

Sprit Vessel 451

[Chapter 451: Nice Profit](#)

Feiyun didn't care about the auction anymore and came to the backstage with Bi Ningshuai.

Feiyun's two spirit treasures, the Grand Wind Banner and the bronze cauldron have been auctioned.

The banner sold for 400 stones while the cauldron got 700 stones.

The Yin Gou Ward wanted to buy the half-piece of Golden Silk Spirit Stone for a higher price but Feiyun politely refused.

This was the thirteenth-ranked spirit stone; the dynasty would only be able to see one in every thousand years, approximately. Money couldn't buy it.

More importantly, the spirit energy in this stone was purer than a True Mysterious Spirit Stone by more than five times. The amount of energy was one hundred thousand times higher.

Using this stone to cultivate was several dozen times faster. For example, if Feiyun were to cultivate with True Mysterious Spirit Stones, he would need two hundred years before reaching the Giant realm. However, this golden stone would expedite the process; only several years were required.

Moreover, the golden silks inside the stone could create many spirit treasures. There was no way he would sell them.

He got 31,000 stones and a four-thousand-year-old spirit rose, minus the one-percent fee taken by the auction house.

"I'll take care of the stone-dragon wooden pillar, Golden Spirit Silk, and Combination Vermillion Fruit." Ningshuai was very generous after taking in 20,000 spirit stones.

All three items combined didn't even cost 200 stones. Feiyun didn't mind if the guy wanted to pay at all.

The excited thief wanted to leave. Feiyun looked at his departing back with a grimace before calling him: "Bi Ningshuai, do you really want to redeem Sima Zhaoxue?"

"Feng Feiyun, you have been a villain your whole life and screwed many people. However, you have done a good thing today. Don't worry, Xue'er and I won't forget this." Ningshuai spoke, revealing his perfect teeth.

It was useless to persuade him right now. Feiyun took a deep breath and smiled: "Then congratulations. Right, if you ever get in trouble, don't forget about me, your friend. You can always come to the Feng Mansion on the eastern side to find me."

"Haha, I'm afraid I won't have the chance. After redeeming Xue'er, we'll leave the capital and go far away. Another meeting will be up to fate." Bi Ningshuai might be smiling on the outside but he was actually quite sad. He didn't know since when but he had considered Feiyun a friend.

He turned and left with his eyes slightly moist. The world was too vast for cultivators. Each separation could be the last.

Feiyun was worried but he didn't stop the guy. Everyone had their own path; they needed to walk themselves.

With enough money now, he went to buy some beast souls.

He had a total of 8,456 beast souls in his body so he lacked another 1,544 souls before finishing his Myriad Beasts Physique.

It was still Shan Yi taking him towards the beast soul area.

"Young Noble Feng, how old of a beast soul do you want to buy?" Shan Yi carefully asked. This young woman was both scared and in awe of Feiyun. This was the demons son, the third-ranker of the lower list.

A servant like her was a mere speck of dust standing before a historical genius.

Feiyun said: "What level of beast soul does the Yin Gou Ward have?"

"The main ward has the highest level, strongest beast souls. The weakest is those at 500 years of age. With the right price, we can even provide millennium beast souls." She elaborated.

A millennium beast soul was strong enough to fight against a Giant so Feiyun's current cultivation couldn't refine it into his body. Thus, he didn't even consider them.

The two quickly made it to the gigantic palace containing the beast souls. It was made from blue crystals and towered at seventy meters. Each level had a large field. It was a majestic architectural achievement. People looked like ants standing below.

"So, a 500-year beast soul only needs one spirit seed, one-tenth of a True Mysterious Spirit Stone."

"A 600-year requires half a stone."

"A 700-year beast soul is as strong as a first to second-level Heaven's Mandate cultivator so the price is much higher. Ten stones just for one."

"An 800-year is comparable to a third and fourth-level cultivator, needing 100 stones."

"A 900-year is same as a fifth to sixth-level, so 1,000 stones."

"As for a millennium beast soul, 10,000 spirit stones is required."

Beast souls were normally refined into the body to increase its power. However, the older didn't necessarily mean better. If the beast soul was much stronger than the cultivator, forcefully inserting it into the body could end with an implosion.

For Feng Feiyun, he needed to pick weaker best souls in order to finish his physique within five days. Weaker souls required less refinement time.

'Just five days, I must finish the physique in five days in order to boost my fighting capability to have a better chance at the royal sacred ground.' Feiyun thought to himself.

"I want one hundred 700-year beast souls and one thousand four hundred and forty-four 600-year beast souls. You must deliver them to the eastern Feng Mansion within two days."

Other places couldn't come up with so many beast souls but the Yin Gou Ward definitely could.

The manager in the soul palace was astounded. That's the demon's son for you, completely eccentric.

He was a bit suspicious but didn't pry any further. He took out a golden abacus and did some calculation before smiling: "Young Noble Feng, the total is 1,722 True Mysterious Spirit Stones. Will you pay now or after delivery?"

"Now, of course. How can I not trust your ward?" Feiyun smiled and waved his sleeve, releasing 1,722 spirit stones.

The manager laughed like crazy before ordering armored cultivators to take the stone into the treasury. This was a big transaction and could be more than some yearly revenue.

Feiyun slightly rubbed the Infinite Spirit Ring. This ring was strange and had something to do with his azure vessel. Back in the ghost village, it was also stimulated by the white jade vessel. One diagram nearly flew out.

Such an item couldn't be a simple first-ranked spirit treasure.

"This ring is quite tough. I can't damage it even with my current cultivation but its spirituality is lacking, that's why it is only a first-ranked spirit treasure."

The ring used to be a pseudo spirit treasure but Feiyun sealed the spirituality of a broken treasure into the ring, allowing it to reach first-ranked.

He speculated that it used to be a mature artifact with immense power. Later on, because of a certain tribulation or disaster, its spirituality disappeared completely, even the main spirit within.

"Maybe it'll reach second-ranked if I seal an 800-year beast soul into it." Feiyun had this idea much earlier but he was too weak before. Thus, he couldn't hunt beasts of this level so he gave up on it.

Feiyun asked: "How many 800-year beast souls do you have?"

This manager already considered Feiyun to be a wealthy customer so he smiled and said: "173 souls, does Young Lord Feng want to buy them?"

Feiyun nodded.

"Very well, I'll take you over then." The excited manager replied.

Each 800-year beast soul was worth 100 stones. Some powerful ones could be sold for up to 300 stones. This was the reason for the manager's excitement.

Feiyun picked out three of them, a "Golden-fur Elephant", "Frenetic Grand Eagle", and "Ancient Glaring Eye".

The first two were only one hundred stones each. The third had the bloodline of the ancient sacred beast, Glaring Eye, so Feiyun needed to spend 500 stones on it.

Raising a spirit treasure's rank was very dangerous with a low probability so Feiyun bought three souls for a total of 700 stones.

When he got out of the ward, it was already late. The sun was hanging over the western canopy.

Feiyun was holding an expensive White-mist Flower that he bought from the ward and climbed up the carriage.

The driver, Ma Fang, had been silently following Feiyun and assumed his position as well. He became more respectful than before: "Young Lord, are we returning to the Feng Mansion now?"

"No, to Southern Sky Temple, I'm meeting a friend." Feiyun smiled and said.

Ma Fang was a quiet one and moved the carriage along the intersection with great speed.

"A Divine Consort, Ji Lingxuan. A beauty in the temple shone by the moonlight like a peach blossom." Feiyun smirked and couldn't help but recite a poem while gently touching the White-mist Flower.

[Chapter 452: Divine Consort](#)

There was a saying - the palace of the grand dao spans for three thousand miles and ends with the Southern Sky Temple.

This temple was located in the capital.

Along the large road named "To Heaven", at the southern end was a large stone mountain towering at 2,732 meters. There were eight hundred palaces and Buddhist shrines; auspicious beasts such as cranes roamed this place.

Southern Sky used to be a tiny shrine on this peak and simply couldn't compare to a sacred ground like Faith Convent. However, in the last several hundred years, it developed at a rapid pace. Its scale and prestige were at the same level as Faith Convent.

There was a rumor that because the abbot, Maitreya Buddha, was best friend with the current Grand Chancellor, the palace consorts and wives of marquises all went to this place for their worship and ceremonies. Two hundred years ago, the Jin Emperor performed a ceremony to the heaven in this place.

The eight hundred new shrines were also erected due to its newfound fame.

When the carriage made it to the entrance, the sun had already set behind the mountain.

There has never been a more majestic gate to a temple. Just the plaque made of pure gold was ten meters long and weighed more than ten thousand pounds. The two red doors were filled with crimson nails as large as a human head. To the front were twelve golden pillars with dragon and phoenix engravings. They looked to be soaring towards the nine firmament.

The sunset glow shined on the golden pillars and emitted a blinding reflection.

Feiyun got off the carriage and a novice Buddhist monk instantly took him inside.

He was only around seven year of age with a round, bald head. His eyes were clear like two precious onyx stones and had a serious demeanor, as if he had seen through the struggles of the mundane realm.

"Young Monk, your Southern Sky Temple is magnificent." Feiyun followed the monk up a white-jade stair towards the peak.

“There is no rich or rag in the eyes of Buddha. There is darkness in the glow of gold and jade.” The young monk smiled and said.

Feiyun was surprised by the response and had to take a second glance at the monk’s eyes. He found that his gaze was stopped and turned back by a maelstrom three feet before reaching the monk.

The capital was indeed full of hidden experts. Even a seven-year-old monk had this cultivation.

“Benefactor, are you here to light an incense or to worship Buddha?” The young monk asked.

Feiyun said: “What’s the difference?”

“Of course they are different. Lighting an incense is to ask Buddha; worshipping Buddha is showing respect.” The monk said.

Li Qiye nodded: “I’m not here for either, only to see someone.”

The monk stopped and turned to look at Feiyun: “So Benefactor is the demon’s son. No wonder why there is a surging evil energy on your body. I actually thought you were Dongfang Jingshui of the upper list, not the third-ranker of the lower.”

‘Quite a capable young monk, I haven’t seen through him but he got me.’ Feiyun became alert.

He smiled and said: “Sounds like you know who I’m meeting.”

The monk nodded: “The Divine Consort is waiting at the Blue Sandalwood Courtyard. She bemoans the state of the universe and pity the fate of mankind in the upcoming chaos so she has been praying for three days, hoping that the spirits could protect the citizens of our dynasty.”

“You know a lot.” Feiyun smiled and said.

“Amitabha, I don’t know anything.” The little monk placed his palms together and bowed towards Feiyun before floating upward with fluttering sleeves.

“Whoosh!” Feiyun channeled his Samsara Steps and turned into a gale to jump from one cliff to another. However, he couldn’t catch up to the little monk. After the guy disappeared, Feiyun landed and looked up to see a simple Buddhist shrine.

“Blue Sandalwood Courtyard.” Feiyun smirked and opened the door without any hesitation.

At this moment, the last sun rays have fallen on the old walls. A faint moon was hanging in the sky full of stars and poured down its warmth.

As he stepped into the courtyard, he could sense an elegant and sweet fragrance. His entire body seemed to be purified.

This courtyard was in a corner of the highest peak in Southern Sky. One could see several hundred miles of the capital when looking down.

Feiyun stepped on a small path paved with blue pebbles and crossed through a thicket of blue sandalwood trees before reaching a shrine.

This was a simple shrine with only one level made out of wood. There were two bronze arhat statues outside.

Feiyun posed coolly with his arms crossed and slightly bowed his head: "This junior is here to greet Consort Ji."

The lamp inside the wooden house slightly flickered. There was no response.

No cultivator would dare to use their divine intent against a Divine Consort. That would be disrespectful so Feiyun refrained from doing so.

After a long while, Feiyun slowly walked towards the house.

"Creak." He opened the door.

Inside the house was a simple Buddhist chamber with one statue. An incense thurible was burning with a seat in front. No one was present.

He took a whiff and could smell a lingering trace of White Mist Flower. This was the same as the fragrance found in her letter. Ji Lingxuan was indeed here earlier.

"She's not here." Feiyun left the shrine, fearing that someone would see him entering the place where a Divine Consort was praying. However, the moment he got out, he became frozen. There was a beautiful woman standing outside.

She dressed in a very simple manner, only a thin, blue dress with a long, white ribbon. Her enchanting figure looked even more amazing under the moonlight.

She was standing below a sandalwood tree by the edge of the cliff to stare at the horizon.

The time when he got inside and out only took two seconds but she was already standing outside. He was naturally surprised by this.

Though he could only see her back, it was already beautiful to the extreme. It carved itself into her mind and heart. No man would ever forget her after seeing just her figure.

He walked softly and stopped ten feet away from her before respectfully bowing: "Greetings, Consort Ji."

This woman was one of the four Divine Consorts, Ji Lingxuan. He could tell due to the familiar fragrance emanating from her.

She stood there caressing the white ribbon on her shoulder. Her soft and thin lips opened: "You are Feng Feiyun?"

Her voice was very young like a budding maiden, unlike a cultivator that had lived for one to two hundred years.

"That's this junior." Feiyun said. [1]

"Junior? Haha, I'm that old now?" She pouted and slowly turned back. Her almond-eyes blinked as she requested: "Lift your head."

“This junior doesn’t dare to.” He replied.

“I allow you to.” She said.

He slowly looked up and his eyes flashed with a tinge of surprise. This woman wasn’t as noble and extravagant contrary to his expectation. She was more like a sixteen-year-old girl that had just learn about love.

A woman had methods of staying young forever. However, her eyes wouldn’t fool anyone.

The eyes of a sixteen-year-old and a forty-year-old were completely different.

Alas, Ji Lingxuan’s eyes were even more clear than a young girl. Her skin was fairer yet while her figure more voluptuous.

She had no aristocratic aura of a consort in the court but more of a transcending aura of a cultivator.

He became quite surprised and thought to himself: ‘Jing Lingxuan and Ji Cangyue look quite alike. Is she really Cangyue’s aunt? Looks more like a sister.’

That’s right, the two women were very similar in appearance. Lingxuan even looked around two years younger than Cangyue.

He averted his gaze, not daring to face this Divine Consort. Her eyes were too beautiful, capable of stealing a man’s heart.

He took out the Blue Mist Flower and handed it over with both hands: “This junior heard that you like this particular fragrance so I went to the Yin Gou Ward to buy it. Here is my gift, Consort.”

Lingxuan slightly frowned and said innocently: “This isn’t the imperial court, no need to call me Consort or Senior. If you can’t do this, then I won’t accept your flower, no matter how precious it might be.”

Feiyun was lamenting in his mind. This woman was certainly capable. Each of her simple words could make men have wandering thoughts of a sexual nature.

“Then how should I address...”

“You may call me Lingxuan.” She smiled freely in response.

He gritted his teeth in response: “Consort, I don’t think that’s appropriate.”

“You’re disobeying a direct order.” She slowly approached closer with a seductive walk. However, it wasn’t one of lowly vulgarity, this was a temptation straight to the soul.

Feiyun sensed a sweet fragrance coming towards her, wanting to rush into his embrace.

This was only an illusion. She stopped one step in front of him and playfully stretched out her delicate finger to touch his palm.

This gentle touch caused a current to run from his palm all the way to his head, giving birth to all types of romantic imagination.

Feiyun quickly bit the tip of his lips to stop fantasizing. His back was drenched in cold sweat, 'this woman is too much, I'm at a disadvantage already after her first move.'

She blinked her long eyebrows and noticed the change in his expression. She let out a laughter as clear as a bell and took the box containing the flower then held it with both hands: "I didn't expect the legendary demon's son to be so shy. Young Noble Feng, I haven't slept yet tonight, would you want to embrace me and moon gaze together?"

Her voice could soften the bones of men, making them go weak.

[Chapter 453: Surging Undercurrent](#)

Feng Feiyun had met too many women and slept with a fair share of them. However, no woman has defeated and charmed him to this level.

Tonight, he didn't only gaze at the moon with Ji Lingxuan. More importantly, he gazed at her wondrous body under the moonlight.

No one in this world could have thought that a model consort lied beneath Feiyun tonight. No, to be exact, he was the one underneath. The moonlight was weak, only the Buddhist lamp was illuminating the romantic air tonight.

It was early next morning. Feiyun couldn't sit straight on his bronze carriage. A scent of White Mist Flower still remained on his slightly messy hair. He was gently rubbing his temples as scenes of last night were still playing back.

He rubbed his fingers and seemed to be able to still sense her softness.

"What is going on? Why did my self-control become so weak?" Feiyun had an unprecedented frustration. He had never felt this way after sleeping with a woman before.

In the end, he admitted that he had lost to Ji Lingxuan.

Ma Fang continued forward through the busy streets filled with people. Suddenly, the beast stopped along with the carriage. A scholar with a white headband and a feathered fan stopped it.

Feiyun pulled the curtain and smiled after seeing Scholar Heaven Calculating: "Didn't expect to see an old face on the street of the capital."

The scholar with both hands hidden under his sleeves smiled back while standing there with a dignified posture: "I purposely came to see you."

"To see me?" Feiyun asked.

The scholar nodded: "Because I know you have a headache right now."

"You know what I'm vexed about?" Feiyun was a bit afraid. Did this guy know about his relationship with Ji Lingxuan?

This was a capital crime. If someone were to find out that he had slept with a Divine Consort, no one in this world could protect him.

The scholar was still smiling: "A disaster is coming for you."

Feiyun controlled his heartbeat, not letting it go crazy. He rolled his eyes once and said: "I got a lot of problems, which one are you talking about?"

The scholar continued: "Yesterday at the Yin Gou Ward, you tricked Beiming Potian out of 20,000 spirit stones. Last night, more than three hundred servants at the Grand Chancellor's mansion were killed by the furious fella. Early this morning, he declared his intention of killing you within four days. The entire capital is riled up over it."

Feiyun felt relieved - as long as it wasn't the thing with Ji Lingxuan. His expression turned cold and said: "This Beiming Potian is out of line for killing the innocent, just 20,000 spirit stones made him kill all those servants?"

"You didn't kill him but they died because of you." The scholar said: "But you need to be worried about yourself first, what is the chance of you beating Potian right now?"

"Zero." Feiyun answered.

The scholar suggested: "That's why you definitely can't return to the Feng mansion. Go stay at the Heart Reached Villa for a couple of days."

"Heart Reached Villa? That place can stop Beiming Potian?" Feiyun asked.

"Su Yun and Ji Yunyun are both there, your good friends. It's been a while, you should go see them anyway."

Feiyun got the message and smiled: "Then I really should go bother them then."

One could count those among the young generation who could stop Beiming Potian with their fingers. Su Yun was certainly part of this group.

The greatest romantic playboy that had slept with the highest number of women in the dynasty certainly; a man who could charm women till they voluntarily sneak onto his bed; it certainly wasn't Feng Feiyun. It was Young Noble Flawless, Su Yun.

Unfortunately, after becoming blind, Young Noble Flawless stopped collecting beauties and started gardening instead.

There was all kind of flowers and grasses in this place. More than one hundred maids and servants were tending to the garden. Next to them were many plots of purple bamboo next to each other.

Su Yun was sitting next to the bamboo thicket under a pavilion. He slowly poured scented tea from a bronze pot into a cup then handed it to Feiyun: "Looks like no one can kill you if even Yama's Decay Blood had failed."

His eyes were muddled and empty but his smile was very sincere.

Feiyun accepted the tea and took a sniff. He didn't drink it just yet: "Not necessarily, am I not here to hide right now?"

Su Yun closed his eyes and smelled the air as well before smiling: "You have messed with a woman, one of an exceedingly high status."

Feiyun's expression became unnatural: "Beiming Potian isn't a woman."

"I'm not talking about Beiming Potian, I'm talking about the White-Mist scent on you." Su Yun smiled and said.

Feiyun buried his nose into his sleeve and sniffed hard. He clearly went to a hotel and took three baths on top of changing clothes before coming here. Did this guy still smell Ji Lingxuan's scent on him after all of that?

"Your nose is something else. Yeah, the truth is that I'm here to hide from a woman, not Beiming Potian." Feiyun sighed disappointingly.

He naturally wasn't afraid of Potian. The guy was strong but not to the level where Feiyun would run from him. Ji Lingxuan was the real problem so he had to run here.

Su Yun sighed and said: "Scholar Heaven Calculating told me."

"What did he tell you?" Feiyun was startled.

Su Yun replied: "He told me that you came to Southern Sky last night to see a woman. You didn't leave till next morning."

Feiyun stood up with beads of sweat running down his forehead. The matter really got exposed.

This was the domain of the Jin Emperor. If even the scholar knew what he was up to last night, there was no way the Jin Emperor, the number one of the dynasty, wouldn't find out.

Today, the scholar probably didn't want to scare him on the street. After all, it was better for a good friend to tell him about this fatal danger.

Even though Feiyun was quite resolute, he couldn't stay calm right now since the cuckold was the Jin Emperor.

Su Yun was still calm and took a sip of tea: "No need to be so tense. Many people helped you hide it last night. They worked together to stop all divinations and blocked the truth from the Sacred Ear and Sacred Eye in the palace."

"No wonder why you can still drink tea so calmly right now." Feiyun took a deep breath and sat down. He finished his cup in one gulp, even the flower leaves. He then asked: "Who helped me last night?"

Su Yun became serious: "I'm not too clear either. Even the scholar only knows of four powers taking action but there are certainly more than four. Some have prepared long ago while others were forced to help."

"Who got forced?" Feiyun smiled.

"Beiming Moshou is one of them." Su Yun replied.

"He actually helped me?" Feiyun nearly burst out laughing.

Su Yun elaborated: "This wily fox wants nothing more than your death but he must be the one deciding how you die. The capital can't become chaotic just yet. If that person in the imperial palace were to find out about last night, it would ruin the fox's other plans. That's why he couldn't watch you die last night."

"But he's lying to the emperor by doing so." Feiyun said.

"That's why I said he got forced and dragged down the mud by you." Su Yun replied.

The current situation was very delicate right now at the capital. Many big shots had their own schemes and plans ready with many important chess pieces. These pieces must move in accordance with their wish. One wrong path could change the whole board and create chaos.

Feiyun was one of these important chess pieces.

There was a surging undercurrent last night at the capital. Many big shots couldn't sleep at all. If it wasn't for them hiding all potential divination, the board would have been broken by the commotion last night.

These were the "players" Dongfang Yiye talked about. They would always hide outside of the board, never actually taking action themselves.

The biggest player was still the Jin Emperor. It required the joint effort of many other players to hide the matter from the palace last night. Such a combination wouldn't happen a second time since these players were trying to take each other down in the first place.

Feiyun curiously asked: "Who else?"

"Last night, Divine Consort Hua suffered qi deviation from cultivating the Supreme Cleansing Scripture. The emperor stayed with her the entire night." Su Yun revealed.

There was no need to be so overt. Feiyun understood that Divine Consort Hua was one of his helpers last night, suppressing the emperor's senses.

Feiyun realized that he knew too little and asked: "Who is she?"

"Princess Luofu's birth mother."

Feiyun had an epiphany and nodded. The current political climate at the capital was too grand with many people involved. He said: "Looks like Ji Lingxuan did it on purpose last night in order to drag many people down the mud."

Suddenly, a loud commotion resounded outside of Heart Reached Villa.

Beiming Potian was riding a red deer with a gigantic sword on his back. He brought more than ten prodigies to attack the villa.

[Chapter 454: Su Yun and Beiming Potian](#)

Beiming Potian's murderous aura could be sensed several dozen miles away. There was a black cloud above him. Wherever he passed, the thick street would have cracks like spider webs all over the place.

Cultivators didn't dare to stop his path. The slower ones were crushed by his murderous aura and turned into bloody corpses.

"Feng Feiyun! Get the hell out here!" He shouted with a force causing a minor earthquake.

The gate of Heart Reached Villa opened. Su Xue in a black dress and a rain hat stood in front of the entrance like a specter. She raised her sword and coldly said: "Who dares to disturb Heart Reached Villa? Who do you think you are?"

An armored prodigy flew out with four roaring beast souls. He wore a white-wolf pelt and said seriously: "Our First Young Noble of the Beiming Clan is here, tell Feiyun to come out and accept his death."

"The manor doesn't have an asshole like Feng Feiyun, please leave." The black dress on her didn't flutter at all to the wind as if it was made from steel.

"The more you deny, the more I want to search!" The armored prodigy's hands glowed black as he unleashed a claw attack towards Su Xue.

"Whoosh!" A sword flashed ending with a red light. Two bloodied hands fell to the ground; one of the hands had an iron-claw.

The young prodigy screamed miserably with blood shooting out of his stumps. His aura deteriorated and Su Xue struck him with the blunt edge of her sword, blowing him away.

"You dare to block my path, weakling?!" A icy energy thunderously spewed out of his mouth causing Su Xue to retreat continuously.

With the final word, Su Xue was directly blown flying with blood coming out of her mouth.

As she was about hit a wall, a shadow darted out of the villa and caught her. The two of them spun seven times before dispersing that monstrous power.

This person was naturally Feng Feiyun. He grabbed Su Xue with one hand while unleashing a palm strike with the faint shadows of four dragon-tigers. Four shocking roars emanated and shattered Beiming Potian's soundwave.

"Let me go." Su Xue thrust her sword forward. More than one hundred ferocious sword shadows came for Feiyun's neck. He quickly let go and retreated more than ten meters to avoid the fatal attack.

Feiyun touched his neck and could still felt a cool sensation on it. He thought to himself, 'still so violent, no one will marry her in the future.'

Potian's murderous aura grew denser after seeing Feiyun. His tiger eyes became as red as blood while the heavy sword behind him quaked, issuing loud noises.

An oppressive momentum came from the sky and turned into a gigantic claw. It smashed down on Feiyun.

Feiyun stood there without moving while wearing a smirk on his face. He had no intention of resisting.

"Boom!" Su Yun walked down from the villa and stomped the gigantic claw to pieces with one step.

Potian's momentum was stopped so he became even more furious "Su Yun, you want to interfere?!"

"You wounded my little sister, I won't let this go." Su Yun was untouched by even a speck of dust and nonchalantly said.

The two of them had similar cultivation in the past but Su Yun was blind now. Thus, he was placed fifth on the list, behind Potian and Jingshui.

Everyone assumed that he had weakened after losing his sight.

"Then we'll see if you are capable enough to interfere or not." Potian's aura became even sharper, seemingly becoming one with his sword.

The crowd made some distance, not daring to stay close to these two historical geniuses of the upper list. Even Feiyun and Su Xue retreated to the end of the street.

This was the highest level of confrontation between geniuses. No one else could interfere.

Su Xue asked: "Why aren't you joining in?"

"What?" Feiyun said.

She explained: "If you fight together with my big brother, you two can take down Beiming Potian."

Feiyun smiled and said: "This is a battle between the two of them. It's meaningless if I try to join in because your brother will stop in that case."

"Why?" She felt that he was only making an excuse, too scared to fight Potian.

"Because your brother is a proud fella, if I join in, that's being disrespectful towards him." Feiyun's eyes became serious. Even though he was confident in Su Yun, Potian's power was unquestionable as well, especially that gigantic sword. Not too many people could stop it.

Su Yun and Potian stood motionlessly on the old street, fifty meters away from each other. Two shadows flew out of their body at the same time.

These were their avatars. Only people reaching a certain level could create these external avatars.

The two avatars fought on the ancient street with great swiftness and incredible techniques. The entire street became chaotic with a maelstrom blowing several prodigies away.

Only Potian and Su Yun could stand firmly in that spot.

"Who is winning right now?" Su Xue asked.

Even though she was at second-level Heaven's Mandate, she simply couldn't see what was going on in that maelstrom.

Feiyun said: "Hmm, they're fighting with their avatars. Each technique has tangible forms but they're the only ones who can tell."

"You might as well not say anything then." She coldly uttered.

"You're the one asking." He continued to spectate.

It wasn't too long before the maelstrom disappeared and the two avatars returned to their real body.

Potian uttered with a dark expression: "Everyone thought that Su Yun would be weaker after going blind, who would have thought that you're even stronger now."

Su Yun had both hands behind his back and calmly said: "I might be blind but my mind is brighter than ever, allowing me to understand the heavenly dao a bit more."

Potian snorted and stared at Feiyun: "We'll settle this score eventually. Let's go."

He rode his deer to the sky and the rest of his entourage followed.

Feiyun stared at the horizon and said: "Beiming Potian had lost."

Su Yun wasn't as optimistic, evident by his grim expression: "He had successfully cultivated the Heavy Sword Dao on top of possessing the strongest defense at the same cultivation level. All of his shortcomings have been amended, defeating him is easier said than done."

"Then why did he leave?" Feiyun asked.

"Because he noticed that he simply had no way of defeating me. Moreover, it looked like he had an epiphany of my dao during the fight so he left in order to comprehend it more." Su Yun replied.

"This person's comprehension is indeed frightening." Feiyun slightly frowned. Understanding someone else's dao and changing it into their own - this was frightening indeed.

Su Yun smiled and said: "His comprehension is still not as good as yours. Once you reach the third level, you'll be able to contend against him. Su Xue, take Brother Feng to rest, he'll be staying here tonight."

"What? He's staying tonight?!" She blurted out.

Feiyun turned towards her and bowed: "Miss Su, I'll be in your care then."

"Whoosh!" Su Xue thrust her sword again with lightning speed straight for his throat.

Alas, Feiyun had already fled into the villa and shouted: "Miss Su, which room is yours? I want to be your neighbor for the next couple of days."

"You court death!" A cold glint flashed in her eyes as she gave chase with her sword out.

Ji Yunyun walked up to Su Yun and worriedly said: "Will those two be okay?"

"It's fine." Su Yun smiled and embraced her.

Heart Reached Villa was one of the residences in the capital from Poluo. It had more than one thousand plots with amazing and rare vegetation and flowers. There were also many buildings and wondrous sceneries.

Feiyun was temporarily staying at a solitary courtyard with a tall pavilion. It was an elegant location.

"Feng Feiyun, come out here." Su Xue came and coldly demanded.

Feiyun came out on the third-floor balcony and teased: "Miss Su, don't tell me you really want to be my neighbor?"

“In your dream. Someone is outside to deliver a lot of stuff.” Su Xue said.

“So fast?” Feiyun was ecstatic.

After staying at the villa, he told Ma Fang to go to the Yin Gou Ward and tell them to deliver the beast souls here.

He bought a monstrous amount so even the ward needed a lot of time to prepare and seal the souls. Feiyun thought that they would need at least two days but it already came today.

The Yin Gou Ward was indeed very efficient.

Only four days were left until the examination at the royal sacred ground. He needed to finish his Myriad Beasts Physique before then since it would boost his offense and defense by a great margin.

The Divine King’s successor was an important matter to the royal clan, only behind the coronation of the Jin Emperor. At that time, all the members of the royal family would be there.

Chapter 455: Refining The Souls

Untamed beast souls all had an aggressive wildness to them, not wishing to be restraint. They became much more friendly after the taming process and could be sealed into special containers. These beasts were normally given to disciples for training because it was much safer.

Feiyun refined a 700-year Crimsonfur Mole into his body. For others, doing so resulted in a clear boost of power. For Feiyun, it was more like taking in a physical supplement.

After each soul came into his body, his bones and blood became stronger. This, in turn, increased his physical power.

It took him two long days to refine more than 1,605 souls into his body. At this moment, he had 9,900 beast souls. The Crimsonfur Mole was the 9,901st one.

He could feel his power increased by a large amount.

“Strange, I’m at second-level Heaven’s Mandate now, why is there still a bottleneck while cultivating this physique.”

While refining 600-year old souls, the absorption process was very fast. However, after refining this 700-year old soul, he could feel his body rejecting and stopping him from finishing the physique.

“It is definitely not about the power disparity between the souls. It must be because of my body. A phoenix can cultivate this physique because it is the king of demons but a human body can’t suppress the animal instincts from all the souls.”

“The Immortal Phoenix Physique is at minor completion right now, maybe I can force this through.”

He opened the seal to the second beast soul and held it in his palm before starting the refinement. The rejecting force was greater this time. It wasn’t only his body; the other souls were refusing as well.

Feiyun didn’t give up and forcefully fused this soul into his body.

9,902nd...

9,903rd...

9,904th...

9,923rd...

His blood was boiling after this refinement and flowed rampantly through his veins. The souls in his body were running wild, as if wanting to destroy his body.

This rejection force was attacking his body now, causing his bones to squeak and crack.

“Looks like the phoenix soul can’t calm all of them.”

Feiyun temporarily stopped the refinement process and began to suppress these souls. Once they calmed down, his red skin returned to its original color.

He took a deep breath and found himself much more powerful, almost being able to unleash five dragon-tigers. This meant that he could wrestle against spirit treasures with his body alone.

“My physical power is almost at the limit because of my cultivation limit. Unless I can break through this level, my body might explode if I continue to force the issue.”

“No, I must go on. There are too many prodigies at the capital. No to mention someone on the upper list like Beiming Potian, some young kings are still stronger than me. I won’t be able to handle the capital unless I become stronger.”

Feiyun clenched his fists and took out the 24th 700-year beast soul.

The soul was suppressed by him and its power seeped into his body, becoming one with his flesh and bones. It flowed all around his body then fused inside.

Beads of sweat were all around him while his inner organs were popping, on the verge of exploding.

“Boom!” He finally finished the process.

9,924th soul. Just 76 more and he would finish the physique. This would mean taking the next step in his constitution - becoming a top Historical Genius, much better than the others. This was only one step below being a mythical genius.

Alas, completing this physique was quite arduous. He was completely drenched in sweat right now; his clothes were sticking into his body as if he had just gotten out of the water.

Nevertheless, he felt quite good despite the struggle since he could feel an increase in power.

The 26th 700-year beast soul was next. He began to challenge his own limit and force himself into the corner. This was the only way to find out his true potential.

This required a great price. It felt as if ants and poisonous insects were biting his body. This level of pain could render someone unconscious.

“Boom!” Success came at last.

Fatigue seemed to be disappearing as he began the next one.

It was even more painful this time as if he was surrounded by two spikey walls closing in on him.

“Boom!” Blood oozed out from his pores. His flesh became red like steel; the souls howling inside nearly ruptured his eardrums.

In the end, he still made it through and fused the 27th 700-year soul into his body.

It was as if he had just fought one hundred battle. Just lifting a finger resulted in a mangling pain throughout his body.

Just refining ten beast souls was already amazing enough for other historical geniuses but Feiyun had just finished 9,927th souls. He was turning his body into a battlefield; they were waging war inside.

Withstanding their power was unbearable and could turn a Heaven’s Mandate cultivator into a fool.

Nevertheless, Feiyun still didn’t give up. He felt that he hasn’t stimulated his real potential just yet.

He put four pieces of golden ginseng into his mouth. Its medicinal power seeped into his body and cured his wounds at a quick rate.

“Next, the 28th!” He took out a 700-year Hornet Python and got started again.

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” Rambunctious explosions resounded in his ears, causing him to tremble.

The recovered wounds broke again for the second time with more blood oozing from his pores. His clothes were stained red now.

“29th!” He gritted his teeth and did it again. The fleshy bits inside his blood came out of the wounds and fell onto the ground.

“30th...” He was losing control of his thoughts; his body no longer obeyed. His blood flow was a surging river damaging his vessels.

“31st...” He had lost sensation of his body; his willpower alone forced himself to refine more souls. The rejection power within was beyond his control.

“Boom!” This soul issued a miserable scream and exploded into a fog. Feiyun couldn’t handle this pain and lost consciousness.

In the end, he couldn’t refine the 31st soul into his body.

9,930 souls; this was his limit unless his cultivation went up again.

Once he woke up, the pain didn’t subside. Breathing was painful since his inner organs were damaged. He struggled to get up and got into the meditation pose for recovery.

He placed another golden ginseng into his mouth. This medicine calmed the rejecting force and moved it into the dantian while healing his wounds.

“Still can’t finish the Myriad Beasts Physique but this is not bad. Just physical power alone went up around fifty percent.”

Once Feiyun almost became fully healed, it was quite late in the day. He took a bath and changed his outfit. Just his aura alone now could suppress all the low-level beasts on the ground.

“Tomorrow is the examination day, I have to see the Divine King tonight at his place.”

After saying goodbye to Su Yun, he left Heart Reached Villa. Attendant Gui was waiting outside in an imperial carriage. Feiyun got inside and headed for the king’s mansion.

Feiyun was feeling a bit down. The Divine King was a top character in the capital with eyes and ears everywhere. ‘Does he know about the ridiculous matter between me and Ji Lingxuan?’

‘She is a Divine Consort while he is part of the royal family. What would he do if he found out?’

Feiyun contemplated along the way, thinking about all kind of ways to deal with it.

[Chapter 456: Only Victory Is Allowed](#)

The Divine King’s mansion was still stately and imposing. The auras from several generations of kings were still here, always instilling awe in visitors.

“Hmm, not bad, you have consolidated your second-level cultivation with 11,000 strands of violet energy. This is enough to contend against young kings.” The Divine King’s clear eyes could see the amount of violet energy in Feiyun but not his 9,930 beast souls.

Meanwhile, Feiyun didn’t talk about what he had done in the last couple of days. He had no way of speculating whether the king knew about his one-night affair with Ji Lingxuan or not at Southern Sky.

Feiyun said with a natural expression: “It is all due to the golden ginseng, I thank you again, master.”

“No need to be so formal with me.” The king replied: “We’ll go to the royal sacred ground tomorrow. All the members of the royal clan will be there, including the Jin Emperor, the four Divine Consorts, and the other imperial concubines. Princes, princesses, the royal ancestors; the court members such as the three directors, nine ministers, and eighteen marquises will be there too. Their prodigies will also come to spectate, so you need to prepare well tonight.”

“So many people are coming?” Feiyun was surprised. He was worried the most about Ji Lingxuan. If they were to meet at the sacred ground, what was he going to do? A slight misstep might result in exposing the truth and his death.

The king said: “The emperor is the foundation of the dynasty while the king is the protector. Thus, the successor’s bestowment is just as important as naming the next crown prince. Right, which princesses and imperial concubines came to find you recently?”

Feiyun’s mind jumped after hearing this but he quickly calmed his thoughts and leisurely said: “Several imperial concubines did come to find me recently but I didn’t meet them. I’ve only met... Consort Ji once, not daring to offend her due to her position.”

The king remained natural and stroke his white beard then nodded: “I’ve heard of that. Some people saw you and the Divine Consort meeting at Southern Sky once in a buddhist chamber. At that time, the abbot, Buddha Maitreya, was also present to chant.”

This was naturally not the truth.

But Feiyun already knew that many great powers in the capital worked together to hide all divination and twisted the truth. This became the new reality.

'The Divine King is implicitly telling me about it. Looks like he is aware too and must have been part of the group that helped me that night. This Ji Lingxuan is something else, actually dragging the Divine King into this mess too.'

It's an internal and embarrassing problem for the royal clan. The Divine King naturally didn't want this matter made public so he had to hide it.

Moreover, Feiyun was his disciple and he stood behind Feiyun's Divine King candidacy. If the emperor were to find out, he would be implicated as well after Feiyun's death.

Ji Lingxuan only slept with Feiyun but she had pulled so many big shots down. This would be the card she uses to blackmail them because exposing this secret would make it hard on everyone.

From this, one could see that this woman was not only wily but would also do anything necessary to achieve her goals. Her courage was also the most impressive, daring to have an affair with another man at the capital while being confident that others would help her hide it. The other Divine Consorts didn't have this characteristic.

Of course, Feiyun didn't understand why he was so easily seduced. He had such little self-control before her. Even though he knew that he should never sleep with her, it still happened anyway. There must have been a reason for his weakened self-control.

Feiyun respectfully said: "The Divine Consort is a master in Buddhism, I have learned a lot from her."

The king slightly smirked and said: "Then you have agreed to marry Princess Yue after passing the examination."

"Princess Yue?" Feiyun was surprised.

"Divine Consort Ji's daughter that has been cultivating at the Ji Clan. She only returned recently and was bestowed the title of princess." The king slightly glanced at him.

Feiyun had never heard of this princess before and Ji Lingxuan didn't bring it up so he was caught off guard.

The king noticed this and smiled: "If someone outside the royal clan wants to become the Divine King, they must marry a princess. A decision must be made after the examination. I'm sure the meeting between you and the Divine Consort was about this, am I right?"

"Of course." Feiyun said.

"Then did you agree?"

"I... feel that marrying a princess is a grand matter that can't be taken trivially. I'm still thinking about it." Feiyun's thoughts were chaotic.

'Marrying a princess? Screw that!' He didn't have the slightest interest in this Princess Yue. If it wasn't for Feng Mo's order, he would have continued pretending to be poisoned by Yama's Blood without participating in this examination.

Alas, there was nothing he could do now so gotta close his eyes and walk forward.

'There are more candidates than just me, maybe I'll just lose and tell Feng Mo that I have tried my best but the other three princes are just too strong.' Feiyun had this idea.

The Divine King continued: "Indeed, further rumination is necessary. After all, even a princess can compete for the throne. Once she marries you, she'll be the King Consort, gaining the support of the entire faction. This is enough to make her a competitor."

"A King Consort can also become the Jin Emperor?" Feiyun was quite surprised and got a sense of why Ji Lingxuan slept with him. This could be to blackmail him to marry Princess Yue. If the princess could gain the support of the future Divine King on top of the other big shots that got dragged down to the mud, she would have enough forces to go against Princess Luofu and the current crown prince.

All sacrifices were worth it in order to become the next emperor.

The king continued: "There have been outsiders becoming the Divine King in the history of the Jin Dynasty before. After marrying a princess, their spouse had a smooth sailing path to the throne as well. This was a unity of strength, allowing the dynasty to have solidarity resulting in a stronger foundation. Even the ancestors of the royal clan support this."

As long as the karmic fate of the dynasty continued on strong, these ancestors didn't care who the Divine King was.

Feiyun was the current greatest genius in the world with an immeasurable potential. The clan naturally wouldn't mind trying to win him over.

"The ancestors initially wanted you and Princess Luofu together. One would be the lord of the Divine King faction while the other can control the court. After all, you are the best genius right now while she has the fate blessing of the sacred tablet. This should be enough to quell the astronomical sign of the dragons biting the heart. However, you got struck by the poison so this matter ended then. Now, you are cured, there is a chance that the talk will resume."

The Divine King continued on: "That's why you need to take your time with this but when the moment comes, maybe it will be out of your control."

"But didn't the Jin Emperor announce to the world that he'll pick a hero among the candidates to be his son-in-law?" Feiyun asked.

"Do you know who advised him to do so?"

"The Grand Chancellor?" Feiyun guessed.

The king shook his head: "It was Consort Ji. I have to admit, she is a very intelligent woman, seemingly capable of seeing the future. Because of this, Princess Luofu might be eliminated from your princess selection. Of course, nothing is written in stone just yet. Anything can change for the betterment of the dynasty."

Both Princess Luofu and Princess Yue who he has yet to meet weren't his types. After all, marrying a princess meant giving up all other women. Plus, Nangong Hongyan would also come to take care of him after finding out.

'Gotta stay with the original plan and definitely can't win to become the next Divine King.' Feiyun liked his idea even more.

Alas, certain things weren't up to him.

The king's expression became serious: "There's something you aren't aware of. There are three princes besides you in this examination. It is quite strict and requires entering several forbidden grounds. Non-royal people definitely can't enter so if you can't defeat the other three, the best outcome for you will be lifelong imprisonment. The worst case can be death."

"What..." Feiyun was cursing in his mind about this damned trap.

"In the beginning, I only picked you to be the examinee. With your talents and the fact that the other ancestors held you in high regards, it shouldn't have been hard. But now, the situation is quite complicated since it involves the competition for the crown prince position. That's why the battle tomorrow will be very dangerous. You can only afford to win." The king carefully laid out the delicate situation.

Before one knows it, there was an invisible palm pushing him forward despite his wishes.

Feiyun stayed at the king's mansion tonight for the examination tomorrow. He needed to prepare well for the harsh battle ahead.

'The entire Jin Dynasty is a chess match right now and the capital is a smaller subsection while the court is at the very center. Many people must have their own moves for this examination.' Feiyun thought he had a good grasp of the situation but there were more mists rolling in and blocking his sight. Many mysteries were waiting until he reached a certain level of power. Otherwise, he would continue to be someone else's unknowing pawn.

Tonight was a restless night. A large snowstorm descended on the capital since autumn was over and came winter. The red and green tiles were all covered by the white of snow.

"The winter here is very cold indeed. Ye Xiaoxiang got that right." Feiyun exhaled a white puff of air. He wore a pair of armored boots and made it through the snow while the winds chilled to the bones. He entered the carriage to head for the imperial palace.

The carriage moved, leaving two deep lines on the snow. The rays of dawn were approaching at this time.

[Chapter 457: Shrine At The Imperial City](#)

This was the first snow at the capital. It carried the cold breeze from the northern river engulfing the entire forbidden city.

It was around three in the morning so it was still dark. The old pine trees along the road were covered with snow. "White" leaves were scattered everywhere from the cold gale and filled the entire street.

One could see many thirteen-year-old youths practicing a fist technique on top of the snow. They had heavy lion gauntlets in order to build up strength in his arm. Everyone had the dream of becoming a master; this was even truer at the capital. Thus, all the young lads were training hard.

Because of their aspiration, they worked much harder than others.

A large and extravagant imperial dragon was being dragged by a rhino-dragon across the large street, pulling a huge chunk of snow along its path. The youths cultivating on the sidewalks fell down once after another.

One martial artist shouted: "See?! A real master could ride the most expensive carriage, have the most beautiful women, enjoy the highest status. If all of you want to rise, you must train harder! Keep going!"

The youths had determined gazes while staring at the high-speed carriage. They started cultivating again with greater spirit.

Feiyun was the one inside. The carriage crossed through the main street into the Highest Gate. It entered the outer region of the imperial palace.

Before gaining entry to the sacred royal ground, one must worship at the Highest Temple.

It was still dark but there were more than one thousand beautiful carriages waiting outside the palace. Many nobles got off and conversed with each other before heading for the imperial gate.

A lively scene like this rarely happened. Not just the male prodigies but even the golden daughters and wives from the marquis factions came as well. These people came well-dressed today, especially the women. All of them took their most beautiful spirit pets and put on all the pieces of jewelry and ornaments.

The prodigies were gallant with a surging will to fight. Some had qi images rising to the sky already.

"Haha, Eagle Marquis, I heard you took in another concubine, an excellent disciple from a dao sect, only eighteen too. Isn't this your 278th one? Damn, I'm so envious of people who can take in one concubine each year like you, I can't do that because of that tigress at home. You know what I'm saying? Haha."

"Regional Princess Yanyan is so tall and beautiful now. She was still a little girl when I saw her several years ago. I heard she's causing a lot of trouble at the capital recently, haha."

"The young Tiger Marquis is back from the Wanxiang Pagoda. He looks quite mighty now with few peers."

The nobles would often have large feasts together but not one of this magnificent level. Virtually everyone who is somebody at the capital was present.

This was a sacred day for the royal clan but for some of them, it was a day to meet up, for the young ones to fight and make friends.

The scene became quiet the moment the carriage from the Divine King mansion came along. All eyes turned in that direction.

The Divine King was a legendary character, the only king in the current dynasty. He had the same authority and influence as the Grand Chancellor.

“Greetings, Divine King.”

“Good morning, Divine King.”

Everyone quickly performed a greeting ceremony.

In the back, several golden daughters gathered together, each more beautiful and young than the previous. They were pointing at Feng Feiyun walking behind the Divine King while smiling coquettishly with their hand covering their mouth.

“Guys, look over there. That’s the legendary demon’s son, he’s quite handsome.”

“I heard he’s the third-ranker on the lower list, one position higher than Ling Donglai, a famous fella recently.”

“Yanyan, don’t tell me you like him? Do you want to ask His Excellency, the Heavenbeckon Marquis, to go to the Divine King for a marriage proposal, haha?”

“Pah! I like Ling Donglai even more who is righteous and talented, an undefeated Divine Commander with so many men under his command. I’m sure that demon’s son is no match for Ling Donglai. The list must be wrong.”

The gate to the imperial city has yet to open so everyone waited and talked among themselves in the snow.

“Rumble.” Another group of carriages came along. The beasts pulling were white Wolf Kings towering at seven meters. There were more than twenty carriages.

This was the Grand Chancellor, Beiming Moshou. The prodigies and beautiful ladies came along as well. The most noticeable was Beiming Potian.

The moment he got out, many young ladies here gasped with ripples in their eyes as if they were seduced instantly.

However, Potian didn’t bother looking at them. His exquisite eyes were fixated on Feiyun as a murderous intent came into being.

Everyone could feel this intense energy but they turned a blind eye. They knew that this was a contest between the Divine King and the Grand Chancellor so no one dared to interfere.

Feiyun stood coolly on the snow as his flower-embroidered robe fluttered. His posture was proud like a pillar. Numerous beast roars emanated from his body; his aura wasn’t weaker than Potian at all.

His Myriad Beasts Physique still hasn’t reached grand completion but in terms of aura, he wasn’t afraid of anyone among the young generation.

“Boom!” Snow flew everywhere as the sky turned slightly darker.

"It's nice to be young and energetic. They're quite hot-blooded but Divine King, in my opinion, Feng Feiyun is still one level weaker than our Potian." Moshou stroke his beard and smiled.

The Divine King had both hands in front of his chest inside the other shirt sleeve and retorted: "Yes, this child lacks twenty years of cultivation compared to Potian and is still weaker than the others. Maybe his talents are lacking."

Moshou chuckled in response: "Quite funny, Divine King. Feiyun's talents are not bad at all, plus, he has you and Consort Ji as his backers, I'm sure he'll rise to the clouds later on in the court."

He placed emphasis on the words, Consort Ji.

The Divine King's expression remained the same and smiled back: "He'll need your guidance too in the future."

"Of course, of course." They both had a smile on their face the entire time.

Potian truly hated Feiyun because of the auction debacle that one night. Right now, he was the laughing stock at the capital. Only by beating Feiyun to the ground would his seething anger cease.

'I'm gonna wipe the floor with you this time, no Su Yun to save you now.' Potian's momentum was gathered to the extreme.

"Beiming Potian, you said you wanted to fight me last time. Today's the day." Dongfang Jingshui's voice preceded his physical arrival.

"Rumble!" An evil murderous energy made the sky full of dark clouds. A man with a red cloak descended from above - Dongfang Jingshui.

At this time, another of the three directors has arrived, the Grand Tutor.

He was the Yin Gou Clan Master, Dongfang Hanlin.

"Oh? Divine King and Grand Chancellor, the two of you are quite early. Why are you still standing here, let's go inside already." A supreme beauty with a white veil on her face helped Hanlin down from his carriage.

Hanlin looked a bit feeble from old age so he walked slowly on the snow towards the gates.

The supreme beauty was naturally Dongfang Jingyue.

Beiming Moshou smiled and said: "The gates haven't opened yet."

At this time, it was finally four o'clock in the morning so three bells were sounded.

"Om! Om! Om!" The majestic gates slowly opened. A sonorous voice of a eunuch came from within: "The heavenly bells have sounded, the imperial city is open for entry."

Hanlin's old face smiled. He had a gentle and kind face: "Haha, it is now. I'm always perfectly on time."

With that, Jingyue helped him across. They were the first to enter the imperial city. When Jingyue walked by Feng Feiyun, she didn't even bother to look at him. It was quite a cold reception.

Hanlin was the last to arrive but the first to enter the imperial city. Many were quietly cursing at him: 'This Dongfang Hanlin is just as wily as that old fox Moshou.'

Beiming Potian and Dongfang Jingshui naturally didn't fight. After all, today was a big day for the royal clan. Even if they wanted to fight, they needed to wait until after the Divine King successor ceremony.

This location was only the outer region of the imperial city, not the inner palaces. It had many ancient buildings left behind from the foundation of the dynasty, such as the Highest Temple, the Three Director Shrine, the Eighteen Marquis Cloud Towers. There was also the brutal Disgraced Palace. Every year, several consorts would be banished to this place. They have either done things that couldn't be publicized or have offended the big shots in the palace. This was a fate worse than death.

Many young princes and princesses were also staying here for protection. After they reached adulthood, they would have their own mansions since they couldn't stay here any longer. Of course, they would have expert bodyguards protecting them in the shadows.

Everyone headed for the Highest Temple. This was the place of worship for the royal ancestors. Even the old ministers such as the Three Directors couldn't take half a step inside.

Everyone was waiting outside the temple. At this moment, the imperial children were also present, same with the palace maids and consorts. The most conspicuous ones were standing under a gigantic, decorative bronze cauldron - Princess Luofu and Crown-Prince Long Shenyang.

The majestic cauldron had an aura of vicissitudes. A fire was raging inside, melting all the falling snow.

They were the heaven's favorites; one beautiful, the other handsome. Their majestic noble aura was on the same level.

[Chapter 458: Entering the Royal Sacred Ground](#)

There were too many consorts and palace maids here in front of the Highest Shrine. There was no end in sight to the crowd. The majority were nobles while the court officials only consisted of less than ten percent.

After all, this was a grand day for the royal clan. The other officials were only here as spectators.

Only the three directors, nine ministers, eighteen marquises, and the Divine King could stand at the front. The other royal members were ten miles in the back to look at the majestic shrine.

Feiyun was only the Divine King's disciple right now so he had to stay in the back as well, waiting to be summoned.

He had zero interest in this type of worshipping ceremony. His eyes darted towards Dongfang Jingyue. Even Jingshui noticed his gaze but Jingyue acted as if he didn't exist. Her pretty eyes were on the Highest Shrine like a proud swan, not paying attention to the frog that is Feiyun.

'This damned woman is very strange today, not even glaring at me. Is her brain broken after fusing with that jade vessel?' Feiyun was tortured by curiosity and secretly made a snowball. He looked around and found no one looking at him so he threw it towards Jingyue's neck with lightning speed.

No one dared to release their divine intents and physical senses at the Highest Shrine so he was able to go unnoticed.

“Boom!” The snowball struck her head. There were snowflakes all over her hair and neck before rolling down her white dress.

Feiyun was quite pleased with himself and quickly turned away to take a dignified pose as if it had nothing to do with him. He stared intensely at the shrine.

He stole a glance at her and found her glaring at him as if wanting to eat him alive. He restrained his laughter and felt much more comfortable being glared at by her than previously.

At this time, nine bells came from the shrine. The leader of the nine ministers, Feng Chang, was in charge of the ceremony. He stood beneath the gigantic cauldron and began to chant the old text of the royal clan.

Everyone withdrew their energy to show respect to the royal ancestors. Meanwhile, Feiyun was yawning and suddenly rolled his eyes in a devious manner, wanting to tease Dongfang Jingyue again. He secretly bent down for another handful of snow but the moment he did so, his head got hit by a huge snowball, issuing a loud bang.

He stood up and looked around. Everyone was standing orderly so he got no clue who ambushed him just now. His sight turned towards Jingyue. This damned woman was also standing very solemnly.

He became quite annoyed. Nothing was worse than planning against someone just to have the plan backfired at you.

Feng Chang was finally finished reciting the worshipping text. He then raised his voice and announced: “Attention, the Seventh Prince, Eighteenth Prince, Seventy-second Prince, and Feng Feiyun. Accept the gift from the Highest Shrine.”

An old eunuch had taught Feiyun this particular ceremony last night at the Divine King’s mansion.

The three princes were standing in front of the shrine. Only Feiyun was missing.

Feng Chang slightly frowned and shouted again: “Attention, Feng Feiyun, accept the gift from the Highest Shrine.”

Before the shrine, people needed to seal their cultivation and divine intents. Even a strong master was just like a mortal right now. Feiyun was more than ten miles away; it would be strange if he were to hear the old man.

He wanted to find his ambusher initially but finally heard the second beckon. He noticed all eyes were on him but he didn’t become embarrassed at all. The thick-skinned guy continued perusing the crowd for a bit before finally walking forward with his head held high and chest out.

This was quite a gallant appearance, worthy of being the disciple of the Divine King...

“Bang!” Suddenly, he got tripped by someone and directly dropped to the ground.

Jingyue was standing there nonchalantly without looking at Feiyun dropping next to her. Her almond eyes were on the shrine; she had no intention of helping him up.

Everyone was gloating at his failure. Some even thought to themselves: 'This demon's son is so weak, can't even walk right at a dignified ceremony like this. He's losing all face of the Divine King.'

"Oh the spirits of the royal ancestors, please accept Feng Feiyun's bow." Feiyun stayed on the ground with a solemn and respectful expression. He turned towards the nobles and prodigies with a bright smile: "In accordance to our tradition, we must first bow for the spirits of the ancestors deserve our respect."

"Oh spirits of the royal ancestors, please accept another bow." He maintained this charade.

At this time, he could hear a quiet chortle from Jingyue: "This is the Highest Shrine, worshiping the ancestors' golden avatars, not their graves. How can their spirits be here, idiot."

He blushed after hearing this with lines running across his forehead: 'This damned woman, I'll pay you back double in the future.'

He was certain that she was the one who tripped him. If it wasn't for her, he wouldn't be bowing towards these damned royal ancestors or whatever.

He got up again and stole a glance at Jingyue. She was still dignified like before and wasn't even looking at him, looking arrogant like a peacock.

"Oh golden avatars of the ancestors, please accept my third bow." After completing three bows, he walked proudly towards the Highest Shrine before the crowd without any shame.

Inside the Highest Shrine were eight old men with fully-white beard sitting down. They happily nodded their head.

One should be respectful towards the royal ancestors if they were to become the Divine King. Feng Feiyun's action so far pleased these ancestors. They got quite a good impression of him.

Beiming Moshou lamented quietly: "Divine King, you really have a way with teaching, not bad at all."

"Thanks, you're too kind but Feiyun was already a good kid who understands propriety and respect." The king smiled.

'We'll see.' An indistinct glint flashed in Moshou's eyes. He had made enough preparations for Feiyun to fail and die in the royal sacred ground.

Feiyun couldn't become the successor in his plan. He had already chosen one among the three princes.

Meanwhile, these princes were already waiting at the jade stair beneath the shrine for Feiyun. The four of them finally climbed the thousand-step stair. They cut their wrist and dripped their blood into the cauldron.

Their blood boiled inside the cauldron and turned into red plumes.

"The ceremony is over and so the sacred ground shall be open." Feng Chang shouted.

The clouds above the shrine suddenly trembled. The sky turned into a gigantic mirror reflecting an entirely different world. Four rays fell down, causing the four to disappear from thin air.

From beginning to end, Feiyun never saw the Jin Emperor. The number one of the dynasty was also heading towards the sacred ground.

This was a deep path situated in an endless expanse. There was no end in sight.

The three princes separated; all of them were at the young king level with extraordinary aura.

They released their divine intents and senses after leaving the shrine. They didn't only hate Feiyun but also each other.

This was a cruel competition, no less than the one to be crown prince. The winner would become the next Divine King while the rest could only continue to cultivate in shame. Proud prodigies like them couldn't accept this. If it wasn't for the devilishly talented Long Luofu and Long Shenyua, they would have tried for the crown prince position as well.

"So this sacred ground isn't located in the dynasty. Looks like a gap in a secret dimension." Feiyun was walking on the path and could sense the atmosphere of a separate dimension.

Low, intermediate, and high-level realms couldn't produce spirit energy. That's why cultivators who came in cared about their personal energy, not wanting to waste it.

Feng Feiyun wasn't afraid of this. He had enough spirit stones to replenish his body's supply.

After entering, he determined that this was an intermediate-level secret realm. The beast soul realm in the Wanxiang Pagoda was a low-level realm that spans for an impressive one hundred thousand miles.

An intermediate realm was much more stable than a low-level and was ten to a hundred times bigger.

There was no stabilized sky and earth but floating continents have been formed.

Of course, without development, these continents couldn't give birth to life. One wouldn't be able to find a drop of water here.

However, this place has been excavated by the royal clan for many years. More than six thousand years worth of accumulation from their dynasty was located in this place.

There were a total of twelve continents of differing size, quite far away from each other.

The largest one was 80,000 miles long and 48,000 miles wide.

The smallest one was 6,200 miles long and 5,400 miles wide.

After six thousand years, the royal clan had only excavated four continents. They were working on another one while the other seven were no-man-land. The harsh atmosphere there could kill a first-level Heaven's Mandate cultivator in one day.

The second he made it in, Feiyun felt several monstrous, suffocating auras approaching.

There were several super masters here with cultivation at least on the same level as the Divine King.

Chapter 459: Devil Art Of Death

“So this is the royal sacred ground. Rumor has it that the ones who can’t become the emperor or the king aren’t allowed to participate in the court. The majority would be banished here to excavate the place.” The seventh prince was the oldest but he has never been here before. He had only heard of certain things about it.

Four white eagles flew by with wings spanning for more than ten meters. They brought the four towards the closest continent of the royal clan.

“Boom!” The eagles rushed through invisible walls on the sky of this continent.

The initially empty world has just gotten excited.

Dangerous mountain ranges filled the place with an illusory sea of clouds. Among the majestic peaks and ravines were echoing bells, as if this was the dwelling of immortals.

Certain peaks were up in the clouds with gold-cladded palaces on top and connecting bridges. One could suddenly see a beautiful girl dressed in an immortal robe riding her flying sword and disappearing into the horizon.

This was a great spectacle. The princes who were here the first time became quite shocked.

It was one of the continents excavated by the royal clan, named “Dragon King’s Third Continent.”

Just like its name, it was the third excavated by the clan for two thousand years now. The entire place was surrounded by a grand formation. It had its own oceans and lakes with vegetation and wild beasts. There was also a prenatal spirit vein underground, producing thicker spirit energy than the outside world.

An old man was riding on a cloud with golden boots; his robe had the same dazzling color. He landed on the highest peak of this continent and looked at the four approaching eagles. He swept his sleeve and a red wave came over. The four suddenly disappeared from the eagles’ back and turned up again in front of the old man.

“This is the royal sacred ground, Dragon King’s Third Continent, the place where the old sages of the royal clan researched the holy techniques such as the Dragon King’s Saber Art, Extreme Agility, Nine Reincarnation Cycles Destruction, and others... The majority of the supreme arts and secrets from the clan were created here and tested by many before confirming their value. Next, they would be recorded down for future generations.”

This old man brought the four down from the mountain. They went inside an old path with steps. There were carvings on the walls of mysterious and secret laws of the royal clan on top of supreme techniques of the other sects.

Feiyun looked up and saw the training method of the first three slashes of the Dragon King’s Saber Art. Later on, he saw the research process of the fourth and fifth slashes as well. They were different from his current version.

The one he had was perfected without any potential backlash. The ones on these walls were full of holes. Cultivating them could result in physical harm.

“In order to become the Divine King, one must have higher comprehension and intelligence than ordinary people.” The old man stopped and said: “Thus, your first examination will be one of comprehension and intelligence. This path spans for three hundred miles with countless merit laws carved on the walls. However, they are incomplete and dangerous, potentially causing qi deviation, loss of lifespan, or even the destruction of the dantian.”

“All of you need to pick one among these merit laws and within three days, find the flaws within and improve it, making it into a correct cultivation method. Speed and quality matter for points. I will send the exact rules into your mind.”

The old man sent four golden rays into their forehead. The rules appeared in their mind.

The first round of examination: Intelligence and comprehension.

Three steps in total.

The first, picking an uncultivated law on the path and fix it in the fastest time. Hand the new version over to a testing ancestor. If given a green light, move on to the next step.

Second, find a youth with no experience in cultivating, can't be older than ten. Pass down this merit law to him. This is also a test of one's vision to find good cultivators. The more talented, the greater the cultivation speed.

The third step, bring the youths back to the mountain for a competition. The one who trained the strongest youth will be the winner.

It is a comprehensive examination, testing everything within three days.

“Begins, don't waste time.” The old man stared at the four youths. Though they were all prodigies, he didn't think that any of them could perfect a merit law in just three days.

Every several hundred years or so, the dynasty would pick a new successor for the Divine King's position. However, the majority of the candidates could only complete the first step within three days. No one had enough time to do the second and third step. Thus, normally, the decision was made with the achievement in the first step.

So normally, only one's “comprehension” and “intelligence” were tested.

Feiyun used his Swift Samsara to look through the ancient path.

“I have trained in the Dragon King's Saber Art and surely this is well known by the examiners, I can't pick it again. In order to make my disciple strong, I must pick out a powerful merit law, the strongest of them all. With my closeness to the heavenly dao, I will only need half a day at most to fix the flaws.” Feiyun thought to himself.

He was completely confident that he had a greater advantage than the other three princes. Thus, he wasn't in a rush to pick a merit law, only wanting the strongest one.

After two hours, he finally found one that exceeded the Dragon King's Saber Art.

This was a heavenly scripture that more than ten ancestors of the clan spent hundreds of years on. In the end, they only got a preliminary sketch with one simple framework.

In order to perfect this merit law, several tens of thousand subjects died. Their body all exploded after cultivating it. Ultimately, they couldn't fix the downsides of this merit law and had to give up.

Its name was "Devil Art Of Death."

The devil art had been extinct in the Jin Dynasty but the royal clan managed to save three old, incomplete scriptures. The Devil Art of Death was derived from these three incomplete texts.

The ancestors were certain that the extreme limits of the body would come before death. This would be an extraordinary strength.

The fundamental belief was - from death comes life for extreme sorrow shall turn to joy.

This was the basis of the Devil Art Of Death. After the cultivator died once, their strength would increase by countless times. The second death would boost this even more.

The one that grasps the power of death shall be the strongest in this world.

Alas, it didn't work this way in reality. The cultivators training in this technique indeed died during the process. Some woke up from death with extraordinary power. However, the moment they channeled their death energy in a fight, their body would instantly explode.

Because of this, the royal ancestors gave up on researching this method and focused on the Nine Reincarnation Cycles Destruction and Dragon King's Saber Art instead. Alas, these methods were far weaker in terms of power.

Feiyun also became interested in this death art because it was similar to a phoenix's rebirth, just a different path. Perhaps one could start with the logic behind a phoenix's rebirth to find a breakthrough.

"I have perfected the Boneshift Profound Power to its limit, please have a look, ancestor."

However, when Feiyun finished selecting his technique, the seventy-second prince had already found and perfected one.

Only two hours have passed.

Even if Feiyun's closeness with the heavenly dao was ten thousand times better than them, he couldn't guarantee perfecting a profound art in just two hours. Of course, this would be another story if he still had the cultivation of a demon phoenix clan master. He would have the capabilities to instantly understand the mysteries of a merit law.

The Boneshift Profound Power was slightly inferior to the Dragon King's Saber Art but it was still a top-level merit law. With his current cultivation, Feiyun still couldn't fix it within two hours. He needed to derive and analyze it for a while before finding and fixing the flaws.

It was impossible for the seventy-second prince to have a stronger comprehension of the dao than him.

There was only one possible explanation - he had already known the content of the first examination. Someone else had helped him fix this merit law; he only needed to memorize it.

“Amazing, you are indeed a dragon among men. The royal clan shall rise again, just needing two hours to nearly perfect this art. There are still three minor flaws but they do not affect cultivation.” The golden-robed old man was moved.

The prince humbly bowed in response: “Tianhan is foolish, it is all because the ancestors knew how to teach.” [Ref] His name is Tianhan[/ref]

He was sneering in his mind, ‘I got the Grand Chancellor backing me up. His Excellency has already given me the Boneshift Profound Power a month ago for this examination.’

“I have fixed the Grand Universe Palm to the limit, please have a read, ancestor.” The seventh prince was right behind him.

“I have fixed the Thunderbolt Art, please have a read, ancestor.” The eighteenth prince also handed over a newly-written scroll.

The old man was completely astonished. These candidates have quite a frightening comprehension, finishing the first step in just two hours. They could now leave the mountain to find a disciple.

On the other hand, the highly-praised Feng Feiyun, the rumored best prodigy in the dynasty, had only found a merit law. He was far behind these princes.

[Chapter 460: Three Stages Of Death](#)

The seventh prince - Grand Universe Palm

The eighteenth prince - Thunderbolt Art

The seventy-second prince - Boneshift Profound Power

These three merit laws were top-notch for cultivation. Just one alone could prop up an entire sect.

These three all had big shots backing them up. Among them, the most talented seventy-second prince had the Grand Chancellor’s favor, wanting him to become the next successor.

After perfecting their merit laws, they handed it over to the old man dressed in gold to check. They then left the mountain to find a disciple since time was of the essence.

Feiyun didn’t think about anything else. He sat on the path and used the Minor Change Art in order to calculate the flaws within the Devil Art Of Death.

The old man also quietly meditated, connecting his body with the world. He looked just like a withered tree now.

‘This art’s principle isn’t really about death.’ Feiyun came up with this analysis after an hour.

‘Death is divided into three stages - near-death, death of the body, end of life.’

Near-death, the first stage; this was when the divine intents left the body. The brain would fall into a coma with breathing and heartbeat stopping. This wasn’t a real death since the person could come back.

Death of the body, the second stage; the divine intents were no longer constrained by time and space. It could fly out of the body with one's thought. At this point, the blind could see; the mute could speak; the deaf could hear.

In other words, the person could see the real world for several minutes or replay an entire lifetime of memories.

This was the reason why so many people on the verge of death would start to cry. They were recalling the past and their biggest regrets even though they couldn't do anything about it. That's why they strengthened their grip on whatever they were holding, wishing to clutch back at all the regrets and unfulfilled dreams in life. Alas, death stopped them from doing so.

There would be a monumental change during this period. It might just be several minutes outside but within the cultivator, a lifetime had passed.

This was the principle of the devil art, utilizing this short period for cultivation. After each death", one's cultivation would crazily soar.

For example, a youth that had lived for ten years; it didn't matter what his current cultivation was. While training the devil art at the second stage, he would be able to have ten years of cultivation in just a few minutes after he consolidated his new power and refined the remnant death energy inside his body

Just like that, as time went on, the minutes of reflection before death became longer and their cultivation would rise even more. After the fifth or sixth death, it would be equivalent to someone else's training for a thousand years.

This was the magical property of the art but in here the danger loomed. At the second stage, people could still come back to life but one careless step could take them to the third stage of death.

This third stage was true death; there was no coming back.

This cultivation art was terrifyingly incredible but a single mishap could result in death. Later on, time was even harder to judge. After all, several minutes were the same as several hundred years or even several thousand years. Even an Enlightened Being couldn't easily keep track of time.

Thus, training this art didn't mean dying continuously for better cultivation. After each death, one would need a long period to improve their divine intents. This period would increase proportionally to one's power.

Only when their divine intents reached a particular level would they be able to die again.

"The Devil Art Of Death is different from a phoenix's rebirth. The latter is burning the self to rise again from the ashes while the former focuses on training during the second stage of death, not a true death."

"Here lies the biggest flaw of the devil art. After waking up from death, there is still a large amount of death energy in the body, permeating in all corners. If one can't refine this energy and fix the dead cells, then they would explode after getting in combat."

"In order to cultivate this art, one must train in the strongest of physique art on top of having a willpower several hundred times greater than an ordinary person."

The ancestors of the royal clan have certainly thought about these points. They must have picked some testers with strong physique arts but their mistake must have been picking geniuses. Alas, training in the devil art didn't necessarily require a genius, but someone who can persevere and handle pain the best.

The majority of geniuses couldn't do this.

Feiyun began to repair the devil art but this wasn't an ultimate fix. In order to cultivate this new version, one must also train the Immortal Phoenix Physique till the blood transformation stage.

This was done on purpose. Otherwise, if he were to let the royal clan have such a monstrous merit law, it could be used against him in the future.

"Changing one's blood will be a prerequisite to cultivating the devil art." Feiyun spent half a day to find the flaw and another half to fix it.

"Undying Devil Art?" The old man accepted the revision from Feiyun with the new name. He didn't think that this guy would actually be able to perfect this merit law. After all, many ancestors spent hundreds of years and failed to do so.

The devil art was too profound. This old man required a long time in order to grasp a little bit of it. How could a youth not twenty of age yet be able to understand the profundity, let alone fix it?

The more he read, the more frightened he became. He found that the new principles made sense so he kept nodding his head while reading with multiple epiphanies.

"The Devil Art Of Death is a top technique, I don't even know the flaws of it. I must take it to the royal palace and show it to the three regal ancestors." He was quite excited.

"What about me?" Feiyun asked.

"You may descend now. Pick a good candidate and return in two days." The old man stared deeply at Feiyun before flying into the clouds, disappearing into the mountain in the form of a golden ray.

Feiyun's eyes turned into fire. He stood on the peak and looked at the continent in full while murmuring: "This royal clan has some frightening foundation. This place alone has several terrorizing auras. All have crazy aptitude on top of reaching an exceedingly high realm."

He began leaving the mountain. Each step seemed slow but they encompassed several hundred meters of distance. It didn't take long before he made it out of the ancient path.

This continent was gigantic and couldn't be seen completely with divine intents.

He came across a village a while after. The majority of the villagers were ordinary people with humble clothes. They relied on farming to live. Of course, a small number were cultivators too.

"These must be mortals taken here by the royal clan as test subjects for the incomplete merit laws." Feiyun thought to himself.

All powerful cultivation sects did morally-questionable things in the shadows. This was a normal occurrence.

“No wonder why outsiders that fail the examination in this place are forever imprisoned. These secrets can’t be made public.”

Suddenly, a pitiful scream came from the village. A figure more than five meters tall ran outside. His body grew larger then smaller; who knows how much pain he was in? Next, it cracked completely from being overfilled.

“Boom!” He exploded into fleshy bits and blood.

Another failed experiment.

Next, two youths wearing a yellow cloak entered the village. Everyone here referred to them as the “Divine Emissary.”

The two of them spoke to the villagers before taking the incomplete corpse away. Meanwhile, the villagers were prostrating to send them off. They were pious, treating the two youths like gods.

Feiyun was quietly watching the whole thing.

The two youths looked straight at him as they passed by. They got on two rhino-dragons and flew into the sky.

Feiyun continued forward through many remote villages and towns. He saw everything - some were devoured by the incomplete merit laws and became drier than a tree branch. Some directly turned into skeletons while other had their flesh become mush...

These were all test subjects of the royal clan. They have lived on this continent for many generations. In their eyes, the members of the royal clan were gods who gave them merit laws out of love, so that they could possess extraordinary strength.

Meanwhile, the failed subjects were possessed by the devil so they must die.