

SPIRIT VESSEL

Chapter 7: Early Spirit Realm

“The young master isn’t playing around today, but he is practicing punches instead. How strange.”

“The punches don’t seem to be that impressive; there is no exerted pressure to them. However, it is hard to tell their trajectories due to the indescribable rhythm.”

“This is weird, could the young master’s technique actually be complex? Is it that one couldn’t imitate it even if they tried?”

Some of the servants started to imitate Feng Feiyun’s actions, however, they couldn’t perform the same natural flow. Each time their fist flew out, their whole body wailed in pain; they had no choice but to stop since they didn’t dare risk feeling the pain again.

The nine different fists of Feng Feiyun represented nine different hidden meanings; they looked simple outwardly, but in fact, they were enigmatic. Even if one could imitate the physical action, without being able to imitate the hidden meanings, he would only harm himself.

Feng Suiyu was on top of a balcony on the sixth floor of a distant building; he was watching Feiyun practicing from afar, and his handsome expression became cold. In one hand, there was a book, and the other hand was busy knocking on the balcony’s stand. He was lost in his contemplation.

“Young Master, there is no need to worry; his fist techniques are just monkey plays. There will be no achievements resulting from it.”

An ugly servant standing behind Suiyu smirked.

Suiyu shook his head, and seriously replied:

“They are not normal; something like this isn’t normal. I feel that there is something about him that is very different from before; it makes me uneasy.”

“Hehe, do you want me to go make mincemeat out of him? As to avoid the nightmare of a long night.” [1. Meaning longer the night, longer the nightmare so it is better to cut the sleep short.]

A different servant said.

Suiyu glared at him with icy cold gaze, and exclaimed:

“Do you think Foster Father has truly given up on him? He is a very wily man; if he finds even a single hint of fratricide, we will all be dead.”

“Unless there is no other choice, we will not touch Feng Feiyun. Also, Housekeeper Liu is by his side. The cultivation level of this man is unfathomable; with him by Feiyun’s side, unless I personally take action, nothing fruitful would come out of it.”

A servant spoke:

“Young Master has already reached the third level of the ‘Vigorous Gale Method,’ and your cultivation is at the peak of the Spirit Realm; you are capable of fighting ten experts at once, yet you still can’t beat that Old Man Liu?”

The “Vigorous Gale Method” is an incomplete cultivation manual that Feng Wanpeng passed to Feng Suiyu. His good aptitude allowed him to reach the third level after only a few years, and he was highly praised by Feng Wanpeng, many times.

Feng Wanpeng had been cultivating for thirty years, and he was only at the fifth level. However, this was enough for him to rule a whole city. Feng Suiyu reached the third level in just three years; his talents could only be higher than Wanpeng’s.

“Don’t underestimate Housekeeper Liu; his cultivation shouldn’t be lower than Foster Father’s.”

Feng Suiyu was a meticulous man; thus, he made sure his actions were made without mistakes. He contemplated and then asked:

“Feng Feiyun’s personality changed after last night, right? Who did he meet yesterday?”

The servant carefully answered:

“The little Xiao girl, Xiao Yuer. Yesterday there was a strange event, Feng Feiyun himself asked for a doctor to take care of Old Man Luo; however, the miracle here is that he didn’t touch the Xiao girl. What if Xiao Yuer made him repent, and she turned him into a good person?”

“Changed by a woman? A playboy repented?”

Feng Suiyu was amused by the thought and said:

“Interesting! Interesting!! You go find brother Wu; let him take care of this. If Feng Feiyun gently cares for a flower, then we’ll find someone who does not care for flowers. Haha!”

“If Xiao Yuer meets Brother Wu, then it would be the flower that will be devastated with torn leaves.”

The servant laughed pervertedly. His heart knew the type of person brother Wu was and the inevitable fate of Xiao Yuer. [2. The passage above revolves a Chinese saying symbolizing the woman as a flower so they’re all maintaining this metaphor.]

“Heh! A playboy repenting? It is not that easy.”

Feng Suiyu calmed his evil intention and went back to read the book that was in his hand.

The cover of the book was: “The Golden Lotus.”

During the next three days, Young Master Feng had not left the Feng’s mansion. He was learning military strategies with his adviser during the day and Immortal Phoenix Physique during the night.

Today, Young Master Feng seemed to be a different person; many servants and maids did not know what had happened.

After three days of cultivation, the blood qi in Feng Feiyun’s body became extremely abundant; the color became crimson fire, and the flow was even faster. His body was many times stronger than before.

“Bam!”

A strand of white blood was born in his vessel, and it poured into his dantian. It didn’t stop spreading; it was like a lake connecting to the ocean. Each individual drop slowly spread itself throughout his whole body. [3. Dantian is an area below the stomach, considered by most wuxia/xianxia to be the house for energy/cultivation.]

This was the Spirit Realm!

“I have finally reached the first level of Blood Purification, and I have created my first spirit strand; right now, I could be considered to be in the early stage of the Spirit Realm.”

Blood Purification itself was divided into four stages:

The first stage was when the blood was pure with the color of crimson.

The second happened when the blood boiled with an obsidian color like black ink.

The third occurred when the blood formed its own consciousness, with radiating silver lights.

The fourth was the last. The blood becomes one with nature again, and its color would revert back to its natural state.

Feng Feiyun currently was at the first stage, and his blood was of the crimson color.

With the spirit qi inside his body, Feng Feiyun used this energy to stimulate the Spirit Vessel in his right palm.

However, it disappointed him to find that the faint image of the spirit boat didn't have the slightest reaction. His energy was like a rock drowning in the ocean; there was not even a little ripple of reaction.

"It seems like I will need a monstrous amount of energy in order to activate the Spirit Vessel. A Holy Saint Treasure cannot be dealt with using normal common sense."

Feng Feiyun wasn't angry; if a light strand of spirit qi was enough to control the Spirit Vessel, that would be abnormal instead.

Because he was once again on the road of cultivation, he was in a merry mood. He slightly raised his finger and a white light flashed, creating a hole in the wall.

"Crack!"

Feng Feiyun used his hand to crush a white porcelain cup, turning it into white powder. At the same level of early Spirit Realm, with his experience, he would crush any equivalent opponents.

"Ha ha! Yin Gou, is the bath water ready?"

Feng Feiyun opened the door and commanded the servant nearby.

“It had been readied. Xiao Lan, Xiao Qing, go service the young master for his bath.”

After telling the maids, the servant named Yin Gou smiled and asked his master:

“Young Master, why are you in such a good mood today?”

The two maids brought the hot water from small buckets, and they poured their contents into a bigger wooden tub. Additionally, they added scented red flowers to the bath, and soon after, white steam filled the air.

“Heh. This is not for you to know. We will be going out later; I want to buy a decent weapon. Is there an armory in Spirit State City that has a high grade magical weapon?”

Feng Feiyun, at the early stage of spirit realm, had a lifting strength of a few hundred pounds. Therefore, in actual combat, a high grade magical weapon could increase his potency by quite a bit.

Yin Gou was ecstatic to hear this piece of news. They hadn't left the house for a while with their young master. Finally, Young Master Feng was in the mood to play today.

They could once again follow him from behind and use his notoriety to do whatever they want. To be a servant for Young Master Feng could be considered a prideful thing.

““Honorable Young Master, there are three different weapon armories in Spirit State City; however, if you want the best, then there is only the Yin Gou Ward.”

Yin Gou replied.

“Why is it that only the Yin Gou Ward would have the best magical weapon?”

Feng Feiyun was relaxing in the bathtub with one of the maids rubbing his back.

“The Yin Gou Ward is very big, and their business is flourishing. It is owned by one of the great four clans of the Jin Dynasty, the Yin Gou Clan. There are around ten thousand branches throughout the kingdom and as long as one has enough money, you can even buy spirit weapons.”

“They are indeed impressive for them to even have spirit weapons for sale. It seems like the Yin Gou Clan is not so simple.”

Spirit weapons were a rare thing in the human kingdoms. Even the lowest grade would be worth more than ten cities.

They were treasures that have their own consciousness and surpass the boundary of the mortal world. Normal treasures couldn't compare to them.

The four great clans were all formidable, possessing hidden secrets. They possessed half of the political and economical power of the Jin Dynasty; they were truly four great monsters.

“Okay; let us go to the Yin Gou Ward.”

Feng Feiyun announced.