

Sprit Vessel 791

[Chapter 791: Case From 1,500 Years Ago](#)

“What an animal! If I’m not mistaken, the Yang little princess is only eight! Can’t even spare a child, absolutely immoral!” The turtle lamented.

Feiyun waved his sleeve and sent it rolling on the ground like a gourd, causing it to curse: “Fuck-!”

His appearance had changed considerably during the last few years but the two sisters still recognized him.

Ji Xiaonu was still angry at him and didn’t even wipe the blood off her lips: “Feng Feiyun, you ungrateful treacherous bastard, pretending not to know us just because you have climbed the ranks now?”

“Ahem. Little Miss, what have I done to warrant such insults?” Feiyun said with indignation.

The turtle crawled back and laughed: “You’ve seen ladies naked without taking responsibility... fuck!!”

Feiyun sent it flying again before it could finish.

“Hmph, you’re not keeping your words.” Xiaonu said; her eyes widened aggressively.

“How?” Feiyun said, looking as if he has just been wrongly accused.

“What did you promise when you tricked my sister into giving you the Eight Arts Volume?” She poked his chest while speaking.

“Trick? No, your sister begged me into accepting it. Plus, I haven’t forgotten about helping you kill one guy, I can go with you right now.”

“Young Noble Feng, are you telling the truth?” Xinnu wiped away the blood on her lips; a touch of red could be seen on her cheeks.

She stared at him with her faint blue eyes and saw his insanely attractive eyes. Her cheeks blushed brighter so she hurriedly looked down; her heartbeat became erratic.

The monster beneath Feiyun suddenly shook violently and let out a burst of deafening laughter. “So you’re Feng Feiyun! The Yang King had issued a decree for your head, you don’t have that much longer to live.”

“The heretical king wants my head too but am I not alive and well? Another decree won’t do much. I think you’re the one that doesn’t have long to live.” Feiyun snorted and added power, breaking one tooth off the creature. It was seven meters long and as sharp as a blade, bloodied.

Sha Hangyun bellowed and struggled. Feiyun then broke its feet and another ten bones, completely subduing it.

“I want to kill this bastard!” The sisters loathed Sha Hangyun, wanting to cut it to pieces.

“No! Spare me and I’ll tell you something crucial!” It became afraid.

Anyone would be frightened in this scenario, an Abnormality included.

“Speak.” Feiyun found this matter quite strange. How could the three Stranges of the Yang World dare to attack people in Jin?

This was not normal.

“Two ancient Venerables of the Yin and Yang World have joined forces, wanting to rebel against their ruler. There’s nothing but chaos there now. Many Venerables have entered Jin, wanting to attack the treasure-seeking clan, the Ji.” Sha Hangyun revealed.

“Ridiculous, the Yang King and the Yin Mother are quite powerful. Any rebellion would have been quelled right away.” Feiyun thought that it was lying and wanted to chop its head off.

“Don’t! I’m telling the truth since I’m a subject of that lord in Yang! My mission is to take the Eight Arts Volume and the Yang Soul Holy Embryo from these two.” Sha Hangyun said.

“The first Venerable finally rebelled?” The turtle finally returned. It was smart this time and hid behind Ji Xinnu.

“That’s right!” Sha Hangyun replied.

The two sisters exchanged glances, seemingly aware of this character, unlike Feng Feiyun.

“This Venerable is very powerful?” Feiyun had no clue.

The turtle wanted to be cool and went on top of a boulder to look at the sky, acting as if it was a lonely master and recalling a distant memory: “Of course it is, I’m the one who took care of it...”

“Boom!” Feiyun sent it rolling on the ground again.

“Damn it! I’m telling the truth, I really adopted and took care of it...” It shouted while rolling.

Feiyun dismissed it right away, thinking that this turtle has never been trustworthy.

“The first Venerable is a Void, extremely powerful on top of being talented. It only needed several thousand years to reach the level of far older Stranges. No one can see its true form according to the rumors...”

“Its true form is a bag of skin!” The turtle returned again. It was quite fast due to its long legs. It ran back, looking like a white duck panting for breath.

“A Void is visible yet not touchable, right?” Feiyun asked.

“It’s just a bag of skin without a real body, so what it does is attaches itself onto someone else. That’s why you can see it and the only thing you’ll be able to touch is the host’s skin.” The turtle said.

Everything was possible in this vast world. All things could become sentient and strive for greatness.

For example, the sisters’ grandpa was also a Void - a picture that could move around.

This first Venerable was a bag of skin, as it turned out.

“Impressive indeed, just nothing but skin becoming the first Venerable?” Feiyun smiled.

“Because I’m the one who trained it.” The turtle began again with a disappointed expression: “I taught it how to cultivate but not how to be a contributor to the world. It eventually turned into something so evil... fuck you! Kick me again and I’ll be really angry!”

Feiyun’s leg paused for a bit but he still decided to kick it away in the end, not believing the story. How ridiculous would it be for the strongest Venerable in the Yang World to be trained by a turtle?

“That’s the one... that’s the one who killed our mother.” The two sisters’ expression became ugly. Tears streamed down as they clenched their fists.

“Why did it kill your mother?” Feiyun became curious.

Next came a case from 1,500 years ago.

So these two sisters were a set of Abnormality twins. With the blood of their Yang Soul Holy Embryo, they could use a Yang Soul Trigram to summon a Divine Yang Behemoth from another world.

The Yang World, the Ji, the Yin World, and Senluo Temple tried to obtain Yama’s body from Violetsea. However, the miasma from this corpse was too strong. The four powers couldn’t approach this body.

Finally, someone suggested using the blood from a set of Abnormality twins to summon a yang behemoth. Only the yang affinity of this being could suppress Yama’s miasma.

The previous set of twins were Jin Xinnu and Ji Xiaonu’s mother. Her husband was the young lord of the Ji, Ji Haotian.

He naturally didn’t want to sacrifice his two wives for the benefits of the four great powers and vehemently refused.

However, one night, his personality suddenly changed and he slew his wives. He carried two basins of warm blood out of the room and activated the summoning trigram. This allowed them to take Yama’s corpse out of Violetsea.

The young Ji Xinnu and Ji Xiaonu were hiding in the corner and saw the entire thing. Their mothers’ blood was a dazzling red with smoke coming out.

The four powers saw the might of the yang giant and began paying attention to these two sisters. Possessing them would be the same as controlling the giant once again in the future.

They managed to escape from the Ji Clan with the help of their grandpa, becoming fugitives in the process.

They hated their father and decided to change their last name to a different character with a similar sound.[1]

Later on, they found out that their father was taken over by this Abnormality with the ability to take over people.

Despite knowing the truth, they still didn’t dare to return to the Ji Clan. Others wanted the blood; the same with the Ji.

This was the reason why during the first meeting with Feiyun, they were being pursued by the Ji and others from the Yang World.

“So you two have lived for more than 1,500 years?” Feiyun became slightly surprised.

“Abnormalities are different from humans. A few need ten thousand years to mature, we’re only around seventeen. The trade-off is our extremely slow cultivation speed.” Ji Xinnu said.

“Hand over your embryo to me and I’ll help you get revenge. I’m a man of my words, hehe!” He nodded and suddenly became interested, reaching out his hand.

### [Chapter 792: Death At The Cemetery](#)

Buddhist bells, the moon, and the breezes.

The peak behind Southern Sky Temple was covered with towering trees and weeds. The moonlight shone the scattered leaves.

Long Cangyue stood in front of a lonely grave next to a tattered temple. The moonlight revealed her perfect jade skin. Her black hair fluttered in the wind like a dancing waterfall.

“Master, how did my mother die?” Her eyes were teary; even the eyelashes were wet. However, she tried her best to not let any tear come out.

A monk in a white robe looking only around eight or nine years of age stood behind her. He had a kind expression and held his Buddhist beads while speaking: “Consort Ji heard about your death and lost her will to leave. She ate an ice soul and ended her life.”

“Why didn’t Feng Feiyun tell her that I was still alive? Why didn’t he?” Long Cangyue trembled; her heart was bleeding with grief.

Monk Maitreya placed his palms together then began to sweep the leaves on the ground: “During the winter two years ago, this place was filled with snow, far colder than right now. Your mother died in Benefactor Feng’s embrace. She didn’t seem too dejected and departed with a smile.”

“He simply watched her die?” Long Cangyue clenched her fists.

“Your mother had a tough life, dying is actually a type of liberation. Miss Long, don’t blame yourself or Benefactor Feng. No one was in the wrong, only this cruel world.” The monk said.

Tears finally streamed down her cheeks. She got on her knees and bowed her head three times, seemingly whispering something.

The monk suddenly stopped sweeping because the leaves turned into a bloody color and became blades with a ghastly aura. The atmosphere of this peak changed immediately.

He placed his palms together and chanted: “Amitabha! Where did you come from, fiends?! Daring to cause trouble at my temple.”

Black figures and winds swept through the peaks. Numerous creatures emerged with devious laughter.

Long Cangyue also got up. A black spirit sword flew out of her forehead. The blade contained countless ancient runes: "Evils and Stranges from Yin and Yang? How dare you come here and disturb my mother's rest?"

"I am the ninth Venerable of the Yin World, Li Bashan. I am under the order of the Whiteskin Ghost King to come here and obtain Yama's left eye." A phantom wearing a white robe floated in the air.

Long Cangyue became alarmed. She had fused with Yama's left eye long ago so they were here for her.

The monk gathered energy and started glowing. A golden layer formed around his skin as he spoke: "Venerables from Yin in Jin? Are you not afraid of the Yin Mother's wrath?"

"The Yin Mother has long been forced out of our world. The lord of Yin is the Whiteskin Ghost King now. He's the one ordering us to come here and take over." A deep voice came from the shadow.

"The lords of this land should be us! Jin and the other dynasties will turn to ashes."

"This is the capital. The Jin Emperor can notice everything here." Long Cangyue said.

An enormous Abnormality with three heads walked out: "Our first Venerable is blocking the heaven's eyes, the royal clan has no idea what's happening here."

"The eye is inside her, reduce her to ashes and we'll find it." A different head said.

The three heads spew out an extremely hot flame, turning the ground into lava.

Long Cangyue protected the rave behind her and slashed forward, releasing a river of swords more than thirty meters long. She successfully decapitated one of its heads.

"Whoosh! Whoosh!" Two specters wearing bloody clothes lunged forward. Lightning currents surged around them, looking quite fierce.

"All-devouring." She coldly uttered in response.

Her palm became a black hole that swallowed the two specters, instantly refining their essences into her own power.

"An evil treasure-seeking master! Shit! She has the Spirit Treasure Chapt-" A scream came from the darkness but stopped abruptly because the speaker was devoured. It turned into a dried corpse, falling to the ground.

Treasure-seeking masters were the nemesis of the Three Stranges and Three Evils. The evil treasure-seeking masters were the most notorious, feared by all.

Their arts allowed them to steal power from others. This cultivation method was hated by everyone else. The users would be hunted right away.

More than ten figures rushed towards Cangyue. Three of them were Venerables, resembling three mountains.

Chilling black fog billowed around her. She pinned her sword on the ground and created a devastating formation.

The assailants were blown away, dazed. She then took advantage of this and devoured them.

However, there were too many enemies and she became grievously wounded; her dress stained with blood.

Moreover, she had absorbed too many different types of powers so her inner stabilization became chaotic.

Meanwhile, the powerful monk was actually fighting against ten Venerables. He vomited blood from the unfair fight.

“You two are courting death.” Li Bashan laughed and unleashed a punch encompassing a mountain of bones.

It struck the monk, nearly breaking his back.

“Master!” Long Cangyue shouted but couldn’t come to help. A Corpse Evil was blocking the way.

The pale monk’s face was covered in blood. Nonetheless, he still looked holy as he gritted his teeth: “Run, I’ll open the way!”

He placed his palms together and started reciting the Undying mantra. His golden light became infused with flames.

He opened his eyes and shot out two terrible rays, killing several dozens of abominations at once.

Long Cangyue killed the Corpse Evil blocking the way and ran through the path opened up by the rays.

“Where do you think you’re going?!” A black figure pursued.

“All shall perish!” The monk activated a forbidden art, wanting to trade his life to kill all the abominations here.

“I can’t let you do that.” Li Bashan summoned a spear looking like a black dragon. It issued a sharp howl and pierced the monk’s mouth, pushing a part of his skull out through a hole on the back of his neck.

The monk couldn’t finish his forbidden incantation and got blown backward, hitting the consort’s tablet.

“Boom!” The tablet naturally exploded.

The monk lay on top of the grave and couldn’t speak. Blood gurgled out of his mouth; his body trembled violently.

Li Bashan came over with a sneer. He stomped on the monk’s head and pulled out the spear before thrusting it down again towards the monk’s heart.

The monk stopped moving; his eyes were still open and looking at the sky.

The place became quiet once more.

“Go, find that girl. We need Yama’s left eye.”

The abominations from the two worlds left this area. The stench of blood permeated the air. The monk’s heart was still bleeding.

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The next day, on a mountainous path.

Feiyun saw the temples in the wilderness, recalling his previous trip here.

He planned to visit Ji Lingxuan's grave first before seeing Monk Matreya in his temple. It has been two years so the path was filled with weeds.

"Where are you taking us? Aren't we going to the Ji Clan for revenge?" Ji Xiaonu walked in front of Feiyun with both hands on her waist, demanding an answer.

"Gonna pay respect to an old friend." Feiyun had paper money and incense with him. For some reason, an ominous feeling has been haunting him during the trip.

"Please, doing this right away after just reaching the capital? I'm sure you're just going to see a lover." The turtle was left behind and had just caught up to the group. It struggled for breath but still commented.

"Yeah, sure, whatever." Feiyun responded.

He found out from Sha Hangyun that those from the Yin and Yang World wanted to attack the Ji Clan to steal their treasure-seeking scripture and the summon trigram. Thus, he moved nonstop towards the capital.

These two items were too crucial. He couldn't let his enemies seize them.

Unfortunately, coming back here reminded him of Ji Lingxuan and Nangong Hongyan.

The latter was protected by the royal clan and he wasn't in a position to see them. Thus, he would first visit Ji Lingxuan then ask Monk Matreya for information about the Ji.

### [Chapter 793: Princess Manor](#)

Feiyun could hear the stench of blood before making it to the top. The cliffs nearby were broken with yin energy oozing out of the mud.

As they walked farther up, they saw dead Abnormalities and Corpse Evils. The air had numerous different remnant auras.

"The Stranges and Evils of Yin and Yang were here last night." Feiyun increased his pace and made it to Ji Lingxuan's grave.

He saw a young monk being pinned down; his blood stained the grave.

The spear had evil runes on top with thick murderous intent. It must have killed many cultivators in the past.

Feiyun pulled out the spear with a heavy heart. The monk's corpse was cold; his eyes still wide open. Feiyun crouched down to close them.

The two sisters were frightened. Ji Xiaonu who loves to argue with Feiyun kept her mouth shut.

The turtle walked around the corpses and smelled the blood: "Damn, at least ten Venerables died last night. This little monk was a badass."

Feiyun frowned and used his Minor Change art to calculate the events last night. Alas, someone shrouded the area so he could only see some general scenes. He saw Long Cangyue among them.

"Why are they looking for her?" He also saw the monk opening an escape path for her.

"Probably for Yama's eyes." The turtle kept on smelling the blood and named off some experts from the two worlds. Sure enough, they were all here last night.

Feng Feiyun called out Monk Jiu Rou from Heavenly Kingdom. Monk Maitreya was the guy's disciple in name. The master should care a little bit about his disciple's death.

"Motherfucker!" Monk Jiu Rou carried Maitreya's corpse while cursing; his chest tattoos were visible for all to see.

The monk was in a terrible mood. Monk Maitreya was his only real disciple. Now, the guy was dead.

His rage could pierce the sky right now. This was an unforgivable offense!

The monk cursed while digging a grave for his disciple. Meanwhile, Feiyun was worried about Long Cangyue.

He let the two sisters into the Heavenly Kingdom before finding clues from last night to find Cangyue.

"So many came." The turtle's nose seemed more effective than a dog. It stood up straight and ran around the bushes with extreme speed. It saw dried corpses as well - those who were killed by Cangyue.

The clues stopped once they made it back to the capital. The streets filled with people and carriages appeared again.

"What should we do?" The turtle sat down on Feiyun's shoes, contemplating with its chin resting on its hands.

"Follow me." He lifted it up by the neck before disappearing from sight. He was too fast for anyone to see.

In the next second, he appeared before a large mansion in another location at the capital. It was surrounded by walls and courtyards, made from jade and precious stones instead of bricks.

Its gate was golden, evident of being owned by the nobility. This particular one looked desolate with leaves everywhere. Not even a single servant could be found.

"Princess Manor?" The turtle struggled and finally got out of Feiyun's grip.

"This is Long Cangyue's old place. Go take a look." Feiyun waved and destroyed the defensive formation before pushing the gate open.

The turtle turned into a white ray and came in first. It started sniffing everywhere and found a fresh scent of blood.

"This is it." It became happy.



Feiyun saw the trail of blood and heaved a sigh of relief. They followed it and found Long Cangyue near the entrance of a basement.

She was bloodied from top to bottom. Even the ends of her hair had drops of blood.

She crawled to the basement door, leaving bloody prints behind. She couldn't open it before falling unconscious.

"She's a tough one." The turtle said.

Feiyun condensed a Buddhist pill and fed it to her. He grabbed her hand and channeled a gentle wave of energy into her.

Her body became engulfed in a faint Buddhist light and her wounds healed at a visible rate. Eventually, her white skin returned; not even a scar could be seen.

Alas, she still didn't wake up right away due to the serenity of her injuries.

"The royal clan is here so I don't think the enemies will come soon. This place is safe for now." Feiyun carried her towards a pavilion.

When Long Cangyue woke up, she found herself laying in a warm bed, feeling as comfortable as can be.

She lazily turned over and embraced a body pillow before realizing something and becoming tense. She opened her eyes wide, revealing a sharp flash, then got up.

Her bloodied clothes have been changed. She smelled a flower fragrance on her and had a white sleeping gown on. Her wounds were no longer there; she was healed outside of being a little tired.

Most importantly, another person was in the room, a man sitting with his back facing her!

"Whoosh!" She summoned her spirit sword and coldly uttered: "You changed my clothes?"

Feiyun was sitting on a red sandalwood chair. On the table was a soup bowl still hot with steam. He nodded in response: "Mmm, I gave you a bath too."

"Whoosh!" She aimed for the back of his neck, creating a powerful gush. Alas, Feiyun easily stopped her blade with two fingers.

The sword trembled but couldn't escape his grip.

"Be good now and rest." Feiyun put away the sword by suppressing it with his golden energy.

He then carried the bowl over to the bed and sat down. Meanwhile, she has been astonished after he turned around. Tears continued to pour down as she gritted her teeth.

She didn't recognize him at first because he had removed his demonic presence and replaced it with holy Buddhist energy. It was impossible to tell that it was him from the back.

"Why are you crying?" He wiped the tears near her eyes.

"I'm not." She stopped him and wiped it off with her sleeves. No tears could be seen; only her slightly red eyes.

“Okay, okay. Drink this mix of spirit grass first, I made it myself. It’s one of a kind.” Feiyun raised the bowl.

“Feiyun, I told you, I didn’t cry. I, Long Cangyue, had never cried before in my life. Bring this up again and I’ll cut you down after I’m healed.” Long Cangyue bit her pale lips, seemingly taking this very seriously.

“Just drink first.” He smiled.

“Why did you change my clothes and give me a bath without permission?”

“Just drink first.”

“Why did my mother die? She died in your embrace, why didn’t you tell her that I was alive?”

“Just drink first.”

“I faked my death and hid in the dragon vein two years ago for your sake but what did I get in return? My mother is dead, Long Luofu seized the throne. Tell me, Feng Feiyun.”

He paused for a bit before reply: “Just drink first.”

“Feed me.” She stared deeply at him with her cold eyes.

He scooped up a spoonful then embraced her, moving the spoon next to her shiny lips: “Your mother told me to take care of you. Plus, you’re my fiancée, it’s not outrageous for me to change your clothes.”

A pot of soup was still hot on the table. The turtle loved the fragrance and got closer. It stretched its neck down, wanting to drink some.

“Splash!” Unfortunately, it was too clumsy and fell inside.

Meanwhile, Feiyun gently stroked her long hair and continued feeding her. She hid in his chest while listening to his explanation.

This moment of peace didn’t last long. They suddenly heard a burst of sinister laughter from the night.

“Found her blood, she’s hiding here.”

Gales assaulted the serenity. Numerous auras surrounded the manor - wailing specters, howling corpses, and a few Voids flying above.

#### [Chapter 794: Firebird Gown](#)

Murderous intents overwhelmed the night.

Fiends from the two worlds surrounded the princess manors. Some auras were scorching and violent, melting the buildings and tearing the ground apart.

A phantom with a white tail took off a portion of its robe, turning it into black clouds. The clouds engulfed the area and painted the atmosphere red.

“Raaa!” An awe-inspiring howl came from a Void standing on top of an old palace. Its weapon was a bloody banner.

“Think we won’t chase you to the capital? You’re looking down on the power of the two worlds. Even the royal clan will be erased soon.” It threatened.

“Quite aggressive.” The turtle climbed out of the pot and looked out the window. Its bean-sized eyes rolled around, deciding to put the pot over its head.

Long Cangyue’s normal eyes suddenly turned red. A chill emanated from her. Feiyun pushed down on her shoulder and handed her the half-filled bowl.

He opened the purple window and leaned outside to shout: “Who is in charge here?”

His voice was loud enough to overwhelm their howls and screams.

The eighth Venerable of the Yin World, Li Bashan, floated in the sky with black miasma beneath his feet. It corroded the mud and ground, changing them into a yellow spring.

“I am Li Bashan, a follower of the Whiteskin Ghost King.” He snorted.

“I have heard of neither.” Feiyun came out with both hands behind his back, trying to act cool while being ready to activate his spirit ring at a moment’s notice.

“Whiteskin Ghost King has surpassed four tribulations and is extremely powerful. I thought he was killed by the Yin Mother three thousand years ago at Yellow River Mountain.” The turtle lived long enough to know a few mysteries about the two worlds.

“It killed Master Maitreya.” Long Cangyue gritted her teeth.

“I am a follower of the first Venerable of Yang, Ji Shen.” A Void looking like a yin yang symbol with two fish spoke.

Feiyun glanced over at the turtle.

It pondered for a bit before responding: “In Yang and their three races, Abnormalities have the highest population, then we have Voids and Incorporicals. This Ji Shen is considered a top dog among the Voids, able to absorb the yin yang energy in the world and turn them into its own power.”

“Still haven’t heard of you.” Feiyun raised his voice.

“Why are we wasting time with this brat, take the eye as fast as possible.” A Corpse Evil Venerable shouted and opened its rotten mouth to spew out a black chain.

The chain completely surrounded Feng Feiyun’s pavilion, on the verge of closing in.

Feiyun flicked his finger and sent out a spark of flame, causing the chain to turn red. The spark moved along the chain and struck this corpse, turning it into a fire lantern of sorts. It rolled around on the ground in agony and eventually turned to ashes.

“Whoosh!” Ten or so powerful specters rushed over but were immediately refined into smoke by Feiyun’s Minor Change Art, unable to reach the pavilion.

“He’s a treasure master too.” One Venerable from the Yin World said.

“That’s right, I am a treasure master with plenty of arts to take down your kind. Come one and I’ll kill one, come all and I’ll kill you all.” Feiyun laughed.

“Quite haughty, aren’t you!?” A massive claw with sharp teeth all around slashed down from the sky.

“Boom!” Feiyun unleashed a massive palm strike, able to tear off this claw.

Blood and fleshy bits rained down as a result.

“Don’t think about leaving.” Feiyun summoned his rod and activated its power.

The thing turned as big as a mountain and instantly crushed six Voids above with its energy.

“Boom!” Another ray shot out pierced through two howling corpses.

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The experts from the two worlds fell down one after another. Even those comparable to Giants couldn’t withstand one hit from the rod. This was a brutal massacre.

Feiyun has become a Historical Giant, also known as a Supreme Giant. In fact, he was actually stronger than the other Supreme Giants.

He could fight against the three to five corpses without a problem. Against an ordinary Giant? He could annihilate them with a single hand wave.

No one could stop him if they weren’t Enlightened Beings, but how many Enlightened Beings were there in each dynasty?

His spirit energy dominated the air like the wrath of a god. Each flash meant the death of another creature. Some turned to bloody mists, others were reduced to a pulp...

The survivors no longer had a sneer on their face while looking at the man on top of the pavilion, only fear.

A specter Venerable wearing a green robe wanted to escape but Feiyun easily used his ghost bottle to capture it.

“As I said, stay and play since you’re here already.” He threw out forty spirit stones, each the size of a fist.

They looked like forty bright stars and landed in forty different spots around the manor. The moment they touched the ground, they shot out beams up the sky and formed a prison.

Any creature that touched this barrier would immediately turn to ashes.

“That’s the Celestial Sacred Bottle... The Yin Mother...” A fiend Venerable stared at the bottle with fear in its eyes.

“That’s right.” Feiyun chuckled.

The bottle flew out of his hand and unleashed an insane devouring force. Several hundred creatures were sucked in while screaming after one sweep, leaving behind less than twenty Venerables.

They had powerful artifacts for protection, enough to stop the bottle.

Of course, this was because Feng Feiyun was doing a general sweep instead of focusing the bottle on one target. They wouldn't have been so lucky otherwise.

Plus, he hasn't activated its true power.

"Not bad at all." Feng Feiyun shook the bottle and smiled.

"Thanks for the delicious meals." Yama's nefarious laughter came from the bottle.

Next came violent shaking along with chewing noises and screams.

"Still not refined?!" Feiyun's expression soured.

The turtle pushed up the pot and stared at the bottle. Saliva streamed off its mouth onto the table.

The other Venerables were completely intimidated, even Li Bashan and Ji Shen. The two started looking around. They weren't afraid of Feng Feiyun but rather, the bottle's master.

Her prestige has fortified across the years. Even their masters were wary of her. If she was nearby, there was no escaping death for them.

"Don't worry, the Yin Mother isn't here, just attack me." Feiyun could read what's on their mind and smiled.

"Hmph, don't be afraid of him, just kill him before he can activate the bottle again!" Ji Shen waved his blood banner and unleashed a ray resembling a river of blood.

He was extremely powerful from cultivating for so long. His fan was comparable to a third-ranked spirit treasure.

Feiyun used his rod and smashed out a spirit wave that crushed the red ray.

Next, two crimson phoenixes flew out of his eyes. They flew around Ji Shen, wanting to refine it.

However, Ji Shen was a Void and didn't have a true form so it easily dodged the phoenixes.

It spewed out yin energy destroying the fire on the fan before attacking Feiyun again.

Suddenly, Feiyun felt a familiar aura from another direction.

"Firebird Gown!"

Li Bashan was ablaze and turned into a fiery figure. His power increased like a rising sun, seemingly wanting to burn everything in this area.

"So you're the one who tried to assassinate Long Luofu. No wonder why I couldn't find you. The payment must have been this gown." Feiyun rubbed his chin.

During Luofu's coronation day, the Beiming invited a mysterious assassin to camp right outside the shrine to crucify Luofu.

Luofu herself couldn't figure out the assailant later on.

“That’s right, I dared to assassinate the Jin Emperor, let alone you.” Li Bashan became far stronger with the garment. A firebird flew around it and added more power.

### [Chapter 795: To The Palace](#)

“You’re dirtying that gown by wearing it.” Feiyun thought that only Nangong Hongyan could use it, no one else.

“Raa!” Li Bashan’s roar caused the ground to quake. Half of the princess manor unturned into lava. Bricks turned into fiery stones as a spear soared through the sky like a blazing dragon.

Ji Shen’s blood banner also exuded a blinding radiance. It turned into an evil diagram and channeled the yin and yang to release an extreme ray.

The two of them were pseudo Enlightened Beings. Li Bashan was infinitely close to being an Enlightened Being in terms of firepower due to the Firebird Gown.

Feiyun leaped up into the sky and unleashed a twenty-sevenfold attack with his rod, crushing Ji Shen to the ground; its body exploded.

However, since it didn’t have a physical form, it quickly re-manifested in the air. Evil runes came out from the banner and shot out more rays to suppress Feiyun.

“You’re courting death.” Feiyun used the ghost bottle that sent out numerous dark runes. A terrible swallowing force erupted, wanting to devour all yin creatures.

Ji Shen and Li Bashan’s expression darkened. Ji Shen dodged and threw another Venerable from the Yin World towards the bottle to eat the blow. It then stabilized its body by pinning its banner to the ground.

Four more Venerables were devoured by the bottle next.

“Haha! The gown can stop the bottle, you’re dead, brat!” Li Bashan’s spear skirted Feiyun’s hand, causing his sleeve to burn.

Feiyun snorted and shook his sleeve to extinguish the fire. He then appeared in front of Li Bashan; his seven phoenix bones formed a rotation, allowing him to unleash a punch containing the roars of both dragons and phoenix.

“Boom!” Bashan unleashed a fiery palm strike, wanting to face Feiyun head-on.

Unfortunately, the moment its hand touched Feiyun’s fist, a massive power engulfed it. Next came the sounds of bones breaking.

Bashan got blown away and smashed a series of palaces with sparks flying everywhere. It shouted in astonishment: “How can this be?! You’re an Enlightened Being?!”

“I don’t need to be an Enlightened Being to kill you.” Feiyun slightly frowned and looked at his hand. His sleeve was burnt to a crisp; his skin slightly charred.

He rushed towards Bashan with the rod in one hand while using the other hand for defensive measures against the fiery spear.

Three Venerables used their strongest techniques in order to stop him.

“Boom!” He didn’t bother looking at them and simply waved his hand. A massive energy wave strong enough to cause ripples in the air blew their arts back at them.

“Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!” The three were reduced to ashes.

“Who the hell are you?!” Li Bashan and Ji Shen regrouped and channeled their power to the limit.

They were mighty masters yet still lost repeatedly after several moves. They actually felt dread right now.

“Still don’t know who I am? Keke, it’s fine to let you know. My last name is Feng.” Feiyun laughed.

“The demon’s son, Feng Feiyun.” Li Bashan instinctively took one step backward; many in the Yin World have heard of this title before.

“Both the heretical king and the Yang King want to kill you, no wonder why you’re so strong at the ninth level, capable of taking the two of us together. A Supreme Giant, I see.” Ji Shen knew more about Feiyun because several beings from the Yang World stronger than it have lost to Feiyun.

Just twenty years of age yet already so strong. Numerous lords felt immense pressured by his growth. He had the potential to become a legendary figure in this land.

“So I’m famous in the Yin Yang Worlds too.” Feiyun chuckled.

“A Supreme Giant can still lose.” Li Bashan’s flames intensified. A pair of wings grew on its back and its power rose again.

It spewed out a wave of flames as the first attack.

“It’s useless, I’m invincible in the absence of an Enlightened Being.” Feiyun appeared above Bashan and stomped on the creature’s back; his hand then grabbed one wing and ripped it off.

A specter like Bashan could still feel pain from the dismemberment.

“Boom!” Feiyun crushed its head and took off the Firebird Gown before sealing it with a fire formation.

This formation turned into a fireball floating in his palm.

Bashan struggled and cursed in the formation but it was useless.

Feiyun pondered for a bit before speaking: “You still have some uses so I’ll keep you alive for now.”

The remaining three Venerables and Ji Shen saw how easy it was for Feiyun to defeat Bashan and became frightened. They started trying to escape from the manor.

Feiyun threw out the ghost pot and captured all of them. They became Yama’s food inside, a sad and gruesome way to go.

The experts from the Yin and Yang World have been routed utterly.

“Brat, your cultivation improved quite a bit in the last few years.” The turtle tried to curry favor.

Feiyun ignored it and went up to Long Cangyue: "You have Yama's left eye?"

She was afraid of his current cultivation as well. She thought she had improved immensely but he was still faster.

But I'm a dark treasure master! I can absorb others' power, this is as fast as possible for cultivation. Can he do the same?

"The Ji obtained Yama's eyes 1,500 years ago. The most excellent successors in each generation would get these eyes. I'm lucky enough to be chosen this generation and got the left one."

"Give it to me."

"Why?" She stared deeply at him, wanting to see his intention.

"It won't be long until Yama's corpse returns to this land. It'll destroy everything on top of finding the missing parts. It's not safe for you to keep it."

"You will be targeted with it too."

"I have my method." He paused for a bit before replying.

Cangyue told herself that she really shouldn't trust the man who caused her mother's death. However, she still chose to remove Yama's eye from her own and handed it to him: "The right one is in Ji Feng's lunar eye."

Feiyun put away the left eye then said: "The Yin and Yang Worlds are attacking the Ji for the Grave Palace Treasure Seeking Record, Spirit Treasure Scripture, and the Yang God Taiji Trigram."

She became worried and wanted to run back to the Ji Clan since it was her home.

"I must visit the imperial palace first before going with you to the Ji." He said.

"You want to find that bitch?" Long Cangyue naturally hated Long Luofu so she became annoyed at him.

"Just business." He said while looking at the imprisoned Bashan with a smirk on his face.

Feiyun didn't want to visit the palace right now due to the circumstances but he had no other choice. He must take away Supreme Goddess' soul because the royal clan could use it against him.

Secondly, he wanted to make a deal with Long Luofu regarding the Regal Dragon Robe. He must obtain it at all costs.

Rumor has it that the five divine garments together could make one untouchable. Feiyun had three right now, just missing the dragon robe and Nalan Xuejian's Buddhist robe.

He didn't wish to be invincible, just strong enough to deal with the incoming perils.

He moved Long Cangyue into the Heavenly Kingdom then put on the invisible cloak to move into the imperial palace.

The gates were shut with an imposing aura. Ordinary cultivators would be forced down on their knees.



He didn't recklessly rush in because the palace was different now. The previous Jin Emperor might have gotten out of his training; Long Jiangling might be back as well along with the other experts.

The invisible cloak alone might not be safe enough.

"I sense several suffocating presences. This royal clan is mightier than it seems, definitely the strongest among the five dynasties. We should leave." The turtle stretched its head out of Feiyun's shirt; its eyes rolled around nervously.

"Shut up." Feiyun pushed its head back down before scouting the walls.

He saw someone using a hammer and chisel, seemingly trying to secretly break the formations on the wall to infiltrate the palace.

Another friend, it seems.

"I see you, thief!" Feiyun went up behind the guy and whispered.

This scared the crap out of the crouching youth. The guy shuddered and stammered: "I'm, I'm not trying to steal from the national...treasury... oh fuck, it's you, I nearly pissed my pants just now."

Bi Ningshuai got up from the ground and wiped off the sweat on his forehead. He nearly became impotence from that scare just now.

Infiltrating the palace was a serious offense. Once caught, they might actually castrate him - a far worse fate than being impotence.

#### [Chapter 796: The Emperor's Personal Chambers](#)

This thief was quite capable, roaming freely about in the imperial palace. He had stolen from Sacred Spirit Palace before as well.

Feiyun never saw him in action outside of running for his life when pursued by Xie Honglian. The guy's cultivation shouldn't be that high which makes all of his feats even more impressive.

"Aren't you captured by Xie Honglian? How did you get out?" Feiyun activated a stealth formation in order to hide the area near them.

An armored patrol walked by a while later. Their radiant armors automatically served as lamps.

Above were beast riders on patrol as well. They had spirit mirrors capable of spotting hidden intruders. Of course, these mirrors weren't enough to see through Feiyun's formation.

Ningshuai flicked his hair in a cool manner and said: "No chains in this world can bind me, not even the great formation of Sacred Spirit nor the grasp of heaven. Really now, I can go wherever I want. I was thinking that if I could steal some of the emperor's clothes... Okay, okay, her stuff is yours, I'm not interested in that twisted girl..."

"You're interested in the treasury." Feiyun smiled.

"I'm interested too." The turtle peeked out and added.

Bi Ningshuai's expression changed. He rubbed his nose before coughing awkwardly: "Mmm, I think the prettiest lady at Jewel Palace is dancing tonight, I'm gonna go get a drink there."

"Go for it, I'll be going to the palace and tell Long Luofu that someone wants to steal her undergarments." Feiyun patted the guy's shoulder and told him to leave.

Ningshuai's legs suddenly trembled and he pretended to cry: "Don't play around with me like this, you're not the motherfucking Divine King anymore, why do you give a damn? I just want to go sight-seeing through the treasury, that's all, just a friendly tourist, why are you so rude to a tourist, where are your morals?!"

Feiyun took everything he got from the Grand Tutor's mansion last time. This naturally pained him to no end.

This time, he prepared for a while before heading to the imperial palace's treasury only to meet Feng Feiyun again. He felt that all of his spoils would be taken away.

"I know that things have been hard for you so how can I bear to snitch? I just want to ask one thing, how many spirit stones have you stol-, gathered in recent years? Just out of curiosity."

"Just out of curiosity, really now?"

"Do you think I don't have enough money? You can throw a mountain in front of me and I still wouldn't care." Feiyun placed his arm around Ningshuai's shoulder like a good friend.

"That's true." Ningshuai nodded since he knew that the guy had robbed the underground gambling hall.

That amount was enough to make him salivate so he stopped worrying: "Money has been tight for me, I only have 100,000 spirit stones in my pouch."

Feiyun took a deep breath. Tight? That's more than the reserve of many older sects. Just how many graves did he dig up?

He remembered that the guy was poor during the previous auction at the capital. He gathered quite a bit in the last few years.

"That's it?" He sneered like a rich man looking at a beggar.

Ningshuai couldn't handle the contemptuous glance and arched his chest: "Well, that's just half. I actually have close to 200,000, keke!"

"Really?!" Feiyun put on a frightened expression.

"I'll turn into a worthless turtle if I'm lying." [1]

The turtle's expression soured, thinking that Bi Ningshuai didn't see it clearly.

"Perfect, hand all of it over right now." Feiyun's expression became serious.

It was Bi Ningshuai's turn to grimace. He stared deeply at Feiyun before turning to flee.

Unfortunately, Feiyun caught him and pressed him against the wall.

“Feng Feiyun, you beast! You think it was easy for me to gather these things in the last few years? No, I toiled and risked my life! Now, you want to take it all away!? Just kill me then!” Bi Ningshuai had tears all over. He eventually closed his eyes, seemingly ready to die.

“That’s fine, I’ll die too if I don’t gather five million stones. Go down there first and wait for me.” Feiyun said.

“Wait! Wait! Why do you have to get so many stones? All of the ore mines in Jin being emptied still won’t yield this number.” Ningshuai stopped him.

“The Evil Woman wants to try for the fifth transformation and demands it.” Feiyun didn’t hide it.

“I see, that witch, she’s improving so fast. What a monster.” Bi Ningshuai’s expression changed: “I’m gonna be honest, I was just lying with you, I don’t have 200,000... stop, stop, FINE, I do have them. I’ve never seen someone as barbaric as you.”

He eventually handed over his stones - a total of 170,000. He knew that if he didn’t hand it over to Feiyun, the Evil Woman would eventually come to find him. His life would be at risk then.

“So you’re also scheming for the stones in the national treasury?” He had a pained expression as if he had just fallen into a manure pit. Tears were still streaming out.

“Of course.” Feiyun nodded.

“Good, then you can go by yourself! I’m going to Jewel Palace for a drink with the ladies.” Bi Ningshuai turned to leave.

Unfortunately, Feiyun dragged him back while he shouted in protest: “I don’t want to go there anymore! I want to drink with my beauties! Just a law-abiding drinker who doesn’t participate in those criminal activities... I’ve changed. Now, I just want the pleasure of the mortal world... Sigh...”

Feiyun still forced him into the palace. The two of them divided up their tasks. Bi Ningshuai and the turtle went to the treasury while Feiyun headed for the auspicious main palace.

He was very familiar with its layout on top of being good at formations and having the invisible cloak. He didn’t have any trouble moving through the area.

He saw several officials under the protection of troops heading deeper into the palace. A while later, another two Marquises.

He hid behind the pillar of a building and saw the streams of officials and generals. ‘It’s late already, why are they coming now? What the hell happened?’

A female group came over with the leader dressed in the Chancellor’s robe. She was as pretty as can be with the perfect figure - Yao Ji.

She had become the Grand Chancellor of Jin. Other female officials walked behind her so she looked like the moon surrounded by the stars.

Yao Ji slightly glanced over at Feiyun’s hiding spot. A glint of surprise flashed in her eyes. She immediately looked away and continued on.

'There's really something off about her, her cultivation is insane. She saw me through the cloak, can she really be the Yin Mother?' Feiyun became cautious.

If Yao Ji could see through the cloak, then the previous emperor and Long Jiangling should be able to as well.

He suppressed his curiosity and didn't go to the main hall to the palace. He took a long way around to reach the inner chamber of Long Luofu. She wasn't there due to the meeting in the hall.

He took off his cloak and walked around the beautiful palace built with spirit stones. It didn't have a majestic aura and resembled the bedroom of a maiden, only grander. The spirit energy here was dense enough to nearly take a liquid form.

He noticed an imperial decree that hasn't been sent out on her cultivation platform. He sat down there and took a look.

Coincidentally enough, it pertained to him. It said that Feng Feiyun didn't marry a princess so he was no longer qualified to be the Divine King. She wished to dismiss him from his position.

It was written half a year ago. Luofu clearly hesitated in sending this out for half a year.

Now, it didn't matter because Long Jiangling had banished Feng Feiyun from the royal clan. This decree was no longer necessary.

"Long Luofu, you thought about dealing with me half a year ago already? Haha, who gives a damn about being the Divine King?" Feiyun smiled and tossed the decree to the side.

He then checked out the cultivation platform. It was made from a large Five-grains Spirit Stone, comparable to 8,000 regular spirit stones.

'Not bad.' He didn't shy away from taking the platform away.

He then took everything else from the inner chamber. Even the bricks were made from spirit stones so he took it. A pillar too, the same with her bed.

He pretty much got everything for a total of 20,000 stones, not a bad amount.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps came from outside. Long Luofu has returned.

### [Chapter 797: Dragons Started Devouring](#)

The Regal Dragon Robe covered Long Luofu's soft, jade skin. Her brows were long and exquisite. She wore a phoenix crest with ribbons draping down her shoulders. A golden belt could be seen on her waist, serving to accentuate her curves.

A group of palace maids followed behind her, holding screens and lamps.

"Leave!" She ordered with authority. The maids and female officials kneeled before leaving.

Her eyes turned cold with murderous intent after recalling the meeting just now. Each curvy eyelash seemed to be turning into swords.

She returned to her chamber while thinking about potential countermeasures, completely lost in thoughts. She didn't notice the missing pieces of her chamber.

"Who?" She felt a ripple coming behind a curtain and saw the shadow of a man.

She finally noticed that her house has been stripped of everything. Her fury intensified.

An emperor's chamber being infiltrated? This was intolerable.

"Long Luofu, long time no see." Feng Feiyun lifted the curtain with a golden decree and smiled.

Anyone else addressing her by her real name would have been suppressed and imprisoned, waiting for a date to be flayed. However, she saw his face and recalled her energy.

"Feng Feiyun, you're quite audacious to come sneaking into my chamber." She scowled.

She didn't ask how he got in here because she knew that he was capable of doing so.

Feiyun sat down on a random chair carved from millennium wood and threw the decree down next to her leg: "Acting so unfamiliar after becoming the emperor, huh."

She remained proud with her head up high, revealing her snow-white neck. She exuded an exceptional aura. She didn't need to pick up the decree to know the content since she was the one who wrote it.

"Feng Feiyun, you know that a king not from the clan must marry a princess. Your fiancée is dead so you're no longer qualified to be the Divine King. The royal clan is always strict with its rules." She was still as beautiful as ever while her aura had become stronger.

"Princess Yue is still alive." Feiyun smirked.

"What did you say?" Her eyes narrowed.

"I told her to leave, that's why you got the throne so easily." He snorted.

Her murderous intent became denser.

"If you're thinking about killing her to avoid further complications, forget about it."

"You came here to tell me this?" She calmed down.

"Would you believe me if I say that I'm here to visit you?" He shook his head.

"Feng Feiyun, do you think I'm still the old princess? No, I am the Jin Emperor, the supreme of this region. You can't come and go as you please here." She unleashed her golden aura.

A suppressive draconic wave rushed towards him.

"Kneel!" Feiyun shouted. The Ascension Platform in his dantian became dazzling. Luofu's soul there trembled and this affected the real person.

She couldn't separate her soul like Long Jiangling and shuddered with fear.

She lost control and got on her knees with great indignation and unwillingness. Her pride as an emperor all but shattered.

Feiyun raised her chin and stared at her red lips before giving her a kiss. "Don't think I miss you or anything. You started conspiring against your allies the moment you obtained power, I'm not interested in a woman like you. I'm just keeping you alive because you're still relatively useful to me."

"You!" She gritted her teeth.

"I just wanted to have a talk but this escalated. Stand up, I guess I need to give you some face since you're the Jin Emperor now." He let go and sighed.

Her body trembled as she slowly stood up, feeling powerless. She had imagined him kneeling in front of her countless times. Who would have thought that the opposite would happen.

Her imperial aura accumulated over several years has been defeated.

"You can't treat me like this." She had a complicated gleam in her eyes.

Though she had just kneeled earlier, her nobility returned as she sat next to him. Each action brimmed with regality. This was something only found in a true emperor. Others couldn't copy it.

"You play nice and I'll play nice, okay? I'll show you something." He smiled.

A fireball appeared in his palm. Within was a ghost with a powerful aura, screaming and shouting.

"What is it?"

"The mysterious assassin who tried to kill you during your coronation."

She turned cold again. This assassin nearly killed her. She had ordered plenty of manpower to find this person to no avail.

"Boom!" She crushed Li Bashan into smokes and said: "You think this assassin alone is enough to trade for the goddess' soul? I'll tell you the truth, I am no longer in possession of it. You told Yao Ji to take care of it but when the empress took it when she came back, catching Yao Ji off guard."

She was smart enough to realize his goal after calming down.

"How do you know I told Yao Ji to keep an eye out?"

"Do you think I'm blind and deaf? I know what's going on between you two, and that she's isn't a disciple from Yin Void. Her true identity is more terrible than your imagination."

"Looks like I have underestimated you. Keke, Long Jiangling, you're forcing me to go all out."

"The empress doesn't actually care about you given your current power. She took the soul away in order to stop the incoming dragons." She sneered.

"The dragons have started devouring the sky?"

"Multiple armies have been attacking the eight main gates of Central Royal. Three billion martial troops have been nearly routed, their blood flowed like the rivers for 200,000 miles. It'll be perilous within ten days."

She didn't hide it from him because it wasn't a secret at all. News of this would definitely sweep across the capital tomorrow.

'No wonder why the officials and generals came tonight, so the eight gates will go down. This has only happened once before in the history of Jin.' He contemplated.

Central Royal Prefecture was the foundation of Jin. The eight gates going down meant that Jin was half-way finished.

He retained from gloating because this wasn't good for him either. He worried about a potential attack from Yama during this crucial moment. How could they stop him?

"Three billion troops actually lost? The enemies are quite fierce then."

"Right, the strongest twenty-three powers are Senluo, Nalan, Xiyue, Beiming, and the other dynasties with the exception of Wu, the farthest one from here. The other three want a bowl of soup too. Then we have the three big sects from Earthchild, Lifeless and Nether Realm, your Feng Clan, the corpse caves from Northern Frontier Prefecture. Those are the main ones, there are ten thousand or so smaller ones rebelling too."

"As the saying goes, everyone wants to push a falling wall. The other three dynasties too? Seems like Jin is done for." He rubbed his temples.

He felt that the Sacred Spirit Palace must be the driving force behind this coalition.

"You want to join too?"

"Nah, I don't like pushing a wall, pushing you is much more interesting."

She recalled what happened in her carriage back then and became frustrated. She wanted to explode but her soul was under his control.

Going against him right now was asking for trouble.

"Take off your clothes!" His expression suddenly became serious.

"..." She became tense from top to bottom, thinking that she would rather die than to obey his perverted demands.

"Do it or I will. You should know that I don't go easy on girls." Feiyun repeated while looking at the dragon robe and Luofu's voluptuous figure.

### [Chapter 798: Old Congee Seller](#)

Early morning the next day.

Bi Ningshuai sat by a congee street vendor not far from the imperial city. The place was excellent with hot congee carrying a delicious aroma.

This was his seventh bowl already; his stomach became round and full. He belched before gazing towards the city, seemingly waiting for someone.

“He’s probably caught and killed.” The turtle lay lazily on the table; its stomach also filled after three bowls. It couldn’t move at all.

This old man simply had the best congee.

“Please, he can’t die that easily. He’s probably lost in pleasure, still sleeping in the emperor’s bed and can’t get up. Old man, another one.” Bi Ningshuai loosened his belt and felt that he could eat more.

“Coming! Warm Gentle Fragrance, one coin for one bowl.” An old man wearing a tattered daoist robe carried a hot bowl over, looking quite excited. His face was black and full of wrinkles as he said: “Here you go.” [1]

“Sigh, gentle fragrance is the grave of heroes.” The turtle sighed while staring at the imperial city.

“Sir, please don’t say that, my congee is both good and cheap, worthy of any heroes. I’m the only one selling something this good for one coin, really now...”

“Goddamn! I’m talking about gentle fragrance!” The turtle got up and pointed at the daoist.

“Yes, I’m talking about gentle fragrance too!” The daoist responded seriously.

Bi Ningshuai was in a bad mood after being robbed by Feiyun. Now, this daoist kept on blabbering next to his ear.

He erupted and slammed the table: “Fuck, enough yabbering!”

“Hey, how can you shout at an old man like this? The times are changing, yelling at someone who provides you amazing congee, the heaven must be blind!” The old man stomped his foot and lamented.

Bi Ningshuai became even more annoyed after hearing this phrase. He picked up the empty bowl and threw it at the old man’s head. “Boom!”

“The heaven is blind, right? I’ll show you blind!” He smacked the old man’s head again with the bowl.

“I’m pissed at the heaven too, what the hell is it doing?!” The turtle became sentimental and joined in, also smacking the old man on the head to relieve its indignation for the past several thousand years.

The poor old man covered his head with both hands while crouching next to the stove. The two eventually got tired of playfully hitting him and went back to their seat, drenched in sweat.

“This bowl is solid.” Ningshuai looked at the bowl and said.

“The old man’s head is tough too.” The turtle said while staring at the old man in a haughty manner.

Ningshuai drank his eighth bowl while continuing to wait. It wasn’t till noon until they saw Feiyun coming out.

His robe was disorderly; his hair draped down his back. He rubbed his eyes, looking tired from a long session of who knows what. One thing was for certain, the men who had just spent a night at a brothel would look exactly like him.

“Over here!” Ningshuai shouted.



Feiyun spotted the two long ago and walked over, sitting down on the other side of the table: “You’re up early, gentlemen, how was the harvest last night?”

“How many times last night for you?” Ningshuai smiled.

“What are you talking about? I was busy carrying out business.” Feiyun tied up his hair again, looking as gallant and exceptional as ever. His red eyes looked pure yet enchanting.

“Then why do I smell a woman’s scent on you, don’t move, stop moving...” Ningshuai spotted a long strand of hair between Feiyun’s pants. He sniffed and salivated: “Not bad! Must have been quite a night!”

“How strange, why is her hair right there, don’t tell me...” The turtle put on a serious expression.

“Boom!” Feiyun sent it flying towards the street just like a ball.

Bi Ningshuai saw the turtle’s outcome and let go of the hair. He sat upright and said: “We didn’t see a single spirit stone in the treasury, very few spirit treasures and medicines too. Did someone else get there before us?”

Feiyun put away the hair and said: “It’s expected.”

“Then why the hell did you tell us to go to the treasury? Don’t you know how dangerous it was?”

“I figured it out after talking to Long Luofu.” Feiyun shook his head.

“What?” Ningshuai thought that it must be something big.

“Steaming Gentle Fragrance, have one, sir, just one coin.” The old daoist put on an enthusiastic smile again as if he wasn’t the one who got beaten earlier.

Feiyun accepted the bowl without looking at the daoist. He took a sip and loved the aroma.

“Go on now.” Ningshuai asked again.

“The eight important paths to Central Royal are taken down. Twenty-three separate coalitions are attacking. The next ten days will be very important so the royal clan is using all of its resources, wanting to have a final stand here.” Feiyun revealed.

This explosive news left Ningshuai’s slack-jawed. The congee in his mouth poured back into the bowl.

The old daoist standing near the stove was also shaken to hear this news. He sighed afterward.

The turtle finally crawled back, panting for breath. It earnestly spoke: “I got it, I finally got it. That hair might be an Abnormality, trust me on this because I’m extremely knowledgeable. Some Abnormalities have this form and they latch onto men’s pants in order to suck their yang energy. Feiyun, take out that hair again, I know just how to make it reveal its true form.”

Feiyun smacked his own forehead. What a ridiculous turtle.

However, it looked so sincere that it probably didn’t know what was going on. Thus, he forgave and didn’t kick it this time.

Suddenly, Ningshuai became dizzy and fell to the ground. The turtle was next.

Feiyun immediately knew something was wrong. He channeled his Buddhist energy and tried to force this strange aroma out of his body.

“Whoosh!” A big iron pot smacked his head from behind, issuing a loud boom.

Feiyun wanted to stand up but another hit struck him. “Boom!”

His eyes turned dark as he fell to the ground. Nonetheless, he still caught the daoist’s familiar face.

When he woke up again, he found himself to still be inside the tent. He rubbed his head due to the terrible headache while trying his best to open his eyes.

“Damn geezer, don’t let me catch you because you owe me two hits.”

That old man was no other than the guy who sold Feiyun the ginseng soup and Ye Xiaoxiang the lotus congee.

He then heard miserable screams coming from the gate of the imperial city. A naked man was hung up there while crying.

Many cultivators and guards watched from beneath. This was quite a rare sight so they started laughing and commenting.

Next to the naked man was a turtle swinging back and forth just like a dried piece of meat hanging from the ceiling. It was black from top to bottom with a meaty fragrance. It was clearly roasted not long ago.

Feiyun turned cold, realizing that they got utterly played. Fortunately, the old man didn’t want their lives or they would be dead by now.

It looked like there were still many hidden masters in Jin. He needed to stop underestimating people.

His body turned into a gust sweeping by the gate. Bi Ningshuai and the turtle suddenly disappeared from sight.

A while later near Jin River outside the capital.

Bi Ningshuai wept and wanted to jump into the river to commit suicide, thinking that he had lost all face today.

The turtle wanted to do the same. It jumped into the river several times but couldn’t die so it eventually gave up. It sat down next to a water plant with its head hanging low, no longer having the will to live.

“This is what you get for bullying an old man.” Feiyun laughed at those two.

Unfortunately, he thought about something and touched his spatial stone. “Goddamn you!”

“What?” Ningshuai was in the river now but he heard Feiyun’s yelling.

Curiosity made him swim back and thought that maybe Feiyun would want to jump into the river with him.

“All my spirit stones are gone...” Feiyun actually felt like committing suicide now too.

## [Chapter 799: Trouble At The Ji](#)

Feng Feiyun originally had 300,000 spirit stones. Beastmaster gave him 50,000 stones and Ningshuai got 170,000 stones. He robbed nearly 20,000 stones from Long Luofu's chamber.

Unfortunately, not a single stone was left by this point since the old daoist took it all. He didn't touch Feiyun's other treasures.

Bi Ningshuai started crying as well since he lost his entire fortune just like that. He didn't even have the will and strength to commit suicide now.

Goddamn it! Feiyun even took Long Luofu's bed in order to gather the necessary amount.

Just one bowl of soup ruined everything. He was on the verge of weeping.

"I get it, that daoist wants to stop the Evil Woman from finishing her fifth transformation." Feiyun calmed down and speculated.

"So are we gonna die or not?" Ningshuai was still naked in the river.

"My ass, we need to get payback or we'll be nothing more than cowardly turtles, I have to find that old daoist and hang him on the gate!" The turtle washed in the river and came out, looking like a white duck.

"Damn right! A real man will exert vengeance on those who deserve it!" Ningshuai climbed out of the river and put some clothes on. His battle spirit surged.

"We need to go to the Ji first though." Feng Feiyun brought Ji Cangyue, Ji Xinnu, and Ji Xiaonu out of his kingdom.

The beautiful Little Demoness ran out because she wanted to have fun as well.

"I see, the Ji are a treasure-seeking clan so they should be extremely rich. We can make this loss up." Ningshuai's eyes lit up; his dejection all but gone.

A chilling aura aimed straight at him, emanating from Ji Cangyue. He became afraid; his neck shrank a little bit as he smiled: "Keke, I'm just kidding, don't take it so seriously, oh, Miss, we haven't met before."

He was retreating and suddenly saw Little Demoness. His face turned slightly red; his eyes bulged towards her direction.

"Long time no see, Brother Bi." Little Demoness' eyes were quite round. They suddenly narrowed into two crescent moons as she let out a pleasant smile.

"Little Demoness!" Bi Ningshuai noticed her white kitty and realized it.

"It's Qingqing." Her smile was as elegant as a lily.

In the past when she was younger, he thought that she was cute and wanted to pinch her cheek.

This made her toy with him, nearly ending in his death. The painful memories resurfaced by this point after seeing her again.

He retreated to the back and hung out with the turtle instead.

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The Ji was located in Grand Southern but they relocated to Central Royal because of the Evil Woman.

The Ji Consort was favored back then so the clan didn't have a hard time establishing another stronghold near the dragon vein. They built their own city, naming it Ji.

The group arrived and saw the city being sealed. Yin energy gathered, turning the sky into an ashen green.

A mountain was stained by blood due to the several hundred corpses up here. Blood was still flowing from them.

Feiyun got up and used his phoenix gaze to stare at the city, dispelling the fog and mist.

"The city is still standing. The armies from Yin and Yang have only surrounded them, waiting for the final push." He eventually said.

"The Ji has been working on this city for several years while keeping the yin and yang creatures in mind. There are formations around there to deal with them. They'll pay a heavy price in a direct assault." Ji Cangyue said.

"It'll happen soon because the coalition armies are drawing near. They have to attack before that, just a couple more days." Ningshuai said.

Everyone agreed with this.

Feiyun used his gaze again in order to find a path inside. Alas, there were too many experts from the two worlds spreading across a radius of a thousand miles. They built unbreakable fortresses.

There were more than just Venerables. He felt some frightening auras and took a closer look.

There was a moving mountain causing loud rumbles. However, it was no mountain, just the head of a gigantic Abnormality. It had a horn with coursing lightning currents.

It issued a roar that nearly blew the mountain Feiyun was standing on away. He created a defensive formation and told everyone to get inside.

Some real lords have arrived. They had insane destructive potential.

For example, all the Venerables kneeled before this gigantic being like followers before their king.

"Oh, the old stick is here too." Feiyun noticed an old man secretly moving through the Ying World's defensive lines.

He looked around before swiftly burning a pouch containing powders. It issued a smoke with a faint fragrance. The creatures nearby immediately fell asleep after catching a whiff.

"Qilin Sleeping Smoke! Do you think you can escape using this, damned rats?!" A fiend flew by.

It had a holy aura and sat on top of a platform. It took out a bottle and poured one drop of water out. Rain poured down and removed the smoke.

“Boom!” The daoist appeared behind it and knocked it out with an iron pan.

“Die!” The gigantic Abnormality noticed this and smacked down in his direction, destroying an entire mountain range in the process.

Unfortunately, the daoist had already escaped, disappearing into a forest nearby.

“Fuck, it’s that old man again!” Bi Ningshuai and the turtle were watching as well. They wanted to capture the daoist.

Alas, the latter seemingly disappeared from thin air. They had no choice but to give up because the creatures from the two worlds were furious about the sleeping powders.

“The First Venerable has given out the command. We need to move out to avoid further complications. Attack, kill them all.” A bird-head Abnormality flew in the sky with a black glow and issued a command.

“White Skin Ghost King wants the Ji to disappear from this world. The treasures are up for grab with the exception of the Spirit Treasure Scripture and the Yang Soul Trigram.” A fiend also gave the command.

It then laughed and released a wave of purple lighting to attack the city walls, resulting in loud explosions.

This Fiend had cultivated its soul for ten thousand years. It was pretty much a god in the eyes of mortals.

The lightning wave nearly broke down the wall.

“Raa!” The gigantic horned Abnormality slammed onto the wall, destroying the outer formations. The wall crumbled, leaving an open hole in the Ji’s defense.

They have been strengthening this wall in the last few years yet this Abnormality took it down in one go. It seemed as fragile as a piece of tofu. The morale of the Ji members on top of the wall also shattered at this sight.

How were they going to fight these things?

“You think you can do as you please?!” An old man wearing silver armor flew out.

This was a Ji ancestor using a black staff. He shot out formations that crushed dozens of Abnormalities from the Yang World.

The frightened disciples found some confidence again. After all, their clan specialized in dealing with these creatures.

“Die, old geezer!” A fiend had golden wings and a holy radiance just like an immortal in the legends. It ruthlessly tore this ancestor apart; his blood and flesh rained down.

It led a group of fiends into the city, leaving nothing but carnage in their wake.

“War God Jin Ge...” An elder from the Ji led a group of geniuses to stop the invading force. He then saw the golden fiend and became frightened.

“Haha, that’s right.”

This so-called “war god” was a top expert of the Yin World, an ancient god after cultivating more than ten thousand years.

His wings unleashed a slash that dismembered these geniuses by the waist. Even the elder couldn’t dodge in time. His legs stayed on the ground while his upper half was thrown onto a roof.

Jin Ge and the other fiends continued rushing deeper into the city. No one could stop them from slaughtering.

### [Chapter 800: The Monk And The Daoist](#)

A treasure-seeking clan like the Ji should be the nemesis of the Yin and Yang World. However, the latter went all out and sent too many Venerables to this place.

The Ji couldn’t withstand this assault and began to crumble.

“Godkiller Banner.” Two supreme elders of the Ji flew to the sky. They wore cloaks stained with evil blood and summoned a massive banner.

It instantly swept by and refined a group of specters, turning them into smoke.

This was one of the Ji’s most important spirit treasures, created by an old sage from their clan. It had an edge over fiends and specters so these creatures started running.

On the other side, the clan master of the Ji summoned a chain from under a well. It spanned for several hundred miles and looked like an iron dragon.

The Abnormalities and Corpse Evils struck by this coiling dragon in the air instantly disintegrated. This was another spirit treasure of the Ji - Corpsebreaker Chain.

Its spirit had awakened and could take down Corpse Evils in no time at all.

Though these treasures were extremely effective, the Ji couldn’t stop the onslaught due to the sheer number of their foes. Plus, some ancient existences didn’t fear these treasures at all.

“It’s a one-sided massacre.” The turtle said.

Long Cangyue left the formation and headed for the city. She saw a familiar relative being swallowed whole.

Her body became as cold as a glacier as she instantly crushed several Abnormalities.

“You dare to come to help the Ji? You’re dead!” A Void flew towards her. It didn’t have a physical body, only a faint shadow. It had a picture depicting a creature with a beast body and a ghost visage.

The Ji also had friends hiding in the shadows. Alas, they couldn’t do anything against these two great powers.

It was impossible to reverse the tides - the Ji’s destruction seemed a sure thing. Joining in wouldn’t accomplish anything outside of giving these creatures more food.

Chaos ruled the land. Everyone needed to worry about themselves first. Who would send all of their forces here and offend the two worlds?

“I’m part of the Ji. All of you will die for this!” Long Cangyue took out her spirit sword and cut a Void apart.

She turned into a beam and flew straight into the city, killing all the creatures along the way.

“We’re following her!” Feiyun’s group also headed for the city with unstoppable momentum. They caught up to her in no time.

Numerous masters from Yin and Yang were stationed on the walls in order to stop reinforcements.

Three Corpse Evils jumped down and left three pits behind on their landing. They lunged towards Feiyun’s group.

They have undergone the third transformation and had flames burning in their eyes. They were intelligent, very close to the fourth level.

Feiyun didn’t need to take action because a heroic figure had taken the initiative - Feng Chi!

Feng Chi in his white armor looked unbeatable. A corpse energy hovered around him. He looked like an immovable tablet.

He slightly shifted his body and released blade-like gales, immediately reducing the corpses into piles.

He didn’t move after killing these three; he stood stiffly with hazy eyes.

“Raa!” A bat-shaped Abnormality flew over. It had a human head with fifty-meter-long black wings. It wielded a purple spear and pushed Long Cangyue back.

“I am the ninth Venerable of the Yang World. Leave now and I might spare you.” It threatened.

Feiyun smashed the guy with his rod, sending him flying like a fly. The rod was just too strong and destroyed a portion of the already-broken wall, burying many corpses in the process.

The top masters of the Yin and Yang World noticed their group. A massive yellow river flew towards them, looking like a blade that could sever the heaven.

It had killed too many people so the water was turning red.

“That’s a living Void, a top existence of its kind. People call it the Yellow River Ancestor. It had swallowed Enlightened Beings before.” The turtle sensed the incoming terrifying aura.

“We need to go inside now, these existences are beyond our imagination.” Bi Ningshuai was the first to run through an opening in the wall.

Who knows if he was running away from this ancestor or wanted to take a stroll through the treasury of the Ji?

This ancestor still didn’t make it here because a black iron pot kept it occupied. A massive battle occurred in the sky but it didn’t last too long.

The ancestor was wounded and became dimmed, nearly taken away by the pot.

“Peanut Daoist, you dare to meddle in our affair? I will kill you!” White Skin Ghost King was sitting on a carriage. His aura created nefarious gales around the area, turning into a ghost realm.

The daoist stood on top of the wall; his hair fluttered to the wind. He held an iron pot while wearing tattered clothes.

Strangely enough, he still looked quite transcending. He sighed and said: “The world is chaotic enough, your two worlds shouldn’t get involved. More people will die for nothing.”

“That’s exactly what I want, the more dead, the stronger our Yin World will become!” The ghost king went on the offense.

He wore a black cloak and soared to the sky, turning into a gigantic avatar.

“White Skin, your men killed my disciple! You’re a dead man!” A golden beam came from the horizon, issuing earthquakes everywhere.

“Rumble!” A monk covered in tattoos looked extremely fierce. He swung his thick staff and created Buddhist images everywhere.

Monk Jiu Rou!

“You want to join in this mess too?” The ghost king used a scroll to stop the staff.

“I don’t give a shit about this nonsense, I’m only here to avenge my disciple. Your follower, Li Bashan, killed my disciple, Monk Maitreya. I will take your dog life to end this feud!” The monk’s voice rang like the bell and killed many fiends and specters in the process.

The ghost king was furious. Massacring the Ji should have been easy but now, it became problematic due to these two.

“Whatever, you can’t do anything to me.” He was domineering after becoming the lord of the Yin World. He needed to earn more fame and reputation through battles to deter others in his domain.

He fought against the monk and crushed the mountain ranges outside.

Ghostly energy contested against the Buddhist light. It looked like the collision of two worlds.

Unlike the monk, Peanut Daoist loved to worry about other people’s business. He searched for foes everywhere and injured three powerful lords. He even killed a Fiend comparable to an Enlightened Being and took its original soul.

“Shit, that skinny old man is an ancestor of the Daoist Gate, I guess it’s not too bad that we got played by him.” The turtle said, thinking that revenge might not be possible.

“This old daoist is very noisy, worrying about everything and even goes out of his way to search for trouble. He was once part of the ten grand masters of Jin one thousand years ago. Several of them have died but he’s still alive.” Long Cangyue found hope because these two could actually save her clan.



Feng Feiyun wasn't so optimistic. They dared to come out of their worlds and even forced the Yin Mother out?

This meant that they had stronger backing because their cultivation wasn't enough to accomplish all of this.

He witnessed the battle between the heretical king and the empress. These two were definitely stronger than White Skin Ghost King. The Yin Mother was on the same level as the empress so why would she lose to this creature?

"So let's take advantage of this and seize the trigram." He had a bad feeling about this and decided to hurry up.

"Yes, we gotta go now or the treasury will be taken by that thief!" The turtle rushed forward; its legs turned into fire wheels as it disappeared from sight.

Feiyun opened the path with his rod and moved towards the central area. Little Demoness and Feng Chi protected the back.

Feng Chi hasn't reached the fourth level yet but after eating a corpse fruit cultivated by him, his intelligence became far better.

He could communicate with Little Demoness and recognize friends and foes.

The two historical Giants along with Feng Chi crushed all the Venerables. No one could stop their advance.