

Sprit Vessel 521

### [Chapter 521: Specter's Appearance](#)

"This place is the resting place of the ancestors with many vestiges left behind, you best be careful." Dongfang Jingyue carefully pushed an old wooden door open. An ancient and sad aura slammed their face - one from several thousand years ago.

It was as if the temporal planes of the past and present were colliding.

Feiyun also felt a strange aura as if he had been here before. However, it was buried in his memories, unable to come up with something concrete.

"An illusion crossing through the spatiotemporal fabrics; looks like there is really something in there that is connected with me."

The surrounding was quiet so they could hear their own footsteps. Of course, Jingyue's sweet scent was also lingering in the air.

She brought him to a simple and natural room with an aged painting hanging on the wall. It has been corroded by time so the outer frame was peeling.

"It's this one." Her soft lips slightly moved as she gazed at the painting.

Feiyun also took a look - the sceneries here looked just like Duo - a simple village with green farms and rivers, lush thickets and beautiful mountains.

Seeing this made them recall the terrifying night in the past, causing them to palpitate.

Duo has already been drowned in time and had disappeared. Perhaps it wouldn't disappear again after the white vessel had left the shrine. It had lost its meaning for existence.

Beneath the painting were the words "Duo Village" written in an ancient style. The calligraphy was gentle and full of dao rhythm.

Feiyun was especially attentive about these words and heaved a sigh of relief after finding that it wasn't Shui Yueting's handwriting.

At the corner of the painting was a tiny shrine with a lamp inside - looking quite realistic just like the one they saw before.

Both of them stared at it at the same time as if there was a mysterious power from the unknown attracting them. This was a strange sensation.

He had an illusion that the flame inside the lamp was flickering.

"I feel a ripple on this painting, do you?" She found it harder to breathe.

He felt a ripple after entering this room as well as if a spatial portal had been opened.

"Who?!" Feiyun took out his weapon essence and became vigilant.

He could see a shadow flying out of the window just now from the corner of his eye.

Jingyue looked out and didn't notice anything: "This is a forbidden ground guarded by a few ancestors. No one can come in."

Feiyun didn't let down his guard and thought about the weird images he saw earlier along the way. He said: "Outsiders can't go in, but what if strange things are already here?"

She felt a chill after hearing this and became cautious as well after thinking about a few rumors.

He carefully inched towards the door after activating his divine intents and senses. He was certain that he wasn't just seeing things earlier. The moment they got outside, a dark claw reached for his right shoulder.

He couldn't see what it was but it was definitely not a human hand. He swung his weapon essence and unleashed a white ray.

However, this black claw wasn't actually physical, more of something akin to a ghost. Physical attack was useless so he got a deep scratch on his shoulder with flesh coming off. If he wasn't alert earlier and dodged to the side, his torso would have been ripped off.

Jingyue, on the other hand, didn't see anything. Only the air fluctuating by Feiyun's shoulder then blood came spurting out.

"What is that?!" She took out her spirit mirror. It floated above her and exuded a boundless light to protect the two of them.

He channeled the phoenix physique. The blood in his body started to burn in order to force out the invading evil energy and lessen the blood loss.

He said with a serious expression: "Must be a specter."

"A specter..." Her expression darkened.

A specter was one of the three evils of the Yin World - specters, godfiends, and corpses. [1]

Treasure masters who walked on the boundaries of worlds knew about these strange things from the yin and yang worlds. Of course, the big shots knew about them as well but this was still a mystery to the rest.

Feiyun speculated that these two worlds existed in the Jin Dynasty inside secret realms - similar to the beast soul realm of the Wanxiang Pagoda or the royal clan's sacred ground.

Of course, these spatial realms had their own classifications.

For example, the beast soul realm spanned for thousands of miles and was very unstable. There were only floating boulders, no complete continent. It was a low-level realm.

The sacred ground was hundreds of times bigger in comparison with five continents. Nevertheless, these continents were also unstable and needed terraforming for human habitation. Furthermore, it couldn't create life and water by itself. This was an intermediate-level realm.

Above them were high-level realms, minor dimension, and grand dimension.

The yin and yang worlds were just two large realms. Perhaps they were at the intermediate or even the high level, certainly not the real yin and yang worlds. Even Feiyun hasn't heard of something like that.

All of these creatures were born in the real world. Under the right conditions, a corpse would turn evil. They could cultivate and continue to transform to grow stronger.

This was the case for the Evil Woman. She had reached the fourth transformation and was as strong as an Enlightened Being. She had her own intelligence and regained some memories from her previous life.

A spirit making contact with strange items or someone who had died in strange circumstances might eventually become specters. They were also similar to corpse evil but had their own method of cultivation. They devoured the spirits of the dead or other specters to grow stronger. At a certain level, they would also regain the memories of the previous life.

Godfiends were the most mysterious among the three. They were the statues worshipped in shrines, daoist temples, and ancient pagodas. Of course they didn't have life and flesh; but after so much praying and incense, these statues accumulated enough force for a spirit to be born.

Gods probably didn't exist in this world but everyone thought so. These "godfiends" were born from everyone's belief and worship.

But why add the fiend part? This was due to the cultivation method of these creatures - different compared to the corpse evils and specters.

In order to grow stronger, they needed more faith and worship. Because of this, the majority of these fiends would personally create calamities and disasters. People would then come to worship and pray for the best. The disasters would eventually end and people continue this routine. As the days went on, they grew stronger.

Thus, they were no personification of justice and the "fiend" part was necessary.

Of course, after reaching a high level, they would form a real body to walk among men, destroying evils and establishing a state of divinity. This is how tales about gods and immortals come about in the mortal worlds.

At this point, these creatures would begin to do good things, akin to an extremely evil man turning around, wishing to have redemption and wash away their bloody past. They would then be worshipped for generations to come.

These beings were very rare in the Jin Dynasty. Ever since someone opened the yin yang worlds, specialized masters would come to take these beings to the yin world and be under the rule of the Yin Mother.

This was a type of order that must have been established by a great sage in the ancient time. Otherwise, the dynasty would be much more chaotic right now.

Alas, the Evil Woman broke this rule. Even the Yin Mother didn't subdue her and take her back to the Yin World. Perhaps the current turmoil in the dynasty affected the yin yang worlds as well. Thus, the Yin Mother probably didn't have time to worry about the Evil Woman.

“The yin world’s people have no influence over this territory of the Yin Gou so these specters are free to grow. I hope they’re not at the third level as Ghost Kings or we probably won’t leave this place alive.” Feiyun said with a serious expression.

#### [Chapter 522: Painting’s Sudden Change](#)

Ghosts shouldn’t exist in this world. After a certain period of time, lightning would strike and kill these ghosts, not allowing them to exist.

Specters were the strongest of these ghosts, just like cultivators for humans. After reaching a certain level, they would have to face lightning tribulation.

Those surpassing one were called One-Tribulation Ghost.

Those surpassing two were called Two-Tribulation Ghost.

Three was Three-Tribulation Ghost King.

Four was Four-Tribulation Ghost King.

However, this type of cultivation was not tolerated by the heaven and earth even more than corpse evils. The tribulation was unbelievably strong. Surpassing two was hard enough; surpassing three to become a Ghost King was even rarer.

A Three-Tribulation Ghost King was on the same level as a Giant, hence Feiyun’s worries. Jingyue and he wouldn’t be able to scream for help if there was one around.

“Put away your mirror, spirit treasure is useless against specters.” Feiyun said.

She didn’t know as much about specters and had to listen to him: “What do we do then?”

Because she had never trained in treasure-seeking arts, she simply couldn’t detect them. This made her even more nervous despite trying to act calm. Nevertheless, she inched closer to Feiyun.

“Run out!” With a serious gaze, he grabbed her waist and pulled her into his chest before using Swift Samsara.

He was certain that this creature was a Three-Tribulation Ghost King. As long as he made it out of this place, the ancestors from the Yin Gou would be able to suppress it.

“Boom!” A nether gale carrying a monstrous force like an ice mountain slammed into the two, blowing them back into the room.

“Shit, a second one?! Goddamn, your clan is purposely grooming these ghosts?” Feiyun’s chest was aching with blood dripping down. His flesh got pulverized in that area.

Jingyue wasn’t feeling good either. Her dress stained with blood as beads of sweat dripped down. Her injuries were much worse than Feiyun so she shuddered and tumbled, unable to stand straight. Her physical constitution was no match for his.

“So unlucky each time I see you, something bad will definitely happen.” Feiyun spat blood and saliva on the ground. His mouth was aching as if it was being pricked by many blades. Nevertheless, he still continued to help Jingyue and headed back to deeper into the place.

Jingyue was a top expert of the young generation and might be even stronger than Feiyun. Alas, she couldn't handle a Giant's attack and her body wasn't as ridiculous as Feiyun's.

She couldn't gather spirit energy anymore and would only be waiting to die if Feiyun didn't take her away. Though she was annoyed, she couldn't actually refute his statement.

Their first meeting ended up with her chasing him for miles.

The second meeting, the two of them were attacked by corpses in the underground temple. Feiyun nearly died to the Evil Woman in that event too.

The third meeting, Feiyun was expelled from his clan and became a target.

The fourth meeting was at Duo Village and that disaster. He almost died there too.

The fifth meeting, oh my, they're meeting a Ghost King right in her clan. How could he not think that she was his unlucky star?

Jingyue lied on his back with an amused glint. She looked quite charming even in this state and said: “You're the one possessed by misfortune so don't blame it on me. I should be the one blaming you for wanting to go here, head first into the trap, idiot.”

Nether gales were screeching with strange noises. It sounded like the ghosts were crying.

As they went deeper inside, the noises became clearer. This place was completely haunted with so many Ghost Kings waiting inside to taste flesh.

Feiyun said seriously: “There are at least three Ghost Kings around here, there's no escaping. Our only chance of survival is to run back into that room with the painting.

“I see. The specters didn't dare to come in that room, there must be something there driving them away.” Jingyue's eyes flashed, understanding his idea right away.

Suddenly, another bone-chilling gale came from the back.

“Hold on tight!” Feiyun noticed and shouted.

He then let go of her and formed a mudra for the Minor Change Art. A circular wave came out from his palm and destroyed the attacking Two-Tribulation Ghost.

Physical attacks were useless but a treasure-seeking master knew how to deal with them. The Minor Change Art was one of the eight techniques capable of taking down specters.

“Damn, this is really just a ghost nest, do your clan's Giants not come to check this place?” Feiyun took down four specters in a row and was vexed.

Jingyue was grabbing his neck with her jade hands. Her body pressed up tight against his. She still seemed fine and answered: “This place is forbidden for entry outside of the clan master or someone

with his insignia. I only got here once during my youth because I look a bit similar to that statue by the river, so he brought me here. Others, including my brother, can't come here."

Feiyun had seen her face before so she had no need to hide this from him.

Just like she said, not too many could enter this place. Moreover, they haven't cultivated treasure-seeking arts so the specters could hide from them. Even someone as strong as the clan master could miss them.

Of course, these ghosts needed to hide against the clan master. On the other hand, they had no fear of juniors like Jingyue and Feiyun. They directly came out, wanting to taste their flesh.

"Boom!" Endless energy came running with the howls of ghosts. The three Ghost Kings were coming.

Feiyun couldn't stop it at all and felt his blood freezing up. He barely blocked them long enough to run into the one ancestral room before falling on the ground.

"Raa!" The winds and howls raged on outside as if there were a thousand of them. A coward would drop dead instantly from horror. However, they didn't dare to come inside this room, seemingly afraid of a certain power.

He resisted the pain to get up and took out a spirit core. He held it and began to cure his wound, unaffected by the specters outside.

Dongfang Jingyue didn't get hurt this time because Feiyun stopped them all for her. She gave a strange glance at him before taking out two spirit stones to begin her recovery.

After half an hour, Feiyun's wound was much better than before. The pulverized flesh was coming back together.

'This idiot is not bad, capable of withstanding three blows at the Giant level without dying. Don't think anyone else in the young generation has the same physical strength.' She was already better and stood in front of the painting, looking like a beauty from a painting herself.

Feiyun stared at her in a daze with his eyes growing bigger. He had an illusion earlier that she had just come out of the painting behind her. This feeling grew stronger because she seemed to be fusing with the painting as if they were originally one.

He recalled what she told him before, 'This place is forbidden for entry outside of the clan master or someone with his insignia. I only got here once during my youth because I look a bit similar to that statue by the river, so he brought me here.'

She certainly looked much different as she grew older compared to her youth. How could anyone tell that she looked familiar to the statue back then?

Only the clan master could come in here, so there was no way she could enter if there was no resemblance forcing him to do so. Plus, her memories about this whole place were muddled as well.

He looked at the painting again and had a scary thought: 'Could, could it be that Dongfang Jingyue isn't related to the Yin Gou at all. She actually came out of the painting? That's why she has a faint impression of it. That clan master is hiding the truth?'

This was only a speculation but it still greatly affected him.

“What are you looking at?” She asked. The wind blew up her white veil to reveal a face exactly identical to Shui Yueting.

At this moment, Feiyun only grew more astonished; his eyes were about to leave their socket.

Why? Because waves were coming out of the painting behind her. The lamp inside the shrine was emitting a radiance. What seems to be an invisible hand coming from the painting actually dragged her inside. Feiyun rushed over but it was too late.

### [Chapter 523: Yun Ge](#)

It was a strange ripple as if time and space were colliding, resulting in a different world being opened.

Feiyun chased after her into the painting so it swallowed the two of them.

“What’s going on, I feel my body melting away.” Jingyue wasn’t as knowledgeable as Feiyun and had never experienced something like this before. She naturally became horrified.

It wasn’t that she was a coward; few women Feiyun have met could match her courage.

However, when facing something new, any human with emotions would naturally be nervous.

Feiyun had all kind of questions but he was much calmer. He grabbed her soft hands and looked at her face. It was as if Shui Yueting was in front of him.

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“Feiyun, I’m afraid, that lightning pond wants to strike me down.” Shui Yueting hugged Feiyun tightly and buried her face into his chest while shuddering.

He embraced her tightly and smiled: “I’ll strike it down first for such insolence.”

With a single hand wave, the lightning in the sky got swept away and the light returned with a rainbow. The sun rays were too beautiful and unforgettable.

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“The north ocean’s dusk is so beautiful but its night - too cold and sad. It makes me feel as if I’m falling into an ice pit, all the beauties are devoured by the darkness.” On a different day, the two were sitting by the shore of the north sea to watch the evening sunset. Her sigh made Feiyun sad as well.

On that night, he risked himself traveling into space and grabbed the stars to form a wondrous moon.

It shined down on the ocean water, resulting in the prettiest reflection. The north sea was no longer dark that night.

He held her hand to watch the moon and embraced her. He then pointed at the sky and asked: “Which moon is prettier, the one above or the one in the water?”

She leaned on his shoulder in response: “Both are equally pretty.”

He shook his head and whispered: “The moon I’m hugging right now is the prettiest.”

She was indeed gorgeous, more so than the moon above and below combined, enough to make Feiyun forget about all else.

This was the night where he lost himself to her. The blood beneath the moonlight was especially dazzling.

Though there was hatred, such a beautiful memory couldn't be forgotten.

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"What are you looking at?" Dongfang Jingyue wasn't used to his gaze, thinking that he was using a technique again.

He suddenly pulled her over and hugged her tightly with his steel arms while murmuring: "Why, why?! For what..."

"You're hurting me..." She hasn't recovered completely and tried to get out.

With sweat beads all over his forehead, he took a deep breath and let go of her: "Sorry..."

She took two steps back and rubbed her arm before asking with a starry stare: "You mistook me for Shui Yueting again? Who is she? Why do you hate and want to kill her then switch to hugging and loving her so much?"

He calmed his tempestuous emotions and put on a firm gaze: "No need for you to worry. Maybe we can find some answers inside this painting."

An ancient smell with a touch of sweetness permeated in the air. He pulled her behind him and said seriously: "This painting was drawn by a true master. The painting itself has its own spirit now with an independent world. It looks very unstable so it should be quite dangerous. Be careful or we'll die here. Stay behind me, don't mess up."

He was aware of legends about Saint Painters and Immortal Painters who could create a world inside their painting. These worlds were no different from the real one as long as they were skilled enough.

However, not just anyone could enter these worlds. The painters themselves must allow entry.

'There must be some clues here.' He thought.

The two of them moved through a barrier and found themselves in a familiar yet distant world.

There was wind, sunlight, and the fluttering of leaves and gurgling streams.

Meanwhile, back in the room with the painting, there were a man and a woman standing next to the shrine. The ink was yet to dry as if someone had just drawn them.

"We're back to the shrine by Jin River." Jingyue said.

Feiyun nodded and looked at the shrine: "There's no statue though."

The shrine still had an eternal lamp but it was empty now. The statue of the goddess was nowhere to be found.

Jingyue wasn't feeling well. She felt something surging in her mind. The jade ship in her mind emitted a faint glow, seemingly wanting to rush out.

"What's wrong?" He could see the changes.

She didn't say anything and got down on the ground. Her body became ethereal while the lamp was shining a strange light on her.

Feiyun didn't know what was going on and simply stood there to protect her - on guard.

"What's wrong?" A voice sounded.

Feiyun frowned - someone else was speaking? There were others here?

He channeled his spirit energy to survey the area but found no one. This only made the situation spookier. He coldly uttered: "Who are you? Show yourself!"

"Who are you? Show yourself!" The person copied his tone.

Feiyun frowned and murmured: "Is it an echo?"

"Is it an echo?"

"So it is." Feiyun said.

"So it is."

"Repeat after me and your family will die."

"Repeat after me and your family will die."

"I'm Feng Feiyun, the number one in the world."

"I'm Feng Feiyun, the number one in the world."

"My name is Feng Feiyun, not Yun Feifeng."

"My name is Feng Feiyun, not Yun Feifeng."

"My name is Feng Feiyun, not Feng Feiyun."

"My name is Feng Feiyun, not Yun Fei..feng..."

Feiyun busted out in laughter and condensed a ray in his palm while mocking: "You're not on my level."

"Not good, got found out by the bad guy." A little bird on fire flapped its wings and flew out of the lamp to the top of the shrine, seemingly afraid.

The light from the lamp came from it.

Earlier, Feiyun didn't pay too much attention. The bird sat inside the lamp without moving so it wasn't too noticeable.

'No wonder why I couldn't find it, so this bird is the spirit of the lamp.' He thought.

It was only around the size of a fist and resembled a parrot. Its feathers were red with a long, phoenix-like tail with nine longer feathers. Its beak was long and bent like a parrot.

Feiyun was angry to see this. It looked exactly like a phoenix outside of its head.

A phoenix with a parrot head? This was simply insulting to his race.

“Damned bird, come down here and die.” Feiyun uttered.

“So rude, so rude, the name is Yun Ge.” The shy parrot shouted back. [1]

It was certainly trembling but still maintained a strong verbal stance.

“Yun-Ge? Your father! I’ve been around for so long and I still don’t call myself Yun-Ge, a little bird like you wants me to call you Yun-Ge?” Feiyun got enough of the bird and decided to kill it.

Jingyue suddenly stood up and said softly: “It’s Yun Ge, Ge as in pigeon.”

An immortal light curled around her body as white as jade. She emitted a sweet fragrance while waving: “Yun Ge, come here.”

It flew down and landed on her shoulder then playfully rubbed against her cheek in an intimate manner.

“Oh... Yun Ge, so just a pigeon...” Feiyun had nothing to say. It clearly looked like a parrot.

“Yes, Yun Ge! Yun Ge!” The parrot unhappily shouted continuously to Feiyun’s annoyance.

#### [Chapter 524: Ten Thousand Lights](#)

Dongfang Jingyue became different from before. A while ago, he could still sense emotions and desires from her. But now, she was completely void of them - an ascension allowing to shred her mortal bounds to become a true fairy.

Her location became mystical and shrouded with fog just like the large statue in the river. People couldn’t help themselves from wanting to prostrate down.

What did she just get in order to have such a big transformation?

“Feng Feiyun, don’t you have something to give me?” She stared straight at him and said.

He couldn’t describe it exactly but her stare was no longer the same as before.

“What?” Feiyun asked.

“Ten Thousand Lights.” She said.

This was one of the seven diagrams from the spirit ring, just like the dragon-horse one.

‘How did she know? What does she want it for?’ He wondered.

A jade ship was floating around her forehead, as bright as a moon. It flew out and massive energy in the form of a white pillar aimed straight for his black ring.

“Rumble!” The ring felt this energy and began to spin. The six ancient words fell down and turned into six diagrams. One of them got off the regular trajectory and headed for the jade ship.

Of course, it was the Ten Thousand Lights.

More than ten thousand plumes of light danced in the sky, not too bright. They surrounded the space around the ship and emitted a heavenly hymn.

This scene was magical just like the stars in the sky while the ship was the moon in the center.

Feiyun took a deep breath and watched in awe. He was completely right before. His bronze vessel corresponded with the dragon-horse diagram while this jade one was with Ten Thousand Lights.

What about the other five diagrams?

The ring was still spinning; a trace of connection was created between it and the jade vessel.

Jingyue's eyes were bright like the explosions of the stars. She lifted her palm and raised the vessel while the lights were floating around her, causing her to stand out like a goddess. These lights would forever be eternal.

"The Ten Thousand Lights, burn the sky and the ocean!" She waved her sleeve and the vessel flew outward. The lights became even more resplendent like ten thousand balls on fire, wanting to incinerate everything.

The clouds dissipated while the earth dried up. Even the stones shattered with smoke flying everywhere. The ocean was starting to churn.

The world inside the painting was being destroyed.

"Whoosh!" The two of them finally returned to the old room. That painting caught on fire and became ashes.

Feiyun became serious and said: "What did you obtain in that painting?"

The jade vessel returned to her forehead and disappeared without a trace.

Her clearly-defined eyes on top of the veil were calm as she asked: "Feng Feiyun, do you love Shui Yueting?"

He was surprised. There were still specters screaming outside with gales coming in. However, the two in the room were silent.

He eventually answered: "You better not ask me about this, actually, don't ever bring her up."

"Do you not want to answer, or do you not dare?" She inquired again.

"I don't think I need to talk to you about this." He crossed his arms in front of his chest and said.

"Fine." She stopped asking and flew out of the ancestral room.

She summoned her vessel and the lights floated around her.

The specters treated these lights like lightning tribulations and got the hell away. Even the Ghost Kings were threatened and kept a distance.

The two of them finally left this area under the protection of the vessel and the lights.

Jingyue reported what they found to the clan master. He was very serious about this issue and carefully investigated it before calling for Feiyun again.

“My apology, I didn’t expect for these ghastly things to be here in my clan. Sorry if it had scared you, Your Excellency, but it’s not a big problem. I have ordered several powerful treasure masters and Giants to come in and exterminate them.”

Feiyun glanced at Jingyue standing behind the clan master and requested: “I have a few words I wish to discuss with you in private.”

The clan master narrowed his eyes before speaking: “Yue’er, go fetch the eight spirit materials.”

She stared at Feiyun for a moment before leaving.

“Your Excellency, go ahead.” The clan master was very nice towards him and treated him as a peer despite their age gap.

Feiyun contemplated for a bit before speaking: “I’ve seen Miss Dongfang’s face.”

The clan master’s smile froze.

Jingyue was exactly identical to the Jin River Goddess. This was definitely a big deal. People would come asking for information and the clan, despite its immense power, wouldn’t be able to handle everyone.

He eventually sighed repeatedly while shaking his head.

Feiyun continued: “Please don’t worry, clan master. I will keep my mouth shut about this matter. It’s just that I have something I’m quite curious about and the trip to the ancestral hall only exacerbated it.”

“What is it?”

Feiyun asked: “What is the relationship between the river goddess and your clan?”

The clan master carefully chose his words: “I’m sure you have heard about Duo Village and tales about the goddess. Hmm, the truth is that it wouldn’t be inaccurate to call the goddess our ancestor.”

He stood up and brought him to their memorial hall. He shot out two rays of light and two paintings appeared on the memorial tablets. The girl in one of the paintings was identical to Shui Yueting.

This was a painting from ten thousand years ago.

Feiyun was shaken because he could guarantee that this was Shui Yueting.

The clan master continued: “The two people from Duo are our ancestors, Dongfang and Yueliang - a pair of brother and sister.”

“After Ancestor Yueliang disappeared, Ancestor Dongfang finally got married and started our clan. Here we are today after ten thousand years.”

Feng Feiyun’s mind was also flying back ten thousand years ago when he was her lover.

If she was indeed their ancestor, then how the hell did she get her incredible cultivation?

'Why did I come back to life and return to her old place? Or, did I come back to life ten thousand years later?'

Feiyun felt that this wasn't a coincidence.

For example, the large statue by the river had a trace of divinity. Ordinary cultivators would never be able to carve something like that.

He even felt that after reaching her peak state, Shui Yueting had returned to the dynasty for some reasons.

'No, I forgot the most important thing, Dongfang Jingyue!'

He quickly asked again: "Clan master, did Dongfang Jingyue have a mother or did she come out from that painting?"

The clan master's eyes flashed after hearing this. He sighed again: "So you found this out too."

"So she really did come from the painting?" Feiyun held his breath.

The clan master nodded then shook his head: "She is indeed related to the painting, but she also had a mother from our clan."

Feiyun became even more confused: "What do you mean? She has a mother but is still related to the painting?"

"That I can't answer you." The clan master became a bit unhappy.

Feiyun realized that he was too impolite earlier. Ultimately, this was his clan's private matters. Plus, he was questioning the authenticity of her birth mother? This was improper and no one would be happy to hear this.

He said apologetically: "Sorry, because this is very important to me. Please excuse my rudeness, clan master."

The clan master smiled back: "It's fine, it's fine. If you still have questions, you can go ask her parents or wet nurse, or even the servants from our clan."

If it was something else, he would certainly drop it because the clan master didn't like it. Alas, he would continue to investigate this matter.

"Then I'll go ask them." He said and turned to leave right away.

The clan master called him back: "Please wait, Your Excellency."

"Is there something else, clan master?"

"This is the forbidden ground of our clan, many disciples from the main branches haven't even been here before. Earlier, I told you our clan's biggest secrets. It shows that I don't consider you an outsider." The clan master smiled implicatively.

Feiyun wasn't dumb and waited for the clan master to finish the second half of that sentence.

## [Chapter 525: Inside the Eight-step Dragon Imperial Carriage](#)

Yin Gou Clan's Memorial Hall.

The clan master stroke his beard and began: "Our Yue'er is our brightest jewel and you, Your Excellency, pays so much attention to her. I feel that..."

Feiyun interrupted: "Miss Dongfang is a good friend of mine, I think there is a misunderstanding, clan master."

"Misunderstanding?" The clan master smiled and shook his head: "Yue'er had clearly told me what happened in the ancestral hall together, and other things as well."

Feiyun slightly frowned: "What did she tell you?"

"No need to ask too much." The clan master smiled again: "I'm not forcing you to make a decision now, just think about it carefully. The future belongs to the young generation and it will be good to have more backing in this chaotic time. Seize your opportunity."

Having said that, the old man turned to stare quietly at the memorial tablets. He had said his part - it was up to Feiyun now.

Feiyun left and wondered what the old man was thinking: 'The old guy was implying that he would help me seize Jin?'

He smirked, uninterested. Jin was coveted by many but his ambition didn't end here. It wasn't a place for a dragon like him. After taking care of his debts for Long Chuangfeng, he would leave this place with Nangong Hongyan.

But that's easier said than done. Many people wouldn't let him leave, such as the Feng Ancestor.

"No plan can be perfect the entire way, let's just do my best one step at a time."

He went to confirm Jingyue's issue and saw her parents and wet nurse. All of these proved that she was indeed given birth to in a normal manner, not an existence from the painting.

Then what did the clan master mean when he talked about the connection between her and the painting?

"Feng Feiyun." Jingyue's voice, as clear as a bell, came from behind him.

The beauty walked out from beneath a cassia tree with her mist-like dress. One wouldn't be surprised to see someone of her appearance ride the moon like a goddess at night.

Feiyun looked at her with a fake smile because Shui Yueting always came up in his mind after seeing Jingyue.

She waved her sleeve and eight rays filled with energy flew over. They were spirit grasses, three-petal flowers, the shiny gill of a dragon, and a bonescale with a fiery glow...

These were eight materials necessary to create his pill - all exceedingly rare. One would be hard pressed to find a second in Jin.

He happily put them away - this would save him at least one year in reaching the fourth level.

After doing so, no one from the young generation could touch him so he was rightfully elated.

"Miss Dongfang, how much does the clan master want to sell them for?" Feiyun asked.

She walked over with steps so soft that it looked like she was floating. The bird resembling a phoenix was perching on her shoulder. It stared at Feiyun with its red eyes and shouted: "Bad guy, bad guy!"

"Yun Ge!" Jingyue scolded and it stopped. She was in front of Feiyun now: "The clan master said to give them to you for free, and one free piece of information too, Your Excellency."

'The world can be this nice?' Feiyun wasn't used to her current gentle tone and coughed twice: "What information?"

"The demon regalia - Nine-doves Gown - is in Nangong Hongyan's possession." She revealed.

Feiyun disagreed right away: "No way, she would have given it back to me if she had it."

"It's up to you whether you want to believe it or not." Jingyue didn't waste words and left, leaving a faint fragrance in the air that wouldn't disperse.

"It's up to you whether you want to believe it or not. Bad guy! Bad guy!" The bird circled around his head and repeated.

Feiyun frowned and pondered quietly before swinging at the bird. It got slammed down and started rolling on the grass while shouting: "Ah! Bad guy is really bad! Yun Ge is... dying..."

Its beak and eyes slowly closed.

It wasn't till Feiyun left that it slightly opened its eyes again. After confirming that Feiyun had left the clan, it finally flew towards a red pavilion to be with Jingyue again.

She gently caressed its feathers with a starry flash in her eyes - an indescribable scene of beauty.

Feiyun didn't see the Evil Woman after leaving. She probably left already since he was in there for too long.

He didn't return to his mansion but rather the Grand Tutor's mansion. He only had eight materials right now and still needed ten more.

The more main ingredients he could gather, the more effective the pill would be in boosting his cultivation. This was the reason for his trip.

"Rumble!" A golden ray accompanied by dragon roars and a massive aura interrupted him.

It only took the blink of an eye before eight dragon souls pulled an imperial carriage over and blocked his path.

This was a great treasure of the royal clan - the fastest artifact for traveling. Under full power, it could go across the entire dynasty in just one day. This carriage was magnificent and full of splendor, more of a mobile palace.

“You still haven’t left, Princess?” He tidied his attire and asked.

Even the Evil Woman couldn’t wait yet Princess Luofu was still around. This was certainly on purpose for something important.

“Your Excellency, where are you heading to? I’m going through here anyway, get on.” The princess answered.

Feiyun refused: “That’s no good, I don’t think we have the same destination.”

“Not giving me any face?”

“It’s really not convenient for either of us.”

“Get on.” The princess became stern with royal energy oozing out and made ripples in the air.

“Fine, thank you for giving me a ride.” Feiyun acquiesced.

This royal daughter has been pampered since youth. No one has ever dared to disobey her before so pride became the result. She felt that she was above all and everyone should listen to her, lest they wish for death.

He wasn’t afraid of her but this wasn’t a good time for a fight. They were still near the dragon lake on top of it being late at night. A fight would attract the attention of the Yin Gou Clan’s experts. They would think that he tried to rape her and faced strong resistance. It would be terrible for his image and reputation.

The carriage looked just like a palace. There were eight dragon pillars inside, one meter thick. Curtains draped everywhere with a green cauldron in the corner releasing faint smoke. Of course, it was burning the best fragrance stick inside.

The princess was sitting on her throne with her face covered by a yellow veil. She said with an imperious aura: “Where are you going?”

“The Grand Tutor’s mansion.” He casually found a spot far away from the princess to sit down.

The girl was unpredictable so in one second, she could treat like an esteemed guest then try to kill you in the next.

Plus, they already had an ongoing feud. He needed to be vigilant.

The carriage flew up higher and eventually reached the capital.

This particular princess was nobler than the rest, a temperament privy to the daughters of the royal clan. The other girls from cultivation sects and clans couldn’t compare to her at all. There was a fundamental difference.

She eventually stood up after a long silence. Her golden robe was made from the finest spirit strands, more expensive than silk by more than ten times. It perfectly outlined her flawless curves.

Feiyun couldn’t help feeling astonished and took a better look at her towering breasts: ‘That’s the third-ranked beauty in Jin for you, really has the good stuff. Ahem, probably can’t hold it in one’s hand.’

He had slept with many women before, some were supreme beauties. Alas, they were just a little bit inferior to the princess.

Any man would want to conquer her right away, overwhelmed with lust.

“The emperor gave you the responsibility of finding me a groom yet you delegated it to Long Cangyue?” Her eyes were cold and unfriendly. She was standing before him right now with a scolding tone.

Feiyun was sitting on a soft golden carpet. He lazily stretched and said: “Princess Yue is the Divine Queen on top of being your older sister. I don’t think there’s anything wrong with assigning this task to her. Don’t worry, Princess. She’ll find only the finest groom for you.”

She could easily tell that he was sugarcoating the issue so she slightly bent forward. Her black, crystal eyes gazed straight at his own: “If Long Cangyue dares to do anything, I’ll make her a widow. Try me.”

Feiyun’s eyes narrowed because she was very close to him and bending forward. An expanse of white revealed themselves above her dress. One could even see the great shape of her breasts behind the inner layer of thin silk.

Her faint fragrance made his throat run dry and his stomach hot. He couldn’t help using the phoenix gaze, causing embers to appear in his eyes. He got a good look - right, she really got the stuff!

#### [Chapter 526: Battle Inside The Carriage](#)

“Pardon me?” The princess’ eyes resembled two jade springs. Though the veil was hiding her features, one could still see her tall nose, soft lips, and long neck beneath her tapered chin.

Suddenly, she became alarmed after noticing his eyes fixated on her private area. Moreover, there was a blaze inside so he was clearly using some heavenly gaze technique in order to see through her dudou.

“Whoosh!” She gritted her teeth and took out the Queen’s Order to throw it straight at Feiyun.

‘Damn him! He dares to peep at me?!’ The princess was afraid while thinking about the event just now. His despicable face clearly showed that he had impure thoughts.

Way too dirty and impure.

She was someone proud enough to make anyone who has perverted thoughts toward her suffer a terrible death. Feiyun, on the other hand, was doing it so openly. There was no way she could let this go.

He quickly dodged the attack. The power of the order destroyed the carpet on the floor but not the floor of the carriage. The formation there absorbed the attack.

This was a great artifact of the royal clan. Even a battle between Giants couldn’t hurt it at all.

“Princess, listen, you were the one who carelessly showed them earlier, it was only a glance.” Feng Feiyun was now sitting on the throne inside the carriage.

This throne was massive just like a couch with a white fur on top. The fur was soft enough to be from a five-hundred-year fox. The bad scent has been washed away by incense fragrance. Only the real nobles could afford this type of fur.

Feiyun crossed his legs with a smirk on his face.

The princess was now standing next to a pillar with her black hair draped down to her waist. With a cold flash in her eyes, the atmosphere inside the carriage turned cold: "Just a glance but with an activated heavenly gaze?"

Feiyun recalled the technique and his eyes became dark again. When he looked over at her once more, he couldn't help thinking about the scene earlier. The flame from below surged once more.

He couldn't explain himself because the princess was right. He indeed saw something he shouldn't have and still hasn't digested it fully just yet. Normal cultivators would die from a nosebleed. Even someone as experienced as Feiyun was still salivating.

"I was only checking your growth so that I could find the right groom for you... Ah!" He shouted and dodged. The large throne got a corner destroyed by the furious princess.

"A noble royal daughter should be more reserved or no one will want to marry you..."

"Boom!" A thick, yellow ray shot above him, burning a few strands of hair.

The princess raised her Queen's Order again and aimed straight for his face while walking forward with her alluring figure.

Feiyun naturally wouldn't just sit and wait for death. He used his own King's Order. Seven figures emerged as retaliation. The explosion made the carriage shake like crazy.

Powers of a yellow shade engulfed the area inside.

A fierce energy wave made her veil fall down to reveal her breathtaking features. Eyes as pretty as a pair of immortal gems; long, slender brows; wondrous jade nose; red and soft lips.

This princess was proud and elegant like the most precious orchid. Looking at her at such a close distance left Feiyun in awe.

Her cold-as-ice demeanor left him thinking that she was similar to a middle-aged concubine unloved in the court. However, it was certainly an illusion because she was a prodigy almost twenty of age just like him.

Moreover, most women have cultivated an art to stay young so her true appearance was more of a sixteen-year-old.

A girl on the outside; the heart of an empress within.

Back at the Yin Gou Ward, her veil had been taken down by Prince Hongye. However, people were too far away and didn't have the mind to worry about such a thing.

The third beauty of Jin Dynasty was indeed at the kingdom-toppling level.

If it wasn't for her veil and the fact that she was usually inside this carriage, there would be even more prodigies coming to the groom competition.

She wasn't that much shorter than Feiyun with her thin figure. Her legs were perfectly shaped and slightly visible beneath the long dress. If one could raise the skirt, it would be a real challenge to their self-control.

"Still looking?!" The princess - proud as a swan - took out the Queen's Order again, wishing to ruthlessly eliminate him.

She had at least three reasons for being annoyed with him on top of his shamelessness - daring to disrespect her with his eyes. All of her hatred was coming out at this moment.

He did save her back at the Yin Gou Clan so she wanted to have a real talk with him. This was no longer the case.

Feiyun also wouldn't back down just because the opponent was a princess: "If you want to fight, Princess, so be it. You're first on the list and I'm third but I feel that there's something wrong with it. Today, I will have you be on the bottom... cough, cough, so that I can stomp you to change the order."  
[1]

"We'll see if you're capable of doing so." The princess wasn't afraid at all. It was inside the carriage so she was the master. Even if his cultivation was stronger, he would be suppressed in this place.

Her white hands danced, causing white lightning bolts to appear.

Feiyun didn't relax at all. She was indeed very strong, even more so than Ling Donglai. Just one careless moment would result in defeat, and that might end in death given her decisive and cruel nature.

"Boom!" Feiyun's tough physicality and steel-like legs shattered her offense, one by one.

She thought that his biggest advantage was his speed which was nullified inside the carriage so she had the absolute advantage. However, she didn't expect his physical strength to be so amazing.

Each palm strike had the force of a mountain, causing her arms to feel pain.

"Princess, see you later, I can't play with you anymore, got other stuff to do." Feiyun flew for the entrance in order to leave.

However, a blinding light suddenly erupted at the exit and a draconic formation stopped him.

"Want to run before this is over?" The princess snorted and unleashed sixty hand seals to control the power of the carriage.

Lightning bolts struck his body repeatedly.

However, they coursed through him and quickly disappeared.

"How can this be?! Why is your body so tough?" The princess was slightly surprised.

At this moment, it was tough enough to withstand three moves from a Giant. These bolts were mighty but not enough to take him down.

"If you insist on settling this, then I'll entertain you." Feiyun suddenly disappeared.

In the next second, he was behind the princess and reached for her.

His speed was simply too fast. She understood the unfavorable situation and rushed forward to dodge.

“Rttt.” Her dress was torn, revealing the pale blue undergarment inside.

“Scum!” Her beautiful arms were showing as well due to her golden dress being ripped in many places. People wouldn’t be able to contain themselves from having perverted thoughts.

“Not my fault, you’re the one who ran forward and tore it.” Feiyun said with a smile.

Her skirt was draped on the ground. Earlier, Feiyun purposely stepped on it so when she dodged forward, the dress naturally got torn apart.

He took advantage of this distraction and attacked without warning. 9,969 beast souls gathered in his palm as he aimed for her chest.

She performed a sacred law of the royal clan to stop this attack while taking two steps backward.

Feiyun rushed forward and unleashed twelve more palm strikes to force her into the corner.

“Queen’s Order!” She raised her order but he used his own to knock it flying.

“Clank.” It dropped on the ground.

The pain made it feel as if her fingers were broken. His speed far exceeded her imagination so she was fighting a losing battle.

#### [Chapter 527: Princess Or Slave](#)

“Feng Feiyun, you win, you’re the number one.” Princess Luofu maintained a proud stance while looking to the side.

That’s a royal daughter for you, still so prideful after losing.

“It’s good that you’re aware, stop being so arrogant then. It’s a time of chaos with everyone rising. If you don’t know how to hide your skills or be more flexible, you’ll only lead this dynasty to ruins.” Feiyun used the King’s Order to raise her chin so that she would look straight at him.

He had no love for Jin. If it wasn’t for Long Chuanfeng, he would have left this place long ago. Too many people and grievances here - they only served to delay his cultivation.

The princess suddenly became as gentle as a wine maid and nodded her head, speaking with a gentle tone: “Thank you for your guidance, Divine King.”

The proud swan has turned into an obedient quail - this caught Feiyun completely off guard.

He coughed and said: “No problem, no problem.”

With that, he put away the King’s Order and headed for the door.

Suddenly, the princess’ eyes turned cold as she used her soulbound artifact to backstab him.

Feiyun didn’t expect for the obedient quail to turn into a leopard. He had no choice but to use the King’s Order again, not having enough time to even turn around.

“Boom!” The order’s power didn’t activate completely so it got knocked to the ground. Feiyun’s hand got lacerated with blood dripping down.

“Another move of pretending to be meek and weak then backstabbing someone, huh?” Feiyun turned serious. If it wasn’t for his quick reaction, his corpse could be lying on the ground right now.

“You taught me just now.” The princess was holding a crescent blade with golden runes flowing on the surface.

“You’re a fast learner.” Feiyun waved his hand and the order came back to his palm. The princess also attacked by using eight fiery dragons from the carriage. These were created from second-level hell flame. Even a half-step Giant would burn to a crisp after being touched.

Feiyun quickly used his movement technique to dodge the eight dragons. However, the space inside was too small. One of the dragons still touched his arm and burned the skin layer.

“Bang!” The princess threw out her crescent blade. It spun in the air with incomparable sharpness. Its power engulfed the entire area while causing sparks to go flying.

Feiyun also took out his soulbound artifact, the Ascension Platform. It turned into a tablet and repelled the blade.

The moment it came out, the princess’ soul was shaken. She became pale and even her seals were slower.

Feiyun took advantage of this and used the platform to lead the eight fiery dragons towards her.

These dragons could burn a half-step Giant to death. She regained her composure while being assaulted by this heat wave and formed another seal to send them back into the carriage.

“Poof!” The heat was too much from the second-level hell flame with an immense destructive capability. Though it didn’t touch her, it pretty much burned her entire dress.

She channeled a spirit glow to expel the fire on what was left of her dress. Her flawless body was exposed, only the pale blue dudou was left behind. This was no ordinary item since it could survive the heat. It barely covered her full breasts that seemed on the verge of popping out at any moment.

Her exquisite waist was no longer hidden. The bottom part of the dudou was triangular, enough to hide the place between her thighs. It certainly wasn’t enough - just a bit of movement would cause it to flutter, revealing the beautiful scene beneath.

Feiyun was standing before her now. She coldly said: “Haven’t you taken advantage of me enough today? Turn around already.”

Why would he ever do that? He held his chin and took his time looking at her: “A content man would miss out on too many things. Princess, your dudou is quite sexy, three pink peaches too? That’s cute.”

The princess looked like an exquisite jade statue with well-defined collar bones, thin waist, soft to the touch, long legs - all of this would shake the soul of a spectator.

“Feng Feiyun, you can leave now and I will pretend that nothing has happened today.” The princess was shuddering with rage. She needed to get him to leave or it won’t end pretty today.

“How can we act as if nothing has happened.” Feiyun shook his head and smiled: “I was leaving earlier but you made me stay. I don’t want to leave anymore now.”

“You don’t think I can summon experts to kill you?” The princess angrily gritted her teeth.

“Go for it! I’m sure many will want to see your half-naked figure with only a dudou.” Feiyun teased.

She decided to go all out. So what if he had seen everything as long as she could kill him right now? A dead man tells no tale.

With a slight jolt, her dudou got flicked forward to reveal everything underneath - capable of causing an instant nosebleed.

Feiyun continued to dodge while taking advantage of his speed. She couldn’t catch up at all and only gave him a visual feast in the process.

He dodged and praised her various body parts at the same time.

She knew that this wasn’t working and stopped in order to call out the eight fiery dragons again but Feiyun was ready this time with the Ascension Platform.

He didn’t expect to use the platform to stop her. After all, her cultivation was not that much weaker than her. His goal was to use it to stop her fiery dragons.

Thus, her collapse took him by surprise. She got down on her knees and couldn’t move at all when he used it this second time.

‘What’s going on? Another trick? No, she’s too proud to get down on the ground like that.’ He noticed that something was wrong.

The princess looked as if she was in great pain while struggling with futility.

“I see. She offered a strand of her soul to the tablet. It’s in the platform right now so she’s only a slave.”

A beautiful soul was now floating in the air and kneeling towards the platform with reverence in her eyes.

This was something similar to a ceremonial worshipping pact for a demon - a master-servant relationship.

Back in the ancient past, humans were still quite weak since they didn’t understand cultivation and had a prehistoric tribal life. However, the demon race has been flourishing for numerous years. If the humans wanted a similar power, they needed to worship a great demon as a god by offering their soul and becoming a slave.

The demon became a tribe’s god while its slaves were the witches and sorcerers. This demon would also serve as the spiritual totem of the race.

The Ascension Platform worked in a similar manner to these ancient ceremonies.

Feiyun had refined it into his soulbound artifact so he was now is master. This, of course, meant that the princess was his slave and needed to follow all of his commands.

After realizing this, he laughed and thought to himself: 'This proud royal daughter is mine now, get ready for a lesson.'

"Princess Luofu, lie down." He commanded.

She couldn't resist at all and lied down on the carpet with her legs straightened. Her breathing became rapid: "Feng Feiyun, what are you doing? Why is the tablet in your possession?!"

Feiyun came over and began touching her cheek: "You can't tell what I want to do yet?"

She opened her mouth, revealing her perfect, white teeth and bit his hand.

Feiyun shouted: "Let go."

She wanted to bite a piece off but still needed to obey. Her soul was under his control, so same with her body.

"Feng Feiyun, a man wouldn't bully a woman..." She had no choice but to try the soft route.

"I'm bullying my woman, that's quite manly." He laughed.

"Pah! Who's your woman?" She denied.

Feiyun shook his head and raised his platform while sighing: "Your soul is mine now, so you are actually my slave. Calling you my woman would be too much of a compliment."

He was assaulting her pride to teach her an unforgettable lesson.

"I'm the daughter of the Jin Emperor, the future empress, you dare to call me your slave?!" The princess managed to get halfway up but was forced back down again after a shout from him.

He pulled down her dudou, revealing her perfect body and towering breasts - plump like two ripe peaches: "Princess, life is unpredictable. You can be at the very apex and fall down to the abyss on the next day. The most powerful could also be killed at any moment. Since the start of time, there have been countless dynasties and the inevitable rotation of the. The richest dynasty fell overnight, so many royal daughters and princesses became slaves raped by the invading army; toys for the nobles and generals of the new dynasty, then taken to the army camp or brothels. A princess from a fallen regime is worth less than shit!"

### [Chapter 528: A Stimulating Event](#)

The princess turned pale after hearing him as if she could see the destruction of Jin to the massive alliance. Her lips quivered: "What... do you mean?"

Feiyun raised the dudou and sniffed the enchanting fragrance of her body before dropping it on top of her to hide the two gigantic bunnies: "It is a time of chaos with heroes rising, the moment for a change of dynasty. Thus, the next successor is especially crucial. If this person can't suppress the rising dragons, the dynasty will fall for sure."

The Ascension Platform disappeared into his palm.

She quickly covered her chest, creating a huge valley in the middle. She sat up and turned around, revealing her sculpted back and said: "There's nothing we can do about it. The Rex Competition is even more crucial. The current emperor could suppress the internal chaos but he would be distracted from training. Losing the competition would mean having to pay tribute to the other four dynasties, a state of perpetual inferiority."

Feiyun sat down on the carpet and breathed in the nice scent again: "Long Shenya, Long Cangyue, and you all need to work together and drop your feud. But if I needed to pick one, you're more suitable than the other two?"

A flash of surprise appeared in her eyes as she slightly turned her head and asked: "Why?"

"Long Shenya is certainly gifted on top of being a male with the Beiming Clan behind him. On the surface, he looks like the best candidate. However, this person is a coward, the mouth of a tiger but the courage of a rabbit. If Prince Hongye could scare him, the dynasty will fall anyway even after he becomes an Enlightened Being." Feiyun said.

The princess snorted and said: "The dynasty is in disarray right now, right, he would certainly lead us to our doom."

Feiyun continued: "Long Cangyue is mentally stronger on top of being intelligent, a real strategist who would use all means necessary. However, she is too cruel and vengeful."

"You know her that well?" Princess Luofu still had her back turned towards him. The atmosphere suddenly became strange - they weren't enemies or friends right now. In the next second, he could push her down and rape her; or they could have a talk about life and goals.

It came down to a single thought.

"I knew her long ago back in Grand Southern. She personally killed her fiance and threw his corpse into the river." Feiyun revealed.

The princess replied: "A cruel person can be a king temporarily, but not for a generation."

"You also have your own weakness."

"A weakness?" She didn't buy it.

"You're too prideful."

She snorted: "A king must be proud. One can't be a king without this."

Feiyun shook his head: "You're arrogant to an unreasonable, viewing the rest of the world as your servants. If you don't lose this personality, you will never become a good king."

The princess gently bit her lips. Her long hair draped to the ground, partly shrouding her wondrous body. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Because the previous Divine King has helped me. He gave me this position, wanting me to help Jin get through this disaster."

Her brows slightly moved up as she said with a smirk: “You want to help me become the next empress?”

Feiyun smiled back: “Princess, you’re overthinking this. This conversation is predicated on letting go of our previous feuds, which we have plenty of. Even if I help you take the throne, I’m sure you will want to kill me right away after you become empress.”

The glint in her eyes changed: “Feng Feiyun, our feud is not deep. No one can stop us if we work together. So, let’s drop the grievances. When I become Empress and you’re the Divine King, no one can touch Jin.”

Feiyun smirked and walked around to her front while gently raising her soft chin: “My ambition is not here. After the new ruler comes about, I will pass my position to someone else and leave the capital, or even Jin itself. We don’t walk on the same path.”

“What are you doing?!” She shouted.

His hand traced down from her neck to the collarbones then her exquisite breasts. An electric current stemmed from his touch, paralyzing her and made her breathing ragged. Her skin turned from white to red; her curves began quivering with beads of sweat.

“If you are my servant, then I can’t let you off so easily. I don’t care if you are a princess or a future empress, I will be teaching you for your first time.”

“You dare... Ah...”

He pushed her down and got on top before kissing her lips. His tongue pried open her teeth and touched her sweet tongue, causing her to moan.

She was entirely naked outside of her long hair in front of her chest. Her forehead glistened with sweat, complexion pink. She pinched his back in order to resist but it was useless.

Romance was in the air as the carriage circled above the capital.

“Whoosh!” A white ray landed right outside.

Divine Consort Hua has arrived with her pureness and grace. She cultivated the Supreme Refinement Scripture so she had the purest aura of the daoist doctrine. She stood under the moonlight with her hair down to her shoulder, looking like an immortal.

“Luofu, something big has happened.” Of course, there was a reason why she left the palace to find her daughter.

Feiyun was slightly surprised inside the carriage. He had stripped naked right now while lying on top of the princess. This consort appeared at the worst moment. If she were to see him on top of her daughter like this, he would definitely not survive past tonight.

Luckily, the carriage stopped the consort from seeing inside despite her amazing cultivation.

Feiyun called out the Ascension Platform to suppress Princess Luofu and finally pulled back his tongue. Her sweet fragrance still remained on his lips.

Meanwhile, the princess was heaving up and down while glaring at him and wiping off the leftover saliva.

Feiyun remained on her with a smirk on his face, whispering: "Say the wrong word and I will kill you first."

She glared furiously at him and really wanted to risk it all. Alas, after an evaluation of the situation, she decided to recall her murderous intent and said softly: "Luofu greets you, Mother."

Feiyun was as hard as steel, staring at the supreme beauty below him. He wasn't afraid of her not listening and continued to caress her soft body, from her snow-white breasts down to her flat stomach then the grassy plain below.

The princess quivered and almost jolted up from the ground, top half first. However, Feiyun quickly pushed her down again while gesturing with his finger on his lips, telling her to be quiet. Then, his hand fell back down on her thigh.

She has never been touched by a man before so she was especially sensitive. Her legs crossed together like a fried dough twist.

The consort sounded angry: "Your groom selection will be nine days from now, and the competition method will be one of battle abilities. Whoever wins will take you as his wife, this is just a joke!"

"Ah..." The princess moaned.

Feiyun spread apart her thighs, feeling quite good about their suppleness. The spring scene in between was completely revealed.

"What's wrong?" The consort slightly frowned.

"It's... nothing. I just feel that damned Feng Feiyun is too evil, how can the groom selection be so simple?" The princess gritted her teeth as her hatred grew stronger.

The consort sighed: "It's not his idea but rather Princess Yue and the nine ministers. Looks like Ji Cangyue and that old fox Beiming are working together to kick us off the competition for the throne."

Meanwhile, Feiyun took his time placing a pillow beneath her bottom then grabbed her waist with both hands. The princess was still trembling with sweat everywhere, on the verge of breaking down but she couldn't let out a sound.

Feiyun saw her pained appearance and quietly whispered in her ear: "Princess, you need to hold it in a bit from now. If Consort Hua were to notice, then she'll come in to attack me. I, of course, am not as strong right now but your life is in my hand. She won't dare to do anything because she places such high aspiration in you."

The princess revealed her white teeth, wanting to bite him to death. Alas, there was no strength in her body.

Feiyun wasn't afraid at all: "The consort did a good job maintaining her youthful appearance on top of being quite sexy, might be even prettier than you. I'm a scoundrel who can do anything, you shouldn't bring her down with you too."

The princess' expression changed while imagining something terrible.

### [Chapter 529: Bad All The Way](#)

Her skin as smooth and white as jade as she laid there delicately, never having shown herself to a man like this before. She was a little lamb, waiting to be slaughtered.

Her dudou was thrown to the side but her skin was smoother and whiter than it. Only a royal daughter would have such a beautiful and enchanting body.

Everything about her was in plain sight, no longer the untouchable noble of the past.

She was covered in sweat - her round and supple breasts resembled two glaciers that have never been climbed before. Right now, they were being kneaded by Feiyun into all kind of shapes. He showed no mercy, leaving behind red marks on her breasts.

She twitched and quietly begged: "Feng... Feiyun, you win, you're the number one on the lower list, let's end this here... it won't be good for either of us if my mother were to find out."

Feiyun played with her long, black hair and blew on her ear: "The consort has high hopes for you, putting in all of her effort for your success. If I threaten her with your life, she wouldn't even dare to move and will listen to everything I say..."

"You... scoundrel..." She wanted to bite him but he pushed her forehead down.

"Princess, you best be cooperative for the consort's sake." He played with her nose with an evil smile.

The princess has never experienced such humiliation, being toyed with in front of her own mother yet unable to call for help. This feeling was breaking this genius down to the core.

In the end, she closed her eyes as tears dripped out from the corners, wetting her eyebrows.

The consort naturally didn't know that the daughter she was so proud in was being ridden by someone like a bitch. She put on a serious expression and continued: "The old fox will order Beiming Potian to come. That's a heaven's favorite with the Heavy Sword Dao and Beiming Ice Armor. The power of that sword art is unstoppable while that armor is the top defense at the same level. If he were to win, it would be quite unfavorable for us. Luofu, Luofu, are you listening?"

"Yes... of course..." She gritted her teeth, feeling a hot pillar-like object grinding between her legs, seemingly wanting to melt her soft spot. She tried her best to remain calm but her breathing was still ragged. It was hard speaking without giving off any hints.

The consort used to be from the Daoist Gate, world-renowned for her beauty several hundred years ago. Nevertheless, she was still as beautiful as before, even more alluring than before due to an added charm of maturity. She continued on: "Potian is a big problem but I'm worried the most about Prince Hong Ye who has just arrived at the capital. He is the top young expert of Qian, one of the five God Disciples of Sacred Spirit..."

"Yes... ah..." The princess was twitching continuously and almost shouted with pleasure. Fortunately, she was able to stop it but a quiet moan still came out.

So earlier just now, Feiyun grabbed her waist while forcing her legs open before inserting his formidable tip into her soft, wet region. Tight yet soft it was - giving an unbelievably comfortable sensation, a transcending pleasure.

There was no real way to describe it. Even someone as experienced as Feiyun almost got defeated instantly while issuing a quiet groan.

Too damn nice! Riding Princess Luofu was pleasurable to the bones!

On the other hand, the princess was feeling a stinging pain. Despite possessing an amazing cultivation, this was still her first time so her lower body went numb with pain. The worst part was that she needed to keep all of this inside.

Feiyun was a devil in her eyes right now.

Consort Hua could hear the strange noises inside the carriage. Her expression became skeptical: "If you marry Prince Hongye, you will have to follow him to that barbaric region, no longer eligible to compete for the crown-prince position."

"Mmm... Mmm..." The princess was completely red all over as her lips quivered. She wiggled around, especially her stomach and breasts were heaving up and down. She tried her best to speak: "Prince... Hongye is quite strong, even above Beiming Potian. He swept through the young generation back at the Yin Gou Clan. If it is a martial arts contest, I'm afraid... no one will be his match...stop... it hurts..."

The few last words could only be heard by her since she was running out of air - her eyes were rolling up from pleasure.

A murderous flash appeared in the consort's eyes: "There is only one thing we can do, seize the initiative."

Feiyun slowed down after hearing this to carefully listen.

"What?" The princess mustered her strength again to reply.

"Kill Feng Feiyun. The emperor placed this responsibility on him, so if we kill him, this whole selection will be delayed and we'll have more time to prepare. Plus, with his death, Long Cangyue will lose her biggest backing. From all angles, killing him is all positive and nothing negative for us." The consort said.

Feiyun smiled after hearing this while looking at the princess below him. He gently wiped the sweat off her pretty face.

She lifted her head and bit him for the second time with a complicated expression - shame, annoyance, the joy of payback...

Blood fell down from his hand, similar to the blood streaming down her white-as-snow region...[1]

"I'll leave this to you, it's best not to let our people do this though. I must return to the palace, do a good job." The consort turned into a gust of wind and disappeared into the night.

The princess finally heaved a sigh of relief. If the consort didn't leave, she would have been ruined by Feng Feiyun too.

Feiyun became gentle and leaned down: “Princess, you still want to kill me right now?”

She breathed heavily to catch up, giving him one last stare before passing out.

When she woke up again, he was already gone. Her dudou and sharp pain covered her body. She didn’t have an ounce of strength in her.

Feiyun didn’t kill her.

This painful lesson has robbed her of her most precious virginity, but she had learned many things from this.

Only through pain and experiences would one grow even faster.

Feiyun was now standing outside the Grand Tutor’s mansion with a tidy appearance. He naturally knew the princess wouldn’t settle for a tie after this humiliating defeat, but he still didn’t kill her.

‘It’s better to keep her alive, no point in worrying about her with the Ascension Platform suppressing her.’ He thought.

The mansion wasn’t grand with tall walls like the Grand Chancellor or the Divine King’s mansion. This place looked more like a daoist architecture, simple and unadorned with bamboo trees and wood pieces. White pebbles paved a small path inside.

However, looking up and one could see lights and immortal energy everywhere. The stars seemed to be connected in a magical manner.

The qi images of the daoist doctrine included tall pagodas hovering above. People would think they were walking on a blessed land.

“A bit interesting, that’s one of the three for you.” He waited patiently.

A daoist wearing a green robe came out a while later. He had a soft pace and a crest covering his hair. His eyes were profound as he respectfully bowed: “I’m sorry for the inconvenience but my master has left the mansion yesterday. He hasn’t returned yet.”

Feiyun smiled: “Then when will he return?”

“Master didn’t tell me. Yesterday, he did a divination and knew that an esteemed guest would come today so he left the reception to me. Your Excellency, this way.” The daoist led Feiyun inside.

There weren’t that many members living in this estate, only nine direct disciples and thirty young students watching the alchemy garden. They cultivated the purest daoist laws. Even the young students were at first-level Heaven’s Mandate - quite amazing.

The one taking Feiyun in was the eighth direct disciple, Ling Yun. He had studied with the Grand Tutor for more than 120 years and had reached fourth-level Heaven’s Mandate. His talents were weaker than the other eight so he was responsible for the administrative tasks in the mansion such as receiving guests, buying materials, and taking care of the gardens.

[Chapter 530: Grand Tutor’s Mansion Got Robbed](#)

“The sixty-four stone pillars there aren’t part of an altar, they are pill wells meant for refinement. Each had its own uses and specialized in crafting medicines of different affinities. For example, creating a power-boost pill would require the use of a spirit-consolidation well, reinforced by a spirit-consolidation formation to make sure that the pill wouldn’t lose any energy.”

“Or, creating an essence-cleansing pill would necessitate the yin-yang well. Healing pills? Five-colored well. Anecdote pill? Water well...”

The Grand Tutor was one of the only two Grand Pill Master in the entire dynasty. He was at the third level so his alchemy skill was naturally exceptional with virtually no peers in this region.

Among the forty-eight wells were the scents of different pills. Clearly, some pills were about to come out. Ten more had feeble energy auras, meaning that they have only started recently, still needing another three months or so to take form. As for the remaining six - they were empty, not being used right now.

“These wells can only refine third-ranked pills and below. Anything above would require even more attention and ingredients. Too complicated and need perfect timing and mastery.”

The method of cultivating lower-ranked pills was no secret but no one would tell the secrets of the better ones.

This mansion looked like a daoist shrine but it wasn’t actually that small. There were many pavilions prepared for pill refinement and platforms meant for star-watching in the clouds. Some forbidden grounds were shrouded behind mists.

Ling Yun took a full day taking Feiyun around but they still didn’t finish seeing the whole thing.

“The truth is that my visit this time is meant to find a few rare ingredients. I’m willing to pay a high price.” Feiyun didn’t want to delay this any longer.

Ling Yun smiled and said: “Your Excellency, no need to be reserved. We have a lot of materials and I can be in charge of selling them for a fair price, outside of some really precious ones.”

Feiyun took out a list and wrote down ten medicinal ingredients.

The Heavenly Core Pill required eighteen leading ingredients. He found eight at the Yin Gou Ward but the remaining ten were too rare. Some weren’t recorded in the ancient scrolls at all.

He didn’t have too much hope finding them here if the Yin Gou didn’t have them. Nevertheless, he still needed to make a visit. Just finding one more could improve the quality of the pill.

Ling Yun was quite confident until he read the list. He felt a headache coming with sweat beads forming on his forehead.

He had only heard of five types on this list but they were exceedingly rare, only mentioned on the Grand Alchemist Record. The majority were used to create fourth-ranked and fifth-ranked pills.

“Your Excellency, well... these materials are too rare, we only have two of them here.” Ling Yun furrowed his brows and said.

But Feiyun was quite happy: "Which two?"

"Draconic Knotweed and Serpent Flower."

The first was a knotweed root in the form of a dragon. The second was a flower that grows on top of a serpent king's head.

Moreover, they needed to be at least one thousand year old to be a leading ingredient. This was necessary for them to have absorbed enough worldly essence to reach a certain level of medicinal power.

If he could get these two, then he would have ten types of leading ingredients for the pill. The other eight could be replaced with similar ingredients. Though the effect would be far inferior, it was enough for him to break through one level.

"Please name the price for these two ingredients, Brother Ling Yun, money is not an issue." Feiyun said.

Ling Yun shook his head: "It's not about money but these two ingredients are stored carefully by my master. The knotweed, in particular, is six-thousand-year old with growing dragon scales. The Serpent Flower is four-thousand-year old. The serpent king is dead but the flower is still connected to it. My master would personally use spirit water to water it each month, afraid that it might wither. He considers them as his own flesh, so not to mention I don't dare to take charge in this, I'm afraid he'll refuse you when you ask him in person anyway."

"I see." Feiyun said: "If His Venerable values these two ingredients so much, they must be rooted in the place with the densest energy?"

"Of course! They're in the White Cloud Marsh, next to the master's abode.." Ling Yun suddenly stopped, realizing that he had revealed too much.

"White Cloud Marsh..." Feiyun muttered under his breath with a flash in his eyes. He then smiled and said: "If these two are so loved by His Venerable, then I can't take them away from him. See you later then."

Having said that, Feiyun left right away.

"The guy is indeed special to become the Divine King at such a young age." Ling Yun watched Feiyun leaving with a contemplative gaze. He called an alchemy student and said: "Go tell Fifth Brother to take a break from his session to reach the Giant realm and watch over White Cloud tonight."

The student acknowledged the command and left to send the message.

Ling Yun was gifted at judging and reading people, hence his great responsibility of watching over the mansion. Everyone knew what kind of person Feiyun was in the cultivation world. There was no way this guy would give up so easily so extra caution was warranted.

However, the mansion still got things stolen. Not just Serpent Flower and Draconic Knotweed, more than ten different precious medicines there disappeared overnight. The majority of them were more than five-thousand-year old, all priceless.

Their Fifth Brother, a half-step Giant on the verge of breaking through, stayed up the whole night without blinking. Alas, they got stolen right under his nose.

Ling Yun almost vomited blood after hearing this and passed out. Two students had to carry him inside.

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Divine King's mansion.

Feiyun was drinking tea on top of a jade chair in the main hall with eighteen eunuchs and eight maids serving him. This was an entourage worthy of his position.

Feiyun has been waiting for someone since sunrise.

He slightly looked up at the sun and wondered: 'Why the hell is this Ningshuai guy taking so long? Given his cowardly disposition, he would certainly rat me out if he were captured. I just need to deny everything then.'

Suddenly, he sniffed an elegant fragrance at the tip of his nose.

He looked around and tapped the teacup twice: "Everyone, take leave."

The eunuchs and maids performed a goodbye ceremony before leaving.

Feiyun picked up his teacup, bringing it near his lips before smirking: "Hongyan'er, come out now."

A ripple fluctuated in the air to reveal a slender figure. It became clearer and clearer until a girl in white fully came into being with her draping black hair and eyes as bright as two moons. The scene was as beautiful as can be.

Nangong Hongyan said: "My Invisible Cloth should have blocked all auras, even a Giant can't detect me. How did you?"

Feiyun smiled: "How could I if you didn't purposely release a strand of aura?"

She indeed purposely made her entry known earlier, albeit in a discrete manner so that he would tell everyone else to leave.

"Hmph. No need to play smart in front of me. Where did Xiaoxiang go?" She scowled.

His expression darkened: "She left, for real this time."

"Where to?" She asked instantly.

Feiyun shook his head: "Chasing after what she wants, perhaps we'll see her again, or not."

Though she didn't fully understand the answer, she knew that he wouldn't lie to her about this issue.

He looked up in the sky and added: "Hongyan, the capital is too chaotic. I have the feeling that the emperor will abdicate within half a month. The new coronation will bring about an unprecedented storm. We don't have control right now, so you should leave early."

"I won't." She said firmly.

“Why not?”

“Why should I if you aren’t?” She answered unyieldingly, coming from a place of love.

Feiyun pondered a bit before speaking: “I’ll be leaving too once the new emperor is in place. I’ll hand over the Divine King position then go look for you.”

Hongyan was keen enough to grasp the situation: “Will the new emperor let you leave so easily?”

“I naturally have my own plans and methods, but you need to leave first so I can do it without any worries. Just go wherever you want.” He spoke with absolute confidence.

His tone suddenly became soft: “Hongyan, let’s leave this chaotic dynasty after finding my parents. We’ll show them just how pretty their daughter-in-law is. Surely they’ll be dumbstruck with excitement.”

Hongyan had an embarrassed smile while actually looking forward to it. Alas, her attention shifted to something else - she only had three of the five divine garments right now, missing the Regal Dragon Robe and Nalan Buddhist Robe.

This coronation was the best chance to steal the former, so how could she miss this opportunity?