

Sprit Vessel 591

[Chapter 591: The Demon's Coming](#)

Feng Feiyun stood among the clouds with black runes flowing around him. His eyes were as red as blood. The runes fused together with his body. His left cheek had green veins slightly protruding upward. In his hand was the heavenly weapon essence.

Long Shenya had a shocked expression: "Feng Feiyun."

The guy was truly frightening and made him sense fear. He thought about Nangong Hongyan's death and if the guy was here for revenge.

After a bright flash, Feiyun unleashed a slash with both hands, full of ferocity.

"Impudent monster, daring to assassinate the Jin Emperor?!" The Northern Chief Attendant snorted before rushing forward to stop him.

He was a Giant and created a divine seal in his palm.

"Pluff!" The seal shattered and the eunuch started falling down. Feiyun stomped down on his chest before pushing his saber down on the guy's head, from the top to the nose.

A line of blood appeared.

"Boom!" The two of them fell onto the stone steps. Feiyun strengthened his stomp and crushed both the eunuch's chest and the five steps below.

Meanwhile, the saber continued dragging across his body, dividing the victim into two halves. Blood splattered on the steps and started to burn.

A Giant had just fallen to his blade.

This scene petrified everyone; they could sense his murderous intent and hatred. What the hell happened to him?

Who was the target of this hatred?

Long Shenya's complexion turned gray as he faltered backward. He couldn't face this monster even with the Regal Dragon Robe and wanted to escape...

"Whoosh!" Feiyun appeared before Shenya; his bloody eyes locked on to the target.

Shenya's legs grew weak from the pressure stemming from the evil aura. He dropped to the ground, unable to stand straight. If it wasn't for his pride and arrogance as a royal member, he might be kneeling already.

Feiyun reached out and grabbed the robe before sending him flying. Shenya spun six or seven times in the air before rolling down the stone steps.

Feiyun began walking down the steps; his red eyes still fixated on Long Shenya.

Beiming Moshou and the royal ancestors finally calmed down. Moshou shouted: "Feng Feiyun, quite bold you are, daring to kill in the Highest Shrine, do you not give a damn about the forefathers of the royal clan? Everyone, his demonic blood has awakened, he is a bloodthirsty monster now! We need to suppress him together or a calamity will descend upon the capital!"

Two royal ancestors leaped up together; each unleashing a golden palm strike with a dragon image dancing inside.

Feiyun didn't even bother to look at them. He turned and swung his blade, directly decapitating the two ancestors. Their corpses fell down, hot blood oozing out from the neck.

This successfully intimidated the scene; no one dared to take a step forward.

"Feng Feiyun, I was wrong, I shouldn't have refined Nangong Hongyan, please spare me!"

Feiyun was now standing before Long Shenya.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" He unleashed more than three hundred slashes and turned the prince into mincemeat. Not even a complete strand of hair was left behind.

The stench of blood permeated the scene. His face was covered in blood but he didn't care.

"Kill, kill this madman!" Moshou gave the order.

Seven masters from the Beiming jumped out. They have all lived for more than two hundred years, part of the clan's upper echelon and were high officials of the court. They knew that Feiyun was a monster right now so they prudently took out their soulbound artifact.

The seven were extremely strong and had spirit treasures as well, using them to suppress Feiyun. These treasures looked like seven resplendent suns releasing a massive amount of energy.

Feiyun crazily fought - one versus seven. His evil affinity was even more intense than the spirit treasures.

"Boom!" The first master was blown flying with a hole in his stomach, scooped out by Feiyun's hand. Around eight bones were ripped off.

The second was thrown outside with blood flowing from all seven orifices after being struck behind the head, leaving a caved down area with blood and pieces of brain coming out.

Then the third, the fourth... and the seventh! All suffered a gruesome death.

Feiyun was bathed in blood with at least ten open wounds. Each step of his would leave behind a bloody footprint.

Those seven were true masters so they left behind injuries. Nevertheless, Feiyun's aggressiveness only intensified.

Even Beiming Moshou felt a prick in his heart and took one step forward.

"Ready to die?" Feiyun spoke with a hoarse voice while coming for Beiming Moshou.

Moshou had two Super Giants behind him, the two marquises of this branch. They snorted and prepared to attack Feiyun.

However, they only got one step forward before Heavenbattler Marquis forced them back with a punch.

He stood there proudly and declared: "Who dares to stop the Divine King from kill? I'll have their head!"

He was a Supreme Giant with enough power to fight a half-step Enlightened Being, so he was the top dog here. No one would dare to help Beiming Moshou right now since it would be suicidal.

He was tricked by Moshou and nearly got killed as a result, so vengeance was on the table. The moment he knew that the emperor was no longer here, he actually thought about making his way into the capital and kill Beiming Moshou.

If Feiyun couldn't do it today, he would finish the task himself.

Beiming Moshou calmed down and said: "Brat, you think it'll be this easy to take me down?"

Everyone knew that the Beiming has a Dominating Armament, found in an ancient ruin in Jin by an ancestor Enlightened Being. After a thousand years of refinement, it finally returned to its peak.

The name was - Glacial Severer. [1]

Some said that the Beiming's Northern Profound Law came from the surface of this item. Its original name was Glacier Art.

Even Heavenbattler might not be able to kill him since he has this weapon.

The power of one was incredible. There were less than twenty in this region - truly unbeatable.

Moshou was confident about leaving this place unscathed. With his clan's power and history, he would still be a lord later on.

However, he chanted but the item didn't come out. He became nervous and continued to search for it to no avail.

Everyone didn't know what the hell he was doing. What was he trying to find?

"It got stolen!" Moshou was panicking now.

He didn't expect this development at all despite all the planning.

Who the hell stole it? When?!

Feiyun didn't give a damn about what he was doing. He came killing with his heaven essence, using the power of his demonic garment. The spine on his back turned black and exuded an unstoppable power.

Beiming Moshou wasn't afraid of a junior like Feiyun even without his weapon. He climbed to his current status through power. Of course, he wasn't the strongest in the clan but could still contend with his generation. He was an eighth-level Heaven's Mandate, a Super Giant.

"Boom!" Feiyun destroyed the spirit treasure shot out by Moshou. The sharp blade aimed his hand and turned into saber energies filled with the images of beasts. Moshou's sleeve was skirted by it and turned into ashes.

How could a fourth-level junior be so scary?

This power wasn't inferior to a Super Giant at all.

"That's... the legendary spine of Yama, and the power of ten thousand beast souls too."

"What a monstrous physique, it must be more than ten times stronger than a regular Historical Genius."

"Not just that, the demonic blood flowing in his body contains the power of an Enlightened Being. It's still there, giving him such a mighty force."

"Oh? No wonder why he can kill people far above his level."

"When this power dissipates, he won't be as strong."

"Not necessarily. His demonic blood is fully awakened. Look at this cloak too, that's the Nine-doves Gown! A demon has come into being today."

Feiyun was shrouded in an evil affinity with a dragon image behind him - allowing him to take on Moshou. Each time he shouted, Moshou had to retreat.

The moment he shouted for the seventh time, his slash destroyed Moshou's ice armor and cut down the guy's crest.

Moshou's hair draped downward, all over the place. Blood dripped from the corner of his lips - looking quite pitiful.

Feiyun's eyes turned redder as he roared for the eighth time.

[Chapter 592: Supreme Goddess](#)

"Pluff!" Blood gushed out and began to burn in the air. Beiming Moshou's arm dropped to the ground.

Everyone was shocked!

Moshou was pale with disorderly hair. He gritted his teeth: "Feng Feiyun, you win this time, but I will pay this humiliation back a hundred, no, a thousand times over!"

He swallowed a spirit pill to stop the blood loss. He was frightened due to his armor being broken through so he instantly flew up to escape.

Such a twist of events - a Super Giant like him, the Grand Chancellor of Jin, below one and above all - needing to run before a youth who has yet to hit witney of age. His reputation was ruined now.

"Whoosh!" Feiyun used his Swift Samsara and moved as fast as lightning to instantly catch up. He gathered the power of the beasts into his fist before punching Moshou's head, cracking it open and revealing the skull inside.

Moshou didn't die instantly since he was powerful, only falling down from the clouds.

Feiyun continued to land a barrage of punch on the guy until all of his bones shattered.

The Grand Chancellor had fallen. The world was shocked today; its people would tremble.

His mansion suffered the most terrible massacre and pillage by the Martial Army. Who knows if there were survivors?

The Beiming members' blood flowed like rivers. More than one hundred masters fell down.

Eventually, people found a total of 176 graves erected in what's left of the mansion. No one knew who built these graves but the names on the tombstones were carved with blood.

Princess Luofu survived the ordeal. She had left a stand of her soul on the sacred tablet so she was blessed with providence. Since she still had some soul left in her body as well, the Grand Tutor fed her a sixth-ranked Soulback Pill and saved her.

She woke up after three days. On the ninth day, she officially became the eighth-generation emperor of the Jin Dynasty after the ceremony - also the second empress in its history.

"Empress, the Grand Chancellor and his family might have been killed, but the Beiming Clan is still powerful with remnants everywhere after accumulating for thousands of years. Completely eliminating them will be difficult." An elegant and scholarly female official stood behind Long Luofu with a notebook in her hand.

She was Yao Ji who supported the princess to take the throne via planning and scheming. After the coronation, she became the most trusted official. Being given a royal title was not out of the question in the future.

Long Luofu stood in the center of the palace with her left hand behind her back, wearing the Regal Dragon Robe and an imperial crest. She stared at the gigantic dragon carved onto the wall and said: "They're one of the four great clans, it won't be this easy to uproot them. The greatest threat is still Beiming Potian, one of the dragons in the contemporary. If he were to mature, he'll try and devour the sky. Send my decree to the world - anyone who can bring me his head will be bestowed a county."

The new empress was alone with Yao Ji. After a long silence, she asked: "Is he still by the river?"

Yao Ji nodded.

After killing Long Shenya and Beiming Moshou, Feng Feiyun, bloodied, looked like a fool. He walked southward until he made it to the Jin River.

The tall waves continued on. A statue of a goddess towering at 1,874 meters was there - looking exactly like Shui Yueting.

He stared at it for a long time with Dongfang Jingyue behind him.

She was the only one who dared to hang around him after his demonic state.

Suddenly, he leaped into the sky, full of bloodthirst, and landed on the goddess' head before unleashing a mighty punch downward.

A crack starting from the head of the statue spread all the way to the soles. Next, cracks appeared all over the place.

This statue that has been around for several thousand years crumbled. Massive boulders fell to the bottom, nearly cutting the current off completely.

The monks on the mountain nearby were shocked after witnessing this terrible scene.

“What has he done!? The statue of the goddess has been here forever!”

“Amitabha! Feng Feiyun has gone mad! This collapse will herald an unimaginable calamity.”

These monks began to chant, alarmed at the incoming calamity.

After breaking Yueting’s statue, Feiyun jumped onto the cliff facing the monastery on the other side.

He took out his weapon essence and turned it into a saber. He began to carve at the top. Mud and rocks went flying everywhere, rolling down the cliff.

No one knew what he was trying to do and thought that he had gone crazy until several days later. They finally saw that he was carving a statue.

This cliff was several thousand meters high, who was he trying to carve?

After ten days, the head could finally be seen, around 300 to 500 meters large. The ears alone were gigantic. This was a gorgeous face - willowy brows, eyes like the limpid autumn water, exquisitely sculpted nose. This statue looked quite animated with a beauty not belonging to this world.

The monks stopped chanting as they were enchanted by the statue’s beautiful face. An older nun on the other side of the river couldn’t help but praise: “Feng Feiyun had carved a face beyond the mortal realm, will he be able to carve a figure worthy of it?”

Dongfang Jingyue stood there quietly, watching him destroying the statue to building one for Nangong Hongyan. She didn’t move an inch, and neither did her emotions.

Three months passed by just like that. Feiyun had finally finished the last toe.

He didn’t drink a drop of water or closed his eyes once. His hands were frazzled, fully stained with blood.

The statue was finally completed, towering at 1,875 meters, exactly one meter taller than the previous one of Shui Yueting.

Each strand of hair was carved with love and attention, containing an aura identical to that of Nangong Hongyan. How much love did it take to build this vivid work of art?

Feiyun didn’t stop there and used his weapon essence to carve two words on the cliff to the right of the statue: “Supreme Goddess.”

On that night, rain poured down with rumbling thunder.

“Supreme Goddess.” In the imperial palace, Long Luofu walked back and forth below her palace’s eaves-tiles, next to the rain and flashing thunder.

Yao Ji, adorned in a full female official robe, said with an insightful gaze: “Nangong Hongyan was killed in the fire formation; her soul is gone with no chance for rebirth. Feng Feiyun wants to deify her. As long as people worship this so-called Supreme Goddess, it will earn enough faith power to turn into a fiend.”

“Yao Ji, you know the fiends very well. Just how much incense and faith are required to give birth to a divine source in that statue? Will it be able to condense a divine soul and have a human figure?” Luofu asked.

“The seventy-two countries to the west of Jin.. each of them have less population than 1/1000th of ours. Buddha Alun of Jizu required three thousand years of worship to have a divine source, then another two thousand more years of incense offering to have a soul. Five thousand years in total to come out of his statue as a fiend.”

“The Sky God of Poliu accumulated 2,400 years of worship before obtaining a divine source, then another 1,800 years of incense to have a soul - 4,200 years altogether.”

“These are two small countries with a limited population, so limited worship and incense. That’s why it took so long.” Yao Ji had a deep knowledge of the Yin World as well as the fiends. This made people curious about her real identity.

She eventually said: “Jin Empress, what do you think?”

“The dragons will devour the sky while the Supreme protect... the dragons will devour the sky while the Supreme protects...” Luofu murmured to herself, lost in contemplation. [1]

She eventually said: “Jin is chaotic with unrest everywhere, internal and external threats, the citizens are mourning and praying for peace, so they will need faith and hope, a personal one. Heed my order, I shall make Supreme Goddess as our national deity. All prefectures, counties, cities, cantons, towns, and even villages will need to build a shrine dedicated to her, ensuring peace and good weather.”

In order to rule a kingdom, one would need solidarity - such as using faith and deities. It was a way of consolidating power.

This has happened many times in the past.

Some dynasties propped up sages, praising emperors as sons of the heavens, or bestowing the prestigious officials as deities...

Luofu wished to use Supreme Goddess as a way to connect the people while turning that symbol into something beneficial for her own reign.

Feiyun wished to create a god while Luofu wished to take advantage of this.

“Jin Empress, it has been quite busy since your coronation. The Grand Preceptor told me to ask you about a lack of an imperial title for your era. What would you like it to be?” Yao Ji asked.

Luofu stared into the rain before uttering: “Taiwei.”

“First year and third month of Taiwei. The great Jin Empress bestow the Supreme Goddess the role of our national deity.” The court scribe wrote this down on the imperial records.

[Chapter 593: Beastmaster Camp](#)

There has never been a summer with so much rain. The downpour has lasted for half a month with no sign of stopping. The surging currents of Jin River were on the verge of bursting the dam.

Feiyun's Nine-doves Gown had a demonic glow; his eyes were red and his long hair fluttered in the wind.

He trod through the muddy shore, southward. Who knows of his destination?

The fight against the Beiming has left him wounded. Moreover, he carved the statue of Supreme Goddess for three months without resting.

Though his evil affinity was violent, he was still a human, not a god. The guy could collapse at any moment.

Dongfang Jingyue weathered the rain and continued to follow him from a distance. Her black dress was dirty; hair a mess. Beads of water ran down her forehead and left behind muddy stains on her otherwise flawless face.

The two walked like that for miles without speaking.

Suddenly, Feiyun stopped and took out his weapon essence while gathering his beast souls: "Scram!"

Jingyue also halted without replying.

"If you don't get the hell away from me, I will kill you!" Feiyun spoke with a coarse and bloodthirsty voice; a vicious glare belonging to a wild beast.

She didn't move and continued to stare.

Feiyun hasn't lost his sanity completely or he wouldn't have been able to carve the statue or yell at Jingyue, telling her to leave. He didn't know when he would lose it completely and turn into a bloodthirsty demon.

Once that happened, the first victim would be Dongfang Jingyue.

"Why are you following me?" He said with a painful and hesitant stare.

"I want you to be a human, not a monster. I will pull you back." Jingyue paused ever so slightly before answering.

The hesitation disappeared from his eyes. They turned cold, as red as blood. He rushed forward and destroyed a mountain while going southward.

"What are you trying to do?" Jingyue followed right behind him.

"I will become a demon and massacre the world, a sinner of the ages... for the sake of Supreme Goddess." Feiyun spoke ruthlessly with a hint of romanticism just like a god of death recalling an old love.

He began his rampage - killing everything on his sight for 18,000 miles. More than a million people became his victims.

During this month, everyone shuddered after hearing his name, afraid that he might kill everyone in the world.

But he suddenly disappeared after one month and the killing stopped.

Starting from a village, someone announced that the demon was subdued by Supreme Goddess. It didn't take long before the entire Central Royal Prefecture begins building shrines for her. Worshippers came offering incense nonstop, praying for her to forever imprison that demon so no more disasters would happen.

"You know, one day when that demon was killing everyone in the city, he suddenly fell on the ground. A white goddess descended from the sky came and grabbed the demon then flew to the sky. The monster never appears again from then on. More than ten thousand people saw this, she must be Supreme Goddess!"

"She's our kingdom's divine guardian. The empress performed a blessing rite at Faith Convent and offered three heavenly incense sticks for Supreme Goddess. They will burn for three years without extinguishing."

"Even the empress worshipped her? She must be a real deity then."

Heaven's Equal was a majestic mountain range, zigzagging for 370,000 miles across half of Jin.

It touched five prefectures - Grand Southern, Ancient Jiang, Myriad Mines, Earthchild, and Northern Frontier Prefecture.

It had the most pristine forests where powerful beasts, precious minerals, and rare materials could be found. Half of the cultivation resources in Jin came from this place. Numerous sects, both good and evil, were built next to it.

At the southern region was the number one sacred ground, Wanxiang Pagoda.

At the midpoint, the Dao Gate.

Ten thousand miles south of the Dao Gate was the number one Buddhist holy ground, the Beastmaster Camp.

There were another thousand sects or so in this region outside of the three great powers. Ten thousand miles to the north were marshes with branches from the corpse caves.

Of course, the mountain range was large enough to accommodate these sects. They all had their own territories.

Some of these ancient forests contained powerful beasts, uninhabited by cultivators. Rumor has it that deep inside were spirit beasts that could kill Enlightened Beings. During nights of full moon, the spirit energy around the area would start to tremble violently.

Two tall peaks filled with bluestones with had a dangerous path by the ridge. A bronze carriage was traveling on this path. When looking from below, it looked like the carriage was flying in the sky and could fall at any moment, resulting in a horrific death.

The driver was a girl in white with beautiful black hair and a pipa in her embrace.

This area was beautiful - waterfalls and mists, numerous white cranes and towering old pine tree. Who knows how long they have been growing for?

“Whoosh! Whoosh!” Two girls around sixteen years of age - dressed in white buddhist robe - rode two cranes and flew over from the clouds.

They were beautiful, armed with jade swords. They jumped off the cranes to stop the carriage.

“Halt, this is the hallowed Beastmaster Camp,” said Ming Sheng, a grand completion God Base.

Jingyue stopped and stared into the distance through the mist. She could hear the ethereal bells ringing several hundred miles away: “So this is Beastmaster Camp?”

“This is Calmwind Pass, still 180 miles away from the camp. However, it is still the entrance towards the sect guarded by us. No one is allowed entry.” Ming Yun said.

One needed to travel through this pass before reaching the Beastmaster Camp.

“The two of you are buddhist disciples?” Jingyue asked.

“We are the disciples of the twenty-sixth generation, my name is Ming Sheng, she is Ming Yun. What is your name, benefactor? And your purpose in coming?”

Jingyue said: “I am the fourth daughter of the Yin Gou, Dongfang Jingyue. I am here for an audience with Master Tan, hoping that the two great Venerable Buddhas here could chant the Calmheart Mantra to save my friend.”

Ming Sheng and Ming Yun naturally knew the Yin Gou Clan and that Jingyue was a big shot. They both slightly bowed and became more relaxed and respectful.

“So you are Benefactor Dongfang, may I ask if your friend is male or female?”

“Male.” Jingyue said.

Ming Sheng firmly said: “Please return, Benefactor Dongfang! The Beastmaster Camp does not allow men to enter, the master won’t see you.”

Suddenly, white clouds and mist condensed together to form the gigantic figure of a woman. Its voice traveled far: “Ming Sheng, Ming Yun, invite Benefactor Dongfang in and take her to Skyhigh Peak, Whirling Cavern.”

This figure was the avatar of the camp’s master, Tan Qingsu.

“Greetings, Master.” Both the girls bowed towards the figure.

They were confused - this matter actually attracted the attention of their master? Just who is in that carriage?

Jingyue glanced towards that avatar and thought to herself: 'That's Tan Qingsu for you, she knew I would bring Feng Feiyun here.'

She said: "Thank you, Camp Master."

The avatar dispersed back into clouds and mist to blot out the sky again.

Feng Feiyun's demonic and evil blood has invaded his entire body with ten thousand beast souls running wild. If it wasn't for the Nine-doves Gown protecting his last strand of sanity, he would have lost his humanity already.

He was already grievously wounded on top of not sleeping for several months. He collapsed after his murderous rampage.

Dongfang Jingyue saved him and brought him to the Beastmaster Camp.

This was the number one holy ground of Buddhism that had trained a legendary character like Fo Canzi. It was considered one of the most ancient sects around but it didn't participate in the power struggle. That's why its influence wasn't as strong as the four clans.

No one really knew the exact strength and resources of this lineage that had lasted for tens of thousands of years.

Jingyue only knew that they had two Enlightened Beings since a thousand years ago. The seniors from her clan told her so. Most outsiders didn't know anything about this, so one could see how distant the camp was from everyone else.

In order to save Feng Feiyun, restore his humanity, and chase away the evil blood, one must calm the raging beast souls first. Only the Calmheart Mantra of this place could do so.

Rumor has it that an old Buddhist meditated on a boulder and chanted this mantra until all the beasts in this mountainous region fell asleep.

'I hope those two Enlightened Beings are still alive.' Jingyue thought while riding the carriage. She lifted the curtain to take a look at Feiyun before sighing.

Becoming evil for love, massacring for love, sinning for love - but this love wasn't directed at her.

[Chapter 594: Tan Qingsu](#)

The majestic peak was imposing, situated up in the clouds.

The green cliff had trees twisting around like dragons with a cave by the midpoint. The entrance was an eight-meter-tall door made of stone. It looked like the dwelling of an immortal.

Feiyun was now wearing a white Buddhist robe, sitting in a meditative position beneath a Bodhi Tree outside of the entrance.

Complexion - perfectly white; brows - thick and tidy. His black-as-ink hair fluttered in the wind.

Anyone who sees him right now would see the word "calm" just an immovable boulder.

The Bodhi Tree towered at 300 meters. The leaves have grown for three hundred years yet still haven't fallen. It carried an aura of vicissitudes.

The leaves rustled when the breezes came. A single leaf finally fell down, looking like a green butterfly.

A woman wearing a white buddhist dress came out; hair tied up in a buddhist bun with lotuses beneath her feet.

She was shrouded in a buddhist aura; only around the age of twenty but her eyes carried a sad and profound flash. This pair of eyes was polished by time. One would only have them after experiencing several hundred years.

She stood on the platform outside the entrance like a saintess. Her left hand held a string of green beads as she calmly said: "This is your sixty-fourth day of meditation, fifteen days longer than the previous. It looks like like the Calmheart Mantra is effective for you."

Feiyun has been here for nearly one year, cleansed by the mantra for the eighth time. The hatred in him has dispersed by half but the evil affinity remained, evident by his face's appearance.

His hands were down at his dantian. He slowly opened his eyes with a faint, red circle around them, still cold: "How do you know I've awakened?"

His voice became normal again, no longer hoarse like before.

"I knew when the leaf fell down." The elegant woman stretched out two fingers and that exact leaf land on them.

Each of her action was beautiful, in tune with the rhythm of the heavenly dao.

She was the lord of Beastmaster Camp, Tan Qingsu. She was full of spirituality as if her very body was made from the laws of Buddhism, bereft of a single impurity.

She has cultivated for 470 years without taking a single step out of her sect. She spent half of her time on Skyhigh Peak and had reached a state of indifference. She resembled a drop of clear water and viewed everyone else in the same manner, including Feng Feiyun.

This was a mental state of Buddhism - all things are water.

"Beastmaster Camp is a sacred ground of Buddhism; no men are allowed to enter, so why did you want to save me?" Feiyun asked this question for the eighth time.

He did so after each of the previous cleansing processes.

Tan Qingsu looked like she was inside a painting of clouds. She calmly responded: "Because if I don't, you will continue your rampage. It's better to have a person instead of a bloodthirsty demon in this world."

Feiyun remained quiet.

He wouldn't believe such sanctimonious words from just anyone. After all, who would save people for no reasons? No self-gains?

But it felt so natural coming from her - the love of Buddhism wanting to grant salvation to all. Perhaps this was because of her current mental state.

Qingsu said: "I didn't answer you before because of the blind hatred. Just hearing the word, "kill", would have stimulated your evil affinity. But after the eighth cleansing and meditation, your sanity has regained control."

"Then shouldn't you remove the seal so I can leave?" Feiyun smirked.

Qingsu disagreed: "Far from enough. You need to experience the ninth cleansing and more than just that, stay and meditate in Buddhism for one hundred years then I can be sure enough to remove your seal, allowing you to leave."

"Why is that?" Feiyun's eyes started to have a bloody color with some ferocity leaking out. His palms had a demonic glow.

"When Miss Dongfang brought you here, she wanted to ask for the help of my two Senior Uncle Ancestor. Unfortunately, one has left for Sacred Spirit Palace while the other is roaming the world and hasn't returned for three hundred years. That's why I personally chanted for you to chase away the heart devil and calming the beast souls. Of course, I can't do it as well, so you need to cultivate Buddhism for a hundred years." She slowly said.

Feiyun closed his eyes, aware that Qingsu was only temporarily suppressing his evil affinity. Just a little stimulation could turn him into a demon again.

Feiyun had too many nefarious aspects looming within. Even the Nine-doves Gown couldn't suppress all of them.

First one - the demonic energy in his blood.

Second - the evil energy of Yama's Spine.

Third - the evil energy of the Evil Woman.

Fourth - His murderous intent because of Nangong Honyan's death.

Fifth - the beastly bloodlust from the Myriad Beast Physique.

All of these nefarious powers combined and were activated together. An ordinary person would have exploded to death but Feiyun cultivated the phoenix physique. This powerful constitution on top of the phoenix soul allowed him to barely make it through.

Thus, she required him to stay here for one hundred years, away from the chaos outside.

From another perspective, this was house arrest of sorts to stop him from killing people.

After a long while, Feiyun opened his eyes. The redness had subsided as he asked: "Where is she?"

Qingsu knew who he was referring to right away: "Miss Dongfang left right after she brought you here."

Feiyun became quiet for the second time, aware of why she left so quickly. She looked just like Shui Yueting whom Feiyun despised. She was afraid of affecting him and making the cleansing less effective so she chose to leave.

Below were a group of cranes. Each of them was around six meters long with white feathers and had a girl on them. They were the recently-accepted disciples learning the basics of beast taming.

These cranes quickly disappeared into the clouds.

“You have been here for a year, it’s time to go out.” Qingsu said.

“You’re letting me leave?” Feiyun asked.

“Only around the camp for three days to relax. I will let Rhino protect you, and of course, it will bring you back if you try to leave. We’ll start the ninth cleansing process in three days.”

Having said that, she turned into a gust and returned to her cave.

Feiyun naturally knew what she was thinking. He was infamous for being a murderer and rapist in the cultivation world, not to mention his evil affinity being out of control right now.

In her eyes, Feiyun was indeed the evilest monster. At the same time, this place was full of beautiful girls. If he were to go crazy, the consequence would be unimaginable.

She wanted to save the devil but was afraid as well. Despite sealing his cultivation, she still let her strongest spirit beast accompany him, not allowing him any chance to do something unsavory.

‘If she’s letting me out for three days to relax, then this ninth cleansing session should be quite tough. I need to be mentally prepared before starting.’ Feiyun’s grin seemed quite evil now.

He stood up and explosions detonated within his body.

Though his dantian has been sealed and the ten thousand beast souls were sleeping, Qingsu didn’t know that Feiyun’s strongest aspect was his body. The phoenix physique has reached the second stage - bone refinement.

After getting his first bone, his physical prowess far exceeded ordinary people.

He noticed something and turned around. The sight made him stagger backward. A white rhino towering at nine meters came out of nowhere and looked like a hill. Feiyun was so tiny in comparison.

It had thick scales with a gentle glow containing the essence of Buddhism, akin to the divine beasts worshipped in shrines.

Its eyes were bigger than a washing basin, fixated on Feiyun.

“You’re Rhino sent by Tan Qingsu to watch over me? Not bad, 1,200 years of cultivation already.” Feiyun had barely visible runes on his face. He came over and patted the rhino’s gigantic foot.

He couldn’t use his divine intent and heavenly gaze right now. Nevertheless, he was insightful enough to see the beast’s cultivation.

Any beast that had cultivated for more than 1,000 years would be called a spirit beast. It had some intelligence and could understand humans. Some could even speak and were just as smart.

“Brat, you dare to call the master by her name? So lawless. The master is too nice to you, but your father will teach you a lesson.” Rhino has been long annoyed at Feiyun so it raised its leg to crush him.

Feiyun sharply darted to the side with an evil smirk before punching the rhino’s leg.

The beast felt pain, not expecting Feiyun to be so strong even with a sealed cultivation.

“No time to play with you!” He directly jumped off the cliff and was swallowed by the clouds.

Ordinary cultivators would die horribly after jumping off this height. However, Feiyun’s body and bones were ten times tougher than steel. Falling to the ground like this was no problem.

“Brat, don’t think you can run!” Rhino jumped off as well to give chase.

The master had repeatedly told it to protect this devil as well as not letting him escape the camp or cause any trouble.

[Chapter 595: The Ten Branches Of Beastmaster](#)

Beastmaster Camp was one of the oldest lineages in Jin. It had numerous ruins scattered across the mountain range. Numerous Buddhist sages have come out of this place and shocked the world with their might.

“This is Greatheart Convent, consisting of eight mountains, the seventh branch of this place. Greatheart Abbess personally wrote the Greatheart Scripture and started this branch.”

Rhino brought Feiyun around the ten branches while explaining each one.

Though it wanted to teach Feiyun a lesson, it didn’t dare to stimulate him too much, especially his evil affinity. Tan Qingsu would not be pleased.

“This is Thousand Island Pond, the third branch. It has been around for nearly 30,000 years and is still the strongest branch here, with 3,000 inner disciples. It’s quite rare to see something prosperous for such a long time in the entire cultivation world.”

Beastmaster Camp only had female disciples. Moreover, their recruitment was very stringent - requiring virginity, great talents, and exceptional mental state. That’s why having 3,000 disciples was considered prosperous.

An inner disciple could cultivate in the sect, the opposite of an outer disciple. The latter wasn’t qualified to train here and had to deal with the vulgar world, carrying out certain tasks.

“They’re all women? All 3,000?” Feiyun asked.

“Obviously, the first requirement is not being a male.” Rhino stopped and answered with a sad voice. It glanced towards the Thousand Island Pond with trepidation before rushing: “Let’s go to a different spot!”

It was strange to hear sadness from a spirit beast.

Feiyun had no intention of leaving and stared at beast's behind: "You're not a male?"

"Not anymore, males are forbidden here, even for regular and spirit beasts." Its voice became sadder.

Feiyun took a deep breath and looked at its groin to find something before shaking his head: "This place is really inhumane. That grandma Tai Qinsu is so evil, to actually neuter you and ending your line."

"Boom!" Rhino stomped on the ground, leaving a huge pit behind. The rocks beneath Feiyun were crushed from the vibration.

"Brat, I know that your evil affinity is out of control and you wish to escape this place. However, do not blame the wrong person. Camp Master Tan is merciful and benevolent, this has nothing to do with her." Rhino threatened, really wanting to stomp Feiyun's head.

Meanwhile, Feiyun stood there with evil runes on his face along with a bloody glow in his eyes, looking quite demonic. He wasn't scared in the slightest.

A spirit beast was frightening but wasn't enough to scare him.

Rhino continued: "Brat, why are you asking me this? I'm warning you, the female disciples here are nuns, pure while cultivating their mind and body. If you dare to have any ideas about them, I'm gonna kill you."

Rhino was comparable to a Giant so it wasn't just all talk. Despite being a rhinoceros, it had intelligence and knew that Feiyun was a heinous monster, so it was relatively vigilant towards him.

Feiyun smiled deviously: "I'm not that type of person."

Having said that, he jumped onto one of the islands there, dozens of miles in size. It was full of purple trees, the smallest one being as thick as five people with their hands connected. Its leaves were also purple. One could instantly sense the spirituality emanating from the trees and leaves.

This was indeed an old lineage - these Violet Iron Trees have lived for ten thousand years. They were the recorders of time, living far longer than humans.

He walked along a gravel pathway in a forest and could hear the bells and chantings.

Rhino was scared out of his mind - what the hell does this devil want?! Don't go crazy now!

It spun its tail and gave chase.

"Brat, don't be insane. The Buddhist Supreme of Thousand Island Pond, Wu Qinghua, is a fierce one, she doesn't even give a damn about the camp master. I accidentally came to this place once and she castrated me, throwing my thing into the water to feed the fish." Rhino blocked Feiyun's path in order to kick him off this island.

It didn't wish to stay here for a second longer due to its history. It was also afraid of Wu Qinghua. Just standing there made it shiver and felt a chill, especially in the groin area.

The camp had a total of ten branches, independent of each other. All of the founders were incredible sages.

The current sect master of each branch was called a Buddhist Supreme.

In other words, outside of Camp Master Tan Qingsu, there were ten other supremes.

“Wu Qinghua seems so arrogant then, daring to cut off your balls. People say look at the master before you beat the dog, she really doesn’t care for the camp master then.” Feiyun chuckled and tried to instigate: “Are you actually swallowing this anger? She doesn’t respect the camp master, you don’t want to teach her a lesson?”

Smoke puffed out of Rhino’s big nose. It licked its lips, fully realizing what Feiyun is doing:” Brat, first of all, I’m a rhinoceros with the bloodline of a white qilin, not a dog.”

Feiyun mocked: “A ball-less rhino is inferior to a dog, but that’s not your fault. What’s lamentable is your lack of manliness. Sigh, I guess the white qilin rhino tribe are a bunch of cowards.”

Rhino obviously hated Wu Qinghua but it was guided back to the light by Tan Qingsu - its hatred became less and less. Today, Feiyun’s comment truly shamed it, bringing back this terrible anger. A spirit beast still had pride and shame.

Feiyun could sense the change in Rhino. He came over and patted its thigh: “We’re men, right? We don’t let our enemies run free. Keep holding this grievance inside and you’ll be no different than a woman!”

“But Wu Qinghua is very strong and had cultivated an incomplete version of the Golden Silkworm Scripture, she’s ranked third among the ten supremes, we can’t take her on.” Rhino became tempted but was still afraid.

“Your cultivation is strong too, why the hell are you afraid of her, millenium spirit beast? Wait a min, did you say an incomplete version of the Golden Silkworm Scripture?” Feiyun narrowed his eyes.

Golden Silkworm was one of the three holy scriptures of Jin, on the same level as the Dao Scripture and Grave Palace Treasure-seeking Record.

Rumor has it that those who cultivate the Golden Silkworm Scripture could come back to life via a cocoon transformation. It contained the most sacred laws and techniques of Buddhism - the ultimate artifact for Buddhists.

However, due to the chaos during a very long time ago in this faction, it disappeared completely from sight.

Rhino said: “Yes, the previous supreme of Thousand Island Pond traveled the world. She came to one of the eighth ancient ruins, Bronze Furnace Mountain, and saw a golden avatar of a Buddhist Master who had trained with the scripture. The supreme meditated before this corpse for a hundred years before understanding one-tenth of the scripture. She then came back to the camp and spent another thirty years to write this incomplete version. The moment the book was complete, she also died from mental fatigue.”

Feiyun murmured with a serious expression: “Golden Silkworm Scripture...”

“Brat, don’t tell me you want this scripture? Wu Qinghua will kill you.” Rhino could see the guy’s eyes shifting back and forth, clearly up to no good.

Feiyun smiled: "Of course not, I'm not interested in Buddhist laws, I'm only coming up with a plan against her. Give me a moment... Got it!"

"Seriously?" Rhino shuddered from excitement before calming down: "No, Wu Qinghua is terrible but she is still a supreme. If we go overboard, the other masters will take us down. Even the camp master can't protect us at that point."

"Don't worry, it'll be just a little payback so that you can feel better. I'm not a bad person." Feiyun took out an ancient yet heavy ring, completely black and made of rare material.

He said: "I have a third-ranked spirit treasure, it is also evil in nature. If she wears it, it'll suck her blood and she won't realize it at all, regardless of her cultivation."

"Just suck out a little blood from her? That's all it will do and not detectable at all?" Rhino didn't believe it.

"Of course, why would I lie to you? You can try it then." Feiyun patted its thigh again before bending down to look for a toe.

Rhino quickly pulled back while cursing inside, 'Damn demon, possessing such a treacherous treasure. Hmm, but it is a third-ranked treasure, even Enlightened Beings would want one, Wu Qinghua will want it.'

Feiyun was naturally tricking it. This was the Infinite Spirit Ring, not a bloodthirsty artifact. It had accepted Feiyun as a master. If others were to wear it, they would suffer a backlash from the five diagrams.

Feiyun sighed: "But the key point is how to get her to wear it without being cautious?"

"I have an idea!" Rhino's eyes also rolled back and forth in contemplation.

"Really?" Feiyun's eyes flashed with a red glow before laughing heartily: "Congratulations, congratulation! At least this is a little payback for your enmity. You'll feel much better."

Rhino twitched and felt uneasy after hearing this laugh, thinking that this laughter was quite strange.

[Chapter 596: Consumed By The Devil](#)

Thousand Island Pond was the third branch of Beastmaster Camp, also one of the strongest.

It was a gigantic pond with numerous islands. Calling it an ocean was more accurate; one wouldn't be able to see the other shore.

A pond of this size was very rare even across the massive Heaven's Equal Mountain Range.

Of course, it didn't have one thousand islands either, only 84 islands and 356 reefs.

The largest island was named Stupa. It had a seven-floor pagoda - the training place for the Buddhist Supreme.

Inside the pagoda, a sixteen-year-old girl wearing a white Buddhist dress and a jade-bead necklace said: "Greetings, Buddhist Supreme, The Qian Clan of Myriad Mines is gifting spirit stones and treasures, hoping that you will accept them."

A lotus was floating in the air; the leaves were verdant with spirit spring water flowing. Three white lotuses were in full bloom with a woman sitting on top of one of them. No one could see her appearance, only her white dress and black hair. She was reading a scripture, in search of enlightenment.

This was the supreme of Thousand Island Pond - Wu Qinghua.

She was one of the two most gifted women in the sect and nearly became the camp master. However, she was in the middle of an important cultivation session with the Golden Silkworm Scripture as the previous master was passing away, so Tan Qingsu inherited the role.

She has always been unsatisfied with Qingsu and felt that she was too soft and virtuous - always promoting isolation. This limited the development of Beastmaster Camp and the proliferation of Buddhism. If this continued, the camp's influence would continue to weaken.

She believed that there was no need to hide or lay low. They should be entering the world to spread Buddhism, recruit more disciples, and create more institutions in the secular world. This would be preparations in order to herald the next golden age of Buddhism.

The two didn't share the same ideologies so their relationship deteriorated. Because of this, she castrated Rhino after it accidentally came here.

The disciples believed that she was showing up the camp master and that a fight could break out between the two. However, contrary to everyone's expectation, Qingsu ignored this matter.

Qinghua's voice was young and cold: "Ming Mo, why isn't Ming Luo with you?"

The girl named Ming Mo replied: "Supreme, Ming Luo had a problem with cultivation so she is now resting and will come to see you when she is well."

Ming Mo and Ming Luo were Qinghua's personal maids, always together.

A drop of spirit spring water floated up and fell into Qinghua's hand. The lotuses nearby exuded spirit energy that gathers into the drop of water, turning it into a green pill.

"Give this pill to her and remind her that Buddhism is a gradual process, don't just look at short-term benefits and rush it. Tell her to come and see me right away after she is well-rested." Qinghua waved her hand and the pill flew into Ming Mo's hand.

"Thank you, Supreme. I will go give it to Ming Luo now." Ming Mo was excited.

She happily skipped out while thinking that the supreme might look cold and emotionless, but she was very kind to her disciples - caring for a regular servant.

Qinghua sighed and put away the scroll. She turned into a wind and floated downward to take a look at the white treasure chest.

It contained the spirit stones and treasures from the Qian.

Every sect needed resources for cultivation. Even Buddhism was no exception.

The Qian Clan Master, Qian Shiren, has always wanted to have her daughter train in Beastmaster Camp as an inner disciple. However, she didn't have the right mental state and cultivation to do so.

This was the sixth time the Qian had brought gifts.

Wu Qinghua wasn't an old nun. She was rather pretty - clear and attractive complexion, pink lips, white teeth, thin and long brows, and only around twenty years of age. Her long hair draped near the ground with a simple, white ribbon tied in the middle.

She dressed in a simple manner - just a white Buddhist dress and Buddhist beads in her hand.

She didn't bother to look at the treasures as if they were mere rocks.

'Tan Qingsu taking in that devil Feng Feiyun at our sect... if this were to pass, we will lose our long-running prestige. If it were up to me, I would have killed that devil long ago, why bother to save his life so he can commit more atrocities later?' Her pretty eyes have a decisive glow. She was relatively unhappy with Qingsu's choice.

The Beastmaster Camp was the purest Buddhist sect for female cultivators but now, it was actually taking in a vicious villain. What would other people think of this?

On the first day when Feiyun was brought here, Wu Qinghua personally came to Skyhigh Peak and questioned Tan Qingsu, "Feng Feiyun is a monster following a different dao from us, a bloodthirsty demon afflicted with evil. Now that he's down, we should be ferrying him out of this world."

Qingsu responded: "No one is born evil, even a demonic beast can be enlightened. Moreover, half of the blood in his body is still human. Killing is not what Buddhists like us search for. A bloodthirsty Buddha is no different from a monster."

Qinghua retorted: "We're not Buddhas and won't be able to enlighten this heinous devil. The most direct method is to kill him. In hell, there will be Buddhas guiding him to the right path."

Qingsu said: "If we have Buddha in our heart, we are Buddhas. If we ourselves lack confidence in saving people, then why bother to cultivate Buddhism and learn its ideologies?"

"Qingsu, have you forgotten the rules of our sect?!"

"Rules are made by people, so people can change it as well."

"Don't you know what this monster had done?! If people were to find out that we are harboring him, the reputation of our sect will be ruined!"

"More people will die if we let him run free. Reputation is nothing compared to the preciousness of life. Killing a devil is easy, but saving one is much harder."

Qinghua sneered: "Watch it, maybe it'll consume you before you can save it."

“My body might be consumed but my Buddhist heart is without regrets.” Qingsu chanted with unspeakable holiness.

Qinghua recalled this debate back then and thought that Qingsu was idiotic, ‘Weak, ignorant, and so self-assured. Tan Qingsu, your personality is not fit to be the camp master.’

Tan Qingsu grew up in the sect and hasn’t taken a step outside. She wasn’t aware of the treachery and evil in others, and definitely not how far Feiyun had fallen to the evil path. Her weak Buddhist abilities weren’t enough to save him; it was akin to throwing an egg at a rock.

‘Living for several hundred years already yet is still as innocent as a little girl, she’ll only be feeding the devil.’ Wu Qinghua concluded as her hair fluttered in the air. She slightly waved her hand and a wind opened the treasure chest.

The shining lights of these treasures oozed outside and made the whole place ethereal.

She took a glance and wanted to order them to bring back. However, her expression became serious after she noticed a black ring in the corner.

It was ancient, made of unknown material - neither gold nor rock. No spirit energy was visible either.

However, she could sense a powerful spirituality within - far superior to ordinary spirit treasures.

It attracted her full attention. She took a step forward and reached out, shrouded in clouds and mist. She held the black rings with two delicate fingers.

“Such powerful spirituality, comparable to the greatest Buddhist artifact of Thousand Island, White Carp Eye. Just what is this thing? Did that clan master dig out an ancient artifact from his mine but can’t spot this level of spirituality so he gave it to me?” She held it in her palm and tried to feel the spirituality inside. The hymn of the grand dao resounded faintly.

There were five ancient words that she couldn’t recognize despite being versed in old texts.

She pondered for a long time before putting it on her finger.

This was human instinct, akin to seeing a good fruit and wanting to take a bite, or seeing money on the ground and wanting to pick it up - either to keep it or to give it back.

This was the case for Wu Qinghua. Holding a treasure ring made her want to try it on though she didn’t necessarily want it and could take it off later.

“Boom!” The moment she got it on, a massive repelling energy exploded from the ring. A black brilliant nearly crushed her finger. The five old runes started to spin and turned into five diagrams. They slammed into her body at the same time.

This force was terrifying, stemming from the source of the ring. The spirituality inside naturally attacked her since she wasn’t its master. She wasn’t ready for this at all so the diagrams blew her flying, smashing into a wall of the pagoda.

She fell down, unconscious. The ring on her white-as-snow finger still emitted a terrible light.

At the same time, Feiyun walked into the pagoda with a sinister aura and closed the doors. He saw the unconscious woman and smirked. His blood boiled with surging evil affinity.

[Chapter 597: Two Choices](#)

Infiltrating this island required passing through several dangerous areas consisting of incredible formations and arrays. Feiyun still made it all the same.

It wasn't that easy evading the women here but here he was, standing inside the pagoda.

He naturally didn't have the skills to do so since his dantian was sealed. However, Rhino helped him distract the powerful nuns, allowing him to come here unscathed.

Wu Qinghua was lying in the prone position below the broken wall. Her dress was a mess; the tying ribbon was ripped so her hair was all over the place.

From the distant, her snow-white skin and perfect curves were right there. Her legs slightly opened in a tempting manner.

"What do we have here? The Buddhist Supreme of Thousand Islands is actually so young and pretty, good sleeping position too." Feiyun laughed and crouched down in front of her, wanting to take off the ring.

However, a powerful aura surged. His eyes narrowed as he quickly retreated.

"Boom!" The ring flew out of her finger, enveloped by a golden brilliance, and went straight for him.

The distance was too close so he had to block it. The Buddhist power around the ring slammed into his hand, causing him to slide on the ground for thirty meters before dispersing this energy.

He stabilized his stance and grabbed the ring, putting it back on: "That's a Buddhist Supreme for you, even that wasn't enough to take you down."

Qinghua stood up, revealing her beautiful features - long and straight brows. Her eyes turned cold: "Feng Feiyun, why are you here?!"

Her dress was a mess but the holy aura demanding respect remained. She stood with her legs shut tight, an elegant posture.

Feiyun smiled: "I was going to capture you and force you to get me out of here, but after seeing your pretty face, I've changed my mind. We need to get to know each other."

"How bold, looks like you want to die. Your evil affinity is untamable so I'll be sending you on your way to hell." Qinghua reached forward and condensed a golden glow in her hand with the shape of a Buddha.

"You think you can scare me? Drop the act, you're clearly grievously injured. I'll be undressing you today, to see the beautiful sight this dress is hiding." Feiyun's eyes looked completely evil, same with his demonic aura. He began to attack.

He was absolutely certain that she was greatly injured. Otherwise, she wouldn't have needed to pretend to be unconscious for a sneak attack due to her mighty cultivation. Just one hand would have been enough to suppress him.

Though his cultivation was sealed, his physical strength was no joke. A punch from him could injure a fifth-level Heaven's Mandate.

Qinghua's eyes became serious. She remained calm and stood straight, reaching out her delicate right hand to meet his fist nine times.

Her jade-like fingers were untouched, protected by the golden glow flowing like spirit feathers and scattering flowers.

Despite a clear disparity in size, she could handle his attacks without giving an inch, just like a deep-rooted immortal tree.

"Haha, you're really injured, the ring has crushed your veins so you can't move your upper half, only your right hand." Feiyun could tell.

She had many chances to finish him but because of her immobility, she could only defend.

"Feiyun, even if your cultivation wasn't sealed, I could still crush you." Qinghua gathered spirit energy, looking like a glowing fairy.

Waves of warm Buddhist rays flowed on her white, glistening skin. Her lips looked like carved rubies; teeth perfectly white.

She began chanting while spewing out offensive runes.

"Boom!" Feiyun punched the runes flying but was also pushed backward. These runes carried enough power to crush steel.

Another one hundred runes of varying size came flying with considerable force.

Feiyun continued unleashing shockwaves with his punches but he couldn't destroy them, only pushing them back temporarily.

His eyes turned red. He roared and suddenly stomped on the ground, creating a fissure. He used this force to propel himself onto the ten-meter-tall Buddha statue with eight arms and nine heads. He grabbed the statue's head before doing a flip in the air to throw it straight at her.

Her chant became faster, increasing the number of runes that fly out. This was an ocean of golden brilliance. It smashed onto the statue and issued clanking sounds like a gong.

"Boom!" In the split second where the statue was going to fall on her, she touched it with her finger, freezing it in the sky.

She was a master of using soft against hard, capable of shouldering a falling sky with a single finger.

Feiyun leaped forward and stomped on the statue's back. The force pushed down on her.

"Boom!" The statue issued a deafening blast.

If it wasn't for the formations and seals around the pagoda, this detonation would have echoed across the entire island.

Feiyun did that another twenty times, stomping down on the statue. Qinghua's injuries worsened. She changed her finger stance to a full palm-strike in order to lift the statue.

Feiyun leaped up in the sky again to gather momentum for a more powerful stomp. The statue's back was completely penetrated this time. The bottom of his foot met her palm strike, causing her arm to slightly bend back but she managed to straighten it a second later.

"Haha, Wu Qinghua, you call me a monster, so I'll show you one today!" Feiyun dropped down and unleashed a palm strike on her chest, causing her to slam on the wall for the second time.

The injuries stacked up so she could no longer resist.

The statue finally dropped to the ground, issuing metallic rumblings.

Feiyun walked slowly before her; his eyes completely red with black runes on his face. He grabbed the cloth by her chest and lifted her up, pushing her into the wall.

As her slender and graceful posture was hanging in the air, she coldly stared at him with her bright, clearly-defined eyes. She didn't panic despite the current situation.

After several hundred years of cultivation, she has lost the innocence and bashfulness of a maiden. Her mind was powerful just like a flawless sovereign.

Blood dripped from the corner of her lips as she spoke: "Feiyun, there's nothing good in capturing me. You won't be able to leave the island. I advise you to give up now and I might spare you."

He wasn't afraid of her threat at all and grabbed her chin, sneering: "Two choices, either take me out of here or I will rape then kill you!"

The calm Qinghua felt a chill after hearing his evil laughter and seeing his demonic grimace. Her eyes flashed, quickly trying to think of a method to escape.

Unfortunately, he didn't have time to wait and needed to force her to make a choice.

He made up his mind and added a little strength to his grip. The dress was ripped into little pieces resembling white butterflies.

Her pale blue undergarment was revealed along with her white breasts and the tenderness between her legs - quite a stimulating scene.

Below her shapely collarbones were her broad breasts forming a clear cleavage. Though still supported, one could tell that they were firm and upright, causing others to salivate.

Qinghua was a famous beauty when she was younger and traveling the world. Every prodigy thought that she was a fairy from above. Later on, after becoming a supreme, she became holy and untouchable. No one could pursue her.

But now, this Buddhist Beauty was being forcibly undressed by Feiyun in her very own pagoda, pushed to the wall and couldn't move at all. He even declared his intention of raping then killing her.

Other female disciples of the sect would faint from shock if they were to see this. Feiyun was committing a heinous crime, more than enough to incite the wrath of the entire world.

If Buddha wished to subdue evil, the latter would naturally fight back.

“Yes or no?” Feiyun smirked, his lips nearly touching her face.

The wild breath of a male assaulted her, nearly causing her Buddhist heart to succumb.

“I rather fall than to let you go free, monster.” She said quietly, her breath becoming ragged as he caressed her face.

Feiyun’s fingers had a strange charm, almost like lightning. She sweated as she tried to chant but was repeatedly interrupted by Feiyun as he was touching her most sensitive areas.

Her soft whispers didn’t sound like chanting to Feiyun - more like the seductive moans of a woman in heat.

[Chapter 598: Pregnant Disciple](#)

“That’s a Buddhist cultivator for you, so selfless. Very well, as you wish.” Feiyun smiled deviously and traced his finger down the back of her jade neck - lower and lower down her back.

He grabbed her pale blue undergarment and pulled down, revealing her plump and seductive breasts like large bowls.

Wu Qinghua, a supreme comparable to the camp master, was bare naked before Feiyun. This goddess from above had met a devil and he would show no mercy.

No one could bear to watch such a beautiful woman being ravaged.

Her cultivation far exceeded his but the treacherous scheme was successful, turning her into his prisoner.

“Feng Feiyun, let’s talk, I can give you a top spirit treasure... Ah!” She let out a soft moan, feeling a large and rough hand kneading her left breast.

This place was unexplored until now... ‘You monster...’

She seemed to be struck by thunder, twitching. She eventually closed her eyes; her eyebrows trembled slightly, not wanting to watch this scene.

“Spirit treasure? Ten of them aren’t comparable to your body. Riding a Buddhist Supreme and ravaging her however I want? Going to feel real good once I let everyone knows.” Feiyun coldly said while continuing to knead her breast into all shapes and forms, leaving behind marks - clearly being too rough.

“What... you want to tell people?” She opened her eyes, revealing a resolute flash.

She could handle being raped by him but would never let anything harm the reputation of Beastmaster Camp. If he were to run outside and brag about this, even her committing suicide wasn’t enough to clear this stain.

Other people would think if he had slept with the Buddhist Supreme, how many other female disciples have he slept with?

Just this thought terrified her. She would never let this happen!

“Boom!” The flash in her eyes intensified and ignited into a fire. Two seven-ranked lotus platforms flew out, each with a pagoda growing on the center.

These two pagodas were actually sealed in her eyes. One flame was black while the other white. Numerous beast souls were imprisoned and screaming within.

“This is... a forbidden technique of the heretical sect, Yin Yang Dual-chromatic Pagoda.” Feiyun was astonished. A supreme of this sect was actually cultivating a forbidden heretical technique?

He tried to retreat but it was too late. The pagodas turned gigantic and suppressed him. He tried to lift them up but it was impossible. His body continued being pushed down by these two extremely heavy mountains.

“This is the source of that technique, a great artifact. Those heretical merit laws were derived from it in a crooked manner with dual-cultivation. It had no essence of the real thing.” Despite being naked, she was still as holy as an immortal. It was as if there was a moon hidden in her body.

She risked her life just now to use this treasure. After suppressing Feiyun, she meditated and placed her palms together to heal.

Her master obtained it from Bronze Cauldron Mountain, an ancient site. This person used an incredible method to take it out. Before dying, she expended all of her cultivation and planted it into Qinghua’s eyes.

Even with Qinghua’s cultivation right now, she still had trouble controlling them. This was her first time using them.

After an hour, she stood up, still as flawless as ever, and put on a white robe. However, her hair was still a mess and the pink has yet to leave her complexion.

Being groped and undressed by that monster left her full of rage and hate.

Feiyun was still all-smiles: “You look much better naked.”

Given her appearance right now, if someone were to come in, they would think that Feiyun had slept with her.

“Your disciple, Yu Jing, has an important matter to report.” A girl outside the pagoda urgently asked.

Qinghua’s expression slightly changed. She shifted and turned into a cloud of white smoke, landing back on the lotus floating in the sky. The fog rendered her ethereal and impossible to see through.

Feiyun sneered in his mind. This woman was afraid of being seen by her own disciple right now and needed to hide. She cared too much about her reputation.

The door to the pagoda opened. Yu Jing came in and saw the broken statue and broken walls.

Her mouth was agape, not expecting the training place of the supreme to turn to this mess.

“Supreme... what...” She kneeled on the ground, full of questions in her mind.

“Feng Feiyun infiltrated the pagoda with the intention of ambushing me. I have subdued him.”
Qinghua’s voice sounded like a great Buddha.

The girl looked back and saw Feiyun being tied to a pillar. The guy smiled sinisterly at her, frightening her into looking away.

‘So that’s the devil Feng Feiyun that no crime is too heinous for. Can’t believe he dared to ambush the supreme. Looks like he was easily subdued.’ She had heard of Feiyun’s infamy before and no longer dared to look at him again.

She said: “Supreme, I have an important matter to report.”

“What?” Qinghua looked down from her lotus.

Yu Jing hesitated: “Earlier, I passed by Yu Mo and Yu Lao’s place and accidentally heard them talking about Yu Lao... She’s...”

“Speak, a Buddhist disciple does not mumble as if hiding something.” Qinghua coldly said.

Yu Jing was afraid and quickly responded: “Yu Lao has been pregnant for two months!”

This was a shocking response, stunning not only Qinghua but also Feiyun.

Qinghua was furious and sent a mental transmission, ordering eight inner disciples of Thousand Island to bring Yu Lao here.

Yu Lao was her maid, only fifteen years of age. She grew up here and was as pure as a piece of white paper. How could she be pregnant? Who was the father?

A man was definitely behind this but men weren’t allowed here.

Feiyun was ecstatic about the fun show. Another man had snuck into this place as well, a capable one too, actually impregnating Qinghua’s maid. It wasn’t easy to seduce a woman from this place, and actually having sex with her? This guy must be incredible. Feiyun was very, very impressed.

It didn’t take long before a pretty girl was brought to the pagoda. After seeing Qinghua, she immediately prostrated and sobbed: “I have let you down, Supreme, and ruined the reputation of Beastmaster Camp, please grant me death!”

Qinghua had tied up her hair; her robe looked especially clean. She stood at the center of the pagoda and coldly said: “You obviously deserve death.”

The tied-up Feiyun interrupted with loud laughter: “You can’t kill her, you can’t, that’s two lives we’re talking about.”

Yu Lao’s hair was a mess; tears dripped all over her face. She was on the ground, grabbing Qinghua’s robe and started to beg: “I deserve death but the baby is innocent, please spare him, Supreme. After I give birth, I will end myself before you.”

Qinghua scowled: "This demon spawn must die as well since it'll be the shame of Beastmaster Camp."

Yu Lao seemed to have lost her will to live after hearing this. She gently touched her stomach as tears dripped loudly onto the ground.

Feiyun sighed and said: "So inhumane! The child is innocent."

"Feng Feiyun!" Qinghua shouted as the air around her turned cold: "You're the only man in Beastmaster Camp! You are utterly heartless, infecting our disciple with your evil. This child is clearly yours so that's why you want it alive. The two of them will die because of you, it has nothing to do with me."

"Hey now, I only left Skyhigh yesterday. She's pregnant for two months already so don't blame this on me. But if you got pregnant tomorrow and blame it on me, I guess... I'll take responsibility for that." He smirked.

Qinghua's expression darkened as she gritted her teeth. She gathered energy in her palm in the shape of a sword, wanting to cut off his tongue.

Suddenly, an old woman flew in and said seriously: "Supreme, two months ago, Yu Lao came to the Golden Library to ask for the Golden Silkworm Scripture and said that you asked for it. It still hasn't been returned and I've just heard that she was two-month pregnant, could it be..."

Qinghua's expression was not pretty right now.

[Chapter 599: Nalan Xuejian And Monk Jiu Rou](#)

Golden Silkworm Scripture was taken from Bronze Cauldron Mountain by Wu Qinghua's master. The extraction process from the avatar of a dead Buddhist cultivator took one hundred years, resulting in an incomplete version. Though it only had ten percent of profundity, it was still profound and powerful.

In theory, a cultivator of this art would turn into a golden cocoon after death. After breaking out, they would be able to live again just like how a chrysalis turns into a butterfly, even more powerful than before.

But after dying for the second time, they wouldn't come back to life again. Their skin and flesh would fuse into their bones and turn into a golden avatar - virtually indestructible and unchanging.

Wu Qinghua's master was an amazing Buddhist with incredible talents, nearly reaching the level of an en Enlightened Being. She walked the world and trained in Buddhism, trying to find how to overcome the difficult bottleneck.

She used a great technique to reach a forbidden area, one of the eight great ancient ruins - Bronze Cauldron Mountain. She didn't find a way to become an Enlightened Being but met a golden avatar instead. She then decided to stay for a century there.

She eventually brought this avatar back to Beastmaster Camp, trading all of her mental focus for ten percent of its profundity. After recording this in the version of the Golden Silkworm Scripture, she was mentally exhausted and died.

The result of her life was only an incomplete version. It was impossible for her to derive the entire thing.

Golden Silkworm Scripture was one of the three great texts. Feiyun also had the Eight Arts Volume, part of the Grave Palace Treasure Seeking Records.

Even he had only learned the surface of the Great Change Art. As for the Minor Change Art, he only understood around twenty-percent of it.

From this, one could see just how profound these texts were, exceedingly difficult to master. Their origin was amazing. With enough comprehension, one would gain great powers.

Feiyun could sense the supreme grand dao while learning the Great Change Art. Just this art alone was actually comparable to the top arts of his clan. Once reaching full mastery, he could actually reach the stars and realms above.

This horrified him back then because, in the eyes of the phoenix race, humans were weak - a race to be bullied. Not to mention the phoenix, the rest of the demons felt the same.

Humans were born too late and couldn't compare to the demons that have existed in antiquity.

Another time when he was proven wrong was when Shui Yueting killed him. Her power erupted back then and wasn't weaker than him at all. A female human had reached a frightening level.

The Golden Silkworm Scripture was at a similar level, far above anything else in Jin. It was stolen now. One could easily imagine how fury brewing inside Qinghua.

"Did she take the copy or the avatar itself?" She nearly lost her mind.

Too many unprecedented things have happened today. Each was enough to infuriate her.

"Just the copy." The old woman answered.

Qinghua heaved a sigh of relief. If the avatar itself was stolen, she would become a sinner of the sect.

The avatar contained runes on the surface containing the scripture's profundity. The copy was the edition written by her master.

"Why would you have over a sacred item to a new learner?" Qinghua coldly asked.

The old woman was actually her Senior Aunt. She alongside three 500-year-old nuns protected their holy library. It was indeed impregnable - no one can steal anything from there.

The old woman kneeled on the ground and said: "We watched Yu Lao grew up here. She's kind and innocent on top of always following you to the library, how could we know that she was lying? We didn't expect that an outsider had snuck into the camp either."

Qinghua took a deep breath to calm her mind. Beastmaster Camp has been peaceful for too long.

The entrance had plenty of disciples so any intruder would put the camp into a state of alert. How could something like this had happened?

"Feng Feiyun, you dare to deny still? You're the only stinking man in the camp, hand over the scripture right now or I'll kill all three of you." Qinghua turned her aggression towards Feiyun.

The other disciples and the old nun all glared at him, thinking that he was despicable.

A girl that had a deep relationship with Yu Lao came up before Feiyun. She took out a jade sword; her eyes flashed as she said: "Feng Feiyun, a scum like you should have died a long time ago. Why did you play with Yu Lao's heart? Not only did you plague her body but you also tricked her into stealing the scripture for you. An innocent girl has been ruined."

The tip of the sword pointed straight for his heart.

Feiyun was wrapped by a thick black chain around a pillar. He glanced at the sword without any fear: "Little nun, I don't think you've killed anyone in your life! Look at how you're shaking. If you don't know how to kill, release me and I'll show you how, hehe!"

The girl's hand was indeed shaking. After all, she was facing an infamous devil of the cultivation world. She responded: "Mon-monsters... even death is not enough to atone for all your crimes. Hand over the scripture and maybe the supreme will spare Yu Lao. Do you have no conscience left? Will you watch a woman who loves you and your child die?"

Feiyun laughed in response: "I'll be blamed if any girl in this sect gets pregnant? I guess that's amusing enough and if that were the truth, it would have been a life worth living and I'll be smiling down below. Hehe, little nun, do you want a cute baby too tonight?"

His eyes were red while his laughter sounded sinister. A murderous aura oozed from him.

The girl has never heard such frightening laughter before and nearly cried. Her hand shook even more intensely, nearly dropping her sword.

"Ming Liu, get back." Wu Qinghua chanted a Buddhist mantra. The girl suddenly woke up since the words washed away the evil thoughts imprinted into her from Feiyun.

She quickly retreated, gaining a bright innocence again in her eyes. She nearly lost her Buddhist heart earlier because of him.

Meanwhile, Feiyun glanced over at the sobbing girl on the ground. 'She clearly knows that it wasn't me, why isn't she saying anything? Is it to protect her man?'

'What a foolish girl. I wonder who is this guy, capable enough to trick her to this level. She's still defending him too and doesn't mind dying. I guess the girls here are so easily tricked, hehe.'

The tenth branch of Beastmaster.

The bamboo leaves rustled, shrouded in fog and mist.

"I have made up my mind! I need to leave this place now, can't wait any longer. Monk, if you stop me again, I'll smash my head against this pillar to die!" Nalan Xuejian had tears in her eyes while clenching her fists.

Monk Jiu Rou was sitting below a bamboo tree as thick as a water basin. He grabbed a wine jar with both hands and took a big sip: "I broke all the old walls and replaced them with bamboo sticks. You won't die, it'll just make your face swollen and ugly for a bit."

Xuejian angrily said: "Then I'll go jump off a cliff!"

"The cliffs here aren't high enough to kill you, of course, you might become a cripple. Ah, so sad, instead of dying, you'll just be paralyzed or become an idiot instead, how pitiful!" The monk ripped off a piece of pork meat and threw it in his mouth.

Xuejian wasn't the same girl as before. She was taller and more beautiful. After staying in this Buddhist land, she became more spiritual just like a fairy.

At the age of twenty, she still had some immaturity in her. Sometimes she looked holy and transcending. At other times, she would cry and cause a scene like a little brat.

She suddenly became very sad and wiped her eyes. Tears oozed out while she pulled on her hair, broken-hearted: "I don't want to cultivate Buddhism but you keep on making me, I just wanted to play with Feiyun but you dragged me here. Look now, without my watching him, that guy caused trouble everywhere and got burned to death, not a single piece of dregs remained. All I want to do now is to go burn some joss paper for him but you still won't let me."

The monk suddenly lost his appetite and put down the meat. He quickly wiped away the grease with his robe before consoling: "Little girl, stop crying! A dead man can't come back to life..."

He didn't add the last sentence on his mind, not wanting to provoke her any further, 'that scum isn't worth crying over.'

Xuejian still thought that Feiyun has been killed in the mansion, not knowing that it was only a ruse, or that Feiyun had arrived at the camp a year ago.

Monk Jiu Rou didn't tell her anything, letting her think that Feiyun was dead so she could focus on Buddhism.

He told everyone in the camp to never let Xuejian find out about Feiyun's presence.

The kid's evil affinity was far thicker than before. When she found out, she would definitely go to him at all costs. Who knows what will happen then?

[Chapter 600: Being Tricked Can Lead To Pregnancy?](#)

"I only want to burn some joss paper for him, please, just let me go?" Her pretty eyes were filled with tears as she pitifully stared at the monk.

The monk mused for a bit: "Well, it doesn't really matter where you burn the joss money. Beastmasters Camp is located at an illustrious location, looking down on the nine under-realms with the sky right above. How about this? We'll go to a lake and burn him an entire carriage of joss paper? He can live large for a hundred years down at the eighteenth-level of hell."

Nalan Xuejian gently bit her lips, finding this monk more annoying by the minute before completely sobbing.

On the path decorated with bamboo trees, a woman with clear skin and beautiful features came over. She had a delicate and feminine figure.

This was a young nun but her eyes were seductive. If she were to come out in the world, she would be a kingdom-toppling beauty, a cause for warfare.

She wore a white Buddhist gown but her skin was even fairer - almost like a snow fairy.

"Why are you crying, Junior Sister?" Bai Ruxue's voice was elegant and calm just like the streams around the mountain.

Who would have thought that this nun used to be a demoness from the fourth hall of Senluo Temple?

She was subdued by Nangong Hongyan, ordered to stay around Nalan Xuejian in order to steal her Nalan Buddhist Robe. She pretended to be a victim and became Monk Jiu Rou's disciple.

However, this monk's cultivation was frightening on top of being very cautious. Despite being quite crafty, she had no opening to do anything.

The threat was gone with Nangong Hongyan's dead but she still didn't leave because of two reasons.

First - the robe.

Second - secretly studying the monk's Buddhist scripture - The People.

"This girl won't learn The People Scripture and its great dao, only thinking about running away. You're here on time, go persuade her." The monk sighed and began drinking again.

He didn't want to pass the scripture down to Bai Ruxue so she has no choice but to secretly learn it from Nalan Xuejian.

Ruxue's eyes were as bright as the stars. Her white brows slightly shook as she asked with a smile:

"Junior Sister, I've heard that something very interesting has happened today at the camp, many sisters are running there to watch."

"Really?" Xuejian looked up; her hair was a mess but the tears were no longer there. She pulled on Ruxue's sleeve and asked: "What is it?"

"Alright, don't pull now, I'll tell you. Someone said that a disciple is pregnant on Thousand Islands, I don't have all the details." Ruxue said.

Even the monk stopped chewing on his large piece of meat. He looked over, feeling quite interested in this rare event. The camp has been too peaceful recently.

"Oh? How did she get pregnant?" Xuejian's eyes brimmed with curiosity.

Ruxue said: "A man tricked her, or so they said."

"Tricked by a man?" Xuejian became anxious: "But I'm always tricked by Feng Feiyun back then, why didn't I get pregnant?"

"..." Ruxue was speechless.

"Ugg..." The meat got stuck inside the monk's throat. He hastily poured wine down his throat before managing to swallow it down.

During his struggle, Xuejian and Ruxue have already flown towards Thousand Islands, turning into two pretty rays in the sky.

“Slow down, I’m coming too!” The monk raised his robe like a great bird raising its wings to give chase.

No secrets last forever. Though Qinghua forbade her disciples from talking about this, it still traveled across the camp within half a day.

Pretty girls came rushing. The majority of them were young and beautiful with a transcending and pure aura.

The powerful ones had a Buddhist glow and rode lotus flowers with a white halo above their head. Just a slight movement from them could affect nature and vegetation.

“I heard the pregnant girl is Supreme Wu’s maid; she even helped that man steal the Golden Silkworm Scripture.” A girl was standing on a silver wolf’s head. The beast was floating on top of a bamboo tree, swaying with the wind.

This was the camp’s most excellent disciple in this generation - Chan Ling’er. She had entered the secular world to train before, even participating in the name-engraving event at the holy tablet.

However, she kept a low-profile and rarely fought so no one knew her current cultivation.

“How despicable, to do something like that to our camp. If the camp master didn’t take in that monster, this wouldn’t have happened.” Another talented girl stood on top of a lake. Waves emanating from the bottom of her feet, not in a circular shape but in the image of a Buddha.

This was the tenth-ranked disciple of the camp.

Several other beauties gathered and stared angrily at Feiyun, even wanting to kill him.

Chan Ling’er was the leader of these girls. She said softly: “Feng Feiyun might be a heinous criminal but I have met him several times in the past, this person dares to admit what he has done - a monster but not a pretender.”

Meanwhile, Feiyun’s crazed laughter came from the pagoda: “Wu Qinghua, you bitch! I won’t admit to this even if you kill me! I’m not going to cave when the child isn’t mine!”

The girls felt that Feiyun was courting death, cursing at their Supreme like this. Wu Qinghua was famous for being stern and ruthless. They were all afraid of this iron-faced Buddhist.

“Wu Qinghua, keep burning me with this second-level flame! If I ever get out, I’m going to tear your robe off for the second time and push you down till you cry for your mother, gonna get you pregnant too... Haha!”

Despite being burned by the flame, he was still laughing and infuriating Qinghua.

The girls have never heard something so perverted before. They all turned red; the older nuns started covering the little ones’ ears.

Of course, the good listeners heard Feiyun saying, "for the second time". How could this be, the Supreme has already been stripped once...?

They didn't dare to imagine this and chanted mental-stabilizing mantras. Nevertheless, they still wondered, 'No, no way. Feiyun might be a monster but he's not a match for the Supreme and definitely can't strip her, his foul mouth must be uttering nonsense... oh no, Amitabha, what am I imagining, Amitabha...'

Qinghua's eyes turned cold. Her reputation and authority were being challenged in public like this.

She couldn't kill him right now before finding the missing scripture so she wanted to cut off his annoying tongue first.

The other disciples were afraid of him and didn't dare to get close so she needed to do it herself.

She raised her hand and created a spirit sword with cold energy oozing from the tip.

This cold energy froze Feiyun's mouth, covering it with a layer of frost.

Feiyun still managed to speak: "Wu Qinghua! I dare you to kill me! But it won't solve the problem anyway, that man who snuck in here will continue to do his things, many innocent girls will become mothers!"

"You think I will believe you?" She channeled the sword energy into his mouth.

"Don't cut off his tongue!" A gust of wind rushed into the pagoda and landed in front of Feiyun.

Xuejian emerged and tried to take off the chains; tears continued to flow from her eyes. She didn't think that she would be able to meet him again.

Her fingers lightly caressed his face to see if this was reality. It was indeed, not just another dream of hers.

The bloodshot in his eyes rescinded by quite a bit, same with his evil affinity. He stared at this familiar yet unfamiliar woman. After several years, she has grown up - losing a touch of innocence and became even more beautiful.

"Xuejian...?" He opened his dried lips.

She nodded repeatedly and cutely said: "Why are you alive?"

Feiyun said: "Ahem, it's a long story... Ow! Why did you stomp my feet, my toes are about to break!"

"Hmph! It's your fault for tricking other women, you should only be tricking me!" She stomped on his foot again before grabbing his ear: "You tricked Yu Lao and got her pregnant, so why am I not pregnant when you tricked me all the time? Were you tricking me about tricking me?!" [1]

The girls nearby were stunned - what the heck is going on here?

1. I hope this last sentence makes sense, trying to preserve the absurdity