

Sprit Vessel 681

### [Chapter 681: Azure Dragon Bell](#)

“I’ll go do it right now!” Beiming Potian despised Feng Feiyun for destroying his clan, wanting nothing more than to fight him till death.

“No, we’ll leave this task to someone else and just need to watch patiently while biding our time. No need to offend the Feng right now. Feiyun’s head and the scripture are our number one priority.”

The large cemetery flew away from this area and shocked all the beasts on its path wherever it went.

‘Really strong aura containing a law that can sever the yin and yang. The Beiming has an expert at this level?’ Feiyun got out of the soil.

He would have been spotted even with the cloak if he didn’t hide underground a while ago. The cloak was able to hide all of his aura and presence. However, his body was still existing. When the enemy was strong enough to have contact with the worldly laws, they would be able to spot him.

The trees nearby have crumbled from the pressure; same with the beasts. Tattered foliage and bloody corpses were everywhere.

This was just the guy’s aura too. An all-out attack from him would be terrifying.

‘So the Feng sent people here too? They are going towards Bronze Cauldron Mountain. Looks like they’re here for the scripture and the demonic treasury.’ Feiyun pondered.

The heretical king’s escape from Bronze Cauldron clearly indicated that something has changed there. Perhaps the dangerous and forbidden locations in there were no longer as perilous as before. This was the reason why these masters chose to join in right now.

Or, maybe this was intentional. Someone purposely spread information at the same time regarding the scripture and the mountain. This led up to many reclusive monsters coming out at once.

The prodigies and elders of many sects have arrived. The beasts in Endless Land woke up and headed towards their kings’ territories to have meetings.

“There must be many cultivators right outside Bronze Cauldron right now. I need to take a look but first, gotta change my appearance.” Feiyun smirked. [1]

He gathered radiance in his palms. Buddhist runes then flowed across his skin and his appearance swiftly changed. The skin on his face drooped slightly; a slightly golden goatee appeared on his chin and wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. The lump on his throat became more visible too. [2]

He looked like a middle-aged old man with a dignified Buddhist glow, seemingly a wise master.

‘I’ve gained 1,800 transformations after finishing the first diagram. I can’t change to other creatures right now but becoming another person is easy enough.’ He stroked his goatee with a smile.

If he could successfully comprehend the third diagram - silkworm form, he could change into fish, insect, bird, and many other things...

One wouldn't be able to see through them at all. This was one of the great profundity of the scripture - Golden Silkworm Transformation.

He took off his clothes because they were stained with his original aura. Anyone with keen awareness would notice right away.

He put on a clean blue robe. Even a family member wouldn't recognize him now.

"Still missing a weapon to add to the facade." He took out a piece of brass with powerful spirit energy on it in the form of golden strings.

He bought it from an auction back in the Yin Gou Ward and got a Golden Silk Spirit Stone out of it.

What's left wasn't as precious as the spirit stone but it was still a great material for alchemy and blacksmithing. Since it gestated a spirit stone before, its spirituality was quite frightening.

He spent another twelve hours while heading towards Bronze Cauldron to find ores underground using his treasure-seeking arts. He comprehended 30% of the Minor Change Art by now so he could sense ores nearby. In fact, he just needed to stomp on the ground and these ores would jump out of the ground.

He found thirteen different types but wasn't happy with them, too difficult to fuse them with his brass piece.

He walked another three thousand miles and noticed something strong inside a mountain. It was a tiny mine that gave him a special feeling, pulling him there like a magnet.

"A super ore is in there?" He gathered the power of nine dragon-tigers and smashed a white hill on that mountain.

The towering mountain was split open, revealing a faint glow inside a gap.

One corner of this metal was revealed. Albeit, it was already as big as a room - more than six meters high.

"So this place gestated a type of metal, an extraordinary one at that." His power was comparable to a spirit beast.

He grabbed the corner of this metal and started pulling it out from the ground. The area shook as a response with more cracks spreading through the mountain. It was still tough with his current strength.

"Rumble!" This gigantic piece of blue metal finally got pulled out.

"Wow, 14,000,000 pounds... a pure block of Azure Bronze that can be used for refining spirit treasure." Feiyun only wanted to create a casual weapon in order to hide his identity.

He didn't expect to have such good luck in finding this block of metal. Another blacksmith masters would salivate after seeing this. It was of good quality on top of being in abundance.

Normally, bronze was made from copper mixed with a few rare metals, a fusion of sorts. But this piece dug out by Feiyun belonged to the spirit level - extremely rare and far superior to other types of bronze.

He didn't want to waste it and decided to do a good job. Perhaps he could create a spirit treasure with enough luck.

After three days, he refined this massive block together with his brass ingot. This resulted in a bell towering at nine meters.

He carved nine formations on the surfaces along with the images of four Buddhas. Next, he wrote Buddhist runes in the grass script style right below. To the top, he carved an aggressive azure dragon coiling around the bell. Its head was at the very top.

It looked animated with sharp claws and scales. People would think that a real dragon was coiling around it, looking quite impressive and holy.

Inside the bell was the golden silkworm energy. Thus, the walls had a golden brilliance flowing around them. The bell itself carried an azure glow.

'I've removed the impurities from the bronze block and the bell still weighs 9,990,000, a beautiful number of the extreme. However there's no spirit and consciousness inside, it's only a pseudo spirit treasure then.' Feiyun's brows slightly furrowed.

He suddenly thought about something else and took out the Golden Silk Spirit Stone inside his spatial stone. These strings had powerful spirituality. Just adding one string could change a pseudo spirit treasure into the real thing.

He did just that. A while later, the bell lit up and started rotating by itself while issuing powerful Buddhist noises. They echoed across the mountain range as if there was someone banging on divine metals.

"Lowest-level first-ranked spirit treasure." He looked quite pleased with himself.

After all, this was his first creation after coming back to life. Creating a spirit treasure successfully was quite amazing, mainly due to his luck.

Without finding the block of bronze, the Golden Silkworm Scripture, and the golden silk, he wouldn't have been able to create a spirit treasure in a few days. Any of the three was essential.

"I'll call you Azure Dragon Bell." A first-ranked spirit treasure didn't mean much nowadays to Feiyun.

Nevertheless, it carried a special significance since he made it himself. He wouldn't feed it to his weapon essence later. Perhaps he would give it to a fateful person.

He continued heading towards Bronze Cauldron and rarely saw beasts along the way. This outer region became peaceful.

The ferocious beasts have disappeared overnight. Only the weaker ones below 500 years of age were still around.

This was indeed surprising to Feiyun. He became worried instead of celebrating. He felt that something was happening in the shadows. This peaceful appearance was a facade.

He was 70,000 miles deep now into Endless Land, closer and closer to Bronze Cauldron Mountain. The temperature increased with less vegetation around.

Occasionally, he saw cultivators flying in the sky. This time around, more than ten young cultivators with bright eyes and surging violet energy were flying together. Purple clouds condensed beneath their feet.

### [Chapter 682: Where Is Justice?](#)

The group of young cultivators flew beneath the clouds. One of them, a handsome youth around twenty, smiled and said: "Everyone says that Endless Land is extremely dangerous, a place ruled by the beasts. I don't think this is true at all."

A different one wearing a blue topaz crest tying up his long hair said with disdain: "We can't trust the seniors completely. They become more cowardly as they age and keep telling me that flying above Endless Land is courting death. We've flown for several tens of thousands of miles now and not a single attack happened. Just alarmist nonsense."

"Haha! There were dangers though, we got attacked more than ten times but my spear easily dealt with those beasts." A slightly older youth waved his bloodied spear around with an arrogant expression.

"First Brother, the Junior Ancestors don't mess around, it's best to be careful." A younger girl with a hair bun and gentle eyes had a worried look.

She was pretty with a pear-shaped face and well-defined brows, only around sixteen or seventeen years old. Nevertheless, she had a glow around her with the qi image of an immortal palace floating among the clouds.

Her cultivation was at the third level of Heaven's Mandate and could be considered a top talent among the young generation.

The other prodigies seemed to be viewing her as the center. The youth with the spear didn't refute her either: "Junior Sister Ruixin, are you not confident in my cultivation? I don't think anyone among the young generation can be my match with the exception of those on the upper historical list."

The others didn't deny this. However, they weren't weaker than their First Brother either in terms of actual battle prowess.

"Oh? Look down below, someone is lifting a huge bell."

"That's gigantic. Oh, a coiling dragon engraving too? That blue glow and Buddhist shimmering, it's a spirit treasure?"

"He doesn't dare to fly in the sky so he must be weak. Only the deserving should have a spirit treasure." The youth with the crest descended with a nice movement technique, leaving seven afterimages in the air. He landed right in front of Feng Feiyun.

The girl named Ruixin wanted to stop them but it was too late. Her First Brother and the other prodigies were already landing. She knew about their lack of morality all too well. Plus, this wasn't their Earthchild Prefecture but Endless Land. No useless people would dare to come here.

At the start, Feiyun was about a hundred miles away from them but he still clearly heard their conversation, sneering at their ignorance.

These young disciples were naive lambs not knowing that they should be afraid of the wolf. If it wasn't for the big event recently in Endless Land driving spirit beasts away, they would have died long ago by flying up there. Not even a single bone of theirs would be left. However, Feiyun didn't expect them to actually think about robbing him.

The rich-looking youth wearing the crest blocked in front of Feiyun. The guy used an observation technique to check him out and found nothing special.

"Which temple are you from, Mister? You look like a Buddhist cultivator." The youth said, having dropped his guard.

Feiyun looked around forty right now but the youth didn't give a damn. After all, everyone was old in the cultivation world.

Some lived for four hundred years and were still stuck at the first level of Heaven's Mandate. Why should they show any respect to these old men?

At the very least, disciples from big sects like them wouldn't do so. Referring to him as a "mister" was showing enough etiquette.

Another ten or so youths landed around Feiyun. Their eyes were fixed on his bell, pointing and whispering.

"Such powerful spirituality, it might actually be a spirit treasure."

"It's huge, must be more than 300,000 pounds."

"If I have this thing, my battle capabilities will double."

Feiyun looked around the group and saw their cultivation clearly. They were certainly elites among elites. The highest was at the fourth level which should almost be unbeatable.

They must be from a big sect with masters heading for Bronze Cauldron Mountain.

These thoughts only took a split second. Feiyun then put on a naive expression and stroked his beard: "You're right, Young Noble. My name is Yun Feitian, a vagrant cultivator. I was taught by a Buddhist master during my youth and learned how to cultivate. I heard the sacred scripture, Golden Silkworm, is in Feng Feiyun's hands right now so I'm here to test my luck."

These prodigies put on a look of disdain after hearing that the guy was only a vagrant cultivator.

Only being taught by a Buddhist cultivator for a brief period? How could this guy match them who hail from prestigious sects?

"You think you can seize the scripture from that devil with your little cultivation? You don't know your own limits. Feng Feiyun is exceedingly strong." First Brother Xiao Tianyue snorted.

He started thinking that even random dogs and cats are running here for the scripture. Do they think they are lucky enough to obtain it?

The other prodigies smiled sarcastically too, thinking that this vagabond was so ignorant. The guy had no backing and no intelligence about Feiyun's actual power. Someone like him couldn't even warm Feiyun up.

The crest-wearing youth was no longer polite and assumed the tone of a superior: "Where did you get this Buddhist bell?"

"The Buddhist master who taught me gave it to me. Its name is Azure Dragon." Feiyun sincerely said.

"Spirit treasures belong to the worthy. This bell isn't fated to be yours, it is being wasted. How about giving it to me so I can actually use it to its fullest potential so that it can shine and make a name for itself?" The youth said insipidly.

Being "worthy" here meant whoever was stronger!

"Buddhists like you care about fate. I cultivate an art named Azure Dragon Energy so I have ties with this bell. Give it to me and I will make good use of it." Another prodigy spoke up.

Several more wanted the bell and started arguing while ignoring Feng Feiyun.

"I will not give this bell to anyone since it's a spirit treasure. I'll be using it." Feiyun jumped in.

The arguing group paused after hearing this. The crest-wearing youth snorted: "You said your name is Yun Feitian, right? Do you think we're asking you? Looks like you are tired of living. Put down the bell and scram. Don't make me kill you, haha!"

Lin Jibai glanced over at his Junior Sister Ruixin and gloated. 'Zhao Muyan is an idiot for revealing his true face. Ruixin's impression of him is definitely dropping.'

He then tidied his attires and smiled gracefully towards Feiyun: "Senior Yun, this spirit treasure is an amazing weapon that will tempt the ruffians. Keeping it around is not a good thing for you. How about selling it to me instead? Just name the price."

"You want to buy it?" Feiyun asked.

"Yes."

"Sorry, not for sale." Feiyun said with a stubborn expression.

Jibai didn't expect this development. A vagabond daring to refuse him? He would be kicking the guy in the face right now if his junior sister wasn't around.

The other prodigies had murderous intent now after seeing Feiyun's stubbornness.

Peaceful measures first before force. They have tried at least but he wasn't smart enough to acquiesce.

The noble youth named Zhao Muyan raised his right hand and gathered lightning energy. Each bolt looked like a heavenly saber floating in the sky with thunderous detonation.

The other prodigies didn't expect this. Zhao Muyan's cultivation had improved enough to act with wanton regards.

"Wait!" A pleasant voice stopped him.

The prodigies here including Zhao Muyan made way for the speaker. Liu Ruixin walked over, revealing her delicate figure - long and thin neck with red makeup. She looked elegant and fine.

“Junior Sister, I must have this bell. Not even you can stop me.” Zhao Muyan said.

Ruixin knew that she couldn’t stop them. Though they doted on her, a spirit treasure was just too tempting.

“Senior, we are from Sun Moon, one of the three biggest sects in Earthchild Prefecture. I’m sure you have heard of our sect.” She tried to persuade Feng Feiyun.

She wanted to intimidate him into giving up. That’s the only way for him to stay alive. Otherwise, her immoral martial brothers would definitely kill him to take his item.

Unfortunately, the vagabond disappointed her with his stubbornness.

“Sun Moon? Your sect will act so lawlessly in broad daylight? Where is justice? Do you think heaven has no eyes?” Feiyun said.

The prodigies laughed and looked at him as if they were looking at an idiot.

#### [Chapter 683: Heroes Gathered At Bronze Cauldron](#)

Feng Feiyun had heard of Sun Moon before - an ancient sect reigning over Earthchild Prefecture, not too inferior in terms of power and resources compared to the four great clans.

After the emergence of the astronomical phenomenon, the three big sects there were the first to leave Jin. One could see how strong they are due to this move.

“You’re not amenable to reason, don’t blame me for this.” Zhao Muyan raised his right hand and gathered blade-like lightning currents on his fingers. One strand shot out and turned a tree several meters away into ashes.

Liu Ruixin stopped trying to convince the two parties. She shook her head and sighed once before leaving. The cultivation world utilized the law of the jungle. This was a common occurrence.

She had tried her best. If the guy wouldn’t give up, he would die to someone else later if not her martial brothers right now.

She saw too many cultivators choosing to die over a treasure like him. Weak yet still want to hang onto an item? This lack of patience would only result in death.

Zhao Muyan’s eyes flashed with aggression. The bolts on his hand shot out with impeccable speed, aiming straight for Feiyun’s chest like a serpent.

Ruixin saw him standing there without trying to dodge and thought that it would turn him to ashes. She shook her head again with pity in her eyes. ‘He wouldn’t die needlessly like this if he had listened to me.’

“Bam!” The bolt struck his chest. The impact issuing a strange noise as if it had struck a bronze statue.

A yellow radiance more than three meters thick emanated from his body and instantly destroyed the bolt.

This unexpected development shocked all the prodigies.

Muyan's expression soured. He knew the power of that bolt more than anyone. It was capable of crushing a boulder weighing hundreds of thousands of pounds. However, that Buddhist light managed to repel it.

He raised both hands, ready to go all out, and started channeling more lightning bolts. However, the Azure Dragon Bell flew towards him. It was shrouded in a blue glow and cut through the wind with impressive momentum.

"Damn you! A vagabond daring to attack me!?" Muyan shouted and raised his hands overwhelming with lightning bolts to stop the bell.

He estimated that this bell would only weigh 300,000 pounds at best and wanted to use this chance to seize it.

However, the moment his hands made contact with the bell, he instantly realized that something was wrong.

He wanted to pull back but it was already too late.

"Crack!" Bones naturally broke.

His hands were mangled while his chest got smashed by a monstrous force. Several ribs got shattered too.

He spat out blood as his body was sent flying for a hundred meters through three big trees. The guy squirmed on the ground while groaning in pain.

Feiyun simply threw his bell over without using spirit energy and this was enough to grievously wound Muyan.

A vagabond could blow away Muyan who was at peak third-level Heaven's Mandate?

"Hmph?! This is a small punishment for trying to take my bell, breaking your hands but sparing your life." Feiyun called back his bell and spoke on the side of righteousness.

"You dare to attack a disciple from Sun Moon? You must be tired of living!" First Brother Xiao Tianyue scowled; his battle spirit surged.

A beast soul appeared behind his back, towering at seven meters and looking like a black wolf with fierce eyes and fangs as sharp as a sword.

He was at the fourth level. He thrust his black spear forward and combined its power with his beast soul.

The energy in a radius of several hundred meters gathered into the tip. This thrust was more than double the power of Muyan earlier.

"Boom!" Feiyun threw his bell again and blew Tianyue flying just like before, breaking four ribs in the process. His mouth was foaming with blood. His spear was knocked out of his hands too, pinning on the yellow mud.

Just one blow was all it took to defeat a fourth-level prodigy.

“Boom!” The guy smashed into the ground, creating a huge pit.

That force earlier nearly tore his arms off. It took a long time before he managed to crawl out of the pit with his trembling hands.

“You cultivate the Unbeatable Golden Avatar of Buddhism?!” He said with horror.

“Keke, brat, you’re not that blind.” A golden glow encompassed Feng Feiyun, looking extremely resplendent.

Meanwhile, four prodigies tried to ambush Feiyun from behind with their soulbound artifact. However, he turned around and roared, unleashing a golden brilliance.

“Oooo!” The roar spewed out a boundless light that manifested into a golden lion towering at ten meters.

The four ambushers got blown flying. Their expensive robes shattered; their hair became disorderly. Blood dripped down their skin.

The weakest among the four bled from his seven orifices, nearly killed by the roar.

“That’s... Lion’s Roar!” Liu Ruixin was shocked.

This vagabond was just too strong, definitely a master of the Buddhist doctrine. ‘I can’t believe I told him to leave his bell behind and run earlier. Our master might not be a match for him...’

Of course it wasn’t the real Lion’s Roar. Feiyun simply used his golden silkworm energy to fake this technique.

“Sun Moon disciples are quite despicable, to commit robbery in broad daylight, no different from the heretics.” He uttered coldly.

He walked towards Xiao Tianyue, causing the youth to stagger backward before dropping butt-first into the ground.

“We... we have three ancestors right outside Bronze Cauldron Mountain now, kill us and they won’t let you go!” He threatened.

Ruixin became so disappointed. After their number one genius, Zhao Songyang, fell to Feiyun during the prince-in-law competition, their sect couldn’t produce another comparable talent.

“Senior Yun, we were wrong first and I sincerely apologize. Please spare them.” Though she disliked these senior brothers, they were still the top geniuses of her sect. Losing them here would be a great loss.

Feiyun’s eyes brightened after seeing this girl. She was as beautiful as a flower with the right amount of makeup and style. Her sleeve ribbons fluttered in the air making her look like a fairy straight out of a painting.

Her silky black hair was tied up in a long bun and held in place by a classic-styled jade hairpin. Her snow-white ears were decorated with red ruby earrings. They shined enough to add a red glimmer to the nearby area.

“Senior...” She became nervous due to his intense glare.

“Not bad, not bad.” Feiyun stroked his beard and laughed: “I’ll spare their lives on your behalf, but don’t blame me for being merciless if they choose to be stupid again.”

He looked her up and down one more time before turning to leave with his bell.

She finally heaved a sigh of relief after confirming that he was long gone. That stare earlier was so strange. It was as if he could see through her clothes.

Intuition told her that he wasn’t a good person at all. Who knows what could have happened?

“Damn pervert!” Lin Jibai angrily shouted.

“Yes, this Yun Feitian is despicable. Did you see that perverted stare earlier? Let’s go to Bronze Cauldron and report this to the Junior Ancestors so that they can stick up for Ruixin.” Xiao Tianyue said with aggression.

They were clearly in the wrong for wanting to take his bell but now, the story turned into Feiyun being a pervert and insulting Ruixin in a blatant manner.

One could easily imagine that after coming to Bronze Cauldron, they would paint him as a heinous villain. In the end, a fight broke out in order to teach that wretch a lesson. Unfortunately, the guy’s cultivation was too high and wounded all of them.

The seniors from Sun Moon would become indignant as a result and go to find Feiyun to win back their sect’s reputation, perhaps going as far as killing him.

Ruixin slightly grimaced. If this fabrication were to go out, her reputation would be ruined too because words of mouth always escalate. Beating down that Yun Feitian wouldn’t do anything either. Enough damage would have been done.

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Though Feiyun knew that many had arrived at the border of Bronze Cauldron, the sheer number of people still astonished him.

Not just the masters but the young prodigies came too from numerous top sects and clans. The smaller sects brought everyone along.

Heretics, Buddhist monks, Dao elders, prodigies... they separated into their own sections.

Sects with good relationships stayed near each other. The ones with feud didn’t fight either.

Feiyun even saw cultivators from the Qian and Tianlong Dynasty.

A supreme beauty sat on a jade pedestal, revealing her bare shoulders. The experts from Tianlong obeyed all of her orders. Several old men stood behind her.

"It's him!" Feiyun noticed this "woman" from dozens of miles away.

'This freak is here again!' He got the urge to claw his eyes out after seeing Long Qingyang again.

#### [Chapter 684: Seeing The Bandits Again](#)

"So many people!" No wonder why those young cultivators from Sun Moon could enter Endless Land.

It looked like the outer regions have truly changed. These people gathered right outside Bronze Cauldron without caution, seemingly waiting for something.

The night curtain dropped down and there were lamps and torches everywhere.

These cultivators erected tents and bonfires. Some began cultivating in waiting with their spirit stones and activated meridians; a faint glow appeared around them.

Some sat around the fire and grilled some meat while drinking wine, seemingly discussing something.

Feiyun turned his attention to a group near a cliff. On top of their big fire was a piece of wood more than one meter wide so the flame was quite strong.

They wore strange outfits. One had a saber scar on his face, straight down where an eye used to be. A golden serpent coiled around his waist. He had an aggressive and intimidating aura.

Their weapons were big and crude, such as a big woodchopper, a wolf's fang mace, a hammer as big as a grinder.

They drank and cursed in a jovial manner. Everyone else stayed far away from them, perhaps out of disdain. All in all, this wasn't the crowd to mingle with.

"Second Boss, look at that woman over there, so sexy!" Wu Jiu held a broiled golden wing and chomped down while staring at Long Qingyang sitting on her jade seat over yonder. Oil and fat streamed down his hands. He didn't mind wiping them off with his ragged sleeves.

Next to him was a short and muscular man - black in complexion, big eyes, and a full beard. He slapped Wu Jin in response: "You're hopeless. If you like her, then go talk to her!"

This person looking like a gorilla was the second boss of Huang Feng Ridge.

"I'm... I'm just looking." Wu Jiu angrily said while still staring at Long Qingyang.

Qingyang seemed to have noticed his fiery gaze and turned her head to smile back at him. Her eyes rippled like the autumn waves.

"Bam!" Wu Jiu dropped the big wing down on the ground and became frozen.

"Boom!" Second Boss slapped him again, causing the poor guy to fall headfirst into a boulder.

"You're hopeless." The boss added.

He then glanced towards that enchanting woman and twitched in shock. He quickly averted his gaze before lowering his voice: "Our target is Feng Feiyun this time. This is an order from the First Boss, we can't make any mistakes because of one woman."

They were bandits from Huang Feng and have traveled more than 100,000 miles from the border of Grand Southern to Endless Land.

“Don’t worry, everyone is here now, Feng Feiyun will join too. I’ll take care of him then and he’ll obediently return with us.” A woman wearing leather shorts patted her thigh and proudly declared. [1]

She looked around thirty years old and was known as the Shyflower Thirteenth Lady. She looked quite mature and her legs looked supple and soft. However, her banditry temperament was a turn-off. She had joined this group three years ago and became their Fourth Boss.

The bandits exploded with waves of laughter in response.

“Feng Feiyun is undoubtedly a sexual deviant but he’s also very picky. If Fourth Boss were two hundred years younger, then maybe he’ll fall for your honey trap, but now...” One of them sneered.

“Boom!” Shyflower smashed this bandit flying into the cliff. It took him a while before crawling back. He learned his lesson and sat on the ground, no longer daring to smile. The other bandits shut their mouth as well.

“First Boss has been reclusive for so long until now because of Feng Feiyun. Second Boss, don’t you think Feng Feiyun is his illegitimate son?” One of them eventually spoke again.

“Small chance of this being too but they are definitely related. Third Brother told me that First Boss came out the last time Feiyun was at our place. He then gave the Firebird Sword to Third Brother so that he could give it to Feiyun later.”

The First Boss of Huang Feng was very mysterious and rarely showed himself. Only the Second and Third Boss have seen him several times. The others didn’t even know what he looked like, only that he was a super master.

Feiyun was spying on their conversation from a distance. His eyes flashed with elucidation first before doubts.

‘So that sword came from the First Boss? Then is this mysterious First Boss the legendary demonic man?’ He wondered.

Hongyan left him a letter before dying. It mentioned that the demonic man was the one who told her the secrets of the five garments. He was the one who gave her the Firebird Gown too.

‘Looks like I’m related in one way or another to this demonic man.’ He wanted to get more information about First Boss.

However, furious voices came from behind and interrupted him.

“Senior Uncle, that’s the guy who injured First Brother and the senior brothers on top of looking pervertedly at Junior Sister Ruixin.”

The group of prodigies from Sun Moon followed a middle-aged man with an impressive aura. They surrounded Feiyun and glared aggressively at him.

Only the girl named Ruixin looked a bit shy with her head lowered, standing right behind the middle-aged man.

"I am Meng Qiunan of Sun Moon. I heard that your cultivation is great yet you bullied these juniors. Worst of all, you even disrespected the daughter of our White Moon Messenger. You need to give us an answer." This man looked at Feiyun and courteously said.

He didn't stifle his voice so everyone nearby heard him.

"That's Meng Qiunan of Sun Moon. I believe he recently became a half-step Giant and was first place in a competition among the 18th generation of his sect. He's quite famous right now so who is the person blind enough to offend him?"

"That's a vagabond who disrespected the brightest jewel of Sun Moon, the daughter of White Moon Messenger, Liu Ruixin."

"Damn! This guy is something else, to actually aim for the messenger's daughter. No wonder why Meng Qiunan is personally getting involved, it looks like he wants to earn some points from the messenger."

Sun Moon Sect is quite notorious right now and few dared to oppose them, until this fearless fella. Everyone became excited for the incoming show.

"Miss Long, what is Sun Moon doing right now? Just a vagabond, do they need to send out a half-step Giant for him?" An old man whispered behind Long Qingyang.

Qingyang's smile was hidden beneath her silk veil. Her eyes looked quite spirited as she said: "Qiunan is a fool. This matter, true or not, will ruin Ruixin's reputation and honor. He wants to flatter the messenger but will only end up angering him, hahaha. Oh right, are our plans ready?"

The old man stared at her white-snow neck then her exquisite features. He swallowed his saliva and said: "It's done, Feiyun will not be able to hide from us if he comes here."

Qingyang slightly arched forward and started looking around with her eyes as bright as the stars. She raised her brows slightly - this appearance of her was too sexy.

"I feel that he's already here." She shook her head in response.

"What? He's here already? How did our men not spot him?" The old man became surprised.

"He wouldn't be Feng Feiyun otherwise. Don't worry, the Beiming and Qian are more anxious than us. We don't need to do anything first, just watch the show for now." She sat back down with a tempting smirk on her red lips.

Feng Feiyun knew that this sect would come for him, just not this early.

"I beat them up to teach them a lesson because your sect's rules are too lax. It is a favor. And as for the accusation of disrespecting this lady, I've done no such thing." Feiyun replied.

This vagabond was quite arrogant and didn't hold back.

“You’re not qualified to comment on our rules. Senior Uncle, he’s purposely trying to antagonize our sect.” Xiao Tianyue was still bleeding from his arm. However, with Qiunan as his backing, he had nothing to fear and accused Feiyun of another crime.

“Since you refuse to show respect to our sect, let’s see how strong your Buddhist arts are.” Qiunan’s expression turned cold.

“Boom!” A divine halo made of moonlight emerged around him, protecting him completely. He formed mudras and the halo intensified, becoming more dazzling than ever.

“This is a terrifying technique from Sun Moon. Once cultivated to the limit, it could change the terrain itself, turning the day into night.” The cultivators nearby took out their soulbound artifacts for defensive purposes, not wanting to be an accidental casualty of this battle.

“Boom!” A loud bang resounded as if someone had struck a bell.

Suddenly, the halo dissipated and Qiunan was blown flying while vomiting blood. He landed headfirst into the ground.

What the hell?! A half-step Giant was now pinned to the ground with his feet pointing at the air, looking just like an incense stick.

This was a hilarious scene but no one could laugh right now. They were too busy staring at the bell held by the vagabond.

### [Chapter 685: Arrogance](#)

Everyone became astounded. How could a character like Meng Qiunan be defeated by a single move?

Where did this powerful vagabond come from? He’s probably the king of them all.

Inside a floating warship was a powerful old man. He stroked his beard while gazing at Feiyun, seemingly pondering. ‘This vagabond is extraordinary. Sun Moon Sect is going to suffer a great loss this time.’

The disciples from Sun Moon shuddered and got chills all over. This guy’s cultivation exceeded their expectations.

Just a swing of that bell alone easily took care of a half-step Giant.

The confident Xiao Tianyue turned pale and nearly dropped to the ground out of fear.

“Is there not a single rational person from Sun Moon?” Feiyun dropped his bell on the ground and shouted.

The massive bell sank half a meter into the ground. Its azure glow was soft yet oppressive.

A few keen observers noticed this; their eyes flashing with realization. This bell must be extremely heavy, not just a few hundred thousand pounds.

Meanwhile, the disciples from Sun Moon didn’t dare to answer. Two of them helped pull Meng Qiunan out of the ground.

This half-step was unconscious right now. His nose, chin, and forehead have been smashed by the bell. His face nearly caved in entirely. If it wasn't for the vigorous vitality of a half-step and Feiyun holding back in order to prevent an out-of-control escalation, he would be dead right now.

Feiyun smirked and moved with the speed of lightning. In the next second, he appeared before Liu Ruixin.

Her expression changed and felt the wind, instantly wanting to retreat. Alas, Feiyun held her by the shoulder and pressed her back down.

Her expression changed again after losing the initiative. Light gathered on her soft fingertip and turned into a spirit dagger. She thrust it straight for his heart.

Feiyun chuckled and crushed this spirit dagger before grabbing her by the waist and pressing on her dantian with his other hand to seal her cultivation.

He then pulled her back to where his bell was.

"Old man, what are you doing?!" Two prodigies from Sun Moon rushed forward but Feiyun casually sent them flying with a handwave.

They rolled on the ground like a gourd and couldn't get up.

"Go tell your Junior Ancestral Uncles that if they want me to release her, bring your peak third-ranked treasure, Heaven Suppression Sword, in exchange. You have one tea time to get it. If I don't see the sword after that, I'll really disrespect her this time." Feiyun smirked.

He enjoyed paying people back in full. If these people wanted to take his spirit treasure, he would take one from them too.

These cultivators here weren't good people; all wanted a piece of his scripture. It's only fair that he would take their treasures first.

"The seniors have entered Bronze Cauldron, they're not here." One prodigy said.

Feiyun glanced at him and could tell that he wasn't lying. He slightly frowned and thought, 'no wonder why the masters on the same level as Untethered Ji Yibei aren't here. They have already gone inside.'

The top ancestors have already gone in. The main purpose of the ones staying outside was to deal with him and steal the scripture.

During the previous match, Feiyun killed six Giants and one Super Giant. This battle made him world-renowned. However, many ancestors thought that his cultivation wasn't at this level. Something strange was going on. A few even thought that Monk Jiu Rou must be the real murderer.

Feiyun's real cultivation couldn't be this frightening. Someone must have made up these rumors.

One ninth-ranked wisdom master gathered information and data before concluding that Feiyun was a half-step Giant at best.

That's why the real master didn't think too much of him. Plus, he might not even have the scripture in the first place. They didn't need to personally take care of him. The demonic treasure in Bronze Cauldron was a higher priority.

"Then tell whoever is in charge right now to hand over that sword or ten spirit treasures and I'll release her." Feiyun smiled.

He then sat down before the bell and closed his eyes. He started thinking about the demonic treasure in Bronze Cauldron. If it was actually real, then perhaps he could use it to cultivate the third phoenix bone and reach the next level of power.

One disciple from Sun Moon sent out a jade talisman to his senior. It had a red color, meaning that the situation was extremely dire.

"This vagabond is very strong. Alas, he's too greedy and wants to bleed Sun Moon dry. This has never happened before."

"Though the top masters of Sun Moon are in Bronze Cauldron, I'm sure they still have some powerful beings outside, especially the disciples of Black Sun and White Sun Messenger. Their first disciples are at the seventh level now."

"What? Do they have two more Giants? No wonder why they're so arrogant recently. They can back it up."

Feiyun understood several more things after hearing the gossip.

First, the strongest outside of their sect master were the two messengers. Meanwhile, their first disciples were staying here to take care of this situation - Jun Sanqian and Ye Siwan.

These two have been lifelong rivals with comparable talents and comprehension. They would certainly be the top dogs in Sun Moon in the future.

Eighty years ago, they were among the top ten youths in that generation. Having two great geniuses at the same time was a sign of prosperity for a sect.

In Jin, a generation lasted for fifty years. Those older than fifty were no longer part of the young generation. Thus, Jun Sanqian and Ye Siwan were top geniuses from the previous generation.

They didn't let people down either, becoming Giants before one century. They had hopes of reaching the Nirvana realm in the future. Their battle abilities far exceeded regular Giants too.

"Who will be the one taking action tonight? If it's Jun Sanqian, I want to see his supreme sword art that is famed for destroying three thousand invaders. He might be thirty years older but I still want to try." Beiming Potian had a massive sword on his back. He stood on top of his crimson deer, looking quite proud.

His cultivation became far better in the last few years at an improvement rate not inferior to Feng Feiyun.

"I prefer Yi Siwan instead because of rumors about her having finished cultivating the Meteoric Moon Dance. When activated, there would be a hundred images of her in the sky, unbeatable in speed in the

same realm.” Li Xiaonan stood on top of a floating peak, looking quite transcending with a sword hanging by his waist.

This floating peak was a spirit treasure named Soaring Isle. On top were numerous spirit medicines and precious trees. Spirit springs flowed like waterfalls here. Four beautiful sword maids stood behind him.

Many thought that the vagabond would run after hearing the stories about Yi Siwan and Jun Sanqian. However, the guy kept on sitting with his eyes closed in front of the bell.

At this moment, Second Boss lifted his gigantic axe and walked over to Feiyun. He smiled and said: “Your cultivation isn’t bad but you’re not a match for those two masters from Sun Moon. You can’t handle keeping this pretty girl so hand her over to me. We brothers are very interested in her, just name the price.”

Second Boss didn’t recognize Feng Feiyun either!

The bandits from Huang Feng started shouting and cheering. They would make scary faces at Liu Ruixin while laughing.

She became visibly frightened, afraid that this monk would hand her over to those ferocious bandits.

“Who dares to conspire against our junior sister?! Do you wish to antagonize our sect too?!” A disciple from Sun Moon angrily shouted from the distance.

The prodigies from Sun Moon had a terrible day. First, that vagabond taught them a good lesson. Now, these boorish bandits wanted to join too? They were showing zero respect towards Sun Moon.

Wu Jiu lifted his wolf’s fang cudgel and intimidated the youth: “You’re running your mouth without knowing who we are? We’re the Huang Feng Bandits! Sun Moon Sect is nothing, never heard of it before! I’ll take this woman if I want!”

“You!” The disciple bellowed.

Wu Jiu instantly attacked with his cudgel, splitting this student into seven pieces. A three-meter-deep pit appeared on the ground too with fleshy bits and blood.

Huang Feng Bandits?! Who the hell were they? So violent and arrogant, not caring about killing an elite from Sun Moon.

### [Chapter 686: Meteoric Speed](#)

Wu Jiu stood next to the pit while wielding his cudgel and aggressively yelled: “Keep on chirping and I’ll cut off your head!”

The prodigies were scared out of their mind and trembled. The vagabond actually held back but these bandits looked cruel and were murderous. Disciples from the big, orthodox sects wouldn’t be ready for this.

This matter has escalated with an elite disciple being killed. It wouldn’t end easily so the crowd became quite happy.

Wu Jiu and his bloody cudgel made the young ones stagger backward. Some even dropped on their butt, using their hands for support while moving backward.

“Hey! Our Second Boss is talking to you, are you fucking selling or not?!” Wu Jiu got over to Second Boss and glared at Feng Feiyun. He sounded like an unruly patron asking a prostitute.

Everyone knew that this man was murderous on top of being unreasonable and powerful. He easily killed a third-level prodigy earlier with one move. His cultivation must be impressive.

They felt that this vagabond would yield and hand Liu Ruixin over right away. Many pitied her since her fate after falling into the hands of these bandits would be terrible. It would traumatize and scar her for life.

Even if the masters from Sun Moon were to annihilate the bandits later, they still wouldn’t be able to save this beauty’s purity.

Of course, no one wanted to interfere. This place was Endless Land. They needed to be vigilant instead of causing trouble.

Ruixin became horrified; her face turned white from top to bottom. She gritted her teeth with despair in her eyes. She clenched her fists tight enough to almost bleed and wouldn’t dare to imagine the outcome.

“No.” Feng Feiyun seemed immovable as he answered.

Just this simple response showed his unquestionable determination.

Ruixin sat behind him, leaning back on the cold bell. She had a look of disbelief on her face. ‘He... is actually...’

“You’re courting death!” Wu Jiu’s aggression intensified as he howled like a wolf. One could see through his bones seemingly made of gold through his tough exterior. He grabbed the cudgel with both hands before swinging it towards Feiyun’s head.

The terrifying momentum of the smash created a terrible gale.

People were shocked at his strength. They thought that just one swing of him could clear a mountain.

“There’s something about this powerful bandit. I think he cultivates a mysterious bone-refinement art, very similar to a technique used by a famous monster in Earthchild in the past.” An elder from a big sect said.

“I remember now. This happened one hundred years ago. The guy killed six elders from Sun Moon and destroyed eight branches. He murdered more than one thousand people and a Sun Moon Giant eventually came for him, injuring and chasing him for tens of thousand miles. He still got away in the end.”

“Even a Giant can’t kill him?”

“I see, if it’s really him, then he must really hate Sun Moon. No wonder why he killed that boy earlier without showing any mercy.”

Huang Feng Ridge had three thousand bandits also that have committed heinous crimes or offended big shots. They had no choice but to run to the southern border and live reclusively while surviving as bandits.

Feiyun knew this and thought that Wu Jiu might be the man they were talking about.

He wasn't interested in their story and decided to make his move. He gathered golden Buddhist light in his palm that looked like a divine lamp and instantly shot it towards the cudgel.

The impact was powerful enough to change the weapon's shape after loud metallic ringing. Fiery sparks went everywhere.

This bandit was strong indeed since he still held onto the cudgel. His cultivation exceeded Meng Qiunan's.

Feiyun's robe started fluttering as he channeled more power into his palm. A massive wave sent Wu Jiu flying for dozens of meters before his butt dug into the ground from the fall.

Nevertheless, this bald bandit was extremely tough. He stood up and only rubbed his butt, suffering zero damage. Nevertheless, he didn't come up again after realizing that the vagabond was the real deal, able to blow him away while just sitting down.

"The disciples of Sun Moon tried to rob my spirit treasure but this has nothing to do with Liu Ruixin. I'm only inviting her to stay in order to have a talk with the big shots from Sun Moon. Therefore, I will not hand her over to you." Feiyun recalled his golden light and calmly said.

Second Boss' big eyes were fixated on Feiyun for a while with a strange glimmer.

After a while, he suddenly laughed and said: "I like it, a man with principles! An eye for an eye is appropriate when dealing with these famous sects."

"So you no longer wish to buy?" Feiyun asked.

"Haha! The truth is, since when do bandits like we need to spend money on women? We just take what we want." Second Boss said.

"So you wish to use force?"

"Only from Sun Moon Sect, not against you." Second Boss laughed again and returned to his camp.

The bandit with a saber scar on his face spoke with murderous intensity: "Second Boss, why didn't you take care of him?"

"There's a problem." Second Boss had an anticipating expression.

"What is it?" Another bandit with arms as thick as a water bucket asked.

"I think he's Feng Feiyun." Second Boss answered.

"???" The bandits' jaws nearly dropped to the floor.

Shyflower Thirteenth Lady's eyes lit up: "He's... a bit old! But that's perfect for me, we're close in age."

The bandits gave her glances of derision while Second Boss elaborated: "A person can change their appearance and temperament, even the eyes. However, he can't hide that faint demonic energy on him at all."

"Demonic energy? I didn't smell anything." Wu Jiu sniffed and said.

"Your cultivation isn't enough to know what this is. When your cultivation is better, I will teach you an art to clearly distinguish energy types. You'll be able to sense it then."

Second Boss continued to stare at Feng Feiyun with a strange glint in his eyes. He couldn't confirm that it was really Feng Feiyun because this demonic energy was actually hidden quite well. Even the demon-spotting technique given to him from First Boss couldn't see through Feiyun.

Ruixin had a complicated expression while sitting powerlessly behind Feiyun.

"Release me right now or you will die once Jun Sanqian and Ye Siwan get here." Her lips quivered.

Feiyun's eyes remained closed as he smirked: "I won't until I get the sword."

"I'm actually trying to save you." Ruixin wanted to give up, thinking that this vagabond won't listen to reasons. She wouldn't be wasting words on him if he didn't save her earlier from the bandits.

"You should be worrying about yourself instead. I can guarantee that tonight won't go well for you if they don't bring the sword here." Feiyun directly threatened, causing her to shut up from fear.

Suddenly, a meteor appeared from the night horizon. No, it was a person with a speed and glow similar to a meteor.

No one could see her appearance and movement technique. She instantly landed behind Feiyun, wanting to take Ruixin away.

Her fair hand seemed to be perfectly sculpted by the heaven. She grabbed Ruixin's shoulder and was ready to pull her away.

"Quite fast, pretty hand too." Feiyun smiled and took action with incredible speed.

He clawed towards the jade hand with golden light on his fingers. They acted like pincers wanting to break this newcomer's hand.

The "meteor" issued a surprise exclamation and had to let go. Cold waves of energy rushed out from her hand and created a layer of frost.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!..." She unleashed 248 palm strikes right away. They combined together with a multiplicative power.

She was too fast so the sounds themselves stacked together. Ordinary people only heard a single boom.

Meanwhile, Feiyun was still in the meditative pose and didn't bother to turn around. He swung his hand backward and unleashed 248 palm strikes too, negating her attack.

The spirit energy channeled inside his body and turned into a massive Buddhist palm, ready to attack.

[Chapter 687: Marvelous Geniuses](#)

The “meteor” soared upward to dodge the Buddhist Palm before landing on top of a brown tree nearby. A shiny glow and mist engulfed this figure.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye. Only a few top experts saw the exchanges. Those who haven’t reached the Giant realm only saw a meteor rotating around the Buddhist bell before backing out.

Feiyun’s hand was slightly hurting; he felt quite surprised. Looks like this person lives up to her fame.

He opened his eyes. They shot out two golden flashes towards the top of the tree as he asked: “You’re Ye Siwan?”

The genius of Sun Moon, the favorite of White Moon Messenger; she only needed eighty years before becoming a Giant. Though she was a new one, her battle abilities far exceeded regular Giants.

“You’re not a vagabond.” Her voice was pretty and refreshing.

Feiyun wasn’t the only one surprised. She felt the same way since her hand was still throbbing with pain. It was as if she struck a hard piece of metal with the 248 strikes prior.

She wanted to save Ruixin as fast as possible before dealing with Feiyun, not expecting this guy to have such a fast reaction speed.

He was still sitting down and seemed to be even faster than her. She absolutely didn’t believe that a vagabond could be so strong.

“Where is Heaven Suppression?” He ignored her question.

“The sword is our defining treasure. We won’t give it to you.” Her peerless figure stood on top of the tree like a dancing fairy. Her light illuminated the area nearby.

“Then this conversation ends.” Feiyun stood up and held Ruixin in one hand and lifted the bell with his other hand, wanting to leave.

“She can’t give it to you because the sect master has given it to me.” A lazy voice sounded.

Feiyun stopped since he could sense a suppressive sword energy, enough to make others tremble.

A man looking around twenty years of age walked closer. His shadow stretched to the back, looking just like a sword.

He’s getting closer!

He wore a long, white robe draping down to the ground, the same way as his long hair draping on his back. It also hid half of his face.

One could only see his slightly pursed lips. Alas, just this alone was enough to make all the women in the world go crazy.

He walked barefooted; an ancient sword hung by his belt. There was a sense of unrestrained freedom in his temperament.

Because of this freedom, his sword arts could change in an unpredictable manner - virtually unblockable in the same realm.

Liu Ruixin had a strange glimmer in her eyes. In Sun Moon, Jun Sanqian was all the women's white knight, a sword immortal. Everyone deeply admired him, outside of Ye Siwan.

"My sword is here." Feiyun noticed the sword hanging on Sanqian's waist.

"Haha! Your cultivation isn't bad but it's still not enough to make me unsheath. Release Ruixin then cripple your cultivation and I'll spare you." Sanqian stopped and showed his confidence.

This confidence stemmed from his unblemished battle record, not blind faith.

"Sanqian, you're one step late. He is my opponent." Siwan protested.

"Unfortunately, he seeks Heaven Suppression, not you." Sanqian smiled before speaking with a cold tone: "Yun Feitian, if you can force me to use this sword, it shall be yours."

"Yun Feitian, if you can stop ten moves of mine, I'll help you take that sword from him." Siwan said.

Though Feiyun repelled her earlier, she still had doubts about his power because she didn't go all out earlier. She believed that she could defeat him within ten moves while using her full capabilities.

Both Siwan and Sanqian wanted to fight him. Of course, this wasn't because they were impressed by him. In fact, both thought that they could easily take him down.

Many were moved by their aggressiveness. These were two prodigies that have become Giants, looking to soar into the sky. They each would have a seat in the future among the lords of Jin.

"No need to argue, both of you can come at the same time!" Feiyun leisurely said.

The two were caught off guard and stopped debating. This person seemed to be even more arrogant than them. He exuded invisible confidence, not something a regular person could do.

Ruixin didn't hate Feiyun that much. She gave him the side-eye and said: "Uncle, do you know who you're facing? If you can force Sanqian to unsheathe his sword or withstand ten moves from Siwan, you'll be renowned right away with numerous powers wanting to recruit you."

"Uncle..." Feiyun has never been addressed as an uncle before so he found it amusing. Of course, it was reasonable for a young girl to call him "uncle" right now, given his current appearance.

Suddenly, a group of bandits came out from the thicket nearby. Some had axes and hammers; one was strangely wrapped in a straw mat. Another had arms as thick as a water bucket.

This muscular person said: "I want to try and be famous. Mmm, you, Ye Sisi, I will take ten moves from you."

The person with the straw mat smiled and said: "Jun Xiaosan. I'm going to be famous as well by forcing you to use your sword." [1]

This group of bandits was fearless, even going as far as making fun of the two geniuses.

Some couldn't help but laugh, thinking about these weird bandits casually changing people's names. "Ye Sisi" and "Jun Xiaosan" will surely spread after tonight.

Thus, Siwan and Sanqian still became furious despite their great mental state.

"Senior Brother Lin was murdered by them. They wanted to take Junior Sister Ruixin too, a bunch of madmen." A young disciple from Sun Moon said.

"A life for a life, of course." Ye Siwan's voice turned cold. She was still shrouded in various affinities.

"Whoosh!" She turned into a shooting meteor with extreme speed and unleashed a spell on one of the bandits before the crowd could react.

This art had a layer of cold energy so the ground became covered in frost. She wanted to kill this bandit with one move.

Contrary to her expectation, this bandit reacted quickly as well. He made a fist with his large hand and crushed this spell into pieces.

"This bandit is not bad, his body is as tough as steel. Ye Siwan used at least thirty percent of her power earlier." Li Xiaonan on top of his floating island has been watching Ye Siwan.

He had four sword maids and sixteen musical emissaries right now. However, he was missing two bed maids and wanted her as one of them.

As a supreme genius, he didn't care for ordinary women since they weren't qualified to be his maids. Only someone like Siwan could become his personal maid.

Being able to block one move from Siwan was quite amazing so the crowd gasped in response. Who the hell are these bandits and why are they so strong?

Remember, even half-steps could be killed by that move earlier.

The surprised Siwan took out a treasure to summon lightning. A bolt as thick as a bowl descended and blasted the ground, resulting in a frightening pit.

However, this bandit crawled out of the ground with smoke coming from his body. This move was quite strong, enough to injure him.

"Again!" The bandit suddenly transformed. Each step he took forward doubled his size. Just like that, he towered at eight meters tall. Just one punch from him crushed the tree she was standing on.

She danced like a butterfly in the air. Numerous images of her appeared like a group of butterflies.

The bandit couldn't touch her at all but each of her moves seriously wounded him. The seventh shot made her triumphant.

"Little girl, you're quite capable. I've lost." He shrank back to his original size while lying on the ground, panting.

No one looked down on him despite his defeat. After all, regular people had no chance of surviving seven moves from Siwan.

Meanwhile, Li Xiaonan frowned. Siwan's cultivation was better than he had anticipated. He would have a hard time subduing her before becoming a Giant himself.

Jun Sanqian had also defeated the other bandit after thirteen moves. However, he still didn't use his sword. Otherwise, he could absolutely win within ten moves.

Strangely enough, the crowd became intimidated by this group of bandits. It looked like any of them was a monster.

If that entire group came at once, they could overwhelm and kill Jun Sanqian and Ye Siwan.

## [SPIRIT VESSEL](#)

### [Chapter 688: Against Ye Siwan](#)

Tents and fire camps were common outside of Bronze Cauldron.

The chilling gales blew creepily beneath the night curtain.

No one else challenged Jun Sanqian and Ye Siwan. These were real masters standing at the top of Jin.

"Two geniuses indeed. I shall entertain you then." Feiyun was still holding his bell without any fear.

Does this vagabond still want to fight after seeing their battle capabilities? Does he think that they won't kill him? Many people were surprised. They thought that he should release Ruixin then kneel and beg for forgiveness. That's the only way for him to survive this.

"In my opinion, the vagabond is weaker than that straw mat bandit earlier. Defeat in five moves, death in ten."

"Maybe he'll die in the first move. The power of a Giant is beyond the imagination of anyone lower, especially with an eightfold spirit treasure. Siwan and Sanqian didn't use one earlier."

"Right! If they did, those two bandits might not be able to last a single move."

"No spirit treasure but she used an art with a sixfold ability earlier." Feiyun revealed.

Siwan was slightly moved with her eyes flashing in rumination. She was extremely fast earlier so few could see her exact techniques

This vagabond managed to see them and knew the exact multiplicative number after the first series of exchanges. She became more serious about this foe.

"I'll take you on then." Siwan gathered a white energy in her palm, made from the cold affinity using a special technique. It soared three hundred feet into the air, pulsing back and forth and ready to whip downward.

"Wait a minute!" Feiyun shouted.

"You're afraid?" Siwan felt glad inside. If this vagabond were to obediently return Ruixin, she would have a good report for her master.

She wasn't afraid of Feiyun at all, only that the guy might be enraged from losing and end up killing Ruixin.

Feiyun took off his belt and ignored Ruixin's protest while tying her to him.

He could see how strong Siwan was. He wasn't sure that he could absolutely defeat her despite having confidence in his own cultivation.

What if someone else saves Ruixin during their fight? Then what's the point of defeating Siwan?

Thus, he decided to tie her up to him before fighting Siwan.

Two enticing soft things touched his back. This girl grew up quite well, he thought.

Next, he felt a sharp pain on his shoulder - she had bitten him.

"Let me go!" She couldn't bite through his skin and only felt her teeth aching. This guy's body is as tough as steel.

"We can start now." Feiyun ignored her.

The spectators naturally understood his intention but they had a mocking grin on their face. How idiotic, Ye Siwan is famous for her peerless speed within the same realm.

Many powerful foes never got a glimpse of her figure before being killed by her. This vagabond was already holding a big bell too. Now, he was carrying a girl on top of that. His speed would be lowered as a result, a suicidal endeavor.

"Boom!" A loud blast interrupted their thoughts.

They calmed down and saw Siwan already standing in front of Feiyun. The two of them made their move, causing mud and debris to fly everywhere.

Feiyun was still as agile as ever. He used his powerful bell to stop her condensed energy.

Loud bell ringing could be heard from several hundred miles away.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" Eardrums were being damaged as a result.

He seemed immovable like a mountain with a bright radiance consisting of Buddhist energy. One could faintly see a golden Buddha meditating behind him with an indestructible divinity.

She looked like a beautiful fairy from above with the agility of a butterfly. She turned into a hundred images that stack together to unleash a sevenfold move. The energy turned into a white dragon issuing loud cries.

Ruixin's soft figure was stuck on his back; her waist tied together with his.

"This is one of the top techniques from our sect, Senior Sister Ye has reached an incredible level for a sevenfold attack. Even an intermediate Giant might not be able to block it." She could feel the incoming aura and had an envious expression.

She believed that this vagabond would definitely be defeated by this move.

Feiyun stabilized both of his feet on the ground. A golden brilliance erupted in his dantian just like a sun before opening his mouth and roared: "Oooo!"

Golden radiance spewed out like a tsunami and condensed into a massive golden lion. It crushed the white dragon along with the cold energy in her hand.

"Boom!" The sound and power of this lion blinded the spectators.

"Furious Lion Roar!" Her expression changed as her hair scattered in the wind, revealing her fair neck.

She soared up into the air like a beam in order to dodge the golden lion.

"Boom!" The lion flew for several thousand meters and flattened a one-hundred-meter hill.

Ruixin became astounded with her eyes wide open. She felt dizzy because of the roar earlier while thinking that this "uncle" was too strong. He really hid his power and pretended to be weak earlier. He was strong enough to contend against the top Giants.

For some strange reasons though, she wasn't that afraid of him despite being in captivity.

"You're no vagabond and your name isn't Yun Feitian either. Who are you?" Siwan spoke with a layer of frost rotating around her.

Vagabonds were usually weak since they didn't have a traditional cultivation system. Even the vagrant Giants couldn't use a technique like this roar earlier. It was a Buddhist move that could increase power by ten times.

"That's five moves, my turn now." Feiyun took a deep breath and said.

"Boom!" He stomped on the ground and lifted his immensely heavy bell. Buddhist energy in his dantian channeled into the bell, causing it to glow brightly.

The runes on the bell began to move; all nine formations have been activated. With that stomp prior, he propelled himself forward like a cannon and aimed for her head.

The activated bell became as big as a mountain made of bronze with blinding light. The holy power of Buddhism painted the night into a shade of gold. Its might was frightening indeed.

The spectators in the distance were blown away. Even those who have taken out their soulbound artifacts for defensive measures still vomited blood from the shockwaves.

Siwan stood at the epicenter and suffered the highest pressure. The air nearby became frozen so she couldn't use her speed to run.

Nevertheless, she remained calm and elegant while pointing at the sky. A lunar disk appeared with an ancient style - full of mysterious runes and old symbols. The sides were sharp and dazzling.

This was a second-ranked spirit treasure refined by an Enlightened Being from Sun Moon. It had a diameter of five meters but still looked minuscule compared to the bell that was ninety-nine meters tall now.

“You think bigger is stronger?” Siwan made a mudra and activated the formations in this disk. It exuded a sky-blotting spirit energy, allowing her to perform a tenfold attack. The atmosphere rippled as a result.

“Clank!” After a deafening blast, the disk successfully stopped the bell weighing at 9,990,000 pounds.

Time came to a halt, resulting in a strange picture of two contesting weapons.

The lunar disk was sharp and exquisite; the bell was enormous yet simple. Their lights illuminated the night sky; the stars above paled in comparison.

The one shocked was Ye Siwan. That attack earlier was enough to destroy a small city but this vagabond managed to stop her. Moreover, she found the pressure from the bell to be almost unbearable.

This was understandable. The bell’s weight on top of Feiyun’s quick swing resulted in a force ten times over. Feiyun became surprised at her ability to block his smash too.

No one dared to look down on Feiyun at this point and considered him to be on the same level as Siwan and Sanqian.

After tonight, the name “Vagabond Yun Feitian” would be known to all.

“This uncle is so strong... what a monster...” Ruixin’s beautiful face was covered in a golden glow due to the bell. Her eyelashes fluttered ever so lightly; her eyes fixated on this uncle.

She noticed that his eyes were very sharp and full of vigorous spirit - not something normally seen in an uncle that has lived for several hundred years.

#### [Chapter 689: Victory](#)

The two treasures took their contest to the sky. Blue and white radiance exploded in a blinding manner.

Everyone could tell that Ye Siwan was going all out without holding back.

“How can she not defeat a vagabond? Looks like her fame is unwarranted.” A clan elder had a mocking grin.

She heard this and flicked one finger to unleash a chilling beam, instantly freezing this elder into an ice capsule.

The crowd was shocked and stopped debating the match. This elder had fought against a Giant before and managed to stay alive despite losing.

However, just one finger flick from her was enough to freeze him. This was indicative of her power.

“Boom!” After one final bang, the two spirit treasures split apart. Ye Siwan and Feng Feiyun retreated as well.

Feiyun stabilized himself on the ground once more for another smash of the bell. It looked like an azure mountain issuing metallic buzzes.

Siwan knew of the bell’s power better than anyone at this point and didn’t want to have a direct confrontation. She leaped away like a shooting star and landed on a large peak nearby, thinking that it was a successful evasion.

However, she looked up and saw a massive pressure looming on top of her in the form of a monstrous Buddha.

'What?! How could she be so fast?!' Siwan panicked.

This vagabond holding the heavy bell on top of carrying a person on his back wasn't slower than her at all! She had a bad feeling about the whole thing, thinking that she had met a real master.

The big shots present were shaken too. Siwan's speech was matchless at the same cultivation level but this vagabond was comparable despite having clear disadvantages.

"Is this vagabond faster than Ye Siwan?" One elder couldn't believe it.

"You actually think he's a vagabond? Someone like this is not a nobody, maybe he's a lay student from the Grand Dragon Temple of Tianlong Dynasty." An old man from Tianlong speculated.

Buddhism has fallen in Jin but this wasn't the case in Tianlong. Their national sect - Grand Dragon - was the number one power there, even more influential than the government. It could decide succession and so on.

The "Furious Lion Roar" was a top technique from this temple. That's why many believed that he was from Grand Dragon.

"Maybe you're right. There's no way we haven't heard of someone like him if he's from Jin."

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"Rumble!" That peak earlier was smashed to pieces by the bell. Boulders rolled down and dust filled the air in a devastating manner.

Siwan managed to block the move, but just barely. Her lunar disk nearly got knocked out of her hand.

Her second-ranked spirit treasure lost to a first-ranked bell.

Feiyun didn't give her a chance to breathe and attacked again, using absolute force to suppress her like a ferocious beast with frightening momentum.

"Monk Mi, is he really a lay disciple from Grand Dragon?" Long Qingyan lay on his jade chair on top of a pedestal with his shoulders exposed, looking unreasonably sexy. His delicate fingers played with his hair; his skin looked like white snow.

A monk in a red kasaya tied by diamond dragon belt stood nearby. A golden brilliance hovered on top of him; his neck had a golden dragon mark.

"Grand Dragon has five main temples, a million monks and even more lay disciples. I am from Flourishing Dragon Temple, we do not have someone like this but I can't say the same about the other four." He slightly frowned.

Monk Mi was an accomplished monk from Grand Temple with incredible cultivation. He had a golden glow around him; his eyes looked like two golden ponds. Runes also circulated whenever he made a gesture.

“Looks like I have to ask your Temple Sovereign then.” Qingyang was interested in this so-called vagabond.

The five lords of the five temples were called Temple Sovereign while the leader of Grand Dragon itself was called “Grand Sovereign” or “Nirvana Sovereign”.

The appearance of the Golden Silkworm Scripture has alerted Grand Dragon as well. The Temple Sovereign of Flourishing personally took action.

The moment he entered Endless Land, he easily trampled two millenium spirit beasts to death along with ten mountains. He was inside Bronze Cauldron Mountain right now.

“Boom!” Ye Siwan was blown flying; her glow dimmed compared to before. Her lunar disk got knocked into the ground, resulting in a huge pit. Its glow was dimming just like its master.

Feiyun landed on the ground while holding his massive bell, leaving two deep footprints. Contrary to the other combatant, his golden glow was resplendent. The bell issued continuous buzzing noises.

He was breathing heavily since he resorted to using the power of his ten thousand beast souls in a discreet manner. That’s how he managed to beat her in the last exchange.

Alas, she wasn’t quite wounded. Her talents were exceptional, definitely comparable to the historical geniuses at the same cultivation level.

“He, he’s actually beating Ye Siwan?” Many turned into stone after seeing this.

“Damn! He’s no vagabond! He must be a lay disciple directly under a Temple Sovereign!”

“So strong, just needing sixty swings of that bell to beat her. Look, the ground is crushed, completely affected by his Buddhist light.”

Li Xiaonan, Beiming Potian, and Jun Sanqian had a serious expression but didn’t care too much.

After all, this vagabond was old and probably trained for three hundred or four hundred years. They have only trained for nearly a century. They might be weaker now but could definitely surpass him in the future.

The ground cracked from the epicenter for several hundred miles. It became barren with dead vegetation.

Ye Siwan stood up, revealing her ample figure and thin waist. She put away her lunar disk and pondered for a bit before asking: “What is your cultivation?”

“Late-stage seventh-level Heaven’s Mandate.” Feiyun lied. If he were to tell them that he was at the intermediate sixth-level, everyone would be shocked and they might connect the dots.

Siwan heaved a sigh of relief. She had only reached the seventh-level recently so the gap between them was two levels. Though she lost, it wasn’t too big of a blow.

“I actually have a secret move, enough to seriously injure or kill you. It’s just that I don’t want to risk hurting Junior Sister Liu in the process.” She said.

“Use it and you’ll die before me, I can assure you this.” Feiyun sneered.

“You...” Siwan thought that he was too arrogant from winning. She didn’t believe that she was inferior at all in an all-out fight.

“Uncle, you’re too prideful. Senior Sister Ye has her hands tied because I’m a hostage and can’t use all of her techniques or you would have lost long ago.” Liu Ruixin on his back also rolled her eyes.

This jewel of Sun Moon deeply admired Ye Siwan and Jun Sanqian, believing that they would never lose. On the other hand, she thought that this vagabond was being despicable by using her as a hostage.

“She can go all out and still won’t be able to hurt us.” Feiyun felt her tender breasts pressing harder into his back.

After thinking about it, he realized that they were going really fast earlier. Ruixin nearly got flung away several times.

Due to her sealed cultivation, she would be fortunate to survive a fall. That’s why she tightly held his neck and latched onto him from top to bottom. He was focused on fighting earlier and didn’t pay attention to this tantalizing feeling.

“Us? We’re not in this together. Uncle, don’t tell me you have some... improper thoughts towards me?” Ruixin put on a cautious expression; her perfect curves became tense. Her legs unconsciously wrapped around his waist even tighter, resulting in a sexier situation.

“Yun Feitian. My turn.” Jun Sanqian stepped forward while letting his sword energy shoot everywhere.

A strong battle spirit flashed in his eyes. The atmosphere nearby suddenly became sharp and oppressive with a strange hum.

“Senior Brother Jun, teach this arrogant uncle a lesson. Make him kneel and beg for forgiveness.” Ruixin had nothing but admiration for this person.

“I’m not fighting you.” Feiyun turned back to glare at her before shaking his head.

“You’re afraid?” Sanqian asked.

“Ye Siwan said that if I can take ten moves from her, she’ll help me take the sword from you. Siwan, do you keep your words?” Feiyun smiled.

Siwan heard him and lamented her predicament. She underestimated him and was too extreme with her declaration earlier. ‘What am I going to do now?’

“Ye Siwan, reneging your words will harm your sect’s reputation.” Feiyun fully enjoyed this situation.

### [Chapter 690: Mysterious Girl](#)

Ye Siwan was talented enough with a chance to become the next White Moon Messenger. Her reputation was extremely important. Reneging her would have a negative effect on her future campaign.

Alas, she couldn't actually take the sword from Jun Sanqian and give it to Feiyun. That would become an even bigger joke. She was stuck on the tiger now and couldn't get down.

"Miss Ye, I shall lend you a hand." Li Xiaonan spoke with auspicious mist floating around him, looking quite transcending.

His floating island started descending, revealing its full appearance on top - cliffs and waterfalls; old pine trees everywhere.

A paradise for immortals and he seemed to be one of them, accompanied by numerous beauties.

"I knew people were up above but not the heaven's favorite, Li Xiaonan." Someone recognized him.

His fame was at an all-time high since he was virtually untouchable among the young generation. He was a God Disciple of Sacred Spirit and represented this monstrous sect.

The noble girls had glimmers in their eyes after seeing him. However, they felt inadequate after seeing his four sword maids and sixteen musical emissaries.

Even his servants were elegant and gorgeous. Only renowned girls like Liu Ruixin and Ye Siwan surpassed them.

Siwan was surprised. 'Why is this stranger helping me?'

"Young Noble Li, this is our sect's business." She said.

"I do not wish to watch people taking advantage of the situation using a weak girl as a hostage." Xiaonan shook his head, accusing Feiyun of being despicable.

The girls present were swooned by his elegance and righteousness. Admiration filled their eyes, including Liu Ruixin.

She pinched Feiyun's arm while murmuring: "He's, he's the legendary number two on the upper list, so handsome and graceful... plus, that temperament is unmatched..."

She was a bit obsessive with pretty boys but it was understandable. After all, only a few women could resist Li Xiaonan's charm. This jewel of a sect wasn't an exception.

Women couldn't resist handsome men, powerful experts, and great geniuses. Li Xiaonan had all three factors.

Numerous tales about him existed; not a single flaw of his was known. The saintess, noble daughters, and princesses all had a crush on him. He was the most prolific prince on a white stallion in their mind. Thus, how could they not go crazy to see him in person?

The male cultivators were naturally unhappy to see this.

Second Boss rolled his eyes and blew his beard while shooting out a massive aura of aggression.

"Li Xiaonan, come have a taste!" He raised his hatchet and threatened. [/ref] The Xiao in his name is literary and has various meanings - (of water) deep and clear; (of wind and rain) howling and pounding;

(of light rain) pattering. Nan means male. The boss is calling him Xiaonan with the character Xiao meaning little.[/ref]

“Xiaonan, *Xiaonan*, are you listening?! Our Second Boss is calling for you!” Wu Jiu roared.

The bandits’ nickname for Xiaonan made the guys laugh.

“Li Xiaonan, an outsider needs not pry into our sect’s business.” Jun Sanqian was unhappy too.

“Xiaonan, if you can beat Yun Feitian, I will invite you to fine wine up here.” Long Qingyang was also very interested in Li Xiaonan. She sat up and spoke while her long and delicate eyelashes fluttered.

Many noble daughters stated their support for Li Xiaonan against Yun Feitian. One of them was especially bold, stating that she would sleep with Li Xiaonan if he were to win.

This was naturally the fourth boss of the bandits, Shyflower. The bandits nearby heard this and wanted to disown her.

However, a pleasant yet hostile comment sounded: “Li Xiaonan is neither the most talented nor the most handsome nor the strongest, why are you all acting up?”

This was the first girl not caring about Li Xiaonan. Her voice was clear, innocent, and playful - almost like singing.

“Ignorant girl, do you not know who he is? Have you not heard stories about him?” The daughter of a master from a big sect became angry, not wanting to hear her idol being criticized.

“Li Xiaonan has never been wounded in a fight before, let alone losing.” Another noble daughter added.

“He alone swept through the heretics and saved many poor women from pain and torture, not caring about offending the dark tyrants.”

“He had a humble beginning yet he is even more accomplished than the noble descendants from prestigious clans. His talent is matchless in the contemporary.”

Though Li Xiaonan didn’t show it on his face, he was very happy to hear all the praises. He posed with both hands behind his back, trying to stay calm.

“If my big bro were here, he’ll force this guy down to the ground with just one slap.” The girl answered.

“So foolish! Geniuses are rising all over Jin but not one of them can defeat Li Xiaonan so easily.” An old man retorted.

The crowd nodded in agreement - Li Xiaonan’s power was the real deal.

“Flawless Young Noble Su Yun wins in terms of looks, his talents and cultivation aren’t weaker than Li Xiaonan either.” The girl said.

“Unfortunately, he had too many romantic debts in the past. Now, he only has eyes for Ji Yunyun after being blinded and has left Jin to travel the world.” A talented girl lamented.

“Nevertheless, my big bro is much more gifted than Li Xiaonan. Plus, “Void”, the number one on the upper list and Long Luofu, the number one on the lower list, are both superior as well.” The girl continued. [1]

No one could refute this either. However, who the hell is her big bro?

Someone who dares to criticize was certainly a big shot too.

A few smart cultivators looked towards the dark horizon. They knew exactly who this girl was.

“Where are you, crazy girl?” The four sword maids behind Li Xiaonan stepped out. Their white dress fluttered in the wind.

Perfect facial features; flawless curves. They considered Li Xiaonan as a god and would never allow anyone to insult him.

The four attacked at the same time with their spirit sword. Their sword energy was sharp and bright, turning into four rays shooting straight forward with enough force to split out the sky.

They were at peak fifth-level Heaven’s Mandate - top masters in the contemporary. Their sword formation was even more impressive.

Many became startled. They already had a high assessment of Li Xiaonan but after seeing his maids, they thought that they were still underestimating him.

His maids were already so strong. Their master must be even more incredible. No wonder why he dared to challenge Vagabond Yun Feitian.

“Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!” The four sword maids fell from the sky, defeated. Their glow dimmed down and their swords were taken.

Xiaonan slightly frowned and saved the four maids. He found that their cultivation has been sealed and would have died if he didn’t interfere.

This naturally shocked the spectators. The four powerful maids were defeated just like that by a single girl. Their spirit swords were taken away.

However, this made them more impressed with Xiaonan since he let them use four spirit treasures? He probably didn’t have another four himself.

“How strange, she can’t be more than twenty based on her voice, how can her cultivation be so strong? What the hell are we seeing?” A person activated their heavenly gaze in order to search for the girl.

Alas, there was no sign of anyone up in the sky for ten thousand miles.

“Four lowest-ranked spirit swords, you’re so stingy with your maids, Li Xiaonan. Aren’t you embarrassed giving them these pieces of crap?” The girl sighed, still sounding very attractive.

Next, loud cracking noises occurred like crumbling mountains. She had just broken all four swords and threw them away.

Feiyun carefully analyzed before turning towards Xiaonan's floating island. Her voice certainly came from there.

Losing four spirit swords was a heavy loss even for Li Xiaonan. On top of that, she even called him cheap?

How about you give away four spirit treasures? He thought.

"Xiaonan, do you dare to fight against my pet? I shall spare you if you win." She added.

"Meow..." A cute cry came next to her from a drowsy kitty.

"Whitey! The only thing you know how to do is sleep, look at how fat you are now. And stop chewing on that skull already!" The angry girl pulled up her sleeve then grabbed the kitty by its tail.