

Sprit Vessel 741

### [Chapter 741: Master Zhi Zhang](#)

“I see... Master Zhi Zhang.” Feiyun cupped his fist to show respect, almost saying the common next line, I’ve admired you for a long time.

Meanwhile, he didn’t know what to think because this title was so strange. Who could understand the mind of a master?[1]

On the other hand, Liu Ruixin and Mu Xirou became frightened after hearing this. A Temple Sovereign from Grand Dragon Temple? They’ve messed up now.

Grand Dragon was a faction in Long but also famous across the five dynasties. It had a supreme status in their own dynasty. Even the emperor there needed permission from them before his coronation.

In short, even the current Senluo Temple couldn’t compare. A full unification of the heretical faction might still not be enough to fight them.

The abbot of Grand Dragon had the title of Grand Sovereign and Nirvana Sovereign. He has been the imperial tutor in Long for three generations so far. His years indicated an unfathomable cultivation.

Below him were five Temple Sovereigns controlling five separate branches.

Right now, they have just messed up one of these Temple Sovereigns. Even the bold Liu Ruixin felt her legs shaking.

The two girls immediately loosened their grip and the monk along with the statue fell to the ground, looking quite sad. His head might have another welt now.

Feiyun didn’t expect that this monk was such a big shot. Of course, he wasn’t afraid either.

He came up and helped the monk up then loosened the chains before putting the naked Bodhisattva away.

“I apologize for my maids’ foolish conduct, to do something so damaging to your reputation. What if someone were to see this? What if this news were to spread to Grand Dragon Temple? Sigh, please excuse me for not teaching my subordinates correctly.”

The monk had lived for more than a thousand years and could read between the lines. He knew that Feiyun was giving him a carrot and a stick at the same time. This was nothing short of a threat and he shouldn’t take the guy seriously.

“Ask already. You don’t have much time.” He coughed out blood and said.

Now this is a smart monk. Feiyun thought before sitting down on the Bodhisattva statue.

“Master, you came so far to this place and hid your face and identity. What is your grand goal?” He asked.

The monk has calmed down by this point. Normally, given his status, Feiyun wouldn’t be qualified to sit face to face with him. Alas, his current dilemma right now forced him to concede.

“Master, you must be afraid of your own people knowing about your trip? The Grand Sovereign, right? It’s understandable, everyone has their own pursuits. If I know about a great treasury, I wouldn’t tell anyone else either and would sneak there by myself. Don’t worry, I, Yi Zhenfeng, know the code of brotherhood and loyalty more than anyone else. I don’t take everything, we can share this treasury.”

Feiyun watched the monk carefully in order to figure out some clues. Alas, the monk looked like the water inside a well - not a single ripple of emotion could be seen.

After a while, the monk finally sighed and said: “It’s useless. The danger in the great hall is beyond your imagination. Plus, I’m not here for wealth but rather to find a world that has been forgotten for millennia.”

“A world?”

“It is called Heavenly Kingdom.” The monk nodded.

“You actually believe this kind of crap that can only trick little kids?” Feiyun laughed.

“Heavenly Kingdom truly existed back during the golden age of Buddhism. This is recorded in many ancient scrolls. I nearly made it there but just lacked one thing. All my planning and calculation were for naught... I nearly died there too.” The monk’s eyes became serious.

“What did you lack?” Feiyun felt that this monk was telling the truth.

The three girls were interested too, especially Liu Ruixin. Her curious soul made her clench her fists tightly while her imagination run wild.

Heavenly Kingdom was the holy ground of Buddhism. All Buddhists wanted to go there.

Was this place actually real?

“The key.” The monk revealed.

“A key to open a world?” Feiyun asked.

The monk nodded; his eyes filled with longing and desires: “Only a truly enlightened monk can enter Heavenly Kingdom in the past. During its strongest point, it had three thousand enlightened Buddhas. Their chants in unison could make lotus flowers bloom.”

“No way, given the resources in Jin, it can’t produce three thousand Enlightened Beings in one generation.” Feiyun didn’t buy it.

Each Enlightened Being required a massive amount of resources, which the land had a limited amount of.

How many Enlightened Beings did Jin have right now? This number could be counted on one’s hand.

Feiyun could believe twenty or thirty of them appearing in one generation but three thousand? Even a dynasty one hundred times the size of Jin might not have that number.

The monk shook his head and explained: “The territory during the golden age of Buddhism didn’t only consist of Jin but all five dynasties and Endless Land to the south, the ghost realm to the west of Long,

the dragon source to the west of Qian among many others. Any place with humans around here was considered part of this Buddhist era. There's a reason why the five dynasties are so close together. Ten thousand years ago, they were actually under one power around twenty times bigger than the current Jin."

"Unfortunately, a disaster came and many places turned into uninhabitable lands for men and beasts took over. Human cultivators had no choice but to retreat into five separate domains. Chaos and darkness ravaged for several thousand years, men against men, men against beasts, resulting in countless casualties and pain."

"It ended around six thousand years ago with the sudden appearance of Sacred Spirit Palace. With its help, the five domains eventually turned into five dynasties, hence the current situation."

This tale wasn't well-known, not even by the top powers right now. Only the ancient scrolls from the golden age of Buddhism contained this information.

The three girls naturally enjoyed the tale, unlike Feng Feiyun. He said: "No, it's still impossible for three thousand Enlightened Beings to come out regardless of how prosperous and vast the land used to be."

"Perhaps this has something to do with the legendary Heavenly Kingdom." The monk felt the same way but he believed in the existence of the kingdom. Perhaps there was a power there that could boost worshippers' cultivation.

Feiyun contemplated and thought about the mythical Fo Canzi, the number one expert in these parts, rumored to have surpassed Nirvana and reached Heaven's Emergence.

Similarly, the resources of Jin couldn't produce a Heaven's Emergence cultivator, but this might not be the case if this Heavenly Kingdom was real.

"Boom!" Feiyun finally felt the incoming danger. Many have entered the ruins just now.

"Monk Zhi Zhang, I don't have time to negotiate with you, there are two options. The first option, offer a strand of your soul and I can heal you within two hours. You will work for me for a year then I will return your soul. It's up to you whether to believe me or not. The second option, I will strip you naked and tie you up with that statue again so that others will see you. Then I will kill you."

Only Feiyun was bold enough to threaten a Temple Sovereign.

Alas, the monk was hesitating. One wrong move and it wouldn't just end with his death.

"Moreover, I might be able to take you to Heavenly Kingdom." Feiyun added.

"Fine, one year." The monk agreed, albeit begrudgingly. A master like him hated being controlled by others the most. Moreover, this youth might not be that reliable.

Unfortunately, the circumstances dictated his action!

"Perfect!" Feiyun used his Ascension Platform to take a strand of soul from the monk before creating a golden pill with his energy.

Due to his study of the second diagram, the pill became purer with a medicinal effect potentially higher than a fourth-ranked pill.

#### [Chapter 742: Sir Wu](#)

Loud explosions detonated inside the ruins with rays flying above along with beast roars.

A while later, someone landed outside of Feiyun's shrine and shouted: "Yi Zhenfeng is next to the great hall."

"His life is mine alone. Do not interfere or you will face my wrath!"

These aggressive shouts could be heard all over the place. The love thief should be trembling with fear by now - or so they thought.

Meanwhile, Feiyun found a 3,000-pound boulder somewhere and moved it to the front of the shrine beneath the forward eaves.

He gestured for Liu Ruixin to massage his back while Bai Ruxue and Mu Xirou moved the Bodhisattva statue back inside.

Liu Ruixin didn't like the guy but still obediently kneaded his back with her soft hands. Her eyes stared at the chaotic night sky and said: "Hey, Feng Feiyun, there are many masters coming, are you afraid yet?"

Feiyun's eyes were slightly closed as he responded: "Just a bunch of suicidal idiots, they're the ones who should be afraid, not me. And right, call me Young Noble. If they find out my identity, you'll be my first victim."

Ruixin gave him a disdainful glance: "Stop bragging, your cultivation can't be stronger than Senior Sister Ye, Senior Brother Li, Wu Yangsheng, and Chen Mojin. They're one level above you in terms of seniority and have been famous for fifty years now. They're the real lords of Earthchild."

"Sounds scary." He said.

Ruixin looked happy to see Feiyun in trouble. She was still angry at him for kidnapping her for the past two days. No one might want to marry her later on, not to mention all the jeers from cultivators in Earthchild.

"Boom!" Radiance suddenly erupted outside the shrine and repelled an intruder.

Feiyun had prepared top formations outside. Regular cultivators had no chance of coming in. Of course, it couldn't kill all the top cultivators either.

"Be careful, there's a formation." A relatively older man with a wooden staff said, looking quite imposing.

The ones from Sun Moon stopped by another broken shrine. The leaders were Ye Siwan and Li Xingtian. The staff-wielding old man was a protector from their sect. His cultivation was most likely higher than these two.

Sun Moon only sent ten people here but they were all experts. The one who tried to rush in earlier was a half-step Giant who got injured heavily by the formations, charred during the process. His spirit energy saved him from turning to ashes.

“Look! Yi Zhenfeng is forcing Junior Sister Liu to massage him! Goddamn this pervert!” A young prodigy gritted his teeth and thought about attacking again.

Ye Siwan stopped him. Her red lips slightly opened: “This love thief is skilled at formation. Look, the arrays outside are very complex and confusing. Rushing in might result in death.”

Li Xingtian nodded: “You’re right, Junior Sister. Plus, he has hostages. We should prioritize Ruixin’s safety.”

Suddenly, three old temples nearby collapsed in a flashy fashion. A person crossed through the air, looking like a bright sun. His figure looked quite gallant.

“That’s Wu Yangsheng, this madman is the first to reach the eighth level now. He’ll definitely be the next sect master of Solar.” The protector from Sun Moon commented, accepting that this genius might be stronger than him.

There’s always a new wave replacing the previous!

Yangsheng had eight beast souls behind him. Each looked ferocious like a divine beast. He laughed: “Li Xingtian, this guy is nothing more than a pervert. I’ll go if you are too afraid.”

Yangsheng was actually not that haughty in speech. Cultivators with his talents usually hid their pride and arrogance.

These two were from the same generation while Ye Siwan was one-half below. The truth was that seniority in the cultivation world was very muddled. It only became clearer at the top level.

Great geniuses were prideful and didn’t want to admit inferiority. Fierce competition was normal.

Someone who has cultivated for twenty years was considered part of the young generation, the same for someone who has done so for forty years.

However, since both were top geniuses, the one who has trained for longer was naturally stronger.

Thus, there was a problem with this classification. Therefore, these geniuses cared more about seniority and age.

Li Xingtian represented Sun Moon while Wu Yangsheng represented Solar. The two of them have fought more than ten times due to the animosity between their sects - very evenly matched.

Now, Wu Yangsheng has reached the eighth-level first and became a top master of their generation.

Xingtian didn’t say anything but the experts from Sun Moon became annoyed. After all, Solar used to be a branch under Sun Moon but was moving on ahead now.

Yangsheng seemed to be taunting them too. This was too much to take.

One of them retorted: "You think Yi Zhenfeng is a joke? He killed all the top members of your vassal sect, Six Worship, in just two moves. You wouldn't fare that well against this heretical monster either."

Yangsheng stood there with both hands behind his back. He had ten or so followers behind him, including an old Giant from Solar and Du Yingxin, one of the six beauties. The rest were top experts from Solar not to be trifled with. Du Yingxin was about as strong as Ye Siwan.

"You all have no idea about Sir Wu's cultivation. He has only reached the eighth-level recently but already placed fifth in Solar's Soul List." Du Yingxin revealed. She wore a young-noble crest and a male uniform, looking quite impressive.

Sir Wu was obviously Wu Yangsheng - this respectful address was indicative of his status in Solar.

The so-called Soul List meant that Wu Yangsheng was now fifth in his sect with regards to battle potential - a very intimidating fact.

The cultivators from Sun Moon became silent, clearly digesting this new information. Even the sect master of Solar was only third on this list.

Ye Siwan remained calm. Her eyes had bright ripples like the autumn lake; her black hair was smooth and beautiful like those found in the paintings: "Leave our personal feud aside today. It doesn't matter who kills Yi Zhenfeng, we just can't let him escape."

Yingxin agreed with this: "It's definitely problematic if we let him leave. The ones surrounding him today won't be able to sleep well afterward."

Everyone knew why the two girls were worried. One was first among the six beauties; the other third. If Yi Zhenfeng were to escape, he would definitely target them later on.

"Please do not worry, Ladies. I, Gu Lingyue, will take his head now." A man wearing a dao robe came forward from Solar's rank. His figure was only average but each of his actions contained great power.

The sands and specks of dust nearby the ruins began to scatter chaotically. He looked like a war god holding a spirit saber and walked to the front of the shrine.

"Boom!" The formation shot out golden runic beams.

"Just a weak formation, no big deal! Origin Force!" He held his saber with both hands. Violet energy gathered on the blade and turned into a solar slash, successfully cutting through Feiyun's formations.

He was quite powerful, part of the top ten in the Soul List of Solar. He was Wu Yangsheng's Junior Uncle and had reached the eighth level a century ago. He rarely appeared after this and only focused on cultivation until now.

The others became surprised. Solar actually sent two Super Giants here? They really wanted to kill Yi Zhenfeng then.

"A top-ten member of the Soul List, he's actually an old man. Yi Zhenfeng, kill him and Solar will lose big here and won't be as arrogant anymore. Can you win?" Liu Ruixin became excited.

“Gotta fight to know.” Feiyun knew nothing about Gu Lingyue. However, he must be powerful to be able to break through the formations.

“Yi Zhenfeng, I’m here for your head!” Gu Lingyue shouted. His saber exuded a blinding divinity with enough sharpness to cut down a large mountain.

Feiyun stood up, using his left hand like a saber. Evil energy ravaged the nearby area and turned into a dragon.

“Rumble!” His hand slammed into the spirit saber, resulting in a metallic ringing and sparks flying everywhere.

“Crack!” Feiyun won the exchange and chopped the guy’s throat. Bones clearly broke as Gu Lingyue got sent flying into the shrine’s wall and breaking it completely.

### [Chapter 743: One Against Four](#)

Electric arcs were as thick as a rice bowl; the dao energy rampaged like a surging river.

The three girls watched this battle from the shrine that has been blessed by a great monk. A battle between Super Giants still wouldn’t reach them.

Of course, because of their weaker cultivation, they only saw flashes and lightning bolts along with phantom-like movements.

Spirit treasures erupted along with metallic ringings loud enough to hurt the eardrums. People felt as if two metal mountains were slamming into each other.

In the distance, many experts saw the fight clearly. Li Xingtian, Ye Siwan, and even Wu Yangsheng became startled.

This love thief used his bare hands against a spirit treasure? Was this guy still human?

Moreover, he was facing a Super Giant right now.

The fight didn’t last too long before Gu Lingyue got blown flying again and shot by two dao arts, nearly being disfigured.

Yi Zhenfeng then grabbed him and threw him on the ground like a dead dog.

“A Super Giant lost just like that? This Yi Zhenfeng is quite mighty.” Du Yingxin no longer dared to look down on this eccentric love thief.

Feiyun turned towards his foes outside and chuckled while giving them the middle finger. This naturally infuriated Li Xingtian and Wu Yangsheng.

The atmosphere inside the shrine was strange too. Liu Ruixin and Mu Xirou covered their mouth in astonishment since they have heard of Gu Lingyue before. The guy got beaten down completely, unable to get up despite being among the top ten of Solar.

They also knew that he was around twenty years of age and didn’t think he was that strong despite all the stories until now.

They were surprised, shaken, and horrified. After all, they were his prisoners right now, not Nangong Hongyan.

“The corpse of a Super Giant is worth a lot and the heretical conference is soon too. I’m sure the cave lords from Northern Frontier might be coming, this should fetch a decent sum.”

Feng Feiyun’s voice could be heard for dozens of miles. He then lifted Gu Lingyue’s spirit saber, ready to decapitate him.

Being true to his words!

“You court death!” Five people from Solar attacked at the same time, all top masters.

They rushed forward like beams and used their treasures to stop Feiyun.

He simply turned his head towards them. The saber in his hand erupted with a wondrous power as he slashed upward.

An energy slash destroyed all the treasures. Three instantly died and the other two left with grievous injuries, saved by Wu Yangsheng.

This person was strong indeed, able to stop the slash with his bare hands and saved the other two.

“Don’t!” He suddenly screamed with rage in his eyes.

Alas, Feiyun had pierced through Gu Lingyue’s heart with his own saber. Blood began to burn in the air.

A Super Giant had fallen just like that despite being unstoppable for several hundred years. The spectators simply couldn’t believe it.

Feiyun fixed his robe and smiled towards the cultivators from Solar: “Sorry, my hand slipped.”

The ruins became strangely quiet afterward.

Ye Siwan had a confused glint in her eyes, thinking that this love thief’s demeanor seems familiar. However, she felt more dread about his powerful cultivation. They simply couldn’t let him escape due to the possible revenge.

Wu Yangsheng was furious. He naturally had a calm demeanor but a storm was brewing inside.

Eight beast souls rushed out from his body; two of which were spirit beasts.

He was someone with great providence and cultivated a technique named “Eight Beast Repairing The Heaven”. This consisted of eight different special beast souls fusing into his body.

“Yi Zhenfeng, I’ll send you on your way since you’re courting death.” Yangsheng walked forward with the immensity of a mountain. The earth trembled with each of his steps.

The eight beast souls became increasingly corporeal. They moved in a strange manner, seemingly wanting to turn into a beast diagram.

Meanwhile, a blue beam moved through the formation and landed inside the shrine, one step ahead of Wu Yangsheng.



This was another powerful cultivator flying like a meteor.

“Chen Mojin, his head is mine! Don’t even think about it!” Wu Yangsheng’s robe fluttered as he turned into a lightning bolt to attack Feng Feiyun.

His fist was as tough as gold with enough heat to meld the area.

Chen Mojin finally showed himself, adorned in blue armor with twenty-seven metal plates flowing around him. Each had a diameter of ten meters, looking like meteors rotating around him.

“We have an irreconcilable feud so if you dare to stand in my way, I will kill your entire family, Wu Yangsheng!” Chen Mojin was enraged. His aura looked like a spinning star issuing buzzing noises.

These were top geniuses that could frighten the big shots from the last generation. This place would have been destroyed without the existing blessings.

However, Feiyun remained calm and smiled towards the two: “Why bother competing? The two of you together can’t take me on anyway.”

Those two snorted right away and said in unison: “Such shameless boasting.”

“Fine, whoever takes his head today will be the number one genius of Earthchild!”

“Good!”

The two of them utilized their strongest technique for this new competition.

“Eight Beasts Repairing The Heaven!” Wu Yangsheng floated in the air with a bright radiance.

The eight beast souls turned into a massive diagram and combined into a new creature. It was as big as a hill with a world-devouring momentum.

“Twenty-seventh fold!” Chen Mojin’s plates rotated faster and turned into something akin to a black ball flying straight at Feiyun.

Feiyun stopped smiling and stabilized his stance by lowering the center of his gravity. Evil energy filled both palms like two dark clouds.

“Boom! Boom!”

He retaliated against Chen Mojin with his left hand, crushing half of the plates and turning them into dust.

This left hand had fused with Yama’s hand so it was insanely powerful, capable of releasing a thirty to fortyfold attack.

His right hand had ten thousand beast souls looming there. However, no one could see through the blinding radiance.

A single punch crushed Yangsheng’s diagram then smashed into his chest, causing him to go flying for several miles. Many palaces and temples were destroyed along the way.

Left hand - the power of Yama; right hand - the power of Myriad Beast Physique.

Feiyun was a Giant now so his actual battle prowess was beyond conventional wisdom.

Myriad Beast Physique, Heavenly Phoenix Gaze, Swift Samsara... these were all top techniques above the bounds of Jin.

“Wu Yangsheng? Chen Mojin? No big deal.” He fixed his sleeves and smiled nonchalantly.

Meanwhile, Liu Ruixin who was waiting for him to get beat up by these two couldn't believe it. She wiped her eyes and murmured: “Ho-ow can this guy be so strong? This is the difference between those two and the number one genius of Jin?”

Wu Yangsheng and Chen Mojin were frightened as well. They underestimated their enemy a while ago but still used their best technique.

However, this guy easily repelled them! This made them feel humiliated.

Nonetheless, geniuses like them wouldn't lose their confidence that easily. They tried again with greater battle spirit and momentum.

“Yi Zhenfeng is far stronger than expected, those two can't take him on. We have to join too.” Li Xingtian said.

The old protector of Sun Moon grimaced while being slightly startled. He pondered and said: “Siwan, you go save Ruixin. I and Xingtian will take on Yi Zhenfeng, there's no way he can beat the four of us.”

Xingtian and the old man broke the formation to rush into the shrine. They floated in the sky and performed a technique of their sect - Sun and Moon.

Ye Siwan stared at the shrine with a complicated feeling. The love thief was unreasonably strong so these four famous characters needed to join forces.

Any of them was enough to threaten others until today. No one else would believe this story.

The title of love thief would sweep through the realms once more regardless of the result. He would be recorded in the ancient historical texts of many sects.

She stopped and decided to focus up, thinking that this love thief was still going to die. Her task right now was to save Liu Ruixin.

#### [Chapter 744: Violetsea King](#)

The ruin was an independent space with many seals, the destination for many Buddhist pilgrims.

“Yun Yang, this is Heartlost Pagoda. It used to be a city that spanned thousands of miles. Alas, nothing is left after the storm ten thousand years ago. People and places destroyed. The end of this golden age signaled the start of a dark era. Ninety-nine percent of all the treasures have been excavated.”

The tenth lord, Lu Fengxian, stood on top of a twin-headed python seven meters in the air. He wore a black robe, looking vigorous and mighty. His eyes, in particular, forced others to lower their head.

Another wore the same outfit with the addition of a black hat walked behind him.

“Hall Lord, this place still isn’t ashes after ten thousand years? There are still so many ruins left with Buddhist affinity.” Yun Yang replied.

Each broken piece in the ruins still had a glow to them. The broken statues maintained the sounds of Buddhas.

Lu Fengxian smiled and said: “The age of Buddhism is over but this place still produces many Buddhist Enlightened Beings, it’s really incredible. These beings would come here for their pilgrimage and leave their dao and enlightenment. In fact, breaking a single tile here is difficult if one is not at the Giant level. Plus, destroying a shrine here can result in bad karma.”

Yun Yang’s eyes narrowed as he thrust his spear with lightning speed, piercing through a red wall in the process.

“Boom!” Dust scattered everywhere.

He pulled back and nodded: “My thrust earlier can destroy a mountain outside. Here, it can only make a hole on this wall. You’re right, many monks have come here in the last ten millennia to protect this place.”

“Yun Yang, don’t do that again or you might enrage the protector here. That’s death.” Fengxian grimaced and said.

“Protector?”

“Yes, maybe one or two Enlightened Monks might still stay in this place, choosing to guard it for the rest of their life.”

Fengxian then leaped on top of a high vantage point to look towards the great hall. He saw flashes and explosions along with chaotic moving figures. Formations would also explode occasionally.

Yun Yang did the same and said: “It’s the famous characters from Earthchild, Solar’s Wu Yangsheng, Myriad Laws’ Chen Mojin, Sun Moon’s Li Xingtian, and Geezer Liu, all top experts.”

“You’ve fought them before?”

“No, but that Wu Yangsheng is at the eighth-level in less than a hundred years. That’s about the same as the other historical geniuses.” Yun Yang shook his head.

“Chen Mojin can do a twenty-sevenfold attack before reaching the eighth level. He’s not at the historical level but can actually be stronger than a few.”

“Li Xingtian... this person is crafty and good at hiding his actual abilities. His talents might be inferior compared to the first two but in an actual fight, I would bet on him over them. Need I say more about Geezer Liu? That’s a high elder under White Moon Messenger, he’s been a Super Giant for a while now and is probably here because of the messenger’s daughter.”

“Yun Yang, you can also reach the eighth level within a century, Wu Yangsheng can’t compare to you.” Fengxian disagreed.

Yun Yang didn't act falsely humble either: "Yangsheng doesn't understand the bigger picture and only cares about speed. His foundation is unstable and he won't be more than a peak eighth-level without a great fortune."

"On the other hand, you have accumulated your foundation for a century longer and have the potential to reach the Enlightened Being realm." Xingtian had a high evaluation of his disciple. The guy had a mindset far exceeding regular geniuses.

"I'm more interested in this Yi Zhenfeng compared to these two. Does the court actually have someone so capable? These four masters can't suppress him after one thousand moves." Yun Yang stated.

Xingtian nodded in agreement: "True, an exceptional genius indeed but we have at least four guys like him in Senluo Temple, three in Mount Potala, probably two or so in the four clans. The Dao Gate and Wanxiang Pagoda might have some too. It's not too surprising that the court would have one like him."

"How long can you last against these four?" He asked.

"The exact number is difficult but half a day should be fine." Yun Yang contemplated.

"Go if you wish to fight against Yi Zhenfeng. There's no need for fairness here, let's see how long he can last against five masters." Fengxian nodded.

However, he didn't join just yet because others have taken the initiative - three heretical lords hidden in the shadows.

They have made their way into the shrine now, shrouded with a corrosive aura of death.

"Those are corpses, about as strong as Super Giants. Who can control three of them at the same time?" Yun Yang stopped and tried to find the corpse controller.

Lu Fengxian remained calm as his eyes flashed with wisdom, seemingly capable of seeing every corner in this ruin. He finally stopped at a broken pagoda and saw an old man dressed in a purple uniform. He held a corpse-control bell while standing there with a mighty aura.

He also stared back at Fengxian with a sneer on his face.

"The cave lord of Violetsea, Violetsea King." Fengxian withdrew his gaze without pursuing the matter since they had no feud between them.

Plus, this person was extremely strong. He didn't know if he would be able to defeat the guy.

"I thought Violetsea had been destroyed by the army."

"Some managed to escape, it's not that easy to completely wipe out a corpse cave that has lasted for thousands of years."

"Ah, so this king most likely thinks Yi Zhenfeng is a pawn of the court so this is an act of revenge." Yun Yang deduced.

"Let's make him owe us a favor then." Fengxian smiled and turned his gaze towards the great hall.

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This was definitely a shocking battle. If it were happening outside, it would reduce hundreds of miles into nothing but scorched earth.

Wu Yangsheng's eight beasts turned into a massive one with sharp fangs and crystal eyes, a shape similar to that of a dragon-tiger. It had a primal power that ravaged the spatial fabrics.

Chen Mojin's plates continued to unleash twenty-sevenfold attacks just like falling meteors.

Li Xingtian and the protector continued using "Sun and Moon". They changed the momentum of heaven and earth with the sun and moon rising and descending. This added immense pressure to Feiyun.

The four were special; one in ten million. Thus, their combined effort was impressive indeed.

The spirit treasures stolen by Feiyun before have been broken by them. Only the second-ranked Dao Pagoda remained intact. However, this second-ranked treasure wasn't good enough anymore. His punches did a better job.

"Boom!" Suddenly, three figures wrapped in cloth and haunted by spirits joined the fray. They have been refined for many years so they were extremely efficient in battle.

Just one punch was enough to create a true dragon spanning more than one hundred meters - this was the force of one dragon.

Only a few could tell that they were battle corpses; most would confuse them for heretical lords.

Feiyun didn't retreat at all against the seven. Due to their extreme speed, they left remnant images all over the sky. It was as if a thousand cultivators were fighting.

"Rumble!" Feiyun's speed continuously increased like a dragon. His left hand possessed the power of an evil dragon; his right hand contained the might of the myriad beasts. This allowed him to fight evenly against his foes.

Meanwhile, the three girls were slack-jawed in the shrine, not knowing what to think. They thought they were watching a legend and hoped that Feiyun would be able to sweep through the seven masters to establish his dominance.

"I heard the sisters back in the sect talk about how tough Wu Yangsheng is all the time, that he's a supreme genius. I guess he's no big deal compared to Feiyun who is only twenty. I will have to teach those girls once I get back." Liu Ruixin looked quite innocent but spoke as if she was an old man.

Mu Xirou wasn't as optimistic: "Fighting against four was tough already, he'll lose quickly against seven. Master Zhi Zang still needs another hour to heal completely. He might not last for this long, plus, stronger masters might join too."

The girls' souls were in Feiyun's possession right now. If Feiyun were to die, those strands would be destroyed too. That's why they sounded worried about him but in actuality, they were more worried for themselves.

## [Chapter 745: Two Down](#)

"Follow me, Ruixin."

Ye Siwan appeared from the night with ripples around her elegant curves, instantly reaching the shrine. She was ranked first among the six beauties of Earthchild, clearly one level above the three girls here.

“Senior Sister Ye!” Ruixin was ecstatic since she admired Ye Siwan the most. However, her expression became slightly dejected: “I can’t go with you...”

“Why?”

“That... Yi Zhenfeng is so annoying, he took a strand of our soul and can kill us whenever.” Ruixin looked like an angry hen: “Sister Ye, you need to leave this place now. Yi Zhenfeng isn’t his real identity. He’s capturing beauties right now as part of a great scheme. I can’t reveal his true identity to you but... if you don’t leave, he’ll capture you for sure since he said that he’s missing a bed maid and you are a prime candidate!”

Ruixin didn’t tell her about a monstrous monk hidden inside. She didn’t dare to do so either because the monk might kill her.

“I see.” Ye Siwan started contemplating: “Don’t worry, the seven outside should be enough to suppress and make him return your soul.”

She had a glint in her eyes and decided to turn into water vapor, disappearing into the shrine.

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“If I make it out today, I will sleep with all of your wives in the future! Haha!” Feng Feiyun became fiercer as the battle raged on. His evil energy rushed to the sky; his hair fluttered like crazy as he declared.

The seven launched continuous barrages and destroyed the formations carved by Feiyun earlier. Half of the shrine was broken now.

The walls collapsed with debris everywhere. The other buildings nearby were affected as well. One could see terrible traces of battle all around.

“Yi Zhenfeng, you think you can still leave this place alive today?” Chen Mojin had both hands in the sky; his eyes had a bronze hue. The twenty-seven plates became a formation and continued to exert immense pressure on Feiyun.

Feiyun laughed and used his Swift Samsara. He gathered power in his palm and unleashed a dark wave, completely crushing the plates and pierced through Chen Mojin’s chest.

“Pluff!” Mojin spat out a mouthful of blood. He had a fist-sized hole on his chest now, losing a large section of his lung. Numerous ribs were broken.

The frightened guy took out a jade bottle for a drink before using spirit energy to stop the bleeding from his chest.

He then ran for his life, aware of this grievous injury. Any more and he might die.

Feiyun was very disappointed. He wanted to aim for Chen Mojin’s heart to kill him completely so he allowed Wu Yangsheng to hit him in the back.

Alas, Chen Mojin was skillful enough to shift his body enough to avoid a fatal blow.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Feiyun didn’t want to let a tiger run back to the forest and used the second-ranked dao pagoda.

“Yi Zhenfeng, you can’t kill me!” Mojin spewed out blue clouds with a spirit treasure inside. This blue radiance stopped the pagoda.

“Explode!” The pagoda suddenly self-destructed under Feiyun’s command.

The power was immense so the already-injured Mojin couldn’t handle the shockwaves. These broken pieces of the pagoda struck and annihilated him.

“Boom!” Blood began burning the air and fell down like a bright lamp.

This was the death of a genius from Earthchild.

“He’s insane!” Du Yingxin gritted her teeth while trembling, unable to contain the fear in her mind. He sacrificed a second-ranked spirit treasure just to kill Mojin. Only a mad man would do something like this.

Still capable of killing despite being surrounded by seven masters - this was frightening indeed.

Of course, Feiyun paid a price for killing Chen Mojin. First, Wu Yangsheng struck him on the back. Li Xingtian and the old protector also made contact. The three corpses left three bloody claw marks, bone-deep. Corpse energy began corroding the area.

Feiyun had blood and wounds everywhere. Blood flowed down his pants, reaching the bottom of his shoes.

Other cultivators would have died by now but Feiyun had a tough physique, able of withstanding six hits without dying.

“Push me to the edge and face the consequence!” Feiyun’s eyes turned red.

“Boom!” He stomped on the ground and leaped forward like a cannonball. His left hand had evil runes while his right hand had the images of beasts. Their radiance blinded his foes.

Li Xingtian and the old protector’s Sun and Moon was too big of a threat. It seriously decreed his speed. He needed to kill one of them to break this art.

Li Xingtian was a crafty person, smart enough to know that Feiyun was risking his life. He saw how Chen Mojin died earlier and became afraid.

“Ancestor Liu, let’s stop him!” He shouted.

The old protector nodded, aware that one man alone couldn’t stop Yi Zhenfeng. The two of them could slow him down enough so that the other four could attack from behind.

Xingtian summoned a sun; the old protector a moon. The two entities gathered together - the power of yin and yang.

Feiyun snorted and continued on the offensive.

However, Li Xingtian seemed ready and unleashed his sun forward before fleeing out of the shrine.

Feiyun was surprised for a second before realizing what was going on. The guy knew that he might die despite having the number advantage so he chose to run away.

Yet, just running wasn't enough because Feng Feiyun was faster. The only way was to get someone else to buy time for him. This unfortunate victim just happened to be the old protector.

This guy was smart enough to come up with a plan in a short time, albeit a contemptible one. Alas, surviving was the only thing that mattered in the world of cultivation. Everything else was ephemeral.

"Boom!" Feiyun crushed this sun with a punch before rushing towards the protector in order to alleviate the pressure.

The old protector didn't expect this at all. Their techniques were working in unison so his moon alone became much weaker.

Plus, he was already stuck during a move and couldn't leave at all - akin to a person trying to push up a mountain. He couldn't move a single and could only watch Feiyun smash his head into a pulp.

"Having a bad ally is far worse than a powerful enemy. Old man, you can only blame yourself for being more naive than someone far younger than you." Feiyun said.

This all happened in the blink of an eye. The weaker cultivators only saw Feiyun crushing the old man's head and Li Xingtian was lucky enough to escape.

Only a few noticed Xingtian's scheme.

"What a sad way to go for Geezer Liu. He was from the same generation as me, and now, he died because of his own sect member." The tenth lord laughed while observing from the distance.

"Li Xingtian is treacherous and wily. I'm sure he'll return to Sun Moon to spout about how strong Yi Zhenfeng was. What a despicable person. If our hall has someone like that, I would kill them right away."

"Hmph, it's no big deal. A person like that doesn't have a mindset that can reach the dao, the same with his cultivation. He'll never reach the ninth level." Fengxian said with disdain: "On the other hand, I do like this Yi Zhenfeng. The seven masters have failed since he found and exploited a weakness. He'll definitely be a tough foe later if he survives today."

"Yes, he purposely took on considerable damage to kill Chen Mojin in order to intimidate Li Xingtian. Those two have the same cultivation level but Chen Mojin is so much stronger in terms of battle potential. Killing Wu Yangsheng or the three corpses wouldn't have had the same effect. A person overwhelmed with fear can't fight at all." Yun Yang said.

"Yi Zhenfeng probably didn't expect Li Xingtian to sacrifice his own sect member so this saved him a lot of effort. There are only four now."

"Unfortunately, he got struck four more times in order to kill the old man. He's probably at fifty-percent strength because of all the injuries. There's no way he can win."



“It’s best if he dies. Having a person like that around will make his enemies lose sleep.” Fengxian had a smile on his face but was still completely serious. He didn’t think that Yi Zhenfeng could escape and he wouldn’t let the guy do so either. Killing this guy was most likely equivalent to killing a marquis from Jin.

#### [Chapter 746: Uncle](#)

Feng Feiyun was indeed grievously injured with blood everywhere. He paid a great price in order to kill Chen Mojin and the old protector.

These two were big shots, not that easily killed like some random ruffians.

“Can you still fight, Yi Zhenfeng?”

Wu Yangsheng stared at Feiyun while riding his beast diagram. A bright radiance exuded from him. Suddenly, a fiery sun flew out from his forehead. The area around him began to burn with a great force.

The three corpses also looked up at the sky and roared. They sucked in energy and became engulfed with corpse power, looking just like three blood-stained devils from hell.

“Why can’t I?” Feiyun looked as fierce as before while looking at them with disdain.

He wrestled with one corpse in the sky, issuing loud explosions. It was as if he was smacking a large mountain.

After nine consecutive exchanges, he successfully ripped out its arm and clawed its corpse palace out with his bare hand before crushing it. The corpse immediately cracked and disintegrated into dust.

“Boom!” Wu Yangsheng’s fiery sun struck Feiyun’s chest, pushing him backward.

His internal organs churned chaotically due to the increased temperature, nearly on the verge of exploding.

“He survived?!” Wu Yangsheng was shocked. That move earlier was strong enough to break a mountain range or split a great lake. Just how tough was his body?

Feiyun stabilized his stance as evil energy oozed out. Black clouds appeared behind him.

‘Feng Feiyun, I can lend you my power for free this time, yes?’ Yama’s voice emerged.

“Scram!” Feiyun shouted before heading towards Wu Yangsheng with a calm and ready pace.

The old man owed him a favor for refining the left hand into his body and wanted to get even. However, Feiyun didn’t agree because this wasn’t dangerous enough to borrow external power.

It needed to be used against someone far above his level, not now.

Feiyun had killed three and scared off one out of seven. There was no reason to be afraid.

Wu Yangsheng clearly had the advantage at the moment but fear surfaced in his mind. Nevertheless, he erased it because his mind was firmer than Li Xingtian. They have done so much to get to this point, how could they back off now?

Their names would go down in history by killing Yi Zhenfeng. His eight-beast diagram condensed again and turned into a majestic sky. It shot down a blinding radiance.

Feiyun's speed had returned after taking down the "Sun and Moon" technique. He was faster than a meteor as he rushed over and ripped Wu Yangshen's left arm off its socket.

"Ahh!" Wu Yangsheng shrieked from the pain, feeling blood gushing out of his shoulder. A sharp pain coursed through his entire body.

"Boom!" Feiyun threw the guy dozens of miles away, crushing numerous walls in the process. Even the Buddhist runes left behind couldn't stop this force.

He was also struck by the eight-beast diagrams on his back and got blown flying through the shrine's wall. His spine was visible now with all the flesh gone.

It has been a while since he suffered such heavy damage. Nevertheless, his mental state was still quite good.

Forcing himself to the brink of death would result in an increase in cultivation after a full recovery if he were lucky enough to survive, that is.

He started seeing black and needed to bite his tongue to stop himself from becoming unconscious. He saw a shiny head in front of him.

There was one person with a shiny head in this shrine - Monk Zhi Zang. [1]

"Have... you... recovered yet?" Feiyun propped himself up with both hands and sat down.

The monk nodded and maintained a dignified expression. His eyes were bright; the same with his golden Buddhist aura. It looked like a Buddha was here in person.

He smiled and said: "Amitabha... it is thanks to your pill."

Feiyun saw the monk's expression and knew that the guy had figured out his identity and cultivation scripture. Of course, Feiyun wasn't afraid of this or he wouldn't have given the monk that pill in the first place.

"Then what the hell are you standing here for, go outside and start killing already." Feiyun commanded.

"Amitabha. Calm down, calm down, I'm going." The monk was surprised at the tone but had enough patience.

He stood up and put on a round hat with black cloth draping down in order to hide his identity.

Feiyun started wondering - why was the monk so cautious? It was one thing to shield his identity outside but why in this place? Or, he didn't want someone in the ruins to know his identity?

Feiyun was right - the monk was indeed worrying about a guardian in this place, not wanting this person to know that he was here.

Of course, Feiyun didn't care too much. The only thing that mattered to him right now was the item inside the great hall.

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“Yi Zhenfeng finally lost!”

“Obviously, not to mention Yi Zhenfeng, even a Paramount Giant would lose against those seven.”

“It’s impressive enough already. Three dead and one crippled, Yi Zhenfeng has made a name for himself in Jin despite dying. Many people will remember the title Love Thief Yi Zhenfeng.”

Meanwhile, the Violetsea Monarch stood on top of a pagoda with a murderous flash in his eyes:

“Everyone thinks Feng Feiyun is still trapped in Bronze Cauldron, even the heretical king. Not I, that’s definitely him.”

Yama’s corpse was brought back by the old sages of Violetsea Cave. They have researched his corpse for many years so Violetsea King naturally knew the most about Yama’s evil affinity in this land.

That’s why he confirmed Yi Zhenfeng was Feng Feiyun.

“The army destroyed my cave so I will kill a Divine King to get even. Maybe I can get that scripture too without anyone figuring it out. Once I fully cultivate Golden Silkworm, that’ll be the last day of Jin.” The king commanded the two remaining corpses to enter the shrine in order to carry out this goal.

However, these two were blown flying right away by a deafening Buddhist light.

“Amitabha. Amitabha.” A mysterious person with his face hidden came out. He placed his palms together while chanting - clearly a monk.

No one expected this development. There was another master in the shrine?

Plus, just one flash of him could defeat two corpses with power comparable to Super Giants. The guy seemed to be stronger than Yi Zhenfeng.

“A monk needing to hide his face?” Violetsea King coldly uttered.

“A Buddhist cultivator only focuses on cultivation. This bag of skin doesn’t matter, hidden or not.” Master Zhi Zang walked over to the two corpses and placed one hand each on their head.

He started reading a scripture. It didn’t take long before the two corpses turned to dust, successfully crossed over to the other side.

The monk was mighty indeed.

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It was dark inside the shrine as Feiyun meditated with a glow: ‘I must recover thirty-percent right away since there might be guardians here. I have to rely on myself, not that crafty monk or he might really screw me over.’

Suddenly, a strand of bloodthirst appeared as water vapor gathered together to form a slender and beautiful figure - akin to a fairy descending from above.

Unfortunately, she was an aggressive fairy since she took out a sword with fire on the tip and placed it next to Feiyun’s neck.

Feiyun was actually the one who gave her this sword. It used to belong to one of the three Untethered, Ji Yibei. He died in Bronze Cauldron and Feiyun took this sword, eventually giving it to her.

“Old villain, no one will be able to save you today.” Ye Siwan was smart enough to wait for this opportunity.

Feiyun stopped the recovery process and coughed out two mouthfuls of blood.

“Don’t try to act pitiful, death is not enough to repent for your crimes.” She slashed down decisively but didn’t go all out, only wanting to intimidate him so that he would listen.

After all, she needed to force him to return Liu Ruixin’s soul.

Feiyun used his left hand to block but still got struck onto the altar. He coughed out blood again and sighed: “Siwan, it’s me, Uncle!”

#### [Chapter 747: The Feeling Of Being In A Beauty’s Embrace](#)

The censers on the platform fell down along with ashes and dust. Even the Bodhisattva statue shook violently, nearly falling down on Feng Feiyun’s head.

He was already bloodied from top to bottom. Now, he had a layer of ashes on top of that - quite a wretched appearance.

Ye Siwan’s heart skipped a beat as she stood there, confused. [1]

“What the hell are you saying, villain?” Ye Siwan only paused for a bit before raising her sword again, ready to swing without any mercy.

Feiyun quickly got up and shouted in a panic: “Don’t do it! I’m really Uncle, Uncle Yun that you met in Bronze Cauldron!”

He knew that she was decisive and firm. The only thing he could do now was to buy some time due to his heavy injuries.

After all, they were relatively close during their time in Bronze Cauldron, experiencing dangerous moments together.

Little did he know that he was underestimating the weight of “Yun Feitian” in Ye Siwan’s heart.

Feiyun began changing his appearance and turned into a middle-aged man - Yun Feitian.

Ye Siwan’s eyes narrowed as she gently bit her lower lip. “Clank.” Her sword fell to the ground.

Her eyes turned red while she clenched her fists tightly. She had some feelings for this uncle because he was talented and had many strong points.

Plenty of girls in life eventually fell in love with older men due to their charisma and charm. This type of maturity could be very effective against younger girls.

Of course, she wasn’t madly in love with him or anything. It’s just that after returning to Sun Moon, she always recalled their journey through Bronze Cauldron together. She hoped that he would visit her so

that she could take him sightseeing across Earthchild - the famous ruins or beautiful lakes and peaks, or just chatting during a rainy day..

She never expected that they would meet again under these circumstances.

“Uncle Yun...” She had a complicated look and helped him up.

However, she pushed him away in the next second, making him very confused.

“Uncle, why are you the love thief? Why did you trick me? It’s one thing if you choose to never see me again, why hurt me like this?” Her eyes became wet. Who knows if she was annoyed at being unable to control her feelings or at him?

“Siwan, let me explain!” Feiyun said: “Love Thief Yi Zhenfeng is only a fake character.”

“What do you mean?” She looked at the fallen Feiyun and felt guilty from being too rash.

If Uncle was a pervert, she wouldn’t have been able to keep her purity back in Bronze Cauldron. She shouldn’t be questioning his characters right now.

And here I thought that I’m not an impulsive person. What happened just now?[2]

Feiyun’s eyes became melancholic as if he was recalling something. He looked like a man with a past as he spoke: “It’s a long story, we have to go back to Bronze Cauldron...”

He explained to her why he needed to put on a fake persona. Of course, the story was far-fetched. Feiyun himself noticed several inconsistencies yet she still trusted him.

Ye Siwan felt even worse inside. Uncle has gone through so much yet I still attacked him...

One drop of tear streamed down and she wiped it away before Feiyun could see. She then helped him up and let him lean on her body before channeling energy into him to aid the recovery process.

Their position was awfully tantalizing since Feiyun’s head was resting on her bosom. He could sense the softness while she held his hand to add spirit energy into his meridians.

Feiyun was naturally enjoying this. A beauty was embracing and curing his wounds.

Ye Siwan is a good girl. What will she think when she finds out that she’s saving the demon’s son?

It’s better to keep using this Uncle identity, hehe.

“Uncle, so you offended the lord of Dark Realm after saving the people of Beastmaster Camp.” Ye Siwan was red from ear to ear but she couldn’t change her posture because of his injuries. She didn’t know what to say to break the awkward silence until this.

“Mmm.” Feiyun closed his eyes and started healing himself too.

He initially told her that he was hunted by many experts in Bronze Cauldron after saving Beastmaster. Now, he wanted to take the initiative and put on this disguise in order to join the heretical conference and assassinate the lord of Dark Realm.

He himself didn’t believe this story at all but she bought it completely.

Prior to this, he thought that she was quite smart but now, she seemed to be too easily tricked - another woman with big breasts and no brain.

He didn't know that this was because she had feelings towards Yun Feitian. She would have convinced herself to believe anything he says.

"You..." Liu Ruixin appeared by the door and saw the two of them in this strange situation. Her jaw nearly dropped to the ground; her eyes became as big as pearls.

"Sister Ye... Uncle... She looked around to find Feng Feiyun.

She mustered all of her courage earlier to come in and see if the guy was dead. Now, Feiyun was nowhere to be found, only her senior sister embracing the uncle from Bronze Cauldron.

Why was he here right now?

"Ruixin, don't be startled. The truth is that Love Thief Yi Zhenfeng is actually Uncle Yun. He's... he's in quite a predicament so he has to do this."

Predicament my ass! Ruixin rubbed her head with both hands, messing up her hair completely. She realized that Feng Feiyun, Yi Zhenfeng, and Fei Yuntian were all the same person.

... I've been with Feng Feiyun the entire time in Bronze Cauldron then... we even got so close...

Ruixin nearly called out but saw Feiyun's warning glare and stopped speaking.

"Sister Ye... What are you guys doing?" Ruixin asked.

"Healing, didn't you see how I fought against the seven masters? Miss Siwan is nice enough to help me recover." Feiyun said.

"You're clearly taking advantage of her..." Ruixin revealed her two cute fangs.

"Ruixin, don't disrespect Uncle, please. I'm doing it on my own accord." Siwan said.

Feiyun smiled and shot out a gloating gaze as if wanting to say, 'See? Your sister wants to do it.'

Ruixin turned red from anger, really hating Feiyun's annoying appearance. She wanted to tell her sister that this guy was not a senior of virtue and prestige, only a playboy.

Feiyun coughed and had a deep voice with his current persona: "Siwan, maybe you still don't believe me about the love thief thing. You can ask Ruixin, I didn't even touch a finger of hers and only viewed her as a daughter..."

Ruixin almost erupted with fury after hearing this.

"Of course I believe you, Uncle. Don't speak right now, focus on healing first." Siwan said.

"Sister Ye, he killed Grandpa Liu." Ruixin's frustration was at an all-time high after seeing these two.

"Nonsense, your Grandpa Liu was clearly tricked by Li Xingtian. What happened was..." Feiyun added details to what had transpired earlier.

Of course, the majority of the content was the truth - about how Li Xingtian abandoned the protector and pushed him into Feiyun's attack.

He eventually put on a sad expression and almost let out a whimper: "I'm sorry... I couldn't pull back my punch then. I really never thought about killing that old man but I needed to defend myself. I'm not a wanton murderer."

He seemed overwhelmed with emotions and coughed out another two mouthfuls of blood.

Ye Siwan naturally believed him. Even Ruixin started believing because she thought that the old protector was very strong. How could he die to one punch without being betrayed by Li Xingtian?

"Damn this Li Xingtian! I will tell Mother to kill him once I get back." Ruixin stomped on the ground before glaring at Feiyun and pointing at him: "And you too."

Feiyun and Siwan smiled in response, clearly not taking her threat seriously. This made Ruixin want to pull her hair out.

Meanwhile, a battle raged outside of the shrine. It didn't last that long but still managed to leave an indelible mark on the spectators.

#### [Chapter 748: Entering The Great Hall](#)

Chaotic energy waves ravaged the ruins while unknown Buddhist sounds echoed unceasingly like an eternal melody.

The great battle left the shrine in an even worse state, on the verge of collapsing at any moment.

Master Zhi Zang stood with his face hidden, shrouded by faint Buddhist energy and looking quite mysterious.

Of course, no one would dare to underestimate him now after he easily took care of two battle corpses.

"Monk, do you know who you're protecting?" A clear voice came from the shadows - clearly a woman.

"Everyone deserves protection." The monk calmly said.

"We'll see if you're strong enough to do so!" A snort came from deeper in the ruins.

This was a heretical lord with a majestic aura unleashing a massive seal resembling Five-finger Mountain.

He was naturally powerful for still daring to attack after seeing the monk's power.

"Rumble!" The palm contained the power of the five elements and the weight of the sky.

Master Zhi Zang placed his palms together and started chanting. He then spat out golden runes that turned into a scripture to stop the incoming attack.

Next, he opened his eyes wide and shot out two golden beams. The black veil on his hat couldn't stop the beams.

They rushed out like heaven-slaying swords. One could hear a scream from the shadows. One heretical lord has just been taken down.

“Amitabha...” The monk read a scripture meant to cross someone over to the other side.

The tenth lord of Senluo and Violetsea Monarch decided to attack at the same time. They were Paramount Giants at the ninth level. Their techniques came over like two tsunamis filling up the area.

Anyone below the Giant realm got down on their knees. Even the Giants started trembling with cold sweats everywhere.

The monk wasn't pressured at all and continued chanting, eventually conjuring a massive Buddha made out of light towering at one hundred meters.

“Buzz.” This avatar unleashed two sonorous palm strikes that sounded like two loud bells.

The two combatants were forced to retreat while catching on fire. They were overwhelmed with fear because this monk injured them so easily.

“Boom!” Two Buddhist characters with a diameter of thirty meters descended from the sky with a destructive force.

The two ran for their lives since those two words could leave lasting damages, if not outright kill them.

“Bang!” The two characters still brushed by them, leaving them with heavy injuries and a pool of blood on the ground.

The two of them ran out of the ruins without looking back. Other cultivators naturally did the same.

They would certainly spread the news of the love thief having an extremely powerful and potentially perverted monk as an ally, one capable of defeating ninth-level cultivators.

The result today betrayed everyone's expectations. Seven masters fought and lost against Yi Zhenfeng, nearly half lost their life. Next, a monstrous monk came out of nowhere and aided him.

Yi Zhenfeng's name would definitely resound across Jin afterward.

“Amazing, your cultivation is infinitely close to the Nirvana realm, only one step away.” Feiyun has turned back into Yi Zhenfeng, looking handsome and devilish while clapping his hands.

Ye Siwan stood next to him, almost like a guard with the fiery sword in her hand. She looked on guard against this monk.

“I'm no big deal compared to you, Benefactor, subduing this noble lady despite being seriously injured. Now that's amazing.” The monk wittily said.

Feiyun noticed the grimace on Ye Siwan's face and changed the topic: “If I'm not mistaken, your lifespan is running out? You are here to find the Heavenly Kingdom in order to break through to the Nirvana realm?”

In theory, one wouldn't be able to reach 1,000 years of age without becoming an Enlightened Being.



However, there are plenty of longevity medicines that can prolong life. Monk Zhi Zang has clearly used some of them to live longer than this. Alas, he didn't have much left and medicines have become ineffective. He needed to reach the next level.

Ultimately, all types of cultivation were a competition against heaven and worldly orders.

The monk pondered for a bit before nodding and answered in a sad tone: "I have two more years."

Feiyun opened his paper fan and started fanning himself while smiling: "You're definitely closer than anyone to Nirvana but this last step has a distance of ten million miles. You will never be able to reach it without the right opportunity."

"Not just ten million miles. Only those who have reached this step would know how difficult it is, akin to the distance between heaven and earth. The closer one is to Nirvana, the more they find out about this. So many top geniuses in history only needed one hundred years to reach peak ninth-level Heaven's Mandate. However, they would be stuck here until their death. Sigh, the path towards the grand dao only grows harder, it is beyond your imagination..."

"Why not give it one last shot?" Feiyun said.

"What do you mean?" The monk's eyes narrowed.

Feiyun continued playing with his fan while walking towards the direction of the grand shrine. He smirked and said: "Let's go to the great hall, I'm very interested in the kingdom you're searching for."

The four girls followed right behind him. They made it to the entrance of the hall before directly entering.

The monk hesitated for a long time before following along. If these youths weren't afraid, why should he? He didn't have that much longer to live anyway.

"The great hall has many dangers within, one wrong step and it's over." The monk caught up.

Feiyun knew that the guy would come along and put on a serious expression: "I'm more confident with you're here."

The monk put down his black hat to reveal a bald head. He wore a string with eighteen beads glowing with pure Buddhist affinity.

"You cultivate Golden Silkworm?" He asked with skepticism in his eyes.

"Yep."

"You're actually that Divine King of Jin?" The monk asked again.

"Sure, for the time being."

"The scripture is on you right now?" The monk's eyes became hot as he halted. No one could stay calm after hearing about this scripture.

Feiyun also stopped and nodded with a smile.

The two of them have been using mental transmission so the other girls couldn't listen at all. They only thought that the two were being weird.

"The scripture is the thing leading me here, meaning that its providence is protecting me or I wouldn't have the balls to come here." Feiyun added.

The monk calmed down and became slightly hopeful. If the scripture was leading him, then maybe the kingdom would actually be inside this hall. He would have a great chance of reaching Nirvana after getting there.

The monk was a wily and calculating one, not a pure Buddhist cultivator. He suddenly smiled and placed his palms together to bow towards Feng Feiyun, actually speaking out loud this time: "The great hall has some evil left behind from the ancient age, so be careful, everyone. Try your best to walk behind me. We'll be fine as long as we don't alarm the strongest evil Buddhist soul."

The great hall was actually a broken world, completely dark and of unknown size. They have entered an independent and special dimension with plumes of Buddhist lights and ghastly flames.

The place seemed to be full of illusions - broken golden pillars, platforms covered in dust, old praying mats, cracked wooden fish, and many others.

They floated in the air and had a faint glow. Who knows how long they have been here?

Someone suddenly screamed in the back - Liu Ruixin. She stepped on a skeleton and broke through several bones.

It had a fist-sized hole on the skull as if someone had crushed it to take the brain out.

The group stopped and the monk quietly whispered: "This is the corpse of a Giant that came here several thousand years ago, killed by the evil Buddhist souls."

"Are they part of the Three Evils?" Feiyun asked.

"A type of specter but far stronger than ordinary ones." The monk nodded.

"A friend gave me this bottle, I wonder if it will be useful against these souls." Feiyun contemplated and took out a bottle from his spatial stone.

#### [Chapter 749: Evil Buddhist Soul](#)

This brown bottle was given to him by Yao Ji. It had strange runes and evil seals carved on the surface.

It resembled an ordinary flower vase, nothing too special. However, it felt cold to the touch as if it was an ice sculpture.

"Please, just a regular bottle, we have 100,000 of them at Sun Moon. I can give you a carriage full of them later." Liu Ruixin was a strong girl and quickly stopped being scared then took advantage of this opportunity to attack Feiyun.

She seemed to enjoy antagonizing him.

Monk Zhi Zang nodded and said: "It's not a bad treasure but will only be useful against common spirits, not against specters that have experienced lightning tribulation. An Evil Buddhist Soul used to be an ancient monk, smart and know how to cultivate. This yin bottle can't suppress one."

"I see." Feiyun took a look and didn't notice anything special. Plus, his golden energy could deal with the Buddhist soul to a certain extent.

He stopped thinking about it and tossed it at Ruixin: "You can play with it."

"Who would want this crappy bottle?" Ruixin said this but still decided to keep it. After all, the monk said that it could suppress ordinary spirits. It might be crappy but would still make a good present to a junior sister that had just joined the sect.

"Whoosh!" A black gale came over, accompanied by ghastly wails.

A figure wearing a kasaya appeared on top of a tattered platform nearby, around seven meters tall with rotten flesh and visible bones.

"That's an evil Buddhist soul, be careful." The monk warned with a serious expression.

This one was quite powerful, dying ten thousand years ago. It should have some cultivation achievement now. Its aura was enough to threaten him.

Liu Ruixin, Mu Xirou, and Bai Ruxue turned pale, feeling a chill as if they had fallen into an ice pit in hell. They finally realized how terrifying these evil souls can be, far scarier than anything they have seen before.

Feiyun and Ye Siwan became serious because this evil soul was extremely fast. It was comparable to a peak third-tribulation Ghost King, capable of tearing a Super Giant apart with its bare hands.

They looked over at the monk; he didn't look too confident in killing this one either.

Feiyun inched closer to Ye Siwan and gently grabbed her slender waist. He could utilize his Swift Samsara to escape this along with her.

Siwan felt the heat from his hand so her waist became slightly numb; her cheeks slightly blushed.

"Whoosh!" The gigantic soul on the platform turned into a black dragon gale and rushed towards the three girls, wanting to capture her.

Monk Zhi Zang took action and sent out his beads looking like stars. They only managed to break the soul's hand, unable to stop it fully.

Feiyun never thought about trying because he was too weak. He focused on protecting Siwan and pulled her waist to dodge the soul, leaping a dozen meters away.

The three girls weren't that lucky and got caught by the evil soul. However, the expected tragic scene didn't happen.

On the contrary, the soul let out a pitiful bellow. Its evil energy condensed and was sucked in by the bottle.

Liu Ruixin was crying on the ground, not knowing what was going on. A while later, she looked up and saw everyone staring at her. No, at the bottle in her hand, to be exact.

A top evil soul was captured by this bottle to everyone's astonishment. Even the monk was scratching his bald head in confusion.

Feiyun coughed twice and let go of Ye Siwan. He came over and reached out his hand: "Little Liu, let me take a look at your ghost bottle."

"No way, what kind of person asks for a gift back?" Even a fool could tell that this bottle was an amazing artifact. She embraced the bottle tightly and hid it from everyone almost like a monkey hiding a peach.

"I was only letting you play with it, not giving it to you." Feiyun's eyes became unfriendly.

"No!" Ruixin would rather die.

Feiyun's expression became friendly again as he persuaded: "Ruixin, this is a promise token given to me by a friend so I can't give it away willy-nilly. Letting you take a look is the best I can do. If she were to find out, it won't be good for you or Sun Moon."

"I thought Sister Ye is your girlfriend right now, are you cheating on her?" Ruixin immediately barked back.

Feiyun and Siwan became awkward. This little girl wasn't easy to deal with. Looks like words won't do; maybe it was time for force.

He started rolling up his sleeves in order to teach her a lesson. However, the monk walked by and took a careful look. His voice became emotional: "I made a mistake earlier, this is a sacred treasure from the yin world with two names, Celestial Sacred Bottle or Ghost Sacred Bottle, capable of imprisoning all evil entities in this world."

The group suddenly stared at Feiyun with strange eyes.

The monk continued: "It belongs to Her Highness, the Yin Mother, the Bewitcher, allowing her to dominate the yin world. Why do you have it, young friend?"

His eyes seemed to be asking, "Is it really a promise token? The Yin Mother is your lover?"

His attitude towards Feiyun became better too, addressing the guy as "young friend". Of course, he didn't think that Feiyun was the queen's lover, only a servant or errand boy at best.

Feiyun began contemplating about this too while the girls were astounded, thinking that this guy was something else.

They thought that he had resorted to a wretched and despicable method to steal this bottle.

"You little thief, so courageous too, daring to steal from the Yin Mother." Ruixin's hands were shaking while holding the bottle. Sun Moon really couldn't afford to mess with this if the story was true.

"Give it back to me already if you know who it belongs to." Feiyun said while thinking, 'do you all think I'm Bi Ningshuai or something?'

Of course, they wouldn't know who that is.

"Hmph, I'm not afraid of her in here. I'll keep it for protection and play with it for a couple of days. I'll give it back once we're outta here." She shook the bottle and a pill filled with evil and Buddhist energy came out.

It was the size of a longan fruit with a bright glow, heavy enough to smash a big hole on the ground.

She became curious and leaned down to pick it up. Monk Zhi Zang immediately stopped her: "Don't, this is a pill created from that evil soul. It contains its ultimate energies. Touch it and it will infiltrate your body and turn you into an evil entity."

The girls retreated from fear. The monk didn't dare to pick it up either. Being stained with that energy might ruin his Buddhist avatar and cultivation.

On the other hand, Feiyun had no fear at all and picked up the heavy pill. He already had the golden energy of Buddhism and Yama's evil energy. This pill was nothing but nutritious to him.

He directly ate it before everyone's frightened eyes.

"Boom!" His body became resplendent - one-half golden and one-half gray. The two types of energy existed together.

Feiyun wasn't strong enough to refine the power in the pill so it was as if a star was exploding inside. He quickly assumed the meditative pose in order to refine this torrential force.

"That soul was comparable to a ninth-level cultivator. Though it was refined into a pill, its power is still immense. Can he handle it?" Ye Siwan became worried.

This was almost equivalent to eating that evil soul directly.

The monk was scared at the start but he quickly calmed down: "It's fine, he cultivates Gold-... He'll be fine."

He was about to say Golden Silkworm but there were numerous powerful evil Buddhist Souls here. Some had enough intelligence and would go crazy if they were to hear these words.

"Boom!" Feiyun's radiance increased continuously. He looked like a jade statue now with loud explosions within, strong enough to cause minor vibration on the ground.

A while later, the light dispersed. He stood up and smiled: "This soul was amazing. My cultivation is at the peak of the seventh-level now."

#### [Chapter 750: Door To Heavenly Kingdom](#)

Yao Ji's perfect figure flashed in Feiyun's mind. This girl is more mysterious by the day. Is she really the mother of Yin World?[1]

Feiyun found this thought to be ridiculous and immediately dismissed it. Why would the prestigious ruler offer herself to him? Maybe it could be viewed as a good investment but the disparity in status was too great regardless of his talents.

Moreover, if Yao Ji was the Yin Mother, she would be one of the three Evils. Could her cultivation be high enough to fool all the masters at the court?

He stopped thinking about this since he could just ask Yao Ji the next time they meet.

Monk Zhi Zang has been here before so he was very familiar with the layout. They walked along an old path forward towards the door to Heavenly Kingdom.

Meanwhile, Liu Ruixin still kept the Celestial Sacred Bottle. Feiyun ignored her for now because this artifact was beyond her means to keep; she knew this full well. She would obediently give it back later to him anyway.

They walked for three days, finding this place to be a boundless realm with broken artifacts everywhere. There were plenty of spirit treasures but their spirituality has dispersed due to the long period of time. They were worthless now.

They also met eight evil Buddhist souls, the strongest of which was mightier than Monk Zhi Zang, the weakest was comparable to a Giant.

However, the bottle easily sucked all of them in and turned them into eight pills for Feng Feiyun.

His two types of energy have soared so he was ready to reach the eighth level whenever. He wouldn't stop at the early stage either. The spirit energy accumulated inside was monstrous, almost like a universe exploding.

Yao Ji seemed to know that I would go to the ruins so she gave me Yama's left hand then this bottle. Looks like she wants to help me, hmm, what an interesting woman. Feiyun realized that everything he has done so far was within her calculation. Who knows if she was actually on his side or not?

"I felt the presence of a different world beyond the door but just didn't have the key." The monk stood in this chaotic place and stared at the golden Buddha in the meditative pose not far from there.

It towered at ninety-nine meters, looking just like a golden mountain. It had a dignified and holy aura along with a suppressive pressure.

Its light was extremely hot and contained incredible power. It wore a golden robe with both hands placed on its stomach.

The stomach had a large crack with a barely-visible chaotic expanse inside. A different aura oozed out from within.

This Buddha statue was clearly made from gold yet the cracks on its stomach had the redness and appearance of flesh.

"This is the door, be careful now. I met an exceedingly powerful soul here last time. It wasn't even awakened that time, just one intent fully injured me. I'm positive that once awakened, it can kill an Enlightened Being. The bottle... might not be able to suppress it, unless the Yin Mother herself is here." The monk's voice became as quiet as can be.

Feiyun stared at the door. It looked like a Buddha had cut open his stomach. He was in disbelief after taking a good look: "A high-level realm? How can this be?"

“There are levels to realms?” Ye Siwan was closest and heard him.

Sun Moon also had a secret realm - an independent dimension with 200,000 miles of land. However, it was extremely unstable with numerous dangers. Later on, a wise sage of the sect stabilized it into a training ground. She had partaken in this training before.

Feiyun elaborated: “Your secret realm and the beast realm from Wanxiang Pagoda are considered low level. Too unstable and not in the shape of a continent. As for the royal sacred ground of Jin, it became a continent, far larger than the two I’ve just mentioned. People can actually stay there now, so this is an intermediate-level realm.”

This was the first time the group has heard of this, including Monk Zhi Zang. They have heard of the royal sacred ground before but thought that it was a real location, not an independent realm.

“No wonder why the royal clan is still calm despite the chaos in the eight prefectures. So their real foundation is at that place. Is it just as big as Jin?” Ye Siwan put on a serious expression.

“The ruler of a dynasty is naturally not as simple as they seem.” The monk placed his palms together and said.

“There’s a continent in there but it is still very chaotic. On the other hand, this one here is a high-level realm, far bigger with spatial stability. The only difference between this and the real world outside is that it can’t give birth to living entities.” Feiyun went on.

“So this mythical Heavenly Kingdom is a high-level realm? So it’s far bigger than Jin?” Liu Ruixin became very curious as well.

“This is no big deal, everything is possible in this world. There are even bigger places than a high-level realm. They’re called minor and grand dimensions. You’ll see them once your cultivation is high enough.” Feiyun chuckled.

Ruixin’s eyes lit up, thinking that Feiyun was too cool right now for knowing all of this.

“If this is really a high-level realm that has been blessed by a top Buddhist cultivator, creating three thousand Enlightened Buddhas might be possible.” Feiyun stared at the door while channeling his golden energy to its limit.

“Whoosh!” Golden Silkworm Scripture flew out from his spatial stone - a 7-inch little Buddha very similar to the large one found here. It clearly sensed the aura of Heavenly Kingdom

Could this be the key? Feiyun looked at the little thing and narrowed his eyes.

“Sealed for ten thousand years, I shall open it today.” He became determined and took the bottle from Ruixin with his left hand and held the little Buddha with his right.

He channeled Swift Samsara and flew to the large one’s stomach, tossing the scripture into the wound.

“Buzz.” The scripture started rotating with a blinding radiance.

The large Buddha seemingly woke up as well and started chanting.

Those standing inside the ruins at this second would see a golden beam shooting out of the great hall.

All of the protectors woke up. Some climbed out of the ground; others the broken halls.

All the broken buildings lit up, seemingly returning to their golden age.

An eighteen-level pagoda had a broken bell on top that automatically issued a ring that could be heard for several thousand miles.

The pilgrims on the path kneeled and worshipped: "The old spirits are returning! The bell has rung nine times!"

Buddhist hymns and chants echoed across the realm as a result.

Meanwhile, an evil entity slowly woke up after Feiyun released the scripture. One could feel a terrible aura.

Feiyun saw an evil darkness flying straight at him. It spoke with a deep, ancient voice: "The door will be opened with the golden scripture, the old world shall appear... No, this cannot happen! We'll all be crossed over by the power of Heavenly Kingdom, not even a single soul will be left! Don't open it!"

The strongest evil Buddhist soul has fully awakened.