

Sprit Vessel 581

### [Chapter 581: Resting Quarter Of The Consort](#)

Starting from the beginning, Feiyun spent less than ten minutes to reach the inner chamber of Consort Luo. Meanwhile, quite a storm was stirring outside.

Princess Luofu had received Feiyun's message while watching the fights. Her expression quickly changed after reading the content and brought her officials towards a palace floating in the sky.

"Mother, the situation doesn't bode well." She entered the chamber alone with a hurried pace.

Consort Hua sat on a phoenix throne with her eyes closed, seemingly meditating. She opened her eyes and calmly said: "I've taught you many times to always stay calm no matter the situation. What happened?"

Luofu threw her jade talisman into the consort's hand.

After reading the content, the consort stood up with a changed expression: "So fast."

She began musing, her expression shifting back and forth. Nevertheless, her composure returned quickly: "What is your plan?"

The princess was old enough to make her own decisions.

"Going all out and take power by force." The princess decisively said, looking like an empress.

"Then go for it." The consort's eyes flashed as she turned her attention towards the inner chambers. Her body suddenly disappeared. The next second, it was right outside of the imperial palace. She then sped for the harem.

The princess stayed behind and sent out ten orders to her troops, still keeping her wits.

Numerous battles began around the capital, especially the nine main gates. These positions were the first to be taken over.

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In another important town in the outskirts, 80 million troops were camping outside. With a resounding gong echoing for 800 miles, this army quickly gathered. They readied their spears and chariots before marching to the capital.

Everything happened within several frantic minutes. They were prepared and waited for the order, just like fireworks waiting for the ignition.

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The battle waged on inside the imperial palace.

Beiming Xiao was an early half-step but was still stronger than Zhuo Luo. He was the better talent so he had greater comprehension and physical constitution.

He unleashed cold energy, creating frost on the ground all around Feiyun.

This was the Northern Profound Law, the ultimate technique of the Beiming!

Though he didn't have a spirit treasure, just his arts alone could destroy a city.

"If you want this third-ranked treasure, have at it!" Feiyun went on the offense. The Infinite Spirit Ring spewed out a dark expanse of clouds.

Just the shockwaves of this treasure going all out instantly pierced the chest of three cultivators, leaving a head-size hole. They fell down instantly.

At the very center, Beiming Xiao felt a great pressure as if there was a mountain pressing down on him. His Northern Profound Law was forced back to his dantian so he spat out a mouthful of blood.

'How could this kid be so strong?' He was in disbelief. The brat had a third-ranked spirit treasure but he was still a half-step. His 400 years of cultivation wasn't a match for Feiyun's several years?

The other three half-steps of the Beiming also felt that something wasn't right. Feiyun was far stronger than their expectations on top of possessing that ring. Ordinary half-steps weren't enough to fight him.

"We can't let the kid lives. He's only twenty and can fight half-steps already. Just a few more years and even Giants have to make way."

A black claw came from the sky, around eight meters long with black hair. Its nails were as sharp as a sword.

"Ra!" Beiming Youyang rode a three-headed cat. It was gigantic, more than twenty meters tall. It had cultivated for 900 years, on the verge of becoming a spirit beast.

It was an ancient breed, capable of changing its size. When not in battle, it would be normal-sized, cute and obedient. In battle, it was as fierce as a primal beast.

Feiyun's beast souls roared. They appeared behind his back while he took out his weapon essence and unleashed a brutal blow, cutting and leaving behind a deep wound on the cat's claw with blood gushing out.

"Meow!" The cat issued a cry no different from a wailing ghost, quite a frightening sound.

The other two half-steps were exceptional and instantly joined in. They used forbidden techniques to create two mountains right above Feiyun.

"Boom! Boom!" Feiyun punched with both hands and destroyed the mountains, giving him enough time to retreat.

Meanwhile, the rest of the Beiming's cultivators attacked him from behind with countless lightning bolts.

Feiyun used Swift Samsara to evade. The spot where he was standing before exploded into a pit with smoke and lightning currents oozing out.

These cultivators knew that Feiyun was no joke so they went all out to stop him.

Feiyun was strong indeed but due to his limited cultivation, he could only fight against a half-step. However, the Beiming had four half-steps here with dozens of powerful experts. Their offense made it impossible for him to keep dodging.

“Feiyun, you think you’re a Giant? Daring to come here all alone?! So suicidal.” Beiming Youyang rode his cat and took the vanguard, unleashing a pulsing ray that brushed Feiyun’s shoulder.

Smoke burned from the contact spot. If it wasn’t for his golden armor, he would be seriously wounded now.

“I’m not even a half-step but that’s more than enough to kill you!” Feiyun’s eyes shot out two large phoenixes straight for Youyang.

“Boom!” The phoenixes were slashed by the cat and exploded in a blinding manner.

Feiyun easily darted through the flame and aimed for Youyang’s head with his weapon essence.

“Boom!” At the same time, he took out the Ascension Platform in his dantian. A large, black tablet flew out and pushed down on the cat, causing it to cry: “Meow, meow!”

The weapon essence brushed by his neck, leaving a wound half-an-inch deep. If he didn’t dodge in time, his neck would have been done for.

He touched his neck and still felt fear then decided to tell his black cat to leave. Jumping in front of Feiyun was a huge mistake.

“It’s too late now.” The Ascension Platform flew up with eighteen figures trembling on the surface. A sound of the dao resounded above Youyang’s head. As the figures continued to flicker, the power increased.

“Boom!” The large cat couldn’t handle this force and got down on the ground, causing Youyang to fall off.

He wanted to propel himself back up but a power pressed down on his chest.

It was Feiyun’s foot. Next came the sound of bones breaking. Feiyun’s entire foot got in.

“Who’s suiciding now?” Feiyun was merciless since doing otherwise would result in his death. Next, he crushed Youyang’s heart.

His shoes stained with blood slowly left Youyang’s chest. Beads of blood continued to drip down the front.

Another half-step had fallen to Feiyun. He didn’t slow down at all and continued heading for Consort Luo’s chamber. The ten formation masters created seven formations to stop him again. This was enough to trap a half-step to death.

“Amateurs.” Feiyun jumped up and stepped over these formations, creating water-like ripples without actually activating the formations.

He made it through the first, second, third... then the seventh. The old men were shocked. They took their time craving these formations but Feiyun passed through them like nothing.

“Die now!” He waved his sleeve and the essence turned into thousands of tiny swords, directly piercing through these old men. They fell down in a pool of blood.

The pursuers behind him didn't stop but the seven formations blocked their path. They had no choice but to break them one by one.

Feiyun kicked the main door to the consort's sleeping chamber. His eyes narrowed after seeing the scene inside.

### [Chapter 582: The Consort's Death](#)

No man would ever enter the sleeping chamber of a consort; only eunuchs at best.

This was an iron law; even a prince or the crown prince couldn't violate.

It was a palace with an entrance made out of jade stones and great pillars. The walls were made from golden bronze; roof tiles were made from glazed crystals. Only a Divine Consort could enjoy this extravagant palace with powerful inner guards.

Unfortunately, these inner guards were all dead.

Inside the chamber was a three-foot-tall cauldron burning white-orchid incense. This precious scent still wasn't enough to hide the stench of blood, especially harsh once noticed.

Feiyun's eyes narrowed and saw a wondrous beauty lying in a pool of blood; a sword had pierced through her chest from the back, staining her white dress red.

This great beauty had an elegance and grace beyond other pretty women. She was obviously Consort Luo.

She didn't participate in this power struggle yet still died because of it. Her mouth was to blame for this. If she didn't tell her clan master about the secret letter, this news wouldn't have leaked.

Thus, it didn't matter how beautiful, influential, and powerful someone was. Talking too much might lead to death.

The mouth was a source of disaster - everyone knew this. Alas, few could truly keep a secret, especially women whose nature inclined towards gossiping.

Did the crown prince kill her?

No!

Long Shenya himself was pale, sitting in the chamber. He had flipped this place over, even the tiles on the ground. All the wooden beams were destroyed but he failed to find what he was searching for.

A eunuch stood next to him, thin with long, gray brows virtually blocking his eyes.

Though he looked on the verge of death, his aura was quite dangerous and had the yin affinity, enough to freeze the red clouds on the horizon. No one could get close to Shenya with him around.

This was the Chief Attendant of the Northern Palace, one of the five main eunuchs in the imperial palace.

Shenya saw Feiyun at the entrance and gave him a brief side-eye: “Feng Feiyun, you’re one step late.”

Feiyun noticed the eunuch’s dangerous aura and didn’t come in. He sneered: “You as well.”

The consort clearly didn’t die to Long Shenya. Someone else got ahead of them, so he didn’t obtain the letter and Regal Dragon Robe. Otherwise, he would have left long ago.

Shenya’s expression turned colder as he left deep marks on the resting arms of his chair. Just imagine, he risked his life to come here - the throne was his for the taking. Alas, someone got here even earlier. He nearly vomited blood from anger.

“Hmph! I might be late but I know who took the two items.” Shenya said.

Feiyun glanced over at the consort’s corpse. His eyes became serious since he had a pretty good guess.

Though Shenya was a coward, he was still an intelligent genius: “Consort Luo was a Giant at the seventh level. There is only one wound on her body, the killing move. It shows that she was killed without putting up a fight.”

The Jin Emperor wouldn’t have given her the items if she wasn’t strong enough.

He continued: “Thus, her killer is either someone she trusts or far stronger than her. Of course, there is also a third scenario - this person has the Silk Cloak of Invisibility and snuck behind the consort to deliver the fatal blow.”

“The first is unlikely because those close to her aren’t as strong. Even an unexpected attack wouldn’t end her within a single strike. The second? If there was a real master sneaking into the palace, they wouldn’t need to kill her from behind since they could just suppress her and force her to hand over the two items, no need to look around this place.”

“So, this thief must have had the invisible cloak - she is the most beautiful in the world - Nangong Hongyan.”

Feiyun didn’t say anything. This analysis matched his own.

It must have been Nangong Hongyan. She took the Regal Dragon Robe in order to gather all five divine garments and the letter for Feiyun’s sake.

‘She didn’t listen to me about leaving the capital and got involved in this mess.’ Feiyun became worried. Though she had the Firebird Gown and Cloak of Invisibility, rendering Giants useless, her own cultivation was still too weak.

Plus, the capital was a troubled place right now with people stronger than Giants appearing. They could spot her through the cloak.

Many big powers would go all out for the two items. Feiyun didn’t even know if he could leave the capital alive, let alone Hongyan in possession of the items.

What she took weren’t two treasures but two potential disasters.

‘She must have been next to me all along, that’s why she heard my conversation with Long Qingyang and knew about Consort Luo. She’s no different from a shadow, serving me tea when I’m thirsty,

perhaps she was also there quietly by my side when I embraced Ji Lingxuan then buried her, regardless of the freezing snow. She didn't show herself because she was afraid that I would blame her. Always waiting by my side, wearing that thin dress...'

When loving someone, watching them quietly in the shadows was enough.

Feiyun had an ominous feeling as if the thing he didn't want to see the most would happen. He wanted to go find her right away. In his mind, ten dynasties weren't as important as one Hongyan. He would be in pain for the rest of his life if something were to happen to her.

When loving someone, one must love everything about them and forgive their flaws. Nangong Hongyan was cruel and calculating but she did love him, willing to enter a tiger's lair for his sake without worrying about her own life.

What more could one ask for out of a lover?

"Feng Feiyun, you think you can leave?" Shenya smirked cruelly: "Trouble in the imperial palace with a Divine Consort's resting chamber destroyed, and she herself died. Someone needs to be responsible for this. I would have been pursuing Nangong Hongyan if I wasn't waiting for you."

"You want to put the blame on me?" Feiyun felt a powerful aura locking on him, rendering him immobile. If he were to slightly move, a powerful attack would come.

"Feng Feiyun was lawless, rushing into the harem, wanting to shame the consort but she resisted. He ended up killing her out of rage. I, the crown prince, ended killing this animal on the spot to make an example out of him. What do you think if I were to present your corpse to the public with this message? They will trust me?" Shenya smiled.

The Northern Chief Attendant smiled as well: "Given his history, he would definitely do something like this."

Feiyun also smiled with an evil stare: "Of course I can. However, I would go even harder if it was Consort Beiming."

Consort Beiming was Shenya's birth mother so this worked quite well as an insult

"You court death!" Shenya gritted his teeth and told the chief attendant to go for it.

A palm strike with a frigid chill froze the entrance with a thick layer that continued to spread.

The opponent was too fast and Feiyun was already locked-on from the start with no chance to escape.

Feiyun activated his 9,998 beast souls. His arms doubled in size, filled with beast runes. He roared and punched with both hands at the same time.

"Boom!" He felt as if he was striking a mountain. The backlash ran through his hands and made him fly outside. His organs were shaking; chest overwhelmed with pain.

This was the power of a Giant. No wonder why Shenya wasn't afraid at all. This was more than enough to kill Feiyun.

At the same time, the sound of formations being assaulted continued. The rest of the Beiming experts led by three half-steps didn't give up. They finally broke through and rushed for the resting chamber with wind-breaking speed.

There was no lack of masters and guards in the imperial palace; some were at the Giant level. However, they hid in the shadow and didn't dare to take action. This was a competition for the throne. Picking the wrong side could result in death.

They prioritized survival first while watching the developments.

Divine King, Princess Luofu, and the crown prince - it was best to let them fight while maintaining neutrality in order to not offend any of them.

'I can't stop or I'll be trapped, won't be able to do anything then.' Feiyun leaped to the sky, wanting to break the containment barrier in order to leave the palace.

"Boom!" Northern Chief Attendant broke a wall and rushed out from the resting chamber. His long brows exuded a bright glow and acted like divine silks, growing longer and longer. They started flying in the air, aiming straight for Feiyun's neck.

### [Chapter 583: Escaping The Imperial Palace](#)

The endlessly long brows shined with a layer of frost around them.

A Giant just needed to swing their hand to have an earth-shattering power, akin to a god unleashing their power - such oppressive pressure.

Feiyun could only fly backward or the brows would cut off his neck.

"Whoosh!" The three half-steps rushed forward aggressively. They looked like three swords blocking his path. In the distant, dozens of cultivators took up positions, readied their techniques to attack at any moment.

Feiyun stood on an open field. The branches of the plum trees swayed back and forth from the cold wind. The petals also fell down his head and face.

Long Shenya came out of the resting chamber and stood on top of the stone steps. Behind him was the majestic palace. He looked quite at ease as he laughed: "Feng Feiyun, you're not escaping today. After I'm done with you, I will capture Nangong Hongyan and take the letter and robe. She'll be my Divine Consort after I become emperor!"

He purposely provoked Feiyun. This person was crafty and intelligent. If he had courage and toughness, he would be a great emperor in the future.

Feiyun smiled back: "Long Shenya, do you know why you're inferior to Luofu? I'll let you know, the letter has Luofu's name written on it."

Feiyun naturally didn't know and only wanted to provoke the guy back.

“Impossible, I’m as talented as can be, bestowed the role of crown prince ten years ago. That letter has my name!” Shenya nearly shouted. The more he cared about the content of the letter, the more insecure he seemed.

“Your inferiority is irrefutable. Jin Emperor gave the Queen’s Order to Consort Hua and the imperial carriage to Luofu, that clearly shows his intent.” Feiyun went on.

Shenya’s eyes rolled in contemplation. He suddenly laughed out loud: “Haha! All nonsense, Feiyun, you just want to buy time for reinforcement. Unfortunately, I won’t let it happen. Men, kill him.”

“Boom!” A group of palaces nearby crumbled as a cluster of clouds descended.

Consort Hua rode the clouds, wearing her phoenix crest and looking quite elegant. She swung her sleeve and blew away two nearest cultivators from the Beiming Clan. She then finished them off by stretching her hand forward, turning them into drops of blood.

She cultivated the Supreme Refinement Scripture, a great and mighty art. Just a single wave was destructive enough.

Before marrying the emperor, she was an incredible genius. After entering the harem, she became pampered even more with endless resources and personally trained by the emperor. Her cultivation naturally soared.

She had a peerless aura, one befitting of her status. The cultivators from the Beiming became intimidated.

Feiyun felt much better after seeing the reinforcement. The Northern Chief Attendant might not be her match.

However, in another floating golden palace a hundred meter up above surrounded by clouds, a slender and delicate hand came down to stop Consort Hua.

It wasn’t far from here, only ten miles away - the palace of Consort Beiming.

She wore a long gown to cover her snow-white skin, standing in front of her palace. Her black hair draped down and fluttered with the wind.

She looked just like a goddess from above with long ribbons coiled around her arms. She grabbed a group of stars and aimed it straight at Consort Hua.

This daughter of Beiming Moshou used to be the prettiest in her clan. She was talented enough to be a half-step before marrying the emperor. The palaces trembled before her first move.

Consort Hua didn’t relent and rushed to the sky to fight against Consort Beiming.

The other concubines instantly ran away, not wanting to be involved.

Thunder detonated above the clouds along with loud explosions. The battle between these two great women was quite shocking.

Though they served the same man, their relationship wasn’t that good, more like enemies.

In fact, a harem could never exist in peace. There would always be competition and scheming in the background. They wanted nothing more than to kill each other.

Moreover, the throne was on the line as well so they didn't hold back at all.

"Feng Feiyun, Consort Hua can't even take care of herself, who can save you now?" Shenya was very confident since he knew his mother's cultivation.

He gave the order to kill again. Three half-steps went forward with their strongest attack.

Beiming Xiao had lost to Feiyun before so he hated the guy the most, so his attack was the cruelest. He took out his soulbound artifact - a three-meter-long black sword with runes flowing on the blade, clearly made from extraordinary metal.

"Whoosh!" The sword cut through the wind.

Beiming Tong took out a green seal as big as a grinder. A mountain brushed by it instantly cracked and crumbled.

The third half-step was a physical expert with a golden glow on his skin. His attack rendered the vegetation nearby into dust.

They went all out in order to kill Feiyun as fast as possible.

Feiyun used his ring for protection while attacking with his Ascension Platform and weapon essence.

"Boom!" He gathered his beast souls for a palm strike before getting entangled with the physical-art user. The shockwaves made the pores on the arm of this half-step bleed continuously.

An ordinary cultivator could have ten divine intents but they couldn't use it at will, unable to exert the full power. Only a Giant could control these intents, using two spirit treasures at once while maintaining full power.

However, Feiyun was only at the fourth-level yet he could multitask so well with his treasures and abilities.

Northern Palace Chief Attendant didn't join in, only watching to prevent Feiyun from escaping. After all, Feiyun's movement technique was strange. There would be no catching him again if he were to escape.

"How can he fight against three half-steps? Can he even be stronger than my cousin?" Shenya was jealous. He was considered a historical genius but Feiyun completely overshadowed him.

"His divine intents are strong, capable of multi-tasking with no problem, quite a rare ability but in terms of actual combat, he might not be able to beat Young Noble Beiming." The attendant answered.

"Then what are you waiting for? Capture him already to avoid any needless complication." Shenya was worried since he needed to catch Nangong Hongyan before she escapes the capital.

The attendant shook his head: "No need, those three are enough to hold him here. He's still only a fourth-level Heaven's Mandate, not a match for three half-steps so he'll lose within fifteen minutes."

"I can't wait that long. Suppress him right now so I can stomp on him!" Shenya insisted.

The attendant had no choice but to gather his power. It awakened just like a dragon.

“Boom!” Right at this second, Feiyun also made his move. The area below his feet suddenly flashed as he shifted to the right to escape the physical-art half-step.

At the same time, he used all of his treasures against Beiming Xiao and blew him flying. He smashed into a palace and got caught up in the ruins.

There was finally a gap in the blockade. Feiyun used his Swift Samsara and turned into a phantom to escape the area on top of barely blocking the attack from the Chief Attendant.

If the attendant didn't join in, Feiyun wouldn't have the chance to run since that guy would be able to push him back into the blockade.

However, Feiyun purposely acted cool against the three half-steps so that Shenya would lose his patience and order the attendant to join in. Feiyun was waiting precisely for that split second.

The Beiming cultivators nearby wanted to stop him but he had the momentum and managed to knock them to the ground.

‘I wonder how is it going outside the capital right now.’ Feiyun flew above the palaces like the wind while his pursuers fell behind.

It didn't take long before they lost him completely. Not even a Giant could match him in terms of speed right now. Trapping him for a second time was prohibitively difficult.

#### [Chapter 584: Fires Of War](#)

The fires of war spanned for nine thousand miles outside of the capital with great battles raging everywhere. Billowing smoke blotted out the sun while the shockwaves made the earth tremble.

It looked like complete destruction before reformation.

This change came so unexpectedly. Peace and prosperity with sweet songs replaced by rivers of blood and the cries of battle.

“What's happening?” A few cultivators stood on the ancient path to see chariots coming, grinding the paved street. The collapsing walls shocked them to the core.

“Boom!” Two great masters were competing in the sky. A remnant ray was pushed out and killed several cultivators.

This was a battle for authority and the throne. Of course, several other great powers were secretly maneuvering to amplify the chaos.

Though they wanted to destroy and replace Jin, they knew that it was still too powerful and couldn't collapse overnight.

Thus, no one tried to actually seize power from the royal family. They only fanned the fire to make the war spread, hoping to weaken the foundation of the dynasty. The fiercer the battle, the louder their laughter would be in the shadow.

The best scenario would be a battle of attrition between Princess Luofu and the crown prince where both sides lose.

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Inside the Imperial City.

The groom competition had stopped completely. Cultivators began to flee among the chaos. The prodigies were escorted away by their old defenders, hoping to leave the capital.

Orders were nowhere to be found, so staying would only result in death. They couldn't allow these prodigies to die before maturing. They would become great soldiers in the future to take down Jin.

Alas, regardless of how strong one might be, they seemed defenseless against the entire martial army. Even a Giant could be caught by the numerous spears.

"What's the situation?" Feiyun went to Princess Luofu first.

She sat inside her aerial palace, seemingly quite calm. A stream of messengers went in to hand her battle reports in the form of jade talismans every minute or so.

In front of her was an eighteen-meter-long blue diagram carved with the capital's geography and formations. The important and secret bases were marked with special symbols.

After receiving a certain message, the princess threw it back out after modifying the content in the form of an order.

"Not good. The old fox wants to use force this time, one-third of the capital is under their control now. Looks like he has been planning this for a while and had maneuvered his troops a few days prior. If they were to attack the imperial city right now, they could definitely take the Dragon Spirit Stone and Imperial Seal. Do you have the Regal Dragon Robe and letter?"

Feiyun shook his head: "Someone else got ahead of me. Don't worry, they're not on the crown prince's side. I'm sure he is on fire right now, anxious to get those two items."

The letter represented the orthodox side, allowing one to claim the throne without reproach. The dragon robe represented the position of emperor and absolute power - very necessary as well.

Feiyun said: "Where are the spirit stone and seal then? Why don't we grab them first to seize the initiative?"

He didn't reveal that Nangong Hongyan had gotten the two items since the princess would certainly order people to chase her behind his back. That's why he changed her focus towards the stone and seal.

The Dragon Spirit Stone contained the providence and fate of the entire dynasty so it was considered a sacred treasure. It was connected to the underground dragon vein. Controlling the stone meant controlling the vein.

If the stone were to be destroyed or taken away from the capital, then the vein would go wild and escape deeper into the core. It meant that the capital would no longer be suitable for cultivation, no

longer appropriate to be a mecca of civilization. Everyone would leave after the spirit energy here dissipated.

The thick energy was the reason why the city became so prosperous and populated, allowing easier cultivation. From this, one could see the importance of this dragon stone.

As for the Imperial Seal, it also represented the Jin Emperor, similar to the King and Queen's Order. They were made from the same material. It contained the power of previous emperors, so even stronger than the King's Order, making it comparable to a Dominating Armament.

Of course, its power wasn't the most important thing but rather its ability to send out orders to the rest of the world.

The princess shook her head: "The dragon stone has been stolen in the past so now, it is placed in the emperor's resting chamber, protected by six royal ancestors. No one can get close without the emperor's permission and will be killed on sight. These ancestors are extremely strong. Twenty years ago, someone attempted this. In the end, the criminals' blood stained the palace. All seven Giants died. So, our strength alone can't do it."

Feiyun became disappointed. With the stone, he could control the dragon vein, and that's the same as controlling the entire capital. This was the most direct method but those six ancestors wouldn't allow anyone to touch the stone, not even Princess Luofu and the crown prince.

They could allow for these youths to compete for the throne, but never anything that could affect the foundation of the dynasty.

The princess went on: "I have a good guess about the seal. Father must have given it to a powerful confidant, maybe one of the Chief Attendants."

"What makes you say that?" Feiyun didn't understand the emperor too well.

She explained: "The emperor is a wise and calculating man who realized that this battle was inevitable. He wished to test the two of us so he gave the robe and seal to his two confidants. Just obtaining one of them would allow us to legitimately claim the throne."

The royal clan was something else. In an ordinary family, the parents would never allow their children to compete for the inheritance. This wasn't the case here because too much was on the line. An emperor would rule for several hundred years or even a thousand years. Letting a useless person being the emperor would weaken the dynasty, regardless of how strong it is.

Moreover, the taller the tree, the tougher the wind. The royal clan needed to pick the best descendant even if it meant that the rest would die during the competition.

If they couldn't even defeat their own siblings, how could they suppress the officials and take down their enemies? How could they exert their reign on the world?

Thus, it was fine for the capital to be destroyed and for the royal clan to be damaged to an extent. As long as the new emperor was alive and capable, then the dynasty would be just fine. Picking a useless trash to be the emperor would mean destruction down the line.

Everyone wanted to be born in the royal family, unaware of how cruel it could be. For the sake of the dynasty, abandoning one's own children was just fine.

She went on: "The Central Chief Attendant is in charge of the five. He grew up with Father and is the most loyal servant. The emperor is his everything. If the emperor were to die, then he would also commit suicide without any hesitation. If the emperor orders him to die, he would do it without batting an eye."

"Can someone like that still be considered human?" Feiyun said.

"Of course not! He should be considered a shadow, a breath, or a footstep of the emperor. He doesn't belong to himself. Everything of his is the emperor's." Luofu stressed.

To turn someone else into their shadow? Just how capable would a man like this be? Feiyun became more impressed with the emperor.

"However, do not look down on the Central Attendant. He's extremely powerful. When I was still young enough to stay in the imperial palace, I saw him bring three heads to the emperor. I took note of these heads and drew it for Mother to see."

"Her always-calm-and-collected self became startled after seeing the portraits and instantly burned them. She told me with a stern voice, never to reveal this to anyone or it would bring about a calamity. She vaguely said that they were big shots, belonging to the upper echelon of the four great clans."

"From then on, I realized two things. First, Father wants to deal with the four clans. Second, this attendant is unreasonably strong, a dangerous blade used by the emperor. What the emperor isn't in the position to do, he will get it done. He won't hand over that seal unless I seize the throne first."

### [Chapter 585: Imperial Seal](#)

The targets of the emperor were obviously important characters of the four clans; the ones that would hinder the royal clan's benefits. Normal people wouldn't get into his sight.

This showed just how strong the Central Chief Attendant was, to be able to kill these men.

Thus, there was no way of getting the Imperial Seal from this man despite the knowledge.

Feiyun stood outside the palace among the steps to look at the imperial city. The gates were closed with a mountainous blazing defensive formation online.

The flames and screams of war raged on right outside.

In the sky, beasts were flying along powerful weapons. Victims would occasionally fall down from the clouds.

Two rays of light flew out from the inner palace and soared to the sky like two stars. Feiyun saw that it was the two Divine Consorts.

"How many men do you have in the imperial city right now?" Feiyun asked.

Princess Luofu's brows furrowed: "Half-step and up experts are outside since this was too unexpected, what do you have in mind?"

Feiyun grimaced as well: "We should be capturing their leader first."

The princess understood. If they had enough forces, they could rush into the imperial city and kill the crown prince. At that point, Beiming Moshou's plans would fall apart no matter what.

However, no one expected this development so both sides had to adjust on the spot. The princess' force right now couldn't take on the crown prince's men, let alone killing him.

Only an hour had passed since the start of the trouble. Ordinary people would be panicking but the princess remained cool and collected, a testament to her great mind.

"We need to leave now then." Feiyun decided.

"We're just going to give the imperial city to Long Shenyang?" The princess asked.

Feiyun insisted: "First, as long as Beiming Moshou's men can't occupy the city, it's fine to let him stay since he can't do anything anyway."

"Second thing, his men right now can't handle taking the Imperial Seal and dragon stone."

"Third of all, he does have a Giant though, so if we continue to stay here, we'll only be food. Luofu, persistence is important, but in the grand scheme of things, giving up can also be a type of offense."

"Fourth, don't you want to find the letter and dragon robe?"

She was finally convinced and summoned her imperial carriage resembling a magnificent palace. Eight dragon souls rushed to the front, more than ten meters long. They roared thunderously and the carriage began to move.

This was the fastest carriage in Jin; not even a Giant could catch up.

As he was boarding, he noticed a familiar figure jumping over the walls of the palace. His jump was incredible - twisting his waist and arching his chest, legs together and straightened back to turn 720 degrees in the air. He landed without any difficulty and continued with such expertise and mastery.

Bi Ningshuai looked around with his treacherous eyes and confirmed that the coast was clear before sneaking into an alley like a phantom.

"Bi Ningshuai!" Feiyun disappeared from the palace and instantly emerged before Ningshuai in the alley.

Ningshuai looked up and saw Feiyun; his reaction was turning around to flee.

"Whoosh!" Princess Luofu had landed as well on the other side to cut off his escape path.

Ningshuai stopped and straightened his back: "Ah, the two of you must be on a date, hehe, I won't bother you then, see ya."

He started walking towards Feiyun, wanting to leave in a cool manner.

Feiyun stretched out his arm to stop the guy and smiled: "My friend, what do you have there in your pocket?"

“Nothing!” Ningshuai covered his body like a young bride afraid of being ravaged. He shook his head repeatedly: “Really nothing!”

This guy snuck around the imperial palace in this manner? He must have snatched some items.

Moreover, Feiyun could see his stomach protruding like a pregnant lady. Who was he trying to fool?

Bi Ningshuai has always been a thief. He must be taking advantage of the chaos to sneak into the imperial city for ill-gotten gains - not surprising at all.

The princess took out a sword with a pulsing glint. She walked slowly forward: “You must be the culprit behind the consort’s death. I will have your head as an offering to her.”

His legs grew weak since he felt guilty about stealing from her house because she was a real princess. He hid behind Feiyun and said weakly: “Feiyun, we’re tried-and-true friends, tell the princess that she got the wrong person. I’ve never been a killer.”

Feiyun naturally knew that Luofu only wanted to scare him so he smiled: “Well... I can’t testify for you since we both saw you coming out of the imperial city, and there’s no feast going on there.”

“I was only... Goddamn it, the two of you are so cruel! Nothing good ever comes out of meeting you, Feng Feiyun. I’m always screwed in the end, fine, take whatever you want!” Ningshuai gritted his teeth and took out a spatial bag, holding it in front of Feiyun.

This bag was a spirit treasure with enough space inside to hold a one-hundred-meter-long palace. It was filled right now with colorful lights oozing out. Just how many treasures were inside?

Feiyun ignored the treasures but he noticed something else inside the thief’s pocket, barely visible behind the bag. It was a square, black badge made of special materials - identical to the King’s Order.

Feiyun stretched out his hand: “Give me the King’s Order.”

“Talking about this? It’s not the King’s Order, just a rare piece of metal that has some strange power. I can’t put it in my spatial bag.” Ningshuai took it out to show its appearance.

It was a square badge, completely black and half a foot long. It was made from the same material as Feiyun’s King’s Order. He mistook it because he only saw one corner.

“That’s... the Imperial Seal...” The princess was ecstatic and immediately snatched it from Ningshuai.

It glowed golden in her hand after feeling her draconic energy. The black order immediately exploded with light and revealed mysterious runes containing dao laws. An imperial aura capable of toppling the mountains and overturning the seas oozed out.

Ningshuai’s eyes almost dropped to the ground. He was forced down on the ground, butt first, because of this pressure.

The princess quickly recalled her energy and the order turned black again. She breathed heavily with an orchid scent, incapable of calming down. This was the thing she has always dreamed about - absolute power and authority!

Anyone could be drowned out by the temptation of authority.

Feiyun quietly stood there and watched the whole thing. Her eyes right now resembled Shui Yueting's eyes when she killed him with one thrust. Both were women who desired power.

He didn't care about this. After finding Nangong Hongyan and carrying out another promise, he would leave Jin since he had no attachment to this place.

The princess took a deep breath and calmed down: "How did you get this Imperial Seal?"

Ningshuai wanted to cry. He could become famous in the world of thieves if this news were to break out, but now the princess had taken it away from him.

'I'm motherfucking blind, shouldn't have shown it at all.' Ningshuai thought to himself before replying: "Got it from an old eunuch."

"What does he look like?" The princess was in disbelief.

"White brows, non-protruding throat, a big mole between the eyes, oh, and hands like two hooks." He said. [1]

Feiyun and the princess exchanged glances. This person was definitely the Central Chief Attendant. This powerful cultivator still became a victim?

Suddenly, a shout made the sky vibrate: "Little thief! Where are you hiding?!"

This was the voice of this attendant who noticed the aura of the Imperial Seal earlier when Luofu activated it. He was running for this area right now. This massive and fierce aura seemed like it came from a gigantic being.

Feiyun grabbed Ningshuai's shoulder and threw him into the carriage. He and the princess jumped up there as well. The eight dragon souls broke through the sky and turned into a golden ray.

Meanwhile, a palm strike spanning for dozens of meters descended from the sky. It destroyed the palace above and left a gigantic print on the ground where the carriage used to be.

If they were even half a second late, they would have turned into scraps right now.

### [Chapter 586: Plots and Schemes](#)

The eight-steps dragon carriage landed before the old spirit stone shop, leaving two deep wheel marks on the ground after crushing the slab.

This was the headquarters of the Divine River Guards.

Two people rushed out from inside, one in gray and the other white. They became cautious and finally heaved a sigh of relief after seeing Feiyun coming out of the carriage. They got on one knee and greeted: "Greetings, Divine King."

"Rise." Feiyun entered the shop. The princess recalled the carriage and followed right after him. The gates closed afterward.

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At a jade palace in the Grand Chancellor's Mansion.

The fire of war raged outside but this mansion was still peaceful and serene as ever.

Moshou sat near a pond with a light breeze skirting nearby, causing his robe to flutter. He was painting a picture with spring as the inspiration. A smile appeared after he finished.

The calmest person in the capital right now might be him.

Two beautiful maids walked forward; one carried a basin with clean water and the other a plate with a silk cloth.

He dipped his hands in the water for a careful rinse before drying them with the cloth. He ordered people to take away the brush, ink, and painting before sitting down again: "What's the situation?"

More than ten Divine Commanders waited outside. They rushed inside like ants on a boiling pan and quickly reported, one at a time.

"The nine main gates have been taken and open."

"The Martial Army camped outside have entered, led by the three marquises of the Divine King Faction. Two legions are rushing for the imperial city while one is heading for us."

"At least twenty powers are involved in this conflict, resulting in great damage and chaos."

...

Beiming Moshou quietly listened, not surprised at all as if it was going to expectations.

Suddenly, Long Shenya darted inside: "Grandfather! Something bad..."

Moshou interrupted him: "Why aren't you in the imperial city?"

The war reports didn't change his expression but Shenya angered him - a feeling of seeing a child not meeting expectations.

Shenya said: "Consort Luo has been murdered so the robe and the letter are missing!"

"What?!" Moshou was furious now and would have slapped Shenya if these generals weren't present.

The capital's battles didn't matter regardless of how well Princess Luofu and Feng Feiyun have set everything up. As long as they could have the secret letter and the dragon robe, they could take over the imperial city and have Shenya ascend to the throne, confirmed by the ancestors of the royal clan.

At that point, Luofu's struggle would be meaningless. He didn't expect for Shenya to fail despite bringing so many masters there. Moreover, this brat even ran back like a headless snake.

This chess match didn't rely on physical forces. He thought he had the advantage since the boy was under his banner. If the boy were to succeed, the match was finished.

Unfortunately, Long Shenya completely let him down.

"And is Feng Feiyun dead?" Moshou calmed down and asked.

"He... escaped..." Shenya gritted his teeth, afraid of Moshou's fury: "Though the consort is dead, I know who killed her for the two items."

“Who?”

“Nangong Hongyan.” Shenyang spoke, wearing a grimace full of hatred. If it wasn’t for Nangong Hongyan, he would be sitting on the throne right now.

He began fantasizing about ravaging and torturing her after the capture.

Moshou suddenly became relieved with a strange smile: “Oh, her? It’ll be easy then. I’m going to finish them off this time. Feng Feiyun, Feng Feiyun... you’re still too young yet could read through my plans, I can’t let you live this time.”

Shenyang didn’t understand. Hongyan had the Cloak of Invisibility on top of the Regal Dragon Robe. Capturing her was harder than capturing Feng Feiyun. Why was Moshou so confident?

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The majority of the Divine River Guards was sent out; only four people stayed behind.

This was a secret location suitable for hiding and scheming in the shadows for the entire capital.

“Luofu, you have the Imperial Seal now, can you mobilize the royal clan’s hidden power?” Feiyun took out a scroll on a cabinet and put it down on the table while looking at the map.

“In theory.” She answered.

He seemed to be in charge instead of her: “Then mobilize them right away, win the battles as soon as possible to take over the imperial city. Whoever can do that first will be able to claim the throne. Moreover, we have the Imperial Seal, the symbol of the emperor, so we’ll have all the justifications.”

“The crown prince’s men are surrounding it and if the gates are closed, even your Martial Army can’t break in...” The princess had gotten reports of the imperial city.

Though Feiyun had the absolute advantage in the capital, the areas around the imperial city were still under the control of the crown prince.

Feiyun ordered: “First, let Heavenbattler Marquis siege the imperial city. Second, use your Imperial Seal to call on the power of the royal clan to open the gates. Go at the same time, with haste!”

A guard quietly left to give the order. Princess Luofu wrote a letter and used the special marking of the imperial seal. She sent it towards the imperial city. Who knows if this would work but it was worth a shot.

“If only we have the letter, then I can command the cultivators in the world to work for me.” She said.

Hongyan’s beautiful image flashed in Feiyun’s mind, causing him to sigh.

Suddenly, Ningshuai ran in and nearly fell over: “There’s a huge problem!”

“What? Calm down.”

Ningshuai kept on panting while answering: “I did around earlier and everyone was talking - that the current Divine King was personally killed by the crown prince, and that the crown prince has controlled the entire capital. He’s bringing the king’s corpse to the Divine King’s Shrine now.”

Feng Feiyun was the current Divine King. Someone was clearly making this up since propaganda could be very effective during war. One side could become distracted and falter behind.

The princess started to contemplate. Beiming Moshou was crafty indeed, aware that the princess's most important ally right now was Feiyun and his camp. This could cause some panic among them.

Feiyun turned pale, realizing something else: "The shrine is three thousand miles away from the capital where the statues of the previous kings are worshipped. This is the most important moment of this war but that prince is actually leaving?"

"Yes! I don't understand either. It's one thing to lie, but do they need to talk about bringing your corpse to the shrine? What do they want?" Ningshuai wondered.

Feiyun suddenly thought of something and slammed on the table; his eyes filled with murderous intent: "They want to lead Hongyan out! Goddamn bastards!"

He instantly disappeared and used his Swift Samsara to run out of the capital. His heart was on fire.

Moshou knew that Hongyan had fled from the capital so finding her could be very difficult. Using Feiyun as the bait could draw her out.

However, Feiyun could stop any attempt at bringing her back to the capital, but if this were to happen outside the capital, then it would be too late for him to help. This was Moshou's real goal.

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Today, many cultivators were running from the capital to seek safety.

There were streams of people running as far as the eye can see.

Hongyan was inside an extravagant carriage, pulled by two large rabbits, towering at three meters. They had fuzzy furs and looked very cute; eyes bigger than a fist and seemed quite smart.

She was heading for Stealmountain Town, the meeting place between her and Feiyun.

Though the rabbits had short legs, their speed was quite fast.

She was feeling quite good like a maiden in love going to her first date - a touch of sweetness, anticipation, and shyness.

She thought it would have been very dangerous but it came so easily, hence her excitement.

"Little rabbits, run faster. If Feiyun gets there first, he'll blame me for not listening to him and will be insufferable. C'mon now, try your best and I'll feed you more carrots once we get to Stealmountain. I've never lied to you two before!" She was in a good enough mood to talk to the mounts.

The two rabbits seemed to understand her. Their eyes flashed as they tried their best to go faster.

### [Chapter 587: Incinerating Flame Grand Formation](#)

The cold days have almost passed. The snow melted and ran down the rivers into the clear and sweet streams.

The thickets were filled with piles of leaves. The frost melted away leaving the red leaves dried by the sun.

The barren tree had beautiful birds standing on the branches and singing their songs. Seeds were sprouting in certain places, revealing the tiny buds and exuding faint fragrances.

Spring was coming!

Two large white rabbits were pulling a carriage. Inside were happy voices and the sounds of a zither playing a spring tune. The birds on the tree chirped back and chased after the carriage. Unfortunately, they were ordinary birds and couldn't catch up.

Along the way were fleeing cultivators. Some rode their swords while others had mounts. Many chose carriages with accompanying servants.

"Life is so unpredictable, came back to life only to be killed again." One old man said.

"That's right, the crown prince has full control so the Divine King and the princess have lost. I heard the king was killed on the spot while the princess got captured." A different old man replied.

"The outcome was obvious, the crown prince has the Beiming Clan backing him up, no one can match them at the capital."

"Beiming Moshou is famous for being crafty, the two juniors weren't his match."

"Creak!" The carriage suddenly stopped in such a hurry that it almost flew off the base.

These gossipers were stopped by the carriage. They were powerful elders in their sect so had no fear of bandits. Plus, no bandits would be riding such an elegant carriage.

"Who did you say got killed just now?" A voice more beautiful than anything they have ever heard before sounded. However, it was cold enough to instill chills.

Was there an angel or a devil inside?

Too many masters existed in this world. Though they were elders, being too arrogant could end with an untimely demise.

The old man replied: "The current Divine King."

"Impossible!" Nangong Hongyan's voice became colder as she unleashed an energy strike, creating a hole in the carriage. It slammed into the old man, causing him to go flying.

"Pluff!" This old man had trained for more than one hundred years so his cultivation wasn't bad. Nevertheless, he vomited blood and couldn't get up.

"How can you be so unreasonable?! My Martial Uncle was only telling the truth!" A youth dressed in blue said: "Feng Feiyun and Princess Luofu have lost the political contest, so he got killed by the princess. His corpse is now being moved to the Divine King's shrine for burial, everyone knows this!"

"Impossible, Impossible! He promised to meet me at Steelmountain so he will be there! All of you are liars... and liars must die!" Her snow-white dress became engulfed in a red flame.

She leaped out of the carriage with enough heat to ignite the dried ground. This flame eventually spread to the thickets, ending with a smoky inferno.

After she left this area, only corpses were left. Several hundred people were burnt to death; their meat sizzled with a permeating stench.

They said Feiyun was dead, so now they were dead.

Hongyan's white dress and draping hair were stained with blood spots. Her eyes looked crazy and full of bloodthirst as she headed southward for the shrine.

"Is Feng Feiyun alive?" She asked a random person.

"Feiyun was killed by the crown prince. His corpse is being moved to the shrine right now. Given the crown prince's hatred of Feiyun, it might be desecrated." The cultivator answered.

"Liar! Death to you!" She reached out with her perfect hand and crushed his neck.

She had left a path of death and corpses along the way just like a bloodthirsty demoness.

"Is Feng Feiyun alive?" She asked someone else.

A chubby man saw her and started shaking, barely able to eke out an answer: "He... he's alive..."

"Liar, die!" She ended him with a palm strike before standing there biting her lips with tears dripping down: "He... he might be dead."

Meanwhile, Scholar Heaven Calculating, Su Yun, Yan Ziyu, and Ji Yunyun were riding an old ship. Their group had escaped from the capital and were happily chatting about current events and drinking tea.

"Oh? Guys, isn't that Nangong Hongyan?" The scholar had the greatest spiritual awareness. After seeing the path of corpses for dozens of miles, he noticed Hongyan.

Everyone else looked down.

Yan Ziyu became serious: "Why did she kill so many people?"

The scholar began calculating with his fingers inside his sleeves while looking over at Su Yun.

Though Su Yun was blind, he could sense the scholar's gaze and smiled naturally: "I do have unresolved businesses with her, but being blinded has made me see things even more clearly and what I truly want in life, so in a sense, I should be thanking her."

He paused for a moment before continuing: "In my mind, she's no longer an enemy but the lover of my friend."

The scholar had finished calculating and became serious: "If she's your friend's lover, then we can't just sit idly and watch. There's a big problem, go catch her now or the consequence will be unimaginable."

If the scholar said that it was a big problem, he would absolutely be right.

Su Yun and Yan Ziyu channeled their energy and poured it into the ship. It started to glow and moved with incredible speed towards Hongyan.

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Feiyun's heart was on fire as he rushed towards the shrine with all of his might.

"Nothing better happens to Hongyan or I'll bury the Beiming with her!" His eyes were red; the suppressed demonic blood was on the verge of awakening so he had a murderous aura.

Each time his body slightly shook, he moved enough distance to cross a mountain. The ominous feeling only increased. Once he got close to the shrine, he only saw a scene of red on the horizon - a blazing inferno.

"Boom!" A fiery heatwave knocked him down from the clouds and turned his clothes to ashes - strong enough to even burn his skin.

This heatwave was so strong despite the center being several hundred miles away. It meant that at the very core, even a pseudo Enlightened Being would be refined to death.

It was the Incinerating Flame Grand Formation that he was too familiar with. It turned the entire mansion of the Divine King into a sea of lava.

The center of this formation this time around was the Divine Kings' Shrine.

Long Shenya stood among the clouds with four mighty old men as his guards - all Giants. They had monstrous auras and looked like four guardian deities.

He stared at the massive inferno with a smile: "Grandfather was right, that bitch really went there, haha! It's a shame that I won't have a chance to toy with her now that she's dead."

"This formation is the only way to kill her without fail because of her two divine garments." One of the old men with a bottle gourd hanging by his waist said.

Shenya nodded. A woman was nothing compared to the throne.

Inside the formation, the ground began to turn into lava, including the area beneath the shrine.

In the distant, one could see a supreme figure inside wanting to rush out. However, a massive boulder knocked her back down. Numerous experts have surrounded this area so there was no escaping.

Feiyun was still several hundred miles away. His eyes exploded with a flame and became as beautiful as blood. He rushed for the shrine.

"Boom! Boom!" However, Su Yun and Yan Ziyu came out of nowhere. Each mustered all of their might and grabbed his arms, pulling him back.

"You can't go, the Beiming has at least ten Giants there, it's suicidal." Su Yun locked Feiyun's right arm with a steely grip.

"Get the hell away from me!" Feiyun's full power erupted. The spine of Yama released its evil energy.

He grabbed Su Yun with one hand and Ziyu with the other before slamming them together, breaking several bones in the process.

They still didn't let go.

Su Yun took out a Black Tortoise Chain as thick as an arm and bound himself to Feiyun. He gathered his strength and dug halfway down to the ground, acting as a pillar to stop Feiyun.

Ziyu took out a hook and pierced it through his own arm and Feiyun's. He also copied Su Yun and dug into the ground.

They were one step late and couldn't stop Hongyan. There was no way they would let Feiyun go there in order to save his life.

Meanwhile, Feiyun thought he could hear Hongyan's screams.

He roared as his demonic and evil blood churned. All of the beast souls came out as he continued to move forward, pulling Yan Ziyu and Su Yun with him. The two of them left behind two trenches stained with blood.

### [Chapter 588: At Least The Soul Should Be Left Behind?](#)

The wild grass and trees on the plain were infected by fiery sparks, turning the whole place into an inferno.

Su Yun and Yan Ziyu gathered all of their energy and essentially wrapped themselves around Feiyun, leveraging the ground in order to stop him.

Feiyun could pull a mountain right now so the two of them have been dragged for more than thirty miles. Two deep trails stained with blood were left behind. Nevertheless, Feiyun seemed to have used all of his energy. The bottoms of his shoes were gone too; his hands dripped with blood.

Nevertheless, he continued to move forward towards the formation.

In the distant, one could faintly hear the sounds of a zither and a woman crying - a heart-wrenching melody.

"His demonic blood is awakening again. If we don't subdue him now, he'll become a monster." The scholar took out a white piece of eaglewood, resembling a spiritual ruler. He aimed it straight for Feiyun's spine.

"Ra!" Despite his near-demonic state, Feiyun's awareness remained. He turned back and roared, releasing a plume of flame from his eyes that blew the scholar flying. His white robe had a thousand burnt holes.

"Let me!" A white moon suddenly arrived with an ethereal woman right behind it - like a god coming out of a painting.

Dongfang Jingyue was here. A jade vessel flew out of her forehead and landed in her palm. Everything nearby became slow as if time itself was being affected, except for her. She walked towards Feiyun with a gentle gaze and touched the Yama's spine with one finger.

Though Feiyun was ten times slower, he still retaliated with a palm strike on her shoulder.

She didn't try to dodge at all and managed to subdue him. Nevertheless, she dropped on her knees as if struck by a lightning bolt.

Her right shoulder was broken but she continued to hug him with her left hand, not allowing him to hit the ground. She slowly propped him downward and they maintained this position.

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The entire area around the shrine was now lava. Everything was refined.

"Haha! She's dead for sure, not even a single strand of soul is left behind!" Shenya laughed and raised his hand.

Two divine garments flew out. One of them was on fire with red feathers - the Firebird Gown. It would never go away unless its master was dead. It looked like Hongyan had been refined in the formation.

The second garment was golden with nine embroidered dragons. They looked animated as if sealed within - the Regal Dragon Robe worn by the emperors of Jin.

He was shaken after holding these two garments and instantly put on the dragon robe. An imperial aura surged and blessed him. The four Giants next to him all kneeled and loudly said: "Greetings, Your Majesty."

"Haha!" Shenya laughed with both hands behind his back, looking quite stalwart. Suddenly, he furrowed his brows and looked for something within the formation but failed.

"Your Majesty, what are you looking for?" An old man asked.

"The imperial letter." Shenya became more anxious.

"Was it refined by the formation?"

"Nonsense, Father personally wrote the letter. It has an indelible mark of the Imperial Seal, this formation still can't refine it." Shenya had a cold expression: "That bitch must have already sent someone with the letter to Feiyun. This is not good, we need to return to the capital right now."

Shenya started flying away. The four Giants and the experts performing the formation also followed right behind him. This impressive group didn't waste time going towards the capital.

Meanwhile, the inferno was still raging, destroying everything within a thousand miles radius. The center had an unbelievable heatwave, looking like an ocean of lava.

"Whoosh!" Alas, the hot gales couldn't warm Feiyun's heart.

Once he regained his sanity, Shenya's group was already gone for six hours.

The flame had extinguished but the ocean of lava has yet to solidify. A wave of flame still burned on top of it.

He stood next to the lava and kicked a boulder into the lava. It instantly broke apart and melted.

The lava still had the destructive affinity of the formation. This power was numerous times stronger than the lava found in the core, more than enough to destroy a pseudo Enlightened Being's physical body and soul.

Dongfang Jingyue stood next to Feiyun the entire time.

"Feng Feiyun, if you blame me for this, just kill me. I won't fight back." Su Yun said; his lower body was mangled and battered after being dragged by Feiyun for dozens of miles. One could almost see his bones.

Feiyun's eyes were empty; only a forlorn gaze towards the lava existed.

"Feng Feiyun, I am also responsible for Nangong Hongyan's death. If you want to kill me, I won't utter a single word of grievance." Ziyu was just as miserable as Su Yun. His leg bones were visible while his left hand was nearly crippled from hanging on to Feiyun.

"She's dead?" Feiyun murmured.

The scholar, Su Yun, and Ziyu were silent. They saw Hongyan being refined by the formation and burnt alive. One could only imagine the gruesome pain, identical to being boiled alive or fried in a cauldron.

Worst of all, because of her Firebird Gown with its powerful resistance, she must have suffered an agonizing and slow death - no way to escape and too difficult to actually die.

Dongfang Jingyue said: "You have tried your best, just blame us."

He hoarsely whimpered: "She's really dead... but there should be a soul left?"

Unfortunately, not to mention remnant souls, even a mark of life would be completely erased by the incinerating formation.

Jingyue didn't answer.

"Where is her soul?!" Feiyun grabbed her shoulders and shook her back and forth. His fingers dug into her skin.

Her right shoulder was broken earlier so the pain made her grit her teeth.

"There should be a strand of soul left! There should be a strand of soul left..." Feiyun murmured.

As long as there was a soul left, she could still cultivate the dao of the ghost with his full support. He didn't mind that she would turn into a bloodthirsty fiend of sorts but this formation was ruthless. She didn't have a chance to switch to a different path.

Her mark of life was completely gone along with her soul.

"Splash!" He jumped into the ocean of lava.

Dongfang Jingyue and Su Yun were scared out of their mind and wanted to jump too. However, the scholar stopped them: "It's fine, let him go."

After two more hours, Feiyun climbed out of the fiery shore, looking lost. He had burns all over but didn't care about them.

He found two items, a phoenix bone and the Cloak of Invisibility.

This cloak was made from the strings of invisible silkworms. Only Feiyun with his phoenix gaze could actually see them. That's why Shenya could find the other two garments but not the cloak.

As for the phoenix bone, it sank to the depth of the ocean and Shenya's divine intents weren't enough to spot it. Of course, he didn't expect for Hongyan to have something like this either.

Feiyun had planted it into her body. Now, it had none of her presence, only a regular piece of phoenix bone. It became the proof of her death.

Eternal parting was one of the greatest sufferings in life.

He recalled the first time seeing her, so incredible and shocked as if he was seeing a goddess.

The first time hearing her voice was akin to hearing the sounds of heaven. Her performance back at the Martial Tower still echoed in his mind right now: 'For whom the beauty smiles as youth is passing by? In this mundane realm, the heart will not age, but without you, the world is a waste. Don't climb all alone till gray hair flutters on the steep pavilion. With no time remaining, who will draw her eyebrows in the end?'

This song would never appear again in this world. Even her zither was refined to ashes as if it had never existed.

The sad tunes of pan pipes came from the horizon; no one knows who was playing it. The sorrowful melody made tears flow down. [1]

"Hongyan is dead, this is an undeniable truth. What you need to do right now is to calm down and plot her revenge instead of wallowing in grief."

She was the only one who dared to speak at this moment.

"No, you're wrong! She's not dead and is waiting at Steelmountain for me right now! Haha, she likes to trick people, we're all being fooled right now. I'll go there to find her, she's definitely there." He suddenly had a bright smile: "Why are you all looking like that? I'm fine, I'll go right now, you guys can go do whatever!"

Having said that, he excitedly rushed for Steelmountain. The brighter his smile, the more worried they became.

"Leave him to me." Dongfang Jingyue followed right behind him, not giving up an inch.

He noticed and tried to lose her but she didn't let up until they reached Steelmountain.

His smile quickly went away, leaving behind an expression much uglier than a crying grimace.

Nangong Hongyan was obviously not there. He sat down on a boulder by the entrance and waited while holding the phoenix bone that had turned cold.

He looked at the people coming and going; his eyes occasionally turned bright from anticipation before becoming disappointed. In the end, he seemingly turned into a statue, not blinking even once and becoming part with the boulder.

This lasted for seven days and eight nights already.

Night fell again, accompanied by spring rain. He became soaked; the water was cold enough to reach the bones.

Jingyue stood next to the boulder, unmoving just like him.

### [Chapter 589: I Will Be A Devil](#)

The thunder of spring ravaged the sky as rain drizzled down Steelmountain.

“Drip, drip!” Darkness pervaded. A few evening lamps by the town were extinguished by the cold water.

Thunder over in the horizon occasionally lit up the area and illuminated Feiyun. He looked down and out, completely drenched from top to bottom. He held the phoenix bone in his chest, caressing it like a lover.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” Deafening thunder and darkness came and went in a rotating manner.

He hasn’t moved for seven days and eight nights. His eyes were muddled from focusing on the horizon too much. One would question whether he would eventually go blind from doing this

Dongfang Jingyue stood next to him, unblinking as well. Her starry eyes have turned dusky.

“Maybe... she’s really a liar... a liar wouldn’t keep a promise...” His lips finally moved. The words were hoarse as if his throat was injured.

Dongfang Jingyue didn’t reply because she knew he wasn’t talking to her.

He twitched a bit - uncomfortable from the long period of stillness. He looked down at the phoenix bone for a careful look.

It was now emitting a faint light of a crimson shade with a slender figure engraved on the surface.

Feiyun sat down straight to stare at this figure. White dress; perfect curves; holding a zither - who else could it be but Hongyan?

However, this Hongyan didn’t have a veil so her perfect-beyond-words face was revealed. In fact, calling her the prettiest in the world was still an understatement, almost an insult.

Everyone thought that Hongyan must have been frightened before death but the opposite was the case. She dug out the phoenix bone while maintaining full composure to carve her appearance on the surface.

She knew that she was dead for sure, and only this phoenix bone would get away from the refinement process.

She didn’t want for Feiyun to not know what she looks like. That would be even more vexing than dying.

Thus, she carved her features, hoping that he could recall her a thousand years later. That would be more than enough. Dying without leaving behind a legacy was unbearable.

“Why do the torments of life keep on picking me?” Feiyun buried his face onto the bone before slowly closing his eyes for the first time in a long while. The figure hugging the zither was ingrained in his mind.

Hongyan was dead regardless of his pain, forever disappearing from this world.

Jingyue stood there, still hasn't rested. Feiyun ignored her and took out a red box made out of steel from his spatial stone.

This was the only item left behind by Hongyan. She told him to use it when his life was at risk.

What was inside?

He held it with a heavy heart, treating it as a legacy. He hesitated for a long time before removing the seals and opening it.

Inside was an expanse with a faint, violet light. Taking it out revealed a purple robe made of unknown material, at least not one Feiyun had seen before. The patterns looked like the skin of a dragon more than a snake.

Opening it revealed nine divine doves on top. In the center were eight mysterious runes, not identifiable in Jin. However, Feiyun knew that they were the eight divinatory trigrams.

They were from an ancient lineage in the old ages.

Rumor has it that a dragon-horse with a tortoise on its back was floating on the river to absorb the essences of the world. A human sage walked by and saw the runes on the tortoise's shell before establishing eight trigrams. They were the earliest arts for cultivation among the human race.

Could this be the Nine-doves Gown? The demon's battle armor?

No, it couldn't be. Why was there no thick demonic energy? This affinity should have been overwhelming.

Feiyun took out the letter placed at the bottom of the box, signed in an elegant manner.

His hands were shaken since Hongyan wrote the words.

"Feng Feiyun, if you are reading this letter, you must be in a precarious and helpless situation..."

Feiyun smiled wryly - this was indeed the case.

"... This garment is indeed the famous demon's battle armor, the only thing your mother left behind for you. A great master from the southern region once told me that obtaining the five divine garments would grant an unstoppable power, and more importantly, longevity."

"Before meeting you, I naturally tried all means to obtain them, but afterward, I feel that by obtaining you, I would have the strongest force of this world and eternal life."

"The demonic, evil affinity on this garment was unbelievably thick. If you were to wear it, it would stimulate your demonic blood, and you can't stop it at all before becoming an Enlightened Being."

"Thus, I acted on my own initiative to channel this affinity into the phoenix bone then refining it away. This took me all of last year. Now you can wear this garment and boost your battle potential while suppressing your unstable demonic blood."

"Haha! No need to cry from gratitude, I only wanted to give you a pleasant surprise! Jerk."

Feiyun's eyes became teary and could see Hongyan dancing on the letter and smiling at him.

"I feel that by obtaining you, I would have the strongest force of this world and eternal life" - what she meant was that Feiyun was her everything, her world, her eternity.

She wrote this letter before trying to obtain the Regal Dragon Robe, meaning that she had also given the battle armor to him and wouldn't be able to gather all five. Thus, she wasn't doing it for herself.

Her goal was to help Feiyun gather all five so that he could be unstoppable, and she would be the woman standing by his side.

Women didn't wish to be flower vases, only pretty to look at. They also wanted to help their lovers. This was the case for Hongyan.

Love could make an intelligent person become dumber than a three-year-old child or do something extreme, perhaps even morally unforgivable. Alas, some sympathy should be given for love is too powerful of an emotion.

Loving someone was to quietly give and give with no fear of dying.

Feiyun took a deep breath before folding the letter back into the box and putting it away carefully.

As more tears dripped down, his heart grew colder.

He got down from the boulder, standing upright just like an unsheathed sword on the verge of slashing.

"Phoof!" He wore the garment and quickly became one with it.

A massive battle intent erupted from behind him as a violet dragon materialized from his back. It looked ferocious with sharp scales; inhaling and exhaling purple clouds. It could control the thunder affinity of the world, seemingly capable of devouring the heaven.

Feiyun took out the phoenix bone again to look at the wondrous figure for the second time. Bitterness flashed in his eyes but was quickly replaced by murderous intent.

"Hongyan, you are my heart." Having said that, he held the burning bone and pushed it on his chest, forcing it to fuse with his heart.

The second step, Bone Refinement, of the Immortal Phoenix Physique has officially begun. This was his first bone - the heart bone - akin to his heart.

He had a human body so he would need to wait until becoming a Giant before forming his first bone. However, with the addition of this bone, he had skipped all the way to the second step.

His bones started cracking, refined for the second time. They became resplendent and red like rubies.

His physique grew six times stronger in just the blink of an eye.

"Give me two beast souls." He was basked in a blinding radiance; his long hair standing straight up.

Dongfang Jingyue threw out two wisps of light with two powerful beast souls towards him.

Feiyun caught them and directly refined both.

“Boom!” Ten thousand souls finally came out and floated around him, building a world of beasts. It made this area look like a primordial realm of monsters.

Grand completion - Myriad Beasts Physique.

Feiyun let his demonic energy run wild while the beast souls ravaged the sky vault. His murderous intent instantly crushed every animal within a radius of fifty miles into specks of blood.

If it wasn't for the demonic garment suppressing his demonic affinity, he would have lost all senses and become a bloodthirsty monster.

“Whoosh!” He soared into the sky like an awakened devil and started flying for the capital.

“What is your goal?” Jingyue asked.

“I will be a devil, one that will massacre this capital.” Feiyun's hoarse voice echoed in the sky like a preaching death god.

This harsh atmosphere wouldn't dissipate in the sky.

Although Feiyun seemed to be insane, he could still answer her. This showed that his mind hasn't been devoured by the demonic and evil affinity just yet. This made her feel much better.

Of course, this feeling didn't last long because his comment just now was chilling and ruthless. Jingyue had no choice but to try and catch up in a hurry.

#### [Chapter 590: Bathing In Evil Blood For Demonization](#)

Feiyun flew inside the underground dragon vein. His body acted as a maelstrom, continuously absorbing the energy here along the way.

Both the Immortal Phoenix and Myriad Beasts Physique required a massive amount of spirit energy for purification. The underground dragon vein was naturally the best candidate due to its plentiful amount of energy.

Numerous strange beasts presided in this area. Unfortunately for them, he killed every single one on the path, leaving the vein full of their corpses.

The yellow vein was stained with the red of blood. He had finally made it to the area right beneath the Divine King's mansion where the Evil Woman was cultivating.

Both she and Long Cangyue have left, only leaving behind a pool of black, evil blood. This liquid was filled with an evil affinity that spread to the rocky walls in a radius of several hundred meters. It looked as if blood vessels were growing in them.

The Evil Woman was here in order to force out this blood from her body - severing the evil affinity in order to reach the sacred dao - creating a core of this affinity. The fact that she was no longer here meant that she had completed this step.

Who knows what realm she was in right now but one thing was certain - the woman had obtained an incredible power boost.

Long Cangyue wasn't here either. Did she leave alone or did the Evil Woman take her along?

Feiyun was shrouded in a demonic aura while his battle garment fluttered by the winds of the vein. His eyes became strange as he looked at the pond of blood. His own blood began to churn.

Under normal situation, his battle garment could suppress his blood but if Feiyun was activating it on purpose, it was beyond its control.

He stood there still above the vein for a long time. In the distant, Dongfang Jingyue was sitting on a plume of smoke above the vein while holding her pipa; her white dress fluttered as she watched with her misty eyes.

Her finger gently flicked the strings of the pipa to play a mind-calming tune.

The pipa melodies were enchanting; flowers in a mirror and moon reflected in the lake - a dream-like state.

Passerbys continued to walk across this ethereal trance and became moved by the tunes.

She wanted to pull Feiyun back. If he were to bathe in this evil blood, he'll really become a demon.

The spine on his back was glowing with a nefarious light. The corrosive power began to invade Feiyun's body like a thousand devils.

Behind him was an expanse of demonic energy that eventually turned into a mad dragon - purple in color and more than a hundred meters high - looking ferocious and bloodthirsty.

Feiyun's eyes have transformed into a demonic state. His voice was coarse and downright frightening: "What... are you waiting for? Leave."

The melodies stopped. Jingyue sighed and said: "Who will pull you back if I leave?"

Just a simple answer that contained a lot of emotions.

"You can't pull me back!" Feiyun said with determination and hatred. He opened his mouth and the black blood from the pond rushed into his stomach - painting the scene of evil.

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The battles in the capital raged on but the crown prince has successfully taken over the imperial city.

Today, he was having a ceremony at the Highest Shrine for his coronation. More than ten ancestors from the royal clan were present along with numerous civil and military officials.

The divine bell rang and echoed across the capital.

The cauldron before the shrine was burning, filled with oil. The flame towered at one hundred feet in the air, seemingly representing the providence of the dynasty at its prime.

"Jin Emperor, come forward." The Minister of Ceremonies held a scroll and chanted before the shrine.

The great gong sounded again.

Shenya looked quite gallant in his Regal Dragon Robe, looking like a ruler. A dragon soul floated around him, resplendent and golden. He climbed the steps towards his ascension.

Meanwhile, more than ten thousand people below started kneeling.

The Grand Chancellor and Grand Tutor didn't need to kneel. The Grand Preceptor was absent.

"Boom!" A loud explosion quaked the entire city.

People were surprised and Shenya stopped to look at the source of the explosion.

Beiming Moshou smiled: "It's fine, continue since it's the auspicious hour. Don't be late."

"Boom!" A loud explosion pained everyone's ears. The ground began to crack.

"Boom!" The third explosion carried a collapsing sound, akin to a crumbling mountain.

Of course, it wasn't a mountain collapsing but rather the walls of the imperial city.

More than three miles of the towering walls have shattered.

Looking outside was a great army of beasts and chariots. Their howls and battle cries dispersed the clouds.

The three marquises have surrounded the city with the Martial Army. One couldn't see the end of this force - truly an ocean of soldiers.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!" They shouted in unison.

Under the cries of war, nearly half the officials in the city dropped to the ground. Some became unconscious from the bloodthirst.

Princess Luofu and a hundred experts rushed inside. Among them were elders of powerful sects, influential officials, and the three marquises.

She raised the Imperial Seal and directly climbed the shrine. She stared at the dragon robe on Shenya before activating the seal with her regal energy.

"Boom!" The seal became divine, as big as a hill. It floated above the shrine and exuded its imperial aura and crossing runes.

"Seeing the Imperial Seal is the same as seeing the Jin Emperor!" Her voice echoed.

"Greetings, Jin Emperor!" People kneeled for the second time.

She put away the seal and asked: "Long Shenya, you want to become the emperor without the seal?"

Shenya wasn't afraid at all: "Luofu, bringing the Martial Army here, you wish to rebel?"

"Nonsense. I have the seal, so I am the righteous heir." The princess retorted.

"The Highest Shrine is a holy ground. Even the emperor must wear ceremonial regalia and no weapons are allowed, yet you command the Martial Army to siege this place. This is disrespectful towards the forefathers." Shenya arched his chest and sneered.

He knew today wouldn't be peaceful and that the princess would attack so he had come up with countermeasures already.

The ancestors slightly frowned, quite unhappy about the princess' siege. This is destroying the land built by the forefathers.

The princess responded: "You being the emperor will only lead to destruction. Allowing that to happen is disrespectful towards the forefathers."

A yellow ray flew out of her sleeve and she caught it - a scroll with embroidered yellow strings in the shape of a dragon. She opened it and began to read: "Heed my decree for I am the emperor of Jin. I bestow Luofu the title of emperor for the eighth generation."

The scroll was full of imperial aura. When she opened it, the words flew outside and danced in the air like little dragons.

A young girl brought this letter to the shop of the Divine River Guards. She wanted to hand it to Feiyun but he wasn't around so the princess obtained it instead.

Nangong Hongyan was obviously the one who sent this girl here before leaving the capital.

The crowd bowed their head for the third time inside the imperial city. Meanwhile, Beiming Moshou remained calm with his eyes slightly closed, seemingly resting his mind.

Shenya was fine as well, standing below in front of the cauldron with a faint smile. This was within their calculation as well since they couldn't find the letter in the ocean of lava.

Luofu closed the scroll and demanded: "Long Shenya, take off the Regal Dragon Robe. I shall ascend today..."

"Pluff!" Without any warning, a fiery figure flew out of the cauldron and threw a spear straight for the princess. It pierced through her body and pinned her on a pillar ten meters away.

Blood flowed down her chest and gathered in a pool of blood, slowly dripping down the steps.

All of this happened so quickly. Her experts and the royal ancestors couldn't react at all. Who would have thought that someone was hiding within the blazing cauldron?

This person was wearing the Firebird Gown; extremely skilled at stealth - clearly a top-rated assassin.

After the assassination, this person destroyed the void and jumped inside, disappearing before everyone. Such powerful cultivation was shocking.

Beiming Moshou clearly hired this assassin to carry out this task.

This was a drastic and direct measure to win. It didn't matter how strong Luofu's forces were after she's dead.

It's all about having the right pieces in a chess match - Moshou occasionally said this line.

Inviting a supreme assassin wasn't easy, especially someone who dares to kill a princess. Even the palace lord of the Supreme Fate Ending Palace might not take this job.

However, Moshou used the Firebird Gown as the payment and managed to invite a half-step Enlightened Being to carry out this task.

“That’s the Firebird Gown! It’s Nangong Hongyan!” Someone screamed.

Many people didn’t know that she was dead and only recognized the garment.

Moshou was quite pleased with himself, a virtually indiscernible smirk appeared on his face.

Long Shenya went next to the pillar and stared at the crucified Luofu, blood still dripping down her chest.

He scoffed before taking the Imperial Seal in her hand. On the highest step, he raised the seal and declared: “Princess Luofu is dead, I am the emperor! Those who do not obey will be treated as rebels!”

“Boom!” The imperial city suddenly shook even more than before. The ground cracked in many places.

No one knew what was going on. Even the calm Moshou had a serious expression now while looking at the ground. Something down there seemed to be coming out.

“Split!” Dark clouds gathered in the sky and the city was engulfed in complete darkness.

A thick lightning bolt came from the sky like a saber, wishing to divide the ground into two halves.

Was this an awakening monster?

“Boom!” The ground caved down, revealing a huge pit. A massive bloodthirst rushed out along with a purple dragon - an image of one. On its back was a demonic man.