

Sprit Vessel 301

[Chapter 301: Supreme Genius](#)

There was a suffocating atmosphere; it was as if the air itself had been frozen!

In just a second, four heretical disciples were lying in pools of blood. One had their head blown off while the other three got their hearts pierced. Despite all of this, the killer was still nowhere to be found. It was just a single terrifying glare!

The heretical disciples didn't dare to speak any longer as if their mouths had been covered. The ones lying on the ground were dead because they couldn't control their mouths.

Hong Mofang's black cloak was being swept up by the cold wind. A flash flew across his pupils as he looked around and raised his voice: "It looks like a real hero of the pagoda is here. I, Hong Mofang, would like to take you on."

Hong Mofang looked quite heroic and showed great bloodthirst, but his mind was not calm. He was afraid that this new arrival might be the son of the demon. After all, below Mount Banda, he could still recall how Huang Daonan and Hei Fengyan died to Feng Feiyun.

He thought to himself: 'Hmph! Even if it is the son of the demon, I still have a chance to win!'

"You... are not qualified!" This voice was not the voice of the demon's son.

Hong Mofang calmed down right away and thought that this made sense. The demon's son had slept with Bai Ruxue and offended all of the heretical schools. He simply didn't dare to come to this manor.

"Then come and see if I'm qualified or not!" Mofang became even more fearless. The fiery clouds behind him emerged once more with his qi image. He had found out the position of the attacker from tracing his voice and unleashed a seal for the clouds to immediately aim for the thicket.

But before the clouds could reach that area, another cold glare pierced through them and struck Mofang's palm.

It came from another direction completely!

'Did I get it wrong, or is the enemy's speed much faster than my attack?' Blood was dripping from his palm. Fortunately, he pulled his hand back fast enough or else it would have been crippled.

Blood dripped down his fingertips and splashed on the ground.

The prodigies from the pagoda, Dashi's third prince, the eldest son of the tiger marquis, Mu Dantian, and Mu Shuidi were all looking at each other. Who was this person from the pagoda?

The third prince had just lost to Mofang earlier while the others had similar cultivations to him. Mofang was indeed arrogant, but he was among the top-level geniuses.

And yet there was someone who could wound Mofang in just one move? Their cultivation was simply frightening.

Liu Chengfeng laughed and said: “Mofang, you actually got injured by a disciple from the pagoda, were you overworked on a woman’s belly last night?”

“Haha! I can’t help it! The women from the pagoda feel too good!” A light appeared on his fingers. The wounds immediately healed; even the blood evaporated right away.

Liu Chengfeng was even stronger than Mofang. He was a Third Hall Protector, the number one among the grand achievement God Bases here for the heretical schools. He was a cool and handsome man who aimed for perfection. Each of his actions was particularly unrestrained and dashing.

“Do you need me to help you?” On top of the black uniform, he also wore a white short-sleeved cloak and spoke in an indifferent and easy-going manner.

“How strong could this person be if they’re from the pagoda? There’s no need for Brother Liu to take action. I was only careless and lost by half a move.”

Mofang represented the Fourth Hall, so how could he lose so easily? Moreover, he had many forbidden laws yet to be utilized. Few at the grand achievement God Base level would be able to block them.

“You heretics are vile and don’t shrink away from committing any crime. You dare to publicly humiliate our pagoda’s women?!” The voice in the wind was chilling just like a blade flying through the air.

Mofang was cautious as he laughed: “Our heretical disciples will sleep with all the pagoda’s women until we are bored. Brat, I have probably slept with them ten times more than you have!”

The voice mockingly stated: “Is that so? I heard your Fourth Hall’s prettiest had been tied up to a tree and raped by a fellow from our pagoda though?”

All the disciples from the pagoda present laughed heartily. Even Zhuo Jiwen who had been grievously wounded laughed: “Rumor has it that Bai Ruxue has skin as white as jade — a peerless seductress. I’m having a hard time imagining her being tied to a tree while crying out for help.”

“I’m sure she was crying for her mother and father with tears rolling down her cheeks. What a pity that she had to meet our pagoda’s fiercest man. He played with her for ten days and ten nights, and she almost even lost her life from it.” Even the calm Mu Dantian smirked while feeling good from the vocal retaliation.

“I heard Bai Ruxue is the Fourth Lord’s woman. Unfortunately, he didn’t get to do her before Feng Feiyun. This Feiyun is too immoral, I even feel bad for His Excellency! Haha!”

“Feng Feiyun is our number one playboy! I heard he has a nine dragons pillar!”

All of the pagoda’s disciples chimed in one after another with boisterous laughter.

On the contrary, the heretical disciples turned pale from rage. Some from the Fourth Hall almost had smoke rising from their heads due to anger.

‘Ugh...’ Feng Feiyun almost vomited blood. ‘What is this about a nine dragons pillar? Ten days and ten nights? Number one playboy of the pagoda? Who the hell spread this garbage?!’

‘It’s over, it’s over. Please don’t let Hongyan hear about this, she’ll be so disappointed in me.’

The crowd's gaze made Mofang livid. His face turned black like a piece of metal.

"I'm going to cut you now!" The cold voice was accompanied by a white glare that seemed just like an immortal sword sweeping through the sky.

With his qi image above his head, Mofang's palms turned red like a heated iron. The wind blew by with embers flying everywhere. A twenty-meter-high pagoda was condensed from his fire. There were a total of seven floors seemingly made from hot iron that weighed millions of pounds.

"Boom!" He brazenly threw out this pagoda to break the white glare.

Mofang roared: "If you don't show yourself, you can't be my match."

"Fine, today will be your funeral then." A young man in a white daoist robe left the thicket. While holding a bronze whisk, he had a green daoist hairband with a pin running through it. His hair looked just like a white waterfall. The bundle of hair was from a heavenly horse and contained a spirit compared to that of a spirit treasure. [1]

The most astonishing part was the third eye on his forehead. It was a Full Moon Heavenly Gaze that was closed at this moment, but it still emitted a power capable of destroying the world.

It was this person who killed several heretical disciples earlier.

"It's Ji Feng!" Someone recognized him right away.

"Ji Feng reached the sixth level of the Immeasurable Tower at peak God Base, his talents are right behind the other Grand Historical Geniuses!"

"I heard he was taken in as a disciple by a big character from the Dao Tower and went into isolated cultivation at the top of the tower. This top performer has finally come out."

Feng Feiyun already knew that it was him who delivered the fatal blows. Only his heavenly gaze could have such terrifying power. Even though he had defeated Ji Feng in the past, it took all of his strength. Moreover, his eye wasn't completely open at that time.

Now, it looks like his natural heavenly gaze could open fully. Even though he wasn't a Grand Historical Genius, he would definitely not be any weaker than them if they were at the same level. This was the power of the Full Moon Heavenly Gaze.

On that day of the test, Feng Feiyun, Little Demoness, and Ji Feng were the most promising newcomers.

Feng Feiyun was taken in by the Divine Monarch, Little Demoness was taken by an old woodman, and Ji Feng was accepted by one of the three Untethered of the Dao Gate, the Transcendent Daoist.

The three Untethered daoists were monsters from the previous generation, the strongest of the Dao Gate. As the Transcendent Daoist's disciple, Ji Feng naturally learned from the best of the daoist's scriptures. Perhaps he improved even faster than Feng Feiyun.

However, if the two of them were to fight again right now... how could Feng Feiyun not handle the heavenly gaze with his forty divine intents? It was difficult to determine the victor in this scenario.

"Who are you?" Mofang slightly squinted at the youth with the green hairband and sneered.

“Ji Feng.” His white robe was fluttering in the wind as he stood on a cloud without touching the ground. He had the charm of a reclusive daoist.

Mofang snorted: “I’ve never heard of someone with your name from the pagoda before.”

“It’s fine if you haven’t heard of me.” Ji Feng waved his sleeve. A group of blue clouds rolled out while he flicked his whisk. This attack pulled away the fiery pagoda from Mofang’s hand like a raging river and redirected it towards Mofang’s chest.

Mofang was aghast and quickly used three forbidden techniques. They were all supreme arts from the heretical school, but they barely stopped the fiery pagoda.

He heaved a sigh of relief only to find that his neck had been wrapped by the whisk. The bind on his throat grew tighter and tighter before it finally cracked. He panicked and gathered energy in both hands in order to use another forbidden art, but it was too late. The whisk decapitated him, sending his head flying.

“Splash!” A jet of blood gushed out from his neck. Its hot temperature melted the snow on the ground.

“Bang!” Mofang’s head fell to the ground with his eyes still wide open. He didn’t understand how he died this quickly.

Ji Feng nonchalantly said: “Because the dead doesn’t need to know my name.”

The entire audience went silent with shock! This was indeed frightening. It only took two breaths before a top heretical expert died in his hands.

“Is this the best genius of the pagoda?” The Seventh Lord of the temple, Wan Xiangcen, had absolutely beautiful eyes with an unspeakable charm, but a small ripple could be seen on their surface.

Ji Feng’s horrifying talents surprised even the heretical lords.

Lu Sanchuan respectfully told Wan Xiangcen: “Hmph! The best genius of the pagoda is Feng Feiyun. Ji Feng lost to him before.”

[Chapter 302: Who Is The Most Talented?](#)

Ji Feng was riding a white cloud with his daoist robe fluttering in the snow. His sleeves were slightly rolled up and had a whisk in his hand. Despite his young age, he gave off an otherworldly aura.

It wasn’t just the heretical members who were shocked, so were the Dao Gate, the Beastmaster Camp, and the members of the royal family. Hong Mofang who had defeated seven heaven-defying geniuses in a row died to this young man?

Ji Feng! Everyone memorized this name. It looked like the pagoda still had many great prodigies. This Ji Feng might be its most talented member.

Even Princess Luofu who always had a stern expression revealed an enchanting smile at this moment.

“Are you the best genius of the Wanxiang Pagoda?” Liu Chengfeng showed a dark smile while posturing with both hands behind his back.

“Not right now.” Ji Feng stared him down.

“You aren’t?” Chengfeng’s brows slightly furrowed.

“Impossible, you can’t find a second like him with such talents at the pagoda!”

“Who is he trying to scare? If the geniuses from the pagoda were this strong, how could they have lost ten times in a row back at the sacred lake?”

The disciples from the Fourth Hall didn’t believe it either and thought that Ji Feng was the greatest prodigy in the Wanxiang Pagoda. At the very least, they wouldn’t be able to find someone stronger than him below Heaven’s Mandate.

Lightning seemingly flashed across Ji Feng’s eyes with a blinding power. The rest of the heretical disciples quickly closed their mouths and turned mute.

Ji Feng coldly spoke: “If the real genius of the Wanxiang Pagoda comes out, how can your heretical schools withstand him?”

Liu Chengfeng smiled and said: “Even your historical genius, Shi Yelai, has lost to our lord. Does the pagoda still have someone better than him?”

Ji Feng sneered: “Shi Yelai? Haha! Don’t you know that Shi Yelai lost to Feng Feiyun when they were at the same level?”

The heretical disciples began to curse again after the name Feng Feiyun was brought up. This name was taboo to them, but they were more afraid of people bringing up the phrase “nine dragons pillar”!

Ji Feng frankly admitted: “I have lost to Feng Feiyun as well.”

This was a resounding statement that stirred thousands of waves. The crowd was sent into an uproar.

Even though the heretics knew that the demon’s son was highly gifted and had been taken in by the Divine King as his successor, they didn’t know that he had defeated Shi Yelai before. Even the youth with his great cultivation ahead had just admitted his defeat to Feng Feiyun.

Just how terrifying was this son of the demon?

The heretical schools had just come out again, so many of them had only heard of their reputations without seeing them in person. If the Wanxiang Pagoda still had a genius with greater talents than Shi Yelai and Ji Feng, it would be quite horrifying.

“If my martial uncle was here, all of you heretical geniuses wouldn’t be his match!” Wang Meng’s shout echoed across the courtyard. He was sitting on a branch like a gorilla, almost crushing the apricot branch completely.

Bi Ningshuai was next to him like a skinny monkey. He was wearing a straw hat in order to hide his black face to prevent others from recognizing him.

He looked around as if trying to find someone. He thought that Feng Feiyun’s absence was strange under this situation. Why was he not here yet?

“Hmph, it is Feng Feiyun’s luck that he isn’t here. If he was, I would definitely take his life. My heretical schools have countless experts under Heaven’s Mandate. Hong Mofeng barely counts as one of the top ten, the real masters have yet to come out.”

The ten heretical lords were all at the Heaven’s Mandate level, the real force behind the curtains. Today, only grand achievement God Base experts were taking action, but Hong Mofeng was not close to being the strongest among them.

Ji Feng asked: “Who are these real masters then?”

“Me, Liu Chengfeng!” A cold response resounded.

Ji Feng felt a heavy mountain crashing down on him. The sky above his head darkened as a huge shadow came pressing down...

It really was a large mountain!

It had a total of five peaks with evil flames surging around it. It was shaped like a person’s palm with an eternal suppressive power.

This was one of the twelve great evil arts of the Senluo Temple, the “Boundless Palm Mountain.”

All twelve arts were matchless techniques. Each was profound, and once cultivated to a certain level, they could burn the sky and boil the sea as well as chase the stars and the moon.

The Boundless Palm Mountain was rumored to have been created by an evil monk. He used to be the leader of the Third Hall back when the Senluo Temple had yet to be divided. In that period, the Senluo Temple was the strongest among all heretical schools with a status comparable to the modern Jin Dynasty.

In that era, no one dared to disobey its will.

Liu Chengfeng had actually managed to cultivate this evil art successfully. A simple flip of his palm was able to unleash this burning mountain.

Everyone felt a terrifyingly evil aura as if part of the sky was caving in. They activated their defensive techniques to avoid being pressed to death by the mountain.

Ji Feng’s eyes were firm. The whisk in his hand began to rotate in the air in order to create a Taiji diagram.

“Pure Eight Arrays Formation!” This was an ancient technique from the Dao Gate rumored to come from the Trinity Dao Mantra and passed down by the Dao Ancestor. It was derived from the first mantra, the “Pure Radiant Mirror”.

This was a technique that had been lost for 300 years. The fairies in their blue dresses from the Dao Gate were astonished. Their minds were strong like calm lotuses on a lake, but they were still shaken at this moment.

The Pure Eight Arrays Formation was the defining technique of one of their three Untethered, the Transcendent Daoist. However, the daoist started traveling across the world three hundred years ago, so this technique had never been seen again.

Could this talented youth be the Transcendent Daoist's successor? This identity would be incredibly frightening. It would be comparable to some Giants in status.

The Boundless Palm Mountain and the formation slammed into each other like an ocean contending against a mountain. Eventually, both techniques dimmed and a golden explosion tore through the air.

Many cultivators were blown away and fell to the ground. A few acted as if they were struck by a big bell and fainted.

Liu Chengfeng took a powerful step backward. His palm ached as if it was cracked and all of its bones broken.

"Bang!" The auspicious cloud below Ji Feng's feet scattered as he sunk into the ground. The bones by his thighs issued cracking noises as if they were about to break.

Such powerful attacks!

Chengfeng was among the best geniuses of the heretical schools. His battle prowess was double that of Hong Mofeng. He stood at the apex of cultivation for his level.

All the heretics thought that Chengfeng could suppress this great genius from the pagoda with one move, but Ji Feng remained standing there with his figure as straight as a pine tree.

This youth named Ji Feng was very powerful and capable of fighting evenly against Chengfeng. The pagoda couldn't be considered to be in a great decline with someone like him present. He was winning glory for the pagoda.

Even Princess Luofu quietly stated: "Well done." Shortly after, she gave an order to Attendant Yu next to her. He smiled and walked closer towards the stage.

The attendant smiled and declared: "Congratulations, Young Noble Ji. The princess has high hopes for you, don't let her down!"

"I, Ji Feng, would rather die than dare to let you down!" Ji Feng slightly bowed.

He knew just how capable and resourceful she was. Even a grand historical genius like Shi Yelai was willing to be in her camp.

It was indeed a great honor to earn her recognition.

The attendant nodded and continued: "Mofeng is dead. As long as you can defeat Chengfeng, it can be considered a victory over the Third and Fourth Halls. Doing so will reclaim our pagoda's reputation."

He stopped there and turned around to go back.

The heretical schools had many prodigies like hidden dragons and crouching tigers. Ji Feng might be strong, but it was impossible for him to fight them all. It would already be remarkable if he could defeat the top geniuses from these two halls.

All the pagoda's disciples present thought so as well. They didn't dare to imagine defeating all the heaven-defying geniuses from the heretical schools. That's simply impossible.

Chengfeng alone was already so terrifying, but the heretical schools still had several halls yet to show themselves. Perhaps there were people even more powerful than Chengfeng among them.

"The Wanxiang Pagoda cannot lose today!" Ji Feng was full of pride and the will to win in all the upcoming battles.

"You shall lose!" Chengfeng's sleeves bulged up as the amount of air inside constantly increased. They turned into two blue clouds with countless worldly laws condensing inside.

Xu Gao interrupted him: "Brother Liu, our lord wishes me to fight in your stead." This person came as fast as a ghost, leaving behind residual images like a black dragon.

Chengfeng was the greatest genius of the Third Hall. If he were to lose, then it would be the same as the Third Hall losing. The Third Lord didn't wish to see this, so he sent out another great genius to fight instead.

With Xu Gao's appearance, Chengfeng immediately retreated. Both of them were hall protectors under the Third Lord, and Xu Gao's cultivation was not weaker than Chengfeng's by much.

Xu Gao took out a white iron pot that looked a bit like a flower vase. There was a beast diagram carved on it. He placed his palm on the diagram and a huge fiery qilin flew out from inside.

"Roar!" It was as big as a hill. The scales on its body resembled little gems. This was a strange six-hundred-year-old beast soul. Xu Gao's cultivation wasn't high enough to fuse this soul into his body, so he had to keep it in a beastmaster pot.

Six-hundred-year-old beast souls were the highest grade souls for grand achievement God Bases. Once they became seven hundred years old, they could even kill first level Heaven's Mandate cultivators.

"Poof!" Ji Feng opened his Full Moon Heavenly Gaze. An invisible strand of moonlight from the sky above rushed into his eyes. A horrifying glare of boundless magnitude shot out and destroyed the fire qilin's soul.

His swordlike glare seemed to have taken physical form.

"Boom!" Xu Gao's body broke down into several pieces. His blood was even redder than the apricot blossoms.

Just one move ended a hall protector from the Third Hall! A swift and silent death.

[Chapter 303: Devil Apprentice](#)

Another great genius of the heretical schools has fallen!

Two cold scowls could be seen. Two grand achievement God Bases from the Third Hall attacked. Both were quite amazing. One had opened 210 meridians while the other 230.

These two disciples looked identical in their black robes. They had narrow cheeks, their brows were arched upward, and their eyes were as narrow as a blackfish.

Each of them had a spear in hand as they lunged forward. Their bodies almost merged with their spears; they resembled two long ridges.

The disciples from the pagoda turned furious when these two were going against Ji Feng two to one. However, they didn't even have time to voice their displeasure before the sound of flesh exploding came about.

The spears had been split by the power of the heavenly gaze. Their bodies were pierced and fell down from the sky. Once they made contact with the ground, only two stained robes were left.

These two top experts didn't even reach Ji Feng before being completely annihilated. Before one knew it, three top experts from the Third Hall had been slain on the spot.

The several thousand spectators couldn't react until three seconds later when some started to scream and shout.

The stage was in an uproar!

Ji Feng's combat capabilities were too heaven-defying and had shut down the opposition completely! He had regained some momentum for the pagoda!

This youth's figure was carved into the minds of the heretical disciples in an indelible manner.

"I have seen your moves. The Pure Eight Arrays Formation and the Full Moon Heavenly Gaze are what you rely on the most. Others can't stop these two techniques, but I can and will take you down within fifty moves!" Liu Chengfeng took out an astronomy chart, making it seem as if he was holding a starry sky. He had just come up with a method to break Ji Feng's techniques.

As the number one genius of the Third Hall, he was only weaker than the Third Lord, so he was quite confident. He once killed a grand achievement God Base when he was only at the middle level.

His words made many heretics quite excited. If he said fifty moves, then he would certainly not have to use the fifty-first.

Ji Feng abruptly responded: "Come then!" He touched both of his temples with one finger and opened the heavenly eye. It didn't look like a human eye, it was more like a round moon.

A divine ray that resembled a white-jade sword more than twenty meters long flew out. It pierced through the Boundless Palm Mountain and aimed for Chengfeng's neck.

A drop of blood spilled! The attack earlier almost severed Chengfeng's neck. He touched his neck with one finger and snorted. A heart-shaped piece of iron flew out of his heart and turned into a thick, ancient shield. It danced around his body before striding towards Ji Feng.

"Boom!" This shield had its own spirit. No one knows what treasure was used to create it, but it was able to stop the attack from the heavenly gaze.

"Your gaze might be strong, but my Black Tortoise Origin can still stop it..."

"Boom!" After he finished speaking, the shield was penetrated by the heavenly gaze and made a crack in the center. Even this shield failed to stop Ji Feng's offense.

Nevertheless, Chengfeng used this chance to get closer to Ji Feng. From the previous exchanges, Chengfeng was able to observe from afar that Ji Feng's technique and dao laws were quite powerful. His long-range capability was unbeatable at the same level, but as long as Chengfeng could get within ten steps of him and resort to close combat, how could Ji Feng stop him?

He unleashed a fist of eight qilins. A power of 1,280,000 pounds rushed out and made Ji Feng take three steps back, resulting in three huge holes on the ground.

Sure enough, Ji Feng was not used to close combat!

Chengfeng's figure shifted into shadows and surrounded Ji Feng while he constantly sent out attacks of eight qilins. This was a confrontation of pure power. There were qilin shadows everywhere in the air as if they had come to an ancient battlefield waging war for several days.

Chengfeng was indeed the top genius of the heretics. His body was very powerful as energy surged through him without depleting. He completely suppressed Ji Feng into a passive state where he couldn't even use his techniques.

A power of eight qilins could destroy mountains and split the earth. An ordinary grand achievement God Base would be exhausted after just one strike of this magnitude, but Chengfeng unleashed seventy-two in a row and Ji Feng's energy was still magnificent like a divine whale roaring in the ocean.

576 qilin shadows surrounded Ji Feng. The area turned into a prison where a primordial beast emerged. This force couldn't be described with words. Even the heretics were speechless. They didn't expect Chengfeng to be this powerful.

"Pluff! Pluff!" The flesh on Ji Feng's thighs was being smashed apart since it couldn't withstand this power. It was as if he was being split in two.

"Fifty moves failed to take your life. Ji Feng, you are truly strong, but you shall die by the 73rd move." Chengfeng slammed down from the sky as his black cloak fluttered like an evil cloud. A palm descended with another eight qilins.

"Not necessarily!" Ji Feng raised both of his hands and spat out blood along with five red jewels that were situated on his spine. They looked just like the legendary gold core. They formed a five corner star that wished to break through the entrapment of the qilins.

This was a Spirit Treasure, the Meteor Fire Jewels! They acted like five hot suns and struck with power like the real deal. The qilin shadows in the sky were shattered. Five golden rays rushed into the air and resembled five towering pillars.

The crowd wondered: "Ji Feng actually had a Spirit Treasure in his possession, can he turn the tide with this?"

A thunderous snort came from the horizon. The Third Lord tossed down a black palace straight into Chengfeng's hand. This was another Spirit Treasure that was used to defeat Shi Yelai.

With an equivalent artifact, Chengfeng began to fight against Ji Feng once more for another 270 moves. The two treasures fought until the sky lost its light. Their figures disappeared into the raging battle of these two mighty weapons.

“Boom!” The palace fell to the ground and drilled thirty meters into the earth. A great amount of debris went flying.

Chengfeng also fell from above and slammed into the ground with his quivering body. He couldn’t stand up at all, so he only stared at the sky.

Ji Feng slowly landed. His legs were mangled and gushing out blood. Some areas showed his bones as well, but he still stood proudly.

Despite defeating Chengfeng, he had paid a great price. Blood beads were dripping from nearly all of his orifices. One could see just how fierce this battle was!

The crowd was stunned for a second time!

“How could Chengfeng lose?!” The heretical disciples crazily roared, unable to accept this reality.

However, the truth lay before them, so they had to accept it. The pagoda’s ultimate genius had defeated their great genius from the Third Hall of the Senluo Temple. An undefeated legend has been crushed.

The heretical schools were not unbeatable!

The disciples from the pagoda were elated as they all stood up and fanatically screamed: “Ji Feng is invincible! Sweep through the heretical schools!”

“Ji Feng is invincible! Sweep through the heretical schools!”

“Ji Feng is invincible! Sweep through the heretical schools!”

The chants were met with mocking laughter: “Invincible? Sweep through the heretical schools? Is there anything more ridiculous?”

A youth dressed in black with nine swords floating behind his back walked along an apricot thicket with an unrestrained stride. Each of his steps carried a wondrous rhythm. He was clearly walking at a slow pace, but it made people feel that they couldn’t see his figure.

The pagoda’s disciples were immediately enraged. One of them couldn’t hold it in and retorted: “Even their best genius, Chengfeng, has lost. Who else from the heretical schools can be Ji Feng’s match?!”

“Chengfeng... haha!” The youth had somehow reached the stage despite his slow pace back in the thicket. With this bizarre entrance, he touched his chin and coldly said: “The Third and Fourth Halls have really lost our school’s face, to actually lose to a disciple from the pagoda...”

The pagoda’s disciples swiftly glanced at each other and were about to yell again. However, their eyes directly exploded after being glared at by the youth dressed in black; all that was left of their pupils was a bloody pulp.

“Can it be... is that the legendary figure from the Tenth Hall?”

“Are you talking about...” Even the heretical members felt afraid while staring at this swordsman. It was as if he was a devil from hell.

“At the tender age of five, he ate his mother and killed his father to cultivate his sword — Devil Apprentice, Nalan Xueyang!”

This sword-wielding youth was named Nalan Xueyang, but he was known in the heretical schools as the Devil Apprentice. After eating his own parents, he was a character that scared even these heretics. His cold-blooded and nefarious nature knew no bounds.

He was one of the three most terrifying characters among the younger generation of the Tenth Hall.

Even Liu Chengfeng at his peak would retreat instead of fight any of these three.

“Ji Feng, haha!” Xueyang smiled and said: “You are qualified to fight against me. I will give you six hours to rest so that I can cripple you afterward.”

Although he was smiling, this smile made people quiver uncontrollably.

“There’s no need for me to battle. If you want to fight, there is someone among the heroes here who can take you on right now.” Ji Feng coughed up blood twice. His grievous injuries couldn’t heal within three days, let alone six hours.

Xueyang furrowed his brows: “Is he also a top disciple of the pagoda?”

Ji Feng shook his head in response: “Though he’s not from the pagoda, he has ties with it. Earlier, he cut down two heretical experts outside of the Apricot Manor and saved four women from my pagoda. Cough, cough! Moreover, he announced that he will capture the most beautiful women in the ten halls and make them his concubines!”

The crowd went wild once more after these words came out! Capture the most beautiful women in the ten halls and make them his concubines?! These words were simply invincible!

The heretics were completely stunned and couldn’t curse for a while. Even the Seventh Lord, Wan Xiangcen, scowled.

There were several supreme beauties from the various halls of the heretical schools hiding in the darkness right now. Their features were flawless and on the same level as the fairies from the Dao Gate. They came today in order to see all the amazing characters in the world.

At this moment, their expressions turned awkward as they bit down on their lips with a murderous air in their pretty eyes. They resembled daughters of heaven but were extremely evil. Even the heretical members wouldn’t dare to touch them, yet someone was actually aiming for them with impure thoughts!

[Chapter 304: The Heated Battle Begins!](#)

The heretical side was furious as their bloodthirst soared to the sky. Each of them looked like an angry godfiend visiting the world.

“Just who is this person?”

“Come out and die already. How annoying! He actually dares to make such an announcement? Does he want our Third Hall’s prettiest, Bi Xianxian, too? This is him wishing to become enemies with all of the Third Hall!”

“Goddamn him! The most beautiful in our Seventh Hall is the Lord herself! Does this bastard want to capture Her Excellency and make her his concubine—”

“Pa! Pa!” This last disciple couldn’t finish his sentence before being slapped twice by Wan Xiangcen. His body spun several times in the air before falling and rolling on the ground.

Ji Feng’s words have undoubtedly slapped all ten halls from the Senluo Temple.

Alas, his might was as clear as day to everyone present. Despite his serious injuries, no one dared to do anything to him.

Nalan Xueyang grimly smiled: “If he has good ties with the pagoda, it means he is our enemy. Is his cultivation the same as yours?”

He felt that only someone of Ji Feng’s level would be worthy of fighting against him. He wouldn’t bother lifting his hand against someone weaker!

“We haven’t fought before, but he has defeated seven grand achievement heretics with just one slash.” Many people couldn’t lift their heads in front of Nalan Xueyang. Some would even kneel on the ground out of fear. On the other hand, despite his injuries, Ji Feng could still look straight at him without arrogance.

Just one slash to defeat seven grand achievement experts!

Just how terrifying was this slash? These words alone were more than enough as one could hear the audible gasps across the field. Even Dashi’s third prince as well as Mu Dantian and Mu Shuidi were surprised. Was there someone this terrifying in the contemporary?

Such a genius couldn’t possibly be unknown! Waves formed in Princess Luofu’s eyes as well. She stared at the group and wondered if there was someone else with comparable talents to Ji Feng among them.

Xueyang’s lips curved into a devious smile: “Is he in the Apricot Manor right now?”

Ji Feng turned his head and looked towards the distance before stretching out his bloodied finger towards an old apricot tree.

Everyone’s eyes, including Princess Luofu, the fairies and dao lords of the Dao Gate, the nuns dressed in white from the Beastmaster Camp, the prettiest girls from the heretical halls, and the prodigies from the pagoda traced the direction of his finger.

The crowd immediately spread out to expose an open space! This was the greatest spotlight; several thousand eyes fell onto one person at the same time.

The old apricot was a meter thick with a black trunk like a black dragon coiling on the ground. Many flowers were blooming on the branches. The wind blew by and red petals fluttered down.

The snowflakes glued themselves to the petals before landing on the black armor, broken saber, and iron boots as cold as ice.

This was a Thousand-man Commander from the martial army, evident by his armor.

Everyone felt that they were tricked. Was Ji Feng pointing at the wrong person or was he just lying to everyone? How could a Thousand-man Commander defeat seven great geniuses from the heretical schools?

The pagoda's disciples felt a strange sense of disappointment. They thought there was someone who could defeat the heretical schools but felt discouraged after seeing that it was only a Thousand-man Commander.

However, Xueyang was able to see a glimmer of extraordinariness in him: "Are you close to the pagoda?"

Feng Feiyun's face was hidden behind a helmet with only a single gap to expose his eyes. He stood among the apricot petals and snowflakes while saying: "I had no relations with the pagoda, but four girls from there have just died in front of me. They were raped by some heretical disciples and no longer wished to live, so they ended their youthful lives. When their blood dyed the white snow red, the scene was even more beautiful than the flowers you see here." Feng Feiyun's rough words were uttered in a calm manner, yet everyone could hear the anger in his voice!

Ji Feng and the other geniuses from the pagoda turned furious and almost lost their self-control; they wanted to rush over to kill the heretics. Their experience must have been insufferable to drive them to suicide despite having the strong willpower of cultivators. No one could stay calm at this moment.

He continued on: "A life for a life. The heretical schools have no respect for the laws so others might not dare to oppose them, but I'm not afraid in the slightest. I shall bury forty heads from the heretics with them."

This voice was as sonorous as the thunder in the billowing clouds. It shocked the air and caused ears to ring. The ten cultivators nearest to him were directly blown away by the blast.

Feng Feiyun didn't want others to recognize him, so his voice was quite rugged like an old veteran on the battlefield.

All of the disciples stared at the man in the black armor while completely stunned!

The oldest son of the Tiger Marquis suddenly stood up and asked: "The martial army actually has a real man like this. Brother, which marquis are you under?"

He felt that this Thousand-man Commander was exceedingly heroic, so he wanted to recruit him for his father. Being only a Thousand-man Commander was simply an injustice to this fella.

Feng Feiyun had met this person twice and they had some ties, so his answer was relatively polite: "I'm only a defeated soldier, I'm not a real man at all! Young Marquis, I'm just a rough loser, so you can call me by my name, Feng Daniu!"

Feng Daniu! A defeated soldier? Everyone understood right away. It must have been the earth-shattering war not long ago. Three marquises and a hundred million strong army were defeated by the corpses. Their remains were scattered across three thousand miles.

It was a stirring and tragic battle. If it wasn't for the Evil Woman being too strong and killing the Omni-Heaven Marquis as well as crippling the Heaven Shaking Marquis, the martial army wouldn't have lost so miserably.

Perhaps forty million troops have died. The rest were separated and retreated to the Grand Southern Prefecture. Some of these remnant branches were still fighting the corpses even now. This Thousand-man Commander must be one of them.

The Young Marquis laughed and said: "If you aren't a disciple from the pagoda, then it isn't your turn for revenge. Leave it to me."

"He's right. This is our pagoda's vengeance so we should be the ones to dish it out. Even if I, Mu Dantian, have to die, I will still take some of them down with me. Count me in for two of the forty!"

"Me too, only the blood of the heretics will be able to wash away our shame."

All of the disciples from the pagoda were stirred with their blood boiling. Some were afraid of the heretical schools, but if even an outsider wasn't afraid, why should men from the pagoda be?

"Just a bunch of trash. The heretical schools have been building themselves up for one thousand years just to emerge once more to reign over the world. Even if you all desperately try your best, you won't be able to change anything!" Xueyang spat out each word like divine swords that could pierce through the world, rendering the entire scene silent.

More than ten heaven-defying geniuses from the pagoda had their eardrums ruptured with blood oozing out. Three fell head first onto the ground and actually went unconscious.

Even the stronger experts like the Young Marquis and Mu Dantian had their protective energy shattered. They were slightly pale and their legs were quivering. The wave almost blew them backward.

This was Nalan Xueyang, the Devil Apprentice! He was truly too strong. Just one sentence was enough to repel more than ten top geniuses of the pagoda, devoiding them of their will to fight.

In the face of absolute power, the pagoda's heroism was suppressed once more. Even if they risked their lives, they wouldn't be able to hurt Xueyang in the slightest.

Even the geniuses from the other powers were shaken. This youth was too powerful. One hundred years later, he will become an unstoppable monster in this world.

It looked like the heretical schools have been planning this for a long time. This was their golden age with many devilish talents. They might not only want to suppress the pagoda but also meddle with the entire dynasty.

During this moment of silence, the Thousand-man Commander spoke: "The heretical schools want to reign once more, but will it act lawlessly with wanton regard for justice? Our martial army's creed is to fight for the peace of the land. Very well, see if you can take me down."

This commander was too cool. Xueyang was so strong, yet he still dared to step up. Was the martial army not afraid of death, or was this commander just dim-witted?

“Our heretical schools don’t give a shit about the laws!” Xueyang’s evil aura soared with an oppressive momentum. Just this aura alone turned day to night. Countless lightning sparks rose as if the world had turned into hell.

Two evil images formed in his eyes as they shot out two dark rays shaped like legendary evil swords. They flew forward for a hundred meters.

“Pluff! Pluff!” Their target was Feng Feiyun, but there were two grand achievement God Bases along the way. They were only lightly grazed by these sword rays but were instantly cut in half with blood gushing everywhere.

“I specialize in beating up lawless bastards!” Feng Feiyun wasn’t afraid of the sharp glints. He proudly stood under the apricot tree. His forty divine intents in accordance with the Minor Change number quickly arranged themselves to form a blinding hammer that flew out from his eyes.

“Heaven Punishing Hammer of the Minor Change Art!” This was a black hammer formed by forty divine intents. It spanned several hundred meters and covered half of the sky.

[Chapter 305: Invincible Commander](#)

The Heaven Punishing Hammer!

This was a weapon that belonged in a mythical era. Rumor has it that it flew here from the outer realms and actually shattered the corner of a continent. The entire world shook before its arrival, but the world hasn’t seen it in a long time.

This Thousand-man Commander actually managed to carry out this incredible art and condensed the image of this wondrous hammer. Even though it was not comparable to a sliver of the real power, it was still quite formidable.

At the very least, it was able to push Nalan Xueyang back!

This was his first time being forced back in battle. In his previous battles, he never had to taste this sensation since he could easily kill his opponents regardless of how strong they were.

“Gasp!” At this moment, everyone seemed to be petrified and deeply moved by the scene ahead.

They intensely looked over to the armored commander once more. Some eyes nearly fell out from their sockets: “How... how can this be?”

Even Princess Luofu, who had been as calm as water the entire time, stood up. Her golden imperial robe rustled from the sudden movement.

The prettiest among the heretical halls had complex thoughts rummaging through their mind. This arrogant commander who publicly declared his intention of making them his concubines was a thousand times stronger than what they imagined.

Ji Feng took a deep look at Feng Feiyun before quietly leaving the battle stage. He stood to the corner while the heretics didn't dare to come close since they knew of his terrifying power.

The wounded Chengfeng was also helped down by two heretical disciples. He sat at a distance and didn't bother recuperating. His eyes were fixated on that person, just like Ji Feng. Despite his injuries, a cultivator capable of repelling Xueyang was worthy of observation.

"Haha! Feng Daniu, you are qualified to play with me!" A bright light circled around Xueyang's body. He started floating three meters above the ground.

That move from earlier with the power of the Heaven Punishing Hammer won Xueyang's approval. He started to take his opponent seriously. After being at the top of the heretical schools for several years, there were less than five opponents that he took seriously with the addition of Feng Feiyun and Ji Feng.

Feng Feiyun remained standing beneath the tree and said: "I naturally will deliver justice to all of you heretics today."

His battle intent erupted from his body alongside a glare that penetrated his helmet. However, the direction wasn't towards Xueyang but rather the girl dressed in white sitting next to the princess inside the distant pavilion. She had a violet wooden zither as her sleeves fluttered precariously in the wind. She turned and left; one could only see her beautiful moving figure from behind.

Feng Feiyun wanted to chase after her, but he wasn't in the position to do so at this moment. Wanting to see her again yet unable to despite the rare and fleeting chance in this mortal coil. How long will they have to wait to see each other once more?

Nangong Hongyan's beautiful figure departed in the wind before disappearing completely in the white snow. She was gone again.

Suddenly, a loud shout made Feng Feiyun gather his thoughts.

Before Xueyang did anything, a black shadow came out from the Tenth Hall and said: "I am Zhu Long. Under the orders of the Tenth Lord, I shall take the first battle in Master Nalan's stead."

The Tenth Lord naturally saw just how powerful this Thousand-man Commander was. He was afraid that Xueyang might lose, so he ordered Zhu Long to scout the enemy's abilities first.

As long as he could force this Feng Daniu to use his real techniques, Nalan Xueyang could be prepared and wouldn't be caught off guard in their real fight. He could even come up with a way to counter Daniu's moves.

It was the same strategy they used during the fight between Chengfeng and Ji Feng.

"People from the heretical schools are too disrespectful. This type of tactic is so unfair." Everyone was angry and dissatisfied after feeling that this commander was at a great disadvantage.

Zhu Long leaped above Feng Feiyun. His hair was as red as fire, a color that shared the same metallic and crimson hue. He stood at nine feet tall and had opened 250 meridians. His body rapidly spun in the air and created an immense tornado.

The destructive eye of the tornado directly aimed for Feng Feiyun down below. The winds howled like a monstrous beast!

Feng Feiyun raised his saber and casually slashed at the sky. A saber wave more than ten meters long swept out. Its white color looked just like a crescent moon.

“Pluff!” Blood dripped down from the sky like rain.

In just a moment, the area became calm again. Zhu Long’s body was nowhere to be found. It had been chopped into a rain of blood.

Just a casual slash without any technique already had such an unstoppable power.

“Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!” There was no intermission. Deep in the snow, three more black figures rushed out. They were also top geniuses from the Tenth Hall. They came down like comets with a frightening and oppressive momentum.

There was no sign of life in them, but they indeed had the surging vitality of a flesh-and-blood creature! They were certainly not humans!

Feng Feiyun squinted his eyes. Through his heavenly gaze, he could see through the true form of these three “people”. They were Abnormalities, one of the three Stranges from the Yang World.

Their form was very different from humans, towering at ten meters tall with nine heavens. Their arms were so unreasonably long at seven to eight meters that they nearly reached their knees.

Of course, the three were a bit different as well. One didn’t have a mouth, the second lacked ears, and the last didn’t have a nose. They weren’t Abnormalities with complete bodies like Ji Xinnu and Ji Xiaonu.

A strange force enveloped and shrouded their true forms. They didn’t look any different from a human while wearing their black robes. Nevertheless, this still couldn’t hide their nine pairs of eyes underneath the shroud. Of course, outsiders assumed that this was a strange art from the heretical schools and didn’t think too much of it.

The auras of these three were even stronger than Zhu Long’s. Their combined attack would almost be unbeatable under Heaven’s Mandate.

“Whoosh!” Feng Feiyun slashed forward with his blade covered in petals. Another sharp wave coiled around the three Abnormalities.

They knew that the opponent’s saber energy was quite formidable. Their robes bulged with black fog floating around their bodies, making them look like three black skies.

Each region had nine pairs of eyes, each as bright as the stars in the night sky. They stopped Feng Feiyun’s slash, but three screams still resounded. These black skies contracted back to their human forms. Their eyes had been pierced by the flower petals as a black blood dripped down from their faces.

All of their eyes had been blinded! However, this actually aroused their ferocity. They roared like wild beasts. One unleashed a palm with a hand larger than a water bucket.

“Boom!” Feng Feiyun’s location was shattered by this strike, but he shifted ten meters away and stood there in a cool manner. The second one had already detected his movement and attacked him with haste.

The power hidden in these three Abnormalities was incredible; it was one level higher than a force of eight qilins. Nevertheless, Feng Feiyun didn’t falter and stretched out one hand to meet this palm head-on.

His hand looked like a matchstick in comparison to these gigantic hands. It gave the feeling that it would break on contact.

“Bang!” The seven-meter-long arm was firmly caught then torn off and flung outside.

“Pluff!” A saber glint flashed and a body was split in two. Black blood stained the sky.

Feng Feiyun’s fist seemed to be even scarier. His punch shattered the second Abnormality’s hand into five fragments.

Next, he leaped forward and stomped its head to pieces. A string of bone-breaking noises resounded, starting from its head down to its feet. Its body turned mushy like rotten meat and fell to the ground, paralyzed.

These simple techniques easily killed two Abnormalities on the spot. The third one crazily roared as its mouth turned into a jaw as large as a well. A great suction force came from the inside, aiming to swallow Feng Feiyun whole.

He pointed forward with a finger and shot out a black ray. This third monster instantly turned into a dried corpse. All of its water was sucked out due to being refined by the Dark Water Art.

For the spectators, these three were top geniuses of the Tenth Hall; their cultivations were stronger than many of the young heroes in the contemporary. However, they were slain in just two or three moves by this Thousand-man Commander ahead of them.

“Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!” The corpses exploded and turned into a black pus that seeped into the ground. Someone purposely destroyed these corpses so that others wouldn’t find out that the Tenth Hall had something to do with the Yang World’s Stranges.

“This Lord Thousand-man Commander is really too strong. Four supreme prodigies have died to his hands just short of a quarter hour.” People started to change the honorific by calling him “lord.”

“Unfortunately, he is underappreciated as a Thousand-man Commander despite having such a great cultivation. I’m sure that after today, many powers will try to recruit him.”

This Thousand-man Commander had a very horrifying cultivation and slaughtered the ferocious heretics as if they were pigs. The rank of Thousand-man Commander was a great injustice for someone like him.

Although it was difficult to believe, this had happened in history before. A few supreme geniuses were born into nothing but still trained hard and met many fortunes. Alas, due to their humble backgrounds, they could only join the military to stand out.

This Thousand-man Commander might be one of them. He was currently rotting in the army, but after today, he will become a renowned hero.

The Young Marquis and Dashi's third prince all expressed their admiration for his talents. They would do whatever it takes; perhaps they would even ask the Tiger Marquis or Dashi's King to personally recruit him.

The heretical lords also noticed his infinite potential and wished to recruit him for the protector position. As for the prettiest girls in the sect who had nothing but contempt for him earlier, they started to change their minds and began to scheme. A bright smile appeared on their faces.

To have such a supreme genius was no different from controlling an unparalleled master in the future. This would allow them to sweep through the world.

[Chapter 306: Highly Sought-After](#)

Wan Xiangcen had to take a second look at this Thousand-man Commander. She felt the same urge to recruit him. She gently lifted a corner of her green veil to reveal a flawless face with delicate jade-like skin before quietly giving out an order.

Lu Sanchuan nodded and leaped into the sky. He landed close to Feng Feiyun and cupped his fists with a smile: "General Feng, you are a true hero unbeatable in the same realm."

He suddenly sighed and said: "But it is a pity that your personality is too strong. Today, a disaster has befallen you, I'm afraid you won't be able to see the sun rise from the east tomorrow!"

"Is it that serious?" Feng Feiyun pretended to be surprised.

Sanchuan sighed again: "You are too upright and frank. First, you have offended the Seventh Hall, and just now, you ended up killing four more geniuses from the Tenth Hall. Even a half-Giant would die if they caused so much trouble."

There was a saying: if the heretical schools want someone dead, not even the king of hell can save them.

"You think I'm someone who is afraid of trouble?" Feng Feiyun was annoyed to see the white daoist robe under Lu Sanchuan's black cloak. A great prodigy had such a weak mind that he willingly became a slave for the heretical schools while murdering his own peers.

Sanchuan shook his head: "If you were someone who was afraid of trouble, you wouldn't be standing here right now. However, I don't think you see the overall picture too well. Allow me to elaborate. There was a Divine Commander under the Omni-Heaven Marquis with peerless fighting prowess named Ji Moba."

"His fighting abilities surely must be peerless if he became a Divine Commander." Feng Feiyun revealed a shocked and excited look befitting a Thousand-man Commander when listening to a story about a Divine Commander.

A Divine Commander was in charge of one million, a rank countless times higher than a Thousand-man Commander.

Lu Sanchuan insipidly said stated: “Yes, but he is now dead because he offended an elder from the Seventh Hall half a year ago. In the middle of a dark night in January, all 3,873 members in his mansion were massacred. 3,854 were cut down, and even his head was chopped off and hung at the entrance.”

Ji Moba indeed died half a year ago. Someone slaughtered his entire mansion overnight. This had been a mystery so far, so if Sanchuan didn't reveal it just now, no one would know that it was the heretical schools who committed the deed.

Feng Feiyun smiled in response: “Well, nineteen people are still alive! It looks like the heretical schools can't do whatever they want, some still managed to escape.”

Sanchuan shook his head: “The nineteen who survived are suffering even more. Five of them are Moba's concubines while the other fourteen are his daughters. They are imprisoned at the Lust Palace back in the Seventh Hall. Any disciple who gained some contribution would be able to enjoy them. After half a year, only seven are still alive. Of course, they were broken and used, so they were sold to a brothel a while ago.”

Feng Feiyun turned silent for a moment before bursting out in laughter: “Haha! But I am alone without a wife or daughter.”

Sanchuan glared at him for a bit and became exasperated: ‘Motherfucker, this Feng Daniu is such an idiot, that's not what I'm insinuating at all!’

He snorted: “I am simply telling you the truth. Offending our Seventh Hall carries grave consequences.”

Feiyun replied: “It does seem pretty serious from what you have said.”

Sanchuan sneered in his mind: ‘Looks like this guy still knows fear. That is for the best then.’

He continued on: “Our lord wishes to recruit you for our Seventh Hall to become her protector. All of the previous grudges can be forgotten, what do you think, General Feng?”

He finally got to the crux of the matter!

Feiyun revealed a contemplating expression, so Sanchuan stood there waiting silently. He believed that even if he was slow-witted, he would still be afraid of death.

“Impossible. My responsibility is to purge heretics like you to maintain justice and peace, so how can I be in cahoots with you? Your Seventh Hall isn't shit! Anyway, the deed is done. If you want to kill me, you will have to ask my fist first.” Feng Feiyun declared this with a righteous and cool demeanor. He spat out his saliva more than ten meters away, splashing all over Sanchuan's face.

“Well said!” The Young Marquis couldn't help but cheer from the distance.

He had been in the martial army's camp for some time during his trips. Even though the soldiers there were all hot-blooded heroes, very few of them had Feng Daniu's firm courage.

His desire to recruit this person grew even stronger.

“It is the dynasty’s fortune to have such a great soldier. This Feng Daniu shall be mine.” The princess firmly spoke, showing her great evaluation of this Thousand-man Commander while not allowing outsiders to meddle.

The commander himself was exceedingly rare. He had a fearless heart and a never-bowing head on top of being loyal to the dynasty. In her mind, if she could recruit him and train him as her confidant, he would be even more valuable than Shi Yelai.

She was telling him that she had his back since he was a soldier of the dynasty and that there was no need to be afraid of the heretical schools. Of course, this was also her warning to everyone here to not have any ideas about him since she has chosen him.

Despite her lofty status and position, she couldn’t suppress everyone. After all, there were many young scions here with great identities. They began to think about a backup strategy since it was impossible to give up on such an invincible genius.

The most important part was that this genius was fearless yet principled. Anyone would want to have a subordinate like him.

The Tenth Lord was also tempted and secretly sent a message to Nalan Xueyang. Xueyang’s ears slightly twitched after hearing this, then he revealed a gloomy smile: “Daniu, there are two paths before you.”

Feng Feiyun asked: “And what might they be?”

“The first is to submit to my Tenth Hall, the second is to die to my hands.” Xueyang gently rubbed his palms while smirking, but this expression was quite frightening.

If he couldn’t be recruited, then he must be eliminated.

Feng Feiyun became even more unruly with his response: “Your father is already angry and only came to kill some heretical bastard. If I were to join the heretical schools, won’t I become a bastard as well?”

All of the pagoda’s disciples stood up and loudly applauded. They were full of admiration and goodwill for this Thousand-man Commander.

Sanchuan scowled; he knew that the commander was cursing them: “Ignorant madman, if you want to die, then I’ll help you out.”

He clearly received the same order as Xueyang, and that was to kill Feng Daniu if he didn’t submit.

A chilling cloud emerged above his head. The temperature suddenly plummeted by a dozen degrees. The delicate apricot flowers froze and became harder than iron. Three large icebergs flew out from this cloud.

The tip of these icebergs was even sharper than a sword. The temperature dropped once more, causing the ground to crack.

“Hell-Ice Technique’s sixth level, Hell Iceberg!” Mu Tiantian was startled since he knew that this was Sanchuan’s ultimate art.

This youth was initially a supreme genius from the pagoda with talents only below Shi Yelai. Two years ago, Tiantian fought against him and lost after just nine moves. At that point, Sanchuan was only at the fifth level of his technique.

After two years, he opened 330 meridians and his cultivation rose countless times. He was only one step away from having all 360 meridians.

A disciple from the pagoda wanted to test the power of these icebergs, so he threw a medium-level treasure in the form of an iron jewel towards the sky.

“Boom!” However, this jewel only managed to reach ten meters before it started cracking from the cold temperature. Lines similar to spiderwebs appeared on the surface.

Sanchuan might be weak-willed, but his talents were indeed frightening and infinitely close to the Grand Historical level. He could rival Chengfeng and Ji Feng.

Feng Feiyun fiercely stomped on the ground in order to leap up and unleashed a white wave of energy more than thirty meters long like a round moon illuminating the sky. Its blinding brilliance made it difficult to keep one’s eyes open.

The cold energy couldn’t stop this slash from Feng Feiyun! The wave split into thirty-six rays of energy and darted through the air while cutting apart the wind.

“Boom!” The three icebergs fell down and turned into little icy blocks like a swarm of meteors, creating many pits on the ground.

Feng Feiyun landed with his saber. The black armor on his body had a thick layer of ice on it while his weapon had a crack, indicating that it was damaged.

“Pa! Pa! Pa!” A string of cracking sounds came about. This saber shattered shortly afterward; only the hilt was left in his grasp. One could see just how cold the temperature of the Hell Iceberg technique was!

“Haha! Feng Daniu, you are no stronger than this. How are you going to fight me now without a blade?” Sanchuan mockingly smiled: ‘This is the limit of this Thousand-man Commander.’

Many people didn’t like looking at this heretical servant. A lot of the female disciples from the pagoda had been caught because of Sanchuan’s tip-offs.

A piece of scum willingly becoming a servant and killing his own peers was even worse than the heretical disciples.

Some disciples of the pagoda wanted to take out their weapons in order to help the Thousand-man Command kill this dog. However, Feng Feiyun politely refused.

“So what if I don’t have a weapon? I’m even stronger unarmed!” Feng Feiyun’s forty divine intents condensed in his mind with a rotating radiance that eventually erupted from his body.

A black divine light hovered in the sky with fire and lightning jumping inside.

“Minor Change Art, Heaven Punishment Hammer!” A hammer several hundred meters high appeared once more along with his surging battle intent. It looked like a thunder god had descended in order to slam this divine hammer down on Sanchuan.

[Chapter 307: Nine Swords Protection](#)

Sanchuan cast his Hell Iceberg again in order to stop the incoming hammer. Three icebergs towered in the sky, but they were easily shattered by the hammer.

Nothing could resist this Heaven Punishing Hammer.

“Boom!” A trail of blood ran down Sanchuan’s fair arm. His body sank into the ground as if he was being buried alive.

This hammer was too powerful. With the Minor Change Art, one could borrow a sliver of this legendary forbidden weapon for their own use. Techniques from heavenly scriptures were not necessarily a match for it.

Feng Feiyun had learned five percent of the Minor Change Art and could use two different techniques. The Heaven Punishing Hammer was one of them. A forbidden weapon from the old era was unstoppable. Even a mere shadow of it could break all the laws in this world.

Lu Sanchuan jumped out of the mud and took out his white daoist robe. It spun around in the sky with white, snakeskin patterns and turned much larger just like a spatial pouch.

It was full of talismans written from the powders of spirit stones inside this robe. There was a total of 720 talismans that flashed bright lights like heavenly lamps. They had turned this robe into its own world. No wonder why after joining the Seventh Hall, he still didn’t take off this daoist robe. So it had such a mysterious usage.

Feng Feiyun flipped over his palm for another attack. A black ray rushed out while the hammer slammed down. The majestic power of an iron mountain shattered dozens of talismans in the robe, but it didn’t break through completely. The attack was akin to throwing a rock at a net made out of yarn.

The white robe with blue clouds floating around it wrapped around Feng Feiyun.

“Haha! This is too easy. You really are a brute who can’t do anything else.” Sanchuan sneered. A light flashed in his palm as he recalled the robe to his hand.

This robe could contain an entire domain so it was only natural that it could also take in a person.

The pagoda’s disciples had ugly expressions. Feng Daniu had also lost to this dog Sanchuan, even his body was taken into his spatial robe. It was all over this time.

“Boom!” The white robe quaked intensely and swelled into the size of a hall. It seemed to be on the verge of exploding.

“This bastard...” Sanchuan was aghast and quickly unleashed his ice technique in order to freeze the spatial pouch, but it was too late. The pouch was shattered by the spirit vessel that has expanded to more than seventy meters long.

While wielding a corner of the vessel, the Thousand-man Commander rushed forward like a mountain and directly slammed it on Sanchuan's head. A piece of his skull flew out along with half of his head.

"Boom!" Sanchuan spun around five times in the air before rolling on the ground.

"Son of a bitch, killing your own sect members is punishable by death!" Feng Feiyun thunderously roared and continued to attack with his vessel. Sanchuan desperately resisted and summoned five different treasures. Alas, they were shattered by the light of the vessel and turned into powder.

"Crack!" One of Sanchuan's thigh broke as the vessel slammed into him again, sending him flying with blood splashing all over his clothes. The black cloak on his body became tattered like fluttering black butterflies.

"Die, you cowardly traitor!" The rusty vessel slammed down again and shattered his arm, leaving behind a bloody gap on his shoulder.

The power of the vessel was too mighty; just one blow was enough to kill him. However, Feng Feiyun didn't want him to die this easily.

"Please stop, I beg you!" Sanchuan was indeed a coward and began to beg without the backbone of a cultivator at all.

The entire scene was filled with jeers. It wasn't just the disciples from the pagoda, even the heretical members from the Seventh Hall were embarrassed and glared at him with disdain.

Despite being ferocious and evil, the heretics were courageous. Huang Daonan and Hei Fengyan died to Feng Feiyun without uttering a single plea.

Cultivators shouldn't only have pride, courage was necessary as well. Otherwise, what was the point of cultivating if you were to prostrate and beg for mercy after taking two hits?

"Hitting you will only dirty my hands, but I must make a display of killing a dog like you." Feng Feiyun's red eyes were full of murderous intent; he truly wanted to kill.

Sanchuan naturally felt this bloodthirst and knew that begging was useless. He gritted his teeth and stood with one leg while intending to fight to the very end.

"You leave me with no choice! Oh heavens, take my boiling blood and grant me strength!"

Blood stopped flowing from his severed arm since it began to boil in the air. His 330 meridians spun like vortexes as they crazily absorbed the spirit energy in the surroundings.

"Seventh level Hell-ice Technique, Ice World!" This was Sanchuan's final card. He burned up half of his lifespan in order to utilize all of his potential for this Ice World technique.

The area turned into a world of ice. The sky was blue; even the air turned blue as numerous floating icebergs engulfed the Apricot Mansion. The trees here were frozen completely.

This Ice World technique was five times stronger than the Hell Iceberg.

“Don’t even think about it.” Feng Feiyun was completely frozen with a thick layer of ice over his arms, but this didn’t diminish his bloodthirst. The other hand controlling the vessel moved even faster. A large section of the Ice World was smashed open.

He withdrew the vessel and directly jumped into the Ice World. Next, he lifted Sanchuan up above his head and mercilessly slammed him into the ground, splitting his body into several pieces. Blood splashed all over Feng Feiyun’s armor and began to drip down.

“Boom!” Sanchuan has been smashed to death!

The Ice World collapsed, exposing a man wearing blood-stained armor standing in the chilling wind with his stalwart pose.

This picture looked like the last soldier on the battlefield. There were corpses all over him, yet he didn’t falter. No one could take him down.

Even a great genius like Lu Fengcheng felt suffocated. Where did this butcher come from? Will he not stop until he kills every single heretical disciple?

Ji Feng intensely stared at this commander with a glimmer in his eyes. He felt that this scene was very familiar. Feng Feiyun was also the same as he led others to their deaths. After all, many geniuses had fallen to Feiyun’s hands as well.

“This Daniu is too badass, he even took down Sanchuan.” Although the pagoda’s disciples all hoped for Sanchuan to die, they were still caught off guard by this scene. After all, Sanchuan was famous at the pagoda for many years, so people felt that his death was unreal.

The smile on Nalan Xueyang’s face disappeared long ago. He stared at Feng Feiyun and considered him to be a formidable foe. The nine swords floating behind his back continuously jittered.

“Swoosh!” All nine swords left their sheaths at once and hovered in front of him while their tips still issuing metallic rings pointed at Feiyun.

This was a phenomenon called “nine swords protecting their master”. Even the swords felt pressured in the face of a supreme opponent and automatically flew out to protect Xueyang.

“Return!” Xueyang shouted and the nine swords flew back into their sheaths like obedient children.

Feng Feiyun naturally saw this. To be able to train his swords to this degree, this Xueyang wasn’t simple at all. Who knows how much effort he had spent in order to reach the level of “swords as slaves”?

He was a slave to the sword while the sword was also a slave to him. This was an ancient state of sword mastery. Many Giants wouldn’t necessarily be able to reach this level. Xueyang was only a grand achievement God Base, yet he had reached this sword level. It wasn’t a secret why he was one of the top three most terrifying youths of the heretical schools, someone feared by his own peers.

Xueyang slightly smirked and said: “Feng Daniu! I, Nalan Xueyang, cooked my mother and ate her flesh when I was five, then I killed my father to offer his blood to these nine swords. I severed all familial ties and my human nature just to cultivate the Emotionless Evil Swords. I left my clan at ten and traveled across half of the Jin Dynasty. I killed to cultivate my sword and ate people to remind myself that if I don’t do so, others will be the ones to eat me.”

Xueyang was only around fourteen or fifteen and wore a floral-brocade robe with a black cloak. He was quite dashing, just like a young noble. However, his words made people shudder uncontrollably.

If even familial ties were nothing, just how terrifying was this emotionless sword technique?

“Why are you telling me this?” Feng Feiyun glared straight into Xueyang’s sharp eyes. They were even colder than the Hell-ice technique.

“Because you are qualified to listen to my story.” Xueyang smiled grimly.

Feiyun replied: “I suppose it is my honor then.”

Xueyang revealed his snow-white teeth and declared: “There’s no need to think much about it. I’m only saying this to let you know that after I kill you, I will also drink your blood and eat your flesh since you are qualified.”

“This... doesn’t seem like an honor at all.” Xueyang’s swords had already flown out by the time Feiyun started to speak.

[Chapter 308: Trembling Blood](#)

“Dryshadow Sword!” This was a thick stone sword that exuded a two-meter-long penetrating aura as wide as a person’s palm.

The sword energy came like lightning after it flew out.

Feng Feiyun used his Yellow Earth Art to control the earth’s power, but it couldn’t stop this sword completely. Its energy pierced his armor and arm. If he was slow by a split second, it could have chopped off his arm completely.

“A fusion of metal and earth.” Feng Feiyun used his heavenly gaze to identify the material of this sword. So it turns out that because there was also the power of metal inside it, the Yellow Earth Art couldn’t control it.

This particular sword was very famous in the Jin Dynasty. Rumor says that it was groomed by the world itself at one of the eight ancient ruins, the Nether Peak. It was only a shadow at its inception. When the sun rose, its shadow would be projected onto the cliff.

Thus, it didn’t have a real form as it was only a shadow in the beginning. One thousand years later, the sword body eventually grew from the cliff. This was why it was called the Dryshadow Sword.

It formed an arc and flew forward again. However, the spirit vessel materialized and sent it flying. The impact created fiery sparks that arced more than ten meters.

The vessel had been refined by the Evil Woman. Even though its holy spirit had yet to awaken, its monstrous frame was stronger than an ordinary spirit treasure already.

The Dryshadow Sword attacked eight more times while Feng Feiyun retaliated with the vessel. The result was the same each time with the sword losing the exchange.

“Sky-deer Sword!”

“Earthspring Sword!”

“Mortal King Sword!”

With a fierce glare, Xueyang formed sword seals with his fingers and unleashed three more swords to help the Dryshadow Sword against Feng Feiyun.

In the past, he only needed to use one sword and one technique to kill ninety percent of his enemies. Less than twenty people had been able to force him to use two of them, and less than three managed to face three swords.

But now, he was using four at the same time. This was indicative of how highly he viewed Feng Feiyun.

The four swords and their auras intertwined. Those with weak wills would lose all courage the moment these swords left their sheaths; they would feel as if they were stabbed in the abdomen.

The spectators might not be able to sense these terrifying swords, but Feng Feiyun was within their striking radius and they felt like four gigantic dragons.

The power of these swords far exceeded the Ice World!

“Swoosh!” The Sky-deer Sword flew around Feng Feiyun’s neck with a one-foot-thick sword ray behind it. It cut off some of his hair, causing it to flutter in the wind.

That was quite close!

These three swords all came from the same place, the same person in fact. It was the greatest blacksmith master of the Jin Dynasty since its formation, Mu Liansan.

The Divine King’s Insignia, the Divine Seal, and the Queen Order of the imperial family all came from Mu Liansan. This person specialized in researching the sky, earth, and men, so he always used the number three as the foundation. Each crafting session would create three items.

The Sky-deer, Earthspring, and Mortal King Swords were made from the same material. However, after their refinement, they became completely different and represented three different sword dao.

Their connection was even more terrifying than the Dryshadow Sword and always aimed for Feng Feiyun’s vulnerable points. They pierced his armor and slashed his skin several times.

The power of these swords wasn’t too overbearing, but they had the agility of a soaring dragon. It made the vessel less effective and drove Feng Feiyun closer to the edge.

He recalled the spirit vessel and activated the second technique from the minor art: “Minor Change Art, Heavenly Battle Altar!”

The air violently fluctuated with little ripples. Forty of these ripples came together and turned into forty platforms with a circular altar that encompassed Feng Feiyun. It swiftly rotated and repelled all four swords.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” With this altar protecting his body, the swords simply couldn’t reach him at all.

“My turn now!” Feng Feiyun sprang up from the ground while his bloodthirst engulfed Xueyang. The forty parts spun again and the altar unleashed a light straight for Xueyang.

“Rumble!” The heavenly altar made the debris on the ground fly everywhere with its endless power. Xueyang had to form another sword seal and took out his fifth sword.

“Grand Flaw Sword!” This was a three-meter-long sword capable of decapitating dragons. Just one slash shattered the spiritual altar.

However, the moment it shattered, a huge palm came from the inside with five colors that represented the five elements. It aimed straight for Xueyang’s head and shattered his hairband, causing his hair to drape down in a disorderly fashion.

If the five swords didn’t come back to protect him in time, this palm wouldn’t have just shattered his hairband.

“Xueyang already summoned five swords!” Chengfeng was taking deep breaths. This Feng Daniu was indeed extraordinary.

From the battle today, his name will echo across the entire dynasty. Of course, the first requirement is him surviving the battle with Xueyang.

Feng Feiyun retreated after the unsuccessful blow and stood on top of a crimson apricot tree. He gathered his energy once more to form the altar with forty sections for protection.

Xueyang was much stronger than what he expected and had cultivated the sword dao to a frightening level. No one could be a better sword user than him among the younger generation.

He emptied his mind and focused on the five swords without relaxing one bit. A slight moment of carelessness would result in death.

“Swoosh!” The five swords flew over again with the Dryshadow Sword leading the pack. The Sky-deer, Earthspring, and Mortal King Swords were right behind it with Grand Flaw in the back. Their sword rays spanned dozens of meters like five meteors crossing the sky.

In a split second, these five rays slammed into the spiritual altar. They carried an irresistible momentum so the entire altar violently shook as one corner was breached.

The five swords flew inside and aimed straight for Feiyun’s heart.

“Boom!” He retaliated by summoning the vessel again and directly blew the five away. They issued quiet hymns and instead of breaking into tiny pieces, they went straight back on the offense.

There were just five swords, but their shadows filled the sky as if ten thousand swords were surrounding Feng Feiyun without leaving behind the tiniest gap.

“Clank! Clank! Clank!” No one saw how Feng Feiyun attacked behind the shadows of the swords. They could only hear the metallic impacts. This was the sound of the swords slamming into the vessel. The noises intensified in both volume and frequency like raindrops.

Xueyang wasn't comfortable either. Controlling five ancient swords at once consumed a great amount of his spirit energy and concentration. Normally, a grand achievement cultivator would be squeezed dry after just one breath of this type of offense. Even their mind would be injured.

Xueyang had opened 350 meridians and only one step away from the Earth Tribulation to seize the Heaven's Mandate.

These meridians had been completely opened, and energy gushed in and out like a spring between his body and the worldly force.

Meanwhile, Feng Feiyun's blood began to boil and flowed at an increasing pace. His golden blood churned like oil in a wild river.

He was turning his heart into a cauldron and his veins into rivers. The blood began to change; each drop of blood was surrounded by spirit energy. They seeped into his blood; there were signs of returning to the origin.

Feng Feiyun was ecstatic. His Immortal Phoenix Physique had begun the fourth blood transformation. His blood was changing from a golden color to red. This process required absorbing a great amount of energy.

If he could complete this process, his physique would ascend to the next step. He wouldn't only be able to defeat someone three minor levels higher, he may even enter the Grand Historical Genius level.

[Chapter 309: Lightning Fusion](#)

"Xueyang isn't just a disciple of the Tenth Hall. I heard he obtained the inheritance from the Nether Peak which is why people call him the Devil Apprentice."

"All of his swords have a great background; they were left behind by ancient lineages. For some reason, they all flew to the sword pond inside the Nether Peak, so Xueyang obtained all of them."

"He killed his father to refine the swords, so all of them are stained with his father's blood."

This battle had exceeded everyone's imaginations and left them in shock. Even the Heretical Lords were astonished. They weren't this powerful back at grand achievement God Base.

Everyone was discussing without holding anything back and a certain secret was revealed.

"I heard Xueyang is the young noble from the Nalan Clan. Unfortunately, his mother was from the lower class and gave birth to him after being raped by his father, so his status was wretched in the clan as well. Even the servants bullied him by not giving food to the two of them.

"One winter, the situation was particularly severe and the two were freezing and starving. The people outside of their room all assumed that they starved to death. Suddenly, Xueyang came out with blood dripping from his mouth. He killed all the servants outside without leaving a single one alive before leaving the clan and disappearing into the biting wind and snow.

"Later on, someone walked into the room and was horrified by the scene inside. They found someone boiled in a pot — his mother. He survived by eating his own mother.

“Five years later, he came down the Nether Peak with his nine swords and murdered his father. After offering his father’s blood to the swords, he headed west. After another three years later and ninety thousand miles of killing, leaving nothing in his path, he finally joined the Tenth Hall of the Senluo Temple.

“He once fought against the Tenth Lord after joining the temple. Xueyang had only just reached grand achievement God Base while the lord was already at first level Heaven’s Mandate. However, the moment he used his nine swords, even the Tenth Lord couldn’t do anything to him.”

This was a frightening youth. Many who had heard of his experience felt their scalp tingle. His glare alone made them tremble in fear, let alone thinking about fighting him. It was no wonder a top prodigy like Lu Chengfeng didn’t want to fight him. There was too much of a psychological burden to go against someone like Xueyang.

“After fighting against the Tenth Lord, his swords rarely left their sheaths. After all, they must taste blood once they’re unleashed.”

“I thought that if this commander could stop three swords, it would already be amazing. I can’t believe he can stop five at the same time.”

Those who knew a bit about Xueyang couldn’t stay calm at this moment. Meanwhile, the prodigies from the pagoda were quite astounded. They calculated how many swords of his they could stop, but the answer left them pale with shaking heads.

“Orchard Sword!” The sixth one came out.

This old sword was as thin as a fish intestine with a needle-like body at two meters long. There was a white halo surrounding its blade like bright moonlight on the surface of the ocean.

Its hymn was sharp and could be heard from 300 miles away.

“Boom!” Its appearance completely suppressed this Thousand-man Commander!

This sword was indeed unstoppable. It stabbed through the armor and pricked the skin right outside of Feng Feiyun’s dantian, forcing out a drop of blood. Feng Feiyun already had a force of eight qilins in his palm and pushed the sword away, but there was still a shallow wound on his stomach.

If he was a split second late, it wouldn’t have just been a shallow wound, he would have been cut in half. A drop of golden blood dripped down with a red shimmer.

Feng Feiyun was quite surprised at how amazing this sword technique was! He channeled his phoenix physique and his blood flowed twice as fast. An absurd amount of spirit energy crazily poured into his body.

“With the sixth sword out, Feng Daniu will die within thirty moves. Oh? Wait a minute, what’s going on?” A few powerful cultivators present felt an unusual atmosphere and that the worldly energy here had become chaotic like a storm, and its eye was Feng Daniu!

This was a strange transformation; it was as if the world’s original source of energy was being moved. It was akin to a cocoon trembling on top of a branch. Very soon, this cocoon will break open and a butterfly will emerge.

Originally, Princess Luofu was ready to take action to protect Feng Daniu's life even if it meant a loss; she didn't want this top genius to die to Xueyang. However, even though she reached out with her jade-like palm, she pulled it back after sensing this unusual aura.

Was this a breakthrough?

Many top geniuses could tap into their potential in moments of life and death to reach the next realm. Many people here thought of this!

"This Feng Daniu isn't simple at all. Not only is he able to force six swords out, he can also stimulate his own potential to ascend."

"If he can take this next step, perhaps he can force Xueyang to use the seventh sword."

A few experts could see that Feng Feiyun had only opened 64 meridians, so there was still a lot of potential left in him. His cultivation would be much stronger after this breakthrough.

"But Xueyang will definitely not give him a chance to break through." Everyone channeled their spiritual eyes to see Feng Daniu in the sword shadows. After a short period of time, he had been struck five times. It looked like Nalan Xueyang intended to kill him now.

The sword energies in these wounds wouldn't dissipate. They cut through Feng Feiyun's skin and penetrated his body.

"Boom!" A golden light shot out of Daniu's body as a dazzling and thick brilliance appeared on his chest. Another meridian had been opened; this was his 65th.

Spirit stones and medicines could help a cultivator open these meridians, but Feng Daniu was stimulating his own potential in order to break them open. Every meridian he opened would increase his power by a bit.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" The three meridians on his left thigh opened and three spiritual vortexes began to spin like small tornados.

The 66th, 67th, and 68th had been opened!

With this, he could channel energy into his left leg, making him even faster.

The fourth blood transformation of the phoenix physique was very difficult. The blood wanted to become sentient as well as simple to reach the origin. It was turning back to a red color just like the blood of ordinary people. The whole process required a large amount of energy to enter the body. This energy would condense into the blood, but there was a limit to the amount of energy a body could withstand. Thus, the channels between the body and the worldly energy would be stressed.

Because of this, meridians were forced open in order to facilitate this blood transformation.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" Blood continued to spill from his body as many meridians were being burst open all the way to his 94th meridian!

His blood circulated faster and faster; it was now flowing at a rate far beyond the physical limit of his body. Violent spasms traveled all the way to his heart.

Each circulation was tempering his entire body!

After the blood circulated around his body 1400 times, the speed of his blood had finally reached the apex!

“Boom!” His body quaked intensely as a large plume of blood mist shot out. His skin was shattered and stained with red blood that continuously dripped to the ground.

This blood looked just like red apricot flowers!

He kneeled on the ground with one leg as his black armor was broken for the most part. One could see his blood wetting the armor, rendering quite a shocking scene.

The six swords were on top of him with their ferocious sword auras. They hovered around like condors ready to swoop down at any moment.

“106th meridian!” Feng Feiyun slowly rose to his feet as the air violently moved with his form!

“Boom!” A thick bolt of lightning suddenly gathered in the air and crashed down on his body.

Where did this lightning come from? Why did it just strike him?

This scene was very strange. The ray of lightning didn’t carry any murderous intent. On the contrary, it felt harmonious to the rhythm of the heavenly dao.

The blood on his skin was charred by the lightning and turned into a layer of mud. He stood there motionlessly as if he had been shocked dead.

His aura seemed to have disappeared. Could a genius have met his end in such a baffling manner?

Xueyang created another sword seal and ordered his Grand Sword to cut Feiyun down from above.

“Clank!” A lightning bolt condensed in the air and slammed into the sword, pinning it into the soil.

The fifth lightning bolt gathered and coiled in the air like a lightning serpent before flying straight at Feiyun’s head. It flowed across his body before entering it completely.

He stood there quietly and motionlessly. His armor had been melted into liquid by the lightning and began to solidify, so he looked like an iron man.

[Chapter 310: Yan Ziyu](#)

These lightning bolts were too bizarre and also carried the power of the heavenly dao. Ordinary people couldn’t understand them at all.

The molten iron had completely sealed this man. As the lightning dissipated, the iron hardened. The iron man stood beneath an apricot tree with flowers fluttering everywhere, mixing with the snow. It was a particularly lonely and cold painting!

He had lost all signs of life!

“Could this be a supreme heretical master attacking in secret to take out this Thousand-man Commander?” Many suddenly had this thought.

“The heretics are too despicable! They’re afraid of his power and had to resort to this method to kill him!”

“This is the way of the heretical schools? Soldier fight against soldiers while generals deal with generals! How can the older generation interfere in a battle between youths?!”

The majority of the spectators felt injustice for this Thousand-man Commander. Some were full of remorse and lamented that this great genius who had just started to shine had been killed in his cradle.

Even Xueyang recalled his swords and coldly glared at the sky before shouting: “Who is meddling in other people’s business!”

The appearance of the lightning bolts was too strange. He himself felt that an expert from the previous generation got involved.

A ripple appeared in the sky. An old man with a black cloak emerged in an illusory manner and spoke with an ethereal voice: “The older generation absolutely does not interfere with the competition of youths! Life or death depends on their own fate, death for the losers!”

His words were so firm that no one could doubt them. After he finished speaking, he vanished from the sky. There was indeed some older heretical experts in Radiance!

Wang Meng furiously roared: “Who can believe him? You heretics do not play by the rules. Watch it or be suppressed by the entire cultivation world!”

The others were angry as well and felt that they were lied to. The old couldn’t interfere with the young — once this rule was violated, it meant that an all-out war would soon begin.

Another voice resounded: “I believe him.” Deep in the apricot forest was a stone platform. Two men dressed in white daoist robes were playing chess. The speaker just now was seated to the left. They were playing since the very beginning, but no one noticed them until now.

The man to the left wore a feathery turban as well as a bronze pen that acted as a hairpin for his bun. He had a piece in his hand, musing his next play while holding a bamboo scroll in the other.

If someone was multitasking like this during a match, the opponent would be quite unhappy. One should focus completely while playing. This was an insult to any chess player.

However, the man opposite of him wasn’t angry at all. In fact, he wanted to give him several more scrolls. It would be best to prepare a pretty girl to sit on his lap as well.

As long as his opponent could be distracted and lose, everything was fine. Alas, he had never lost before.

“That’s the number one seer of the Wanxiang’s Pagoda, Scholar Heaven Calculating. The youth opposite of him is...” A disciple from the pagoda was quite shocked after recognizing the scholar.

Bi Ningshuai was hiding on an apricot tree to the northwest with a straw hat on his head. He peered through the forest and saw the two men playing chess.

“It’s him!” His heart jumped, causing him to trip and roll down the tree: “Fuck! Ow...”

These two men had been here for a long time, but people have only spotted them just now. This was indicative of their incredible cultivation.

“Hmph!” A scowl came from the clouds like thunder: “The Wanxiang Pagoda actually has such characters? I’ll see just how strong you are!”

“Boom!” A dark saber slash broke through the clouds. It spanned dozens of meters with a thick yet sharp edge. The air parted due to its coming just like a mountain being split in two.

The weaker cultivators couldn’t handle the aura of this saber. Their skin was cut open and their bodies were forced to the ground.

This was an extraordinary force. One had to at least be at the Heaven’s Mandate realm in order to unleash it.

“Bang!” The scholar’s opponent was still focusing on the chess pieces and thinking about his next move with a slight frown.

He casually stretched out his fingers and directly caught the tip of the saber.

This was a saber condensed from spirit energy that contained boundless power. However, it seemed that the youth didn’t use any strength at all to stop it since he looked very relaxed.

This scene shocked many people; one could hear them taking deep breaths to calm down: “How, how can this be...”

“Bang!” He flicked his finger and the saber shattered. Energy poured down like rain alongside blood. Screams resounded as three men in black robes fell down from the sky.

“Fourth Lord, don’t be so impatient. The pagoda and the heretical schools will have a fight, but you must wait until the event at the sacred lake. Today is not the day.” The man finally made his move with an apricot petal as the chess piece.

It was the Fourth Lord who attacked earlier, but this man repelled his attack. The remnant energy shot back and killed three older cultivators. They fell down from the sky and turned into meat paste.

The pagoda’s disciples were ecstatic and jumped up while shouting: “I know who he is now, he’s rank number one on the Hundred’s List!”

“The lone swallow of snow mountain, Yan Ziyu.” Someone directly called out his name.

“Yes, there’s no mistake. Only Yan Ziyu can play against Scholar Heaven Calculating. These are the top two youths at the pagoda in both combat and literacy.”

The pagoda’s disciples couldn’t be happier since the heretical schools couldn’t be as insolent with these two here.

Even though Shi Yelai was a Grand Historical Genius, he had only reached first level Heaven’s Mandate and couldn’t contend with the top geniuses of the pagoda.

Yan Ziyu was from the same generation as the other historical geniuses and had been famous for more than ten years. He once fought against one of the eight, Beiming Potian, for eighty moves without faltering.

“Isn’t he supposed to be in closed cultivation back on the eighth floor of the Immeasurable Tower? He swore to not leave until he reaches the ninth floor, so if he is out today, does that mean...”

Scholar Heaven Calculating smiled and confirmed this speculation: “Ziyu has entered the ninth floor and obtained an ancient inheritance, allowing him to join the ranks of Grand Historical Geniuses three months ago.”

In a split second, the entire manor was clamoring. This news was simply too shocking. Even the entire cultivation world would be shocked after hearing it.

The birth of a Grand Historical Genius was no joke.

The scholar continued: “The reason why we were late is because Brother Yan met an old friend, so they had a spar that lasted five days and four nights. In the end, the victor was undecided.”

Yan Ziyu was already great enough before making this leap, so someone who could fight him for that long must be an older Grand Historical Genius. Everyone knew that Yan Ziyu and Beiming Potian didn’t get along, so it was probably Potian who fought him.

If the news of the heretical schools’ emergence didn’t come out, maybe these two would continue to fight until a winner was decided.

The heretical lords’ expressions changed. The scholar was definitely not lying. It looked like some powerful enemies have finally appeared.

The scholar slowly declared: “I am here today to compile the list of Grand Historical Genius by adding the 11th and 12th members.”

The crowd fell into an uproar!

The astronomical signs of dragons devouring the sky happened several months ago, so the world would fall into chaos very soon. Grand Historical Geniuses would show up in greater numbers than any of the previous generations.

However, Shi Yelai and Little Demoness from the Feng Clan added up to ten. Yan Ziyu was naturally the 11th, so who was the 12th?

Someone at this level would definitely be renowned in the world. Could this be a recent rising star? However, there hasn’t been another promising candidate of this level to appear.

The scholar had a slight smirk on his face. He pointed towards the iron man under the apricot tree and instantly, a quiet sound came from the body inside the armor.

“Crack!” Noises of metal breaking apart could be heard. Cracks appeared on the armor while a white radiance came from inside. It shone like the stars in the night sky.

“Pa! Pa! Pa!” More cracks appeared on the iron man’s body as light gushed out. He looked like an unpolished piece of jade being taken out from a rock. This light made others celebrate joyfully!

“Feng Daniu is not dead! He’s returning from the clutches of death with a vitality like the rising sun.”

“Could he be the 12th Grand Historical Genius?”

“Damn! So unbelievable!”

The crowd heated up even more this time compared to Yan Ziyu’s revelation because they were watching it with their own eyes.

Yan Ziyu made another play and smiled at the scholar: “The battle today is only just beginning, I wonder if the new talents from the heretical schools will be able to stop him?”

The scholar made his move and heartily laughed: “Haha! Feng... Daniu is not a good person. I worry for the ten prettiest girls of the heretical schools!”

Their laughter echoed as they played chess under the apricot tree.