

Sprit Vessel 641

[Chapter 641: First Tribe Lord](#)

Mo Chongji was slightly startled and quietly said: "Your Excellency, you can't. Your wellbeing is priceless. If anything were to happen to you, no one can handle the wrath of the emperor."

The governor, Chen Daoran, slightly bowed and became very nervous: "You can't, Your Excellency. We have prepared a banquet for you at the official residence, please join us."

Feiyun remained relaxed: "I only wish to have a spar with the tribe lord, you all don't need to worry. Come, come, Sir Tribe Lord, you may attack me three times, do not hold back."

His goal was to win the admiration of these Jiangs via sheer force instead of using his mouth. Doing the latter would only win their words, not their heart.

Just a while ago, Chang Dakai would be more than happy to let Feiyun have a taste of his axe. However, after the spiel earlier, he felt nothing but fear about hurting this precious Divine King. Any injury would bring a lot of problems."

He put on a strange expression and reported: "Your Excellency, you're... playing, right? My axe can split a mountain..."

"Tribe Lord, you can go all out. If I can't block your axe, then I can only blame myself for being weak and hurting the reputation of Jin. I deserve death at that point anyway." Feiyun stood there, looking quite handsome and cool: "If you don't get started soon, Tribe Lord, I'll start questioning your courage."

At this point, everyone understood that Feiyun meant business - wanting to stop three axes from Dakai with his bare hands.

That's insane... Dakai was comparable to an early-level Giant - a true big shot.

Early Giant and peak half-step were only one level apart, but this one level was akin to the difference between heaven and earth.

Mo Chongji and Chen Daoran tried to stop him again but he refused with a wave of the hand.

Dakai got the point and his eyes flashed: "Then excuse me, Your Excellency."

He slowly raised his axe, causing the bones in his arms to issue loud crackles. The blade of the axe reflected sun rays everywhere. He stomped on the ground to build momentum before leaping more than thirty meters in the air, culminating with a vertical slash downward.

"Boom!" Feiyun used two fingers to stop the axe. His body didn't move an inch, only the hair behind his back slightly puffed out from the wind while he looked quite nonchalant.

Dakai felt as if he had smacked a divine mountain and felt his power being stopped, unable to move an inch forward. Both of his hands felt pain from the backlash.

This scene was like a frozen image causing everyone to sweat. Feiyun's casual block of the axe shocked everyone, nearly jolting their soul out of the body.

“Tribe Lord, is this all you can do? How disappointing?” Feiyun swung his hand and caused a plume of flame to surge. This massive power blew Dakai and his axe flying.

“Bam!” The guy landed one hundred feet away and slid backward for another ten feet before stabilizing. He stared at Feiyun in disbelief. That small frame of Feiyun actually contained so much power?

He only used ten-percent power earlier but this was enough to rend the earth. He didn’t like Feiyun’s statement earlier and wanted to teach Feiyun a lesson now or the guy would look down on the Jiangs.

He spat a mouthful of saliva on his palms before grabbing the extremely cold hilt of his axe. He roared explosively, causing thunder to strike above: “Axe Revolution!”

Dakai swung his axe around eighteen times with increasing speed. It looked like a gigantic windmill with explosive wind energy. The power contained in the blade would increase after each rotation. After the eighteenth one, he and the axe escaped the central gravitation force and shot forward. This slash carried the sound of thunder.

However, Dakai felt another force assaulting his arms again as if he had struck a mountain made of metals. His arms became numb; the web between his thumb and forefinger nearly ripped.

Feiyun stopped it with his entire hand this time around. It was shrouded in a flame consisting of phoenix feathers - a blinding red, truly beautiful.

This wasn’t a spirit treasure, just another manifestation of his Immortal Phoenix Physique.

The axe turned red from the heat and the breeze actually caused sparks to fly.

People on top of the walls became slack-jawed. This Divine King is actually a bad ass!

Stopping the first slash was impressive enough, but to do so again with such ease for the second one?

If they didn’t see a circle of several dozen meters crumbling around Feiyun, they would have thought Dakai was going easy on the guy.

“That’s the second!” Feiyun smiled and blew Dakai away again.

“Bam!” Dakai made another pit on the ground and kept on being pushed back with one knee on the ground. It ended with a groove spanning for ten meters. He looked even more astonished, glancing at his red axe then at Feiyun.

Mo Chongji felt the same way. The Divine King has grown much stronger in just a few days. A fifth-level Heaven’s Mandate taking on an early Giant?

“Again!” Dakai’s ferociousness activated. Witch runes appeared on his body. Seven beast souls emerged on both arms and began to howl. His bones issued strange noises. One could see through his skin that his bones have turned black with lightning currents coursing through them.

The children of Ancient Jiang would bathe in special liquid to refine their bones. Some infants were even carved with primordial witch runes. This allowed them to turn their bones into steel and lightning - a heightened physical constitution.

Dakai roared and raised his axe. Lightning bolts surged in the sky, making him look like a thunder god.

Feiyun's eyes narrowed as he took a more fortified stance by lowering his center of gravity. Both of his hands became ablaze like two phoenix claws. Behind him were ten thousand beast souls.

"Boom!" The large axe was accompanied by more than one thousand lightning serpents, aiming straight for Feiyun's head.

Feiyun slapped his palms together to stop the axe. The force crushed the blade completely and sent Dakai flying with only the hilt in his hands.

The Jiangs on the walls almost had their eyes pop out of their sockets. They looked down on Feiyun earlier for looking so weak, but now, they respected him for being a master.

In their eyes, he was on the same level as the tribe lords.

Dakai stood there in a daze with the broken axe in his hand. After a while, he said: "I... I lost."

Suddenly, the gate was opened. A golden-haired man towering at six meters came out. He wore a leather robe made from the skin of a gluttonous demon and golden armor plates. His legs were bigger than an elephant.

He had signs of aging - wrinkles on his face and a long section of his golden beard by the chin was white.

A group of elders from Heaven Worship walked behind him along with several Grand Shamans. These shamans were skin and bones with a nether aura to them. There was no light in their black eyes.

Dakai looked like a mouse spotting a cat after seeing the golden-haired man and wanted to quietly escape.

"Idiot, where do you think you're going after causing so much trouble?!" The golden-haired man was extremely fast and easily caught up.

He kicked Dakai's butt, causing the guy to tilt forward down on his knees.

The ferocious sixth tribe lord looked quite pitiful. He tried to get up but the golden-haired man slapped him down to the ground.

"First Brother... It's a misunderstanding... listen to me..." Dakai lost two teeth and his cheek became quite swollen.

"Fuck your sister!"

Dakai was thrown again and landed in front of Feiyun. He protested: "First Brother, my sister is your sister..."

Everyone was stunned. They were brothers? This looked more like the scene of a wife beating her husband's illegitimate child.

This golden-haired man was Chang Daiye, the first tribe lord of Heaven Worship.

[Chapter 642: Earthstomper Marquis' Mobilization](#)

Chang Daye was the number one expert in Ancient Jiang. Right after his birth, golden clouds came in the sky and out came the claw of a spirit beast to capture him.

Since he grew up with the milk of this beast, his bones and flesh far exceeded that of a regular person. He towered at six meters; his arms were thicker than another person's waist.

The beast chased him back when he was five. He was already two meters tall then.

He possessed the physical cultivation art of a spirit beast on top of having a master from the Daoist Gate. This allowed him to open his dantian to cultivate violet energy.

Two hundred years ago, he had entered the capital and fought against Heavenbattler, the strongest of the marquises, exchanging nine moves without losing.

Keep in mind that Heavenbattler was already a ninth-level Heaven's Mandate at that point on top of being a historical genius. These Giants were called Historical Giants and Supreme Giants.

It was extraordinary for Daye to come out unscathed after this brief duel against the marquis.

Feiyun's eyes lit ablaze. He saw the purest dao force coming from Daye. It engulfed his entire body with a trace of divinity. This indicated that the merit law he trained in was quite amazing. His master must have been someone special.

"Big Bro, stop hitting me, I know my mistake, just let me go back and kill that bastard Tuo Bahong." Dakai was mercilessly beaten with his head down on the mud while his butt pointed at the sky.

"You son of a bitch, come here and apologize to the Divine King right now!" Daye rubbed his fist and walked forward. His step was strong enough to flatten this area.

"If I'm a son of a bitch, then you are too..." Dakai quietly murmured before lifting his head out of the mud.

He swung his head back and forth to "fix" his disorderly hair before running towards Feiyun. He got on his knees and said: "Your Excellency, I was wrong, please forgive me!"

Dakai was a proud person. If Feiyun couldn't handle his three slashes earlier, he wouldn't have yielded even if Daye were to beat him to death, let alone getting on his knees.

However, Feiyun has displayed his strength and completely convinced Dakai. That's why he immediately kneeled without a trace of unwillingness.

In his eyes, kneeling before an expert wasn't shameful at all.

Feiyun tidied his official outfit and raised the guy up with both hands. He then patted the dirt off of Dakai and smiled: "Brother Dakai, you are being too polite since you didn't do anything wrong. This little fight only serves to improve our relationship. Let's go to the mansion, we'll drink till we can't anymore!"

Feiyun has never been one to win an inch and ask for a foot, with the exception of when dealing with women.

Dakai was almost moved to tears. 'Wow, he's a really nice guy!'

"Your Excellency, may I join as well?" Daye thunderously spoke.

Daye was a crafty person and only put on a show for Feiyun earlier. It was obvious that he was much smarter than his little brother.

Chen Daoran has been waiting for the entire time and invited the group to the official residence.

Feiyun and Ruxue shared the same carriage. They entered Witch God City and was met with an ancient aura existing in every tile and stone in the city. The altars and beast cauldrons had a long history to them. [1]

Unfortunately, the city wasn't in a good state. One could see bloody carriages filled with corpses covered in straw mats coming back all over the streets.

One couldn't see an end to this trail, perhaps more than one thousand corpses were present in this convoy.

"Everyone, come claim your loved ones." An armored Jiang shouted with a hoarse voice, trying his best to put on an emotionless expression before closing his eyes.

Women and children headed for the convoy to find their husband and father. Some would become relieved after not finding anyone, but those who have started howling with tears. No one could stay calm after seeing this.

Feiyun's group also saw the whole thing. The two tribe lords also stopped as their eyes slowly becoming bloodshot. Alas, they didn't say anything. This wasn't their first time seeing this.

Next, another group of soldiers was in charge of ten provision carriages. The leader announced: "Under the orders of the tribe lord, any family with one fallen soldier can receive fifty pounds of grains, thirty pounds of pork, and one tael of salt. Any family with two fallen soldiers can receive one hundred and fifty pounds of grains, eighty pounds of pork, and three taels of salt. Any family with three fallen soldiers can..."

One teary-eyed child knelt before the leader and cried: "My dad's life is only worth this much? That's not enough to last fifteen days... What are we going after that..."

"Child, the entire tribe doesn't have enough food and everyone is hungry, it's fine to eat a little less so that our soldiers on the battlefield can have a full stomach... We, we don't want the meat and grain." His mother lifted him up.

The child was unreasonably strong and shouted: "No! We have nothing to eat at home, we're gonna start to death!"

The mother seemingly lost her strength after hearing this. She let go of the child and started crying by a corpse on the carriage again.

War has ravaged the area for two years. Heaven Worship Division was under attack by both the Dark Realm and Heaven Witchcraft Division. Every able-bodied man has joined the battle so they didn't have any hunter available. Their food reserve has virtually been depleted.

The grains meant for livestock have become their primary food. There wasn't that much left either.

This was a war of attrition. The surviving side would win.

The group suddenly lost the urge to party, feeling that the food and wine would be distasteful.

Imperial Palace of Jin.

Inside the Supreme Hall were gold and jade in glorious splendor. Smoke and fog floated around the thirty-six dragon pillars. There existed 360 chairs made of white jade, looking very majestic and noble.

Long Luofu sat on her throne; her skin whiter than snow; her figure - perfect. She didn't wear an imperial robe today, only a silk dress with draconic embroidery and an outer red gown. This made her look like a noble daughter instead of an imperious ruler.

"Knock, knock." A beautiful female official came in with a jade scroll and got on her knees: "Your Majesty, this is the latest update from Lord Yao regarding the martial army."

Luofu's shiny, crescent eyes looked towards the sky. Who knows what she was thinking?

She heard the official and withdrew her gaze. Her boundless aura returned as she seemingly turned into a celestial, impossible to fathom.

She accepted the scroll and didn't open it: "Why is Yao Ji not here in person to report?"

The official couldn't lift her head because of the heavy pressure: "Lord Yao traveled to Earthchild Prefecture yesterday with the goal of taking back military power from Peace and Hegemon Heavenly Marquis and send those two back to the capital."

"Hmph, they're from the Beiming and were lucky enough to be camping outside during the massacre. Yao Ji, good, she knows what's on my mind. If she is in charge of this matter, then those two might be chained on carriages already and are on their way here!"

She was very confident in Yao Ji's abilities. If it wasn't for apprehension regarding Yao Ji's identity, she might have made an exception and promote Yao Ji to become the first Grand Chancellor of Jin.

She then opened the scroll and read the first line. She slightly raised her brows with a violet flash in her eyes: "Promote Earthly Marquises, increase recruitments, and centralize authority."

Luofu agreed with this report. The army has always been under the rule of the eighteen Heavenly Marquises - something that has been worrying her all this time. If she could gather back full military authority, then another Beiming Moshou couldn't pop up with six marquises under his faction and gain so much influence.

Yao Ji's plan was to have her add seventy-two Earthly Marquises and use their name to re-allocate military command from the former eighteen marquises. This would allow her to have a full grasp of Jin's armies.

[Chapter 643: Death Approaches](#)

The tiny scroll stirred Luofu but she didn't show it outwardly at all.

The army was the strongest fighting power of Jin - there was no questioning this. However, she didn't have control over them. The eighteen marquises had this military authority.

Chaos was here with wars everywhere. The marquises continued to recruit and gain more influence. Each marquis faction was on the same level as an ancient sect right now.

The eighteen factions were started by the founding fathers and great contributors of Jin. The title and power were hereditary. The strongest member of each faction in every generation would become the next Heavenly Marquis, the leader of up to one hundred million soldiers.

Beiming Moshou had six Heavenly Marquises on his side. This was enough to threaten the royal clan.

Long Luofu has been wanting to take the army back but she lacked a proper justification and method. Now, Yao Ji has given her a usable strategy.

She contemplated. In front of her was a table with a golden imperial scroll on top. In the end, she made her decision. Her delicate fingers began to dance in front of the scroll and wrote a decree, rising to the occasion.

This would go down as an important event in Jin's history.

The stone roads in Witch God City were macabre with carriages full of corpses. These dead soldiers had terrible wounds, some still bleeding. This was a solemn and stirring moment.

Even a demoness like Bai Ruxue was moved. She said softly: "Why do people wage war?"

"For gains, survival, and honor." Feiyun wasn't affected as much. People die every second in this world. It was an honor to die in a meaningful manner.

As a soldier, to die on the battlefield was the greatest glory.

The two Chang brothers were solemn and quiet. They didn't mind fighting for Heaven Worship's survival and honor. However, two years have gone on without any result while their tribe members starved to death.

Many children were skin and bones, not even one meal every two days. A few bold ones snuck out of the city, wanting to hunt in the mountains and forests. Unfortunately, they only became meals themselves.

"Her Highness is here..."

"It's really her!" The majority of the crowd became emotional and got on their knees.

"Your Highness, we pray for an end to this war and peace."

"Please punish the evil-doers and revive my man..."

"Your Highness, I'm hungry..."

Twelve knights riding black skeletal beasts appeared from the crowd. They had monstrous death energy with black smoke lingering around them. On their skin were witch runes; their eyes were profound and dark.

They wore skeletal plates as well with a silver spear. There was a strange energy in them, not spirit energy but still very ancient and mighty.

Chang Dakai and Chang Daye put on a serious expression and jumped down from their bull to respectfully greet these warriors. Other shamans were right behind them.

Every member of the tribe became reverent and kneeled to the sides of the road.

Chen Daoran whispered to Feiyun: "They are the twelve knights of Witch God Temple, extremely powerful and versed in taboo arts. Moreover, witch medicines have refined their body so they have lived for a very long time now. In reality, they are half-dead and half-living, who knows which to call them? They are responsible for guarding the master of the temple in each generation. The current master is the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess."

Feiyun nodded. He had sensed a strange fluctuation in these twelve knights. The blood in their veins was quite thin, replaced by a powerful medicinal liquid or as Daoran had put it - witch medicine.

Outside of powerful warriors, the Jiang also had cultivators of witchcraft, or shamans and witches. The latter required training from a young age because witchcraft had a negative effect on the body. It made them weak physically and much smaller than other members. They were only as tall as ordinary people.

Mo Chongji had a strange expression: "Their skeletal armors are powerful too, comparable to a spirit treasure. You can see the spirit formations on their spears as well."

Feiyun's eyes flashed in response: "Hmm, each of these knights should be comparable to an early Giant. This Witch God Temple is quite strong. If it joins the war, it'll be able to change the tides."

"Unfortunately, the knights only listen to the goddess and she only wants peace, definitely won't let them participate." Daoran said.

"Foolish. Does she not know that in order to have peace, someone must end this war. Powerful force is the most direct way." Feiyun said.

Daoran quickly took out a green cage to seal off their area, afraid that someone else might hear Feiyun badmouthing the goddess. It would cause an uncontrollable problem.

Calling the goddess a fool here in Jiang? That's the same as antagonizing the entire race.

He had big drops of cold sweat streaming down his forehead from being frightened. Luckily, no one heard Feiyun just now.

He didn't dare to disagree with Feiyun: "The truth is that the situation right now is quite complex. It looks like the three divisions are at war, at least on the surface. However, many heretical masters are involved. The goddess wishes to mediate but these heretics are disruptive and have tried to ambush her many times before. There seems to be an invisible hand stopping her from unifying the three divisions."

Feiyun suddenly felt something during the conversation. A faint aura engulfed over the city as dark clouds in the shape of a massive palm blotted out the sun.

His eyes lit ablaze as he shouted: "Show yourselves, villains!"

“Boom!” An explosion broke the containment from the green cage. Air turned into offensive waves.

A ripple in the sky started spreading like a portal. Inside came an old and deep voice: “Impressive spiritual awareness, able to see through my ‘Godstep Witch Art.’ Unfortunately, no one will be able to stop me today.”

The ripple broke entirely as a man with a fur cloak jumped out. He looked like an ape with disorderly hair. He took out a crimson staff made of wood and aimed it straight for the goddess’ palanquin.

Murderous energy as sharp as a sword rushed out.

“Such impudence, daring to be disrespectful towards Her Highness?!” Cheng Dakai roared as his bones issued cracking sounds like frying beans. He unleashed a punch straight at the staff.

He was comparable to an early Giant but only managed to move the staff a little bit. A monstrous force cracked his skin, spilling out ten drops of blood or so.

“Hehe, weakling. I will become the master of Witch God Temple today. Little girl, hand over the young divine tree and I will spare you.” The old man threatened. His eyes inside the fur cloak had a bloody light.

He leaped and stomped down on Dakai’s shoulder, breaking two bones in the process, then made another jump forward.

“I’m gonna kill you!” Dakai contained the feeling of pain from his shoulder and lifted up an entire stone street before throwing it at the old man’s head.

The old man didn’t bother dodging. He simply cut down the street with his staff and finally made it above the palanquin to unleash a palm strike.

The twelve knights erupted with divinity in the form of twelve pills of light. They thrust their spear and successfully repelled the old man.

Witch runes on the fur cloak turned into mountains and rivers to stop the spears. He landed on top of a building not far from there, half kneeling.

“Boom!” A second ripple emerged with another person shrouded in black cloak rushing out. Black radiance surrounded his body so he looked like a moving black hole absorbing the light and air nearby.

He wasn’t weaker than the first old man at all. Just one stomp from him cracked the earth and made the ground concave.

The goddess’ palanquin was falling down to the newly created pit.

‘A heretical overlord.’ Feiyun could tell who the black-cloaked person was from his technique.

[Chapter 644: Goddess In Distress](#)

The second top master was cloaked in a black robe from top to bottom with golden stitching around the sleeves. He emitted a cold aura and came out of the void, feeling as fierce as a spirit beast.

Spirit seals hovered around him. One stomp of his was enough to shake the sky. The ground around him started to crack and the walls collapsed. Several streets sank lower.

This was a powerful heretic from the Senluo Temple. Feiyun could see his aura through his black robe.

“The palanquin with Her Highness inside is sinking!” One woman shouted.

An elder from the Witch God Temple performed an art by raising his dried hand. It turned into a gigantic palm attempting to lift the palanquin up.

The old man in beast hide laughed and spewed out miasma filled with evil and the stench of blood. It turned into a dark blade and shattered the gigantic palm.

“Pluff!” The blade then cut that elder into two halves. His blood and innards splattered all over the street.

This old man was too powerful and intimidated the other Jiangs. Just one slash was enough to defeat a powerful shaman.

“Such impudence against Her Highness! You think we can’t stop you?!” Five shamans jumped out at the same time.

All had gray hair and yellow skin. They summoned five cauldrons with streams of blood and howling beast souls inside. Their howls were ferocious, ready to devour more blood.

These cauldrons belonged to the temple, personally crafted by a great shaman in the past. They also served as a pot to refine the body of the witch knights.

The old man jumped on top of a stone mound; only his big bean-like eyes could be seen. They were filled with greed and excitement.

He took off the beast hide which had numerous witch runes flowing on top in the shape of mountains and rivers along with earth veins.

This was the hide of a two-thousand-year spirit beast. It wasn’t complete but had plenty of power. Moreover, it has been reinforced by powerful witchcraft so its strength was unimaginable.

A two-thousand-year-old beast was comparable to an Enlightened Being.

The beast hide became extremely hot and wrapped around the five cauldrons like a constricting sky layer. It then fell into the old man’s hand.

One could finally see him now, shorter than 150 centimeters and extremely thin. His skin was black like carbon. Only his eyes had a fiery shade to it.

He had a foot-long beard that looks like multiple little serpents, giving off a nefarious appearance.

“Gu Lida, you actually dare to come back to Witch God and attack Her Majesty?” One shaman with a staff coldly uttered.

Gu Lida was the Senior Uncle of Grand Wisdom Master Ji Feng, the previous master of the temple.

He was extremely high on the seniority ranking and has lived for more than 800 years.

Shamans usually died young; few of them make it past 500 years of age. Gu Lida relied on taking the energy of others to live. This was against the rules of the temple so he was expelled.

He returned in order to take the divine tree within the goddess so that he could take over the temple.

“Only a brat. If she was the real thing, she wouldn’t be this weak. Even a regular cultivator can easily kill her, kekeke, the temple will fall with a useless goddess like her, why not let me copulate with her, using my yang to take her yin and divine tree, let me be the master of the temple.” Gu Lida’s eyes flashed.

The palanquin with the goddess has fallen completely underground as if it has been swallowed by a massive monster.

“You court death!” Chang Daye roared. His hair was golden just like a divine lion. His roar shook the entire city.

Gu Lida also staggered backward from the sound waves. He didn’t take Daye lightly at all.

Daye was worthy of being the First Tribe Lord and the strongest master of Ancient Jiang. His punch caused the ground to crack for the second time, revealing a silver glow fifty meters below where the palanquin was.

As he was lifting the palanquin up, a massive foot descended from the sky.

This was another heretical master whose cultivation exceeded Gu Lida and the black-cloaked master. An ordinary Giant wouldn’t be able to unleash this much force.

Chang Daye took note of this and had to pull back to deal with this person. He beat his chest like a golden ape before roaring towards the sky.

An incomparable battle intent exploded, allowing him to muster enough force to stop the massive foot.

The foot suddenly crumbled into black clouds and dispersed.

This ambushing heretic attacked again from the distance, seemingly not wanting to do anything reckless. The only goal was to hold Chang Daye back.

“Chang Daye could fight against Heavenbattler Marquis for nine moves without losing, how can there be someone else here capable of stopping him?” Mo Chongji was truly frightened.

The battle between the hidden master and Daye was shocking. The shockwaves destroyed a corner of the city, killing dozens of innocent Jiangs.

Feiyun calmly said: “The four walkers of Senluo are that strong.”

“Didn’t they disappear along with the heretical king, how are they still alive?” Chongji was surprised.

Few knew about the heretical king’s reappearance since the news hasn’t spread.

Feiyun didn’t want to cause a panic so he didn’t divulge everything.

Chen Daoran was slightly worried: “Your Excellency, should we join? There will be more chaos if anything were to happen to the goddess.”

“Not right now. Those three appeared, one stronger than the previous. Even the weakest is an intermediate Giant, not something we can handle. Plus, who knows if there are other masters still hiding in the shadows. Be patient, we’ll help when possible.” Feiyun stared at the slowly closing crack on the ground.

The goddess wasn’t crushed to death down there, only captured. This enraged the inhabitants nearby.

The twelve knights attacked at the same time. Their auras joined together as they thrust their spear towards Gu Lida. However, the latter stopped their attack using the stolen cauldrons.

The five cauldrons rotated in the air. Each was around three meters tall with ancient runes on the surface.

Lida put back on his beast hide and had a strange smile on his face. He used the five cauldrons and fought evenly against the twelve knights.

Chen Daoran and Mo Chongji were amazed. These three were powerful indeed. Just one of them was enough to stop the twelve knights.

Feiyun was right - they couldn’t do anything right now. Just one move from any of these guys could grievously wound them.

“Tuo Bahong, it’s really you, bastard!” Chang Dakai managed to pull off the black cloak of the second heretical master, revealing a man wearing a white crest. He stood on the broken street, looking quite calm and collected.

He smiled and said: “My name is not bastard. I’m the nineteenth protector of Senluo Temple.”

“Where are you taking Her Majesty?!” Dakai furiously roared before slashing at the guy with a heavy stone saber.

Bahong was at the intermediate level, one full level above Dakai. Thus, he didn’t really give a damn about Dakai.

He moved both legs slightly backward and floated several hundred meters away, still with a smile on his face: “You barbarians. Even though you’re at the early-level Giant in terms of battle power, you definitely can’t take on an actual early-level Giant. That’s why Feng Feiyun can handle three slashes from you despite being two levels higher. It’s not that he’s strong, you Jiangs are just too stupid. A wild boar is mighty indeed, but in the end, it’ll still only be a meal for humans.”

“F*ck you!” Dakai split the earth open with his saber but couldn’t even touch Dahong’s sleeve.

“Now!” Meanwhile, Feiyun felt that this was the best opportunity. He ordered Mo Chongji and the fifty soldiers riding their beasts to attack. This was a force strong enough to threaten Tuo Bahong.

At the same time, he released his forty divine intents to gather the energy of the earth. A golden glow surrounded him, allowing him to sink easily into the ground and disappear.

“Where do you think you’re going, Feng Feiyun!?” Dahong saw and knew Feiyun was coming for the goddess.

His hand turned into a blade, allowing him to unleash a sharp energy spanning for more than thirty meters. It morphed into a heavenly saber and split the earth open.

Feiyun who was beneath the surface retaliated with a punch containing the runes of ten thousand beasts, successfully destroying this slash.

Bahong wanted to attack again but fifty monstrous beasts surrounded him and raised their hooves, primed to strike.

“Boom!” The beasts didn’t manage to hit him because he dropped to the ground, sinking down just like Feiyun earlier.

[Chapter 645: Heavenly Witchcraft Tree](#)

“F*ck, the bastard is going underground too!” Chang Dakai punched at the ground in order to get Tuo Bahong out.

However, the ground was as tough as metal right now and impossible to crack open. Bahong clearly used a forbidden art to seal it.

Mo Chongji and Chen Daoran tried as well but both failed to penetrate the diamond-like soil.

“What do we do now? Bahong is definitely chasing after His Excellency.” Daoran was extremely worried.

Feiyun’s status was too high. He wouldn’t be able to handle the responsibility of something happening to Feiyun.

Chongji contemplated before biting his teeth: “I will send a message to the capital right now to inform the emperor. The situation here is dire with involvement from Senluo Temple. We need reinforcements.”

He carved a talisman and sent it flying towards the horizon.

Though this move couldn’t do anything right now, it was the only thing they could think of.

Feiyun had some accomplishments with his Minor Change Art and had a good grasp of the five elements. He walked inside the ground as if he were a fish underwater.

“Bahong is catching up.” He could sense the change in the land and performed a mudra to unleash an earth wave towards Bahong in the distant.

Bahong had great cultivation on top of knowing about the changes of the earth. He took out nine flashing needles. They turned into nine one-hundred-meter-long rods to stabilize the area so he didn’t need to slow down.

“Your Excellency, are you interested in the goddess too?” He rapidly pursued with two runic formations beneath his feet.

Feiyun found traces of the palanquin and used his Swift Samsara to keep going.

Swift Samsara was an incredible movement technique but Bahong had his own stepping move. He looked like a golden sun while chasing Feiyun.

"I see, you want her divine tree in order to increase your own cultivation." He tried to pry Feiyun's intent.

"Not interested." Feiyun unleashed another earth move, causing magma to gush up. They turned into several molten earth dragons aiming for Bahong.

Ordinary Giants at the intermediate level wouldn't be able to handle Bahong. That's why he was the nineteenth protector of Senluo.

Though he looked thirty, Bahong was actually more than three hundred years old. He was from the last generation and Feiyun still had a while to go before finishing his second bone. The latter needed to avoid a direct confrontation.

Bahong used his nine needles like nine underground veins, easily destroying the molten dragons. They then turned into nine black rays shooting straight for Feiyun.

These needles contained an ancient power of witchcraft, resembling the claws of divine dragons.

Feiyun stabilized his stance next to an underground stream and took out the Heaven-raising Rod. One hundred formations inside the rod activated at the same time, resulting in an explosive force.

The rod became gigantic and repelled the nine needles, successfully damaging them. This was the power of a peak third-ranked spirit treasure.

Bahong recalled the needles, noticing that they have turned faint. He was quite hurt by this and sighed: "Your Excellency, why are you risking your life if you don't care about the tree?"

The two were separated by this underground stream with smoke on the surface.

Feiyun wasn't afraid at all while facing this old heretic. He smiled: "What is this tree?"

Bahong was surprised to hear this. He really doesn't know about it? Then why the hell is he chasing after the goddess? Would he dare.... to actually sleep with her?

Bahong agreed with his last conjecture. Others wouldn't dare but not Feiyun. He had heard about Feiyun's "romantic exploits" in the past. The guy truly lives up to his fame.

Bahong posed with both hands behind his back and elaborated: "The Heavenly Witchcraft Tree is the mark of the goddess. In other words, because she has this tree growing inside her that she becomes the goddess. This generation's goddess has ordinary talents and can't wake the tree up even after five years. If someone else can take this tree from her and absorb its essence, I can't explain with words how beneficial it will be. Perhaps five hundred years worth of isolated cultivation."

"Five hundred years? What a joke." Feiyun showed doubt. He would be able to jump several big levels, perhaps even reaching the pseudo Enlightened Being level.

Bahong replied: "Not a joke at all, you don't know how powerful this tree is. According to old records found on bones, a goddess once awakened her tree and could borrow the divine power, allowing her to suppress the entire world. The branches of this immortal-like tree could push up the firmaments. Increasing cultivation by five hundred years is actually a conservative estimate."

Feiyun smiled: "I don't need it either way. Cultivation is a slow process. Only by taking firm step would one be able to go further. One could directly become a pseudo Enlightened Being after getting the tree, but their future path would be quite narrow, a detrimental decision to make."

Bahong shook his head: "A pseudo Enlightened Being is already extremely strong. There are plenty of prodigies in Jin but how many will actually reach this level? No one will want to miss this chance."

[Chapter 646: The Match Commences](#)

A pseudo Enlightened Being was a peak ninth-level Heaven's Mandate with a certain understanding of Elucidation. They were only one step away from reaching the Nirvana Realm.

These experts were considered the top in Jin. Many Giants would risk their lives to have a chance of reaching this level.

Of course, Tuo Bahong's narrow vision was understandable. After all, he would never reach this level given his talents so he truly wanted the tree.

Feiyun said: "I'm curious about one thing, your temple's power is above the three divisions. It's so easy to become the master of this prefecture, so why bother causing chaos and infighting here? Where are the benefits?"

"Haha! Of course we want to take over Ancient Jiang, but Your Excellency, you are looking down on it. You think Heavenly Witchcraft God doesn't exist?" Bahong spoke with flashes of intelligence and seriousness in his eyes.

"This god is real?" Feiyun said.

"I can't say I know this for a fact, but I do know that a mass-scale invasion from demons in Endless Land happened during the foundation of Jin. They massacred everything and Ancient Jiang was at the forefront of this conflict. According to the records, when the Jiangs were on the verge of extinction, their great god attacked with his supreme hammer, slaughtering tens of thousand demons." Bahong revealed.

"If this god is actually real, then all the spirit energy and resources in all of Jin still aren't enough for him." Feiyun smiled in response.

"This is recorded in the ancient oracle bones. Many generations have passed but one could still feel the shock of the Jiang sages during that period. That's why our temple hasn't made a real move here." Bahong replied.

Feiyun looked to be in deep thoughts.

"Your Excellency, you should know that although the first emperor of Jin was very strong, he still couldn't take on all the demons. Only a god could possess enough might to stop a full invasion." Bahong continued.

Feiyun agreed with this. A mass-scale invasion from the demon race would annihilate Jin regardless of how talented the first emperor was.

“Bronze Cauldron Mountain was the battlefield between the witch god and the demon masters. That place is a mess now with numerous demon corpses and the rumored demonic treasury. However, it is extremely dangerous with eternal marks left behind by the two sides. Even an Enlightened Being will die without a grave in there by being reckless.” Bahong added.

“Why are you telling me all of this?” Feiyun said.

“Because of our young heretical lord wishes to have a match against you and this pertains to it.” Bahong said.

“I see, a challenge.” Feiyun also knew that Bahong was stalling for time and preventing Feiyun from chasing the goddess.

“Your Excellency, the truth is that our great temple is about to unite once more. When all ten halls are together again, we’ll point our swords at Jin for a complete takeover. His Excellency, the heretical king, said that you and the young lord are the two top geniuses right now, representing Senluo and Jin. He wishes to see who is better between the two of you.” Bahong said with a smile.

“And if I refuse?” Feiyun didn’t like following someone else’s plan. It felt like being under their control.

Bahong chuckled: “In that case, Your Excellency, the young lord will have to kill the four demonesses and destroy their blood bracelets.”

Feiyun’s expression remained calm after hearing this but his heart skipped a beat. Why does he know my goal here?

He instantly realized the reason why so his eyes turned cold. He and Bai Ruxue were the only people who knew about this. She must have secretly reported this back to her sect. That’s why they were using this matter to control him.

Thus, a woman who acts docile and obedient all the time might stab you in the back at any moment. Bai Ruxue was one of them.

There were seven demonesses with the blood bracelets from seven halls.

Outside of Bai Ruxue, Lu Liwei has returned to Mount Potala. Wan Xiangcen has joined the Feng. The other four were at the main camp right now under the watch of the heretical young lord.

This lord wanted Feiyun to go all out against him. Only then would he be content with a victory.

“Not bad, that’s Senluo for you.” Feiyun suddenly laughed.

“This actually shows how exceptional you are, the only person who is worthy of being the young lord’s rival in Jin. The match will be to see who can unite Ancient Jiang and become its leader in the dark. If our young lord loses, then we’ll hand over the demonesses and their bracelets to you. If you lose, then you must join us.” Bahong elaborated.

“I understand now, you invited that traitor named Gu Lida here to have him steal the divine tree from the goddess so that he’ll be the new master of Witchcraft God Temple, then he’ll tell the divisions to stop fighting under the name of their great god. With your own faction moving in the background, it won’t take long before all the divisions will be under Gu Lida. Since he is your puppet, this prefecture

will be yours for the taking without worrying about any potential backlash from their god.” Feiyun smiled.

“Your Excellency, you are brilliant indeed. Yes, the person in charge of the tree and the temple will rule Ancient Jiang and becomes the victor.” Bahong said.

“With control of that tree, one might even be able to borrow the power of that god to open Bronze Cauldron’s hidden treasury. No, maybe one can go even further, using that power to fight against the rest and conquer Jin, then take down Sacred Spirit Palace too.” Feiyun continued.

Bahong’s smile became brighter. He cupped his fist: “It will be a magnificent feat, especially with your help later, Your Excellency.”

Bahong naturally wanted Feiyun to lose so that he would join them. Perhaps he wasn’t confident in Feiyun’s victory.

The guy might be talented but he was still too young. He has only started cultivation for several years and couldn’t be a match for their young lord.

“Haha, unfortunately, I hate being controlled by others the most. I’m afraid I won’t be joining your attempt to start a new era.” Feiyun laughed.

Forty unique seals emerged beneath his feet. He turned into a golden ray and flew into the ground as if it were water.

Bahong has been watching carefully. The moment Feiyun took action, he gave chase as well. Two one-meter-diameter formations appeared beneath him and looked like two divine platforms. This allowed him to pursue through the rocks and soil.

Feiyun continued looking for the palanquin. He was too prideful to accept defeat, not even to the heretical prodigy. ‘Want to play? I’m going to annihilate you.’

“Boom!” Bahong was right behind him and attacked with his nine needles for the second time.

They turned into gigantic pillars, aiming to stop Feiyun’s pace.

Feiyun suddenly started flying upward like a lightning shuttle and got back to the surface. He has been chasing for a long time underground and made it to this wilderness thousands of miles from the city.

Sky-blotting mountains were everywhere with dangerous valleys covered in old trees. Some were more than a thousand years old with trunk too thick for five men to wrap around while extending their hands.

He had a ferocious beastly aura. The beasts and birds nearby were frightened by this sudden intruder.

He let out a roar encompassing ten thousand beasts. These animals quickly ran over as if they have been summoned by their king.

“Boom!” Bahong also made it out of the ground.

However, he got instantly surrounded by dozens of powerful beasts and became flustered.

He threw his needles in all directions and killed numerous beasts. A peak not far from there got cut into two pieces by one needle.

Alas, the beasts kept on coming and left several deep wounds on him.

Feiyun jumped on the broken peak and laughed at him: "See ya later, Brother Bahong."

He surged towards the cloud like a green shooting star heading southward.

"Stop, Feng Feiyun!" Bahong's needles were stained red with blood now. He looked like a god of war crushing dozens of beasts into a pulp, barely managing to make a path to pursue Feiyun.

A bird spanning for ninety-meter with massive claws engulfed in lightning caught him by the shoulder and tore out a big chunk of flesh.

Bahong fell back down and became surrounded again, unable to escape.

[Chapter 647: Giant Realm](#)

The presence of the silver palanquin grew closer. Feiyun was among the clouds with his eyes wide open. Two phoenixes flew out and painted the clouds red. He could see each blade of grass clearly within a thousand miles radius.

Six hundred miles away were four black-robed men each holding a corner of the palanquin. They leaped around the landscape, moving several hundred meters with each jump. Their cloaks fluttered in the wind so they resembled four great birds moving the palanquin forward.

Their cultivation was exceptional, so was their speed.

Feiyun changed his weapon essence into a white spear and unleashed it. It looked like a white dragon soaring across the air, penetrating one of the four men right in the chest. Blood gushed out.

Feiyun could kill people from a thousand miles away now with his current power level.

"Damn, a pursuer. Go, I got this." The wounded combatant didn't die. He was an intermediate half-step at the sixth level with a vigorous life force.

He took out a palm-sized ruby filled with vitality, looking just like a shiny heart. He pressed it into his chest and it melted into the wound, filling up the hole.

"Whoosh!" Feiyun summoned his essence back and turned it into a saber. He descended from the clouds with his sleeves fluttering and a majestic momentum.

He slashed downward with both hands towards the heretic, really dragging his blade.

The heretic stood on a one-hundred-meter tree with green leaves around him. He jumped on one leaf to another while glowing black. He released a dual punch with the force of six dragon-tigers.

"Boom!" The saber energy destroyed the six dragon-tigers right away.

The heretic became frozen with a bloody line on his face.

Feiyun didn't stop for a single second and darted through him, heading for the forest filled with miasma. His weapon essence was bloodied.

"Boom!" It wasn't until he was several thousand meters away did the heretic exploded into fleshy bits, crushed by the saber energy. The leaves on the trees below were filled with bloody pearls.

Feiyun met a second stopper, another half-step Giant that was stronger than the previous. The guy uprooted a peak to slam it straight at Feiyun's head.

The opponent has been waiting in ambush so this attack came swiftly.

Feiyun didn't bother dodging and blocked it with both hands. Flames surrounded them as a power exploded from deep in his bones. He then threw the peak back at the second heretic.

The guy didn't expect Feiyun to be so powerful and couldn't dodge in time. He got smashed by the peak with seven or eight broken bones while vomiting blood. His eyes showed fear as he made it out from below the peak and ran.

"Where do you think you're going?" Feiyun took out his Heaven-raising Rod and made it massive. He crushed every single bone of that heretic, blood spattering out of every orifice. The poor guy squirmed on the ground before dying.

Feiyun's physical force was comparable to a Giant now. He was actually stronger than Chang Dakai in terms of battle prowess. Of course, still a bit weaker than an early Giant. After all, these Giants had plenty of techniques and secret arts.

Physical abilities alone weren't enough. They could kill a great martial artist before this person could get into melee range.

This was the reason why three Chang Dakai wouldn't be a match for one regular Giant. The former didn't have special cultivation techniques. This was also why Feiyun was superior to Chang Dakai but couldn't match the regular Giants.

A few techniques allowed one to unleash an offensive strike a dozen times more powerful than normal, such as the twelve evil techniques of Senluo.

A tenfold technique could be considered top-notch. Only the strongest sects would have these techniques; they would treat it like priceless treasures.

Just imagine two combatants, both early Giants. One could only use a normal attack while the opponent had a special technique unleashing a strike ten times stronger. This disparity was unfair.

This was why outside of cultivation, the merit laws and battle techniques mattered a lot in a duel. This played a great part as to why disciples from the big sects would be stronger than vagrant cultivators.

After reaching the level of Giant, one would be able to fully use the power of a first-ranked spirit treasure. This would be a strike eight times stronger than normal.

Thus, a first-ranked spirit treasure was comparable to some special techniques. This required being a Giant at the seventh level of Heaven's Mandate. A half-step Giant could only use a strike six times stronger than normal. Six versus eight was a big gap.

A second-ranked spirit treasure could be sixteen times stronger than a normal move - quite peerless indeed. One needed to be at the eighth-level Heaven's Mandate to fully use it. Ordinary Giants could only perform an attack ten to twelve times stronger at best. A historical genius at the Giant level could do up to fourteen times stronger.

A third-ranked spirit treasure was up to twenty-four times. Only a ninth-level Heaven's Mandate and up could fully use it. Ordinary Giant could only perform an attack fourteen to sixteen times stronger. A Super Giant was capable of a move eighteen to twenty times stronger.

As for a fourth-ranked spirit treasure, the highest amount was thirty-two times. A few had special offensive potential exceeding this. Only Enlightened Beings could use them to their greatest potential and turn them into Dominating Armaments.

Of course, these were under common circumstances since spirit treasures of the same rank also varied in power, albeit by a small margin.

For example, Feiyun's rod was a peak third-ranked spirit treasure. In the hand of a ninth-level Giant, it could unleash a blow twenty-seven times stronger than normal. The Infinite Spirit Ring was also a third-ranked yet it was limited to twenty-four times stronger.

Feiyun was only at the fifth level so when using the rod, he could unleash a blow six times stronger. As for another treasure, it would be three to four times at best.

This was a matter of cultivation, virtually impossible to overcome.

One couldn't use a spirit treasure to its maximum potential before becoming a Giant. This was actually the reason why the title Giant was given out within the realm of Heaven's Mandate.

Regular Giants with first-ranked Spirit Treasures could easily crush the top historical geniuses. They could also cultivate the special techniques to grand completion, allowing them to have explosive potential of ten or twenty times greater than normal. The historical geniuses at weaker cultivation could only learn these techniques to minor completion, becoming two to four times stronger at best. Of course, this was already exceptional given their lower cultivation.

A Giant was far superior to a half-step Giant. Historical geniuses needed to become Giants themselves before crushing these beings and turning into real big shots.

In fact, their battle potential would rise so quickly after becoming a Giant. They would crush people in the same realm, potentially stomping on the Super Giants as well.

'I can kill a peak half-step within three moves right now, but an early Giant is still too much to take. The cultivation difference is overwhelming, this peak third-ranked spirit treasure can't change that either. The only way for me to take one on in a fight is if the guy doesn't have a fivefold technique. Hmm, all ninth-level Giants have defensive spirit barriers though and can automatically use eightfold strikes.'

Feiyun had a pretty good idea of his abilities. He couldn't take on an early Giant but he could rely on his incredible speed to survive. His speed right now surpassed even Giant at the later stages.

Moreover, he could feel his second phoenix bones materializing. With it, his physical abilities would become three times stronger. At that point, he could take on an early Giant using a first-ranked spirit treasure without using his own spirit treasures.

Other historical geniuses couldn't be as strong as him at the fifth level. This was the multiplicative effect of having both the Immortal Phoenix and Myriad Beast Physique.

"I need to create the second bone as soon as possible, just a little bit more then I can carve phoenix runes on this wisdom bone." Feiyun rushed through the forest.

The trees here were black because of the poisonous miasma. A few unknown creatures appeared for a split second in the fog before disappearing. This place was full of dangers. It might have been several hundred years since a man last set foot here.

"Why are they taking her to this place? It's ten thousand miles away from the city."

Roars came from deeper in the forest. Air turned into waves that made debris fly everywhere.

The roars continued massive spirit energy. A normal person would bleed from all orifices and die due to the sound waves.

[Chapter 648: Ancient Ceremonial Ground](#)

Miasma filled this wild region. It suppressed divine intent in a strange manner. Upon closer inspection, one would find the ground red as if soaked with blood in the back. Pieces of broken bones scattered on the ground, hidden by the grass and vegetation.

Feiyun slowed down and became careful. This bizarre place looked like a cemetery with dense nether energy and hatred. His next step splashed out blood.

"Your Excellency, we have been waiting." Two black-cloaked cultivators walked out of the miasma.

One couldn't see their appearance but could still sense their powerful spirit energy - two half-step Giants.

Feiyun could tell that they were part of the group that carried the palanquin earlier.

The group consisted of four men. Two were dead now and these two left with the palanquin.

Where was the palanquin now? Perhaps other heretics were present in this location, maybe even the young lord.

"Where is this place?" Feiyun smiled.

"This is a holy ground of these witches, the place of an ancient altar. The Witchcraft Goddess of the last generation once sacrificed 100,000 beasts and another 100,000 humans here to summon one strand of soul from the Witch God in order to kill an extremely mighty enemy. Ten thousand years have passed and witch energies still exist here. The skeletons on the ground can come out whenever." One of the two didn't mind telling him.

So a large-scale sacrifice happened here in the past with their blood seeping into the ground. The bones won't rot after so many years and a strange power still remained. So the Heavenly Witch God really exists in this world?

"You're trying to use this holy ground to take the tree from the goddess." Feiyun calmly said.

"Haha! Your Excellency, how smart you are. We are here under the order of the heretical lord, please come watch an unprecedented event in history." The other man said. His voice was filled with respect for his lord.

This young lord was truly confident, wanting Feiyun to watch the goddess' tree being taken from her. He must have absolute power here to prevent Feiyun from messing up the ceremony.

If all Feiyun could do was watch, it would be a loss for him. He would need to join Senluo Temple in that case and become a follower of the young lord.

"Pluff! Pluff!" Feiyun naturally couldn't just sit idly by so he sneered.

A white glint flashed in his hand. The weapon essence turned into a spear. He instantly pierced the throat of these two heretics. They fell straight back on the ground.

"Boom!" A snort could be heard as a gigantic palm crushed the trees nearby, wanting to push Feiyun's head down.

Feiyun had killed four half-steps from Senluo within a single day. This was a gigantic loss so one of the protectors wanted to teach Feiyun a lesson.

They wanted to recruit Feiyun but wouldn't let him kill their members as he pleases.

The attacker was an early Giant, a protector ranked fifty-first of the temple. He sat one hundred miles away below an altar on a bronze chair and unleashed a palm strike named Raging Wave, a famous heretical technique. He had cultivated it to grand completion and could unleash a sixfold attack.

Others didn't try to stop him since they felt that Feiyun deserves a lesson. That's the only way to get him to submit.

Feiyun stabilized his stance and retaliated with a fiery palm strike with numerous beast runes, easily crushing the Raging Wave.

Nevertheless, his legs still sank to the ground while his body trembled. His internal organs were shaken as he almost got injured by that move.

'Still a way to go before fighting early Giant. I can't take him on if he uses a spirit treasure.' Feiyun channeled his energy and restored his vitality. He leaped to the sky and left this area.

The fifty-first protector was shocked, thinking that Feiyun lives up to his fame as the number one genius. The guy could stop his palm strike despite only being at the fifth level.

Even Dongfang Jingshui couldn't do that at the fifth level. The protector wanted to make another move but Feiyun has disappeared from sight.

“No wonder why Bahong can’t stop him, his battle potential is already so terrifying. If he becomes a Giant... let’s not talk about that.” A different protector said.

Deeper in this region was a towering altar made piling black boulders. It looked like a peak without the top section, looking quite ancient and mysterious.

It was broken in many places, seemingly damaged by beast claws. It was being repaired right now.

Below were several hundred heretics wearing a black robe. Each of them had a mighty aura; all were looking up at the top with great anticipation.

Five old men were the most conspicuous. They sat on top of five bronze chairs, full of wrinkles and gray hair.

They were five protectors at the Giant level. Two of them haven’t shown themselves in 400 years and still had mud on them as if they have just crawled out of the ground. They had the strongest auras.

One of them said: “I’ve been in isolated cultivation for 430 years and just got out three days ago yet I’ve still heard of stories about Feng Feiyun. This person’s aptitude is unique in history but he is also a scoundrel. Several talented girls in our sect have been plagued by him. A guy like this will renege even if he loses, it won’t be easy forcing him to submit.”

He was the fifth protector who only woke up after being stimulated by the heretical king’s monstrous evil energy.

Many cultivators on the verge of death would bury themselves in the wilderness. They would either break through to the next realm and get out or forever slumber down there until time turns them into dust.

A smiling protector with a friendly face shook his head: “This Feng Feiyun is indeed even more devilish than heretics like us and will resort to despicable means to get ahead. However, he is a man of his words, reneging won’t happen.”

“Yes, that’s why the king and the young lord want to recruit him or they would have killed him long ago.” Another muddy old man nodded and looked at the altar: “If that’s his personality, then he won’t give up so easily. Be on guard.”

“Haha, Sixth Protector, you are worrying too much. Just one Feng Feiyun won’t amount to anything. Any protector here can suppress him.” Elderly laughter came about as a short old man jumped out of the sky.

He was black from top to bottom with a pair of bean-sized eyes glowing red. He was Gu Lida, the traitor of Witch God Temple and the Senior Uncle of Grand Wisdom Master Jing Feng.

He has just returned from the city after fighting evenly against the twelve knights.

The fifth protector said: “Gu Lida, are those barbarians from Heaven Worship following you here?”

Gu Lida was unhappy about the discriminatory remark since he was a Jiang himself. Nevertheless, he didn’t show it at all and smiled: “How can those idiots keep up with me? They’re probably searching

from ten thousand miles away. Plus, a venerable walker is staying back, I'm sure no one can reach this place."

He then took out the five cauldrons towering at three meters. Springs of blood gushed out along with disgusting stench. The five cauldrons flew to the top of the altar.

They started shaking at first before being controlled by a mysterious power and forced to land at five different spots on top of the altar.

"Boom!" A red light erupted along with chants of worship.

[Chapter 649: Ceremony](#)

The five cauldrons landed on five corners of the altars and woke up the power here.

A peerless force erupted from the black altar, creating gales and black clouds in the sky. They began to spin around, making it feel as if the world itself was spinning.

"We can start the ceremony now." Gu Lida was shaking emotionally. He has waited too long for this day.

More than 20,000 beasts in captivity were brought over by heretical cultivators. Some larger ones were dozens of meters long, tied up by thick iron chains. They started shaking and squirming to get out.

A protector shot out forbidden rays that surround these big beasts, immobilizing them.

The altar reached the clouds in a majestic corner. The platform at the top had a diameter of 260 meters, looking just like a shrine meant for ascension.

It took six hours before all the beasts were brought to the top. Though this ceremony wasn't comparable to the one ten thousand years ago, it was still quite impressive.

Just like how ancient people worshipped their gods, using this altar to steal the tree from the goddess would be a simple task.

"Take out their souls." The fifth and sixth protector started at the same time.

The two released black chains of energy and dragged out a millennium spirit beast.

This beast had the bloodline of a sacred creature - the Bi'an and had cultivated for more than 1,200 years. Though its sacred bloodline was negligible, it was far more powerful than an ordinary spirit beast and capable of smashing a Giant to a pulp.

It was the king of the mountains near Heaven Witchcraft Division. The beasts within a 20,000 miles area were under its control.

It normally attacked various cities and caused quite a headache for the four tribe lords of Heaven Witchcraft. They tried to kill it multiple times to no avail.

The Life Walker of Senluo Temple spent great efforts before capturing this Bi'an, wanting to use its blood as a sacrifice.

"Raa!" The Bi'an had thirty iron chains around it. Each chain had a talisman taped on it. Each time the beast struggled, the talismans would flash and send out lightning bolts causing the beast to scream.

“You dare to use the blood of a spirit beast as a sacrifice? The spirit beast lords in Endless Land would never drop this issue if they find out.” The Bi’an had a pair of golden eyes. They shined just like the stars above. It knew how to speak and the loud volume made the area tremble.

The fifth protector responded: “The heretical king is back, stronger than ever. The spirit beast lords won’t attack our temple just because of you.”

The Bi’an struggled only to be struck by ten bolts and cried out: “Shameless humans! You would be no match for me without these 33 talismans holding me back!”

The fifth and sixth protector didn’t waste time and brought the Bi’an to the top of the altar.

Its curses gradually weakened because of the suppressive power stemming from the five cauldrons.

Next, several thousand Jiangs consisting of various demographics were herded to the top. They were captured by the heretics from the nearby tribes, looking quite confused.

Feiyun stood on a peak several hundred miles away. He used his phoenix gaze to read the situation while his sleeves fluttered loudly to the wind.

‘That heretical young lord might be hiding, only the five protectors are out in the open.’

Feiyun put on his purple Nine-doves Gown, releasing an evil affinity from within. His battle intent surrounded the entire peak.

Next, he also put on the Cloak of Invisibility and suddenly disappeared. All of his auras and presence were erased.

Nangong Hongyan could ambush a Giant to death with this cloak. Feiyun was even more ambitious, wanting to kill several.

He crossed through the miasma field again and made it to a valley a few thousand meters from the altar.

An ancient force was being awakened at the top. The monstrous beasts up there were roaring with such loud volumes that Feiyun’s own beast souls wanted to fly out of his body.

Not far from there were several hundred heretics on guard. They obviously didn’t want anyone to disturb the ceremony.

No one could sense Feiyun, not even the five protectors.

Gu Lida walked on a path laden with bones while holding an archaic leather scroll, slowly making his way to the very top.

He would bow his head every nine steps while chanting what seems to be the ancient tongue of witchcraft.

He was the oldest member of the Ancient Jiang, more than 800 years old. He knew plenty of forbidden arts capable of draining others’ life force to live longer.

He once found an old technique on a bone tablet depicting how to steal the divine tree. In the distant past, a master shaman managed to take it away from the goddess of that generation.

The bone tablet stated - in order to seize the Divine Witchcraft Tree, one must borrow the power of a mighty altar then copulate with the Heavenly Witchcraft Goddess, instilling one's yang essence into her and leading out her yang force. Next, harmonize with the altar and forcefully remove the tree from her and inserting it into one's own.

The conditions were quite stringent. Both the goddess and the shaman must be virgins.

Moreover, the shaman must be a great master of various witchcraft arts.

Next, it has to be carried out on sacred ground with enough beast blood as a sacrifice for the Witch God, gaining his approval.

The goddess naturally wasn't his daughter, only a chosen messenger picked by one of his billion strands of intent. The Jiang only called her a goddess out of respect.

With enough sacrifice, this god would allow the shaman to be his new messenger and grant them the power of the tree.

It took an hour before Gu Lida made it to the top, still reading the text from the leather scroll. He displayed great reverence, not blinking once from start to finish.

The light on the altar grew stronger with his chanting. The power of the altar was being called out, resulting in thunderous explosions.

Meanwhile, the five protectors sat on their chair while feeling intimidated by this force.

No wonder why the heretical king put so much emphasis on this matter. The force of this altar was no joke. Alas, they still didn't believe in the existence of the Witch God, or rather, a real deity. This being was rooted in the legends, not reality. "Gods" were simply evil creatures created from worship and faith.

"Feng Feiyun didn't come back, how unexpected, maybe he knows he is too weak to change anything?" The fifty-first protector wondered.

"Perhaps he ran back to Witch God City to look for reinforcement."

"Maybe, but it will be too late then. The divine tree would already be taken by Gu Lida and with its power, he'll be in charge of Ancient Jiang."

"It can't be helped. Feng Feiyun is still too young and weak. The five of us here are enough to scare him off."

At this time, four cloaked heretics carried the silver palanquin up the altar and placed it down in front of Gu Lida.

"Your Highness, come out now. Don't you wish to see an end to the Jiang's internal conflicts? I can accomplish this for you." Lida has finished chanting and spoke with his hoarse voice.

A hand as white as snow stretched out from within, delicate and immaculate. It hesitated for a while before lifting up the curtain, revealing the delicate beauty inside.

Exquisite and charming and shrouded by a faint mist, she had a silver staff in one hand and a golden pot made out of clay in the other.

Her eyes were big with curly eyelashes, looking a bit frightened. She slightly trembled like a tiny quail.

The four heretics holding the palanquin were stunned, thinking that this goddess was beautiful enough to be cursed and subjected to this horrendous fate.

She was around twenty years of age, no longer that young. Nevertheless, she still had a look of innocence and bashfulness. Her neck showed off her fair skin with breasts ample enough to be proud of. Her delicate waist accentuated her charming figure.

When she walked out, her figure came to full view, especially her thin, long legs. She held a silver staff and wore a silver dress; her hair draped down to the waist.

The five protectors felt their blood flowing fast; their eyes bulging from the sockets.

Gu Lida was the most excited one out of everyone. His bean-sized eyes stared intensely at her while thinking to himself: 'The Heavenly Witch God is too kind to me!'

[Chapter 650: Out Of The Cage](#)

Time has done a positive number on the poorly-dressed tea shop girl. She became graceful with an amazing figure shrouded below her silver robe. She appeared pure and transcending; a perfect creation from the gods.

She lost her fear and stood proudly with her chest arched forward. Her eyes flashed with holy glimmers as she spoke with an elegant voice: "Who are you?"

Gu Lida rubbed his messy beard and smiled: "I'm your Ancestral Uncle in terms of seniority."

"Master said that you were evil enough to be expelled from the temple." She grimaced while ripples appeared in her eyes.

Alas, there was no murderous intent despite knowing that he was an evil shaman. Her eyes were still clear like two springs with the water of life. Her nature was too kind and innocent.

"Keke, seniority doesn't matter anymore, not now and not in the future." Gu Lida gazed at her figure with his red eyes, wanting to see through her silver robe.

However, the mist around her blocked all lights in this world.

"Begin the ceremony." Lida withdrew his intrusive stare and smirked, thinking that the girl was a fish on the platter, no need to rush.

"For what?" She asked. Even a fool could tell that the situation wasn't looking good. Everything here seemed to be aimed at her.

Gu Lida's eyes had a flash of both holiness and perversion: "The power of the ceremony will awaken one strand of intent from the great god. We'll ask him to give me the tree inside you."

He shuddered with excitement; his dried hand reached forward, wanting to grab her delicate body. His expression said it all. Who knows if it was because of the tree or the incredible beauty? Perhaps both.

Her expression soured, aware of this old man's intention. She raised her silver staff and gathered witch energy in order to resist.

"It's no use, young goddess." He took out a shining piece of animal hide. It grew bigger with diagrams depicting mountains and rivers before absorbing the energy from the staff. Its remnant force knocked her down on the ground.

He put the animal hide away and laughed loudly: "I'll be gentle if you cooperate, keke, but if you don't, I'll strip you naked and throw you into the sacrificial pond. You'll then find out what a fate worse than death is."

His eyes brimmed with brutality. He had captured people and refined them alive in his cauldron so that he could live longer.

Many heretics nearby felt that it was a waste for a kingdom-toppling goddess to be used by this nasty old man.

Alas, none of them objected because this was the will of the heretical king. No one dared to oppose him.

A ripple suddenly appeared behind Gu Lida as he reached forward.

The guy was comparable to a late-stage Giant so he could sense this little ripple. He became tense and swiftly took out his hide again.

"Whoosh!" A hidden murderous intent intensified.

The void suddenly opened and a person dressed in green pierced Gu Lida from behind with a white-glowing spear. Blood crazily gushed out.

This happened too sudden, leaving Gu Lida grievously injured with a shattered spine. Luckily for him, his bones have been reinforced with witch runes before and were fully connected. Otherwise, that thrust earlier could have killed him.

The guy was skillful enough to shift his heart and rolled to the side before covering himself with the animal hide.

"Huh." The ambusher was surprised and wanted to add another thrust to crucify Gu Lida.

However, the five protectors below the altar attacked in unison with their massive palm.

"Such impudence! You dare to disturb the ceremony?!" They shouted thunderously, causing the area to quake. Five heavenly palms descended from above.

However, the ambusher suddenly disappeared and the palms missed entirely.

The guy appeared and disappeared too quickly; no one could see him clearly. Not a single aura remained.

If it wasn't for Gu Lida coughing out blood on the ground, the heretics would have thought that they were only seeing things earlier.

The atmosphere became tense. Everyone held their breath and became cautious.

A protector with a kind face looked around: "It's Feng Feiyun. Nangong Hongyan is dead so he has that invisible cloak now. He's hiding nearby."

This was terrible news so everyone grimaced. The cloak could hide all auras. They couldn't detect him even if he were standing right behind him.

"Pluff!" A heretic screamed before falling down. His head was no longer connected to his body.

No one saw who did it, only a slight ripple in space and a white flash with peerless sharpness.

The five protectors tried to attack again but the void closed once more.

"Pluff! Pluff! Pluff!" Another three heretics on the other side of the altar were slain. They never got the chance to retaliate.

The protectors were furious from being unable to do anything but watch.

The injured Gu Lida was scared out of his mind. He ran down the altar towards the five protectors before taking in nine black pills to stop the bleeding. Color returned to his face.

"Protectors, just be on guard and we'll be fine. The brat will need to reveal his position when attacking. That's the moment to strike." Gu Lida had nothing but hatred.

Success was right before him but this guy came out of nowhere and nearly took his life. 'I'm gonna refine this brat to death when I catch him!'

The fifth protector said: "Feiyun still isn't a Giant and can only threaten us with ambushes. Keep an eye out and he won't be able to do anything."

Giants had impeccable awareness due to their divine intents, able to react to the slightest spatial ripple. They could work together right away and take down Feiyun at a moment's notice.

"Yes, he's alone and weaker than us. Seal space and force him out." The five took out one bloodstained talisman each. They were longer than a meter with different runic engravings - nine-headed bird, Qiongqi, one-legged crane, four-pupil phoenix, and fire rat. These were the primal beasts from the legends.

The engravings were done with their distant descendants' blood. These bloodlines were as thin as can be but still had explosive potential.

The talismans floated in five different spots in the sky and compressed the area nearby. Space seemed to be cracking.

This pressure made the captured beasts tremble and roar. The weaker ones simply exploded.

They wanted to force Feiyun out using these talismans then suppress him.

"Give up, Feng Feiyun, your cultivation is too weak to be our opponent. It's not shameful to lose to the heretical young lord." One protector persuaded.

"Resisting will only end in your death. If you give up, you will be part of the upper echelon, a confidant of our lord..."

“Crack!” Suddenly, iron chains were severed on top of the altar. The great architecture quaked as a stone tablet broke into pieces.

“Raaa!” A beast roared and howled, hurting everyone’s ears.

More iron chains were broken to the astonishment of the heretics. A Bi’an as big as a hill raised both of its claws and destroyed a portion of the altar. Boulders started rolling down.

The furious creature was white with the head of a dragon and the body of a tiger. Its eyes were bigger than a water jar. Its first target was one of the bloodstained talismans in the sky.

One protect screamed: “He broke the sealing tablet and the chains on that Bi’an!”

This spirit beast had the bloodline of a sacred Bi’an and had cultivated for more than 1,200 years, strong enough to take on several Giants at the same time.

It was captured by the Life Walker and sealed by numerous talismans in the form of chains and one powerful tablet. It was meant to be the main sacrifice but Feiyun had just released it.

Spirit beasts were just as smart as people so being captured for sacrificial purposes left the creature livid. It became more than ready for payback after being set free.