

Sprit Vessel 551

[Chapter 551: Unrivaled Monster](#)

A man whose face was under a hat with black veil all around slowly walked out. The crowd let him through after sensing his thick murderous intent just like a death god.

This aura was graver than Liao Cheng's own, capable of freezing the air.

"Who is that?"

"I don't know, but that sword technique earlier was unbelievable, capable of destroying that blood grinder's barrier."

"Only a few youths are able to do this, all famous."

People actually stopped climbing on stage; all eyes were on these two now.

Meanwhile, Bi Ningshuai dragged the injured Wang Meng into the crowd.

"That was you earlier?" Liao Cheng stood on a higher step and glared fiercely at Feiyun. The centipede squirmed around him.

Feiyun nodded: "Show mercy when possible, it is only a fight, no need to kill him."

Others wouldn't dare to talk to Liao Cheng like this. After all, this was a heretical lord. Many young lords of other sects would back off.

"Do you know who I am?" Liao Cheng smiled coldly.

"You told everyone already, the tenth lord of Senluo."

"Then who are you?"

"Only a nobody, just a vagabond. But if you can beat me, then you will earn the qualification to learn my name."

If this line came from anyone else, people would think that the guy was crazy. However, they all witnessed the awesome sword technique earlier. He just looked more mysterious now.

Could this be a disciple from a reclusive master? Many shared this thought.

"Whoosh!" Liao Cheng darted back to the stage and stood on top of his centipede: "So you're saying you can beat me?"

"If you're that incapable." Feiyun landed on stage by riding the wind. A round formation started below him and channeled the spirit energy nearby, creating a mist-like barrier.

Feiyun cultivated a bloodthirsty sword technique last night so his aura was overwhelmed by it. An air of death exuded from him every second.

The four old men protecting the stage slightly opened their eyes and stared at Feiyun, impressed by this aura. 'Such a powerful youth, a reclusive monster coming into being?'

“Such shameless boasting!” Though Liao Cheng was injured earlier by Feiyun’s sword move, he didn’t think he was weaker and blamed it on the surprise factor. A direct confrontation would end with his victory.

Meanwhile, many heretical disciples were cheering for him. Among them were another two young lords and three demonesses. The guys were powerful and the girls the prettiest in their respective hall.

Liao Cheng attacked first with his blood grinder. The ancient formations activated and a waterfall of blood descended.

This spirit treasure was stimulated completely, three times stronger than earlier. The entire stage was filled with an ocean. Meanwhile, a blood sun showed its rage and illuminated the area. This blood sun was actually the blood grinder.

Feiyun stood there, exposed to the elements. His black robe seemed to be made from steel and didn’t flutter at all.

His sword left its sheath in a graceful manner. A fiery bird flew out of the tip and destroyed the ocean. It went on to attack the sun before exploding with bloodthirst.

“Boom!” The ocean fell along with the sun!

All the visual phenomena disappeared as the remnant liquid stained the stage.

Liao Cheng fell down from the centipede with a gigantic gash on his chest. Several of his ribs were cut with blood oozing out. If it wasn’t for the front mirror protecting him, this cut would have split him in two.

Such a terrible slash.

The flame and sword energy had invaded his blood and meridians, burning his spirit energy while Feiyun simply stood there and watched.

The cultivators nearby became speechless...

“That’s a heretical lord... a young king... he lost to a single slash...”

This mysterious man shocked everyone. Many began speculating about his origin.

A spectating heretical lord became serious: “That slash just now, perhaps it is the Firebird Demonic Sword Art?” [1]

A fair-skinned demoness dressed in a green attire slightly raised her brows and charmingly smiled: “A master came out of Grand Southern several hundred years ago. He befriended a firebird and searched for demonic corpses together. He walked among the marshes in order to create a physique similar to a Heavenly Demon. The man was supremely talented and found the corpses of sixteen ancient demons. He refined this energy into his own body and was almost successful. Unfortunately, at the very last second, he lost his mind, unable to suppress the demonic energy inside his body and became a murderous monster.”

Early on in Jin's history, there was a disaster relating to demons. One demon race invaded and eventually lost. This left behind many forbidden grounds filled with powerful, preserved corpses. That's where the man found his corpses in order to cultivate his physique.

Another heretical lord recalled this terrifying legend and added: "This demonic man, I heard that he alone destroyed an entire sect near the border of Grand Southern. The vicinity became infected with demonic energy and chaos, and it is still suffering from it till this day."

"Firebird Demonic Sword Art came from this man. Supremely powerful and murderous, seemingly capable of slaying gods and devils."

"This man is probably just as devilish as Feng Feiyun. If he didn't succumb to the demonic energy and become a monster, he would have become a true sage."

"I read that a great battle happened by that border. Someone saw the red image of a firebird incinerating the sky, fighting against the holy light of the daoist doctrine for thirteen days straight. After the end of this battle, the red demon continued southward for three thousand miles. The intensity of that fight is not something we can imagine."

"Yes, it is well recorded on the ancient scrolls, that the demonic man disappeared without a trace afterward. One reputable sect master predicted that Venerable Huasheng of the Daoist Gate had sealed the demonic man."

"One of the ten great masters, the highest seniority member of the Daoist Gate, Venerable Huasheng?" A young regional princess was hearing this story for the first time. She smiled brightly, happy to hear about these legendary characters.

"Who else could be strong enough to take down that demonic man outside of Venerable Huasheng?"

The Fifth Disciple, Ling Luan, also opened his eyes for the second time to look at Feiyun. His eyes started flashing with interest.

"This mysterious youth is indeed using the Firebird Demonic Sword Art. That demonic master is still alive? Could this be his disciple?" Many had this thought and retreated with horror.

In the beginning, the other two heretical lords wanted to fight against this youth. However, they changed their mind after thinking about the consequences.

At the same time, the three beautiful demonesses' eyes sparkled, becoming very curious about this mysterious youth and his true abilities.

This sword technique was given to Feiyun back at the ridge by the Third Boss, his grandfather's grandfather.

Feiyun had no lack of top merit laws so he didn't care about it. If it wasn't to hide his identity, he probably would have abandoned it entirely.

He didn't know that this sword art had such a big origin and could cause quite a storm.

Liao Cheng was afraid on stage: "You're that demonic man's disciple?"

No one could see Feiyun's expression under the hat. He coldly said: "A dead man can't ask."

Feiyun was happy about this misunderstanding. No one would be able to figure it out then. If he were to play this role, then he must kill.

"Whoosh!" He didn't waste time before shooting another flame from his sword tip.

The large centipede blocked with its body, wanting to help Liao Cheng escape down the stage. Alas, this flame slash easily dismembered it into dozens of pieces and continued soaring forward.

"Poof!" Liao Cheng died instantly. The sword energy made his body explode.

Feiyun put away his sword as his bloodthirsty aura intensified.

Killing was not forbidden during the competition. This murderous act made the crowd think that he was indeed a disciple of the demonic man even more.

Another monster had come out, exerting pressure on the rest of the historical geniuses.

[Chapter 552: Sun And Moon](#)

Only one man in black stood on the chilling stage, hidden behind his veiled hat while holding a sword, instilling fear upon the crowd.

Alas, there has never been a lack of brave men in this world, even when they were about to face a death god.

"Whoosh!" A prodigy named Tang from the Xiyue jumped up the stage. He was fearless, a tyrant back in his western domain.

He was arrogant and confident, having cultivated a supreme art called "Greenfish Strength."

His speed was amazing, soaring like a divine fish with nine green scales around each of his wrists.

"The name's Xiyue Tang, I'm here to fight you!" He stood on the stage with a bronze shield floating in front of him. It had an engraved spirit stone in the center, dazzling as a flame.

Feiyun replied: "You need to be prepared for death at any moment when fighting me."

Xiyue Tang smiled with contempt: "I know you are strong and gifted with the sword, but I am not a nobody. Few in the young generation can take me down."

With that, his bronze shield stretched and covered his body, acting just like an armor.

Feiyun didn't waste time and unleashed another firebird slash. It screeched and instantly melted the shield armor.

Tang was shocked. The temperature of this slash was unreasonably high, capable of burning his Abyss Bronze Shield.

There seemed to be a divine fish protecting him. The nine scales on his arm fell down and turned into sharp weapons.

Alas, the firebird instantly swallowed this fish, resulting in a shocking scene.

“This Xiyue Tang isn’t bad, that’s a top prodigy of his clan, his power can’t be that much weaker than Xiyue Lanshan, a historical gen-...”

While someone was commenting, Xiyue Tang got pierced by a thrust and blown off the stage. Blood rained out of his body.

“Boom!” He rolled down the stage and didn’t move. Another youth from the Xiyue came to help him up but he instantly crumbled with bloody lines like spiderwebs before turning into a pool of blood.

Who knows how many slashes and thrusts he just got struck by? Not even one bone remained.

The young cultivators glanced at each other. The two heretical lords and three demonesses slightly retreated. They were stronger than ordinary geniuses so they could tell how strong this mysterious person was. That’s why they felt more dread compared to the rest.

The young princess’ eyes were flashing brightly and brimming with curiosity.

“So damn strong, our Grand Southern produces the most monsters out of any place.” Wang Meng recovered a bit and spat on the ground with a big grin on his face.

Meanwhile, the two young kings were silent inside the spectating hall. They couldn’t act cool in front of the beauty any longer.

Yao Ji playfully moved her white fingers across the balcony railing. She stood there as proudly as a lotus; transcendent like someone from a painting. Each inch of her skin was glowing, looking quite seductive.

“What a monster, able to kill a young king.” Her pink lips glistened just like her eyes while a white brilliance condensed above her head.

The two young kings were shaken after hearing this. They stood up straight and one guy said: “He is strong indeed, but not unbeatable.”

“You two dare to fight him?” She slightly turned over and revealed half of her face - exquisite features, as beautiful as the autumn waves. The two young kings got their soul taken away.

Just her back alone was enough to enchant them, so her face looked just like a goddess in the legends.

Soft neck, firm and upright breasts; small waist and round buttocks. This was a creature of perfection sculpted by heaven. No one could refuse her.

“Of course, we dare.” One of them said.

“Defeating him isn’t hard.” The other added.

Yao Ji shook her head and said: “The two of you will die.”

“Hmph! I will go take his life right now.” The youth from Sun-moon Sect disappeared and showed up again on the stage.

Yao Ji’s eyes flashed with amusement. She imagined his moments before death and became quite excited. She couldn’t help touching her own face, feeling quite pleased with herself.

“Sun-moon Sect, Zhao Songyang.” This young king had a daoist robe, decorated with a bright sun in the front and a spirit moon on the back. He had an exceptional aura due to his cultivation. One could see the image of an immortal palace before his forehead.

People could tell that he was no joke at first sight, but some became frightened after hearing his name.

“Sun-moon is one of the three strongest sects from Earthchild, as old as the four great clans.”

“Songyang is the top prodigy of that sect and had trained in the mountains there. He once adventured in an ancient palace and found a spirit sword of third-ranked.”

“He was already a fourth-level Heaven’s Mandate since ten years ago. Given his supreme talents and lucky providence, he might be at the peak fourth-level right now, very close to breaking through to the next.”

“This is a king among kings, a big favorite in the underground gambling hall.”

“If this mysterious man can beat him, no one will dare to come on stage again. He’ll be the first person to pass.”

The young prodigies below didn’t want to leave for their own contest, only waiting to watch more.

Zhao Songyan stood there coolly then asked: “What is your name?”

“Defeat me and find out.” Feiyun’s aura looked just like a sword now. He immediately grabbed the hilt and unleashed an invisible shockwave without unsheathing his sword.

“Boom!” It crushed the air nearby.

Songyan created a sun on one hand and a moon on the other in order to block this blow.

“Boom!” A blast of energy created gusts all over the stage.

This was the first time someone could block one move from the mysterious man. Songyan was much stronger than the previous two combatants.

The crowd was startled, knowing that a great battle between two monsters was about to start.

“The successor of an ancient sect versus the disciple of a world-renowned demonic man; one righteous, the other darkness. Will justice be able to defeat evil?” The older cultivators were fixated on this fight.

“Songyan is the direct disciple of the Blacksun Emissary. This is a master that had swept through the cultivation world for several hundred years. He had naturally learned many amazing moves. Just watching this fight is a stroke of fortune.”

“Firebird Demonic Sword is an incredible sword art, the demonic man relied on this technique to kill many Giants. Just learning half a move would be very beneficial for one’s cultivation.”

Feiyun smirked beneath his veil. A hot energy exuded from him as he thought: ‘This guy is strong but is not at the fifth level just yet. I can defeat him in five moves and take his life in ten.’

Nine firebirds flew out from the sword tip and turned into nine lotuses looming over the entire stage.

Feiyun floated to the center and used this technique to suppress Songyan.

On the other hand, the sun and moon floated in a blue expanse above Songyan, creating a massive grand dao.

“Whoosh!” A heavenly white sword rushed out of his forehead and became one-hundred-meter long. The surface had more than ten thousand runes and looked to be made out of jade.

This was a third-ranked spirit treasure with massive power. Its spirituality was frightening. One could hear the hymns as if there was a sage within.

This sword broke through the lotuses and aimed straight for Feiyun.

Feiyun became serious. A third-ranked spirit treasure was no joke, more than enough to turn the tide.

He also had a third-ranked spirit treasure, his ring, but he couldn’t use it at this moment.

“Firebird illuminating the world!” Feiyun took out his sword and created another bird. This looked more like the mythical Golden Crow. It turned into a sun shining on the area.

This dazzling radiance emanated across the entire capital. The cultivators from the other stages saw this; many devilish geniuses began heading over.

[Chapter 553: Disciple Of The Demonic Sword](#)

The cloud-like flames with a firebird in the middle emanated a faint demonic aura.

“That’s a bird created from the sword art?” A muddy statue with an angry expression, less than one-and-a-half-meter tall asked. The jade bricks below him instantly turned into mud.

Many people recognized this devilish genius. He once killed an older cultivator of the fifth-level with a single palm strike, turning him into a pool of mud.

“It is really the Firebird Demonic Sword!” Dongfang Jingshui heroically landed from above with his own evil energy and red cloak. The crowd gasped at his appearance.

He was too famous among the young generation, capable of fighting a supreme elder at the half-step level from the previous generation.

Dongfang Jingyue came as well with a floating moon beneath her feet. She looked just like a goddess in her white dress while holding a red pipa.

Shrouded by a white veil with a flashing glow on her forehead, she stood next to Jingshui. Some prodigies wanted to get closer but were scared off by Jingshui’s glare.

Of course, Li Xiaonan would show up too because of Jingyue. Also dressed in white, handsome and gallant with a faint smile, sixteen beauties carrying various musical instruments followed right behind him. Each was quite strong.

Xiaonan stared at the battlefield, still with a smile: “Rumor has it that this sword technique is immensely powerful, found on the bones of a great firebird demon, not created by the demonic man himself. Ordinary people can’t learn it. Forcing the issue would result in mental instability, turning into a

bloodthirsty madman. Only someone infected with demonic energy would be able to learn it. So Jin had just lost the demon's son but got a new replacement already."

Many clearly heard him. This was one of the five God Disciples of Sacred Spirit Palace. He must have read many manuals back there so he sounded quite convincing.

"People say that the fairest in the world, Nangong Hongyan, her Firebird Garment was knitted from the feather of a great firebird. When wearing it, she would gain the bird's power. Even a mortal will become as strong as a half-step." Xiaonan continued. [1]

The prodigies here became greedy. Obtaining it would result in a massive boost of battle potential, increasing their chances of winning this competition, marrying the princess, and becoming the next king.

Xiaonan's casual comment made people want to scheme against Hongyan.

Men cared about three things the most - fame, wealth, and women. One would have all three by winning this competition. They would do anything to seize the garment if it could help them.

Bi Ningshuai and Wang Meng heard him too, realizing his nefarious intention.

Wang Meng uttered coldly: "Miss Hongyan is my Martial Uncle's friend. Her enemies are my enemies."

Xiaonan stood there, still smiling, and didn't bother looking at Wang Meng.

Ningshuai told the boy: "Use your head! You might not be able to defeat him after another century of training. That's a God Disciple looming above all geniuses. If he views you as a mosquito, it would be a compliment."

Wang Meng didn't like this but still accepted this reality. Xiaonan was superior to him in all aspects by a large margin. This person didn't care about his warning.

This was akin to an ant threatening an elephant? Would an elephant actually care?

"Boom!" A loud blast caused the ground to quake.

The light disappeared, revealing Feiyun in the center as if he didn't move at all from his original position.

Zhao Songyan had three cuts on his daoist robe. His crest was cut down as well so his long hair draped down, almost covering his face: "Such a monstrous sword technique, worthy of being the demonic man's disciple."

Feiyun replied: "You might be able to put up a good fight if you were at the fifth level. The current you is far from enough."

"Don't be arrogant, I've only used seventy-percent of my strength. Fine, witness my full force now." Songyan pinned his white sword in front before creating a sun-moon energy with both hands. Moon to the left; sun to the right; heaven in the center. Red clouds and dawn rays filled the battle stage.

This was a great technique of his sect - Sun-moon Heaven. Less than five members of his sect have learned this move.

The cold and hot energies of this technique came crashing down. Feiyun quietly stood there; all he needed was his sword to fight for an eternity.

The sword howled thunderously, nine times in a row. The sun-moon technique was defeated.

Endless murderous energy aimed straight for Songyang's forehead like a shooting star.

"You have fallen into my trap, you think you're the only sword user here?" Songyang purposely used the sun-moon technique to bait his opponent into attacking.

His white sword has been waiting for the entire time. Its power erupted and surrounded the stage.

"Firmament-seal sword!" The sword grew larger before unleashing a vertical slash at the man in black.

Everyone held their breath, amazed at Songyang's plan and also scared by this supreme sword technique. Some could see this mysterious youth's pitiful fate after being struck.

"Pluff!" A sword penetrated a heart.

Naturally, it was Feiyun's sword penetrating Songyang's heart.

People couldn't react in time. Everyone thought that the mysterious youth would die for sure, not the other way around.

"Impeccable speed." The short mud statue said.

Correct, Feiyun was faster than Songyang's slash. He was dozens of meters away yet his sword delivered the fatal blow in less than the blink of an eye.

Xiaonan and Jingshui became serious. Just that speed alone could allow that guy to compete against them.

"That's a speed obtained after reaching a very high level of the firebird sword art." Xiaonan still had a smile on his face. Though this speed was outside of his expectation, the youth still posed no threat.

"Clank!" The white sword finally fell down to the ground.

An old man with a sun-moon symbol on his robe came on stage to gather the third-ranked treasure and Songyang's corpse.

The competition between geniuses was a brutal one. If they chose to get on stage, they must also be ready to die. Their protectors from the previous generation couldn't interfere.

Even if this senior didn't grab Songyang's corpse, he must take the third-ranked sword away. This top-level treasure was very precious. Its value was above a great treasure.

While carrying the corpse, his old eyes became quite insightful as he asked: "You're really the demonic man's disciple."

Feiyun only stood there, embracing his sword without answering.

The old man asked again: "If this is your debut leave a name."

"Feng Ergou." Feiyun thought for a bit before replying.

Though many would come to challenge him afterward after finding out his name, this was his goal in the first place to improve his cultivation.

The old man nodded before disappearing into the sea of people.

Sure enough, the cultivators below went crazy. One of them shouted: “Damn, that’s the guy!”

“Who? Someone’s famous? I’ve never heard of this name before.”

“Well yeah, but that’s in the past. This name is hot right now in the underground gambling hall, I knew this guy would come out with great fanfare.”

The gamblers began telling people who didn’t know what was going on.

“Shit, that’s quite something, 1 to 30 odds, and 10,000 stones... if this guy makes it to the next round, the gambling hall will have to pay 300,000 stones, probably bankruptcy.”

“I would have bet my entire family on him if I knew earlier.”

“I’m sure that better is Feng Ergou himself.”

The name, Feng Ergou, wasn’t pleasant sounding. In fact, it was downright pathetic. Alas, no one thought that of him after seeing his sword techniques. [2]

“Another monster from the Feng. One dead, another one comes out of nowhere.”

“Feng Ergou.” Jingyue murmured while staring intensely at the youth in black, wanting to see through him.

The Feng of the southern region was famous right now unlike before. People immediately thought of them after hearing his name.

“Maybe it’s that Little Demoness cross-dressing for fun?” Someone had a wild guess. After all, geniuses of this level couldn’t pop up all over the place.

Meanwhile, some people immediately spread out this news. A few directly ran to the gambling hall.

Today, the disciple of the demonic man, Feng Ergou, had shocked the capital.

[Chapter 554: Sinister Pot](#)

Young kings were supremely talented, capable of reaching the Giant level.

Their number was limited in Jin, so each was very precious to the sects. They were treated just as well as the supreme elders.

In just one day, three young kings have fallen on the stage named Golden. This caused an even bigger commitment than the young lord of the Dark Realm killing forty-three geniuses.

Why? Because each young king could have entered the second round of this competition.

The youths here no longer dared to climb on stage against this reaper. No one had survived so far.

Only one young king was left in the jade hall, a talent from Central Royal. He didn't have a big sect backing him off, but this precisely showed just how strong he was, getting so far without much help. Alas, he was afraid at this moment.

He met with Liao Cheng and Zhao Songyang at the capital. They enjoyed wines and beauties in the last several days so he knew their cultivation level relatively well. He would only be walking towards his death just like them.

He didn't wish to die, but someone else wanted to deliver him to hell's doors.

A sweet and gentle fragrance came with the breeze. The beauty was now standing in front of him with her long, black hair draping down. Her figure was as pretty as a painting. She had a cup of wine in her hand before speaking softly: "The two of them are your good friends. Young Noble, I'm sure you will have revenge for them. Drink this and go kill that Feng Ergou."

Her long and slender fingers moved delicately. It didn't look like she was trying to charm him at all due to her holy and elegant appearance.

However, each of her words was seductive and could make men forget their own last name. This was a kingdom-toppling demoness. Both Liao Cheng and Zhao Songyang died because of her comments.

This person named Xu Feng thought: 'If I go fight right now, I'll die just like the other two.'

He actually grew up in a wolf's cave and struggled to survive before entering the human world. He was met with numerous failures and near-death events, fully aware of the evil within the hearts of humans. Though this woman was as pretty as a goddess, more beautiful than all the women he had met before combined, being seduced by her right now would end with his death.

"Cough! My goddess... I and the other two were merely acquaintances, not friends." He tried to refuse.

Yao Ji sighed in response: "Are you afraid?"

"I've never been afraid of anyone."

"Unfortunately, you're afraid of Feng Ergou." Her voice carried a sense of disappointment. Any man who heard this wouldn't mind jumping into a boiling cauldron for her.

"Who says so?!" He slammed on the table and stood up. [1]

"A man in fear is a coward and will never be loved by a woman." She continued.

"I'll go fight him then!"

"Drink this cup first." She finally smiled and brought the cup over. Her smile was even more beautiful before, drowning him and his mind completely.

He was thinking - death is nothing if she could have a better opinion of him.

He heroically drank the whole cup before jumping out of the balcony to reach the stage.

Princess Luofu came out of her mist, dressed in long, yellow dress and veil. Her aura was the same color as she said: "You're really a demoness, if I were a man, you would be the cause of my demise as well."

Yao Ji smiled naturally: "Princess, that's too much. I'm not such an ugly girl."

"You're a hundred times uglier than the ugliest in the world."

Just a few lines from her have brought an end to three young kings. She murdered people far easier than Feiyun.

"What are you holding?" The princess' keen eyes saw that Yao Ji was holding a jade bottle for a split second before it disappeared.

"Nothing can hide from your eyes, Princess." Yao Ji smiled as her hand lit up with a golden glow. It dispersed, revealing a jade bottle.

It had nine legs and two handles with the images of ghost talismans on all sides, painted with blood. It wasn't made out of gold or stone, not grass or grass, and gave off a chilling aura.

As she slightly swung it back and forth, ghastly wails came from inside.

Luofu wasn't weak like other princesses and was knowledgeable. After hearing the wails, she grimaced: "You're grooming ghosts?"

Ghosts were intangible and unexplainable, even for cultivators. According to the ancient texts, ghosts were considered a type of soul, but not belonging to the three souls and seven spirits.

Living beings had three souls and seven spirits. The souls were Heaven, Earth, and Fate. The spirits were Vigor, Intelligence, Aura, Power, Central, Essence, and Heroism. [2]

After death, some of these ten entities would come together to form a "ghost soul".

The ghosts might not have all ten; some would be missing.

The three souls also had another name - Embryo, Invigoration, and Nether. After death, the Nether Soul would disappear into the world.

This deficiency made the ghosts lose all sentience. They would just float around aimlessly and no longer qualified to stay in this world. A different one would call for them.

The Buddhists called this other world, "hell". The daoists called it the underworld. [3]

But nothing was absolute in this world. A few powerful characters would leave a bit of their soul behind for these ghost forms.

Under special death circumstances, a strand of the souls would be left behind too. For example, dying to certain weapons, dying with great hatred, regrets, or desires...

Due to the broken nature of the soul, some ghosts were evil, just like the remnant intents.

They were special in that they could resist the calling of hell and stay in this world as a different type of creatures.

If these ghost souls wanted to become a specter, they would need to absorb their own kind of yin energy in order to cultivate the Essence and Power spirits.

These two spirits were what they were missing as well. Without Essence, the ghosts can't have a form in this world. People can't see it; they were as empty as air.

Some specters were strong enough to gather plenty of Essence, enough to take on a human form, or even physical flesh.

Without Power, the ghosts were harmless and couldn't kill people. The more Power, the more battle potential.

"You're quite knowledgeable, Princess." Yao Ji opened the bottle and dozens of ghost souls came out. Three of them looked exactly like the three young kings killed by Feiyun earlier.

They had plenty of hatred so their expression was twisted. Amusingly enough, they were the "kings" among ghosts.

She closed it again with a faint smile as if this was no big deal.

"You're from the Yin World?" The princess asked with a serious tone.

"Of course not, I'm a disciple of Yin Void and only came across these ghost-catching arts by accident." Yao Ji showed off her white teeth and dimples before putting the bottle away.

The princess naturally didn't believe her. Even a powerful treasure-masters can't capture ghosts in broad daylight without being detected.

Moreover, the fifth disciple of the Grand Tutor, Daoist Ling Luan was sitting right there. If Yao Ji only knew some shabby techniques, he would have detected it instantly.

Grooming ghosts was taboo in the cultivation world. The users would be under attack by all once exposed.

"Are you not afraid of people from the Yin World coming to find you?" The princess asked again.

Yao Ji rolled her eyes and said: "Their biggest enemy is the Evil Woman, they don't have time to worry about this little game of mine."

The princess was good at reading people and knew that Yao Ji wasn't telling the truth.

Meanwhile, Feiyun's bloodthirst still horrified the crowd as he easily killed Xu Feng.

Another young king had fallen. The stage became quiet, no one else dared to come up.

"Brother Dongfang, why not go try, don't you love devilish geniuses like him?" Li Xiaonan smiled.

Jingshui remained leisure: "The gambling hall will send geniuses here to kill him now that he had shown up. It is regrettable if I mess up this show. After all, 300,000 stones are on the line."

Sure enough, plenty of unfamiliar faces appeared beneath the stage. Each was ready to fight with surging spirit energy.

Meanwhile, Yao Ji had taken Xu Feng's ghost soul into her bottle and also noticed the billowing auras beneath. She knew that many insane geniuses have come and they would have pure souls like the beasts. "Haha, today is a great day."

[Chapter 555: Alun Buddha](#)

A group of unfamiliar youths in strange uniform walked over with a monstrous aura. All had qi images.

Three old men, full of vigor, led the way and stared at Feiyun on stage.

“That’s Feng Ergou. Whoever defeats him will get 10,000 spirit stones, a top merit law, and ten millenium blades of grass.” One of them said.

After hearing this, a fierce youth smiled and declared: “I’ll be first.”

He took one step and broke through the formation of the stage to reach the top.

Feiyun thought that after killing four young kings in a row, no one else would dare to try again, not expecting for someone to be so fearless of death.

Through the black, slightly transparent veil, he saw that this youth had a yellow complexion with big pores with his hair tied up in a braid. He wore a strange robe, a bronze loop with three large engraved gems on top that emitted a faint shimmer.

Jin was quite large so it had a variety of cultures and outfits every few thousand miles or so. Each race and tribe from the various prefecture were different. Nevertheless, this youth didn’t seem to be from Jin.

“Luo Moba of Jizu.” He announced his identity with a hoarse voice and got started instantly. He had an expanse of light above with a golden Buddha meditating inside.

This was his qi image, showing off his incredible talents.

“Boom!” To his back was another yellow image of a Buddha, more than ten feet tall with a dazzling glow. The hymns of a thousand Buddhas and saints emanated from it.

“Alun Buddha!” Moba had an expression of reverence before raising his hands. The loop around his neck began to spin. It floated out of his head and began attacking Feiyun.

It acted similar to an eye of the storm, turning the entire stage into a tornado.

Feiyun narrowed his eyes, feeling that this cultivation method was different from the rest of the humans he has seen so far.

“Whoosh!” A large firebird condensed at the tip of his sword. It soared and knocked the ring away.

Next, a meteoric thrust traveled from one side of the stage to another, penetrating Moba’s forehead.

Not to mention a skull, even the toughest boulder of steel would be annihilated by this sword energy.

“Boom!” A metallic clanking came about. It was as if Feiyun’s sword had struck a mountain of steel. It failed to penetrate the guy’s head, only pushing him back three steps.

After the failure of this first exchange, Feiyun quickly leaped back to the other side. His arm felt a sharp pain. ‘Strange, how strange, my cultivation is clearly higher than his, why can’t I kill him?’

Feiyun didn't know that Moba was even more frightened than him right now. This youth thought: 'So powerful. Able to push back the force of faith from the Buddhist realm, this Feng Ergou is something else.'

The stage fell into a hush.

Feiyun stopped attacking since he hasn't figured out the enemy's cultivation method.

Moba, on the other hand, felt trepidation because Feng Ergou was too strong. He grabbed his loop and started floating with golden clouds beneath his feet, biding for the right time to attack.

Several old cultivators were watching in the jade hall. One of them said: "Jizu is one of the seventy-two countries, located to the west. They are tributaries of the three dynasties, some pledged allegiance to us, other to Tianlong and Yuqian, not this one though. These countries are poor so they lack cultivation resources. This makes them weak so they decide to worship gods and deities, becoming emissaries to obtain superhuman strength. The greater the faith, the more power."

Another old man continued: "These so-called gods are just powerful fiends, that's all."

"This country worships Alun Buddha."

"They have a temple with a statue of Alun every thirty miles, well looked after with incense."

"They have 130 million citizens, and ninety-percent worship this deity. However, less than five hundred people could obtain his strength. They far exceed ordinary cultivators, the strongest is the National Master, capable of borrowing thirty-percent of the deity's power."

Not just the old cultivators, but the young travelers in the hall have heard of these cultivation methods as well.

Yao Ji and said: "Alun Buddha is only a young fiend, born from a statue of an old temple 3,800 years ago. After another two thousand years of worship, he accumulated enough power to have a divine soul and was taken away by men from the Yin World. He's not even within the top 100 of the fiends there."

Fiends were part of the three evils of the Yin World. When one was born in the five dynasties, they would be taken away to the Yin World. If they didn't obey, the Yin Mother would give the order to destroy their soul.

The Yin and Yang Worlds actually protected the order of this land. If the three stranges and three evils were allowed to stay, the chaos would be ten times greater than it was now.

"What is this Buddha's cultivation right now?" The princess asked.

"Around the level of a Giant." Yao Ji smiled.

For ordinary people, cultivators at the Giant level were no different from deities. They could call for rain and winds with other magical abilities.

"Then around how much power can this Moba guy borrow from the Buddha?" The princess inquired again.

“Not even ten percent.” Yao Ji pondered before speaking again: “Of course, ten percent of a Giant is still impossible for a regular person to fathom. To have such faith at this age? This youth is not bad, his mind is on the same as a historical genius.”

“You know quite a lot.” The princess said with a tinge of suspicion in her eyes.

“Haha! Reading ten thousand books is the same as walking ten thousand miles.” Yao Ji’s beautiful smile actually stunned the princess for a bit. This woman was insanely gorgeous.

The world was too large with numerous cultivation methods and paths towards the dao and immortality. Despite Feiyun’s vast knowledge, he still needed some time before figuring out the enemy.

“So he’s borrowing a fiend’s power.” Feiyun wore a smile on his face upon this realization.

Moba glowed golden with a stately Buddha floating above him. He finally lost his patience and shouted: “Let’s go!”

The Buddha attacked as well with the force of a mountain, truly a peerless power.

‘The best way to defeat him is to sever his faith with this Buddha. Destroy his divine intents, as simple as that.’ Feiyun stood still and activated his forty divine intents. It created an old axe and split the Buddha into two halves. It dispersed into smoke.

“Pluff!” The axe was ferocious. Without the power of the Buddha, Moba’s cultivation was too weak and got dismembered instantly.

Moba’s mind and divine intents were strong but not when compared with Feiyun. Feiyun had understood quite a bit of the Minor Change Art and could use six techniques - Heaven Punishing Hammer, Heaven Battle Altar, Swift Samsara, Earth Splitting Axe, and two more.

When the forty divine intents worked together with these arts, the result was unstoppable.

“Such powerful divine intents, capable of destroying the Buddha’s avatar.” One female disciple of the Buddhist doctrine said.

This doctrine focused on cultivating their divine intents, but no prodigies from their had such a powerful one.

“Obviously, he’s the disciple of the demonic sword. How can he handle this demonic energy without possessing a strong enough intent?” Some weren’t surprised to see this.

Another foreign youth stepped on the stage. His pace was calm yet sonorous like a stomping beast, issuing loud thumps.

His long, red hair draped to the ground, looking both devilish and demonic.

“Gu Mo of Poliu.” His eyes flashed with a strange glimmer.

This was another talent from one of the twenty-two countries. His divine intents were quite strong.

These youths were naturally invited by the gambling hall to come and kill Feng Ergou.

There were dozens of them waiting below. They knew that they could die fighting Feiyun, but because of their faith, they wished to fight to the death. Their belief allowed them to be so fearless.

But the question was - how was the gambling hall able to invite these geniuses? Thus, it must have a monstrous backing.

“God of the sky, grant me strength!” His crimson hair started flying just like a river of blood, turning his white complexion into a shade of red. A shadow condensed on his forehead. It was an old daoist with a young face wearing a blue robe. He looked holy just like a god.

[Chapter 556: Long Qingyang](#)

This was the seal of the sky god. Waking it up would allow one to borrow the power of this deity.

Gu Mo’s power increased at a rapid pace. The figure on his forehead also became luminous and oppressive.

“The god of the sky, Lu Balin, had his soul condensed 6,300 years ago and was taken to the yin world. He is much stronger than Alun Buddha, definitely among the top one hundred strongest fiends.” Yao Ji explained.

The Yin World has been collecting the fiends from the five dynasties for so long. The total number was incalculable.

This god was too young compared to the ones born one hundred thousand years ago. Nevertheless, he was still among the top one hundred. One could see how much faith power he had gathered from this.

Four countries from the west all worshipped him. It even spread to some parts of the Western Prefecture.

Of course, age didn’t determine power for these fiends, just faith and worship. One from a hundred thousand years ago could be forgotten right now; their temples in disarray so they would actually weaken.

Nevertheless, just because the sky god was stronger than Alun Buddha didn’t mean Gu Mo was necessarily stronger than Moba. The key here was the level of his divine intent and how much power he could borrow from this sky god.

In reality, Gu Mo was quite impressive with clouds billowing around him. Each of his techniques carried a torrential pressure.

“Earth-splitting Axe!” Feiyun’s divine intents flew out. Each one was identical to him just like a soul.

They piled up and turned into an axe. The result was obvious - Gu Mo was blown flying out of the stage. His head was nearly split in half completely from the top down.

Other prodigies couldn’t defeat him so easily because they lacked Feiyun’s monstrous divine intents.

Feiyun was their nemesis since his intents were stronger than the divine souls of their deities.

Alas, these fearless youths weren’t deterred. After one fell, another would climb on stage, and another afterward... They didn’t give Feiyun a chance to breathe.

In just one hour, Feiyun killed eleven prodigies from these foreign countries. All were quite powerful.

“The gambling hall wants to fatigue Feng Ergou.” People realized their intention right away.

“He can be super strong but the amount of spirit energy in his dantian is limited. Feng Ergou makes it look easy but each move requires a massive amount of energy. If this goes on till nightfall, he would drop to the ground.”

“The gambling hall is losing a lot too. Killing him will save them 300,000 spirit stones, but what about these top prodigies?”

“Each of them is a priceless treasure, is this actually worth it?” Many people had this question.

Li Xiaonan smiled: “Of course. These youths are strong, but it is because they borrow the power of those fiends. They will never be able to surpass their masters. Among all of them, it’s already optimistic to think that three can reach the power of a half-step Giant. Their potential is inferior to the young overlords and young kings. After their death, the master of that gambling hall can quickly build up another group of experts like them.”

“Ah, I see. So looks like Feng Ergou is in danger then. They’ll swarm him until he’s dead.”

More and more fearless youths got on stage. They resembled puppets more than humans.

Time flew by quickly and evening came. The red sun rays shone the city walls.

Just another fifteen minutes and the day would be over. If no one else could defeat Feng Ergou, he would be the winner of the Golden stage and move on to the second round. Let’s not forget the 300,000 spirit stones as well.

The atmosphere grew tense. Many older cultivators came to watch as well.

“300,000 stones... only the national treasury or the Yin Gou Ward can come up with this amount. It’s enough to build a monstrous sect within one hundred years.” A Giant sighed.

“That gambling hall’s backer might be one of the four great clans. They won’t let this guy win so easily.”

“I wonder which top prodigy will come at the last minute?”

“Boom!” Another prodigy was slain by Feiyun and got kicked off the stage. His tattered corpse rolled down the stairs.

This was the thirty-second victim.

Feiyun’s black robe and hat were drenched with blood - none of his, though. He was an asura, a murderous tool at this moment.

He killed only top geniuses so this was a better battle record than the young lord of Dark Realm yesterday.

The cultivators below were frightened by his chilling presence. It was as if he was a devil right now. A few spoiled noble daughters and princesses have never seen such a bloodbath before. Some vomited; others became fainted and got taken away by their clans’ experts.

"This guy is insane, it doesn't look like he had used that much energy at all. Maybe he hasn't shown his real abilities from the start?" The princess focused her gaze and could sense the demonic sword's successor's bloodthirst.

Yao Ji replied: "He's quite interesting. Are you afraid that he might win and will become your husband?"

The princess responded: "It's unbelievably difficult winning the competition. Even Beiming Potian and Li Xiaonan can't claim victory with confidence, let alone him."

"Then do you want to marry, Princess?" Yao Ji asked.

The princess contemplated. A figure appeared in her head but only for a fleeting moment. She said: "You have too many questions."

Yao Ji simply smiled and didn't reply.

"Incredible, that's the demonic successor for you." A young woman's voice came before her figure, seemingly from a thousand miles away. This was definitely a seductive woman, judging by her voice.

"Whoosh!" A violet ray broke through the formations on the city walls and landed on the stage right away, standing face to face with Feiyun.

Though the main formations weren't activated, an ordinary person wouldn't be able to break these barriers so easily.

"So close but I still made it in time." It was a handsome young man with a flexible sword tied around his waist. His long hair draped downward, perfect eyes and brows. His skin was softer than a woman's.

His voice was pleasant like the chirping of a yellow oriole, more feminine-sounding than a woman.

His arms were as white as snow; his legs were thin with no hair in sight. His figure was even more enchanting. If men looked at him from the back, they would think that he was a supreme goddess and become hotter.

Feiyun took a deep breath while taking one step back. It wasn't out of fear, but rather, he had never seen such a "beautiful" man before. The guy was cross-dressing as well.

Su Yun was the most handsome in the world, but he had a masculine and unrestrained demeanor. This man was strangely feminine. The only clue was his flat chest.

The spectators exhaled. Men felt their eyes becoming wider. Despite knowing that this was a man, they couldn't help staring at him.

"Damn, where the hell did this guy come from?" Ningshuai shuddered as well.

The man wore a silk dress with a long skirt; his legs slightly visible beneath the thin fabric. His curves were as clear as day. He pointed at Feiyun with his exquisite finger and said softly: "You're Feng Ergou?"

His brows have been delicately trimmed; the hair next to his ear was fluttering, one could see a pair of blue butterfly earrings issuing some clear noises.

Feiyun bit his teeth, acting as if this was a great enemy. He took another two steps back and coughed: "Miss... Miss my ass! Brother, no need to blabber, just come fight!"

"Haha." The guy was barefooted, showing off his lotus-like feet - as clear as jade, as soft as a baby. His nails were trimmed, colored with a blue grass design.

He walked like a proper and educated princess, causing all the men to look at him like wolves looking at a delicious calf.

"Don't call me Brother, my name is Long Qingyang, from Tian Long Dynasty." He spoke with lips as red and sweet as cherries while playfully twirling his hair, showing off a cute expression.

"Long? A member of the royal clan?" Feiyun wondered.

"Plenty of people have the last name Long, not just the royal family of Jin." His sleeves fluttered with the wind with a flirting gaze. Each frown and smile were prettier than the most gorgeous woman. He looked just like a sixteen-year-old girl, ready to learn about love.

[Chapter 557: Final Victor](#)

"I was asked to come and kill you, Ergou. If you die to my hand, please don't blame me." Long Qingyang sighed deeply while slightly rubbing his chin. The word "kill" came out so softly from him.

Meanwhile, Li Xiaonan and Dongfang Jingshui were surprised too. The guy was too beautiful. Even powerful men would be seduced by him.

Feng Feiyun stood near the guy and could smell the faint fragrance coming from him. If he were to be a woman, he would be on the same level as Princess Luofu and could lead someone to their death through temptation.

'So another invited by the gambling hall.' Feiyun thought to himself and wondered why does the gambling hall have so much power, capable of inviting prodigies from the seventy-two tributaries on top of another expert of Long Dynasty.

There was only one explanation. The backing of this place was one of the four great clans - the Xiyue.

They were the only one with influence across Western Prefecture, the seventy-two tributaries, Long, and Qian Dynasty.

"This pervert is here too." Prince Hongye arrived with golden armors and four old men. [1]

Prince Hongye had shocked the entire capital by defeating Yan Ziyu within thirty moves. He was considered to be on the same level as Jingshui and Xiaonan - able to fight against a half-step Giant.

Both he and Xiaonan were God Disciples of Sacred Spirit Palace.

"You know him?" Xiaonan asked.

Hongye always wore a fierce expression with bell-like eyes: "Qingyang is very famous among the young generation of Long, among the very top. However, the reason for his fame is due to his beautiful face, not his talents and cultivation, even prettier than the number one beauty of Long. He is involved with

many big shots there, so he had plenty of backing. If he wants someone dead, even a Giant would die.”
[2]

A few cultivators were listening to this conversation and swallowed their saliva. This Qingyang guy was indeed unique. If he were a woman, he would be the sluttiest of them all. Alas, one couldn't deny his boundless temptation, capable of wavering someone's sexual orientation.

Feiyun felt his scalp tingling. Being below versus on stage was completely different. Luckily enough, his willpower was strong enough right now. Anyone else standing on stage with Qingyang right now would be seduced instantly.

Only ten minutes left before sunset.

Qingyang took out a miniature water palace and held it in his palm. It started floating and turned into a gigantic palace looming above Feiyun.

This was a massive power. He looked feminine but this attack was mightier than any other experts'.

The four old men on stage braced themselves and began to create seals in order to fortify the formations here again.

“This ladyboy is actually this strong?” Feiyun activated the 9,969 beast souls. Beast runes emerged all over his skin.

“Firebird illuminating the world!” He unsheathed his sword, releasing its demonic energy and a blinding light that eventually turned into a red firebird.

Qingyang smiled, still at ease. He pointed forward and a black hole appeared at the tip of his index finger. It directly swallowed the firebird and its flame.

“He defeated the demonic sword, maybe he's strong enough to defeat this disciple of the demonic man.”

Feiyun also became serious since the guy was no joke, surely at the fifth level of Heaven's Mandate. Moreover, even if he could go all out right now, the ring and vessel still might not be enough to take this guy down until after taking in another two core pills to reach the fourth level.

“I'll lift your veil and see just how handsome you are.” Qingyang split into eighteen images in a line and instantly appeared before Feiyun. His delicate and long fingers reached for the hat.

However, he only got air because Feiyun was even faster than him, seemingly drifting across the flat surface.

“Haha, that's more like it.” The water palace in the sky poured down water all over the stage.

“Splash!” Multiple streams spilled down just like waterfalls.

The water filled the stage but due to the surrounding formations, it didn't gush down below. Nevertheless, it accumulated because of this, turning the place into a pool dozens of meters deep. It wouldn't take long before reaching one-hundred-meter deep, resembling something like an ocean.

The water palace was definitely a great treasure; who knows what this guy did to obtain it?

“Essence Softwater!” Feiyun wanted to leap up to the sky but a strange force in the water forced him back down.

“Oh? You know what it is, then you should also realize that there is no escaping today.” Qingyang walked in this water, unaffected by any pressure.

The water made him soaking wet. The water started creating pearl on his snow-white face.

His legs were better sculpted than a woman’s. His clothes stuck on his body, showing off his curves even more. Without looking at the upper half, one would mistake him for a beauty walking in the water.

“What a strange fella.” Feiyun took out his sword and continued the next variation of the firebird technique.

This art was no joke. Though Long Qingyang was quite powerful, the sword art had enough offensive potential to force him to dodge.

“Ergou, how much longer can you hold on for?” Qingyang asked with a smile.

More and more water poured out of the palace, increasing the overall pressure. Each second added ten thousand pounds of force.

Qingyang had no desire to fight a direct battle with Feiyun. He just needed to wait for enough water to crush Feiyun completely.

Feiyun naturally understood this and hastened his offense. He unleashed more than a thousand rays at the same time, creating that same number of firebirds flying through the water.

The blue water and the red fire energy had a contest of power.

Qingyang had no choice but to fight now due to the overwhelming sword technique. Unlike his appearance, he was strange strong and didn’t seem to be at a disadvantage fighting bare-handed against Feiyun.

“This Feng Ergou’s guy has so much spirit energy, it’s virtually unending. He fought more than thirty experts yet could still unleash more firebirds.”

Many cultivators thought that Feiyun would run out of strength soon, and that his defeat was assured fighting against someone like Long Qingyang. However, he managed to surprise all of them. This battle exceeded the limitation of the young generation. Some of the older cultivators here knew they were inferior.

More and more water came on the stage with enough pressure to crush a piece of metal into scraps.

“Bang!” Feiyun’s sword was broken by Qingyang’s fingers. They had two spirit rings on them, giving them sufficient power.

“You still want to fight with a broken sword?” Qingyang smiled.

Feiyun held what’s left of his sword and uttered coldly: “One last move. Winner survives.”

His aura reached its apex and threw away the sword. With a white glow, he summoned a white dagger.

This was made from the weapon essence, capable of cutting through spirit treasures.

Qingyang knew that Feiyun was going all out, but he was undeterred, having gotten a good gauge of the guy's cultivation after the previous exchanges.

Something white flashed just like a lightning bolt.

Qingyang was about to take out a treasure to stop the incoming attack, but the dagger shifted and attacked the formation behind him instead, resulting in a large gash.

Keep in mind about the great pressure of the water. This crack alone became the focus of the currents.

"Boom!" This massive pressure happened right next to Qingyang.

He was startled and couldn't recall his water palace before getting blown out of that hole down the stage.

Meanwhile, Feiyun had ample preparation with a broken sword pinned on the ground that he had thrown down earlier. He held onto the hilt with both feet, not to mention his distance from the hole. Thus, the current didn't take him out of the stage.

After the water had flown away, Qingyang jumped back on stage and declared: "You cheated, again!"

"Sorry, you have fallen off the stage and are no longer qualified to fight me today." Feiyun looked at the western gate: "The sun is down now. I am the victor of this battle stage."

Qingyang had never lost before, especially not in this humiliating manner before a large crowd.

Nevertheless, the last sunray had disappeared over yonder. No one could deny Feiyun's qualification to the second round.

[Chapter 558: One Foot In The Grave](#)

The sun had already set but the red glow of dusk remained. The cultivators beneath the Golden stage still didn't leave. This was a strange scene - did they not leave because of Long Qingyang's beautiful face or to see if a fight would continue?

Even the older cultivators remained interested.

He was simply too beautiful, especially his moon-like eyes with a pair of bright, crystal pupils. His body was soaking wet but he didn't look pitiful at all. This only added to his charm.

No man could be this perfect.

The Fifth Disciple of the Grand Tutor, Daoist Ling Luan, took out a red badge then handed it to Feiyun: "You have passed the first round. This is the badge of a prince candidate, a certificate to fight in the first round. Take care of it."

This powerful old man exuded a deep light from his eyes like two flashing stars.

He accepted the palm-sized badge. It weighed around one hundred pounds, created by a special bronze alloy. He looked and saw the words "Feng Ergou" carved on it. It carried a rhythm unique to Daoist Ling Luan and couldn't be faked.

After putting it away, he turned his focus towards Long Qingyang who stood there like a victimized woman. This glance only took a second. He quickly averted his attention and walked down the steps.

“Feng Ergou, we’ll meet again on the stage, you won’t be as lucky next time..” He spoke begrudgingly.

He didn’t accept this loss since he never got the chance to show his true power.

At the bottom, Wang Meng and several other disciples from the martial tower came over. The big guy revealed an honest smile: “Thank you, Brother Feng, for saving me. Haha, I’m also a disciple from Grand Southern.”

Too many eyes were here so Feiyun couldn’t say anything that could jeopardize his disguise: “We’ll meet again.”

He then waved towards Ningshuai and the two left the imperial city.

“Brother Meng, that guy is too rude! You’re a disciple of the Martial Tower Lord, he should show some respect.” One disciple said.

“Forget it, let’s go drink at Supreme Beauty.” Wang Meng laughed happily and brought his group towards a different direction.

Feiyun was quite tired after battling everyone on the stage for an entire day. He ate a spirit-replenishing pill and began to recover.

Ningshuai smiled and interrupted him: “What did you think?”

“About what?”

“Long Qingyang, duh! Quite sexy and beautiful, and you’re the only one who made contact with him. Be real now, were you tempted?” Ningshuai said with excitement.

Feiyun stopped and said: “Tonight, I’m going to capture and throw him on your bed.”

Ningshuai shuddered after hearing this: “Don’t! You can’t do this to your friend!”

A man like Qingyan was too much to take. Not many men would be able to resist him, so being in bed with him would turn Ningshuai to an animal instantly.

Feiyun also raised his brows: “This woman, cough... this man is indeed unique. If I’m not mistaken, as an embryo inside his mother’s womb, he was a girl but a cultivation expert reversed the yin and yang to change his gender.”

“That’s possible?”

Feiyun nodded: “Before the fetus takes form, one could use an art to channel the source power of the world to change the baby before a physical manifestation of the sex.”

Ningshuai sighed: “Oh pitiful parents of the world, any big clan would want to have a son to inherit their legacy. His mother must have given birth to many women, so they had no choice but to use this art to have a son, sigh...”

“If he actually has sisters, they must be gorgeous. You need to grasp this chance!” Feiyun teased.

Ningshuai’s eyes lit up but this excitement quickly went away: “What if they’re ladyboys too, I’ll be screwed!”

Feiyun smiled and stopped speaking. This conversation wasn’t too flattering for cool men like them.

The evening light was gradually replaced by darkness. A half-moon lingered above the night sky.

This particular street led to the underground gambling hall. The wind was cold, blowing away the dried leaves on the ground.

Ningshuai felt his legs becoming weak as he looked around and nervously said: “You think they won’t send supreme experts to kill us?”

300,000 stones were the equivalent of a large mine, enough to nearly bankrupt the gambling hall.

“Perhaps.” Feiyun didn’t seem to care.

A lightning bolt as thick as a bucket suddenly split the sky, carrying a massive power.

But Feiyun was faster than lightning and evaded to the side. The bolt left a large hole where he was standing with cracks continuing to spread, some a meter wide.

Ningshuai also tried to dodge but was still brushed by the bolt. He became scorched with black smoke coming out, his hair standing straight up.

He began shouting: “It’s over, it’s over. They really want to kill us, we’re finished!”

“Such keen awareness, capable of escaping a corpsebolt talisman. That’s the demonic sword successor for you.” Yao Ji came out of an ancient building, dressed in white and shrouded with a holy glow. She walked elegantly just like a fairy.

“Motherfucker, you ambushed us just now?!” Ningshuai rolled up his sleeves, ready to fight.

But after seeing her smile and features, his soul was robbed instantly. He quietly retreated and whispered to Feiyun: “Watch out, this woman won’t be easy to deal with. So damn pretty, luckily, my mind is tough enough to stop her seduction.”

“Oh? Then why are you back here? Go fight her.” Feiyun retorted.

Ningshuai confidently said: “Of course I’m not afraid of her because my willpower is insane, I’m just worried about you since you have zero self-control and will probably be seduced from a single glance.”

Feiyun chuckled and continued forward.

Ningshuai ran further back while shouting: “Be careful!”

Yao Ji casually smiled: “I simply wanted to test your cultivation, Young Noble, I hope you don’t mind.”

“But I do mind.” Feiyun was only three steps away from her and could smell her faint yet sweet fragrance - a lily in spring.

Yao Ji spoke with her pleasant voice: “Then how are you going to punish me?”

It sounded as if she was being coquettish and flirty.

Feiyun slightly tilted forward: "Speak, what is your purpose?"

"There are supreme experts waiting ahead. You won't make it to the gambling hall alive." She revealed.

Feiyun replied: "I know. 300,000 stones are worth it for them to invite an entire sect to kill me."

"Work together with me and I guarantee you will make it there to get your stones."

"You alone?"

Yao Ji was floating in the air now: "I'm not that capable, but my backer is."

"Your backer?" He was skeptical.

She moved to the side as a golden carriage emerged behind her, dragged by four ancient beasts - the eight-step dragon carriage.

One would know who was inside right away after seeing it.

Feiyun chuckled: "So your master is her. I suppose she can indeed get to the hall with her influence at the capital."

"That's why you must work with us." This demoness and saintess in one was trying to lead Feiyun straight to hell.

"Elaborate."

"We shall help you get your stones, but you must let us borrow them."

Feiyun laughed out loud, aware of the princess' goal. She wanted to use this resource to buy many people in order to seize the throne. Perhaps this could change her disadvantageous state.

"Sorry, I won't be working together with you." Feiyun smiled and said.

"Why?"

"Because I don't need your help to get those stones."

Feiyun walked forward without fear and only stopped briefly next to the carriage to give a quick glance at the carriage's fluttering curtains.

Yao Ji walked closer and said: "He doesn't want to live."

"I actually want to see how he'll make it through." The princess' voice came from the carriage, seemingly displeased.

[Chapter 559: Fall Of The Gambling Hall](#)

This old path was full of abandoned buildings with no one around. The owners here have died several hundred years ago so the area was desolate.

Places like this weren't uncommon at the capital. After all, cultivators couldn't stay in one spot forever. They would go out to train and might not ever come back, leading to these abandoned mansions.

The gambling hall was at the bottom. Normally, it would be full of people but today, they could sense that the atmosphere became different so they stayed away.

Only Feiyun walked on this sad path.

“Boom!” A door engulfed in flame opened in the sky. Out came a massive claw aiming straight at him.

An expert from the last generation had taken action.

Yao Ji stood at a distance, watching the sky being destroyed with her apricot eyes. The entire world seemed to be burning.

Feiyun acted as if he didn't see the claw and continued onward. The claw loomed right before his head before a wind destroyed it.

Loud explosions came from the sky as if a great battle was happening.

A while later, a rain of blood descended with a corpse in the middle. It fell on the ground right behind Feiyun, causing dust and debris to go everywhere.

The corpse was of an old man, nearly decapitated.

Feiyun ignored this and trod forward.

Meanwhile, Ningshuai sat on a ten-meter-tall tree and looked like a laughing Buddha: “Guards from Divine River are protecting him, the gambling hall is about to get it today. So many experts will die.”

Despite being few in number, the Divine River Guard was the real fighting power of the Divine King faction.

“Rumble!” A bronze spear as thick as a pillar with carved runes came killing with massive power. It spanned for dozens of meters.

Feiyun didn't change his pace even when the spear was right next to him. It suddenly exploded into several pieces that flew towards different directions. Sparks went flying everywhere.

Next, ten sabers in the sky slashed down in unison. Each slash contained the total power of a half-step Giant, so when all ten came together, the resulting might was insane. They all cut deep into the ground. More howls and noises of battle resounded from below.

A while later, they rushed up to the sky again after a loud explosion.

Feiyun looked at the chasm and could see a corpse being lacerated in multiple places. Spirit energy was still coursing through this body; his bones were still shining - signs of a master.

Nevertheless, this master was still killed in such a sad manner.

He jumped over the hole and continued forward, looking quite dashing as his sleeves fluttered to the wind.

“No wonder why he is so confident. There are some monstrous people protecting him.” Both Yao Ji and Princess Luofu were frightened.

Those blades earlier could split the earth open and take down all foes.

“Boom!” The entire area began to quake. Many palaces and forts suddenly floated up from the ground. Who knows what kind of monstrous force was capable of this.

All of these buildings suddenly flew straight for Feiyun.

This momentum was shocking - it was as if the sky was falling to destroy the world. Only a Giant could do something like this.

Feiyun still didn't stop. Sure enough, the buildings suddenly became still the moment they got close to him. There seemed to be an invisible power freezing space. Everything else stopped outside of Feng Feiyun - truly a magical scene.

“Bam!” The old buildings couldn't handle the pressure and collapsed like plaster being stomped on. Clouds of dust and broken debris fell to the ground. Not a single speck could touch Feiyun due to the invisible barrier.

“Rumble!” Another shocking battle waged in the sky.

This battle lasted for a long time, blotting out the moon. Crazy energy currents surged everywhere - fireballs, lightning bolts, boulders, light arcs...

Apocalypse was the word to describe this.

The battle finally stopped once Feiyun made it to the entrance of the gambling hall.

A rain of fiery blood descended in such a beautiful manner, adding a red shade to his black robe.

Only the blood of a Giant would result in a fire of this color. The death of a Giant shocked all the spectators nearby.

It didn't take long before he came out with his spoils of victory.

Ningshuai ran over and smiled widely: “So?”

Feiyun said: “220,000 spirit stones, 6,000 millennium spirit grass, the total value is around 300,000 stones.”

“You probably took everything there?” Ningshuai laughed happily at this monstrous sum.

The hall couldn't be that rich either. This money must have been the betting money of everyone recently; all were taken by Feiyun now.

Perhaps they would face bankruptcy after this, unable to pay their debts. The bettors would lose out as well. The Xiyue Clan couldn't handle this loss either.

Sure enough, many cultivators rushed to the hall, only to find an empty mess. Everything was taken by Feiyun, not a single stone or jade piece could be found.

The hall lord of this place was crucified on the roof. His blood has yet to dry.

Only a few slaves and maids were left behind. This demonic successor purposely spared them.

There was nothing they could do outside of getting ready to cry. A few cultivators that went all-in started to bawl. Who the hell were they going to complain to?

Ultimately, the hall was destroyed by these furious cultivators and became history.

"I feel that the entire treasury there should be more than 300,000." Ningshuai looked skeptically at Feiyun: "So many bettors came for this tournament, it can't end at 300,000 stones."

"I'm telling the truth, not one coin more, not one less." Feiyun smiled.

"Only an idiot would believe you."

"You should, I only took what belongs to me."

"Bullshit! The spirit pills and ingredients from the Grand Tutor's mansion weren't yours but you took them anyway." Ningshuai gave him a dirty glance.

Feiyun righteously said: "That's just one exception."

"This is another exception, I bet. Just how much did you get from that place, just tell me! I will not covet it, a moralistic person like me won't steal from you."

"Only 300,000." Feiyun repeated.

He suddenly stopped and looked ahead.

The Eight-step Imperial Carriage slowly halted in front of him. Yao Ji sat in the front with a whip made out of snakeskin. Though she was the driver, she was certainly more beautiful than anyone else, like a fairy from heaven.

This carriage was seven meters tall. She sat above on a pavilion looking like she's from a painting.

"Young Noble Feng, you are indeed a dragon among men. You alone have destroyed the gambling hall with several thousand years of history. Yao Ji smiled. The mist around her slightly dispersed, allowing others to see her flawless features.

"You still want to work with me?" Feiyun asked.

"Of course."

"Why should I work with you?"

"Why are you participating in the competition?" She smiled.

"Of course it is to become an imperial groom and marry Princess Luofu."

"Her Highness is before you."

He teased: "Does she wish to offer herself to me?"

Yao Ji glared at him: "Stop daydreaming. You're smart enough to know what I'm implying."

"I see no sincerity from the princess. No need for us to work together. Let's go." Feiyun and Ningshuai left without any hesitation.

Despite acting nonchalantly, he was pretty happy. The princess was still, more or less, his woman. If she were willing to do any act, including selling her body, just to become the empress, he would be truly disappointed.

“Princess, this person had taken the resources of the gambling hall. This is enough to buy plenty of manpower to defeat the Crown Prince.” Yao Ji said.

“This person is too greedy, it’s fine not to work with him.” The princess said coldly. Alas, she was lamenting her faith. Was there nothing else she could do?

She has never felt so helpless before, only able to watch the situation deteriorates towards the worst. She suddenly thought about Feiyun and became angry: ‘If he’s still alive, what the hell is he doing, why hasn’t he shown up yet?’

[Chapter 560: Planning](#)

Feiyun had his reasons for refusing to work with the princess. After all, he was the successor of the demonic sword right now. Being too close with Princess Luofu would bring up suspicion, resulting in ruining his plans completely. The cons far outweighed the pros.

It was night time when he returned to the spirit stone hall of the Divine River Guard. He successfully evaded all of the people who tried to follow him.

The main entrance of this place was still open. The powerful cultivators there had their worker uniform, looking quite ordinary.

“Congratulation, Your Excellency, for passing the first round.” Their commander, Qu Changyin, said with a smile.

Feiyun took off his black hat to reveal his handsome appearance: “It’s only the beginning. The second round will be much fiercer.”

He felt that his cultivation wasn’t enough; there was still a way to go before contending with the real geniuses.

He must refine two more core pills. As long as he could reach the fourth-level, he could take any youth on.

Changyin condensed a sphere in his palms before releasing them to seal the entire area, preventing anyone from listening in. He then spoke: “Your Excellency, I have passed your orders to the three Heavenly Marquises. The army is camping at three key towns and can break into the capital within an hour after getting the signal.

Feiyun raised his brows and nodded: “Then the key right now is to control the nine gates. As long as we open them, we can control all the main routes of the capital. The Divine Devil Guard, how confident are they?”

Divine Devil was one of the seven secret forces of this faction, created by the second Divine King. It had several thousand years of history and have infiltrated the main armies of the dynasty. All enjoyed prestigious status and influence.

Nevertheless, they were few in number. These positions were passed down from father to son or master to disciple so there was no numerical increase.

“One hundred percent!” Changyin answered.

“Good. Then what about Divine Realm, Divine Army, and Divine Servant?” He asked again.

“Everything is going according to your plans. They are paying attention to the Beiming Clan and do have spies in the upper echelon. The moment this clan does something, we’ll be the first to know.”

Feiyun nodded again. Once this groom competition ended and the emperor announced his abdication, chaos would ensue. Their biggest enemy would be the Beiming Clan.

“The other two guards have also returned to the capital?”

“After receiving your order, they have started mobilizing and will be back within three days, I’m sure.”

Feiyun continued: “The Beiming isn’t the only threat at the capital. The three sects from Earthchild, corpse masters from the north, Xiyue from the west, and perhaps even the Nalan who has been staying away from the capital will join too.”

“The situation is this bad?” Changyin’s expression soured.

“Worse than your imagination. One wrong move and it can be the end of the dynasty. We need to prepare for the worst.”

Changyin became furious and shouted: “I will use my life to protect the dynasty!”

These secret guards were absolutely loyal to the dynasty. They would protect the lifeline of Jin even if it meant death.

Of course, Feiyun didn’t say that his own clan, the Feng from the south, might join in as well in this struggle.

“The marquises asked me to inquire about who you have chosen to support as the next imperial candidate.”

Feiyun spoke with a contemplative stare: “Tell them that I’ll definitely pick someone who is capable and virtuous, an emperor that can prosper the kingdom. Right now, Princess Luofu is the most suitable among all the candidates.”

Changyin expected this answer: “Then should we communicate with her faction?”

“Not right now, we are hiding in the shadows so doing so might expose us.” Feiyun said seriously.

Changyin agreed and felt that this young king had taken everything into account, leaving zero openings. He didn’t seem like an eighteen-year-old at all.

Today was only the second day of the first round. Feiyun had eight more days to cultivate in order to reach the fourth level.

He entered seclusive cultivation inside the spirit stone hall.

At a certain estate in the capital were seven separate palaces with numerous other architectures.

In one of the palaces, a pillar loudly collapsed after a bang.

“Damn it, where did this Feng Ergou guy come from? Thinking he’s all that just because he’s the demonic successor? Two thousand years of hard work wasted with the end of our gambling hall, he deserves death.” A supreme elder, Xiyue Anluan loudly screamed.

Despite being strong enough to have a firm grasp on his emotions, he still became furious after hearing this news.

Another old man said: “The demonic man is his backer, even the clan master is wary of this person.”

Anluan replied: “The resources there were almost 500,000 stones, all taken by him. I must take it back even if it means my death, and I told you all to invite prodigies to kill him. Why were they so useless, unable to kill a single youth?”

The old men in the palace had no answer.

A sweet fragrance suddenly permeated the air. An enchanting figure appeared; perfect features, long hair, curvy brows, immaculate curves - of course, with the exception of a flat chest.

It was Long Qingyang. The old men couldn’t help but stare at this “beauty”.

His legs were bare, as beautiful as a jade carving; her voice as crisp as an oriole: “Elder Xiyue, are you saying that I’m useless too?”

His eyes rolled once, cute beyond belief.

Anluan knew who he was and the backers behind him: “Miss Long, you misunderstood. Your cultivation is peerless among the young generation. Feng Ergou would be dead if he didn’t cheat.”

Anluan was told by the clan master to be very respectful to this “beauty” who didn’t want anyone to refer to him as a man. That’s why Anluan addressed him as “Miss Long”.

In fact, Qingyang was more influential in the Long Dynasty than the Xiyue in Jin. This was a cooperative relationship, not a master-underling.

“Of course, I will defeat him eventually.” Qingyang’s skin was softer than any woman. His pure face had a hint of flirtatiousness as he placed his hand on Anluan’s shoulder.

Each of his actions was elegant and graceful. He was certainly more seductive than the opposite sex.

Anluan looked at this perfect face ahead and thought that he was seeing a fairy from above. The flame in his groin almost became uncontrollable: “All of you, take your leave, I have private matters to discuss with Miss Long.”

The other old men clearly understood what was going on and left in succession.

They have heard about Long Qingyang’s reputation for liking men. He had relationships with many big shots in Long Dynasty. Clearly, Anluan was chosen just now too.

Meanwhile, everyone was searching for the demonic successor but he seemed to have evaporated completely.

“Feng Ergou had taken everything from the gambling hall. He’s a mobile ore mine right now, killing him and taking his treasures will make one the richest man in the dynasty.”

“Where the hell is he hiding? Even top wisdom masters can’t find him.”

“Maybe the masters of the gambling hall have killed him already?”

“How can that be? You probably didn’t see what happened that night. He had more than ten masters protecting him, certainly loyal guards trained by the demonic man to protect his successor. Who could actually kill him?”

“It doesn’t matter, he’ll appear again for the second round.”

“I heard someone attacked the fairest in the world last night, Nangong Hongyan, in order to take her Firebird Garment and Invisible Cloak.”

“Well, obtaining these two divine garments would be a huge power boost for this competition. People will risk everything for them.”

“Nangong Hongyan is cruel and had offended many sects. A while ago, the Divine King helped her in the shadow so no one dared to do anything. Now that he’s dead, they are ready to kill her, whether it be for revenge or benefits.”

“Yes, I still remember how the Divine King trampled on Beauty’s Smile.”

“Unfortunately, he is no longer around.”

“Nangong Hongyan is simply too pretty. Degenerates and scum have been coveting her. They won’t miss this chance.”