

Sprit Vessel 841

### [Chapter 841: Arriving](#)

Feiyun sent a mental message to Mo Yaoyao and the Evil Woman regarding the altar at Jade Pavilion Station. The two of them should be able to escape just fine.

He then entered the worm-hole with Supreme and Luofu after Ningshuai and the turtle.

A malefic force came right afterward and destroyed the entrance. It wouldn't have lasted long anyway given the energy expenditure.

Inside the hole was the presence of spatial affinities. One could see some hidden realms and dimensions through the gap. They looked as if they were covered in a bubble.

Some looked awfully close as if one could reach out and touch them. In reality, they were billions and billions of miles away.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief while being in here and dropped to the ground.

Feiyun was grievously wounded and had spent virtually all of his spirit energy. Nonetheless, he gritted his teeth and got into the meditative pose to recover.

This worm-hole path was relatively dangerous. For example, it could collapse at any moment due to a spatial storm. No one wanted to take this risk unless there was no other choice.

Bi Ningshuai's badge didn't have that much energy left and could only bring two people. Now, he had to bring three more on top of a turtle. They naturally couldn't make it to War Faction.

This path would crumble after the energy ran out. They would fall into a spatial storm - a sure death.

Thus, Feiyun needed to recover in order to figure out how to avoid this situation.

The path was man-made so they didn't need to do anything for now. They were already walking towards Central.

Though they weren't here that long, they might be a hundred million miles away from Jin now.

"I've checked out the coordinates in the past. Jin is around 920 immortal steps away from War Faction so if Yama is attacking from the north, this shows that Jin is to the south. War Faction is around 840 immortal steps from the southern border of Central, in other words, Jin is around 80 hops from Central."

Ningshuai calculated the distance first then the time spent in the worm-hole in order to predict their current location. Next, Feiyun would need to open a gap using his secret method in order to leave early.

Meanwhile, Supreme had her eyes closed while healing. Her complexion became better and pink after suppressing the murderous energy of Sacred Palace Lord.

Long Luofu wasn't wounded and heard Ningshuai's mumble. She asked: "What's an immortal step?"

"Immortal step is a measurement unit in Central. One step from an immortal is around 90 million miles." Ningshuai then explained a few other things such as "worm-hole segment", "spatial eddy", "distorted dimension"...

Luofu has never heard of them before. She knew how vast the world was and that Jin was tiny in comparison. Now, her horizon was slightly broadened.

From the south to the north of Jin was only around 900,000 miles. This was utterly insignificant compared to an “immortal step”, not even one percent.

A while later, Feiyun opened his eyes and said: “We have crossed 60 immortal steps. Get ready, I’m about to tear the spatial fabric.”

He took out a boundary spirit stone and put in the golden Buddha, stones, fruits, and other treasures. They scattered after his first was broken by Yama’s heart and head. It took a while to pick all of them up.

“What do we need to do?” Luofu asked.

“Protect yourself.” Feiyun said: “I can open a gap but we might still be hit by a spatial storm.” Feiyun answered.

Supreme slightly opened her eyes and stared at Feiyun; her eyes flashed ever so slightly. However, she didn’t intend on attacking him right now and chose to cooperate.

Feiyun stopped wasting time and shot out forty divine intents from his forehead. Thirty of them erupted with strange lights that eventually turn into treasures - Heaven Punishing Hammer, Heaven Battle Altar, Ancient Moon...

He had understood quite a bit of the Minor Change, enough to change his divine intents into weapons.

According to the scripture, the Minor Change Art could support a large spatial area. After reaching a high level, it could create a dimension or a world.

He was using this art to push up this space in order to get out of the predetermined path.

Bi Ningshuai, the turtle, Long Luofu, and Supreme were nervous. It felt as if they were standing on a bubble. If this bubble were to break, all of them would die.

“Get ready, we’re about to leap through space.” Feiyun said.

The Minor Change Art moved them to another real area with a very slow speed. However, this was already a miracle.

It didn’t take long before they saw a massive area looking like a diagram floating in the air.

“We did it!” Ningshuai was sweaty from top to bottom. He didn’t wait and was the first to leap out.

The turtle was next. Long Luofu hesitated for a moment before doing the same, leaping out of the gap.

Supreme stood up and got ready.

“Boom!” Unfortunately, a spatial storm came by with a world-destroying power. Though she was tougher than most, she still turned pale.

The spatial area of the Minor Change Art was instantly broken.

Feiyun was blown outside into the violent space. However, he remained calm. A green light flew out of his dantian and turned into a vessel as large as a mountain range.

It carried an ancient aura. Although its eighteen sails were tattered, it could still travel across this area.

The storms struck the hull and only made the ship fly faster. It resembled a divine ship capable of traveling through space for an eternity.

“Bang!” Supreme landed on the deck; once again injured. She struggled to stand up and saw Feiyun trembling at the front. Blood dripped out of his lips as he tried his best to fly the ship.

He had used all of his spirit energy for the Minor Change Art. Now, he was using his blood and hidden potential for the ship. Each second was expending more than he could afford.

“Boom!” The ship finally made it out of the storm.

Everything before him turned dark as he blacked out. He could feel that he was blown off along with Supreme since the vessel returned to his dantian after losing its fuel.

“Not deeper into the storm...” This was his last thought.

When he woke up again, he found breathing extremely hard with an intense headache. His body nearly collapsed; his bones felt like powders.

He knew that he couldn't move right now since doing so might result in actual death. He gathered a faint golden energy in his dantian. Strands emanated like strands of a silkworm. They rotated continuously for recovery.

This golden energy was extremely pure and powerful, more effective than any medicine.

He eventually became well enough to move. His eyelids were heavy as if something were pushing down.

“Mud!”

This was a good sign since he was out of that spatial storm now. He climbed out of the mud; his clothes were a mess, dirtied with blood and dirt. The pain was still there.

He picked up the boundary stone containing all of his treasures and placed it in his pocket.

He then looked around the area and saw thick trees everywhere. Old, thorny vines coiled around them. On the ground were strange footprints.

He looked up and saw a seven-colored bird playing on a branch, issuing happy chirps.

Deeper were miasma and poison smokes along with a damp atmosphere.

This seemed to be a pristine forest.

“Shit...” Feiyun didn't like this because he would be finished if this was the desolate wildland.

Supreme was blown away too but he didn't see her. They shouldn't be far away since they left the same spatial storm.

He took out his weapon essence and cut down the thorns and vines. Staying here long was suicidal.

If he were to meet any primal beast, fiends, or strange creatures here, that would be the end of him. The desolate wildland was hell for humans.

### [Chapter 842: Half Demon](#)

The place was boundless with no end in sight.

“Rumble!” Something sounded like the footsteps of a massive monster came from afar. The ground started shaking while leaves fell off the branches.

Feiyun looked back and saw a fiery beast towering at 130 meters. It had eighteen chains coiled around it. When dragged on the ground, they easily crushed the large boulders below.

The beast had a full set of iron armor of immense weight. It left behind large footprints while walking through the area, breaking numerous hills in the process.

It was pulling a great carriage surrounded by black clouds. Who knows anything about the content?

An armored man wielding a spear stood on top of the beast’s head. His eyes shot out golden rays.

“A Grand Beast.” Feiyun stood on a peak and had a happy expression instead of fear.

He knew that the ancient human clans would have spirit beasts like these for material transportations. An adult could pull a mountain.

This meant that he should be in Central instead of the desolate wildland.

The man noticed Feiyun and pointed his spear at him: “Who are you? If you are here to rob the ore supply, then you should think twice. The Crimson Tiger guards of the Meng will come and kill you.

Meng Taiyue knew that this man wasn’t here to rob the carriage given his sorry appearance. The guy was most likely lost here at Kalpa Mountain Range. However, the people from Crimson Tiger wouldn’t think so. They would kill first then say that the victims were bandits in order to earn more merits.

Taiyue has seen this plenty of times. He didn’t like it but it was better to keep his mouth shut. That’s why he told this man to leave before those men came.

Feiyun was looking terrible indeed with wounds everywhere; his clothes were a mess and had a layer of black on it from old blood. He looked more like a beggar instead of a bandit.

Though he was grievously wounded, his vision was still fine. He could see that the man was a ninth-level Heaven’s Mandate with a slight hint of demonic aura.

They were alike - both half-demons. It was amazing for a half-demon to reach the ninth level of Heaven’s Mandate.

Moreover, this man told him to leave instead of killing him - clearly a benevolent person. Someone like him would be a top dog back in Jin.

Feiyun deduced many things from one line. He then raised his voice: “Brother, I was betrayed by my companion and left here for dead, please show compassion and take me out of this wilderness.”

He paused for a moment and continued: "The truth is that I'm not completely human, my blood is half-demon."

This place was dangerous and he was too weak. Meeting any beast would be a perilous event so he needed this man's help.

Meng Taiyue was only a regular beastmaster at the Meng; his status wasn't high. Sparing Feiyun was the most he could do. Taking him along wasn't an option.

However, after hearing about Feiyun's mixed blood, he felt sympathy because they were the same. He also knew what it was like to be abandoned by his companions and be treated as an outcast by his own race.

Half demons were weak, not accepted by both humans and demons. They were stuck in the middle and struggled to survive.

A wave of red light and loud stampeding noises suddenly came from the horizon. He stopped hesitating and took out a beast pouch, taking Feiyun inside.

A group of cultivator riding crimson tigers finally arrived from above just like auspicious clouds. They stopped in front of the beasts.

The group consisted of 500 men or so. They were the Crimson Tiger Guard of the Meng, a trump card of this clan. All of them were at the seventh level and up. The captain was actually a pseudo Enlightened Being.

Just one group of this battalion had five hundred Giants.

The captain had a tough and burly frame. He wore bronze armor with divinity in his eyes. A white-scale saber was hanging by his waist.

"Meng Taiyue, why did you stop? Do you know that you're slowing down the fleet?" He uttered.

"Evil Dragon Valley is right in front, how dare I move ahead without your capable help, gentlemen?" Taiyue said respectfully.

The cultivators naturally enjoyed the flattery. Though they didn't give a damn about Taiyue, they had no intention of making it difficult for him.

"Hmph, the useless mob from Evil Dragon doesn't dare to rob our carriages. Stop lingering around, it'll be your responsibility if we don't make it to Celestial Market before nighttime. Go." The captain said this but still led the way forward.

"They only dare to act haughty in front of their own, hmph." Taiyue scowled before controlling the beast.

"I truly appreciate your kindness, Brother Meng." Feiyun's voice came from the pouch.

"Don't thank me, leave when we get to Celestial Market. We'll go our separate ways then." Taiyue closed his eyes and started to cultivate with two True Mysterious Spirit Stones.

Feiyun also did the same inside the pouch in order to heal his wounds. He asked: "You're a half-demon too? Looks like the four-eyed owl race?"

Taiyue stopped and opened his eyes again. He answered: "Yes, my father is from the twelfth generation of the Meng. He has three wives and fifty-two concubines, my half-demon mother can't be considered a concubine, just a slave."

Feiyun also sympathized. His mother was just a servant and a half-demon; his status at the Meng must be lowly.

His fate would be far worse, inferior to a slave if it wasn't for his cultivation talents and beast taming abilities.

In reality, many half-demons were inferior to slaves in this land. Meng Taiyue's life wasn't bad in comparison.

This wasn't an issue on the human side. The half demons faced the same discrimination in the demons' territories, perhaps even worse.

All in all, it was sad to be a half-demon in the present. Nonetheless, this demographic continued to grow.

"So what if you're a half-demon? Half demons aren't inferior at birth compared to others, Brother! Wake up and rise! Show those who look down on you your power, that half-demons can fight!" Feiyun encouraged.

Taiyue had a strong expression but eventually shook his head: "You're wrong, half-demons are indeed inferior at birth, we can't break through Heaven's Emergence, we can't reach the top."

This was the reason why half-demons had an inferior status. It had nothing to do with their bloodline, only that they lacked true masters.

"The others can't reach the apex because they share the same thoughts as you, they gave up from the very beginning." Feiyun said.

Taiyue's eyes flashed as thoughts ran rampant in his head. However, this flash subsided quickly and he shook his head again.

There have been great half-demons in history but none could break the mold. This clearly showed that heaven wanted to keep their race down.

How could men go against heaven?

The Grand Beast moved quickly, traveling countless miles through this wilderness and eventually made it out.

Celestial Market could accommodate millions of cultivators. The beast stopped and slaves from the Meng came out to move the ores.

[Chapter 843: Celestial City](#)

Meng Taiyue found an opportunity to release Feiyun from the beast pouch then left with the rest of his clan.

He didn't say anything else from start to finish with Feiyun. He already took a great risk to take Feiyun out because if the others were to know about how he took a stranger along the caravan, his fate would not be pretty.

Feiyun's cultivation had sufficiently recovered along with his wounds. He wasn't in a rush to leave and stood outside of the market.

He saw more Grand Beasts coming from the mountain range. Meng Taiyue was only in charge of one.

"This Meng Clan is impressive, having twelve Grand Beasts with ores piling up like mountains. Looks like they should be a big shot here." He stroked his chin.

He knew that Supreme should be close and needed to find her before leaving this place. Otherwise, it would be extremely hard to find her if she were to leave. Central was simply too large.

Perhaps he could borrow the Meng's power. They were a top clan here in this domain named Season. They have been around for more than 80,000 years and had a strong foundation. Just one general from here could easily suppress a sect similar to Senluo Temple.

There were numerous clans, cities, special areas, and heavenly grottos in Jin. The majority was stronger than Sacred Spirit Palace; some older ones could easily destroy it.

From north to south of Season was approximately one immortal step or ninety million miles, ten thousand times larger than Jin.

Few knew about the exact location of Season with regards to Central. They only knew that next to it were Fire and Tiger Domain.

Even ninth-level Heaven's Mandate cultivators rarely left their own domain due to the sheer distance. They had a low understanding of their neighbors.

The mountain range Feiyun landed on earlier was named Kalpa, located to the west of Season. It had numerous resources and spirit beasts. Beneath the ground was a spirit vein along with precious ores and minerals. The Meng had more than ten mines in this mountain range.

Feiyun found all of this out on the second day at Celestial City.

"So this is the sixth Central Dynasty of the humans, more prosperous than I thought. Just one domain is enough to support a sect hundreds of thousand years old." Feiyun sat on top of a floating pavilion. He had a white scholarly robe on now, looking handsome and gallant. His eyes had a red tinge.

He took his time enjoying the meat from a spirit beast along with fermented peach wine. These meals would be extremely expensive in Jin but were just regular food here.

It was difficult for him alone to find Supreme because that mountain range alone spanned for ten million miles.

“The Li found a Dragon Spirit Stone from one of their mines, they’re bringing it back here now with numerous experts.”

“Looks like whoever that treasure master is will be handsomely rewarded.”

“Meng Xingchen recently refined a ninth-ranked spirit treasure, it’ll be the twelfth one here in Season. Looks like the Meng’s status will be one step higher since they have the best blacksmith here.”

“I heard about this too, the Meng prepared so many years and a sky-high amount of resources for it. This is the accumulation from dozens of generations.”

Feiyun heard many things while staying in this pavilion.

The city was located next to Kalpa Mountain Range. Many cultivators would visit here first before going to the mountains for adventures and training.

“Ignorant fools, you think Meng Xingchen can actually do it?” A young noble came in the door while fanning himself with a paper fan, looking quite free-spirited.

His voice was rather melodious and clear, not crude like a man’s should be.

Feiyun looked over and saw that he was young, around seventeen or eighteen. He dressed stylishly without being boisterous. His hair was also well-kempt. It was difficult to see his face due to a faint layer of illusory mist.

Feiyun didn’t bother using his phoenix gaze since that would be disrespectful and might anger the guy.

However, he took note of the guy’s hands - soft and white with long and delicate fingers seemingly carved from jade. Even his fingernails were painted with shiny colors.

Feiyun only knew one man with hands like these - Long Qingyang. This didn’t seem to be the case here so there was only one explanation.

He stopped looking at her and planned to leave. Unfortunately, a group of cultivators came in and blocked the entrance.

The leader was a man in bronze armor who shouted: “I heard there’s someone here who doubts our clan’s ninth-ranked spirit treasure. Stand up if you dare!”

They had a badge with the word “Meng” hanging on their waist. Meng Taiyue was also present all the way in the back. He had a calm expression, unlike the rest.

These men clearly overheard the speaker while being on the bottom floor. They needed to teach this person a lesson.

“That’s Meng Mujing, I think he has undergone one rebirth in Nirvana and has been here for 800 years.”

“A top ten member of the Meng in the city, that young fella is unlucky.”

“The Meng is now a top power in Season after gaining a ninth-ranked spirit treasure, they’re going to show their fang now. Opposing them meant courting death.



The cultivators in the pavilion weren't panicking because no battle would break out. Otherwise, the experts in charge of the city would eliminate any troublemaker.

The young noble in purple smiled with disdain while waving his paper fan: "The Meng simply can't refine a ninth-ranked spirit treasure, they simply managed to curry favor with Nine Firmaments. Meng Xingchen married his daughter to the young lord as a concubine, that's why Nine Firmaments helped them with the refinement. I suppose that they made out like a bandit, trading a daughter for a ninth-ranked spirit treasure."

The men from the Meng were furious. Meng Mujing had a white glow around him as he coldly uttered: "Lady Meng Lingyan and Nine Firmaments Young Lord's love should be celebrated yet you spout these unsavory words, clearly intending on besmirching our clan's reputation. Do you dare to go to a separate realm and fight me to the death?"

"Yes!" The cultivators from the Meng furiously shouted.

Meng Taiyue remained calm, completely nonchalant to the situation. He didn't bother retorting because that young noble was correct.

"No need for that, you have ruined my mood so all of you will die." The young noble threw his fan forward and shot out a ray creating gaps in space.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" The moment the paper fan returned to his hand, all the cultivators from the Meng were on the ground, dead.

The floor became silent outside of blood dripping down the ground. Everyone was frozen.

The corpses gradually turned into smoke and disappeared without a trace.

"Oh?" The young noble said before glancing over at Feiyun: "You're quite fast."

"Just average." Feiyun chuckled and let Meng Taiyue down. He saved the guy with lightning speed a while ago.

"I will kill you for stopping me." The young noble clearly had a big background and didn't allow any disrespect, not even the slightest. Death was the punishment for doing so just like that group earlier.

Feiyun wasn't afraid of the opponent's aura. He calmly said: "He didn't offend you earlier."

"He did now." The young noble said.

"He's a half-demon, killing him will only dirty your hand."

The young noble's brows furrowed. He touched his exquisite nose and said: "A lowly half-demon, I see, dirty indeed. But you have also offended me and must die."

"I'm also a half-demon."

The young noble grimaced and shook his head: "What an unlucky day." He then turned and left this place he deemed unlucky.

Why did he not want to kill a half-demon? This was akin to an emperor needing to kill a lowly criminal. It was unbecoming and unsavory due to the disparity in status.

A half-demon was even more wretched than a criminal.

#### [Chapter 844: Meteoric Spirit Stone](#)

“Thank you for helping.” Meng Taiyu cupped his fist and lowered his head towards Feng Feiyun. He had both fear and respect in his eyes due to the guy’s cultivation.

Feiyun ignored the look of disdain from that young noble earlier. He tapped Mengyue’s shoulder and smiled: “I should be the one thanking you, Brother Feng. I probably would have died in Kalpa if you didn’t help me out.

“You’re...”

Meng Taiyue stared at Feiyun because the guy was too different compared to their first meeting. Moreover, Feiyun’s cultivation was surprising too. An ordinary cultivator couldn’t save him from that young noble in the blink of an eye.

That young noble could easily kill an Enlightened Being.

“My name is Feng Feiyun. I’ve been looking all over for you at the market during the last two days.” Feiyun acted familiar.

“Why are you looking for me?” Meng Taiyue became curious.

“I was thinking that you could help me find someone.” Feiyun got straight to the point.

The Meng was influential in this area with numerous branches set up in the mountain range. They were much more effective compared to Feiyun alone since he was nothing more than a headless fly here.

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Meng Taiyu had low status at the Meng but still had some influence at the market. He was quite effective and found seven pieces of information regarding Supreme.

Her beauty was still outrageous in Central, definitely kingdom-toppling. Moreover, her cultivation was strong too. Thus, there weren’t that many matches in this region.

All seven pieces were valuable but Feiyun didn’t bother looking at them. He immediately burned the paper.

Meng Taiyue was surprised and asked: “Are they inaccurate? Not who you’re trying to find?”

“She’s intelligent on top of being able to divine. I only want her to know that someone is looking for her. She’ll naturally know that it’s me and is on her way here right now.” Feiyun shook his head.

“You’re leading her here?” Taiyue said.

“She wants to kill me more than I want to kill her. Moreover, I can’t deal with her right now and must seek help. Brother Meng, do you know a formation here to cross through a domain or a territory?”

“A few older sects have formations that can cross through a domain, the Meng has one too. However, Season doesn’t have anything that can cross a territory.” Tai Yue responded.

Feiyun slightly frowned. He wanted to lead Supreme to him and run away to Western Spirit Territory. The Evil Woman was there and could help him. However, it seemed like crossing through these territories was difficult. Just crossing a domain was tough enough.

“You can go to the capital of Season if you want to travel across a domain. There are public formations there. You just need to pay the right amount of spirit stones and you can move on. Moreover, there is a half-demon alliance there, you can join it and be perfectly fine as long as you don’t mess with the wrong crowd. The alliance can help you and if the opponent is weak enough, they’ll destroy them.” Taiyue revealed.

“Oh? A half-demon alliance?” Feiyun became slightly interested.

“Half-demons are weak already, inferior to even slaves. We can’t get any benefits without banding together, we just want a little respect and dignity, that’s all.” Taiyue said with a lonely expression.

From unity came strength. This was necessary especially for the weak. For example, an ant in the forest was the weakest and lowest entity. However, a million of them together became quite effective.

Feiyun suddenly felt Supreme’s presence. He didn’t dare to linger here any longer or she could capture him.

Meng Taiyue also wanted to go to the capital of Season so the two of them traveled to a palace in the market containing portal formations.

There were eighteen public formation portals. Three led to the capital of Season, the other fifteen led to the important locations of Season, such as Blessed Oasis, Godfall Desert, Eastern Sea Market...

These places were famous in Season, a hundred times far more prosperous than Jin.

There were guards protecting the portals. They wore shiny armors and had extraordinary cultivation.

The two paid the fee and came to a corner with a yellow formation. This place was packed with cultivators, several Enlightened Beings as well.

It occasionally flashed brightly with people coming and going.

“It’s him, he wants to go to Season City too.” Feiyun noticed a young noble wearing a purple robe. He held a paper fan with one hand and the other posed behind his back, looking cool and free.

He was chatting with an old man. The latter acted respectfully and kept on bowing. He might be on his knees if there weren’t so many people around.

“A big shot indeed, killing people in the city without being caught by the guards or revenge from the Meng.” Feiyun said.

Meng Taiyue followed his gaze and became startled. He transmitted a mental message: “The old man talking with him is the number one expert of Celestial Market, Celestial Enlightened Being, the strongest within a million miles. I’ve seen him from a distance long ago. This young noble’s background must be

frightening. Don't let him see us again, he only spared us because of the disparity in status but one word from that old man can kill us a thousand times."

Celestial Enlightened Being was quite powerful; his aura far exceeded someone like the heretical king.

Feiyun was smart enough to lay low. This was no longer Jin. That young noble killed a first-level Nirvana cultivator from the Meng with one hand. Feiyun couldn't take him on right now.

The young noble entered the yellow formation with four powerful old men behind him. The portal flashed and they disappeared from sight.

"The Meng are blind as bats, to actually offend her. I wonder how many gifts it'll take to quell her anger." Celestial Enlightened Being heaved a sigh of relief and stroked his beard while murmuring.

Having said that, he slowly became ethereal before dispersing from the air.

"That enlightened being is a big deal, the old men from our clan always greet him with reverence. Looks like the clan is in trouble." Meng Taiyue said.

The two then entered the portal and left the market. It didn't take long before they reached the capital, the most prosperous city in Season.

The moment Feiyun got out, he felt a massive power suppressing him. His weight became dozens of times heavier; his spirit energy became shackled.

Feiyun frowned, aware that it was a Meteoric Spirit Stone suppressing his cultivation.

Meteoric was ranked ninth among the stones. It came from outer space and was extremely rare. It possessed immense energy on top of being able to suppress cultivators. The ancient cities of the humans always prepared these stones.

There were two advantages in doing so.

First, Nirvana cultivators were too destructive. They could easily destroy a city. Suppressing their cultivation meant peace and safety. Thus, two Enlightened Beings in the city could fight without causing unreasonable damage.

Secondly, cultivation speed would actually increase under the stones' limitations.

Meng Taiyue had a natural expression, clearly used to this suppression. It took a bit for Feiyun to get used to it.

"This gravity is strong. Anyone below first-level Heaven's Mandate probably can't stand up." Feiyun said.

"This must be your first time visiting a domain city?" Taiyue was surprised.

"How do you know?" Feiyun asked.

"The first requirement of entering is first-level Heaven's Mandate."

"Ah." Feiyun looked around and saw that everyone was indeed in this realm.

First and second-level Heaven's Mandate cultivators could walk around normally. They would be considered powerful experts in Jin but here, this was the basic requirement for entering a big city.

This place wasn't as majestic and grand as Feiyun's imagination. However, the items and materials were extraordinary. Even the roof tiles of a regular house were made from spirit steel. Each wooden door had numerous formations.

They needed to be made from special materials in order to withstand the pressure found here. Thus, the place resembled a holy ground for cultivation.

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Author's note.

Many readers have questions about the Nirvana realm so here is a general summary:

The majority of experts in Jin are at the first level of Nirvana.

The King of Abnormality, Yang World First Venerable, White Skin Ghost King, and Monk Jiurou are weaker second-level cultivators.

The heretical king and the empress are the top second-level cultivators. After using the dao heart method and swallowing Godfiend, the empress has reached the third-level, albeit the weakest type.

Spirit Palace Lord is average among the third level. Sacred Palace Lord is at the peak of the third level.

Only those at the fourth level and up are real masters. Why? Because from the fourth level on, they were qualified to break through to Heaven's Emergence. Because of this, they were few in numbers.

#### **Chapter 845: Half-demon Alliance**

Meng Taiyue told Feiyun that many cultivators trained their entire life, gathered spirit stones, vied for status, and killed people not to chase after the illusory immortal path. They simply wanted to save enough to buy a mansion inside a domain city.

Most Enlightened Beings didn't have enough to buy their own and could only stay with others.

This place was a holy ground for cultivation on top of being empowered by Meteoric Spirit Stones. People naturally wanted to be here.

If Feiyun were to cultivate in this place, his cultivation speed would be several times faster.

Thus, a mansion in the city represented status. Many daughters from the big clans and sects would truly consider this when finding a husband.

"Your opponent knows that you're heading here?" Meng Taiyue called for a carriage. The two of them headed for the half-demon alliance.

The two drivers were at the fourth level of Heaven's Mandate. This was a contested job in this city. People at lower levels weren't eligible.

Why? Because this earned the drivers spirit stones on top of being able to cultivate in the city without being chased away by the guards.

Those without a mansion in the city could only stay one day each month before getting kicked out. The exception to this would be paying a large fee.

Feiyun looked out the curtain and saw an endless line of cultivators meditating on the streets. Some of them were Enlightened Beings.

Armored guards would occasionally come to chase people who have run out of time. Opposing meant death.

This was truly a competitive world.

“She can calculate where I’m heading, she’ll be here soon.” Feiyun was confident in Supreme’s abilities.

He pulled down the curtain and started cultivating as well. He didn’t bother using formations to reach the other domains.

If this half-demon alliance was capable, perhaps he would be able to borrow their power against her.

There were many prodigies riding spirit beasts along with dignified old men riding swords. They were powerful and had big backgrounds. This was especially true for the old men - strong enough to move mountains and oceans outside of the city.

These prodigies were lucky enough to train inside the city limits from a young age. Thus, their cultivation speed was faster than other people on top of having more resources. Due to the favorable circumstances, their cultivation was far higher than those from humble backgrounds.

This was the reason why people risked their lives to buy a mansion inside a domain city. They didn’t want their children to lose from the very start and eventually become servants.

Meng Taiyue told Feng Feiyun that half-demons weren’t allowed to fly inside the city regardless of their cultivation.

The carriage moved slowly but this city wasn’t that large. After seven spirit streets and two immortal ramparts, they made it to the alliance.

“Spirit streets” and “immortal ramparts” were built by formations, able to let someone move a short-distance through space. They were invisible so ordinary cultivators thought they were just moving normally.

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Half-demon Alliance.

The building was relatively small with black bricks. It didn’t look special in this city.

The members looked different as well - some had scales, horns, long ears, or a hybrid body...

They had demonic blood, more or less.

“Big Brother Meng, I heard your clan successfully refined a ninth-ranked spirit treasure, everyone’s talking about it now.” A girl with two wings on her back came over, around the age of twenty - tall and thin, white skin and ample breasts, crimson hair.

She wore a third-ranked spirit armor; her eyes were especially bright and beautiful.

Feiyun just needed one glance to know that she has the blood of a Crimson Magpie. However, it was too thin. Nonetheless, she was still classified as a half-demon.

Her cultivation was actually stronger than Meng Taiyue. Several more followed her. They were strong but none has made it to Nirvana. They seemed to be friends with Meng Taiyue.

“That has nothing to do with me, I’ll be happier if our alliance can have a ninth-ranked spirit treasure.” Meng Taiyue had no love for the Meng. This alliance was his real home.

“Brother Feng, let me introduce you. These four friends are third-ranked half-demons of the alliance, they’re all quite strong.”

The girl with the wings was Ye Xiaomu, a peak ninth-level Heaven’s Mandate and a disciple from Arcane Ground. Her status was low there.

The other three were at the ninth level - Zhan Yueming, Li Lang, and Feng Wanxia.

Zhan Yueming was the most exceptional among them, reaching the ninth level at thirty-seven. He was considered the top genius among the half-demons in Season.

After speaking with them, Feiyun found out that they had big sects behind them just like Meng Taiyue. This helped them reach their current cultivation level. They had some status and dignity, unlike their fellow demons who were inferior to slaves.

“Wanxia, take Brother Feng to Elder Mu’s place so that he can get a badge. We have an important matter to discuss.” Ye Xiaomu told the shy girl standing in the back.

Wanxia led the way for Feng Feiyun while the rest stood outside of the alliance. Xiaomu’s eyes became serious during their discussion.

Wanxia had sharp, long ears since she had the bloodline of a demonic dog lineage. Her eyes were sapphire with spirited eyelashes. She always had a smile on her face, revealing her white teeth.

“Brother Feng, since you’re joining the alliance, we’ll be family from now on. Forget about your sad past, I will beat up anyone who dares to bully you from now on.” She said.

She assumed that Feiyun was treated with contempt in the past, hence her consolation.

“If my bully is really strong, will you still help me against her?” Feiyun had a good impression of her and smiled back.

“If she is in the wrong, the entire alliance will help you.” Wanxia tilted her head and pondered before answering.

“I’m curious, why are there so many half-demons here?” Feiyun asked.

“Hmm, we have to start with the myriad-race battlefield. Humans capture so many demons and cripple their cultivation each year. The pretty demons would become sex slaves and the cycle of reproduction continues for generations. As time went on, the population of half-demons like us soared. Just in Season alone, we make up more than 1%.”

This was a large number. For many domains, this number had to be below 3% or the domain lord would be punished.

Weak half-demons were mercilessly treated. Many places had rules forbidding interracial marriage between humans and half-demons. Though this was shameful, the half-demons couldn't do anything about it.

She took him to a floating cave with ripples flowing outward.

'A spatial cave despite the suppression of Meteoric, looks like there are experts here.' Feiyun thought.

"Elder Mu, we have a new guy wanting to join the alliance, please help." Feng Wanxia bowed.

"Little girl, are you sure? I don't sense any demonic energy at all. Are you trying to get your lover to join?" An old voice came from the cave, playfully teasing her.

'The geezer always treats me like a child, I'm not that young. He's been thinking about marrying me off too. Don't mind his nonsense, Brother Feng.' She transmitted this message to Feiyun while blushing.

Feiyun nodded and could see that these two had a good relationship. This Elder Mu was probably not responsible for new recruits and should belong to the upper echelon.

He enjoyed this special treatment thanks to Meng Taiyue.

A wind wrapped around Feiyun and Wanxia and brought them up to a palace inside the cave.

This was a spatial gap; the palace had numerous stairs coiling downward. Inside were many half-demons cultivating, around 800 or so at first.

As they moved downward, they still saw more half-demons. It was hard to get a good count.

This place was quiet so Feiyun and Wanxia had to use their divine intents to communicate.

### **Chapter 846: Early Half-Demons**

"This place is a heavenly grotto meant for training in the alliance. The first-ranked half-demons can stay for three days each month. Second rank, seven days. Third rank, fifteen days. Fourth, twenty days. Fifth, they can stay as long as they want."

"Of course, those with special contributions can choose to come here to train too for a reward." Feng Wanxia quietly said: "Geezer Mu is a fifth-ranked half-demon, he's also the watcher of this training grotto. He's quite strong."

Feiyun had read some books about half-demons and knew about the rankings. Cultivation realms didn't determine their rank but rather, their contribution to the alliance.

For example, Meng Taiyue, Ye Xiaomu, and Feng Wanxia were third-ranked half-demons. Some first-level Nirvana cultivators were still in this rank too.

The two of them met Elder Mu - an old man with beard and hair touching the ground. His skin looked like dried bark. His hidden eyes were actually quite bright. Each strand could pierce through Feiyun.



The latter's skin became tense as if he was transparent. Everything about him could be seen. The old man was as strong as Sacred Palace Lord.

The guy would be able to crush ten thousand miles with his power outside of the city.

"Hmm, what a strange fella. How are you hiding your demonic energy?" Elder Mu stopped looking and stroked his beard, clearly confused.

"Just a method to completely hide one's aura, I can offer it to the alliance if it so desires." Feiyun answered.

"Completely hide the demonic presence?" Several cultivators opened their eyes and stared intensely at Feiyun.

Feng Wanxia was astonished too. 'There's an art that can do that. No one will know that I'm a half-demon so I won't have to face disdain and limitations anymore. It can't change the fundamental truth but it'll be much better.'

The alliance had methods of hiding the aura too but it was impossible to hide everything.

The powerful elder became startled. This method would be too valuable for half-demons.

Feiyun, on the other hand, thought nothing of it. He wrote down the method using spirit energy.

Elder Mu was strong and had enough mental fortitude to calm down. He carefully read the scroll before deeply bowing towards Feiyun: "I thank you on behalf of all half-demons."

"It's no big deal, no need to be so polite, Senior." Feiyun helped him up.

The elder took another look and said: "May I ask where you got it from?"

"From my mother."

"You must be a first-generation half-demon?" The elder pulled on Feiyun's hand.

"I should be."

The elder became more excited and stared at Feiyun as if he was very valuable. It crept Feiyun out.

The majority of the cultivators present became interested in both the energy-shrouding method and a first-generation half-demon. They looked at Feiyun with peculiar eyes.

The bloodline of a first-generation half-demon was extremely pure, one half each. This would allow them to cultivate to a high realm.

Of course, they still couldn't make it through Heaven's Emergence but this was already excellent relative to other half-demons.

Moreover, they should have a demonic innate talent. Their physique was far stronger too. Thus, they were the noblest of their kind.

Furthermore, because human kingdoms forbade humans and demons from getting together, the demons captured on the battlefields were used as materials for blacksmithing and alchemy now.

Therefore, there were fewer and fewer first-generation half-demons around.

“A first-generation? Where?!” An old man looking like a beggar ran into the grotto and rushed all the way up. He was as thin as a monkey and barefooted.

He looked old without many teeth left. He had two sections of red beard to the sides of his mouth. Half of his hair was gone; his eyes were large and brown. They spun around continuously to look for the first-generation half-demon.

‘Such powerful demonic energy... no, it’s a demonic affinity.’ Feiyun felt a high-level demonic affinity on this old man.

Of course, it was still far inferior compared to the phoenix bloodline. The latter was ranked first among the four grand demon races.

He couldn’t see the bloodline of this old man so he became quite curious.

“Grandpa Yu, why are you here?” Feng Wanxia recognized him.

He was famous in the alliance and usually ran around the grottos. He was quite old and had mental deficiencies after failing to cultivate a profound merit law. He no longer knew who he was.

The alliance didn’t know who he was either. However, his beard looked like the beard of a fish so they called him Grandpa Yu. [1]

“You’re a first-generation half-demon? Mmm? Amazing bones only seen once in ten thousand years, you’re not bad, young man. Good talents and pure bloodline too, who’s your mom?”

The old man rubbed Feiyun’s hands while speaking. The first part was fine but the second was too intrusive.

Elder Mu and Feng Wanxia had a strange expression. She said: “He only wants to ask which race you’re from.”

“I’m not quite sure, this demonic bloodline is unique.” Feiyun answered.

“It’s fine, half-demons are hated by all, it’s ok to be abandoned at birth, that’s not rare at all. We have a way to check your bloodline as long as it isn’t too high.” Elder Mu said. He assumed that Feiyun was abandoned and didn’t know his bloodline.

He ordered someone to bring a green jewel over and told Feiyun to spill a drop of blood on top.

Feiyun cut a tiny wound on his fingertip. A drop of blood came out with a fiery light, even brighter than the jewel.

“Boom!” The jewel seemed to have consciousness and started shaking violently. Its light became bright and blinded everyone in the hall.

The half-demons were shocked while looking at the floating jewel. They have never seen anything like this.

The jewel had a hard time containing the demonic energy in the blood and was on the verge of exploding.

Eventually, the light subsided. The drop of blood still stained the jewel like early-morning dew.

“The jewel couldn’t absorb it... your bloodline has to be one of the thirty-six ancient sacred bloodlines!” Elder Mu’s eyes changed again as he stared at Feiyun.

Feng Wanxia also stared at Feiyun, unable to hide her astonishment.

A first-generation half-demon with an ancient sacred bloodline left the crowd speechless.

Feiyun could sympathize with them. The thirty-six sacred races were nobles only inferior to the four divine races in the ancient era.

Each was immensely stronger than humans. They rarely lost on the battlefields so they didn’t become prisoners.

The appearance of this bloodline here in a human kingdom was quite shocking.

“Wow! You actually have an ancient sacred bloodline, no wonder, no wonder why your mother left you a shrouding method. She must have been a great master.” Feng Wanxia tugged on Feiyun’s sleeve.

“This must be kept a secret, if anyone dares to divulge this, the alliance will hunt them down.” Elder Mu understood the significance of this bloodline.

Nonetheless, he still didn’t believe that this was the truth and wanted to do more testing on the blood.

He was shocked more times today than in the last several thousand years. He put away the blood and gave Feiyun a third-ranked badge before hurriedly leaving.

He wanted to find a more prestigious examinee in the alliance to check the blood.

### **Chapter 847: Domain Lord**

Elder Mu came to a pond inside another grotto with a manual scroll in one hand and a jade box containing a drop of blood in the other.

An old man was meditating on top of a bridge floating above a pond.

Spirit energy lingered around him, painting a dignified appearance. He slowly opened his eyes and said: “You have an important matter?”

“Take a look at this first.” Elder Mu threw the manual over, still feeling excited.

The old man didn’t have a big reaction at first but his expression gradually turned into one of shock. He read the manual three times over and said: “This can hide demonic presence.”

“I couldn’t sense anything from him, but maybe someone in a higher realm can.” Elder Mu said.

“Where did you get this from?” The old man knew that this was special if Elder Mu couldn’t sense it.

“We have to start with him.” Elder Mu tossed the box into the pond.

The old man opened the box and felt a monstrous demonic affinity striking him. There seemed to be an evil affinity as well. Waves of light emanated from his eyes but they were repelled, unable to see through the blood.

“This demonic affinity belongs to a first-generation bloodline.” The old man was ecstatic but didn’t show it on his face. He slowly closed the box.

Elder Mu said: “It didn’t seep into the jewel and nearly crushed it. I think it might be an ancient sacred bloodline.”

The old man took a deep breath and flew out of the pond, landing in front of the elder: “The jewel didn’t absorb it?”

“Indeed.”

“Where is he? I want to see him. Wait, let’s confirm the demonic affinity first in this bloodline. I’m rushing things.”

“Domain Lord, you’re going to central?” Elder Mu became emotional.

The old man in the pond turned out to be the domain lord of Season for half-demons.

Each domain was vast and had its own branch for half-demons. The location of the main one was very mysterious. It consisted of the strongest half-demons in Sixth Central. Only the domain lords knew its location.

“It’s too far away and I don’t have enough time. I’ll just go to the main branch for Crimson Territory.” The domain lord said.

Sixth Central was divided into various territories. Season Domain belonged to Crimson Territory.

Bi Ningshuai’s War Faction belonged to War Territory, more than ten territories away from Crimson Territory. This distance couldn’t be measured.

Each territory was ruled by a noble. The title was Territory Lord. They are the supreme existences in their jurisdiction.

Normally, one territory had ten thousand domains. After years and years, the initial divides were gone. Some realms have grown stronger and larger while others weakened. Some were taken over as well.

There were only 8,654 domains in Crimson right now. The others have disappeared into the river of time.

Elder Mu stood there in a daze even though the domain lord was gone. He then returned to his grotto.

“Brother Feng, you’re incredible. That’s a third-ranked badge after your first day but that manual is too valuable. If it isn’t for your seniority, you might have become a fourth-ranked half-demon right away.” Feng Wanxia still referred to him as Brother Feng but her voice was filled with respect.

“It’s more than enough, that’s half a month in here.” Feiyun was satisfied and thought that the members of the alliance had great solidarity.

“Hey, who’s your mother?” The crazy Grandpa Yu came over and grabbed Feiyun’s hand again, looking stimulated.

Feiyun was annoyed by the old man since he kept asking about his mother. However, the guy didn’t seem to be teasing him. Plus, he was old and had mental problems.

“Senior, why do you keep asking me this? I told you, I don’t know which race she’s from.” Feiyun said.

“Brat, you can’t lie to me, I know your mom, you look exactly like her.” Grandpa Yu looked angry.

“You actually know my mother?” Feiyun was slightly startled.

“Obviously, your mom is Wang Erniu, your dad is Zhang Dasha, they ate at my house before.” The old man said with absolute certainty. [1]

Feiyun grimaced, wanting to beat down this old man if it wasn’t for his mental problems.

“Who’s your mother?” The old man suddenly grabbed his sleeve and asked again.

“Didn’t you say that she’s Wang Erniu?” Feiyun put on a forced smile. Seems like he had the memory of a goldfish.

“Brat, you think I’m crazy? You can’t lie to me, your mom’s name is Wang Ermazi.” The old man thought that Feiyun was messing with him and became indignant. [2]

Feiyun pulled up his sleeves, ready to teach this old man a lesson.

Suddenly, someone ran in and shouted: “Meng Taiyue and Li Lang were beaten at the battle palace. Their dantian is broken, they’re crippled now.”

Several hundred cultivators in the alliance became alarmed after hearing this. All looked furious.

“It’s only a regular fight at the palace, how can someone be so cruel?”

“Are they purposely bullying half-demons?”

“No, in the beginning, Meng Taiyue, Li Lang, Zhan Yueming, and Ye Xiaomu only wanted to join the contest in order to win some spirit stones for the alliance. However, Meng Taiyue met a historical genius from his own clan. The two of them had a fight that kept on escalating. They picked the realm of death. Taiyue was strong but this genius was just too much. He easily suppressed Taiyue and destroyed his dantian. He even spewed out insults and said that half-demons are the lowest of the low, the most wretched animal. They’re not qualified to marry humans. Li Lang couldn’t stand this and also signed an agreement to fight to the death. He entered the realm but also lost. Zhan Yueming and Ye Xiaomu want to be next.”

The experts didn’t say anything after hearing “the realm of death”. Very few people chose this place to fight at the battle palace. They needed to sign an agreement before entering the realm. There was no responsibility for crippling or killing the opponent.”

“We’ll see how strong he is, this historical genius from the Meng!” A peak ninth-level Heaven’s Mandate ran out of the grotto. Several dozens more followed right behind him, looking quite aggressive.

“Brother Meng is prudent and not easily provoked, why did he agree to fight there?” Feiyun only knew Meng Taiyue for several days but could tell that he was experienced and calm.

“You don’t know, Brother Feng? Brother Meng and another daughter in his clan are in love. Once they were found out, even the upper echelon took note of this. They thought that he wasn’t worthy of her. Later on, The young lord of Firmaments City also liked her. In order to curry favor, the Meng agreed to let her be his concubine, the marriage is only several days from now. That genius from the Meng spoke some unsavory words because they thought that Brother Meng was a frog wanting to eat swan’s meat. That’s enough to anger him.” Feng Wanxia’s eyes were red. There was nothing she could do to help him against the monstrous Meng Clan.

“I see.” Feiyun stroked his chin, looking a bit interested. “Where is this battle palace? Let’s join in the fun and see how strong this historical genius is.”

### **Chapter 848: Battle Palace**

Feng Wanxia came out of the alliance and called for a beast carriage. She handed one spirit stone over and told it to go towards the battle palace.

“Motherfucker, how did you get on?” Feiyun shouted after seeing a certain someone.

“Who is your mother?” Grandpa Yu got on the carriage before these two. He was hiding in a corner with his hands covered by the sleeves. He sincerely asked once more.

Feiyun got tired of the old man and ignored him. He sat down with Feng Wanxia and began talking about the battle palace.

“The battle palace has many locations across Sixth Central. There are more than 700 in Season alone. Of course, the one in this city is where the experts gather. Many ancestors would come to test their might.”

“Its background is frightening, I think a noble faction is behind it so no one dares to cause trouble.”

She went on: “Fighting there will help one with battle experience on top of winning spirit stones. Many geniuses became renowned for fighting there and were recruited by the top powers with the promise of cultivation methods, spirit stones, treasures, beauties, slaves, and land.”

“It’s actually not that dangerous, the regular battles. The combatants have to stop after a victor is declared but this isn’t the case for the realm of death. If someone is killed there, revenge is forbidden. If any seniors of the victims dare to come, or the experts from the battle palace will kill them. This is a rule there.”

“I see.” Feiyun chuckled.

The carriage quickly stopped in front of the battle palace. It was grander than the half-demon alliance, virtually not on the same architectural level.

The gate was made from spirit stones; the walls were made from seven layers of black steel. The paths were paved with white jade. The whole place exuded extravagance.

Many cultivators were present. Geniuses rode spirit cranes with beauties as their companions. A few transcending old men flew in the air with immense pressure; their gaze resembled two sword rays piercing the heart.

The entrance fee was ten spirit stones. Thus, ordinary people couldn't enter.

Feiyun paid thirty stones and all three ran towards the realm of death.

"There are ten realms of death in a palace, all created from low-level realms. Inside are reflection mirrors allowing us to see the fights while standing outside." Feng Wanxia was anxious out of fear for Meng Taiyue and Li Lang's safety.

When the three got there, they found the place crowded with the half-demons who got here first. The latter nodded their head after seeing the three.

"Brother Li, Brother Meng..." Feng Wanxia took out a jade bottle and poured two third-ranked spirit pills from it. They were precious healing pills.

Meng Taiyue and Li Lang were grievously injured, paled, and bloodied from top to bottom. The wounds were closed because someone had helped them previously. However, it was only to close the wounds.

Meng Taiyue kept his eyes closed, completely dejected. He shook his head and smiled wryly: "Wanxia, don't waste the pills on us. We're crippled already."

Having the dantian destroyed was worse than death for someone who had cultivated for centuries.

Wanxia wiped her tears and continued to get them to eat the pills.

"Let me take a look." Feiyun grabbed Taiyue's hand and sent a strand of golden Buddhist light through his fingertip.

The energy channeled throughout the injured cultivator's body.

"It's of no use, Brother Feng." Meng Taiyue said.

Meanwhile, the other half-demons stared curiously. They knew that Feiyun was a first-generation half-demon and might have a few heaven-defying abilities.

Even the crying Wanxia stopped and watched with her eyes wide open.

Feiyun eventually pulled his hand back and smiled: "It's only the top dantian, still curable."

Meng Taiyue was startled. Though the top dantian was the first one, it was still an important location for spirit energy. The destruction of this place meant the end of cultivation.

Brother Feng doesn't seem to be kidding. Maybe he wants to use some legendary pills to save me?

"I've lived a wretched life and haven't long for this world, Brother Feng, don't use anything precious to save me, I can't accept this kindness." He said with determination.

"Haha, others might lack precious pills but not me, I can give you a full plate of them." Feiyun hid his hand inside his sleeve and gathered energy to create a Buddhist pill the size of a longan fruit.

He took it out and held it with two fingers, revealing its golden glow. It had a layer of golden radiance and one could hear Buddhist chants.

He had learned the entire second diagram of the scripture so his energy reached the next level. This pill was comparable to a seventh-ranked alchemy pill now. Its purity actually exceeded that.

Though Meng Taiyu had lost his cultivation, his vision remained the same. He could see its value and felt his throat becoming dry: "This... this pill is above the fifth rank..."

The other half-demons were shocked. This Brother Feng just casually took out this magnificent pill. Was he trying to show off?

Feng Wanxia's mouth was wide open. She stared at the golden pill in Feiyun's hand then back at hers, thinking that she was being too stingy.

In reality, other half-demons couldn't come up with a third-ranked pill. This wasn't her fault in the slightest.

Feiyun sighed in his mind, thinking that these half-demons were quite sad. They haven't seen this level of pills in Central? This place had everything.

"I want this Buddhist pill, name the price." A cold voice resounded.

They saw a cool young noble wearing a purple dress walking over. He was unreasonably handsome and became the focus of many girls. However, his voice was filled with arrogance. He walked with one hand behind his back while waving a paper fan with the other. He didn't bother looking at the girls.

Him again. Feiyun had seen him before back in Celestial Market.

This time, his entourage was even bigger. The group consisted of top experts.

Even the palace lord of this place came to greet him but he completely ignored the guy. His eyes were fixated on the golden pill in Feiyun's hand.

"This brat is a big shot, those four old men behind him are extremely strong." Grandpa Yu whispered to Feiyun.

Feiyun told Wanxia to keep this old man back. If he were to ask the young noble about his mother, then this would become huge trouble. They would be dragged down too.

Feiyun then cupped his fist and slightly bowed at the young noble with a smile: "Sir, we're half-demons. I'm sure given your prestigious status, you don't need a pill from a half-demon."

The young noble closed his paper fan and took another look at Feiyun: "I've met you before, the half-demon back at Celestial Market. This Buddhist pill is not bad, where did you get it?"

He didn't get closer, seemingly afraid of being infected by the ominous half-demon's aura.

"That's... my personal business. I'm sure you don't want to interfere since that's unbecoming of a man of your stature." Feiyun said.



“Such impudence! Do you know who you’re speaking to?!” A man wearing white jade armor walked forward and pointed his spear straight at Feiyun’s throat.

He was at the Nirvana realm so his aura frightened the other half-demons. Only Feiyun stood still and said: “No idea.”

“You!” The armored man’s eyes shot out white pulses, furious at this lowly half-demon.

Feiyun remained calm, seemingly ready to deal with any attack.

“Just a half-demon, don’t bother.” The young noble glanced at Feiyun’s eyes and thought that he was different from other half-demons. Of course, this was no big deal.

The pill was pure but that’s all, not to the point where he wanted to rob it.

The armored man recalled his aura and glared at Feiyun one last time before leaving with the young noble.

“Brother Meng, eat it.” Feiyun gave the pill to Meng Taiyue.

The latter disagreed due to its value.

“I’ve already taken it out and many saw it, if you don’t eat it now, they’ll try to rob me after I leave this place anyway.” Feiyun said.

This was indeed the case. Many powerful experts were staring at them with greed in their eyes. They would definitely go for it if this wasn’t the battle palace.

#### **Chapter 849: Ninth-ranked Alchemist**

Meng Taiyue ate the Buddhist pill and immediately became engulfed in a golden radiance. His skin had a golden hue.

He could sense a warm torrent coursing through his body. The broken top dantian gradually awakened. This process was slow but a rebuild was clearly happening. It gave him hope during a moment of despair.

He became ecstatic since he felt strands of spirit energy returning. This meant that there was a chance for his cultivation to come back.

He was filled with gratitude for Feiyun, thinking that this debt was too heavy. He stared at Feiyun deeply before continuing to refine the medicinal essences to gestate his weak dantian.

Feiyun took out a second pill and gave it to Li Lang.

The two wounded cultivators sat in the meditation pose. Buddhist runes floated around them while strands of spirit energy entered. Their cultivation was being rebuilt.

This was nothing short of a miracle. Even the old men from the ancient sects found this astonishing. This was their first time seeing a rebuilt dantian.

“So magical, capable of rebuilding a dantian. Their power is purer too. The pills must be from a sage of the Buddhist doctrine.”

The spectators outside of the realm of death were stunned.

“He took out two of them without any hesitation. So this Buddhist sage is his backer?”

The spectators waited for those two to wake up. If the pills could indeed restore their cultivation, then they needed to judge the pill’s quality and rank again.

An elder from a sect that has been around for 60,000 years walked forward. He wore a blue robe and no longer looked down on Feiyun: “Young Friend, may I ask which master refined these two pills?”

No one would think that a youth could refine these pills so they assumed someone else was behind this.

“A ninth-ranked alchemist gave it to me.” Feiyun didn’t want to cause a stir.

Ninth-ranked Alchemist... The elder still looking quite young bowed slightly after hearing this, shocked.

The other experts felt the same way. The five grand masters were still very important in Central, especially a ninth-ranked one. Their status was far higher than an elder from a powerful sect.

The half-demons from the alliance were stunned too. No wonder why Brother Feng could take out these pills. He knew a ninth-ranked alchemist.

The girls from the alliance had nothing but admiration for Feiyun while blushing. He was a first-generation half-demon on top of having a ninth-ranked alchemist behind him. His background was quite something, virtually a noble among them.

A half-demon and a ninth-ranked alchemist were two ends of a spectrum - one at the bottom and the other at the top. Others were envious of their relationship.

The purple-robed young noble overheard this and told an old man behind him. The latter nodded and walked over to Feiyun then said: “Our Young Noble wishes to speak to the venerable ninth-ranked alchemist, I hope that you’ll be able to introduce us to him. If this is successful, we’ll handsomely reward you.”

“I apologize but go and tell your young noble that the alchemist is also a half-demon. I’m afraid your young noble won’t like that.” Feiyun smiled at the young noble standing in the distance.

The young noble was clearly a big shot on top of having a weird personality. Moreover, he was definitely a girl. Feiyun didn’t want to interact with her too much.

The old man was surprised and returned to the young noble, repeating Feiyun’s words.

The young noble waved the paper fan; his brows slightly furrowed. He eventually said: “A ninth-ranked half-demon? Looks like the alliance still has some capable experts.” [1]

She then stared at the floating jade mirror. Three talented cultivators were fighting in there, causing immense destruction. The ground shattered as a result. Sparks and lightning bolts scattered everywhere.

Ye Xiaomu and Zhan Yue from the alliance were fighting against a young man but they were being pushed back.

“Young Noble, that youth is one of the six historical geniuses of the Meng, Xinghu.” An old man wearing a green crest had a pen ready.

His eyes were brimming with insight. This was a high-level wisdom master serving as a strategist.

“Their current generation is not bad. I heard a girl there invoked twelve lava rivers during her Earth Tribulation. However, she’s engaged to the young lord of Firmaments now.” Another wisdom master with a feather fan bowed towards the young noble.

He was the second strategist.

The young noble wasn’t too interested and said: “His talents aren’t bad.”

This meant that Meng Xinghu could enter her eyes so the first strategist wrote his name down for potential recruitment.

“The man fighting Xinghu is Zhan Yue, reaching the ninth level at the age of thirty-seven. He’s the number one genius of the half-demon alliance in Season. Unfortunately, he’s still a half-demon.” The third strategist sighed. He understood how to read astronomy and calculate, allowing him to know everything in the region.

The young noble glanced at Zhan Yue once before looking away, not interested at all. The most talented half-demon still couldn’t reach Heaven’s Emergence.

“Brother Feng, our alliance really has a ninth-ranked alchemy?” The half-demons nearby stared at Feiyun with reverence in their eyes.

This was especially true for the beauties. Their eyes were completely fixated on him.

“Yes.” Feiyun responded, thinking that this was no big deal.

He focused on the mirror and frowned. Ye Xiaomu and Zhan Yue couldn’t contest against this historical genius from the Meng. Defeat was only a matter of time.

“Boom!” The mirror started shaking after Meng Xinghu released a celestial light from his body. He performed a palm slash and sent his two foes flying.

He didn’t stop there and summoned a sword, sending those two farther away. Their body suffered grievous damages.

“Haha, the number one genius among half-demons still can’t take me on.” He stomped on Zhan Yue’s chest and dignity along with the half-demons’.

Red lights erupted from Zhan Yue. He stared straight at Xinghu with bloodshot eyes.

Xinghu let out a contemptuous grin before stomping harder. He then slowly pushed his sword into Zhan Yue’s dantian. Blood splashed out.

Another half-demon has been crippled. Xinghu then kicked him out of the realm.

“What a joke.” The geniuses from the Meng waiting outside started laughing.

“Half-demons are wretched, inferior beings. That one is amazing to be able to last for ten moves against Xinghu.” A senior stroked his beard and smiled.

“They’re nothing more than slaves.”

“Any six of our historical geniuses can easily crush them.”

“Neither humans nor demons, just a bunch of trash yet they still demand respect? Ridiculous.”

The half-demons present were furious; their eyes turned red from rage. However, they restrained themselves and didn’t dare to attack.

This would give the opponents enough reason to kill them. They have clearly experienced this more than once. They clenched their fists hard; their fingers dug into their skin causing blood to come out. Their faces were twisted but they still endured silently.

“Hmph, useless worms.” The young noble in purple stared coldly at the half-demons, thinking that they were cowardly on top of being weak.

1. I’ll change to she once it is revealed.”

“Young Noble, do you want to...?” The man in white armor glared at Feiyun.

“No need to care about a half-demon.” The young noble was proud with an oppressive aura - clearly born a noble. Others couldn’t duplicate this aura regardless of how hard they tried.

A ninth-ranked alchemist was rare but she has seen some before. She had no need to force a meeting.

### **Chapter 850: Revenge Of The Weak**

Feiyun watched the scene in the mirror. Though Zhan Yue had lost, Ye Xiaomu was still fighting.

Her cultivation was above both Meng Taiyue and Zhan Yue, reaching the peak ninth-level and nearly touching the gate of Nirvana.

“Meng Xinghu, you have gone too far!” She got up from the ground with nothing but determination in her eyes. Her battle robe was tattered, revealing her snow-white skin stained with blood.

Her hair fluttered to the wind; her red eyes looked just like amber. She formed seventy sword mudras in no time at all and created a divine sword. It flew straight for Meng Xinghu’s head.

“Haha, your cultivation isn’t bad but the difference between our talent is too great. I am a historical genius and can exceed three levels.” Xinghu was at the early ninth-level but was still immensely powerful. Moreover, he cultivated a heavenly scripture from the Meng. A half-demon with no profound merit law to speak of couldn’t take him on.

The half-demon alliance had merit laws created by the previous experts. This naturally couldn’t compare to the ancient clans’ scriptures. The difference was of several levels.

This was another reason why half-demons were weaker than other cultivators at the same level.

Meng Xinghu’s eyes shot out two lightning bolts as thick as a bowl, easily crushing the divine sword. He then unleashed a palm strike, sending Xiaomu back to the ground.

“Ugh...” This attack was too strong, enough to create a dragon image. Ye Xiaomu’s chest was a bloody mess. Blood kept on gushing from her mouth. She couldn’t get up anymore.

Xinghu slowly walked over and crouched down with a nefarious smirk. He raised her chin and said: “Be my slave and I’ll spare you.”

“In... your dream...” Her eyes became bright again as she tried to manifest an energy sword.

“Bitch, you’re nothing more than a half-demon. I’m already doing you a favor by letting you be a slave but if you’re unable to tell good from bad, die.” He kicked her stomach and crushed her dantian.

Half of her lower body was covered in blood. Her normally fair complexion was as pale as can be. She lay in a puddle of blood, powerless.

The battle was over so the entrance of the realm opened.

Xinghu proudly walked out while carrying Xiaomu and Zhan Yue. He tossed them on the ground and declared: “Weaklings, daring to come here to win some spirit stones? Ridiculous, haha!”

Ye Xiaomu and Zhan Yue felt disgraced and buried their head on the ground. Ye Xiaomu had tears streaming down.

Is it a sin to be a half-demon? We’re still living beings, why are we automatically inferior?

Meng Xinghu easily defeated four half-demons at the same cultivation level. Other members of the Meng crowded around him.

“Little Cousin Tianhu, didn’t you want to sleep with Ye Xiaomu? I’ve crippled her cultivation, she’s your slave now.” Xinghu loved the flatteries.

Because of his talents, he didn’t care for someone like Ye Xiaomu. This wasn’t the case for the other members.

A fairly-fat youth heard this and became ecstatic. He has desired Xiaomu for a long time but couldn’t due to anything because he was weaker.

Now, saliva nearly dripped out. He busily thanked Xinghu and wanted to take the beauty away.

However, the moment he reached for her, someone stomped his hand all the way to the ground.

“Who?!!” He let out a scream more unpleasant than a dying pig. His hand was completely crushed.

“My apology, she’s a friend and you can’t take her away.” Feiyun kept on grinding and twisting his foot, causing the bones to creak.

Tianhu’s scream became worse, nearly biting his tongue.

Ye Xiaomu had already accepted her fate since she was crippled anyway. Becoming a slave was the next result. She had seen this numerous times before. It was impossible to resist anyway.

She didn’t expect someone to stand up for her. She slowly looked up and saw Feiyun’s shoes, then his pants and shirt, his handsome and unyielding face. She found it familiar.

Brother Feng, Meng Taiyue's friend... She didn't expect him to stand up for her after one meeting and offend the Meng.

"You bastard, she's my slave, my cousin will kill you!" Tianhu wasn't a genius in the Meng, only at the sixth level. He couldn't get out since it felt as if there was a slab of metal weighing ten million pounds on his hand.

"We'll see who can save you today." Feiyun stomped down harder and glared arrogantly at the members of the Meng.

"Cousin, save me!" Tianhu bellowed in agony.

Meng Xinghu approached and said: "Brat, you want to stand up for the half-demons? Offending us won't end well for you."

"Is that so? Oh, I'm a half-demon too." Feiyun didn't care about the threat and had a smirk on his face while adding more power.

"Boom!" Xinghu's hand was reduced to paste. He fainted from the pain.

Feiyun then kicked and sent his fat body flying into a wall. He fell down like a dead pig.

Feiyun would have killed him if it wasn't for the no-kill rule at the battle palace.

The other half-demons came to help Zhan Yue and Ye Xiaomu. They stood firmly behind Feiyun, having found a beacon of hope. Fear seemed to be gone for now.

Xinghu didn't bother looking at Tianhu. He snorted: "A half-demon, I see, you don't know what the character, death, looks like then."

"Why bother wasting time with a half-demon? Just kill him." Another genius behind Xinghu leaped into the air.

His name was Meng Tianyu. He wasn't a historical genius, only slightly inferior. His cultivation was at the late ninth-level.

He still made it five meters into the air despite the suppression of the Meteoric Stones. His palm had a faint radiance that eventually created a lightning bolt aiming for Feiyun's head.

The crowd was surprised. Creating a lightning bolt under the suppression wasn't easy. This Meng Tianyu was quite strong.

Feiyun calmly said: "So lawless, does your clan dare to kill in the battle palace?"

A senior from the Meng frowned and stopped Meng Tianyu. Their clan was strong but still didn't dare to cause trouble here.

They couldn't afford to provoke the backers of the battle palace.

The other members of the Meng assumed that Feiyun was scared so they stared at him with disdain. That's a half-demon for you.

The other half-demons were ecstatic to see Feiyun crushing Tianhu's hand. But now, they worried about him. They thought that at least he was smart enough to bring up the palace and stopped the Meng from killing him.

Meng Tianyu was furious. He would have killed that arrogant half-demon if he wasn't stopped by the senior.

The senior whispered to Tianyu something. He finished listening and a smirk appeared on his face.

"Brat, looks like you have some balls since you dared to attack one of us. Do you dare to fight me in the realm of death now?"

The pale Ye Xiaomu was being supported by two half-demons. She shook her head at Feiyun and said: "Meng Tianyu is very strong, he's not a historical genius but his combat ability is similar to Meng Xinghu. Brother Feng, you can't take him on."

Zhan Yue's injuries were more serious since his dantian was pierced by a sword. He also persuaded: "He's purposely provoking you to go there, at that point, he'll be able to torture and humiliate you. Don't fall for their trap."

"Don't worry, I won't." Feiyun nodded while secretly condensing two Buddhist pills then feeding those two.

He then turned around and stared at meng Tianyu.

The latter thought that Feiyun was afraid and arrogantly said: "If you can beat me, our clan will drop your transgression earlier towards my younger cousin on top of giving you spirit stones and apologizing to those four yours. But if you don't accept the challenge, we'll hunt you down once you leave the battle palace and cut you to pieces."