

Sprit Vessel 611

[Chapter 611: Formless](#)

“Whoosh!” On top of the stone steps outside of Ancient Path Shrine, a wave of light appeared.

A beauty slowly emerged after the light dispersed.

“So magical, that Feng Feiyun knows spatial laws and techniques. Rumor has it that only Sacred Spirit Palace has access to this type of teleportation runes.” Chan Ling’er rushed down the mountain.

This place was too close to the shrine and the heretics might spot her so time was of the essence.

At the ridge, she met a monk in a white robe. He was quite young, around twenty years of age - extremely handsome with perfect features.

He meditated beneath a pine tree, surrounded by a Buddhist glow with numerous auspicious images. Next to him was a white wooden basket with several paintings and old scrolls - clearly a traveling monk.

Yes, this monk was strangely handsome, red lips and white teeth, full of spirituality. He certainly couldn’t be that much inferior to the most handsome man in the world.

He seemed to be resting beneath the pine tree. After seeing her, he stood up, palms together and bowed his head to ask in a respectful manner: “Fellow Buddhist, may I ask if this place is Ancient Path Mountain?”

His voice was full of Buddhist affinity, giving off a masterly aura despite his tender age - quite in tune with the heavenly dao.

Ling’er was in a rush but for some reason, she felt something stronger than when seeing a Buddha statue in the hall of worship. She placed her palms together and returned the gesture: “This is indeed Ancient Path Mountain.”

The monk said: “My Dharma name is Formless. I am a traveler from Rapture Shrine by the west and had heard the villagers down the mountain talk about Ancient Path Shrine, a tranquil place of worship. I came for a visit, hoping to have a discussion with the great monks here.”

“Brother, please leave this place at once! Ancient Path is no longer a place of worship and has been occupied by evil. They are murderers who eat human flesh, turning the shrine into hell on earth!”

She didn’t know why she wasted so much time with this strange monk but felt that he was wrapped in a vast Buddhist affinity, even greater than Buddhist Supreme Wu.

This monk hated evil above all else. His eyes became serious: “They are to take over a Buddhist holy ground in broad daylight? This is not acceptable. I shall go expel them.”

Ling’er didn’t want him to lose his life and convinced: “You won’t be able to...”

“Fellow Buddhist, say no more. A Buddhist is not afraid of evil. Even Buddha will roar to battle when necessary.” He picked up his basket and turned into a white ray. In the next second, he landed right outside of the shrine.

“So strong despite his age... from Rapture in the west? How come I haven’t heard of it before?” She ran towards Beastmaster while thinking about what he had said earlier - a Buddhist does not afraid of evil. Even Buddha will roar to battle when necessary.

He showed no sign of fear against the monsters, a real Buddhist. ‘Why am I afraid? Is my Buddhist attainment not strong enough yet?’

Qian Qiusheng stared at Feiyun for a bit before smiling: “Your Excellency, well said. A man certainly wouldn’t share his women with anyone else.”

The two heretics who wanted to come in became unhappy and backed off.

“What is the second round?” Feiyun sat down again, his expression soothed.

Qiusheng smiled: “I came up with the first so the second round is yours, Your Excellency.”

Feiyun didn’t refuse: “Very well, then we’ll have a battle of divine intents.”

“Hmm, that might not be proper, Your Excellency, your cultivation is...” Qiusheng had strong cultivation so his divine intents were tough too.

Feng Feiyun was only a fourth-level Heaven’s Mandate so it didn’t matter how strong his divine intents might be, he still wouldn’t be a match for Qiusheng.

A contest of divine intent was relatively dangerous. Just one mistake could end with someone turning into a fool, or even bleeding from seven orifices till death.

Though Qiusheng was confident in winning, he didn’t want to heavily injure Feng Feiyun. Provoking the two monsters behind him wasn’t a good thing for Senluo.

“Life Walker, you think I’m not qualified to be your opponent? My divine intents were strong enough to break the camp master’s seal, it won’t be an easy victory for you.” Feng Feiyun took the initiative.

He shot out forty shining rays from his forehead, akin to the stars. They gathered into a circle before turning into a great hammer, aiming straight for Qiusheng’s head.

His intents far exceeded everyone’s imagination. The quaking power rang like a massive gong.

“Forty!” Qiusheng was astonished and quickly summoned his own - ten divine rays. They formed their own domain and exuded tinier strands that engulfed the hall.

He was worthy of being the leader of the four walkers and a ninth-ranked wisdom master. The divine intents were immense, capable of connecting to the runes of heaven and earth. Though he only had ten, they divided into thousands of tiny strands, capable of striking someone else’s soul.

Wu Qinghua was horrified by both of their divine intents. Heaven’s Mandate cultivators shouldn’t possess such powerful mental abilities.

All in all, these heretics were mighty, especially the four walkers. They couldn’t beat weaker than their infamous predecessors from two thousand years ago.

However, the most shocking of all was Feng Feiyun's divine intents. Anyone else facing Qiusheng would have drop over backward already. Feiyun's intents changed in an unpredictable manner - gathering and dispersing, turning into a hammer, mirror, then sword...

The battle gave off an extremely dangerous feeling despite being mental in nature. Strange images appeared in the hall in this evenly-matched duel.

Suddenly, a thunderous lion roar encompassing the fury of Buddha detonated from outside, nearly rupturing everyone's eardrums. Feiyun's divine intents might have been crushed if they weren't incredibly strong.

Qiusheng didn't fare much better and had damage as well. He sent out one of them and said: "What's going on?"

The heretics flew outside to check, surging with evil aura.

The sad lament of a young monk came in before any heretic could report back: "The world gives birth to myriad creations for the sake of men. We should appreciate this and be merciful, following the right path. A man-eater is no different from a beast."

The monk titled Formless stepped into the shrine and saw the roasting monks on top of the bonfires. Sorrow birthed from within as he held back his tears.

Wu Qinghua herself turned pale from seeing these cruel images. However, Formless only felt sadness, completely intimidated. Furthermore, he wasn't sad about the roasting monks but rather the ones eating them.

Nothing is sadder than men losing their humanity.

"Monk, look at how pretty you are, I bet you will taste good." A half-step Giant sitting in front of a bonfire unleashed a ten-meter palm strike crashing down from above.

Formless stood proudly while carrying his basket. He shook his young and handsome face before walking straight for this heretic while murmuring: "One step, one atonement; one step, one lotus."

He became exuberant with a Buddha appearing above him. The palm strike struck his head but only managed to blow his robe sleeves lightly, almost like a gentle breeze.

The half-step was startled. 'What the hell is this Buddhist art?'

He stood up, wanting to make a move again. However, Formless was already standing before him. The monk placed his white-snow hand on his head.

What came next astounded the crowd. This hand of his carried the immensity of a Five-finger Mountain, enough to stop this half-step from moving at all.

When Formless pulled back his hand, the half-step's body became increasingly transparent from a refinement process with a white lotus in the center.

The wind blew and his body along with the lotus disappeared without a trace.

"Shit! Jing Sanque got sent over by his Buddhist art!" An old man as thin as a stick leaped out.

He was both knowledgeable and powerful. Golden rays shot out from his eyes as he stared at the monk: "Monk, who the hell are you?!"

"I am Formless." The monk placed his palms together; his white robe freed from impurities. His body looked like a sacred Bodhi tree exuding unspeakable holiness and stateliness.

The monks still alive in the shrine kneeled on the ground with nothing but reverence in their eyes.

"Do you know who we are? You dare to mess with our business?!" A heavily-tattooed man took out a coffin with a bloody shade, full of cold energy inside.

"A Buddhist is never afraid. I traveled a total of 288,000 steps from Rapture to this place, watching the lives of men along the way. Though my title is Formless, I do not wish to be formless. When I saw injustice, I became angry. When I saw evil, I wished to cross them over. When I saw monsters, I wanted to kill them. Before becoming a Buddha, one must toil as an ox for men first. I will take on the butcher's knife to kill all evil. My journey towards Buddha-hood will never end until all evil is gone."

His voice was a vast, auditory expanse. The lamps in the shrine were suddenly lit up by an invisible force, and they burned brilliantly.

The chants of Buddhism echoed in the mountains, washing away the sins in these halls. The initially frightened monks started chanting again, finding themselves to be rid of fear.

[Chapter 612: Buddhas Convergence](#)

The sounds of Buddhism echoed across the entire shrine.

'Monk Jiu Rou got here already?' Feiyun was still fighting against Qian Qiusheng.

His battle intents turned into forty Heaven Battle Altars. They spun around like disks at the center of the hall.

"Boom!" Another massive detonation occurred.

Two heretics smashed through the walls from the outside and fell to the ground. Their clothes tattered as they vomited blood: "Venerable Walker, a young monk came with frightening Buddhist arts and freed the monks in the cages."

"Hmph, how strong can he be?" The Death Walker, Shi Taluo, glared at the two with his frightening, green eyes.

The two heretics felt their insides becoming cold.

"He has two golden avatars with him and other Buddhas as his attendants, looking very similar to a young Buddhist Saint in the legends."

The Death Walker sneered: "What a joke, the state of Buddhas as attendants only exist in tales. Where are the ten protector elders? Let them come take care of him, don't tell me you want me to personally do it?!"

"The ten elders... three of them have been defeated already."

“Goddamn monk...” The Death Walker’s expression soured. His wings flapped as he leaped upward, wanting to see this “incredible” monk.

“Amitabha.” Formless was still making his way inside. Handsome and gallant, bright eyes and vigorous. His Buddhist affinity was insanely strong.

He placed his hands together and held a string of golden beads, walking straight for the walker.

Anyone else would tremble with trepidation after seeing him. Even the brave would be intimidated by his aura, unable to stand straight. Alas, Formless seemed nonchalant and unaffected.

“Keke! Not bad at all, to actually make it here by yourself. Try this on!” The Death Walker’s gray hair turned into three thousand rays and thrust forward.

His hair looked like dragons with a peerless explosion of power. Each strand could penetrate a mountain.

Even Wu Qinghua had lost to him; this walker was clearly powerful.

Formless didn’t move at all and continued chanting. Two golden brilliance came from the two avatars behind him. They towered at a hundred feet, looking quite stately.

One avatar had eight hands and rode a white dragon.

The other consisted of two twins, yin and yang, riding a divine tiger.

These were not images made from Buddhist arts but two actual physical statues. They have come back to life, same with their howling mounts.

“The coming of a Buddhist Saint... served by myriad Buddhas...” The Death Walker was shocked.

This was a rare phenomenon in the world, virtually only exist in legends.

It stated that the saint of the Buddhist doctrine had supreme talents. Just one thought of his could control any Buddha statue and borrow its power to subdue evil. Even other Buddhas would want to be his servant.

One might not come out in every ten thousand years. But once they appeared, it would herald a golden age of Buddhism - widespread propagation and enlightenment.

“So what? You’re still not at your prime, I’m not afraid of you!” The Death Walker’s will to battle surged.

His hair continued to surround Formless, wishing to devour him. The two avatars managed to stop everything, issuing metallic noises like the gongs.

Formless’ brilliance intensified to the level of a sun. Half of the sky became golden.

Magical fluctuations happened all around. Inside one hall, a Buddha with ten thousand hands came back to life. Its hands started glowing as it got up and jumped down from the altar to suppress the heretics nearby.

The other statues began to move as well and attacked with their golden palms to the horror of the crowd.

A while ago, the place consisted of “chaos and devils”. Now, the Buddhist brilliance illuminated the scene with converging Buddhas.

“Just how much Buddhist cultivation is required to connect to the intent and the will of these statues, making them come back to life?” Chi Yao was astonished. The changes in the shrine greatly affected her heart.

Buddhists like them could feel the power of Formless. Despite his young age, his attainment in Buddhism far exceeded the ten supremes of Beastmaster combined.

Wu Qinghua couldn't stay calm either. They stared at Formless as if he was a saint already.

Seniority didn't matter in Buddhism, the more enlightened will be the masters.

Feiyun and Qiusheng were still stuck in their fight and couldn't stop. However, they still sent a strand of intent and saw everything unraveling in the shrine.

“Shit? How could there be such a powerful Buddhist intent?” Monk Jiu Rou put on his red robe, still holding a large wine jar. He stared towards Ancient Path Shrine and saw the blinding brilliance piercing the nine firmaments.

The image of one Buddhist meditating in the air could be seen from several hundred miles away since it towered for thousands of feet.

The mortals beneath the mountain began to prostrate.

“Monk, what are you waiting for?!” Nalan Xuajian knocked on his bald head.

The reason he got prepared so quickly was thanks to Chan Ling'er. The moment she got out of Ancient Path Shrine, she sent a messaging talisman.

Xuejian received it and knew that Feiyun was in trouble so she instantly started crying and begging for the monk to go.

Given the monk's cultivation, traveling six thousand miles was no problem.

Chan Ling'er was also there with the two. The young monk she met along the way popped up in her mind, 'It's him?'

The monk's great robe was fluttering. He started shouting and blew away the clouds: “I am here, all evil retreat before my presence!”

“I am here, all evil retreat before my presence!”

“I am here, all evil retreat before my presence!”

His message echoed a hundred times and eventually caused a great golden bell to materialize. It was massive in size and covered the entire shrine.

“Boom!” The shrine and its peak were pushed several hundred meters away.

The heretics were blown flying from his voice alone. Their heads almost exploded and their eardrums ruptured.

Only a few powerful heretics could stand up again.

This monk's divine intents were something else. His soundwave only affected the heretics and not the other monks inside.

The Life and Death Walker were affected by this attack too.

The powerful monk forced these two monsters back till they hit a wall. Of course, they were strong enough to not be wounded due to their defensive arts.

Qiusheng's eyes turned into two black holes and shot out dark rays, piercing through several hundred miles to look at the monk.

However, the monk spotted him and laughed: "Haha! Wuliang Zi had died for more than a thousand years but another heretic has finally finished cultivating the forbidden law, Heaven-devouring Eyes."

Wuliang Zi was a Life Walker before the disappearance of the Beacon King and the division of Senluo. The four walkers back then were terrifying and even sect masters ran at their sight.

Heaven-devouring Eyes was Wuliang Zi's technique. As long as his eyes were still there, he could annihilate all he wanted.

However, after the disappearance of the Beacon King, the four walkers disappeared as well.

After two thousand years, fewer people knew their names. The forbidden Heaven-devouring Eyes became a legend in the ancient scrolls.

"Boom!" Monk Jiu Rou raised his hand and directly crushed the dual eyes.

Qiusheng back in the shrine turned pale, suffering from internal damage. This monk was insanely strong. Qiusheng even thought that the guy could kill a half-step Enlightened Being easily.

A while later, he connected the dots: "This isn't good, he's Monk Jiu Rou, one of the ten masters."

"Monk Jiu Rou." The Death Walker's expression changed as well.

Though the two of them could dominate the cultivation world and force various sect masters to submit, they were only considered juniors before Monk Jiu Rou. This monk had lived for more than 1,800 years. They didn't expect to meet a monster like this here.

"Gotta run then!"

"We won't make it!" Qiusheng leaped through the ceiling and landed on the roof. He fixed his attire and turned towards the monk's direction: "So it is the great Monk Jiu Rou, please excuse this junior for offending you."

"Fuck you!" The monk cursed right away.

Qiusheng remained calm in response: "You are a venerable senior, my status and position are no match for yours so I'm not qualified to have a conversation with you. I will report this to his Excellency, the Beacon King. He will answer to you instead, Senior."

The moment the words "Beacon King" came out, the Buddhist light in the area suddenly dimmed down.

[Chapter 613: Jadeite Buddhist Beads Suppressing Evil](#)

The chants lasted for a long while in the mountains, changing from pure to comforting then profound. The mortals below thought that multiple Buddhas have arrived and became emotional. Some started burning incense outside of their house.

The chants had a similar effect to mortals as the name Beacon King did to cultivators.

This heretical king was brilliant. Though the person has been missing for nearly two thousand years, this title still scared the seniors in the present.

No one thought that he was still alive but one needed to give Qiusheng the benefits of the doubt. It was better to believe than otherwise.

"Idiot, you think you can scare me by bringing up the Beacon King? That I won't beat the crap out of you?" Monk Jiu Rou wasn't undeterred and slapped Qiusheng's face, knocking the guy flying.

Few in this realm weren't afraid of the Beacon King; Monk Jiu Rou was one of them.

He was as strong as an ox and made Qiusheng fly for dozens of miles, losing a section of teeth and nearly crushed the guy's face.

Qiusheng was no longer able to maintain his scholarly appearance and groaned quietly. Alas, he didn't dare to retaliate or even utter a single word of dissatisfaction or today would be his end. The only way to survive was by letting the monk beat him up and hoping that he would take the Beacon King into consideration.

Shi Taluo got taken care of as well. The monk grabbed him by the ankle and started swinging him around before throwing him straight into a peak, head first.

The two got a good beating before the monk took a break to drink his wine: "Not bad at all, decent cultivation, worthy of being walkers of Senluo, pretty much on the same level as your predecessors, surviving for so long."

The two of them struggled to get up. One-third of Qiusheng's ribs were broken. Taluo got two wings ripped off half-way. The two of them had the worst expression but didn't dare to say anything.

Qiusheng said: "Senior, thank you for showing mercy or we wouldn't have a single bone left now."

"This junior didn't know you were here, please forgive us out of consideration for the Beacon King." Taluo staggered over.

They obviously knew that they were still alive thanks to the Beacon King.

The monk posed coolly with his hands on his waist, revealing his tattoos - a green dragon to the left and a white tiger to the right with a big mouse in the middle. He looked like a bald butcher at the market: "In

this world, the evil has the heretical path, cultivators have their ways, Buddhists have Buddhism. I am not like those old obstinate daoists. I do not care for justice or slaying evil. However, if you motherfuckers provoke me, then don't blame me for beating you up till your mothers can't recognize you."

This guy was an enlightened senior? His foul mouth left Qiusheng and Taluo speechless while glancing at each other.

Taluo said: "His Excellency, the Beacon King, has told us many things. Senluo Temple can look down at the rest of the world, but you are an exception, Monk Jiu Rou."

These words were clearly lies, just conversational flatteries.

Nevertheless, the monk enjoyed it: "The Beacon King said that?"

"Indeed."

Qiusheng added: "His Excellency also said that your Buddhist affinity is boundless. If we are blind enough to provoke you, then we deserve death. Not even immortals can save us."

The monk coughed twice and asked: "Where is your Beacon King? I'll go ask him about the crappy job he has been doing teaching his followers."

Anyone else would burst out in laughter if they were to hear this, but certainly not when it came from Monk Jiu Rou.

Qiusheng said: "His Excellency has recently obtained an ancient sacred artifact of the heretical dao from Bronze Cauldron Mountain so he is in isolated cultivation right now. I'm sure he'll come out soon enough and will personally prepare a banquet for you. Our young lord is in charge at the moment."

"I don't care for your temple's bullshit, hand over the Golden Silkworm Scripture right now and I'll spare you. Otherwise, I'll cross all of you over to the other side today." The monk said.

Qiusheng exchanged a glance with Taluo again. This was a tough position for them to be in but after seeing the monk's muscular arms, they nodded begrudgingly.

Qiusheng said: "The scripture is with the young lord right now, I'll ask him and will bring it back to Beastmaster Camp within three days, of course, there will also be an apologetic token."

Monk Jiu Rou didn't say anything so the two got even more scared. Qiusheng hurriedly added: "Given your great cultivation, I won't be able to escape even if I reach the edge of the world."

"Fine, so be it, if you don't bring the scripture back to Beastmaster in three days, I will capture and torture you a thousand times." This monk had an eccentric personality, certainly not a character on the side of justice. His voice resembled thunderous detonations, causing Qiusheng to become temporarily deaf.

The poor guy kept on bowing while walking backward. He and Taluo ran away with the remaining heretics.

Nalan Xuejian rushed into the main hall; her hair fluttering in the wind. Her Nalan Buddhist Robe was glowing, causing others to think that she was the daughter of Buddha. She quickly found Feiyun and saw that he was doing just fine.

She heaved a sigh of relief before pouting coquettishly: "Look at you now, Devil Feng, just sitting here and drinking all by yourself. Don't you know how worried I was, thinking that you might be missing an arm or a leg?"

Feiyun continued to drink out of the bronze cup. The red in his eyes and evil affinity have receded by quite a bit. He smiled: "How is that any of your business?"

For some reason, whenever she was around, the evil affinity in his Yama's spine would be suppressed, same with his demonic blood.

"If you lose an arm or a leg, then I'll have to take care of you forever, washing your clothes and making food for you, cleaning your face, oh, and your smelly socks too..." Xuejian glared at him before knocking his head.

"Ugh!" He spat a mouthful of blood into the cup and his hand and started coughing violently.

He was wounded during the mental fight earlier with Qiusheng but needed to stay strong. Now that the heretics have left, he finally spat the blood gathered in his chest outside and felt much better.

"I'm sorry, sorry, don't scare me..." Xuejian was scared out of her mind, thinking that she had knocked his head too hard and started blaming herself.

She quickly took out her Jadeite Buddhist Beads with a gentle glow. She held it in one hand and held his hand tightly with the other.

The beads emitted the purest form of Buddhist energy as if she was holding stars. This energy poured into Feiyun's body.

Feiyun initially wanted to tell her that he was fine and didn't need her to use the beads on him. However, a calm sound of Buddhism rang in his head, purifying his desires and dark thoughts.

The evil affinity in the spine was pushed back into the bone marrow and sealed by a faint green glow.

This green glow continued to flow in his veins, soothing his demonic blood. Even the blood left by the Evil Woman dimmed down from the purification process.

The two of them maintained this position, surrounded by numerous Buddhist lights.

Her gaze full of love as her eyebrows slightly quivered. Beautiful and holy like a Buddhist saintess; she had a white halo above her head, perfect and freed from impurities. Her delicate fingers held his hand tightly.

She stared at the cup full of blood, overwhelmed with sadness, and wished that she could suffer instead.

'It's because I'm so useless, he has always like to show off and thinks he's all that since youth because his mother wasn't around and grandmother didn't love him, yet I couldn't do anything about it, why am I so useless...' The girl kept on blaming herself.

More than half of his evil affinity has been suppressed. Even the evil runes on his face have grown weak so his complexion became quite again. There were only a few faint symbols left on his temples. One wouldn't be able to see them at a glance.

He slowly opened his eyes; they were black again.

After seeing that he was okay, she became relieved and wanted to knock his head again. Alas, her hand froze in the air because she didn't want to make him vomit blood once more.

She loosened her fist and used her sleeve to wipe away the blood on his lips, her eyes full of worries: "Are you feeling better?"

Feiyun's eyes flashed deviously while staring at this doll-like girl. He said with a serious tone: "Damn it all... I'm cultivating a physique technique that at grand completion, I'll have a diamond and indestructible body, but it does have a weak spot... the top of my head... that just got hit by you earlier. My... cultivation is gone now... I'll never be able to cultivate again..."

Xuejian blamed herself even more, biting her lips as her eyes glistened with tears. She started hitting herself and lamented: "Stupid Xuejian, you can't do anything right!"

Feiyun put on a sorrowful expression and added: "I don't blame you... I guess this is just my... fate..."

[Chapter 614: The Point Of Buddhism?](#)

"It's all my fault, all my fault..." Nalan Xuejian cried while latching on Feiyun; quite a pitiful scene.

On the other side, Monk Jiu Rou had a fight with Formless.

Formless recalled his Buddhism and stood straight up, looking as flawless and gallant as ever: "Amitabha, A great monk of Buddhism like you shouldn't help the villains against honest people by letting the heretics leave. They should pay for their sins."

Monk Jiu Rou actually liked Formless very much. Such a young and capable Buddhist was a rare sight, capable of emitting the image of Buddhas following him. This was a fetus, a potential seed to become a saint. His future was unfathomable.

"Brat, do you know who they are?" Monk Jiu Rou held a big jar in one hand and the Invincible Buddhist Staff in the other; his breath stinks of wine as he asked with a smirk.

Formless stood on top of a shrine; the wind caressed his fluttering white robe. He answered: "Buddhists are meant to be good and save everyone, clearly seeing the difference between good and evil, not afraid of tyranny nor evil, not scared of illness and death for it is part of the karmic cycle. One shouldn't hold back their fist just because of the opponent's background."

The monk laughed boisterously in response: "Be good and save everyone? Holding back the fist? Brat, do you know what Buddhist cultivation is?"

"Buddhist cultivation is a path towards enlightenment. From not knowing to knowing; all living beings are capable of reaching this zen state of mind, and once reached, that's success for their dao."

“You’ve read this in the scriptures, right?” The monk looked down on this response: “No, Buddhist cultivation is about learning how to conduct oneself.”

The monk rarely cared to debate with other people but he wanted to teach Formless.

“How to conduct oneself?” Formless had a pensive expression.

The monk saw the flash in his eyes and nodded approvingly: “What about regular cultivation?”

Formless replied: “Cultivation is a means to do good and avoid evil in a karmic manner. Teaching people to do good things to reap the karmic fruit; be wary of evil acts and evil-doers, avoid unnecessary thoughts and bolster and improve one’s mind in order to have a Buddhist heart...”

“This is from the scriptures too?” The monk interrupted.

Formless moved his beads around and nodded: “The Buddhist scriptures are written by the great sages, they’re not wrong.”

The monk replied: “In my opinion, cultivation is to improve on one’s defects. No one is perfect, so there is no limit to cultivation as a way to become a better person. This is more realistic than your idealistic spiel about being a savior.”

The monk stopped speaking and went inside the shrine.

“Improve on one’s defects?” Formless fell into rumination again. The images and light of Buddhism appeared once more during his meditation, looking just like a jade Buddha.

After entering the shrine, Monk Jiu Rou saw Feiyun and Xuejian hugging and crying pitifully, especially Xuejian. Who knows what they were crying about?

He gritted his teeth, feeling that this boy has always taken advantage of Nalan Xuejian.

“Whoosh!” He waved his sleeve and opened the cages for Wu Qinghua and the two female geniuses.

They looked quite beaten as they turned and bowed towards the monk to express their gratitude.

Afterward, Chi Yao took out her jade sword and gathered energy to create Buddhist runes. She unleashed a slash straight for Feiyun: “Feng Feiyun you animal, die!”

“Sister Chi Yao, why are you attacking him for no reason?” Xuejian blocked in front of Feiyun then released a plume of clouds with her delicate hand, successfully stopping the slash.

“Xuejian, move aside, if I can’t kill this monster, I will commit suicide before Buddha.” Chi Yao thought that Feiyun had raped Chan Ling’er so she hated him to the bones.

Huaji Ningxiang also had an unfriendly gaze, gathering energy in her palms in order to cross him over.

“Chi Yao, Ningxiang, what are you two doing?” Chan Ling’er entered with Formless.

The two of them were completely surprised and stared at her in astonishment. After a long while, Chi Yao asked: “Didn’t that devil...”

“You misunderstood him.” Ling’er explained the whole thing. Of course, she left out the part when he ripped out her clothes and took out her dudou.

“I see.” Chi Yao glanced coldly at him.

Feiyun wasn’t afraid at all and smiled: “Miss Chi, are you going to commit suicide in front of Buddha now?”

Chi Yao saw his wretched smile and thought about how he groped her breast earlier and became quite angry, wanting to raise her sword again.

Alas, Ling’er pulled her back. After all, they might be roast meat if it wasn’t for Feiyun.

“We need to thank you, Monk Formless. Your Buddhist arts are peerless. Even though you’re around the same age as us, your cultivation is a hundred times better. I was blind for thinking that I was comparable to the kings of the young generation. After seeing your abilities, I realized just how much of a frog inside the well I was.” Chi Yao seemed to be a different person when she’s talking to Formless. There was respect and even a touch of reverence.

“Yes, if it wasn’t for your help, we would have been eaten by those monsters.” Ningxiang had the same expression.

In terms of Buddhist affinity alone, the ten supremes of their sect combined still didn’t match him. Meanwhile, the one who worked the hardest, Feng Feiyun, was completely pushed to the side by them since they still considered him to be evil.

Formless placed his palms together and said: “I simply did my best with my meager strength. Monk Jiu Rou came at the right time or I would be a meal for them as well.”

The group began to head for Beastmaster Camp.

Xuejian was in a terrible mood. She sat on Rhino and continued to protect Feng Feiyun, rubbing his legs then massaging his back. She didn’t dare to be too rough lest the risk of aggravating his injury.

Formless wanted to continue on his journey but under everyone’s enthusiastic request, he agreed to come train at Beastmaster for a bit.

After all, it was the number one sacred ground for Buddhism with plenty of old scrolls. Moreover, a magnate like Monk Jiu Rou was around as well. These were big reasons for a Buddhist like him to stay.

“I come from Rapture to the west, studying the Grand Completion Bodhi Scripture with my master. I have only left my temple three years ago to start a journey. Along the way, I have met the sinister aspects looming in the heart of people, such as greed, anger, and addiction... Truly inevitable, so Monk Jiu Rou was right. Buddhist cultivation is about how to improve oneself...”

Chi Yao, Ling’er, Ningxiang, and even Wu Qinghua were fans of Formless. They debated the essentials of Buddhism with him.

However, it looked like Formless wanted to bring Monk Jiu Rou into the mix. He would occasionally ask the monk questions with a respectful and polite attitude.

On the other hand, Feng Feiyun relaxed on top of Rhino with his eyes closed: "Xuejian, we can't be together. My cultivation is broken now so I only have several more decades to live. You are cultivating with the monk and can even become a Buddhist Saint in the future, we're not from the same world, you and I."

She froze while rubbing his arm after hearing this and said pitifully: "Then I'll stop cultivating."

"Why?" Feiyun got up and touched her face.

"The one I like is you, not Buddha."

Feiyun sighed and lay back down.

It was a peaceful journey back to Beastmaster Camp.

The moon was hanging high in the night sky.

The shadows of the trees fluttered. The ones nearby were tall enough to blot out the sky. Just one branch was as thick as a large water basin.

The lake nearby had an upside-down moon within. Feiyun was by this shore of Thousand Islands, sitting in the grass and leaning on a tree to drink by himself. He touched his heart while reminiscing about a beautiful figure. Her image was still as clear in his mind as ever.

"So you didn't lose your cultivation completely." Quiet footsteps sounded to the back.

Formless came out of the forest, wearing his stainless robe and holding his beads. He stood nearby and looked at the water surface.

Feiyun's long hair fluttered with the wind; his expression showed nothing as he said: "Don't know what you're talking about."

Formless came over and sat down; his ever-present glow became faint: "There are eight tribulations in life, and the one that hurts the most is the separation of lovers. If you don't want to love and hurt, then don't get involved at all. That's how a man should act."

Feiyun chuckled in response and kicked his jar over: "Don't preach Buddhism with me, how about a drink instead?"

Formless looked at the wine jar and said: "A monk does not drink."

"You're really a boring person." Feiyun shook his head.

"Fine, I will have one sip... then ask Buddha for forgiveness for three days, Buddha will surely forgive me." Formless took the bowl from Feiyun's hand and actually took a drink.

Feiyun was caught off guard by this!

"Bam!" The bowl fell to the ground and broke to pieces. The monk staggered back and forth before passing out with the scent of wine in his mouth.

“That’s his alcohol tolerance?” Feiyun shook his head and smiled again. He stared at the moon in the sky and said: “A bad man doesn’t deserve the love of a good girl.”

Having said that, he picked up a different jar and immediately took a drink. Half of the liquor got in his mouth and the rest all over his face.

[Chapter 615: Leaving Beastmaster Camp](#)

The early morning was cold with fog and mist rising from the lake.

Formless sobered and got up from the grass, hurriedly placing his palms together: “Amitabha.”

“Help me with something.” Feiyun has been in the same spot since last night.

“What is it?”

“Follow me!”

Two hours later.

A shrine was erected from nothing on top of a peak. Formless has finally finished putting the last pillar in place. He also polished a rectangular plaque and inscribed animated characters on it, dancing just like the dragons.

Feiyun accepted the plaque and also added words to the front.

“Goddess of Jin River.” Formless asked: “Who is she?”

Feiyun didn’t answer and leaped up to put the plaque in place. The two of them went inside.

The place was empty with the exception of a female statue and a Buddhist lamp.

The statue was carved from divine poplar wood that was as tough as steel, basked with an eternal glow.

Feiyun personally carved it. The thing looked beautiful and spirited as if it has its own life force.

“That’s her.” He said.

Formless seemed to have realized something. He slightly bowed his head and started chanting. A pure yet vast Buddhist affinity permeated the shrine. These strands of power converged on the statue.

The thing originally made from wood suddenly became a golden avatar; its glow becoming Buddhist in nature.

Feiyun glanced at him and said: “You aren’t that annoying, monk. Thank you for helping me build this shrine, I’ll invite you out for a drink again.”

Formless’ expression changed after drinking was brought up. His alcohol tolerance was indeed pathetic; just one gulp is all it takes to get drunk. He smiled and said: “I’ll outdrink you one day.”

Feiyun turned to descend while laughing boisterously as if making fun of Formless for overestimating himself.

“Where are you going?” Formless asked, looking quite stately; his robe as white as snow.

“I will bring the statue of the goddess to every corner of this world.” Feiyun’s laughter still echoed across the hill.

Skyhigh Peak.

The camp master, Tan Qingsu, happily handed a jade box to him: “This is the antidote for your centipede from Senior Aunt.”

“That old nun? How is she?” He accepted it and placed it in his spatial pouch without checking.

“She has passed away.” She calmly responded.

Death was a part of life; it was only a matter of time.

Trees looked like dragons coiling around the vast expanse of clouds. One had a great view looking down on everything while being on Skyhigh.

She released the seal on his body and said: “More than half of the malefic force and evil affinity are suppressed, so there is no need to perform the ninth cleansing. Looks like something good has happened recently for you.”

Feiyun smirked and raised both hands, releasing a blinding light. Lightning currents surged through him; one could hear the roars of ten thousand beasts echoing through the mountains.

He has been here for more than a year. Though his cultivation was sealed, each purification attempt actually increased his power. Tan Qingsu clearly used her own cultivation to suppress his evil affinities.

Feiyun kept this kindness in mind. He always kept a fair score of enemies and friends.

She continued: “There are many problems looming in your body that can only be dealt with after you become an Enlightened Being. Before then, you need to avoid killing and do kind deeds. If you turn into a devil for a second time, I will personally leave the mountain to eliminate you.”

He smiled: “Thank you, Camp Master. If your sect needs my help in the future, just let me know. I will return right away no matter how far away I am.”

She nodded and left with Rhino.

“Wait, Camp Master.” He called her back and hesitated. In the end, he still gave her a letter: “Give this to Nalan for me.”

She gave him the side-eye but still accepted it: “Why don’t you give it to her yourself?”

“I’m sure you will be able to give her a good explanation since you can’t bear to watch her eyes swollen from crying.” Feiyun pondered for a moment before leaping into the clouds, disappearing from sight.

Qingsu held the letter in a daze as if it was a hot potato. It was too late to give it back to Feiyun so she could only sigh.

Feiyun left Beastmaster Camp without any reluctance. Along the dangerous path along the ridges, he saw a monk in white with a basket on his back. The guy seemed to be waiting for him.

He was surprised and said: "Monk Formless, you aren't staying here longer?"

Formless smiled: "Beastmaster Camp is the number one Buddhist holy ground in Jin, but in my mind, the real number one holy ground is in one's heart."

The two of them descended from the ridge and left Beastmaster, perhaps to never return.

After leaving Calmwind Pass, there were two paths - one west and one east.

Formless asked at the crossroad: "What's your plan?"

Feiyun had a bitter feeling, not knowing what he should do.

Go home? But he had no loyalty to the current Feng Clan.

He felt lost after Hongyan's death. Prior to this, he wanted to cultivate to reach the peak so that he could have revenge against Shui Yueting. However, after recent events, he started to think about the point of it all. So what if he could kill Yueting? Would he be satisfied with that?

Avenging Nangong Hongyan didn't do anything. He still felt the same pain as before.

Perhaps what he should focus on was the present and those around him.

"I'm going east, what about you?" Formless knew about his confusion but didn't offer a piece of advice.

He knew that this was only temporary. Someone with Feiyun's mental fortitude would become better soon enough.

Some could wallow in misery forever, but a selected few could find a new goal.

"West for me." Feiyun said.

"We'll meet again when I'm better at drinking. I'll take you down then." Formless laughed and left right away. Just one step took him several miles into the horizon.

Feiyun watched him leave before speaking: "You've been following us the entire time, show your face right now."

The wilderness didn't answer back. Only a few birds were scared by his cold voice.

"Boom!" Feiyun's expression became colder. He slightly moved his body and activated Swift Samsara. He punched an iron tree with a diameter of three meters, penetrating it completely and knocking away a slender figure hiding behind it.

He was surprised after seeing the person on the ground: "It's you?"

Bai Ruxue didn't expect Feiyun to be so strong, a hundred times stronger than several years ago.

She was very careful yet was still spotted by him.

"Feiyun, are you surprised that I'm still alive?" She wasn't afraid of him. Her eyes bright and teeth white. She floated up from the ground like a blossoming petal of a flower. Her hair was long again and as white as snow.

Feiyun naturally didn't forget about this demoness from the fourth hall. However, he clearly buried her so why was she a student of Beastmaster right now.

He took out his heavenly weapon essence and pointed it at her neck: "I'll give you a chance to speak."

His essence was extremely cool, virtually freezing her in place.

She told him the truth from start to finish without hiding anything. After all, Nangong Hongyan was dead.

"So everything was planned by Hongyan... the blood bracelet!" He turned towards her wrist and sure enough. There was a black bracelet with three indentations filled with blood. There were nine formations engraved on the special material, extremely hard to destroy.

The bracelet wasn't the thing that shocked him but rather the drop of blood belonging to Nangong Hongyan.

She was its master. Taking off the bracelet required a drop of her blood. Of course, this bracelet right now also had one drop. Just this drop alone was considered priceless by Feiyun.

"You can't be the only one under her control with this bracelet. I know several more demonesses from Senluo have them too! Haha!" Feiyun resembled a blind man that has just regained his sight. The fog has been dispelled so he felt quite good.

He knew exactly what to do right now.

[Chapter 616: City Filled With Corpses](#)

This was a period of chaos. The imperial rule was unstable after the coronation of the empress. Rebellions were rampant everywhere, so was the smoke of war.

Not only was the cultivation world in shambles, but the same thing also happened in the mortal land. Wails of lament pervaded the world.

The dragons have finally started devouring heaven.

The great powers decided to claim sovereignty over their regions and started recruiting cultivators in order to rise above all others.

The weaker powers could only take over a village or a town. Some chose the mountains and decided to become local kings.

This was an unprecedented time of chaos in Jin. The regional institutions divided the land. The laws and orders became empty and meaningless. One could kill and murder everywhere.

Heaven's Equal Mountain Range, on the other hand, maintained a trace of peace. Refugees started running deeper in the mountains in order to find the legendary auspicious grounds of the immortals in order to escape.

They didn't know that the competitions between cultivators were even crueler and fiercer.

Many sects could be massacred overnight, not even a chicken would be spared. Their female disciples would be forced into wretched prostitution; the males shackled and bound into slavery.

A feast for the strong while the weak laments.

Up high among this range was a path spanning for 80,000 miles, leading to a citadel of steel.

It was built from blocks of black metals. Each piece weighed a million pounds, resulting in a mountain-like structure.

The nearby radius of several thousand miles was desolate and uninhabited. No one dared to be close to this city.

Five hundred miles right outside the city on the path was an ancient tablet with a blood-stained character, "forbidden". Normal cultivators would tremble after seeing this word and run back from whence they came.

"Click, click." A tiger with a touch of qilin bloodline towered at five meters, covered in black scales from top to bottom. Its large jaw filled with sharp fangs like two columns of swords.

It had a pair of scaled wings and a thick iron chain around its neck that would ring with its movements.

Two riders were on its back, a man and a woman.

The man had an outstanding appearance: bright eyes and shapely brows with other exceptional features. However, he had a rather nefarious aura while gripping the iron chain.

The tiger could fling its head or leap however it wanted but there was no escaping his grasp.

The woman was extremely beautiful with skin as white as the spring pear with a hint of red. Her hair was as white as the winter snow, creating a clear contrast with her black eyes.

She leaned on the chest of the man with an unsatisfied grimace. Alas, she didn't dare to voice her unhappiness and had to be obedient.

One shouldn't underestimate her. Her burst of rage was scarier than a murderer. Her jade-like hands were often covered with blood.

The tiger suddenly stopped after seeing the warning tablet for a split moment before continuing. The duo didn't show any fear as they headed for the black citadel.

"This is Black Crab Citadel?" Feiyun spoke with a cold expression; his hair as dark as ink.

"1,700 years ago during the split of Senluo, a group of heretics traveled to this mountain range to build the third hall. The current hall lord is an ambition and capable man with numerous experts below him. His influence stretched across the dynasty with more than 100 branches to gather top cultivators to his cause. Among them are plenty of prodigies, capable of being viewed as kings of the young generation."

Bai Ruxue was the prettiest of the fourth hall. Her cultivation was great so she held a prestigious position there.

Though Senluo has been divided into ten halls, some of them still mingled with each other. Every now and then, there would be a meeting with all ten. That's why she had some knowledge about the various halls.

Eight demonesses of this sect were under Nangong Hongyan's control. They had the blood bracelet that Feiyun must have due to the blood inside.

Plus, he needed to take Bai Ruxue with him. He couldn't let such a calculating woman hang around Nalan Xuejian.

The second reason was due to her vast knowledge of Senluo. This was the only way for him to find the other seven girls.

He cultivated along the way. Tan Qingsu's purest Buddhist energy was quite beneficial. After refining it completely, the spirit energy in his body doubled.

Though there was still a way to go before reaching the fifth level of Heaven's Mandate, it wasn't too far off.

"The prettiest in the third hall is Bi Xianxian, another talented girl. Moreover, her grandfather is a very influential half-step Giant in the third hall." Bai Ruxue was smart and knew just how to please a man. She knew how to be as obedient as a kitten, both in bed and otherwise.

Bi Xianxian also had a blood bracelet on her wrist.

Feiyun looked relaxed unlike the tiger beneath him. It seemed to recognize the terrible auras within the citadel. White smoke puffed out from its nose; its eyes opened widely.

This city had the chill of steel and devoid of any living person, only bloodstains on the ground. The protecting formations were destroyed; many buildings collapsed. Sections of the steel walls were pushed in like fried dough twist.

The blood hasn't been washed away by the rain, clearly showing that the massacre had just happened within the week.

Ruxue was shaken with fear in her eyes. Who had attacked the citadel? This was the third hall of Senluo, a great lair of the heretics with amazing defensive potentials. Even several million troops couldn't take this place down.

Feiyun slightly frowned before heading deeper into the city. After passing through a big street, they saw a sizable field with piles of corpses of all sexes and ages.

Some were split into two halves, others were crushed into an unrecognizable pulp.

The piles were rotting with flies and crows having their fill. The stench was unbearable.

"How can this be...?" She couldn't believe her own eyes.

As they continued forward, they saw more mountains of corpses just like the previous. The piles increased in size the closer they were to the central area.

Some of the corpses had a monstrous aura with jade-like bones. They were crucified on the walls with blood dripping down.

The city had clearly suffered a merciless onslaught. The experts from the third hall continued to struggle while retreating to the center. Unfortunately, all of them were killed in the end.

One could see that their enemies were mighty.

There was a massive mansion in the center meant for the lord of the third hall. But now, its walls and palaces were broken. Many powerful corpses scattered inside.

More than ten corpse controllers in purple robe were searching these corpses. When they found a powerful and intact corpse, they would put it into a coffin then close the lid.

“Quite a big catch this time, we can refine several Corpse Kings from this.” A supreme elder from Violetsea Corpse Cave stood next to a stone coffin. His face was old and dried without any pink almost like a corpse.

A slightly taller old man smiled: “It’s a good thing that we’ve received news early to come here first for these powerful corpses. This is enough to raise the power level of our cave.”

“Keke! This chaos is perfect for corpse controllers like us. Our cave will become the number one sect in Jin soon enough!” The supreme elder laughed.

“What a shame, only two Giants though. The other Giants must have been taken away.”

Suddenly, the controllers all turned towards the distant and saw a scaled tiger coming with two young riders.

They stopped rummaging through the corpses and stared at Bai Ruxue. They were always around corpses, rarely having the chance to see such a beauty so their eyes lit up.

“Bam!” Feiyun threw down a spirit stone as big as a head and asked: “The one who can tell me what happened here will get this stone.”

The stone was bright and dazzling. Carefully cutting it will yield dozens of smaller stones. A Heaven’s Mandate cultivator usually couldn’t have this much money.

The controllers were elated, thinking that this guy was quite rich!

They felt that these two youths were prodigies from a big clan. In other words, fat sheep for them to get rich off of.

A controller around twenty years of age walked forward first. He stared blatantly at Ruxue’s seductive breasts as if he could see through her clothes. He smiled darkly: “I think this much money isn’t enough! I’ll tell you what happened if you add something else.”

“Tell us what you want then, Handsome.” Ruxue’s soft voice was enchanting with seductive ripples in her eyes.

The controllers felt hot after just listening. They thought, ‘this girl might look like a fairy but she must be a slut. Let’s take care of this kid then have our way with her...’

[Chapter 617: Return Of The Demon](#)

A twenty-year-old corpse controller licked his lips, feeling how dried it became from the fire raging within him. His eyes nearly shot out flames.

How could such a seductive woman exist in this world? She knew just how to make people go crazy.

“Don’t... don’t you know what I want? Don’t play coy now.” He smiled, hinting with his expression while gesturing with both hands.

“Oh, I see.” Bai Ruxue blinked and gently leaped off of the scaled tiger in an elegant manner.

The nearby area was still wet with blood but this didn’t affect her pure aura at all. The contrast actually made blood flow faster.

Feiyun didn’t try to stop her.

Ruxue looked like a bewitching white elf so one corpse controller couldn’t stand it any longer. His lower-half couldn’t be any harder but he still took a deep breath: “I’m gonna let you have it, slut!” He leaped forward.

“Whoosh! Whoosh!” Her white hair started floating and created harsh gales like sabers. She cut him into a thousand pieces that eventually fall into a pile of flesh.

“You asked for it.” She still looked splendid and magnificent like a royal daughter with a bright smile on her face.

This all happened in a split second so the old men nearby couldn’t aid the youth at all.

Killing wasn’t gratifying to most people. First-timers would be traumatized and shocked, but she clearly didn’t belong to this classification.

“Such impudence, daring to kill a member of Violetsea?! What clan are you from?!” One old man coldly uttered.

The old man also stared intensely at her, clearly interested in such an elegant and seductive beauty. However, because of his status, he didn’t do anything previously.

He saw her attack earlier and knew that she was strong but it was still within the realm of acceptability. He could still take her down.

Bai Ruxue winked at Feiyun, wanting to incite more chaos: “I’m his woman, you can talk to him instead.”

“His woman?” The cultivators from Violetsea became aggressive, thinking that the guy was only about twenty. Even if he’s strong, their one supreme elder here could still take care of this brat.

“I’ll take care of the brat and you’ll be my woman, no, our woman.” A second-level Heaven’s Mandate standing ten meters away threw his spear. Lightning surged around the spear in a thick manner, turning it into a lightning dragon.

“These Violetsea controllers can’t change their bad habits.” Feiyun retaliated with a palm strike.

It spanned for ten meters and blew the spear away. It crushed the controller, turning him into a meat paste on top of leaving a two-meter deep print on the ground.

The other controllers took a deep breath because of Feiyun's power. 'Is this a young king from a big clan?'

They were surprised but not afraid. After all, Violetsea is still an ancient lineage that didn't give a damn about the four great clans.

Nevertheless, the old men still became angry after losing two members.

"Pink!" A white-haired elder summoned an energy vortex that spun around like in the air. A corpse red from top to bottom jumped out.

It looked like molten metal. Each step melted the mud with sizzling noises. When it punched, a fiery plume would shoot out as well.

It roared and spewed out nauseating corpse energy.

"Boom!" Feiyun punched with lightning-fast speed, breaking the corpse's arm. Next, he flicked his finger and penetrated the talisman taped to its forehead.

The corpse fell after the talisman was destroyed and eventually dispersed into specks of dust.

He didn't wish to waste time speaking with them and took out his weapon essence. A sharp saber energy pulled the corpse controllers inside. Dozens of white dragons shot out.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" This first wave of attack pierced six cultivators, ending their lives. Eight powerful ones were left but seven were grievously wounded. Only the supreme ancestor was untouched.

The survivors were shocked as if they have just been to hell and back. They summoned their corpses for protection, no longer daring to look down on Feiyun.

Bai Ruxue touched her chin while contemplating. She didn't think Feiyun would be so strong after a year. Just a simple move was so effective. Who among the young generation could take him on now?

"Who the hell are you?" The supreme elder had an ugly expression. He thought that this trip would be smooth sailing but now, this powerful youth had killed half of his group. How could he answer to his sect now?

The other seven were wounded. Earlier, they had a substitution corpse taking the majority of the damage. That energy wave together was unreal, managing to break their defensive treasures with ease. They would be dead right now if it wasn't for the substitution technique.

Feiyun spoke while holding his weapon essence: "No need to know my name. Tell me who attacked this place and where the survivors are, then I might spare you."

"Hmph! Brat, you're too young to be making threats!" The supreme elder waved his sleeve and a plume of black cloud billowed.

Inside were three fierce-looking corpses, fully adorned in silver armors. They had thick hair and red-glowing eyes.

This elder was an early Half-step. These three corpses were comparable to a pseudo-Corpse King.

“Ra!” They have been refined for a long time so their fingernails were as tough as swords; teeth three times longer than normal, much sharper as well. They looked thirsty for blood.

Feiyun leaped to the sky with meteoric speed. The weapon essence turned into a long spear.

He pierced through one of them but it didn’t die and reached for Feiyun. Its corpse energy was quite poisonous.

Ordinary people would die right away after being infected, but Feiyun even dared to drink the tainted blood of Evil Woman, let alone this energy.

“Boom!” The essence turned into a rain of swords and annihilated the corpse.

An early Half-step was a joke to Feiyun now. He didn’t spend any energy before turning it into dust. Its corpse energy dissipated completely.

“What a monster, is it that dual cultivator from the Yin Gou? Or the new leader of the Beiming?” An old man bleeding from the shoulder became even more afraid.

The supreme elder shook his head; his eyes became serious: “I think he resembles the monster that disappeared a year ago.”

“You’re right, it’s him!” A different old man thought of the frightening youth.

Many couldn’t forget the massacre one year ago. More than one million people died; their blood formed a lake in that city.

Corpse controllers naturally weren’t afraid of killing people, but killing one million was something else. Even the vilest person would be mentally affected.

“It can’t be...”

“I sense a powerful murderous intent in him, no one else among the young generation can have it.” The supreme elder had a serious expression.

“I thought he got killed by a master of the Daoist Gate. If this news were to spread, some people are going to lose sleep.”

“Poof!” A second corpse got punched through by Feiyun and exploded into several pieces.

“The dead should act like the dead.” Feiyun decapitated the third one and kicked open a coffin. He threw its head and body inside before closing the lid then stomped on the coffin. It went several dozens of meters to the ground before disappearing from the caving mud and debris.

He stood there and picked up the large spirit stone: “I’ve promised a Buddhist sage to avoid killing, so I do not wish to end all your lives. Don’t force me.”

He glared at the supreme elder; this was the only person who could still fight him. Would he back down?

The other old men were speechless while losing control of their legs. They never thought they would be intimidated by a youth until now.

This monster has just been released! Who would dare to provoke him now?

[Chapter 618: Bu Tian](#)

Violetsea Corpse Cave and Feiyun had prior conflicts. But now, Feiyun's evil affinity has been suppressed and he didn't wish to kill more people, provided that they didn't push him further.

The supreme elder was an early half-step Giant, a senior from the last generation. However, his battle potential was only on the same level as the three corpses earlier even with the help of various talismans. He calculated and found the odds against him so he chose to answer honestly.

"We've received news about the emergence of the Heretical King, and that the ten halls shall unite again. A while ago, the tenth, eighth, seventh, and fifth hall have been conquered by the young Heretical Lord. Some chose to yield right away while others fiercely resisted. For example, the tenth hall put up the greatest resistance but they still lost in the end. Even the tenth hall lord was killed."

"The third hall lord was also capable and ambitious. His cultivation was incredible at the ninth level and wouldn't submit after receiving an official decree. Unfortunately, this city fell within one day with thirty-percent of its inhabitants dead. The rest is captured and brought back to the main branch of Senluo."

This elder spoke with admiration: "The four walkers of Senluo have appeared again, real monsters. I witnessed the fight between the third lord and the Death Walker. They broke ten mountains and filled three lakes. In the end, the lord was defeated and captured too."

A half-step like him was a big shot and could reign an entire region. However, he wasn't much compared to the real masters.

Feiyun already knew about this but not Ruxue. She became surprised: "The Heretical King? Are you talking about Beacon King who has been missing for nearly two thousand years?"

"Indeed." The corpse controllers' expression changed after hearing this title.

Normally, no one would remember the title of a person who has been missing for two thousand years. Alas, this king's prestige remained.

'So it's that young lord.' Feiyun contemplated.

The ten halls of Senluo were quite strong. An individual branch might not be on the same level as the four great clans in Jin, but definitely stronger than a marquis' faction.

Three halls combined were on the same level as one great clan, but the young lord must have caught them off guard. He had five halls under his control now on top of the first hall, so six in total.

If all ten halls were to unite again, then they might be even stronger compared to the past. The government would become the underdog.

"So Bi Xianxian and the other demonesses are also brought to the main branch?" Feiyun didn't care for the girls, only the blood drops in their bracelets.

"Let's go." He jumped back on the tiger and Bai Ruxue naturally followed him. He slapped the beast's back and its gigantic body leaped into the clouds.

The old men heaved a sigh of relief before becoming serious with murderous intent.

“We need to report to the cave lord right away about Feiyun’s appearance. It’s best to kill him before he makes it back to the capital.”

“Yes, he’s strong now but there are no winds beneath his wings. As long as the Divine King’s faction isn’t aiding him, he’s nothing. We just need to mobilize enough experts to kill him.”

“He’s clearly looking for someone from the third hall and will be heading for the main branch, so he’ll be passing certain checkpoints. We can ambush him along those routes.”

“Go!” The supreme elder ordered people to put the qualified corpses into stone coffins before leaving this city, heading westward. They traveled the entire night and spent three days to leave this mountain range.

Their destination was another big city located in the outer edge of Heaven’s Equal Mountain Range, not back to Western Prefecture.

This city of death resided in the shared border of Central Royal, Grand Southern, and Ancient Jiang. This was an important strategic location and Violetsea has temporarily set up their command post here.

“Ancestor Lu, wait, why is everyone wounded? What about the rest?” A young disciple came to greet them and immediately helped the most injured old man.

Their supreme elder directly entered an ominous palace with a yin aura to see their cave lord, Violetsea King.

“Feng Feiyun might be a brat but we need to be proactive.” The king was lying in a pool of blood. The liquid acted like tentacles and continued to enter his body.

“He has some grudges with us, especially when Yama’s blood almost killed him. He’s not strong enough now and won’t retaliate, but given his talents, it’ll be less than thirty years until he reaches the top echelon of masters, not to mention his imperial faction. We’ll be the first to taste his wrath.” The ancestor said.

The king’s eyes were closed. He had a smirk on his face: “His imperial faction? Jin might not even exist in thirty years, let alone the Divine King’s branch. However, he is indeed a big threat. Eliminating him early will spare us from unnecessary problems later. Bu Tian.”

A gust of wind appeared in the palace and condensed into a pale man. His yin affinity was extremely dense as he answered: “Here.”

The ancestor looked at the man and felt a chill as if he was trapped in a glacier’s crevice. Could this be the First Disciple of the cave lord, Bu Tian?

The man stood in the center and acted respectfully towards Violetsea King. His entire left sleeve was fluttering to the light breeze. The guy only had one arm.

“Has your battle corpse reach the Corpse King level?” His master asked.

Bu Tian nodded: "Yes, early level. It still needs battle experience to truly have the battle potential of a Corpse King."

He waved his hand and a scaly being jumped into the hall. The scales were made from Black Tortoise Steel with engraved runes. Bu Tian himself prepared them. Even a spirit treasure might not be able to penetrate this defensive layer.

The corpse roared and spewed out nether energy from its decayed mouth.

"Very well, here is an opportunity for you to train your corpse. Haven't you been waiting for a battle to become famous? Go kill this person and your name will be heard across the world." The king said.

"Who?" Bu Tian calmly answered, shrouded in a chilling aura.

"Feng Feiyun. He is heading for the main branch of Senluo. Eliminate Feiyun and you will be even more famous than him..."

Bu Tian disappeared from the hall before the king could even finish. The scaly corpse naturally followed him.

"Cave Lord, Feiyun is known for his treachery, should we order several masters to follow him just to be safe?" The supreme elder asked.

"No need, Bu Tian alone guarantees success."

Senluo Temple was archaic with many legends about its inception in the heretical world.

Its main branch's location was highly debated as well. Some said that it was located within the marsh of Ancient Jiang. Others said that it was somewhere among the vast plain of Heaven Heart Prefecture or right in Bronze Cauldron Mountain.

Few actually knew its real location.

"Head east until you reach the end of Heaven's Equal Mountain Range and enter Ancient Jiang Prefecture. The main branch of Senluo is within that mountainous area named Endless Land." Bai Ruxue has only heard of its location from her senior.

This area belonged to the first hall and had a prestigious and sacred status among the heretics.

'So it's actually in Ancient Jiang.' Feiyun thought.

This prefecture was the most desolate region in Jin with pristine forests and mountains. There existed a powerful race. Its members were over three-meter tall with unnatural strength at birth. They were simple and lived like early barbarians.

There were plenty of tribes in this prefecture. The three strongest were mighty with millions of capable warriors.

The best among them were five to six meters in height, able to lift a large mountain with one hand or intimidate millenium spirit beasts with a single battle cry.

Central Royal was considered the biggest prefecture in other statistics but in terms of size alone, Ancient Jiang was more impressive. It spanned across the border of Jin for 100,000 miles within Endless Land and all the way eastward for another 800,000 miles until the territory of another dynasty, Qian.

The 800,000 miles between these two dynasties were desolate - the land of beasts. Humans rarely set foot in this place.

Ordinary cultivator rarely set foot in Ancient Jiang because the people there were xenophobic; some tribes were cannibalistic. Only the real master would enter Endless Land in search of dao enlightenment and precious longevity herbs.

[Chapter 619: Jiang Pass](#)

Terrible birds and beasts gathered in the mountain range. Feiyun naturally tried his best to avoid them and took a longer path.

He saw many reclusive sects during the trip, prosperous with tens of thousands of members. Of course, he saw many reduced to ruins too.

As time passed, fewer sects stood on the way, replaced by more pristine thickets and towering mountains.

Ordinary people couldn't get through this area. Eventually, he saw trees that have grown for thousands of years and were hundreds of meters high. They looked like heavenly umbrellas with branches home to the great birds.

They were closer and closer to Ancient Jiang Prefecture.

Due to the xenophobic nature of its inhabitants, not even the great sects wanted to expand here. This resulted in desolation.

"Screech!" A bird with twenty-meter long wings howled. It had black feathers and iron break, spewing the stench of blood.

It soared down towards Feiyun's scaled tiger, treating it as food.

Feiyun was cultivating on the beast's back and felt this incoming pressure. His weapon essence flew out and turned into a long spear, directly piercing the bird's stomach. It flew around inside and devastated the bird's innards before flying back out.

The great bird fell into a deep mountain stream nearby.

"Raa!" Birds of the same size suddenly rushed out of the thicket and blotted out the sun, full of aggression.

The tiger became intimidated while issuing nervous roars.

Feiyun stood up, looking quite cool. Each spear thrust of his could take down a bird. He danced around in the sky and stirred a rain of blood and feathers. It didn't take long before he killed a hundred or so.

"Raaa!" He floated in the air and let out the cries of ten thousand beasts.

The area suddenly became quiet. Several more powerful birds backed off after hearing this roar.

The Myriad Beast Physique had this intimidating effect.

“This is only the back part of Heaven’s Equal. Once we get into Endless Land in Jiang, stronger beasts will show up. I heard there is an ape taller than thirty meters there with dragon-like claws. It severed the arm of a Paramount Giant with a single slash. Someone else spotted a red fish as big as a mountain with two big wings, looking like a Kun in the legends.” Bai Ruxue spoke with a serious tone.

“That’s only a Kun’s descendant. The real thing has wings spanning for 90,000 miles. Nevertheless, it should still be able to swallow an Enlightened Being, definitely a lord in these forests.” Feiyun said.

He ordered the tiger to pull back its wings and land on the ground.

This place had numerous powerful monsters. Flying in the sky made one a living target facing numerous assaults. Going on the ground was safer, albeit slower.

They saw many nests and lairs across three mountains. Inside were human and animal skeletons. These beasts were strong enough to kill weaker cultivators and drag them back to their nest.

The trees were tall enough to blot out the sun. The atmosphere was moist with layers of leaves on the ground. Inside were squiring insects and unknown creatures.

A normal human would die within one hour of being inside this thicket.

“The people of Ancient Jiang are born with amazing physical strength. Heretical cultivators and slave traders sometimes capture them and sell for a high price. Some treat them as animals, making them pull carriages or fight beasts for entertainment, resulting in deaths in the ring. Outsiders don’t treat them as humans, only slaves. This is why some tribes of Jiang are very xenophobic. The stronger ones are actually cannibals. Only the caravan traders are really spared.” She elaborated.

Making money required courage, and the traders traveling through Jiang had plenty. They needed to watch out for the locals on top of the various monsters. Of course, the profits were handsome as well.

Trading cheap rock salt to the Jiang could net them furs valued at a thousand gold coins. Or, a bundle of cloth could fetch medicinal grass costing 100,000 coins somewhere else.

Feiyun said: “Humans require mutual respect to co-exist. No one can handle being treated like an animal. If they think the Jiang are animals, the Jiang will really act like animals against them.”

Feiyun was also viewed as an outsider since he was a half-demon. Others have called him a “beast”, “devil”, “demonspawn”...

Why should he respect those who don’t respect him?

Ruxue’s beautiful voice answered: “After we leave this area, there will be a camp of the martial army. They guard Jiang Pass, one must get through it to get to the Jiang Prefecture.”

They spent four days through this thicket before seeing people and the sun again.

Jiang Pass was built during the first generation of Jin. In the beginning, it was meant to prevent slave trading since that would result in conflicts and chaos. However, people began bribing the commanders here so the rules became lax. The army eventually stopped interfering with the slave trade.

As time passed, they became vigilant towards the Jiang and were meant to stop civil unrest and rebellions.

Of course, the Jiang could co-exist with ordinary humans during a time of peace. One could see Jiang members selling furs and medicine in this area, bartering with cultivators.

This pass was massive with city walls spanning for hundreds of miles, almost like a black mountain range.

As one came closer, they could sense the majestic aura of the pass. After entering, there were no soldiers in sight, only shops set up among the wilderness. Well-dressed young masters and powerful experts were looking to buy things from the large tribe members.

They were selling rare furs, stones, and horns as big as a water basin. Medicines and various weapons could be found as well.

The cultivators' shops consisted of big containers of salt, cloth, treasures...

These shops were very simple. Even the best one only had a few wooden stands. No one wanted to set up an actual building in this place.

It was evening once the tiger-riding duo made it into the pass.

Many Jiangs were gathering up their items since it was late. They put the merchandise on their large qilin bulls' back and left.

The human cultivators were also putting away their own stuff to leave.

The crowded area became desolate in just one hour. Not even a straw mat was left on the ground.

Feiyun jumped down from his tiger and asked an old man in a blue robe: "Uncle, may I ask why everyone is leaving in a hurry?"

The old man was cautious towards this stranger but after seeing Feiyun's appearance and youthfulness on top of having a beautiful companion, he became less vigilant. The guy didn't look like an evil heretic: "No one dares to stay here after dark because beasts or a tribe of giants might attack."

Feiyun nodded. He had heard about the death of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng. The Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess has become the ruler of the Heaven Worship Tribe.

This resulted in great instability. The three main tribes had nonstop battles that could spread to the pass.

Moreover, the beasts in this area were strong enough to attack the gate as well, especially during nighttime when they became more active.

This was the reason why this rather large city had no buildings and shops. What was the point if they could be trampled and destroyed in one night?

“These traders can’t all leave so soon after making the long journey, right?” Feiyun asked.

The old man replied: “They are staying at an inn named Spirit Domain two hundred miles away and will return again tomorrow to set up shops.”

“The beasts don’t attack that place?”

The old man looked at Feiyun with a look of surprise: “Young man, this is your first time here?”

Feiyun nodded.

“No wonder why you don’t know about Spirit Domain. In a radius of 18,000 miles, this inn is the safest yet most dangerous place. As long as one keeps their head down and pay a little fee, the sirs working at the inn will let you have a place to sleep.” The old man has finished putting his items on two bulls.

Feiyun smiled in response: “Why are you calling inn workers sir?”

“Let me tell you something, when a half-step Giant sees the inn matron’s dog, they’ll have to call it sir too.” The old man explained with good intention: “It’s best if you stay humble at the inn, or this safe haven will become your place of death.”

The night grew darker. The cold gales at night sounded like the roars of the beasts in the mountain.

Feiyun acknowledged the man’s advice before jumping back on the tiger, following him towards the inn two hundred miles away.

[Chapter 620: Spirit Domain Inn](#)

Darkness came quickly along with the breezes in the mountain range. One could hear the awe-inspiring roars from the beasts in the distant.

While crossing a narrow path between two cliffs, one could see a huge beast skeleton chained on one side. Its head was as big as a room. Bone flames were still burning and emitting a terrifying aura. This must be the corpse of a millennium spirit beast that has been burning for several hundred years.

Far ahead was the glow of bonfires.

The vacant plain was filled with numerous tents, traders with flamboyant clothes, cultivators from famous sects, and a few powerful lone wolves.

Some of the tents had the insignia of a trading company with guards nearby.

The ones who traded at the pass have also re-located here. Unfortunately, they couldn’t stay near the center with the tents and had to be content with just sitting on the ground.

Feiyun was surprised and asked: “Why don’t they set up shops here instead of running to Jiang Pass?”

“Trading under the table at the inn is punishable. A light sentence will end with their hands being chopped off; a serious sentence consists of being thrown into a serpent pit.” The old man answered.

Feiyun agreed with this answer. *This inn is a place of business. Gaining protection is one thing but if people dare to steal their profit in any manner, that’s just suicidal.*

A few Jiangs spent the night here as well. After a quick observation, there must have been more than ten thousand people here.

The inn was large but it couldn't accommodate so many people. Only influential and important characters could enter. The rest could only rent a tiny piece of land to stay overnight.

Of course, it wasn't cheap either. Each square meter required ten gold coins - enough expenses for an ordinary person to last ten years. This was only the price for the outside spots. The closer it was to the central inn, the more expensive.

A worker dressed in blue with a round hat walked over with a lantern in one hand and a jade ruler in the other. He had a soft yet haughty strut. A gold glow existed in his dantian.

Many cultivators stood up and greeted him with a smile: "Sir."

He came over to the old man in blue and said: "Elder Lin, how many spots will you need tonight?"

Elder Lin cupped his fist and slightly bowed: "Sir, business was bad tonight, so just twenty, as far out as possible."

He handed over a golden pouch, heavy with exactly two hundred gold coins.

The worker nodded, seemingly expecting this. He accepted the pouch and used his jade ruler to draw twenty spots in the farthest area away.

The old man and his two bulls entered the area with two large piles of merchandise, filling up the whole place. He had no choice but to sit on top of the items.

Feiyun watched while standing to the side, thinking that being a businessman wasn't easy. Others back home only saw the drunken parties, not the struggles on the move.

The worker then turned towards Feiyun then Bai Ruxue. He didn't linger on him for too long before asking: "How many plots for you, gentleman and lady?"

Feiyun smiled: "How can I let such a beautiful woman sleep outside? Prepare a top-notch room for me."

Those dared to go here were strong and had good hearing. They all looked over at Feiyun, thinking that this youth has a big tone.

Nevertheless, they understood the moment they saw Bai Ruxue. They would never let a pretty girl sleeps in the wild, but the problem was that a good room here cost an exorbitant sum.

"Another young master wanting to show off his wealth to the beauty, just watch, his face is gonna turn black the moment he learns the price for a room here."

"But that girl is truly pretty. I'm fine with going broke if it means spending the night with her."

Ruxue was definitely a demoness. She blinked and said coquettishly: "Just one room?"

"How many do you want then?" Feiyun asked.

Men would never be able to understand a woman's heart.

“How about reserving the entire inn?” She smiled.

“So be it.” He surprisingly played along.

In public, women needed to give men face and in return, men needed to satisfy their vanity.

Many snorted after hearing this and looked at Feiyun with disdain. ‘This guy wants to reserve all of Spirit Domain?’

The children of powerful clans training outside could only stay in the tents so they sneered at him.

“This guy thinks Spirit Domain is just a regular inn, that one can just reserve whenever? I can handle ten inns outside, but here... Hahaha!”

The worker smiled: “We don’t have that many empty rooms left, only seven. Two of them are top-ranked, dubbed Heaven, costing one hundred spirit stone per room each night. Three are smaller, Earth, fifty stones. The rest are Mortal for ten per night. If you want to reserve everything, then it will be 380 spirit stones, Young Noble.”

This was indeed a scary price. One hundred spirit stone could be the lifetime fortune of a half-step Giant, but it was only enough for one night here.

The crowd was ready to see Feiyun’s embarrassed expression after hearing the price.

“So cheap?” Feiyun took out two stones from his spatial pouch. They were as big as basins with a bright luster resembling two stars in the night sky, nearly dazing some people.

These two were large enough to be cut into 400 little ones.

“No change necessary, take my tiger to a Mortal room and feed it the tastiest beasts.” He said.

Ruxue didn’t expect Feiyun to be so rich either. Little did she know that this amount was nothing to him.

Everyone became frozen and slack-jawed. ‘Where the hell did this god of money come from? Throwing away several hundred stones like that without batting an eye?’

Of course, some became greedy and stared at Feiyun as if he was a mobile treasure grove. If it wasn’t for the no-kill law at the inn, they would have made their move already.

Feiyun walked towards the inn with both hands behind his back, leaving the crowd to gossip among themselves.

“Who is this brat? I don’t think many youths in all of Jin can be so liberal with money, is it Beiming Potian? Or the great genius from Yin Gou?”

“It has to be the genius from Yin Gou, only that clan can be so rich.”

“If it is one of these two monsters, then don’t have any idea or he’ll kill you.”

Everyone nodded.

“Hmm, I heard the Guard Commander Guo of Jiang Pass is coming tonight.”

“Divine Commander Guo has several million troops, comparable to a marquis. He comes here for the last day of every month, hehe, but the rooms are taken by the brat now so where is he going to stay?” [1]

“It’ll be fun, he’s gonna want to kill the brat given his temperament.”

The mysterious rooms inside the inn were extravagant and decorated with pink flowers, as luxurious as a royal palace.

A Pekinese with snow-white fur looking like a cotton ball was lying on its stomach on top of a flower bed. Its round, black eyes flashed in an intelligent manner before it suddenly barked towards a dark corner.

The worker with the jade ruler came out and respectfully bowed: “Mistress, we have a strange guest.”

“Which guest isn’t strange in some way here?” A woman answered with a pleasant voice.

Water vapor and mist filled the place along with the sound of water splashing.

“You’re right, Mistress.” The worker answered. This guy might be special compared to ordinary people, but not to the mistress.

“Another thing, Mistress. Today is the last day of the month.”

“Oh?” The splashing stopped in the water bath: “Looks like that annoying Divine Commander is coming again. If I didn’t want to take advantage of his men guarding the inn, I would have eaten him already, haha.” [2]

The Pekinese barked again after hearing this.

“And that strange group has been staying here for nearly a month without leaving. Maybe they have figured out your secret, Mistress?” The worker said, keeping his gaze on the ground.

“They’re from Sacred Spirit Palace, but I’m not their target. Beacon King has left Bronze Cauldron Mountain so they are feeling some pressure. No need to worry about them, of course, I’ll deal with them if they can’t pay the bill.” A jade-like hand extended from the bath, sparkling and translucent with pink flower petals attached. Beads of water streamed down her perfect skin, resulting in a gorgeous scene.