

Sprit Vessel 571

[Chapter 571: Four Divine Consorts](#)

“Uncle... I thought you got refined to ashes...” Wang Meng wiped his eyes and was the first to come and hug Feiyun. The guy was huge; just his hand alone was big enough to wrap Feiyun’s entire head.

“Stop, stop.” Feiyun’s hair got ruined by the excited guy’s display of affection.

Wang Meng laughed and began praising: “Like I said, my Martial Uncle is the best. There’s no way you could have fallen so easily.”

Numerous cultivators crowded the area with Feiyun at the center. The two fighters were completely forgotten because this news was too much to take.

Su Yun and the scholar only came to chat; they weren’t surprised at all. Feiyun’s fake death could have tricked others but definitely not the scholar.

Feiyun also sensed a great animosity so he glanced over. On a jade stairway leading to a palace stood a man in a golden robe - Long Shenya.

The guy thought Feiyun was dead for sure after finding the King’s Order, not expecting for Feiyun to still be alive on top of prancing around unnoticed in front of him for the last few days.

“The gambling hall got ruined by this asshole? Why does such a treacherous spawn exist in my lifetime, damn it!” Xiyue Anluan clenched his fists, resisting the urge to run over and beat up the guy.

Long Qingyang’s eyes became misty and glowed as she looked at the star: “Such a handsome guy after taking off his hat, who is he?”

Anluan coldly said: “That’s the number one genius of Jin, the youngest Divine King in history, Feng Feiyun.”

Her eyes flashed even brighter like two stars.

Princess Luofu was inside the tallest palace in the city next to the blazing cauldron. Her eyes as beautiful as jewels; the forty-five strands of draconic aura around her intensified.

The wind slightly lifted her veil, revealing half of her wondrous features making the maids go crazy.

With a breath as sweet as orchid, her voice echoed across half of the capital: “The four Divine Consorts wish for Feng Feiyun to enter the Sky Hall.”

Her voice resembled the cry of a phoenix - pleasant yet penetrating.

Feiyun could clearly hear her despite being dozens of miles away. He looked at the sky and saw a golden palace floating in the air. The princess stood there, her hair fluttering in the wind. She looked like a jade statue or an empress looking down at her subjects.

People all thought they were looking at a great ruler in the nine firmaments.

‘Such a big revelation like this and the emperor still won’t come out? Looks like he really isn’t at the capital then.’ Feiyun thought.

The Sky Hall was one of the largest palaces in the capital, an entrance to the forbidden palace. Official business of the court was carried out here.

Plenty of experts resided at the capital but few were qualified to enter this place.

It was in the evening with the sun shining down, resulting in the palace reflecting a golden glow on Feiyun.

He took off his black attire in favor of the official Divine King's uniform and crest. He straightened his back, looking quite heroic as he made his way into the palace - eyes straight forward as if no one else mattered.

The Divine King was the leader of the royal clan without the emperor present; even the four consorts were beneath him. The three Prestigious Directors were on the same level as him at best. Moreover, this was the imperial city, the territory of the royal clan, so they weren't in a position to interfere. That's why Feiyun didn't need to care for anyone.

This golden palace towered in height. Entering the main chamber was the same as entering a massive square.

The four consorts were sitting together; each beautiful and mighty with an unreachable air. Ordinary girls couldn't have this same presence.

From left to right: Consort Ji, Consort Hua, Consort Beiming, and Consort Luo.

Several ancestors of the royal clan, Long Shenyang, Princess Luofu, and many important officials were present as well. This event was clearly shocking to everyone.

"Bring a seat out for the Divine King." Consort Hua was in charge of the harem and had the Queen's Order.

Two eunuchs brought over a golden chair. Feiyun sat down right away without any hesitation.

The atmosphere seemed a bit strange. After a while, Consort Ji broke the silence by nervously asking: "Your Excellency, is Yue'er... alive?"

Ji Lingxuan grew haggardly in recent days due to despair. However, Feiyun's appearance gave her hope again, so her complexion became pinker.

Feiyun hesitated for a moment before answering: "Cangyue... I'm sorry, Consort, I failed to take care of her."

Lingxuan seemed struck by lightning. Her face turned pale once more with a strand of blood running down her lips. Her black hair suddenly turned white, even whiter than her paleness.

She was still as young as a seventeen-year-old girl, but her heart was dead.

Long Cangyue was naturally alive, but Feiyun couldn't reveal this right now. He felt that it was a little too cruel and decided to find Lingxuan later to tell her.

Princess Luofu now stood behind him. Despite the veil, one could still see the joy in her eyes: "Your Excellency, how did you escape? Who were the attackers?"

Long Shenyua became anxious but the old fox Beiming was still nonchalant as ever.

Feiyun took note of this and was impressed by this fearless old man.

“The mansion has secret passages that could overcome the sealing formations. Nevertheless, I paid a great price to escape. As for the culprits, I still don’t know. They consumed poison before attacking so when I captured them, they activated it and turned into a pool of blood, not leaving any clue.” He answered.

Shenyua felt much better after hearing this.

Feiyun feigned ignorance because it was useless right now. Forcing the issue might even ruin his current plans. Moreover, it would give the old fox time to prepare.

Beiming Moshou stroked his beard and said: “Clearly the method of top assassins. No one else dares to do so besides the Supreme Fate Ending Palace. Hmph! They’re insane, may I suggest for the mobilization of the martial army to destroy them?”

The people under his banner quickly voiced their support - wanting to kill to make an example out of these assassins, to prolong the prestige of the dynasty. Of course, they were just shouting without offering concrete plans.

Feiyun said: “Right, right! The world belongs to the emperor, but does anyone know where the Supreme Fate Ending Palace is located? Please, tell me how we can destroy them if we don’t even know where they are.”

“Uhh... well...”

“Don’t worry, the authority of the dynasty is untouchable, they will be destroyed sooner or later.”

“The martial army is unstoppable and will put an end to them in the blink of an eye!”

All shamelessly chirped for their own agenda.

Feiyun looked down at them in his mind before answering: “I suggest we leave this for later. What do you all think?”

“True, this is a crucial moment of the groom competition and we can’t afford to be distracted.”

“Wise you are, Divine King.”

“I concur.”

Beiming Moshou closed his eyes and spoke: “Your Excellency, you should have shown up earlier to spare us from grieving so hard for you. White silks are still hanging over your mansion.”

The Furious Marquis jumped in: “Your Excellency, you are betrothed to Princess Yue, so I don’t think it is appropriate for you to be in this competition.”

He was a follower of Moshou so the attack began.

Another old man, one of the Nine Ministers, said seriously: “It is unethical indeed, Princess Yue has yet to grow cold so you should be building a tomb for her while wearing a grieving robe, mourning for three

years before being able to marry again. She would be so sad otherwise in the afterlife. Please reconsider.”

“Please reconsider!”

“Please reconsider!”

Moshou interrupted them and said: “Your Excellency, this matter does require more thoughts, not just for the sake of Princess Yue but also Consort Ji. Look how her hair has grown gray in just one day, I am stricken with sadness. You need to spend more time with her so that she could soon recover.”

These people didn’t want Feiyun to marry the princess. A combination of these two would increase her chance of becoming the next empress.

They all supported the current crown prince, so if he were to lose, it wouldn’t end well for them. Once she became an empress, she would massacre their entire clans. This had happened too many times in the past so they had no choice but to stop him.

Moshou was even more direct. He knew about the fling between Feiyun and Ji Lingxuan, so he brought this up in order to threaten Feiyun.

[Chapter 572: Life Is A Sad Melody](#)

More than half of the officials in Sky Palace were criticizing Feng Feiyun.

This was a political contest, sharp and unforgiven. Only the winners would be able to enjoy their luxurious lifestyle as the masters of the dynasty.

On the other hand, Ji Lingxuan sat there quietly, pale from top to bottom. She looked like a withered rose with gray hair and dead eyes, unmoved by the rowdy scene.

Princess Luofu spoke: “Princess Yue is no longer around, this is the reality of the situation. She was betrothed to the Divine King so he should mourn for her, not just three years, even thirty is perfectly justifiable. However, don’t forget that in order to be the Divine King with a different last name, he must marry a princess. If anyone dares to use her death to seize his position, that’s a crime deserving of death.”

Everyone became quiet, including Feiyun.

She continued: “His Excellency must marry a princess, and as for who, that’s a personal matter of the royal clan, outsiders lack the authority for involvement. If he wants to marry me, as long as he wins the competition, then I shall marry him. At the same time, we will build a memorial for Princess Yue while undergoing all the necessary mourning ceremonies. It’s fine to watch the tomb for thirty years as well.”

No one could refute, not even Beiming Moshou.

The meeting ended before dusk. At the same time, the top seven have been determined. Li Xiaonan was eliminated by Long Qingyang, a surprise to everyone. However, the actual spectators knew that he had no intention of winning, not that Qingyang was stronger. The one he loved was Dongfang Jingyue so he couldn’t win this competition.

The seven were Feng Feiyun, Dongfang Jingshui, Beiming Potian, Prince Hongye, Gucuo, Mu Xingzi, and Long Qingyang.

Since it was dark, the next round would start tomorrow. Everyone started leaving the imperial city.

The red clouds over yonder slowly lost their color before night descended completely.

The temperature varied greatly between day and night at the capital during the winter. A snowstorm came right away, just needing one night to drown the entire area.

Feiyun came out of the palace and the maids and eunuchs quickly came to greet him.

“Click, click.” A group of white cranes was pulling a carriage and stopped right before him. There was no driver so it looked quite lonely. The person inside didn’t speak either.

Feiyun stopped and asked: “Is it you, Consort?”

A cough eventually sounded: “Cough... Divine King... please board.”

Ji Lingxuan’s voice carried sadness and contagious despair, a sign of impending death.

Feiyun breathed out cold, white smoke and said: “Where to?”

“To see an old friend.” She coughed after speaking.

After hearing her voice, he was no longer afraid of her like in the past. She seemed like an ordinary girl now so he got on the carriage, lifted the curtain, and entered.

The carriage continued moving out of the capital.

She sat in the corner, haggard with gray hair, but was still as beautiful as ever. She wore an unadorned dress, resembling a simple girl unstained by the world.

Feiyun was caught off guard by this sight and needed to calm down before finding a fur-furnished spot to sit down. He felt as if she was no longer a consort but rather, a young girl from the Ji Clan one hundred and eighty years ago - gentle, beautiful, knowledgeable, and wise.

The two of them seemed to be crossing through time for a meeting when she was only sixteen, newly debuted from her clan before marrying the Jin Emperor and becoming a wily consort.

Feiyun contemplated for a while before deciding to reveal that Jing Cangyue is still alive: “The thing...”

But she spoke at the same time and interrupted him: “Zuo Qianshou had mentioned you before.”

He was surprised: “Master Zuo? Where is he right now?”

Qianshou was a talented formation master who loved Ji Lingxuan and listened to everything she said. He even infiltrated the imperial court in order to steal the dragon stone - an item containing the providence of the dynasty.

Unfortunately, she ruthlessly severed his right arm and took him to the emperor. She gave the stone back and became the consort while he became imprisoned at the capital.

Later on, Feiyun's ancestor came and saved him. The two ran to the southern border and lived at Fire Beacon for nearly two centuries, not daring to come back.

Feiyun remembered this story because a similar thing had happened to him - being used by a loved one.

"You'll see him soon." She sat there like a beauty in a painting.

Several years ago, Qianshou came to have closure with Ji Lingxuan. However, after coming to the capital, Feiyun tried to search for him to no avail.

The two didn't speak at all. She tried several times but stopped after seeing his unfriendly expression.

Their destination was Southern Sky Temple, a place filled with shrines and mountains. Despite the late hours, one could still hear the Buddhist chants.

Lingxuan got off the carriage and walked beneath the moonlight on top of a fog-like energy, heading towards a creek. A wooden pavilion was built nearby with a single grave next to it.

Feiyun saw the name, Zuo Qianshou, carved on the lonely tablet.

Nearby were a thick layer of leaves from autumn. They rustled to the night breezes.

He used his phoenix gaze in order to see through the ground. An old man was buried down there, once handsome during his prime but had passed away for several years now. Because a cultivator's body was tough, there was no sign of decay.

"How did he die?" Feiyun clenched his fists; his eyes turning cold.

Lingxuan took out a wooden broom from the pavilion and began to sweep in an elegant manner; her gray hair dancing to the wind. She calmly responded: "I have no one I love the most, and no one I hate the most, but I do have someone that I've let down the most, and I will make it up to him."

The sweeping broom scattered the leaves.

"Only feeling sorry?" Feiyun felt that she was to blame for everything.

"I would come to clean his grave every year, then chant for him in that pavilion so that he can move on. When we met for the first time, I was in the midst of crossing him over for three days."

"He's dead, you think you can atone by sweeping his grave? That's quite funny." Feiyun began to think. Did Shuiyue come to sweep his grave each year after killing him too?

Lingxuan didn't answer and continued sweeping until the whole place was cleaned up. She then took care of the weeds in a meticulous manner, not caring about dirtying her hands with dirt.

Her eyes were clear and pure just like a newborn baby. She looked at the grave and said: "Indeed, the punishment for murder should be death."

The air became colder with snowflakes descending just like goose feathers. Some fell on her head, his shoulders, and the grave.

It was a big storm so it didn't take long before the entire place turned silver and chilling with winds.

She rubbed her hands together, face turning red from the cold: "Feng Feiyun, could you embrace me? I feel cold and weary, and the pain..."

Feiyun had no intention of hugging her. He stood there as a layer of snow built on his frame.

After a while, he walked over and wiped the snow off her and suddenly found that she was encapsulated in ice from the grave down. Her lips trembled without any pink.

He hugged her and released a strand of energy to stop the freezing power. Unfortunately, he could only slow down the process and couldn't save her: "You ate a Myriad Icesoul before coming here?"

This cold energy could kill all life, turning flesh and blood into ice. Not to mention Feiyun's current cultivation, even the Jin Emperor couldn't save her right now.

The seemingly pure woman rested her head on his chest; her voice quavered: "I didn't want to live after Yue'er's death."

"She's still alive." His hands turned ablaze, one touched her heart while the other her cheek to remove some frost powders.

"It... no longer matters... it would be... nice if I ... could go back in time..." She had a peaceful smile, the sincerest and most beautiful of them all. She continued: "Take... take... good care of her for me, will you...?"

Feiyun nodded.

Her eyebrows trembled and two tear drops came out; they quickly froze into shining pearls. She was a statue now with a growing layer of ice, separated from Feiyun.

One could still see her wondrous features through the ice, but this layer was the uncrossable gap between life and death.

The winds howled and the leaves scattered. This frigid air struck Feiyun, almost turning him into a snowman as well.

Ji Lingxuan had atoned for her sins with her life before this grave.

"Amitabha." A young monk rode the snow and arrived with a gentle aura. His eyes were filled with sadness and pity: "She toiled for the Ji Clan her whole life, sacrificing her reputation and the purest heart, before ending her life."

"What do you mean?"

"The Ji is a treasure-seeking clan, hated by both the Yin and Yang. She sacrificed herself to become a consort in order to gain his protection, allowing her clan to survive till now. As for Qianshou, it had nothing to do with her since her clan carried it out, but she always blamed herself for this." Buddha Maitreya said with disappointment.

Feiyun closed his eyes - no wonder why she wanted an embrace at the end and talked about being weary. She had quite a tough life.

The Buddha went on: "With the incoming abdication, no one will protect the Ji so she needed Princess Yue to become the next empress for this purpose. Everything she did was selfless and she should be forgiven for her crime. It's a shame no one knew."

"Was it worth it?" Feiyun hugged the sculpture, no longer angry.

"Sacrificing a woman for the survival of a clan? Worth it..." The Buddha hesitated before speaking; he clearly didn't believe in his own words.

After eating the soul of ice essence, she became younger and pure just like the past before she was chosen as a sacrificial lamb by her clan.

Perhaps she wanted a brief moment when she could consider to be in charge of her own life before dying. That's why she sat in the same carriage with Feiyun for a little while. Unfortunately, he only had hatred for her at that point.

If he knew the reasons, he would have been much nicer to her in the carriage. It's a shame that there was no re-do in life.

[Chapter 573: Great Beauty](#)

In a prosperous place like the capital, an empty mountain was a rare sight - the one behind Southern Sky Temple.

Inside the valley were dried up trees, bereft of verdant leaves and covered with a thick layer of silvery snow.

Large flakes were still scattering; the winds howled like beasts from the entrance and engulfed the entire area, pushing down the dead trees.

A wooden pavilion, one grave, one memorial tablet.

Feiyun personally dug up the grave before glancing at the beauty trapped in ice. She seemed to be asleep - albeit, never to wake up again. He closed his eyes before gently placing the sculpture down to the grave and filled it up again.

Life was unpredictable, laden with sadness.

The wondrous talent from the Ji, virtually peerless in her own era with too many suitors to count, would still turn to dust after a thousand years. Who would remember her in the future?

The prestigious and powerful consort basked in luxury, considered to be a deity but all was gone now. She was ill-fated, living for someone else. Perhaps many tears were secretly shed under the moon as she lamented her lack of freedom.

Everyone must die. Those who embark on the cultivation road for immortality must be even more ready for death.

Feiyun crouched down to carve a word on the tablet, Xuan.

She said that she wanted to make it up for Zuo Qianshou. Perhaps burying them in the same grave would be the best way to do so even though she didn't explicitly state it.

He sat there, unmoving, seemingly pondering. The snow turned him into a snowman again.

Late in the night, he finally stood up as the snow fell down. He glanced at the lonely grave one last time before leaving, never to return.

Every story has an end. This was the end for Ji Lingxuan but he had a long way to go.

Graves existed in everyone's heart, burying lost friends and families.

Feiyun left Southern Sky and unwittingly visited the dragon vein. The golden spirit energy in this place had nearly entered a liquid state from the density with an aura as cold as ice. It looked just like a dragon swimming below the ground.

The Evil Woman was still meditating on top of a boulder. Her top half was shrouded in an immortal cloud; the bottom half, evil fog. Her forehead had shiny particles just like a group of stars.

Long Cangyue walked over, dressed in a black robe, and coldly said: "Why are you here?"

He stared at her and saw the resemblance between the mother and daughter, almost an identical copy. He smiled: "Just taking a look."

"Done then?" She stared coldly.

He nodded: "Yeah."

He left right away after saying this while her eyes became serious, her hand touching her white-snow chin in contemplation. She stared at his departing figure, thinking that the guy was quite strange today.

He originally wanted to tell her about Lingxuan's death, but after seeing her, he felt as if Lingxuan was still alive since they were so similar. Thus, he decided to leave.

"So used to life and death, so how can I feel this sadness? Is it because of the human body? I'm also inheriting the weakness of human nature?" He stood on the street and stared at the sky before smiling: "Just let it be then."

It was a short night. Dawn came with the sun chasing away the coldness. A new day and new challenges.

"Feiyun, where did you run off to last night? Someone nearly went crazy looking for you." Ningshuai stopped wearing his large hat. Since Feiyun was exposed, he didn't need to hide his identity either.

"Who is in such a rush to see me?"

"A great beauty."

"Not too many beauties dare to come looking for me. She must be very courageous." Feiyun laughed.

"I don't know how courageous he is, but you'll have a headache for sure." Ningshuai said.

"Don't tell me..."

"It's Long Qingyang. Listen, I'm being forced here." Ningshuai gave him an apologetic smile before leaving with haste.

A “beauty” dressed in purple with drifting long hair and perfect teeth smiled and said: “Your Excellency, how are you?”

“... I am going to the competition, Young Noble Long, see you later.”

Feiyun really felt a headache coming and wanted to leave. However, a sweet fragrance blew by. The guy’s exquisite figure was before him. Long Qingyang wore a bitter yet flirty expression: “Your Excellency, am I that scary?”

Feiyun’s face muscles froze: “Of course not.”

Longyang’s eyes resembled profound and dark springs; his chest towered forward, clearly padded with several layers of cloth. One could faintly see his pale blue undergarment and exposed, perfect skin beneath his neck. Normal men wouldn’t be able to resist him at all.

He said: “I’m also participating, do you mind if I go with you?”

“I don’t mind.” Feiyun smiled and told people to call for a large carriage heading for the imperial city.

It was large enough to accommodate ten people inside without being crowded.

Feiyun didn’t like Qingyang too much but he wasn’t afraid of the guy’s seduction and sat next to him. He held spirit stones and began to absorb the energy while closing his eyes. The battle today was a big deal so he needed to be at his peak state.

Inside was a bronze table with phoenix and dragon carvings on the surface. An incense burner was on top with fragrance stones turning. The scent was faint, nearly indiscernible.

Qingyang sat next to it with his silky black hair and slender fingers. He held a clay teapot and placed a fire stone on the bottom. The gentle fire quickly boiled the pot.

His actions were elegant and graceful, completely focused on the task at hand. He showed such commendable expertise; his tea ceremony skill was just as beautiful as him.

“Everyone says that you are the number one genius of Jin, young yet talented and crafty with no rival.” Qingyang wiped the cups with a purple cloth.

Feiyun slightly opened his eyes and responded: “Young Noble Long’s charm is peerless, I heard you only got here for several days and more than seven big shots and two young kings have kneeled before you.”

He chose euphemism instead of saying that Qingyang had slept with them.

Qingyang gave him a sad lover’s stare and said: “Those are only rumors spread by bad people.”

Such a pleasant and gentle voice. People could certainly mistake him for a woman.

In fact, outside of his sex, every other aspect of his were superior to an actual woman. Perhaps he considered himself one too.

Feng Feiyun said: “Why were you looking for me?”

“Drink first.” He sat on the white fox-fur carpet with her skirt becoming disorderly, revealing his fair legs, long and thin. He brought the cup before Feiyun; his eyes round and clear staring straight at the guy. His head nearly rested on Feiyun’s knees.

Feiyun remained calm and natural, accepting the cup and took a sip to enjoy the flavor: “The most common scented tea yet finished without any bitterness, even a sweetness to it. What level of tea mastery is required to make this?”

Qingyang bashfully smiled and took back the cup before handing him another one with anticipation: “Try this one.”

Feiyun accepted and drank it in one gulp.

Qingyang pouted in response: “You’re still on guard against me.”

“Young Noble Long, what do you actually want?”

Feiyun didn’t find a man acting coquettish interesting.

“Don’t call me Young Noble Long, call me Miss Long.” She had a pitiful look.

“...”

“Fine, fine, I know you dislike me.” Qingyang got up and sat directly in front of Feiyun then charmingly smiled: “I wish to do business with you, Your Excellency.”

He finally got to the point.

“What business?” Feiyun asked.

“Taking over, of course.” Qingyang said: “You certainly know that the emperor is no longer at the capital. However, he left behind a letter indicating his heir.”

Feiyun wasn’t shocked at all: “How do you know of this top secret?”

“I naturally have my methods.” Qingyang inched closer and whispered next to Feiyun’s ear: “Do you want to know who has this letter right now?”

[Chapter 574: Little Princess](#)

Long Qingyang was extremely confident, staring at Feiyun with his perfectly-shaped eyes.

It looked like he was telling the truth - the emperor had left behind a letter before leaving the capital.

Feiyun smiled and lifted up the teapot to pour himself a cup: “Divine Consort Beiming has it.”

“Don’t be like that, if you want to know who has it, you must pay a heavy price.” Qingyang tilted his head while slowly rubbing Feiyun’s chin.

A flame as red as blood surfaced on Feiyun with extreme temperature. Qingyang was hurt and quickly pulled back before biting his lips: “You don’t know how to treat a woman at all.”

The guy sat up straight and said: “Fine, I’ll stop playing around. I want 300,000 spirit stones.”

“Haha, 300,000? You might as well become a robber.” Feiyun replied.

Qingyang sneered: “Please, how long will it take to rob that many stones? Frankly, I’m selling the entire dynasty to you, a great profit.”

300,000 stones was an exorbitant sum, comparable to an entire mining operation of a great power. However, everyone knew that Feiyun had robbed the underground gambling hall and had at least that much.

There was no way Qingyang would go easy on him.

Feiyun said: “You should know that it’s not hard for me to kill you at the capital.”

Qingyang brightly smiled: “Your Excellency, you are indeed untouchable at the capital and can easily take me down, quite a terrifying force, but if you do so, you won’t know who has the letter. When it is revealed, the new emperor... well, your days in Jin won’t be that easy.”

“Sigh, the scariest foes are those who don’t fear death.” Feiyun smiled: “Fine, I will give you 300,000 stones. Give me the information.”

“I have your words?” Qingyang was ecstatic. This amount was enough for him to start a sect.

“My words are final.” Feiyun took another sip.

“Divine Consort Luo.” Long Qingyang sent a telepathic message: “She’s the only one who isn’t participating in this political struggle on top of being very powerful. The moment this competition ends, she’ll read the content to the crowd and announce the next successor. Moreover, the emperor had given her the Regal Dragon Robe as well so that she can pass it on.”

“Regal Dragon Robe.” Feiyun’s eyes narrowed. This was the symbol of authority, one of the five legendary garments. It contained considerable power.

“What is the content of that letter?” Feiyun asked.

“I don’t know.” Qingyang shrugged.

“How did you find out?”

Qingyang started to blush: “The consort’s maternal side is the Luo of Central Royal. The clan master there had a long talk with me one night...”

Consort Luo might not tell others but she would definitely let her clan master know so that he could pick a side.

Each consort had their own backers or they wouldn’t last in the imperial palace. She definitely knew who the next successor was.

Feiyun thought that he should make time to meet her eventually: “Young Noble Long, you have a lot of friends.”

Qingyang stretched her snow-white hand forward and smiled: “Your Excellency, isn’t time to pay up?”

Feiyun chuckled with no intention of handing the stones over.

“Your Excellency, you enjoy a high position in Jin on top of being a famous genius, are you actually renegeing?”

The carriage stopped at this point right outside of the imperial city. Feiyun said: “Get off.”

Qingyang’s smile froze: “Feng Feiyun, do you not care about your reputation, I can destroy it within three days.”

To which Feiyun responded with a laugh: “Lady Long, go ask people who you are dealing with first. They will laugh at you if you tell them about your threatening me with reputation and honor. Remember, get your money first next time when doing business before handing over the goods.”

Without any warning, he punched and directly blew Qingyang out of the carriage before continuing on.

Qingyang fluttered like a leaf before stabilizing his stance. His hair was a mess now; face filled with dust from the carriage leaving while shouting: “Feng Feiyun you bastard! This is not over!”

The imperial city’s guard became more vigilant for the incoming round. Few spectators could come in, only those with enough status.

The seven were: Divine King Feng Feiyun, Prince Hongye of Qian, Long Qingyang of Long, Dongfang Jingshui of the Yin Gou, Beiming Potian of the Beiming, Gu Cuo, and Mu Xingzi - the young lord of Dark Realm.

Each had their own tales and fortunes with talents far exceeding their peers.

They looked like seven stars standing on stage, extremely resplendent - representing the top fighting force of the young generation.

“Who do you think will make it to the next round?” A five-year-old princess asked with a pair of bright eyes and a seven-colored spirit mirror in her soft hand. More than ten old men crowded around this curious kid.

She wasn’t a princess of Jin or any other dynasty and country nearby. Her background remained a secret but these old servants were quite powerful.

One of them had gray hair and three eyes. He activated his heavenly gaze and stared at the qi images of these geniuses: “Judging by their qi image, the strongest one is Dongfang Jingshui with his Regal Supreme image and an evil aura, clearly from cultivating an ancient evil art.”

Another servant took out a throne-like chair and placed a soft rug on top. The little princess easily jumped up on this tall chair and began watching with anticipation.

A different man with a crimsonflame armor, towering at five meters tall just like a great lion statue spoke thunderously: “In my humble opinion, Prince Hongye will move on. He cultivates the Golden Sacred Scripture and had reached the seventh level, possessing the strongest offensive capabilities among them. Plus, his body has been strengthened by heavenly treasures, so his defense is great too.”

“Beiming Potian has the Northern Profound Ice Armor, that’s the real number one defense, no one can break it.”

These servants had amazing insight. Some knew astronomical signs and treasures; others had great heavenly gazes...

They all had strange forms - three eyes, extremely tall, metallic tails, or moving on all fours like a monkey...

Of course, no one found this surprising because Jin was so large.

“Please, what do you know?! The only one moving on for sure is Feng Feiyun.” Ningshuai came over while fixing his robe. He stared at the little princess on her high chair, eyes fixated on her mirror.

The little girl’s eyes glimmered with curiosity: “Why is that?”

“This is actually a secret that I paid big money for, the truth is...”

He couldn’t make it to the chair before two men whose head were as big as a stone grinder stopped him. One of them yelled: “Brat, scram!”

Ningshuai gave the princess a helpless shrug.

The princess immediately ordered the two men to back off before speaking to him: “Tell me, tell me, what secret???”

“The truth is that Feng Feiyun and Princess Luofu had sex already, so she will purposely let him get to the semifinal. This is a big secret, I’m only telling you because I like you.” Ningshuai stood beneath the high chair and occasionally glanced at the mirror with a greedy expression.

Of course, he was only blindly guessing and actually got it right. The two of them truly had sex, but their relationship didn’t stop there.

The old men next to the princess wanted to slap the crap out of him. She was only five yet he told her this inappropriate matter? Nevertheless, she was very interested so they could only glare angrily at him, seemingly wanting to eat him alive.

Ningshuai’s expression looked like an uncle trying to trick a child: “I even know who will be the final winner to marry the princess.”

“Who?!” She blinked cutely.

He changed the topic: “Oh? That mirror of yours is very familiar, I think I’ve seen it before, mind if I take a closer look?”

[Chapter 575: Tough Opponent, Dongfang Jingshui](#)

The innocent and pure princess on her throne stared at the seven-colored mirror and gently rubbed it with her fingers. A seal with multiple waves of ripples appeared. One could faintly see runes of various geographic bodies as if there was a world inside.

Ningshuai became even more tempted after seeing this; his eyes nearly leaving their socket: “Little Sister, that’s a priceless treasure from an ancient ruin for sure, let me take a look, maybe I can find other uses of it.”

The five-meter-tall man with a lion-like form and golden hair laughed, easily seeing through Ningshuai's treacherous intent. He lifted the guy like a hawk capturing a chicken: "You dare to scheme for our Little Princess' treasure, I'll tear you in half."

The guy was immensely strong with a grip capable of crushing Black Tortoise Steel. Ningshuai's bones were cracking, wracked with pain as he said: "Boss, it's just a misunderstanding! I'm a treasure-seeking master and found that nameless mirror to be interesting with more secret abilities."

"Haha! A treasure-seeking master, huh? Then you deserve to die even more." The man grabbed Ningshuai by the ankles with one hand and his neck with the other.

Ningshuai looked like a baby still wet behind the ears compared to this massive man.

"Crack!" his bones continued to move as his body was turning to a ninety-degree angle: "I... I'm not a treasure-seeking master... just kiddi..."

The man had a cruel smile on his face and strengthened his grip. Ningshuai was on the verge of crying.

"Stop! Who are you? The imperial city forbids killing!" Feng Feiyun landed from above. His voice carried nine different sound waves, enough to make the ground tremble.

The man loosened his grip but still didn't let Ningshuai go. He coldly uttered: "Your Excellency, this brat dares to covet our Little Princess' treasure, I have the right to kill him."

Ningshuai heaved a sigh of relief: "No way, I was just talking about the competition with her."

Feiyun knew that this was a lie. This thief must have gotten captured in the act.

The princess stared with amusement at Feiyun: "Jin Yu, let him go."

The golden-haired man let Ningshuai down and patted him hard on the shoulder: "Brat, you alright?"

This pat carried the force of a mountain, causing Ningshuai internal organs to shake. He almost fell to the ground, pale, and couldn't say a single word.

Feiyun stared at the group before pulling Ningshuai away.

He activated his crimson eyes and saw that the thief was greatly wounded with cracks on his bones, nearly torn to pieces. He took out a third-ranked white pill and fed it to him then waited for recovery before speaking: "Are you tired of living? Don't you know who they are?"

The white glow dispersed around Ningshuai as the medicine spread around his body. It took a while before he could speak again: "Tell me who they are, I'm going to make them regret ever living."

"If I'm not mistaken, they are from the Yang World with several Supremes among them, I can sense the aura of Abnormalities." Feiyun said with a serious expression.

Ningshuai dropped on the ground, thinking that he had just been through hell and back, lucky enough to survive after interacting with these Supremes.

"Why is the princess and Supremes of the Yang World here?" He didn't understand.

“Hard to say, the astronomical phenomenon encompassed the Jin Dynasty, spreading to the Yin and Yang World too, perhaps they are here for fun or some secret missions.”

Ningshuai had stolen the Blood-being Exalted Pot from the Yang King, so he was very wary of these inhabitants, thinking that they were here for him.

“You good? I need to leave to participate in the next round.” Feiyun’s battle intent was surging in the form of bright beast runes.

Ningshuai got up from the ground and said with surprise: “You didn’t get a free win this round?”

Feiyun nodded: “Now that I’m exposed, all eyes are on me, including the Three Directors, so I can’t give hints to the princess. The one who got a free win this time is Long Qingyang.”

He could trick others when he was just the demonic successor, but now, everyone was on guard and watching his every move.

Of course, Feiyun wasn’t afraid of fighting and has been wanting to fight these top geniuses already.

“Who is your opponent then?” Ningshuai could tell that the incoming battle would be tough judging from Feiyun’s expression.

“Dongfang Jingshui.”

“What? Water head?! You’re done, man, it’s over.” Ningshuai couldn’t count on Feiyun since Jingshui has been famous for a long time, fortifying his spot among the top three of Jin and had never lost before.

First the daoist doctrine, then the evil art - a dual cultivator.

On the other hand, Feiyun made his debut several years ago. Despite being the number one genius of Jin, he was still too young.

Heaven battle stage.

Jingshui wore a silver armor made out of rhino skin, standing tall and intimidating. His red cloak fluttered like a banner, giving off a bloodthirsty yet still heroic presence.

“Sis, don’t worry, he’s only daydreaming about marrying the princess. I’ll take him down so he can’t marry anyone.” Jingshui wore black wristbands made out of steel, eager to fight.

Many prodigies from the Yin Gou were present, and Jingyue stood among them like a crane among a flock of chicken. Dressed in elegant white while holding a pipa, she replied: “He has matured after just four years.”

“Indeed. Just a hairless brat four years ago, but now...” Jingshui replied.

“Enough for you to be serious, even going all out might end up in your defeat.” Jingyue said.

“I will defeat him in eighty moves if I go all out.” Jingshui was extremely confident. His Supreme Regal qi image rushed to the sky, able to change the atmosphere.

An old man was present among the youth, the second grandpa of Jingyue and Jingshui. He rode a mountain goat while holding a wooden stick: "Yue'er, don't worry, I'll definitely make sure that brat loses."

Her third grandpa with patches of gray hair also pushed through the crowd, looking quite destitute: "Yue'er, do you want him to win or lose? If you want him to win, I'll cripple your older brother right now."

The fourth and fifth grandpa also came out; they all looked quite sorry with tattered clothing and began to argue.

No one could see tell that these were the bosses of the richest clan since they looked like beggars.

The second one said: "You don't know shit. Yue'er obviously wants him to lose. If that brat wins and marries a princess, what is our Yue'er going to do?"

"Then I'll break his legs right now so he can't get on stage." The fourth one angrily glared at Feiyun.

Their attitude wasn't much better than their appearance, no different from a group of hoodlums.

Jingyue sighed, feeling a little exasperated. She saw Feiyun's arrival and nodded towards him with a smile. He returned the gesture.

Numerous spectators were present at this stage. Some came from Jingshui, other for Feiyun. This was a highly anticipated battle.

One was the third-ranker of the upper list; the other was third on the lower list. The betting grounds paid great attention to this fight.

The Three Directors personally presided over the situation, looking just like three gods in a shrine. No one could see through their brilliance.

The prodigies of Wanxiang were present to support Feng Feiyun as well. After all, he came from there, the only one left. If Feiyun were to lose, then the number one sacred ground would lose as well.

The beautiful Princess Luofu and gallant Long Shenya were also present, occupying their own corner with many officials and big shots behind him.

Jingshui was truly too famous and defeated his previous opponents within just three moves. People were worried about him; the princess was no exception.

[Chapter 576: Immortal Sacred Tree](#)

Dongfang Jingshui arrived. Each of his steps had an incredible momentum, causing the stage to slightly shake.

The visible formation barriers were shaking as well. Though they were erected by Giants, his step still managed to create ripples in the air.

Each stage also had a presiding Giant in order to avoid casualties when necessary.

The one for the Heaven stage was a man wearing a tattered robe, full of patches. He smiled happily at Feiyun, pulling up all the wrinkles on his face.

It was the third grandpa of the Yin Gou.

“Feng Feiyun, get off, I don’t want to embarrass you too much.” Jingshui cupped his fist. The sunlight reflected off his armor in a blinding armor, making him look like an armored god.

He wasn’t looking down on Feiyun. The guy was actually being sincere. He only wanted to stop Feiyun from becoming an imperial groom, so it would be best if the guy were to give up to avoid a needless fight.

Feiyun said: “The victor is yet to be determined. I’ve been wanting to fight your dual-cultivation, there’s no way I’ll miss this.”

“Clank!” The gong was struck.

The two of them almost attacked at the same time with Feiyun seizing the first step. A white ray shot out from his palm and turned into a gigantic blade, as wide as a door. This was naturally his weapon essence, capable of severing spirit treasures.

Jingshui flipped his palm and gathered an ocean of clouds. A black fortress made out of steel flew out, growing from the size of a walnut to a great city.

This was his devil root, using a primal evil energy to form a strong foundation consisting of numerous magical roots.

“Boom!” The saber slashed the city and cut off several hundred roots, issuing loud detonation and fiery sparks falling into the ground and created large pits.

Alas, it couldn’t destroy the devil city completely.

Jingshui’s eyes changed - one was of the divine affinity while the other evil.

The divine eye created a sacred light to create the symbol of taiji. The devil eye created a black cloud with a floating skeleton in the meditating position. It had a strange and impetuous aura.

The two powers shot out at the same time.

Feiyun raised his saber and did a full swing: “Sun Piercer!”

A bright slash flew out of the weapon essence with great sharpness. The cultivators below the stage immediately closed their eyes in order to avoid damage to their vision.

“Ra!” The slash eventually turned into a divine dragon.

The sacred light with the taiji symbol was crushed easily by the slash. On the other hand, the skeleton sitting in the black expanse opened its red eyes and reached out both hands to grab the saber energy.

Jingshui cultivated both the Taiji Eye of the daoist doctrine and Fiendish Eye of the devil dao.

The latter had reached a deified level with the appearance of a skeletal fiend with great offensive power. It absorbed the saber energy to make its bones stronger.

“Jingshui is amazing, using an incomplete devil scroll to derive this art. Even the old sages of the devil faction might not be able to do it.” Scholar Heaven Calculating’s expression changed. He began playing with his fingers in order to predict the outcome.

Despite his name, he couldn’t understand everything in this world. Feiyun was an incalculable person and Jingshui’s devil affinity obstructed his divination.

“Feng Feiyun had only cultivated several years yet he could fight against the top geniuses, he’s pretty much as strong as a half-step Giant now, that cultivation speed is astounding.” Su Yun couldn’t watch the fight but his eyes and divine intents were numerous times more acute than before. He could imagine everything nearby.

“Boom!” Golden clouds oozed out and formed the Regal Supreme image - the coming of a conqueror.

After revealing his qi image, Jingshui’s battle potential surged. This area seemed to be under his control. Only the top geniuses would have these qi images.

For example, ancient treasures would have visual phenomena accompanying them when they come out. This was also the case for true geniuses.

It combined with the Fiendish Eye, boosting its power by a sizable amount. The skeleton in the black clouds grew twice in size and attacked.

“Heavenly Phoenix Gaze!” Feiyun’s eyes turned red and gave birth to two flames. They turned into phoenixes with steel-like beaks, completely on fire. Their wings were more than twenty meters long.

They flew side by side with a scorching temperature, turning the ground into lava.

After reaching the fourth level of Heaven’s Mandate, his vision technique became stronger as well, capable of forming a strand of phoenix soul.

Fiendish Eye was a sacred art of the devil doctrine; few people could finish it, but the Heavenly Phoenix Gaze was far superior.

The birds incinerated the black clouds into nothingness. Even Jingshui’s qi image was affected, seemingly melting with smoke coming out.

“Boom!” The Fiendish Eye’s skeleton crumbled. The two birds finished devouring everything.

“Not bad.” Jingshui remained still and channeled a holy glow. Veined lines emanated from his forehead just like the roots of a tree. A leaf also appeared, only the size of a fingernail and as green as jade. It contained a massive force of life.

A second and third also appeared... Finally, a great tree emerged, three feet tall and as thick as a bowl. Its trunk was white and radiated a sacred, starry light.

The crowd was in awe of this scene - what kind of technique is this?

“This is... the first sacred law of the Dao Scripture, Immortal Sacred Tree.” Li Xiaonan was the first to recognize it.

[Chapter 577: A Loss?](#)

The heavenly weapon essence was sharp enough to cut through spirit treasures. Even Jingshui's devil citadel couldn't stop it. Each slash severed hundreds of roots, but Jingshui's art was no joke. The sacred tree next to his forehead remained untouchable.

This was one of the top arts in Jin since it came from the Daoist Scripture. The guy was incredible for comprehending this technique from a few pages of the scripture. This comprehension was comparable to cultivators that have trained for several hundred years. The tree continued to fuel energy to him.

"Pluff!" Feiyun made it through Jingshui's defense for the second time. He used Swift Samsara to get behind the guy and pierced through his body.

Blood dripped down the blade. It had penetrated Jingshui's spleen. Because of the side of the blade, when it was inside his body, it looked like it was about to tear him in half.

The tree continued to heal Jingshui at a visible rate. A white radiance rushed out of the wound and assaulted Feiyun's hands, numbing them to the bones.

"Ra!" Jingshui roared before spewing out black clouds from his mouth. They had lightning arcs weaving around them.

Feiyun's clothes turned to ashes instantly, revealing a set of armor. This was passed down from one Divine King to the next. There was a total of seven: a protective mirror, two wrist-guards, two thigh-protectors, chest plate, and lower plate.

It was made from Fiery Refined Metal, extremely tough. Six thousand years didn't damage it at all.

With the regalia, his skin turned yellow, looking just like a god of war. He began channeling beast souls through his veins. Their cries could be heard coming from his pores. His bones became clear like precious white stones. He unleashed a punch and a flood of beast souls came out.

This power of 9,998 beast souls could tear the world asunder.

Jingshui was also going crazy. He raised both hands - one condensing an immortal cloud while the other creating an evil cloud - making him look just like a deity.

"Boom!" Their collision created a deafening blast, nearly destroying the four barriers on stage.

The Giant quickly took out a net-like spirit treasure to seal the stage once more right before the total collapse of the barriers.

If this third boss of the Yin Gou didn't react in time, the shock waves would have killed some of the spectators. He wiped the sweat off his forehead and lamented: "These brats are strong, why wasn't I that strong when I was their age?"

This didn't look like a fight between two youths but more like a battle to the death between two big shots of the cultivation world.

The souls of the beast gathered onto a single punch as Feiyun fought directly against Jingshui.

Among the young generation, Jingshui was famous for this absolute offensive power; just one slap could kill a young king. On the other hand, Feiyun was famous for his speed but instead of using his advantage, he chose to fight directly. Many people felt that he was insane.

“Rumble!” The stage quaked from the impact with cracks appearing.

Keep in mind that this stage was made from molten jade with more than ten thousand runes but it was still on the verge of collapsing.

“Feng Feiyun is still one level lower than Jingshui. His body is strong but to go hard against hard like this? He’ll lose for sure.” An old man with a feathered fan sighed.

Scholar Heaven Calculating disagreed: “Feiyun’s power stems from his physical prowess so he has better longevity. Jingshui’s power is from arts and techniques with violet spirit energy as the foundation, he’ll use them up faster. Perhaps Feiyun wants to fatigue the guy’s energy then defeat him.”

The old man shook his head: “At Jingshui’s cultivation, his dantian is as massive as an ocean, capable of containing massive violet energy. All 360 prime meridians are open, acting as rivers to channel worldly energy into his body for replenishment.”

The scholar replied: “He is a dual-cultivation, able to have ten times the force of a regular cultivator, but he’ll use ten times more energy too.”

Jingshui was impressive indeed. Space continued to melt from his attacks. Normal people couldn’t stop the power of the beast souls, but he was capable due to his dual-techniques, unleashing a force of seven dragon-tigers.

Seven dragon-tigers was the force of a half-step but he could already do it at the fifth level of Heaven’s Mandate.

“Feng Feiyun, doing this to waste my spirit energy is very unwise. I’ll have you know that my sacred tree will fuel me nonstop energy. I won’t be tired even if we fight for a month!” Jingshui shouted and unleashed eighteen punches with the force of a mountain, causing the earth to tremble.

Ordinary fifth-level cultivators would need to watch their energy, otherwise they would run out, resulting in lower battle potential. This wasn’t the case for Jingshui. Despite using ten times more energy, his violet central palace was a hundred times bigger than normal.

A historical genius like him didn’t need to worry about running out.

Feiyun smiled: “Didn’t you say that you would beat me within eighty moves? We probably got more than a thousand in right now.”

The two of them were strong enough to exchange that many moves within a short time. Few could actually see shadows; the majority only heard nonstop explosions.

“Then I’ll show you my real art so that you can accept your defeat.” Jingshui became serious and stood up straight.

The shadow of a devil appeared before his chest with a ferocious expression. Completely black in color, it towered dozens of meters high. Feiyun looked like an ant before it.

“Boom!” It unleashed a palm strike and blew Feiyun flying.

It had the force of eight dragon-tigers. Remember, nine dragon-tigers was the power of a Giant. The difference between seven and eight dragon-tigers might only be one in number, but it was an exponential change.

Eight dragon-tigers would be at the top level of half-step Giants.

“Damn! Jingshui successfully cultivated his devil seed!” A sect master slammed his table in astonishment.

“This seed is far more powerful than the roots. Even few in the Devil Gate during the ancient era could create one. In fact, a successful cultivator would directly become the next lord in line.”

Jingshui only managed to create an ethereal shadow yet everyone believed that within a hundred years, this seed could become the real thing. Maybe he could start the Devil Gate once more.

The appearance of both the Devil Seed and Sacred Tree in one person? This required insane providence and comprehension.

The big shots glanced at each other and felt the pressure. Dongfang Jingshui would definitely grow up to be an overlord. Perhaps no one else could match him.

The big figure attacked again with an imposing presence. Feiyun used his vessel and Swift Samsara in conjunction. When the hand of the figure brushed by him, he automatically leaped off the stage.

However, everyone thought that he was blown off the stage while vomiting blood.

He got up and wiped the blood from his lips: “Dongfang Jingshui, I didn’t expect you to have a Devil Seed. I accept this defeat. Hmph, but we will meet again!”

He looked pale, seemingly heavily injured, before running off. Despite his words, everyone could tell that he wasn’t convinced at all.

Jingshui felt no joy in this victory. His eyes narrowed as he watched Feiyun leave and felt that something was wrong.

Of course, no one looked down on Feiyun either. Jingshui’s dual cultivation was just too much for any youth to handle.

The second battle began - Prince Hongye versus Gu Cuo.

Feiyun left with haste. His color returned once there was no one else around, seemingly perfect now. He turned into the wind and rushed through the palaces to head for the imperial chambers.

Earlier, he clearly heard Long Qingyang talking to Long Shenya and the latter left in a hurry. Not long after that, the Grand Chancellor left as well.

He got an ominous feeling so he gave up on purpose. Otherwise, the fight would last for another one hundred thousand moves even when Jingshui has both the tree and the seed.

Plus, Feiyun also had the azure vessel. It was hard to predict the final outcome.

“Seems like Long Qingyang told Shenya about the letter. I have to go there now before they seize it or it will be too late.” Feiyun became faster and faster.

He finally reached the main gate. It was open with four powerful generals guarding.

[Chapter 578: Loyal Combatants](#)

The imperial chambers were deeper in the city, serving the emperor and his harem. No one could enter without an official summon.

Heavenbattler, the leader of the marquises, nearly got flayed as a punishment for rushing into the harem.

Feiyun felt a strange, austere atmosphere after reaching this place, seemingly hiding a trace of bloodthirst.

The gates towering at several dozen meters were wide open. These armored guards stood in front, their armor plates covered everything about them, including their eyes and mouth. These were four monsters of steel.

This was the heaviest metal on the world - Black Tortoise. Moreover, they were empowered by battle talismans. Once activated, these armors would be unbreakable, capable of withstanding the strongest attacks.

“Stop, this is a forbidden area. No trespassing.” One of them with a great spear shouted. The voice carried an imposing aura from within the armor.

Though their eyes were blocked, their divine intents could sense even a fly.

Feiyun has been here before and was familiar with the forbidden guards. The aura of these four wasn't the common draconic one; it carried a chilling sensation instead. They clearly weren't the original ones.

He sniffed the air and could sense a faint hint of blood. There were marks of a battle on the ground too. A formation master has tried to conceal it but this was useless against the phoenix gaze.

There was indeed a problem!

A hawk-faced eunuch saw this and ran deeper inside the harem.

Feiyun shouted: “How impudent! Do you not see that I am the Divine King?!”

“My apology, Your Excellency. Please show the King's Order or I'm afraid I can't let you through.” The guard discretely gathered energy on his spear.

Feiyun obviously didn't have the order since it was inside the palace right now. Plus, given the current situation, he wouldn't be able to enter even with the order.

Shenya clearly had entered the harem. If he were to take the letter from Consort Luo, he could change the content then publicly announce it to become the next emperor. At that point, Feiyun and Princess Luofu's actions would be considered rebelling.

Who knows how long he has been in there for? He could already have the letter.

It was too late to call for backup so Feiyun needed to go by himself.

“Fine, I’ll show it to you.” Feiyun reached in his pocket with a friendly smile.

The guard hesitated, clearly aware that he didn’t have the order and wanted to attack. He gathered power with both hands while his talismans lit up.

He began walking towards Feiyun; the other three realized this and started to glow with energy, ready to fight at any moment.

They were loyal soldiers of the Beiming; powerful and keen enough to smell the danger.

“Whoosh!” When the first guard got within three steps, Feiyun finally revealed his hand to shoot out a destructive white ray. The guard also thrust his spear at the same time.

Knowing that Feiyun wanted to kill him was one thing, but being fast enough was another.

Feiyun had lightning-fast speed and went all out. His weapon essence cut through the spear like butter then penetrated the Black Tortoise armor and the guard’s heart. He then flipped his saber and severed the guy in two halves.

Blood shot out like a beautiful flower.

“Clank! Clank!” The two halves of the spear fell down, one pinned on the ground with a still-moving blue glow.

Feiyun boldly walked forward with his weapon essence; his golden robe stained with blood: “I will not show mercy.”

The three guards lined up, ready to fight. They were all top experts. If it wasn’t for his speed and the sharpness of the essence, Feiyun couldn’t have killed one of them so easily.

“Feng Feiyun, you’re too late. The crown prince had entered for a long time, he probably has the entire place under control now.” One of them said.

“Fool.” Feiyun raised his saber and unleashed a dragon-like slash engulfing over the three.

“Feiyun, we are virtually half-steps, you think you alone can beat us?” Another raised hand while a gluttonous demon appeared behind his back. It was more than ten meters tall with long hair and sharp fangs.

When he unleashed a claw strike, the demon behind him also used the same motion against Feiyun.

Feiyun stood up straight and punched the guy’s hand. Next came the sounds of broken bones and the scream of the gluttonous demon.

This guard’s arms broke into five sections. The 900-year beast soul behind him was wounded as well.

“Boom!” Feiyun created a massive image of a golden palm and then pushed it downward like a Buddha. The winds howled as this insane pressure pressed down on the wounded guard’s head, pushing the entire thing down his body.

The guard eventually dropped to the ground. What was left was a palm indentation on the ground, more than ten meters wide, and a messy man-shaped puddle of flesh.

The second guard had fallen.

These were loyal combatants of the Beiming who didn't fear death. They also participated in the attack on the Divine King's mansion and killed many maids and servants. Thus, Feiyun didn't hold back against them at all.

"Die!" He turned the weapon essence into a thousand tiny swords and turned the third guard into a sieve. Blood oozed out of the little holes.

He got up next to him and unleashed a palm strike, causing the corpse to explode into several pieces.

He didn't slow down at all and continued to head deeper into the harem.

The fourth one continued to attack, undeterred by the death of his comrades. He thought that his death would be worthwhile if he could slow Feiyun down by a mere second.

These trained loyalists only cared for their master and were ready to die at any moment.

Feiyun paused and released 9,998 beast souls. This ocean of beasts slammed into the guard.

Only a skeleton was left behind. Even pieces of the Black Tortoise armor were eaten by a few strange beasts that enjoy devouring metals.

"Boom!" They returned to Feiyun's body and issued a loud blast with blinding lights. His bloodlust was at an all-time high.

He didn't care at all since this was a key moment. Infiltrating the harem was just fine.

This place was massive with numerous palaces. First-time visitors would certainly be lost, but this wasn't his first time here.

He soared with great speed on the wide street paved with jade pebbles towards the center where the four consorts were located.

Along the way were marks of war. It looked like Long Shenya planned to take over with force. Perhaps Beiming Moshou left to mobilize his troops outside the capital in order to aid the coronation.

Feiyun didn't have a good feeling about this. Everyone was preoccupied with the groom competition while the Beiming had started their plans for the throne.

"A bloody battle is about to begin." His eyes flashed brightly as he increased his speed. At the same time, he threw out thirteen jade talismans. These messages pierced through the sky like meteors towards different locations in the capital.

Among them were the seven secret guards of the Divine King's faction, the three marquises outside the capital, Princess Luofu...

After receiving his message, they all began to act.

[Chapter 579: Palace Stained With Blood](#)

The imperial harem contained thousands of individual palaces.

Feiyun used his Swift Samsara and the weapon essence to travel deeper inside. There used to be plenty of formations here but they have been broken. Someone was clearly ahead of him.

“Intruder, halt.” A gray-robed person stood on top of a ten-meter palace with an iron sword tied on his back. His eyes seemed empty with two black pearls inside, looking quite bleak.

Despite his ordinary appearance, his power was no joke for he was a half-step Giant at the early level.

Half-step was a realm divided into three levels - early, intermediate, late. Each level was quite different from each other. Only the truly talented could beat someone at a higher level.

Feiyun didn't stop and retorted: “What sect are you from, daring to infiltrate the forbidden palace?”

“I do not belong to any sect, the world is large but there is nowhere I can't reach.” This old man had a three-foot long hair. His voice was nefarious, vexing and distracting others.

“Hmph, if the emperor was still here, would you dare to repeat that?” Feiyun looked down on him.

Not to mention a half-step Giant, even an Enlightened Being wouldn't carelessly come here in that case.

The old man didn't show any emotion: “Brat, you're still wet between the ears. I know who you are, don't think just because people call you the number one genius of Jin that you can fight against older cultivators. I have trained for 640 years and fought in no less than ten thousand people yet here I am, still alive. A junior like you is no match for me.”

“I also know who you are.” Feiyun soared like a dragon and appeared right before the guy, entering his battle domain.

Feiyun immediately became slower as if he had entered a marsh.

All half-step Giants would be able to form a battle domain. This was similar to the qi images of geniuses. If the latter could combine their qi image and battle domain, they would become even stronger.

In fact, the qualifier to become a half-step Giant was forming a domain.

“You know who I am?” The old man was surprised.

“You train in the Evil Wind Dao with eyes refined into blood pearls, clearly a member of the Dark Realm, perhaps a supreme elder.”

The Dark Realm and the Beiming had a good relationship. Plus, with Feiyun's experience, it wasn't hard to speculate the old man's identity.

Taking advantage of his astonishment, Feiyun utilized Swift Samsara to the limit. He turned into a gale while the weapon essence acted as a lightning bolt to break through.

The guy was caught off guard again with his eyes nearly leaving their socket - how could a junior be so fast? He used a movement art of the heretical faction to retreat, but his shirt at the heart location was pierced, leaving a bloody wound behind. The weapon essence nearly penetrated his heart.

He felt a chi coursing down his spine and heard another metallic sound breaking the wind. He looked around and couldn't see the enemy.

The two black pearls in his eyes finally came out. After absorbing blood, his pupils have turned dark from an art called Bloodcloud Pearl.

These two pupils turned into two bloody clouds with a crescent shape.

It was a heaven-defying heretical art, requiring the blood of more than one thousand people to reach enlightenment. The power was no joke - it flattened two palaces completely, leaving only broken bricks behind.

This was only the beginning, the appearance of the pearls looked so impressive already.

Feiyun wasn't afraid at all. A white dragon rushed out of his weapon essence, more than ten meters long. They broke through the clouds and struck the man's chest.

"Boom!" Blood gushed out. Three of his ribs were broken and his robe was tattered.

The loud commotion disturbed the concubines nearby. Some of them cultivated but weren't that strong. They flew out and noticed the shockwaves.

"Why is there fighting here?"

"Where are the inner guards?"

"Why hasn't the emperor take care of these?"

One of the shockwaves cut a beautiful concubine's neck, halfway from decapitating her completely. Blood gushed out like a spring. She struggled on the ground for a bit before dying, no chance to eat a healing pill.

That was only one single shockwave.

The other concubines saw this and became pale; they quickly backed off. Only several stronger ones continued watching. They were from powerful sects and have cultivated great scriptures before.

One of them with pear-like colored skin said: "One of them is the Divine King, the other is using heretical arts, a half-step Giant."

"Sister Xue, shouldn't we assist the Divine King?" A different concubine wearing a pink dress asked. She was relatively powerful and seductive.

Consort Xue shook her head: "I heard Consort Beiming has sent out a message about the emperor entering the royal sacred ground to train. When the new emperor is appointed, we'll also go there forever, so we shouldn't get involved in this competition. If we help the wrong side, not only will we die without a grave, our clans will be implicated too."

These consorts were strong but they didn't dare to offend anyone. They have lost their authority now that the current emperor was gone. Not knowing their place would lead to death, and death was inevitable during a conflict for the throne.

The upper echelon of the royal clan always turned a blind eye towards the competition. In their minds, only the winners were the strongest and deserving of the dynasty.

They wanted a decisive conqueror, not an incompetent loser.

Feiyun was not even twenty of age yet he could already fight against a half-step. The weapon essence was unpredictable and sharp. It crossed through the air and left behind nine wounds on the gray-robed combatant.

Feiyun continued infiltrating the harem - one slash after every step. This supreme elder of the heretical sect had no chance to retaliate. More and more wounds added up. Bloody footprints were left behind after he staggered backward.

“This is all you got after living for 640 years? I haven’t trained for six years and could still kill you a thousand times over.” Feiyun put away the weapon essence and raised his hands.

9,998 beast souls appeared on his arms before he pushed two paces forward.

“Boom!” The man tried to block this mountain-moving strike and nearly got down on his knees.

He couldn’t believe that he had lost so utterly against this youth. He tried to resist again but Feiyun unleashed another palm strike, forcing him down on all fours. The ground cracked like a spiderweb.

“Whoosh!” A blade flashed and a bloody head hit a red wall nearby before rolling down on the ground.

A half-step had turned into a specter, slain by Feiyun’s blade.

The consorts glanced at each other before staring at this stalwart youth. He was even stronger than the Jin Emperor at this age. Nevertheless, his bloodthirst forced them to step back.

He straightened his back and gave them a quick glance before running deeper inside.

“Looks like something is happening over there, let’s take a look.” The stronger consorts followed behind Feiyun.

They didn’t dare to go in front since who knows what danger awaits ahead?

A group of black clouds rushed out of a palace with five old men inside. They were powerful eunuchs wearing a turtle-dove robe; white face and no beard with a strong yin affinity.

All attacked Feiyun at the same time with more than twenty different wind-breaking techniques.

They have been bought by the Beiming Clan. Some were actually spies arranged beforehand.

“Die!” His weapon essence turned into a rain of white swords. All the techniques were penetrated and some palaces crumbled. The five eunuchs fell to the ground; their corpses looked like beehives.

Feiyun’s expression grew colder as he walked among the ruins. He was very close to the five main palaces in the center, each had a white pearl placed on top and resembled five mountains.

Feiyun has been in one of these palaces before to meet Ji Lingxuan. The one belonging to Consort Luo should be close.

Alas, it was under the control of the Beiming with no less than one hundred cultivators present. Twenty qi images were in the sky with strong battle intents. The stench of blood permeated the air and prickled the nose.

Feiyun wasn't afraid of entering the tiger's lair. He saw corpses of eunuchs and palace maids everywhere by the gate; blood condensed into small streams.

Five black-robed cultivators were going through these corpses in order to kill any survivor.

[Chapter 580: One Man Alone](#)

Trespassing in the imperial harem was a great crime of insolence so they couldn't leave anyone alive.

"All dead."

"No, one more here, still one breath left." A cultivator dressed in black with a cruel gaze decapitated a dying maid with one swing of the sword.

"Consort Luo has some influence, these maids and eunuchs are all stubborn experts, I wonder if His Excellency, the Crown Prince, manages to capture her yet?"

"The emperor has entered seclusive cultivation so the capital is under his control right now. Once he wears the Regal Dragon Robe, control the imperial seal, and take in the providence of the dragon spirit stone, he'll be in charge of the dragon vein below. If anyone dares to object at that point, they're dead men, hah-"

The laughter stopped because they saw Feng Feiyun coming in from the entrance, walking on top of the piles of corpses and blood.

A wind, stained with the stench of blood, skirted by the plum blossoms by the wall. The red petals fluttered back and forth before falling down on the streams of blood, floating just like tiny boats.

"Feng Feiyun, you dare to trespass in this forbidden ground? This is the palace of Consort Luo." One of the men stood on top of a boulder while holding a bloody sword to stop anyone from entering.

Feiyun didn't want to waste time speaking and unleashed a large palm strike right on this guy's head.

"Crack!" The man's neck broke so he fell head-first backward.

These five had more than a hundred years of cultivation but they had no chance to resist before Feiyun.

"Brother Peng!" The second got his neck crushed by Feiyun and got thrown outside. The corpse struck a great bronze pillar and was eviscerated.

The remaining three retreated continuously with dread due to Feiyun's merciless killing methods.

Feiyun rode the wind and pointed forward. The tip of his finger gathered a five-colored ray - red, black, white, green, and yellow. They shot out and pierced the forehead of two more combatants, leaving behind a hole as large as a finger with red liquid oozing out.

The remaining cultivator was scared out of his mind and started fleeing while wanting to call for backup. However, the moment he opened his mouth, a white sword came from behind and thrust out of his mouth.

Feiyun put away the weapon essence and increased his speed for the inner palace.

This place was massive due to its master being a Divine Consort. He crossed through seven halls and killed thirty people before reaching her residing palace at the center.

Dozens of cultivators guarded outside. Some wore a black robe while others had the armor of the interguards. They had sharp gazes and powerful auras.

The essence turned into a large saber resembling a white, crescent moon. Feiyun rushed through the well-groomed garden straight for the sleeping chamber.

Corpses and burnt marks scattered all over the garden. These burning spots on the ground looked as if they had been struck by lightning. Some trees were still burning as well. The flame had spread to a few corpses.

“You Beimings are quite bold, daring to come to the imperial palace and massacre the harem? Your nine lines deserve death!”

Feiyun was unstoppable and looked just like a god of war.

Upon closer inspection of the battle marks, the Beiming only got here recently. These cultivators weren't that strong, only half-steps at best. This group was hastily formed; otherwise, some Giants would have joined in for such an important objective.

Long Shenya had entered the sleeping chamber. The guards outside were led by four half-steps.

Beiming Xiao laughed: “Your Excellency, you're here too. So your Feng's nine lines are also implicated.”

Xiao was a supreme elder of the Beiming. Though he looked like a middle-aged man, he had cultivated for 430 years. Despite his “polite” address, he didn't care for Feiyun since the guy was still too young.

When he was rampaging the world, Feiyun has yet to be born. This hairless brat, regardless of how talented he might be, was just a junior.

Feiyun nodded and smiled: “Way to twist black and white. You must know that although the emperor is training and doesn't care much about the competition, if all of you get out of line, there will still be punishment, such as forcing a Divine Consort. You won't be able to handle the consequences.”

“You don't need to worry about that. First, you think you can get out alive after knowing so much? But more importantly, once the crown prince becomes the next emperor and obtains the providence of the dynasty, he'll be the main decider. And our Beiming Clan has existed for more than ten thousand years, we're not weaker than the royal clan. The emperor needs to think twice before touching us. Feiyun, you're still too naive, things aren't as simple as they seem.” A different half-step Giant from the Beiming stood on top of a wall with both hands placed behind his back.

The Beiming naturally had a rich history and great power at Jin. Feiyun already knew that the royal clan didn't trust and wanted to deal with them. Unfortunately, they couldn't find the right opportunity in the past.

In fact, this event was a chance for the royal clan to weaken the four great clans.

This chaos was a test prepared by the emperor for Princess Luofu to see whether she could keep her throne.

Feiyun stood there and smiled: "There's nothing else to say then, I will go in there and you can't stop me."

He turned into a white specter and crossed through one hundred meters in the blink of an eye.

Ten old men from the Beiming have been waiting there to create a great formation. The array itself was floating in the sky. In the split second when Feiyun made it there, the formation instantly attacked.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" The formation was carved with 81 spirit stones to fuel its energy. Several hundred purple lightning bolts as thick as an arm rushed out.

These old men were powerful formation masters so this formation was quite incredible. The ground also had holes with lava gushing out of them.

Feiyun created a silver barrier with his weapon essence to cover himself. The lightning bolts were assimilated before being released back straight on the lava to repel them.

The old men retreated quickly but some lava still hit their sleeves and turned it to ashes.

This brat was something else - they thought. This formation could kill a half-step but it couldn't touch him at all.

"Hmph! He must have been able to sneak past Zhuo Luo to get here, he's not bad." Beiming Xiao was only twenty paces away from Feiyun but didn't intend on joining in.

He was a big shot, a member of the Beiming's main branch, and looked down on fighting against a junior since it was detrimental to his status.

Zhuo Luo was obviously the gray-robed man earlier. He assumed that Feiyun had gotten away from Zhuo Luo, not expecting a youth to be able to kill a supreme elder from the heretical dao.

"He's just courting death. I'm sure there is a big reward for whoever takes his head." A different half-step said.

A few cultivators became tempted right away. Killing Feiyun was definitely a big contribution, maybe enough to train in the clan's secret realm for ten years.

"I got him." A thin man walked out - a user at the fifth level.

He opened his central palace and a broken spear flew out. It was only a meter long, spotted with rust, but there was still a gentle luster with flowing runes.

This was a broken second-ranked spirit treasure. Despite its tattered state, the spirituality and formations inside have been repaired by Beiming Mulin for the last two hundred years.

The spear had restored thirty-percent of its power, comparable to a first-ranked spirit treasure.

Mulin activated the spirituality of his strongest weapon. A sky-engulfing power erupted and crushed the nearby walls while cracks appeared on the ground.

Feiyun was fighting against the ten formation masters and suddenly felt this power coming from behind him. His brows slightly furrowed before he released a ring out of his thumb.

“Boom!” An even stronger power erupted and cut the spear into several pieces, sending it back straight at Mulin.

“Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!” Mulin didn’t expect for Feiyun to be so strong and couldn’t react before these fragments pinned him to a yellow wall. His blood began streaming down.

“That asshole has a third-ranked spirit treasure!” Beiming Xiao became greedy.

He was a half-step but didn’t have a single spirit treasure. After all, the clan had too many experts and not enough treasures. Not to mention a third-ranked one, he didn’t even have a first-ranked one! He even coveted that spear from Mulin, let alone Feiyun’s treasure just now.