

Sprit Vessel 601

### [Chapter 601: Who Is That Man?](#)

Monk Jiu Rou who just got here had cold sweat all over: 'This silly girl is something else!'

He pulled Nalan Xuejian away from Feiyun, thinking that today was going to be a bad day. This was going to be a big problem so he was regretting letting her come here to see the show.

Wu Qinghua slightly nodded towards the monk to show respect. After all, he was very prestigious in the Buddhist sect. Even a Buddhist Supreme like her was only a child before him.

Feng Feiyun didn't like this monk at all and laughed: "Haha! Wu Qinghua! Didn't you say that I was the only man here? Is that bald donkey not a man? I'm sure he's the one who got Yu Lao pregnant, the criminal has finally shown himself!"

Many people suddenly stared at the monk, same with Nalan Xuejian with her blinking eyes.

Shit! The monk's bell-like eyes became wide open. He placed his palms together and murmured: "Amitabha! Amitabha! I am a Buddhist with no desires, how could I have done something like this?"

"Pah! No desires? You're a fake monk who eats meat and drinks wine on top of beating people and cursing, the laws of Buddhism are empty before you. It's actually normal for you to fall into lust too." Feiyun retorted.

The monk became as red as a tomato after hearing this.

Feiyun went on: "I have been meditating on Skyhigh Peak to expel the evil within and only got down today. The camp master can be my witness, so that baby in her right now can't be mine! It has to be the bald donkey's!"

He then shouted: "Tan Qingsu, I know you're here! Come out and testify for me already."

The disciples here started chanting in their mind, thinking that Feiyun was really a villain - daring to call out the name of their camp master. They should really banish him to the Ceaseless Pain of hell.

Clouds and mists gathered in the sky and turned into a figure floating in the sky - resembling a transcending immortal. This was Qingsu's avatar.

Every disciple here bowed to greet her with the exception of Wu Qinghua.

The figure had an ethereal and unworldly voice: "Feng Feiyun truly only left yesterday, I can confirm that the child isn't his."

The disciples here naturally believed their camp master. However, this only made the situation more complicated.

Who was the culprit then?

"Haha! Bald donkey, what do you have to say now? Just admit it and hand the scripture over and maybe you can leave with your woman and child to enjoy a family life. Otherwise, Buddhist Supreme Wu and the camp master will let the three of you have it!"

“Amitabha!” The monk only placed his palms together again and chanted.

Wu Qinghua coldly said: “Monk Jiu Rou has an apex mental state and has saved the camp multiple times in the past, he is the Sacred Protector of our sect, so this is not his doing. Yu Lao, who is the man? If you don’t tell me, I will pierce your fetus right now with this sword!”

Yu Lao was cowering and trembling in the corner. She bit her lip and wouldn’t open her mouth.

Feiyun obviously knew that it wasn’t the monk and only wanted to tease him. But who could it be then?

Wu Qinghua was infuriated and thought about killing.

Meanwhile, Nalan Xuejian pitied the girl and came to embrace her: “Buddhist Supreme Wu, Sister Yu Lao is suffering enough, please spare her.”

“Girl, come back here, don’t interfere with this important matter.” The monk shouted.

Xuejian shook her head before speaking to Yu Lao: “Sister, tell the supreme who that jerk is! He’s not bothering to come out and save you right now, proving that he is just a rapacious liar, no need to go against your sect for his sake.”

“I have no intention of going against or betraying the sect, I really don’t, please believe me!” Yu Lao slammed her forehead on the ground until it started bruising and bleeding: “Supreme, he is a good person who only wants to borrow the scripture, he’ll return it in no time after he’s done cultivating it, he’s not a liar, definitely not.”

“I believe you.” Xuejian helped Yu Lao up and wiped the blood off her face: “How long did he say?”

“Only ten days, he said he needed ten days to comprehend it and will return it, then he’ll take me to the outside world, riding spirit beasts and soaring through the countryside to see the flower fields, a worried-free life...” Her eyes became dreamy, completely infatuated with her lover.

Feiyun laughed and said: “Did he return it after ten days?”

The light in her eyes subsided.

“How many ten days has it been then?” Feiyun continued.

Her eyes became increasingly dimmer. Suddenly, she looked up and said with determination: “Something must be slowing him down, that must be it, or he would have returned it already... No... he is stricken with an incurable illness... hoo hoo... he might have died...” She started crying towards the end.

Feiyun laughed again: “He told you that his incurable illness can only be cured by the Golden Silkworm Scripture? That’s why you helped him stole it?”

Yu Lao nodded in astonishment: “How do you know?”

“Because I’m a god!” Feiyun was very amused: “I also know that he told you that he isn’t afraid of death, only afraid of you being lonely after his death. He can’t bear to die knowing that.”

“He did say that, and that he loves me the most in this world, always thinking about my well-being.” Her face became lovestruck again.

Wu Qinghua was speechless and almost threw her spirit sword several times at Yu Lao.

On the other hand, Feiyun was enjoying the situation: “That’s not all, I even know that he taught you how to lie for the scripture.”

She nodded but still defended: “He said that this was his only time tricking people, he has never done it before and never will again.”

The disciples from the camp all wanted to cry. Yu Lao was really too poor, still in love with the guy at this point.

Feiyun smiled: “Young lady, I’m curious about how long you guys were together for you to love him so much, to the point of being willing to die for him.”

Yu Lao said softly: “Just one night. He left on the second day with the scripture.”

She answered so nonchalantly but everyone seemed to be struck by lightning.

“...” The older and powerful nuns thought that they have misheard her.

Just one night was all it took for Yu Lao to give everything to him on top of helping him steal the scripture? Most importantly, she was still confident in his return so she continued to wait at the camp.

Feiyun was surprised too - what a guy, what a guy. Just how charming and charismatic was this man for a girl to sacrifice so much for him?

The female disciples were confused too, unable to accept this fact. Some of the geniuses have murderous flash in their eyes, swearing that they would kill that man in the future.

“Such contempt for our sect members. Buddhist Supreme, please allow me to leave the sect to capture that villain and take back the scripture. I’ll have him suffer a fate worse than death.” A genius rode a misty lotus and descended. She got on one knee outside the pagoda.

She was among the top ten of this generation at Beastmaster.

Feiyun laughed in response: “Haha, little girl, you’re not his match and he’ll have you suffer a fate worse than death. Look at your pretty face and gorgeous body, he’ll definitely enjoy you.”

The girl coldly answered: “I have reached the fourth level of Heaven’s Mandate, comparable to the young kings out in the cultivation world.”

“You’re still nothing but food.” Feiyun said with disdain: “I don’t know who that man is, but if he could travel freely at the camp, he’s definitely exceptional. I myself can’t do it, so he’s superior to me.”

“That’s because you’re not strong enough, or you wouldn’t be tied up here.” The girl’s long hair draped over her shoulder. Her eyes were elegant with a touch of pride.

“Is that so? Then try me on with a bet? You’re still not my opponent even if my cultivation is sealed and if you can’t beat me, how are you going to capture that man?” He taunted.

“What kind of bet?” She said.

“No, I need to know first whether you will carry out your end of the bargain after losing.” His eyes looked evil, accompanied by devilish laughter.

### [Chapter 602: Using A Wolf To Deal With A Tiger](#)

The girl pondered. After all, Feiyun was quite famous for putting an end to the Grand Chancellor. This news had shocked the entire world.

Though his cultivation was sealed, the guy was still powerful. Ordinary people wouldn't dare to challenge him.

Wu Qinghua said: “Chi Yao, get back, you're not a match for this devil.”

The girl was stubborn. Her white sword floated above her head like a star with nine white butterfly shadows circulating around it along with sword runes. She said: “Supreme, I will definitely defeat Feng Feiyun.”

“You can't beat him even when his cultivation is sealed.” Qinghua emphatically replied.

Even she nearly lost to Feiyun, let alone these inexperienced girls. This was for Chi Yao's own protection.

These girls couldn't handle his treacherous and lowly schemes and would only lose in the end.

Chi Yao finally backed down.

Feiyun became disappointed and smirked towards Chi Yao in a provocative manner. He was going to taste a swan but it managed to fly away.

An old nun came forward with a serious expression: “Supreme, the Golden Silkworm Scripture is a sacred text of ours, we can't lose it and must send experts to get it back.”

A different nun added: “It will herald a murderous contest in the secular world. Many sects will join in, perhaps the court as well.”

“But most importantly, if people were to find out that the real version is located at our sect, we'll be pushed to the front of the waves. Heretical monsters and hermits will show up and try to seize it.”

These seniors in the pagoda had an ominous feeling as if a calamity was about to descend to their sect.

Feiyun wasn't interested at all: “Wu Qinghua, isn't it time to release me since I'm not the culprit?”

Wu Qinghua's hair looked like a waterfall draping to the ground. Her eyes turned cold: “Release you? Feng Feiyun, your evil affinity is uncontrollable. Ambushing me is already a crime deserving of death, you think I will forgive you?”

“Haha! Wu Qinghua, don't tell me you're holding a grudge because I...” Feiyun suddenly stopped speaking as if the words were stuck in his throat.

She had sent out a cold energy to freeze his mouth, completely encasing it in frost. She was naturally afraid of him snitching about what had happened earlier - her almost losing her virginity to him.

All in all, this was a disaster for the camp. Even the camp master left her peak with her actual body.

She looked like a flawless immortal, too holy for this world. The girls here all felt inadequate as they lowered their head to greet her.

“Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh...”

Rays from all directions landed on the island.

The ten supremes and the high elders from the second generation have received an order from the camp master to come to Qinghua’s pagoda.

Qingsu and Qinghua belonged to the third generation. The majority of the second generation were nuns that have lived for more than five hundred years, earning the title of high elders. They were the strongest old women in this sect.

The crowd trembled after seeing this group; the young ones weren’t qualified to participate in this deliberation about how to get the missing scripture back.

Of course, there was one exception - Feng Feiyun who was still tied to the pillar.

“Camp Master, let me go take it back and cut that villain to pieces.” The seventh supreme hated evil. Her body was as straight as a sword, looking quite heroic.

Tan Qingsu was very calm. She sat on her lotus platform and spoke with an elegant tone: “We don’t know who our enemy is so how can we give chase?”

The seventh supreme sighed - this was indeed an unfavorable situation.

The pagoda has closed its doors. The women stood in there among the flow of spirit energy resembling a starry sky.

Yu Lao was still inside, leaning against a wall. Her eyes were glazed, seemingly immersed in her own world. Nothing else mattered to her anymore, not even the sword inching against her neck.

Tan Qingsu spoke: “There is another problem, even if we know who it is, who can actually handle him? Like Feiyun has said, this person could travel freely in our camp, so he must be quite strong. Moreover, he just needed one night to win Yu Lao over completely, so he’s a master of romance; we can’t compare to him either. Powerful and intelligence, quite a tough match.”

An 800-year-old nun full of wrinkles with a body looking like a dried branch spoke with a hoarse voice: “Listening to you makes me think of another dreadful danger, Camp Master.”

“Senior Aunt, you mean...?” Qingsu could faintly guess the nun’s intention.

The old nun nodded: “The majority of our disciples grew up in our sect with such an innocent heart. Of course, this is amazing for cultivation but they do not know the treachery in others and the danger outside. If we don’t let them go out and train, their future will be full of perils.”

A different nun lamented: “Yu Lao got tricked because of her innocence and kindness, on top of being very foolish, sigh.”

Qinghua joined in: "I have brought up this matter long ago. Our young generation consists of several beautiful girls. Chan Ling'er and Chi Yao can rank among the top ten of beauties in Jin. If they don't gain some experience, men will trick them in the future and this might bring about trouble for the sect too."

"I agreed. We've let Ling'er experience the mortal coil a while ago. Her cultivation is strong but she still got into dangerous situations several times. It's fortunate that we had high elders protecting her."

The loss of the scripture made another long-existing crisis in the sect apparent.

"Are we just going to watch as the danger looms over our sect? We're old now and the worst that can happen to us is death in battle, but as for these young ones... their fate won't be as lucky..." Another nun sighed.

"We need to take the scripture back now or calamity will truly descend upon us."

The atmosphere in the pagoda was quite solemn. Everyone was deep in thoughts but couldn't come up with a countermeasure.

Tan Qingsu has been sitting there calmly the whole time. She said: "I have a plan, but I'm not sure if it is actually feasible."

"You have a way to solve this crisis, Camp Master?"

Qingsu elaborated: "Feng Feiyun is a sinner with untamable evil affinity. However, he is also famous for his treachery and deceit. Thus, he understands the evil heart far more than us. Why not use a wolf to fight a tiger?"

"I don't believe that this is a good plan, the wolf might bite us instead." Qinghua hated Feiyun and said with a cold glint in her eyes: "I propose that we kill him right now in order to avoid needless complication in the future."

The oldest nun contemplated for a while before jumping in: "I feel that the camp master's method is doable. But first, we need to control this devil so he can't bite back."

She searched in her chest pocket before taking out a black pill. She smiled, revealing jagged teeth: "I found this inside a cave during a trip at Northern Frontier, a pill with a hundred-legged insect. Just let him eat this and he'll be as docile as a child."

Feiyun felt as if the old woman had taken off some mud from her own body and kneaded it into the shape of a pill.

The old woman shuffled over like a witch before placing the pill into his mouth. It rolled down his throat and suddenly grew legs and climbed deeper down his body.

Qinghua said: "Feiyun, you have three days to take the scripture back or you'll be a dead man."

Feiyun felt his throat drying up but he still sneered: "You think you can force me to work for you with a single pill? So naive."

"Then what do you want?!" Qinghua stood up and slammed the table.

He laughed in response: "I want you to come with me. Otherwise, kill me all you want and I still won't help."

She recalled the scene of him ripping her clothes off and shuddered: "In your dream."

Feiyun ignored her and continued on: "I can make demands because I'm certain about getting it back. I know just where to look?"

"Lies." She gritted her teeth.

Feiyun smiled: "That man must know that we have figured it out by now and the camp will send experts after him. He'll surely take the initiative to spread the news of the avatar to the world. At that point, many people will come running, sigh, the consequences will be unimaginable..."

Qinghua's expression changed. The guy made a lot of sense. She clenched her fists and said: "If you are sure that you can find him, I'll go with you."

Feiyun smirked: "You must also swear before Buddha that you will obey any and all of my orders. Agree to this and we can move on. Keke, Buddhist Supreme Wu, you understand?"

### [Chapter 603: Clues](#)

Wu Qinghua agreed without hesitation: "As long as your demands aren't out of line, I will listen to you."

She obviously knew that he wasn't a good person but out of confidence for her cultivation, she thought that being overly cautious would be enough to stop his trickeries.

"Really?" Feiyun smiled.

"We'll find out." Her eyes turned cold and flashed brilliantly. She was more experienced than the young girls after living or several hundred years.

Tan Qingsu wanted to say something but Qinghua has already beaten Feiyun. Plus, he was only a fourth level while she was a Super Giant at the eighth level. Feiyun wouldn't be able to do much with just scheming.

The three chains were taken off him. Each link weighed more than ten thousand pounds with empowering runes on them. They were meant for sealing experts at the Giant level.

"Wu Qinghua, get me a cup of tea." Feiyun swung his arms around and felt quite good so he had a smirk on his face.

This smile was wiped off when he felt a sharp pain in his stomach causing him to drop to the ground.

"Shit! Damn nun! You actually fed me a poisonous insect?!" He thought the nun was only scaring him but he could feel a centipede crawling in his blood right now.

The white-haired and muddled-eyed nun with no teeth to speak of smiled at him in a kind manner: "Young friend, grandma will give you the antidote as long as you bring back the scripture within three days."

Having said that, she walked with her black wooden stick and tottered out of the pagoda. She was so old that death could come at any moment.

“Why three days?” Feiyun tried to overcome the pain and stood up with his fists clenched, really wanting to beat up the old nun.

Wu Qinghua was as beautiful as ever with a bright glow around her fair skin: “Because Senior Aunt only has three days left to live and she’s the only one with an antidote for the hundred-legged centipede. If you can’t bring it back on time, just get ready for death!”

The pain dissipated but his expression was quite ugly. He felt that this nun could die even sooner than that.

Tan Qingsu and the other supremes and high elders have left, leaving behind him and Wu Qinghua.

She tied an iron chain around both of his wrists.

“What are you doing?” Feiyun slightly moved his hands to pull the chain, realizing that it weighed ten thousand pounds. Just slight friction caused sparks to go.

She replied: “So that you can’t cause trouble. You said you had some clues, what are they?”

She couldn’t see any hints and thought that he was lying.

Feiyun smirked, revealing his perfect teeth with a touch of evil affinity in his eyes. He walked over towards Yu Lao and crouched down: “Little Miss, I’ll start asking questions and you answer, okay?”

Qinghua said with disdain: “So this is what you’re talking about? She won’t tell you anything.”

“Release my seal and I will use my divine intents to read her memories.”

“Stop acting cool, there are no arts in this world that can take others’ memories.” She ignored him: “And as for opening your seal? Don’t even dream about it.”

“Ignorant woman.” He chuckled and raised Yu Lao’s chin: “Yu Lao, the truth is that I know who he is even if you don’t tell me.”

Her eyes flashed ever so slightly before becoming muddled again.

He continued: “The guy is very handsome, and young too.”

She stared at his evil face before trembling backward.

“He must be a master of Buddhism and life. The moment you saw him, it was akin to seeing a Buddha descending from above. He taught you mantras and heavenly dao; his knowledge is boundless like the ocean.”

The girl clenched her fists and became quite tense. She shook her head repeatedly, no longer looking at his eyes.

Feiyun laughed and stood up: “Alright, next stop.”



Qinghua looked at Yu Lao before looking at the departing Feiyun. She caught up and asked: "How do you know so much?"

"Just a guess." Feiyun said: "A girl who grew up here has never seen a man before. Seeing a male stranger could frighten her to the point of fainting, so she naturally wouldn't fall in love in just one night."

Qinghua added: "So there is only one possibility, the man is a monk - a very handsome and profound one."

Feiyun paused: "And he knows the weakness of the human heart as well. Perhaps he's not a monk, just pretending to be one. Of course, this is still all speculations."

"Where is the next stop?" Qinghua felt that the guy was a little bit clever.

He said: "The real question is how did he enter the camp? After figuring this out, we'll know who he is."

"There is only one way to get here, Calmwind Pass. but there are dozens of disciples on patrol on top of numerous formations prepared by my Junior Aunts. Even an Enlightened Being can't come inside unnoticed. There's no way." She said.

Feiyun chuckled: "Well, but he did it. Our next stop is Calmwind Pass indeed."

"What are you trying to do?" Qinghua coldly said.

"If that man could take advantage of Yu Lao for the scripture, why couldn't he have seduced other disciples to enter the camp?" Feiyun said.

Qinghua's voice became serious: "My Junior Aunt has lived for four hundred years, her mind is as bright as a mirror with great mental fortitude. No man can trick her."

Feiyun left the pagoda and headed for the pass, no time to argue with Qinghua. In his opinion, Qinghua wasn't smarter than the other female disciples at all. He only had three days so he couldn't afford to waste a single second.

"Mooo!" A rhinoceros towering at eight meters with a spear-like horn and a cold aura landed in front of Feiyun. It had eyes as large as water basins and looked just like a tiny hill. Mud went flying everywhere.

It spoke: "The camp master ordered me to keep on watching you. I won't let you poison me again."

Feiyun jumped and landed on its back while the chain on his wrists issued clanking noise: "Then I will need to thank her for giving me a mount."

Rhino stomped on the ground and became furious: "I am a rare species of a white Qilin Rhinoceros! Even the camp master doesn't treat me as a mount, you dare to stand on my back...?!"

Suddenly, the gigantic beast shuddered; its eyes narrowed as it clenched its butt tightly, stricken with fear.

Wu Qinghua has just floated over with her robe fluttering in the wind. She landed on the tip of a tall blade of grass with a serious expression.

Just a glance from her nearly made Rhino drop to the ground. Despite being immensely powerful, it was traumatized by her and started shaking on sight.

Four girls were behind Qinghua; each was blessed by the heavens - full of spirituality and incredible beauty. They were the top talents of this generation in Beastmaster.

Chan Ling'er - thin figure with an impeccable complexion. She was shrouded in mist while standing on top of a large, white wolf. Faint Buddhist runes floated behind her.

Chi Yao - a white sword floated above her head. She rode a seventh-ranked lotus flower just like an Buddhist immortal from the Jade Lake on Mount Kunlun.

Last name Huaji, first name Ningxiang - only behind Chan Ling'er in terms of talents. She was born with a lofty and unyielding personality - an alchemist at heart. She rode an icy bird with brilliant colors and a cold aura.

"Ninth Sister" was a young girl, only around twelve or thirteen years of age. She had a faint glow around her with eyes like two jewels. Dozens of beasts and birds accompanied her as if she was the moon surrounded by the stars.

Feiyun's expression soured: "What are you doing?"

Qinghua said: "They are the four top disciples of the camp in this generation and will be going with us for training."

"Training?" Feiyun stared at her as if he was staring at a madman: "Do you think this is a game? The enemy is far more difficult to deal with than your imagination. One wrong move and your disciples that your camp has spent so much effort on will be annihilated."

"You don't need to worry, I can guarantee their safety." Qinghua was very confident.

The truth was that she could back it up. Even the big shots in the cultivation world might not be able to take her on.

Chi Yao added: "Feng Feiyun, we're not weaker than you and can handle any situation."

Huaji Ningxiang added: "We'll be capturing that villain and take back the scripture. You can just hide to the side, Rhino will protect you."

These girls were amazingly talented and beautiful, so naturally, they were prideful as well. Due to their inexperience, Wu Qinghua wanted to broaden their horizon to the outside world.

#### [Chapter 604: A Footprint](#)

Calmwind Pass was the only entrance to Beastmaster, consisting of two towering peaks full of treacherous climbs.

Only one plank road built on trestles coiled around the ridge like a dragon.

At the top was a monastery with earthy-yellow walls and green roof-tiles. Inside was a lamp, still lit. Spirit trees surrounded the place. Beasts were roaming around - the image of a paradise.

“How can this be?!” Chi Yao shouted in horror with her hands covering her mouth after seeing the inside of the monastery.

The other three girls couldn't believe their own eyes. Their expression darkened.

Wu Qinghua's expression was even uglier. She looked at the nun sitting on the praying mat and couldn't calm down: “Junior Aunt... is dead...”

The nun sitting straight inside the monastery was no longer alive.

Feiyun grabbed her wrist and said: “She's cold outside but her blood is still warm, it hasn't been long, and, she committed suicide for atonement.”

Wu Qinghua and the four girls became unhappy. Chi Yao coldly said: “Ancestor Liu is a person of virtue and prestige, too merciful and wouldn't even kill an ant. Now, she was killed by a villain and if you keep on slandering her, I will not go easy on you.”

Ling'er added: “Feng Feiyun, her mental fortitude is peerless in the contemporary, she can't commit suicide.”

Feiyun snorted and lifted the nun's sleeve, revealing the ground beneath. There was a bloody character, “sinner”. Her finger has been ground down to the bone - clearly from writing the character numerous times.

The girls had no response and their heart grew heavier as if something has been broken in their mind - their confidence.

“I'm certain that after hearing about the missing scripture, she chose to commit suicide.” Feiyun emotionlessly said.

“Amitabha.”

“Amitabha.”

The girls closed their eyes and chanted. Who knows if it was to cross over their ancestor's soul or to hide the fear in their eyes.

Qinghua still couldn't accept it because the sect's reputation would be destroyed overnight. Furthermore, it would be a great blow to the female disciples here with an adverse effect on their cultivation.

“Maybe... we're missing something else...” She said.

“You can check whether your ancestor is still a virgin then. I'll be waiting outside.”

He walked out of the entrance and stood in the yard to look at the red clouds over yonder behind the mountains. A red mist appeared in his eyes, feeling the existence of a powerful foe.

This was a strange feeling for these top geniuses. They could sense each other though they were so far away.

Feiyun closed his eyes and continued to feel. He could see a monk in white sitting in this courtyard, resembling a holy Bodhi Tree with a blinding glow slowly emerging from the soil.

He could hear the Buddhist hymns, the most peaceful of them all as if a great monk was chanting.

Suddenly, the sounds turned into a terrifying spear and went straight for his throat.

“Boom!” He formed two fists and raised the iron chain to block in front of him.

A massive power slammed into his arms causing sparks to go flying.

Feiyun suddenly opened his eyes and leaped backward. He stared towards the direction of the spear and could see a single footprint.

It has been here for a while, almost washed away by the rain but its dao laws remained.

He carefully observed and murmured: “Just one footprint already contains so much power with enough heavenly dao to activate the worldly momentum, in tune with the veins here. That’s quite impressive.”

“But why only one footprint? Does he only have one leg?” Feiyun frowned.

Rhino ran over with its massive body and an awe-inspiring aura. The beasts nearby squirmed on the ground, not daring to move.

“Brat, what happened? I sensed a movement in the worldly laws.” It asked.

Spirit beasts were very in-tune with nature and laws of the world, and the rhinoceros had a good bloodline on top of that.

Feiyun memorized the footprint to the exact details before slamming on the ground to create a sinister rune. He smiled: “You missed it. A supreme elder of the camp committed suicide for atonement. The world would be shocked to hear this.”

Rhino’s eyes were wide open, same with its large mouth revealing the two rows of teeth - clearly frightened by Feiyun’s revelation.

Wu Qinghua has come out, not in the best of moods. Strangely enough, she wasn’t furious, at least not expressively.

The four girls had nothing to say. Even Ling’er who has been outside before became speechless.

Feiyun knew the result of the examination right away and was impressed that they were still relatively calm - indeed the best seeds of this generation.

After a while, Qinghua spoke: “No one is to speak about this matter. Immediately cremate Junior Aunt Liu right now and return to tell the camp master that she had died from qi deviation, resulting in severing veins.”

The four girls quietly nodded and burned both the corpse of their ancestor along with the monastery. Nothing was left behind by the fire.

They gritted their teeth and felt very uncomfortable as if a rock was pressing down on their heart. Their Buddhist heart, trained for so many years, started to waver.

“Feng Feiyun, you must know who did it, tell me now and I will go take his dog life!” Chi Yao had a cold expression. The sword floating on top of her hymned and pulsed with images of white butterflies. This sword energy crushed the vegetation nearby to dust.

Feiyun stood there with his evil aura oozing out just like a devil: “Naive girl, even your ancestor was ridden by him, let alone you four.”

“Feng Feiyun, you better watch your mouth, do not insult our ancestor!” The gorgeous Huaji Ningxiang scowled: “Bring this up again and I will take you down at all cost!”

“You’re only twenty yet you dare to call us girls? I want to see what you can do.” Chi Yao was not amused and took out her spirit sword with a lunar pulse on the blade.

They were prideful on top of hating Feiyun, thinking that he was a devil. If it wasn’t for the camp master’s order, they would have teamed up to kill him already.

He smiled in response: “Wu Qinghua, you should just take these amazing geniuses back to the camp, their presence only distracts me.”

Qinghua glanced at the four and told them to back down: “With the death of the Junior Aunt, all the clues are gone now. Where do we go from here?”

“If it wasn’t for your camp master saving me with the Calmheart Mantra, I wouldn’t be bothering myself with your mess.” Feiyun directly walked down the path with the five girls and Rhino behind him.

Feiyun was really too arrogant and didn’t show any respect to the Buddhist Supreme. The four girls became increasingly exasperated with him.

He suddenly stopped and asked: “How many other Buddhist sects are within three thousand miles of the camp?”

Beastmaster was located in the middle of the great mountain range but it wasn’t the only one. This place had ample resources and around one thousand sects nearby with their own territories.

Qinghua said: “A total of eighteen shrines and six convents. The strongest must be Life Temple fourteen thousand miles to the north of us, and Ancient Path Shrine six thousand miles to the west. They have more than ten thousand Buddhists; the rest aren’t on the same scale.”

“So many Buddhists gathered around here. Looks like it must be because of Beastmaster’s holy reputation.” Feiyun murmured: “We don’t have any clue now so let’s test our luck at Ancient Path Shrine first.”

He jumped on Rhino and told it to fly towards the west.

For a person who has been coveting a Buddhist scripture, they would want to flip the page and start learning right away.

Feiyun believed in his intuition, thinking that after taking the scripture, the first thing that man would do was researching it. Thus, he would be picking a place nearby to stop.

[Chapter 605: Number One On The Upper List](#)

Wu Qinghua and the four ladies certainly didn't like Feng Feiyun but they still followed him.

After all, he was right each step of the way, clearly better at reading people than them.

"Why is this devil so sure that the opponent is a monk on top of hiding in a shrine nearby?" The girl called Ninth Sister was very curious. She was quite bold despite being young, daring to call him devil.

"He's just lucky. If he can't find the scripture within three days, he'll be done for."

The powerful girls shrouded in their own auras flew below the clouds right behind Feiyun.

It didn't take long before Rhino landed on the ground.

The six thousand miles in these mountains would take a lifetime to cross for a mortal but for a millennium spirit beast? Less than two hours.

A rugged mountain road made by green limestones and decorated by pine thickets appeared before them. These trees have grown for more than five hundred years.

Because the path was too old, there were potholes everywhere. Occasionally, inscriptions from previous travelers showed up.

"Ring! Ring! Ring!" The Buddhist bell at the peak resounded in a melodious and loud manner.

This was the way to Ancient Path Shrine - rumored to be built by a monk using his entire life and consisted of 38,000 steps. The path was more famous than the shrine itself up at the peak.

The girls had a heavy heart after seeing the death of their ancestor. They didn't say anything along the way since their pride has suffered a strong blow.

Only Wu Qinghua had a strong enough mental fortitude to talk with Feiyun: "This shrine has been around for more than 2,400 years. Its founding monk has deep ties with Beastmaster. For generations now, the disciples here are friendly with us. I feel that this man can't be from here."

"My Venerable Buddhist Supreme, I don't need you to tell me what to do." Feiyun walked while issuing metallic clanking due to his iron chains. He suddenly crouched down by a cliff next to the path. He saw a faint footprint and pointed towards it with a nefarious smirk: "Half a day ago."

He was following the aura of the previous ones and made it here. He only found one every dozen miles or so - not an easy task. This was an identical footprint but the aura was no longer the same.

'What's going on? Did he get that much stronger after two months?'

His smile disappeared as he became serious, 'Hmm, the last footprint at the camp was from two months ago when he was leaving. But this one is from half a day ago, could it be that he had comprehended the scripture in just two months and left?'

If that's the case, maybe Wu Qinghua herself isn't a match for him.

Feiyun felt that the man must be a genius of the young generation so no matter how strong he might be, he would only be able to fight against a half-step genius at best. After all, if he were strong enough, he wouldn't need to fool Yu Lao or be afraid of the four supreme elders protecting the scripture.

But if his talents were good enough to learn the scripture in just two months on top of storing his aura inside the footprint completely now, then his cultivation might be ten times stronger than before.

This was a terrible sign.

“Feng Feiyun, what are you looking at?” One of the girls came forward.

Feiyun knew that her name was Huaji Ningxiang, a fourth-level Heaven’s Mandate cultivator versed in Buddhism.

He stood up and chuckled: “Didn’t you say you want to deal with that man? Here’s a chance to prove yourself. If you can erase this footprint, I will stop thinking of you as a flower vase.”

“Feng Feiyun, stop looking down on people. I refuse to do such a humiliating thing.” Ningxiang spoke; her hair as black as ink with lustrous skin.

“Haha! Any of you can try. I’ll give ten third-ranked Spirit Condensation Pill to the person who can erase this footprint.” Feiyun felt much better after finding the hiding spot of his frightening opponent and wanted to play with these girls since he was tired of their arrogance. It was time for them to know the immensity of the heaven and earth.

Sure enough, he took out ten pills that resembled dazzling cornelians and placed it on a plate.

The girls were tempted. These pills were extremely rare yet Feiyun took out ten of them. Nevertheless, their mind was strong enough to not be swayed by ten pills.

The most important reason was still their curiosity. If Feiyun dared to make this bet, it showed that the footprint was extraordinary. There must be something about it.

Wu Qinghua’s eyes shot out waves of light to stare at the footprint. Her pupils enlarged, clearly noticing something.

Her cultivation and knowledge far exceeded the girls. In the cultivation world, those with great comprehension of the heavenly dao could potentially leave behind marks containing their dao that are virtually indestructible - lasting for millenniums.

Ningxiang was the first. She waved her sleeve and shot out a white ray causing specks of dust to go flying. The footprint was still there after the strike.

“Oh?” The girls were surprised.

She went again with ninety-percent of her power. She gathered a five-meter-long palm and slowly pressed it down on the ground.

However, the footprint remained; the ground around it didn’t cave down at all.

“How can this be?” She quickly recalled her technique. Not only did she fail to remove the footprint, she nearly got hurt by the backlash from her own palm strike.

Chi Yao took out a white spirit sword with nine butterflies floating around it. With a straight slash, it severed a large portion of the cliff nearby yet still failed to destroy anything around the footprint. The power of a heavenly dao seemed to be protecting it.

The other two girls wanted to try but Wu Qinghua stopped them: "A master has used the laws of the heavenly dao to weave into this footprint. Your techniques will be useless, only your dao will be able to destroy it. Feiyun tricked you all."

"Haha!" Feiyun laughed and put away his pills before heading for the shrine at the top.

"Who does it belong to?" Ling'er chased after him. She had just used her dao to destroy it but still failed like the rest and nearly got wounded.

She was the most talented among the four and had trained in the secular world before. Thus, she didn't hate Feiyun as much. In fact, there was a hint of admiration.

"The person we're trying to find."

This answer shocked her.

Feiyun suddenly stopped and looked up at the peak. Though his cultivation has been sealed, he could still observe qi images.

A murderous energy occupied the peak. One hundred gigantic black dragons coiled around a prison with a golden Buddhist platform inside with a meditating avatar towering at three hundred meters.

This magnificent qi image took up half of the sky, a truly frightening spectacle.

Any cultivator who could see this would be shocked beyond imagination.

"Hundred Dragons Imprisoning Buddha." Feiyun took a deep breath.

This was a rarer qi image than Dongfang Jingshui's Regal Supreme. However, his own murderous energy oozed out as he became competitive and smiled.

The Rhino was keen on spiritual changes and could sense something: "Feng Feiyun, you can see qi images? What is it?"

Ling'er was close to him. She looked like a perfect immortal grass with her delicate figure standing on top of the silver wolf. She could sense his competitiveness as well: "The ones who can see qi images are wisdom masters or people extremely attuned to the heavenly dao. Feng Feiyun, you can see something we can't?"

The evil runes on his face became clearer; same with the redness in his eyes. He smiled: "I think I know who he is now."

"Who?" She asked.

"A qi image like this in Jin? Someone I haven't met before too? There is only one left - the number one of the upper historical list. Even the scholar couldn't calculate and divine his identity, only the word, void."

He started walking towards the peak, leaping over dozens of steps in one go. His momentum and aura surged with each jump.



He wanted to use this qi image to break the seal on his body so his battle intent and evil energy intensified at a rapid rate.

### [Chapter 606: One Step To Hell](#)

Feng Feiyun's seal was left behind by Tan Qingsu - a total of three layers.

First, his dantian.

Second, the spine of Yama.

Third, the evil and demonic blood in his veins.

Feiyun intended on breaking them using his vigor and battle intent. No one wanted to be subdued by another; he felt the same way.

Only by controlling his own power would he be able to face any trial with full confidence.

One step took him up dozens of steps. He soared to the peak with this great speed.

"That devil wants to break his seals!" Qinghua was quick to catch on. Her body accelerated like a shooting star. The white Buddhist robe clearly accentuated her perfect curves while in motion.

Though her cultivation was impressive, she wasn't a master of reading qi images so she couldn't see the massive visual phenomenon going on at the top - billowing and raging.

Feiyun became faster and faster and quickly made it to the ridge, breaking many steps along the way. The remnant pebbles fell down the cliffs. His aura intensified like a primordial beast, causing leaves from the pine trees to fly out like blades.

"Boom!" The golden avatar inside the prison made out of one hundred black dragons slowly opened its eyes. It raised its palm and unleashed a golden energy to break the seal of the dragons, resembling a Buddhist Lord.

The golden wave of energy came crashing down.

Feiyun could sense this frightening energy and took his battle stance - widening his legs while making two fists.

"Feiyun, get down here!" Qinghua touched the back of his neck with a finger. A tiny sound of bone-breaking came about. Feiyun seemed to be struck by lightning and his soul nearly dispersed.

A light came from her fingertip and traced down his spine. Feiyun lost all energy and dropped face-first to the ground.

"Boom!" Dust scattered everywhere.

"Damn... you... hag..." Feiyun nearly broke his seals just now but at the very last second, Qinghua shattered his gathered energy back to square one. He couldn't channel the slightest sliver of energy right now.

She was the real deal, an eighth-level Heaven's Mandate. She could be among the top five of Beastmaster even with the older generations included. Even if Feiyun's cultivation wasn't sealed, he wouldn't be able to take her on anyway.

He was able to kill the Grand Chancellor thanks to the energy from the blood left behind by the Evil Woman. That source of power was gone now so he couldn't take on a Super Giant.

"You wish to die?" Qinghua turned towards the crimson gate at the top. She definitely felt a monstrous pressure coming down but after taking Feiyun down, this pressure disappeared without a trace.

The contest between Feiyun and the other man earlier wasn't an actual fight. It seemed that the enemy had unleashed a monstrous palm strike but outsiders wouldn't be able to see anything - only feeling a certain pressure.

"Rhino, watch the brat, don't let him cause trouble. The four of you follow me into this shrine." Qinghua noticed something strange about the quiet shrine before leading the girls up the steps.

It was indeed very strange here at Ancient Path. More than ten thousand disciples trained in this place but from the base to the top, they haven't met a single disciple. Anyone could tell that something was amiss right now.

Due to the broken bone in his neck, Feiyun couldn't move at all, not to mention the iron chains on his wrist. He said feebly: "Brother Rhino, I have ten Spirit Condensation Pills on me, could you feed me one right now?"

"Brat, I won't fall for your trap again, keep on lying there and wait for them to come back. We'll take you back to Beastmaster then." Rhino learned a lesson from last time and didn't want to be tricked again.

Feiyun smiled: "They won't come out, the opponent is stronger than your imagination. Wu Qinghua isn't smart enough and will only be bringing the girls into despair."

"Hmph, Feng Feiyun, you far underestimate the Buddhist Supreme. Her talents are exceptional and she had trained with the Golden Silkworm Scripture. Only the leading magnates could match her right now. Schemes and trickeries are useless before absolute power. For example, you just got taken down by a single finger strike from her." The beast feared Qinghua deeply and couldn't help but shudder when talking about her.

'I can't waste time speaking to this idiotic and cowardly rhinoceros.' Feiyun calmed down and struggled to get up. He finally got into the meditative position with both hands still low on the ground and began drawing.

Rhino saw that the youth had stopped speaking and crouched down too.

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The five ladies made it through the red entrance but the rich scent of incense and monks were nowhere to be found. Only a creepy, bizarre silence was left behind.

"Feng Feiyun said that the man might be the mysterious number one on the upper historical list." Ling'er exercised prudence as her spirited eyes darted everywhere. The white wolf behind her felt the same anxiety.

“Be careful, everyone.” Qinghua felt something ominous as well.

“I smell meat.” Ninth Sister sniffed.

The smell of meat coming from a shrine? It was becoming heavier too. They followed the scent into the garden and saw something they would never forget for the rest of their lives.

Numerous nefarious characters occupied this place. They used sharp branches to skewer some white-robed monks and burned them over bonfires. Some have finished roasting and were being eaten.

The stench of meat came from human flesh.

There were hundreds of open fires burning the monks. Some were still alive and screaming - a scene of hell.

“Amitabha... you monsters... eating people like this... you will suffer in hell...” This old monk was tied up by iron chains and skewed above the fire. His skin was either falling off or charring by this point.

“Haha! We cultivate the heretical dao anyway and will feast on you all to absorb the Buddhist energy in your flesh, changing it to our own power. You’re not bad, eating you will save me thirty years.”

“Don’t, don’t eat me, I’ve only become a disciple of Ancient Path recently... I don’t have any Buddhist affinity in my body...” A fifteen-year-old monk pissed in his pants, paralyzed on the ground.

“How foul! You’re ruining my appetite!” A man with purple skin sighed and unleashed a wave of energy, killing the youth. He then threw the corpse into a dying fire, rekindling it once more.

Qinghua felt as if she had just walked from a Buddhist shrine straight to hell with a single step.

The cultivation ground of Buddhist has been taken over by the heretics for who knows how long now? Their mean and ferocious expression along with their terrorizing laughters scared the girls.

The four turned pale, nearly vomiting and no longer dared to look forward. They felt a chill stopping them from channeling spirit energy.

That devil Feng Feiyun? He was cute compared to these men.

“Haha! A Buddhist Supreme from Beastmaster is here, we’ll have softer and more flavorful meat on the menu, boys.” An old man with three black wings growing on his back stood up.

The wings were more than ten meters long. His hair was completely silver. His eyes were pushed deep into the decrepit sockets with two green lights shooting out, just like an asura from hell.

Qinghua could face these people calmly and said: “White hair and black wings, you cultivate the Nether Devil Wings Art and Nine Firmaments White Hair Law, two of the twelve ultimate heretical laws of the Senuo. Only a Death Walker in each generation could learn two heretical laws at the same time.”

The old man laughed, carrying death and coarseness in his inflection: “Quite knowledgeable, worthy of being a Buddhist Supreme! Yes, I am Shi Taluo, the Death Walker of this generation.”

Senluo Temple used to be the strongest heretical sect, even stronger than the current Mount Potala.

Below the Heretical King were four walkers - Birth, Aging, Sickness, Death. Even the sect masters back then would shudder after hearing about these beings.

However, when the previous Heretical King disappeared, Senluo was divided into ten halls. The four walkers disappeared with him.

Qinghua was certainly alarmed seeing one of them right now.

She emphatically responded: "Senluo is no longer the same as before, plagued with constant internal conflicts in the ten halls. You aren't a real Death Walker even though you cultivate two ultimate heretical laws."

"Keke! The ten halls shall become one again, our young lord, the future Heretical King, will unite us and the heretical factions. We'll devour everything under the heavens and it will be our world then! Jin? Sacred Spirit Palace? All will be ashes."

His hands seemed to be made out of metals. When his fingers rubbed together, fiery sparks came out: "If you think I'm not worthy of the Death Walker title, then please, withstand ten moves from me. If you win, I will kneel and call you grandma every time I see you in the future."

#### [Chapter 607: Party Of Fiends](#)

The winds made the trees and leaves rustle on top of gently pricking the skin.

Suddenly, an explosion made the entire mountain tremble.

Rhino looked up and darted its big eyes around: "I heard a loud blast earlier, maybe a landslide too."

The broken bone on Feiyun's neck had healed so he could move his hands now. He took out a third-ranked pill resembling a cornelian and ate it.

His body became shrouded in spirit energy as he stood up. He looked towards the peak and furrowed his brows: "The girls are completely defeated, we must leave now."

He ran for the base in a hurry. Rhino got up and wanted to stop him but suddenly, a phantom that looked like dark mists landed on a tree branch nearby.

A cold voice came from within: "The Young Heretical King sends you an invitation to the shrine, Your Excellency."

Several more gales came about. Strange people came out of nowhere with a harsh aura, stopping Feiyun's path.

He smirked in response: "Who the hell is the Young Heretical King? Why should I go see him?"

"Such impudence, little brat, you dare to be disrespectful towards the young lord? I'll cripple your arm first." A bald man wearing a blood-shaded loose robe reached for Feiyun's right arm. His fingers were as tough as diamonds with drill-like fingernails.

The move was ferocious in power. Just the momentum alone from his leap destroyed more than ten steps.

Though Feiyun's movement was restricted by the iron chain, he was still faster than this bald man.

"Clank!" He unleashed a palm strike straight at the man's head, resulting in a clunking noise as if he had just struck a bronze bell.

The man was blown backward, akin to being hit by a heavy hammer. He smashed and destroyed several hundred steps before barely stabilizing his body. One could see just how strong the palm strike was.

Feiyun had his cultivation sealed on top of the iron chain slowing him down. Otherwise, the palm strike could have pushed the bald man's head into his stomach.

Nevertheless, the baldy was still quite strong. This move could have grievously wounded a fifth-level Heaven's Mandate but it didn't leave any wound behind on his head.

"Motherfucker!" The guy rushed again and opened his mouth to spew out a black liquid with a terrible stench. This frightening appearance of his could make others tremble on the ground.

"You deserve death for being disrespectful towards His Excellency." A decayed hand stretched out from the black mist floating on the branch. A black ray shot out from the fingertip and pierced the bald man's forehead.

Just one ray of energy had enough power to pierce through an entire mountain.

The area around the wound started turning black. Next, the bald man's body rotted into a mushy pile in front of Feiyun, not even a single bone remained.

The heretics smiled, seemingly used to this scene. They thought that Feiyun would be scared but unfortunately, he also had a smirk on his face the entire time as if he was watching a beauty dancing.

He was indeed the demon that had killed several million lives in Central Royal for the sake of his lover.

They stopped looking down on him. After all, he had killed more than all of them combined, why would he be afraid of a little scene like this?

Feiyun said: "I've changed my mind, I'm a bit interested in your young lord now."

"Your Excellency, you and the young lord are dragons and phoenixes among men, the leaders of the world. The young lord had prepared the most opulent feast for this meeting between you two."

The black mist dissipated and revealed an extremely old person on the branch. He only had several white strands of hair left; his skin was completely dark and filled with wrinkles just like a walnut.

Due to his age, his body had seriously shrunk so he stood below the waist of Feiyun. He suffered from hunchback; his head nearly touching the ground.

This old man was even older than the nun that only had three days of life left from Beastmaster.

"You're, you're really going in?" Rhino felt a terrible evil emanating from the old man. This was definitely a monstrous master. It couldn't move at all.

"I can guarantee you that if you try to run, I can still turn you into a pulp of meat from a thousand miles away." The old man revealed a dark smile.

He then rubbed the beast's thigh twice and it lost its beastly instinct, becoming as tamed as a domesticated dog. It followed behind quietly.

Feiyun entered the shrine occupied by the heretics now. The monks were imprisoned in bamboo cages just like animals.

The powerful monks could still meditate and chant in order to combat their fear. The young ones were completely paled and paralyzed.

"You, you monsters will have to face karmic judgment... Buddha will send you to hell..." Another monk was skewered by wooden rod and left to roast above the fire. In the beginning, he was still alive and shouting.

It didn't take long before the smell of roasted human flesh wafted in the air.

An ordinary person would be scared to death from this hellish scene. Even cultivators would vomit but Feiyun was impervious. He walked with an evil aura and a faint smirk.

"Your Excellency, have you tasted human flesh before?" The old hunchback leading the way asked.

Feiyun said: "Plenty of meats in this world but human flesh is the worst."

"This is a man-eats-man world. If you don't eat them, they will come and devour you. If one doesn't have the courage to eat flesh, they will only become animals or food in the end, just like them." The man pointed at the monks in the cages with his wrinkly hand. He licked his lips, issuing a ghastly noise.

He continued: "In order to rise to the top, one must have the courage to eat human flesh. If they aren't courageous enough to do so, they'll be doomed to a life of servitude."

There was a food chain - slaves, the weak, experts, masters. The weak feasts on slaves; experts eat the weak, and masters devour experts.

One must reach the top in order to avoid this fate.

Feiyun smiled and said: "Your method is too crude and has been abandoned since the primitive ages. Instead of eating the rotten, mortal shell, why not eat their energy, vitality, and soul?"

Feiyun saw four iron cages in the hall. Wu Qinghua and three girls were imprisoned; the fourth girl's whereabouts was unknown.

They no longer had the same pride and brilliance as before, akin to a swan falling into a pool of mud.

Wu Qinghua was seriously injured and bloodied. Who knows the person strong enough to defeat her. Though she was arrogant, her cultivation backed it up or she wouldn't have been able to crush Feiyun's bone with a single finger strike.

They naturally heard him. Chi Yao grabbed the bars and coldly said: "Devil, you are so familiar with these monsters, looks like you conspired with them and purposely led us to this hell."

"Slap her mouth for disrespecting the Divine King." The old hunchback scowled.

A brutish man towering at three meters walked towards the cage with a smile and an iron bar weighing several thousand pounds.

If she were to be hit by this bar, her flesh would still burst open despite her strong cultivation. The girl turned pale since she saw this man ate a human arm earlier.

“Let me handle it.” Feiyun stepped forward instead.

The old man signaled with his eyes and the brutish man retreated.

Feiyun crouched down next to Chi Yao’s cage and reached inside, grabbing her chin to raise her beautiful face. He smiled deviously: “Miss Chi, you should know that I am a devil so working with me is like playing with a tiger. Although I have no interest in eating your flesh, I’m very interested in you... keke...”

His hand then moved into her dress and groped her towering, snow-white breast. This made her shout in horror before quietly whimpering.

The old hunchback watched quietly with a cruel smile on his face, thinking that this Feng Feiyun was just like the rumors. The half-demonic blood in his veins made him crazily lustful and wouldn’t be able to hold back before beauties.

‘Keke, that demon’s son is evil, one of us. Looks like we can work together.’

#### [Chapter 608: The Young Heretical Lord](#)

“That’s a disciple from Beastmaster for you, so pure and innocent, crying after a little grope. Is this the mentality of a fourth-level Heaven’s Mandate?” Feiyun lowered his inflection.

Chi Yao hastily fixed her dress and stopped crying by biting her teeth. Her teary eyes glared at Feiyun, seemingly wanting to kill him.

She swore that if she could ever make it out of this hell, she would train in the sword dao and supreme techniques to kill all the heretics here, especially Feng Feiyun, this pretender. Yes, send him to the eighteen levels of hell.

Chan Ling’er and Huaji Ningxiang bit their lips, trying their best to calm down. They finally realized their lackings. Though their cultivation was at the top of the young generation, they knew too little about the evils of the human heart and treachery.

Ling’er had the strongest mental mindset out of the girls. She sat cross-legged inside the cage like a lotus while holding a white set of Buddhist beads: “Feng Feiyun, you might be a devil but I’ve always thought you were different, living with emotions and a touch of morality, a real man. You have disappointed me.”

She believed that he had conspired with the heretics and led them to this hell. In her eyes, these heretics were beyond saving, completely inhumane. Feiyun was with them so he should be the same case.

Initially, she had some admiration for him but not a sliver remained now. She hated him even more than these heretics at this point.

"I don't give a damn if you're disappointed, girl, don't think you're a fairy just because you have done some good deeds in the world. I'll strip you and you'll be nothing but my little bitch." Feiyun didn't hold back at all with his foul language.

Ling'er closed her eyes and couldn't respond. Her stainless heart appeared to have been cut, 'a devil will always be a devil, there's no saving him.'

The heretics had a smile on their face while watching the show.

"Got enough?" Feiyun coldly said.

They stopped smiling, speechless after seeing his flashing red eyes.

"Brother Feng, no need to lower yourself and argue with these insignificant beings." A youthful male voice resounded, sounding very friendly and approachable.

Just this voice alone would wipe away any previous animosity.

Feiyun glanced over and saw a man dressed in black sitting there. Despite the tiny frame, the person sat upright. One couldn't see his face because his forehead was unreasonably brilliant - akin to a Buddhist lamp. [1]

If Feiyun's cultivation wasn't sealed, perhaps he could see the guy with his phoenix gaze.

He looked down but the guy's robe was very long and hid his legs and shoes completely as well. Nevertheless, he could tell that this person was very dangerous.

"You're their young lord?" Feiyun asked.

"Brother Feng, you prefer to stand and speak rather than sitting down? Or have I not shown enough sincerity?" The young lord calmly spoke; his voice full of charisma like a Buddha explaining the scripture.

This particular hall was quite large, more than enough to accommodate 300 people without being crowded. However, only a single lamp was lit - the light by the young lord's forehead.

In the darkness, everyone would search for the light - the symbol of hope, life, and the truth. Only the young lord possessed this right now in the entire place.

It was a strange feeling. Everyone couldn't help but be affected by his light, wanting to get closer to him without any reservation.

Even the girls in the cages were affected. Their breathing and pulse were slowly harmonizing with his. His heart had a beat, theirs would do the same. He took one breath, so did they.

This was a state of possessing a supreme heavenly dao, always affecting those around him and turning them into his vassals and shadows.

Feiyun sensed this change - even the powerful heretics nearby were affected and resonated with this young lord.

He was the only one unaffected. His heartbeat remained normal since it was a shiny piece of bone right now - almost like a ruby.



He took a deep breath and pulled up the iron chain: "I actually don't see much sincerity, Young Lord."

"Death Walker, hurry up and get that chain off Brother Feng."

The old man with three black wings took out a sharp sword. The air pulsed around the blade after a slight movement.

"Your Excellency, please raise your hands."

"Hmph, you all actually think this chain can stop me?" Feiyun smiled and gathered power. His arms seemingly turned into two powerful dragons and stretched out the chain. The seals on the chain collapsed from the force.

"Boom!" He forcefully severed a chain that could trap a Giant.

His physical constitution was above a Giant right now.

"Haha, so you were just tricking these nuns, Your Excellency. Excuse me then." The walker nodded, thinking that the demon's son lives up to the legends.

Feiyun didn't hesitate and sat down on the opposite side of the table. People quickly brought fine wine and meat up for them.

The young lord was very elegant even when eating human flesh. He carefully chewed; even this barbaric act was in tune with the dao.

Feiyun took a sip and looked down at the white plate in front of him and chose not to eat: "This is human flesh too?"

"Of course. But it is much better than normal ones." The young lord responded in a natural manner.

Two men in black lifted a girl inside that has been roasted. Her soft cheeks were missing since they were placed on Feiyun and the young lord's plates.

Despite her roasted appearance, Feiyun could still recognize her - "Ninth Sister" of Beastmaster.

No wonder why he didn't see her a while ago. Was she the meeting present?

Though his evil energy was thick, his expression slightly darkened as he clenched his fists. He eventually loosened them and put on a wide smile.

He knew that the young lord was trying to intimidate and take him down a notch.

"Animal!"

"Monster..." The girls sobbed and whimpered.

They leaped forward and shook the cage, no longer able to stay calm. They finally understood that Feiyun was telling the truth. They were too arrogant and didn't realize that this was a man-eat-man world.

Wu Qinghua opened her eyes and shot out a golden sword ray from her fingertip in order to break the cage. Unfortunately, the Death Walker has been keeping an eye on her and laughed.

He landed on top of the cage and unleashed a palm strike straight down, immobilizing her again.

“The meat is very good, why aren’t you eating, Brother Feng?” The young lord turned a blind eye to the commotion and continued eating.

“What game are you playing here?” Feiyun took a sip and smiled.

The young lord finally stopped as if he has been waiting for this question: “The world says that you are the number one genius of Jin, peerless in every aspect. I am capable but still wish to challenge you. If I were lucky enough to win, I would like you to eat the next pieces of meat?”

“Whose?” Feiyun poured more wine into his cup.

“Theirs.” The young lord pointed towards the cages of the girls, treating them like animals.

The three looked like their soul had left their body. If Feiyun were to lose, then one of them would be eaten next.

Moreover, this young lord clearly looked like an incredible prodigy and Feiyun’s cultivation was sealed. How could Feiyun be a match for him? They were about to become meals for these men.

The heretics guffawed after seeing their frightened expressions. Their young lord has never lost before. Not to mention one Feiyun, even ten of him wouldn’t be a match.

They viewed their lord as an unbeatable god.

#### [Chapter 609: Devil; Animal](#)

“And if you were to lose?” Feiyun poured another full cup and held it in two fingers while staring straight at the young lord.

“If I were to lose? What do you want then?” It was as if the young lord had never thought about the possibility of losing.

Feiyun moved the cup close to his lips before laughing: “I want to sleep with them. I’m someone with no interests outside of this, can’t sleep without some beauties with me.”

Having said that, he finished it in one gulp. The young lord smiled in response.

The girls in the cage cursed Feiyun for taking advantage of the situation. They were the most brilliant disciples of Buddhism; other cultivators all called them fairies. However, he treated them like servants and maids, wanting to sleep with them.

One side wanted to eat them, the other wanted to sleep with them. Both treated them like non-humans so they would rather die than suffer either fate.

“Oh, and what about a draw?” Feiyun casually brought up.

“It’ll be your win in that case.” The young lord was fully confident.

“Alright, let’s begin then.” Feiyun acted quite nonchalant but felt quite anxious.

The hall was dark and cold with only glimpses of light. The shadows of these heretics looked quite menacing.

Ninth Sister has been taken away but the girls in the cages were still mourning. Even the always-arrogant Wu Qinghua has been suppressed by the Death Walker. She couldn't do naught but watch.

Feiyun tried his best to drink calmly, wanting to accommodate himself to this nefarious atmosphere.

The young lord pondered for a moment before suggesting: "It's not easy to come up with a competition against a talent like you, Brother Feng. At our level, we can't resort to barbaric means like fighting and such, that's too vulgar. How about we go elegant for the first match with questioning."

"Questioning? Go on." Feiyun gained some interest.

"We'll each ask the other a question, if they can answer it, then it's a loss. If they can't, then it's a win."

"What if both sides can answer?"

"Then it's your win."

"What if neither sides can answer?"

"Still your win."

"Then aren't you at a disadvantage?" Feiyun said.

"Like I have said, it is still considered your win in case of a draw?" The young lord smiled.

Feiyun said: "Then you can start first."

The girls were very nervous right now since their fate was on the line. Though they thought about dying, who actually wanted to die?

Perhaps Feiyun was only scaring them. Falling into his grasp might not result in losing their virginity and they wouldn't have to die then.

But if Feiyun were to lose, then they would be roasted on the fire and become food for these heretics.

Thus, they subconsciously wanted Feiyun to win. But could he actually win?

The young lord started: "Brother Feng, please guess who I am."

The crowd didn't expect this question. Isn't he the heretical young lord? Is there a need to guess? Oh right, that's just his title, not his name. Maybe he had another status outside of being the heretical young lord?

The question sounded simple but it contained many elements within.

Moreover, Feiyun had only met him today and didn't have a rudimentary understanding of the guy. Imagine a stranger asking if you know who he was. This problem could trouble even fortune-tellers.

Chan Ling'er voiced her disapproval: "That's not fair, what if Feng Feiyun were to actually come up with the right name but you deny it?"

The old hunchback snorted: "The young lord and His Excellency are magnificent men. Once they have decided on something, there is no cheating. At their level, they dare to try it all without hiding anything."

She agreed. The vilest people didn't necessarily follow conventional wisdom so she stopped talking.

The young lord said: "Brother Feng, can you answer this question?"

Feiyun gently shook his head: "It is too difficult."

The heretics behind the young lord smiled while the girls felt their heart sinking.

"But, I know that you are not the real heretical young lord." Feiyun continued.

The heretics stopped smiling. Even the youth paused for a moment before speaking: "That's Feng Feiyun for you, how do you know that I'm not the real young lord?" [1]

Feiyun smiled: "As the heretical senior had said earlier, someone as magnificent as the young heretical lord has no need to hide since he dares to do everything openly. In that case, why would such a character purposely hide his appearance?"

"Well said." The Buddhist light on the youth's forehead slowly dimmed down to reveal his face.

He was a middle-aged man, looking quite scholarly - a fair complexion without facial hair. He had a little crow's feet by his eyes now. If it wasn't for his flesh-eating habit, others would actually mistake him for a teacher.

"I am the leader of the four walkers. Life Walker, Qian Qiusheng." His voice became older.

He clearly wasn't young despite looking around thirty to forty years of age. He must be several hundred years old, at the very least.

A lamp was lit and placed on the table, illuminating the hall again.

"Your Excellency, you are half-correct about this question, your turn." Qiusheng politely asked again. His eyes were spirited with a flash of wisdom and farsightedness.

Feiyun said: "Then your turn to guess who I am."

This question surprised the crowd for the second time.

Remember, Feiyun was different from them since he was world-famous. His information has been stored in virtually every sect's database, located in the most important section. Many in the cultivation world knew about his background.

Did he purposely want to lose?

Qiusheng didn't think so because not only was he a heretical cultivator, he was also a ninth-ranked Wisdom Master - enough to be placed among the top three of Jin. He had tried to divine anything about Feng Feiyun earlier but an invisible power of the dao stopped him.

It showed that Feng Feiyun's real identity wasn't as simple as being a disciple from the Feng.

In the end, Qiusheng could only answer that Feiyun was from the Feng. Moreover, everything was in full details, starting from his birth and everything he has done without missing a beat. He also included the names of Feiyun's parents, the branch of the Feng he was in. He had clearly memorized everything about Feiyun.

From this, one could see the importance of Feng Feiyun in the eyes of the heretics.

Feiyun smiled and said: "Scholar Qian, you also only got half right."

The scholar has been staring at his eyes the entire time and knew that he wasn't lying. However, this only perplexed him even more. What about the other half of his identity? Even his wisdom and intelligence couldn't figure it out.

"Then you win this round, Your Excellency." Qiusheng coolly accepted his defeat.

"These girls are the finest, refined and pure, I've been wanting them for a long time now, but that bitch Wu Qinghua has been keeping an eye out so I couldn't do anything. Scholar Qian, will you allow me to pick one right now for some fun?" Feiyun licked his lips like a lust demon.

"You're being too polite, Your Excellency. They're already your things after winning, inferior to servants so it is their honor to sleep with you." Qiusheng initially thought that Feiyun was helping these girls, but after seeing his eagerness to sleep with them, he let down his caution.

As a Buddhist sect, its members considered their purity to be more precious than their lives. By taking their virginity, Feiyun would definitely meet the strongest vengeance from Beastmaster.

That's what they wanted to see so they were more than willing to let him pick these women as if he were picking livestock.

"Feng Feiyun, you devil, you animal..." Chi Yao gritted her teeth and glared at him.

The girls have lost their final sliver of hope after seeing his attitude.

"Feng Feiyun, I will sleep with you, just let them go." Wu Qinghua spoke. She has been stripped naked and groped by him in sensitive places so she had no honor left. She wanted to save the girls by sacrificing herself.

The scene quieted down for a bit. After a while, the heretics laughed boisterously. One of them sneered: "So a Buddhist Supreme from Beastmaster is just a slutty bitch."

"Haha! She hid it quite well. Must have been waiting for a man to satisfy her for a long time now."

"His Excellency's nine-dragon pillar will definitely make her scream for her mother and have the time of her life. I can't wait to hear it."

They mercilessly trampled on her dignity. Even someone with a strong mental fortitude like her turned pale. Her lips were stained with blood from biting down so hard.

#### [Chapter 610: Yellow-level Warping Formation](#)

Feiyun came over toward Wu Qinghua's cage and sneered: "Her cultivation is too high so don't let her out to avoid any needless complication. I'll just pick one of the young ones."

The heretics naturally knew the difficulties in dealing with Qinghua so they didn't want to take the risk either. They happily nodded after hearing Feiyun actively making this choice.

"You then." Feiyun pointed at Chan Ling'er.

She was the prettiest and strongest among the three geniuses with a transcending physical appearance. Long figure and a face out of this world on top of possessing a pure aura. The choice was rather obvious.

The old hunchback came over and released the seal on her cage and threw her out.

In her white Buddhist robe, she looked beautiful and extraordinary; perfect curves and long brows.

The moment she got out, she raised her finger and condensed a white energy sword - aiming it straight at Feng Feiyun.

Because of her long and thin legs, she looked like a dancer despite her murderous intent.

"Boom!" Feiyun punched straight at her sword and crushed it. He then reached forward and grabbed her delicate hand, pulling her into his embrace.

She struggled and used her other hand to attack but Feiyun grabbed it as well, dislocating the wrist resulting in unspeakable pain.

He laughed wildly before embracing her completely and taking her into the inner chamber, ignoring her weak punches and cursing.

"Feng Feiyun, you animal! You won't die a good death!" Chi Yao fiercely shook the cage bars.

"I pray to the great Buddha, am willing to pay any price as long as Feng Feiyun goes to hell." Ningxiang felt a sharp pain while watching the whole thing, fully aware of the unsavory things that will happen inside.

The heretics also laughed. It was a shame that Feiyun didn't take care of her on the spot so that they could look at her wondrous body too.

Qian Qiusheng remained vigilant and discretely signaled an order with his eyes. Several heretics came out of the hall and acted as patrolling sentries.

Though Feiyun has always acted evil, this wasn't enough for Qiusheng to drop his guard completely.

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"Feng Feiyun, you can't be like this, have you forgotten Nangong Hongyan, you're letting her down." Ling'er couldn't get out of his iron grip.

"Boom!" He directly threw her on the ground and said flatly: "Take off your dudou."

Having said that, he crouched down and bit his fingertip, using his blood to draw on the ground.

Ling'er got up and reconnected her dislocated wrist. She shuddered while asking: "What do you want...?"

"Just do when I tell you, stop blabbering." Feiyun coldly responded while still drawing runes.

How could the shy girl actually take off her undergarment? She turned red and didn't do anything.

It didn't take long before Feiyun finished drawing a runic circle with a one-meter diameter. He took out nine True Mysterious Spirit Stones and engraved them on the circle. The formation started flowing with lights.

He stood up and frowned after seeing her: "Why haven't you taken it out?"

The light shined on her red face, causing it to look sparkling. She gritted her teeth: "What are you doing?"

"This is a yellow-level Warping Formation. My current divine intent can only handle this lowest level of teleportation, taking someone with similar cultivation as me ten miles away. I have carved another formation right outside the hill before coming here." Feiyun said with a serious expression.

After being knocked down by Qinghua earlier, he started carving an array so that he could run, expecting something like this to happen. Unfortunately, he didn't think the heretics would have so many experts here so he needed to change his plan.

Ling'er became ecstatic like a drowning woman finding a vine to hold on to. Her eyes became gentle with admiration. 'We wouldn't be in this situation if we had listened to him from the start.'

Feiyun could see her thoughts and said: "Don't think I'm being kind and will save people for no reason. I'm infected by that old nun's centipede so I have no other choice."

Nevertheless, Ling'er still looked at him in a friendly manner. This demon's son was certainly evil, but at the very least, he still had some conscience left.

"But what about the supreme and the girls?" She asked.

Feiyun said: "This weak formation can only send you outside. You need to run as fast as possible to Beastmaster and get Monk Jiu Rou here. Everyone else is useless, he's the only one who can save us from this den."

"What about you?" She said with surprise.

"I'll stay back to buy time or your supreme and the two girls will be raped and killed, oh, and roasted too." Feiyun said: "As you can see, that Life Walker is a monster, I don't know if I can beat him in the upcoming rounds..."

"I got it, I will go as fast as possible to invite Monk Jiu Rou and all the masters to save you." She said with determination, having matured from this painful encounter. This was more fruitful to her than spending ten years in the secular world.

Feiyun continued: "If Monk Jiu Rou doesn't want to go, go find Nalan Xuejian and tell her to talk to the monk."

He understood this monk. If the monk knew that there were strong characters like the Life Walker here on top of other heretical experts, he might turn a blind eye.

No one could force him to do anything. This was a strange character who doesn't give a damn about his reputation or worldly convention. Only Nalan Xuejian could convince him.

Ling'er nodded and entered the formation. However, Feiyun pulled her back: "Take it off already."

As she stood there frozen, he directly tore her dress and took out her dudou. She didn't expect this at all and shouted in response.

"You can leave now." He sniffed her light blue dudou, the wonderful smell of a virgin.

Ling'er covered her breasts and stared at him with a complicated gaze. She then entered the formation and it activated right away, connecting to the worldly momentum and heavenly orders. She instantly disappeared and the formation crumbled. The nine stones turned to white powders.

Feiyun stood there for a long time, thinking, before coming out to the main hall with the dudou in his hand. He laughed heartily: "Damn, that felt good! I didn't expect riding that girl to feel this good, such a supple and soft body, especially her legs. I'll do her again after she wakes up."

The ones outside also heard clothes being ripped and her cry. A heretic with red eyes and purple hair smiled: "Where is that slut now?"

"Obviously unconscious, no strength to walk now." Feiyun smirked before putting on a serious face: "Did you try to spy on us with your divine intent?"

"Of course not, Your Excellency. Your bestowing favor upon the girl is a holy matter. We heretics have our own codes. Seeing something we shouldn't would result in losing our eyes." Several heretics came back inside, no longer patrolling the place.

They flattered Feiyun and didn't dare to offend him. After all, this guy had two monsters as his backers - the ancestor of the Feng and the unrivaled demonic man.

This was one of the reasons why they wanted to recruit him.

Qiusheng didn't feel the same way since he felt a flight fluctuation in the worldly momentum earlier: "Men, take Miss Ling'er out here. If His Excellency is fully done with her, then she's worthless now. Everyone can enjoy her."

With that, two heretics with a perverted grin headed for the inner chamber.

"Hmph!" Feiyun loudly snorted and coldly said: "Since I've slept with her, she's my woman. I'll take your lives if you dare to touch her. She's naked inside now, so yeah, go ahead and take a look, if you dare."

In the past, those who have touched Feiyun's women paid a terrible price. Beauty's Smile was destroyed in one night. The Grand Chancellor and the crown prince were both dead now.

Feiyun could make a girl hate him for a lifetime but he could also murder a million for the sake of one.

His cold voice made the heretics stop in their tracks, not daring to take another step forward.