inner palms bled with blood spurting everywhere as the saber spun several times in the air before pinning vertically on the ground.

He tumbled several steps backward before stabilizing with his eyes still fixated on the shrine. He saw her beautiful face on top of the holy temperament; it looked to be laughing at his wretchedness. This only further enraged his hatred.

"You're still laughing?! Is it that funny? Bltch, I will make you stop!" Feiyun gritted his teeth and directly rushed forward to punch the shrine. Each punch carried more than ten million pounds of force, capable of destroying mountains. The earth kept quaking before his might but the shrine was impervious. The white aura from the statue itself easily stopped his onslaught.

There were ripping waves emanating from the impact point but the aura remained strong.

Feiyun was normally a calm person but all of his rationality turned into thin air after seeing Shui Yueting.

There was only one thing on his mind... hatred. "Die! Die! Die!"

Jingyue felt an indescribable bitterness while watching Feiyun's current appearance.

How much hatred built up in order to lose all rationality and became a madman like this? Most importantly, this statue was virtually identical to her.

"No wonder why he punched instantly the first time we met." Jingyue didn't try to stop him. On the other hand, she was afraid that he was lost in a frenzy. If she didn't tread carefully, he might mistake her for Shui Yueting.

Meanwhile, a cold pair of eyes flashed in the darkness.

Ling Donglai had been tracing the two the whole time. He was also stunned after seeing the tiny statue in the shrine.

“The mythical shrine of the goddess is actually in the ghost village? The goddess is truly as beautiful as an immortal but her aura is so similar to Jingyue.” He thought to himself as his gaze became austere: “Why is this Feng Feiyun doing? Why is he attacking the shrine for no reason why calling out this name of a woman? Shui Yueting? Who the hell is that?”

Donglai had never seen Jingyue’s features so he didn’t know about their similarities outside of their auras.

“Feiyun, who would have thought that you have such a big weakness. Keke.” He took out a silver mask and wore it. Now, he looked like a white-faced phantom and mutter: “The best time to kill you is now!”

“Whoosh!” He flew over.

“Rumble!” Meanwhile, Feiyun continued to unleash barrages on the shrine with both fists. His knuckles were in shambles with blood dripping down his fingers. However, this was no stopping his fury.

A person in black, shrouded by a silver mask, hurriedly aimed for his back with a saber.

“Who?!” Jingyue’s eyes turned cold with her hair flying. She flicked the string on her pia with one finger. A ten-meter long soundwave flew outside and struck the saber, stopping the assailant.

This newcomer slightly glanced at her before attacking Feiyun with even more ferocity than before. Sparks erupted on his blade before engulfing it completely with a flame. This was a frightening attack.

“How brave.” Jingyue sharply danced with four fingers on the strings now in a gentle yet harsh manner.

“A sad song for all, where to find a friend waiting in the edge of the world?”

“Boom!” The soundwave turned into a sword with a heavenly ray flying outside to slash the mysterious combatant.

Startled he was from this attack and condensed a maelstrom with his other palm into a taiji diagram to stop the soundwave.

“This person is quite strong, capable of using the purest art of the daoist doctrine. This can be a king in the young generation.” Jingyue’s dress was as white as snow and hid her slender and lovely figure. A round moon resembling a jade plate floated above her and poured down clear flashes of light.

This was the Haotian Spirit Mirror. She pointed forward and a plume of light shot out from the mirror to break the taiji diagram. It struck and blew the combatant flying into the black of the night. After several spins in the air, this mysterious person was nowhere to be found.

“Jingyue is actually so strong, can’t be any weaker than Feiyun but few in the cultivation world know her name. She must have a big secret.” Donglai took off his mask and stared at Jingyue with a complicated glimmer before retreating back to the village.

He was afraid of revealing his identity so there was no using his full strength. Retreating was the only option.

Under her command, the mirror came back and floated on her fair palm. She wanted to use it to chase after that silver-mask assailant but a loud blast came from behind.

“Boom!” Feiyun actually took out a gigantic bronze vessel and smashed the shrine into a pile of rubbles. Even the statue inside was turned into dust.

Right after its destruction, nefarious gales chilled the entire village. Black clouds hid the moon and the entire place was shrouded in total darkness.

All of the lamps inside the houses turned off at the same time. Only the lamp in what’s left of the shrine was still burning with a flickering dot.

Feiyun recalled his vessel and was lying flat on the ground while continuously panting. His wits were coming back: “Still can’t get past this demon, always losing control after seeing Shui Yueting.”

The huge statue by the river was very similar to Shui Yueting but it was still a rough carving. It wasn’t like the tiny statue inside that was molded to near perfection. Even the items of clothing on it were the same.

Jingyue came behind him with a tinge of gentleness in her eyes yet she pretended to be cold: “You’re alive, still?”

“Can’t die before you.” Feiyun slowly pushed himself off the ground and took the pinned saber from the mud.

She sarcastically smiled back: “You actually hate me that much? Going crazy after seeing a statue that looks like me.”

“Little girl, stop dreaming, I don’t have that much interest in you.” Feiyun smiled and said.

“So you are only interested in Shui Yueting.” She retorted.

His expression changed to coldness after hearing this name: “You better not say this name in front of me again or you’ll suffer a very ugly death.”

How could she be scared by this? Derision rose in her glance: “Feiyun, who would have thought that you would be so scared of someone?”

“Haha, who says I’m afraid of her?” He found this statement ridiculous.

She continued: “If you’re not afraid, then why do you not even dare to hear her name?”

“I...” Feiyun became silent for a bit: “Little Dongfang, you’re better off not sticking your nose into this or it will only bring you trouble.”

Jingyue naturally didn’t listen and wanted to retort again. However, her heart skipped a beat after sensing a fatal danger ahead.

Feiyun was shocked after feeling this too. A monstrous thing was rising from below the earth.

“Get back now.” Feiyun lunged forward and pushed her down to the ground.

The spot they were standing on earlier had a gap with blinding light oozing out.

Anything that was touched by this light turned into ashes completely.

This ray shot into the sky and destroyed the black clouds. It looked like it was heading for space.

Jingyue kicked the guy who was on top of her flying before floating up again. Her eyes glimmered with astonishment as she stared at the light coming from below. It really looked like something wanted to get out.

Feiyun suffered no damage from the kick and landed elegantly on the ground. 'This damned woman always has a hot temper.' He rubbed his chest with a footprint still on it.

#### [Chapter 438: The Second Spirit Vessel](#)

"Boom!" The crack on the ground became larger and the light intensified. Just what the hell was trying to dig out of the ground?

Feiyun was full of doubts. Could it be that Shui Yueting had been here before and left something behind?

Something was coming out of the seal within her broken statue.

He immediately thought of the mysterious disasters looming in this place. Everyone here would disappear without a trace then be buried underground. A few minutes would turn into decades.

It must have something to do with time. Something was buried under here and made the temporal line here flow much faster than outside.

"Boom!" The blinding light finally made it to the sky and floated up there while pouring down shiny rays.

It looked like a gigantic moon... No, this was a huge jade ship that was blotting out half of the sky.

The dark of night was being chased away. This ship exerted an immense pressure. It was floating in the sky and seemed to be on the verge of flying into space, its ancient and boundless aura was still scary all the same.

Its size was truly enormous, spanning for several thousand li. While standing below, one could read the mysterious runes carved on the hull on top of eighteen large banners made out of jade. A wondrous light was everywhere so it looked like an immortal was riding on top.

All the prodigies in the village were horrified by this scene.

How could there be such a big ship in the world? No one could create something of this magnitude.

Only Feng Feiyun barely managed to stay calm. The village's appearance and disappearance must have something to do with this ship, along with the disasters.

"This must be the ultimate artifact. One will be invincible with it!" A young overlord immediately flew up towards the jade ship but once he was in the air, he immediately aged at a rapid pace. When he was one thousand meters away, his body was already that of a dying old man.

"Time... is... passing by... too fast..." The young overlord was scared and wanted to retreat. Alas, it was too late.

"Bang!" A bunch of bones and fleshy skin fell down from the sky.



“Use violet energy now! This ship can devour our life force!” With an alarmed expression, Feiyun channeled all of his energy and shrouded his body.

Even though the ship was far from the surface, time was still flowing three times faster than normal. With the protection of energy, the aging became twice as fast.

The other prodigies noticed the life-reaping force and did the same.

Jingyue was astonished because this jade ship looked quite similar to Feiyun’s bronze vessel just now. It must be somewhat related: “Feiyun, what the hell is that nefarious ship?”

“Don’t ask me. Oh? Why is there a bright mark on your forehead?” Feiyun saw her forehead by chance and noticed that a luminous ray was shooting out from within and resonating with the jade ship in the sky.”

Feng Feiyun could see through the gentle light and saw a wondrous ocean inside her head with never-ending waves.

“She really has some secrets.” He was slightly moved. How could a normal person have an ocean hidden in their head?

The light reached the red clouds with more waves in the ocean of energy. Jingyue slowly floated in the air as the ray of light from her head was heading for the ship.

“Boom!” The colossal ship trembled wildly along with the eighteen white sails. Suddenly, it grew smaller at a discernible pace into a little shuttle and flew straight into her head.

The light disappeared as she descended in a transcending manner. She looked even more dazzling like a beautiful goddess.

It was still night time but the ghost village and the houses were no longer there, only patches of grasses next to the Jin River.

The nether atmosphere was gone as well. One could hear and smell the surging river nearby.

This told everyone that the problem of the ghost village was over. It would never appear again or it had already taken a different form.

Many prodigies have fallen today but the real powerful cultivators were still alive. It gave them sweet relief after experiencing a disaster.

“That ship flew into her body! That must have been an incredible artifact containing an immortal spirit.” Someone shouted before rushing over.

All the prodigies here saw the amazing ship and knew that it was a supreme artifact. They wanted it for their own now, no longer afraid of the ghost village like earlier.

“A divine artifact like that belongs to the worthy. Dongfang Jingyue, hand it over, it belongs to all of us here!” A young king in black roared with his soulbound artifact at hand, ready for battle.

The Yin Gou might be one of the four great clans but there were comparable powers. They weren’t afraid of the clan.

Moreover, anyone would be tempted by such an artifact. Even killing someone from the Yin Gou Clan was fine in order to grab it.

Even Beiming Potian had the urge but he was much more cautious.

“Boom!” A boundless evil presence descended from the sky in the form of a citadel hovering over Dongfang Jingshui’s head. This was his supreme image, accentuating his heroism as his red cloak fluttered behind him like a banner.

He unleashed a palm strike with a brutal power as if a nefarious city was crashing down.

“Ba!” The lower half of the young king was pushed down to the ground. A billowing evil energy made blood drops come out of his pores.

“Boom!” He slammed his city down again and turned that young king into a puddle of blood.

Another young king had fallen just like that. Such frightening brutality.

“Dongfang Jingshui, do you know what you have done? That was a young king from the Dragon King Palace.” Another youth wearing a white robe with great violet energy spoke. This was clearly a talent from the Daoist faction.

“Pluff!” Jingshui slapped this talent’s head flying, causing a spring of blood to gush for three meters out of his neck. It landed on Jingshui’s armor and intensified his evil bloodthirst.

“I don’t give a shit, I’ll kill anyone who dares to fuck around today.” Jingshui stood proudly as blood dripped down from his cloak, issuing splashing noises.

The entire scene was quiet; no one dared to take a step forward.

Jingshui was a death god from cultivating both the dao and the heretical arts at a young age. His past victims could pile up to the size of a mountain.

Even the talents from the Dragon King Palace and the Daoist Gate have been killed. No one else dared to provoke him at this moment. Plus, the Yin Gou Clan was at the apex, even the royal clan had some apprehension towards them.

At this moment, only Beiming Potian could take on Jingshui. Under normal circumstances, he wouldn’t overly antagonize Jingshui but this was different. That jade ship was too bizarre. Not to mention the young generation, even Giants from the previous generation would turn red from greed.

Feiyun naturally saw the delicate situation and took one step forward: “Count me in as well.”

He stood shoulder to shoulder with Jingshui; they towered like two mountains before the crowd.

Everyone here had seen his strength already. Only Potian and Jingshui could take him down. Thus, no one could touch Dongfang Jingyue right now.

Potian had a cold expression before suddenly speaking: “Let’s go.”

The prodigies under the Grand Chancellor have already prepared for a big fight so they glanced at each other after hearing the command. In the end, they left with Potian.

The rest of the other talents quickly scattered and escaped, leaving behind only Feiyun, Jingyue, Jingshui, and Xiaoxiang.

"I didn't expect for you to behave like a man at a critical moment." Jingyue sarcastically said.

Feiyun chuckled in response: "Your clan is the richest in the world, surely it will give your life benefactor a little reward?"

Jingyue snorted in response: "So nice of you. Right, you probably knew that after Beiming Potian dealt with us, you would have been the next target anyway. That's why you pretended to be a good person."

She stopped antagonizing him and grew four wings on her back: "If Potian invites Long Shenya, we won't be a match anymore. Brother, we must get back to the dragon lake now."

Jingshui nodded. The two of them turned into two beams of light and flew for the horizon.

"Idiot Feiyun, the Divine King had returned to the capital. Just go there and no one will dare to do anything to you under his protection." Jingyue's voice came from the distance before disappearing completely in the wind.

#### [Chapter 439: Sisters](#)

The Divine Capital was the home of the Jin Emperor on top of being the greatest city in the dynasty.

The areas outside were naturally guarded with numerous army camps. Anyone who wanted to touch the capital must pay a monstrous price.

There were nine gates and seventy-two towns protecting the capital like stars surrounding the moon. There were guards everywhere on the path to the capital. Even the water route required going through many posts.

"Gaga." Wild geese were uniformly flying southward, each was as big as a dustpan. It was a sunny day but the air felt quite refreshing on the path through Rouge Maple. Red leaves were fluttering to the wind.

Feng Feiyun wore a white daoist robe with a carefree temperament just like a scholar. He stepped on the leaves and stared at the red scene before him: "Winter comes at the end of autumn."

"The winter at the capital is always bleak. When snow falls, many beggars will die on the street. People will collect their bodies like trash in the early morning and dump them in the river outside the city." Xiaoxiang looked a bit flimsy yet still lovely in her purple dress while walking behind him.

"There are beggars here too?" Feiyun thought that only cultivators were there, that it was a debaucherous paradise.

"As long as there are people, there will be beggars." Xiaoxiang answered before suddenly stopping.

Feiyun also stopped and turned back only to find her glistening eyes like two grapes that have just fallen into the river: "We're about to reach the biggest southern town outside the capital. Don't worry, I'll definitely take you to the capital."

"Back to the Beauty's Smile Pavilion." She said.

“That’s right.” Feiyun replied.

Xiaoxiang bit her lips before slightly opening them to say: “I don’t want to go back. Feng Feiyun, take me away from the capital and I’ll follow you anywhere, even to the edge of the earth...”

Who knows how much courage she needed to utter these words. Her voice became quieter as she spoke so she was the only one who could hear the last words.

Feiyun was surprised. Even though she kept it discrete, anyone who wasn’t a fool could understand her message.

However, he didn’t have that type of feelings for her. He didn’t care for the consequence when having physical relationships with the demonesses from the heretical school and went as far as to force himself on them. However, against someone as pure and kind as Xiaoxiang, he would never touch her if he couldn’t give her a good future.

Xiaoxiang pursued love and freedom. She could hide in the mountains and play her flute by the river, dance on the branches, make tea with the early morning dew. At night, she could stare at the moon and peacefully followed the musical path. She yearned for a life of peaceful serenity.

Feiyun couldn’t do that. There was no way for him to spend his life in that manner. People wouldn’t allow him to do so. The forefather from the Feng for one, the Evil Woman, and those in the world who didn’t want to see him mature.

If there was one day when he could accomplish all of his goals and no one else could threaten him and his loved ones, then perhaps he could say yes to Xiaoxiang. The present wasn’t it.

“Sorry...” He wanted to continue saying, “for misleading you,” but he couldn’t speak because her eyes were full of tears.

Xiaoxiang felt something uncomfortable by her chest and immediately said: “I... I don’t know what I’m saying. Forget it, I didn’t say anything, didn’t say anything...”

With that, she turned and ran despite her muddled glare. It was as if her pride had been inadvertently trampled: ‘Xiaoxiang, you silly girl, how could you think that the number one genius in the world could abandon fame and live a reclusive life with you... can you stop dreaming?’

She started sobbing as her tears fell onto the leaves, issuing pattering sound just like the light autumn drizzle.

Feiyun took a deep breath with a tinge of sadness. He stared ahead and found a long, purple flute among the leaves.

This was her beloved flute, there was no way she could have dropped it by accident.

“I hope that you will be able to find the life you want, freedom, peace, and full of love. I can’t give it to you.” Feiyun put away the flute before heading towards the capital.

His lonely figure walked through the sky full of falling leaves.

Rouge Maple Mountain where the leaves were even redder than rouge. [1]

In a gurgling stream surrounded by trees, Xiaoxiang dipped her feet to the refreshing and cold current. Her hands covered her knees as tears flowed down her face. She could still see that damned fella reflected in the river.

“If you couldn’t take me away, why did you have to enter my life? Why? Why?” She bit her lips tightly, causing blood to drip out in the corner of her mouth.

“Creak.” A beautiful carriage was crossing through Rouge Maple with leaves covering the top. The shafts were dirty; even the snow deer pulling the carriage was puffing white smokes out of its nose. It clearly had traveled a long way without rest.

However, there was no driver. It was as if the snow-deer had intelligence and knew the way.

It came from the south and was heading for the capital.

“Miss, how many more days is it from here to the capital?” An extremely pleasant voice came from the carriage. It was even more beautiful than the chirping of a nightingale, more enchanting than the gurgling streams from the top of the mountain.

Xiaoxiang was still sitting by the stream, full of tears and confusion in her eyes. It was as if she didn’t hear the passenger asking for direction.

The curtain of the carriage was lifted. It was made from the finest white cloth and string from snow silkworms. The material was exquisite like the snow in the winter but the hand lifting it was a thousand time more exquisite and soft.

A supreme beauty, dressed in white, came down from the carriage. She carried a refreshing fragrance with a black bracelet with a long and pretty neck like a swan.

She had a white veil with a silver butterfly pin on her head, creating a distinct contrast in color with the red forest.

“Miss, I came from Grand Southern with important business at the capital. Please let me know if there is still a long way to go.” The woman in white stood behind Xiaoxiang.

Xiaoxiang finally noticed someone talking to her and turned around. She blurted after seeing the woman: “Dongfang Jingyue... no, wrong person, you are...”

This woman was truly too beautiful and dressed in a fully white attire so Xiaoxiang got the wrong person. However, upon closer inspection, their temperaments were different, especially their eyes that weren’t covered by the veil.

“Sister Ye!” The woman in white suddenly became ecstatic and hurriedly embraced Xiaoxiang.

“You are...” Xiaoxiang was confused.

“Hongyan.” Nangong Hongyan felt tears coming out: “Ten years ago, outside of the Supreme Beauty Pavilion at Grand Southern. There was a girl on the verge of starving to death in the deep of winter right below the roof.

“Little Hongyan.” Xiaoxiang rubbed her slightly red eyes and wiped away her tears. Her expression became better: “You were only thirteen when I left but now, look at how tall and pretty you are.”

“I can’t be as pretty as you are.” One of Hongyan’s most important goals in this trip to the capital was to save Xiaoxiang and take her out. She didn’t expect to see Xiaoxiang in this place.

Hongyan noticed the pearls of tear on Xiaoxiang’s cheeks and asked: “How did you get out of Beauty’s Smile?”

“I...” Xiaoxiang pulled Hongyan over to the shore. They both sat down and she began to talk about her recent stories.

Of course, she didn’t bring up Feng Feiyun’s name because she didn’t wish to remember him.

Hongyan was smart enough so she spoke with a playful glimmer flashing in her eyes: “So you like the man that saved you. How far is your relationship now?”

With a dejected expression, Xiaoxiang begrudgingly said: “He is a famous prodigy and does not want to leave the capital with me.”

“So that’s why you’re here crying by yourself.” A murderous bloodthirst emanated from Hongyan. All the fluttering leaves were suddenly swept upward by this aura while the trees became barren. Even the little birds on the branches fell to the ground. She uttered in this scene of ruins: “How illogical. Sister Ye is so brilliant and beautiful, you liking him is his good karma from ten previous lifetimes. How could he treat you like this? Tell me who he is and I shall kill this heartless man.”

Hongyan owed Xiaoxiang so everything she did before was in order to save Xiaoxiang from Beauty’s Smile. Xiaoxiang wasn’t only her life benefactor but also her closest and most respected sister.

How could she watch as her older sister be bullied by this man? She has never been one to hesitate about killing.

“It’s not his fault, only a one-sided love from me.” Xiaoxiang was actually smiling happily now; the tears have stopped.

“Sister, if you like him then he must be yours. If not, I shall have him taste a fate worse than death. He won’t be able to cry even if he wants to then.” Hongyan’s pretty eyes were full of murderous intent. She hasn’t wanted to kill someone like this for a long time now.

She pulled Xiaoxiang towards the carriage.

“Hongyan, where are you taking me?” Xiaoxiang asked.

“The capital.”

“I don’t want to go there.”

“Sister, we cannot run away from men like this. If we don’t teach him a lesson, he’ll think my big sister is so easily bullied.” With a bright flash in her eyes, Hongyan directly took Xiaoxiang into the carriage.

The snow deer began to pull the carriage towards the capital.

## [Chapter 440: Divine Kings Mansion](#)

The Beiming Clan had prepared cultivators at the nine gates and seventy-two towns but they didn't see a trace of Feiyun. Meanwhile, he had already entered the capital.

This city was gargantuan with many layers of walls. A large street was more than 1,200 meters wide and could accommodate ten lanes of carriages at the same time. This was his first time seeing this street.

Last time, he sat inside a carriage to get to the Feng mansion so he had a hard time finding it again despite using his divine intents. Every thousand meters in the cities had carved runes that could stop divine intents from prying.

"That's the best city in the Jin Dynasty for you." Feiyun wasn't in a rush since Ye Xiaoxiang had left. He could take his time strolling through this famous capital.

Cultivators from the eight prefectures all gathered in this place. Each of them had a unique culture, hence the disparity in dressing styles.

It didn't take long before Wan Xiangcen found him.

Feiyun was a bit surprised and smiled: "My beautiful Wan, how did you know I was in the capital?"

"At least ten great powers knew the moment you took your first step into the capital. Where is Ye Xiaoxiang?" Xiangcen was still chillingly beautiful as she said with a slightly arrogant tone.

The great powers had spies everywhere in the capital. For example, it would be too easy for the four great clans to find someone in this city.

However, Feiyun purposely wanted to be found so he chose this conspicuous path. If he couldn't find the way back, he wanted Xiangcen to come and find him. It wouldn't be hard for the Feng Clan to do so, given their current power here.

"She left." Feiyun sighed.

"She can't, you are underestimating the power of Beauty's Smile. It won't take much effort for them to catch her again." Xiangcen said.

Feiyun replied: "I used a special technique to hide all divination and aura from her. Even a wisdom master can't find her whereabouts. If she wants freedom, I will let her go. She is very different from you."

"Can't believe this is coming from you." Xiangcen smiled sarcastically.

"Where is Wolong Sheng?" He asked.

"He's still outside the city looking for you and Xiaoxiang. After knowing that you are here, I have already sent a jade talisman to him. He'll be back within two days."

A light appeared in her palm and a talisman emerged. She handed it to Feiyun and said: "The clan master has a message for you."

Feiyun took it before going back to the Feng mansion with Xiangcen.

At the same time, Nangong Hongyan and Ye Xiaoxiang have also entered the capital again with their carriage. They were heading for the Supreme Beauty Pavilion.

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Back at the Feng mansion.

Feiyun stood on top of a seven-story red pavilion with both hands behind his back. He looked forward and saw the buildings at the capital. There were palaces, platforms, trees, and gardens in the air with waterfalls pouring down.

He had looked at the content of the talisman and thought to himself: 'What the hell is Feng Mo planning, why does he want me to become the successor of the Divine King at all cost?'

At this time, a servant girl went up to him and kneeled: "Young Lord, someone from the Divine King mansion wishes to meet you. Will you grant them an audience?"

So fast? Feng Mo was quite shrewd to read this ahead.

Feiyun slightly fixed his attire and asked: "Who is it?"

"The Chief Eunuch of that faction, Attendant Gui." The girl said respectfully.

"I will go receive him myself." Feiyun jumped into the sky with each step traveling one hundred meters. The kneeling girl became such a big fan and thought that her Young Lord was so powerful, truly on the same level as the other young kings.

Attendant Gui was an old eunuch with a short stature, only around five feet tall. However, his waist was thick enough to nearly rip his black dove-gown apart.

The old eunuch immediately performed a greeting ceremony: "Your servant greets you, Young Lord."

Feiyun was impressed at this old man's cultivation at first glance. There was an indiscernible glint within his muddled eyes. Even though Feiyun couldn't see the exact level, this eunuch was at least a half-step Giant or even stronger.

He must be an extraordinary man to become the Chief Attendant of the Divine King's faction.

"Sir, please don't be so polite. How can a brat like me accept your gesture?" Feiyun said.

"You can, you can. Young Lord, you are the venerable Divine King's successor while I'm a servant of this faction. Of course you can accept my ceremony." The eunuch looked up and respectfully said while pulling up his sleeves: "The Divine King wishes to meet you, please board the imperial palanquin."

Only the carriages of the royal clan could have the word "imperial" as the prefix.

The Divine King's mansion was next to the palace itself, separated by only one wall.

This place was full of tall architectures and buildings floating in the air with rivers running upward for several hundred meters. There were stone stairs and bridges on the water surface. One could even hear the singing of dancers coming from the cloud.

It looked as if there was a heavenly palace awaiting at the very top.



This was nine hundred miles from the Feng mansion. Ultimately, it was still only a small corner of the capital.

“This particular place houses the royal family. The twelve mansions of the marquises are all here. More than one hundred princes and three hundred princesses lived here too. Same with the Grand Chancellor, the Crown Prince, and Princess Luofu.” Attendant Gui explained along the way.

Feiyun nodded and could see that this place was extraordinary. Even the streets were different from others, decorated with lamps made from white wood-oil trees.

Some of these mansions were as big as a city with soldiers patrolling the walls night and day on their beasts.

“The smallest mansion here still has 1,000 plots of land and several hundred servants and slaves. For example, the largest mansion is the Grand Chancellor’s. It has a few hundred thousand plots, every year, three thousand young girls would be sent there from all over the dynasty.”

“The other lords of the provinces and even governors, in order to please the Grand Chancellor, send tributes of spirit medicines and woman every year, even more than they would to the national treasury.”

Feiyun had already heard about the debauchorous and extravagant lifestyle of the noble clans here but he couldn’t imagine it just yet. Now, just looking at their mansions left him sighing.

He looked up at the palaces and rivers in the sky and could see them drinking and having fun with dance and songs in the background.

After going through thirty-four different main streets, the imperial carriage has finally reached the Divine King’s mansion.

This was the second largest mansion in this area. Just its walls alone with twenty-meter thick and one hundred and eighty-meter high. A thirty-meter wide moat was right outside this home that looked just like a city. Spirit grasses and white flowers were growing on this defensive river.

This was the home for generations of Divine Kings. It was majestic and dignified with an oppressive aura even before entering. It was as if there was a primal beast looming ahead, instilling chills into the intruders.

Two Ancient Jiang warriors opened the gate with loud metallic clankings.

The imperial carriage entered the mansion without being stopped at all and rode along a grand path paved with white jade.

“Attendant Gui, do you know why the venerable Divine King wishes to see me?” Feiyun asked.

The attendant happily laughed, causing his eyes to squint: “Young Lord, you are the future successor, does the king need a reason to see you?”

“...”

The attendant noticed Feiyun's strange expression and quietly explained: "Some news recently came about your poisonous blood being cured. The Divine King might want to verify this before deciding who to bring into the royal sacred ground."

"Elaborate." Feiyun's eyes became serious.

"After Young Lord was infected, the Divine King gave up in dejection and picked three talents from the clan to be the backups. But now, since you are back, there will be a different plan." Attendant Gui had a mysterious smile.

Feiyun didn't care much about becoming the successor but he had no choice but to come here, after receiving Feng Mo's message.

They have finally reached the living quarters of the Divine King so they got off the carriage.

Attendant Gui told a beautiful palace maid: "Go inform the Divine King that the Young Lord is here."

The maid performed a greeting ceremony towards the eunuch before whispering: "Earlier, Princess Luofu brought a 5,000 year Mystical Golden Ginseng and wanted to see the king. He is receiving her right now."

"Princess Luofu..." A glimmer flashed in the attendant's profound eyes.

Feiyun also heard the two of them talking and became quite surprised. The princess brought such a grand gift just to see the king? It looked like this ambitious princess had a favor to ask.