

Sprit Vessel 631

[Chapter 631: Yaoyao](#)

The pure melodies of the zither carried a tinge of sadness.

Feiyun stared at the platform hidden in the fog with a fiery gaze. Waves surfaced in his mind after seeing the white figure.

In this split second, her image appeared again. White-snow dress, a masterful display of the zither, and a slender figure dancing back and forth - truly intoxicating.

Shi Zhenxiang's eyes flashed with desires. He laughed: "who would have thought that this tiny inn would have such a beautiful woman? Let's see how pretty she is."

He walked forward into the fog; his legs as big as bronze pillars. Each step made the ground tremble.

However, a purple figure stopped before him. It was Feiyun who raised his spear and threatened: "You are courting death for dishonoring her."

He saw Nangong Hongyan's image from the zither girl. When Zhenxiang lusted after Bai Ruxue, Feiyun only felt a battle intent stemming from male instinct and possessiveness. Now, when it came to "Nangong Hongyan", this intent became murderous.

The sound of the zither stopped. A black-haired woman wearing a white-fox fur coat appeared. She slowly raised her head, revealing her exquisite neck and beautiful face. Her starry-eyes stared at Feiyun who blocked before the giant, looking quite gallant and unyielding.

She looked around the age of seventeen or eighteen, embracing a Pekingese while rubbing its head with a contemplative look.

Zhenxiang was full of murderous intent as he shouted: "Feng Feiyun, get the hell out of my way! You still bother me when I'm not going for your woman?!"

A sharp spear piercing through space answered him instead along with a massive bloodthirst.

Feiyun finally went all out, causing electrical currents to appear with loud crackles.

Zhenxiang roared and spewed out spirit energy in the form of a blue bell. It slammed into the spear and issued a metallic clanking.

"Break!" Beasts coiled around Feiyun's arms before they were lit ablaze. The ground beneath his feet was crushed as the spear successfully pierced through the bell without losing any momentum, looking just like a dragon.

"Shi Zhenxiang, you dare to be discourteous towards Yaoyao? I'll beat you so bad till your mother can't recognize you." Dahai became furious as the image of a big bull rushed out of his body and entered his saber. He unleashed a powerful slash straight at Zhenxiang's head.

Strategist Mo joined with his iron fan. It acted as an iron curtain falling down from above.

Zhenxiang was alone against three. He grabbed the beast bone from his back. It was a skull yet had a stronger aura than a spirit beast - definitely belonging to a 2,000-year-old creature.

A 1,000-year-old spirit beast was comparable to a Giant.

A 2,000-year-old spirit beast was comparable to an Enlightened Being.

“Boom!” The bone blew the fan flying then Zhenxiang focused on dealing with Dahai’s slash.

The two of them staggered backward from the impact. They both focused on physical force and had a similar battle prowess.

Before Zhenxiang could stabilize, Feiyun’s spear was already near his face. It skirted by the skull and left a deep hole behind.

Zhenxiang summoned a piece of iron around the size of a palm. This was a unique brand of metal found underground, even tougher than Black Tortoise Metal. However, it was still penetrated all the same.

‘Such a sharp weapon!’ Zhenxiang was shaken and noticed the other two attacking again. He spat on the ground and knew about his disadvantage.

He leaped and smashed through a wall and ran towards the night without hesitation. He jumped over the cliff and headed for the black mountains.

Feiyun was even faster and rushed through the terrains with a single thought to give chase. The spear danced through the air like a silver dragon and struck Zhenxiang in the back. However, something stopped the brunt of the damage so the wound was only one inch deep with blood oozing out.

Zhenxiang didn’t slow down at all. He continued jumping through the forest and made it to the horizon. His voice echoed back with hatred: “Feng Feiyun, if you ever set foot in Ancient Jiang, I will flay you! This isn’t over yet!”

He then disappeared into the night.

Feiyun could still catch up but there was no point since he wasn’t a match for Zhenxiang with his current cultivation.

Guo Dahai and Strategist Mo finally caught up since they were slower.

Dahai looked around and asked: “Where’s Zhenxiang?”

“He escaped.” Feiyun said.

Those from Jiang struggled against the fierce beasts in Endless Land since their youth. They had numerous escaping methods and ways to stay alive. The three of them could easily defeat Zhenxiang but killing him was a different matter.

Dahai gritted his teeth: “The bastard! I’ll cut him to pieces the next time I see him!”

The three began to go back. However, Guo Dahai and the strategist stopped near the cliff and saw the still-bleeding corpses of the six fallen generals. They were as close as brothers to Guo Dahai but they died for no reason today.

Dahai sat before the pile of corpses, clenching his fist and roaring towards the heaven: "Who did this?!"

They had to focus on facing Zhenxiang earlier in the inn so they didn't notice the bloody carnage outside.

Feiyun returned back to the inn and asked the woman shrouded in fog: "Who are you?"

She stood on the platform without revealing her true appearance. Her eyes seemed quite amused. She eventually answered: "My name is Yaoyao, thank you for saving me from that brute, Your Excellency."

Feiyun's eyes narrowed. He naturally didn't buy this. The inn wasn't as simple as it seems on the surface. This girl's cultivation was most likely higher than his expectation. Zhenxiang was only an annoying mosquito before her.

She simply didn't wish to dirty her hands by killing him. Feiyun had a faint guess about her cultivation because of her demonic energy.

'Why is she not killing me? I know about the vein too.' However, he didn't understand this particular question.

There was no point in asking again. He gave her a glance before shifting his gaze towards the zither then decided to leave the inn with Bai Ruxue.

This wasn't the place to stay for long. It was best to leave as soon as possible to avoid further complications.

Feiyun understood demons better than anyone; these beings were eccentric and unpredictable.

While leaving the inn, he saw the worker with the jade ruler again.

The worker had a mysterious smile and bowed towards Feiyun: "We wait for your next visit, Young Noble."

Back in the depths of the inn and above the stone forest was a floating palace.

The woman sat there, looking a bit lazy this time around while playing with her Pekingese. She brushed its fur with a comb made out of sandalwood.

An old voice with a hint of laughter came from outside: "Why didn't you kill him?"

He looked around the age of sixty in mortal years but was still as vigorous as ever. He had several wrinkles on his forehead and a few strands of gray hair. He stood with both hands behind his back, looking relaxed and stately, quite imposing as well.

He was on top of a floating boulder not far from this palace.

The woman was surrounded by red flowers - the red of blood. She smiled in response: "He's the only person with demonic blood in Jin, albeit only half. It makes me feel a special closeness."

The two of them were the only demons in Jin. So, in her mind, everyone else was a different race. Only Feiyun gave her a familiar sense.

She asked: "What are you refining in that spirit vein? To actually need ninety-nine days with your cultivation."

"A big part of why I was trapped in Bronze Cauldron Mountain for 1,840 years is because I wanted this item. Otherwise, I could have left 700 years ago." His eyes were full of energy. The left resembled the sun, the right looked like the moon. Both were full of divinity.

He was refining something down inside the spirit vein earlier but no one spotted him, not even Feiyun.

[Chapter 632: Heretical King](#)

The girl smiled and said: "I've let you borrow the vein, it's time for you to carry out your promise, no? Hand over the map of Bronze Cauldron Mountain and the coordinates of Myriad Demon Valley."

This was their agreement since they were beings of the same level.

Few were qualified to speak with this old man on an even footing, but this seemingly fragile woman was one of them.

The old man with the extraordinary temperament had a strange look in his eyes after the mountain was brought up. He sighed: "The place is extremely dangerous and majestic. I've only seen ten percent of it after being trapped for 1,800 years, not daring to go further inside. I can see the demonic energy surging from the valley all the way to the sky, so I do have a general idea about its position but let me warn you. Given your current cultivation, you only have a thirty percent chance or so of infiltrating it successfully. Why don't you first help me seize this land and I'll help you with the treasury in there?"

The woman's eyes flashed like the stars as she smiled: "Haha, you wish for my assistance against the Imperial Sire of Jin?"

She was referring to Long Luofu's father - the previous Jin Emperor.

"I've heard after coming out from the mountain that another amazing character has appeared from that clan after Long Jiangling and is considered the number one of Jin. I'll be seeing him soon enough at the capital."

This old man was spouting some shocking stuff - wanting to meet the previous emperor? Anyone else would become slack-jawed after hearing this.

In fact, the previous emperor was only a junior compared to him.

He was someone from the same generation as Empress Long Jiangling, so two positions higher than the previous emperor.

"So you're saying that you need me to deal with someone else instead?" The woman stopped petting her dog.

"I'm asking you to deal with the two old geezers from Sacred Spirit Palace." The old man replied.

"Haha, you're quite ambitious." The woman waved her sleeve to dismiss the guess then rubbed her eyes: "I'm tired and want to rest. Attendant, see our guest out."

Having said that, she lay down flat on the flowerbed with her dog. The fox fur was certainly soft but her body was even softer. This sleeping pose was frighteningly beautiful.

The old man stood on the floating peak in a cool manner while his robe fluttered with the wind. He had a disappointed expression, 'that's a demon for you, can't take advantage of her because she's too smart.'

The disappointment made his wrinkles even more apparent. He took out a leather scroll and placed it on the ground before disappearing from sight.

In the next second, he appeared outside of the inn.

The woman opened her eyes and smirked. She raised her hand and the leather scroll fell into her grasp.

She slowly opened it. The top had four impressive characters as bright as four suns with a unique heavenly dao law.

An ordinary person would have been burnt to ashes. She waved her hand and the law subsided, revealing the characters - Bronze Cauldron Mountain Map. She smiled sweetly again, as enchanting as a fox demoness.

The old man hid his aura completely and looked as ordinary as can be with a friendly smile on his face.

The other guests and cultivators didn't notice him outside of three people - the ones from Sacred Spirit Palace.

They trailed after the old man while keeping a far distance, not wanting to be spotted.

The old man traveled for dozens of miles before suddenly stopping.

The three froze as well while becoming nervous. They felt a loss of body control.

"Since when did people from Sacred Spirit turn into cowardly rats?" The gray-robed man didn't bother turning back to speak to them while standing on a small path filled with leaves.

"Beacon King, our palace lord invites you to our sect." The oldest man in a silver robe walked forward while holding a thick staff. He spoke in an authoritative manner.

These old men were Divine Emissaries and had a special status in the sect. Even the masters of the four great clans of Jin would need to be respectful towards them.

Why? Because they represented Sacred Spirit Palace, an existence above Jin.

The gray-robed man smiled and rubbed his well-kempt beard: "Of course I will give Sacred Spirit a visit, but not now."

The three old men in silver exchanged glances. Their dantian emitted a silver light at the same time, looking like three vast galaxies.

This silver light spread to their staff, illuminating half of the sky.

The three staves turned into three heavenly pillars and exuded an oppressive divinity. The two closest mountains cracked and crumbled as a result.

“Rumble!” The staves’ pressure turned the vegetation in a radius of several thousand meters to ashes.

The gray-robed man still didn’t turn around. He swung his sleeve backward in a casual manner.

The silver light in the sky suddenly swept back towards the emissaries. They suddenly turned to silver ashes and scattered to the ground.

The area became deadly silent.

“Clank! Clank! Clank!” The three staves fell and pinned to the ground, still glowing with light.

Numerous cracks appeared all over them. After a cool breeze, they turned into specks and fell to the ground.

Nothing was left of these emissaries outside of three silver piles of dust, not even a strand of hair.

“Sacred Spirit Palace, hahaha!” The gray-robed man continued forward. Each step took him several miles forward.

The dawn has come after the night. The sun started to rise by the east, waking the entire land.

“Heretical King, what about this woman?” A man covered in black armor from top to bottom with a black sword on his back asked. He stood behind the gray-robed old man with nothing but respect in his eyes.

Consort Beiming was ashen with blood on her dress. She was grievously wounded and sat inside a wooden pavilion while staring at these two men.

She had escaped from the spirit vein only to be captured by this armored man. ‘Wait, what did he say? Heretical King? This old man is the legendary king?’

The old man looked strangely friendly, devoid of any evil presence. He smiled towards the consort: “Please don’t be afraid, Divine Consort. I only wish to find out one thing.”

“What do you want to know?” The consort’s black cloak has been taken off, revealing her soft and exquisite figure. Time didn’t do a thing to her since she still looked around twenty years of age.

He smiled: “I want to know the cultivation realm of the Imperial Sire.”

The consort’s eyes widened. She gradually believed that this ordinary old man was indeed the Heretical King. She pondered for a bit before answering: “I don’t know his exact cultivation since he wouldn’t tell me. Only one person knows, the Empress Dowager. She’s the one who knows the most about his cultivation.”

She was referring to Long Luofu’s mother, Consort Hua.

The old man clicked his tongue, seemingly able to read her mind. He sighed: “Women, how can they hold such deep grudges? Black Guard, tell me, can we ever trust a woman’s words?”

"I only know the difference between the living and the dead, not men and women." The armored man said.

Suddenly, the black sword behind this man shook and issued a beast-like hum.

His murderous intent surged: "Heretical King, someone is coming."

The old man smiled and shook his head: "He's here to find the consort, let him come."

The armored man recalled his murderous intent and his sword stopped shaking.

Feiyun was making seals with both hands while continuously adding spirit energy into a red jewel made from the consort's blood. This allowed him to find her location.

He crossed through hills and streams to give chase. The jewel became brighter and brighter.

'She's nearby. Got so far away too.' He thought.

After getting through another thicket, he finally saw her inside a pavilion, still as sexy as ever despite the bloody wounds. She stared back at him as well.

On the other side, the gray-robed old man and the armored man have concealed their auras, looking just like regular passengers taking a quick break in the pavilion.

[Chapter 633: Exposing Divine Consort Beiming](#)

Feng Feiyun wanted to eliminate the problems by the roots - killing the consort while she wounded.

However, he didn't make a reckless move since there were two more people in the pavilion. An old man in gray and a man in thick armor with a sword.

This wooden pavilion was erected by the hunters of Ancient Jiang, so it looked quite crude.

This was the territory of Ancient Jiang. The mountains and forests here were laden with fierce beasts and human tribes. These tribes survived by being hunters, so they would travel far into these regions. They also built these pavilions in order to have rest stops along the way.

The two men didn't look like Jiang members at all, so why were they here? Plus, they were with the consort as well.

He could tell that the consort seemed to be afraid of them so he became even more curious.

"Consort Beiming, you are quite good at running." Feiyun put away the floating bead of blood and carefully walked towards the pavilion.

The old man in gray looked up; the wrinkles by his eyes and forehead became more apparent as he smiled in a friendly manner, just like a regular grandpa in the village.

Instinct told Feiyun he was anything but.

Despite being injured, the consort's hatred of Feiyun didn't lessen at all. She gathered her energy in her palm but before she could fully stretch her arm forward, cracking noises came all over like broken bones rubbing together.

Her injuries were more serious than their appearance with numerous broken bones. Her cultivation alone couldn't connect them without the aid of recovery pills.

This palm strike barely got out. The image was only three meters long and Feiyun easily took care of it with one class.

"Feng Feiyun, I will flay you when I'm healed." A strand of blood dripped out the corner of her mouth. She gritted her teeth and glared at him.

"You think you will have the chance?" Feiyun walked inside with the weapon essence readied.

The old man was initially sitting on a stack of hay. He stood up and fixed his robe: "Looks like a crime is about to happen here. Black Guard, it's better if we leave." [1]

He simply wanted to take a look at Feiyun, the current number one genius of Jin. Now that he got a look, it was time to leave. The consort had nothing to do with him.

He was an easy-going person and wouldn't ask the consort again since she had no intention of telling him. In his opinion, information from a woman might not be the truth anyway.

Feiyun wasn't the same way. If he wanted to know something, he demanded an answer.

After the two left, Feiyun moved his blade next to her neck and coldly said: "Who are those two?"

"Why should I tell you?" She could feel the coldness by her neck.

She was a proud person and thought that Feiyun was only an uncouth youth who got lucky enough to be the Divine King. If it wasn't for her hatred, she wouldn't look twice at him.

"Why? Because you are my prisoner." Feiyun sealed her dantian with lightning speed then put away his weapon essence.

He then grabbed her chin and forcefully tilt her face so they would look eye to eye.

He was no gentleman. He used to be a young master, a scoundrel, and a bandit. There was no reason to play nicely against the enemy.

She became alarmed after seeing the devilish glint in his eyes. She channeled her energy but her dantian has been sealed by a forbidden technique of his. There was no chance to fight back.

"Feng Feiyun, what, what are you trying to do?" She heaved loudly; her towering breasts moved up and down.

Because her robe has been stained with blood, they stuck tightly to her chest and clearly outlined them. Everything was in plain sight for him.

"You tell me." Feiyun smirked and touch her delicate cheek: "You really know how to stay young, your skin is still so soft and nice. Is the rest of your body just as good? Keke..."

She knew what kind of person he was. In fact, the entire dynasty knew about his "romances". The women who wanted to kill him were afraid of being captured by him the most.

And she was captured right now, so she was clearly not in the best of mood.

“Feng Feiyun, I rather die before I let you do anything!” Two flames emerged in her eyes. They flew out as she used her divine intents to incinerate her own body.

She wanted nothing more than to kill Feiyun and would definitely not let him defile her body.

How could Feiyun let her do this? Forty divine intents flew out of his eyes and suppressed her intents before destroying the flames.

She suffered a mental backlash as a result and her injuries became graver.

“Be a good girl and maybe I’ll let you off easy.” Feiyun said.

The consort gritted her teeth without responding.

Feiyun didn’t waste time and decided to go extreme. He took out a rope and tied her hands before hanging it to a tree with a diameter of three meters. Both of her hands were tied up straight, only the bottom of her feet barely touching the ground.

Even a foolish woman knew what was about to happen after being tied in this position by a man. She panicked even more.

Feiyun wasn’t in a hurry. He calmly spoke while standing in front of me: “The truth is that I do need women. This is true for all men, we can’t resist beautiful women, and I’m just another man.”

“Pah!” Her waist moved back and forth as she struggled. Her towering breasts and exquisite legs were very tempting.

Feiyun rubbed his chin and said: “A man strives to reach for greatness by aiming to take the most beautiful woman, anything less ambitious will doom him to a life of mediocrity. Do you know what I mean by ‘take’? I won’t let myself be subjected to mediocrity. Only greatness is allowed.” [2]

Her long, silky black hair draped straight down her face, nearly covering her almond eyes. She opened her shiny, pink lips: “Feng Feiyun, you think you can intimidate this Beiming Ruo like this? You far underestimate me.”

Feiyun shook his head and sighed: “To tell you the truth, I have principles and am not really interested in someone else’s woman. I feel that cuckolding another man is a very immoral thing, so don’t force me!”

“Haha, you don’t dare to do it!” Her laughter was interrupted and replaced by trembling after feeling the chill on her skin.

Feiyun had ripped off her robe and thrown them to the ground. She thought that because she was the emperor’s woman that he wouldn’t dare to touch her. Unfortunately, she wasn’t aware that Feiyun had no sense of morality and considered it to be worthless.

Her long and slender legs were in full view, perfectly shaped. Small feet without any scar and plump thighs, also free from defects - looking just like a jade sculpture.

Her arms hanging to the tree were shown as well, looking very feminine. Below her arms were her seductive collarbones, and then the white field beneath. This in addition to the wildland painted a picture of primitive sexiness.

“You still think I won’t do it?” Feiyun asked.

“You!”

Feiyun ripped off her undergarments to reveal her sexy and immaculate figure. Plump breasts and thin waist - looking even better than the body of a sixteen-year-old.

“How about now?” He smiled.

“I’ll speak...” She finally gave up.

“Sigh, you should have cooperated in the first place and I wouldn’t have needed to do this.” Feiyun said.

Her breasts undulated from anger; her starry eyes became cold as she uttered: “But you must promise not to rape or kill me.”

“I can guarantee both because the truth is that I’m really just not that interested in you.” Feiyun posed with both hands resting on the hilt of his saber pinning to the ground. He wore a contemplative smile while blatantly enjoying the view of her figure.

“You are telling the truth?”

“I’m no gentleman but I do keep my words.”

[Chapter 634: Urgent Message](#)

The consort didn’t want to submit to Feiyun’s intimidation at all but she had no other choice, ultimately choosing to reveal the old man’s identity.

Feiyun slightly frowned with glimmers in his eyes: “So that’s the legendary lord of Senluo, the Beacon King, no wonder why I felt such powerful divine intents in him.”

“Feng Feiyun, didn’t you say you would let me go?” She was afraid of him changing his mind.

Feiyun looked at her and smiled: “I only agreed to not rape or kill you, but you think I would actually let you go?”

Her expression darkened as she let go of grace: “Feng Feiyun, you bastard! I want to cut you to pieces!”

He ignored her and thought that she was a looming disaster, so leaving her alive was out of the question. Of course, he wouldn’t do it himself.

He crippled her cultivation and put an iron mask on her. He used a formation to keep the mask on before taking her to the army’s camp in the frontier.

Guo Dahai and Strategist Mo quickly greeted him with a bow.

Strategist Mo saw the masked woman next to him and became curious: “Your Excellency, may I ask who this is?”

“An important criminal of the court.” Feiyun said: “I have used a jade talisman to send a message to the empress. You need to order some experts to escort her back to the capital. Any mistake along the way and I’m afraid you won’t be able to keep your head.”

The two glanced at each other before getting on one knee: "We shall follow your order."

This secret prisoner involved both the empress and the king. This matter was clearly confidential. Any mistake would result in many deaths.

The two of them ordered a group of experts to build a fortified carriage to clandestinely send the prisoner back to the capital.

Feiyun watched with a smirk on his face. The person who wanted to kill Consort Beiming the most wasn't him but rather Empress Dowager Hua.

This strategy was called using a borrowed knife. In this case, using a woman to kill another woman was even better.

Along the way, Empress Dowager Hua would certainly send assassins to kill the consort before she could reach the capital.

The winner takes it all. If the crown prince had won, Feiyun, Long Luofu, and Consort Hua would be dead right now.

This was the result of losing a political struggle.

Black Guard was on one knee on top of a hill in Ancient Jiang. He reported everything to the old man in gray, including how Feiyun forced the consort to reveal their identity, how he crippled her cultivation and schemed to get her back to the capital. He didn't miss a single detail.

The old man had the aura of a king while staring at the majestic sceneries with a contemplative glimmer in his eyes: "Black Guard, who do you think is more talented, Feng Feiyun or the young lord?"

The armored man answered: "They're about even in terms of talents, same with wits, but..."

"But what?"

"But Feng Feiyun is more contemptible with more wretched methods. This guy will do anything, I don't think the young lord can do so." Black Guard said.

"Contemptible and wretched, all means necessary, haha. That's what the young lord is missing." The old man actually looked impressed.

"I don't understand." Black Guard said.

The old man smiled: "If someone insults you as contemptible and wretched, it means that you have taken advantage of them or bested them in some ways. Black Guard, know that in this man-eat-man world, reputation is mere decoration. Only the successful ones besting all of their enemies will become the final victors and get to write history on top of establishing morality. The historical annals will tell future generations who were contemptible and wretched."

"The losers are contemptible and wretched, of course. Thank you for your pointer, Beacon King." Black Guard said.

The smile disappeared from the king's face, replaced by a serious expression. The leisure temperament went away and this actually affected the overall atmosphere of the land nearby. The old man said: "When the young lord came to Beastmaster for the Golden Silkworm Scripture, he seemed to have left a potential problem."

Black Guard quietly listened.

"He's young and isn't ruthless enough, it's understandable. Black Guard, go to Beastmaster and quietly kill that pregnant girl. Next, go back and tell the young lord two things."

"First, tell him that a real king will not have the mercy of a woman. I have taken care of this potential problem for him this time, I hope there won't be a next time."

"Second, he represents our Senluo Temple while Feng Feiyun represents Jin. There will be a fight to the death since we wish to take over. I wish to know who is the better of the two before things escalate."

Black Guard became moved with a slight twitch: "How do you want them to compete, Beacon King?"

"A chess match between two kings, right here in Ancient Jiang, the battlefield will be Endless Land. Let Qian Qiusheng prepare the match!" The old man's eyes became fiery as he gazes northward with dao laws intertwining in his pupils. They looked like outlines of the land.

He was looking towards the capital.

The capital of Jin.

Providence and fortune gathered here with the dragon vein. The place was prosperous despite the battle that caused immense damage one year ago. Now, it looked as extravagant and majestic as ever. Cultivators gathered once more in the strongest location in Jin.

Imperial Palace, Violet Cloud Hall.

Empress Dowager Hua and Long Luofu were sitting down with a ten-meter map placed before them. It depicted the current situation in Jin and had smoke and fire everywhere. Numerous strands of draconic energy were surging in different places, looking quite aggressive. Their goal was the capital.

This was the Dynasty Diagram, containing the fate of Jin. The eight prefectures' physical features and natural orders were shown in this large painting.

Luofu rolled up the painting before throwing it towards the platform in this hall. It automatically fell down and disappeared from sight.

"Another dragon, that's the eighteenth." The Empress Dowager said.

Long Luofu stood there proudly with an amazing aura while wearing her Regal Dragon Robe. She had forty-nine golden strands of draconic energy surrounding her.

After her ascension, she gained the Dragon Spirit Stone and the Imperial Seal. The providence and fortune of Jin have now gathered on her body. Moreover, she had control of the dragon vein, so her cultivation had increased by countless folds - simply unfathomable at this moment.

The combination of fate and resources of the royal clan gave birth to a super master in an extremely short time.

She has been baptized in the Dracomization Pond six times in the last year, absorbing seventy percent of the power that has been accumulated there for centuries. She was only one step away from becoming an Enlightened Being.

This was a case of a carp successfully climbing the dragon gate and becoming a dragon.

Her aura was stronger; her temperament more dominating. Each of her actions looked like that of a ruler and was in harmony with the dao of heaven and earth. She said: "Dragons devouring the heaven. This is the will of heaven itself, wanting to end our dynasty. It shows that the dynasty is reaching its end, its providence weakened, so the chaos is inevitable. It's fine to have more dragons, the only thing that matters is Supreme. Whoever is in control of Supreme will grasp the fate of Jin."

Violet Cloud Hall was protected by seven masters with monstrous aura filling the entire area. They looked like seven stars ready to protect this palace. Any intruder would be killed instantly.

The palace was heavily guarded now unlike before during the political struggle. Prior to this, it was a competition between the princess and the crown prince so the real masters here couldn't get involved. That's why Giants rampaged the palace.

Now, Long Luofu was completely in charge. The royal clan's obvious and hidden powers were under her command.

The royal clan was only second to Sacred Spirit Palace, so its real might was something to behold. The four great clans might not be a match against it.

"I will enter the Dracomization Pond again for the seventh baptism for another attempt at reaching Nirvana." Luofu looked to be above all while standing in the center of the hall, gazing at her kingdom.

A jade talisman came from the horizon, leaving a long trail and looking just like a meteor. A gigantic hand outside the hall caught it.

A skinny middle-aged scholar with his bones almost showing came over. He got on his knees and bowed his head: "A message from Endless Land."

"From whom?" Long Luofu's voice carried an oppressive might. The man couldn't look up at all.

"From His Excellency, the Divine King." The middle-aged man took a deep breath and channeled violet energy inside his dantian. He barely managed to maintain the kneeling posture because of her aura instead of being pushed to the ground.

[Chapter 635: Grand Servant](#)

Long Luofu couldn't stay calm while her eyes flashed: "Bring it here."

The middle-aged man respectfully took out the jade talisman. One female official came over to take it and handed it to Long Luofu. Her eyes turned brighter after reading the content.

She looked around and said: "All of you, leave."

The middle-aged man and six female officials left then closed the door to the palace.

Empress Dowager Hua asked: "What's Feng Feiyun's message?"

"He caught Beiming Ruo at Jiang Pass, crippled her cultivation, and ordered the martial army to secretly escort her here." Luofu said with a ruminating smile.

Empress Dowager Hua chuckled: "That bitch deserves it. We can't let her come back to the capital alive because the royal faction might spare her due to her status as a consort. If she were to see the Imperial Sire, then there's even less of a chance of her dying. We must kill her to eliminate a potential problem in the future. We must."

A murderous plan inside this palace was concocted - a death sentence for Consort Beiming.

After ample preparation, Long Luofu contemplated even more. Why did Beiming Ruo go to the border? And why was Feiyun there?

A ruler needed to deduce many things from a single information and be more insightful than regular people, seeing more than just the surface.

'Beiming Potian fled from the capital after his faction was destroyed. He managed to invite that slumbering ancestor from Nether Mound and earned the leadership over what's left of the Beiming.'

'He is a brilliant talent fueled with hatred on top of possessing three counties in the northeast of Clearsky Prefecture - Mulberry Mound, Destiny, and Falling Shell. That's more than 480 cities ranging over 30,000 miles. The Beiming is certainly weakened but they have hidden forces and spies everywhere in Jin. Even though we have sent a kill decree, we still can't find all of these hidden experts.'

'He's doing everything to topple Jin, recruiting armies and forming alliances. I'm sure he'll march for the capital in a few years.'

'Beiming Ruo probably wants to form an alliance with a big tribe in Jin, but why was Feiyun there? Where has he been this last year?'

She held the arm of her throne while murmuring to herself: "Ask the Grand Preceptor for government affairs, the Grand Servant for anything else."

This was a piece of advice left behind by her father. She thought of it and instantly disappeared from the palace.

The next second, she merged outside of the Highest Shrine.

The door slowly opened as if the person inside knew that she would be visiting.

This shrine contained the avatars of the various emperors, a forbidden ground of the royal clan. This was her first time actually entering the area. It looked empty and didn't have a ceiling at the very top, looking just like a yellow sky.

An old man sat beneath a massive avatar, burning incense and murmuring while looking quite solemn.

He wore a white ceremonial robe. This was the Grand Servant, the title of the imperial tomb keeper.

There was no leaving once taking this job so he would never leave the shrine. This was everything to him now.

“Your Majesty, today isn’t a ceremonial day, you must have something important to ask?” He placed the three burning incense sticks onto the tripod. Smoke continued to linger in the air.

Luofu felt something unfathomable from this man. She doesn’t know his age but her father told her that this old man has already looked like this since his reign.

She stood with a perfect posture and an impeccable aura: “I want to know what happened recently in Ancient Jiang and what will happen soon.”

The servant brought over a cauldron filled with water. He pulled up his sleeves, revealing a pair of young hands not in tune with his age and carefully washed them.

Next, he cut his wrist and blood flowed into the cauldron. Strangely enough, this liquid was white.

The clear water also turned white and emitted plenty of white smoke. Next, the entire cauldron was white and started shaking loudly with metallic clanking.

He leaned in towards the opening for a good listen. His old face became more serious before suddenly getting on his knees and bowed his head towards Luofu: “A bloody disaster is coming. A heretical supreme has appeared in Ancient Jiang with enough pressure to affect the capital.”

“Which one?” Luofu asked.

“The Heretical King, Beacon, has escaped from Bronze Cauldron Mountain.”

Luofu has naturally heard of this title before. This king was famous in the same generation as Empress Long Jiangling, invincible since 1,800 years ago. Who wouldn’t be afraid of his second coming right now?

Was this really the end for Jin? Stopping the usurpers was difficult since destruction seemed to be the heaven’s will.

“I, your servant, will use everything I have to see if I can eliminate this Heretical King.” He stood up with a red glow in his eyes.

He stretched out both hands and the entire shrine suddenly erupted in a thunderous manner. Nine gongs rang at the same time and quaked the capital.

The avatars in the shrine shot out two rays from their eyes. They looked like golden dragons and started coiling around the servant. His decrepit body suddenly grew to seven meters tall.

His jade-like hands touched the cauldron. A majestic power from within shot to the sky.

This was a blinding beam illuminating the capital. It pierced through the void and started flying towards Ancient Jiang.

The old man in gray stood on top of a peak; his eyes fixated at the capital. Suddenly, the horizon turned white in a blinding manner with auspicious clouds incoming. No one could open their eyes.

Inside the white clouds were dragon roars carrying enough force to make the mountain range tremble.

A massive dragon claw slashed downward.

The cultivators near Jiang Pass could feel this oppressive pressure as if it was the end of the world. People started fearing for the worst.

The old man gazed at the incoming slash and laughed loudly: "Grand Servant, you're still alive after so long? I'll send you to hell then."

Lightning currents surged around him and began spreading to the area nearby, culminating in a palm just as big as the incoming claw.

The currents weaved together into runes depicting beautiful mountains and rivers. It was as if the entire world was within this palm. It successfully crushed the dragon claw.

"Boom!" The beast bellowed pitifully inside the receding clouds.

Suddenly, someone else joined in.

Clear Sky Prefecture - the location taken over by the Beiming. An ominous sword slowly flew out of a burial mound and directly slashed the clouds. A second scream came from the dragon.

Grand Southern Prefecture, the Feng Clan. Feng Mo smirked inside his palace and unleashed a fist the size of a mountain. Evil fog appeared with murderous intent. The fist also slammed into the clouds, nearly blowing away the whole thing.

In the border between Central Royal and Grand Southern was a city taken over by Violetsea Corpse Cave. A king among Corpse Kings, entirely purple, was floating on a pond filled with blood. It spewed out enough miasma to fill the sky.

The white beam still made it back to the shrine in the capital. Alas, it was extremely faint now.

"Ugh..." Grand Servant's body shrank back to its original size. He vomited a mouthful of white blood and nearly fell to the ground.

Long Luofu wanted to help him but he waved his hand and shook his head. There was sadness in his eyes: "The dragons devouring the sky... there is no saving this. Jin has lasted for six thousand years but our fate and providence are coming to an end... Cough... I have suffered backlashes from these dragons and don't have much longer to live, only three years... I can guarantee three more years for the court..."

Luofu felt an unprecedented weight on her shoulder that nearly took her breath away.

Grand Servant wiped the blood from his lips and became shiny with a spiritual glow. He regained his composure again but unfortunately, he aged visibly. His hair turned white and his skin dried up. Even his youthful hands became full of wrinkles with the shade of wood.

He shuddered and said: "Earlier, I caught a glimpse into the heavenly order during the chaos, I saw a phoenix screeching in Ancient Jiang. It rushed into the sky and seemed to be devouring the dragons. According to my calculation, that phoenix has the same astronomical coordinates as His Excellency, the Divine King."

“A phoenix in Ancient Jiang devouring the dragons...” Long Luofu had a complicated glint in her eyes.

After leaving the shrine, she immediately ordered: “In the name of the court, establish the Supreme Divine Sect as the national sect. Start an altar in each city and recruit missionaries to spread the holy name of the Supreme Goddess. May my will be done.”

Chapter 636: Ancient Jiang’s Situation

The white clouds in the sky were blinding enough to make others close their eyes. The soldiers in the camp by Jiang Pass were shocked, feeling a massive momentum pressing from above.

Next, the deafening cry of a dragon emanated across the area.

The white light then receded. It came quickly but also left quickly.

The soldiers felt their legs go weak while being drenched in cold sweat. It took them fifteen minutes or so before calming down.

Feiyun’s eyes were bright outside of a tent. He knew that it was a battle between two top masters so he wasn’t that surprised.

He went back inside and took out a scroll - a document about Ancient Jiang Prefecture. Bai Ruxue stood to the side with her white hair draped down to the waist, looking quite beautiful and enchanting like someone from a painting.

Feiyun’s cultivation far exceeded her so she didn’t dare to have any ideas.

He wanted to find the entrance to Senluo Temple so naturally, he needed to learn about Ancient Jiang. He had Guo Dahai bring him a map of this place.

It has been an hour or so since he started.

Ruxue watched him concentrating with her pretty eyes, thinking that he actually looked like a disciple from a scholar clan. This caused a ripple in her heart: ‘If this scoundrel picks the right path, he’ll definitely become a famous hero, so many girls will fall head over heels for him... what the hell am I thinking? I’m a heretical disciple, why do I want Feng Feiyun to be a good person? Plus, even if he were a gentleman versed in both literature and fighting, it doesn’t have a damn thing to do with me...’

“Ancient Jiang is right outside of Endless Land, very narrow from east to west, spanning for around 180,000 miles or so. To the south is the actual wilderness of Endless Land, a place where men do not dare to enter.” Feiyun rolled up the scroll after memorizing the content.

He was aware that Endless Land spanned for 800,000 miles. Ancient Jiang was only located near its border.

Of course, Feiyun had no intention of entering the actual territory of Endless Land either. He only wanted to find Senluo Temple and the heretical girls in order to take back Nangong Hongyan’s blood from the bracelets.

“Are we going to Ancient Jiang now?” Bai Ruxue softly asked.

Feiyun shook his head: "The place is too vast. Given our abilities, we might not be able to find Senluo Temple even if we search for the rest of our lives."

Suddenly, hasty footsteps came from the outside. Guo Dalai loudly shouted: "Your Excellency, there is a jade talisman message from the capital."

Feng Feiyun smiled: "Commander Guo, come in. This is your camp, no need to act like a messenger."

Guo Dahai and Strategist Mo came in one after another. They bowed towards Feiyun and Dahai laughed: "We can't do that, Your Excellency. This is your tent now, even Lord Tiger would need to ask for permission before entering."

He took out a jade talisman and placed it on Feiyun's table.

Feiyun grabbed it and light exuded in his palm. A message from Long Luofu entered his head.

Since his eyes were closed, the other two patiently waited until he opened his eyes again. Dahai asked: "Your Excellency, who sent the message?"

Feiyun crushed the jade piece into dust before smiling: "The Jin Empress."

The other two put on a serious expression and didn't dare to pry.

Feiyun said: "The tribes here are rebelling with no regard for the court. The empress wishes for me to aid the court in stabilizing this region and unifying the various tribes."

"We will do everything we can to assist you." The two got on one knee.

"Rise. Tell me about the situation in Ancient Jiang. If possible, I can actually help the top player right now."

The two of them got up, feeling a bit shocked. That's the Divine King for you, not giving that much respect to the empress. He would leave if the situation was bad?

Only the Divine King would dare to act like this towards the empress.

Guo Dahai took out a map containing all of Ancient Jiang. It was filled with lines and special markings in important areas. Endless Land was also here.

"Ancient Jiang Prefecture has ten counties, fewer than the other prefectures but each is very large. Moreover, due to the mountains and rivers, the boundaries between each county is actually quite unclear. It's better to divide the map based on the tribes."

"95% of the inhabitants here are Jiangs. They are divided into three big tribes - Heaven Worship Division, Dark Realm Division, and Heaven Witchcraft Divisio. There are many smaller ones. Some of them live in the wild with villages going as far as the Endless Land.

"Heaven Witchcraft is the closest one to the pass. The strongest is Heaven Worship, and the most mysterious is Dark Realm." Strategist Mo elaborated.

Feiyun asked: "The government has a presence here with county lords, why do they not directly suppress the conflict between the three tribes?"

The strategist shook his head and smiled: "Suppression is not feasible nor possible. The Jiang is distrustful towards all outsiders. Using military force will only invite strong backlash. Plus, the Jiang is extremely strong. They live in this dangerous land and know how to survive. If the army comes here, more than half of the troops will be dead before they accomplish anything."

Feiyun nodded after gaining the reason why the government was helpless here.

The strategist went on: "The truth is that no one wants to be an official here. The county lords are very obedient towards the big tribes, let alone the rest of the officials. The government has zero actual sovereignty over this prefecture."

Guo Dahai slightly opened his mouth but refrained himself.

Feiyun saw this and said: "Divine Commander Guo, go ahead."

Dahai scratched his head and said: "There is actually someone who can quell the internal conflicts."

"Who?"

"The Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess." Dahai said: "The big tribes here worship the Heavenly Witchcraft God, thinking that this deity is the only true god in the world, while the goddess is his daughter. Legend has it that the goddess will reincarnate into the mortal world every ten thousand years. Their coming each time would signal a new era for the Jiang."

"The goddess is responsible for spreading the teaching of the Witchcraft Scripture. Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng is dead, so the current goddess who has just shown up recently became the spiritual leader of Heaven Worship Division."

Feiyun's eyes flashed brightly before smirking: "Since the empress wants me to help, I shall take a trip to Ancient Jiang. Strategist Mo, pick fifty elites to accompany me."

"Your Excellency, the Jiang are savage barbarians..." The strategist was worried.

"Fifty is plenty." Feiyun said.

The two didn't dare to disobey and left.

Feiyun didn't leave right away and chose to spend the night in camp.

Nine layers of formations were erected outside his tent. No one was allowed entry. Feiyun sat there with his eyes closed. Beast souls rushed out and circled around him - a total of 10,000.

Feiyun has just reached the fifth level so he needed a great amount of spirit energy to consolidate his cultivation.

He ate eight third-ranked spirit gathering pills. The energy inside the pill was purer and thicker than the energy inside a dragon vein. It flowed through his body like liquid and reached the central palace inside the dantian to turn into his own energy.

Each pill expedited his cultivation time by half a year.

If Feiyun wanted to reach the sixth-level known as the half-step realm, he would need sixty years of meditation. These eight pills lessened this time by four years.

Due to his tough physical constitution, he was able to digest the pills in just one night. Any other cultivator at the fifth level would need half a month or so to digest just one pill. Moreover, they might not be able to extract all the essences.

These pills were considered great treasures for anyone beneath the sixth level. They would risk their lives for it.

However, Feiyun got them without doing anything. Bi Ningshuai took everything from the Grand Tutor's faction including all the pills below the fourth rank. In the end, he got scared and gave these items to Feiyun.

Cultivation required ample resources. With enough materials, one could cultivate a hundred times faster than someone without.

How would one gain these resources?

One way was relying on their clan or sect after showing enough talents.

If they didn't have this backing, then they had to rely on themselves and compete for the resources, doing whatever is necessary.

The majority of conflicts and killing in the cultivation world were over resources.

[Chapter 637: Wisdom Bone](#)

"Looks like this place is becoming more and more chaotic by the day, even the missing Heretical King has shown up, negating the presence of the Imperial Sire. If all the sects and clans form an alliance, it'll overwhelm the court regardless of how strong it is. I must grow stronger in order to survive in this turmoil."

Feiyun truly felt a great pressure, unable to escape from the chaos. All he could do was to improve himself to wait for the return of the Supreme Goddess' soul. Being strong was the only way to make her feel safe later on.

It would be terrible for her to be rebirth in an era where she could die again at any moment. Because of this, Feiyun needed to be stronger to spare her from harm.

On the second day, Feiyun, Ruxue, Strategist Mo, and fifty soldiers crossed the pass towards Ancient Jiang.

The road was rugged due to the forests and mountains. The Jin has started building infrastructures here but they have been overrun by weeds. Only two lines were left behind from the carriages of merchants.

Strategist Mo has sent a scout ahead. He rode a qilin bull and followed behind Feiyun.

Bai Ruxue was in a carriage, fortunate enough to enjoy the treatment of an imperial consort.

"The bulls should be fast enough to reach the first city of Heavenly Witchcraft Division, Sin Edge." The strategist said while waving his feathered fan.

Feiyun rode on his scaled tiger, adorned in red armors and looking quite gallant. He stared at the way ahead and chatted: "Strategist Mo, I see big flaws in your cultivation."

The strategist slightly trembled after hearing this. He sighed in response: "Lowly ones like us are lucky to get an incomplete merit law. My current achievement is already a blessing from heaven."

His merit law was very ordinary and could only reach peak sixth-level Heaven's Mandate at best. He would never be able to reach the seventh level.

In fact, this showed his amazing talents and comprehension. If he had access to a top merit law since youth, perhaps he would be a Giant long ago and join the upper echelon of Jin.

Giants were the top elders in any clan. Only one would appear among tens of millions of people. Only one out of ten half-steps could become a Giant.

"I have a top manual from the old king, Spring and Autumn's Six Laws. It is an art from the Daoist Gate. If you can cultivate the six arts to perfection with great comprehension, you'll be able to become an Enlightened Being." Feiyun took out a leather scroll.

"..." The strategist shuddered while gritting his teeth. How could he not be moved with this merit law in front of him? However, he couldn't take it right away. This was a priceless treasure that couldn't be given away just like that. He felt that the whole thing was surreal.

Just grabbing a scroll enough to turn him into a Giant was beyond his wildest dreams, let alone one for becoming an Enlightened Being.

Feiyun said: "If I tell you to take it, take it. Don't be so indecisive at your age."

The strategist patted his hands before carefully accepting the scroll; his hands still trembling. He pulled on the iron reins to stop the bull before getting down on the ground to kneel: "Thank you, Your Excellency, for bestowing this merit law to me. I will not let you down. Just say the words and I will follow your command until death."

Feiyun said: "Strategist Mo, rise. The court naturally wouldn't mistreat sect masters like you who have joined us."

The strategist was moved to tears.

Feiyun took out another fifty first-ranked pills. They floated above his palm like jewels and emitted a faint glow. They then flew over and fell into the hand of the fifty soldiers, one each. He did the same with another fifty spirit stones.

These soldiers were even more excited than the strategist. They got on their knees at the same time: "We vow loyalty and devotion to the dynasty and Your Excellency!"

They were at grand completion God Base and belonged to the elites of the army. However, they have never used spirit pills and spirit stones before, only ordinary medicines when wounded.

Even a first-ranked spirit pill was considered a great treasure. The spirit stones were even more precious. One was enough to trade for 300,000 gold coins, enough for their entire family to live in luxury for a lifetime.

He was too generous. The eyes of these soldiers changed while looking at him.

A while ago, they thought that he was too young and weren't that convinced. But now, they became obedient, thinking that the future was quite bright following him.

When they came back to the camp, this story would definitely spread. Every soldier will know of the benefits when following Feiyun. This future result was his real goal.

The troops moved on with unprecedented morale. Meanwhile, Feiyun entered the carriage and took out a red spirit grass. It had three growing young leaves, shiny and wet. They looked like three separate flames with powerful spirit energy gestating within.

This was a 5,000-year-old Red Cloud Spirit Grass stolen from the Grand Tutor by Bi Ningshuai.

It usually grew in areas with extreme heat and extreme yang affinity. At one hundred years of age, it could be used as medicine or refined into physical-empowering ointments for a child. It would strengthen the muscles and bones, resulting in a better physical constitution.

A 1,000-year-old one was priceless and coveted by top cultivators for immensely effective physical tempering.

This particular one in Feiyun's hand had great medicinal effectiveness. Even a seventh-level Giant wouldn't dare to use it directly because their body wouldn't be able to handle the hot affinity within. It had the same temperature as a nether flame.

That's why they would need to give it to a high-ranking alchemist in order to refine it into a Red Cloud Pill for consumption.

Feiyun didn't need to do so. His body was tougher than a Giant's so he could directly refine it.

"I can't reach the sixth-level so quickly but if I can refine this root, I might be able to create a second phoenix bone."

Feiyun didn't only focus on energy cultivation but also the Immortal Phoenix Physique. This physical cultivation was at the second stage, Bone Refinement.

He had created the heart bone and now, it was time for the second - the wisdom bone.

It was one of the twenty-nine bones on top of the head. This particular one was at the very top of the skull.

Grand completion of this physique required 999 phoenix bones, allowing one to live for 90,000 years. Feiyun had only managed to cultivate 206 bones in his previous life. Each bone created would greatly boost one's physical power.

With this second bone, he would be able to fight against a Giant without using spirit energy and release the force of seven dragon-tigers. That's his true abilities; his cultivation would become inconsequential.

People usually only noticed cultivation realms and levels. Why were historical geniuses able to defeat those above their level? Because their constitution was far superior. Physical prowess combined with cultivation resulted in an explosive battle potential.

The Immortal Phoenix Physique sought to improve this physical prowess. Reaching one hundred bones would turn him into a mythical-level genius.

As he was cultivating inside the carriage, a yellow hawk flew out of the thicket nearby. It circled around for a bit before flapping its ten-meter-long wings towards a city.

The Third Lord of Heavenly Witchcraft Division, Shi Zhenxiang, sat inside a majestic fort made out of stones. The hawk landed before him and issued loud screeching. No one but him understood it.

“Haha! Feiyun, you’re actually coming here with only fifty soldiers? I’ll make sure you never leave this place.” He has been coveting the beautiful girl next to Feiyun and hasn’t forgotten about Feiyun’s thrust.

He knew that Feiyun would reach Sin Edge tonight so he personally came in order to kill Feiyun. Just thinking about Bai Ruxue’s enchanting figure made the wait torturous.

[Chapter 638: Beasts](#)

Dusk has passed and the world fell into slumber. One could see a majestic city made out of stone over the mountains and forests.

Gigantic beast bones piled outside the city. On top of the walls were tall barbarians of Jiang standing guard with fierce weapons.

The city was simple but had high walls. In the middle was an altar towering at 770 feet. One could see blood flowing down from the top, carrying a primal aura.

Its name was Sin Edge, a city of the Heavenly Witchcraft Division.

Shi Zhenxiang held a large bone and sat on a dragon-tiger with numerous bloody ones hanging on his body.

Feiyun’s weapon essence was too sharp and could penetrate his skin, truly threatening him. Thus, he gathered more than twenty pieces of bones as a defensive measure.

It was a chilly night outside the city. Zhenxiang waited for a long time without seeing Feiyun and his group.

Right when he lost his patience, a group of thirty bull-riding Jiangs rushed over, crushing the pebbles on the path.

One of them had a pair of golden hands. He jumped down from the bull and got on one knee: “Third Lord, Feng Feiyun suddenly changed direction three hundred miles from here, heading eastward. I think he wishes to cross Sui River.”

“What a wily guy, but he’s not going to get away after coming to my territory. Goldtooth, take me to him.” Zhenxiang was furious, feeling as if he was toyed with.

The golden hawk flew out of the city while screeching. Zhenxiang leaped twenty meters into the air and landed on its back before soaring into the night.

He wanted to chase Feiyun alone.

This massive yet desolate area had few inhabitants. Ferocious monsters outnumbered men by the dozens. Because of these conditions, only Jiangs could live here.

Feiyun knew that Zhenxiang was on the lookout. Alas, he needed to travel through Heavenly Witchcraft Division so he faked coming to Sin Edge.

His group traveled quickly through the mountain and made it to Sui River. One could head the loud waves right now.

“Your Excellency, the troops are all at grand completion God Base so they can fly, but what about our mounts?” Strategist Mo asked.

At this particular level, they could fly for a short distance so crossing the river was no problem. However, flying all the way to Heavenly Witchcraft Division would exhaust even Feng Feiyun.

That’s why they needed their mounts after crossing over.

Feiyun stared towards the night before ordering: “Abandon them, let the men cross first.”

These elites easily flew over the great river.

A minute later, a golden ray appeared up above. Zhenxiang landed on the river and only saw the qilin bulls. ‘Feng Feiyun, let’s see how far you can go without mounts.’

He jumped back on the hawk to chase past the other side of the river. However, the moment he got to the halfway point, a blinding white ray suddenly shot from the bottom like a flood dragon.

Zhenxiang was actually happy to see this and laughed: “Feng Feiyun, you dared to ambush me instead of running? You overestimate yourself.”

He raised the big bone and its runes started flowing. It grew larger and looked like a pillar smashing straight down.

However, the white saber ray wasn’t aiming for him, just his golden eagle.

It decapitated the bird’s head and blood gushed out. Its body fell straight down. Zhenxiang lost his footing and became afraid while falling down as well.

“F*ck!” He cursed right before causing a huge splash.

Ancient Jiangs trained in ancient physical arts. Some were strong enough to raise a mountain or kill a Giant with a single punch. One leap could take them thousands of meters ahead but they couldn’t fly.

That’s why Zhenxiang relied on this golden hawk for traveling. Feiyun took advantage of this weakness.

“Raa!” A roar came from below. Though Zhenxiang wasn’t a good swimmer, he stomped on the bottom of the lake to leap up in the air.

Fifty soldiers jumped out and greeted him by throwing boulders. Strategist Mo was even more ruthless. He uprooted a small hill and struck Zhenxiang’s head, causing him to fall down again.

Zhenxiang couldn’t curse in time before swallow mouthfuls of water.

“Feng Feiyun, you bastard! This won’t end till one of us dies!” Zhenxiang was furious and blasted the water away, creating waves dozens of meters high. The beasts nearby woke up and started looking around.

His next present was a gigantic rod looking like a pillar shouldering the heaven with frightening runes on the surface. Ten thousand beasts roared at the same time as it struck the back of his head, causing the guy’s eyes to go white. He once again fell into the river.

Feiyun landed on the shore and rubbed the rod: “A peak Third-ranked spirit treasure indeed, quite powerful.”

He took it from Prince Hongye in the past. The materials were meant to create a fourth-ranked spirit treasure. However, due to a mistake in the refinement process, 8 out of the 108 formations carved inside were broken.

This was one of the royal treasures of Qian, only below the Dominating Armaments. It was stronger than the current Infinite Spirit Ring. That’s the reason why Feiyun didn’t wish to refine the rod into his weapon essence just yet.

‘I’ll wait till my ring reaches the fourth level before refining the rod. The sharpness of the essence should double and easily crush the defense of a Super Giant.’

He put away the rod. One soldier came over and got on his knee to report: “We couldn’t find Shi Zhenxiang at the bottom. There are traces of blood on the other shore, he must have escaped.”

Feiyun nodded with a smirk. Zhenxiang was still an intermediate Giant. Feiyun had all the advantages but killing him was still difficult.

“The commotion here must have attracted some powerful beasts. This place will be very dangerous at night, we need to leave now and find another location to rest.” Feiyun’s beast physique could summon and control ordinary beasts.

However, millenium spirit beasts were a different story. They had considerable intelligence; some could even speak. He needed to cultivate the physique to an even higher level before being able to suppress them.

Early morning the next day inside a needle-leaf forest, the soldiers rode on powerful beasts and led the way.

The mounts consisted primarily of 700, 800, and even some 900-year-old beast kings. One soldier was extremely excited to ride a one-horned lion with blood-like fur. He rubbed it as if he was caressing a beautiful woman: “Wang Lei, my god, look at this 800-year dragon-headed blood lion. It’s my mount now. If I go back to camp, even the Divine Commander will be jealous.”

Wang Lei nearby snorted in response. He patted his own mount - a silver centipede spanning for ten meters. It had eighty sharp legs, leaving behind fiery sparks and markings on the stoned path. “It’s just a dragon-headed blood lion. Do you not see what I’m riding? This is an 800-year crimsonflame silver centipede. Just one puff of flame from it could incinate a mountain range, haha!”

Bai Ruxue's white dress fluttered in the wind. She rode a 900-year-old cloud magpie. Its wings spanned forty meters with tail as long as a phoenix's.

Feiyun had summoned and tamed these beasts. There were nightvalley elephant, a roc, and many others...

They were quite powerful, kings of the mountains, but were as docile as puppies right now.

This was why he brought fifty soldiers with him. He would use them to ride and control the beasts, acting as his true fighting force.

The fifty beasts together were comparable to a Giant. He didn't need to be wary of Shi Zhenxiang any longer.

[Chapter 639: Witchcraft God City](#)

The needle-leaf forest consisted of trees growing for the last thousand years. Each of them was as thick as a huge grinder.

More than fifty beast kings were taking soldiers adorned in bright armor through the area. Dust scattered everywhere while other beasts ran away.

Mo Chongji rode on a 900-year Flying Serpent's head. It was two meters wide and more than sixty meters long with a pair of scaly wings. It spewed poisonous fog, causing the pine trees nearby to wither.

Mo Chongji was ecstatic about riding this mount. It wasn't weaker than him at all.

"Your Excellency, that Shi Zhenxiang is still alive. He'll pursue us again after taking care of his injuries. What will we do then?" Mo Chongji was slightly nervous.

Feiyun sat on his tiger while trying to refine his 5,000-year root. It wasn't that easy to create a second phoenix bone. This plant alone wasn't enough; assistance from spirit cores taken from beasts was required. He wanted to finish the process before reaching Heaven Worship Division so he stayed up all night.

He casually replied: "We just need to make it to Heaven Worship and he won't be able to do anything."

"But Heaven Worship is part of the Jiang too, it's stronger than Heavenly Witchcraft Division and has five tribe lords..." Mo Chongji said.

Any Jiang comparable to a Giant was called a tribe lord. This was a territory-granting title.

Feiyun understood the guy's worries because the Jiangs hated outsiders. Moreover, Feiyun was the Divine King. His position would bring about distrust from the tribe lords. They might even band together against him.

Feiyun said: "Don't worry, Strategist Mo. Have you told the governor and tribe lords about my arrival?"

"I sent a jade message yesterday. The Ancient Jiang Governor knows you are coming and couldn't sleep from excitement. He said he wanted to personally greet you at Witchcraft God City." Chongji remained worried. He has visited these tribes before and knew the Jiang's ferocity. He wasn't as relaxed as the other soldiers.

The governor's mansion was located at Witchcraft God. However, this was rather empty. The real rulers were the six tribe lords and Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess.

Feiyun stopped speaking and continued to refine his root. This trip wasn't going to be easy so any improvement would be helpful.

Senluo Temple and the Dark Realm have entered Ancient Jiang. Feng Feiyun cared more about these two powers rather than the tribe lords.

They marched for three days across the mountains and marshes, a total of 70,000 miles, and finally made it to Witchcraft God City.

Along the way were many smaller tribes. Feiyun ordered his men to exercise caution and avoid the tribes in order to avoid needless trouble.

The governor of Ancient Jiang, Chen Daoran, several county lords, and various officials have been waiting at the gate earlier in the morning.

It wasn't until dusk until they saw an impressive group of soldiers leaving a dusty trail behind them. The accompanying beasts roared loud enough to shake the ground.

Witchcraft God City was filled with white bones from beasts. The Ancient Jiangs were alarmed and thought that beasts were attacking the city. They became tense and lifted up their golden crossbows. Some were as long as seven meters; the arrows looked like a flag pole. Even a 600-year spirit beast would be instantly penetrated.

Chen Daoran roared: "Such impudence! This is His Excellency, the Divine King. Put away your crossbows!"

Daoran had an impressive cultivation - an early Giant. He was a good student under the Grand Tutor, Dongfang Hanlin, so he was considered part of the Yin Gou Clan.

His roar contained a heavenly dao so he nearly ruptured some eardrums. A green beam shot to the sky, toppling many Jiang warriors to the ground.

"Haha, Governor, this city isn't under your command, who cares about this Divine King? Never heard of him. I only know that many powerful beasts are coming. If they were to get inside, they would cause incalculable damages. In fact, if they hurt Her Highness, I'm afraid you won't get to keep your head." A hairy, four-meter-tall Jiang stood on the wall and held an ax weighing over 100,000 pounds, looking quite arrogant.

Did people want to get through the gate? They would need to crawl under his crotch to get inside.

Chen Daoran was furious: "Chang Dakai, don't think you can disrespect the Divine King just because you are the sixth tribe lord. Do you not give a damn about the dynasty?"

"Pah! I only know Heavenly Witchcraft God and Her Highness, I don't give a dog shit about your dynasty." Chang Dakai smirked while looking at the incoming group. He revealed his big teeth like a beast opening its jaw.

In the distant, Feiyun saw the black city. It had a sad and old aura, almost like a city from tens of thousand years ago suddenly dropping into the present.

Some beast bones piling up outside the city were massive. A few of them were ninety-meter tall. The mounts in his group became afraid. They would have backed off if it wasn't for Feiyun's control.

There was a frightening power in the city deterring the beasts from getting close.

This wasn't Mo Chongji's first time visiting the city. He still became emotional: "I heard this city is actually the grave of Heavenly Witchcraft God. It has a powerful force protecting the city. Even the monsters in Endless Land don't dare to come here. This is a sanctified area."

Feiyun activated his phoenix gaze and saw a dominating qi image on top of the walls. It looked like a hybrid between a man and beast towering at 37,000 feet. It held a hammer with a black glow. However, it didn't have a head, only red clouds looming above the upper torso. The body was tied up by numerous iron chains.

This looked like a saint from the legends of this tribe. Just one smash could destroy a corner of this continent or an entire dynasty. This qi image above the city was frightening indeed.

Feiyun recalled his gaze and took a deep breath: "This city might actually have an amazing origin. Perhaps a heaven-defying master eventually turned into it."

Mo Chongji didn't see the qi image so he wasn't as shocked as Feiyun. He looked at Feiyun and asked: "Your Excellency, you are versed in qi observation and astronomy?"

"Just a little bit." Feiyun replied.

This humble answer still moved Chongji. He said: "You are too humble, Your Excellency. Reading qi images requires a great understanding of astronomy and geography, grasping the momentum of the land and the movements of the stars. Even a ninth-ranked wisdom master might not be able to do it. Less than ten in all the dynasty can read images. All of them are so knowledgeable or are Enlightened Beings close to the heavenly dao."

"The truth is that I have been researching astronomy and geography for more than three hundred years and I'm still not close to your level, Your Excellency. I can only see faint outlines of qi images from certain geniuses. This particular qi image of the land? I can't see a single thing. There are plenty of us but only a few of you, Your Excellency." Chongji was full of admiration.

Feiyun didn't think that this was special. His heavenly gaze and research of the heavenly dao from his previous life allowed him to read qi images easily. He didn't consider the feat to be exceptional, unlike others.

"Your Excellency, since you are a master at qi observation, may I speak my mind?" Chongji asked.

Feiyun tapped his shoulder and laughed: "Old Mo, no need to be so reserved, go ahead."

Chongji has been around Feiyun long enough to know that he was an amicable person. He smiled and said: "Some say that Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess has inherited Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng's witchcraft arts. She is also an astronomy master. If you can take advantage of this and befriend her

under the guise of discussion and learning, it will be very beneficial for our trip. Winning her favor is the same as winning the heart of the Jiangs. We can do everything far easier from then on.”

“Haha, very well, I’ll let you prepare this.” Feiyun rushed towards the city while a certain image popped up in his head.

It was a little girl from a teashop - afraid and shy, trying to hide her body with both hands while crying: “Young Master Feng, please spare me, I’m still so young... please spare me...”

This pitiful girl has become the spiritual leader of all the Jiangs - the famous Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess. People said girls change completely at the age of eighteen. Feiyun wondered what this little girl looks like right now.

[Chapter 640: The Sixth Tribe Lord Of Heaven Worship](#)

A long shadow was left as the setting sun shined on the great city. Feng Feiyun, Mo Chongji, Bai Ruxue, and fifty soldiers riding fierce mounts were approaching.

However, once they were one thousand feet away, someone told them to stop: “Hold it there.”

Next were golden arrows shooting out. Each as big as a pillar and more than sharp enough. They shot out like rays and cut through the wind to stop the group’s path.

Mo Chongji shouted back: “Who is bold enough to stop the Divine King from entering the city?”

Meanwhile, Chen Daoran was put in a tough position. He was the governor of Ancient Jiang but didn’t actually possess any real authority.

The sixth tribe lord, Chang Dakai, posed with his great axe. His head slightly tilted as he smiled: “Never heard of this Divine King, that’s only a brat whose lips still wet with his mother’s milk. Don’t make me laugh. Haha!”

The other Jiang soldiers also burst out in laughter after seeing how young Feiyun was and his “weak” physique. They felt that they could easily crush him to death.

The Jiang worshipped physical strength. How could they give a damn about Feiyun, given his appearance?

The soldiers from the army were furious, wanting to rush to the walls to take these guys down.

Feiyun wasn’t angry. He signaled and told his men to stop. He jumped down from the tiger and stood on the tough pavement before the golden arrows.

He smiled and said: “I’ve heard that the Jiang respects the strong and physical prowess. Unfortunately, looks like they don’t really use their head.”

Even if Dakai was dumb, he could hear the mockery in Feiyun’s comment. Seven beast souls rushed out of him while his hair erected straight upward: “Little brat, you dare to mock me?!”

“I’m actually trying to save your life. Your division is under crisis right now, being attacked by both Heavenly Witchcraft and Dark Realm; enemies are everywhere and you have nothing left. Now, you’re

dumb enough to listen to false slander from others and offend me? Do you want to antagonize the court as well until we mobilize against you? Then you'll have enemies on three sides."

Dakai was stunned by this response. His division was in a tough spot indeed. To the west were assaults from many large tribes under Heavenly Witchcraft. To the east and south were nonstop assaults from tribes under Dark Realm.

Ninety-percent of his soldiers have mobilized to the battlefield; four of the six tribe lords were on the frontline as well. Each day, carriages full of corpses would be taken back here.

The three divisions were killing each other while mysterious powers got involved as well. They seemed to be using the Jiang as chess pieces.

It has been two years and Heaven Worship has lost three major passes and nineteen cities. Numerous minor tribes under them have defected. Casualties numbered in the millions while they have spent more than half of their resources.

Moreover, one could hear great roars coming from Endless Land. The spirit beast kings right on the borders have been making moves. Beast rampages on a massive scale might start soon.

Ancient Jiang Prefecture was right next to Endless Land. The beast kings near there have been wanting to destroy the Ancient Jiang and expel all humans in this area.

Internal conflicts only made it easier for them. Heaven Worship Division wouldn't be able to handle large-scale beast rampages right now. Total destruction was a real possibility.

They already didn't know what to do next in this situation, let alone inciting the wrath of the court. Feiyun aptly pointed this out and shut Dakai up.

"Know that with a single order of mine, I could send one hundred million soldiers to quell the rebellion here. Hehe, I know that the Jiang are real men, but your division can barely keep up right now, let alone dealing with a third battlefield. Keep on provoking me and I will guarantee that in less than three months, Heaven Worship Division will be done for, not a single building will be intact while corpses pile like mountains." Feiyun loudly threatened.

The truth was that he wouldn't send an army here. It would only serve to unite the Jiang tribes against a common invader.

They were xenophobic so even though they were killing each other right now, they would definitely team up against a foreign army. That's not something Feiyun wanted to see.

Of course, Dakai couldn't come up with this on his own so sweats ran down his back.

The crossbowmen on the walls felt their hands shaking, afraid that they might misfire and scare this Divine King. Big trouble would come then.

Feiyun's half-truth touched their sensitive spot and left Dakai in a tough position. He wanted Feiyun to come in but that would be losing a lot of face. However, offending him could actually be very problematic for his tribe.

'What to do? What to do?' His face turned red like a filled balloon. 'Fuck, I shouldn't have listened to that bastard, Tuo Bahong. He said he already investigated the Divine King. What am I going to do now, First Brother is going to kill me for causing more trouble to the tribe.'

'Wait a minute, Bahong is a smart guy, so he clearly knew about the consequences of offending Feng Feiyun. Is this bastard a spy from Dark Realm or Heaven Witchcraft? He wanted me to do this? Fuck, the first thing I'm going to do when I get back is make a toilet bowl of his head.' He gritted his teeth and felt a murderous rage.

Alas, he got a headache after looking down at Feiyun. 'Motherfucker, I still don't know what to do!'

Feiyun could read him like a book. He coughed and revealed a friendly smile: "But I do not wish to hear the pitiful cries of death or kill your tribe. In fact, I'm here to help you unite all of Ancient Jiang Prefecture, making your tribe the new master."

Dakai's eyes lit up and almost left their sockets. This was a difficult spot for their tribe. Earning the help of the court was a great event. He might be praised by Her Highness after telling her this news.

Just fantasizing about a smile from the goddess made him smile innocently like a child or a simple-minded man.

"However, your Heaven Worship Division is really letting me down right now. Not letting me in the city is one thing, but calling me a brat as well?" Feiyun loudly said while spitting saliva everywhere.

Many Jiang inside the city could hear him and become nervous. More and more became angry and cursed at Dakai for being so stupid.

Some also felt regret. If Dakai hadn't offended the Divine King just now, the tribe might have gotten more resources to get through this mess. Alas, it was too late.

"Your, Your Excellency..." Dakai jumped off the wall. He was nearly five meters tall with a pair of arms long enough to reach his knees. He looked like a massive ape crashing into the ground, leaving a huge pit.

He got out of the pit while carrying the heavy ax and putting on a bashful smile: "Earlier was just a misunderstanding..."

Mo Chongji almost laughed out loud. His Excellency made this tribe lord submit with just a few words, no need for a battle now.

The governor next to the gate was shocked too. 'No wonder why he could frustrate Beiming Moshou back at the court. That's why the clan lord told me to learn from Feiyun, he's completely right.'

"A misunderstanding?" Feiyun's expression turned serious.

This made Dakai become even redder and more nervous.

However, Feiyun suddenly changed his tone and smiled at the guy: "That's understandable. Your tribe worships the strong; all Jiang are real men. You merely provoked me to see my cultivation. I understand."

“Haha, of course, of course.” Dakai wiped the sweat off his forehead. ‘Damn, thank god for this justification...’

Feiyun stood there proudly with his back straight: “Tribe lord, if you wish to test my strength, then I shall entertain you. How about this, to make it fair, I will use my bare hands to take three slashes from you.”

This astounded the crowd. The Jiang members were shocked. ‘This weak-looking king is actually a hidden master?’

Even Mo Chongji and Chen Daoran thought that Feiyun was only scaring the guy, forcing him to get on his knees and beg for forgiveness.

After all, Feiyun wasn’t strong enough to take three axes from the guy. Plus, Dakai wouldn’t dare to do so either.

They didn’t know that Feiyun was actually being serious.