

Sprit Vessel 471

[Chapter 471: Blissful Flower Palace](#)

A place of “romance”, consisting of the character “feng” and “yue”. [1]

Feng was referring to “elegance”, “grace”, and “romantic”. [2]

Yue was referring to the “evening”. [3]

In the evening, visit an elegant place to look at a few graceful beauties and do some romantic deeds.

“Born as a man, one must drink and rest in the feng yue.” The previous Divine King, Long Chuanfeng, wrote this line while staying at the Blissful Flower Palace in the past. He spent a loving night with the Flower Fairy here.

The old man was quite a romantic in the past with countless lovers. However, he ended up being alone at old age. Women in this world wouldn't necessarily follow you to the end after sleeping with or even having feelings for you. More often than not, someone who will follow you to the end might not even be the one you love the most.

The winter at the capital was unbearable frigid, especially during the night. The snow piling on the street went up to the waist.

Feiyun dressed in a very shabby manner - a clean robe and cloth shoes on top of a paper fan. The eunuchs from the mansion wanted to follow him but he forced them to stay.

He was heading for the Blissful Palace to have a secret meeting with Wolong Sheng about an alliance. Thus, he naturally didn't want others to know his whereabouts.

The sky increasingly darkened but it was brightly lit outside of the flower palace. One could hear singing and dancing across the halls. It was comparable to the imperial palace. In the distant sky, there were colorful floating pavilions looking like a scene of heaven.

“Squeak.” An extravagant carriage rode forward from the other end of the street with more than ten well-dressed servants. It headed straight for the entrance of Blissful.

There was no end of young prodigies surfing on the snow. Each of them happily chatted and talked about the courtesans, the events tonight, and who they were cheering for...

Feiyun initially came to find Wolong Sheng but now, he was slightly caught up in the festive mood, being the young man that he is. He smirked and entered the Blissful Palace.

He was instantly pulled by someone the moment he got in. This was a woman around forty to fifty year of age with a colorful dress. She swung her hips back and forth as she walked as if she wanted to break her waist.

Her eyebrows were overly thin just like the legs of a fly. Who knows how many layers of powder she had on her face but it was as white as a corpse.

“Young Noble, are you busy tonight?” She tugged on her arm while being quite mysterious with her tone.

Feiyun tried his best to smile after gulping: "Aunty..."

"Who are you calling Aunty?" The old woman didn't like this and let go of his arm: "My time might have elapsed but I'm still pretty famous. Everyone knows who I am in these parts."

"Oh, you're that amazing? How should I address you then, Aunty?" Feiyun asked.

"Wan Huatong." She pounced for his arm again and said: "Young Noble, this must be your first time in a place like this at the capital?"

Feiyun took one step back and pondered for a moment before nodding with a smile.

"I see, no wonder why you haven't heard about me. Don't worry, you've come to the right place. I guarantee that we won't waste your time tonight." The old woman gave him an amorous blink.

Feiyun felt a chill inside and coughed twice: "Aunty.... Well... the two of us aren't too suitable..."

"What? Brat, what the hell are you thinking? I've been in this business for so long but I'm not an old cow that eats young grass. I'll be honest, one of the four top ladies in Blissful, Huo Bingbing, will be performing tonight at Deep Blue Palace. Many prodigies are going. Young Noble, you're tempted now right, no need to act cool. Haha, no men can fake it in front of me. Alright, let's go cheer for Beauty Huo, your night definitely won't be wasted."

"Wait a minute... did you bring money?" She was taking him deeper into Blissful before realizing the most important issue. What's the point of pulling this guy if he doesn't have money?

Feiyun smiled and said: "Of course."

"Haha, I like rich people like you the most since money is charm. I wonder if your 'charm' is enough to win Huo Bingbing's favor. If you can, you'll be the envy of all the young men here."

She took him to Deep Blue Palace. This was a beautiful place with a lotus pond covered in mist. It also had the most precious and rare flowers and grasses.

"Why so little?" Wan Huatong looked at the few silver coins in her palm and said: "It took a lot for me to bring this fat lamb here, another fan for Huo Bingbing, you should at least give me a gold coin."

A maid with braided hair looked at Feiyun standing far away with disdain and sneered: "Aunty, you need to get a vision check, that poor guy is a fat lamb? I don't think he'll even be able to spend a few gold coins."

Wan Huatong put away the silver coins and said: "Your Blissful Palace is too cheap. When I drew in customers back at Heaven's Smile, I always got several dozen gold coins each time."

Having said that, she ran back towards Feiyun and smiled: "Young Noble, why are you still standing here? Go inside already, Deep Blue has seven rooms, each with specialized musicians. Why don't we go in one for a bit?"

"Good." Feiyun nodded.

Her expression became slightly awkward as she revealed: "But we do have to pay three thousand gold coins to get in one of those rooms, inviting the lowest-level courtesan needs another one thousand... This Blissful Palace is really too expensive and doesn't allow bartering..."

Feiyun directly took out a spirit stone as big as a fist from his spatial stone and tossed it over.

The moment it appeared, a thick spirit energy emanated through the area with a sweet fragrance.

Wan Huatong grabbed the stone with her trembling hands. After stabilizing her grip, she was completely shocked and bit her lips: "Oh lord, Sir, this is a True Mysterious Spirit Stone, where are you from?!"

She stared at him with wanting eyes.

Feiyun smiled and said: "I want the best room and highest-level courtesans, the more the better, since I'll be inviting some friends for a talk. Oh right, that Miss Huo Bingbing, tell her to dress up. I have money, we'll see if she can earn it from me."

"Right right, it'll be easy with money. Oh, Sir, just who are you really?" Wan Huatong smiled happily while rubbing the spirit stone.

Feiyun only smiled and didn't respond.

That other maid also came closer and bowed respectfully towards Feiyun: "Young Noble, thank you for visiting the Deep Blue Palace. Our Lady will not disappoint you, please follow me, I will personally guide you."

This maid was ecstatic inside. Anyone who could casually take out a spirit stone was definitely a top member of the young generation. Such a guy could support her lady with endless resources. Thus, a maid like her would also get some nice rewards.

Wan Huatong murmured to herself: "The girls nowadays are so wily and fast to steal people, even more so than an old woman like me. But, someone who can take out a spirit stone is quite rare. If I tell the top flower ladies, it'll be some money. Looks like I got it made this time."

Her eyes flashed while thinking, not able to contain her smirk.

Not long after, all the top courtesans in Blissful knew that a rich young master has arrived. Moreover, he was also very handsome. This caused quite a stir.

Even the Blissful Flower Fairy, Sima Zhaoxue, took note of this. She was ranked fourteenth in the dynasty so her beauty was unquestionable. She slightly frowned and mused: "Strange, the top prodigies who come here usually do it for me. Is it a new young lord that had just arrived at the capital?"

"Miss, Flower Emperor Feng Guansai is coming too. The other two Flower Fairies all have powerful young kings backing them already. Our opponents are quite strong, we can't let this young master get away." One maid said.

"Of course we'll get him. How can Huo Bingbing be my match? I'll personally go this time." Zhaoxue carefully looked at herself in the mirror and revealed a charming smile.

Meanwhile, Wolong Sheng had received Feiyun's message so he came to Deep Blue. He closed to the door after coming inside and smiled: "Brother Feng, you're always so unpredictable. A historical genius like you coming to Blissful to see a different courtesan, not the Flower Fairy? If this courtesan finds out you're here, she'll definitely run over."

Feiyun smiled back: "I'm keeping a low-profile since we'll be talking about the alliance, so that nosy people won't disturb us. Oh, by the way, who is the Flower Fairy of Blissful?"

Feiyun thought he was slick and kept it quiet, not knowing that Wan Huatong's big mouth had spread news of him everywhere.

"Flower Fairy, Sima Zhaoxue. The truth is that the reason why I've been staying here for so long is because of her. You need to take a good look because she's definitely a temptress, to die for, even." Wolong Sheng said.

"Sima Zhaoxue..." Feiyun's eyes became serious while lamenting in his mind. Bi Ningshuai spent 20,000 spirit stones just to redeem her so that they could elope. It has been half a month now - she was still the Flower Fairy while he was nowhere to be found.

While feeling something was amiss, he said: "I initially had no plan to see her, but if Brother Wolong puts it that way, I guess I don't have a choice."

Wolong Sheng suddenly became serious: "For people of our level, a woman is only a tool for whatever means we need, Brother Feng. You shouldn't let Maestro Ye down just because of a Sima Zhaoxue."

Though Ye Xiaoxiang was rumored to have disappeared, those who knew more about it were aware that she was together with Feiyun.

Wolong Sheng felt the deepest gratitude towards Xiaoxiang and considered her a goddess. He assumed that Feiyun was hiding her as a lover. Out of fear that Feiyun might make her sad, he advised her not to take in Sima Zhaoxue as well.

[Chapter 472: Western Yue](#)

Ye Xiaoxiang and Feng Feiyun were two completely different types of people. Though they met by fate, it was only an ephemeral coming together with no future.

If she wanted to chase after freedom and love, then it would be a path different from Feng Feiyun's own.

He didn't tell this to Wolong Sheng. After all, she was gone already, let the whole matter be gone with the wind as well.

The two of them talked about the alliance and wrote down a pact before exchanging the formality gift.

Feiyun took out a black jade box that was one and a half meter long, like a small coffin. Who knows what was inside? It emitted a bone-biting chill outside, one could even sense the thick evil affinity within seeping out.

Feng Mo personally handed it to him. It had the seal of an Enlightened Being so he had no way of knowing what was inside.

Meanwhile, Wolong Sheng took out an actual coffin made out of golden stones. The outer layer was peeling with a few runes becoming faint. Feiyun accepted the stone coffin and sensed a thick stench of blood. The lid of the coffin was quite strange with a few ancient diagrams flashing. It was definitely not an item from this generation.

“This is our cave’s supreme treasure, the coffin of a leader from a stone age who was an Enlightened Being. As time passed, his corpse has turned into nothingness, leaving behind only the power of his dao.” Wolong Sheng had a serious expression.

Feng Feiyun became sober as well. Feng Mo wanted this level of a coffin? Could it be that he was about to maneuver against the Evil Woman and refine her to death inside?

The two strongest beings in the southern region right now were Feng Mo and the Evil Woman; each of them had their own region. If Feng Mo wanted to reign over the dynasty, he must take down the Evil Woman and unify the Grand Southern Prefecture first in order to develop it.

Feiyun carefully put away the stone coffin and asked: “Brother Wolong, do you know what’s inside the jade chest?”

In order for the cave to trade such a great treasure, Feng Mo surely gave something equal in return.

Wolong Sheng said: “I heard the Cave Lord talked before, it’s probably something to do with the legendary Yama. You’re the young lord then, the Feng Ancestor didn’t tell you about it?”

Feng Feiyun shook his head: “It’s too mysterious and we’re juniors, not in a position to pry.”

“Yes, yes, you’re absolutely right. I got scolded after asking the Cave Lord about it. I’ll learn from you and be more obedient next time.” Wolong Sheng said with a smile.

It looked like Feng Mo might have given the leg of Yama to Destruction. No wonder why the evil affinity was so strong in there.

“Shh.” Feng Feiyun gestured and said: “Someone’s coming.”

The two put away their items and sat straight on their seat. They talked about romance while sipping their wine.

“Creak.” The door opened.

Wan Huatong brought a bunch of people inside. Though this was a place of romance, these people seemed especially bashful like daughters from the noble clans. Some had a more elegant than these noble ladies too.

One hid her face behind a pipa; others looked like beautiful virgins. One more was holding a book just like a nice girl learning in school...

It was an unprecedented feast for the eyes. All types of beauties gathered together with different styles, causing minds to wander. No wonder why “heroes can’t get past the trial of love; warriors drown in the sweet fragrance”. Even Feng Feiyun was secretly elated and didn’t want to leave after seeing this feast.

“Gentlemen, I brought twelve courtesans from the third rank of Blissful here. Not bad, right?” The old woman had a smug smile, looking just like a madam.

Feiyun nodded and took a quick glance at each of the ladies. He pointed at the girl holding the pipa. She was quite cute with an exquisite manner, especially her as white-as-jade skin.

She should be around fourteen to sixteen years old. As she walked, she created a tiny ripple of spirit energy in the air. This clearly showed her decent cultivation.

No ordinary woman could obtain a spot in a place like Blissful.

“Oh? Sir, you are quite discerning. Miss Jing’er’s pipa melody can make the birds gather. She is also quite a literary expert, famous in the capital.” Huatong quickly introduced.

“Then I’ll have her serve me.” Feiyun smiled and said.

How could one drink well without a lady serving?

Miss Jing’er was quite shy. With a pair of almond eyes, she said softly: “I might be born in a place like this, but I only sell my talents, not my body. Please have some respect.”

Wolong Sheng scowled. A terrible aura emanated from his body and caused the girl to become pale and drop to the ground. Her slender body trembled nonstop.

“Foolish woman, do you know who is sitting in front of you? You think you can afford to offend him?” His resonating voice was enough to nearly make her faint.

Huatong’s neck shrunk a bit in fear as she started hiding in the corner. The other eleven girls were frightened as well, nearly forced to the ground from the powerful aura.

Jing’er bit her teeth with an unyielding gaze: “We need to keep ourselves even purer in a place like this. Kill us if you want but we won’t succumb.”

This was integrity present in many of the ladies in these places at the capital; they rather die than to give up their dignity. This was the reason why some enjoyed such great prestige despite their background.

Feiyun slapped the table in an approving manner: “Brother Wolong, don’t be so cruel now. Miss Jing’er, stand up. I apologize for my rudeness earlier.”

Wolong Sheng recalled his aura and slowly sat back down.

“Thank you, Young Noble. I shall play you a song to show my gratitude.” Jing’er slightly bowed her head at Feiyun before retreating to the red bed nearby and begin to play her pipa.

Deep Blue was Lady Hua Bingbing’s territory, so there were many supporters present with no lack of prodigies among them.

Some people were annoyed at Feng Feiyun and Wolong Sheng. One complained: “The entire palace only has twelve third-ranked courtesans yet two brutes got all of them.

This voice came from the other room. Of course, only exceptional characters could get in one of these rooms.

“Who are you calling a brute?” Wolong Sheng’s only eye turned cold, lowering the temperature nearby.

“Haha.” A prodigy answered: “What is Blissful but the most elegant place in the entire capital? Yet someone wants a lady here to serve them? That’s not being rude, also very ignorant.”

He was naturally referring to Feng Feiyun.

Wolong Sheng was ready to fight but Feiyun pulled him back and smiled: “Indeed, this is my first time here at such an elegant place so please excuse me for not knowing the rules. May I have your name, Brother?”

“Xiyue Lanshan of Western Yue.” The prodigy had a prideful tone to his voice, especially emphasized in the words, Western Yue. He seemed to hold the rest of the world in disdain.

This answer scared the entire palace. Many prodigies who couldn’t enter a room were gasping.

Western Yue was one of the four great clans, the most secretive among them. Very few descendants from this clan showed themselves in the cultivation world. Nevertheless, no one dared to look down on this clan.

A series of laughter came from that room. Lanshan wasn’t the only one there; other powerful prodigies were also present.

“Young Noble Xiyue, it is our honor to have you here.” A beautiful voice came about, carrying a hint of alluring innocence.

This was the top lady of Deep Blue, Huo Bingbing. She has been in this other room the entire time, sitting together with Lanshan. The two were drinking and chatting, quite a good pair of a hero and beauty.

Feng Feiyun could spend a spirit stone easily so he could be an overlord of the young generation, but he was certainly inferior to Lanshan’s status. Thus, this top lady decisively abandoned Feiyun and chose this descendant of a great clan.

Women always knew exactly the right choice to make.

Lanshan held her slender waist and drank the cup that she poured for him and smiled: “It’s great playing a drinking game with the most beautiful girl in Deep Blue but we’re missing music. Brother Wang, go tell the two brutes to give us the twelve third-ranked courtesans.”

“Just two brutes, they will naturally hand the courtesans over to you, Young Noble Xiyue.” The youth with the last name Wang was holding a sable with an aggressive look in his eyes.

They spoke loudly so Feiyun and Wolong Sheng naturally heard them.

Feng Feiyun also laughed back: “Serving is serving, why call it a wine-drinking game? I guess brutes like us are really different from scholars like them. Brother Wolong, why do I feel that this Lady Hua from Blissful is inferior to our courtesans? What do you think?”

[Chapter 473: Fight](#)

“How impudent! Do you know who you’re speaking to?!” The lad with the last name Wang stood up and condensed a wave of energy before unleashing it on the wall. The air started to have ripples like water.

“Penetrating Lion Seal, a supreme technique from the Seventh Hall of the Senluo Temple. Looks like a heretical expert.”

“Their Hall Lord got killed after the failed attempt at attacking the southern Feng. They had to run to the Western Realm Prefecture and relied on the Yue.”

This was indeed the Penetrating Lion Seal from Wang Teng. It contained the auras of Buddhism and the heretical school in one attack. Though it was powerful, it didn’t harm the wall in the slightest. This required a lot of finesse.

Wolong Sheng was not happy. As the favorite of Destruction, he was not afraid of the four great clans at all. With two fingers together, he pointed forward. The image of a corpse rushed out and shattered the lion seal.

“Boom!” Sheng didn’t move at all while the chair Wang Teng was sitting on inched backward, issuing some creaking noises.

The disparity in their cultivation became obvious right away.

“Hey, that guy stopped the lion seal, looks like the two in that room are experts too. We’ll have a fun show then.”

“Nothing good will come from fighting against the people of the four clans.”

Wang Teng was a young overlord. After Wan Xiangcen joined the Feng, he became their next young lord. As the adage goes, a monkey can reign when the lion is absent.

The famous prodigies here were all paying attention to him. His expression naturally darkened. As a heretical lord, he was actually taking down a notch by a brute.

‘I won’t stand for this.’ Wang Teng directly opened the door and took out his soulbound artifact in order to make his way into the other room.

“Boom!” The moment he got in, he got blown flying by a single palm. He slammed into a pillar before dropping to the ground.

He didn’t even get to see the two inside before being defeated and was still dazed right now.

The other door closed again with a voice coming from inside: “Quite rude to be entering without permission.”

Others might not know about Wang Teng’s true cultivation, but his peers understood that he was a real young overlord. It looked like the opponents weren’t easy to mess with if they could send him flying with one strike.

“Not bad, I’ll see who you are then.” Chen Lin, the young lord of one of the ten biggest clans in Heavenly Cloud came out. This was another young overlord. Six beast souls rushed out of his body; all had seven hundred years of cultivation and looked like one-hundred-legged centipedes.

“Count me in.” Wang Teng channeled his power and got up.

The two of them kicked the door flying after using their spirit energy for defense. However, in the blink of an eye, a bone-breaking noise emanated from within the room.

“Crack!” Wang Teng’s arm broke in two and was thrown outside while vomiting blood.

Next, the Chen Young Lord got three bones broken as well and was thrown away like a dead dog.

All of this happened too quickly. The other prodigies in Deep Blue only saw the two young overlords jumping in and getting thrown back out in a split second.

“Why do I think a young king is inside? He revealed his aura earlier, very familiar to those corpse controllers from the north.” A keen spectator noticed some clues.

Xiyue Lanshan came out and looked at the Chen Young Lord who was lying on the ground and asked: “They must be famous too if they could defeat the two of you. Who are they?”

“They’re really too fast, I didn’t get a good look.” Chen Lin lowered his head in shame. He was a local tyrant back in the Heavenly Cloud Prefecture and had never suffered this type of humiliation.

Wang Teng felt even worse. He might be the most embarrassed heretical lord in history.

Xiyue Lanshan stood in the center of the palace and stared at the closed door. He could hear the elegant songs from inside by the courtesans as well as cups hitting each other.

Huo Bingbing went up to him and said softly: “Young Noble Xiyue, no need to concern yourself with these two brutes. I’ll order people to kick them out of Deep Blue so that they won’t stain your view.”

The prodigies in the palace were all paying attention right now with their divine intents, waiting for the fun show.

The door was opened again. A forty to fifty-year-old woman got out with a colorful dress and thick makeup then said: “The two gentlemen inside are saying that they’re truly angry today, they must... must have the Lady of Deep Blue, Huo Bingbing, drink with them tonight, or many people will suffer the consequences.”

After copying Wolong Sheng’s words, Wan Huatong smiled and said: “Young Noble Xiyue, these are the message from the two men inside, it has nothing to do with me.”

With that, she retreated like a scared mouse and closed the door again.

“Alright, it’ll really be fun this time, someone wants to blatantly take Xiyue Lanshan’s woman? Clearly not letting him back down easily.” A cultivator dressed in white sitting near a pond had a gloating smile.

“Lanshan is no slouch, ninth on the lower historical list with his clan backing him up. I can count on my fingers the number of people who would dare to oppose him at the capital.” A heretical disciple dressed in black with golden stitchings on his sleeves said.

The situation grew tenser.

After hearing this, Huo Bingbing's expression turned worse. She could naturally hear the displeasure in the message. They wanted more than just her drinking together tonight.

Meanwhile, Lanshan became furious. He grabbed Huo Bingbing and roughly ran his palm all over her body while speaking coldly: "Want her to drink with you? We'll see if you're capable of demanding so."

"Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!" Four men appeared out of nowhere behind Lanshan; all were at second-level Heaven's Mandate. They used red longswords and created an erupting formation with a frightening momentum.

This momentum oozed into the room, causing the twelve courtesans to become aghast and stopped playing.

Feiyun smiled and said: "Continue on."

He simply pointed his finger towards the door. A five-colored ray shot out and covered the entire room. The four cultivators attacking seemed to have struck an invisible wall. All were repelled back with blood dripping all over their body. They slammed through the walls of Deep Blue to the outside.

Wolong Sheng laughed: "That's it? The famous death guards from Western Yue, can't even handle a single move."

The twelve courtesans glanced at each other. They were knowledgeable enough to recognize that these two gentlemen were quite powerful and certainly famous. They lost their fear and began to play music again.

Wan Huatong was slack-jawed as well. She asked again: "Sir, just who are you?"

Feiyun and Sheng continued smirking without responding.

Xiyue Lanshan's expression grew as cold as a steel ingot. Cold mist oozed out of his palm and turned into more than one thousand rays of sword energy rotating everywhere with a white glow.

Suddenly, a furor came from the outside - the Blissful Flower Fairy, Sima Zhaoxue, has arrived at Deep Blue.

She wore an open slits garment made out of silk beneath a red fur jacket and a decorative cap as white as snow. Two beautiful maids walked behind her.

The Flower Fairy's charm was beyond ordinary ladies in these places. She had a group of prodigies following her, some were young kings of this generation.

With a red carpet beneath her pace, she had a beautiful and alluring smile: "Excuse me, the famous Young Noble Xiyue is here at Blissful yet I was late on the news, not welcoming you at the door. Please forgive me."

Lanshan's expression became much better after seeing this supreme beauty. He slightly bowed in response: "I'm just a nobody, not daring to bother you, Flower Fairy."

“If Young Noble Xiyue is a nobody, then so is everyone else at the capital.” Zhaoxue knew the situation at Deep Blue already. It was fine for these young geniuses to fight, but it must be under her control so she was here to mediate before the situation got out of hand.

Zhaoxue slightly bowed towards Feiyun’s room and said softly: “May I ask which two heroes are in the room? I wish to get to know everyone, will you two allow me this pleasure by coming out?”

Wolong Sheng spoke gravely: “Miss Sima, no need to plead for that brat. The matter today won’t end so easily, unless. Hua Bingbing comes drink with us tonight.”

Zhaoxue was still smiling: “If you two Young Nobles wish to drink, then let me offer you two a cup so that everyone can calm down.”

[Chapter 474: Invitation Letter](#)

The Fairy Flower was going to personally serve a guest? This was definitely unprecedented and made many prodigies frown. Two young kings among them gathered energy in their palm, ready to teach these two arrogant people in the room.

However, Sima Zhaoxue stopped them from taking action.

“No, only Huo Bingbing. We don’t care for others.” Wolong Sheng’s only eye was sharper than a hawk.

Finally, someone found this too much to take. It was another heretical cultivator in a black robe, the fourth lord of the Senluo Temple, Xue Changxiao.

“How unreasonable.” Xue Changxiao was a young king. A group of runes emerged beneath his feet like a black gale. It rushed for the room with lightning speed.

The young overlords earlier were no match for Changxiao since he was at the third level of heaven’s Mandate. Just his furious aura alone had engulfed half of Blissful.

The door opened. A figure with greater agility rushed out like a tornado and unleashed nine palms in a row, pushing Changxiao nine paces backward all the way back to the entrance of Deep Blue before stabilizing.

So fierce? To be able to push back a young king? Each palm strike must have had boundless power, evident by the deep footprints on the ground.

“How impudent!” While the youthful crowd was shocked, they could hear Xiyue Lanshan shouting. The figure earlier not only pushed Changxiao back but also stole Huo Bingbing from Lanshan.

This speed astounded the crowd. People couldn’t even see his shadow. What level of cultivation was this?

“Lanshan is ninth on the lower list but someone took his woman? Could it be another character on the list?”

“Pop!” Lanshan waved his hand and a white wave of energy containing thousands of dancing swords came out. Each of these little strands was only as big as a needle but they could pierce through any metal.

Feng Feiyun was holding Huo Bingbing with one hand while condensing energy onto the fingers on his other hand. He released ninety slashes in succession in the form of soaring dragons. They rampaged the palace and left behind a terrible mess.

The sword and saber energies collided, issuing loud detonations. Half of the palace collapsed along with all the formations within. Several dozen prodigies went flying with blood dripping from their lips, either wounded from the sword or saber energy.

“Boom!” The door closed again. Huo Bingbing, in the end, still had to enter the room.

Xiyue Lanshan failed to stop Feng Feiyun and was even at a disadvantage after their first exchange.

“Such terrorizing saber energy, only three people in the young generation can unleash that energy with their fingers.” A young king in a white robe sighed and said.

“Which three?” Someone asked.

“The Crown Prince, Long Shenya, Heavenly Saber, Gu Cuo, and the demon’s son, Feng Feiyun, but we have to call him the young Divine King now.” A flash of admiration appeared in his eyes.

The other prodigies couldn’t stay calm. These three were all historical geniuses. The former two have been famous for twenty years, belonging to the upper list.

Meanwhile, Feng Feiyun was the third ranker of the lower list.

All three of them were top dogs and not inferior to Lanshan in terms of status and cultivation.

“Wait, can it be that the madman, Heavenly Saber Gu Cuo, is here now at the capital?” Someone became surprised.

The true young experts here all shook their head. They could see the tyrannical dragon energy earlier and knew that it was from the Dragon King’s Saber Art. Thus, they eliminated Gu Cuo.

Furthermore, Long Shenya was the most famous among famous people. He would cause a great commotion wherever he went and wouldn’t do something like kidnapping a woman.

Only one person in the young generation would do something like this. His title was quite well-known recently.

“So it is the young Divine King visiting Blissful, I was wondering who was strong enough to stop my ‘Thousand Sword Rain’.” Xiyue Lanshan stood there proudly with a sneer.

Sima Zhaoxue spoke with her rippling eyes: “Haha, so Young Noble Xiyue and the young Divine King were just playing around. The two of you scared me for no reason.”

The door opened again, revealing Feng Feiyun and Wolong Sheng drinking together with beauties and fine wine as their company while treating everyone else like air.

Huo Bingbing sat there with her mouth shut on the third position, already scared by Feiyun’s identity. If she knew it was him earlier, she would have picked this young Divine King over Xiyue Lanshan.

“Really... really big background, I knew it...” Wan Huatong was already kneeling on the ground. She was elated from accidentally making contact with this huge character. There was no need to worry about money at the capital in the future.

Feiyun smiled and said: “We were indeed playing around, but it got out of hand a little bit. Because of this, Hua Bingbing will spend the night drinking with my friend. As for you, Miss, Sima, will you gaze at the moon together with me tonight?”

“This...” Sima Zhaoxue was startled. Feiyun’s identity was too great; this was someone who could call for rains and winds at the capital. Even though Blissful had Giants as their guards, it was suicidal to oppose the Divine King Faction directly.

The world knew that Feiyun was a romantic. “Gazing at the moon with him” would certainly end with a “talk in bed”.

The Flower Competition was coming soon. If she were to sleep with Feiyun, she would lose the chance to become world-renowned.

However, Feiyun was staring at her intensely right now. Offending him would bring about a disaster.

With a slight rise of the brows, she eventually answered with a smile: “It is a blessing of three lifetimes to gaze at the moon with you, young Divine King, but... but I recently got an invitation letter from the Supreme Beauty Pavilion. The prettiest in the world, Nangong Hongyan, has arrived at the capital. She’ll be singing a song tomorrow’s night. Nowadays, the young prodigies, even eight or nine historical geniuses, are on the guest list. You have a deep friendship with her, did you not get a letter yet, young Divine King?”

Feiyun nearly spat out his wine but he managed to swallow it in the end. He spoke with a leisure expression: “I’m sure... it’ll come. If she wants to play a song, I’ll be there to support her.”

Of course, he wasn’t as calm inside. So Nangong Hongyan was already at the capital and suddenly wanted to play a tune on top of inviting everyone outside of him? She clearly knew about the engagement between him and Princess Yue. This was her attempt at showing him up.

‘No wonder why I’ve been blinking so much recently, a damned disaster is coming.’ Feiyun thought.

Zhaoxue was relieved and said: “Young Divine King, do you know why the prettiest is organizing this meeting? Even the Trio of Excellence is invited for a chance to see her kingdom-toppling beauty.”

Feiyun could already sense Hongyan’s grievances even before seeing her. He answered: “Of course the prettiest has to invite the Trio of Excellence. Beauties and gentlemen coming together is a natural and common occurrence.”

“Brother Feng, do you have an invitation or not?” Wolong Sheng took out a letter and said: “I got one this morning, if you don’t have one, you can go with me.”

“Brother Wolong, today is your night with Miss Huo, don’t waste your time with me.” Feiyun’s eyes turned slightly cold while peering at the letter.

Wolong Sheng quickly wiped the sweat on his forehead and put the letter away before dragging Huo Bingbing out of Deep Blue.

Xiyue Lanshan took out a letter from his sleeve with two fingers. He waved it in front of Feiyun and smile: "I heard the prettiest in the world is as fair as a goddess so I've been wanting to buy her a gift at the Yin Gou Ward. Just to see her smile... haha, I'll be willing to lose ten years of life, haha..."

He laughed loudly and left in a cool manner. The anger of losing to Feiyun earlier all disappeared.

Xue Changxiao also took out a letter with a mocking smile on his pale face: "It will certainly be an amazing and unprecedented night with beauties and gentlemen coming together, unfortunately, some people aren't qualified to join the fun, keke."

His resentment from losing to the nine palm strikes earlier was also gone with the wind. He also left in a cool manner.

Many prodigies here couldn't contain their laughter. They realized the famous demon's son definitely didn't get an invitation letter. Nangong Hongyan was indeed a marvelous woman, not giving a damn about the young Divine King.

Zhaoxue noticed that she had successfully diverted Feiyun's attention and became quite elated. She thought that nothing would happen tonight so she quietly turned to leave, but Feiyun still called her back.

"Miss Sima, you haven't answered me yet." Feiyun chased off all the courtesans and closed the door, leaving behind only Zhaoxue.

He crept forward, one step, two steps, three steps... until he was cornering her in the room.

Being forced to this point even though she was the Flower Fairy of Blissful? Zhaoxue realized that she had no other choice. She lowered her head and quietly said: "Divine King, may I ask for your intention?"

[Chapter 475: Blissful Hell](#)

Though Blissful was a place of romance, it naturally had a strong backing after surviving in a complicated place like the capital for so long. There were older experts presiding here for protection, including Giants.

After several decades, a Flower Fairy would come out of Blissful to marry nobles and prestigious members. Because of this, it had strong ties with many great powers.

Under normal circumstances, no one would dare to cause trouble here, let alone being rude to the Flower Fairy. However, Feiyun's identity was special. Even the older cultivators in this place didn't dare to recklessly offend him.

This was the reason why Sima Zhaoxue was afraid of him.

The upper echelon in Blissful was aware of this matter. Several old women appeared right outside of Deep Blue. They were once incredible beauties with great fame. Alas, time didn't spare anyone; gray hair had taken roots in them.

They became quite powerful after several hundred years of cultivation, evident by their dense aura. The moment they arrived, all the other courtesans bowed to them.

These were the supreme elders of Blissful.

“What do we do now? That young Divine King is a pervert by nature, something might happen if Xue’er stays in there with him.”

“I heard the three marquises in his faction have returned. These madmen will flip the capital over if anyone were to mess with their young lord, especially Heavenbattler. Even the Grand Chancellor has to take him seriously.”

“The young Divine King is engaged to Princess Yue now, he needs to worry about the royal clan’s face and can’t go too crazy or it’ll be awkward for the princess and the Divine Consort.”

“I can only hope so.”

If the opponent was a different prodigy, they could pressure the backing powers behind them. However, Feng Feiyun didn’t quite play by the rules. There was nothing these supreme elders could do.

The truth was that they were worrying needlessly. Though Feiyun had done some crazy things back at Grand Southern Prefecture, it was due to the uncontrollable demonic blood in his body affecting his mind. But now, with the awakening of the vessel, he could suppress this blood now, allowing him to control his lust much better.

There was one thing he didn’t know. Back in Southern Sky, he had fallen into a trap prepared by Ji Lingxuan and the abbot, Buddha Maitreya. This abbot was countless times stronger than Feiyun. He hid in the shadows and chanted the “Joyous Scripture”. Not to mention Feiyun with his demonic blood, even a mentally-staunch Giant would still be affected.

Feiyun stared straight at Zhaoxue before smiling coldly. He took several steps back and sat down: “Do you remember half a month ago at the Yin Gou Ward?”

She heaved a sigh of relief and spoke with a sweet fragrance: “Of course, how can Xue’er forget about your wonderful prestige?”

“You know my friend, Bi Ningshuai?” Feng Feiyun stared straight at her eyes. The eyes never lied.

“I have never heard of this person.” Zhaoxue answered calmly.

“I’m talking about the young man with me at the ward. After we separated, he said he wanted to redeem you and run away together. Now, you’re here and he’s nowhere to be found.” Feiyun emphasized.

Sima Zhaoxue couldn’t handle the pressure coming from him. Her legs grew weak so she went limp on the ground with beads of sweat all over her forehead. She said as if innocent: “Xue’er didn’t meet your friend and had never talked about eloping with him, please check it again, young Divine King.”

‘This woman truly knows how to trick people without any signs.’ Feiyun thought.

“So you’re saying I’m wrongfully accusing you?” Feiyun withdrew his aura and became much gentler.

"Xue'er doesn't dare to, I can only blame the pitiful fate of women like us." Zhaoxue's eyes were full of pitiable indignation. She slowly got up from the ground but because they were so close, he could see her entire snow-white cleavage exposed from her chest. Noses would bleed from this amorous sight.

Feiyun didn't try to dodge and continued looking with interest. 'If you dare to show, I dare to look too.'

"Oh no..." She pretended to stumble directly straight for Feiyun's chest like a gust of sweet fragrance.

Alas, he had no intention of helping her. He stood up and got far away so she lunged into the chair and fell down on the ground again.

He finally came over to help her up and smiled: "Be more careful now, you wouldn't want those prodigies to see this, right? Okay now, take me to the prison of this place."

She was initially cursing at him in her mind for not being a man but after hearing the second part of his conversation, her expression changed: "Blissful is a place of romance, there's no prison here."

Even an ordinary brothel would have something akin to a prison. So for such a big place like Blissful, they naturally had things to hide as well on top of a prison-like location.

"Is that so? I'll ask someone else to be sure then." He opened the door and shouted: "Wan Huatong, come in."

This old woman has been hanging around the entire time. How could she easily leave after sucking up to someone like the young Divine King? After hearing his beckon, she acted like a soldier that had just received an order. She quickly kneeled in front of the door and smiled: "Young Divine King, I've been waiting."

"I know." Feng Feiyun said: "You claimed to know everything about these places of romance. Then do you know if there is a prison here at Blissful?"

"Naturally, the Blissful Hell is also top-notch. The palace collects pretty girls from all over the dynasty, oh, and the men who have made mistakes here too. Once imprisoned there, it will be the same as being trapped in hell, there's no leaving." Wan Huatong said, quite pleased with herself for knowing about it.

Feng Feiyun turned around to look at Sima Zhaoxue. This fourteenth-ranked beauty in the dynasty was as pale as paper.

He then ordered: "Lead the way then. If there is really a prison here, go to my mansion and wait for your rewards."

"That's wonderful, okay, Young Divine King, you're really my lord... Haha, this is too much, follow me." Wan Huatong was driven to tears, nodding and thanking then flattering. Feng Feiyun got goosebumps from listening to her.

He pulled along Sima Zhaoxue and followed Wan Huatong towards the prison.

The old women from the palace glanced at each other and noticed that something was wrong. They followed too.

Blissful Hell was the name everyone called this prison. Of course, each of these romantic places would have a "hell".

The two guards there didn't dare to utter a single word after seeing Feiyun's King Order and dropped straight to the ground.

Along the underground path were many thick iron doors weighing more than one thousand pounds. Dangerous formations hid below. One wrong step and they would burn the intruders to ashes.

"The pretty girls are taken here, only released once they become trained courtesans. If they can't reach the right level, they'll never be able to leave this hell. Also, the violators that have offended the courtesans are also here." Wan Huatong led the way.

"Aunty, why do you know this place so well?" Feng Feiyun asked with curiosity and felt that this woman was more than she was letting on. How could an ordinary old woman know about this mysterious place at Blissful?"

"Please, who am I? Someone who knows every corner of these places, no one else can top me in this regard." She replied with great confidence.

Feiyun said: "How many levels are there in this prison?"

"Should be two."

No one dared to stop them along the way. Wan Huatong was full of confidence with Feiyun backing her up and strutted in the front. They quickly made it to the second floor.

This place was extremely dark with dozens of individual cells. Inside were hundreds of skinny prisoners. Who knows how long they have been down here for? They looked decrepit at this moment. Nevertheless, some put on a wretched and aggressive expression. Not to mention a supreme beauty like Sima Zhaoxue, some even got horny off of seeing Wan Huatong.

[Chapter 476: A Beauty's Death](#)

"Where is Bi Ningshuai's cell?" Feng Feiyun glared at Sima Zhaoxue.

He had by the arm with a grip as strong as an iron shackle. Her eyes were muddled as if she didn't hear his question.

"If you don't tell me, I will throw you in there." Feiyun turned his glance towards one of the cells with dozens of dirty prisoners with disheveled hair. Some might have been imprisoned for decades.

Some of them have not seen a woman for decades, let alone someone as pretty as her. They were hungry like the wolves now. After hearing Feiyun, they crazily howled and laughed pervertedly while reaching through the irons for her.

"Throw her in, throw her in, boss!"

"Kill her, kill her!"

"Haha, I can smell the slut in her, tear off her clothes and kill the bitch..."

Someone managed to touch her clothes, causing her to jump straight at Feiyun and sobbed: "I was wrong, I was wrong, please don't throw me in there, no! Your friend is imprisoned in the lowest level by the Seven Heaven-sealing Locks... if his cultivation is high enough... he should still be alive.

"Seven Heaven-sealing Locks?" Feiyun's expression shifted.

This was a technique specifically designed to imprison powerful cultivators. It consisted of using seven needles made out of Black Tortoise Metal, pinning them on the seven most important meridians. The prisoner's cultivation would be sealed; their lifespan and life would deplete as time went on.

A first-level Heaven's Mandate cultivator wouldn't last more than seven days under this duress before becoming a dried corpse.

Sima Zhaoxue wanted Bi Ningshuai's 20,000 spirit stones so she imprisoned him here with this technique in order to find their location. However, he wouldn't reveal it so she wanted to let him die anyway.

"Boom!" Feng Feiyun kicked the iron door to the last level flying. It was one meter thick but he still left a hole on it. Scrapped pieces went flying.

Feiyun rushed inside but there was no one here, only a contraption designed for a person with seven needles pinned on top.

"Where is he?" Feiyun gripped Zhaoxue by the neck.

She was trembling with fear since he looked as if he wanted to eat her alive. Her lips shuddered as she answered: "I... I don't know... he was shackled here... I'm really not lying this time..."

She was kicking her legs as tears dripped down from her starry eyes.

"Young Divine King, there are carvings on that wall." Wan Huatong was looking at the black and cold wall.

Feiyun channeled his energy into his palm. A plume of flame lit up this dark prison.

Sure enough, there were ugly characters on the tough wall, "Bi Ningshuai had a vacation here."

Feiyun smirked after seeing this. This thief was truly something else. This locking technique could take down a historical genius but it wasn't enough to stop him. This guy truly could infiltrate and escape any area.

He worried for no reason.

There was another line of characters, just as ugly as before, "Feng Feiyun, I'm sure you will come here. Of course, if you don't, then you're not a good friend at all. But if you're here, I ask you not to kill Xue'er. Alright, I won't waste words since I'm about to do something big. You'll be shocked the next time we meet."

After reading these tiny characters, Feiyun glared at Zhaoxue before pushing her away: "Foolish woman, thinking that he's not worthy of you? Haha, I'll be frank, his fiancée is ten times more excellent than you."

If Bi Ningshuai asked him to spare her, he wouldn't go against his friend.

But as he turned around, he felt a frightening cold energy - the aura of an expert. The atmosphere in this cell seemed to be frozen.

Murderous intent of an expert!

He quickly channeled his energy and took out his saber, ready for battle.

"Whoosh!" A supreme beauty dressed in red was standing at the door.

She was just as swift as a red phantom.

After seeing her, Feiyun heaved a sigh of relief: "So it's you, Miss Honglian. Long time no see."

This was the second lord of the Senluo Temple, Xie Honglian, who was also Bi Ningshuai's fiancée. She also found some clues and made it to this place.

This was the seventh-ranked member on the upper historical list, the only woman in the young generation who could take on Princess Luofu.

"Whore." With an indiscernible movement like a red butterfly, she appeared before Sima Zhaoxue and reached out with her long fingers.

"Whoosh!" Zhaoxue fell into a puddle of her own blood with three deep claw marks on her neck. A cloud of black smoke was coming out from the wound.

A Flower Fairy was killed, just like that.

Feiyun swallowed his saliva and said: "You women are so ruthless towards your love rivals."

She coldly stared at him and said: "Feng Feiyun, you think Hongyan will spare Princess Yue? The women who have slept with you, how many of them are in her grasp right now? Her methods are crueler than me, just you wait and see."

After saying this, she coolly left in order to find Bi Ningshuai. Naturally, she didn't think highly of Feiyun.

Nangong Hongyan had saved her before so she was naturally on Hongyan's side and hated Feiyun's playboy nature. Of course, if Bi Ningshuai was similar to Feiyun, she wouldn't be as nice as Hongyan. She would certainly castrate him first.

"Hey, what do you mean? Tell me." Feiyun gave chase.

He finally caught up after leaving Blissful Hell.

There were four old men from the second hall outside stopping the four supreme elders of Blissful from moving a single inch. This hall was nearly as strong as the first hall and the four great clans. The lower halls were no match at all.

Blissful would rather offend the four clans than to offend the second hall.

Xie Honglian walked on the snow with her red cloak fluttering like an empress. She said emotionlessly: "Feng Feiyun, if you see Ningshuai again, tell him, I'll kill whoever he likes. If he dares to like another girl, I'll kill her. Like ten more? I'll kill all ten. Let's go."

She stomped on the ground and numerous buildings collapsed into ruins. She flew up like a fiery bird and disappeared into the snow.

The four old men from her faction also smiled deviously before turning into four black rays to follow her.

It was over for Blissful. The palace lord here, a Giant, and three more supreme elders at the half-step level were pinned to the walls. The blood of a Giant flowed downward and began to burn. Smoke and fire engulfed the entire palace.

"Rumble." The main palace also collapsed, causing debris to go flying everywhere.

There were more than one thousand pretty and talented courtesans here. All of them were aghast; some tried to run while crying.

They were brought here as a young age. Blissful was actually their home. Now that it was destroyed, there was no place left for them to go. Without the protection of a strong power, they would be captured and sold to the slave auction houses.

They have lost their prestigious status, ready to be trampled by anyone now.

"This woman is really too much, killing a love rival and taking down everything else? Too violent." Feiyun stood on the ruins and said.

He felt great danger after seeing Xie Honglian in action. Nangong Hongyan was indeed even crueler than her. It was indeed a big pain if Hongyan were to be angry.

Feiyun slightly frowned and stared at the courtesans. He suddenly came up with a great idea and laughed loudly: "Sisters, don't cry now. Follow me, I'll find you all an even better and bigger place than Blissful so you all can keep being courtesans."

A top lady named Qingqing stepped out. She respectfully bowed and said: "Young Divine King, may I ask where you are talking about?"

The courtesans here were cultivators so they naturally knew who Feiyun was. They were worried that he would take them to his mansion. This was definitely within his means. Thus, they sent out Qingqing to represent them to ask him.

Feiyun could see why they were worried and said: "Don't worry, I'm not taking everyone to my mansion. Too many beauties here, I can't handle all of you anyway."

The girls smiled after hearing the joke while loosening their alert.

"We can rest assured after hearing this, Young Divine King." Qingqing said while still quietly sobbing.

"Then follow me." Feiyun smiled, quite pleased with himself. These talented and elegant virgins could double the forces of Supreme Beauty Pavilion, allowing it to compete against Beauty's Smile.

'Hongyan'er, this wonderful deed of mine will surely move you a little bit. You can do whatever you want, but you won't be able to jump out of my palm.' Feiyun's eyes lit up.

[Chapter 477: Sacred Spirit Palace, Li Xiaonan](#)

On this day, the new Divine King and his group of beauties walking around caused quite a furor.

Nearly all cultivators at the capital were talking about it - the young Divine King robbed Blissful of its talents and gave the girls to the prettiest in the world as a gift. Their old romance was pushed to the limelight as the hottest topic in the capital.

Of course this was exciting. After all, the Divine King had only gotten engaged with Princess Yue recently yet he still gave his old lover a gift? People could sense that something was amiss.

It was still dark and Feiyun had brought around one thousand beauties to Supreme Beauty and one old woman, Wan Huatong.

Supreme Beauty was quite magnificent. Though it didn't have as many palaces as Blissful, it had a natural and elegant sense to it. The nine entrances and exits all had pretty pavilions; a clear distinction with the grand architectural style of the capital.

"What did you say?" Feiyun's smile disappeared.

Xue Wu looked like a red elf standing in the snow. Her style was sexy, still revealing her jade-arms despite being in the thick of winter. Her voluptuous figure was there to tempt men.

She smiled and said: "My Big Sis said, these sisters from Blissful can stay, but you alone can't enter."

Feiyun rubbed his nose awkwardly and said: "Why, Xue Wu? Stopping me in spite of our relationship? You're hurting me right now."

Xue Wu continued smiling: "Sir Divine King, don't try to kill me now, I don't dare to have a relationship with you. But back to the point, Big Sis is doing this for your sake. Don't you know? You're the Divine King, the imperial prince-in-law now. If you were to come into a messy place like Supreme Beauty, the princess won't be happy."

Feng Feiyun didn't respond and took out a spirit stone as large as a skull. This stone could be sold for 3,000,000 gold coins.

"I can come in now?" Feiyun gently fixed his attire to look like someone important.

Xue Wu grabbed the stone from his hand and put it away before lamenting: "Sigh, bribing me won't do anything. No one dares to go against Big Sis, there's nothing I can do. Please go back."

Feiyun said: "Then why did you still take my spirit stone?!"

"Haha, don't be stingy now. Is one stone worth more than our relationship?" She put on a pitiful look while rubbing her eyes. Of course, no tears would come out.

"Drop the act, fine then, I won't come inside Supreme Pavilion, we'll see if you will have any fun. I rather go to the Princess' mansion instead and have a drink with her." Feiyun waved his sleeve and left.

“Sir Divine King, see you again.” Xue Wu laughed before turning towards the ladies from Blissful: “Sisters, follow me. We’ll definitely treat you like family. Everyone will have their own place...”

Feiyun was quite annoyed. No one else would dare to treat him like this, only Hongyan. She knew that he cared for her the most so she could do whatever she wanted.

Feiyun rolled up his sleeve with a grin: “Fine, want to take me on? We’ll see then.”

“A bowl of Nine Millennium Snow-ginseng soup, only ten bronze coins.” To the side of the street was a tattered shack. An old man wearing a cotton-padded robe was selling a big cauldron of soup. He held a ladle with rust everywhere. Who knows how old it was?

The flame was burning brightly on top of the coal with embers fluttering to the wind, issuing cracking noises.

He fiddled with the cauldron as hot air came up, filling his face with sweat.

“Nine Millennium Snow-ginseng soup, only ten bronze coins.” This shack truly looked out of place at the capital. It was next to a wall made out of white pebbles.

Feiyun saw this and thought about the old man and little girl from the Luo Clan back at his hometown. He sat down on an old wooden chair with great interest. There was a thick layer of snow on the chair and table.

The moment he sat down, his spirit energy instantly melted the snow and ice.

The old man was quite discerning and clearly knew that Feiyun came from a good background. He ran over and smiled: “Little Boss, our shop just made some soup, ten bronze coins for one bowl.”

Feiyun said with a smile: “A Nine Millennium Snow-ginseng soup is extremely precious, even one thousand spirit stones can’t buy one bowl, but you’re selling it for ten bronze coins here?”

The old man smiled: “Good stuff is meant for the fated, and you look like one, Young Noble.”

Feiyun couldn’t help but glance at the old man again, more carefully this time around: “You care about fate when selling soup?”

“Young Noble, don’t look down on this old man. I’m still a secular disciple of the Daoist doctrine. So, I only sell to the fated.” The old man waved his big ladle around, nearly hitting Feiyun in the head a couple of times.

Feiyun finally noticed a faint yin-yang symbol on the old man’s robe covered in dust and fat. It was indeed a daoist robe but because of the added cotton-layer on top of being washed too many times, one could no longer see the symbol.

“Ah, so you are a secular Daoist. Your dressing style is quite... unique, just like the old daoist sages... Very well, get me one bowl then.” Feiyun wasn’t going to tell him to change to a better robe first before pretending to be a Daoist. After all, it wasn’t easy for an old man to live and work here. Plus, being charitable was good.

“Just one?” The old man asked.

“Just one.” Feiyun said.

“Good.” The old man carried the ladle on his shoulder and walked next to the stove. He scooped some soup into a coarse bowl and brought it over to Feiyun with steam still coming out.

Feiyun took a sip and felt an extremely thick amount of spirit energy entering his body just like a thunderous medicine. It emanated across his entire body, causing his bones to issue loud noises as if they were being refined again.

Just a single sip had increased his violet energy by 10,000 strands. He had a total of 30,000 strands now.

After finishing the bowl, spirit energy oozed from his body. Now, he had a total of 70,000 strands of violet energy running around his dantian like violet serpents.

“One more.” Feiyun felt an unprecedented satisfaction. All of his meridians and veins were full of energy.

“I’m out.” The old man said.

“How can that be? I saw your big cauldron earlier, you think I can’t pay up?” Feiyun asked.

“Really, take a look if you don’t believe me.”

Feiyun walked over to the stove and looked into the cauldron. Sure enough, not even a drop of soup was left as if it had evaporated.

“You’re hiding it!”

“No, I’m really not.”

Feiyun grabbed the old man by his shirt and said: “Old man, you want to mess with me?!”

The old man moaned and groaned while being pushed down by Feiyun and screamed: “Help! Help! He’s not paying and even beating me now, ah, someone please save me!”

“Whoosh!” A girl dressed in white with a veil covering her face flew across the snow-laden street with a white sword ready. The tip slightly trembled and 1,872 individual waves of sword energy turned into 1,872 cranes. Their sharp beak all aimed straight for Feiyun.

Sword energy turning into a beast? This was a sword technique comparable to the Dragon King’s Saber Art.

Feiyun quickly stretched out two fingers to break all the sword energies before gripping the tip of her sword. A terrible cold energy with a blue shade came from the tip and started to freeze his fingers, then arm, then his entire body...

It wanted to turn him into an ice sculpture.

“Boom!” A five-colored explosion erupted from his fingers. He channeled the power of the five elements to force the cold aura back. Next, he flicked her sword and caused her to go flying backward.

She stepped on the snow with a light step before landing with great finesse. Her movement technique was flexible and beautiful while her sword danced in her hand like a spirit snake.

“The capital is indeed a place of crouching tigers and hidden dragons. Just a dine-and-dash jerk is still so powerful.” She spoke with a proud voice.

Feiyun wanted to explain himself but suddenly, an elegant tune started playing. It consisted of zither, pipa, flute, pan pipes, bells, harp... These instruments harmonized together perfectly into this pleasant tune.

The music approached closer along with the sound of articles of clothing darting through the winds.

A rain of spirit flowers also descended to the city. Sixteen women, dressed in white with their face covered, flew through the street while playing musical instruments. They could jump through the snow without touching the ground - these were all young overlords.

Moreover, there were three more sword ladies plus the one who attacked Feng Feiyun earlier. These four were at the young king level.

“Damn, who is showing off so much right now?” Feiyun was still holding the old man’s arm with one foot on his butt.

“Sacred Spirit Palace...” The old man stammered.

“The sect even more badass than the Jin Dynasty? The so-called number one cultivation power?” Feiyun was surprised.

“That’s the sixteen musical emissaries and four sword maids under Li Xiaonan.” The old man added.

“Li Xiaoxian, second on the upper list, the number one scholar in the world?” Feiyun looked up at the group again and got quite bored. ‘These people from the palace, no style at all. They dress like they’re at a funeral.’

[Chapter 478: Dangerous Premonition](#)

Sacred Spirit Palace was ranked first on the Great Powers Ranking while the dynasty had to be second to them.

Li Xiaonan was the most excellent disciple in the palace. Nobody is perfect, but he was surely the closest to perfection.

The sky was full of snow and melodies. The sixteen musical emissaries rode the snowy waves with their slender figure covered by a thin layer of silk. This was indeed the scene of fairies.

The different instruments in their hands were all spirit treasures, weaving together into a heavenly song.

“Whoosh!” Sixteen musical waves rushed out of their fingers. This attack had the power of sixteen spirit treasures...

All were heading for Feng Feiyun.

These women were at the young overlord level. Furthermore, their attack harmonized perfectly, resulting in an attack several times more devastating than sixteen young overlords not working as a team. This was a formation of music.

Feiyun released the old man and postured himself. He slowly walked out of the shack as his aura rose to the sky.

“Thump! Thump! Thump!” With his Swift Samsara, he finessed through the song waves while releasing palm strikes, crushing all sixteen waves.

“Heavenly Temptation!” The sixteen emissaries erupted with a bone-chilling aura. Their instruments turned into moons in the daylight and unleashed white waves. They gathered together and aimed straight for Feiyun’s head.

Feiyun stabilized both feet on the ground and lowered his core, gathering strength from his soles to his thighs all the way to his spine. Countless beast roars emanated and their shadows appeared around him. All of this culminated in an unstoppable momentum.

“Boom!” He made seals with both hands before unleashing sixteen large palm strikes. They directly blew the sixteen women flying backward. Nevertheless, they still landed on the rooftops of the buildings nearby with sweats dripping down their forehead. Nevertheless, they didn’t lose their weapons.

He actually managed to defeat their “Heavenly Temptation” formation. The prodigies in the capital were too strong, far exceeding their expectation.

Feiyun withdrew his violent aura and shouted: “Hey, you people from Sacred Spirit hate talking?”

The Crimson Musical Emissary, Meng Wanwan, spoke with a voice as pleasant as the chirping of an oriole: “Spirit Palace always defend the weak. You are so strong yet you choose to not pay and even bully an old man? This is an injustice so we must teach you a lesson.”

“Why bother talking to a young master like him? Let’s go, suppress him with the Minor Heavenly Musical Formation then take him back to the palace’s prison.” Qin Xiaoyao, another emissary, stood on a different tiled-building and looked down at Feiyun while carrying her harp.

“From which eyes did you see me hit that old man? Old man, did I hit you or not?” Feiyun turned around to ask the old man but he was nowhere in sight. Even the stove and cauldron were gone now.

Earlier when the group was fighting, the old man had brought his stuff and ran.

“Shit, he ran that fast?!” Feiyun angrily said before adding: “I have other important businesses to attend, no time to play with you all today, bye bye now!”

A circular energy appeared beneath his feet as he initiated his Swift Samsara in order to fly to the sky. However, the people from Sacred Spirit didn’t want to let him go. The four sword maids attacked at the same time. Their sword energies were in the shape of a crane, dragon, phoenix, and serpent.

These four young kings had peerless sword techniques with impeccable teamwork. They thrust more than ten thousand rays containing the entire area in a suffocating fashion.

“Boom!” Feiyun laughed while in the sky. Forty divine intents condensed into the Heaven Punishing Hammer.

This hammer spanning for several hundred meters slammed down and destroyed all the sword energies. The four maids staggered backward; the radiance on their swords dimmed down. These swords were still violently shaking and issued clanking noises.

“Beauties, no need to see me off.” Feiyun rode the wind away. His faint voice eventually came but he was already several hundred miles away.

Meanwhile, Li Xiaonan has been sitting inside the broken shack where Feiyun was previously sitting. His robe as white as snow and his appearance as handsome as an immortal.

“Young Noble, the opponent’s cultivation is remarkable. He must be another historical genius so we couldn’t subdue him.” The four maids and sixteen emissaries bowed towards him.

Xiaonan smiled freely and responded: “It’s not your fault. He wouldn’t be the Divine King of this generation if you guys could take him down.”

“Ah, so he is the third-ranker of the lower list, no wonder why he’s so powerful.” The sword maid dressed in black spoke with a tinge of surprise.

Xiaonan nodded: “Today, the prettiest in the world, Nangong Hongyan has invited the heroes around to a banquet at Supreme Beauty. I have also received an invitation. She is renowned to be a master of music, I’m sure meeting this supreme beauty to talk about music will be quite enjoyable.”

“Young Noble, your musical mastery is peerless, she’s probably not a match for you.”

Feiyun landed on a different street in the city. If Li Xiaonan was at the capital, he would surely go to the banquet later tonight too at Supreme Beauty. Sacred Spirit Palace employed great mastery of the musical art. Even Dongfang Jingyue learned from here. This showed that Li Xiaonan was certainly an exceptional character as well.

‘If I don’t go to Supreme Beauty tonight, he’ll steal all my fame.’ Feiyun stopped and started to think. However, he found that it would be useless for him to go there too because his musical talents were crap. How was he going to compete with a famous scholar in this regards?

‘Do I have to find that damned woman, Dongfang Jingyue, to help me?’ He immediately dispelled this brief thought. After all, she was also from Sacred Spirit and probably knew Li Xiaonan.

They were martial brother-sister, why would she help an outsider against her own sect member?

‘If only Ye Xiaoxiang didn’t leave. Given her musical talents, she would surely teach that guy a lesson, she’s Maestro Ye for a reason. I’m sure even Hongyan and Jingyue still have a way to go before reaching her level.’ Xiaoxiang’s innocent figure suddenly appeared in his mind. He shook his head and thought that she was already gone, no point in remembering her.

‘If the art won’t do, how about violence?’ Feiyun felt some dangers.

This wasn’t to say that he had no faith in Hongyan. But the truth was that any man would feel alarmed when another male, more exceptional than them, approach the girl they liked.

It was morning so there was still some time before dark. He still had some free time before the banquet.

“Click, click.” The sound of a carriage came about. A golden one pulled up before him.

An old eunuch came down and respectfully lowered his head before speaking with a smile: “Consort Ji invites you to talk in the palace.”

Ji Lingxuan was indeed amazing. She could easily find him whenever.

He had a very big headache because of this woman so he coughed twice and said: “Attendant, go back and tell Consort Ji that I am busy today. I’ll visit her when I have time in the future.”

The eunuch smiled with his eyes while speaking with a high tone: “Consort Ji said that the matter is of the utmost importance, relating to the fate of the entire dynasty. If Divine King doesn’t come, the Consort will have to wait for you at the Sandalwood Courtyard in Southern Heaven.”

Feiyun’s expression changed. He rubbed his forehead and said: “How could I not go after being invited? Let me go change at my mansion then I’ll come with you.”

“No need for that, Divine King. An official royal robe is inside the carriage.” The old eunuch revealed a friendly smile.

‘They really came prepared this time!’ Feiyun sighed disappointingly before climbing up the carriage. He lifted up the curtain and entered.

Under normal circumstances, officials couldn’t enter the palace without the emperor’s permission. This went double for the private chambers of the concubines and consorts.

However, Feiyun was the current Divine King. He was already considered part of the royal family so he could enter the imperial palace as he pleased. Moreover, he was engaged to Princess Yue and Consort Ji was her birth mother. It was fine for her to tell her son-in-law to come to the palace. No one could critique this.

This was Feiyun’s first time entering the imperial palace. He wore a royal robe and the crest of the Divine King, looking quite dignified. He followed the old eunuch through many flower gardens before reaching the private chambers.

The Jin Emperor had tens of thousands of concubines and each one had their own palace. It was akin to entering an endless labyrinth. Ordinary Heaven’s Mandate cultivators would be lost in the formations here without a guide.

“The emperor resides in the master palace over there. Ever since the astronomical phenomenon of chaos, he rarely enters the private chambers, too busy with cultivation.” The old eunuch explained.

Along the way, the powerful eunuchs and maids all performed proper greeting ceremonies at Feiyun.

Suddenly, something caught his eyes over at a jade tree. There were several young eunuchs playing with a little princess around three or five years old. One of them caught his attention.

‘Shit, isn’t that Bi Ningshuai?!’ He thought.

This thief was wearing a eunuch uniform. He lifted his head wearing a green cap and met Feiyun's gaze. He got shocked out of his mind as well.

Feiyun's mind wandered: 'This guy is hiding in the private chambers now? Maybe he thought that Xie Honglian would castrate him eventually, so he did it to himself first in order to have some future prospects in the palace?'

[Chapter 479: Little Bi](#)

The old eunuch noticed Feiyun's stare and smiled: "That young eunuch has only joined several days ago; his name is Little Bi. He's playing with Princess Qin'er right now." [1]

"Little Bi, haha, Little Bi." Feiyun laughed at him several times before following the old eunuch towards Consort Ji's South Cassia Palace.

Her place was naturally grander than the other concubines. It had more than one hundred eunuchs and several dozens of young maids. All were cultivators; some were exceptionally strong. Feiyun couldn't read their cultivation.

In the frigid winter, Ji Lingxuan was relaxing next to a pond with a thick fox-fur coat. She sat on a purple sandalwood chair with her clear and pretty eyes, also the temperament of a young girl. She ordered: "Everyone, take your leave."

The maids and eunuchs all left, leaving only behind Feiyun and Lingxuan alone in this pavilion.

Her long brows slightly trembled while her jade-fingers ran down her fur coat. She looked at him with a longing stare and said softly: "Am I really that scary that Sir Divine King doesn't even want to get close?"

Feiyun kept his distance and smiled: "Divine Consort, you are made out of gold, it would be impolite for me to get close."

She maintained her longing stare and said: "Do you know why I invited you here?"

"Does it have something to do with Princess Yue?" He asked.

She shook her head and started walking towards her: "It's about the Jin Emperor. Have you heard about the Rex Competition?"

"Rex?" He has never heard of this matter.

She nodded: "That's right, Jin is not the only dynasty in this world, there are four other neighboring ones. Each is just as strong as Jin. Together, they are called the Five Grand Dynasties. Every five hundred years, a great battle would happen between the rulers in order to decide the rankings."

"Is one coming?" Feiyun asked.

She confirmed: "I'm not certain on the exact time but the emperor has been preparing since ten years ago. He is in a zen state with ninety-percent of his divine intents closed off to cultivate. Only the last ten percent is still conscious and is used to rule the dynasty.

Zen was an amazing state of training; only incredible experts would be able to use it. It looked as if they were still living normally, but they were actually cultivating.

“Thus, within three years, the current emperor will abdicate to go into full training mode for Rex.” Ji Lingxuan was now standing in front of Feiyun while placing her delicate fingers on his chest.

Normally, no one at the capital would dare to talk about the emperor. After all, his divine intents were strong enough to cover the entire dynasty so he could hear all conversations.

However, due to his zen state, she dared to provoke Feiyun so blatantly inside the private chambers.

Feiyun could smell her flowery fragrance. Half of her wondrous body was already leaning on him while her hands were reaching into his shirt.

Feiyun bit his tongue; this painful sensation ran across his body and allowed him to take two steps backward. He took two deep breaths and said: “Chaos is looming right now; Earthchild’s three top sects and Northern Frontier’s caves have separated from the dynasty. Does the emperor not worry about the fate of the dynasty if he were to abdicate during this crucial moment?”

Lingxuan felt empty inside after Feiyun purposely escaped. She gently bit her lips and pouted at him: “It’s not that easy for the dynasty to end due to its great history and resources. The biggest enemies are not within; they are the other four dynasties. If they were to mobilize against us, nothing will be able to stop them. That’s why the emperor only cares about Rex. Only by him being more powerful than the other rulers would he be able to delay any invasion.”

Feiyun nodded after understanding the crux of the issues. Suddenly, he found Ji Lingxuan hugging his waist while her pretty face leaned on his chest. She said: “If the Jin Emperor abdicates, these consorts and concubines will be banished to the royal sacred ground. At that time, I might be entering your mansion...”

He felt unease after being hugged like this. After hearing the second half, he felt even worse: “Please, Consort, have some respect. This is the private chambers.”

She acted as if she didn’t hear him and continued to lean on his chest with a cute appearance: “Divine King, you don’t like me?”

She loosened his belt and reached inside...

No men could restrain themselves before her provocation. Feiyun’s demonic blood was boiling while his eyes became slightly crimson. His lower-part was naturally standing up proudly just like a hot, metal rod prodding below her stomach.

She gently grabbed the pillar-like item while taking off her fox fur to reveal her soft and delicate shoulders.

Next, she unbuttoned her dress, one by one, before moving on to her belt. Her peerless body exposed naked before him. Her supple yet firm breasts were especially tempting.

He clenched his fingers deep into his skin in order to suppress his boiling blood. He left the pavilion without looking back while shouting: “I’ll come to visit you again another day.”

The cold snowflakes hitting his face woke him up quite a bit as his lower half gradually softened. He took a deep breath and said: “That was dangerous!”

The naked woman stood there watching Feng Feiyun escape. She picked up her clothes and dressed tidily. Eventually, an old eunuch came and said: "Consort, Princess Yue asks for an audience."

She stood there watching the snowflakes fall into the pond and said calmly: "No need. Tell her that Nangong Hongyan is at the capital now and the Divine King will surely go to Supreme Beauty tonight. As the fiancée, how can she watch her husband go meet up with another woman?"

"Yes." The eunuch acknowledged the order.

After leaving South Cassia Palace, Feiyun still couldn't calm down. It was really too dangerous earlier and he got quite horny because of Li Jingxuan. His lower half was aching from having to hold back.

She was indeed a top-notch building. Though she looked like a young maiden, she had a mature charm, unlike these young girls. Long Cangyue was so much more innocent in comparison.

Nangong Hongyan and Dongfang Jingyue were essentially babies when it came to actually seducing men.

'At least I got out, what a pain. When the emperor abdicates, if she actually moves into the Divine King mansion, it would be torture!' Feiyun shuddered after thinking about how Lingxuan was Cangyue's birthmother.

Suddenly, Bi Ningshuai rushed out from behind a pillar and dragged Feiyun over. The two quickly hid inside a room.

"Damn! Feiyun, you got a woman's smell on you, that's pretty bold. Got a woman in the private chambers too? Keke, I like it! The ones here are quite lonely, which concubine is it?" Ningshuai smiled and said.

Feiyun pushed him to the side and snorted: "Stop your nonsense, that's suicidal. Oh, right, why are you here too, don't tell me you got a crush on a concubine?"

"Pah! Do you think we're all like you without any integrity? We eunuchs are very professional." Bi Ningshuai proudly declared.

Feiyun stared at his uniform and laughed: "Did you really castrate yourself now?"

Ningshuai's expression turned awkward: "Of course not. I climbed the walls to get in. This is the only place to hide in the capital now since that lioness will find all the other places. At that point, she'll castrate me for real."

He was naturally referring to his fiancée, Xie Honglian.

Feiyun nodded and told him about the events back at Blissful.

After hearing that Sima Zhaoxue was killed, Bi Ningshuai's eyes had a hint of sadness as he lamented: "Sigh, we're both sufferers. Feiyun, I'm sure you can sympathize with my pain right now."

“Please, we’re completely different types of people. I would never run to the imperial palace and hide as a eunuch just because of a woman.” Feiyun stated before grimacing: “Ningshuai, I have pretty much done you a favor back in Blissful, so now, you have to help me too.”

“What’s up?” Ningshuai became excited.

“Today, I met the most perfect man in the world.” Feiyun said.

“Bullshit! More perfect than me?” Ningshuai fixed his eunuch uniform and spoke with confidence.

“Ten times more perfect than you.” Feiyun glared at him and said: “There will be a feast at Supreme Beauty today. Half of the prodigies in the world will be there, do you want to go take a look?”

“You’re telling me that perfect guy will be there too?” Ningshuai was completely unconvinced.

“Certainly.”

“Then why are we still talking here? When both of us go at it, he’s done for. Oh, wait, isn’t that Nangong Hongyan’s territory? Given your relationship with her, we’ll have the home court advantage too!” Ningshuai laughed loudly.

With a forced smile, Feiyun replied: “Of course! Of course! We’ll have the advantage for sure!”

[Chapter 480: Crisis At The Bath](#)

When night fell, colorful and dazzling lights illuminated the capitals, especially at Supreme Beauty. The cultivators visiting the capital were virtually all present. One could see prodigies arriving on their flying beasts.

The calling power of the prettiest woman in the world far exceeded a sect master at the Giant level. Many proud geniuses were coming to see her.

There were many floating buildings in this place with courtesans playing music - precious like water and as fine as a crafted piece of literature. This was a scene of heavens as far as the eyes can see. They teased the cultivators on the ground; all wanted to go up for a better listen.

“Wait, isn’t this our home court, why aren’t we going through the main door?” Bi Ningshuai was still wearing his green-doves uniform with the crest.

They were at the back entrance, much shabbier compared to the majestic front. This was a place for servants and slaves to come and go since it led to the back living quarters and kitchen. To put it simply, only nobodies would come through this place.

“Going to the front is too arrogant, not suitable with our current status.” Feiyun tidied his robe for some reasons and quickly walked forward.

“Knock, knock!” A while later, a middle-aged woman with an apron opened the gate. After taking a look at the two, she immediately shouted: “No invitation letters, no entry!”

“Even for the back entrance?” Feiyun’s expression sank.

“Duh! Idiot!” The woman slammed the gate and called for two armored guards to watch the back entrance and these two.

Ningshuai slapped Feiyun’s shoulder and smiled: “You actually don’t have an invitation for tonight?”

“Is it funny?” Feiyun said.

“No, of course not!” Ningshuai saw his expression and quickly halted laughing: “Why do we need to go through the entrances? Just climb the walls!”

“Climb the walls?”

For places like Supreme Beauty, the walls were more than one hundred meters high with powerful formations carved in. Forcefully erasing them would alarm the experts inside who would mercilessly take care of these intruders.

Ningshuai was an expert wall-climber. He took out a purple hammer and awl then squatted down on the ground. He placed the awl on the wall and hammered its once. A purple current ran through the tip and all the formations suddenly showed themselves.

This particular part had more than one hundred formations with fiery glimmers. Among them was a powerful third-level formation. Even a first-level Heaven’s Mandate would be seriously injured once it activated.

Feiyun stood a bit farther away and asked: “Damned eunuch, you done yet?”

“Yes, yes, I’ve frozen the formations with my electric current, alright, start climbing!” Ningshuai put the hammer and awl away. With one stomp on the ground, his body shot up like a monkey through the gaps in the formation.

Indeed, none of the formations was activated!

Feiyun copied his method and managed to get inside Supreme Beauty.

“Hey, who is that nearly-perfect man you were talking about?” Ningshuai snuck around like a rat through the buildings. Among the trees and ponds in the flower gardens were more murderous formations. Nevertheless, he detected and avoided them all.

“Sacred Spirit, Li Xiaonan.”

Ningshuai paused with a changed expression: “That guy?”

“You know him?”

“Of course, I’ve snuck through Sacred Spirit and got some items there but his sword maids chased me for 200,000 miles. That’s why I had to hide in Wanxiang Pagoda.” Ningshuai revealed.

Feiyun felt inferior right away. This talented guy even stole from Sacred Spirit? How commendable.

Ningshuai continued with a serious expression: “This Li Xiaonan is quite exceptional. In terms of literary talents and cultivation, maybe only Su Yun can compare to him; others are no match at all. His four sword maids and sixteen emissaries are something else too. Each of them is quite powerful and pretty.”

“I’ve experienced some already, their Heavenly Temptation Formation and Jade Tetra Sword Formation are brilliant, capable of erasing a young king.”

Feiyun was leaning on an old tree coiling like a dragon. He slightly noticed a pavilion made out of white pebbles not far from there. It was the best place in Supreme Pavilion, very elegant with many different types of trees, decoration mountains, and ponds. Not too many buildings were there, only a few lanterns hanging by the stony pathways with the occasional maids walking by.

There was a very familiar figure there!

“What are you looking at?” Ningshuai followed his gaze and saw a beautiful figure inside the white pavilion. Just a single glance told him that she was quite a beauty.

Feiyun said: “You go scout ahead, I’ll follow right after.”

With that, he turned into a shadow and headed for the white pavilion.

“Scum, forgetting our business after seeing a woman.” Ningshuai thought to himself before running for the front of Supreme Beauty. All the prodigies were gathering together and so will their treasures. How could he let go of such a big business opportunity?

Meanwhile, Feiyun was thinking to himself, ‘why is she here? Didn’t she leave the capital already?’

That woman earlier looked a lot like Ye Xiaoxiang. He thought he was seeing things so he needed to confirm.

There was snow everywhere, covering the trees nearby and the walkways.

This pavilion was inside an important area so he could faintly sense several powerful auras in the vicinity. They were clearly protecting the woman inside, showing that she had some status.

Feiyun hid his aura and drifted in the night like a leaf towards the pavilion. He could see the light inside and the splashing of water.

There were other cultivators inside - six maids at early God Base. Meanwhile, the woman in dressed in purple was inside the curtain and playing with the water.

Feiyun used his Swift Samsara and turned into a phantom to sneak inside. He gathered energy on his feet in order to avoid making any footstep. He was right outside of the curtained room and poke a hole on the paper window to take a peek inside.

Just a single glance made him hard and blushed. He was already stimulated by Ji Lingxuan earlier so there was no chance for him to stay calm at this moment. His passionate flame was rekindled once more and engulfed his entire being.

The woman stood next to the bath and slowly took off her dress behind the curtain. Just the faint shadow already painted out her perfect curves, thin neck and waist. Then there were her jade-hands loosening her dress.

This pair of hands was extremely soft and made the mind wonder - what if they were tracing down a man’s body? It would too much to take.

She had taken off her gilded belt so the draping dress immediately spread out then down her snow-white shoulders, revealing her alluring, bare chest.

Her exquisite thighs made others want to grab them, to sense its suppleness.

Feiyun knew that it was very immoral to peek at someone like this but his body didn't let him turn away. The demonic blood was boiling even more and his eyes were completely crimson. It was a very beautiful and devilish color.

She only had a white undergarment on now so her body was exposed with clear and soft skin as nice as a baby. She took off the pins and her black hair draped down to her waist.

Finally, the white undergarment also slipped off her chest onto the side of the bath.

She slowly walked towards the pool and sat down to kick the water filled with pink flower petals. She felt the water again and beads of water ran down her skin like pearls.

Feiyun was breathing raggedly, no longer able to contain his lust. He directly pushed the door opened and jumped into the pool to stare at the supreme beauty who was now scared out of her mind.

It was indeed her!

"Why are you here?!" Ye Xiaoxiang dipped down into the water from fright. The areas beneath were barely visible, only adding to the charm.

After seeing her clearly, his lust subsided. He could be rough with any other woman but not Ye Xiaoxiang. He suppressed the fire and awkwardly said: "Maestro Ye... long time no see..."

"But... I'm... taking a bath right now... you..." She was also embarrassed.

"I'm... only here to say hi." Feiyun was even more bashful. He was standing in someone's bath just to say hi? That's utterly ridiculous.

He couldn't hold it earlier and rushed inside. If it wasn't for Ye Xiaoxiang, he would have done something already. It looked like the suppression of his blood wasn't as effective as he thought. This was a disaster waiting to happen.

Suddenly, Nangong Hongyan's voice came from below: "Where is Sister Ye? Does she want to participate in the banquet tonight?"

"Maestro Ye is taking a bath." A maid said.

"Then I'll go ask myself." Next was a series of steps on the wooden stair. Hongyan was on the second floor and heading towards the bath.

Meanwhile, Feiyun was still in the pool with water dripping off his hair. He could hear her footsteps and became aghast. At the same time, the naked Xiaoxiang was shocked too. How were they going to explain this?

Feiyun wanted to jump outside but that would certainly attract Hongyan's attention. It would be even harder to explain then.

