

Sprit Vessel 221

Chapter 221: Endless Killing

Although the Little Demoneess had been defeated on the seventh floor, not even the slightest wound could be found on her body, causing others to suspect that she was actually strong enough to pass the seventh floor.

Meanwhile, Feng Feiyun and Shi Yelai were still killing on the sixth floor. This was a fierce battle. If either of them could pass the sixth floor, then perhaps they would be bestowed the title and become the tenth Grand Historical Genius.

Of course, a character of this level would not emerge so easily in this world. Relatively speaking, it was more likely that they wouldn't be able to defeat the sixth floor.

Feng Feiyun felt his strength slowly being sapped away from his body, and the God Base in his dantian became dimmer and dimmer. The flow of his blood throughout his veins slowed down. The only thing that increased was his continuous and ragged panting.

The battle had gone on for four hours already. The exchanges were not with ordinary opponents, they were all God Base cultivators. There was no room for distractions.

Even though Feng Feiyun's body was extremely powerful, he was still completely fatigued by having to fight against so many powerful opponents. His spirit energy was less than twenty percent of its peak, so his actions were delayed by quite a bit as well.

The sky was becoming darker as the sun fell below the city walls. A cold chill that carried the stench of blood came about, signaling the arrival of night.

Right when Feng Feiyun thought that his defeat was assured, the sun completely disappeared beyond the horizon as the entire world fell into darkness.

A peak God Base cultivator that had made his way before Feng Feiyun dissipated into green smoke the moment the sun disappeared.

"What is going on?" Feng Feiyun thought to himself.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" All the God Base cultivators disappeared inside the ancient city and turned into smoke; they disappeared without a trace and became one with the air.

Even those who had died under Feng Feiyun's stone saber were no exceptions.

After all of his enemies disappeared without a trace, an indescribable fatigue took over his entire body. It had been quite dangerous earlier, so his nerves were fairly tense, not daring to be the least bit careless. But now, when the danger temporarily disappeared, a wave of tiredness and sleepiness came, making Feng Feiyun wish that he could just drop down to the floor and have a good night's sleep.

However, he absolutely couldn't sleep at this time!

This peace was only temporary. The moment the sun rose again on the horizon, these God Base cultivators would appear once more and assault him in waves. This was Feng Feiyun's speculation.

Although he didn't want to lift even a single finger, he still sat in a meditative pose and began to condense his spirit energy. Only by restoring his energy would he be able to deal with the next test.

Vast amounts of spirit energy came to him and entered through his pores, then it spread to his veins and meridians. From there, the energy went into his dantian. All of the cells in his body were like farms that had experienced a drought for many days; they greedily drank all the energy.

His six divine intents ran around his body. One flew into his dantian. The once-vast dantian was now running dry on spirit energy. Even the God Base was almost shattered; it was countless times weaker than during its prime.

The Evil Woman's corpse palace floated inside his dantian, but after the first time Feng Feiyun's intent went inside, the four gates all closed.

If this wasn't the case, then Feng Feiyun would only need to borrow the corpse flame from the palace to easily pass the sixth floor.

Spirit energy crazily poured into his body and towards the God Base, causing the God Base that was only the size of a rice grain to become bigger as it slowly recovered.

The energy in his blood also recovered as well. A bright golden light appeared along with roaring explosions. Now, there was also a stony white spirit energy strand inside his blood.

During the day, Feng Feiyun didn't have time to check what stimulated his demonic blood, but now he had found the culprit.

"This stony energy is the same as the stone saber's energy. Could this be caused by the stone saber?"

The night's curtain was as thin as silk, coming down from above to encompass the entire world.

Feng Feiyun sat on top of a stone platform with the stone saber pierced into the ground before him. It was simple and unadorned, but with a more careful look, one could see faint, bloody runic lines moving. These lines were indiscernible to the naked eye.

Moreover, the saber was gently shaking as well. However, this fibrillation was extremely tiny so others couldn't notice it. It was as if the stone saber had a heart and was matching Feng Feiyun's heartbeat.

Feng Feiyun had fifty-seven wounds on his body. Among them, two were almost fatal, but at this moment, these wounds were starting to slowly heal and scars were beginning to form. His internal organs were being cured by the spirit energy as well.

Before dawn, Feng Feiyun's spirit energy within his body had been replenished and was even more potent than yesterday. His cultivation had increased by a considerable amount.

The blood on his clothes had dried, so as he gently shook, the dried up blotches fell down to the ground. Although he had reached his peak state again and was even stronger than before, Feng Feiyun couldn't relax since he knew that tomorrow's test would be even more brutal.

Just a measly four hours from yesterday had completely exhausted him, but today would be a full day; this would be more than three times longer than yesterday! He must withstand twelve hours of onslaught before the sky darkens again.

This will be a hard fight, so he had to prepare in advance.

While it was still dark, Feng Feiyun prepared formations in all directions. After an hour had gone by, he had carved out 72 second-rank formations. With these defensive formations in place, Feng Feiyun became a lot more confident.

When the morning sun rose, the entire city became rowdy once more. There were shadows everywhere and waves of murderous intents looming in the air. Some flew above houses while others ran along the old street towards Feng Feiyun.

In this chess game, the enemy had an entire army while Feng Feiyun could only rely on himself.

“Boom!” The first intermediate God Base cultivator jumped more than ten meters high and unleashed a force of four qilins that had a green shade, carrying a mighty power.

Feng Feiyun immediately invoked his formations. This cultivator was immediately overwhelmed by the formation as he lost one of his arms. The force of four qilins could only destroy a corner of the formation.

After the first was killed, all the cultivators behind him promptly rushed forward. The 72 formations couldn't stop their advance, not even for an hour. All of them were completely destroyed; of course, there were also sixty more corpses lying on the ground. They were dismembered by the formations.

“Pluff!” With the stone saber in his hand, Feng Feiyun plunged it into one of the approaching cultivators.

In order to preserve his strength and spirit energy, his actions had become quite controlled. Moreover, he was only using pure power and didn't touch his spirit energy reserve.

After an hour when his strength weakened, he began to utilize his spirit energy as the main offensive in order to regain his physical strength.

It was another murderous day with more than three hundred bodies lying around the ground. Each of them was a God Base cultivator, so such a battle record was quite frightening.

However, because these cultivators were born just for fighting and killing, their intelligence couldn't match real God Base cultivators even though their combat capabilities were comparable to them.

If Feng Feiyun was fighting in the real world against more than three hundred God Base cultivators, then some old foxes would have sneaked in some attacks and killed him already; there was no way he would have been able to replicate this task outside. Even a Heaven's Mandate cultivator couldn't do so.

Feng Feiyun continued to persevere until nightfall!

“Thud!” The stone saber fell on the ground. His injuries were even worse than yesterday, resulting in him directly falling down to the ground. After a long time elapsed, he struggled to get up by using both of his hands while biting his teeth. Using his last trace of energy, he forcefully called out his true potential and forced himself to train once more by condensing spirit energy.

His entire body had become numb from the pain. Tired and haggard, he only wanted to close his eyes for a minute and rest. However, he knew that he must not do so because once he closed his eyes, he

would become unconscious. By the time he wakes up, it would already be dawn. Then, he could only accept defeat and leave the sixth floor.

He was unwilling to accept defeat, thus he used his strong willpower to tough it out.

This was a test of willpower beyond the ability of most others. One needed a strong soul and will far beyond ordinary men.

Chapter 222: Evil Moon In The Sky

When darkness fell upon the sixth floor of the Immeasurable Tower, the outside turned dark as well.

It had been five days and five nights inside, thus the same amount of time had passed outside.

In the hundred feet high monument, two mirrors were still as bright as before like two lanterns hanging in the sky that had yet to run out, still flashing green lights like before.

“Five days already! To be able to stay in the sixth floor for five days, this is too unbelievable. Those two are still struggling inside.” Many people were still waiting outside, and more and more coming by the day.

It was truly rare for someone to be able to stay in the sixth floor for five days in a row.

Even the God Base realm did not allow for the “accumulation state” where one didn’t have to eat to replenish their strength. Of course, cultivators were far beyond ordinary people, so they wouldn’t starve to death after not eating for ten days. However, as time passed, their energy would begin to decline.

Fighting at high tension for five days would consume an incredible amount of energy. This stress from battle would crush one’s willpower until it collapsed.

“To be able to persevere in the sixth floor for six days without dying or giving up... Even if those two can’t make it past the floor, they wouldn’t be far off.” Zhang Badao was still standing there. His feet hadn’t left the spot for the past several days.

“The talent and willpower of these two are no jokes. Their accomplishments in the future will not be mediocre.” A glimmer appeared in Long Chuanfeng’s old eyes; he wanted to decide on a disciple — Feng Feiyun or Shi Yelai.

Although Ji Feng and the Little Demoness had apex talents and the demoness’s talents were even greater than Feng Feiyun’s and Shi Yelai’s, he valued the willpower that these two had more. On the path of cultivation, sometimes willpower was even more important than talents.

Feng Feiyun’s and Shi Yelai’s talents were very close to the Grand Historical level. Moreover, their willpower was far greater than that of ordinary people, so they were the best candidates.

“There is still a gap between them and the Grand Historical level, so they surely won’t be able to beat the sixth floor. For now, we have to wait and see which one of them can last longer.” Many experts from the previous generation who had defeated the sixth floor knew how terrifying it was. It was already a miracle for someone to last one minute, so it was quite frightening for those two to last five days and five nights inside.

Many were full of expectations for the two inside.

Another two days had passed, and one mirror on top of the monument finally dimmed. Another had narrowly failed.

After seven days, Shi Yelai was no longer able to persevere and left with great injuries.

"I failed again!" His skin was covered with a thick layer of dried blood. His clothes were completely stained with blood and mud. Even his handsome face was completely covered. Only his blinking eyes indicated that he was alive.

He used his sword to prop himself forward, struggling to take each step as he braced himself, but he couldn't hide the boundless fatigue assailing him.

"Bam!" The moment he exited the tower and saw the first ray of sunshine, he immediately fell to the ground. He didn't pass out from dizziness, but he was in deep sleep.

After seven days without a break, his tense nerves were at their breaking point, so after reaching a safe location, he could no longer suppress the urge and instantly fell asleep.

Attendant Yu arranged for two armored soldiers to help carry him away. Afterward, he sighed: "It seems that this sixth floor of the tower isn't something God Base cultivators can defeat, not even Grand Historical Geniuses."

Shi Yelai was the number one genius in the Heavenly Cloud Prefecture and was at the top of the grand achievement God Base level, but he still couldn't defeat this sixth level after six attempts.

"Throughout the history of the Immeasurable Tower, there had been six heavenly geniuses who had been able to defeat the sixth floor at the God Base realm. However, they were all exceedingly rare Grand Historical Geniuses, not to mention that their providence was top notch as well. For instance, that genius of the Buddhist faith from the Buddhist Tower 1,800 years ago. He was the most recent out of the six, and no one else had been able to perform such a feat since then."

"Are you talking about Highmonk Mu Song who became the Abbot of the Mortal Life Temple? He was a sacred monk with the highest accomplishments in the Buddhist doctrine in the last 1,800 years, the proud prodigy of the Buddhist Tower... But what a shame, haizzz!" Attendant Yu lamented.

"A cultivator who has yet to become a Grand Historical Genius will not be able to surpass the sixth floor!" Princess Luofu lightly said.

However, a mirror remained shining on top of the monument. Feng Feiyun was still persevering and fighting. Although everyone thought that he would not be able to beat the sixth floor, they still wanted to see how many days he could last.

At this time, how could Feng Feiyun not want to sleep just like Shi Yelai? The night curtain came down once again, and the entire city became quiet without the slightest sound.

It was the most tiring part of the day!

Feng Feiyun dragged his stone saber as his entire body quivered with every step. He leaned against a wall and slowly sat down. An indescribable drowsiness assaulted his mind as his eyes almost closed and put him to sleep.

“Pluff!” He cut his arm, using the pain to clear his mind a bit.

He didn’t dare to close his eyes to meditate because once they closed, he would immediately fall asleep.

Only by cultivating with his eyes wide open would he be able to replenish his energy and cure his body.

Despite the fatigue, he must keep his eyes wide open!

Despite the pain, he must continue to persevere!

Despite the fatigue, he mustn’t fall down!

No matter what it was, success could only be found by perpetual persistence.

The sixth night was long as it slowly passed. On the next morning, Feng Feiyun stood proudly with his stone saber in a solemn posture just as sharp and tough as the blade in his hand.

The sixth day, seventh day, eighth day, ninth day, tenth day...

Everyone outside of the tower had been waiting for ten whole days, but they still hadn’t seen Feng Feiyun leave the Immeasurable Tower.

“Damn! Is that Feng Feiyun still human? He actually spent thirteen days in the Immeasurable Tower. Even if his willpower is strong, this is thirteen days without eating, shouldn’t he have lost all of his strength by now?”

“Of course he is not human, he is the son of the demon!”

“My ass! Can the son of the demon still have strength without eating?”

“Perhaps it is because his body is different from ordinary people, which is why he can persevere for so long. For others, even if their willpower could handle it, their physical body couldn’t.”

Everyone believed that this was made possible because Feng Feiyun had demonic blood running through his body, a body that surpassed that of an ordinary man, allowing him to fight for thirteen days at the sixth floor without suffering defeat.

It wasn’t until the fifteenth day that someone finally disagreed with this idea. Even the son of the demon wouldn’t be able to not lose any strength after half a month of not eating.

Ji Cangyue was standing in the bamboo forest while gazing at the moon’s reflection on the lake surface. At this time, she spoke to the person behind her: “Feng Feiyun cultivates the ‘Eight Arts Manual’ from the ‘Grave Palace Treasure Seeking Record’. Moreover, he cultivated three different elements — Dark Water, Crimson Fire, and Verdant Wood — from the five elements to grand achievement. Nothing in this world can elude the five elements; the energy in this world are all of water and wood. He is able to control water vapor, wood energy, and fire energy, thus his physical strength would not decline even after a month of starvation.”

Ji Feng came out from the forest and stood behind her to say: "So that is the case. However, to persevere for fifteen days in there... This willpower is truly frightening."

Ji Cangyue, with her pretty brows and black hair swaying in the night breeze, gave off a cold and tranquil atmosphere. Although her cultivation was not as strong as Ji Feng's, her temperament was much more intense.

She was a natural born spiritualist, so her future achievements would be no joke. They would be even greater than Ji Feng with his Full Moon Heavenly Gaze.

"Are you lurking around Feng Feiyun for the 'Eight Arts Manual'?" Ji Feng clearly knew that Murong Ta was Ji Cangyue.

"The 'Eight Arts Manual'?" Haha...!" Her dark eyes were as sharp as a sword and as cold as ice, causing a thin layer of ice to form on the lake's surface.

Ji Feng, who was standing behind her, also felt a chilling sensation. It seemed that Feng Feiyun had hurt her quite a bit. Ji Cangyue's cruel methods had been well known among the Death Spirit Children of the Ji Clan, so Feng Feiyun's funeral couldn't be far off.

When the twenty-seventh day came, Feng Feiyun finally felt a weakness deep inside his body that permeated all the way down to his bone and marrow. Even the energy of the five elements was not able to resist this feeble sensation.

It had almost been a month, but he hadn't seen a sliver of hope of passing the sixth floor. Moreover, the wounds accumulated all over his body had become more and more serious. He was having trouble breathing from the fatigue.

Perhaps tomorrow... would be when he falls!

The ancient city was swallowed by darkness once again as the world became biting cold.

Feng Feiyun had been searching around the city to find a portal to the seventh floor to no avail. He simply didn't know how to defeat this floor.

At midnight, a moon slowly rose in the endless night; the bright moonlight with some floating clouds was accompanied by a gray haze.

This was the first time Feng Feiyun had seen the moon after reaching the sixth floor. This was somewhat bizarre since he had never heard of a place where the moon rose every twenty-seven days.

The moment the moonlight fell on his body, the black doll that was initially inside his Boundary Spirit Stone emitted a faint black light as if it was absorbing the moonlight.

"Whoosh!" The black light flashed.

A girl dressed in black flew out from the Boundary Spirit Stone and stood there like a beautiful ghost bathing in the moonlight.

Feng Feiyun suddenly opened his eyes with his hands gripping the stone saber while glaring at the girl in black.

This girl dressed in black was the grand achievement God Base that he had met back at the fourth floor. However, at this moment, she was not at all like a grand achievement God Base. As she devoured the moonlight, he could tell that her cultivation was unfathomable.

'Finally reached the sixth floor! When the evil moon reaches the sky, the best time for this divine intent to seize the real body presents itself.' When the moonlight shone on her face, her appearance began to change. Feng Feiyun's pupil constantly enlarged as he couldn't believe the scene unraveling before him. She...

Chapter 223: Three Corpses To Slay The Dao

Sixth floor of the Immeasurable Tower. The full moon shining down from up in the high sky resembled a mirror.

The girl was dressed in black and stood proudly in this world. With a unique charm, she gave others the sense that she was like an immortal lotus flower traveling throughout the nine firmaments or a mustard seed traveling down the Yellow River. Just by standing there, she gave others a visceral fear.

This was the fear a mortal man would experience if they saw a grim female ghost.

Feng Feiyun also felt a cold chill rising from within. The girl in black standing below the moonlight had a wonderful appearance. Although she was shrouded by fog, one could still tell that her features had changed completely. Of course, she did not change into a ferocious ghost.

However, in Feng Feiyun's eyes, it was even more difficult to accept than if she had turned into a ferocious ghost.

It was actually somewhat similar to the Evil Woman, but just a bit similar.

"Who the hell are you?" Feng Feiyun glared at her with a cold, firm gaze.

The girl in black was still absorbing the moonlight as her pretty eyes closed. She lifted her head, revealing a beautiful neck that was as white as a swan's. It was as if she didn't hear what Feng Feiyun said at all.

"Boom! Boom!" A series of quaking noises came from Feng Feiyun's dantian. It started off light but soon became more violent as if something wanted to break through his dantian and rush out of his body.

The Evil Woman's corpse palace was stimulated by something as it crazily shook up Feng Feiyun's dantian. Corpse energy dispersed alongside the corpse flame as the corpse palace tried to break out of his body.

A powerful force slowly rose from the corpse palace and filled Feng Feiyun's entire body. This corpse energy crazily channeled itself around his body, creating a layer of gray light around his skin that caused a suffocating atmosphere.

“Whoosh!” Suddenly, a white sacred light destroyed this gray light and densely covered his body, allowing his exhausted self to become full of energy. A huge power capable of suppressing all existences then flew inside his dantian.

The white light floated around as a body emerged like a flawless immortal.

Feng Feiyun didn’t dare to enjoy this power at all because this power was also devouring him as if it wanted to take over his body.

“Good Corpse, are you imprisoned by the Evil Corpse?” The girl in black stopped absorbing the moonlight. Step by step, she approached Feng Feiyun. Her face was beautiful like jade and her eyes were as bright as the stars.

Her sharp fingers took the form of a claw and tried to grab onto Feng Feiyun’s dantian at lighting speed. These slender fingers were like five swords. With flashing glimmers akin to immortal edges, they aimed to break through his dantian to reach the corpse palace.

“Boom!” A force circulated around Feng Feiyun’s body like electricity as his eyes shot out two blinding rays. One of his fists became as hard as steel and became bright. He unleashed this fist on the wrist of the girl in black and pushed her back.

This force that came from the corpse palace in his dantian was now running rampant throughout his entire body. It didn’t want to take over his body and instead only wanted to borrow it to fight against the girl in black.

A wound appeared on the girl in black’s wrist, but in the blink of an eye, a layer of white light glossed over it and immediately healed the wound without leaving a scar behind.

She no longer took action. The earlier exchange made her realize that even if she tried again, she wouldn’t be able to gain anything from it.

“Good Corpse, so you are actually able to cultivate your own intent and finish your fourth corpse transformation.” The girl in black gazed at Feng Feiyun, and her pretty eyes became fixated on his dantian.

These words were obviously spoken to the existence inside the corpse palace.

Although Feng Feiyun didn’t know what was going on, as the chieftain of the demon phoenix race, he was able to notice a clue or two. There was a saying within the daoist doctrine: slay the three corpses to achieve the primordial dao.

The three corpses were referring to the Good Corpse, the Evil Corpse, and the Self.

By slaying all three corpses, one would be able to attain the primordial dao fruit.

However, these were only writings left behind from the daoist forefather’s ancient scripture. Since the ancient times, no one had ever tried to do so. When one person slays their own Good Corpse, at the very least, they would become an evil lord.

However, if they also slay their Evil Corpse, then this person would lose all emotions and desires; they would neither be good nor evil. If they didn’t become a foolish person, then they would become a saint.

However, if they would even slay the Self, then how could they continue to live on?

Because of the reasons above, no one had ever tried to attempt this method. Although the primordial dao fruit might be wonderful, the cost of it might also be fatal.

Could it be that someone was actually cultivating this daoist method? The Evil Woman was the Evil Corpse, so was the fairy-like girl that he had seen inside his corpse palace the Good Corpse?

When tracing back to the origin, they were both the same person.

The Good Corpse was trapped by the Evil Corpse inside her corpse palace, then who was this girl in black before him? Why did she appear inside the Immeasurable Tower?

Could she be the Self, the true body?

No, that couldn't be because if she cultivated the daoist method of slaying the three corpses, her three corpses couldn't be separated. After all, how could they be separated without being destroyed?

Feng Feiyun felt that he had even more questions than before.

"You are thinking about the Dao Decapitating The Three Corpses, but Xiao Nuolan cultivates the Three Corpses Decapitating The Dao, a reversal method. First, one has to separate the three corpses then combine them and use this power to cut out an entirely new heavenly dao that belongs to oneself." The Good Corpse's voice came from the palace inside Feng Feiyun's dantian and directly communicated with his mind.

It seemed that she could see through his thoughts, so she was able to answer him in this fashion.

"Three Corpses Decapitating The Dao!" Feng Feiyun was in disbelief; someone in this world actually dared to kill a heavenly dao!

"Obey the heavenly dao and win the grand dao; rebel against the heavenly dao and obtain the heaven and earth." The voice of the Good Corpse answered again.

Feng Feiyun asked: "You're saying that Xiao Nuolan divided herself into three parts, the Good Corpse, the Bad Corpse, and the Self. Then, she will combine all three into one again to slay the heavenly dao?"

"This was her plan after obtaining the ancient daoist scripture, but something unexpected happened." The Good Corpse responded.

"What happened?" Feng Feiyun asked.

"Thirty thousand years ago at the Western Bull Continent, the ancient scripture of the daoist forefather was stolen. A Holy Saint of the daoist doctrine summoned the Supreme Immeasurable Tower across an entire continent to suck Xiao Nuolan inside. Along the way, another mysterious existence took action from a different continent and attacked, causing the Supreme Immeasurable Tower to fall into this barren land." The Good Corpse recalled an ancient secret. Each word resounded as loudly as thunder, causing Feng Feiyun to shudder.

"Are you saying that this land is the Western Bull Continent?" Feng Feiyun was a bit shaken.

The Good Copse didn't know why Feng Feiyun was so startled. She thought that Feng Feiyun had limited knowledge, so she slowly explained: "The Western Bull Continent is extremely vast and spans for hundreds of millions of miles. The Godly Jin Dynasty is only located at a barren corner of this continent; it is like a drop of water versus the entire ocean. Being born in the Godly Jin Dynasty... Perhaps you think that the world is already extremely vast and there is no way of getting from one end to another, but this is only the shallow knowledge of a frog at the bottom of a well."

How could Feng Feiyun not understand this logic? His view of the world was far beyond ordinary people, and he knew that this dynasty was only a small portion. He knew the existence of the Western Bull Continent, but of course, there were things that he would not reveal, so he stopped asking.

He had already witnessed the extraordinary characteristics of the Immeasurable Tower. This whole matter was actually related to an ancient secret that even involved a Holy Saint of the daoist doctrine.

Holy Saints — these were the top existences of the world and infinitely close to the heavenly dao. They lived in seclusion and might not necessarily appear even once in every ten thousand years. Even Feng Feiyun, in his past life, had never seen a Holy Saint.

"The Immeasurable Tower fell into this land, and Xiao Nuolan was almost completely destroyed. However, at that time, she successfully dissolved her cultivation and divided into three to, once again, tread on the path of the Three Corpses Decapitating The Dao. 1,800 years ago, a genius of the Buddhist faith entered the Immeasurable Tower, and the Evil Corpse turned into a black stone doll, wishing to borrow him to escape the tower."

Feng Feiyun inquired: "Did this Buddhist genius eventually become the abbot of the Mortal Life Temple?"

Legend stated that since the ancient times, only six people were able to defeat the sixth floor of the tower at the God Base level. All of them had amazing talents and incredible fortune — did this have something to do with Xiao Nuolan?

Then, Feng Feiyun thought about his own situation as his eyes swept over the girl in black. She wanted to escape from the tower and might have to borrow him to hide her aura, or else the tower would continue to seal her within.

"Then why did Xiao Nuolan die?" Feng Feiyun thought about Jing Huan Mountain and when the Evil Woman was born. He still felt chills whenever he thought about how he almost died in her hands.

The Good Corpse had always been inside the Evil Woman's palace, so there was no way she didn't know what the Evil Woman had experienced.

Feng Feiyun defiantly said: "Aizz! When a monk forgets to chant because of a woman and forgets the dharma, then even if he was wise for an entire lifetime, he would still become stupid.

"When a nun forgets to chant because of a man and forgets the dharma, I'm afraid she won't be any better off than the monk."

"I can only say that the monk named Mu Song used his life to help the Evil Corpse complete her fourth transformation. However, the Evil Corpse might not even be able to remember his name right now.

Perhaps, she even completely forgot what he looks like. They were only mere passengers in each other's lives, so why the need to be so lovesick?"

"Hmph! Another poor person tricked by a woman!" Exclaimed Feng Feiyun.

"The Evil Corpse never used him. She also looked down on doing such a thing, it was only the stupid monk's one-sided wish. Her evil nature reigned supreme, and its creed was to use force to suppress people. Why would she need to take advantage of him?"

"So it was another pitiful person with his one-sided love!" Replied Feng Feiyun.

"Why do you have so many grievances against women? Moreover, why are you adding the word 'another' each time?" The Good Corpse was perplexed.

"Because I have been tricked by a woman before, and it was also one-sided." Responded Feng Feiyun.

The Good Corpse became quiet inside the corpse palace.

Meanwhile, the girl in black stood beneath the moonlight like a ghost welcoming the rays. She stretched out her jade-like hand higher than even the heavens as if she wanted to pluck the bright, full moon in the sky.

The moonlight condensed and, with a dazzling brilliance, a portal was forcefully opened by her in the sky. It was three hundred meters high and appeared to be the pathway to the heavens. Inside was a void with no end in sight.

This was the portal to the seventh floor of the Immeasurable Tower. She actually borrowed the power of the moonlight to forcefully open a path to the seventh floor!

Chapter 224: Red Planets Approach

Feng Feiyun could feel that a strange flow was moving inside the girl in black's body. He activated his Heavenly Phoenix Gaze and could see that her body was not real, it was only a divine intent.

Once a cultivator reached grand achievement God Base, they would have ten divine intents. The higher the cultivation, the more powerful their divine intents would be. Once they reached a certain level, their divine intent would actually be able to assume the form of a human and have their own, independent intelligence.

This girl in black was a divine intent of Xiao Nuolan. The other nine divine intents had been obliterated by the Immeasurable Tower, so only one remained. She originally had Xiao Nuolan's emotions and thoughts, but now, this intent had cultivated its independent thought.

She was initially stopped on the fourth level by the tower and couldn't reach the real body, but by borrowing Feng Feiyun's aura to hide herself, she was able to reach the sixth floor.

After absorbing the evil moon's power, she forcefully opened a passage to the seventh floor.

"The corpse palace is in your body, so the Evil Woman will come sooner or later to find you, and that day will be your doom. If you want to stop her, the Good Corpse and the Self must work together, so we are on the same side right now." The girl in black said as she stood on top of the portal in the sky. A bright

light flashed from her body. Her attitude had changed quite a bit. At the very least, she stopped attacking Feng Feiyun.

The Evil Woman was the Evil Corpse. The person inside the corpse palace was the Good Corpse. This girl in black was a strand of divine intent.

All three were separated from Xiao Nuolan's body, but after thirty thousand years, all three had cultivated their own intelligence and independent will. Even the Xiao Nuolan of the past wouldn't have expected this.

All three had their own selfish thoughts and wanted to — once again — combine the three parts to slay the heavenly dao in order to obtain the supreme dao fruit.

"Is the Self in the seventh level of the tower?" Feng Feiyun felt his scalp tingling after seeing three different Xiao Nuolans, and now there was a real body on top of that to make it four in total.

The girl in black gently nodded and said: "Help me seize my real body and I will help you stop the Evil Woman from seizing your future."

Feng Feiyun smiled and shook his head to say: "Even if you and the Good Corpse combined... I'm afraid it still wouldn't be enough to stop the Evil Woman."

Although the girl in black was strong, there was still a big gap between the two.

"If I can take back the real body, then it is not certain that I won't be able to stop her." Her cold glare and oppressive aura were comparable to the Evil Woman's, but she was not as heartless as her.

Ultimately, the Evil Woman was an Evil Corpse and had erased all good thoughts from her body. A person without any good thoughts — how frightening was this?

This girl in black, as the last remaining divine intent, could still be considered Xiao Nuolan, so she was the most qualified to take back the real body. After fusing with the real body, she would be the true Xiao Nuolan and her power would multiply several fold, so she would actually be able to fight the Evil Woman.

However, she alone wouldn't be able to take the body, so she needed Feng Feiyun and the Good Corpse's help. She entered the seventh floor's portal.

"We'll go with her! If the real body actually comes out, then maybe it will really be enough to stop the Evil Woman." The Good Corpse's voice, once again, rang in Feng Feiyun's mind.

Feng Feiyun's biggest crisis right now was the Evil Woman. All of these women were so powerful, so if all of them were left loose, this world would fall into chaos. However, since all of them wanted to take over each other, maybe they would mutually restrain the others.

After thinking this through, Feng Feiyun followed the girl in black into the seventh portal.

Another bright light descended as the portal to the seventh floor closed.

Outside of the Immeasurable Tower... "Boom!" The initially dark sky now had a blue light that soared all the way to the nine firmaments, causing half of the sky to turn blue.

The ancient mirror above the huge stone monument lit up for a long time. This dazzling blue light caused the dark night to become bright. In the far distance, the sound of a large bell could be heard and ruthlessly broke the silence of the night.

“Clank, clank, clank!” Three large bells echoed across the world as if it was telling the lands that another genius had entered the seventh floor. Only when a true genius actually entered the seventh floor would this bell automatically ring. This would not happen for experts from the past generations.

Within just one month, the spirit bell had rung twice.

Was another genius about to rise?

There were geniuses from all over the place at the base of the tower. At this moment, they all woke from their cultivation in shock and felt a pressure. In the near future, there would be someone using their heaven-defying talent to challenge them.

This was especially true for those at the top of the Pagoda’s Hundreds List; they felt the most pressure. They were all geniuses that could almost reach the Grand Historical level, but they felt that someone was about to change the list completely.

“Is a new era of war and competition about to come? Countless battles shall wage in the future.”

“The victors shall live and the losers shall die; in order to become a hero of an era, one must climb up a mountain of bones.”

All of these heaven-defying geniuses quickly closed their eyes to begin cultivating once more. They were not afraid of battle. If another Grand Historical Genius was about to appear, then the victor shall be king.

Of course, there were also those who could not remain calm.

“To actually... be able to reach the seventh floor... He is only of the God Base realm!” Some quivered right outside of the tower, either from excitement or fear.

“Another Grand Historical Genius is about to appear?”

“No, although Feng Feiyun’s talents are formidable, there is still a gap between him and a Grand Historical Genius!” No one knew when, but a scholar dressed in white appeared right outside of the tower.

The young man was cultured and refined. With a scholarly hat, his hair was tied by a calligraphy pen made out of bronze, and his sleeves were swaying to the wind. This young man was smart and handsome with a literary air.

It was as if a scholarly immortal had descended from above, ready to tour the north ocean all the way to Jiuyi Mountains.

His knowledge and self-restraint were invincible in this world; his calculations and schemes had no peers. The plans of the heavens supersede our own, but the scholar knows the will of the heavens! From this phrase, one could see just how great his wisdom was.

“The number one seer of the pagoda, the Heaven Calculating Scholar! So he also came out from the Bell Tower.” Many disciples raised an eyebrow, including Princess Luofu. The scholar’s reputation was too great.

“If Feng Feiyun is not at the Grand Historical level, then how could he reach the seventh floor?” Many people were unconvinced, such as Ji Feng and Shi Yelai.

The scholar hid his hands in his white sleeves, appearing as elegant as a crane. He stood still while lightly saying: “There is a strand of heavenly dao power inside the tower that conceals all of the aura inside, thus I cannot answer this question. However, one thing is for certain. Feng Feiyun’s willpower is stronger than any of yours, and his talent is infinitely close to the Grand Historical level. It is not strange for him to be able to reach the seventh level; perhaps his fortune is also greater than yours.”

“Fortune?” Shi Yelai remained unconvinced.

The scholar glanced at him and said with a smile: “A person without a certain destiny will not be able to go far on the road of cultivation. Good fortune is also another manifestation of one’s ability.”

Although there were still those who didn’t accept the scholar’s words, no one could refute him.

No matter the reason, Feng Feiyun had actually reached the seventh floor. He was the seventh genius at the God Base realm to reach the seventh floor of the Immeasurable Tower!

The commotion caused by this storm first spread throughout the entire Wanxiang Pagoda. There were also countless jade talismans flying in the sky, sending this message all over the dynasty.

The appearance of a supreme genius would always break the balance of power of the future cultivation world. Moreover, two actually appeared this time.

On a spiritual mountain inside a certain palace, a sect master held the talisman and emotionally said: “The Feng Clan actually wanted to defy the heavens or something! Luckily, the Feng Clan Master drove the son of the demon away from his clan. Otherwise, just one hundred years later, the Feng Clan would reign over the entire dynasty under the leadership of the two demons.” [1. Two demons here are the little demon and Feng Feiyun.]

“The son of the demon actually made it to the seventh floor... This talent is already comparable to the eight Grand Historical Geniuses, no, I should call it the nine Grand Historical Geniuses now. I’m afraid some people will not be able to sit still any longer.”

“I’m afraid the Feng Clan Master is extremely distraught from regret right now! Haha!”

On this day, many people across the dynasty received this message. Some laughed their hearts out while others grimaced with murderous intent in their eyes. They wanted to kill Feng Feiyun while he was still young.

Ancient Jiang Prefecture, Heaven Worship Division. [2. Formally known as the Feng Tian Bu, changed to Heaven Worship Division.]

This was an ancient mountain full of animal screams mixed with dark miasma. It gave the feeling of a savage, primal land.

The gray-haired Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng with a black robe was standing on top of an altar towering at several hundred meters high. His dried hand was holding a magical basin.

His wrinkled eyes were sunken deep inside their sockets. He stared at the vast world in the basin and could see different rays of light soar across the sky, one stronger than the other. Each of these rays represented a genius.

“Boom!” Suddenly, the stars in the sky started to tremble. More than ten bright stars swept through the sky and made their way to the Heart Mansion like ten divine swords, causing the constellations to go wild.

“The dragons will devour the sky while the Red Planet protects.” The master’s wide eyes glared and shot out two blinding glints. “A new generation of heroes have come. In the near future, there will be even more Grand Historical Geniuses appearing in this world. This era will no longer be calm...”

Cultivators who knew how to observe the stars at the moment sensed an unusual atmosphere. Who on earth had appeared to cause changes to the stars in the sky?

Chapter 225: Lost Phoenix Valley

Each floor of the tower was like its own separate world. As one went deeper inside, the separate worlds became increasingly vast.

The seventh floor of the tower was a mountain that hovered in the sky countless meters above the ground. When looking downward, one could only see a boundless sea of clouds like a big white dragon tumbling around.

This mountain stretched for nine thousand miles. Dangerous steep peaks drilled into the blue sky. Cypress trees as big as dragons grew on this land of straight precipices as if they were about to fall into the sea of clouds and down into the mortal world.

In the far distance, a thin layer of mist bathed a particular spiritual peak. White cranes around three feet tall soared into the sky and dived down into the lush vegetation on the peak.

This was a scene in the land of the immortals; it was as if this mountain was from another world.

Feng Feiyun followed the girl in black walking through this peak. Along the way, they found several ancient traces of life. An old, rusting greatsword could be found pierced in a cliff. There were extremely gigantic chess boards suspended above the peak. All of this made it too clear; this used to be a place for cultivation, but it has now become deserted.

The girl in black entered a desolate valley full of dense fog and rich worldly energy, making it seem as if this was the secret dwelling of a deity.

The girl became much more cautious after entering, and her pace slowed down by quite a bit as well. Feng Feiyun also felt that there was a vast yet faint aura inside, an aura that carried a trace of harshness as if they were entering a land of the dead.

“Whoosh!” A weeping gust came from within the valley as if it was the cry of a beast.

Feng Feiyun quietly gasped and suddenly stopped. The wind blew away a layer of mud on the ground to reveal a piece of crimson bone the size of a palm.

This bone was as red as blood and had a thin layer of light flowing on the outside. Upon closer inspection, it was as tough as a divine stone.

Although it was only protruding a bit above ground, the aura erupted from it was extremely hot, causing the surrounding temperature to slowly rise.

The girl in front also felt that something was amiss and immediately turned around to gaze at this crimson bone on the ground.

“Phoenix’s bones!” Feng Feiyun felt his own bones tremble as if he was feeling the pain of kin.

“The name of this place is Lost Phoenix Valley. A phoenix had died here as its blood stained the entire area. It is normal for some bones to be lying around.” The girl in black casually said.

Even a phoenix had fallen here. It was clear that an earth-shaking event had occurred here, but the girl didn’t want to tell Feng Feiyun lest he opts out in fear.

“Do not touch that phoenix bone. Its temperature is frightening and will turn you into ashes once touched.” The girl reminded him.

She also didn’t dare to do so since she couldn’t withstand the heat either.

Much to her amazement, Feng Feiyun picked up the bone around the size of a palm from the ground then cleaned the mud off of it before putting it into his spatial bag.

The girl in black’s jaws almost dropped to the ground as she stared at him and said: “You drank phoenix blood before?”

“Never.” Feng Feiyun’s heart was heavy. A senior phoenix had fallen here, leaving him with an indescribable feeling. The name of this valley was Lost Phoenix Valley, and there was an invisible force that restrained all phoenixes in this location.

The girl frowned and felt a bit puzzled, but she didn’t pry any further and pressed deeper into the valley. The ground became redder as they infiltrated this area. Sharp and dazzling glints shot out from the air like heavenly blades; if one wasn’t careful, these lights would rupture their skin.

Lost Phoenix Valley — these three words were carved on a shattered monolith by using the blood of a phoenix. It was twisted in a strange fashion and was as pretty as flames.

“We are here!” The girl stopped right outside of a cave shrouded in thick, black fog while cautiously gazing inside.

She stood there with a cold and serious vibe. The black dress on her body was fluttering from the cold chill that emanated from within the cave and completely sketched out her wondrous body.

The corpse palace inside Feng Feiyun’s dantian also shook. The power of the Good Corpse from inside erupted and filled Feng Feiyun’s body. This power was holy and pure, resulting in a sacred white light enveloping his body.

The girl in black slowly reached out with her slender arm, and a claw came out from her hand. This was formed from spiritual light, and it explored the cave.

“Boom!” Suddenly, a terrifying wave from inside the quiet cave shattered the girl in black’s scouting claw.

“The Self is dead yet it is still so powerful!” The girl took two steps backward and scowled. She then directly turned into a black ray and rushed into the cave.

Feng Feiyun didn’t follow along and stood guard outside instead.

After entering the valley, he had an uneasy feeling the entire time. It was as if a shadow of death was looming over him.

“What are you worried about?” The Good Corpse’s voice rang in his head. Her voice was clear and pleasant like the melodious harmony of spring water running over pebbles, causing others to forget the troubles of life.

Feng Feiyun shook his head. He naturally couldn’t tell her that he was a phoenix in his previous life. After seeing the blood of his kin, he felt a great pressure. Even though she was the Good Corpse, he still absolutely couldn’t tell her.

“I think that since both the Good and Evil Corpses have cultivated their own sentience, the dead Self might have formed its own sentience as well after so many years.” Feng Feiyun said.

“Rumble!” A roaring explosion came from the cave, causing the entire valley to tremble. The earth split and boulders rolled down the cliffs. A black ray escaped from the cave.

The girl in black was pale and held her chest; she was heavily wounded.

“The Self has its own intelligence. After being stained by the blood energy and demonic energy of the phoenix in the valley, she is even more bizarre than the Evil Corpse!” The girl uttered with fear lingering in her heart.

“Boom!” A black blast mixed with boundless blood energy blew out from the cave.

“We have to work together to suppress her and erase the intelligence from her body!” Feng Feiyun’s body was filled with the Good Corpse’s power. He took out the stone saber from his spatial pouch and channeled energy into his arm. A considerable amount of white light immediately rushed into the saber’s body.

One Evil Woman was terrible enough, so if another appeared, what would happen then? A mighty power unleashed by Feng Feiyun and the girl in black assaulted the cave at the same time.

This cave was full of blood energy as fiery sparkles flew in the air. An ordinary person walking in would instantly turn into ashes.

“Why do I sense a demonic aura that can only belong to a phoenix?” Feng Feiyun’s heartbeat accelerated every three steps he took.

“The Self has lied here for 30,000 years. The phoenix blood had penetrated her body, resulting in quite a terrifying power. However, her intelligence is still quite low. As long as we can stop her, I will be able to quickly enter her body and erase that strand of intelligence, thus obtaining the body.” The girl in black had a serious expression. She was the divine intent of the real body, so naturally, the Self was also her body.

Deep inside the cave was a stone bed filled with cold energy. A graceful and delicate woman lied there; she had been sleeping for countless moons. She was motionless as if she was a carving made out of jade or ice.

On the ground by the walls were tiny drops of blood filtering through the ground and gathering by her side. The drops slowly flowed into her body, causing her skin to become even more exquisite.

Was this the real body of Xiao Nuolan? There was no trace of life or evil energy on her body.

However, when Feng Feiyun was ten paces away from her, the tender body that was lying quietly on the stone bed suddenly emitted a terrifying wave of power. Her pretty eyes suddenly opened and an endless amount of flames rushed out from within, encompassing the entire cave.

Such a dazzling brilliance surrounded the scene, making it so that people couldn’t even open their eyes.

“It won’t be so easy for you to use the phoenix blood for rebirth.” Feng Feiyun threw the phoenix bone to block the endless flames and directly attacked the Self.

The girl in black followed right after Feng Feiyun with a quick step. Her bright pupils carried some suspicions regarding his identity.

The Self’s stiff hand rose. A corpse raising its hand was truly too scary. Did this signify her awakening?

A wave of flames gathered on her hand and directly blew the phoenix bone away into a wall.

With the stone saber, Feng Feiyun broke through this wave of flames and ferociously pressed forward. He finally made it next to the stone bed!

He recalled the phoenix bone and used it to wash the flames from the Self’s body. At this moment, he could clearly see the woman lying on the stone bed. Her features were exquisitely perfect. She was curved and thin and had long eyelashes as well as an amazing figure, especially her protruding chest that was even plumper than the Evil Woman’s or the Good Corpse’s. Such a slender waist... Her thighs were as white as snow yet still so slender...

“What are you looking at?” The paled girl in black was very unhappy with Feng Feiyun. After all, it was her body. She especially gritted her teeth after seeing the blood dripping from his nose.

“What do I have to do to seal her veins to prevent her fire rebirth?” Feng Feiyun put on a solemn expression as he wiped the blood from his nose. He uttered such words without any embarrassment.

The girl forcefully restrained her anger and asked: “You think we can prevent a fire rebirth?”

“We can try it once.” Feng Feiyun had no hesitation. If they waited a bit longer, the Self would awaken completely. At that time, a second Evil Woman would come into being. It would be extremely troublesome if that happened.

A mighty force rushed out from the Self, but it was suppressed by Feng Feiyun and the girl in black's combined effort, so she couldn't move.

What made the girl in black even more angry was that after finishing his words, Feng Feiyun immediately touched the Self's white cheeks with both of his hands in an incredibly beautiful motion. This drove her so crazy that she had to grind her teeth!

Chapter 226: Leaving The Immeasurable Tower

"What are you doing?" The girl in black was especially angry and stopped Feng Feiyun's next move.

He was acting out of line so she had to stop him.

"I want to suck out the demonic phoenix energy from her body to seal her veins." Feng Feiyun held the smooth face of the original body with both hands; his serious expression showed that he was not joking around. However, his jaw was firmly gripped by the girl in black, so he couldn't get any closer.

She thought he was going way too far.

Feng Feiyun solemnly stated: "The demonic phoenix energy has completely entered her blood. If we don't suck this energy out, we won't be able to seal her veins. When she is reborn, both of us will die!"

The girl in black gritted her teeth and reluctantly said: "I'll do it!"

"No! The phoenix tribe is one of the four great demon tribes, their energy is too overbearing. You are only a divine intent, so the energy will directly turn you into a demon." Feng Feiyun cried out with a heroic aura as if he was ready to sacrifice himself! [1. The raw for this is "if I don't go down to hell, who would?" It is a buddhist saying about self-sacrifice and taking the first leap.]

The power inside the real body became stronger and stronger as the flame became hotter. Even their combined strength couldn't suppress it for long.

"We can't wait any longer!" Feng Feiyun pushed the girl in black away then fiercely kissed the real body's glistening lips.

Her lips were soft and red like a ruby. They were not as cold as ice and instead carried some heat. It was seductive and sweet to the extreme and would cause anyone to want to have a taste.

With both hands holding her head, Feng Feiyun seemed to be embracing her entire body. His actions were very fluid and skilled, and he seemed to be basking in the experience.

The girl in black, who was standing to the side, could see Feng Feiyun's tongue entering the body's mouth as he sucked to his content. He played with her sweet tongue, causing the girl in black to bite her teeth and clench her fists. If a glare could kill, then Feng Feiyun would have died ten thousand times over already.

Though she had yet to regain the body, it was still her body. But now, when Feng Feiyun was kissing it like this, it was as if he was indirectly kissing her.

Fortunately, Feng Feiyun's hands were still very law-abiding and didn't touch random places. Otherwise, she would not easily forgive him and would have already killed this bastard for taking advantage of the situation.

The demonic phoenix energy inside the body was very powerful. Anyone who was stained by it would be overwhelmed by its demonic essence and lose their mind. However, Feng Feiyun had the soul of a phoenix and could suppress it inside his own body. He was not just immune to its invasion, he could also refine it to strengthen his Immortal Phoenix Physique.

The energy continuously escaped from the real body. The body's eyes spewed out flames once more and began to struggle to stop Feng Feiyun from "absorbing her."

"Help me push down her hands!" Feng Feiyun used his divine intent to communicate with the girl in black.

She was feeling very conflicted and completely unwilling, but she still walked forward to hold down the real body's hands.

"Help me hold down her legs."

"..." The girl in black felt like cursing.

"Hold down her waist!"

"..." She lost the willing to curse and only wanted to kill Feng Feiyun right away.

"Her knee is hitting me, are you gonna do it or not? Ahh, her right hand is loose. She just reached into the back of my robes! I'm bleeding right now..."

Luckily, Feng Feiyun was using his own intent to communicate with the girl in black. Otherwise, if others were to hear this, they would think that Young Master Feng was beginning to force himself on innocent girls again, to commit even more heartless acts.

Moreover, there was even someone helping him!

The girl in black had such a thought in her mind at this moment. She was feeling as if she was helping the tyrant. To make matters worse, the abused victim was her own body.

The real body finally calmed down as all the demonic energy was swallowed by Feng Feiyun. Her soft and small hands finally let go of Feng Feiyun back, falling back down powerlessly. Her long, alluring legs also slowly straightened as if it was the collapse after the climax.

The phoenix blood that was initially flowing nonstop in her body also paused as if her veins had been cut off.

Feng Feiyun's lips unwillingly departed from her own. He stood up and used his sleeve to wipe off the saliva. It seemed that some fragrance still remained.

He was truly very tired as sweat dripped down his forehead. The back of his robes had been torn in many different places, and many finger marks could be seen. He took a deep breath to fix his clothing and tightened his loose belt before tiredly saying: "Finally took care of her."

The face of the girl in black was full of black lines. Right now, Feng Feiyun looked like a playboy that had just finished a very offensive act, smiling in satisfaction.

“I’ve sealed her veins so I’ll now leave it up to you.” Feng Feiyun noticed her unfriendly expression and didn’t dare to stay any longer. He quickly rushed out of the cave.

Although the real body had formed its own intelligence, it was still very fragile. Erasing it was not difficult at all, so Feng Feiyun didn’t need to worry about it.

Outside the cave, Feng Feiyun sat down in a meditative pose and began to refine the phoenix energy inside his body. It was very beneficial to his physique. He wanted to use this energy to break through to the fourth level of blood transformation, increasing his physique once more to become a genius of the Grand Historical level.

As the demonic energy flowed through his veins, it carried an extremely hot force, causing his blood to move even faster as if there were fiery sparks dancing inside.

Feng Feiyun channeled the physique incantation to cultivate, causing the demonic energy to continuously enter his blood, making the already-shining golden blood become even more spiritually threatening.

The quality of the blood steadily improved and became purer while it boiled. Suddenly, an evil presence was stimulated by the demonic energy in the depths of his blood and crazily entered his brain, affecting his reason.

This was the blood of the evil demon. It was partially awakened from the stimulation of the phoenix energy.

Two red rays shot out from Feng Feiyun’s eyes as dragon scales appeared on his arm. He became more muscular as a black, dense mist surrounded his entire body.

“Aooo!” His face became quite ferocious as he let out a roar like a wild beast.

A sense of bloodthirst and sexual lust awoke inside his blood. This was different from last time. His self-control was under attack by the evil affinity, and his thoughts became more chaotic. He felt his control over his body slipping away.

“Have to control it, I cannot be defeated by the evil demon blood at this moment.” Feng Feiyun slammed his fists into the ground as he tried to suppress the evil energy in his blood. However, he felt his reason drifting away as his head felt like it was splitting apart.

Suddenly, a gentle power flowed out and slowly suppressed the evil energy in his blood. Feng Feiyun’s mind calmed down as his body was restored.

After completely refining the demonic phoenix energy, he opened his eyes and said: “Thanks.”

“Evil blood flows inside your body, and it will become a disaster in the future. I can help you this time, but I might not be able to next time.” The voice of the Good Corpse came from the corpse palace. Her voice was still extremely gentle and soothing.

“Of course, I am aware of this.” In order to thoroughly deal with this problem, he must return to the Feng Clan to take the Nine Doves Sacred Gown left behind by his mother to suppress the evil blood.

After surpassing the sixth floor, a seventh divine intent condensed in his head. He was getting closer and closer to grand achievement God Base.

However, even after refining the demonic blood, he was still not able to finish the blood transformation. He was only a sliver away but couldn't break through. He could only be considered a heaven-defying genius at this moment and not one at the Grand Historical level.

After seven straight days, the girl in black finally managed to possess the real body. She turned back into a divine intent and entered the real body before leaving the cave.

Now this was the real Xiao Nuolan.

After seeing her again, Feng Feiyun felt a bit embarrassed. He didn't even know how to address her.

“Call me Xiao Nuolan.” Xiao Nuolan calmly looked straight at Feng Feiyun. After the divine intent integrated with the real body, both her temperament and character became a bit different. Her eyes carried an ethereal and transcendent nature as if she was a goddess from above.

However, when she saw Feng Feiyun opening his mouth, her lips couldn't help but twitch as she had a slightly odd expression.

If Feng Feiyun wasn't standing right there, she would have wiped her mouth ten times over.

Feng Feiyun was a thick-skinned man, so he smilingly said: “Congratulations to Fairy Xiao for being able to regain your real body!”

Xiao Nuolan couldn't help but laugh and indifferently said: “It is time for us to leave, and it's also the right time to meet the Evil Woman. I actually want to see just how strong she is right now.”

This mountain that was suspended in the sky was not the trial ground for the seventh floor. The real trial was in the world below the mountain. Feng Feiyun initially wanted to enter the seventh floor, but Xiao Nuolan didn't give him the chance. She forcibly dragged him back to the sixth floor.

Feng Feiyun also knew that with his current cultivation, there would be no point in entering the seventh floor, so he could only leave the tower. There would be more chances in the future, so there was no need to rush right now.

Xiao Nuolan turned into a black stone doll again and entered Feng Feiyun's spatial stone to avoid the sealing power of the tower.

After the mirror above the monolith dimmed, all the cultivators outside knew that Feng Feiyun was finally about to come out. All of their expressions changed as if they were about to celebrate a hero's return.

There were several old geezers with extremely high statuses standing right outside. They were existences on the same level as the Divine King. They have waited outside for many days to steal the talented. All of these old geezers were now surrounded by aggressive and bloodthirsty auras; they

seemed to be sending the message: "If you dare to compete with me, then I'll kill you!" It was truly frightening.

Chapter 227: Councilors Of The Wanxiang Pagoda

September, the start of fall. An invigorating breeze could be felt.

It was very lively outside the Immeasurable Tower. Many people were already pulling up their sleeves while gazing at the exit of the tower. The moment Feng Feiyun comes out, they would immediately reach out to him.

There were too many old farts from the pagoda's council here, causing the tower's protector to feel pressured. He kept wiping his forehead with his sleeve while slowly backing away. The only thing he was afraid of was the ensuing competition that would hurt the innocent.

Divine King Long Chuangfeng rushed forward first. He stood below the huge stone monument with a golden crown atop his gray hair. He had a great stature and extravagant clothing. His belt was also cast from pure gold. His golden robes were very stylish, and he emitted a blinding radiance with a transcendent aura.

If one wanted a disciple, then one must show off their respectable side. Otherwise, no disciple would be willing to follow you.

With the Divine King standing right there, all the other people with goals naturally retreated and didn't dare to compete with him. This was a famous old swindler, and no one wanted to offend him.

Of course, there were also some geezers who were not afraid of him. These geezers were all Tower Lords from the previous generation, the ones at the top of this world.

"Hmph! Long Chuanfeng, are you not cultivating the 'Supreme Samsara'? Why are you here? And you unafraid of ruining one hundred years of harsh training in a single moment?" An old man wearing a Taichi robe could be found standing on top of the monument. He was also extremely old and full of wrinkles. It was clear that he was not any younger than the Divine King.

He could call out the Divine King's real name, so it was clear that he was a character of the same level. His status was definitely not low.

He had a white whisk with flashing lights. A jade-like brilliance moved above his white daoist robes as auspicious clouds hovered above his head. A beautiful light shone from his back, giving him a very sacred demeanor.

This was the previous lord of the Dao Tower! His title was "Transcendent Daoist". His cultivation was among the top five in the Wanxiang Pagoda. Moreover, he had another great identity as one of the three Untethered of the Dao Gate. Many sect masters from the big sects had listened to him preach. The daoist doctrine always had an extraordinary appeal in the Jin Dynasty.

In the cultivation world, the Transcendent Daoist was even more influential than the Divine King.

With a single word, many top cultivation sects at the Grand Southern Prefecture such as the First Heaven Gate, the Violet Cloud Sect, and the Grand Development Gate would stop chasing Feng Feiyun.

Of course, in the imperial court, the Divine King was more influential than him.

Both of them were councilors with varying degrees of influence. However, everything was relative. Transcendent Daoist's influence within the court was quite great, and the Divine King's influence in the cultivation world was also at the top level.

The Divine King lifted his brow and laughed: "Transcendent Daoist, are you not in the middle of your life and death isolated cultivation that lasts for three hundred years? Why have you come out when it has yet to be two hundred years?"

The Transcendent Daoist naturally ran here after being informed by the tower protector. People of their level had always wanted to find someone suitable to inherit their legacy. They wished to train a genius so that they could be immortalized for generations. Teaching a fool would only leave behind a bad name.

"Both of you already have disciples and are both Tower Lords, so there is no need to be so greedy. Let me have this opportunity." A short old man with broken straw-sandals suddenly appeared before the Divine King and Transcendent Daoist while seated on a boulder.

He held a hat woven from bamboo leaves and a shoulder pole made out of mahogany. There were some leaves in his hair, so he had to use his hat to pat them away. He really looked like a lumberjack enjoying the shade of a tree.

He happily laughed towards the Divine King and Transcendent Daoist, revealing his yellow teeth. Two were clearly missing, leaving behind quite a gap...

This old man appeared out of nowhere and wasn't detected by anyone until he started speaking.

"Fuck, Lan Muqiao, you still haven't died yet?" The Divine King directly pulled his bell down and was getting ready to whip the old man.

He had lost a bet to this old lumberjack before, almost losing even his pants. But later on, he realized that he was tricked by him and wanted to get even, but the old man disappeared from this world without a trace for two hundred years!

How could the Divine King let him go after finally seeing this old lumberjack once more?

"Infinite Blessing to the Supreme. Lan Muqiao, hand over my Dao Gate's Divine Needle spirit treasure right now or I'll show you!" The Transcendent Daoist was livid and pulled up his sleeves, preparing himself for a fight.

The old man had also cheated him quite badly, tricking away a top spirit treasure from the Dao Gate. The old man said that he would return it within three days, but he borrowed it for two hundred years straight! It really made the Transcendent Daoist's hair turn gray from all the waiting.

The old man was also not an ordinary person. He was the Tower Lord of the Technique Tower. Very few people knew his true age. They only knew that he was already the Technique Tower Lord since eight hundred years ago.

Rumor has it that he had another identity, the previous palace lord of the Sacred Spirit Palace.

Just this identity alone was enough to scare a horde of people. No one knew whether it was true or not as no one had confirmed it. The old man had never admitted to it either.

“Both of you, both of you need to calm down right now! There are a lot of juniors here, so watch your image!” The old man put the hat back on his head while shouldering the wooden pole once more. He hunched over just like a rat and, with a whoosh, he disappeared without a trace.

Both the Divine King and the Transcendent Daoist pounced at empty air.

“We are all people of great positions. You two are too stringy. Isn’t it just borrowing a few treasures for a few days? Look at how anxious the both of you are.” When the old man appeared again, he was lying on top of the huge monument and sincerely spoke: “We are all reasonable people. I’ll definitely return it with both hands in three days.”

“Fuck, another three days!”

“Infinite Blessing to the Supreme, three days your sister!”

Both the Divine King and the Transcendent Daoist couldn’t remain calm any longer; they were completely enraged by the old lumberjack. A fierce battle intent rose as they quickly soared to the top of the monument. However, once their figures appeared again, the old man was nowhere to be found.

The young disciples’ jaws almost fell to the ground. All three of them were characters of the highest level in the Wanxiang Pagoda. Normally, they were revered to the extreme, but this scene playing out before them had ruined their image completely.

This was especially true for the Technique Tower Lord. This old man was just a scoundrel and held no semblance of a legendary character.

“Little miss, I see that your structure is amazing and you also have great innate talents, a one in ten thousand genius for cultivation. Are you willing to join my Technique Tower to become the inheritor to all of my skills? To succeed my position as the Technique Tower Lord in the future?” The old man suddenly appeared behind Little Demoness with a holy demeanor as if he was an enlightened man.

He had offended the Divine King and the Transcendent Daoist, so he didn’t want to vie for Feng Feiyun any longer. To avoid being ganged up by them, he aimed for Little Demoness instead.

He blinked his innocent eyes like a bad uncle tricking a little girl. No, more like a bad grandpa. [1. Adults are uncles by default, not referring to actual blood uncle/grandpa.]

Little Demoness, while hugging her white kitten, was a bit surprised as she looked at this old scoundrel who appeared out of nowhere. Her pink lips twitched as she twirled her hair with her finger, resulting in a very cute appearance. She was clearly not ready to respond.

The old lumberjack stroked his chin and proudly proclaimed: “Okay, since you have agreed, then you are now my disciple. Tomorrow, I will pass down the Technique Tower Lord position to you.”

Little Demoness’ mouth gaped, and she couldn’t close it. What was this old scoundrel talking about?

“Come with me!” With a slightly darkened expression, the old man saw two rays of light approaching from afar. He immediately put the Little Demoness on his shoulder and flew away, quickly disappearing without a trace.

This was a real kidnapping!

“The bastard!” When the Divine King and the Transcendent Daoist arrived, the old lumberjack was nowhere to be found.

Not long after, Feng Feiyun finally came out from the Immeasurable Tower. The moment he stepped out, he was assaulted by great fatigue and couldn’t tell which direction the sun was in. A series of gusts whistled by his ear. He wanted to block them, but it was too late. With a bang, everything suddenly became dark; he was knocked unconscious by someone with a stick!

Zhang Badao immediately put away his steel rod that was as thick as an arm and grinned. He put Feng Feiyun on his shoulder and secretly ran away from the crowd.

Although there were witnesses, no one dared to say anything. Zhang Badao was the Martial Tower Lord. He was a person just like his name — notorious for bullying. Plus, he had the Divine King as his backing, so no one dared to be a tattletale at this time. [1. Badao = Domineering, an adjective most often used to describe Li Qiye from Emperor’s Domination.]

“Whoosh! Whoosh!”

Two rays of light came back from the horizon. The Divine King and the Transcendent Daoist tried to catch the old lumberjack together, but they couldn’t even catch a glimpse of him. That old scoundrel was just like a mouse — fast as lightning and quick to disappear.

The Divine King glanced over the crowd and didn’t see Zhang Badao, so he knew the plan had been successful. He revealed a faint smirk: “Brother Transcendent, goodbye for now.”

“Brother Long, are you really quitting on your own accord?” The Transcendent Daoist felt slightly surprised.

“It’s just a disciple, there is no need to compete with others or else the juniors will make fun of us! We need to be more magnanimous!” The Divine King patted the daoist’s shoulder and suddenly felt that he was much nobler and grand like a wise sage or a saint that didn’t care for fame.

The daoist slightly frowned, not feeling moved at all. He actually felt that something was wrong. People of their age would all have become sly foxes. He knew better than anyone just what kind of person Long Chuangfeng was. There was no way he would be able to say such dignified words.

“Congratulation to Brother Transcendent for taking in a virtuous student. In the future, you will be celebrated as the greatest master in the cultivation world and forever be remembered in history. Goodbye then!” With a mournful expression as if he had lost something, the Divine King turned into a golden ray of light and disappeared into the fog.

He escaped very quickly lest the Transcendent Daoist caught up to him.

Chapter 228: Grand Chancellor

The Martial Tower used to be the sacred ground with the strongest fighting force in the Wanxiang Pagoda. Unfortunately, they didn't produce any talents in the past century. There were very few young disciples who were able to enter the Hundreds' List, resulting in the tower's gradual decline from its former glory.

The hundred-level was majestic and magnificent. The bright sunlight shone down with a metallic luster.

This was a place that used to produce many superb experts that swept over the world. Each level had engravings left behind by the seniors regarding their best cultivation methods. This could be said to be a real sacred ground for martial arts cultivation.

After being taken by Zhang Badao to be the Divine King's disciple, Feng Feiyun immediately became the junior brother of the Martial Tower Lord. Although he was the son of the evil demon, no one dared to gossip now that he has the Divine King as his master.

One month later.

"So what if he is the son of the demon? It's none of your goddamn business! Motherfucker, say one more word and see what I'll do to you!" Zhang Badao was standing atop the Martial Tower berating three officials below like a rude woman at the market. He even slammed his shoes down on the three's heads.

These three wearing official clothing had great identities. They were all officials of the earl level in the Jin Dynasty. They came riding panthers. The one in front had an official order with flashing black light that was seemingly made from onyx gold.

Their cultivations were amazing as well. All of them were quite spirited with eyes like shining stars. Their official clothing was green with three golden scales hanging by their waists. Three imposing auras emanated from their bodies that would cause Spirit level cultivators to kneel before them.

The three panthers towering at five meters high stood on a square paved with white pebbles outside of the tower. Their noses were puffing out white smoke. It was clear that they had traveled a very far distance for even strange beasts like them to be exhausted.

The three officials carried an order as they stood at the base of the tower. The one standing in front took a step forward and held the order that belonged to the Grand Chancellor up high: "The son of the evil demon is the messenger of the Evil Woman, and she is attacking as well as taking over the dynasty's territory. She is our enemy! The status of the son of the demon is special, so under the order of His Excellency Chancellor, we came to this place. I hope the Divine King will reconsider this matter."

They were in the same camp as the Chancellor who was quite influential in the dynasty. They would never bow before anyone outside of the Chancellor and the Jin Emperor.

"The Grand Chancellor's Order... Haha! This is just a piece of crap, yet you still dare to bring it here to scare the Divine King? Truly courting death." Zhang Badao roared with his hair standing straight up just like a golden lion.

The three officials started to feel their blood pumping after being shouted at by him. They could feel their inner organs shaking, so they had to attack at the same time. Each of them unleashed nine waves of spirit energy that turned into a powerful current to break the roar.

Nevertheless, they were still forced ten meters back from the shock before they could steady themselves.

“Hmph, does the Divine King not care for the dynasty’s prosperity? Does he wish to conspire with the Evil Woman and bring chaos to the world?” Another official shouted.

“The Divine King is the number one king in the dynasty. He should lead by example and hand over the son of the demon to us. When we bring him back to the capital, we will give credit to the Divine King when we meet the Jin Emperor.” The third one added.

They came prepared. With the chancellor as their backing, they were completely fearless. Moreover, “reason” was on their side, so they didn’t think that the Divine King wouldn’t listen.

The three of them bravely stood beneath the Martial Tower in high spirits. A cold smile hung on their faces as they waited for the Divine King’s answer.

The Divine King came out from the tower and shouted his command without batting an eye: “Beat them!”

Zhang Badao had already wanted to beat them up, so after hearing the command, he instantly grinned and spat on his palms before rubbing them together. He took out a large iron rod and jumped down from the tower.

The three officials were shaken after seeing Zhang Badao jumping down with such aggressiveness. They staggered a few steps back; one of them pointed at him and spoke while quivering: “We are the chancellor’s people!”

“Boom!”

“That’s exactly who I want to beat up!” Zhang Badao reached the ground and slammed his rod onto this person’s back, sending him flying. Before his body could reach the ground, Zhang Badao added another kick right on his rear.

This earl was ruthlessly stepped on by Zhang Badao, causing his face to directly meet the floor. His nose was broken and he lost three teeth as well.

“Zhang Badao, you actually dare to hit the chancellor’s people... Ow ah!! My face...” Before this official could finish speaking, Zhang Badao had already gifted a rod to his face, dislocating his jaw and leaving behind a red print.

This was Zhang Badao taking it easy on him, or else his face would have burst like a watermelon.

“Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!” Series of hits resounded at the base of the Martial Tower and mingled with the wails of the three officials. It was just like three old virgins being raped by a herd of bulls. This scene was very bloody and violent — no spectators could possibly bear to watch this.

Feng Feiyun was also standing at the top of the tower. He felt cold sweat dripping down his forehead while watching the carnage below. These three were earls and were at the same level of a county lord. Normally, they would act as they pleased, and countless peasants would kneel down before them. But now, they were being beaten into pig-heads and crying for their mothers.

This was too ferocious! This Senior Brother Zhang Badao was such a badass!

The Divine King was strong enough and simply didn't need to be considerate of the chancellor. He gave the chancellor zero face after beating the official the chancellor sent. One would be hard pressed to find someone else in the entire dynasty that would oppose the chancellor like this.

"Master, who is this Grand Chancellor?" Feng Feiyun inquired.

With a profound gaze, the Divine King smiled: "The Grand Chancellor is no ordinary character. He is one of the three ducal ministers. In terms of influence, he is number two in the dynasty. One-third of the eighteen marquis were all groomed by him, so you tell me."

The eighteen marquis were in charge of the dynasty's army. Each of them had reached the Giant level and had millions of troops under their command. They watched over the eighteen provinces and were the real big shots of the dynasty.

And yet, a third of them were under the chancellor's banner. This type of force was unimaginable and could instantly destroy a top cultivation clan like the Feng Clan.

"Most importantly, he is also the current master of one of the four great clans, the Beiming Clan!" The Divine King laughed.

"Beiming Clan...!" Feng Feiyun murmured.

The four great clans of the Jin Dynasty were all behemoths. They were ancient with a great foundation and power. Some had been established for more than ten thousand years — prior to even the founding of the dynasty itself!

Any one of them had the power to shake the foundation of the dynasty. Even the Jin Emperor wouldn't thoughtlessly offend them. If the government was a palace, then the four clans were the four supporting pillars; the collapse of any of them would cause the entire palace to shake and suffer a grievous blow.

"This old fox, Beiming Moshou, only wants to use this turmoil caused by the Evil Woman to remove his opponents and maneuver his troops to expand his influence and power. The first person he wants to kill is me. You are only an excuse for him to take action." Although the Divine King had been living reclusively at the Martial Tower for a long time, his influence within the dynasty was extraordinary and even comparable to the chancellor's.

The Evil Woman affected the entire Grand Southern Prefecture and made things chaotic for all the powers. Many groups had plans to use this opportunity to seize even more benefits.

"So what is our course of action?" Feng Feiyun mused.

"Since he has moved against us, we naturally have to answer back. I have not shown up in the cultivation world and the dynasty for a long time now. Perhaps some people have forgotten who I am." The Divine King was imposing even without being angry. He stood at the top of the tower, seemingly capable of plucking the stars with a righteous momentum like a rainbow across the clear sky.

The Wanxiang Pagoda did not belong to any power. It was a sacred ground for learning. All the geniuses from the dynasty came here to train.

And the Martial Tower was the place for masters. In the present, many top masters in the dynasty had trained at the tower before and were its students. Just imagine how terrifying the power in their grasp must be!

Although they had left the Martial Tower to become the tyrants of their own domains, they viewed the Divine King as their wise teacher. Some of them were saved by him as well. With a single word from him, these people would not hesitate to risk their lives or shed their blood for his cause.

Feng Feiyun knew that his current cultivation was too low. He was but a little shrimp before these true big shots. He had no weight and had no say in the matter.

The only thing he needed to now was to constantly improve his cultivation.

After another half a month of training at the Martial Tower, the mysterious master came to find him.

Ever since Feng Feiyun entered the Martial Tower, this mysterious master never showed himself again. It was clear that the master was afraid of being found out by the Divine King and Zhang Badao.

Today, when Feng Feiyun was sitting by himself on a peak to meditate the Eight Arts Manual, the master decided to show himself. However, it wasn't his real body that arrived.

"Whoosh!" A crimson wisp that wrapped a green-jade talisman flew forward like a bloody cloud.

"Meeting tonight at the Genius Mansion. I have a mysterious gift and I guarantee Brother Feng will love to have it. Please come on time." This was the message on the talisman.

Feng Feiyun crushed the talisman as he gazed towards the horizon with a slight frown.

With the blood bracelet on his wrist, he was deprived of his freedom and could only be manipulated. This sensation made him upset, but he couldn't not go to the party before taking off the bracelet.

Chapter 229: Divine Kings Successor

The Genius Mansion was located in the Wanxiang Square.

The square was a market for cultivators outside of the pagoda. Many of its disciples came here to exchange treasures. Of course, the majority cultivators who wanted to enter the pagoda through examination would stop here first.

After many years, the square continued to grow bigger until it was large enough to hold a million people just like a huge metropolitan city.

When the night curtain fell, it became very lively. Little lamps hanging on the streets brightly illuminated the entire scene.

"The son of the demon actually did it! With his heaven-defying talents, he reached the seventh level! He became the Divine King's heir and now has widespread fame. Many young kings are considering him to be a worthy opponent."

"Many ferocious guys have voiced their desire to defeat him and step on his bones in order to reach the top."

“This storm won’t be small at all. Several heaven-defying geniuses on the Pagoda’s Hundreds List that were training had heard of this and come out. They thought that the son of the demon only got lucky and his talents aren’t worth mentioning.”

On the gravel-paved path to the Wanxiang Pagoda, discussions could be found everywhere. The majority was about Feng Feiyun and the Little Demoness. Of course, Feng Feiyun had also heard some bad news.

“The stars reversed a few days ago with a strange astronomical phenomenon, ‘the dragons will devour the sky while the Red Planet protects.’ His Excellency, the Grand Chancellor, came at midnight to meet the Jin Emperor in the palace and announced that this was an extremely ominous sign. Not long in the future, an earth-shattering change will happen throughout the entire dynasty.”

Feng Feiyun also knew a bit about astronomical observations and had detected the change in the stars. The fate of the dynasty had become quite strange and unpredictable. Not long from now, there might be an uprising of heroes and wars.

He eventually made his way to the mansion and saw Niu Nu, who had greeted him before, waiting outside. Niu Nu immediately bowed in an even more deferential way compared to last time: “Salutations, Young Noble Feng!”

Feng Feiyun asked: “Has the banquet begun?”

“Of course the banquet wouldn’t start without your presence.” Niu Nu smiled.

Feng Feiyun was aware that the mysterious master was planning something big, and they wanted to use him. This was the reason for his nice treatment. The moment he lost his value, he would be nothing in front of the master.

He followed Niu Nu into the mansion. The thing that surprised Feng Feiyun was that there were some new faces among the geniuses from last time. Some had brilliant auras with dragon and tiger images above their heads, meaning that their cultivation was great.

There were two familiar faces. Back at the Martial Exhibition Tower, they tried to get on Feng Feiyun’s good side by giving him healing elixirs and calami.

“Brother Feng’s five consecutive victories were so stylish and heroic! At that time, I already knew that you would soar to the sky. In just two months, you have become the Divine King’s successor — this is truly worth celebrating.” The elder son of the Heavenly Tiger Marquis came and offered a toast to Feng Feiyun while pulling him to sit beside each other.

The tiger marquis was one of the eighteen marquis. This eldest son was also his heir. Each of his actions and words represented the marquis’ camp, so it was clear that he was trying to get close to Feng Feiyun.

This person had an exceedingly high cultivation. His energy throughout his entire body was focused in his dantian, leaving only a pair of eyes with a faint trace of a frightening yellow glimmer. He was a grand achievement God Base.

Feng Feiyun had seen the Pagoda’s Hundreds List before. This elder son was ranked among the top fifty.

Even Gu Qing, who had eight divine intents, was only ranked 278th on the list. Despite this evaluation, he was still considered the strongest under grand achievement. From this, one could see that the top fifty of the list were the real top characters of the younger generation.

This eldest son had tried to befriend Feng Feiyun several times and even gave him a second-rank spirit pill to help him recover, so Feng Feiyun didn't reject his goodwill. He accepted the wine cup and drank it all in one gulp.

"Congratulations, Brother Feng. The Divine King had only taken in two disciples, the Tower Lord Master and you. A hundred years from now, perhaps you will be able to inherit his royal title." The third prince of Dashi with a crown decorated with a crimson dragon engraving and a purple imperial robe also held a bronze goblet and offered a toast.

This prince had given a calamus root to Feng Feiyun back then in an attempt to befriend him as well.

"Third Prince surely jests. His royal title naturally will be inherited by his descendant and won't fall onto me no matter what." Feng Feiyun laughed.

The Divine King's royal title was not ordinary in the dynasty. It was a great banner with the power to enter the ancestral ground of the imperial family. It also entitled them to correct a flawed emperor or even killing a tyrant.

Among the eighteen marquis, three of them were directly under the Divine King of that generation. He had more than one billion troops that even the Jin Emperor did not have jurisdiction over. This was a force capable of shaking the entire world!

This was why the Grand Chancellor considered the Divine King to be a looming threat and had always tried to weaken his power or even kill him.

The king had his own territories for a total of five counties. The existence of the Divine King was meant to support the Jin Emperor to rule the world as well as to keep an eye on the emperor. If the emperor was a tyrant, then the king had the power to remove him and crown a new emperor.

"The Divine King has no descendants!" The eldest son of the tiger marquis whispered in Feng Feiyun's ears.

Feng Feiyun turned silent after hearing this, then he smiled: "Even if he doesn't have a descendant, the heir to his title wouldn't fall onto someone with a different last name like me."

The Divine King simply held too much power. He was the protector of the imperial family and its final card. The privilege to mobilize half of the imperial family's troops was not something that could fall onto someone of a different last name. At least, Feng Feiyun thought this way.

The eldest son shook his head: "The Divine King of each generation has always been picked by the previous then brought to the ancestral ground of the family. As long as they are able to pass the test of the wise sages of the imperial family, then even someone with a different last name can be bestowed the title of Divine King."

"Historically, there had been two kings that came from families other than the imperial family. This was because the previous king did not have any descendants, so they picked the most excellent among their

disciples to become the heir!" The third prince sat down next to Feng Feiyun and explained in a low voice.

"Someone with a different last name can indeed become the Divine King. However, the next generation must be chosen from the imperial family." The eldest son smilingly added.

Feng Feiyun played with the wine goblet with his finger while lost in thought.

"Since the Divine King has no descendants, and only you and the Tower Lord Master are his disciples, of course you will be the better candidate if a choice must be made." The eldest son raised his cup again.

"Haha, we heard that Brother Feng was going to be here, so we came as well. Otherwise, the master of this place wouldn't be able to invite us." The third prince was also a heaven-defying genius among the top fifty of the pagoda list.

These two weren't the only ones who considered Feng Feiyun to be the successor to the Divine King title. Many others shared the same thoughts. A few young masters from cultivation sects all came to offer a toast. Feng Feiyun smiled and drank with them while having cheerful conversations.

"Hmph, the guy only got lucky. There are a bunch of people in the pagoda with better aptitudes and talents than him." An unhappy voice loudly resounded. Although he didn't mention a name, it was clear who he was referring to.

"He's only someone abandoned by his own clan. If I was a bit luckier, I could have rushed into the seventh floor too — no big deal."

Many people felt that the atmosphere was strange and deliberately stepped to the side. The entire mansion became a lot quieter.

Feng Feiyun kept on drinking with a smile on his face. He slightly glanced over and saw two men wearing embroidered robes sitting face to face. One of them was Beiming Tang.

Several old men stood behind them, all with exceedingly high cultivations.

The two men sat and drank together. Beiming Tang acted as if there was no one here and continued on: "I heard the Jin Emperor had decreed for three heavenly marquis to send one hundred million troops of the Godly Army to destroy the Evil Woman and sweep through the Grand Southern Prefecture. I wonder if her servant is also on the list to be destroyed?"

Beiming Tang clearly wanted to cause trouble, and everyone knew who he was targeting.

The eldest son of the tiger marquis suddenly stood up with a glare, but Feng Feiyun pulled his arm and made him sit back down.

"Brother Beiming, who are you talking about?" Feng Feiyun played the fool.

Before the master had arrived, the atmosphere grew intense. A few unfathomable cultivators happily watched the show.

"Oh! Why if it isn't this the Divine King's new heir! Brother Feng, excuse me!" Beiming Tang didn't bother looking at Feng Feiyun. He continued to drink after making his sarcastic remark.

The person sitting opposite of him turned around to stare at Feng Feiyun. His eyes were a bit bizarre with a crimson red glow in his pupils. Just his glance alone made the wine in Feng Feiyun's hand turn into ice, emitting a chilling air.

Feng Feiyun was a bit startled and gazed back at this man. However, this man already turned away and continued to drink.

Beiming Tang smirked: "Brother Feng reaching the seventh floor at only peak God Base is so admirable, I wonder if you actually did it using your true abilities?"

Beiming Tang tried six times and couldn't even surpass the fifth floor, so how could he not be jealous of Feng Feiyun's achievement after just one shot?

Most importantly, it made Feng Feiyun even more valuable to the mysterious master which made him all the more jealous.

Chapter 230: Dragon Kings First Slash

"True ability?" A traceless flame appeared between Feng Feiyun's fingers and traveled into the wine cup. The ice quickly melted and he drank the contents all in one gulp.

Beiming Tang suddenly stood up with a northern profound cold energy rotating around his body before gallantly declaring: "Without a spirit treasure, your true ability is not necessarily stronger than my own."

Beiming Tang had lost before to Feng Feiyun, but he believed that it was due to the power of the spirit treasure. His cultivation was not necessarily weaker than Feng Feiyun's.

He had been to the fifth floor of the Immeasurable Tower before and obtained great benefits from it. At this moment, he was at peak God Base with seven divine intents. He was truly not weaker than Feng Feiyun.

"If you want to fight, then I'll fight you with one hand, there is no need for spirit treasures." Feng Feiyun leisurely drank his wine while sitting down to make this nonchalant statement.

Everyone was shocked to hear these words from Feng Feiyun. To fight Beiming Tang with one hand? Their cultivation was similar so it was difficult to predict the victor. Wasn't this too rude from Feng Feiyun?

Someone else wanted to fight in Feng Feiyun's stead but was politely denied by him.

This was truly too arrogant!

Beiming Tang snorted: "Feng Feiyun, since you're courting death, I'll gladly assist you."

"I will sit right here and defeat you with just one hand." Feng Feiyun responded without batting an eye.

"Damn you!" These words enraged Beiming Tang. Without any hesitation, nine waves of cold energy rushed out from his body in the shape of a dragon with the power of a divine river. All of them went for Feng Feiyun.

The geniuses in the mansion all retreated. Every single one of them channeled an aura to protect their bodies. They also worked together to perform a formation in order to contain the shockwaves in the central area.

This was a party from the mysterious master, so no one wanted for the mansion to become damaged. It wouldn't be good to provoke that mysterious person.

Feng Feiyun continued to stay seated as he unleashed a wave of energy from his hand. It was a black wisp of light from his finger that destroyed all the cold energy from the northern profound technique.

At peak God Base, the Dark Water Art became even more powerful and could easily manipulate the moisture in the air at the user's whim.

"Swoosh!" A sword ray shot out from Beiming Tang's waist. A white jade sword flew into his hand. This was a pseudo-spirit treasure. Its endurance was comparable to a spirit treasure and was only lacking its own spirituality. Its power was much weaker than a spirit treasure but much stronger than an ordinary one.

Beiming Tang had trained several sword arts from the Sword Scripture back at the Dao Gate. Each art was a great technique, and at this moment, he was using one of them.

The moment this sword came out, the world shattered!

Seventy-six sword rays materialized and rotated around his body like dragons. They were sharp and holy, making it seem as if he had turned into a supreme sword immortal drifting with the wind.

"This is an art from the Sword Scripture. Beiming Tang has understood twenty percent of it, but it is more than enough to defeat anything." Someone commented.

Feng Feiyun remained seated. His finger touched his waist, causing his spatial pouch to light up. A gigantic saber suddenly appeared in his hand. He unleashed a simple slash without any pleasing aesthetic appeal; its power was as vast as a surging river and immediately shattered all the swords in the air.

This was a giant stone saber around seven feet long and as wide as a door. It weighed at 35,000 pounds and was double the size of Feng Feiyun's body. A domineering atmosphere emerged as he wielded the weapon with one hand.

It was also not a spirit treasure and seemed to be made from just plain white rocks — simple and straightforward.

The sword energy around Beiming Tang's body did not falter. His white sword directly flew outside. It was a flying sword mastery art, another from the Sword Scripture.

A three-foot long white ray followed the sword and emitted a screeching howl as it danced through the sky.

"Boom!" Feng Feiyun spun his blade around twice like a windmill then slashed downward to directly knock the flying sword away, lodging it in a wall.

On the ground was a long mark from the saber's energy as the pavement split apart.

“Bam!” The saber’s energy continued to slash Beiming Tang’s chest. Luckily, he had already channeled his northern profound art and created an ice armor to protect his entire body. Otherwise, this saber attack would have gravely injured him.

What was this saber and why was it so terrifying that it could easily destroy a sword art from the Sword Scripture?

Everyone could see that Feng Feiyun’s saber was naturally formed and had never been refined before. It was not a spirit treasure, but it seemed to be even stronger than one.

Feng Feiyun then propped his saber on his shoulder while still seated and smiled: “Even if I’m sitting down and using just one hand, you still aren’t my match?”

Beiming Tang was not convinced. While adorned with his ice armor, his defense was the best among those within the same cultivation level, so he was virtually unbeatable. What else was there to be afraid of?

More northern profound energy gathered on his hand. The atmosphere suddenly grew colder. Icy petals danced around his body as he unleashed nine fists in a row. The cold energy became more and more frightening as if there were countless knives flying in the air.

A thick layer of ice also covered Feng Feiyun’s gigantic saber and slowly moved onto his sleeve then arm. Little icy flakes assaulted his face with a chill that penetrated all the way to his heart.

This was the real northern profound divine art, the legacy of the Beiming Clan. It was rumored that there was an expert from the clan who was able to use this art and cause snow to fall in a radius of one thousand miles. This cold energy caused the ground to freeze. The nine cold fists were even more terrifying; they were chilling to the bones and caused nine consecutive detonations.

“Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!”

Feng Feiyun slowly lifted his saber. A dragon roar quietly came from the blade. Anyone with a keen eye would be able to see that there were faint draconic runes moving on top of the white saber that was emitting a radiance.

Only a few young prodigies with great cultivations were slightly shocked after hearing the quiet dragon roar.

“Dragon King’s First Slash!” Feng Feiyun cried out.

One slash descended. A white dragon image flew out from the saber and soared in the sky like a dragon-blade.

The nine fist energies were like thin paper and were easily chopped into pieces. The saber energy fell on top of Beiming Tang’s head. This threatening force directly made his legs quiver; he almost knelt on the ground.

Even before the energy touched his body, a primal fear came from the depths of his heart and ran all the way from his soles up the spine to the neck.

This was the oppressive energy of a king!

“Crackk!” The extremely fortified icy armor was split by the dragon energy. The cracking sound made Beiming Tang tremble with fear.

‘Impossible, impossible, Feng Feiyun couldn’t break the icy armor with a spirit treasure, so how could this saber energy be so powerful?’ Beiming Tang felt his death approaching!

“You dare?!” Several old protectors behind Beiming Tang took action to stop Feng Feiyun.

Two of them were peak God Base experts with nine divine intents. One had even reached grand achievement God Base. They were all elder level characters.

“The Beiming Clan is indeed one of the four great clans, to think they have so many experts like this! Well, I’ll try killing two of them today. Dragon King’s First Slash!” Feng Feiyun flipped his hand to unleash another white dragon-wave energy just like a star crossing the sky. It immediately split one of the old men into two pieces by the waist.

“Pluff!” Blood stained the saber with even more dripping to the ground.

This old man had nine divine intents and could be considered untouchable below grand achievement God Base. However, he still couldn’t stop Feng Feiyun’s single slash. All seven divine intents he shot out were easily shattered by the dragon wave.

This one saber art seemed to be able to break all the arts in this world, shocking the entire place.

The elder son of the Heavenly Tiger Marquis and the third prince of Dashi looked at each other and uttered at the same time: “Dragon King’s Saber Art!”

Feng Feiyun was actually practicing the supreme manual that only the imperial family had access to, the Dragon King’s Saber Art! This was news that would shock the entire world. The Jin Dynasty would become riled up after hearing this.

It was clear that this art was passed down to him by the Divine King. The king’s goal became clear as day. This was to groom Feng Feiyun to be the next Divine King. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have passed on this art that was only available to imperial disciples.

No one was mediocre at the mansion. After finding out about Feng Feiyun’s art, they were all shaken. Some quietly left the mansion in order to spread this earth-shattering news.

Has the Divine King made his selection?

The gazes on Feng Feiyun were different from before. The moment he used the dragon king’s art meant that he was about to become the future Divine King, a tyrannical figure in the Jin Dynasty.

Feng Feiyun didn’t know how big of a commotion he had created. For the past month, he followed the Divine King to study this saber art and had finished learning the first slash to about thirty percent of its maximum potential. He had yet to master it, but this was the right time to test it on these Beiming experts.

“Pluff!” The second peak God Base cultivator was chopped by the saber. The wound slowly split into two from the right shoulder all the way to the left armpit. Blood spurted from his body all over Beiming Tang not far away.

In just two seconds, two experts had lost their lives. Both were peak God Base experts with nine divine intents while Feng Feiyun still sat there nonchalantly in his chair with one hand on the saber. Such battle prowess was quite astonishing.

“How bold! To kill people from my Beiming Clan, you shall pay with your life!” The grand achievement God Base was flustered. There was actually someone killing Beiming members in public! This was truly not putting the four great clans in their eyes.