

Sprit Vessel 441

[Chapter 441: Meeting Luofu Again](#)

The Divine King Mansion wasn't as bustling and extravagant like the Grand Chancellor's. It carried a solemn and dignified aura instead, a grand temperament in general.

There were very few palace maids chatting and talking along the way; their refreshing sight was instead replaced by soldiers in black scaled-armor with a spear as their weapon of choice. They were on patrol while riding bulls. Each of them was elite; ferocious and brave.

"Rumble." Four gluttonous half-dragons were pulling an imperial carriage with eight compartments.

These beasts were seven-hundred-year old with the power to resist mountains. The imperial dragon carriage itself was luxurious to the extreme; this was a spirit treasure of the royal clan.

One would immediately know who was sitting inside after seeing it, Princess Luofu.

In the back was another imperial carriage three or four times smaller than the princess' ride. It had many palace maids and eunuchs keeping it company.

This must be another prince or princess.

The two carriages and the servants stopped once they were close to Feiyun and Attendant Gui.

Feiyun quietly stood and watched as the violet energy inside his dantian began to churn because of the princess' aura.

The Ascension Platform in his palace emitted faint lights. A soul image that looked exactly like the princess began to dance as if coming back to life.

The princess had left her name and a strand of soul on the sacred tablet, or rather, the Ascension Platform.

It was sensing her aura so the soul became animated again, floating on the platform.

Feiyun quickly calmed down the platform and even closed the inner dantian, not wanting the princess to notice anything.

The imperial dragon carriage parked here for a while before the princess finally spoke: "Feng Feiyun, I didn't expect you to still come to the capital."

Attendant Gui slightly bowed towards the princess but Feiyun kept his proud stature: "Your Highness, how have you been?"

"Fine." The princess didn't show the slightest hint of emotion before channeling the carriage to leave the Divine King Mansion.

He stood there contemplating: 'This woman is too crafty and unpredictable. Who knows what she is thinking?'

She was currently the number one ranked on the lower list while Feiyun was third. This list was created by Scholar Heaven Calculating so it was surely accurate. This woman was very strong so defeating her wouldn't be easy.

"You are the demon's son?" A young male voice came from the other carriage.

Attendant Yui sent him a mental message: "This is the eighteenth prince, a young king of the royal clan, one of the three backups for the Divine King position."

Feiyun nodded. That's the royal clan for you, possessing the most excellent bloodline, training methods, and great resources. That's why they could produce so many top prodigies.

One's background was very crucial to their cultivation path.

Just imagine, being born in a cultivation clan would mean being nourished by spirit medicines during the fetal stage. Experts would even send spirit energy to the fetuses. Thus, the moment the baby came out, they had better cultivation than ordinary people.

Moreover, if the father was an expert, the mother was most likely one too. This meant that their bloodline was quite powerful and their offspring would be more talented than the mass.

So for this royal clan, their future generations were normally brilliant enough from years of accumulation.

This was the reason why the majority of real experts all came from cultivation clans.

Furthermore, powerful female cultivators were normally quite pretty. The strong ones normally came from a powerful clan and a strong man naturally wouldn't marry an ugly woman. Thus, with such good genes, their daughters would be beautiful as well. There were more implications with marriages in the cultivation world beyond love since it directly affected the next generation.

Even though the speaker was the eighteenth prince, Feng Feiyun didn't perform any ceremony and simply said: "That's me."

This prince was definitely a famous character in the capital and his value doubled after becoming a backup candidate for the Divine King's position. No one dared to take him lightly outside of the top geniuses.

"That's the Divine King successor for you, a bit arrogant, aren't you?" The prince's voice was cold.

An invisible wave came from the carriage and caused a clear fluctuation in the air. Ordinary people couldn't see anything but Feiyun had the Heavenly Phoenix Gaze. He could see the sword finger clearly.

Rippling Shadow Sword, a powerful technique from the royal clan. The eighteenth prince was the only one in the young generation who managed to learn this art.

Attendant Gui slightly frowned while worrying for Feiyun. This sword technique was bizarre and few could predict its form and trajectory. His Young Lord's cultivation was amazing but he was still too young.

Feiyun responded at this moment by also raising his finger to channel the water nearby. He directly shattered this sword wave and his attack continued toward the carriage while being invisible and soundless.

“Boom!” The prince stopped the attack but his entire carriage slightly trembled.

“You are worthy of your fame, demon’s son. We shall meet again at the royal sacred ground.” The prince snorted and left.

Feiyun smirked and didn’t give a damn about the guy. He followed Attendant Gui inside.

The Divine King was still as spirited and gallant as before. His gray set of hair didn’t diminish his prestige.

“Your vitality is powerful and had the upper hand against the eighteenth prince earlier. Looks like you have reached the second level of Heaven’s Mandate.” The king said.

Nothing happening in his mansion could elude his eyes.

Feiyun was very respectful towards the king so he admitted: “I broke through a few days ago.”

His cultivation rose instead of declining. It was obvious that his poisonous blood had been cured.

The king didn’t ask how he did it. After all, everyone had their own secrets. Overly prying wasn’t a good thing.

For someone at his level, only the result mattered, not the process.

The king’s sleeve flashed brightly; a yellow bottle flew out and floated in his palm. He said: “This is Luofu’s Mystical Golden Ginseng, 5,000 years of age, allowing someone to live for fifty years longer. You can’t find a second one like this at the Jin Dynasty.”

Feiyun could feel the life essence within the ginseng despite it being stored in the bottle.

“The princess is truly filial.” Feiyun said.

The king slightly raised his brow and said: “It’s because she’s about to face a big problem so she came to ask me for help.”

“It’s about the prince-in-law selection.” Feiyun said.

The king nodded: “I’m sure you have heard about the competition between her and the crown prince.”

“Yes.” Feiyun replied.

In the Jin Dynasty, as long as they were talented enough, both sexes could become its ruler.

Feiyun asked: “Does the princess not want to marry?”

“Of course she doesn’t want to but it’s not up to her.” The king said.

“That’s why she came to you, hoping the Jin Emperor would remove that decree.”

The king shook his head: “No one can change the decree of the emperor. She only wanted me to buy her more time.”

“Isn’t the date already picked? One month after the start of winter. There’s no delaying this if the emperor had spoken.” Feiyun wondered.

The king explained: “If there is a bigger matter in the royal clan, then the prince selection needs to be delayed.”

“Something even more important?”

“For example, picking the successor to the Divine King position.” The king solemnly said with a profound glare: “This relates to the prosperity of the dynasty so naturally, the prince-in-law selection will need to be postponed.”

Feiyun understood right away. No wonder why the eighteenth prince came with the princess. So it was about this issue.

The king had accepted the ginseng so he must have accepted the princess’ plea.

The king went on: “There are many exceptional prodigies in the young generation of the royal clan but none is enough to take on this role.”

The best genius in the clan was none other than Long Shenya, a ranker on the upper historical list. He was part of the Trio of Excellence in the capital with Dongfang Jingshui and Beiming Potian.

Unfortunately, his crown prince position removed him from being a candidate.

The other three top prodigies in the royal clan were at the young king level. Their talents were at the highest level of heaven-defying. However, this was still a bit lacking for this prestigious position. The Divine King naturally liked Feiyun the best.

“Right.” Feiyun briefly said.

The king waved his hand and the bottle containing the ginseng flew in front of Feiyun: “You have just made it to the second level so there is some instability. You can barely fight against ordinary young kings so fighting against the three prodigies of the royal clan is even more prohibitive. Take this ginseng, this is enough to save you fifty years of cultivation.”

[Chapter 442: Mystical Golden Ginseng](#)

The Divine King wasn’t trying to help an outsider against the royal clan. On the contrary, he didn’t wish to see a declination so he had to recruit Feiyun into the royal faction.

He was confident in his vision that Feiyun’s future achievements would be unfathomable.

Feiyun quickly declined: “This ginseng can boost your life by fifty years, how can I waste this level of treasure?”

The king smiled and said: “My mansion might not be on the same level as the Jin Dynasty’s national treasury, but it isn’t hard to find several longevity-boosting medicines, even those at the same level at this ginseng. If I give it to you, just take it.”

Feiyun carefully accepted the yellow bottle. Just holding it alone made his bones crackle with energy from the aura seeping out.

After storing it in his spatial pouch, Feiyun took out two jade boxes sealed with spirit energy, each one had one leaf as red as blood inside.

“Your disciple also has a gift for you. I hope you will take it.” Feiyun said.

The king smiled, pleased with his little disciple’s social sense, and accepted the two jade boxes.

He had seen all types of treasures before and had no hope of Feiyun handing over something amazing. This was only the goodwill of his disciple and it would be rude for him to refuse. This was more symbolic than anything.

However, his expression froze the moment he opened the box and spoke with shock: “This... this is the legendary Daomization Leaf!”

A Daomization Leaf could help people in understanding the dao and break through bottlenecks. This was a way of escaping the shackles of cultivation.

It was difficult for the king to go up at his current realm since this was the limit of his own talents. The only way now was to have an epiphany or wait for death from old age.

However, this was no longer the case. This leaf could help him cultivate even further. If he could break through that perilous gate, then his lifespan would nearly double and he could even become young again.

Thus, he was naturally stirred after seeing the leaf.

Feiyun nodded and said: “I found these two leaves in an ancient ruin but they’re not that effective right now for me. You, on the other hand, need it more.”

Everyone knew that the Divine King didn’t have long left to live. This was the reason for the rush to find the next successor.

The Divine King had shown great kindness to Feiyun; these two leaves alone still weren’t enough to repay it.

Of course, Feiyun didn’t tell him that he found it at the Feng ancestral ground. This was a secret of the clan and he couldn’t tell others.

The king emotionally nodded and put the two leaves away. He planned to immediately go into isolated cultivation after dealing with this successor’s problem. With these two leaves, his path towards the grand dao became more hopeful.

He was too right in taking in this disciple. He felt that he had done many ridiculous things in his life but the most correct thing was picking Feng Feiyun.

“I will tell the Jin Emperor about the urgency of picking the successor for the Divine King’s position. Outside of anything unexpected, you four candidates will come with me to the royal sacred ground within a month in order to be tested. During this period, you need to cultivate hard and absorb the entire ginseng. Take your cultivation as high as it can go.” The king said.

Feiyun also planned to do this. After seeing Beiming Potian and Dongfang Jingshui, he realized that there was still a big gap between him and them.

The king suddenly called him back before he left and said: "If you want to become the Divine King, you must marry a princess and become a prince-in-law. I'm sure the consorts in the palace will come to see you soon. You can handle it."

Feiyun was slightly surprised, marrying a princess?

He saw a dark future ahead. This wasn't a small issue since marrying a princess meant he couldn't marry anyone else.

This was too big of a sacrifice to become the Divine King.

'I guess I can only take one step at a time and see.' Feiyun came out of the mansion in the imperial carriage with many thoughts looming in his mind. The dynasty had several hundred princesses and even more consorts in the palace. It would be a headache dealing with them.

After returning to the Feng mansion, he ordered his old housekeeper: "From today on for one month, tell any visitor that I am in closed cultivation and will not see anyone."

This was indeed the truth since he wanted to absorb the entire ginseng. It was a bit wasteful to use it as a cultivation booster. This was meant for those at the end of their lifespan since it could increase life by fifty years. Using it to boost cultivation was only fifty years of training.

Nevertheless, this was still the fastest method. There were pros and cons to using it in this manner.

He took out the yellow bottle and poured out the ginseng inside. He used a jade knife to cut off a piece and placed it in his mouth. A cold energy crazily started from his throat and emanated to the rest of his body.

It took three days for him to absorb this piece completely. The violet energy in his body increased to 5,000 strands.

Being able to cultivate violet energy in the palace was considered first-level of Heaven's Mandate.

Second-level required 3,000 strands of energy.

Third-level required 100,000 strands. In order to reach this level, people relied on a huge amount of resources. Just relying on absorbing the energy from the world and changing it to violet energy would be impossible. Even a few thousand years wasn't enough to create 100,000 strands.

Each level of Heaven's Mandate had a huge discrepancy in power. This was apparent in the amount of violet energy required.

Feiyun was at the historical genius level but he could only fight against the young kings, unable to defeat foes at several levels higher.

He was consolidating his second-level cultivation and increasing the number of violet energies using an amazing treasure like the Mystical Golden Ginseng. The consolidation process would be complete the moment he reached 10,000 strands.

In just three days, he had created 2,000 strands. This was quite an incredible feat already.

“Still got a long way to go.” Feiyun cut out another piece from the root and placed it in his mouth again.

He needed two days for full absorption. However, his violet energy only increased by 1,500 strands.

He was at 6,500 strands right now.

“The higher the cultivation, the faster the absorption speed. It’s becoming less effective though.”

There were two sides to everything.

Feiyun cut down a piece twice the size of the previous. The worldly energy contained within the ginseng was too pure and suitable for cultivation. It made the process as easy as drinking water.

No wonder why the children from the big clans could reach Heaven’s Mandate at a young age. They had access to amazing treasures from the earth.

For example, a fetus could have their spirit channels opened while still in the womb.

After being born, they could consume medicines to reach Immortal Foundation.

Around five or six, they could begin to cultivate their God Base.

At grand achievement God Base, they would be able to rely on spirit stones and medicines to open the meridians and break the shackles.

At Heaven’s Mandate, there was an even bigger need for resources.

For Feiyun right now, without the help of the ginseng, he would still need three to five years to consolidate his second-level cultivation despite his amazing talents. In order to reach the third level, he would need nearly one hundred years under the conditions of an ordinary historical genius.

But now, he only used half a month to consolidate his second-level since he had reached 10,000 strands of energy.

This was why people said that without resources, no powerful cultivators would exist.

Only through plundering and competition would one become increasingly powerful. Other historical geniuses would be slow in cultivating without sufficient resources.

“Using one-fourth of the ginseng has consolidated my cultivation. I should be 20% stronger now.” Feiyun didn’t continue on cultivating and put away the rest of the ginseng.

He walked outside and asked the housekeeper: “Did anyone come to find me recently?”

“My Lord, the Divine King’s messenger came to let you know that the trip to the royal sacred ground will be the first of next month or five days from now.”

“The best disciple from the Destruction Cave, Wolong Sheng, also came to see you but he left after hearing about your cultivation session. He told me to tell you that he is staying at the Blissful Flower Palace.”

“Seven eunuchs from the inner palace also sent cards. These are the trusted servants of seven consorts. Do you want to read them, My Lord?”

The old housekeeper took out a bunch of cards with the royal seal on the surface hiding the content.

Feiyun smirked and naturally knew what these consorts were thinking: “No need, burn them all.

“But... one of the cards is from a Divine Consort.” The housekeeper articulated carefully.

Feiyun was surprised: “Which one?”

“Consort Ji Lingxuan.” The old man said.

“I see.” Feiyun became serious. ‘That woman from the Ji Clan.’

He said with a cold glint in his eyes: “Give me her card. I’ve been wanting to meet this Divine Consort for a while now. Also, prepare a carriage and a servant that knows the road well. No need to tell Miss Wang, I want to go alone.”

The old man handed a card over before going to prepare a carriage.

[Chapter 443: Yin Gou Main Ward](#)

For cultivators at Jin, not visiting the dynasty was a regrettable lacking. Not entering the city at the capital area didn’t count as visiting the capital either. The richest and most fun locations were naturally inside.

“Young Lord, where are we heading to?” The driver’s name was Ma Long, a thin fella around the age of thirty who used to be a slave to six different masters.

Each of his purchased prices had been quite high because he had a unique skill - able to remember everything he had seen.

It could be said that he knew all the big streets and small alleys in the capital. Because of this, he had a higher quality of life compared to ordinary slaves.

A person can be born wretched but they must have something they’re good at in order to survive.

“To the main ward of the Yin Gou.” Feiyun ordered while opening the card from Divine Consort Ji.

The content was brief with only three words, “Southern Sky Temple”, written by an ink stick.

The characters were beautiful and contained the dao.

“This is a woman with writings worth as much as gold.” Feiyun brought the letter closer and smelled it. There was a faint and irresistible white-mist scent to it.

White-mist flowers were extremely rare. Rumor has it that there were only three trees in the Sacred Spirit Palace. The petals turned into perfume could give women eternal beauty.

This unique characteristic made them as expensive as rare spirit pills. Money wasn’t enough to buy them.

Despite being a place of business, the Yin Gou Ward was built like a palace with many buildings and pavilions. The exquisite craftsmanship here was uncommon.

This main ward at the capital was even more impressive and majestic, spanning for several dozen miles. There was nothing you couldn't find here.

"Visitors to the ward must have a spending-power assessment before being handed a plaque. Different levels open up different areas." An old man with a kind face told Feng Feiyun and brought him into a palace.

This palace was the farthest one away, meant to determine a customer's purchasing power.

Those who could come to the main ward were all extremely wealthy.

The currency here wasn't gold, only spirit pills and grasses.

One True Mysterious Spirit Grain was worth 30,000 gold. This was the lowest price at the main ward.

The lowest level of True Mysterious Spirit Stone was worth 300,000 gold.

A millennium spirit grass was worth 3,000,000 gold.

The guests were also divided into different levels. For example, those who can only spend below 300,000 gold, or one spirit stone, were considered "one star".

Those who can spend ten spirit stones were two stars.

Three stars at one hundred stones. Normally, those who can spend this much were at the Giant level, the old elders of the cultivation world.

Four stars required being able to spend one thousand hundred stones. These were the masters of gigantic sects and clans.

At ten thousand stones was five stars. The entire Jin Dynasty had less than a hundred consumers of this level.

The customers at the Yin Gou Ward were normally at one or two stars.

"May I ask for your background, Young Noble?" A female examiner glanced at Feiyun then at his back. After noticing the lack of beautiful servants, she became less enthusiastic and said flatly: "Those who can't spend 30,000 gold can't enter the ward."

This was a relatively large amount. At any city in Grand Southern, it could feed millions without a problem.

However, the capital was the congregation of the wealthy. 30,000 gold was only mid-level, no match for those who truly had money.

Feiyun didn't blame her at all. After all, the noble youths would have guards and slaves together with him while he only had a carriage driver. It was his own fault being looked down upon like this. [1]

Feng Feiyun smiled and said: "I'm here to buy beast souls."

He didn't explicitly state that he could afford 30,000 gold, only his reason for being here, in order to not embarrass her too much.

Only the rich could afford beast souls so he kept it implicit.

This young woman was still a worker at the ward so she had been trained thoroughly. Even though she didn't think Feiyun could spend that much, he could still be a "one-star" customer.

"Very well, I am responsible for checking the customer's identity. Please take out something that can prove it." The young woman said.

The ward was a public place and naturally wouldn't care whether one was a good or bad person. However, in order to gauge someone's spending power, they couldn't make the person take out all of their prized and secretive possessions either.

These workers were very smart and could assess someone's star level based on their articles of clothing, identity, and cultivation.

Feiyun's expression froze: "I... I don't have anything to prove my identity. How about I perform my saber technique for you to see?"

Feiyun didn't know what to say. As the young lord of the Feng, he didn't even have a plaque to prove his identity. It would have been nice if he didn't return the order of the Divine King. He could have used it as the perfect answer right now.

The young woman stared at him as if he was a monster. 'Who the hell is this guy? He's clearly from the backwater. Does he think the Yin Gou Ward is a carnival or something for his entertainment?'

Recently, many prodigies came to the capital thinking that they were capable and cool. The truth was that they were only little lords in tiny cities, not worth a single fart at the capital.

She had seen too many like that. But now, there was another guy who wants to prove something with a blade dance? 'Who the hell do you think you are, proving your identity in this manner? You think you're the number one genius of the Jin Dynasty?'

Of course, she had enough restraint to keep it to herself. She had forgiven him since he was only a village boy who didn't know any better.

After a brief pause, she said: "Well, if you don't have any way to prove your identity, just to go the martial art floor to test your cultivation. If it is at a certain level, it is also a type of identification."

Feiyun heaved a sigh of relief and happily said: "Where is this martial art floor? Why don't you take me there? This is my first time at the Yin Gou Main Ward so I don't know a lot of things. I'll have to bother you more."

He was sincere this time. He lacked the time and wanted to do many things at the ward. He might be lost without a guide.

"But... I have to examine the other guests." The young woman was going crazy. 'Why do I have to deal with this stupid guy?'

Feiyun said: “There are other examiners here, it’s fine without you. I can give you a handsome payment too.”

Numerous guests came to the ward each day. This examining palace alone had more than fifty workers. All were pretty women, she was only one of them.

She couldn’t change his mind nor did she wanted to offend a customer. In the end, she agreed to take him to the martial art floor.

Feiyun followed right behind her and politely asked with a smile: “What is your name, Miss?”

She was truly losing her patience. Those who could work as a receptionist at the Yin Gou Ward were all carefully chosen. After all, only beautiful women could make rich men obediently hand over their money in the shortest time.

She had a disgusted flash in her eyes, thinking that she had figured out what kind of person he was. This was someone who thought he could get whatever woman he wanted just because he had money.

As expected, this person was walking even closer with her. Despite her disgust, she didn’t show it on her face and answered: “My name is Shan Yi.”

“San Yi...” Feiyun murmured and thought that something wasn’t right. ‘This woman just played me. Oh well, I’m here to buy beast souls for my Myriad Beast Physique, not a woman.’ [2]

His Myriad Beast Physique wasn’t completed just yet. In order to finish it before the royal examination, the Yin Gou Ward was the only place that could accommodate so many souls.

Shan Yi took him to a wide field outside of the ward. It was connected to the identity examination palace earlier.

The cultivators here were using their cultivation to verify their identity. There was an endless line waiting.

Despite being a high-level establishment, it still had plenty of guests, the most at the capital. The amount of money it made each day was beyond description.

Many workers were here to check as well. These people were very powerful in their own right. Shan Yi brought Feiyun before a stage and whispered something to one of the examiners. She then came back and said that he may begin.

[Chapter 444: Apex Auction](#)

“How?” Feiyun asked.

“Use your strongest power to unleash an attack on that platform.” The examiner replied.

When one’s cultivation was higher, they would be able to assess weaker cultivators. However, those who could afford to shop at the ward weren’t weak at all. Many were Heaven’s Mandate cultivators so these examiners required the platforms for a power assessment.

Moreover, big clans and nobles would have treasures to hide their cultivation. The first rule of higher cultivation wouldn’t work then.

Feiyun pointed at a ten-meter tablet just like a stone wall and said: “On that?”

“Yes.”

Feiyun repeated: “Just to confirm, an attack at full power?”

“Sir, please be faster, there are others in line.” The examiner was losing his patience.

‘Never seen an assessment platform before? A true country boy.’ Shan Yi rolled her eyes and felt that Feiyun were about to be laughed at by the crowd.

“Very well.” Feiyun walked directly to the front of the platform and gently rubbed the surface with his finger. He could see a barrier outside with ripples emanating from his touch. This was something akin to a formation.

He wanted to test and see how strong he was right now so he channeled violet energy from his entire body into the dantian before it rushed into his arm. Four faint dragon-tiger images condensed on his palm.

The force of four ferocious tigers came together in the same spot.

“Boom!” The light of the assessment platform instantly shattered and the wall turned into dust.

This torrential power engulfed half of the testing field. Luckily, there were many layers of formation here or the entire place would have been flattened.

Feiyun stretched his arms and said: “How can an assessment platform break so easily?”

Normally, many Giants would come here to buy materials and spirit ingredients. Thus, Feiyun thought these platforms could withstand the attack of a Giant at the very least. He didn’t expect to crush it so easily.

Feng Feiyun didn’t know that the real powerful people just needed to state their name and show an identification to directly enter the ward. They had no need to come to this martial art ground.

Only non-famous and low-level guests needed to come to this place.

The examiner and Shan Yi were astounded with their jaw almost dropping to the ground. Just one palm to destroy the platform? This was at least the cultivation of a young overlord.

If it wasn’t for Feiyun’s confused expression, they would think that he purposely came to cause trouble.

This huge commotion alerted the upper echelon of the Yin Gou Ward. The person in charge of the ward came out to figure out what was going on. This was an old man at second-level Heaven’s Mandate. He sighed with relief after finding out that it was only an accident.

He respectfully invited Feiyun to the assessment palace before shouting at Shan Yi: “What is wrong with you? Can’t tell that this Young Noble is a cultivation expert? Can you afford to offend him?!”

Shan Yi kneeled and shuddered on the ground. A servant like her was nothing but trash before the big shots. Once they offended a real VIP, it was hard to keep their head.

Feiyun smiled and said: "It's not Miss Shan Yi's fault, she did a decent job. It's because I didn't have an identification item."

Ever since he spent some time with Ye Xiaoxiang, he was unconsciously affected by her with his violence tendency lessening. He became more amicable with a greater respect for others' lives.

Shan Yi lifted her head and stared at Feiyun with surprise. Why was this powerful guy so kind? Maybe he wasn't a bad person. Which clan was he from?

"Young Noble, since you are so mighty, your name must be known to all. May I ask for it?" The old man asked with a smile.

"Feng Feiyun." Feiyun said.

The old man's smile froze as his heart skipped a beat: "May I ask, which Feng Clan?"

"Feng of Grand Southern. Feng Feiyun, Feng as in the wind of spring, Fei as in soaring, and Yun as in the white clouds." Feiyun answered.

"Boom!" The old man's head exploded with his mouth widening enough to fit a goose egg inside. This, this youth was the legendary son of the demon.

It wasn't like he hasn't met big shots before but he was still unable to calm down. After all, this guy was too different from his imagination of what the demon's son should look like. There was no trace of evil aura, moreover, the guy was too understanding and reasonable.

At the same time, Shan Yi felt that the name was too familiar. Suddenly, she finally recalled and looked as if she was thunderstruck and stared at Feiyun in disbelief.

"What's wrong?" Feiyun said.

As a second-level Mandate's Expert, the old man quickly regained his wits but he still couldn't believe it: "Young Noble Feng, you are really from the Feng of Grand Southern?"

This clan was the nineteenth great power in the Jin Dynasty. Both the Young Lord Feng and demon's son; each identity was not someone he could afford to offend.

"Then how about I do a blade dance for you?" Feiyun brought it up the second time.

"No, thank you, sir." The old man was scared out of his mind. How could he dare to let the demon's son swing his blade in front of him? If this murderer became angry, the guy could directly chop his head off.

Even though he couldn't confirm that this was indeed the demon's son, the guy truly had a powerful cultivation. He gave Feng Feiyun a three-star badge to Feiyun and went inside to report it to the ward's true masters.

After all, the demon's son was a special character on top of having a bizarre personality. If the reception wasn't good enough, it would bring about a disaster.

Shan Yi stuttered: "You... you... are really the demon's... son?"

“Many call me that.” Feiyun nodded and smiled: “Does your Yin Gou Ward want some spirit treasures? I have two for sale.”

Feiyun needed numerous beast souls so he needed some money. Fortunately, he had two spare spirit treasures.

The first was the Grand Wind Banner, taken from Ji Cangyue.

The second was the bronze cauldron of Beiming Huaji.

Each spirit treasure could be considered an incredible artifact. Even a few Giants didn't have one. Only the top disciples from big clans like Beiming Huaji could be rewarded with one.

Shan Yi was horrified again. That's the demon's son for you, speaking as if spirit treasures were just regular commodities.

If it was anyone else, she would think that they were merely boasting.

“This level of artifacts are sold via auction. After all, spirit treasures would have different spiritualities and powers; they determine the large discrepancy in price. An auction is the fairest method.” Shan Yi said.

Feiyun nodded: “So the ward serves as an auction house too.”

“Of course, we might have the biggest one in the entire dynasty.” She replied.

“Very well, take me there first then.”

The auction house at the ward was usually filled with amazing artifacts. All the jeweled creations of the world gathered here so many prodigies and Giants came to check them out on a regular basis.

Each month, the auction house would initiate an “Apex Auction”. This was a big deal in the capital so many characters at the highest level would come.

Even Paramount Giants at ninth-level Heaven's Mandate might be tempted by the content of the auctions.

Coincidentally enough, today was one of those days.

Feiyun handed two spirit treasures to the organizers and signed an agreement. In order to have the Yin Gou Ward auction an item, the owner must pay a fee of one percent to the ward.

After finishing the paperwork, Feiyun wanted to find a seat on the auction floor in order to check out the treasures in an Apex Auction. If he found something suitable, maybe he could buy it.

At this time, he heard a familiar voice.

“Hey, old man, appraise it again, how can this be fake? This is definitely the writings of the first Jin Emperor from six thousand years ago, it can't be fake. I stake my personal integrity on the line.” A youth was urgently speaking.

The old appraiser said: "This is a fake from three thousand years ago, created by the most notorious swindler of that period. A fake it may be but this swindler is still a master calligrapher. It is eligible for an auction but the starting price will be much lower."

"Goddamn this swindler! So unlucky... stole, no, bought another fake. Forget it, I'm poor recently, selling this three-thousand-year treasure should be enough spending money for a few days." The youth said.

This youth didn't sound trustworthy at all but the Yin Gou Ward didn't care for it, only the possible profit.

This youth wore straw-sandals with the base nearly gone. He also had a straw-hat and holes all over his dirty outfit. People would think that he was a refugee running to the capital.

It was a miracle that someone with his appearance could enter the Yin Gou Ward.

"Bi Ningshuai." Feiyun shouted from behind.

The youth cursing his misfortune suddenly shuddered. Thieves like him were always paranoid and scared when someone else recognized them. The fact that he didn't run away instantly was already courageous enough.

[Chapter 445: Sima Zhaoxue](#)

Bi Ningshuai turned back and heaved a sigh of relief after seeing that it was Feng Feiyun.

"You scared me to death there, my Young Lord Feng. You got money right now? Let me borrow 1,800 spirit stones, I need them fast." He ran over with his hands out while feeling zero shyness.

Feiyun smiled and said: "Didn't you just stole the writings of the first Jin Emperor? It won't be sold for cheap yet you still ask me for money?"

"Don't... speak nonsense. What is this about stealing? It's our family heirloom..." Ningshuai's expression became awkward.

The writings were naturally stolen by him from the Throne Marquis Faction.

Only this thief would dare to attempt this and get it done successfully.

"Alright, fine, it's your heirloom." Feiyun smiled and said: "Right, weren't you chained up by your fiancée and got dragged back home? Why are you here now looking like this?"

Ningshuai was very sensitive about Feiyun's usage of the word "chained". His eyes turned bright as he heroically declared: "The heroes of the world are all gathering at the capital for the three great events. How could I miss out on these torrential and fun events?"

Of course, he wouldn't tell Feiyun that he ran from the marriage for the second time and made it here to the capital.

"Three events, which ones?" Feiyun was no aware outside of Princess Luofu's groom selection.

Bi Ningshuai said: "I'll tell you in a second but you got money or not?"

“None, not even a single coin.” Feiyun carefully hid his spatial stone and treasures or this guy would rob him completely, not even leaving a pair of underwear.

Ningshuai replied: “No way, you are the current young lord of the Feng, how can your pocket be empty given the clan’s businesses right now?”

He stretched out his dirty hand again for Feiyun’s chest and found nothing. Despite being the Feng Young Lord, he had no control since Feng Mo left resources and money under Wan Xiangcen’s control. Plus, Feiyun didn’t care this trivial issue either.

He had a three-star badge and could enter the VIP section. Ningshuai followed him as well.

The auction house was gigantic just like a stadium. It could accommodate more than ten thousand people.

Today was the monthly Apex Auction so virtually all the seats were taken. Each member in the audience was filthy rich; there was no lack of high-status people as well.

Merchants, clan elders, young kings, older Giants, sect masters, top nobles... The figures appeared regularly and made the auction even more exciting.

The auction was divided into the common, VIP, and supreme sections.

The one and two stars guests were in the common section.

The three-star members were eligible for the VIP section at the front.

The super monsters with four and five stars could cause the Jin Dynasty to tremble with a single stomp. They sat behind the veils of the supreme section in order to hide their identity.

There were numbering to these sections as well. Despite sitting in the front, Feiyun’s number was only 323.

There were many big shots here today who had more spending power than the young lord of the Feng, 322 of them, to be exact. [1]

The chamber was circular with the auction stage in the center. Feng Feiyun was sitting in the first two rows.

“Bi Ningshuai, the ward actually let you in looking like this?” Feiyun teased.

Ningshuai responded seriously: “I climbed the wall to get in.”

“...”

Climbing the wall to infiltrate the ward? That’s a real talent for you.

Feiyun’s eyes narrowed as he asked: “What’s that gourd in your hand?”

He noticed that there was an exquisite green gourd in Ningshuai’s hand, seemingly carved from jade with a green glow. It clearly wasn’t there before.

“Oh, this? I... I picked it up on the ground earlier.” Ningshuai said without batting an eye.

At this time, a nearby middle-aged cultivation screamed and shouted: "My gourd containing a second-rank Essence Pills! Who the hell stole it?!"

Ningshuai's face slightly twitched as he quickly placed the green gourd into his pants and covered it with both hands.

Feiyun was speechless. The guy had no fear and would steal from just about anybody.

"Ningshuai, why are you borrowing money?" Feiyun asked.

Ningshuai saw that the middle-aged man didn't look at him so he quietly answered: "You have to help me this time."

Feiyun became serious: "If it is within my capability, I will."

"Then let me borrow one thousand spirit stones then." Ningshuai reached out and stared at Feiyun with puppy eyes.

"Why don't you just kill me? My two spirit treasures combined probably won't sell for that price."

Feiyun gave him the side-eye. This guy was asking for too much.

Ningshuai returned the same dismissive glance: "Please, people said that you got the young miss from the Yin Gou Clan. Now, you say you can't take out one thousand stones? Who are you trying to fool?"

"Who told you that?" Feiyun wanted to send this guy flying with a kick.

"Scholar Heaven Calculating."

"He also came to the capital?" Feiyun was surprised.

Ningshuai stopped talking and turned his focus towards the auction stage. It was beginning with a worker bringing out a treasure. Each of these treasures had exceedingly powerful guards.

The entire chamber became quiet.

Ningshuai was completely serious with his eyes fixated on the center stage while continuously rubbing his palms. He was clearly waiting for something.

Feiyun glanced at him and thought to himself: 'Hmm, this guy is waiting for a treasure. What is going on? It might have something to do with him wanting to borrow money.'

Suddenly, a brilliant light shot out from the center.

"I present the host of today's auction, the Flower Fairy from Blissful Flower Palace, Sima Zhaoxue."

The entire chamber became cold with snow petals fluttering down from the sky. A girl wearing a velvet dress decorated with white feathers flew down from above. Her skin was even whiter than the snow and had a jade glow.

Her hair was silver and draped all the way down to her heels. They were as soft as silver strings and crossed down her neck and plump breasts.

She was around sixteen or seventeen years old, resembling an elf standing in the snow.

“Sima Zhaoxue!”

“The Flower Fairy, Sima Zhaoxue!”

Many guests immediately stood up and crazily shouted at the girl. This was a marketing technique of the ward, relying on beautiful women to host their auctions. This would stimulate even more extravagant and wasteful spendings.

Zhaoxue was from one of the three flower palaces at the capital, Blissful. She was seventeen now, extremely gifted on top of being the fourteenth-ranked beauty of the dynasty.

Ningshuai became even more emotional with his eyes locked on Sima Zhaoxue.

“You know her?” Feiyun also stared at her. She was indeed a beauty of the national level, especially her long, silver hair and tall yet exquisite figure. This would be the appearance of a snake-demon. [2]

Bi Ningshuai quickly nodded: “We had an unforgettable meeting once, I have agreed to buy her freedom.”

Feiyun stared at Ningshuai as if he was a monster: “Are you crazy? Agreeing to redeem her after just one meeting? What do you think Blissful is? Redeeming a girl there is enough to bankrupt a small cultivation sect. Plus, this girl is their Flower Fairy, you can sell yourself and that won’t be enough to buy one of her hair.”

Ningshuai stubbornly replied: “What do you know? It was love at first sight. I just need one thousand spirit stones to buy her freedom.”

“She said that?” Feiyun asked.

Ningshuai nodded and suddenly grabbed Feiyun’s hand: “We are friends, you must help me.”

“I’m not your friend.” Feiyun quickly swatted his hands away. He didn’t dare to accept this friend since it would be one thousand spirit stones down the drain. This was still an exorbitant sum to him.

Feiyun looked at the snowy woman again with a cold glint. This Zhaoxue girl was indeed the main girl of Blissful, capable of tempting someone as smart as Ningshuai and turning him into an idiot. She must have some impressive abilities.

He naturally didn’t believe Zhaoxue would actually leave with Ningshuai after he hands over the stones.

Nevertheless, he saw the guy’s dejected appearance and said: “Don’t look like you’re dead already, fine, I’ll help you.”

“Haha, I know the Feng Young Master is righteous and loyal. Just give me enough stones to win Xue’er’s freedom and you’ll be my boss.” Ningshuai acted as if he wanted to give Feiyun a kiss.

Feiyun added: “Wait, are you not afraid of your lioness at home after redeeming this lady?”

Ningshuai looked obsessed with love and said: “We’ve made an oath together already. After redeeming her, we’ll run to the edge of the world until the end of time.”

Feiyun exasperatedly rubbed his temples. Even though he was certain that Ningshuai was getting played, it was useless to convince him otherwise right now. He was completely bewitched, unable to hear advice from others.

[Chapter 446: Golden Spirit Silk](#)

For someone as beautiful as Sima Zhaoxue, not to mention Bi Ningshuai, with some methods and a willingness to do so, she could make a supreme elder from a cultivation sect die for her. Moreover, he wouldn't have been able to touch a finger of hers beforehand.

At this moment, it was clear that she must have done something to these crazy fans in the audience.

The auction has finally begun.

The first treasure was stored inside a two-meter square trunk made out of steel and was brought to the stage.

With her silver hair fluttering with the wind and a spiritual glow to her, Sima Zhaoxue's snow-white fingers reached out and elegantly grabbed a jade-card on a silver tray. She softly spoke with a charming smile: "The first auction is a two-meter-long stone-dragon wooden pillar. The starting price is one spirit stone with no less than one seed for each increasing bet."

Stone-dragon tree is a legendary tree with the trunk growing to something resembling a dragon. This wood was as hard as a rock and could be used to create second-ranked dragon-image pills.

This breed of tree had been extinct for several thousand years now. This particular one was dug out from the muddy bottom of the Jin River. This might be the only trunk of this type in the entire dynasty.

Even though second-ranked pills weren't that rare, this amount of wood was enough to refine more than one thousand dragon-image pills. Its value was definitely above one spirit stone.

"Two spirit stones." Bi Ningshuai was the first and doubled the price.

Some others wanted to bid but the big increment made them hesitate.

"Number 323, two spirit stones. Anyone higher?" Zhaoxue's enchanting eyes were sweeping through the crowd in order to search for people with money.

"Three here." A sixth-level pill master raised his card.

This pill master was the best from the Eagle Marquis Faction. Wang Yi Wang, the young marquis there was following this master to learn the art of alchemy.

The dragon-image pill could help a cultivator train their physique. This was too important for this faction since they focused on physique cultivation so their hands were forced in this matter.

This trunk was worth around 3 spirit stones so they were confident that no one else would bid higher.

"Four." Ningshuai raised the bid without any hesitation.

Each spirit stone was worth 300,000 gold coins. Thus, just raising it by one stone was a monstrous sum, enough to buy half a small city.

People with money would carefully raise the price by small increments. Being reckless could end with a heavy loss.

Feiyun quickly pulled on him and asked: "You're not a pill master, why buy this trunk?"

"I can't act weak in front of Xue'er." He declared.

'This guy is so poisoned now.' Feiyun wiped the sweat off his forehead: "You have this much spirit stones?"

"You're here with me."

The pill master from Eagle Marquis Faction begrudgingly said: "Five stones."

Ningshuai raised his card again and shouted: "Six spirit stones."

"..." Feiyun was speechless.

The pill master and the young marquis were already going crazy. It took a lot out of them to bid five stones for this trunk that was only worth three stones. However, this number 323 guy was too strong or maybe he was just messing with them.

The young marquis gritted his teeth and raised his card: "Seven spirit stones."

Their faction must have this trunk.

"Ten stones." Ningshuai stood up and posed coolly after declaring an impossible price.

The pill master and the young marquis almost vomited blood and stopped raising the bid.

Even Zhaoxue was slightly surprised after hearing this bid. She was wondering which prodigal son was this?

Her pretty eyes glanced over at Ningshuai and gave him a smile. She had naturally forgotten about this fella. After all, she talked to so many prodigies every day, how could she remember this one guy?

However, Ningshuai was so elated just to see her charming smile.

Feiyun had the urge to turn and walk away at this moment. 'A man bewitched by a woman, even dumber than an idiot... But wasn't I like this back then too?'

He decided to save this guy from his pitiful circumstance.

"Sold for ten spirit stones." Her smile became even more enchanting.

The higher the price, the more her commission so she was naturally happier than anyone else.

"Ten spirit stones to buy a stone-dragon trunk, what a loss. Which idiot is number 323?" Someone quietly discussed.

"Must be an idiot musical fan that had been charmed by Sima Zhaoxue. Using ten stones to buy a beauty's smile? Bankruptcy will be soon."

"This is the style of the Yin Gou Ward, baiting in the idiots, hehe."

Feiyun glanced at the people sneering at Ningshuai. 'You all dare to mock my friend? Just wait, I'll make you cry later.'

A little after, a young girl brought up another jade tray. There was a golden metal square around one foot long, the second treasure of the auction.

This metal looked like brass but there were many strings with a faint, golden glow within. Its value was clear at first glance. This was a good material for blacksmithing.

Zhaoxue waited a bit for the crowd to become curious before announcing: "The second auction is a Golden Spirit Silk weighing at one hundred and twenty pounds, found by a treasure-master from a mine in the frontier. According to our appraisers, this is a rare, natural metal. When using ordinary steel to create a weapon, just by adding one or two strings, it would raise this mortal weapon to the treasure level. As for crafting spirit treasures, infusing these strings can increase the probability of success."

"The starting price will be three spirit stones. Each raising bid must be at least one stone." She put down the introductory card while standing elegantly on the stage and smiled: "Begin."

"I bid six stones." Bi Ningshuai immediately raised his card and doubled the bidding price.

The one-star and two-star guests all wanted to vomit blood as well. They didn't have much spending power and could only buy the lower-level treasures. But this damned number 323 was doubling the bid of these treasures. How the hell were they going to live?

If it wasn't for him actually buying the dragon-stone tree earlier, they would have thought that he was working for the Yin Gou Ward.

The price of this golden silk was much higher than the tree. Moreover, it could refine many treasure weapons in the future. It was truly crucial for the big powers since it could increase the battle potential of their young disciples.

Six stones weren't enough to scare the clan and sect masters so many raised their bidding card.

Feiyun was fixated on this treasure with a strange pulse from his spiritual sense. This pulse would only happen when a top treasure was around.

"Is there something else hiding in this spirit silk?" Even though his spiritual sense wasn't top-notch, the phoenix soul in his body was peerless. Even grand treasure-masters didn't have such great sensitivity. This was why he could spot hiding treasures easily.

This was also the case for the Daomization Stone that was taken by the Evil Woman.

Even Zuo Qianshou, a ninth-ranked treasure master, couldn't spot the Daomization Stone yet he was able to cut it out.

He activated his phoenix gaze in order to peer past the outer layer to see the supreme treasure hiding inside. However, he still couldn't see through the surface.

"A piece of mineral from a mine, gestated by the earth, this alone can't excite the phoenix soul, there must be something else." Feiyun used his Minor Change Art to calculate again.

The Minor Change Art was one of the eight arts in the Grave Palace Treasure Seeking Record. It was the ultimate treasure-seeking art and it also felt something incredible within this piece of metal.

At this moment, the current bid was fifteen stones for the metal. This was quite a high price so only three people left were bidding.

Number 218, an old half-step Giant.

Number 479, a young overlord from a big clan.

Number 323, which was where Feng Feiyun and Bi Ningshuai were sitting.

They were all guests with money at the VIP section

The young overlord slightly frowned and raised his card again: "Sixteen spirit stones."

The golden metal was precious but it was only valued around fourteen stones. They were sitting at the VIP section and had great powers as their backing but prudence in terms of bidding was still required.

The half-step Giant was a supreme elder of a sect. He truly wanted the metal and didn't mind paying a high price: "20 stones, I want this metal."

If anyone else were to bid higher, they would be an idiot.

Feiyun smiled and told Ningshuai: "Bid as high as you want."

Ningshuai was ecstatic after hearing this. He would finally be able to shine before his goddess. With a stately pose, he raised his card and shouted: "One hundred stones!"

Some people were scared off their chair after hearing this bid.

[Chapter 447: Incredible Treasure](#)

Ordinary cultivators, after obtaining a spirit stone, would hide it as if it was the greatest of treasures.

Thus, one hundred stones was a monstrous sum.

The half-step Giant almost jumped from shock. He was determined to bid twenty stones and thought that this would be more than enough. Who would have thought someone else was even more wasteful than him, to actually bid one hundred stones.

Only a fool would continue to bid for this golden metal.

"Someone must have too much money and no place to spend. I might as well go buy some millenium grasses to maybe improve my cultivation." The half-step sneered before sitting down.

Snorts of derision resounded in the vicinity; everyone thought that number 323 was an idiot.

"Sima Zhaoxue actually have a rich youth backing her now. She might be able to get into the top three of the Flower Empress Competition."

"After Ye Xiaoxiang is gone, the most famous girls in the capital are the three Flower Fairies from the palaces. Zhaoxue had charmed many young prodigies, maybe she'll win the competition."

The young prodigies gathered together and talked about the flower competition next month. It wasn't only a competition between the beauties but also a contest between the prodigies backing them up.

"He's quite liberal with his money, able to spend one hundred stones in one go. It might be a young king."

Many people stared at the seat of 323 but no one could recognize Bi Ningshuai.

Of course, Sima Zhaoxue was the most surprised in this place. Ever since the start of the auction, the same person had spent a disproportionate amount to win. This showed that he was doing it to impress her.

She naturally became excited to have the backing of such a prodigy.

"A super young lord will be too helpful for the competition next month." Zhaoxue was celebrating in her mind.

She still couldn't recognize Ningshuai but still gave him a charming smile. This smile was more effective than any tempting method and almost made Ningshuai faint.

"One hundred spirit stones, going once."

"Going twice."

"Sold for one hundred spirit stones. This Golden Spirit Silk belongs to the VIP Guest, number 323."

Normally, the items would be auctioned before being taken to the back for the payment and delivery.

At this moment, this golden metal was also taken to the backstage. Feng Feiyun suddenly stood up and said: "Wait a minute, is everyone not interested in why we paid such a monstrous sum for this golden metal? Do you all think my friend is an idiot who would pay a price several times higher for a crappy treasure?"

Everyone focused on him right away.

The half-step Giant who bid twenty stones earlier snorted: "You young ones were too excited, paying so much gold just to see a beauty smile. This is a juvenile behavior."

"I see." Feiyun smiled and turned towards Zhaoxue with a smile: "Miss Zhaoxue, may I board the platform to show the real form of this supreme treasure for everyone to see?"

This golden metal already belonged to him and his friend so the Yin Gou Ward wouldn't dare to change their mind. Plus, Feiyun had a scheme concocted and he must show off his abilities first.

An ordinary one or two-star guest wouldn't have this privilege. However, Feiyun was a three-star VIP. The Yin Gou Ward wanted to treat him well.

"This golden metal is already yours, Young Noble. Do with it as you please." Zhaoxue spoke with a voice as beautiful as the hymn of an immortal, slightly revealing her snow-white teeth in the process.

Bi Ningshuai naturally wouldn't miss the chance to get closer to his goddess. He also climbed up the stage after Feiyun. His eyes were on her the entire time with a silly grin on his face.

She was a bit disgusted by his smile but she still smiled happily back.

At this time, all eyes were on the stage, “could this piece of golden metal really be a super treasure? Others misvalued it?”

Even the big shots in the supreme section used their divine intents to gauge the stage.

A young girl carried the tray with the golden metal on top over to Feiyun. Her black eyes were also glancing at it, ‘is this really a super treasure?’

Feiyun could sense the thing inside as he got closer to the metal.

“Gentlemen, take a closer look. This golden metal might look like a Golden Spirit Silk, but inside... hehe...”

Feiyun took a sharp knife from the young girl and carefully flayed layers off the metal.

The gaze became more nervous; all breathings have paused.

“Xsh.” He split the metal into halves but only found golden strings inside, nothing else.

The entire place exploded with waves of laughter. They viewed it as a hilarious show.

“Haha, here I am, thinking that there could be a real treasure inside.” The half-step Giant was completely amused with schadenfreude.

Zhaoxue said: “Young Noble, the auction items have been carefully appraised by us, there wouldn’t be any mistakes.”

“Hahaha, brat, you brought this upon yourself.” Someone else in the audience sneered.

Feiyun was not affected. Two flames sparked in his eyes as he gazed towards the two pieces of metal. He then focused his cutting on one of them.

“Xsh.” The left piece was divided into two again but only the same material was inside.

Even Bi Ningshuai couldn’t stay calm. He came up to Feiyun and whispered: “Is it a mistake?”

Feiyun was still as calm as before and smiled: “No, look carefully, we’re about to be rich.”

Feiyun stared even more carefully at this new piece because he had confirmed his guess. As his knife cut one inch deeper into the metal, waves of golden light oozed out with a thick amount of spirit energy. It permeated the entire stage.

He quickly stopped and didn’t continue cutting deeper.

“Such thick spirit energy... could it be...” Everyone felt a stinging pain in their eyes from the brilliant golden light.

Just one small cut was enough to exude such a great amount of energy. Everyone could see that there was indeed an incredible treasure inside.

The big shots with spirit treasures could feel their items shaking. They were stimulated by the thing inside.

After winning the attention of the place, Feiyun suddenly put the knife away and said: "I'm done."

"What, why are you not continuing?!" Someone shouted.

Feiyun pretended to grimace in response: "When such a great treasure comes out, I'm afraid some will try to rob it."

"Cut deeper, the capital is a lawful place, robbery and murder don't happen here."

Sima Zhaoxue stared at him with her pretty eyes and said softly: "Young Noble, we got a peek already, might as well let everyone here broaden their horizon and see how precious the treasure is."

He pretended to think about it for a while before answering: "It would be improper of me to not do it now."

He was faster this time around and added two more hundred cuts to take off one layer after another. In the end, only a gold shimmer remained.

"Boom!" This light was comparable to the sun and painted the entire stage into a shade of gold.

There were waves of milky-white spirit energy flowing inside the golden light.

A powerful cultivator could focus their gaze and see a stone the size of an egg at the center of the light. It was milky-white with seventy to eighty thick strands of golden rays. The spirituality within was immense as if the thing had its own consciousness.

"That's... that's a Golden Silk Spirit Stone." An explosive voice came from the supreme section. This was a big shot who couldn't contain his surprise.

Everyone here took a deep breath after hearing the name.

Spirit stones were divided into eighteen ranks. Normally, the currency was the lowest-ranked stone, True Mysterious Spirit Stone.

However, a Golden Silk Spirit Stone was ranked thirteenth, a hundred thousand times more precious than a True Mysterious Spirit Stone.

In other words, this stone here was worth one hundred thousand currency stones.

This egg-sized stone was not complete, only more like half of one at best, but it was still worth several ten thousand spirit stones.

The stone itself could supply spirit energy for the cultivation of a clan but more importantly, these golden strings had incredible spirituality. One could refine a spirit treasure with their help.

To put it simply, Feng Feiyun's stone had seventy to eighty golden strings. It could allow a great lineage to create seventy to eighty spirit treasures in the shortest time. This was the most wondrous aspect of this stone.

[Chapter 448: Spirit Fruit](#)

Materials for spirit treasures were rare but it wasn't overly difficult for the large sets.

However, even with the right materials and blacksmiths, they would only be able to create pseudo spirit treasures.

This was only the shell of an emperor, an embryo without the inner workings. It was more powerful than a regular treasure but also about a thousand times weaker than a real spirit treasure.

What was the most essential thing about a spirit treasure? Its “spirituality”, a consciousness.

It required several hundred years for a pseudo treasure to gestate its own spirituality. Moreover, the probability was not even ten percent.

This was the reason why there were so few spirit treasures at the Jin Dynasty, despite its abundance in land and resources.

Just imagine, the Feng Clan was a top power in the Grand Southern Prefecture but it only had three spirit treasures. They were considered the family heirlooms.

But now, Feng Feiyun spent one hundred spirit stones and bought half a piece of Golden Silk Spirit Stone. The strings inside could allow a great power to create seventy to eighty spirit treasures in a short time. This was quite unbelievable and their battle power would increase to a frightening level.

If seventy to eighty Heaven’s Mandate cultivators were to use these spirit treasures, they could flatten a marquis faction within an hour.

The entire chamber was shocked. Even the big shots from the super powers couldn’t stay calm.

The half-step Giant who wanted to pay twenty stones tapped his forehead from regrets and shouted: “Why didn’t I go all out to buy it, even if it means bankruptcy?!”

A young overlord also beat his chest and cried: “I should have brought a treasure master from the clan, there’s no way I would have missed this supreme treasure. I would be the greatest contributor to the clan if I had bought this golden metal.”

Many people were hitting their head in the audience, causing quite a ruckus.

Those who made fun of Bi Ningshuai for being stupid before wanted to cry. They wished that they were “stupid” right now.

Sima Zhaoxue couldn’t stay calm and continued to stare at Feiyun with her beautiful eyes.

Feiyun took out a Profound Ice Jade Box and put the golden metal inside before putting the box on the auction tray.

Though he had bought the metal, he needed to wait until after the auction ends before accepting it.

“Wait a minute, only a Golden Spirit Silk was auctioned earlier, not a Golden Silk Spirit Stone. The auction needs to continue.” A youth wearing a white-jade crest stood up and said.

He had four old men as his guards while his own cultivation was at second-level Heaven’s Mandate. This was clearly the young lord of an ancient clan.

Feiyun still hasn’t gotten off the stage yet. He heard this and laughed: “What do you mean?”

This young lord raised his head and arrogantly said: "What I'm saying is that you spent one hundred stones only to buy that golden metal, only the spirit stone inside. Of course, the metal belongs to you, but that spirit stone needs to be auction again."

"Haha, you're purposely being unreasonable right now." Feiyun smiled and said.

"No, I'm very reasonable. The auction plaque clearly writes that the auction item is a Golden Spirit Silk, not a Golden Silk Spirit Stone. This is the truth." The young lord sneered at Feiyun while thinking to himself: 'Brat, you've shown off too much.'

Bi Ningshuai directly cursed: "Your father! We clearly bought the whole thing so what's inside is naturally ours as well."

Feiyun pulled him back and told the young lord: "Buddy, if you want to be so unreasonable, come up to the stage and we'll work it out."

The young lord smiled with a tinge of ridicule. He naturally wasn't afraid of these two guys causing trouble at the Yin Gou Ward. He came up to the stage and said: "How do you want to work it out?"

Feiyun stepped in front of him and didn't bother to say anything before slapping the guy. The young lord spun three times in the air before slamming into the ground.

"Cough." A section of his teeth fell off while his face swelled like a pig: "You... you dare to hit me?!"

The entire audience gasped, daring to hit someone in the ward? A young lord of an ancient clan on top of that?

The four old men immediately leaped into the stage and lifted up their young lord before aggressively turning towards Feiyun.

Feiyun postured with both hands behind his back without a care: "I'm an even more unreasonable person. Think I'm so easily bullied?"

"How bold?! Actually attacking the Chen Young Lord? Do we know that we are one of the ten strongest clans in the Heavenly Cloud Prefecture?!" One old man, as thin as a stick, angrily shouted.

The Chen was indeed one of the ten strongest clans in that prefecture, but the real master there was the Nalan Clan. The other ten were subservient to this great clan.

Another old man had a cold glint in his eyes: "Daring to cause trouble at a Yin Gou auction? Brat, you're treating the clan with contempt!"

This matter alerted the upper echelon of the auction. Even the manager of the auction came along.

"Silent! What place do you think the Yin Gou auction is?!" Dongfang Yiye walked to the stage with his big stomach.

Feiyun recognized this middle-aged man right away. It was the guy he had a drink with and talked about the current political situation back at Radiance. The guy was knowledgeable and extraordinarily wily.

He knew that this person wouldn't have a low status at the Yin Gou Ward but didn't expect him to be the boss of this auction house, the biggest one in the dynasty.

“This fatso actually has such a high position?” Ningshuai murmured to himself.

After the chamber became quiet, an elder from the Chen Clan respectfully bowed towards Dongfang Yiye and said: “Sir Dongfang, about this...”

“No need, I’m aware.” Yiye slightly waved his hand and said: “The fault is on your side for purposely causing trouble. The golden metal had already belonged to Young Master Feng so whatever’s inside was his too.”

This metal was only auctioned at Yin Gou so its price didn’t affect them at all.

The Chen Young Lord ate a spirit pill; his swollen face finally recovered as he angrily said: “Manager Dongfang, didn’t you see that he was the first to fight? This is breaking the order of the auction and should be punished.”

Yiye replied: “He already showed restraint by not killing you. Do you not know who he is?”

“Who is he?” The young lord asked.

“The demon’s son, Feng Feiyun.” Yiye chuckled.

The young lord initially had a disdainful look on his face but after hearing this, he became startled: “What?! He... he is... Feng Feiyun?!”

The four elders of the Chen were alarmed as well.

Meanwhile, the guests suddenly understood. No wonder why the manager would stand by this youth. This was the future number one genius of the dynasty. Not only was he the young lord of the Feng, he might also become the future Divine King as well. Who would dare to offend him?

Between the Chen Young Lord and the demon’s son, the ward would naturally side with the latter.

Some big shots, in the beginning, had thoughts about stealing from Feiyun but they quickly changed their mind after finding out his identity. After all, the Divine King was here at the capital. No one from the older generation dared to do anything to Feiyun.

At the same time, not many from the young generation could take him on.

The young lord begrudgingly left the stage because there was nothing he could do. Their Chen Clan wasn’t even on the Great Power List while the Feng Clan was ranked nineteenth. No chance of them daring to go against the Feng.

After the funny business, the auction continued with the third treasure.

This was a spirit fruit the size of a fist. It was crimson and sparkling like a ruby.

Sima Zhaoxue held the card and read the introduction: “The third treasure is an unknown spirit fruit. After being assessed by our appraisers using its liquid, we found that the juice inside has the same medicinal power as a millennium grass. Thus, this fruit’s value should be about the same.”

“However, because this is a unique spirit item, the starting bid will be twenty stones. Each increasing bid must be one stone. You may begin.”

A millennium grass was worth about ten spirit stones. Many of them were used to create spirit pills so they were very popular. This fruit had the same medicinal power as one root of grass but no one knew what its affinity was.

Because of this, it seemed very useless since people didn't want to spend a lot to buy an unknown item. No one raised their card at this moment.

"Forty spirit stones." Ningshuai shouted again while raising his number card.

It was guest No. 323 again.

The others in the chamber were familiar with this guy who would always double current bid of any auction.

[Chapter 449: Cosmic Extreme](#)

"The demon's son must have too much money, letting his friend spend it however he wants." Someone whispered.

"Hehe, the guy just profited a bunch, that's a treasure worth tens of thousand spirit stones, it's fine to let his friend spend a bit." A guy next to him said.

"The appraisers here are the best in the dynasty, there won't be a second mistake like that Golden String Spirit Stone."

No one bade again so Feiyun spent forty stones for this spirit fruit.

The Chen Young Lord stood up and snorted: "Feng Feiyun, you've wasted four times the value of this spirit fruit again. Don't tell me there's something about this fruit that the auction's appraiser failed to spot again?"

Everyone understood that the young lord was still annoyed about what happened earlier and only wanted to get a reaction out of Feiyun.

Feiyun pondered for a bit before standing up and answering: "I am not someone who spends money thoughtlessly. If I overpay for this fruit, it is completely worth it."

People felt a sting after hearing this and wondered if they have misjudged another treasure?

He walked up on the stage and grabbed the fruit before turning back to the audience: "This is a Combination Vermillion Fruit. Just this fruit alone is only worth ten stones. However, it is only acting as an incubator. Everyone, look."

Flame rose in Feiyun's palm and the fruit became transparent. Any discerning cultivator could see that there was a yellow silkworm moving inside.

This silkworm looked like a sleeping fetus. It was breathing and absorbing the spirit energy from the fruit.

"Oh lord, that's a Golden Silkworm Egg." A stately old man, dressed in a daoist robe, directly came out from the mist of the supreme section.

A pure energy surrounded him and his whisk. A blinding flash erupted in his old eyes.

This old man came from the number 1 room of the supreme section. It showed that he was the one who could spend the most in this Apex Auction. Thus, his status was immeasurable.

The silkworm inside must have an amazing origin to startle a big shot like him.

“What is a Golden Silkworm Egg?” Even Feng Feiyun was surprised. Earlier, he only sensed a faint life pulse but didn’t know it was a silkworm.

There were more than one hundred million life forms so despite his vast knowledge, he didn’t even know ten percent of them all.

This old man’s body flashed and he appeared on the stage. He stared at the fruit with astonishment: “This is a sacred item of the daoist doctrine. The top-examinee of the Daoist Mirror wrote that this silkworm is born from the heavenly dao and grow up in accordance with the dao laws. If one could gestate this egg inside the violet inner palace, it could replace their soulbound artifact and help them understand the supreme dao.”

“In the legends, there was an amazing man who cultivated both Buddhism and Daoism. His name was Fo Canzi. He inserted this golden silkworm inside his inner palace and finally broke through to the Enlightened Being realm before reaching even greater heights.” [1]

The old man’s hands were trembling as he said: “This Daoist is willing to offer 30,000 spirit stones for this golden silkworm.”

Feiyun was stunned. This value was dozens of times higher than his estimation.

The daoist noticed the hesitation and said: “I know that 30,000 is not enough to buy this golden silkworm but that’s all I have on me right now. I also have a four-thousand-year spirit Wagtail Rose, should be worth around 1,000 stones. If Young Friend is willing to make this trade, I will owe you a favor.”

“May I ask for your name, Dao Master?” Feiyun asked.

“My name is Ning Xianfeng.” He stroked his gray beard.

This name was even more shocking, causing the entire audience to tremble.

This was one of the three Untethered of the Daoist doctrine. He was already a Paramount Giant five hundred years ago and had a prestigious position in the cultivation world. Even the current sect master of the Daoist Gate would need to call him Uncle.

This person was from the same generation as the Divine King. He hadn’t shown up in several hundred years. No wonder why he had the number 1 seat. This was indeed a super big shot. The sect masters from the great powers would need to respectfully greet him.

“Very well, it’s a deal.” Feiyun coolly handed the fruit over to Xianfeng.

Let’s be real now, this was an Untethered. Having a big shot owing a favor was indeed a worthwhile venture.

Xianfeng couldn't hide his emotions while accepting the fruit. He kept on thanking Feiyun and handed the 30,000 stones and flower over. He then turned into a white ray and left the auction stage.

"Wow!" Chaos engulfed the place. Two amazing treasures appeared one after another but everyone had lost the opportunity.

"The demon's son profited so much this now, buying two treasures for cheap. That's several ten thousand stones of profit. One can't even sell a sect for that price."

"The appraisers from the ward are too careless, can't even see the real treasures."

"Hehe, you didn't recognize it yourself, don't blame others. In my opinion, it's because the demon's son is too discerning."

The majority in the room shared the same thought, that Feiyun had better vision than others. They made the decision that as long as he wanted to buy something with a high price, they would go all out against him no matter what.

'Hell no, I can't let this demon's son profit like this.' The Chen Young Lord clenched his fists.

Everyone was heated up after two amazing treasures. Their eyes flashed while staring at both the auction stage and Feiyun.

He suddenly became a model for everyone. As long as he made a bid, everyone else jumped in as well.

Of course, the people here were very wily and didn't do it blindly. They used their divine intents to watch his expression. As long as there was a ripple of change on his face, they would know that something was up with the auction.

Both the fourth and fifth treasures were won by Bi Ningshuai, neither exceeding one hundred stones. Others bade but it wasn't a fierce competition.

The sixth treasure was brought forward. This was a scroll, three-meter wide and thirteen meter-long.

After the scroll was opened, a vast aura rushed out of the words and erupted. Each word seemed to have boundless strength, capable of swaying the souls.

This wasn't only a calligraphy piece; there seemed to be a law condensed within.

Bi Ningshuai's expression became awkward after seeing the scroll. This was the fake copy written by the Calligraphy Master he gave to the Yin Gou Ward.

Feiyun's expression was even more exaggerated with widened eyes and dilated pupils. He couldn't help but grab Ningshuai's arm. This completely confused the thief.

'Why is this guy so moved over a fake?'

Feiyun quickly sat down straight and acted nonchalantly and aloof.

However, everyone noticed his expression earlier. They became crazy and thought that a supreme treasure had come out.

'This demon's son is such a liar. It's too late to pretend now, I will buy this treasure.'" An old man of the Giant level gazed at the stage with his clear eyes.

'Feng Feiyun, you really think you're going to profit again this time? You think you can trick me again?' The Chen Young Lord had been watching Feiyun and naturally saw the change in his expression as well.

'This is definitely a priceless treasure, gotta buy it even if it means emptying the pocket. Can't let Feng Feiyun buy it for cheap again.' Many people had this thought.

Sima Zhaoxue was slightly surprised. The atmosphere became tense the moment this treasure was brought to the stage. She herself could sense it.

She took the jade card for the introduction: "The sixth auction is named Cosmic Extreme, written on the day of coronation by the excited first emperor of the Jin Dynasty. It is a supreme treasure containing the emperor's heavenly dao. Many ultimate techniques from the royal clan were derived from these characters. If it is the real thing, then it would be priceless. However, after the careful examination of the appraisers, it turns out to be a fake."

Loud waves of laughter came from the audience after hearing this.

One confident guy said: "The calligraphy of the first emperor is a sacred artifact. Even a fake is worth collecting."

"The appraisers' abilities are questionable, I'm quite skeptical about them. I only trust myself, and this fake shall be mine." The Chen Young Lord declared.

The audience was thinking that this guy was an idiot. If he knew that this was the real thing, then don't say it out loud. That would only be raising the price.

"I respect a wondrous man like the first emperor, unfortunately, I never got the chance to collect His Venerable's penmanship. Nevertheless, just collecting a copy is enough for me. Even if I go bankrupt here, I must still buy and worship it later." A Giant had tears rolling down his cheeks.

Meanwhile, Feng Feiyun was laughing at all of them. These people were something else, finding all types of reasons. However, if this was the real thing, then it would have the power to kill a Giant. Anyone would be tempted to have this priceless treasure.

Unfortunately, this was only a copy created by the biggest swindler in the cultivation world back then, Calligraphy Master. The characters indeed had a majestic aura and extraordinary power. Alas, the "dao" of the first emperor wasn't something that could be duplicated. Not to mention killing a giant, this scroll couldn't even suppress a first-level Heaven's Mandate.

[Chapter 450: Expensive Copy](#)

"Cosmic Extreme's imitation, the starting bid will be 30 spirit stones with a minimum increasing increment of one, begin." Sima Zhaoxue said softly.

The moment she finished, several hundred people raised their card.

"30."

“35.”

“50.”

There had never been such a fierce auction at the ward.

Several hundred people bidding at the same time was chaotic. They were speaking over each other.

The price quickly broke through the one hundred stones barrier. It was quite a high price, around 30,000,000 gold coins; 3,000,000,000 silver coins, and 300,000,000,000 bronze coins. For ordinary people, they wouldn't be able to spend this after ten generations. It was still a great sum for cultivators.

Feiyun was smiling in his head and decided to add more to the pot. He stood up and declared: “I bid 500 stones, this copy will be mine.”

His voice reverberated and shocked the entire stage. This was raising the bid by five times.

Bi Ningshuai didn't know what was going on but after seeing the subtle, devious smirk on Feiyun's face, he thought to himself: “This guy is too cruel, what if someone were to go bankrupt and lose their wives and children over this? Keke, but that's totally my style too...”

After a brief lull, the Chen Young Lord snorted: “Feng Feiyun, you are being disrespectful to the first emperor, thinking that 500 stones are enough to buy this imitation. I bid 600 stones, hehe.”

Feiyun's expression turned dark and pretended to be furious: “This scroll might be an imitation, but it came from Calligraphy Master. I'll have you know that my friend right here, he's the master's great-great-great-great grandson. He came here to return the scroll back to its root. This is his great-great-great-great grandfather's item so I will help him take it back. Anyone who bids against me is being disrespectful to the descendant of Calligraphy Master.”

Feiyun seemed very serious as if he was not joking at all. Bi Ningshuai immediately played along and got down on his knees with tears all over his face. He kowtowed towards the scroll while screaming: “Great-great-great-great Grandfather, your unfilial descendant is here to take you home.”

‘How shameless’. Many thought to themselves.

“This demon's son would come up with any wretched mean just to get the real writings of the first emperor. But his child's play can't fool me.”

“I can guarantee that this master doesn't have any descendant. This demon's son is just lying. Looks like this Cosmic Extreme is the real thing.” An old man dressed in a purple robe said within the fog of the supreme section.

This was the vice-lord of the Violetsea Cave; his position was only below the cave lord, Violet King.

A heaven-ranked disciple from that sect, Chu Jibei, was also within the mist. He said with a slightly changed expression: “The first Jin Emperor is a real monster. Even during Empress Long Jinglian's reign, she admitted that her cultivation was not even thirty percent of her progenitor. This scroll contains the founding emperor's ultimate dao, if someone could take it out from the scroll, all the evils in this world would have to hide. It might be able to suppress Evil Woman.”

The vice-lord nodded in agreement: "The writings of the founding emperor could indeed suppress evil, especially against the three stragglers of the Yang World and three evils of the Yin World. We must obtain this scroll."

"All of you are not showing respect to the descendant of his Venerable Calligraphy Master!" Feiyun erupted in fury and shouted: "I bid one thousand stones, who wants to take me on?!"

"Feng Feiyun, this is the Yin Gou Ward where money talks, you think we're scared of your threat? I bid 1,100." The Chen Young Lord was elated to see Feiyun's frustrated appearance and was hellbent on stopping him from benefiting for the third time.

Feiyun almost vomited blood from anger. Even his hair was standing on end.

People began to borrow money everywhere after the price was raised to 1,100 stones. They swore to obtain this scroll because it could be flipped for a sky-high price, to become rich overnight. No one wanted to miss this opportunity.

Of course, some people sighed in dejection. This amount had exceeded their capability even if they were to sell themselves. They had no choice but to give up.

The ones that could continue bidding had superpowers as their backing. Of course, they had enough stones prepared for an Apex Auction night.

"I bid 2,000." One room in the supreme section bade.

This price was quickly drowned out.

"2,100."

"2,200."

"2,300."

"3,000." The Chen Young Lord shouted.

Their clan had plenty of mines and after a thousand years of accumulation, it wasn't difficult for them to spend 3,000 but it was still a painful amount.

"5,000." The vice-lord of the corpse cave closed his eyes and bade.

Alas, 5,000 wasn't enough to scare the people here. More than ten remained in the war; most were from the real superpowers.

"5,300."

"5,500."

The old members of these superpowers became careful. The rise in price began to slow down.

Dongfang Yiye slightly raised his brow - this fake can actually sell for this much?

Thus, he quickly told someone to tell the appraisers to come.

After the price went to 6,000, several more gave up. Only eight people were in the running.

Feiyun clenched his fist and said: "I bid 10,000. If someone can bid higher, then I'll fucking give up."

People could understand his frustration but they also sneered in their mind: 'That's what you get for showing off the last two times, you deserve this.'

The real Cosmic Extreme was worth just as much as the golden silkworm spirit stone. Of course, Feiyun gave it to Ning Xianfeng for a cheap price. It was still much higher than 30,000 spirit stones.

However, in terms of usability, that spirit stone was much more practical, especially for Paramount Giants who were about to face the Heaven Tribulation. They would definitely fight to the death for it.

Even though everyone knew that Feiyun had just made 30,000 stones, but to use all of it at once for an impractical item was too much for anyone to take. That's why some believed that his limit was 10,000 stones.

This price scared many people off. Even Ningshuai was nervous, thinking that Feiyun had raised too high of a price. It would ruin his dream of becoming rich.

"15,000 spirit stones." The vice-lord's face twitched a bit after making this bid.

This was also his limit since it was virtually several hundred years of saving for him. Moreover, a large portion of it belonged to the sect.

Feiyun turned pale and became similar to a deflated balloon then sat back down on his chair.

Chu Jibei and the vice-lord smiled after seeing Feiyun's appearance. They were extremely satisfied.

"The demon's son once made us suffer heavy losses, I just want to laugh right now, look at him." Chu Jibei smiled and said.

"20,000." A voice suddenly came out of nowhere.

Chu Jibei's smile suddenly froze.

"Boom!"

"Who is it?!" The vice-lord stood up and slammed the table with a dark expression. Who the hell just raised the price?

Even Feiyun was surprised. Who the heck just bid even higher?

"Me." Beiming Potian came out of a private room in the supreme section and parted through a group of geniuses and nobles. He stood proudly with an arrogant smile: "Senior, my apology. This Cosmic Extreme belongs to our Beiming Clan."

"20,000 stones going once."

"20,000 stones going twice."

"Sold, this imitation of Cosmic Extreme belongs to Young Noble Beiming, the number four supreme guest."

“The Beiming Clan must be filthy rich.” Feng Feiyun pulled Bi Ningshuai out of the auction room. He was imagining Beiming Potian’s face after finding that it was really a fake. After the two of them got out, they both burst out in laughter and dropped to the ground.

In the beginning, he only wanted enough spirit stones to redeem Sima Zhaoxue for Bi Ningshuai. He didn’t expect to screw Beiming Potian over by 20,000 stones.

After realizing the trickery. Beiming Potian would certainly come to deal with Feiyun. Thus, Feiyun wouldn’t sit there so he ran out of the auction house with Ningshuai.