

SPIRIT VESSEL

Chapter 20: Dongfang Jingyue

People possessed an Intelligence Foundation, so people were wise; people had a Life Foundation, so there was life; people, along with the intelligence and life, must also have an Immortal Foundation, to set foot on the road of cultivation.

This was the process that each cultivator had to experience. They had to cross the Spirit Realm to refine the Immortal Foundation, and then, they had to build the God Base.

The Spirit Realm was the cultivation inheritance method of one's master; with it, the body became a place to nurture spirit energy.

For example, Feng Feiyun's inheritance was the cultivation method of the Demon Phoenix Race, and his Spirit Realm was also the Phoenix Spirit Realm.

As for Feng Wanpeng's and Feng Suiyu's method, it would be the Vigorous Gale Method. Their inheritance belonged to the Feng Clan, and their cultivational Spirit Realm was the Vigorous Gale Spirit Realm.

Above the Spirit Realm was the Immortal Foundation.

When the Spirit Realm had enough conscious spirit energy, it would form into an Immortal Foundation plant, rooted in the dantian of the cultivator. It would then absorb the natural spirit energy of the world and grow stronger.

Once the Immortal Foundation's plant matured, another metamorphosis would occur; the plant would turn into the God Base.

The God Base was the first building block in the cultivational world. Once the God Base was formed, the cultivator would then be considered to have the

qualification to become an immortal; his dantian would become as hard as a boulder. The spirit energy would become restrained and hidden, and even an opponent in front of him wouldn't be able to recognize him as a cultivator. This was the most frightening type of person!

Spirit Realm, Immortal Foundation, and God Base are the three ranks that all cultivators must go through, and each rank was divided into three levels: early, intermediate, and peak.

Of course, there were ranks above God Base, but the cultivators that belonged to those ranks were above the mortal world; even a great clan, like the Feng Clan that ruled one direction, did not have many people reaching such a rank.

Once one had surpassed the God Base rank, his longevity would be above five hundred years; they would obtain supernatural techniques, and they would even compete for the heaven's fate.

“Bang, bang!”

Feng Feiyun's boiling blood became as black as ink, and for a long time, it could not calm down. The Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel crossed the blood vessels into the heart, and it then passed through the spirit pathway, without stop, into the dantian.

This Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel was like an ancient heavenly boat, lingering in the sky, within the dantian. In the azure radiating light, there were many different colors, and each mysterious magical Dao rune intertwined above, it seemed mythical.

The eighteen steel pillars on top of the Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel had rusted, and the open sails were also tattered; the amount of time that had passed was unknown. Even the holy saint spirit energy had begun to dissipate, becoming depleted.

Even so, there was still a lingering presence that could strike fear into the hearts of people, flashing in eternal brilliance.

This was the first time where Feng Feiyun took a careful observation of the ancient spirit vessel. This was the thing that escorted him from the Yellow Springs River, to this place. In it, must be an exceptional mystery.

He felt like he was controlled by an unknown person on this twisted path, and he had no choice but to take this route.

Seemingly, behind the spirit vessel was an invisible hand, changing Feng Feiyun's Fate Mark; it even went around the natural rules of the heaven and earth in order for him to reincarnate and merge with the soul of Young Master Feng.

In the end, certainly, there were terrible unknown secrets hidden behind the scene, shrouded to all. Who could have such supernatural power?

The spirit vessel must be somehow related to the black ornamental ring!

Once the Azure Bronze Spirit Vessel had become silent in the dantian, the natural world energy stopped crazily coming in; the Spirit Realm had almost reached the Immortal Foundation, only missing a single step.

"I did not expect to reach the peak of the Spirit Realm so soon."

Feng Feiyun opened his eyes, and two rays flashed from his black pupils; a smirk then appeared at the corner of his lips.

Each small level was a hurdle, and many people took years to break through such a small level. Even the genius, Feng Suiyu, had taken one year to break through from intermediate Spirit Realm to peak Spirit Realm, and now, he was stuck at the peak level without being able to take an additional step.

Practicing daoism was difficult, and practicing daoism was bitter.

One had to be able to withstand the loneliness, the trials, and the torture in order to succeed and become a cultivator that could fly through the sky and traverse the earth. [1. Raw text is dig through the earth but it sounds less cool in English.]

Feng Feiyun put away the black ornamental ring into his robe; he planned to research it at a later date. Suddenly, his neck became cold from a chilling aura coming from above his head; it caused half of his body to be frozen.

Danger!

His body tumbled to the ground, and he moved twenty meters away!

“Boom!”

From the dark sky came a black shadow, causing the ground that Feng Feiyun had stood on to become a two meter deep crater.

Smoke and flame billowed, leaves in the forest scattered everywhere.

“Whoosh!”

Feng Feiyun turned around. The Crimson Dragon Saber was unsheathed, and with the blade in his hand, he focused his gaze towards the black shadow.

When the smoke had cleared, the shadow gradually began to reveal its true shape; it was a white ancient carriage, covered with transparent crystals. It was as if they were uncarved diamonds.

There were nine spirit nails on top of the carriage, emblazoned with runic words; however, because of the dark sky, it was difficult to tell what the words were.

The driver was an old man wearing a dark hat. Feng Feiyun was able to guess that the man was old because on the top of his head was a portion of white hair; they were dry and not shiny, and only the hair of an elder would have this appearance.

This ancient carriage came from the sky, but there was no accompanying flying beast to pull it; this meant that the handler was quite powerful, and his cultivation was enough to ride the spirit energy in the sky.

Such experts, not even mentioning Spirit State City, would not be easily found in the whole Bai Ling County.

This old man, of course, did not have such a cultivation, so then, the person controlling the carriage must be the mysterious person inside.

Feng Feiyun held his saber horizontally even though he knew how formidable his opponent was. However, he was not afraid; his heart was calm and ready to strike at any moment.

Silence, a long silence!

An unknown amount of time had passed, and the ears of the old man driver slightly moved. It seemed like the person inside was telling him something. He nodded his head, and he slowly got out of the ancient carriage; with both hands behind his back, he contemplatively stared at Feng Feiyun. Even though his black hat covered his face, Feng Feiyun felt a familiar presence from the old man.

This old man... He definitely had met him before.

This was a spiritual sense; with the spiritual sense of a phoenix, he definitely couldn't be wrong.

However, he couldn't continue his analysis. The ancient white carriage suddenly flew away from the ground, and it aimed straight towards Feng Feiyun, along with the roar of the wind.

Without any indication, the ancient carriage, with the speed of the wind, the curtain's corner was lifted and, inside, a sweet smell escaped like it was a smell from a certain blossoming spirit flower.

Feng Feiyun continued to pay attention to this ancient carriage; thus, when the ancient carriage made a move, his Crimson Dragon Saber also moved. Two hands gripping the blade, and one strike through the air.

The blade pierced the air, creating a sound.

“Bang, bang.”

“Boom!”

Today, Feiyun’s cultivation had reached the peak of the Spirit Realm and the force of his hands were amazing. In addition, with the sharpness of the Crimson Dragon Saber; he could even destroy the sturdy steel gate of Spirit State City with one strike.

This strike was also accompanied by a crimson aura, as well as a destructive force, that was met with the opposition, akin to a heavenly mountain; the pressure from the blade’s body spread to the handle, and it rendered Feiyun’s hands completely numb.

“Bang, bang!”

The blade and the ancient carriage collided, and sparks flew everywhere!

Feng Feiyun returned his blade to his back; his hands shook to the bone by the collision, feeling splitting pain.

“Who the hell are you! And why are you making a move against me?”

Feng Feiyun’s face was filled with anger. He wasn’t an emotional man, easily triggered, but the opponent didn’t know right from wrong, and suddenly attacked him. Anyone who met such a situation would be easily enraged to the point of shouting profanity towards the person’s mother.

“Only a few days of effort to actually break through to the peak of Spirit Realm; you have such superior talents.”

From the ancient carriage came an old and hoarse voice!

“Ah, it is the predecessor from the Yin Gou Ward!”

The voice of the opponent made Feng Feiyun recognize that it belonged to the old grandma from the Yin Gou Ward.

This old grandma’s cultivation was deep beyond imagination as one sound of the lute from her was enough to kill San Ye. Her power, compared to the current Feng Feiyun, was a hundred times greater, so he naturally was very respectful to her; in the end, she was still an old grandma.

Of course, Feng Feiyun had never seen her face, and he only speculated that she was an old grandma; maybe she was a beautiful woman of peerless talents and grace.

“Predecessor... Kek kek!”

The other side seemed unhappy and her voice was a bit strange.

Feng Feiyun couldn’t handle such a strange cynical voice, and he said:

“If predecessor doesn’t like to be addressed as such, maybe I should call you old lady?”

“How bold. Feng Feiyun, do you know who you are speaking to?”

Zheng Dongliu took off his black hat and angrily spoke with a maddened expression.

Feng Feiyun appeared to have guessed that it was him. Without any surprise, he gently smiled:

“My calling her an old lady, that is to give her face for being an elder; if the Yin Gou Clan wants to pressure me, this young master will not tolerate this.” [2. Original text was eat instead of tolerate, must be a chinese expression.]

In Feiyun's past life, he was the patriarch of the Demon Phoenix Race and he had seen many grand characters. If this old lady didn't behead San Ye for him, he wouldn't have been so respectful towards her.

"Dear young lady, please cease your anger; there is no need to quarrel with this white-silk ignorant playboy dandy!"

Zheng Dongliu was extremely alarmed. He kneeled down to the ground directly; he feared that the girl in the carriage would become angry, and then, the consequences would be disastrous beyond the imagination.

Dear young lady?

Feng Feiyun suddenly became stupefied. An eighty year old grandma was called a "young lady"? His mother! This Zheng Dongliu was too nauseating!

Feng Feiyun considered himself to have sufficient mental bearing, but it was not strong enough to call an old grandma a young lady; Zheng Dongliu's flattering skill was not bad at all!

Feng Feiyun bitterly looked towards another direction and spat on the ground; right now, he was truly nauseated!

"Clap clap!"

A crisp applause came from the ancient carriage.

Next, a slender soft hand lifted the curtain, revealing the lotus white arm, and then a slim figure in a white robe appeared.

Dongfang Jingyue came out, and her face was covered with a white veil that was embroidered with a small blue butterfly; it was so vibrant that it was as if it had its own life. Her jade-like hand held a red lute, her slender fingers gently slid up and down the strings. With crystal clear white eyes and a smile, stared at Feng Feiyun like she was thinking about something.

This was definitely a breathtakingly beautiful woman; even though the veil covered her face, it couldn't hide her beauty. This was truly a magnificent girl, inside and out, with a holy and noble atmosphere.

Her identity was definitely not simple, and this aura wasn't something that a girl from a common household could learn.

Feiyun's eyes widened, his stiff body stared at Dongfang Jingyue as she stepped down from the ancient carriage. It was like he was seeing a ghost, and his body began to shake. His clenched fists couldn't help to not make a crackling sound.

His heart felt as if it was twisted with a knife, and the blood in his body seethed with excitement!

How could there be two women with such similar auras in this world?

Dongfang Jingyue, in front of his eyes, truly resembled Shui Yueting as if they came from the same mold; they were as equally ethereal and holy, exactly like the other.

Hatred fermented in his heart, quickly becoming huge floods that submerged the sky, drowning his eyes and covering his reason.

Feiyun strongly ground his teeth and his chest was contorted from the pain; he loudly screamed:

“Shui Yueting, don't think that wearing a veil would render me unable to recognize you; the previous life's love and hatred, and this life's scores, there will only be death for one of us. Slut, die for me! [3. A lot of flowery languages here, hopefully it sounds okay in English.]

Dongfang Jingyue was surprised by Feng Feiyun's scream, and her mind was slightly startled; she could feel the endless hatred of Feng Feiyun that was accompanied by sadness and sorrow.

How much does one have to hate someone to have such an unforgettable feeling, to lose one's mind completely?

But... Who was Shui Yueting?

Dongfang Jingyue, with her immortal soul and bones of dao, focused her gaze like a goddess coming down to the mortal world; her heart was filled with confusion: why was Feng Feiyun's hatred directed towards her? [4. The first sentence doesn't mean that she is an actual immortal, it is just a description of how godly she appears.]

The wind created from Feiyun's punch was like a sword, heading straight for her!

“Boom!”

Dongfang Jingyue lifted her beautiful eyes; she had not reacted to Feng Feiyun's death-risking strike. One fist connected, then another from the right, causing her to fall down to the ground. The lute in her hand was kicked far away by Feng Feiyun.

This first was too unexpected, and it even caused Zheng Dongliu's jaw to drop to the floor!

It is over, it is over! A major catastrophe had happened!