

Sprit Vessel 851

Chapter 851: Face Stomping

“Can you keep your words?” Feng Feiyun pretended to be tempted.

A senior from the Meng replied: “Young man, if you can defeat Tianyu, we’ll forget about how you crippled Tianhu’s hand and will even give you spirits stones. We’ll apologize to the four youths of the half-demon alliance as well.”

“Really?” Feiyun said.

“I am the seventh supreme elder of the Meng, I can represent our clan.” The senior said. He was powerful with a faint glow. Dao laws rotated around him despite the suppression of the Meteoric Stone. He was definitely a big shot from that clan.

“So be it.” Feiyun agreed.

The half-demons’ heart sank because Feiyun had fallen into the Meng’s trap.

A half-demon daring to attack one of their members? There was no way this clan would let it go. Anyone could tell that they were baiting him into the realm of death for Tianyu to torture him.

The Meng wanted everyone to know that their prestige and authority couldn’t be questioned. They were allowed to bully half-demons, not the other way around.

As the half-demons were worrying, the members of the Meng had a sneer on their face.

“Brother Feng, I will fight in your stead.” A middle-aged man that had cultivated for more than three hundred years stepped forward. He was at peak ninth-level.

“Let me, my life isn’t worth much.” An old half-demon said, ready to take Feiyun’s place.

Feiyun was moved by their heroism. He thought that they weren’t cowards, only that they didn’t want to die for no reason before so they chose to endure silently instead.

“Don’t worry, I’ll leave that place alive.” Feiyun said with confidence.

He and Meng Tianyu needed to sign a pact in order to enter the realm of death. A relatively beautiful woman wearing a blue dress worked as a manager in the palace. She handed the agreement to them and stared sympathetically at Feiyun with her bright eyes.

“It’s just a death clause, no big deal.” Meng Tianyu signed his name and sneered at Feiyun.

Feiyun grabbed a pen and paused for a moment before writing down his name, “Feng Feiyun.”

Meng Tianyu could breathe easily after the guy signed. His eyes turned cold while staring at Feiyun as if he was staring at a dead guy: “I’ll let you suffer a fate worse than death in there. The prestige of the Meng isn’t to be trifled with.”

He scowled and entered the realm.

Feiyun rubbed his chin, not paying any mind. On the other hand, he turned towards the woman and asked: "I heard you can win spirit stones by winning here. How many?"

Lan Wanjing thought that this half-demon was ridiculous. He had signed the death clause yet still wanted to talk about spirit stones?

"A regular battle is one spirit stone per win. A realm of death victory is ten spirit stones." She answered.

"So little?" Feiyun responded. How could so many people come here to fight over this meager amount?

"The more consecutive victories, the higher the number. The same with higher cultivation fights. Of course, one needs to hand over spirit stones first." She said.

Feiyun didn't want to know all the rules and simply said: "How many stones do I need to hand over for this fight?"

"Because you're fighting in the realm of death at the ninth level, you need to hand over ten spirit stones. Then in the case of defeat or death, you'll need to pay another ten."

"Still have to pay after dying?"

"That's how it is, every cultivator follows this rule."

"Your battle palace must make a lot of money." Feiyun sighed.

"The palace is a place for training, paid by money. Only the truly talented would be able to win spirit stones. Ordinary cultivators only trade money for training time."

Feiyun handed twenty spirit stones to the girl. Ten was for the right to use the stage; another ten was a cash pledge in case of his death.

Feiyun entered the realm and felt the pressure disappear. Spirit energy rushed out of his dantian and traveled through his veins.

He could sense the pure power of Buddhism once more. It was actually purer than before. Could this be the effect of the Meteoric Stone?

He was at the limit of Heaven's Mandate now, on the verge of reaching the Death Tribulation. Once he surpassed this, he would obtain rebirth and reach the first level of Nirvana.

The realm of death spanned 20,000 miles. Numerous rocks floated in the air; some as big as a mountain while others as small as a fist.

This was a battlefield created from a low-level realm. The spatial fabrics were unstable, similar to the beast realm from Wanxian Pagoda.

The jade mirror outside showed Feiyun and Tianyu. The two of them were only a hundred meters from each other.

Meng Tianyu wore battle armor and had a bright glow around him, looking like a deity.

"I can't believe you're dumb enough to actually come here. I'll show you true power today, lowly half-demon. Since you stomped on our member's hand, I'll stomp your face." Tianyu sneered.

"I'm sure you'll try. Unfortunately, I need to get my ten spirit stone back from the battle palace so I can't afford to lose." Feiyun found this amusing.

The people outside could hear their conversation. The majority burst out in laughter. This half-demon was insane - caring about ten stones when death was near.

"Half-demons are wretched and poor, please excuse him." One genius from the Meng laughed.

"It's starting." Meng Tianyu's spirit energy engulfed a radius of several thousand meters. It turned into a treasure seal.

He raised his hand and the seal began attacking, crushing every rock along the way.

Feiyun didn't retaliate and chose to use his speed to escape, jumping from one rock to another.

"Quite fast." Tianyu snorted and began darting through the air, leaving afterimages behind. The rocks in his path were reduced to dust by his mighty spirit energy.

His current speed was faster than Feiyun. He took out an old-styled spirit sword, heavy and thick with dao engravings.

He unleashed a vertical slash, creating a massive energy wave capable of piercing heaven and earth.

The spectators outside could still feel this monstrous attack, thinking that Feiyun was finished.

However, they didn't see how he summoned a black rod. He appeared behind Meng Tianyu and smashed the guy's back of the neck.

"Boom!" The imperious Meng Tianyu slammed into the ground; his skull probably broke while his forehead dug into the dirt. His eyes were filled with fear as he tried to get up.

"Stay down." Feiyun stomped down. Golden maelstroms gathered beneath his foot, completely immobilizing Meng Tianyu.

"Boom!" This stomp was merciless and crushed Tianyu's cheeks. His head nearly exploded.

The spectators couldn't believe it and became frozen. The development was brutal and unexpected.

A genius from the Meng was completely crushed by a half-demon. His face caved down with blood gushing out.

Meng Tianyu groaned and bellowed beneath Feiyun's foot, unable to escape.

The members of the Meng were going crazy, especially the seventh supreme elder. His face was pale, not expecting a defeat.

Their clan might have to apologize to the half-demon alliance now. He wanted to slap his mouth for committing this mistake.

Chapter 852: Suppressing A Historical Genius

The half-demon alliance was both happy and afraid while clenching their fists. Feiyun had done what they didn't dare to nor able to do. Moreover, it was in front of everyone as well.

“This doesn’t count! That damned half-demon sneak attacked or Older Cousin wouldn’t have lost!” A young member of the Meng shouted.

“All methods are allowed in the realm of death for the sake of defeating the opponent.” The manager, Lan Wanjing, responded. She was quite surprised and thought highly of that half-demon. His courage was something else.

Feiyun turned towards the entrance and smiled. He added strength and reduced Meng Tianyu’s head to blood and bits.

“Ugh...” The seventh supreme elder of the Meng vomited blood from anger. That half-demon dared to kill a prodigy of their clan in front of him. This was a slap to the face.

Feiyun threw the body outside and declared: “Not convinced? Come bring it, geniuses of the Meng.”

A half-demon wanted to challenge the Meng! This news spread across the entire battle palace and rendered everyone speechless.

Of course, some found this ridiculous and hilarious, completely ignoring it. Others became curious and came to this area.

“This half-demon is quite young, not above thirty but can still kill Meng Tianyu. Very capable.”

“Poor clan, being challenged by a half-demon.”

“The half-demon is too bold. The Meng is still a clan with 80,000 years of history and plenty of resources. This is courting death.”

“It has been a long time since the last audacious half-demon.”

The spectators came from the older clans and sects. Some had good ties with the Meng while others had feuds with them. The latter was more than happy to see the clan humiliated.

“I’ll go kill him.” Meng Xinghu’s eyes turned cold. He held his sword and wanted to enter the realm of death.

“Older Cousin, you’re a historical genius. No need for you to deal with a half-demon. I am more than sufficient.”

The Meng had plenty of talents, even six historical geniuses and more than ten nearly at that level. They were at the limit of Heaven’s Mandate.

Such a genius has entered the realm of death. He had grasped one strand of the life-death law, making him a pseudo-Enlightened Being. He was far stronger than Meng Tianyu, capable of escaping from Enlightened Beings.

However, it only took two seconds for this genius to die in there. Feiyun reduced him into a mist of blood using his Heaven-raising Rod.

“Meng Xinghu, you’re a historical genius, no? Come and play.” Feiyun had an oppressive momentum; his rod was still dripping with blood. His voice caused the floating boulders to vibrate.

The Meng geniuses were afraid now. This half-demon seemed tough to deal with.

The same half-demon alliance was startled. Even the wounded four combatants had fiery eyes; their blood started churning.

“Meng Xinghu, you must be afraid of Brother Feng.” Li Lang endured the pain and laughed.

“He must be, after all, Brother Feng’s prowess is unmatched and can easily take him down with one hand.” Zhan Yue laughed, returning the favor.

Meng Taiyue wasn’t treated well in his clan, being the target of disdain and bullying. The members there didn’t treat him like a person. That’s why they wouldn’t miss this opportunity to insult them.

“Why would I be afraid of a slightly strong half-demon?” Meng Xinghu stared straight at Feiyun before signing a death clause. He then turned into a beam and flew straight into the realm of death.

The half-demons quieted down. Meng Xinghu was still a historical genius, immensely powerful. Zhan Yue and Ye Xiaomu still lost when fighting together. Brother Feng was strong; the problem was his age.

“So courageous, Meng Xinghu.” Feiyun had the rod on his shoulder while standing on a peak with a smirk on his face.

“Lowly half-demon.” Meng Xinghu said. However, he didn’t underestimate Feng Feiyun and considered him a serious opponent.

He raised both hands in the air and summoned a treasure disk the size of a grinder. It exuded a bloody radiance. It rotated and issued buzzes.

He didn’t use this treasure when fighting against Ye Xiaomu and Zhan Yue. Thus, this was indicative of how seriously he took this battle.

“A fourth-ranked spirit treasure, only the historical geniuses in the Meng can have them. I heard that once they reach Nirvana, they’ll be rewarded a fifth-ranked one.”

“Brother Feng doesn’t have a similar weapon, he’ll be at a disadvantage.”

Many spectators became serious about this fight.

The fourth-ranked treasure of Xinghu began ravaging the area. The boulders within a several hundred miles radius turned to dust. Bloody rays coming out of this disk were blinding.

These treasures were known as Dominating Armaments in Jin, extremely powerful and rare.

“That’s a good weapon but only in the right hands.” Feiyun said before increasing his speed by ten times.

He disappeared from sight before emerging on top of the disk. He created a seal, clearly wanting to take this disk from Xinghu.

“You’re courting death!” Xinghu was actually glad and channeled all of its power towards his foe.

However, the disk’s rotation speed slowed down and eventually stopped, falling into Feiyun’s hand.

“What?! How can this be?!” Xinghu channeled his energy, wanting to connect to the treasure’s spirit. It was useless.

The spirit seemed to be under his opponent’s control. Xinghu became frightened for the first time.

Feiyun looked at the disk for a while and smiled: “Let me show you its real power.”

“Boom!” A red beam resembling a bloody sword sent Xinghu flying. He bellowed in pain.

It didn’t kill him, only crippling his dantian and cultivation.

“You, you actually crippled my cultivation, you wretched half-demon! You’re dead!” Xinghu vomited blood nonstop. He became as pale as paper, no longer looking prideful like a historical genius.

“Boom!” Feiyun stomped down and broke his leg: “I think you’re more wretched than me.”

Xinghu’s face twisted from the pain. He became a mad dog and spewed curses at Feiyun, that his clan had stronger geniuses who would avenge him.

“Oh? Stronger ones? Please invite them here. I’ll be waiting to show the world that not all half-demons are weak. I am unstoppable in the same cultivation realm.” Feiyun said.

He then lifted up Xinghu and threw the guy out of the realm of death. He stared at the seventh supreme elder and said: “Grandpa, isn’t it time for you to carry out your promise? Apologize to the half-demon alliance and hand over the spirit stones.”

“Young man, you’re pushing it. You think the Meng is so easily bullied?!” The elder exuded a monstrous murderous aura. A red beam shot out from behind him.

“Ahem, Seventh, do you want to bully a junior?” A bald old man came out with a sneer with a violet chain wrapped around his neck.

“Haha, looks like the Meng has lost completely. Their young generation can’t beat a junior from the half-demon alliance so this old guy has to do it himself. So embarrassing.” Another white-haired old man wearing a black robe laughed.

These two were also supreme elders who didn’t like the Meng. They were naturally happy to see the losses suffered here, especially the crippled historical genius.

The elder from the Meng’s expression soured. He pulled back his hand and said: “Go tell Meng Xinglong and Xingheng to come out of their training.”

A youth from the Meng immediately ran back to his clan.

Chapter 853: Meng Xinglong

Two more historical geniuses of the Meng rode their spirit mount over. They jumped off when the beasts were ten meters off the ground and landed outside the palace, looking proud and arrogant.

They were Meng Xinglong and Meng Xinghen. They have reached the limit of Heaven’s Mandate and were training to reach the first level of Nirvana.

They had illustrious battle records at the battle palace, enough to make other geniuses quiver in fear. Everyone gave way, aware of their unstoppable power.

“Where is this half-demon daring to provoke the Meng? I’ll kill him fast and go back to train.” Meng Xinglong had a fierce pair of eyes and shiny black hair. He wore old and broken armors.

Rumor has it that he obtained it from a Heaven’s Emergence cultivator’s rave. It had a strand of dao law left behind by this master. Its defensive potential far surpassed a fourth-ranked spirit treasure.

Another youth from the Meng came forward and said: “This half-demon is in the third realm of death. He declared that he’s unbeatable in the same realm, very arrogant.”

‘Keke, unbeatable in the same realm? Who does he think he is?’ Meng Xinglong was ready to kill.

He made it there and stared at the mirror: “He’s a dead man.”

“Who is that person? Why is he so haughty?” A young member of the half-demon alliance noticed this.

Meng Xinglong glared at him and waved his sleeve. A gale sent the half-demon several meters away, slamming into the ground.

Heaven’s Mandate cultivators couldn’t exert their power due to the Meteoric Stones. However, Xinglong could still release a gale and sent this eight-level half-demon flying.

“You don’t recognize me?” Xinglong walked over to that half-demon and uttered: “I am Meng Xinghu’s older brother, Xinglong. That bastard dared to cripple my brother’s cultivation, even the death of a hundred half-demons can’t make up for this.”

“You dared to kill in the battle place?” Meng Taiyue could see the murderous intent in Xinglong’s eyes.

“Taiyue, you’re a member of the Meng. How can you speak up for a half-demon?” Xinghen was there as well. He came behind Meng Taiyue and gently patted the guy’s shoulder twice. His hand faintly flashed.

Taiyue vomited blood as a result; his internal organs were injured by this hidden force.

Meng Xinglong and Xinghen came and easily intimidated the half-demons.

Many cultivators gathered outside this realm of death. Some shook their head after seeing this. The Meng was still an old clan. How could a few half-demons oppose it? Today would definitely be a bloody one.

The half-demon in the realm was strong but still not enough to take on Xinglong. Moreover, Xinghen was there too. They were untouchable in this realm and could contest against normal Enlightened Beings.

“I won’t kill here, of course, but crippling a few half-demons is no problem.” Xinglong sneered.

He stomped on the ground to gather momentum, breaking the jade tile as a result. He lunged forward like a fierce tiger and aimed for the dantian of the half-demon who spoke earlier.

The white glow on his fist culminated into the image of a fist resembling a divine metal.

“Don’t push it, Meng Xinglong!” Eight half-demons at the ninth level wanted to stop him.

“Boom!” All eight were sent flying, unable to stop one fist strike.

“Ants, you can’t fathom the power of a historical genius.” Xinglong’s armors became resplendent. His power intensified and even caused several seniors to back off.

The half-demons facing him were pale. They mustered all of their courage and readied themselves for a fight to the death.

Fortunately, a heroic figure suddenly appeared before them. He had eyes with a red glow and an unrestrained temperament.

Flames manifested in his hands and turned into a wave sweeping forward.

“Boom!” The fist strike seemingly struck a wall of steel. A terrible heat and power forced Xinglong dozens of meters backward.

Xinglong stared at his burnt hand and then the young man ahead; his brows furrowed.

Feiyun extinguished the flames and stared at Xinglong: “That’s all a historical genius can do?”

The half-demons were ecstatic. They knew that Feiyun had the upper hand just now and thought that he was incredible.

“Half-demons have experts too! Brother Feng is unbeatable in the same realm!” A pretty half-demon brought over a cup of tea and stared bashfully at him.

He accepted the cup, causing her to look down while blushing.

“Thank you.” Feiyun drank then returned the teacup.

“You have to defeat those geniuses. The Meng have many demon slaves. Some are brought to the mines, the pretty girls are forced to become prostitutes, a fate worse than death. Let them know that we can’t be bullied.” She had tears in her eyes and considered him a hero. She hoped that her hero wouldn’t lose to the Meng.

The other half-demons clenched their fists. Since they had some power, their lives weren’t so bad. Countless half-demons had it worse, living in hell every day.

“Don’t worry, no one in the same generation can defeat me.” Feiyun said earnestly.

“So arrogant, I didn’t even use thirty percent of my strength just now. I can defeat you within ten moves if I go all out.” Xinglong snorted.

“Is that so? Then come into the realm of death for a fight.” Feiyun didn’t care at all. He went over to the female manager and asked: “Miss, what’s my winning right now?”

“Three wins so seventy spirit stones. Outside of the fees, you’ll have sixty spirit stones if you stop here.” Lan Wanjing put it delicately, trying to stop him from fighting Meng Xinglong who had eighteen wins at the battle palace.

She thought that Feiyun wouldn’t be able to win. Very few could win eighteen rounds in a row here.

“That’s it?” Feiyun was unhappy.

“If you win the next round, you can get eighty.” She was a beauty, albeit a cold one.

“Alright.” He signed the death clause again and entered the realm.

Meng Xinglong wasn't afraid and also did the same thing. His aura erupted like a divine dragon after being freed from the shackles outside.

The spirit energy emanating from him was visible to the naked eyes. They looked like ripples in the air.

He raised one finger and shot out a sword beam at Feiyun, around one meter thick.

“Dream Sword Beam.” This was a mighty technique of the Meng, created by one of their mighty sages during his old age. He once used it to destroy a meteor in space. [1]

Feiyun used his Swift Samsara and turned into the wind. He moved fast enough to leave behind afterimages.

Xinglong also used a movement technique while unleashing more sword beams.

Feiyun used his hand as a saber and slashed forward. A golden dragon rushed out with destructive energy. It struck the beams and caused the realm to quake violently.

“Boundless Buddhism.” He placed his palms together. A golden glow erupted as he slowly pushed his palm forward, creating an offensive seal.

Xinglong could feel the power of this seal and hurriedly activated his armors. He called out the remnant strand of the Heaven's Emergence cultivator.

This wasn't enough to stop the seal so he got sent hundreds of miles away, breaking numerous boulders in the process. Nonetheless, his ancient armor saved his life from this attack.

Chapter 854: Genius Beaten

“Such a powerful Buddhist technique. That scaled armor with a remnant Heaven's Emergence aura can't stop it either. It's far superior to Dream Sword Wave.” A strategist holding a feathered fan standing behind the young noble in purple said.

The young noble was sitting on an amethyst chair with phoenix engravings. Numerous experts were on guard; there were six strategists as well.

The latter was extremely intelligent. They noticed that their young noble was interested in the fight so they offered their opinion.

“This half-demon is special, first is a Buddhist pill not weaker than the seventh rank then a top technique now? Looks like he really has a ninth-ranked alchemist who is also a high monk.” Another strategist added.

“There are more than a thousand temples in Season. The top ones consist of an Enlightened Buddha who created the Enlightened Heart Pagoda, then there's Void Temple with a ninth-ranked artifact. However, neither have an alchemist at the ninth rank.”

One more strategist walked forward and leaned closer to the young noble: "I've sent men to find more information. This half-demon appeared four days ago in Celestial Market and was close to Meng Taiyue. Meng Taiyue then used the network of the men to help him find a woman..."

"I don't care what he did in the last four days. My question is, where he was five days ago?" The young noble said.

"There's... no information on this." The strategist got on his knees, frightened.

"Hmph, don't you all always brag about your knowledge, that there's nothing you don't know? Can't even finish this trivial matter, I'm truly disappointed." The young noble waved his fan.

"This half-demon is someone who can't be calculated. This information is from the Calculating Division of Season." The strategist bowed his head while trembling.

"Looks like we need to rectify whatever problem there is in that division." The young noble said.

Another person got on his knees - a supreme elder of the Calculating Division from Season. He turned pale from fear as he spoke: "According to our newest report, there was a weak spatial fluctuation near Tribulation Mountain Range. From this, we can theorize that this half-demon was from another domain. He met a storm while crossing a worm-hole and fell into the mountain range. Meng Taiyue took him out afterward."

The young noble told people to gather information on Feng Feiyun during his fight with Meng Xinghu. It only took the time for someone to drink a cup of tea yet Feiyun's movement in Sixth Central was completely figured out.

A few wisdom masters worked together to explore other possibilities and reported the most likely one. The information for one man required immense resources and manpower. One could see how influential this young noble was.

"Rise." The young noble's eyes pulsed brightly, seemingly pondering something.

The supreme elder and the strategists finally got up and heaved a sigh of relief.

"I heard news that the woman Feng Feiyun is looking for has traveled through a portal to the city. She is extremely beautiful on top of having great cultivation. A wisdom master tried to calculate her but suffered a backlash. She used a calculating art and crippled him." The supreme elder said.

"Oh? So impressive. Where is she right now?" The young noble smiled and became interested.

"She has great attainment on the wisdom path and is too strong, we can't find her whereabouts..." The supreme elder shook his head.

"Hmph, just a little girl, I'll take her on." The older strategist with the feathered fan closed his eyes. He became resplendent with divining laws emanating from him and spreading across the city.

He was a powerful wisdom master, qualified to stand behind the young noble.

"Ugh..." A while later, he vomited blood and fell to the ground, fainted.

“His soul is slashed by her calculating art, he can’t open his eyes anymore.” Another strategist had an ugly expression.

“How interesting, a unique half-demon and a powerful woman.” The young noble remained calm from start to finish. He looked up and said: “How many moves so far?”

“800 already, this half-demon is quite strong.”

Meanwhile, Feiyun had no idea that people were investigating him. He was having a “tough fight” with Meng Xinglong.

In reality, if he wanted to win, he only needed two moves. Alas, he had to let the Meng watch this instead of scaring them right away. That would be too boring.

“Golden Silkworm Egg.” He turned into an egg surrounded by Buddhist light. A golden radiance rushed towards Meng Xinglong.

Xinglong knew that this guy’s Buddhist art was quite strong and didn’t dare to relax. He took out a fourth-ranked spirit treasure and utilized its thirtyfold power.

“Time to end this.” A hand reached out from the egg with Buddhist characters floating around. It knocked down the spirit treasure and sent Xinglong flying.

“Boom!” Xinglong’s armor lit up for the second time and managed to stop the brunt of the attack.

“I am unbeatable!” He roared.

“Boom!” Another Buddhist seal struck Xinglong’s chest, causing more blood to gush from his mouth. The armor was cracking.

“Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!” Feiyun looked like a Buddha god as he unleashed five more seals.

Xinglong couldn’t block at all and suffered more damages.

This was “Boundless Buddhist Art”, a technique learned from the scripture.

The first diagram had three thousand transformations, meaning three thousand top techniques. However, Feiyun condensed these techniques into three - Boundless Buddhist Art, Golden Silkworm Egg, and Buddhist Thousand Forms.

The first was an offensive art; the second was defensive; the last was a transformation art.

He was only using twenty percent of his technique. Otherwise, he would have killed the guy with one strike.

“Dao Art, Bottomless Abyss.” Xinglong has never been so battered before. His hair was a mess; he was covered in dust and blood. He finally used one of the Meng’s strongest secret arts.

A power capable of piercing through this entire realm emanated from him. A black crack appeared in space with ripples coming out.

“Down.” Feiyun unleashed a seal with a more intense light, easily destroying this secret art.

Xinglong's armor exploded into broken plates. There was a bloody palm print on his chest; the chest bones have caved in.

Feiyun then destroyed the guy's dantian. The latter's eyes became gray as he lay there on the ground.

The cultivators from the Meng couldn't believe it. How could this half-demon be so strong?

"Haha, another historical genius crippled." The white-haired man in the black robe laughed.

"Can your clan handle this? Do you need my help?" In the crowd, a youth with a sword on his back was extremely eager to fight Feng Feiyun. He didn't seem to be mocking the Meng.

Unfortunately, the geniuses of the Meng took it as humiliation. Meng Xinghen confidently said: "We can handle our business, no need for anyone else to join."

He then turned towards Feiyun and said: "Your cultivation is impressive but I've seen through you."

"Oh? Really now? So confident." Feiyun smiled.

"I wouldn't be entering the realm of death without this much confidence." Xinghen smiled.

He was talented on top of knowing how to calculate as a relatively-decent wisdom master. He always exercised prudence and never did anything he wasn't sure of.

Because of this, the Meng was grooming him to be their next successor.

Chapter 855: Gathering Of Half-demons

"I can rest assured then." An old man from the Meng emerged from the clouds with many others. They were old with starry eyes, looking like immortals.

Everyone made way for them while thinking that this half-demon managed to bring out so many old experts from the Meng.

Of course, some keen souls also knew that it didn't matter whether this Feng Feiyun could beat all the geniuses today. He wouldn't be able to leave this place alive.

The Meng would definitely kill him since he had crippled several of their historical geniuses.

"This is what happens when you don't have any backing. You'll be eliminated after showing your fangs."

"The half-demon alliance is just too weak, they can only win back a little bit of dignity. The Meng is just too much for them."

Most pitied the excellent half-demon since he wouldn't live past today.

Meanwhile, the old men from the Meng had incredible auras. They glanced at Feiyun while standing outside the realm of death.

One of them wore a yellow crest; his hands were hidden in his sleeves. He said: "Xinghen, make this a good victory. Show the half-demons the style of a real genius."

"I will." Meng Xinghen was completely confident after seeing through Feng Feiyun. He stepped inside the realm of death.

Feiyun also entered once more.

Xinghen wasn't a stickler for formalities and immediately attacked the moment Feiyun got in with his clan's sword technique. Energies condensed into an invisible sword.

Feiyun had golden ripples around him. They turned into a golden silkworm to stop the sword.

"Boundless Buddhist Art." Feiyun pressed his palm down and created a golden seal.

"A firefly can't compete with the moon." Meng Xinghen floated in the air and a white flame surrounded him.

"Pop!" A ray flew out of his sleeve, looking like a shuttle with a human head.

"Blood King Shutter." He pierced through the Buddhist seal with it and engulfed Feiyun in its bloody radiance.

A majestic force emanated from this artifact and trapped the entire realm. Boulders exploded from the force regardless of their size.

"Rumble!" Xinghen seemed to be the ruler of this place now. Everything must obey his command.

The power of the shuttle increased continuously. Lighting bolts emerged and turned this into a prison.

An elder of the Meng stroked his beard and laughed: "Well done, Xinghen didn't let me down."

"Just a half-demon yet he caused so much trouble and harmed our prestige. At least he's dead right now and can't continue this joke."

"Using a fifth-ranked treasure to take down a half-demon, so glorious, huh?" An opponent of the Meng sneered.

So it turned out that Meng Xinghen used a fifth-ranked treasure secretly handed to him by a supreme elder.

"So what? The path isn't only about cultivation, weapons matter too." A supreme elder of the Meng barked back.

Suddenly, the image in the mirror became unstabilized. A red glow rushed out of the white radiance, only as big as a grain of rice. However, its speed was fast enough to elude some of the older members of the Meng.

"Heavenly weapon essence." It pierced Xinghen's forehead and came out from the other side. It returned to Feiyun's palm and disappeared from sight.

"Boom!" Xinghen's body fell backward. Blood poured out of the hole.

The fifth-ranked treasure lost its controller and fell into Feiyun's hand.

Feiyun showed himself, unstained even by a speck of dust. His long hair and robe fluttered to the wind. He rubbed the shutter and said: "Not bad at all."

The elders of the Meng were frozen, the same with their opponents. Everyone thought that Feiyun was dead but the opposite actually happened.

“Impossible... Impossible!” A Meng elder became crazy while looking at Xinghen’s corpse. His eyes were bloodshot, wanting to enter the realm of death to tear Feiyun apart.

Feiyun carried Xinghen’s corpse in one hand and the shuttle with the other. He walked out of the realm and said: “Any other genius from the Meng wants to die?”

“You’re dead, Junior!” The seventh supreme elder of the Meng turned into a shadow and unleashed a palm strike straight for Feiyun’s head.

“Utterly disgraceful, can’t even handle losing.” The young noble in purple walked out of the battle palace and sneered. His followers also left with the exception of one.

It was an old man wearing a leather hat; his face was covered in wrinkles. He easily used a palm seal to force the seventh elder to the ground.

“Boom!” The seventh elder fell in front of Feiyun like a dog, causing dust to go everywhere.

Feiyun was surprised and stared at the young noble.

“Who dares to oppose us?!” The seventh elder flew up; his eyes brimming with murderous intent.

However, he calmed down right away. The opponent must have been strong to easily push him down.

The hat-wearer pushed his hat down to hide the upper half of his face. He laughed: “I’m not opposing your clan, I’m actually saving your life.” With that, he left with the young noble.

The seventh elder realized that this was the battle palace. Killing the half-demon would mean suffering a punishment.

“Hmph, brat, don’t think about leaving this place. I’ll cut you to pieces if you do.” The seventh elder knew that the guy earlier wasn’t easy to mess with. He directed his anger towards Feiyun.

Feiyun withdrew his gaze and glanced at the elder: “I shouldn’t have agreed to those fights if I had known that the Meng were a bunch of sore losers.”

“You!” The supreme elder was livid but couldn’t do anything. After all, they egged Feiyun to fight in the first place.

“The death clause means that both sides are willing to fight to the death. The battle palace will help me against any seniors wanting to take revenge.” Feiyun said.

“You’re too naive, little one. We won’t do anything to you but if you don’t surrender, we’ll kill these half-demons later.” An ancestor of the Meng snorted.

The half-demons present have been captured, unable to move by this point.

The Meng thought that no one would stand up for the half-demons. They weren’t afraid of the alliance either.

“How shameless.” Feiyun’s expression turned cold.

“Shameless indeed. Actually trying to threaten a junior by taking our members captive?” A group of old half-demons entered the battle palace.

Some were strong; others were weak. However, they seemed fearless.

“Brother Feng, I got Grandpa Mu here to help you.” Feng Wanxia pulled Feiyun back into the group and stood in front of him. She stared straight at the Meng, undeterred.

Feiyun looked at the large group of half-demons. Even the first-level Heaven’s Mandate cultivators still took out their weapons, ready to protect him. A few had lowly status; their clothes barely covered their body. However, they were still here to support him.

This might not be enough to save him but he was still moved by it.

“You’ve done well, a great role model for half-demons. We will guarantee your safety even if we all die here today. We will not bow to the Meng.” Elder Mu smiled approvingly at Feiyun.

Feiyun nodded. Suddenly, an ominous feeling struck him as if he was being spied on.

He turned around and saw a girl in white standing on top of a tall building with old architectural style. She held a zither and was covered in fog, looking like an immortal. She disappeared in the next second.

It’s her. Feiyun began to think about his next move after noticing this development.

Chapter 856: Slaughter

“Brother Feng, what’s wrong?” Feng Wanxia noticed his expression and asked.

“I’m thinking whether the Meng will compromise or not?” Feiyun smiled.

Wanxia found his eyes to be enchanting and didn’t dare to stare at him directly. She lowered her head and said: “Our alliance is weak but has a number advantage, enough to go against the Meng. Moreover, they have millions of half-demon slaves. In the case of a bloody battle, the slaves will rise up. Their alchemy gardens and blacksmithing forges will suffer as a result.”

“I think otherwise, they’ll lose more by compromising.” Feiyun shook his head.

A first-rate clan in a domain can’t compromise with half-demons. That would signal their decline so Feiyun wasn’t optimistic.

The elders of the Meng had a dark expression. They didn’t think that the half-demons would be courageous enough to go against them.

“You think we can’t do anything to your alliance? No one can stop us from killing someone we want.” An ancestor’s voice echoed across the area with absolute determination.

“Boom!” He took out a purple talisman. It floated upward before exploding into particles.

The particles condensed together into a massive compass, taking everyone out of the battle palace. They could finally kill while outside without holding back.

An elder wearing black armors took out a purple staff. He slammed it into the ground and unleashed a wave turning several hundred half-demons into bloody mists.

“Don’t worry about the insignificant ones, go straight for Feng Feiyun.” An ancestor ordered.

He wore a golden crest with both hands hidden in his sleeves. Fierce beast souls emerged behind him.

His visual phenomena engulfed the entire area and sealed off space. Feiyun wouldn’t be able to escape with a wormhole stone.

Several thousand half-demons were trapped here along with Feng Feiyun.

The Meng actually didn’t want to kill all of the alliance. They only wanted to win some face back by killing Feng Feiyun.

“Brat, you crippled two of my descendants, I’ll let you taste a fate worse than death.” A hunchback old woman walked forward and killed numerous half-demons standing in her way. She had malice as she glared at Feiyun.

She was Meng Xinghu and Xinglong’s great-grandmother. She loved her two historical geniuses but both were crippled on the same day by Feiyun.

“Everything is fair in the realm of death, you’re pushing it, old woman.” Elder Mu rode the celestials and landed in front of Feiyun.

The old woman unleashed a death wave with the water affinity forward.

“Path of the Seven Stars, Gold Chain.” Elder Mu was a rare expert in the alliance. He raised both his hands and created seven shiny stars, successfully stopping the old woman.

Feiyun stood in the center; his eyes turned redder and redder as he watched half-demons being massacred by the ancestor of the Meng. Their dismembered corpses were flung everywhere.

Many among them were women and the elderly. Most haven’t even reached the third level of Heaven’s Mandate.

They died because of him. There was no fear on their face during their last moment.

The Meng was courting death.

“No more.” Feiyun had nothing holding him back. His eyes turned red like blood as he put on his Dragon-phoenix leather armor.

His aura instantly erupted. He summoned his weapon essence and turned it into a white spear.

“Boom!” Sharp rays emanated from the spear and reached the nine firmaments.

He took one step forward and crushed the cliff beneath him. This startled many people, especially the members of the Meng.

“Whoosh!” His speed reached its limit with Swift Samsara. He turned into a phantom, instantly piercing the heart of a Meng elder. The victim’s blood splashed out and stained Feiyun’s armor.

The elder’s eyes were filled with fear, still alive despite having his heart pierced. He gathered energy in an attempt to escape.

The weapon essence turned into a thousand swords and instantly made mincemeat out of him. He was dead this time.

The half-demons nearest Feiyun were astounded. They thought they were looking at a devil. Their eyes brimmed with respect and excitement.

Feiyun disappeared again and emerged to kill another elder by piercing his head and crucifying him to an old building.

The corpse hung on the wall with blood dripping and burning - a dreadful scene.

“Die.” Feiyun was ready to kill. The blood on the spear made it even more malicious.

The elders of the Meng finally reacted. The ancestor with the golden crest was furious: “This half-demon has a treasure giving him immense power, watch it!”

“Pluff!” Another elder had his arm chopped off. He fell to the ground and was split into two halves by an elder of the half-demon alliance.

“Your bloodthirst is too dense, Junior.” An old woman appeared behind Feiyun, causing space to ripple. A black staff swung across the sky with lightning and fire in its path.

This impressive power could create a crater outside of the city and destroy a small country.

Feiyun stood proudly and 10,000 beast souls appeared behind him. They roared and caused the spirit beasts in the region to roar as well.

They started flying towards the direction of the battle palace. This beast physique summoned all of them like the gathering of subjects towards their king.

Even the spirit beasts tamed by the Meng left their cages. One eagle with wings spanning for a hundred meters shot out a lightning bolt and injured a Meng elder.

One massive beast rampaged on the street, smashing the formations. It caught a supreme elder off guard and stomped him into the ground.

This sudden development was unexpected. The ancestor of the Meng and the elders of the half-demon alliance couldn't believe it.

“Perish.” Feiyun was ready to fight Meng Shipo. Their fight resulted in deafening blasts and intense spatial quakes.

The old woman was surprised after being pushed three steps backward.

However, Feiyun still lost since his hand became bloodied with a deep cut. However, his Buddhist energy instantly healed the tear.

His battle spirit reached the next level and words suddenly manifested in the air. “For dignity and honor, this will end either in your death or mine!”

Feiyun became unrestrained and fought against the old woman like a dragon. Formations and walls crumbled beneath. His hands grew numb but he didn't falter.

He knew that his physique wasn't the reason why other beasts were coming. The physique wasn't trained to that level just yet.

The true reason was because of his leather armor. It had the aura of a dragon and phoenix. Thus, other spirit beasts thought that a descendant of these two divine creatures was here so they came to offer their respect. This bloodline was considered godly by the spirit beasts.

He needed to use his beast souls in order to trick other spectators. If people were to find out about his armor, even Heaven's Emergence ancestors might come.

"For dignity and honor, fight till death!"

"For dignity and honor, fight till death!"

The half-demons were affected by his aura. Their wild instinct finally surfaced. They took out their weapon and rushed towards the members of the Meng.

There were plenty of ancient powers in this capital city. Some were even stronger than the Meng. They became alerted by the movement of the spirit beasts.

"The half-demon alliance dares to fight the Meng? Keke, what a strange development." A gray-haired old man came out of a cultivation grotto. Just one step took him to the sky; his eyes were as bright as the stars.

In another street, Supreme stood on top of a pavilion and gazed at Feiyun in action. There was no readable emotion on her face.

Chapter 857: Fierce Battle

On another side, the purple-robed young noble stood among the clouds with one hand posed behind his back. The other waved a paper fan, looking quite cool.

He stared at the spirit beasts traveling towards one direction and smirked: "Looks like I've underestimated him. Is he really a half-demon?"

"Yes. The Calculating Division sent another message earlier regarding Feng Feiyun. He should be a first-generation half-demon. The assessment happened earlier today." A strategist spoke.

"A first-gen half-demon? Haha, a bit interesting. What did you say his name was?" The young noble slightly narrowed his eyes.

"Feng Feiyun. His talents are incredible, do you wish to recruit him?" The strategist had a scroll containing Feiyun's information.

"Can a half-demon reach Heaven's Emergence?" The young noble sneered.

"They cannot."

"Then why bother?" The young noble was proud and only had a slight interest in Feiyun, nothing more. The most talented half-demon still had zero potential in his eyes. [1]

Someone with zero future potential couldn't last for long regardless of how brightly they shone now.

The half-demon alliance was going all out but the Meng had a powerful foundation. Their reinforcement has arrived with an eighth-ranked spirit treasure.

Its true form was indiscernible due to being shrouded in layers of black clouds. It contained a radiance and high temperature capable of untold devastation.

Within the black clouds were lightning serpents along with images of ancient beasts.

“Boom!” It sent down a ray and struck an elder of the alliance, instantly turning him into dust.

It was unstoppable; just one strand was enough to take down an elder. Its aura intensified as it descended from above like a gigantic mountain.

Half-demons not at the seventh level were forced to the ground. Those at the seventh and eighth level couldn't move.

The spirit beasts that were coming from all around the city immediately retreated, frightened.

Numerous half-demons started shattering beneath its power. Flesh and blood left the bones and stained the ground red.

Agonizing wails echoed across the area - the ode of the weak.

Elder Mu, Elder Qing, and Elder He of the alliance were mighty. They worked together to control a seventh-ranked spirit treasure. The alliance accumulated resources over many years to ask for a grand blacksmith to craft it.

It looked like a scale with numerous runes on the surface. Each contained a different dao law. All activated together and rushed onwards the sky towards the eighth-ranked spirit treasure.

“No wonder why they dare to oppose us.” An ancient voice came from above.

“Keke, they must have used several thousand years to do this. Wretched scums.”

“I'll take it, their efforts across millennia will be ours.” An ancestor standing on top of a jade platform had a talisman of the Heaven's Emergence level around his palm.

He reached forward and a gigantic hand appeared above the three elders.

“An ancestor with a high-level talisman wants to take Chaos Scale!”

“We can't let them have the alliance's ace card!”

The three elders vomited blood and added more power to the scale. It became resplendent and aimed to destroy the talisman.

“How funny, insects trying to struggle.” The talisman erupted with power - a figure emerged.

This was the figure of an old member of the Meng. The talisman was refined by him and had his aura.

“Boom!” The figure waved its hand and grievously injured the three elders. They were sent flying like leaves, bloodied from top to bottom.

The ancestor then took away the seventh-ranked spirit treasure.

“No...” Elder Mu bellowed and teeth fell out.

“Haha, it belongs to us now, quite powerful but still one level weaker than a Heaven’s Emergence talisman.” The ancestor purposely laughed louder to infuriate the elders of the alliance.

Meanwhile, Feiyun was fighting against three elders of the Meng. His body was covered in blood and sweat as if he had just come out of a blood pond. His eyes were as red as crimson as his hair fluttered to the wind.

“Bam!” Meng Shipo smacked Feiyun’s back with her staff. Though the dragon-phoenix leather armor stopped it from destroying him, his internal organs were still damaged.

Feiyun turned around and thrust his spear, leaving a bloody hole on her throat. It nearly pierced through the neck completely.

She became afraid and turned into a gale to retreat. She touched her throat and saw blood: “You’re dead, Brat!”

She has cultivated for more than four thousand years and had a high status in the Meng. It has been a thousand years since her previous wound. Now, a young half-demon actually managed to do so.

She became livid and created a massive palm seal. They looked like five mountains pressing down on Feiyun.

This palm image was a top technique of the Meng, capable of unleashing a forty-sixfold attack.

“Boom!” Feiyun leaped upward. His blood began to burn as he successfully destroyed the seal.

His spear pierced her body but didn’t leave serious damage since the palm seal still injured him and sapped him of strength.

If his armor were off, the elders of the Meng would find the mess inside. Bones were visible everywhere.

Feiyun was still too young while the elders have cultivated for millennia. It was already a miracle that he could last this long.

Unfortunately, he couldn’t wear the armor for that long. He looked down and saw more half-demons dying. His rage was the only thing keeping him going.

The sky turned dark as experts of the Meng loomed above him. A powerful weapon sealed the area.

“Young one, it is time to surrender. The half-demon alliance has lost; countless have died because of you.” One elder laughed.

“We... we didn’t die because of him... we fight... for our dignity...” Zhan Yue nearby struggled to get up from the ground.

“Pluff!” The elder’s expression turned cold. He waved his hand and separated Zhan Yue into two halves.

“See, that’s the result of stupidity. Feng Feiyun, kneel and admit your mistake...” The elder uttered coldly.

“Brother Feng, you can’t kneel... a hero can’t kneel...” The beauty who served tea to Feiyun before could barely lift her head up. She begged Feiyun not to do it.

“You court death!” The elder was about to kill her and raised his hand.

However, a white ray soared through the sky and severed his hand. Feiyun then smashed his own head against the forehead of the elder, obliterating both.

The elder only saw black and still couldn’t open his eyes. Another white ray pierced through his throat and crucified him to the ground.

Feiyun held the spear with both hands while one knee was pressing down on the elder’s chest. He struggled to breathe while speaking: “No... one... can make me... kneel...”

This was the fifth elder killed by him.

Alas, he was shaking repeatedly. His fingers couldn’t hold onto the weapon essence.

“Boom!” Thunder detonated as the atmosphere became moist. Next came a downpour that washed away the stench of blood. Streams of blood and rainwater gathered above the surface.

Feiyun slowly got up, using his spear as support. He coughed out blood and laughed: “The Meng... haha... is finished... I’ve killed... I’ve killed all of their young generation... Cough... if I had another thousand years, I would crush all of you...”

Chapter 858: 108,000 Last Words

The massacre was over. Only a spear-wielder stood alone in the rain as streams of blood flowed below him.

His handsome face was pale without a trace of pink.

“If he refuses to kneel, kill him.” The Meng ancestor was covered in a faint barrier; the rain couldn’t get within one meter of him.

“You’re not qualified to kill me...” An azure light rushed out of his dantian and turned into an old boat.

He fell backward and landed on the deck. Its eighteen sails began to move and issued creaks.

The image of a dragon-horse appeared on the hull and destroyed the seal created by the Meng. In the next second, the boat was already on the horizon.

“He’s escaping!” The Meng ancestor activated the eighth-ranked spirit treasure and shot out a beam towards that direction, intending on killing Feng Feiyun.

Meanwhile, Feiyun recalled his leather armor. His body crumbled right away. The things keeping it together were his nine phoenix bones linking together.

“Boom!” Meanwhile, a beam was in pursuit. Its light was brighter than thunder.

The stone coffin automatically flew outward. The lid slid open and energy rushed out. Numerous chains formed a barrier to stop the beam.

Unfortunately, since it didn't have a master empowering it, it lacked energy and was pushed back.

"Boom!" Feiyun was struck by the remnant shockwaves. His body became scorched; even his pupils turned black.

"What a ship, it's out of the city limits already." The ancestor recalled the eighth-ranked spirit treasure and landed on the ground.

He threw out a jade badge and ordered: "All members of the Meng in Season must pursue the half-demon named Feng Feiyun. Whoever brings his head will be rewarded 80,000 miles of territory."

The badge sent out lights in all directions. The branches across Season all received this order. They sent out experts in order to look for him.

"Ancestor, what should we do with these half-demons?" The seventh supreme elder slightly bowed his head while standing behind him.

"Hmph, utterly disgraceful, just one half-demon caused so much trouble. The old geezers from the other branches will criticize and suppress our branch using this. I must return and ask Grandfather to come out and formulate the right strategy. You all take care of this mess. Try hard to end it here, don't let the half-demons rebel again."

With that, the ancestor traveled across a spiritual path and disappeared from sight. His destination was an ancestral ground of the Meng.

Meanwhile, Supreme has flown out of the city in pursuit of the azure vessel.

Feiyun's injuries were increasingly serious from the relentless pursuits. Even his phoenix bones cracked.

"Faster, faster!" He crossed through a peak while losing blood along the way.

Behind him were the cries of several dozen pursuers consisting of both older experts and young geniuses.

After a tough battle, he managed to kill six of them and fled again.

"He won't be able to escape, this area is completely contained. We'll find him soon enough."

Feiyun continued crossing through the perilous landscape, from mountain to plain. He eventually ended in front of a great river. Its flow was violent with bubbles rising up in the air.

Even a boulder would be crushed by this current before sinking to the bottom.

"Haha, that's the grave of a Heaven's Emergence devil, no one can cross that river."

"His wounds are too serious, he's at the end of the road."

Ten pursers or so saw Feiyun standing next to the river and started laughing. It was only a matter of time before his death.

Feiyun's face was completely covered in dried blood. His robe was torn everywhere; his hair draped down in a messy manner.

He glared at them and called out the spirit vessel again. He jumped on deck and told it to cross the river.

It was as big as a peak and exuded an ancient aura. It looked devilish as it crossed through this river, akin to a ghost ship.

"What is that ship! How can it float on the evil river?!" The pursuers couldn't believe it.

This river has been stained with evil affinity from the Heaven's Emergence cultivator. No one has been able to cross through it for thousands of years. It served as a famous moat in Season.

The broken vessel traveled across the river and slowly disappeared into the gray fog. One could still hear its sailcloth flapping from the wind.

"Go back and tell the elders that Feiyun is crossing the evil river. He's heading north." Someone gave this order.

The actual name of this river was Eternal but people simply called it "the evil river". It was the longest river in Season at thirty-two million miles. As for its width, this remained a mystery.

Once the devil king was buried here, the place became forbidden. One could see bones everywhere on the surface.

Once the vessel made it to the center, it suffered an attack. Feiyun couldn't handle this power; his eyes gradually closed.

The vessel didn't fly back into Feiyun's dantian and continued floating on the river towards the unknown.

His body grew colder; even the blood flowing out was on the verge of freezing.

The deck has rusted and was covered in a thin layer of ashes. Each speck was extremely heavy as if they were the ashes of saints.

"The nine continents are crushed, all things have fallen... dead..."

In the boundless darkness, Feiyun heard faint words as if someone was whispering to him.

Am I not dead? Why am I hearing things? Who's speaking?

"My dao is the dao of immortality. I remain after the death of the world..." A different voice resounded.

"There are nine layers of firmaments and nine layers of earth. Hell has nine springs connecting the two entities..." The third person had an overbearing voice, akin to a ruler reciting the laws of the world.

"Who are you, what the hell are you saying?" Feiyun wanted to speak but the words were stuck in his throat.

No one answered him. More began to talk about strange matters, only one line each. Feiyun kept on asking to no avail.

“Another golden age. Unfortunately, destruction comes next...” This was the 18,006th comment Feiyun had heard.

He ignored them by this point while thinking to himself: ‘All of you are dead but I can’t die, I want rebirth, salvation after death, extreme sorrow turns to joy.’”

Bright spots appeared on his body and the nine bones became ablaze. His blood became hot again while ashen specks entered his wound.

With each speck came one phrase - the language of dao enlightenment. They came in various forms - a sentimental yet ordinary phrase or just one laughter.

After a while, all the wounds were gone and he was engulfed in flames just like a phoenix experiencing a rebirth.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” Three key bones in his body became as red as blood with a resplendent glow.

The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth bone.

More time passed by...

Feiyun slowly got up as his twelve bones began channeling energy.

“Death to nirvana, nirvana to rebirth. This is the Death Tribulation.” Feiyun murmured to himself and sensed a power billowing within.

108,000 specks of dust were floating inside his golden Buddhist energy, looking like a galaxy.

“These are... the ashes of saints.” Feiyun felt a power surpassing Heaven’s Emergence in them.

Each contained one dao law left behind by the ancient saints. What he heard near death were their last words. Since the ashes entered him, so did their will.

108,000 final words, 108,000 wills.

Chapter 859: Door

The past was prosperous for the myriad races. All had geniuses learning and comprehending the dao, reaching the realm of saint.

However, not a single saint could be found in the present. Perhaps they truly existed but few had the privilege of meeting one, let alone 108,000.

“This azure vessel must be from the immortal world?” Feiyun became emotional.

The saints were speaking in his mind; their voice was ancient and holy, capable of enlightening people and answering questions regarding the grand dao.

Feiyun never got to see a saint in his previous life. Thus, he was quite startled right now.

Even the immemorial age didn't have 108,000 saints at the same time. According to the ancient scrolls, the appearance of a few already signaled a golden age.

"Could it be that the ashes here came from all the saints in history? They chose the vessel as their final resting place?"

Several hundred million years must have passed since time immemorial, numerous golden ages and civilizations as well. The number of saints should be difficult to add up.

The 108,000 stars in his body lit up in a blinding manner. They were the ashes of saints but too much time had passed. Even the body of these saints has become nothingness; only the specks were left. Thus, the power was virtually gone. Only a faint strand of intent was left.

Back during the earliest stage of these ashes, they would have been heavy enough to crush a Heaven's Emergence cultivator to death.

Feiyun thought that this was a shame. Nonetheless, the strands of intents left behind were still precious, enough to make the ancestors salivate.

One could learn about the grand dao through them; it was beneficial for becoming a saint.

"The Buddhist energy is stronger after fusing with the ashes." Feiyun raised one finger and golden energy gathered at the tip, eventually culminating into a Buddhist pill.

It was round and spiritual with a little Buddha image floating on the surface, looking alive. It was quietly chanting with both palms placed together.

"Ninth rank." He smirked after speculating its relative effect.

Even an ancient clan like the Meng couldn't have more than a few ninth-ranked pills yet Feiyun could easily create them. Other alchemists could go crazy from jealousy.

Of course, these pills were limited and could only be used for recovery, as an antidote, or to improve one's physical constitution.

On the other hand, alchemists had more versatility with their pills. Thus, Feiyun still had a long way to go.

Nonetheless, he didn't wish to waste time on alchemy and hinder his own cultivation.

"The second diagram and energy are finished, time to learn the third."

As for the vessel, it was still covered with a layer of ashes. The amount that had entered Feiyun's body was nothing in comparison.

"Is this really a burial ship?" He picked up some specks and tried to refine them into his body.

Unfortunately, they rushed out the moment he forced them into his flesh.

"Why? Does it have to be during the life-death process with laws circulating around?" He eventually gave up.

Perhaps there were other sacred items around beside the ashes on the ship.

After reaching first-level Nirvana, his cultivation had improved countless times. He could control the ship for a long period on top of entering certain secret areas.

A while ago, he had less than 1/100th access to the vessel. Now, he could open a few places that were shrouded in chaos thanks to his cultivation improvement.

He stood before a bronze door that had rusted heavily. Only the handle made it clear that this was a door leading to the inner area.

He placed his hand on the door and felt a chilling touch, instantly freezing his hand. He could hear terrifying cries similar to beast roars, wailing of ghosts, or moaning of the gods.

Feiyun's twelve phoenix bones became ablaze. He used all of his energy in order to expel this cold energy from his hand and quickly pulled back. The terrifying sounds disappeared.

"Could something alive still be in here? Impossible, even saints have turned to ashes, what can have a stronger life force to be eternal?"

He didn't dare to carelessly touch the door again. Alas, curiosity got the best of him. He summoned his weapon essence, intending on breaking down the door.

"Whoosh!" It turned into a spear and Feiyun suddenly thrust forward. A piercing power emanated from his hand and assaulted the door.

"Boom!" A faint energy of death emerged from the door as retaliation. It sent Feiyun flying like a storm. Space trembled as if on the verge of collapsing.

He utilized his Swift Samsara to shift to the other side of the vessel, managing to dodge the force.

The door had a seal left behind by a saint. The current Feiyun shouldn't be able to break it.

"I don't think so, the weapon essence must not be sharp enough." Feiyun took out three artifacts from his spatial stone.

Two were at the fourth rank, the last was at the fifth rank. He took them from the historical geniuses of the Meng.

The weapon essence assumed a liquid form and melted the three artifacts, absorbing the spirits inside.

If anyone were to see this, they would curse Feiyun and call him a prodigal son for wasting these treasures.

He didn't give a damn and even took out his Heaven-raising Rod, a peak third-ranked treasure. He threw it into the essence as well.

"Boom! Boom..." The powerful artifacts turned into scrap metals, falling into the ground. They then scattered as dust.

The weapon essence's light became brighter and turned into a sharper spear. The tip looked like a blade.

The thrust tore the spatial fabric apart. Even Feiyun was nearly wounded by the sharpness from the gales.

“Boom!” A metallic clank occurred and the chilling touch repelled the spear. Feiyun felt a power wanting to destroy his mind so he let go of the essence and leaped into the sky.

This power froze 100,000 miles of the river. The stars above trembled as well.

Feiyun looked down in astonishment. That was only one strand of power. The full thing would destroy the entire region.

The weapon essence was frozen now, still connected horizontally to the door. It didn't leave a single mark.

Once this power calmed down, Feiyun landed and took out the weapon essence from the thick ice. Unfortunately, its spirit has been affected by the cold and couldn't turn back into its liquid form.

“My divine intents would have been frozen earlier if I didn't let go fast enough. I can't touch this door right now.”

He then turned his focus towards the river. Everything there was covered in ice now.

“I'm sure the experts of Season will be alarmed by this, it's best to leave right away.” He put away the vessel and ran back to the shore. Just one jump traveled a far distance.

Not long later, two old men reached this area. They had daoist robe and a whisker.

“Such a powerful aura, could it be the murderous intent of that devil king wanting to come out of the river?” One of them said.

“Shouldn't be. The domain lord led us to seal this river six thousand years ago. The murderous strand shouldn't be able to come out.”

Feiyun was already 100,000 miles away when these two men got here.

Season was large but didn't have a dense population. Many places were desolate without a village, only one village several hundred miles or a city every ten thousand miles.

He calculated using his Minor Change Art and realized that it has been one month and seven days since he was pursued by the Meng.

They assumed that he was dead but some still continued to travel along the river to look for him.

After all, his head was worth 800,000 miles of land. Even Enlightened Beings were tempted and the Meng didn't fully give up.

Chapter 860: Liu Suzi

A month of floating on that evil river actually took him three million miles. The current was awfully rapid.

This wasn't a short distance and he couldn't use a portal right now. His speed couldn't easily cross through the gap.

He wasn't in a hurry to return to Season for revenge. He found a secret place in order to fix the path to the Heavenly Kingdom first.

A towering Buddhist statue appeared before Li Qiye, still resplendent and holy like before. Unfortunately, there were cracks all over. It seemed to be on the verge of collapsing after being damaged by Yama's evil energy.

The path by the stomach has been destroyed. Placing the silkworm scripture in the right spot didn't open the portal.

"Some serious damage." His hand became bright as he touched the statue to fix the broken formations.

The cracks gradually disappeared and the statue became perfect like before. He focused his energy on the stomach again.

Buddhist essences oozed out but the path still failed to open.

"The internal path is still broken? I have to fix the connection?" He frowned and murmured.

He sat down in the meditative pose and began drawing in the air with one finger. He created forty golden runes and sent them towards the stomach.

"Minor Change Art, derive forty and use thirty-seven."

"I have understood ninety-percent of this art now and can use the numbers to pave a spatial path to the kingdom."

He took out two Darkblue Spirit Stones for energy replenishment while using the Minor Change Art to link the spatial path. His divine intents fused with this art in order to find the entrance to the kingdom from the broken path.

This required immense spirit energy. The majority of third-level Nirvana cultivators couldn't do so. He was relying on his previous life's experience and the magical Minor Change Art.

"Found it." Feiyun saw the entrance amidst the chaotic expanse with gentle Buddhist lights oozing out.

He tried to connect the path with the one built by the Minor Change Art. Unfortunately, his creation crumbled so he hurriedly recalled his divine intents.

"Too many flaws since I haven't learned the entire art, I can't make the connection." He pondered: "Maybe after reaching the second level."

Of course, he had another method - inviting someone who was an expert at formations. However, he didn't trust others since this was a high-level realm. It was far more valuable than low and intermediate-level realms.

With this over, he wanted to return to the capital of Season in order to see the current situation of the half-demon alliance.

The weapon essence could self-heal and became a drop of liquid melting into his palm.

He didn't use his vessel. His speed alone was fast enough, especially while using Swift Samsara. Even a third-level Nirvana cultivator might not be able to catch him.

He flew among the clouds and illuminated them with a faint glow.

Suddenly, ripples came from behind along with a gust of wind hitting behind his neck.

“Spatial ripples.” He became alerted and quickly retreated.

Suddenly, space was torn open and a purple figure leaped out from inside. Next were limbs and blood.

‘A battle in a spatial channel, someone made it out.’ He thought.

Fighting within space meant that they were masters. Feiyun didn’t want to be involved and wanted to leave as fast as possible.

“Over there!” A group of white-cloaked people rushed out while holding powerful spirit treasures. Their target was the purple figure.

“You dare to ambush me?! Damn you, Firmaments!” The purple figure was shrouded in auspicious colors as well. An exquisite hand from within reached out and threw a jade bracelet.

It turned into a white halo and crushed more than ten spirit treasures.

However, the other side had the number advantage with plenty of experts. They eventually sent the purple figure flying.

“Fellow Daoist, help me kill these wretched scums, I will handsomely reward you afterward.” The purple figure used a special movement technique and flew towards Feng Feiyun.

“Sorry, I prefer not to meddle.” Feiyun used his Swift Samsara and ran with meteoric speed.

The figure was just as fast as Feiyun and followed right behind him. The group in white still attacked with different techniques.

“Liu Suzi, our young master only wants you to be a guest at Firmaments, why put in so much effort to run?” A white-haired old man unleashed a massive attack with his staff. The energy wave was a thousand miles wide.

“Boom!” Both Feiyun and the purple figure got struck and rolled among the clouds.

“You have successfully infuriated me. If I get away, it’ll be the death of you dogs and Xiao Tianyue!” The purple figure stabilized and used the jade bracelet again, successfully knocking three experts down.

“We have a perfect strategy and have fully surrounded the region. This plan has been in the works for a long time just to capture you.”

Feiyun didn’t want to get involved and directly swoop down into the ground before leaping up in another direction. Unfortunately, the purple figure was still right behind him.

“Can you not follow me?” He became annoyed since this figure was purposely dragging him down the mud.

“I’m wounded from the spatial path and can’t get away from the claws of Firmaments City. If you save me, I’ll give you 100,000 miles of land.” The figure’s voice was extremely pleasant - a girl with a delicate and charming figure, albeit still shrouded in fog.

He found the voice familiar but didn’t have time to think since pursuers were right behind him.

“Not interested.” He added more speed and rushed to another direction.

“A million miles, 100,00 slaves, 3,000 beauties.” She added and had no choice but to beg due to her serious injuries. This was unprecedented; only others begged her in the past.

Even ancestors would be tempted by the handsome reward. She thought that since he was young, he would definitely be shocked by the rewards or even kneel before her and plead loyalty.

“I’ll kill you if you keep on following me.” Unfortunately, Feiyun was losing patience.

He wasn’t interested regardless of whether she was telling the truth or not because he heard “Firmaments”. This was a power even the Meng wanted to curry favor with. The Meng nearly killed him, let alone a stronger power.

“Boom!” A destructive beam descended.

This was a mighty character attacking through space. Several thousand miles were affected. It was too late to run.

Feiyun felt the immense pressure and could sense experts from all directions. These opponents might think that he was an accomplice and try to kill him.

He stopped and gritted his teeth: “Fine, I’ll save you this time.”

He took out his dragon-phoenix leather armor and reserved it, letting the invisible cloak be the outer layer.

He put it on and disappeared from sight before pulling the girl in as well.

“Ah, what are you doing?!” Her hands pushed against his chest. She was clearly infuriated.

“Don’t move.” Feiyun hugged her tighter; her ample bowl-sized breasts were pressed against his chest. This allowed the garment to cover both of them.

“Not bad.” He clearly felt them and decided to tease her.

“You court death!”

He suddenly stopped smiling and stomped on the ground. They started sinking below. All of this happened in a split second.

The moment they went down, the beam finally struck the ground.

“Boom!” The region quaked violently. Though Feiyun was more than a hundred meters below, he still felt the power descending. Its heat turned the ground into lava.