

Sprit Vessel 541

[Chapter 541: Fallen Genius](#)

From the outside looking in, the mansion of the king looked quite serene, no different from an ordinary day.

The black walls and majestic gate were still there. Guards with arrows and sentry towers were ready with beasts flying overhead.

All of this was an illusion.

The towering walls have crumbled; the palaces a complete mess with corpses everywhere. Not a single eunuch and maid were left alive. Even the hired cultivators have been assassinated.

The old followers of the previous Divine King were dead as well. Blood gathered in the pond and turned the color red. This was a scene of hell without the screams because no one was alive.

No one could imagine how the mighty mansion had fallen.

Anyone who entered the mansion for any reason would be eliminated instantly. No living being shall enter nor get out.

Long Shenya was feeling quite good standing from a high vantage point watching the whole thing. Grasping the lives of others in his hand was an amazing feeling. He found himself becoming a god looking down at the world.

“You’re all suicidal for going against me. Die already.” He was quite handsome with a strong, eagle-like nose. He held a jade ruler looking like his symbol of authority.

The air rippled nearby and a black-cloak old man walked out. He had a Black Tortoise Stick and was in a foul mood.

“Feng Feiyun activated the seals of the Divine Kings so we lost many excellent assassins, one was a supreme elder, a Giant. Five were half-step Giants, all died for nothing.”

Top assassins were hard to train. Grooming a half-step assassin was three times harder than three ordinary half-steps and required more resources. Grooming a Giant took it to a whole new level.

Even the greatest assassin organization in Jin couldn’t handle the losses.

Long Shenya’s eyes batted as he said insipidly: “There are only seven seals, he had used six now. Just make him use the last and kill him.”

The old man sneered: “The last seal is from the first king, unbelievably strong. Whoever comes will die, you can tell your death squad to go suicide first then!”

Shenya snorted back: “We have lost many experts too, don’t tell me you assassins are afraid of death.”

“Assassins do not fear death, but that does not mean we go to our death for no reason.”

Shenya contemplated before smirking: “We just need to get through this one last seal, can’t we just send some random fodders?”

“Not that easy. Regular experts aren’t his match. Only half-steps and up can force him to use a seal. The half-steps I brought with me are almost all dead, I’m not telling another to go and die.” The old man coldly uttered, not expecting the heavy losses from just trying to kill Feng Feiyun. He didn’t know what he will be telling the palace master after coming back. No more losses from now on.

Shenya knew about the true power of the king’s faction than anyone. Once they found out what was going on, they would come to help. All would be for naught then.

“Call the Fire God Camp, tell them to turn the mansion into a river of lava in one hour.” He gave the order.

The old man’s eyes flashed. He had heard of the five camps of the Beiming Clan. They were the most mysterious and strongest forces of this clan, existing since the clan’s foundation. The most destructive one was the Fire God.

Their legends were written everywhere, albeit in only bits and pieces. Many believed they were only rumors.

One stated that the clan recruited from all over the world, taking only half-step Giants into the five camps.

The leader of the camp was a Super Giant while each camp had less than one hundred people, all true masters. Of course, they needed to be powerful since they were the protectors of the Beiming’s five mountains.

The coming of the Fire God Camp meant that this place was about to be refined.

Feiyun was covered in blood; his robe was stained red long ago. Blood dripped down his cheeks but he remained undaunted.

In the distant, specters were roaming around nonstop. Of course, they weren’t ghosts but rather assassins and members of the Beiming Clan.

Nevertheless, these assassins were frightened; the death squad members overwhelmed with fear.

They didn’t dare to come forward because too many of their men have fallen to him today. If it wasn’t for the poison melting away the corpses, there would be a mountain of them.

The weaker ones were afraid of Feiyun’s weapon essence.

The stronger ones were afraid of his king’s seal.

“Click, clack.” A figure came out from the fog, his appearance became clearer.

This was a very young assassin, dressed in a shabby manner while lifting a rusty saber.

Du Shougao, the greatest young assassin of the palace, fifth on the lower historical list.

He stood there calmly without any murderous intent. However, he exuded a chilling aura. The murderous intent has been refined and ingrained in his body.

“Want to kill someone now? Find Du Shougao.” Feiyun recited his defining phrase.

Feiyun didn’t think this guy was an assassin because an assassin would never kill anyone so openly on top of revealing their true face. On top of that, none would give up after one slash.

The guy would never slash again if the first one failed. He was an assassin with rules and principles.

Of course, this showed his self-confidence but someone like this was not suitable to be an assassin. He wouldn’t survive for that long.

The two of them stood ten meters away, facing each other. Shougao looked just like an ordinary person as he said: “This will be my third attempt.”

Despite a lack of aura, Feiyun could sense an eruption happening in his body. No one could speculate how terrifying the next slash will be.

“And you will fail just like before.” Feiyun was also very confident in himself.

“Have to try and see.” Shougao’s sword became animated and dazzling. A layer of frost appeared out of nowhere.

He looked like an unsheathed divine sword, ready to kill all existences.

Feiyun relaxed his pores and the weapon essence turned into a spear. It also illuminated as he posed without moving.

Ningshuai and Cangyue weren’t far from there. They felt the urgency as if the air was being frozen.

“Such pure murderous intent, that’s why he’s the best assassin of the young generation.” Ningshuai got goosebumps all over.

Despite being a first-rate escape artist, he would definitely die in one slash to Shougao.

“It’s a shame that he’s facing Feiyun.” Cangyue said.

“Feiyun’s cultivation is higher than Shougao by a little bit, but he’s not as good as killing.”

“You underestimate Feiyun too much. If he could be killed so easily, he would have died to me a thousand times over.” Cangyue couldn’t see through Feiyun, thinking that the guy had a big secret.

Ningshuai gave her a strange stare, unaware of the feud between the two of them. He thought to himself: ‘What? Why do all the fiancée want to kill their fiancé?’

At this moment, the two combatants attacked at the same time like two lightning bolts crossing the sky. It only took the blink of an eye before the flash disappeared.

They returned to the initial spots except they have switched side.

“Clank.” Du Shougao’s sword crumbled and fell to the ground.

This one move decided the winner on top of declaring a death sentence.

His head had been severed by the weapon essence. Alas, this weapon was too sharp so it remained on his neck, not even showing a string of blood.

A sad wind came about and blew the snowflakes on him. After multiple layers of frost, he turned into a never-falling statue.

“The best young assassin... Feiyun took him down...” Ningshuai’s eyes were about to come out of their socket.

Feiyun’s neck had a shallow cut as well, only skin-deep. He explained: “My speed is faster than his, but his unsheathing is faster than me. That’s a top assassin for you. I won because my weapon was sharper and destroyed his sword. Otherwise, I would be the one dead right now.”

Feiyun stared at the standing corpse with respect. This name shall be remembered because not too many assassins would choose this open style.

This was the end of a historical genius. Nevertheless, he still had a burial of ice, much better than the outcome of other cultivators.

The path of cultivation was a sad one. Even the most talented and wondrous could die in the wild, their corpses eaten by dogs. Even the most beautiful of an era would eventually wither and become an ugly old woman, beaten by time.

World-renowned sages - bones under the mud. Fair-skinned fairy - gray hair grandma, abandoned by all and died alone in their room.

Life was both unexpected and full of sadness.

The path towards immortality was shrouded in a mist, how many people could actually find the way?

Because of this, Feiyun remained unmoved. He could be the one dying tomorrow on this cruel path. Thus, he lived every day to the fullest and enjoyed all pleasure so that he could die without regrets.

[Chapter 542: The Shocked Capital](#)

The air became hot as the ground cracked as a visible rate. Water vapor eventually turned into white mist.

The assassins and death squad members in the sad mansion began to retreat. The radius became quiet, frighteningly quiet.

“What’s going on? Is lava about to ooze out?” Ningshuai’s shoes ignited into flame so he got them off. But next, his trousers were burning as well. His bare feet were sizzling on the ground.

Cangyue’s eyes flashed as she stared at the sky, recognizing a burning flame above the boundless horizon. It scorched with an unbelievable temperature and was on a downward trajectory just like a meteor.

The temperature increased, suffocating all combatants. They felt as if the sky was caving in.

The entire capital could finally sense this as if they were inside a cauldron; the world itself was being refined.

Powerful cultivators looked up and saw the falling sun. The capital was the cauldron and the world was on the verge of becoming lava.

Cangyue took a deep breath: "Incinerating Flame Grand Formation by numerous seniors. They want to refine the entire mansion."

Feiyun's knowledge about Jin was limited to the books, not a match for an elite from a clan like her. He asked: "What is it?"

Ningshuai's legs were trembling with fear: "This is a forbidden formation that can destroy everything. It had only happened three times in the history of Jin, and killed a pseudo Enlightened Being in one of them. The reason why Earthchild Prefecture has a scorched land for 800 miles is because of this formation. It's still burning right now for over a thousand years."

"It would disappear without a trace afterward, no one knows where it came from." Her expression hardened.

"Looks like we're done for." Ningshuai couldn't smile at this moment, feeling weak all over.

Feiyun continued: "Even the seal left by the first king can't break it?"

"The king himself might not be able to get out alive." She said.

The power of heat soared and rose. The soil and mud were on fire now. The palaces made out of wood have been rendered to ashes.

This was an apocalyptic scene with the sky red. Lava oozed out of the ground to melt the place.

"Who?! Why do they hate me so much?! If I know who they are, I swear I'll rob the graves of their eighteen generations of ancestors!" Ningshuai shouted at the sky.

Cangyue sneered: "They want to kill me and Feiyun, this has nothing to do with you."

Ningshuai started to cry: "Ah! I knew I got dragged into this. I've always been a good thief, obeying the laws, honest, a truly sincere man. You guys are the real criminals here, bringing me down..."

Feiyun interrupted: "It's not hard to find the real masterminds. Take out your most important possessions, the ones that show your identity. Most importantly, they must be able to withstand this formation."

"Why? We're about to die and you still want to rob me?" Ningshuai took two steps back.

Cangyue took out a jade piece and gave it to him: "Jin Emperor gave this to me after I returned to the palace, a jade representing my status as a princess. Refined by Divine Round Jade and has a formation carved by the emperor on top. It shouldn't be destroyed."

Ningshuai grimaced for half a day before taking out an earring. This was meticulously crafted with a tiny ruby engraved on top, filled with talismans and runes: "This is Honglian's earring, our promise present. Even an Enlightened Being can't refine it. Feng Feiyun, if you're greedy for it, watch it or a Heavenly Execution will strike you down."

Feiyun took both of them before throwing into the ocean of fire.

Ningshuai's jaw dropped to the ground and gripped Feiyun's neck: "I'm gonna kill you, damn prodigal son! If Honglian knows that I've lost our promise present, she'll kill me too!"

Feiyun calmly took out the King's Order and threw it there too.

The other two were astonished, not knowing if the guy had gone mad.

At this moment, the mansion was engulfed by the flame. The area started melting; corpses and blood were ashes now.

They naturally didn't need to use the Fire God Camp to deal with these juniors. However, leaving some clues behind would be problematic so they needed to destroy all pieces of evidence.

Though many people knew of the Fire God Camp's existence, they didn't know that this formation came from them.

The mansion was now an ocean of lava. All have disappeared and the lava began floating into the small streets.

This was impossible to hide so the experts all over the capital rushed over.

The Beiming Clan and the assassin organization have left, leaving only behind the aftermath of destruction.

"The Divine King's mansion has been refined by Incinerating Flame Grand Formation. Not a single person is alive." This news shocked the entire capital.

It spread to the Yin Gou Clan then the imperial palace to all of the great powers in Jin.

Feiyun and the other two walked towards the dragon vein, more than one thousand meters underground. They could still feel the mud being melted by the terrible heat.

"That formation sealed the entire space, even the ground itself. Luckily, you're good with formations and used your weapon essence to rip a hole, or we would be dead right now." Long Cangyue felt as if she had just survived a disaster.

Ningshuai was laughing more heartily than anyone: "If it's not for my Heaven Hammer and Earth Awl causing chaos in the formation, how can Feiyun do anything?"

The three of them spent great effort breaking a hole through the formation to escape underground.

Feiyun continued forward: "The enemy going all out like that, it must have something to do with the throne."

Long Cangyue pondered as well. It was either Princess Luofu or Long Shenyang's camp.

Princess Luofu had a deal with Feiyun and wanted to use him to go against Long Shenyang. She naturally didn't want him to die. The answer became obvious.

Ningshuai didn't care too much about other stuff: "I'm curious, if you knew that we could have escape, why did you throw away our items? Even your King's Order?! Damn!"

The thing that truly pained him was his promise present. This was also a rare treasure; someone else was going to pick it up...

Feiyun said: "So that everyone will think we're dead."

The other two were smart enough and understood his intention.

Ningshuai clapped and said: "I see, I see, the enemies will drop their guard after thinking we're dead. Once we're out, we can take care of them so easily. Blood for blood, I'm gonna rob them till they can't vomit blood anymore... Cough, I mean, borrow."

Long Cangyue disagreed: "No need for that. The first to get to the scene and find our items, that's the culprit."

"Why do you say that? Others can get there first as well. Like our Honglian, she'll be the first to come running after hearing about the destruction. When she sees the earring, sigh, she'll be so heartbroken..." Ningshuai became so excited after thinking about how Honglian would cry for him.

It was because he was always the one crying, now it was finally her turn.

Feiyun shook his head: "That won't happen. The culprits will be waiting nearby, they care the most about whether we're dead or not. Only by finding our symbolic items would they be able to rest. Others can't be faster."

"Who then?" Ningshuai still had no clue: "Oh, where was your cousin all of this time? Is she alright?"

Feiyun smiled and said: "You'll see her in a little bit."

[Chapter 543: Upheaval](#)

The Incinerating Flame Grand Formation's re-appearance destroying the mansion was a shocking development.

"I've been thinking that something big will happen soon, so spot on. Can't believe the Divine King's mansion was destroyed. Looks like the chaos is spreading here too."

"What a shame for a generational genius, dead just like that, not a single bone remained."

"You're talking about the demon's son, Feng Feiyun?"

"Right. This person has an extraordinary gift, just needing four to five years before being able to contest against the older historical geniuses, no, it's pretty much unprecedented. Just imagine what could have been?"

"Being too talented will bring about jealousy, no one will let him mature. This sudden death is predictable."

...

Everywhere were discussions about the crime earlier.

"Someone found the King's Order from the lava, still with demon blood. Even the flame couldn't burn this particular blood."

"Feiyun's life was worth living, extremely talented and became the King before hitting twenty, even the prettiest in the world is in love with him. That's a death with no regrets."

“I heard Nangong Hongyan ran there and saw people from the Beiming Clan fishing up the King’s Order and nearly fainted on the spot. She left in full dejection.”

“Princess Yue died too. When her princess jade got found and brought to the palace, I heard Consort Ji dropped down and vomited blood, still bedridden right now.”

Not just the capital but the other great powers far away got this information as well.

Beastmaster Camp, a sacred ground of Buddhism.

A place with verdant hills and green waters - Buddhist temples and pagodas. The bells were ringing in this place covered in mist and fog.

In a particular hall, Nalan Xuejian held the messaging jade and cried her heart out before running outside.

Monk Jiu Rou stopped her and said: “I knew that brat wouldn’t live long, just like my calculation..”

“It’s because of you cursing him every day before Buddha! It’s all your fault, how are you going to make it up to me?!” Tears dripped down her fair cheeks.

“That brat is a scourge, a woman-killer. His death will only bring peace. Will you cultivate Buddhism with me now?” It has been an hour since the news of Feiyun’s death and the monk almost broke his jaw from laughing.

“He’s definitely not dead! Not before his time!” She whimpered.

“How do you know?”

“He wouldn’t leave without telling me in my dream, he wouldn’t do that without saying goodbye to me... That’s impossible...”

Having said that, she leaped for the wall, head-first, eyes full of despair.

However, she didn’t slam on the wall but rather the monk’s stomach.

He looked at her appearance and lamented to himself: ‘Poor, idiotic child.’

He consoled: “If he didn’t tell you in your dream, it means that he’s not dead, so why try to seek death?”

Her tears flowed even more. She bit her lips and pitifully said: “He knows I’m afraid of ghosts so he doesn’t want to scare me, that must be why he didn’t let me know. He, he might actually be dead...”

“If you’re afraid of ghost, then stop thinking about the kid. I’m getting afraid myself the more we talk about him.” The monk said.

“I’m not afraid right now...” She became pale, not a single tinge of pink was found on her cheeks.

“Because it’s daylight...” The monk suddenly realized something and grabbed her shoulders: “Little girl, you!”

“Of course I won’t be afraid since I’ll be joining him... He probably hasn’t gone very far yet, if I’m... lucky, we’ll meet.. Along the Yellow River... At that time... I’ll definitely surprise and scare him... cough... haha...” Blood dripped out the corner of her smile as her pretty eyes slowly closed.

The monk grabbed her wrist and found it cold. Her meridians and veins were destroyed as her life was passing away. Only the six Buddhist relics inside her were still bright. Alas, their light was dimming as well.

“What a foolish child, foolish beyond cure...” The monk shook his head and took out a dazzling pill to put it in her mouth. He gathered a massive amount of Buddhist energy and placed his hand on her back to stimulate the life force in the relics.

Outside the capital was a sea of white garments, even whiter than the snow, and sadder.

A sad bell echoed across the city. The death of a Divine King and a princess meant a great funeral.

“How lamentable! The peerless Divine King Feng was unprecedentedly talented but passed away too early, a great loss to Jin and the court...” Beiming Moshou wore a white hat and began to cry and lament, sighing at the sky. It was as if his own father had died.

The other officials had a serious expression; some also cried just like Beiming Moshou.

“Princess Yue, elegant and magnificent, have been harmed by villains. I heard Consort Ji is still bedridden, so I specifically brought a 6,000-year-old violet lingzhi, hoping that it can help her become better and forget the sorrow.” Moshou said with a sad expression before giving a root exuding a violet glow to the main eunuch of the palace.

Long Shenya wore a bitter expression and was on the verge of sobbing: “Little Sister Cangyue never got a chance to stay in the capital and experienced much hardship during her youth. Who would have thought that this would happen before she could enjoy life here...”

He paused a bit, unable to speak, before continuing: “I came running after hearing the news but it was too late and could only found her jade seal.”

“Crown Prince, is your hand alright?” A marquis asked with concern.

His hand was full of burn marks with flames still ravaging it. He spread his robe and revealed the injuries and more flames on the upper-half of his body. He whimpered again: “I tried my best, but I couldn’t save my little sister...”

The officials began consoling him. His mood eventually got better and was replaced with fury: “If I find out who the mastermind behind this is, I will make them pay with blood!”

“Why are you looking at me?” Princess Luofu scowled.

Long Shenya said: “I investigated right away, many people saw you coming out of the Divine King’s mansion before the fact.”

This comment stirred the crowd. Everyone glanced over at Princess Luofu.

Beiming Moshou said with a serious tone: "Crown Prince, this statement can't be made lightly."

Shenya continued: "Grand Chancellor, I am not baseless here. Luofu, did you or did you not leave that mansion early morning today?"

She met everyone's gazes: "I did."

"Why were you there?" He interrogated.

"..." The princess had no response.

"Isn't this too much of a coincidence? What's your explanation for secretly leaving the western gate of the mansion?" He repeated.

She naturally couldn't reveal that she had slept with Feng Feiyun last night. How was she going to explain this, thus, she only stood there silently.

The aged Grand Preceptor, Dongfang Hanlin, coughed and said: "The western gate is desolate with no inhabitants, how do you know that she left from that entrance?"

"Well..." Shenya naturally couldn't say that he had surrounded the mansion by that point. He powerfully said: "Nothing can be kept a secret forever. Luofu thought that her cultivation and stealth were good enough to trick everyone, but people still found out. There is no escaping from justice."

Her expression turned cold: "You think I am the one who gave the order to destroy the mansion?"

"I didn't say that, but I did find out that you and Northern Frontier, Yin Void Cave, and Solar Immortal Sect from Earthchild are very close. Who doesn't know that Solar is the greatest sect in the world at using fire?" Having said that, Shenya got on his knees and addressed the emperor: "These are all just speculations of mine, but my little sister can't die in vain. Emperor, please investigate this and do not let the murderers leave the capital alive."

It didn't take long before Princess Luofu became the prime suspect.

Beiming Moshou also stepped forward: "I'm sure that this has nothing to do with the princess. The Crown Prince is just grief-stricken and emotional right now so his words are out of line."

"Luofu, what do you have to say?" The emperor asked.

"I have nothing to do with the massacre at the mansion." The princess answered.

Moshou asked again: "What about the groom selection tomorrow, do we..."

"Just as before. The funerals for the Divine King and Princess Yue will commence afterward."

Luofu's expression soured, this meant that the emperor had suspected her.

Of course, the emperor wasn't foolish enough to think that she was the one who had done it after hearing a few words from Moshou and Shenya.

Nevertheless, this was a slap to the royal family's face. The world would laugh at them, so the groom selection was necessary as a distraction.

This event must carry on and the groom no longer mattered. Most importantly, she had lost in the competition for the throne.

Though no one could prove that she was the killer, the skepticism and suspicion were there. It was useless even if the emperor believed in her innocence. She wouldn't have enough support after sitting on the throne.

Thus, he had no choice but to abandon her. Finally, he ordered the Three Directors and Nine Ministers to take care of the groom selection while raising the stake. The winner would have the chance to become the new Divine King as well.

The capital became lively again with this grand event and fewer people talked about the massacre. What was the point talking about the dead?

Marrying the prettiest princess on top of becoming the Divine King? All prodigies felt their blood boiling with excitement.

The seniors from the great powers also began their preparation, taking out their best treasures and weapons - the ones strong enough to destroy a sect - all to win this incoming battle.

[Chapter 544: Divine River Guard](#)

There existed an old spirit-stone store in the Jin Capital. It resembled an old fortress and exuded a sad aura. Around five workers sat around a small smelter, watching a pile of ores of various sizes.

Spirit stones were an essential type of resources in the cultivation world. Everyone needed them after reaching a particular level. The subdivisions and stores that sold spirit stones always had big powers backing them.

However, this particular one looked quite shabby, making others skeptical about its business.

Tonight, two shadows landed right outside; their feet not touching the ground. They wore big bamboo hats that covered their face. The runes carved on them prevented divine intents from spying.

"This place?" The shorter one asked.

"That's right." The muscular one quietly answered. One could tell that he was still quite young.

All workers stared at these two customers. One round-faced worker with a gray robe ran over. His clumsy pace indicated his weak cultivation.

He was up there in age and grew up to be tall and thin. He smiled cheerfully: "Sirs, our store is closed, please come back tomorrow!"

"Boom!" The muscular man suddenly attacked. His five fingers lit up with more than ten thousand waves of violet energy shot out like an ocean towards the worker's chest.

There was no warning! This was definitely an expert at the fourth level of Heaven's Mandate at least. This strike was strong enough to crush a small hill.

The energy waves connected but acted like boulders being thrown into the ocean. All the energy disappeared without a trace.

If anyone else were to see this, they would be scared out of their mind. Just a regular worker was this powerful, easily dispelling an attack from a fourth-level cultivator? This meant that he must at least be at the half-step level.

A half-step was normally a big shot in this region, why would he be willing to work in this shabby place?

It meant that there were secrets hidden in this particular store. It wasn't large with only around twenty workers. However, the most ordinary-looking one was already so powerful, what about the rest then?

The smelter was still burning but everyone stopped their task, turning their sharp gaze towards the two intruders.

"Whoosh!" It only took one second for the workers to completely surround the two.

One person closed the main entrance. A primordial cosmic formation originated from the gate and enveloped the entire place with an invisible barrier.

The two intruders stood there calmly, looking quite cool.

The first worker patted the dust off his chest. The smile was gone now, replaced by a murderous intent as he interrogated: "Who are you?"

A cauldron appeared above him with more than ten thousand green rays coming out. This massive aura froze the air.

The muscular one replied: "The sun is beyond the sky vault."

These words seemed like a spell, causing all the "workers" to look at each other with a surprised expression.

A wooden door inside the place opened. An old man wearing a worn-out robe full of patches came out. His hair was white with a beard long enough to touch the ground. However, his skin was as smooth as a baby; his eyes brighter than the stars. He quietly asked: "Where the galaxy presides. You are?"

Feiyun took off his black hat and posed with both hands behind his back. He looked around and said: "You are the captain of the Divine River Forbidden Guard?"

These two mysterious men were naturally Feng Feiyun and Bi Ningshuai. They immediately came here after leaving the dragon vein.

This store was a secret location known only by the Divine Kings.

"Greetings, Your Excellency!" The old man lowered his head while the rest of the workers got on their knees with reverence.

Each sect always had hidden ace cards that normally never saw the light of day, for example, the five camps of the Beiming.

These mysterious forces were loyal like trained death-squad soldiers. They wouldn't appear until an existential crisis had occurred.

The Divine King faction has been around for six thousand years. Each king was an amazing character who secretly trained these forces. Otherwise, how were they going to control the entire dynasty?

The three marquises and the martial army were only the very surfaces of a great glacier. If a power wanted to survive, they couldn't display everything in full view.

The Divine River Forbidden Guard were loyalists trained by the seventh-generation king, Long Chuanfeng. Few in number but powerful.

Of course, these workers were only one part of this guard. The rest maintained different facade and status; only the Divine King could summon them. All in all, there were about fifty men; all masters among masters.

"Your servant's name is Qu Changyin, the current captain of this generation." The old man still bowed without lifting his head.

Feiyun's eyes lit ablaze as he utilized the phoenix gaze to look at the old man. He couldn't see the guy's cultivation, meaning that he was a Giant.

There were few Giants since normally, only one out of ten half-steps would reach the next level.

For example, the Fire God Camp of the Beiming were all half-steps and up but they had less than ten Giants. This was the most powerful ace card of the Beiming, a top power in Jin. From this, one could see how rare Giants were.

"Everyone, you may rise." Feiyun ordered.

Changyin said: "Your Excellency, this way please."

Feiyun nodded and followed him. However, Ningshuai was blocked out. Changyin asked with a serious tone: "Your Excellency, who is this man?"

"It's fine, let him in." Feiyun casually replied.

Remember, the Divine River was only one branch of the faction's hidden powers.

There had been seven kings, and Divine River was only the organization created by the seventh.

The former six have also started their own secret forces that have lasted till the present. The strongest among them have existed for six thousand years, just how strong was it now?

Nevertheless, Feiyun wasn't worried about their loyalty. The kings weren't idiots. If they couldn't trust these people to protect their descendants, they wouldn't have chosen them and established certain rules to maintain the status quo.

This was the reason why Feiyun brought Ningshuai along without fear.

"Your Excellency, how did you make it out?" The old man asked.

Feiyun told a short version: "That's what happened. Oh right, who was the first to come to the mansion?"

"I came running after noticing the development, but the mansion was already a sea of lava by that point. I saw the Crown Prince and a few cultivators from the Beiming Clan there first. They found the King's Order then."

"Long Shenya, huh." Feiyun sneered.

"Motherfucker!" Ningshuai slapped his thigh and said.

Feiyun asked again: "Where is the King's Order right now?"

"Shenya gave it to the Jin Emperor so it's at the palace. However, everyone thought you were dead, Your Excellency, so the emperor has ordered that the winner of the groom selection has a chance to become the next Divine King."

In order to become the Divine King and control the order, one must perform the ceremonial rite at the shrine, then with the help of the royal ancestors, this person would do the blood recognition ceremony next.

"When is it?" Feiyun said.

"Tomorrow will be the first day." The old man responded.

Feiyun's eyes shifted around, seemingly contemplating.

The old man asked: "Do you wish to meet the emperor to take the order back?"

"No, the capital's situation is complicated and dangerous, even the emperor can't control it right now. I might be able to get the order back, but everyone else will know that I'm still alive. My murderers will continue the pursuit so nothing good will come out of it." He deduced.

"You mean?"

"Stay in the shadows and watch the developments."

"Wouldn't the winner of the competition become the new Divine King?"

"Then I'll join in at that point to seize the role again."

Of course he needed to participate, mainly because of Princess Luofu.

It was fine to reveal his identity at that point. Furthermore, people also thought that Princess Yue had died. Thus, it was logical for him, the Divine King, to want to marry another princess.

[Chapter 545: Numerous Monsters](#)

Feiyun naturally had his own plans. If Beiming Moshou wanted to play, he'll entertain him till the very end.

He and Ningshuai went their separate ways after leaving the spirit stone store.

The thief naturally wanted to see Xie Honglian after such a big event. Who knows what she could be doing right now?

Feiyun also wanted to see someone, wondering if she was still here at the capital.

While they were down in the dragon vein, Feiyun had taken another essence pill so his cultivation had soared. This pill was only at the fourth rank so just refining one wasn't enough to break through.

Nevertheless, he wasn't far from the fourth level of Heaven's Mandate at all. He took in another pill while heading for Supreme Beauty.

'Probably five pills and I'll be at the fourth level, who will be able to stop me among the young generation then?' He thought.

The main street in the capital was still covered in snow and the rays of the moon. Feiyun stood before Supreme Beauty with a long shadow behind him.

Tomorrow was the groom competition so all the geniuses were preoccupied. The normally lively pavilion looked deserted now.

"Whoosh!" Feiyun flashed into disappearance before emerging again below a floating palace.

In the red hall was a lamp. When Feiyun got there, it extinguished right away.

"He's here, right below." Hongyan wanted to rush out but stopped herself at the door.

"I thought he was dead?" Xue Wu asked.

Hongyan shook her head: "I can sense his aura."

"Then why don't you go out and see him? You know your heart wants it, hiding here isn't your style."

Hongyan had a complicated look in her eyes and shook her head again. She took out a sealed box and said: "Take this to him."

Feiyun waited outside in spite of the chilling winds. A while later, a red figure landed down from above. Black hair, white skin, incredible figure - a temptress.

Xue Wu smiled, a sound that could rob the heart and inhibition of men. Her thin waist swayed back and forth as she walked over: "Everyone thought Your Excellency was dead, but no one knows how hard it is to kill a villain."

Her shoulders were naked, exuding a sweet fragrance and temptation.

Feiyun ignored the joke: "Where is Hongyan? Why is she not coming out to see me?"

"Big Sis had left the pavilion." She gently touched Feiyun's face with her soft hand, seemingly without bones.

"To where?"

"I don't know, she left too quickly, leaving behind only this box to give to you." She answered in a dull manner before taking the box out.

It was made out of extremely rare metal with a red color, covered with a seal on top with the shape of a spider and a white glow.

Feiyun's eyes became serious. He took it and wanted to break the seal.

"No, wait. She said that you can only open this during the most perilous and desperate moment. It's useless opening it now, you must listen!" She quickly stopped him.

Feiyun looked at her then the floating palace: "Alright, I won't. Did Hongyan tell you anything else?"

"No?" She smiled.

"Really?"

Xue Wu replied: "Oh! Sister said, don't forget about your promise. Men who do not keep their words are not good men. And, what promise did you two make? Don't tell me it's about eloping?"

"I can't tell you." Feiyun chuckled before looking at the palace again, feeling slightly disappointed before leaving.

"Eloping! Eloping!" Xue Wu laughed and repeated.

Nangong Hongyan's white dress was perfectly clean; her figure impeccable like a goddess.

The sharp, chilling winds carved into this beauty full of schemes and love.

No one knew how lonely she was; the only thing greater than this was her love. She was a woman who wanted a shoulder to lean on, like a tired bird wanting a nest amidst the storm.

She watched Feiyun's back as he was leaving and didn't move at all just like a gorgeous sculpture.

As he was leaving, he could faintly hear the sound of the zither, beautiful beyond words. It was as if she was becoming one with him, granting him warmth and love - akin to a soldier barely surviving the battlefield to return to his home and his wife's embrace.

There was no way to describe this sensation - pure bliss and happiness.

Feiyun stopped for a long time to try to listen to the zither and her voice. He was covered in snow before the song ended and finally left.

"More than half of all the geniuses in Jin will participate, more than ten historical geniuses and countless young kings."

"The enrollment was today and there were some strange experts. I think they're from the other dynasties."

"It's just noon and more than ten thousand prodigies from all over the world have joined."

The stage was set in the capital city, organized by the Three Directors and Nine Ministers. This was indeed a potential storm.

Many battle-crazed monsters left their isolated cultivation to join the gathering of heroes.

“Historical geniuses aren’t necessarily unbeatable at the same level.” Ji Feng wore a white daoist robe while holding a whisker, looking transcending like an immortal. His third eye could gather the power of the moon.

No one could handle a single move from him. Twelve combatants have been defeated by him at noon.

Though he wasn’t a historical genius, his combat abilities looked even greater.

Another character shocked the scene with his black wings and four hands. The guy had a mysterious background on top of being at the fifth level. He wasn’t a historical genius either but strong enough to handle ten moves from a half-step without losing.

This meant that historical geniuses weren’t necessarily the big shots among the young generation.

This title only indicated their talents and potential, not their current strength.

A historical genius that had cultivated for ten years might not be stronger than a heaven-defying genius who had cultivated for thirty. In Jin, anyone below the age of fifty was considered part of the young generation.

Another mysterious contender appeared a while later. This one had a body made out of mud, not much taller than one-and-a-half meter. A cloud floated above him and the ground touched by his step would turn into mud.

A peak fifth-level from the last generation wanted to figure him out with a provocation. This guy got turned into a pool of blood from a single palm strike to his chest. This was another unfathomable prodigy that was unknown to everyone.

Jin was large with many inhabitants. Many ancient sects were hidden in the mountains and marshes, not interacting with others for several thousand years. The appearance of these prodigies wasn’t too surprising.

There were plenty of monsters around, such as Little Demoness. She didn’t need to try and still had a matchless cultivation speed.

Ultimately, battle prowess wasn’t only determined by cultivation talents. A few people with strong will and special merit laws could catch up to the historical geniuses.

These new monsters were nearly as strong as half-step Giants; all the historical geniuses felt pressured after seeing them.

“Dongfang Jingshui is here too? He wants to marry Princess Luofu and become the next king?” Someone shouted in astonishment.

Jingshui was imposing with an evil city floating above him. He smiled and said: “How can I miss this gathering of heroes? I don’t care about the princess and the king’s position, only wanting to find an opponent who can take me on!”

Truly arrogant! Many prodigies weren’t convinced.

One of them signaled and an old escort behind him jumped out and unleashed a strike with seven dragon-tigers.

Jingshui retaliated, successfully repelling the old man.

“Damn! Dongfang Jingshui can take on a half-step now!”

People glanced at each other. That’s the number one of the Yin Gou for you. Who can actually take him down when he was so strong?

Nevertheless, the truly formidable combatants only became excited after seeing Jingshui’s display of strength. They wanted to fight him as soon as possible so their auras surged too.

“Haha! Today is only the sign-up day. We’ll fight on the stage, as long as you are qualified to do so.” Jingshui boldly left.

“Cousin, looks like Dongfang Jingshui is at the fifth-level too, he’ll be a tough rival for you.” Long Shenyua smiled and said.

Beiming Potian opened his eyes, emitting a terrible glint and confidence: “My victory is assured. I’ll stomp down both Dongfang Jingshui and Li Xiaonan.”

The first day was exciting due to the level of competition. All were at the top of the young generation.

Feiyun also came by to sign up in the evening with the name, Feng Ergou.

[Chapter 546: Underground Gambling Ring](#)

After just three days, more than one hundred thousand participants have entered. These were the top members of the young generation; all had amazing cultivation.

Jin had never experienced such an event. Ultimately, each prefecture and county were gigantic with numerous talents, too hard to gather all of them to the capital.

However, after the astronomical phenomenon, masters from reclusive clans have decided to come out with their young disciples.

Because the enrollment far exceeded expectation, the elimination stage was no longer suitable.

Just imagine, waiting for a one-on-one match for this sheer number? Just how many years would it take to decide?

Thus, someone else came up with the elite system. It consisted of ten stages in the capital, each with a stage master.

After each day, the last man standing would pass the first round. Thus, they could find ten true elites each day; ten days, one hundred elites.

These one hundred elites would qualified for the next round.

Of course, this type of test was unfair for many people but it would definitely find the strongest of the one hundred. No one weak would be able to pass the test.

The losers would still be able to participate at another stage on the same day, or join again tomorrow.

The competition was fierce due to the limited space of the stage and time limit. Many people needed to seize this opportunity.

Just getting on the stage was hard so many were already camping at the capital.

Not everyone wanted to marry Princess Luofu and become the next Divine King. They were aware of their own limit compared to the top prodigies. They simply wanted to achieve something on stage in order to raise their value and be recruited by the great powers. From then on, there would be more resources for cultivation.

If recruited by the four great clans, that's akin to a carp becoming a dragon.

Feiyun didn't participate just yet and continued to refine the third essence pill back at his secret store.

This was a fourth-ranked pill so the process wasn't easy. He needed one day before absorbing all of the medicinal effects.

He was very safe here since there were more than ten guards from the Divine River Guard - each was an incredible expert.

Meanwhile, their leader, Qu Changyin, was secretly meeting with the hidden powers of the Divine King faction. They were ready to attack when the opportunity was right. This was why being in the dark was good.

It didn't matter if Feiyun were to show himself then. All the preparations would have been done to catch the enemy off guard.

He would certainly face some powerful foes during the competition so there was no way of staying hidden forever. But it wouldn't matter if he had everything under control by that point.

What he needed to do now was to increase his own cultivation. He took a deep breath as rays condensed towards his center. His body became dazzling with a fiery glow.

The violet energy in his dantian became thicker, almost like a purple liquid.

"Boom!" His bones became tougher from the refinement of the flame, just like a piece of jade rushing out of the lava.

The third essence pill had been refined fully.

He opened his eyes; the pupils flashing like two burning meteors.

His cultivation rose again to peak third-level Heaven's Mandate.

"Figured, the power of the pill becomes weaker after each successive use. I would need two more in order to reach the fourth level."

Others would only need two pills to go from third to fourth level. However, he needed five.

The stronger the physique, the more energy required.

Using pills to increase one's cultivation would result in stability. One would need time and meditation for consolidation before taking in more pills.

Feiyun needed to do so for several days before taking the fourth pill.

He came out of the store, wearing all black. His next destination was the dragon vein underground to meet Long Cangyue in order to tell her the current situation.

"My mother is ill after hearing about my death?" A ripple appeared in her cold eyes.

Feiyun said: "The Divine Consort's cultivation is amazing, she can't get sick that easily. I'm sure she is fine, don't worry."

Cangyue shook her head: "Feng Feiyun, I can listen to you about pretending to be dead, but you must go tell my mother that I am alive so that she can be at peace."

Even the strongest cultivator still had a heart.

An illness of the heart was much more serious than any other affliction.

She stared at him, seemingly begging with her eyes.

The truth was that he would rather die than see Ji Lingxuan.

He pondered for a moment and said: "I'll go see her after all the preparation are done."

Ji Lingxuan was far more intelligent than Long Cangyue. If she were to find out that they were still alive, she would make her own plans and this might ruin his own. He naturally wouldn't let this calculating and deceptive woman know too much.

As for the Evil Woman, she was still refining her evil blood. It seemed to be at a crucial stage.

Feiyun didn't bother her and left the dragon vein. He headed back to the palace at nightfall.

The competition today was over and the majority of cultivators were leaving. Many beasts were walking through the streets with their masters sitting on top.

Feiyun looked around and saw several familiar faces but didn't talk to them.

"You're here too?" Ningshuai had a Buddhist hat with a face like a fat child and appeared behind Feiyun out of nowhere.

This guy was already short so his big hat looked very out of place on his small stature.

"You got on stage?" Feiyun wasn't surprised since the two of them signed up together.

"It was fierce today with many experts, I never even got the chance to fight." Ningshuai was annoyed because he almost climbed up the stage but due to his big hat, someone stepped on it and pushed him down so he lost the eligibility in the very beginning.

Feiyun laughed in response: "Your luck is terrible."

Ningshuai shook his head: "Nah, it's the opposite. If it wasn't for that guy stomping me down, I would have died on stage, probably."

“Aren’t you exaggerating?” Feiyun became interested.

“Not at all, that guy was too powerful and merciless. All were killed within one move; forty-three fights, forty-three geniuses fallen. In the end, no one else dared to get on stage.” Ningshuai said with a tinge of dread.

“C’mon now! There are so many prodigies in Jin, some were probably annoyed by that guy. No one came up to take him on?” Feiyun didn’t believe it.

“Feiyun, you’re a frog under the well, don’t think that you can look down on everyone after becoming a historical genius. The ten qualified combatants today are not bad at all, not weaker than the historical level. Come, let me show you something.” Ningshuai said.

Feiyun was looking forward to this competition even more. Perhaps he could use these geniuses to hone his own cultivation.

Ningshuai used a secret passage and took Feiyun to a mansion underground.

There were plenty of cultivators here, none weak.

Both the young and old were here. Monks, clan descendants, nobles - all were at Heaven’s Mandate and up.

“This is the largest underground gambling ring at the capital. Any news about the groom competition will get here first.” Ningshuai was familiar with the area and took Feiyun to one building.

Despite being underground, the place was very lively with eighteen large jewels floating above to illuminate the place.

“I bet 60 spirit stones for Dongfang Jingshui to make it to round two.” A slightly chubby middle-aged man betted. A red-eyed snake coiled around his shoulders.

“Hey Brother, he’s thirty-to-one, you won’t win much.”

“What do you know, this is the safe place. Another 60 stones for Beiming Potian too, it’s the same odds.”

[Chapter 547: Feng Ergou’s Odds](#)

This was Feiyun’s first time in a place like this. He looked around only to see people everywhere.

On the walls of this palace were many jade plaques listing the betting odds.

“Li Xiaonan to the second round, 50 to 1.”

“Xiyue Lanshan to the second round, 10 to 1.”

“Mu Xingzi getting first place of the competition, 1 to 10.”

“Beiming Potian getting first place of the competition, 1 to 3.”

There were too many odds and potential bets here. The workers continued to change the plaques because new information would result in new odds.

“The young lord of the Dark Realm, Mu Xingzi, had killed forty-three people today on stage, two were young kings too. Their blood stained the stage and horrified the crowd.”

“Looks like his odds for first place needs to be changed.”

It was 1 to 10 at the start, now it was 1 to 8.

Feiyun sat down and listened to the discussions, finding out more about the competition.

Bi Ningshuai suddenly squeezed into this group and shouted: “I bid 1,000 stones for Prince Hong Ye to be number one, another 1,000 on Beiming Potian for number one.”

This was a monstrous sum, enough to stun the crowd. The entire hall became quiet.

Who the hell was this big-headed monk? A genius from the Buddhist doctrine?

A pretty girl in uniform spoke softly: “Young... Noble, the current odds for Prince Hong Ye is 1 to 4, and Beiming Potian is 1 to 3, these odds might change later but your bet won’t, are you sure?”

“Of course! Gambling requires decisiveness, if I want any longer, their odds will go even lower and that’s no good.” Ningshuai confidently said.

He then got the receipts and went towards Feiyun: “You don’t want to play all sides?”

Feiyun smiled and said: “Why are you so sure that these two can get first place?”

“I did a lot of careful thinking. Why am I not betting on Li Xiaonan? Because I know he wants to marry the fourth lady of the Yin Gou so he isn’t interested in the princess. Why not Dongfang Jingshui? Because I know he only wants to fight, this madman doesn’t care to become the number one. It’s different for Prince Hong Ye and Beiming Potian. They are very interested in Princess Luofu and the Divine King position so they’ll go all out. That’s why their probability of success is higher.”

Feiyun rubbed his nose and said: “Not bad, but wrong about one thing.”

“What?”

“Li Xiaonan and Dongfang Jingshui will never accept defeat even if they don’t care for the prizes. It’s one thing if they don’t participate, but when they do, they will want to win. This is the mind of a master.” Feiyun said.

Ningshuai was slightly taken aback. He pondered before saying: “Makes sense, makes sense.”

The guy then ran off towards the counter again and bid another 1,000 stones each for Li Xiaonian and Dongfang Jingshui.

When he returned, Feiyun shook his head again: “Not worth it, not worth it at all.”

“Why not? Didn’t you say they would go all out? Why the hell did you wait until after I already bet on them?” Ningshuai was mad, thinking that Feiyun had played him.

Feiyun said slowly: “Look, Prince Hong Ye is the only one at 1 to 4 odds. The rest is 1 to 3. You spent a total of 4,000 stones on them, but only one of them can win. If Prince Hong Ye wins, you can get your investment back at 4,000, but if the other three win, you will lose 1,000.”

Ningshuai became frozen before shouting: "Motherfucker, what did I ever do to you?! No wonder why that pretty girl smiled at me when I made the bet, and here I fucking thought that she likes me!"

He leaped for Feiyun, wanting to strangle him again.

Feiyun slightly moved and appeared behind him then laughed: "It's your fault for betting on other people, clearly showing zero confidence in me."

Ningshuai was crying now: "Your father will lose even more if I bet on you."

The others were all half-step monsters, the top of the young generation. Ningshuai would naturally bet on them instead of Feiyun.

"Sigh, let me show you how to properly profit from this."

He walked over to the counter and placed a spirit stone on the table: "Pretty Miss, I want to bet one stone on Feng Ergou, what is the odds?"

Ningshuai sneered in the back, thinking that this guy was too cheap. How much was he going to make betting only one stone?

The plaques on the wall only consisted of famous prodigies, at least at the young king level.

The name Feng Ergou was too unknown so he wasn't on the wall at all. He had no odds.

But if someone wanted to bet on him, the betting hall naturally needed to come up with one.

Someone went to check out and sure enough, Feng Ergou was a participant. The odds became 1 to 30.

The assessors were all smart enough. Though they knew that this guy had no chance of winning, they didn't want to go too high because if something unexpected were to happen, their betting hall would bankrupt.

The pretty girl carved up another jade plaque and said: "Young Noble, Feng Ergou's odds of getting past the first round is 1 to 30. In other words, your bet of one stone will yield thirty, if you were to win."

"That's a good ratio just for passing the first round." Feiyun chuckled and directly took out 10,000 stones: "Then I'll add another 10,000!"

Many cultivators in the hall immediately looked over.

10,000 was a massive sum. Only big powers like the four great clans could afford this amount.

The girl was frightened, not because she hasn't seen such a big sum before but because this guy was betting on someone like Feng Ergou: "10... 10,000 spirit stones..."

Feiyun wore a hat with a veil to hide his face, so he looked quite mysterious right now.

If this guy were to win, the gambling hall would need to pay him 30,000 stones.

Ningshuai finally understood Feiyun's plan. He started with one stone so that the hall wouldn't care too much when coming up with the odds.

If he were to start with 10,000 stones, the odds would have been much worse for him - lower profit in the end.

This treacherous fella!

Since the odds have been made, the hall could only change it for succeeding bets. Reneging this would destroy their reputation.

The upper echelon of the place was shocked and got a headache. Everyone could see that this Feng Ergou was definitely a master. It was too late to change their mind now. The only way to prevent this was to use other means to stop Feng Ergou from getting to round two.

After they took Feiyun's 10,000 stones, the odds immediately changed from 1 to 30 down to 2 to 1. Nevertheless, many still placed a bet on Feng Ergou.

Meanwhile, Feiyun had left the hall. Ningshuai happily caught up to him a bit later.

Feiyun curiously asked: "Don't tell me you betted too?"

"Haha, of course, 5,000 spirit stones, but I'm even smarter than you. I bet for you to win it all, best friend! Is that showing enough trust?!" His face looked crazy from laughing so hard.

The 2 to 1 odds wasn't that profitable so Ningshuai chose something else.

Feiyun smiled: "What's the odds for that?"

"Not much, just 1 to 20." Ningshuai raised two fingers and laughed: "If I win, I'll make 10,000 stones, goddamn! I'm such a good boy!"

Feiyun suddenly stopped and awkwardly coughed: "Well... first, let's not even talk about whether I can win or not..."

"It's fine, it's fine, that ratio is good enough to warrant the risk." Ningshuai was still jubilant.

"What I'm saying is that when I win, my identity will be revealed, but my name is Feng Feiyun while you bet on Feng Ergou..." Feiyun spoke as if apologizing.

Of course he also thought about betting for the number one spot, but it was safer to just bet on qualifying for the second round, getting money before an identity exposure.

"Why... why didn't you tell me this earlier?! Motherfucker, you did it on purpose again!" Ningshuai stood there, frozen. His soul was leaving his body and the guy eventually erupted in fury.

He almost took out the Blood-being Exalted Pot after being tricked so badly this time!

[Chapter 548: Golden Battle Stage](#)

The underground gambling hall was flourishing due to the recent influx of geniuses at the capital. Each had great backing behind them so they had plenty of money.

Many came to bet. Even big shots would show up sometimes with enough spirit stones to make others gasp.

This place naturally had a powerful force behind it too. This remained a mystery but many guessed that it was one of the four great clans.

The hall lord was a skinny old man that had lived for more than 600 years. His cultivation was unfathomable with an ethereal body resembling a phantom with long, long hair.

“10,000 spirit stones?” His eyes seemed to have two ghosts there, causing others to be afraid.

“Yes. A youth with a black hat bet 10,000 stoness on Feng Ergou.” A fourth-level Heaven’s Mandate old man kneeled on the ground with his head lowered, completely intimidated by this hall lord.

“What’s the odds?” This lord’s eyes gave no insight into his thoughts, only a muddy expanse.

“1 to 30.”

“1 to 30?” His voice grew colder, clearly furious.

1 to 30 for the first place was an acceptable risk due to the difficulty. However, 1 to 30 to make it to the second round and the opponent was confident enough to bet 10,000? Clearly Feng Ergou had a great chance of doing so.

The hall would need to pay 300,000 if he were to win. This was a monstrous sum. A large mine excavated for several hundred years wouldn’t necessarily be able to yield it.

The hall lord spoke with a deeper tone: “And all of you still haven’t figured out this Feng Ergou’s identity?”

“About this... according to the enrollment information, this person came from Grand Southern, nineteen years of age so he shouldn’t be that strong.” The old man responded.

“From the Feng Clan down there?”

“No, just a vagabond cultivator.” The Feng was quite powerful down there but due to the high population, someone with the last name Feng wasn’t necessarily from this clan.

The lord sounded ready to kill now: “Fools! Don’t even know his cultivation before deciding the odds?”

“Back then... back then...” The old man nearly became paralyzed on the ground.

“No need to explain. This Feng Ergou is obviously a young master. We can’t let him win. Go organize some youths strong enough to kill him on stage.” The lord decided with a cold glare.

The first round of the groom competition would last ten days. Today was the second.

Feiyun wore the same black hat and a black outfit while Ningshuai chose white with a large Buddhist hat. The latter also had a cool fan and a large piece of jade pendant draping down his chest.

“Ergou, why is your aura different today?” Ningshuai asked.

Feiyun’s voice was distant and chilling: “I cultivated a sword art last night with too much murderous energy, it can shield my regular temperament.”

In order to avoid being exposed, he couldn't use his regular techniques. This sword art would allow him to hide both his identity and aura.

"A sword art in just one night? Is it strong?" Ningshuai was skeptical.

After all, ultimate techniques couldn't be learned in just one day. Even the best genius in Jin couldn't do it.

"Enough to take care of the first round." Feiyun answered with confidence.

"Bullshit! Ergou, gotta stop boasting, the young masters aren't a joke and they have cultivated for thirty to forty years. What about you? Only several years. Don't let someone kick you off the stage at that point." Ningshuai saw the fierce battle yesterday with his own eyes.

It was early in the morning and the bell had rung nine times, but the imperial city was full of people.

Not just prodigies but cultivators from the last generation too. Some were dao protectors - supreme elders from large sects. They came to find good seeds for cultivation. The prodigies who did well on stage would be recruited afterward.

The top geniuses would be the overlords of the cultivation world in the future.

The Three Directors and Nine Ministers were in charge but they weren't actually present. Big shots like them would only come starting from the second round.

The first round was watched over by an ancestor of the royal clan along with representatives from the officials mentioned above.

These representatives were strong enough with a massive aura, enough to deter the entire crowd.

There were ten stages in the imperial city with formations carved by Giants. They floated in the sky, connected to the ground by one-hundred-step passage made out of rocks.

Their names were: Heaven, Earth, Black, Golden, Law, Men, Grand, Desolate, Spirit, Soul.

Feiyun came to the entrance of the stage named Golden. It was massive with a banner carved with its title. It fluttered and emitted thunderous noises.

Just this entrance alone had tens of thousands of spectators and participants. Many seniors and nobles came to watch as well.

Feiyun finally understood why Ningshuai never even got the chance to climb on stage.

"The ones in charge of the stage are four old cultivators at the half-step level, guest elders of the royal clan." Feiyun said.

The four old men wearing dazzling golden robe stood at the four corners of the stage like four immobile pine trees; shrouded in a golden aura.

Ningshuai looked over and noticed something: "Shit, that's people from the Grand Tutor faction."

Feiyun glanced over and saw a middle-aged man in a daoist robe sitting on a chair made out of sandalwood with his eyes closed. The front of his robe had an embroidered yin yang symbol; his forehead carried the seal of lightning, releasing tiny currents. His weapon of choice was a black whisker.

“That’s the Grand Tutor’s fifth disciple, Ling Luan. When I came to that mansion to rob the materials, he was at White Cloud Marsh. The guy is frighteningly strong and almost detected me.” Ningshuai felt his calves becoming tense.

Feiyun looked over with his phoenix gaze in order to see the guy’s cultivation.

Meanwhile, Ling Luan also detected the intrusion. He slightly opened his eyes and a massive primal energy surged over towards Feiyun’s direction like a falling sky.

Everyone could sense it - something akin to a massive beast awakening. This daoist actually had contained such a power in his body.

A divine intent circled around Feiyun’s area once before returning to Ling Luan.

“Oh?” Ling Luan’s eyes flashed with a hint of surprise: “Who was it that tried to spy on me? This person recalled his divine intent quite quickly.”

He looked around the place one more time before closing his eyes again.

Ningshuai got beads of sweat streaming down his forehead as he stammered: “Did he notice?”

“No.” Feiyun shook his head: “He’s relatively strong, almost at the peak of half-step, only one step away from being a Giant. This Fifth Disciple is not bad, that’s why the Grand Tutor sent him. He’s more than enough to deter the crowd.”

Half-step was a level but there were massive discrepancies. One half-step could easily kill a weaker one.

Ling Luan was at the half-step level, but he could also be considered a pseudo-Giant.

“Forget it, we should switch to a different stage. We won’t be able to handle it if that daoist geezer recognizes us.” Ningshuai said.

Feiyun nodded in agreement and wanted to switch to a different stage. However, his eyes became fixated on a familiar face in the crowd.

It was a beautiful woman with an exquisite figure, hair as long as a waterfall, shrouded in an immortal brilliance. Cold mist and yin energy gathered beneath her feet. Wherever she walked, she attracted the attention of all the prodigies who started salivating with their eyes agape.

The bright glow stopped others from seeing her features, but people still couldn’t avert their eyes.

“Immortal energy, jade physique, flawless and magical, and pure like a star. How come I haven’t heard of a beauty like this before?” Ningshuai felt his spring coming. If it wasn’t for his huge Buddhist hat, others would be creeped out by his current expression.

Alas, he couldn’t be blamed for this. The other prodigies nearby had ugly expression too, clearly swooned by her. She was too charming and beautiful with an innate seductive aura. No men could control themselves in front of her. In fact, even women would become her victims.

“Her name is Yao Ji, the most excellent disciple of Yin Void Cave.” Feiyun said.

Ningshuai stood straight up and no longer had any ideas: “I remember now that you say something, I’ve met her back at the sacred lake in Grand Southern. She stood on top of a gigantic grave with beautiful corpses, famous ladies in history. These girls became refined into corpses.”

He was quite emotional because though they were corpses, they were still too tempting, as beautiful as when they were alive.

[Chapter 549: Yao Ji](#)

The arts of Yin Void were strange. Not only were they able to control these female corpses, but also allow their body to produce temperature, or even concealing the death energy and making them quite animated. Some forbidden techniques could make it so that even Giants can’t tell whether these girls were corpses or still-living.

Using these corpses was quite terrifying since they could easily assassinate men, killing them during moments of pleasure.

“Ergou, why do you know her name?” Ningshuai asked.

Feiyun coughed twice and spoke with a strange tone: “I’ve met her once.”

“Just once?” Ningshuai remained skeptical.

“You better not ask too much, I think this woman is trouble...” Feiyun felt a glance straight at him, even clearer than the divine intent earlier.

Yao Ji’s starry eyes slightly flashed as she halted her pace like a resting cloud. Her porcelain face slightly turned to stare at Feiyun for a bit. This beautiful look caused the nearby cultivators to fall down. They felt their bones paralyzed and body feeble.

Ningshuai shuddered: “Her, her eyes are quite frightening as if they can shoot out lightning. No men can resist her.”

Feiyun held his arm so the guy wouldn’t fall to the ground before stealing a glance at her. Despite the veiled hat, it seemed that she had recognized him.

Who knows what this mysterious girl was thinking?

She only looked at him briefly before smiling then left. Her aura was one of elegance and grace but it wasn’t enough to hide the seductive nature buried deep in her bones.

She climbed the stairs and entered a jade hall next to the stage. Despite being far gone, her rosy fragrance still lingered.

‘Why is she here?’ Feiyun watched her departing figure.

“Go, go, let’s go to that hall and have a talk with her.” The excited thief started pulling Feiyun.

Feiyun answered: “Only important or high-status people can go there, we can’t.”

Next to each stage was a jade hall. Only special people could enter, such as the big shots like sect masters. It was a good place to spectate.

Of course, powerful young overlords and young kings could enter as well before entering the stage.

Several handsome young kings quickly followed Yao Ji, completely charmed and wanted to get closer to her.

Ningshuai wanted to as well but he wasn't qualified to enter. All the guy could do was sigh and stare in disappointment.

At this moment, two strong youths were fighting on the Golden stage. They were both first-level Heaven's Mandate with a defensive aura for protection. Talismans and lightning bolts were flying everywhere.

It didn't take long before one lost, being penetrated by a lightning bolt then sent flying by a palm strike. He fell all the way down the stairs.

"Let's go!" In this blink of an eye, several hundred youths all jumped up the steps, squeezing and exchanging blows to get to the top.

In the end, only one bearded individual rushed to the top. The stage's runes sealed the entrances again and everyone else backed off.

Just reaching the stage wasn't easy. Many cultivators were laying on the stone steps, completely bloodied with wounds.

"Haha, I'm still the fastest!" The newcomer was almost three meters tall with long hair everywhere. He was quite muscular, each muscle was as hard as steel. His weapon of choice was a sky piercer as thick as a bowl. Each of his steps was explosive.

Feiyun and Ningshuai felt that the guy looked quite familiar. It was Wang Meng!

After a few years, the guy grew even taller and virtually unrecognizable.

"I am a member of Wanxiang, a direct disciple of the Martial Tower Lord. The name's Wang Man, let's have a good match." He smiled and told his opponent.

Ningshuai couldn't believe his own eyes: "Damn, what the hell did he eat? Why do I feel that his cultivation is beyond the young generation."

"In fact, he's not even seventeen yet." Feiyun found this hard to swallow as well: "He's still at the growing stage and will probably be even taller.

"..."

His opponent was an excellent disciple from Earthchild. He donned a white robe with an old sword engraved with spirit stones: "Why is there a barbarian here at the tournament for the imperial groom position? You think you can marry Princess Luofu looking like that?"

Wang Man laughed heartily: "I'm not here to marry the princess, only to help my Martial Uncle regain his throne."

“Who is your Martial Uncle?” The white-robed youth asked.

Wang Man felt a sense of respect when talking about this person. He arched his chest full of hair and declared: “My Martial Uncle is the number one genius of Jin, the demon’s son, Feng Feiyun!”

This was met with laughter from the cultivators below.

Even the youth sneered: “Haha! Number one genius, my ass, the guy is dead, not a single piece of him is left.”

Wang Man became infuriated and shouted in response: “Motherfucker, say another word, I dare you!”

The thunderous shout caused the youth to stagger three steps backward. His ears were still ringing.

He replied with a grave tone: “Geniuses all have providence and fate protecting them and wouldn’t die that easily. Feiyun’s death shows that his providence isn’t strong enough, same with his talents.”

“Motherfucker, you are courting death. Your father’s Martial Uncle is a hero, not someone the likes of you can talk about!” Wang Man’s hair stood on end from rage.

The youth mocked again: “Hero my ass. He just got lucky from being chosen by the previous Divine King, just a scum, so many people wanted him dead.”

“Motherfucker, you’re just jealous because my Martial Uncle has a Nine Dragon Pillar!” [1]

Feiyun almost fell to the ground after hearing this. This Wang Man fella didn’t hold back at all. Who the hell spread this rumor about me?

Wang Man rushed forward with a golden glow and a massive force of energy.

“Boom!” This charge alone blew the guy flying as if struck by a mountain. Half of his bones broke; the guy vomited blood before falling on the ground, on the verge of death.

Wang Man’s physical strength was unbelievable. This was no joke.

“There! Who else got something to say?! Come!” Wang Han shouted again and intimidated all the spectators.

“Whoosh!” A person made it to the stage using his flying sword. His skin was as white as snow with hands covered in fire and had a protective glow. However, the guy didn’t even land on the stage because Wang Man sent him flying with a punch. The guy’s chest was a bloody mess and landed several hundred meters away just like a dead dog.

Wang Man was born with immense physical prowess so his fists contained a massive amount of power. Few could stop a single punch from him.

Inside the jade hall next to the Golden stage. Yao Ji with her flawless appearance stood next to a vermillion balcony like a lotus flower. She asked gently: “How have you been, Princess?”

In the corner was an ethereal expanse with rains and rays. One could barely make out a slender figure within.

“It’s you!” Princess Luofu replied with a voice as pleasant as a yellow oriole.

Yao Ji smiled and continued: “Indeed. I know you are troubled so I am here to help, Princess.”

A draconic aura was dancing around the princess. She proudly said: “You can’t help me with this matter. I’m at an absolute disadvantage right now, there’s no reversing the tide.”

“Not necessarily. Princess, you need to understand something, your biggest ace card remains.” Yao Ji smiled.

“What?”

Yao Ji’s eyes became profound as she slowly uttered three words: “Feng Feiyun.”

The princess sighed, not something she would do often: “Feiyun is indeed someone who can change the tides at the capital, but he’s dead now.”

Yao Ji started twirling her hair and revealed a mysterious smile: “But no one has seen his body.”

“The Divine King’s Order was taken from the lava, that’s enough proof.”

Yao Ji shook her head: “The Infinite Spirit Ring is a sacred treasure of Senluo Temple, that fire formation couldn’t have refined it, but where is it now?”

The princess slightly narrowed her eyes, seemingly contemplating.

“He has at least three treasures that can’t be refined but none are found. Haha, he wouldn’t die that easily, this is just a cicada shedding its carapace.”

The princess replied: “Infinite Spirit Ring is a sacred treasure of the Senluo Temple? How do you know this? You seem to know quite a bit about him.”

“Haha, we got some guests now.” Yao Ji looked just like a beautiful saintess from a daoist gate.

However, the princess knew who she was and wouldn’t trust her so easily, always remaining on guard.

“Thump, thump!” Three handsome young kings climbed up the jade hall, all looking quite cool. These were the young lords of their sects; their ornaments and accessories were quite precious. They all stared at Yao Ji’s back with a fiery glare as if they were looking at a goddess.

[Chapter 550: Young Lord Of The Tenth Hall](#)

“Boom!” Wang Meng stomped on the stage to fortify his stance before unleashing another fist.

This fist strike glowed golden like a massive yellow ocean and blew the eighth cultivator flying.

The ninth one was a third-level Heaven’s Mandate, a young overlord of this generation from an old sect from Central Royal. He was their First Brother, looking quite gallant and unstoppable in his region. He came here in order to fight against the rest of the world to become famous.

More than ten martial brothers and sisters came to cheer him on. The majority of them was at the Heaven’s Mandate level, meaning that their sect was incredible. Otherwise, it wouldn’t have been able to cultivate so many talents.

“First Brother, you can do it!”

“First Brother, take down that Martial Nephew of the demon’s son to boost your fame!”

“Boom!” Wang Meng ferociously attacked without wasting words. He utilized a martial art technique finally. His entire body became as clear as jade.

The guy threw out a barrage of nine punches like a monstrous beast.

His innate constitution was already tough enough. After learning the arts of the Martial Tower, he became even fiercer.

This young overlord couldn’t fight back at all and lost his cool appearance. Eventually, Wang Meng destroyed the guy’s defensive barrier with his sky piercer, causing him to roll down the stone steps.

A young overlord had lost just like that, unable to retaliate at all.

His brothers and sisters were shocked - how could their most-respected First Brother lose so quickly?

“That fella is so strong, just like a wild bull.”

“That’s a disciple of the Martial Tower Lord for you, an incredible technique just now.”

Back at the hall next to the stage. Yao Ji spectated the entire time in her white-as-snow dress, showing off her soft buttocks, exquisite waist, and towering breasts. She looked like a flawless goddess with a seductive aura of a temptress.

One-half holy and pure, the other half strange and evil. She was an angel that would bring damnation to men.

She pointed at the stage and said: “The demon’s son’s nephew is quite strong. Who will be able to take him down?”

The three young kings sitting in the same chamber had a look of contempt after hearing this.

The daoist with a sun emblem in front of his robe snorted: “Only a barbarian, I can take him down within three moves.”

“I’ll go now!” A youth with a black centipede coiling around his waist directly flew out of the balcony. With his cloak in full swing, he looked just like a gigantic centipede landing on the stage.

A young king had appeared, causing the atmosphere to intensify due to his aura.

Yao Ji continued to watch with her apricot eyes and enchanting lips creating a pure smile.

Just imagine this young king turning into a corpse made her too excited, like a little girl sneaking in some candy.

The breeze made her dress flutter, slightly revealing her wondrous legs. The two young kings in the back forgot all about dao determination and wits after seeing this.

Wang Meng felt a massive pressure on stage. This aura resembled invisible blades cutting into his skin.

“You’re a disciple of the Martial Tower Lord?” The man asked as his centipede slowly wiggled around.

“That’s right!” Wang Meng held his sky piercer while stabilizing; his big eyes fixated on the foe.

“Feng Feiyun is your Martial Uncle?”

“Of course, who are you?”

“The tenth lord of Senluo, Liao Cheng.” This person had a chilling aura. The defensive mirror in front of his chest exuded a black glow with thick murderous intent. A hard layer of ice formed on the stage.

Wang Meng replied with a smile: “Oh, I see, I see, I heard your prettiest beauty was taken by my Uncle. What was her name, Lu, Lu something?”

“Hmph!” Liao Cheng was furious and channeled his hatred towards Feiyun onto Wang Meng.

The little centipede grew into a massive size, more than ten meters long. It spewed out black, poisonous clouds.

He jumped on the monster and took out a blood grinder, unleashing a plume of bloody clouds.

Wang Meng’s smile disappeared. The golden glow of his body intensified as he used his sky piercer to break through the clouds, beginning his offense.

“Ignorant fool, Feiyun when he was alive might not be my match. You dare to take me on?” Liao Cheng shouted thunderously. The blood grinder grew to the size of a mountain and flew towards Wang Meng.

They were enemies anyway so the first exchange was quite ferocious.

The cultivators down below began discussing.

“Is there some animosity between them? It doesn’t look like a duel, more like a fight to the death.” A keen spectator said.

Another knowledgeable man answered: “I heard Feiyun slept with the prettiest demoness from the tenth hall, and Liao Cheng is the tenth young lord. It’s pretty obvious how much he hates Feiyun.”

“You know, I heard that this demoness is as pretty as a goddess, smart too, known to be a strategist. On top of that, she’s also a descendant of that great character from Mount Potala. Liao Cheng wanted her bad for a long time, almost successful too before Feiyun took it from him. What a shame, a delicacy taken before one’s eyes.”

“Sigh! Feng Feiyun’s nine dragon pillar had finished off numerous girls. This demoness, or so I’ve heard, fainted on the spot. Her blood ran all over the ground, how pitiful. That damn beast!”

“Liao Cheng vomited blood after finding out. He stood in front of his palace and cursed Feiyun for three days straight, swearing to kill Feiyun at all cost!”

“True, this Feiyun guy is really a scoundrel. No wonder why I saw more than ten top prodigies from the heretical sects celebrating right outside his mansion. They were glad to see Feiyun going to hell early, never reincarnate again. I got some free drinks too.”

"I mean, can you blame them? The name Feng Feiyun will forever be a sore spot for the heretical faction. Not just Lu Liwei from the tenth hall, but also Wan Xiangcen from the seventh, Bai Ruxue from the fourth... These beautiful girls all suffered by meeting this villain, their spring destroyed in just one day. They'll be traumatized forever, that damn beast!"

"Damn beast!" Even Bi Ningshuai clenched his fist and spewed out.

Feiyun became awkward and rubbed his chin: "The demon's blood and its evil affinity affected my mind. It's not entirely my fault."

"That's why I called you a beast, because you're not a human!" Ningshuai retorted.

"..." The speechless Feiyun responded by kicking the guy into a large group of people. After landing on the ground, he still rolled another ten meters.

Liao Cheng was powerful and his blood grinder was a spirit treasure. He activated it completely and covered the stage in a mist of blood.

Wang Meng was even younger than Feiyun so there was a large gap between them. This heretical genius had cultivated for decades in comparison. However, he was hanging on due to his exceptional constitution.

"Boom!" The grinder slammed on the sky piercer. The resulting shockwave made Wang Meng stagger backward. His fingers became bloody with blood running down; his hands became numb.

The disparity in cultivation was overwhelming.

"Again!" He bit his teeth and activated the crystal physique technique again. The wounds disappeared as he rushed forward once more.

Liao Cheng smirked and went all out, knocking Wang Meng away again as if he was playing with a monkey.

Wang Meng got blown away more than ten times. His hands were filled with wounds, unable to hold the sky piercer now.

"Kneel!" Liao Cheng unleashed thirty-six seals and forced Wang Meng to the ground: "Call Feng Feiyun a shameless cowardly bastard and I shall spare you."

Wang Meng dropped his sky piercer and used both hands to try and resist the blood grinder. Blood spilled from his mouth but he was still laughing: "You're the shameless cowardly bastard!"

"You court death!" The black centipede opened its mouth. Its eyes flashed viciously, intending on swallowing Wang Meng.

Wang Meng bit his teeth, realizing that he needed to be struck by the grinder in order to avoid the poisonous monster.

"Boom!" He let go so the grinder smashed his head. The bloodied guy rolled all the way down the stage in order to escape the monster.

Liao Cheng was blinded with hatred and rushed down the stage in order to kill him.

Three disciples from the Martial Tower tried to help but they got swatted away like mosquitoes and became seriously injured, unable to get up.

“Stop me and die!” Liao Cheng’s murderous intent was too strong. The cultivators below retreated one by one, not wanting to be killed by this aura.

He stood on top of Wang Meng and stomped down, wanting to pierce through the guy’s chest.

“Whoosh!” Numerous mighty sword energies cut forward.

Just one technique contained more than 300 sword slashes. They became a prison to trap Liao Cheng.

Liao Cheng quickly retreated and blocked with his blood grinder. However, ten wounds were left on his face and arms. These sword slashes were strong enough to break through the defensive formations on his spirit treasure.

“Who?!” He touched the stream of blood running down his cheek and glared around.