

Sprit Vessel 811

[Chapter 811: The Situation At The Capital](#)

The group was no longer here but there were traces of them. Feiyun believed that they have been hiding here for a while.

The experts from Yin and Yang World on top of Peakless Lord might be after them for the various treasures. Hiding in the capital might be safer than anyone else despite the circumstances.

He left the mansion and wanted to see the current situation on top of gathering information about Supreme Goddess.

It was quite tense since all the formations have been activated. There were troops guarding every street. Royal cultivators presided over the formations in case of spies and enemies working from the inside.

Internal sabotage was difficult due to the layers of guards.

A battalion consisting of several hundred soldiers escorted carriages containing pills. The commander took out a badge and said: "We are under the order of Winged Marquis to bring these pills towards Porter Pass."

"Let them through." A cultivator watching the formation on this street took a look at the badge and released the formation.

"Porter" was one of the nine main passes or gates to the capital.

The capital has been around for more than six thousand years. There were a total of nine passes leading to the gates and seventy-two strategic towns in the vicinity. Each had plenty of defensive methods.

Right now, the coalition armies have been blocked outside of these towns, unable to break through just yet.

As for the nine gates, each was watched by a heavenly marquis along with their camp's seniors and ancestors.

"The royal clan isn't too bad." Feiyun turned into a wind and passed through the deactivated formation. The cultivators guarding that formation didn't have a clue.

He followed the escort battalion and made it through seven streets. He didn't come out of the capital because he noticed something else along the way - a mansion as large as a fortress.

It had plenty of floating palaces and guards - the mansion of the Grand Chancellor.

Soldiers came and went. Some came to report while others left to carry out orders.

He rubbed his chin and snuck into the mansion without alerting anyone.

Yao Ji sat in her study room, reading military information.

"Senluo is doing quite well, ten different routes against ten towns and nearly got through. The emperor should have sent experts as reinforcement, no need to worry about them." Yao Ji put down a letter and reached for the next.

After the return of the previous emperor and the empress, Yao Ji no longer commanded the army. Her responsibility became administration and dispatch.

The moment she held the envelope, she suddenly raised her brows with a flash in her eyes. "Leave, I wish to rest."

The maids and guards both inside and out left.

Feiyun was now sitting in a red jade chair with his legs up. He smiled at the beauty: "Your Excellency, you look quite intimidating in an official uniform, nearly scaring me down on my knees."

"As if a feeble girl like me can make the famous son of the demon kneel. I should be the one on my knees." She revealed an enchanting smile. Her complexion was as white as a pear flower. Her voice was lovable and tender like a helpless lamb.

"Are you the Yin Mother or not?" Feiyun put on a serious expression and took out the ghost bottle.

"Yin Mother? What's that, I'm just a young lady, do I look that old?" Yao Ji slowly leaned into his embrace. Her jade hand wrapped around his neck as she whispered: "You jerk, I've already given you my most precious thing and treasure, how can you still suspect me? Fine, I'm really the so-called Yin Mother, an old ghost, I'll eat you now."

"You ate me long ago, haha!" Feiyun put away the bottle and said: "It's fine if you don't want to admit it, I'm not here for that. I just want to know where the empress took the soul."

Yao Ji became serious and said: "The empress brought Supreme Goddess out of the capital fifteen days ago. She had a duel with the heretical king, the ancestor of rakshasa, and the father of the barbarian king. She hasn't returned yet."

"What? Those two are here too?" Feiyun was surprised.

Monk Zhi Zang explained to him that these two were the top dogs of Jin, on the same level as the empress. They were the top master of Rakshasa and Qian Dynasty, respectively.

The empress was decisive indeed, challenging all three at once. Not even the Grand Sovereign of Long would dare to do something like this.

"Why was she so confident? One against three?" Feiyun said.

"Well, if she didn't stop them, the nine passes would have been taken down by now." Yao Ji nodded.

"But why did she bring the soul with her?"

"I'm confused about it as well. Supreme Goddess' soul has gathered a fair amount of worship power but it's still too weak. It's meaningless in a battle of this level."

He became worried. If the goddess' soul were destroyed, then all of the blood he had gathered wouldn't be able to revive Nangong Hongyan.

"Where did they meet?" He asked.

Suddenly, rapid footsteps sounded outside. A messenger reported: "Grand Chancellor, the empress has returned."

The two inside became surprised and glanced at each other.

"For how long now?" Yao Ji asked.

"Just now. And another message on the battlefield, Heavenly Gate, Heavenly Pillar, and Heavenly Mountain Pass have fallen. Three marquises died as well and the emperor has given an order to abandon the seventy-two towns and passes. The army will retreat to the capital in preparation for the siege."

"Got it, leave." She ordered.

The footsteps eventually trailed off.

"What do you think about this?" She took a deep breath and had a serious glint in her eyes.

"This must be the empress' plan." He said: "She led the three experts away in order to buy time for the royal clan. The big shots there knew that they couldn't overextend themselves to protect the outskirts. There must be a reason why they delayed it for a month."

"True, everyone could see how futile it was for Jin to try and protect those towns." She nodded.

"The empress is quite interesting." He chuckled.

"Don't tell me you want to get closer to her? Oh the great demon's son, you better be careful, she has your woman right now. It might be a trap." She smiled.

"I'm not interested in her, give me a badge that can go through the large formations since I have some businesses." He said seriously.

"That's easy since I'm in charge of internal affairs. You'll be safe as long as the empress doesn't catch you." She took out an iron badge with her personal seal. No one could duplicate it.

"I have to enter the palace to see the empress, plus, I'll ask about Little Sister Supreme too."

"Little Sister?"

"Haha, I'm older so I'll be the Big Sis for sure." She winked at him before tidying up her outfit and erasing his presence.

"Good, I'll wait here tonight, hopefully you'll return with some good news."

She walked towards the exit and added: "The previous Divine King is out."

"Master..." He leaned back on his chair.

Even the strongest cultivator would have a master. Even the strongest cultivator would only have one life.

The previous Divine King was Feiyun's master and saved his life. He didn't care for the royal clan, his master was the sole exception.

“Let’s go to the dragon lake first.” He decided to go to the Yin Gou Clan.

His goal here was to gather spirit stones. Once he had enough, he would go find Supreme Goddess’ soul then leave the capital.

Of course, he would go say goodbye to his master as well.

As for Jin? He didn’t care for it at all.

The dragon lake was heavily guarded with activated formations. They have recalled all of their experts as well.

He sensed several monstrous auras in the area. An Enlightened Being could die by trying to enter this place.

[Chapter 812: Big Transaction](#)

The royal clan has been developing in this area for thousands of years. There was no lack of enemies but also allies. For example, the dragon palace, Wanxiang Pagoda, Yin Void Cave...

The Yin Gou as well.

This clan had deep ties with the royal clan. In each generation, its clan master would marry a princess.

The generational imperial tutor would usually be from the Yin Gou as well. The other three clans also had these types of marriages but they weren’t as close.

All in all, the three clans normally opposed the royal clan while the Yin Gou had its back.

“Clan Master, there is someone wanting to have an audience with you. He has the badge of the Grand Chancellor.” An old servant stood respectfully outside.

The chamber was bright with songs and dancers, seemingly a banquet for an esteemed guest.

Both the music and the dancing techniques were superb.

There was indeed a guest here. The clan even invited the Flower Empress, Feng Miaomiao, from Blissful Flower Palace. This place became the number one location for gentlemen after the destruction of Beauty’s Smile and Supreme Beauty Palace.

Feng Miaomiao immediately stopped playing the zither after hearing the message. She was adored by the prodigies in the capital but didn’t think that she was on the same level as the Grand Chancellor.

Clan Master Dongfang Hanlin, Dongfang Jingshui, and several prestigious old men were present.

Hanlin’s brows furrowed slightly in rumination, potentially thinking about the goal of this visit.

There was already a big shot from the royal clan here. Now, a messenger from the Grand Chancellor too?

Long Chuanfeng stroked his beard and smiled: “I heard the new chancellor is quite capable. I’ve been wanting to meet her for a while but no chance. Clan Master, do you want me to leave for a bit?”

“No need, you’re not an outsider. Dongfang Quan, invite the messenger in.” Dongfang Hanlin ordered and started talking about the recent battles with the Divine King again.

When Feiyun was outside, he could already sense Long Chuanfeng’s aura. The latter noticed him as well.

This was the awareness of top experts. They could recognize each other without meeting in person.

Feiyun didn’t expect to see him here but didn’t try to hide it either. He didn’t change his appearance and walked straight into the chamber.

Most members of the Yin Gou were surprised to see him. The girls from Blissful found this strange - why did these lords have this expression after seeing this youth?

They have seen too many prodigies. This guy was only handsome and didn’t warrant such a strong response.

Feng Miaomiao stared curiously at him with shimmering eyes.

“Your disciple greets you, Master.” Feiyun walked to Chuanfeng’s front and bowed his head.

The Divine King’s disciple? Why would he be a messenger of the Grand Chancellor then? Feng Miaomiao found this more confusing.

Chuanfeng had a complicated look in his eyes while gazing at Feiyun - appreciation for his skills, regrets, and certain helplessness hid deep inside.

“You’ve done well, my disciple. Go have a seat.” He said.

Feng Feiyun has done many things for the royal clan yet was still banished in the end. Others would have rebelled but Feiyun didn’t do so.

Chuanfeng knew that it wasn’t out of fear but rather respect for his master.

Feiyun found a place a bit lower. A pretty girl with a zither sat in front of him. She greeted him with a smile.

“Feng Feiyun greets you, Clan Master.” He said.

The dancers and singers became frightened right away after hearing his name.

Feiyun was quite famous right now, enough to stand on the same level as the clan master of the Yin Gou. However, all girls were afraid of him, viewing him as a villain.

The atmosphere in the chamber became strange. Dongfang Jingshui got up and left by himself.

A high-ranking elder spoke before his clan master: “Feng Feiyun, you dare to come here alone? Are you not afraid that we’ll take your Golden Silkworm Scripture?”

Feiyun exuded a powerful aura of Buddhism. It turned into a halo and nearly suffocated that elder, forcing him to the ground.

Everyone became startled, realizing that he has grown stronger after learning the scripture.

He stopped intimidating them and withdrew his aura: "No one can stop me from leaving, that's why I'm here."

"Virtuous Nephew, Old Fourth was only joking. That scripture is a source of disaster, not a blessing. We don't want this hot potato in our hand." The clan master laughed and alleviated the tension.

"I'm here today to ask for a favor." Feiyun revealed.

The clan master was surprised and glanced over at Chuanfeng: "What a coincidence, you two are here to rob us completely."

"Blame yourselves for being so rich." Chuanfeng said freely.

Feiyun understood Chuanfeng's goal right away. The army had returned to the capital and abandoned the outer regions.

The next battle was going to be one of attrition requiring resources. That's why he was here.

Chuanfeng handed a list over. Feiyun didn't know the content but knew that it must be about spirit stones, pills, spirit grass, weapons, and mounts...

The Yin Gou was ancient and had a rich history of wealth. Its resources must be unimaginable.

The clan master raised his brows after seeing the content. It wasn't a small amount.

Feiyun started contemplating. The Yin Gou will definitely satisfy the royal clan's demand since they were allies. Moreover, protecting the capital was beneficial for their clan too.

Feiyun still needed 1,500,000 more stones at least. Who knows how much this clan would have left after helping the royal clan?

Time was of the essence then. And fortunately, he had room to negotiate since it was his master and not someone else from the royal clan.

Feiyun sent a mental message to the two. They stared at him in unison. The clan master then told everyone to leave, leaving just the three.

"Virtuous Nephew, you wish to do business with our clan?" The clan master became curious. A merchant like him never said no to potential business.

"I want to trade other resources for spirit stones." Feiyun got straight to the point.

The other two became curious.

"The capital is actually lacking materials and resources, not spirit stones. How many do you need?" The clan master said.

In war, spirit stones could only be used to prepare formations. The clan had plenty of stones since they could make more than one thousand spirit stones per auction.

"1,500,000." Feiyun revealed. He picked a more conservative number since saying 2,000,000 might shock them.

They were still shocked anyway.

Keep in mind that Jin's national treasury didn't have this amount right now. Chuanfeng wrote down 2,000,000 on his list but that was for the war effort.

Feiyun alone wanted 1,500,000? That's too ridiculous.

"I know the majority of the formations at the capital are empowered by the dragon stone so there is no need for stones. I don't need the high-level ones either, just the three lowest types. If you can get me this amount, I'll trade you the equivalent pills and grass." He elaborated.

The Dragon Spirit Stone was ranked tenth and had plenty of energy. It was equivalent to a hundred million True Mysterious Spirit Stones.

That's why Jin actually didn't need spirit stones. Only new formations would require them.

Both the clan master and Long Chuanfeng understood this. They just didn't know why he needed so much. Could he also give enough resources back?

"It's enough to buy 150,000 millennium grass roots, it's an insane number." The clan master thought that Feiyun was capable. Alas, this should be impossible.

Spirit grass was rarer than spirit stone, especially the older ones. There was no way he could muster so many.

[Chapter 813: So Many Spirit Medicines](#)

Feng Feiyun didn't waste time and took out eighteen burlap bags. They piled up in the middle of the chamber.

The two were taken off guard, could all of these bags contain spirit grass?

He opened one bag and a bright radiance rushed out along with medicinal fragrances. More than five thousand pills rolled out, many of which were first rank and second rank. Some third-ranked pills were mixed in there too.

It's all a mess.

Spirit pills were very rare. Just the first rank was enough to make God Base cultivators fight each other. Having one pill could mean the difference between life and death.

A second rank one would interest Heaven's Mandate cultivators.

Even Giants would go buy the rare third-ranked pills.

The fourth rank could be seen as a treasure. A sect might not have more than a few pills.

In a sense, a first-ranked pill was comparable to one spirit stone. A second rank was comparable to ten. A third was comparable to one hundred.

Of course, this multiplier could change depending on the purity and usage of the pills.

“All spirit pills?” The clan master licked his lips and looked around at the pearl-like pills. He hurriedly calculated their value in his head.

“What a prodigal son, using these bags to carry so many pills, haha.” Chuanfeng has seen plenty of things in his life but nothing like this.

Feng Feiyun didn’t know what to do either since the culprit was Bi Ningshuai. He stole them from the Grand Tutor’s mansion and gave it all to Feiyun, not wanting to be caught.

He rarely used these pills and simply stored them. The low-ranking ones weren’t useful to him.

The clan master finished counting and said: “4,643 first rank, 732 second rank, 43 third rank. Estimate worth around 16,000 spirit stones.”

“That’s it?” Feiyun didn’t like it.

“It’s already a large amount, many clans don’t have this much after a thousand years of accumulation. In reality, your pills are very pure, definitely from a top master. Hmm, I’ll give you another 2,000 for a total of 18,000.”

“Fine, 18,000. There are seventeen more bags, we’ll do the same exchange.” Feiyun pointed at the pile.

The clan master turned pale. Those all contain spirit pills? Since when are they so common like beans?!

Long Chuanfeng was ecstatic because they were needing spirit pills the most.

Ordinary soldiers only used regular medicines and ointments. However, high-level cultivators required spirit pills in order to replenish their energy.

This was a pleasant surprise. The emperor would be ecstatic to see this.

Finally, the bags were traded for 320,000 spirit stones. Only the Yin Gou could do something like this.

“Take out whatever else you have.” Chuangfeng felt quite good for having a capable disciple.

He and the clan master became astounded in the next second as Feiyun took out numerous pouches of spirit medicines.

The thick spirit energy nearly took liquid form. Just one inhale could make someone feel like their cultivation was increasing.

These medicines and herbs were gathered by Feiyun and Xuejian in the old shrines during their training session.

They only took the mature ones. If they had taken everything, he would have ten times the number right now.

1,000-year, 2,000-year, 3,000-year... a few 8,000 and 9,000-year herbs and grass too.

They were tied up into bundles. Each bundle consisted of one hundred individual roots.

“5,000-year violet ginseng, five bundles, one hundred each...”

“8,000-year white moonflower, one bundle...”

Feiyun sold some “beans” earlier. Now it was time for “cabbages”.

The clan master’s jaw nearly dropped to the ground. Since when were these things so common?

He didn’t know that Feiyun would have just left them all a mess if it wasn’t for Nalan Xuejian tying them up in this amusing manner.

There were a total of 400 bundles or 40,000 spirit medicines. The majority were high ranks that couldn’t be bought with money.

For example, a 9,000-year fire dragon grass that could be refined into soup. Just one drop from it would have a similar effect to a first-rank spirit pill.

Thus, this single root was as valuable as 10,000 spirit stones. Feiyun took out an entire bundle of it and tossed it on the ground.

The value of this bundle certainly exceeded 1,000,000 spirit stones.

Long Chuanfeng’s eyes nearly left their sockets. He no longer cared about appearance and jumped towards this bundle, afraid that someone else might take it.

For real, a 9000-year spirit grass in Jin? Anyone would go crazy for it.

Thus, these spirit medicines were actually worth more than their market value. Just one-tenth was worth more than 1,500,000 spirit stones.

He knew their value and didn’t want to take them out at the start. The reason why he chose to do so, in the end, was to pay Long Chuanfeng back.

One particular phrase was apt for this situation - the kindness of one cup repaid with an entire spring.

In the end, Feiyun got 2,000,000 spirit stones from the Yin Gou. This exceeded his expectation. The Yin Gou was indeed worthy of their reputation.

Chuanfeng’s eyes were a little red. He knew why Feiyun did this. These medicines would really help the dynasty.

“I don’t know what’s going on between you and the empress, but I’ll still thank you on behalf of Jin.” Chuanfeng said.

Feiyun felt much better after obtaining enough stones for the Evil Woman. He said goodbye to the two seniors and left.

He didn’t finish getting down the steps before hearing some curses aimed at him.

“Bastard! Feng Feiyun! Asshole! Feng Feiyun!”

He frowned and shot out a golden ray from his finger straight towards the thicket.

“Ahh, help me! He’s trying to murder me!” Something bellowed behind the trees.

A tiny bird on fire flew out, only the size of a fist. It looked like a phoenix except with the head of a parrot. It had a wily pair of eyes.

Feiyun recognized this bird. It flew out from a painting found deeper in the Yin Gou.

The first time he saw it, he thought it was a lamp inside the Jin River Goddess' shrine.

It followed Feiyun and Dongfang Jingyue out of the painting into the real world. Its name was "Yun Ge".

"Asshole! Bastard!" It continued spewing profanity while flapping its wings.

"Yun Ge, who taught you these words?" Feiyun became interested, standing on the steps with his hands crossed in front of his chest.

"Yun Ge, who taught you these words?" It mimicked him.

"Looks like I have to teach you a lesson." His eyes narrowed.

"Looks like I have to teach you a lesson." The parrot stopped flying and copied his pose too - both wings forward and arching its chest, trying to act cool.

"Whoosh!" Feiyun disappeared from sight but couldn't capture the bird. It was extremely vigilant and fast.

Feiyun laughed and used his Swift Samsara.

"Ah! There's a murderer on the loose!" The bird fled while screaming.

Feiyun eventually caught up but saw someone - a girl in white holding a red pipa.

She sat peacefully beneath a cassia tree. Flowers scattered around her; some landed on her hair.

She raised her delicate fingers - thin and white like jade. Yun Ge landed on them and said something while shooting dirty glares at Feiyun, clearly talking behind his back.

Dongfang Jingyue had a white veil on; her eyes as bright as the stars and as clear as water. Just a slight movement of her eyelashes was gorgeous beyond words.

Feiyun stood in the distance and stared at her, completely immersed.

[Chapter 814: Supreme Shrine](#)

Dongfang Jingyue's face remained hidden. He could only see her mesmerizing and shimmering eyes.

"Have... you been well?" He asked.

Feiyun turned into a devil due to his blood after Nangong Hongyan's death. He didn't know what was going on then, only that Jingyue was with him the entire time. She eventually brought him to Beastmaster Camp.

He had a faint and incomplete recollection of this.

"Mmm." She suddenly proposed: "Want to hear a tune?"

"Sure." Feiyun stood beneath the shade of a cassia tree. His long hair fluttered to the wind. He watched the beauty with a calm mind.

This life and the previous have been full of chaos. The pipa was still as calming as ever as it went on for a bit.

Time came to a halt. Even the foul-mouthed Yun Ge quietly stood on Dongfang Jingyue's shoulder, seemingly immersed in the music.

Just one song. She pulled her fingers back and said: "When are you leaving Jin?"

"Within three months." He initially wanted to say, after saving Supreme Goddess. However, he chose not to bring her up in front of Dongfang Jingyue.

"Do you have a method to leave?"

"There's indeed a path."

"Can you take me with you?" She asked.

"Well..." Feiyun wanted to ask something before refraining.

"It's not convenient?" She slowly lowered her head.

"I'm sorry." Feiyun turned away. He left the clan in silence and returned to Yao Ji's place.

She was already back and smiled after seeing him: "There's something on your mind, oh great demon's son? A beauty is making you sad?"

"Did you get any new information?" He composed himself and said.

"One good and one bad, which one do you want to hear first?" Yao Ji wore a pale blue dress instead of her official uniform right now and a red satin outer layer, looking like a rich noble daughter.

"Good first."

"Supreme Goddess has returned, she's in her shrine right now." Yao Ji smiled.

"What about the bad news?" Feiyun had an excited expression.

"So is the empress." Yao Ji revealed.

Feiyun's expression darkened. This Long Jiangling was so annoying. This was clearly a trap for him.

"There's another news. She brought back a half-formation at the Heaven's Emergence level from an unknown location. In one month, the royal clan had connected this formation to their dragon stone. The capital is impregnable now." Yao Ji added.

Feiyun naturally knew where she got it from and got a higher evaluation of her. This woman's wisdom and formation skill were actually comparable to cultivators at the Heaven's Emergence level.

A frightening enemy indeed.

He got up to leave but Yao Ji latched onto him with her soft body and perfect white skin. Her fragrance resembled that of a virgin as she whispered: "Don't leave tonight, okay?"

Feiyun gently patted her shoulder and pulled up her half-off red gown: "Another day."

He left the mansion and entered the capital. Despite the looming crisis, the place was still filled with songs and dancings.

He went back to the princess' place and saw someone offering their respect in front of his grave.

"A hero dying too young, oh so tragic! Brother Feng, another drink." Bi Ningshuai sat in front of Feiyun's grave and poured a cup of wine down before drinking himself.

The turtle lay there and sighed: "The dead can't return to life. Old Bi, don't be sad."

"I'm not sad! We were best friends but he still extorted my Blood-being Exalted Pot before death, only to bury it with him!" Ningshuai's tears streamed down.

"..."

Feiyun stood behind him and patted his shoulder: "The pot is actually Yama's skull, it's not good to keep it around."

"I know! I'm not angry about the pot but because he has so much good stuff on him yet he didn't leave a thing or two to me. Wait, old turtle, how do you know that it's Yama's skull..."

Ningshuai got chills with goosebumps all over. He stopped being drunk and slowly turned around only to see Feiyun smiling at him.

He rubbed his eyes and glanced back at the grave before screaming: "A ghost!!!..."

Feiyun covered his mouth right away. Ningshuai could see that the guy was real and heaved a sigh of relief: "Shit, I thought you climbed out of the coffin. The old turtle said you were dead for sure."

The turtle immediately put on a serious expression: "Do I look like an unknowledgeable turtle? I knew that this guy can't die so easily."

"Bullshit! You change your mind faster than the flip of a page." Ningshuai said.

Feiyun's survival surprised everyone. Long Cangyue, Little Demoness, and the two Ji Sisters came over as well.

"Bro, we don't need to be afraid of the Yin and Yang people anymore with you back." The excited demoness grabbed his arm and leaned her pretty face on his shoulder, not wanting to let go.

"Why are you afraid when this powerful turtle is around?" Feiyun became curious.

The turtle managed to destroy the first Venerable of Yang - a testament to its power.

The turtle coughed and its voice became feeble: "The truth is that I was invincible once, completely peerless. Alas, I am under a curse and can only use my power once every thousand years. I have to wait another thousand years then."

"Really now?" Feiyun has never heard of this curse before.

The turtle put on a sad yet cool expression and said: "Yes, I still remember that day, the sun was setting to the west, my youth passing by..."

“What good are you then? Might as well make a soup out of you. A several thousand-year-old turtle? Not too bad.” Feiyun lifted it up by the tail.

“No, no, I’m still useful! My shell is extremely hard. I’m not trying to brag here but those two palace lords from Sacred Spirit still can’t break my shell.” The turtle panicked.

“Really now?” Ningshuai was skeptical and used his Ice Severer to hit the shell. The only thing he accomplished was hurting his own hand after half a day.

Feiyun still didn’t buy it. He thought that it was actually one of the four great demon races, a Black Tortoise - a creature on the same level as a phoenix.

Alas, the turtle spewed out random stuff. It was hard to know which sentence was true or not.

It lay down on the ground, breathing weakly as if it was fatigued from the last battle.

“What, you want to go to the shrine of Supreme Goddess?!” Everyone shouted.

They have been paying attention and knew that this shrine was extremely heavily guarded with top masters, killing all intruders.

“There are devout followers there, some are just as strong as you.” Long Cangyue said.

“I heard Supreme Goddess looks exactly like Nangong Hongyan, just without her memories.”

“She is a fiend, Bro, you need to be careful and not fall into her trap.”

Feiyun sent all of them into Heavenly Kingdom, leaving only the turtle outside. He then ran towards the shrine.

“Why me?” The turtle had a bitter expression.

“You bragged about your shell being the toughest defense in the world. You’ll deal with the empress when we’re there.” Feiyun replied.

“Fuck! I don’t want to go if she’s there... Let go of my tail! Let go!”

Once they got near the shrine, the turtle stopped struggling and yelling.

The great statue carved by Feiyun near the Jin River has been brought to the capital. The place was filled with temples and shrines - bright lamps and great radiance.

The winds tonight were especially biting.

They saw a phantom manifesting into a physical form, emitting a terrible aura.

“Quite strong.” Feiyun hid his aura and took several steps backward, hiding in the shadows.

He thought that this aura was very familiar. Oh, right! That Peakless Lord.

He became tense because this being was quite powerful. Just one copy of it was enough to cause so much trouble. What about the real thing?

Suddenly, someone appeared behind Feiyun - Yao Ji.

She gestured for them to stay quiet before raising her hand. An invisible formation circled the two of them, completely hiding their auras.

[Chapter 815: Supreme](#)

“That’s Peakless Lord’s strongest avatar.” Yao Ji had a serious expression while looking at the avatar.

“You know quite a bit, Little Miss.” The turtle peeked its head out of Feiyun’s chest and stared at Yao Ji.

Yao Ji glanced at it before shooting out an indistinct wisp of energy, directly freezing the turtle into a block of ice.

“Peak less Lord has three main avatars, Nether Ghost Claw, Nether Ghost Eye, and Nether Ghost Form. The strongest one is the ghost form, that’s the one here since a month ago. Its goal is probably to devour Supreme Goddess’ soul.” Yao Ji said.

The one that attacked the Ji was the Nether Ghost Claw. It was powerful enough to frighten Godfiend and the King of Abnormalities.

It fought Ji Haotian and eventually faltered. Nonetheless, it caused the curse within him to fully activate and destroy his life force beyond cure. The lord’s weakest avatar was already so dreadful.

Now, it was the strongest avatar present in the shrine.

“Pop!” The turtle broke the ice. It shuddered from being cold and stared at the pretty girl, no longer daring to tease her.

She was not one to be trifled with.

The avatar didn’t try to hide it at all and materialized right outside the shrine. Miasma gathered around it along with wailing souls. There must have been more than a million, meaning that it had devoured that many.

“You dare to intrude this holy shrine?!” Four majestic old men appeared. They were full of vitality with lightning coursing through their eyes. All four were Super Giant.

“Keke, flies.” The miasma turned into a gigantic mouth that swallows all four Glants.

They immediately turned into blood inside, leaving behind four souls struggling in there. They eventually lost the power to struggle and assimilated into the miasma.

The guards and followers in the shrine were horrified. They hurriedly ran back but the avatar didn’t give them the chance to run. Several hundred cultivators became its food, also assimilating into its body.

“Supreme, I’m here for your soul.” The avatar laughed.

“Boom!” A bird resembling a peacock flew out. It had blue feathers and a blue radiance and could speak: “How impudent! This is holy ground, how dare a fiend like you dare to intrude?”

It was a beast king that had cultivated for two thousand years, one of the bulwark beasts in Jin.

It spewed out an ocean of energy that surrounds the avatar.

“Haha, Peacock King huh? Just an uncultivated bird in my eyes.” The avatar easily rushed out of the ocean.

It waved its hand and shot out a beam, striking the peacock and leaving behind a gaping hole.

Blood gushed out from the wound and turned black. It actually tried to engulf the peacock.

The peacock roared and flapped its wings in order to flee.

“Raa!” The miasma turned into a palm and caught the peacock, also devouring it.

“Boom!” The spirit beast was reduced into blood. Its soul also struggled for a bit before becoming one with the avatar.

The survivors were scared out of their mind, completely paralyzed on the ground.

“Peakless Lord, you’re underestimating Jin.” A clear female voice sounded.

“Whoosh!” A ray shot out from the shrine and illuminated the area. Inside was a kingdom-toppling woman standing at the apex of beauty. Her dress and hair fluttered to the wind - towering breasts, slender waist, shiny skin. Waves of auspicious clouds floated around her.

The atmosphere became moving in her presence with divine melodies playing.

Feiyun was ecstatic to see her. She looked extremely holy, completely unstained by the mortal coil.

“Supreme Goddess, she’s here!”

“Praise be to the goddess!”

The frightened followers got up on their knees and started bowing at her.

This was the power of faith.

“She’ll destroy this monster in no time at all!”

“The merciful goddess will destroy all evil! They can’t stay in her presence!”

The avatar snorted: “Idiotic mortals, she has no chance of killing me.”

In the distance, Feiyun frowned. This Long Jiangling is so annoying, telling Supreme to go stop this avatar?

She has only condensed her soul, how can she fight against this creature? Just one divine intent from that thing is enough to end her.

“Strange, why is the empress doing this? She might have calculated your arrival and told Supreme to come out in order to lure you in.” Yao Ji said. This was her first time seeing Supreme and was drawn in by her beauty.

Supreme Goddess was a Fiend looking exactly like Nangong Hongyan, truly worthy of being the number one beauty in Jin.

“Long Jiangling is quite intelligent, she might have calculated your arrival too and wants to use you.” Feiyun said.

“That’s another possibility.” Yao Ji didn’t seem to mind being pulled into this mess.

“Oh?” Feiyun noticed a pendant worn by Supreme Goddess in the shape of a white crescent moon.

His weapon essence!

He had changed it to the moon back at the grave but the empress took it from him. She said that she had thrown it away.

He tried to find it to no avail and didn’t expect to see it here.

“So she gave it to Supreme instead. What is she trying to say?” Feiyun thought.

“Are we moving?” Yao Ji gazed at the shrine.

“What a plot from Long Jiangling. We know it’s a trap but still need to jump in.” Feiyun said.

“Something’s strange here. My intuition is telling me this.” The turtle stared at the goddess and said.

The other two nodded. Experts like them couldn’t see through a few things but their intuition was usually accurate.

“Long Jiangling, I know you’re wounded after the last battle but you don’t even have the courage to come face me right now? Stop calling yourself an empress. I’ll swallow this Supreme Goddess then you next, haha!” The avatar guffawed.

Its long laughter alerted this side of the city despite the many formations. Numerous cultivators began paying attention to the shrine.

In reality, some have noticed the death of four Super Giants and a spirit beast king earlier. This creature was an absolute monster.

Alas, the true masters of Jin were preoccupied at the gates to stop the coalition forces and couldn’t come to the shrine.

This was definitely a two-pronged attack - a premeditated plot.

If the empress and Supreme Goddess were to fall, Jin would lose their number one expert and spiritual totem. That would be the end of Jin.

Many understood this but there was nothing they could do. This avatar was too strong and they would only be throwing their lives away like moths drawn to the flame.

Is the empress really wounded? This was definitely bad news.

“You haven’t gotten my permission to roam freely here.” An unhappy voice sounded.

Feiyun came out from the darkness while holding a stone coffin. He stood facing the avatar, the goddess was behind him. The heavy coffin left behind a deep trail on the stone path.

[Chapter 816: Dao Heart Soul](#)

Who was this person trying to protect Supreme Goddess?

Someone recognized Feng Feiyun - the master of a sect in the capital. He shouted in astonishment: "Him! No wonder, no wonder..."

Others didn't know Feng Feiyun and asked their seniors.

"He's a monster, the one who carved the goddess."

"He turned into a devil because of her and massacred many people. He'll do anything for her."

"Oh, I know, he's the demon's son who crucified Violetsea King and defeated the two walkers from Senluo. A Supreme Giant at twenty, virtually peerless."

Those in the capital became excited, especially the young ones. Many considered him to be a role model, a goal of sorts.

Some female disciples were his fans as well. Their eyes flashed brightly; their cheeks turned red. Seeing him in person left their heart fluttering.

The avatar turned into a ghastly maelstrom, large enough to engulf the buildings nearby. Some Giants were frightened and forced to the ground.

However, Feng Feiyun didn't even blink once. A Buddhist light surrounded him and purified the incoming energy.

"Brat, I knew you were nearby. I guess I'll kill a Historical Giant today." The avatar didn't care for Feiyun. It even ate the national spirit beast of Jin, let alone one brat.

He was nothing more than a mosquito!

A ghost claw came out of the maelstrom and twisted the surrounding space.

Feiyun chuckled and threw out the coffin. Runes appeared on the surface like awakening totems. It released massive evil energy and smashed the claw.

"Boom!" Boulders flew everywhere; the formations nearby crumbled. The shrine was trembling violently.

The coffin returned and floated above his head. Its evil energy billowed like a black cloud.

He looked like a great devil, standing proudly against the gigantic maelstrom.

He wasn't strong enough to activate the coffin's strongest power. However, the coffin has become a spirit treasure with a high-level spirit inside.

This spirit was able to kill the first Venerable of Yang, meaning that it was extraordinary. It didn't need the help of its master to become powerful enough and contest against this avatar.

"Peakless Lord, you can't kill me with one avatar. You're far underestimating me." Feiyun's voice was filled with Buddhist energy and caused the area to quake.

He had two different auras - one as holy as a Buddha while the other as nefarious as a devil.

That was only the first exchange to scout each other yet the area was in shambles. More than a hundred formations were destroyed, unable to withstand this high-level duel.

The avatar looked up and showed at the sky, turning into a gigantic phantom wearing a black robe with messy long hair.

A black fog descended with unreal strength.

The coffin flew out again. A boundless vitality from within dispersed and turned into a bloody ocean.

This ocean condensed into the form of a bloody giant. The two beings began fighting.

Everyone could sense the abominations fighting each other. They were forced down on the ground, unable to move.

The sect masters had a hard time standing up as well. They tried their best but eventually dropped down to their knees.

“Rumble!” The phantom and bloody abomination looked like two legendary monsters fighting each other, destroying the formations and palaces nearby.

They were evenly matched.

Yao Ji didn't make her move and stood next to Feiyun, cautious of Long Jiangling.

She knew that these two had an irreconcilable feud. This was a trap meant for Feiyun so the empress might make her move soon after forcing him out.

Meanwhile, Supreme Goddess floated in the air with auspicious signs around her. She watched Feng Feiyun but her eyes had no sign of emotions.

Feiyun glanced at her before looking away: “I don't think Long Jiangling dare to move against us two given the current situation of the capital. Let's suppress this avatar first.”

“Very well.” Yao Ji stretched out two fingers. A strand of ghost energy flew out from the tips as she whispered: “Ghost Sacred Bottle.”

The bottle flew out with energy circling around it just like a black hole. It started sucking the souls from the avatar.

The avatar became increasingly weaker. It howled and wanted to attack Yao Ji, only to be deterred by the stone coffin.

Yao Ji was able to use the bottle to its fullest potential. She continued forming seals with her fingers, allowing the bottle to potentially suck in an entire world.

Feiyun thought that she was quite strong but hid it too well in the past.

The bottle was a hundred times stronger when used by her - truly a top artifact for suppressing evils and stranges.

They finally suppressed the avatar and trapped it inside the bottle.

“Haha, I know who you are! Yin Mother! You ran out of the Yin World because of me yet you dare to oppose me now? Fool, once my true body comes, it’ll be your funeral, you too, brat.” The voice of the avatar came from inside: “This bottle can’t refine me!”

“What the hell, who are you?!” Suddenly, it was startled.

“Keke...” Yama’s laughter could be heard.

The bottle started shaking violently. The two entities inside have begun fighting.

“The bottle can suppress them, not refine them.” Yao Ji completely sealed the bottle but knew that refining them was impossible.

“Wait for me.” Feiyun flew up to face Supreme Goddess, staring at her intensely. Such a familiar face.

Supreme gave him a strange feeling right now but all of this was gone the moment he lay eyes on her. He remembered how Nangong Hongyan was incinerated to death.

“Follow me.” His voice became a bit hoarse as he raised his hand.

The goddess stared cautiously at him before turning into a ray and moving through the barriers to leave the capital.

She had some strange powers allowing her to bypass the barriers.

Feiyun frowned - this goddess didn’t trust him. He waved and the coffin broke through the barriers in order to give chase.

“It’s strange indeed.” Yao Ji didn’t tag along, only watching the two of them.

She chose to fly into the shrine instead and didn’t see Long Jiangling inside.

On the other hand, there were words written on the wall.

“Supreme protects the heart.” This same line filled the walls and contained a massive imperial aura, clearly written by Long Jiangling.

She was trying to understand the words left behind in the prophecy. They originated from watching the changes in the heaven.

Normally, it was difficult to understand the entire line. People got the Supreme part easily but not the next. However, Long Jiangling was comparable to Scholar Heaven Calculating and began seeing the possibilities and meaning of the entire line.

Yao Ji has been contemplating this issue when Long Jiangling brought Supreme Goddess to the previous fight. Because Feiyun was an involved party, his mind wasn’t as clear.

She could finally see the main issue now, “a type of dao heart cultivation using the soul.”

She felt something ominous because this was from the sixth chapter of the Dao Scripture.

“A magical merit law, even better than the Yin Yang Cultivation chapter...”

“No wonder why she dared to challenge all three at the same time and came back unscathed. So this is what she’s cultivating. But this soul must be... This is bad.” Yao Ji flew out of the shrine and turned into a fog to give chase in the night sky.

[Chapter 817: Chaos](#)

Supreme Goddess rode the clouds, leaving a wondrous trail behind on her path.

She quickly made it past the walls and the bright formations, startling the entire capital.

“The goddess!”

“Does Her Highness wish to take down the rebels?”

“That must be it! Her divineness should be able to slay all evils and push back the rebels!”

She had worshippers in the army as well. Many soldiers considered her an actual god.

Meanwhile, shocking battles occurred outside the capital. The coalition forces were sieging the walls.

Initially, there were twenty-three great powers in the coalition. Now, the Yin and Yang World have joined too for a total of twenty-five.

There were another ten thousand other lesser-powers. This army had plenty of troops and beasts, enough to cause vibrations with their movements.

This was definitely the toughest war in Jin. Thousands of troops died every minute.

Some fell on a puddle of their own blood, others exploded into nothingness, not even a single bone was left behind.

The area outside the capital has been painted red. Blood streamed down and tainted the lakes and rivers.

The once-prosperous land was no more. This was a murder ground with wailing spirits everywhere.

Feiyun also left the capital and kept track of the goddess. He felt something quite strange.

In theory, her soul has just condensed recently so she should be quite weak. However, this goddess wasn’t weak at all. Her flying speed was actually faster than him.

“Something’s amiss.” He only paused for a moment before resuming.

Chaos engulfed the outer regions since numerous cultivators were trying to break down the formations of the capital.

It was a sea of people with no end in sight.

Twenty-five banners were arranged in the air at different locations - Senluo Temple, Sun Moon Sect, Yin World, Xiyue Clan, Beiming Clan...

Other smaller banners consisted of Chen from Heavenly Cloud Prefecture, The Wu from Myriad Ores, etc...

These smaller sects and powers wanted to take advantage of the situation.

“Supreme Goddess is out now, looks like the lord has failed.” A ghost with white skin came out of a carriage and said.

He was the current ruler of the Yin World - White Skin Ghost King.

“Supreme protects the heart, we’ll see how she’ll protect anything when she’s dead.” A loud voice echoed across the land.

Next came a crimson fireball emerging from the void, as large as a mountain and looking like a burning sun.

This was a Dominating Armament with the name, Infernal Sun. It belonged to Solar and was used by three ancestors.

They meditated in the air and tried to use it in order to kill Supreme.

“Boom!” Ten thousand beast souls appeared behind Feng Feiyun. His eight phoenix bones gathered together and empowered him.

His fist became engulfed in a golden Buddhist light as he punched forward, blowing this Dominating Armament away.

The spectators were frightened since someone had just used their body to fight against an armament. A regular Enlightened Being wouldn’t dare to do so.

Feiyun leaped to the air and stomped all three ancestors to death. He grabbed the armament and declared: “You have to get through me first.”

The cultivators nearby became frozen. This guy made quite a fierce and merciless entrance.

It must be a big shot. Recently, they have seen many big shots but none this young.

“That’s Feng Feiyun! He must have finished cultivating Golden Silkworm and got a power boost!” Someone shouted.

“I heard this guy is crazy. He massacred several million for Supreme Goddess before.”

There were more than ten million members from Solar outside the capital and more than twenty Giants. They were furious right now.

“Avenge the ancestors!” Countless beams shot out and illuminated the entire area.

The sheer number could overwhelm an Enlightened Being.

Feiyun didn’t want to risk it but avoiding the entire thing was impossible.

“Your turn, old turtle!”

“Shit! Several million cultivators at once? You’re messing with me!”

Feiyun threw out the turtle. Its shell immediately became large enough to shield him.

“Rumble!” All of the rays struck the shell and destroyed the vicinity. However, it remained standing.

The Solar cultivators couldn’t believe it. How could this shell be so tough?

“My turn.” Feiyun came out of the shell and used both Infernal Sun and Blood-being Exalted Pot.

The sky turned red as a result of their power. This was a complete massacre.

The ones from Solar screamed and tried to run. They couldn’t fight back against these high-level treasures.

The land turned into lava; so many were killed.

The soldiers of Jin on the walls couldn’t believe it, especially those who have followed Feng Feiyun in the past.

One general from the Divine King faction laughed and said: “See? His Highness is taking action in this crucial moment, reversing the tides with his heaven-defying style.”

Another Divine Commander said: “He’s the only one with such power and decisiveness at his age, rampaging through an army and taking them down like nothing.”

“Do you still remember when he was livid about Nangong Hongyan and led us into the capital, completely flattening Beauty’s Smile? That’s an unprecedented boldness in our history.”

These warriors became emotional. He was still the Divine King in their heart so they wanted to rush out and join him.

Alas, they knew that the current rulers of Jin were in charge. They must obey martial orders or face the consequences.

Meanwhile, Long Luofu in her imperial robe stood on top of a higher wall. Draconic energy floated around her as she glared at Feiyun: “Showing off in front of Nangong Hongyan? One man’s power is limited.”

“Emperor, our morale is extremely high right now, should we open the formations and take the fight to them?” Heaven-battler Marquis’ eyes flashed brightly, wanting to start this historical battle.

“The empress has given the order that now is not the time for a direct confrontation.” Luofu replied.

“We should fight now because the soldiers are ready. The Divine King might be strong but he’s all alone. We can join him, it’ll be much more effective this way. Plus, if he were to lose, our morale will drop. Please, Emperor, don’t miss this godsend opportunity.” Winged Marquis stood up; his spear released bloody rays.

Long Luofu turned around and stared at the two of them before speaking: “Feng Feiyun is no longer the Divine King of Jin. I hope you two get this in your head.”

She then turned back towards Supreme Goddess; her eyes looked complicated. She clenched her fists for a bit before relaxing.

The two marquises acquiesced. They stomped in frustration and left.

“Damn this Long Luofu. She forgot who helped her seize the throne back then.” Heaven-battler was furious. He wanted to hit Luofu if it wasn’t for the current precarious situation.

“I think she’s jealous because His Highness is fighting for Supreme Goddess...”

Suddenly, Long Chuanfeng landed before them. They kneeled and said respectfully: “Greetings, Emeritus Divine King.”

Chuanfeng nodded and gestured for them to rise: “I heard what you two said earlier. There’s chaos right now at the capital, don’t repeat this or it’ll affect the troops’ morale.”

“I understand, but that Long Luo-... Emperor is too unreasonable. She turned against the Divine King so quickly, how disappointing.” Winged Marquis said.

“There’s no emotion in war, plus, the empress is in charge right now so the emperor can’t change anything. I went to the palace earlier and met the Emeritus Emperor, he gave me the decree written by the emperor half a year ago.” Long Chuanfeng took out a yellow scroll and gave it to the two.

Heaven-battler nearly threw it on the ground after reading the content: “This wretched Long Luofu! She thought about removing the Divine King from his post since half a year ago, does she think our action is so easily bullied?!”

He had a hot temper and stopped calling Long Luofu by her title after reading the content. This was a crime punishable by death but he no longer gave a damn. He actually wanted to kill her right now.

[Chapter 818: Turtle Warrior](#)

“Tian Nu!” Long Chuanfeng’s expression soured as he uttered coldly.

Heaven-battler heard the king call out him by his real name in an unhappy manner and realized that he was acting impetuously.

“I was wrong.” He had nothing but respect for the old king and quickly got on his knees while raising the decree with both hands.

“Rise.” The king shook his head, aware of the guy’s temperament - someone who dared to attack the Grand Chancellor’s mansion all alone.

“Xue Su, what do you think about this decree?” He asked.

Winged Marquis was calmer and took a look: “Written half a year ago so before the Emeritus Emperor’s return, the same with the empress. However, the emperor didn’t make it official, how strange.”

“She knew that this decree wouldn’t have been enough to expel him.” Long Chuanfeng said: “The position can only be decided by the elders in the sacred ground, not the emperor.”

He paused for a bit before adding: “Of course, it’s a different story for the empress.”

“Then it’s even more confusing. The emperor is smart enough to know that it wasn’t possible. Why did she still write it and didn’t send it out?” Winged Marquis asked.

“Just think about the consequence of making it public.” Chuanfeng smiled.

“A rift between the king and the emperor is a big deal. The court would be lost in turmoil because of instability.” Winged Marquis said.

Long Chuanfeng shook his head and replied: “The reason for the removal is due to the death of Princess Yue. Feng Feiyun didn’t marry a royal princess so he couldn’t become a Divine King. This is rather reasonable but the underlying problem is that those two don’t get along. The old men in the royal clan would take interest in this and come out, resulting in unrest. Therefore, there’s only one way to prevent this.”

“Let the young king marry another princess...” Winged Marquis frowned and contemplated: “Hmm, no, the princesses have entered the royal sacred ground by now. According to the rules, those who have gone inside can’t come back out.”

“Yes, the royal sacred ground is the biggest secret of the dynasty, only the emperors and Divine Kings can come and go as they please.” Chuanfeng smiled.

“I get it now...” Winged Marquis’ eyes became larger.

“What?!” Heaven-battler Marquis still didn’t have a clue.

“There is only one way to solve this, letting the young king and the emperor marry each other. That will stabilize the court and prevent the king from losing his position. This is the emperor’s real goal.” Winged Marquis revealed.

“An emperor can’t directly say certain things and only a few officials will understand their intention. That’s why you were incorrect for chastising her earlier. Perhaps she really wants to marry Feng Feiyun, the words just can’t come out from her given her status.” The king smiled.

“This is part of being an emperor.” Winged Marquis said.

“No wonder why she didn’t announce it, so she was bashful, afraid of others figuring out her intention, haha, I guess I shouldn’t hold anything against her then.” Heaven-battler looked up at the delicate figure on top of the wall and started laughing. Understanding the emperor’s weak point made him feel quite good.

The two marquises stopped worrying about this issue so Jin’s morale remained acceptable.

However, Long Chuanfeng didn’t feel the same way. He knew that the biggest problem was between Feng Feiyun and the empress - truly a headache.

Meanwhile, Feiyun was massacring the cultivators from Solar using his two Dominating Armaments. Their camp was painted red and became empty.

The other powers were scared out of their mind and kept a distance.

“Little brat, you’re pushing it!” The sect master of Solar activated a formation consisting of thirty-six fiery oceans, eventually creating a single pillar of flames in the middle.

This was a formation left behind by an ancestor from their sect at the Enlightened Being realm - Godfire Formation. It could wound other Enlightened Beings.

“I’ll lend you a hand! Myriad Laws Harmonization, True Form Fusion!” The turtle shouted.

Feiyun felt a layer surrounding his body. His back suddenly had a heavy shell with the toughness of divine metal. It looked old and simple, full of stains and spots.

His skin became as white as jade with a glow moving around it.

The two have fused into one. They have done so back when he was at the early God Base level.

The turtle said that it was comparable to the weakest defense of a Giant. This was due to Feiyun’s cultivation.

Now, he was at the late stage of the ninth level of Heaven’s Mandate. This was thousands of times stronger than before.

“Haha, the strongest defense in this dynasty, forever unbeatable! Who dares to fight me now!” The turtle’s voice came from inside Feiyun’s body. It bellowed with pride.

Feiyun looked at his own form and couldn’t muster a smile.

Goddamn it, I’m a turtle warrior now? He thought that the turtle was purposely messing with him.

“Boom!” All of this happened in the blink of an eye. The sect master’s fiery pillar struck and sent him flying.

He fell dozens of miles away, creating a large pit.

“Haha, you’re still too young, Feng Feiyun. An ancient sect isn’t so easily destroyed!” Solar Sect Master stood in the center of the oceans and laughed.

Feiyun leaped out of the pit, still covered in the same white glow and without a single wound. His clothes were a bit unsightly now but he admitted that this defense was mighty indeed.

“I was distracted earlier, let’s get started for real.” Feng Feiyun held the pot with his left and the sun his right, flying towards Solar Sect Master.

“Impossible!” The sect master was scared out of his mind. That attack earlier was enough to injure an Enlightened Being yet there wasn’t a single wound on Feiyun.

He attacked again with his formation. Another beam shot out of the oceans with more force this time around.

However, Feiyun seemed to be indestructible on top of being impossibly fast. The grand formation couldn’t hurt him at all.

“Keke, evil spirit, here’s your food.” He opened the top of the stone coffin and threw the sect master inside.

Terrible screams and shaking came from within before silence resumed.

A sect master has fallen just like that.

Feiyun easily subdued the grand formation and stood on top of the coffin in the center. He still had both artifacts ready and shouted: "Come through me if you want to kill Supreme."

He glanced over at the goddess. Unfortunately, she still didn't show any sign of gratitude.

He wasn't disappointed at all because they were strangers. It was fine for her to distrust him. No one was nice for no reason.

However, he was confident that by using Nangong Hongyan's six blood drops, the memories and soul seals inside would return her to him.

Nonetheless, her eyes seemed to be strange. It wasn't a gaze towards a stranger.

He used his phoenix gaze before and confirmed that this wasn't someone else pretending to be her. Very few things in this world could fool his phoenix gaze.

Hongyan had done plenty for him so he felt that he could do anything for her as well.

He was a love fool in his previous life. This still didn't change in his current life.

"Feng Feiyun, hand over the trigram and embryo. I'll spare you then." A gigantic figure as tall as the clouds appeared. One could faintly see a claw or a head inside the clouds.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" Its steps caused the ground to tremble.

"King of Abnormality, huh?" Feiyun smiled.

This was a top lord with a monstrous aura. Everyone stayed the hell away from it because it was large enough to stomp them to death.

Next came Godfiend from Yin. It had three heads and six eyes. It didn't want to team up with the king against Feiyun because that would be despicable.

It focused on Supreme instead: "Just a few years old and you think you can defend Jin? I will devour your faith power today to strengthen myself."

At the same time, the king activated its power and became engulfed in flames. It swung its claw down and burned the sky.

Feiyun didn't dare to underestimate the creature and used his ancient coffin. The evil runes on the surface became resplendent. It exuded a power far more terrible than the king's.

[Chapter 819: Feud Escalated](#)

The ancient stone coffin incited lightning bolts and thunder along with nether gales. This seemed to be an artifact from hell.

The King of Abnormalities felt danger and opened its gigantic eyes, looking like two burning stars.

It immediately pulled back its hand and summoned a stone pillar for defensive purposes. This pillar was made from a fallen meteor.

Characters of this level had an acute sense of awareness. It knew just how dangerous the coffin was and didn't wish to be reckless.

"Don't you want the trigram, why are you backing off now?" The floating Feiyun laughed.

There were more than a hundred million cultivators present. Most didn't know who the king was but given its gigantic figure, they thought that it was a reclusive master.

Of course, a few older ones have heard about the legends of the king - a monster capable of destroying an ancient sect alone.

They wondered why this being was afraid of Feng Feiyun. Could it be that this twenty-year-old had reached a level capable of threatening the great masters?

Could he destroy an ancient sect or clan alone?

Farther away was a special group of cultivators. Among them was a little girl with pink lips and white teeth, looking very cute.

She angrily said: "This pervert got so much stronger! So infuriating! He can actually fight against that old abnormality."

"Little Princess, don't say anything crazy. An expert like Feng Feiyun can hear you from ten thousand miles away. Watch it or he'll catch you again for a spanking." The second Venerable of Yang laughed.

"You stole the seal of the blood king last time and gave a false order to pursue him, he'll definitely remember this." The fourth Venerable added.

The princess was actually afraid. She bit her lips and nervously asked: "Is he really that capable?"

"The King of Abnormality is ranked fifth in the Yang World. The blood king would need his weapon in order to suppress it, thus, this battle is indicative of Feiyun's abilities." The second Venerable explained.

"Before coming here, the blood king told us to make amends and play nice with Feng Feiyun, he's a special character." The fourth Venerable added.

"Why should we..." She didn't like this because she thought of him as a wretched pervert.

Our Young Master Feng had left a terrible impression on a future flower of Yang.

"This is the intention of that being deeper in our worlds." The second Venerable was afraid that the princess would cause more trouble and told the truth.

She looked around eight to nine years of age but in reality, she was far older. It's just that her kind took longer to grow, hence her appearance. It would be a mistake to view her as a child.

"What? Even the Worldcrosser knows about him?" Her eyes widened in disbelief.

Jin only knew about the Yin and Yang World, or at least a corner of them. As one delved deeper, they would find that the territories were boundless on top of being extremely dangerous. Even the Yang King and the Yin Mother didn't dare to go too far lest risking death.

Rumor has it that these worlds were connected to a majestic realm but no one had a clear detail.

A certain being used an incredible method to open two mysterious portals to this area. The lands under the jurisdiction of the Yang King and the Yin Mother could only be considered the entrances. This being came to be known as Worldcrosser.

Only the two leaders could contact the being but this was quite rare. The being was usually nowhere to be found.

“But, but he still has Father’s Blood-being Exalted Pot.” The princess wanted to cry on top of biting Feng Feiyun.

“That’s a disaster, not a blessing.” The second Venerable smiled.

“Just an evil spirit coffin, you probably can’t even control it!” The king thunderously scowled.

It was right. Feiyun wouldn’t have been able to subdue that evil spirit without all five divine garments.

Suddenly, someone took this opportunity to ambush Feng Feiyun. A massive slash with nether energy on the surface came straight at him.

Feiyun grimaced and used the power of the fire formation. The thirty-six oceans shot out the same number of pillars. They looked like rivers of flame flying outward.

His cultivation was higher than the Solar Sect Master on top of being better at formations. Thus, he could exert this formation to its limit.

“Boom!” The sword slash was pushed backward.

Space was torn asunder by the thirty-six pillars, revealing a massive grave the size of a mountain. To the front was a large tablet with flashing runes. It was turning red, nearly melting from the flames.

It eventually dispelled the flames and cooled back down.

There seemed to be a phoenix shadow in Feiyun’s eyes. He stared at the grave and laughed: “The old ancestor of the Beiming, I see, can’t believe your clan has fallen to this level, resorting to such despicable tactics.”

The ambusher just now was Beiming Qiujian, a fourth-tribulation Ghost King.

Feiyun naturally despised the Beiming since they were the ones who refined the Divine King’s mansion to nothingness. Everyone there, both young and old, died with the exception of him and Long Cangyue. They then trapped and killed Nangong Hongyan next with the same fire formation.

This was unforgivable, hence the need to bury their entire clan to appease his vengeance.

Now, one of them dared to ambush him? Time to settle both the old and new scores.

He activated the formations again and shot out thirty-six beams straight at the Beiming’s camp. Thousands of disciples wailed in horror as they were being incinerated alive.

A furious scowl came from the grave. The giant sword came out again to unleash another slash.

A few elites from the Beiming also came out to form numerous formations in order to trap Feiyun.

These were their clan secret weapons - five elemental formations - fire, water, metal, earth, and wood. When combined, it was enough to chase away Enlightened Beings.

He hated them but they also hated him. They considered him to be the butcher of their clan and have been wanting to kill him for a long time now.

Meanwhile, the King of Abnormalities took advantage of this and wanted to suppress Feng Feiyun. Alas, the stone coffin stopped it.

A tenth-ranked spirit treasure could automatically perform in battle without its master's control. It was just that it couldn't exert its maximum power.

The powerful treasure sent the king flying and gave chase.

Feiyun knew how strong it was and that it wouldn't have any problem dealing with this king. No need to worry.

On the other hand, seeing the fire formation infuriated him. "I will erase your clan today."

He shot another set of beams towards the grand formations on the other side.

"Whoosh!" At the same time, Beiming Qiu Jian's next slash managed to hit Feiyun, pushing the guy below the clouds and destroying the Solar formation.

The survivors of the Beiming were ecstatic. No one should be able to survive their ancestor's slash.

Alas, their expectation was betrayed.

"Boom!" Feiyun got out of the hole. Not even a single wound could be seen on his jade skin. He laughed and said: "This shell is extraordinary."

"Obviously, it's the toughest in this region, no doubt." The turtle smiled.

"Ahem, just remember to change the name next time..." Feiyun said.

His opponents became frozen and their scalp tingled. How could that slash not leave even a mark on him?

How were they going to kill him now? The being inside the grave also trembled.

Suddenly, strands of ghastly energy condensed into a supreme beauty - Yao Ji. She came close and watched the fight between Godfiend and Supreme.

"Be wary of her." She said.

Feiyun frowned and wanted to ask why. However, Yao Ji has already left.

She summoned her ghost bottle and said: "Leave this old geezer to me, take care of the five formations yourself."

The being inside the grave could feel the aura of the bottle. This was a soul-calling artifact, wanting to devour it.

“Yin Mother!” It bellowed in fear.

The grave immediately flew towards the horizon in order to escape.

“I’ve been wanting to catch you for a while now. Don’t run.” Yao Ji was even faster. She soared through the sky while leaving a bright trail.

[Chapter 820: Killing The Dragons And Reclaim The Land](#)

The five grand formations have surrounded Feng Feiyun, empowered by the elites of the clan. They changed the momentum nearby into that of the five elements.

Divine Fire Camp - Incinerating Flame Formation.

Divine Water Camp - Penta Wave Formation.

Divine Earth Camp - Void Formation.

Divine Wood Camp - Illusory Formation.

Divine Metal Camp - Cavalry Formation.

The five camps sealed up the area using the harmonization of the five elements.

“It’s good that your five camps are here, I’ve been wanting to get rid of you.” Feiyun had the sun artifact from Solar in his left and the exalted pot on his right.

The power of these Dominating Armaments reached their limit. Fire and blood engulfed half the sky. Both shot out at the same time.

He had a better grasp of the power of the five elements compared to these elites. The five elements could rekindle themselves when all five were present. However, these formations weren’t high-level enough to deal against overwhelming power.

“Boom!” More than ten members of the flame formation exploded. They were the weaker cultivators who couldn’t handle the incoming attack. Their bones directly crumbled.

Meanwhile, Feiyun was struck by the other four formations and smashed into the ground.

“Boom!” He leaped back out and attacked the fire camp again with his weapons, killing another ten elites.

The other four successfully retaliated but it didn’t matter. His shell was as tough as divine metal, the same with his physical constitution.

These attacks capable of killing an Enlightened Being couldn’t hurt him at all.

“This monster! He’s impervious to all attacks!” The members of the Beiming were scared out of their mind.

“There’s no such person in the world, it’s just that our attacks aren’t strong enough.” An elder of the Beiming had a dark expression.

“But... the fire camp won’t last much longer. If one of the five is taken down...”

“Boom!” The fire formation completely shattered. The ten remaining experts were sent flying while vomiting blood.

Feiyun made it out of the blockade and coldly said: “I’ll let you have a taste of being refined to death.”

His sun turned into a mountain of flames and refined the remaining ten experts from the fire camp. Their last drops of blood fell and melted into the lava.

He glared at the mountain, recalling the destruction of the mansion and the death of Nangong Hongyan. This was payback.

The five formations no longer worked so the Beiming members were lost in despair. How could they stop him right now?

He started attacking once more, completely unstoppable this time. He easily destroyed the remaining formations and refined them all.

Next came the actual camp of the Beiming. He was a tiger among a flock of sheep. His robe became red from the blood of his enemies.

The cultivators from the other powers got far away from him.

“Damn, ninety percent of Solar are dead, now Beiming is about to be finished.”

“Two great powers are down just like that!”

The army of Rakshasa wasn’t far from the battle so they watched the whole thing. The Dominating Armaments annihilated everything. Some were crushed into mincemeat while others reduced to blood.

Beneath their sky-blotting banner was a floating palace shrouded by fog and mist.

Inside was an old man in a white robe. He had a resplendent aura; his beard and hair had a jade glow just like an old god.

He was Rakshasa Ancestor, the strongest expert of their dynasty. Yuji Manmiao and Yuji Lanlan stood respectfully to his sides.

Manmiao had a slender yet voluptuous figure, skin as white as snow and silky black hair. She stared at Feiyun with a tender smile on her face.

The old man had bright eyes as he also gazed at him before letting out kind laughter: “Little Miao, he’s your husband? Very good.”

“Of course.” Her cheeks turned red.

“Little Lan, you need to work harder. Her husband’s talents are extraordinary. It should be peak historical.”

“Peak historical? Senior Sister, you’re at this level now too?” Lanlan had a surprised look on her face.

“I have reached the barrier before Nirvana, I’m sure I’ll break through soon.” Manmiao nodded.

The ancestor happily sighed: "Peak historical, wow. This is still a top-level talent even in the sixth central dynasty. Even the ancient paradises would pursue and compete for one. Little Miao, the five dynasties are a shallow pond, it'll be a waste of your talents to stay here. I think of a way to get you to the sixth dynasty, that's a better place for you to develop."

He was the First Disciple of the Sacred Palace Lord and had been to the sixth central dynasty before. He was only considered a mid to high-level genius there, not at the top. He couldn't compete with the others and eventually return to Rakshasa.

He cultivated for another three thousand years and became the leading ancestor here.

This was a being older than both the Jin Empress and the heretical king. His talents weren't as good as these two but after years of accumulation, he had a powerful foundation and couldn't be weaker than those two.

"Thank you, Ancestor." Manmiao happily said.

"I should have cultivated with him first if I knew about this." Lanlan frowned slightly.

"Haha, it's not too late to do it now, Junior Sister. You're at first-level Nirvana and he'll be there soon too, it's the best time to dual cultivate." Manmiao teased her once-superior junior sister.

"You're okay with this?" Lanlan said seriously.

"Of course... wait, are you serious? You're the king of Rakshasa." Manmiao noticed how serious she was.

"Feng Feiyun has a bad reputation but in reality, he's rather loyal. You won't become his main wife through dual cultivation but won't be thrown away either. This is fine, in my opinion." The ancestor became serious as well.

"Ancestor, we'll both have the same husband then..." Manmiao found this hard to believe.

"You're against it?" The ancestor smiled.

"Not really, it'll just be a little strange." She shook her head.

"This won't be a problem." The ancestor looked at the two and sighed: "Women shouldn't rely on men to survive but you still need to know when to borrow their influence and power, especially given your cultivation choice. You can reach the heaven in one step or fall to the abyss of hell. This is just the reality of dual cultivation and you must accept it."

Both the girls got on their knees and bowed. This was their path and there was no turning back.

"Little Miao, help your junior sister but don't rush it. Wait until he's at the first or second level of Nirvana. It'll be more effective for her then." The ancestor concluded.

The two exchanged glances and had a complicated smile. This was just the way of dual cultivation.

Feng Feiyun alone destroyed two great powers and shocked the spectators.

Some became spirited, especially the army inside the capital. They seemed to be on drugs and were ready to make their way out and kill their enemies.

A few on the walls were too excited and began swinging their weapons as if they were fighting already.

Long Luofu stared coldly at Feng Feiyun while not showing any emotion. She looked like the statue of an emperor, as calm as can be.

Another general came and asked her to let them join the battle.

“Wait longer.” She gazed at the battle between Supreme and Godfiend before replying.

The battle between the ancient coffin and the King of Abnormalities was coming to an end. The latter was completely suppressed with blood streaming down its gigantic body like waterfalls.

The ancient coffin suddenly opened, revealing a faint expanse within like a galaxy. A terrible aura engulfed the area.

The king tried to flee but a bloody claw from the coffin grabbed its lower half, ripping the thing in two.

It still kept on running and disappeared from sight, lucky enough to stay alive. Nonetheless, it was seriously wounded and needed to run back to the Yang World to recover.

Unfortunately, it was ambushed by the second and fourth Venerable of Yang, resulting in death.

Meanwhile, the battle in the air finally ended with an unexpected result. Godfiend couldn't devour the goddess. On the contrary, it was refined by her faith power.

She became holier with a greater aura, looking like a true god.

“Now!” Long Luofu released a golden scroll floating in the sky and commanded: “Slay the dragons and reclaim the land!”