

Sprit Vessel 411

[Chapter 411: Goddess Of The Jin River](#)

“I’ll go take a look at the Supreme Beauty Pavilion if I have time in the future.” Feiyun said.

Yu Chan was ecstatic to hear this. If the demon’s son were to visit the pavilion, it would shock the entire capital. After all, he was the number one genius of the dynasty. Meanwhile, Lan’er didn’t care too much. She didn’t realize that this was one of the grand historical geniuses that she was such a big fan of.

Feiyun asked: “Right, Miss Yu Chan, what kind of Buddhist scripture are you look for here?”

She was originally here to light an incense but after hearing about old records relating to the divine statue, she decided to take a look as well. That’s why the two of them met in this place.

Feiyun gave her the scroll after hearing this before continuing to find more records about the Jin River.

A while later, Yu Chan finished reading the scroll. She came behind him and asked softly: “Young Noble Feng, what scrolls are you looking for, need my help?”

“I’m thinking about finding old records about the legends near the river.” He wanted to find clues about the statue from the legends.

Yu Chan and Lan’er began to help him. It didn’t take long before Yu Chan carried a turtle shell the size of a head over. There were old writings carved on it. She said: “Young Noble Feng, this one has legends relating to the goddess of the river.”

The words here were extremely ancient, much different from modern writings. Feiyun took the shell and carefully read it.

Rumor has it that a long time ago, before the formation of the dynasty, there was a small village named Duo because there were only two people living there, a woman and her older brother. She was beautiful so she was known as Yueliang and her brother was Dongfang. He was a capable and diligent person, so that’s why people gave him this nickname, just like the rising sun. [ref] Yueliang = moon. Dongfang = the east [ref]

However, one day, the village no longer had just two people since several children were added. People felt that the two siblings related by blood committed incest. Yueliang was no longer pure so someone killed her and threw her down the river.

Dongfang found out after coming home and cried in anguish. So it turned out that the children’s mother was a girl in the next village. The girl was afraid of being yelled at by her father so she hid the children in Duo, not expecting for this to happen to Yueliang.

On that night, a terrible noise came from the river like the howls of the devils. Everyone felt that Yueliang’s spirit was coming back so they ran to the highest peak.

The water rose on the river and broke the dam. It turned into a flood that seemed capable of drowning the whole world.

All the villagers were scared and pray for the god's protection. Their sincerity reached the moon goddess, the kindest of the deities. She turned into a moon boat and took Yueliang's vengeful spirit away.

Three days later, the flood receded and the villagers came back. They found that their villages were completely intact. They felt grateful and ashamed at the same time so they built a shrine and created a statue for Yueliang, while calling her the Jin River Goddess.

Feiyun frowned even more after reading this legend. It was clearly nonsense, written by mortals. For these mortals, even Heaven's Mandate cultivators looked like gods and immortals to them.

Plus, the legends were different from the actual events. They weren't credible at all.

"This shell is nine thousand years old." Since he had cultivated the Eight Arts Volume, he could gauge these relics quite well.

Despite not believing in the legends, he still found some useful clues. For example, the moon boat. Feiyun thought about the azure vessel that took him here from the Yellow River. One similarity was that it was capable of carrying someone's soul away.

This was a strange coincidence with the legend.

"Maybe I can keep going. The next focus will be on the shrine of the river goddess." Feiyun had this thought.

Suddenly, a loud commotion came from outside.

Feiyun put away the turtle shell and left the library. One of the guards came forward and bowed: "Young Lord, Ye Xiaoxiang is at the base of the mountain right now."

Yu Chan and Lan'er also came out of the library. They looked down the bright sceneries and could faintly see many cultivators on their carriages and ships waiting down below.

These people were looking at the musical maestro, the sixth beauty of the Jin Dynasty, Ye Xiaoxiang.

Feiyun was slightly surprised. Just a girl from the brothel caused so much commotion. Was she a goddess or something?

He felt that the most beautiful piece came from Nangong Hongyan's zither while the most peaceful came from the pipa of that damned woman, Dongfang Jingyue. He would never believe that someone was above these two.

"Miss Yu Chan, do you want to go down and meet this Ye Xiaoxiang?" Feiyun asked.

Yu Chan nodded: "Xiaoxiang is a top-level maestro at the capital. Even my master had said that her musical ability is worthy of her title. Plus... I still have a way to go before catching up to her. Only Sister Hongyan is her match."

Yu Chan's master was the Great National Maestro, Jing Wuyin. Feiyun became even more curious after hearing the high evaluation.

Ye Xiaoxiang was going to the Ask Buddha Platform for her ceremony. This was to the north of the convent. On one side was a stiff precipice. While standing on top, one could see the head of the divine statue up in front.

When Feiyun made it to the platform, it was already packed. Not only were there young nobles with expensive clothing and prodigies, there was a small group of young ladies from powerful clans as well. These girls were even crazier than the boys. They kept on shouting “Ye Xiaoxiang” as if they were completely infatuated with her.

Yu Chan quietly explained to Feiyun: “This atmosphere isn’t rare in the capital. The brothel ladies actually enjoy a high status. Many excellent disciples from cultivation sect take pride in learning from Ye Xiaoxiang. Don’t think that the capital’s playgrounds are all so vulgar. The truth is that Heaven’s Smile and Triflowers are very elegant places. Not only men, even princesses, and noble ladies would come sometimes. People even find marrying these ladies to be a very prestigious thing.”

Feiyun nodded.

She continued: “The Supreme Beauty Pavilion had engaged in certain poor-taste business, that’s why it is hated in the capital and can’t join the top level. Of course, such vulgar transactions are no longer taking place.”

Feiyun sighed in response.

Lan’er stared at him with disdain after seeing that his disappointed look. This was definitely a bad guy, she thought.

Li Fengxin and Zhu Ming came out of the mass. They looked astonished while staring at Feiyun: “Wow, amazing. Another great beauty in less than four hours.”

They were truly admiring Feiyun. After all, Xiangcen and Yu Chan were still rare beauties in the capital. However, this man ahead changed so quickly. They felt inferior in the process, despite being from a marquis’ faction.

Feiyun smiled in response: “This is a maestro from Supreme Beauty, a student of the national maestro. Her songs are wondrous and I’m only a crude person, not worthy of an incredible girl like Maestro Yu at all.”

Yu Chan felt embarrassed after hearing this. How could she be worthy of the title? Ye Xiaoxiang would laugh at her if she were to hear this.

Of course, these two have heard of the Supreme Beauty Pavilion that has recently relocated to the capital. However, they didn’t know that there was such a beauty there. After hearing such praises, they also greeted her in order to give Feiyun some face.”

“Hmph, Supreme Beauty only has the nastiest prostitutes, all of them are sluts yet this girl dares to call herself maestro? Don’t make me laugh.” A person wearing a purple robe with a seven-colored feather crest sneered.

He had a yellow tiger behind him along with four other well-dressed youths. All of them had powerful auras, certainly experts of the young generation.

These young ones from the capital weren't useless prodigal sons. Due to the deep nature of their clans, they experienced strict upbringing and the best cultivation training and merit laws. Ordinary sects and clans couldn't compare in this aspect.

Looking down on them would be a complete mistake.

"Tang Huanzhen, these are my friends, watch your mouth." Fengxin's said sternly.

The youth in purple was from the Furious Marquis' faction so they were already competing beforehand.

Huanzhen laughed and said: "It's the truth. In my opinion, only Fairy Ye is worthy of the title, maestro, at the capital. I wouldn't go to a place like Supreme Beauty. Fengxin, you are still a famous prodigy at the capital, why would you purposely lower yourself and go to that kind of place? Are you not afraid of staining your faction's reputation? Haha!"

His laughter attracted many eyes from the other prodigies nearby. They all pointed and laughed.

Fengxin was livid with his hands clenching into fists. He could almost see stars in his eyes.

Yu Chan and Lan'er lowered their head. Such words have hurt their self-esteem.

Feiyun's expression turned ugly. He took two steps forward and said: "You're not the authority on what kind of place Supreme Beauty is but that's forgivable. However, you absolutely cannot insult my friends."

[Chapter 412: Ask Buddha Platform](#)

Tang Huanzhen was a talent from the Furious Marquis' faction. The four well-dressed youths next to him were nobles as well. Though their background wasn't as great as Huanzhen, they were still quite prestigious.

Fengxin was startled as well. Huanzhen wasn't someone an ordinary person could afford to offend. It was fine for him to butt heads with the guy but anyone else would be at a great disadvantage and could even pay with their life.

But it was too late for him to stop Feng Feiyun.

Huanzhen raised his chin and smiled: "What do you want then?"

"Apologize to my friends right now on top of personally coming to the Supreme Beauty Pavilion and compensating with one million gold." Feiyun's eyes were merciless. Huanzhen didn't only insult Yu Chan but also Hongyan since she was from the pavilion as well.

Meanwhile, Ye Xiaoxiang was still climbing the mountain, a while off from the platform. The prodigies here were eager to watch something else instead.

Meanwhile, her other fans shared the same belief as Huanzhen and looked down on Yu Chan. In their eyes, Ye Xiaoxiang was a maestro. Other girls couldn't even compare to a finger of her, let alone claiming the title of maestro.

"I've heard of Supreme Beauty before. They have three hot ladies right now but they're no match for Maestro Ye."

“Who is that guy?! Quite bold for talking to Huanzhen like that.”

“He should be capable since he’s with Fengxin and Zhu Ming. Plus, that Miss Yu Chan looks like an elegant and sweet beauty. It’s normal for her to have an expert following.”

Huanzhen couldn’t help but laugh. He found this whole thing hilarious: “Li Fengxin, you need to take care of your dog, don’t let it bite people randomly. How can I, Tang Huanzhen, apologize to a prostitute? So senseless.”

The four youths behind him guffawed before glaring at Feiyun. One of the youths even mocked Yu Chan: “Miss, name the price. How much for one night, huh?”

“Miss, name the price already!”

This made Yu Chan and Lan’er lower their head even more. The two girls felt wronged so tears started to flow. Yu Chan was biting her lips and almost started to run but Feiyun grabbed her arm and pulled her back.

His expression became unsightly with a cold glint in his eyes.

“Fellow Daoist, let me take care of this!” Fengxin took one step forward and raised his voice: “Huanzhen, he is my friend. Due to your lack of consideration towards me today, don’t blame me for being impolite.”

A powerful light emanated from his hands with a faint thunder noise. He stepped on the ground to gain momentum before rushing forward like a fierce tiger shrouded in a golden aura. This was a fist attack aiming for Huanzhen.

His cultivation was at peak grand completion God Base.

Huanzhen became serious because Fengxin’s cultivation was stronger. He activated his 330 meridians and spirit energy gushed out of his dantian like a river.

“Boom!” The two were evenly matched after the first exchanged! After a brief pause, they attacked again with their strongest attack. Shadows rushed all over the place with rampant auras. The prodigies near the platform kept on retreating.

“Huanzhen is indeed a heaven-defying prodigy from the Furious Marquis Faction. Looks like in another half a year at most, he’ll be able to undergo the Earth Tribulation to reach Heaven’s Mandate. If he can do it successfully, he’ll be quite great.”

“Fengxin is at the heaven-defying level too but he’s a bit inferior. After all, the Furious Marquis Faction is the first branch of the Grand Chancellor. The cultivation resource there must be greater than the Tiger Marquis Faction.”

“Boom!” Shortly after, Huanzhen unleashed a Seven-layers Furious Fist. This was one of the defining techniques of his faction. There were a total of six techniques with the name, Furious Six Variations.

He had learned one of them successfully. This attack was accompanied by seven layers of explosiveness. It exploded one by one and forced Fengxin back by seven steps. His palms started bleeding.

Huanzhen coolly waved his sleeve and smiled: "Fengxin, you have lost."

"You win this time, didn't think you have successfully cultivated that fist. But it's not over yet, a different expert from our faction will come for you to demand justice." Fengxin naturally was unwilling but what he could do? Only power could win someone's respect at the capital.

After a defeat, one would just come back later after some more training. This was an ordinary occurrence. One shouldn't give up after losing just once.

Fengxin bitterly turned and told Feng Feiyun: "Fellow Daoist, today's matter..."

Feng Feiyun gave an order: "It's no problem. Bu Jun, go play with Young Noble Tang for a bit. Take it easy on him, don't kill him by accident."

"Affirmative, Young Lord!" The armored man with a yellow spear walked out. His name was Bu Jun.

He carried his spear over with a chilling flash in his eyes. A billowing group of violet clouds rushed out of his body and changed the spear into a violet color. He rushed over like an evil dragon.

This was an impressive momentum that caused a great gale. All the cultivators nearby were directly blown away.

Huanzhen was scared out of his mind. The opponent's momentum was quite mighty, just like a god of death.

"Pluff!" Bu Jun's spear pierced Huanzhen's armpit before spinning his spear to rip out some flesh. Blood spurted and Huanzhen rolled on the ground like a bottle gourd.

The four well-dressed youths all shouted. Each of them used their best technique and turned into four lightning rays.

Bu Jun retaliated with a palm attack with the faint shadow of one dragon-tiger. It roared and alarmed the entire mountain.

Even before the direct impact, the four youths vomited blood from the shockwave and fluttered backward like leaves.

"Boom! Boom!" A monk in black jumped out from the mountain. This was a young talent from the Arhat Hall, handsome and stately. He raised his index and middle fingers towards the sky. A blue ripple of water emerged and turned into a mountain to stop the dragon-tiger power.

"Amitabha, the convent is a serene place, Benefactors, please don't have murderous thoughts." The monk placed his palms together and stood in between Bu Jun and Huanzhen. There was a transcending and sacred green aura coming from him, just like a lotus flower.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye. When the spectators could react again, they saw Huanzhen and the four youths all lying on the ground.

"This is definitely a first-level Heaven's Mandate! Damn! Looks like Huanzhen has messed with the wrong person this time."

"He's lucky that Monk Yi Fan is saving him, just who is that youth then?"

The prodigies here couldn't stay calm at all. First-level Heaven's Mandate cultivators weren't that common; these people capable of living up to five hundred years were all big shot. This was doubly true for someone so young.

But now, one of them was here and acted with wanton regards for life, even towards a member of the Furious Marquis Faction.

Huanzhen and his entourage were scared this time. Just a guard alone was so powerful already. Perhaps only the Young Furious Marquis would be able to handle this.

Lan'er almost became slack-jawed. She didn't have a good impression of Feng Feiyun at all but even his guard was so powerful. Could this mean that the young lord was even more amazing?

Fengxin and Zhu Ming were swallowing their saliva like crazy at this hustler. If they knew that Feiyun's group was so strong, they wouldn't have bothered interfering and acting cool while making a fool out of themselves.

Bu Jun carried his bright spear and said sternly: "Monk, scram to the side. These sons of bitches insulted our Young Lord. No one can protect them today."

Monk Yi Fan stood there, as still as a pine tree and as serene as a lamp in the night. He had no intention of backing off.

Bu Jun scowled and emitted his violet energy again. He flashed and disappeared before appearing above. His spear screamed and came thrusting down with murderous intent.

"Boom!" The monk used his fingers again. A screen of blue waves rose from his fingertips and stopped the spear.

Bu Jun thrust again with increasing speed. More than ten violet dragons rushed out but the monk easily stopped him.

Bu Jun had ragged breathing with less intention to fight. Meanwhile, the monk was still as cool as before with his robe fluttering in the wind. His demeanor was as calm as the clear sky.

Huanzhen and his entourage heaved a sigh of relief to see the monk able to stop the aggressive guard. This was a top talent in Faith Convent. No need to worry about their lives now with him here.

The noble men, women, and top cultivators all nodded approvingly. The convent is indeed a sacred ground for the Buddhist belief. Yi Chan's cultivation was enough to be at the top of the young generation.

"Bu Jun, get back here. You're not a match for the monk." Feiyun never had any love for monks. They only reminded him of that bald donkey, Monk Jiu Rou.

Bu Jun came back furiously before bowing: "Young Lord, I have failed my mission."

Feiyun chuckled before a dark glint appeared in his eyes. He stared at the monk and said: "It's fine. Monk, you should know that Huanzhen insulted my friends. All of them must kneel and apologize or I can guarantee you that many will die here today!"

[Chapter 413: Ferocious To The End](#)

All the young prodigies here stared at Feiyun in shock. This guy's tone was too grand. This was the capital where heroes gathered. Even if someone was a tyrant of their own home, they needed to rein it in after coming to the capital.

Plus, the Furious Marquis Faction wasn't easy to mess with. It wasn't hard to defeat Huanzhen. Forcing him to kneel and apologize towards a woman was a different and impossible story.

Monk Yi Fan's eyes were as clear as two blue ponds. He said: "Amitabha, Benefactors, you should not kill!"

At this time, two bright gales came from the bottom of the peak through the walls before descending on the platform at nearly the same time.

These were both handsome prodigies with beautiful armors. Their complexion was healthy; same with their vigorous vitality resembling two surging rivers.

"Li Fengxian, you have improved after cultivating at the Wanxiang Pagoda for so many years." One of them was quite tall and had a purple fur cloak.

Fengxin smiled back: "Tang Ao, I heard you have joined a seclusive master and improved a lot."

These were the two young lords from the Tiger and Furious Factions.

Li Fengxian was the oldest son of the Tiger Marquis and was Feiyun's acquaintance. He had surpassed the Earth Tribulation and became a first-level Heaven's Mandate.

Tang Ao stood on the platform and glared at the crowd: "Maestro Ye is about to come up here. Everyone, shut up for me now. If anyone dares to utter a single sound and disturb her ceremony, don't blame me for being impolite!"

Tang Ao and Li Fengxian were both fans of her. They came early to take over this place lest something unexpected were to happen.

These were the future successors of the marquises' title. They represented the will of their factions; Li Fengxin and Tang Huanzhen couldn't compare to their status at all. Thus, not many here dared to object.

That's why the entire platform was silent with cultivators stepping back.

Bu Jun coldly said: "I'm afraid that won't do. Even if the jade emperor's father was here, he would need to wait until the bastards kneel and apologize to Miss Yu Chan."

Since the scene was quiet, everyone could hear Bu Jun clearly.

Feng Feiyun naturally shared the same attitude.

At this moment, the two Young Marquises finally sensed something strange.

Huanzhen was ecstatic to see Tang Ao here. He climbed up and held his other arm that was on the verge of breaking. He ran behind Tang Ao and said: "Second Bro, that brat wants me to apologize to a

prostitute and even calls her a maestro. This is an insult to Fairy Ye, only she is worthy of that title in the capital.”

“I’ll take care of you later for shaming our faction.” Tang Tao coldly glared at Huanzhen. Huanzhen was very scared of his Second Bro so he quickly lowered his head with acknowledgment.

Tang Ao looked over at Feng Feiyun and slightly frowned. He certainly sensed the powerful aura coming from Feiyun and wondered about his background. This was definitely an expert.

On the other hand, Li Fengxian was both happy and scared to see Feiyun. He walked closer and said: “Brother Feng, you didn’t come visit me at the Tiger Marquis Mansion after coming to Central Royal? Do you not consider me a friend?!”

Feiyun chatted back: “I only got to Central Royal and haven’t entered the capital just yet.”

Fengxian nodded and asked with concern: “About your Yama’s Decay Blood...”

“We’ll talk about this later.” He didn’t want others to know that he had cured it.

Zhu Ming and Li Fengxin saw Fengxian so they came over to ask what was going on?

They were quite scared. Was this youth their young lord’s acquaintance? It looked like the young lord was very cordial towards him too.

Fengxin quietly asked after mustering some courage: “Oldest Bro, who is he?”

“You don’t know him?” Fengxian was slightly surprised.

Fengxin smiled awkwardly after realizing that he hasn’t asked for the guy’s name.

“He’s the third ranked on the Lower Historical List.” Fengxian revealed.

“What? The demon’s son?” Fengxin was horrified while staring at the famous young man ahead. Rumor has it that this was the number one genius in the Jin Dynasty. His current abilities landed him on third place of the lower list.

Fengxin and Zhu Ming felt their legs turning mushy and their head dizzy. They were actually calling the demon’s son “Brother”? This was quite a story to tell their peers in the marquises’ factions.

Meanwhile, Feiyun’s eyes contained two crimson plumes of fire. They surrounded the shadows of two phoenixes that eventually flew out and aimed straight for Tang Ao then incinerated his armor.

Tang Ao was shocked and a violet light rushed out from his dantian. Forty-nine waves of cold energy traveled across his body and finally destroyed the flame. Nevertheless, his armor was completely ruined with smokes seeping out.

He took out a white, octagonal iron plate that was naturally formed and around one foot long. He used it as a shield and said sternly: “Who the hell are you? Don’t you know that there will be no place for you at the capital after offending the Furious Marquis Faction?”

“You don’t need to know.” Feiyun instantly used his Nirvana Steps and appeared before Tang Ao mid-sentence.

Tang Ao was the young lord of the furious faction so he was naturally gifted. Despite being startled, he wasn't afraid at all. He channeled the violet energy around his body into the shield. A white flame started to burn before condensing into a red rune.

Tang Ao might have been a first-level Heaven's Mandate but he was much stronger than those on the same level. His body had refined more than 1,700 strands of violet energy.

"Boom!" Feiyun casually unleashed a palm strike and blew both the shield and Tang Ao away. His bones cracked loudly before falling to the ground.

Back at grand achievement God Base, he was already able to defeat first-level Heaven's Mandate. After reaching first-level himself and on the verge of reaching second-level, it wasn't hard for him to defeat someone like Tang Ao.

Just one palm strike was all it takes to defeat the Furious Young Lord. It was as if he was leisurely swatting down a fly. This scene made jaws drop to the ground.

Of course, there were top prodigies here. They were quietly guessing the identity of this youth. Someone this powerful couldn't be unknown.

Tang Ao kept on vomiting blood as the shock in his eyes grew. He couldn't believe that he had lost so quickly.

Tang Huanzhen and the other four got muscle cramps with sweats running down their back. They couldn't help but stagger backward while watching Feiyun approach closer. They finally stopped after being stuck because of the cliff at the end of the platform.

"Apologize or not?" Feiyun's momentum came crashing like a mountain. The five couldn't breathe at all.

Feiyun released his forty divine intents. An invisible force flew out and hovered above their head, intending on forcing them to submit.

"I..." Huanzhen was scared for real this time. Why did he have to mess with this monster? He was full of regrets but it was too difficult for proud nobles like them to kneel and apologize to a woman.

"Pluff!" Feiyun raised his finger and directly pierced one of the youth's forehead. Blood gushed out from the bloody hole.

His body fell straight backward and down the towering cliff. The remaining four instantly twitched and almost got dropped to their knees from fear.

"Amitabha, Benefactor, drop one's butcher blade to become a Buddha!" Monk Yi Fan landed right behind Feiyun.

He was quite young, only around seventeen or eighteen year old. His skin was as fair as jade without any blemishes just like an exquisite statue.

The eight marks on his forehead resembled eight shining stars. They emitted a faint, golden glow and gave a stately feel.

Feiyun didn't need to turn around and could still sense the powerful Buddhist affinity coming from the monk. He was much stronger than an ordinary prodigy and was as steady as an eternal tree.

Feiyun scowled: "Monk, get away or blood will stain your robe."

One of the youths tried to escape by directly jumping off the cliff. He rode a flying sword and turned into a ray before dashing for the horizon.

It didn't take long before there was only a bright dot left.

"Boom!" Feiyun aimed for the sky with his finger. White clouds gathered and turned into a huge palm that came crashing down and pulverized the youth into a bloody mist. Even the flying sword broke into pieces.

[Chapter 414: Third Rank Holder](#)

Two prodigies have fallen and no one could have stopped Feiyun.

"Thump! Thump! Thump!" Tang Huanzhen kneeled from the pressure and the other two followed suit. They apologized towards Yu Chan while quivering with fear.

"Miss Yu Chan, it was our wretched mouth's fault for offending you. We deserve death!"

"Miss Yu Chan, please forgive us! We won't run our mouth any longer."

"Please, we beg you..."

These three were always imperious but they were scared out of their mind at this moment. They kept on bobbing their head on the ground while crying.

Feng Feiyun said: "You know what to do next?"

"Yes, yes, we'll gather one million gold and will personally bring it to the Supreme Beauty Pavilion." Huanzhen was terrified.

"Amitabha." Monk Yi Fan closed his eyes and chanted.

Tang Ao was furious due to the humiliation. The prodigies from his faction were actually kneeling before a woman. They have thrown away all face and pride.

All of this was because of the youth ahead. Tang Ao wiped the blood off the corner of his lips and asked: "Who are you?"

"None of your business." Feiyun waved his sleeve before leaving the platform with Yu Chan, Lan'er, and his four guards.

He had offended all the nobles here because they were fans of Ye Xiaoxiang while Feng Feiyun was supporting Yu Chan. If he had continued to stay, it would only incite further conflicts. Thus, it was better to leave.

After his departure, there was an uproar at the platform. People finally dared to breathe while guessing the identity of this youth who dared to trample on the dignity of a marquis' faction. Ordinary people wouldn't dare to be so bold.

“Maybe a young lord from a sect in Earthchild or the successor of a corpse cave up north?”

Both Earthchild and Northern Frontier have announced their independence. The youths from these prefectures naturally wouldn't care for the nobles from the Jin Dynasty.

“Even though he only forced Huanzhen to kneel, this had offended pretty much all prodigies at the capital. They would never let this go.”

The numerous noble clans here had many geniuses. Even though Tang Ao was the young marquis, he couldn't be considered a top prodigy among the nobles.

Tang Ao looked at the amused Li Fengxian and asked: “Who is hell is he?”

Fengxian was the only one who had a friendly conversation with the youth. They were clearly old friends so he might be the only one who was aware of the guy's identity.

Fengxian smiled and said: “I'm not one to sell a friend. I can only say that he is someone on the Lower Historical List. You can guess yourself!”

Everyone gasped in response. So it was a new Grand Historical Genius, a king among the young generation. No wonder why he could defeat Aotian. But which one was he?

“Thank you, Young Noble Feng.” Yu Chan suddenly stopped and slightly bowed with a feminine gesture towards Feiyun.

Her eyes were slightly teary. Feiyun was willing to offend a marquis' faction just to win back her honor. How many men would do such a thing in this world?

Feiyun helped her up and smiled: “I was the one who invited you up there so it was my responsibility. If I didn't do so, others would make fun of me, Feng Feiyun, for not doing anything when people bully my friends. If this were to spread, how could I stay at the Jin Dynasty any longer?”

Yu Chan sniffled and smiled. No wonder why Sister Hongyan was in love with this playboy. The truth was that he was pretty cute sometimes and knew how to make a girl happy.

After hearing Feng Feiyun said his name, her lovable face suddenly looked up with her mouth wide opened. She excitedly asked: “You are the Third Rank Holder of the lower list, the son of the demon, Feng Feiyun?! Is it really you?”

Her enthusiasm caught him off guard. He answered: “Well... I'm indeed Feng Feiyun, but what is this Third Rank Holder thing?”

After receiving a confirmation, Lan'er was even more touched like a girl in love. She explained: “This is one of the two new lists recently about the top twenty historical geniuses in the Jin Dynasty, an upper and a lower list. Each list has ten spots.”

“The upper includes the older historical geniuses. Of course, they weren't that old since the oldest one is not even forty yet. They're relatively young for cultivators but nevertheless, they have been famous for around twenty years so they are known as the older historical geniuses.”

“The lower list is for ten newer ones. They’re all around twenty or below. Even though they’re not as powerful as the older ones just yet, they’re still quite famous. Many of them are supreme talents and can’t be that much weaker than the members of the upper list.”

Lan’er had fun elaborating. She was at the age where love was starting to blossom in her mind or the age where she had a blind fanaticism for idols. The grand historical geniuses were her targets.

Feiyun asked: “I’m ranked third on the lower list?”

“Yes! The two lists are arranged based on overall power and cultivation, not talents. Otherwise, you would surely be in first place on the lower list.” Lan’er was worried about Feiyun being unhappy with his ranking.

Feiyun inquired: “Who is in first and second place for the lower list?”

She replied: “The first place holder is Princess Luofu. After leaving her name on the tablet, her cultivation and talents soared. She can’t be weaker than anyone on the upper list but due to her young age, she was listed at number one for the lower list.”

Feiyun expected this. Even before carving her name, her cultivation was already unfathomable. After borrowing the power of the tablet, her cultivation broke through again. She might be on the same level as Young Noble Flawless or Yan Ziyu.

“In second place is Little Demoness. I heard she’s the youngest in the lower list but her cultivation is already on the same level as the upper list’s members. Because she rarely fought others, it’s too hard to gauge her power. That’s why she is after Princess Luofu.”

Feiyun couldn’t help but smile. Little Demoness was indeed an aberration. She was the laziest person he had met yet also had the fastest cultivation speed.

The truth was that he harbored no ill-will towards her. Even though the little girl was quite nefarious at times and ignored conventional morals, she acted like a blood sister to him when he was imprisoned. She kept on entertaining him by singing while giving him good food and wine.

She was indeed two to three levels higher than him in terms of cultivation. It was logical for her to be above him in rankings.

Suddenly, a terrorizing power came quickly from the base of the mountain and headed for the peak.

Feiyun looked over and saw a beastly aura in the horizon. There were a yellow dragon and tiger playing with each other. They created a regal aura that would frighten anyone. This qi image was called the Regal Supreme Physique, like a king ruling over his subjects. It could suppress other cultivators’ qi images.

This qi image came even before the person. It was clear who he was.

“Only Dongfang Jingshui has this qi image.” Feiyun thought to himself and stared down the mountain with a serious glare.

More pressure soared from the base of the mountain and slammed into everyone’s face.

Dongfang Jingshui, the number one young expert of the Yin Gou Clan. At the age of eight, he was able to lift a huge cauldron. Ten was when he started cultivating; twelve was when he picked the heretical art; fourteen was when he found success with his sinister and murderous techniques. Later on, he has never been defeated.

The two of them met four years ago. Jingshui was already extremely strong at that point. A single fist of his was capable of shattering a huge peak. Who knows how strong he was now after four years?

Feiyun converged his aura and stood to the side of the road. He looked over and saw Jingshui wearing a flexible armor made out of rhino leather. He covered it with a pure-white fox fur coat and a conspicuous red cloak on top of that.

His approach made the winds howl and the falling leaves scatter.

Behind him was a purple carriage flying in the sky, pulled by four spiritual cranes. It was heading for the peak.

Six or seven powerful prodigies, all at Heaven's Mandate, were right behind the carriage. They were all elites of the young generation.

Just what kind of amazing woman was inside the carriage? So many young elites were in love with her.

The purple carriage drew closer and closer.

[Chapter 415: Divine Capital](#)

Four spirit cranes and the purple carriage painted a scene of an immortal arriving. It slowly passed Feiyun standing to the side.

There were four maids with their hair tied into a bun around a precious stone. With their spirited eyes, they resembled the maids of a god.

Dongfang Jingshui slightly glanced at Feiyun while they were passing each other. Who knows if he recognized the guy?

Perhaps not. After several years, Feiyun was no longer the kid wet behind the ears. He was gallant and muscular with a cultivation countless times higher.

The other young prodigies also walked by without taking a look at Feng Feiyun.

"Such haughtiness." One of the guards snorted.

Feng Feiyun quietly said: "Those are famous prodigies so naturally, they'll be arrogant. Let's go."

They went down the mountain and said goodbye to Yu Chan then. She and Lan'er boarded a ship belonging to the Supreme Beauty Pavilion and headed for the capital. Before leaving, Lan'er was begging for Feng Feiyun to visit Supreme Beauty and wouldn't stop until he agreed. She left in excitement.

The waves splashed as the ship was leaving.

Feiyun stood by the shore with his emotions still running amok. Shui Yueting's statue appearing at the Jin Dynasty, wasn't this too much of a coincidence?

She and Dongfang Jingyue looked so familiar. In other words, Jingyue was also exactly like that statue. The seniors from the Yin Gou Clan had to notice this so they surely have tried and investigate its origin as well.

This was one of the four great clans that had great influence in the capital. They surely found more clues due to the resources at their disposal. Perhaps this was the best place to start.

Feiyun currently had two clues. The first was the shrine at the river. The second was the Yin Gou Clan.

“Young Lord Feng, looks like you’re famous again today. You must be in a good mood.” Xiangcen came back with the two maids and stood behind him. Her expression was one of displeasure. Clearly, she knew what had happened on the platform.

Feiyun had no intention of answering.

“We must keep a low-profile this time at the capital yet you offended the Furious Faction just because of an unrelated woman as well as half the nobles here. This is not good for us.” Displeasure turned into anger.

“You don’t need to worry about my business.” Feiyun said flatly.

With that, he boarded the ivory ship. The other cultivators also returned after taking a look at the divine statue. The ship was about to start again to head for the capital.

Xiangcen’s smile was quite cold, she became annoyed especially when he treated her like air. She felt that the best course of actions was for him to listen to all her plans.

“Rumble!” The ship began to move. Waves and ripples splashed everywhere like flowers.

It only took half a day through the river to reach the capital from the Faith Convent. The ship could reach the capital before nightfall due to its speed.

“I have just received a message. Wolong Sheng is already in the capital and wants to see us tonight.” Xiangcen said.

He was the best disciple at the Destruction Cave and was naturally talented to reach his current status. Even though he wasn’t a historical genius, his battle prowess should be quite similar at the same cultivation level.

Moreover, this person was older since he was from the same generation as the members of the upper list.

Feng Feiyun asked: “What’s the hurry?”

“I don’t know.” She said.

Feiyun thought about the black jade box inside his spatial stone. The evil energy was too thick. Just what item was Feng Mo bringing to the cave?

It had forbidden seals like the writings of ghosts. Feiyun couldn’t open it either.

Central Royal was the number one prefecture among the eight in the dynasty. Others couldn't compare to it at all, whether it be size, energy density, or population.

This one and Earthchild made up one-half of the dynasty and eighty percent of the population. The majority of clans and sects concentrated in these prosperous central plains.

It was divided into 148 counties. Each county was boundless with several billion inhabitants each. Thus, talents came in waves.

It was firmly in the grasp of the court due to the lords present at each one. Below a county was a city, canton, town, and village. [1]

Each level and order were under the control of the court. This prefecture was indeed the core of the dynasty. Even if the other seven were drowned in chaos, as long as Central Royal was fine, the dynasty would continue to stand strong.

Thus, even though Earthchild and Northern Frontier have separated themselves, there was no sign of urgency. People still came and went in this prosperous place as if it was peacetime.

The capital was situated at the Big Dipper spot of Central Royal in Divine County. This was indeed the heart of the dynasty. Virtually all great powers had some spies here in the form of branches and mansions. No one could really know the capital in full; this great city had everything and everyone. One would be hard-pressed to find a similar location.

Just the inner city alone had three hundred millions cultivators. This was not including the huge outskirts spanning for ten thousand miles. The total population would be the same as a large county.

Those who wouldn't excel in the city would stay outside. It had the biggest slave and beast markets in the entire dynasty. All of these shops, markets, and auctions were too big to be held inside.

Feiyun got off the ship and saw the biggest slave market in the world, Earth's End. There were slaves bound with iron chains or imprisoned in cages as far as the eye can see. There were burly Jiang warriors and beautiful slaves, even children and old people were here.

"Nobles in the capital will have thousands of slaves. The number of slaves also represents their status and position." Xiangcen said.

Feiyun naturally understood the cruelty of this world. The weak shall be enslaved by the strong. Even some cultivators would be sold to be the most wretched servants if they had offended someone they shouldn't have.

It was a deepwater dock after leaving the ship. The Jin River flowed to this place and was as wide as an ocean. There were many boats and ships here. Even though a red ivory warship would be a rare sight in the southern regions, there were several dozens anchoring here.

Feiyun had a taste of the prosperity of the capital just now. This was only a tiny place in the outskirts.

A carriage dragged by a pull slowly came over on the road. The old carriage driver got off and instantly kneeled before Feiyun in horror: "I deserve death for being late. Young Lord, please forgive me."

The Feng had several hundred properties and more than ten mansions in the capital. It was the nineteenth strongest power right now in the dynasty. The number of properties they owned here was actually quite embarrassing.

Alas, they have only risen recently so there was a limit to their reach.

The old carriage driver was the chief attendant in one of the mansions. He was an intermediate Immortal Foundation and came here to greet after finding out that the young lord was visiting the capital.

"I only got here recently, stand up." Feiyun said.

Feiyun and Xiangcen boarded the carriage and they headed for one of the mansions in the capital. The four guards and two maids also had their own carriages. The group headed for the capital's gate.

They were here at last.

Feiyun could feel the powerful waves of spirit energy underground as if there was a dragon hibernating. It was several times thicker than other areas.

'So these are the dragon veins in the capital.' He thought.

The so-called dragon veins here were only a type of spirit veins. They were more powerful than ordinary ones but weren't real dragon veins. A real dragon vein would span for an entire continent.

The main street inside the capital could contain several dozen bulls running side by side. Cultivators and carriages were everywhere. The cities in the southern regions were simply fireflies compared to the sun that is the capital.

After cross many streets and sects, they finally made it to the mansion. More than one hundred maids and servants were waiting outside to greet him. They wore tidy clothing and instantly kneeled when they saw the carriage. This was the Feng Young Lord after all, a real big shot in the family.

The mansion would be his home in the capital.

[Chapter 416: Wolong Sheng](#)

The Divine Capital had everything, ranging from the richest and most powerful nobles to slaves and the lowliest of commoners.

Even cultivators were no exceptions. Without powerful cultivation and strong background, they were only servants at the capital.

The east side had many people like that.

The stipulated meeting place between Feiyun and Wolong Sheng was a peach mountain to the east. There were few people here, resulting in the deserted cities.

This peach mountain was in the middle of a city with peach trees everywhere. Many tourists came during spring. However, it was the end of fall. Not to mention peach blossoms, even the leaves were gone.

It was late at night so the place should have been empty. Suddenly, two shadows emerged in the night sky. They were as fast as ghosts with an evil aura.

“Poof!” The first one landed next to a pavilion. He looked around the age of twenty and wore all black. However, the guy was more like a phantom. No one could really see his appearance as if his body was made out of fog.

Just a moment ago, the pavilion was empty but now, another youth with messy hair was already lying down on a chair inside.

Two more shadows soared through the night sky; one male and one female. They left behind remnant images before landing outside the pavilion.

“Hu Ying, Ce Nanfeng, the master of the Dark Realm actually sent the two of you here?” The man said with slight astonishment.

Hu Ying was the man standing next to the pavilion. Ce Nanfeng was the person resting on the long chair.

Who knows why these four ghost-like shadows would appear in this desolate place?

Hu Ying’s voice was quite hoarse: “Was the convent’s business a success?”

The man answered: “We sent twelve men so it was a sure win. Ye Xiaoxiang is in our hands now, we’re taking her back to the capital.”

The man that was resting in the pagoda got up after hearing the name “Ye Xiaoxiang”. His messy hair hid his face as he laughed and said: “I heard Dongfang Jinshui, third-rank holder of the upper list, was also an escort? Looks like these historical geniuses aren’t much, can’t even protect a woman.”

The woman shook her head: “That’s not the case at all. Seven of our men died to him but the strength of one is limited, we still got her in the end.”

The man continued: “In order to hide from everyone, our experts are bringing her back via land. The two of you and we will meet them along the way to avoid any complication.”

Water route was the main transportation method between the convent and the capital. It would be too easy to be spotted on those rivers.

They didn’t know that Feiyun and Xiangcen were also on top of the peach mountain and saw everything unraveling down below. They heard every single word.

“What is that Wolong Sheng doing? Told us to meet here early but he’s late!” Feiyun’s patience was limited.

Xiangcen stood there with her eyes as beautiful as the moon and devilish curves. She smiled and replied: “It’s still fine. At least we heard about an earth-shattering matter. Fairy Ye has been captured? That will be a fantastic story. I’m sure the capital will go wild because of this.”

Meanwhile, the four in black were about to leave. Suddenly, there was a rumble underground.

A terrifying death aura engulfed the entire mountain. A corpse warrior jumped out from the peach forest and blocked their way.

It wore a golden armor with a circular seal in front. A large talisman resembling a stone tablet hovered above its head and emitted strands of white light. It had become one with the corpse.

The group of four glanced at each other with confusion.

Where did this corpse come from?

The man's eyes gleamed coldly through the night sky and raised his voice: "Who wants to play here?!"

There was no response.

Ce Nanfeng sneered: "Just a corpse, I'll take care of him."

Despite his young age, his methods were quite exceptional. Violet energy flowed through his body; he waved his sleeve and a group of violet clouds flew out, intending on dragging this corpse closer.

"Rumble!" The majestic violet energy had immense power.

There were more than 3,800 strands. They have turned into spirit serpents lying in the clouds.

This youth was actually a second-level Heaven's Mandate. His battle techniques were nefarious and bizarre. Even Feng Feiyun became serious while watching. All four of them must have a great background since their cultivation was at the top of the young generation.

The corpse seemed quite heavy, unmoved by the clouds. Death flashed in its eyes as it raised a sword as large as a door. With one single slash, it shattered all the violet energy.

"Pluff!" Ce Nanfeng fell on his back with a line of blood on his face. It wasn't until he touched the ground did his head split into two halves. Blood gushed out with white brain matters.

Just a single slash was all the corpse needed to take down this second-level Heaven's Mandate.

The other three took a deep breath and took one step back at the same time. Their cultivation was similar to Ce Nanfeng and this was enough to reign over the young generation. They had never experienced something as strange as tonight.

"Please show yourself, senior from a corpse cave." The man in black cautiously said.

There was only the sound of fluttering leaves on the mountain answering him.

"We can't stay here, go!" The three decided and leaped towards three different directions.

They knew that the matter has been leaked today. A top expert was hiding in the shadows and wanted to take care of them. Only by running separately would some of them be able to make it out of this mountain alive.

However...

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" Three loud explosions shook the sky. In just one second, three shadows fell down to the pavilion like three geese.

The group of three vomited blood with wounds everywhere as if they were cut by a thousand blades. They writhed on the ground, no longer able to get up.

“Who... who the hell is it?”

“So powerful...”

“I only saw a shadow... cough!”

Unknowingly, there was a robust man sitting in the pavilion in a leisure manner.

He had a cold aura to him. Just a glance would make people chill. His small and gray lips gave a brutal and evil impression. This was definitely an evil fella.

At the same time, a wooden table, a wine jade, and two cups appeared out of nowhere inside. They weren't here before.

“Brother Feng, you have seen enough? Want to come down for a drink?” The man smirked and said.

Feiyun and Xiangcen floated down from the peak. They stood outside the pavilion and glanced at the three people on the ground before entering.

Feiyun wasn't reserved at all. He sat to the front of this man and smiled: “You are indeed the top expert of the young generation in the Destruction Cave.”

Even though he had never seen this person or Wolong Sheng before, intuition told him that this was the case.

Other people wouldn't dare to look at Wolong Sheng's eyes but Feiyun found out that he only had one eye, his right. His left eye was inside a black leather pouch hanging behind his head from an iron chain.

This made him look even more ferocious.

Sheng looked at Feiyun before asking: “Do you know why I asked to meet earlier?”

“Looks like it has to do with those guys?” Feiyun's eyes darted at the three lying on the ground outside.

How could there be such a coincidence in the world? Wolong Sheng had clearly caught of winds of this and knew that these four would come here for a secret meeting tonight. He told Feiyun to come early so that he could take care of these fours in order to posture before Feiyun, letting the guy see the power of the Destruction Cave.

Sheng nodded: “They all have relatively strong backgrounds. Ce Nanfeng and Hu Ying are young experts from the Dark Realm. As for the other two, they're top heaven-defying geniuses from one of the four great clans, Beiming Que and Beiming Jing.”

[Chapter 417: Three Different Paths](#)

The three in black were shocked outside of the pavilion. Their identity was figured out so easily by the enemy. What could they do now? If this matter was exposed, it wouldn't only end with their death.

They ate some spirit pills in order to recover and got up. Wolong Sheng didn't care at all and gave them the time to mend.

Beiming Que stared at the two men and said: “If you know we're from the Beiming Clan, you should also know that you're in big trouble.”

“Trouble?” Haha, Brother Feng, this guy is still sleepy, right?” Wolong Sheng mocked with his eagle eye. It was sharp like a poisonous blade.

Feiyun poured more cup and smiled back: “I’m actually scared though. Messing with the Beiming Clan might end with our death!”

Beiming Que and Beiming Jing naturally sensed the sarcasm and became even angrier. Someone actually dared to not care for the Beiming Clan at the capital? Such outrageous boldness.

“Who the hell are you two?” Beiming Que asked again.

“It’s fine to let you know.” Wolong Sheng got up and said: “The guy sitting directly from me is the Third Rank Holder of the lower historical list.”

“The demon’s son, Feng Feiyun!” The three became devastated after hearing this and stared at Feiyun. They then retreated and took out their soulbound artifacts.

Feiyun slightly grimaced and thought to himself: ‘This Wolong Sheng is quite calculating, revealing my name so that I will have to kill them. Even if a wisdom master from the Beiming was to calculate this sight, it would be my fault. The Destruction Cave will have nothing to do with this.’

Moreover, he had to kill them. Letting them escape would still bring more trouble.

Wolong Sheng snorted: “Now that you know, tell us your meeting location and I can... grant you a swift death.”

“What meeting location, what are you talking about?” Beiming Que said.

“Boom!” Sheng gently raised his palm. A huge palm strike descended and pushed down on Beiming Que. He threatened: “Don’t play dumb now. A big shot from your clan wants Ye Xiaoxiang and sent out twelve people to ambush the convent with the help of the Dark Realm. She was captured and you want to help them get into the capital. Where is the meeting location?”

This was a very mysterious mission and was mostly done by experts from the Dark Realm. However, the Beiming Clan still got exposed at this moment.

“Who knows!” Beiming Que clenched his teeth with a determined glint in his eyes. He suddenly self-destructed his dantian. A devastating explosion blew his body and the nearby vicinity.

The suiciding blast of a second-level Heaven’s Mandate was quite powerful. Wolong Sheng, Feng Feiyun, and Xiangcen instantly retreated.

“Bang!” The entire peach mountain quaked continuously with smoke everywhere. All the trees nearby turned into ashes. Four great cracks emanated from the top all the way down to the base of the mountain.

‘Whoosh!’ Wolong Sheng flew down with a flash in his one eye: “Not good, Beiming Jing and Hu Ying got away!”

“They won’t make it!” Feiyun floated to the sky with two plumes of fire emerging in his eyes. Two tracing rays shot out.

Beiming Jing and Hu Ying were top heaven-defying geniuses so they both had qi image. They could run and hide their aura but not their qi image.

Plus, they were grievously wounded and couldn't get that far.

"Got them, to the east." The flames disappeared and Feiyun activated his Swift Samsara to give chase.

His speed was comparable to a half-step Giant so he instantly disappeared from sight. Xiangcen and Wolong Sheng couldn't compare to him at all in this regard.

"So fast!" Sheng was shaken. This was indeed the Young Lord of the Feng. The guy didn't disappoint him at all, worthy of his third-ranked position.

"Boom! Boom!" Two thunderous explosions resounded causing the ground to quake. Countless buildings collapsed. One large street was separated into two halves.

Once Sheng and Xiangcen got there, they found Feiyun standing among the ruins with two gigantic pits nearby.

Xiangcen got next to him. After seeing that he was fine, she asked: "What happened?"

Feiyun replied: "The two of them saw that I caught up and knew they couldn't get away so they self-destructed. Fortunately, I realized it in time and dodged their desperate attacks."

"That's top experts from the Dark Realm and Beiming Clan for you." Wolong Sheng's expression became even uglier.

Xiangcen said: "This commotion will attract many experts, we need to leave first."

The other two nodded in agreement. They turned into faint images before disappearing.

Even though fighting was forbidden at the capital, robbing, killing, and competition always happened. The prodigies didn't care for the military.

A fight between Heaven's Mandate experts was too destructive. They could easily destroy an entire area. That's why the buildings at the capitals were reinforced with a formation to limit the property loss.

Otherwise, two self-destructive experts wouldn't have just destroyed a street.

"We lost our lead. If they take Ye Xiaoxiang to the clan, no one will be able to save her." Wolong Sheng tapped his forehead and seemed to be worried.

Feiyun was slightly surprised: "We're not here tonight to talk about the alliance?"

"The alliance will have to wait. I owe Fairy Ye a favor so I will not let her be captured by the Beiming Clan and become a boy to some old scum." Wolong Sheng said.

Feiyun was even more taken aback. This brutal man was actually quite emotional. At the very least, he wasn't one to forget favors.

Xiangcen frowned: "But the four are dead, we don't know which gate they'll be bringing her into the capital from."

Sheng said: “She’s the most famous maestro at the capital right now and many characters at the marquis level are her fans. Even those who want to monopolize her wouldn’t dare to do so openly.”

Feiyun continued: “Half-steps and Giants have too big of an aura. Plus, they are always under watch by other great powers and garner too much attention. Thus, the best way is to have the top youths do it. If things were exposed, they can blame it on a youthful competition and deny everything.”

The three of them were on the same boat right now. If the Feng Clan wanted to form an alliance with Destruction, Feiyun needed to help Wolong Sheng save Ye Xiaoxiang.

After a while, Feiyun said: “When Beiming Que died, Beiming Jing and Hu Ying could have separate and escape for a higher chance at survival. However, they both ran towards the east.”

“Right! People naturally gravitate towards something at a subconscious level. They clearly needed to head east tonight so when they tried to escape, that was their direction.” Xiangcen agreed.

Wolong Sheng nodded: “Very likely. We need to stop them at the east gate.”

Even though the possibility wasn’t great, this was their only way so they need to give it a shot.

Sheng slightly touched his left eye socket. His right eye became even more unyielding. If it wasn’t for Fairy Ye’s song, he would have died five years ago.

Back then, he challenged one of the eight older historical geniuses, Beiming Potian, but lost completely and was blinded in one eye. Potian wanted to kill him then. After all, he was too talented and would be a big threat. Killing him would end this future problem.

But the kind Ye Xiaoxiang coincidentally walked by and felt pity. Thus, she pleaded for the blind man lying in the pool of blood and played her flute for Beiming Potian. Potian agreed to spare Wolong Sheng.

Sheng still remembered it deeply and always cared about Ye Xiaoxiang’s matters. Thus, after finding out that someone from the Beiming Clan wanted to scheme against her, he came without hesitation.

“There are only three paths from Faith Convent to the capital. The first is to borrow the route from the Earth’s End Slave Auction. The second is the canyon by the eastern forest. The third is the ancient road by the Beast Mount Jiluo.”

“Miss Wan, please take a trip to the slave auction. That’s the closest and safest place. Brother Feng, you are the fastest among us so please go to the beast mountain. That’s a dangerous path but they might still pick it.”

“I think the eastern canyon is the most likely path, so I’ll take that one. Let’s go!”

The three leading experts of the young generation picked three different paths and set off.

[Chapter 418: Beast Mount Jiluo](#)

One must work once given a particular position. Even though Feng Feiyun didn’t want to be the young lord and especially didn’t want to do something for Feng Mo, he had no choice because his relatives were still in the Feng Clan.

He needed to do a good job in this matter for the sake of the alliance with Destruction.

Beast Mount Jiluo was ten thousand miles to the east of the capital. The geography there was narrow and full of forest. Among the valleys were many poisonous swamps. Due to the naturally dangerous environment, many strange beasts gathered here. Some were strong enough to stop half-step Giants.

There were even spirit beasts capable of taking on Giants!

The Beiming Clan naturally couldn't take Ye Xiaoxiang up from the southern route of the convent. If they made a detour using the eastern route, there were three possible paths. The longest and most dangerous one was this mountain range.

It was the next morning when Feiyun made it to the mountain range. The place had a refreshing and quiet atmosphere, like a virgin during her wedding night.

He stood on top of a snow-laden peak and felt the rough winds. Several dozen meter long condors hovered in the sky while issuing deafening screeches. Nevertheless, they didn't dare to get close to the youth. He resembled a sword pinned up on this peak.

He shot out two powerful flames from his eyes. Every blade of grass and many beasts within a thousand mile radius was within his sight. There were several monstrous auras with auspicious clouds floating above. They were clearly the dwellings of beasts that have nearly cultivated for a millennium.

"They probably aren't going from this direction... oh?" He withdrew his gaze and released his gigantic divine intents towards the east. He felt a group of people crossing the mountain range from far away.

There was a change in plan. Beiming Que's people didn't choose the eastern canyon but the long way through Jiluo instead.

Cold mist filled the morning air. One could only hear the birds chirping across the white forest. Suddenly, the rolling of a carriage broke the early serenity.

A group of around one hundred martial soldiers was marching on the path. They defended a bronze chariot that was more than ten feet high in the center. There was a black banner placed on top with a gold engraving of the word, "Furious".

They belonged to the Furious Marquis Faction. Any cultivator who saw the banner on this chariot would quickly make ways.

The marquis was directly under the Grand Chancellor and had military power. He could destroy several cultivation sects.

"Brother Beiming, why are we taking the long way around? If we went from the eastern canyon, we would have entered the eastern gate at the capital by now." Tang Ao was wearing a black armor and riding a strange beast. He was opening the way with another mighty, tall youth.

Even though Tang Ao was the Young Marquis of the furious faction and had a high status, so was this other man. He was one of the four strongest youths in the Beiming Clan; the four of them were called "Beiming Four Prodigies".

Beiming Huaji. Beiming Que who self-destructed at the peach mountain was also one of the four.

With a serious expression and flashing eyes, Huaji stood on top of a qilin bull's head and said: "This matter is too important and we can't afford the slightest mistake. This mountain range is farther away and dangerous, but we can avoid Dongfang Jingshui's pursuit. This is one of the reasons."

"Dongfang Jingshui is really too strong, worthy of his ranking on the upper list. He alone stopped seven different attacking units. More than half of the heretical experts from the Dark Realm died to him." Tang Ao felt a chill while recalling the battle on the mountain. A king of the young generation was scary indeed.

"Secondly, there's a camp from the furious faction here so we can use this as a shield and follow the army back to the capital." Huaji's cold eyes slightly glanced back at the huge chariot. It looked like he didn't fail the kidnapping mission this time. If he could take the target back to the clan, he would receive an amazing reward, perhaps even a third-rank spirit pill.

The soldiers here naturally weren't real. Each of them had a powerful aura with a hidden glint in their eyes. More than half were experts from the Dark Realm; the rest were chosen elites from the Beiming Clan.

This group continued through the mountain range while the chariot left behind two deep wheel marks on the path.

Feiyun stepped out from the mist and stared at the approaching army: "So many experts. Hmm, a bit troublesome. I'll tail them and find a chance."

His body turned into smoke as he disappeared into the mist again.

Up ahead were two peaks resembling two standing giants. After crossing them, they would be out of Jiluo.

"Strange, where is the reinforcement from Beiming Que?" Beiming Huaji pulled on the iron chain to stop the bull.

The entire group stopped.

"Boom!" After a loud explosion, strange beasts began to howl. The ground rumbled with loud stomps. The beast roars were louder and denser as if they were everywhere.

The atmosphere became serious.

"Not good, packs of golden-fur lions, everyone, get ready!" Huaji's expression slightly shifted as he gave the command.

All the soldiers formed a circular defensive formation to protect the chariot.

The scariest thing about this route was suffering an ambush from the strange beasts. They had a peaceful journey so far and didn't expect for an ambush right before they made it out.

There were several dozen lions jumping out from the two peaks. Each of them was four to five meter high and seven meter long and covered with a slightly dazzling golden glow. Their legs covered by golden fur were gigantic.

These beasts have cultivated for seven hundred years and had a certain level of intelligence. When they slightly opened their mouth, embers were belched out.

“Strange, this is the border of the mountain range, why are there so many powerful lions gathered here?” Tang Ao had an ominous feeling.

Of course, these lions came from Feng Feiyun. He had the Myriad Beast Physique and had more than eight thousand beast souls in his body. Even though the physique wasn’t finished, it wasn’t hard for him to mobilize a few beasts like this.

“Rawr!” Loud lion roars echoed across the mountain. The lion spewed out a golden flame before leaping for the army.

These were all experts with great cultivation but they became a bit flustered before so many lions.

“Bang!” Huaji unleashed a fist shadow spanning for three meters and knocked away a six-hundred-year lion. The beast’s stomach was shattered while its organs were crushed into a pulp.

“Everyone, maintain formation and protect the chariot. Reinforcement is coming!” Tang Ao took out a white spear and smashed the head of a lion. Golden blood gushed out but this only fueled the primal rage of its kind. They started an even fiercer assault.

“Pluff!” One heretical expert wearing the army uniform was pushed down by a lion. It tore him apart before swallowing him.

Feiyun saw everything while standing on top of a peak before whistling.

This whistle had an unquestionable charm. Any strange beast that heard it came running. The entire mountain range became chaotic as if a flood of beasts was coming to attack Beiming Huaji and Tang Ao’s group.

“Shit, more beasts are coming.” Tang Ao was surrounded by dozens of beasts.

More than twenty of the disguised soldiers were killed as well. They became food for the beasts and the formation had been broken through. Some began to slam into the chariot.

This was the moment!

“Whoosh!” Feiyun jumped off the peak and landed on top of the great chariot. A powerful wave shot out from his body and directly blew away the ten beasts and eight experts nearby.

Tang Ao and Huaji noticed this guy coming out of nowhere. Huaji yelled: “Who are you?!”

“It’s you!” Tang Ao said with aggression.

Feiyun slowly rolled up his sleeves and smiled: “Young Marquis, we meet again.”

Tang Ao was defeated in one move back at the Ask Buddha Platform and also knew that Feiyun was a Grand Historical Genius so he was quite afraid. However, Beiming Huaji wasn’t aware and raised his glowing spear to attack.

Huaji was almost on par with Beiming Que as a second-level Heaven's Mandate. The violet energy in his body was surging like a lake from his dantian to his hands before jumping into the spear.

"Boom!" A plume of violet cloud at the tip of the spear distorted the air nearby.

Feiyun had the six diagrams floating around his palm. A majestic force came with a palm strike and shattered Huaji's spear completely. All the violet energy dispersed.

[Chapter 419: Ye Xiaoxiang](#)

So strong! The guy even had a spirit treasure too.

Beiming Huaji was astonished. His hand felt both pain and numbness so he quickly took out his soulbound artifact. This was a rectangular cauldron but the top was as flat as a mirror without a hollowed inside.

It was a spirit treasure given to him by the clan after surpassing his Earth Tribulation.

Spirit treasures were quite rare and powerful. However, it wasn't hard for the four great clans to gift a first-rank spirit treasure to their excellency prodigies.

"Boom!" Several dozen lightning bolts rushed out of this cauldron.

The aura of the spirit treasure erupted and made the beasts nearby run away after feeling the danger. The two peaks ahead were shaking as if on the verge of crumbling.

Feiyun stood there without fear. He raised his hand to the sky and created a large domain with the six diagrams. A force erupted, one that was much more powerful than the cauldron.

He unleashed a palm strike! The six diagrams slammed into the cauldron, causing the cauldron to fiercely shook. Huaji was also pushed more than ten feet back, leaving a trail on the ground.

"Boom!" The second palm strike came and dimmed the cauldron. Huaji was blown into a peak and blood dripped down.

The six diagrams lit up the entire area and six qi images appeared. They directly made Huaji spit out blood and broke both of his legs. He could no longer stand up.

Feiyun forcefully severed the connection between Huaji and the cauldron-like spirit treasure before grabbing it.

Bronze Hob was the name of this spirit treasure. He recalled it into his spatial stone without any hesitation since he could sell it for a sky-high price later.

Tang Ao didn't dare to take a single step forward about seeing Feiyun's might. The guy was a monster. However, the six diagrams made him guess who Feiyun was.

"I know who you are now, Third Rank Holder of the lower list, the demon's son. Aren't you infected with Yama's blood?" Tang Ao couldn't stay calm. This guy was considered the future number one genius in the Jin Dynasty, not someone he could compare to.

“Oh, you recognize me?” Feiyun slightly turned with a murderous intent in his eyes. If someone had recognized him, he must kill everyone here.

“Rumble!” Suddenly, two murderous presences came from the sky. They were still several hundred miles away but the pressure was already there and made Feiyun take three steps back.

“Daring to oppose our Beiming Clan? You’re courting death!” An old voice came about with a soundwave as sonorous as surging thunders in the sky.

“Whoosh!” An old sword flew through the sky to start the battle.

It was more than one hundred meters long and ten meters wide, just like the legendary Titanic Crescent that could slay dragons and immortals. Runes were woven on the blade and emitted lightning sparks. The wind hissed as the sword flew by.

“Clank!” Feiyun lowered his center of gravity and fortified his legs. He straightened the six diagrams into a line and turned them into six illusory worlds to protect his front.

“Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!” The ring and six diagrams couldn’t stop this sword. A huge, bloody wound appeared on his shoulder. It almost severed his arm completely.

“Haha! Our experts are here, the demon’s son will die today!” Beiming Huaji guffawed.

Feiyun quickly glanced at the sky. Two cyan greens were coming. These were two experts that were at least at the third-level Heaven’s Mandate.

He couldn’t kill everyone here now and directly jumped back to the chariot. He severed the irons chains and released the bulls. Before everyone’s eyes, he raised the gigantic chariot and flew to the sky.

The way out of Jiluo had been blocked by the two masters so Feiyun had to go back deeper into the mountain range. He quickly disappeared into the clouds.

Tang Ao was astounded and couldn’t speak.

“Thump! Thump!” Two figures landed. One was from the Beiming Clan while the other was from the Dark Realm. Both were at third-level Heaven’s Mandate.

“Third Uncle, the demon’s son ambushed us and took away Ye Xiaoxiang!” Huaji cried out.

“He won’t get away.” The two older cultivators gave chase into the mountain. They have been at the third-level for multiple decades so they were much stronger than ordinary third-level.

Feiyun’s speed was as fast as a half-step Giant. Despite carrying the huge chariot, the two old men still couldn’t catch up with him.

He got all the way out and finally stopped after seeing a lack of pursuers. This chariot was completely covered with many needle-sized holes on top for ventilation.

It took a while before he could erase the formations on top. He then used his stone saber to carefully open the roof by cutting in a deep mark.

A slender figure flew up with a purple flute aiming straight for Feiyun's throat. She was quite fast and the cold energy from the flute made it to his skin.

"Whoosh!" A sweet fragrance also skirted by him.

Feiyun was even faster. He grabbed the purple flute and pulled on it, causing the girl to lose her balance and stumble to the front.

His hand moved up the flute and grabbed her hand. It was slender and long while being extremely soft without a feel of bones. There was a cold sensation as if he was holding onto a piece of jade.

He turned his hand to twist hers and shattered the spirit energy on her fingers.

"Ah!" She issued a painful cry and fell uncontrollably into Feiyun's chest.

"Who are you? Why are you kidnapping me?" She couldn't escape from his arms and felt that she was bumping against a muscular chest. A masculine smell assaulted her nose with a touch of blood stench.

Her hand was severely aching, almost driving her to tears.

"The Beiming Clan wants to capture you, I'm the one who saved you just now." Feiyun loosened his grip and gently pushed her out.

The famous Fairy Ye, sixth-rank beauty of the Jin Dynasty, was too weak at peak Immortal Foundation. It was nothing before Feng Feiyun, like a quail facing a ferocious eagle.

He took off his top to reveal his muscular and well-shaped body, quite a work of art.

This action scared Ye Xiaoxiang into retreating. She was lamenting her fate: 'And he says he's not the bad guy? What good guy undresses before a girl like this?'

Feiyun didn't care about her thoughts. He walked to the lake nearby to wash the wound on his shoulder. It was caused by the third-level Heaven's Mandate from the Beiming Clan with his sword-controlling art. It almost cut off his arm completely.

'That's a master from a great clan for you, an ordinary third-level might not be my match but that sword controller's battle prowess is more than just one step higher than me.'

'Hmph! So what?! If I reach second-level, killing him won't be a problem.'

As he was washing his wounds, he moved his divine intents into his dantian and found that there were more than 2,900 strands of violet energy inside, just one step away from second-level.

Once he cultivated 3,000 strands, he would be able to break through.

A five-colored spirit wave emerged from his finger. He directed it towards his shoulder and the wound began to close with a speed discernible to the naked eyes. It didn't take long before it disappeared completely.

After this, he finally changed his clothes and found that there was no one next to the chariot.

"She's fast as running." He smirked before giving chase, only leaving remnant shadows behind.

'Faster, faster, faster!' Xiaoxiang ran through the forest to escape. She felt that the man earlier was not a good person. However, when she looked up again, that man was standing before her.

"Ah." She stopped with a flash of astonishment in her eyes.

[Chapter 420: Run](#)

Feiyun stood facing the woman. This was his first time truly assessing the sixth beauty of the Jin Dynasty. His first impression was that she wasn't that beautiful, not as incredible as he imagined. On the contrary, she exuded a very common feeling.

However, when one saw her for the second time, they would find that within this common appearance was a breathtaking beauty. For example, her delicate and lovable eyes, innocent lips, tall and slender figure, and her beautiful curves that were half-hidden.

When they looked at her for the third time, they couldn't avert their gaze any longer.

Feiyun had seen too many beauties. However, they were the type that would grab a man's heart at first sight; one could get bored eventually. This wasn't the case for the woman ahead; further interaction and observation would only increase her beauty. One could never get enough and would want nothing more than to keep her by their side, to stare at her daily and always. Just staring alone was enjoyable enough.

Even a great power like the Beiming Clan that could get any women still spent so much effort and planning just to capture her.

No wonder why so many prodigies in the capital treated her like a goddess and called her maestro. Many would be willing to give up their lives if she were to say the word.

However, Feiyun was still underestimating her. If she had only relied on her beautiful face, she wouldn't be enjoying her current status and position at the capital.

She took out her purple flute and gently placed it next to her lips before playing. The tune was "Queen of the Night in the Rain". [1]

The quiet flute with a touch of resentment echoed in the forest. It became even more serene along with Feiyun's mind. He was immersed in this wondrous tune, a better pleasure than sleeping with a woman.

Rain descended from the sky and touched the ground. These cactus flowers began to blossom and emitted their sweet fragrance.

The drizzling rain carried wondrous flashes like decorative curtains between the heaven and earth and blocked people from seeing ahead of them.

"Such a beautiful tune..." When Feiyun opened his eyes again, the flowers and rain shattered instantly and disappeared without a trace, along with Ye Xiaoxiang.

"Shit, this woman just won't give up." He exasperatedly rubbed his forehead. It was a good thing that his soul was powerful enough to notice that something was amiss. Anyone else with a weak mind would sleep forever. The more powerful would sleep for several days.

Of course, Xiaoxiang's cultivation was too weak and was instantly captured again. Feiyun got smarter this time and took away her flute.

"Ah! He's a molester! Someone save me! Let me go!" She had her wrist grabbed by him with no way of escaping.

Feiyun said: "If you keep on shouting, some bad guys will really come here."

She was quite influential at the capital where there were many fans of music. Among them were famous big shots. Just secretly trying to kidnap her was already dangerous enough. Her fans would crazily attack if this was exposed.

Of course, many of them were quite powerful and had no fear of facing the Beiming Clan. They were willing to die for their maestro.

Thus, the person from the Beiming Clan was certain panicking right now due to the potential public outcry. They would never allow for such a thing to happen. Once the news of the demon's son taking away Ye Xiaoxiang returned to the capital, this big shot would send elite forces to block off all the paths into the capital and try to kill him on sight.

Moreover, this person had even asked the heretical experts from the Dark Realm to find Feng Feiyun's whereabouts in the shortest time to kill him and get Ye Xiaoxiang back.

"I don't believe you, you're the bad guy!" She said.

"I'm not."

"If you're not a bad guy, then why aren't you letting me go?" She asked.

"You can't escape even if I were to let you go. Afterward, you'll be captured and become a sex slave for certain people."

Despite being innocent, she wasn't completely naive. Her eyes flashed and asked: "Who are you talking about?"

Feiyun was about to answer but three rays with mighty auras were approaching with intense speed from the horizon.

Feiyun stomped on the ground and created a circular formation. It sank into the ground for three meters and made the two disappear. The area was shrouded by this formation.

"Bump!" Not long later, three old men in black landed right above them.

"Oh? Someone was clearly here earlier. Nothing here now, Am I seeing things?" One of them had a white beard and instantly released his divine intents but couldn't find anyone.

"Hmph! The Beiming Clan had released a must-capture order. We must kill the demon's son and if necessary, kill Ye Xiaoxiang too. This matter cannot be made public." A different coarse voice answered.

"Don't worry, the seventy-two cities and nine gates around the capital have all received the message. Top experts are there. It's one thing if they don't go to the capital but once they try to, they'll be killed along the way."

"Go, keep searching."

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!" The three old men flew to the sky. Feiyun and Xiaoxiang didn't come back up until their auras have disappeared completely.

"Let me go!" She finally broke free from his grasp and stared at him in horror: "You... you're the Third Rank Holder of the lower list, the demon's son!"

Feiyun chuckled and said: "Now, do you believe that I'm not the bad guy here?!"

"Oh lord, I heard any woman captured by you will always end up badly." Ye Xiaoxiang had naturally heard about Feiyun's past exploits with women.

"Uh..." Feiyun said.

She turned to run and felt that Feiyun was a bad guy just like the rest of them. Of course, she failed again since Feiyun drifted by and picked her up again. He used Swift Samsara to jump into the clouds while she screamed and continued to punch him to no avail.

This matter was even more serious than he had expected. All the main towns and entrances to the capital were blocked off. It was indeed suicidal to try and go there.

Even if the Beiming Clan and the Dark Realm didn't use any half-step Giant, just several third or fourth-level Heaven's Mandates were enough to deal with Feiyun. Plus, he also had Ye Xiaoxiang with him.

'Looks like I have to find a place to break through to the second level first. Then I can try to go to the capital. It doesn't matter how big the clan is, they won't be there to do anything in the city, at least not publicly.'

Meanwhile, Xiaoxiang gave up and frowned: "The Beiming Clan is very influential at the capital, no, even across the entire Central Royal Prefecture. They can mobilize enough experts and since all the entrances are sealed, it's only a matter of time before they find us."

She also heard the three men talking earlier and could guess who was trying to capture her. Wanting to escape from that person's grasp was prohibitively difficult.

"I know." Feiyun embraced her and continued forward with increasing speed and a determined gaze.

"Then where can we go now?" She lamented in her mind. All she wanted was freedom but people have always kept her in a "cage".

The Beiming Clan will be a cage, but the Beauty's Smile Pavilion was also one as well.

After leaving the Supreme Beauty Pavilion, she wanted to be free and live a reclusive life on the mountain, no longer having to sell her laughter and make others happy. However, someone still sold her to the Beauty's Smile Pavilion to play a big role.

Women like her were destined to be caged like a canary for others' enjoyment. Even if she had fans and supporters, she still had to live for others, not for herself.

As she was being embraced by a stranger flying through the clouds, she had this unprecedented sense of freedom. She wished that they could fly forever and leave the capital, to a completely deserted place.

But she knew that this was only a fool's hope. They would have to stop eventually.

"This is it! They would never expect us to hide at the place where you got captured." Feiyun could see the gigantic statue by the river shore.

He didn't fly all the way up to the convent. There were too many disciples at this Buddhist holy ground and surely, the Beiming Clan had some informers there as well.

He chose a place behind the convent. It was covered with thick forest and the surging Jin River while facing the large statue. It was a good place to hide.

"We're stopping already?" She said with a sense of loss.

Feiyun naturally didn't understand her sentiment. He replied: "This is the safest place. The people from the Dark Realm will not dare to come here again. Hide here for now, after the storm is over, I'll take you back to the capital."

His focus was on the statue on the river and lamented the fact that he had to see her again.