

Versatile 461

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 461: The Fifth Tier?

The Sand Howl Tiger was surprisingly brawny. Even when its limbs sank into the Flowing Mud from Zhang Xiaohou's Soul Seed, it still managed to leap into the air and landed on top of the Rock Barrier...

The Rock Barrier was ten meters tall and jagged in an irregular pattern. The Sand Howl Tiger was standing atop it, its eyes fixed on Zhang Xiaohou, who was the closest to it.

It leapt from the high ground, its figure still covered in a thick blood shadow. Mo Fan was rather familiar with the power from that layer of crimson shadow, as the might from his Blood Tabi was fairly similar to it.

The shadow granted the Sand Howl Tiger formidable strength. Normally, demon beasts like it could utilize its strength better on the sturdier ground of the Gobi Desert. The creature was most likely starving if it came all the way to these sandy hills searching for food.

The jagged Rock Barrier served as a perfect springboard for the Sand Howl Tiger. It lunged forward swiftly and fiercely: Zhang Xiaohou had once again underestimated the creature's speed!

He was already in the midst of casting the Spells, yet neither the Wind Track or the Earth Wave was quick enough to escape from the Sand Howl Tiger's pounce.

The Sand Howl Tiger was inches away. Zhang Xiaohou could see the fangs in its giant mouth, and a foul stench swept in his direction, with an overwhelming sense of fear.

"Light Protection: Sacred Shield!"

Zhang Xiaohou, who was standing not far away, reacted quickly. His Light Element Spell immediately formed extremely sturdy-looking shields surrounding Zhang Xiaohou.

The Sand Howl Tiger slammed into the Sacred Shield, and it felt like it had crashed into a metal ball. It knocked Zhang Xiaohou a distance back, while shaking its head on the spot, like it had a concussion.

Zhang Xiaohou was perfectly unharmed. He cast a grateful look at Zhao Manyan, who responded by patting his chest, signaling him: Go ahead and do whatever you want, I'll look after your safety.

Zhang Xiaohou nodded, and was convinced that everyone that Mo Fan had assembled was an elite among Magicians. They knew how to work together without unnecessary signaling, which relieved him greatly.

The truth was, Zhang Xiaohou did not have any offensive capacity. His main role in the army was the vanguard in charge of disrupting the enemy's tempo.

In simpler words, he was in charge of 'aggroing the mobs'!

As the demon beasts put their attention on him, it would allow the other Magicians to cast their spells without being interrupted.

With Zhang Xiaohou as the vanguard, Mo Fan and Chen Yi immediately cast their Intermediate Spells. The Sand Howl Tiger, still dizzy from the previous collision, immediately faced two powerful attacks, which it dodged in a panic.

The Sand Howl Tiger's evasion was fairly outstanding. Out of the two Intermediate Magicians, only Mo Fan's relatively swift Thunderbolt was effective, knocking the Sand Howl Tiger back into the quicksand that Zhang Xiaohou had set up. Half of the Sand Howl Tiger's body sank into the sand before it could recover and crawl out from the pit.

The sand had a high viscosity, mainly because of the Earth Element Soul Seed they had obtained from the Xizhao Valley.

The Sand Howl Tiger was unable to move freely, as half of its body had sunk into the sand. It was like a beast captured in the trap set up by Hunters. No matter how fierce it was struggling, it made no difference, as the more it struggled, the faster it was sinking into the sand.

"Giant Shadow Spike!"

Mo Fan had no intention of hiding his strength, and immediately cast the Shadow Element Spell.

The Giant Shadow Spike nailed the Sand Howl Tiger's struggling shadow. A dark energy transformed into a binding gas, chaining the Sand Howl Tiger's shadow.

The Sand Howl Tiger could no longer move, only watch its own body sink slowly into the sand.

The quicksand pit and the Giant Shadow Spike were a perfect combo. The muscular Sand Howl Tiger had no chance of utilizing its strength, and was soon eliminated by the party.

"It seems like the infamous Dunhuang Demon Tiger isn't as terrifying as I imagined," Zhang Xiaohou smiled.

"The sand here is soft, so your Earth Element Soul Seed's power is significantly increased. The Sand Howl Tiger was kited to its death before it could utilize its full strength," agreed Lingling.

"Let's see if the Sand Howl Tiger had some kind of rare boned or skin, those are the valuable things," Mo Fan said with gleaming eyes.

Mo Fan had killed lots of demon beasts, thus he was not as pleased as Zhang Xiaohou after eliminating a Warrior-level creature. He was more concerned about money.

Unfortunately, the Sand Howl Tiger did not have what Mo Fan was looking for. Even its soul was only an ordinary Soul Remnant.

He stored the Soul Remnant inside the Little Loach Pendant, treating it as a raw material to refine Soul Essences, as he was aiming to improve his Shadow Element Basic Spell to the fourth tier.

"Say, Mo Fan, why didn't you try improving your Basic Spells to the fifth tier?" asked Zhao Manyan, raising his eyebrows.

Chen Yi, who was standing beside them, opened her eyes wide. The fifth tier?

-Does that mean this guy has already improved his Basic Spells to the fourth tier?-

The Zhao Family was considered a famous business-renowned family in the Magic Community. One could find marketplaces that belonged to their family in most cities across the provinces, thus many people referred to their family as a Tuhao.

{TN reminder: Tuhao means the same as silkpants, nouveau rich, idle wealthy, spendthrift useless fop, etc}

Despite that, she had never seen any renowned family that was willing to invest in improving someone's Basic Spells to the fourth tier, let alone the fifth tier, which was basically a fantasy!

"Screw you, leveling up a Basic Spell from the fourth tier to the fifth tier requires a total of seven Warrior-level Soul Essences. Give me the money, and I'll improve them right away!" cursed Mo Fan.

Zhao Manyan had made it sound easy, but if the higher tiers only needed Servant-class Soul Essences, he would actually consider living deep in the woods for a while, improving his Basic Spells further. However, the resources needed for the fifth tier were too dumbfounding. Seven Warrior-level Soul Essences would sum up to more than a hundred million, which was enough to get himself the Wing Magical Equipment for Xinxia!

On top of that, the odds of finding a Warrior-level Soul Essence were a lot lower. Even if Mo Fan managed to collect over a hundred Warrior-level Soul Remnants, it was not enough to refine a complete Soul Essence. Improving his Basic Spells to the fifth tier was a strenuous commitment!

"Let's move on, stop wasting time here! You'll have plenty of work to do at the Drifting Sand River!" emphasized Lingling.

The most dangerous part of their adventure was the Drifting Sand River. Even though they had brought Xinxia the Psychic along, it did not guarantee that they could cross the place unharmed!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 462: Drifting Sand River

The party had only briefly proceeded on with their journey when they saw a group of people rushing toward them through a cloud of sand ahead.

As the group came closer, Mo Fan's crew realized that they were also a party of Hunters, who seemed relatively young. They had to be quite talented among Magicians.

When they arrived and saw the Sand Howl Tiger's corpse, their expressions immediately sank. A female Magician who was slightly tanned among them approached Mo Fan's group furiously and snapped while pointing her finger at them, "How shameless are you guys! We've been hunting the Sand Howl Tiger for

half a day and injured it, yet you guys have stolen our prey after we lost track of it for a while. Don't you know that as Hunters, you're not supposed to take other people's prey!?"

The tanned female Magician spoke imposingly, her voice sharp and screeching, making everyone feel uncomfortable.

"Aunty, the Sand Howl Tiger was already charging at us when we saw it. Are you telling me that we're supposed to let the beast eat us alive if we're not allowed to kill it?" Zhao Manyan was the first to blurt out unpleasantly.

"Who are you calling an aunty? I'm not even thirty!" The tanned female Magician was infuriated.

"Oh, but your temperament is the same as those aunties dancing at the public squares when their spot has been taken." Mo Fan was fond of making sarcastic remarks too. He immediately joined in and sang a duet with Zhao Manyan.

The tanned female Magician pulled a long face, and seemed to have an urge to teach the two disrespectful guys a lesson.

However, the rather manly leader with a black beard stepped forward and stopped her.

He preferred not to start a fight here, since they were currently in the demon beasts' territory. It was better for the Hunters to help one another, even though they felt it unfair that their prey was stolen just like that. They had injured the Sand Howl Tiger in the first place, thus the creature's strength was no longer at its peak...

"No wonder the Sand Howl Tiger was so easy to deal with," Zhang Xiaohou realized.

When fighting the Sand Howl Tiger, Zhang Xiaohou had already noticed that the beast was covered in wounds and bruises, so he thought the beast had fought against some other creature before. It turned out that it had fought a group of Hunters, and fled when it realized that it was no match for them. Somehow, it had stumbled into Mo Fan's party, who ended up taking advantage of the situation.

"My brothers, we fought the Sand Howl Tiger for quite a while. Otherwise, you wouldn't be able to kill it so easily. How about this, let us take a look if the Sand Howl Tiger's corpse has any rare bones, rare blood, rare skin or something else, and we'll split the loot in half," said the leader with a black beard in a friendly manner.

However, Mo Fan was not happy.

These idiots had lost track of their prey, and demanded that the prey was theirs after such a long time, and even asked them to split the loot in half!

In their dreams!

The Sand Howl Tiger was quite infamous, and its corpse was quite valuable too. Even without the rare loot, a corpse in good condition would still worth around a hundred to two hundred thousand RMB!

Mo Fan would not mind discussing other things, but when it came to money, Mo Fan was not willing to give a single cent to others!

"How shameless, and you call yourself Hunters, humph!" Lingling was not fond of the demand either.

"Mm, little girl, who do you think you're talking to, the prey was ours to begin with! Come down, come down here and I'll teach how you should behave yourself!" the tanned female Magician was enraged, snapping while pointing at Lingling.

"We're just following the rules set by Hunters, how is this being shameless?" The leader with a black beard pulled a long face.

"Hasn't someone taught you to respect your seniors?!" retorted Lingling.

"Seniors? Hahahaha, you're funny, look at how young you are, you must be a bunch of kids running away from your high school and fooling around. If we didn't injure the Sand Howl Tiger beforehand, you all would be a pile of bones by now. You should be thanking us, the Sand Howl Tiger isn't some creature that can be handled by someone with only talks like you..." the tanned female Magician mocked them.

She was extremely annoying, and mumbling non-stop. Meanwhile, Lingling took out her Hunter badge and showed it to her.

The tanned female Magician opened her eyes wide, her mouth could not put on the breaks in time.

She was staring at Lingling in disbelief, shifting her focus back and forth to the Hunter badge.

A Hunter badge was similar to magic equipment, and could only be bound to a Magician's soul. It was impossible to fake it.

The group of Hunters was only a bunch of Advanced Hunters, who still had to gain a mountain of points to achieve the ranks of Hunter Master.

On top of that, the Hunter Union had requested that lower-ranked Hunters respect their seniors. They were not allowed to compete with the higher-ranked Hunters for their prey, nor were they allowed to disrespect their seniors...

The tanned female Magician was wearing a fascinating expression, and could not find words for a long time.

The unpleasant expression on their leader's face stiffened too.

If the little girl was already a Hunter Master, how about the others in her party? They had underestimated these people!

No wonder the Sand Howl Tiger had already turned into a corpse after they had only lost track of it for a short period of time!

The leader with a black beard and the tanned female Magician quickly ran away with their crew after embarrassing themselves.

It was their fault for being greedy, demanding Mo Fan's crew to split the loot when they had lost track of their prey in the first place. They were unlucky enough to stumble onto a freak like Lingling.

It was only an insignificant interlude. The party proceeded with their journey along the pulsating sandhill.

The desert was not as boundless as it seemed. After more than a day's journey, the vast sands had turned into a barren, rocky land ahead.

The odds of stumbling into a Sand Howl Tiger increased on the rocky terrain. The group tried their best to avoid the beasts, yet they had no choice but to fight when the battle was inevitable.

With Zhang Xiaohou in the team, the stuff he had learned in the army proved to be extremely useful. He was able to nimbly lure the Sand Howl Tigers away when it was impossible to avoid contact with them.

It was tough for the team to face three Sand Howl Tigers simultaneously, thus most of the time, Zhang Xiaohou would be sprinting across the rocky terrain, luring the idiotic Sand Howl Tigers after him, so the team was able to move forward safely.

The journey was thus mostly free of danger, and they eventually arrived at the Drifting Sand River.

The Drifting Sand River was, in fact, a dry valley running down from the high grounds nearby, which had become incredibly wide under the erosion of the wind. Even on the map, the Drifting Sand River resembled a long soil-colored snake winding through the Drifting Sand River region. Its length extended through half of Gansu, and its narrowest part was still more than ten kilometers wide!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 463: Dreadful River

Throughout this long Drifting Sand River dwelled horrifying creatures called the White Sand Demon. Looking ahead while standing on the edge of the Gobi Desert was a descending dry slope.

Although they called it a river, it seemed more like an ocean in everyone's eyes as it followed the descending continental shelf. This sand was covered in very thin and winding white sand silt. The sizes of these silt dunes looked like waves within a white ocean.

"Didn't they say that this place had White Sand Demons dwelling around? Why haven't I seen a single one of them?" Zhang Xiaohou used his hand to shade his eyes as he surveyed the area from an elevated position.

Everyone also had some doubts in their hearts. At this moment, they could still see the white silt a couple of kilometers away from them. There was nothing moving within the silt. Other than the occasional layer of white waves being blown by the wind, there was nothing else moving.

At this moment, Lingling finished extracting the internal organs of the Sand Howl Tiger. She gave them to Zhang Xiaohou, who was standing next to her, and said, "Here, throw this into the distance."

Zhang Xiaohou gathered his strength and threw the innards far into the river of dust and sand. After they landed, waves of silt suddenly exploded forth within the tranquil white scene.

Several three meter tall giant-like creatures stood up while supporting themselves with broadswords made from sand. They all began to surround the smelly, bloody organs. After they cautiously examined them, they all turned back into sand that sprinkled all over the Drifting Sand River.

The entire process took just a couple of seconds. The serene ground with white sand had suddenly turned into over forty white giants with broadswords, who then returned back to the sands and restored the peaceful scene. This shocked everyone.

"There were quite a number of creatures appearing from just such a small disturbance. If a whole group of us were to go there, wouldn't there be a whole White Sand Demon squad appearing?" Zhang Xiaohou asked, his shock totally visible.

Mo Fan and Zhao Manyan nodded their heads after nearly peeing themselves from surprise.

Fortunately, they didn't step right in. Who would've expected so many White Sand Demons to explode forth in front of them?

"Let's set a camp by the riverside and rest. It's about to become dark, it won't be too late if we were to set out first thing tomorrow," Lingling advised.

No one was better at setting up the camp than Zhang Xiaohou.

It was as though this guy was on steroid. He would have leftover energy every single day, and it seemed like he was familiar with doing everything.

While everyone was resting, Zhang Xiaohou had already finished setting up the tent for everyone. There were two tents in total, and separated by gender.

Mo Fan walked up to the Swift Star Wolf. He used his hand to comb the fur on the Swift Star Wolf's neck while he asked Xinxia, who was sitting on top of the Wolf, "Are you tired?"

Xinxia shook her head. Just when she was about to open her mouth, the Swift Star Wolf raised his head in annoyance, as if he was saying that should've been a question asked of him!

Mo Fan couldn't help but smile as he patted the Swift Star Wolf's head.

The Swift Star Wolf was doing lots of labor. Not only did he carry Xinxia, he also had to carry the little undeveloped loli, Lingling. Lingling was petite, while Xinxia's physique was very slim. The two girls together were probably not as heavy as Mo Fan. What the Swift Star Wolf found was very annoying was that he could not fight in the same way as he usually did.

"Those White Sand Demon looks like they only want to protect their own territory. Their characteristics are not as vicious as the Sand Roaring Tiger, I should be able to appease them," Xinxia said with a smile on her face.

Seeing the beads of sweat on her forehead, Mo Fan still took pity on her. However, he was able to tell that she was very happy. She had come to a place that she had never been to before, and it was also her first time being able to fight with Mo Fan shoulder-to-shoulder.

The curtain of the night descended quickly.

The temperature difference between day and night in Gobi Desert was extremely big. As the last little bit of heat retreated from this white ground, a hint of cold silently assaulted them.

The three girls were already sleeping inside the tent. The three guys were alternating the duty of night watch.

Mo Fan was in charge of the latter period of the night. When he woke up, he immediately felt as though he was in a different world. This kind of cold, along with the unrestrained vicious wind striking his body, felt like a blade was cutting right through his skin.

Mo Fan lit up a ball of fire, and then casually threw it onto the ground to form a small bonfire.

He was bored as he repeatedly extinguished the fire and reignited it, and this continued for about an hour. Suddenly, Mo Fan heard something moving in the distance.

Although he had excellent night vision, the sky was still filled with white dust. This lowered visibility by a lot.

Mo Fan woke Zhang Xiaohou up and had him guard the tents. He started toward the area the sounds came from.

The noises in the distance sounded like footsteps. They came one after another; who knew how many creatures were currently walking through the Gobi Desert.

Mo Fan arrived at a stone wall. He didn't go through it, instead looking through the small cracks in the stone. Fortunately, his field of view to the front was not blocked by the white dust. He could clearly see a small group of Sand Roaring Tigers moving beneath the moonlight.

Their roars were ear-splitting. As their feet hit the ground, the ground trembled constantly.

As he looked further along, he saw a group of Hunter Magicians running for their lives, clearly extremely frightened.

There was a total of about six or seven Sand Roaring Tigers. If such a group appeared, they would also force Mo Fan's squad to scatter and run.

Mo Fan was able to clearly identify two of the people in the Hunter Magician squad. It was the mean girl with tanned skin and the leader with the black beard.

They already lost their path in their panic, their escape route bringing them toward the Drifting Sand River.

Not too long after, they finally hit the white silt of the Drifting Sand River. They did not stop at all as they ran four to five hundred meters deep into the area.

At the same time, the Sand Roaring Tigers that pursued them suddenly halted by the river's edge, all standing at a place at the very edge. Even though it looked like they really wanted to wolf down those human Magicians, they did not dare to take even a single step forward.

They were all staring restlessly. They were filled with regret and anger, feeling like ducks had escaped from their mouths.

Just when Mo Fan was puzzled over why those Sand Howl Tigers, known to be so vicious in nature, had suddenly stopped pursuing them, a terrifying scene appeared in the Drifting Sand River, shocking him yet again.

He saw rows of White Sand Demons rising from the white sands. The sand in their hands had turned into large broadswords as they chopped down on the group of Hunter Magicians...

The Hunters let out wild screams before the skies were instantly filled with blood!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 464: Panic in the River

The three-meter tall White Sand Demons were lined up in four and five rows, completely surrounding the Hunters that had trespassed into the Drifting Sand River, leaving them no way to escape.

Rows of white sand sabers dropped onto the targets. These sabers were not sharp like normal weapons, but extremely blunt, more like clubs. The slashes were actually smashing the Hunters instead.

As a result, it turned into a gory scene, with flesh and blood flying everywhere!

The moonlight was a mix of blue and white, while the Drifting Sand River was white like rice, making the pools of blood on the ground even more obvious and terrifying!

Mo Fan eyes popped open. Even though he did not have the urge to save the Hunters, they had died an extremely quick death. The defense from their Spells was not weak, yet they still stood no chance against the weapons of the White Sand Demons!

Their defense was crushed instantly, as their cries of agony echoed in the wide desert!

"My God!" Zhao Manyan's soft exclamation came from behind Mo Fan.

Mo Fan turned around and saw everyone had woken up and followed him from their tents.

Xinxia and Chen Yi covered their mouths with their hands, while Lingling stared with her eyes wide. It was obvious that they had witnessed everything.

The Drifting Sand River was a lot more terrifying than they had imagined. The Hunters were like commoners jumping into a river filled with violent sharks, and were torn to pieces within seconds.

"Why don't we treat this as a holiday trip to Dunhuang? Let's go back to where we belong," murmured Zhao Manyan, feeling his scalp turning numb and his limbs going soft.

Zhao Manyan had learned from the Secret Tipping Scrolls that the Drifting Sand River was considered one of the most dangerous forbidden areas in the Dunhuang region. Many Hunters had lost their lives

here, but when Zhao Manyan witnessed it with his own eyes, he could clearly feel his soul trembling in fear. If it weren't for the Hunters that were chased into the Drifting Sand River by the Sand Howl Tigers, their party would have ended up as the one enjoying a quick trip to the netherworld.

"Don't we...don't we still have Xinxia with us? Maybe...maybe it won't be that bad..." Even the fearless Zhang Xiaohou began to stammer.

Chen Yi and Xinxia remained silent for quite a long time, needing some time to recover after witnessing such a gory scene. Sometime later, Chen Yi looked at Xinxia with wide eyes and said, "Can your Psychic Element really calm the demon beasts down? If something goes wrong, won't we end up like them?"

Xinxia nodded seriously after a brief thought and said softly, "The White Sand Demons in that area are irascible because it's stained with blood, so it's not the best idea to go through that area. However, as long as we are walking through the areas that do not have the smell of blood, I can guarantee that they won't attack us."

"Even if you say so, I'm still uncomfortable. We'll all be dead if something goes wrong," said Zhao Manyan coldly.

Lingling cast a disdainful gaze at the two cowards and spoke calmly, "That bunch of idiots dug their own graves when they startled so many Sand Howl Tigers at the same time, and on top of that, they were stupid enough to trespass into the Drifting Sand River. They might have a chance at surviving if they decided to fight against the Sand Howl Tigers, but once they stepped into the Drifting Sand River and caused such a scene, it was no different than jumping into Hell themselves. All we need to do is be extremely cautious, and with Sister Xinxia's Psychic Element, we will only be crossing a dried river."

Meanwhile, Xinxia had recovered from her fear. She said confidently, "It won't be a problem if we follow the original plan. However, you all must remember, don't cast any spells without my permission in the Drifting Sand River. Once they sensed the ripple of a destructive spell, they will instinctively attack us. When that happens, we'll lose control of the situation."

Zhao Manyan and Chen Yi nodded. They clearly knew that it was unrealistic to try fighting the demon beasts in the Drifting Sand River, but with a Psychic, everything would be fine.

Everyone went back to the tents with a perturbed mind, and none of them managed to get a good night's sleep.

After all, the Drifting Sand River was only less than twenty meters from them. Who knew if the terrifying White Sand Demons would attack those on the shore in the morning...

Everyone bore their uneasiness until morning, as the red sun rising in the east shone its rays down on the Drifting Sand River. The blood of the group of Hunters had dried up in the wind, but the stains were as clear as before under the crimson light, reminding them that the enormous white sand river was not as calm as it appeared, but rather a place with a slim chance of survival!

"Why don't someone among us go and try it out? It's better than the whole squad getting wiped out," Zhao Manyan asked weakly.

"I think that's a great idea, as everyone would be convinced that the plan works. The question is, who's going to do it?" replied Mo Fan, with a hint of mischievousness.

Zhang Xiaohou clearly knew it was not the best time to volunteer himself. He gave Zhao Manyan the chance to do the honor.

Zhao Manyan felt like giving himself a slap to the face. Was he too bored after filling his stomach, what was he thinking, voicing such a suggestion?

He still had a glimpse of hope, and said to Zhang Xiaohou smilingly, "You're a brave soldier, with two movement Spells. You can run away if something goes wrong, I'll let you do it."

Zhang Xiaohou waved his hands and said to Zhang Xiaohou sternly, "Brother Fan has told me that your defense is like a thousand-years-old turtle. I bet even if the White Sand Demons appeared, your defense is able to last long enough for us to come and rescue you."

Zhao Manyan glanced at Mo Fan pleadingly.

Mo Fan shrugged and said with seriously, "I'm the party's DPS, I'm sure that either of you two is a better candidate."

Zhao Manyan wore a helpless look and turned around, glancing at Xinxia.

"Go for it, it will be fine, as long as you remember that you must not cast any spell until I tell you otherwise, as it will only place you in grave danger..." Xinxia said gently.

Zhao Manyan braced himself and walked toward the Drifting Sand River. Anxiety was not the only thing he was feeling at that instant.

He tiptoed his way forward, each step on the sand making his heart beat vigorously!

He could hear the howling of the wind coming in his direction. In his eyes, it did not feel like a dried river, but a terrifying path to the netherworld.

He had only taken a few steps when tides of white sand rose from his surroundings!

More than ten White Sand Demons appeared beside him out of nowhere!

They stood imperiously, their bulky figures resembling samurai in white armor!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 465: Psychic Element: Pacify!

Zhao Manyan's face turned pale as his eyes opened wide, filled with horror.

There were around thirty White Sand Demons nearby, and their shining sand sabers were only inches away from him. Zhao Manyan shivered when he recalled the deaths of the Magicians.

Didn't they say everything was going to be alright? Why did so many demon beasts show themselves when he had only taken a few steps?

Zhao Manyan could not even make any sound, it felt like something was stuck in his throat.

He almost subconsciously activated his armor equipment and cast a defensive Spell...

However, he immediately remembered Xinxia's words in the midst of his panic.

He was quite impressed by himself, as anyone else would have totally shit their pants by now. How could anyone possibly remember her warning?

If he weren't worried that casting a spell would make the situation a lot worse, Zhao Manyan would have been more than happy to cast a few layers of Light Protection: Sacred Shield on himself. He would only find some peace when his figure was wrapped inside the golden shield!

Zhao Manyan clenched his teeth, his figure tensed.

He did not dare to cast a spell, and simply stood in the middle of the White Sand Demons.

Compared to the three-meters-tall White Sand Demons, Zhao Manyan was like a midget with tender bones and flesh, who could not possibly withstand the blows from the cruel sand sabers.

Zhao Manyan managed to hold his ground in the end, but the others could not help but feel worried, especially Chen Yi, who almost rushed forward to save him...

Meanwhile, Xinxia was like a sky blue lotus, standing still on a river in the desert. Her long hair drifted in the strong wind blowing right in her direction, a pleasant scent rising around her.

Her gentle face was filled with a stern look never seen before, her eyes were fixed on Zhao Manyan's position...

Suddenly, she closed her eyes and placed her arms on top of one another in front of her chest, as if she were trying to transmit a message with her soul in a way that was undetectable to ordinary people!

Mo Fan, who was standing beside her, could only sense an energy ripple, but no matter how hard he tried, he could not identify the power that Xinxia was emanating. Perhaps it was the so-called invisible power from one's soul!

"Pacify!"

Xinxia channeled the Psychic Element spell. As the Star Pattern was completed, faint ripples, like those on the surface of clear water, appeared under her feet.

Xinxia's petite figure was lifted by some unknown force, with her feet dangling right above the ground, like a forest elf who was standing above the calm surface of a lake on her toes...

The ripples on the calm lake gradually spread outward, arriving just before the White Sand Demons were about to raise their sabers for some meat smashing. Zhao Manyan was on the verge of falling to the ground as his legs went weak!

The White Sand Demons had a pair of deep, hollow eyes on their sand-made faces, and inside them was a violent, dark red flicker of light. They hated other creatures disturbing their lives the most, so if anything was brave enough to step into the Drifting Sand River, they were sure to fling their sabers at the trespassers.

However, when the ripples landed on their bodies, their fierce and savage aura completely disappeared, as if it had been cleansed by a sacred wind.

The sabers that were halfway through a blow came to a stop. The creatures shook their heads and glanced at their surroundings with confused expressions.

The White Sand Demons exchanged glances with one another, as if they were trying to figure out why they were swinging their sabers, before turning into fine sand particles and falling away as the wind swept past, dissipating back into Zhao Manyan's surroundings in the Drifting Sand River!

Zhao Manyan sat on the ground in the midst of the blowing sand.

He could almost feel his pants getting wet, yet he managed to hold the urge back, as he was much more courageous after the incident at Jinlin City.

He raised his head, glancing at the crew on the shore and forced a smile, before raising his thumb at Xinxia!

It was Zhao Manyan's first time experiencing the miraculous Psychic Element. The violent White Sand Demons had completely lost their urge to kill. It was definitely the best camouflage that any Magician could wish, letting them roam freely in the wild!

Unfortunately, the Psychic Element Spell was not effective against all kinds of demon beasts. As an example, the savage Sand Howl Tigers were immune to the Psychic Element...

"How long are you going to wait before coming down here?" yelled Zhao Manyan unpleasantly.

"I thought you were going to die for sure," teased Mo Fan.

Mo Fan put Xinxia onto the Swift Star Wolf's back, so she could sit on top of the beast.

She could stand on her own, but she would feel extremely worn out after standing for too long, thus it was better for her sit on the mount.

The lazy Lingling had also climbed up on the beast. When she saw the Swift Star Wolf groaning under his breath, she knocked on the Swift Star Wolf's head and asked, "Is someone complaining?"

The Swift Star Wolf did not dare to offend the little naughty elf that had all kinds of ways to bully a Summoned Beast. He quickly behaved himself and proceeded to the Drifting Sand River once Lingling and Xinxia finished adjusting their seats on him.

Perhaps he too was spooked by the Drifting Sand River. His steps were extremely light, not daring to make any noise, afraid to trigger the White Sand Demons under his feet.

"Xinxia, if you keep on channeling the Psychic Spell, doesn't that cost a lot of your energy?" asked Mo Fan.

Xinxia shook her head and said, "The demon beasts here in the Drifting Sand River aren't as densely packed as it seems. They only gather at a specific area when someone trespasses into their territory... I've Pacified the White Sand Demons in this area, so they won't attack us. I'll cast the Spell again when we arrive in the territory of a different group of White Sand Demons."

"Oh, that's good," Mo Fan let out a relieved sigh.

"However, we didn't really estimate how long it will take us to cross the Drifting Sand River. I'm not sure if my energy can last until we have crossed the river," said Xinxia.

As soon as Xinxia finished the words, Zhang Xiaohou and Zhao Manyan, who were enjoying their stroll upfront, suddenly halted in their tracks.

Clearly, they were both imagining the scene of them standing in the middle of the Drifting Sand River when Xinxia's energy depleted. It would surely bring them straight to the jaws of death!

"The river is fairly wide, why don't we..."

"If you're afraid, just wait for us back on the shore," mocked Mo Fan.

"Not a chance, I'm just saying that I do have some potions here for your sister Xinxia to replenish her energy, just in case." Zhao Manyan had no intention of holding onto his valuable belongings, and obediently handed them to Xinxia.

Now that everyone's life was relying on Xinxia, Zhao Manyan immediately treated her like a goddess.

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 466: Two Kilometers At Mos

The party of six humans and a wolf had already traveled a kilometer across the Drifting Sand River without them knowing. For some reason, as they moved further away from the bank behind them, they could not help but feel uneasy.

As they continued to journey forward, they could no longer see the shore when they turned back to look. They could only see white sands in their surroundings, with the same white sand particles lingering in the sky.

"I was told that the fine sand particles in the Drifting Sand River are heavier than usual, so the wind cannot blow them into the air. The white particles lingering in the air which we assume to be sand are actually the ashes of dead bodies, as they are lighter," Zhang Xiaohou spoke up, remembering something about the Drifting Sand River that some of his old comrades had mentioned before when he saw the nervous looks on everyone's faces, trying to improve the mood.

Chen Yi and Xinxia's faces turned pale when they learned that the sand particles that would occasionally brush their faces were actually ashes of dead bodies, making them extremely uneasy.

Mo Fan and Zhao Manyan both glared at Zhang Xiaohou, who had to mention something so inappropriate in a situation like this.

When Zhang Xiaohou realized that his intention to lift up the mood ended up worsening the situation, he uttered a hollow laugh and quickly shut his mouth.

Unfortunately, a gust of white sand was blowing in Xinxia's direction, and she subconsciously dodged aside when she thought it was the ashes of dead bodies, interrupting the channeling of her Psychic Spell.

Within a few seconds, tides of sand suddenly rolled in towards the party's front and back with dull roars. It was obvious that something was drilling out from the sand beneath them!

The tides covered a few hundred meters, boiling around them, resulting in a terrifying sight when glancing into the distance!

From the tides of sand, enormous creatures over five meters tall rose from the ground.

They were bigger and scarier than the ones the party had seen before. The sand sabers in the hands of the creatures were over three meters long, nearly twice the height of a human. The group could not help but shiver in fear at the horrifying sight of the giant creatures holding such long sabers in their hands!

Cold sweat slid down along the back of Mo Fan's neck, who subconsciously swallowed.

His mental stability was considered outstanding among the Magicians at his level, yet when close to a hundred White Sand Giants appeared out of nowhere, his hair immediately stood on end, as if he were standing in the deep abyss of Hell surrounded by devils.

Xinxia quickly closed her eyes and focused on finishing the Star Pattern of the Psychic Spell. She knew that if she messed up again, the whole squad would be wiped out here.

She could not afford to lose even the slightest focus.

It felt like Zhao Manyan and Zhang Xiaohou had turned into statues too, even holding their breaths. Meanwhile, Chen Yi, whose scalp had turned numb when she experienced an overwhelming fear she had never felt before, instinctively tried to cast a Spell to protect herself.

Mo Fan quickly tackled her to the ground without hesitation. "Are you trying to get all of us killed? Hide your Magic's presence at once!" he yelled at her.

Chen Yi regained some of her rationality, but her heart was still racing when she saw the White Sand Giants surrounding the party like a bastion of iron.

"Comfort!"

Without letting the team down, Xinxia successfully cast the Psychic Spell. Her voice seemed to be enchanted, which not only dampened the evil-foreboding presence of the White Sand Giants, but also calmed the fear in everyone's heart at the horrifying sight.

The group was left breathless. They never thought they would encounter even bigger White Sand Giants as they ventured deeper into the Drifting Sand River.

Although the White Sand Giants were not emanating Warrior-level auras, it went without saying that they were stronger than the White Sand Demons they had encountered previously. The area for a few hundred meters around the party was filled by the White Sand Giants, without any gap between them. It felt like they were surrounded by a magnificent sand castle built of the white sand.

Luckily, the three-meter-long sand sabers were not put to use. The threatening auras emitting from the creatures swiftly dissipated.

As the hostility went away, their bodies suddenly turned into soft sand and fell to the ground, returning to the boundless sand river.

The enormous White Sand Giants fell to the ground like dominoes, sweeping a huge wave of dust into the sky. The spectacular sight left the six humans that were standing in the midst of it bewildered.

The White Sand Giants completely disappeared a moment later, yet everyone's hearts were still beating rapidly.

They glanced at one another's pale faces, as they were still badly shaken despite being lucky enough to avoid the disaster. After some time, they finally uttered a relieved sigh each.

"Houzi, I don't want to hear any nonsense from you again," warned Mo Fan furiously.

Zhang Xiaohou came to a realization too. He swore that he would never say something weird to try lifting the mood ever again for the rest of his life.

Xinxia's face was slightly pale too, her cheeks covered in sweat. She spoke softly, "The White Sand Giants here have a purer lineage, and are more intelligent. I have to cast Comfort longer to erase their hostility, so try your best to protect me, to avoid my channeling being interrupted."

The group immediately nodded, while Zhang Xiaohou placed his hands in front of his mouth, as if he were trying to zip it up.

As the group continued forward, Mo Fan realized that Xinxia had been casting the Psychic Spell much more frequently, which implied that the creatures hiding in the Drifting Sand River nearby were more irascible. Mo Fan began to worry if Xinxia had enough energy to last.

Xinxia's face turned slightly pale from fatigue. The prolonged periods of casting the Psychic Spell had affected her to a certain degree. It was hard to tell how much longer she could last.

"Can you see the path ahead?" Xinxia asked Lingling softly, who was sitting behind her.

Lingling opened the map on her laptop and shook her head slightly, "The path we've taken isn't perfectly straight, we still have another three to four kilometers to go."

"I'm afraid my energy won't last until then," said Xinxia.

"How far do you think you can last?" asked Lingling immediately.

"At most two kilometers," said Xinxia.

The conversation between Lingling and Xinxia was clear to the others in the party too, and Mo Fan, Zhang Xiaohou, Zhao Manyan and Chen Yi were wearing somewhat interesting expressions on their faces.

At most two kilometers?

That was bad. The Drifting Sand River was pretty much a giant river filled with countless demon beasts. Without the Psychic Spell, there was no chance they could survive against the countless White Sand Giants.

Most terrifyingly, retreating was no longer an option, as they were at least ten kilometers from the bank they had come from.

They had no choice but to continue moving forward!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 467: The Inescapable Dangerous River

Xinxia's Psychic Spell could only last for another two kilometers, yet they still had another three to four kilometers to go. Didn't that mean they would eventually be surrounded by the White Sand Giants?

Lingling frowned, as she did not expect the path they were taking was straying away from a straight line. The situation suddenly became extremely tricky.

"Should we just rush out from this place for the last one or two kilometers? We should be safe if we reach the banks. One or two kilometers won't take us much time if we run at full speed," said Zhang Xiaohou.

Mo Fan slapped the back of Zhang Xiaohou's head and scolded him, "Did you forget what happened just a short time ago? The White Sand Giants line up like an impenetrable wall. It's like a sand fortress."

"That's true, it's not realistic to try and barge our way out. We should come up with a plan," said Zhao Manyan.

"This Drifting Sand River does not have unlimited demon beasts, it's just that those within a few kilometers will gather rapidly when someone is trespassing into their territory. That means, if we could somehow bait them to somewhere else, we can proceed on without the Psychic Element: Pacify Spell for some distance."

"The problem is, how can we lure them away? Don't tell me we're simply throwing some bloody organs far away like what Lingling did. I don't think these White Sand Giants are that stupid..." spoke up Chen Yi.

After discussion, the group came up with a plan.

They would send someone fast with high evasion away from the team to wake all the White Sand Demons within a few kilometers, and after the demon beasts were a certain distance away, they would find a way to regroup with that person.

However, the plan was extremely dangerous. The person away from the team would not even have the chance to escape from the surround, and would die a horrible death to the demon beasts.

The group could not think of a better plan. They did not stop moving, as Xinxia's energy was still being expended. The party had traveled another kilometer. Without a better plan, they had no choice but to let Zhang Xiaohou take the risk.

"I think it's not feasible to only let a single person be the bait. The guy is dead for sure. Since we're going to wake up all the White Sand Demons within a few kilometers, we might as well spread them apart. We won't stand a chance if they gather together, but if we could split them up by letting someone quick kite them around, and someone with high defense to keep them occupied for some time, and those with high damage can eliminate the White Sand Demons as quick as possible to clear a path. Sister Xinxia's Psychic Spell can hold some of them off, too; that way, we'll conserve more of her energy," said Lingling.

Everyone nodded when they heard the proposal from the party's brain.

Instead of placing someone's life in danger as the bait, they preferred to face the situation as a whole by utilizing the party's strength.

It would be easier for everyone to deal with the White Sand Demons once the Demons were split up, but everyone had their specific role in the plan, and not the slightest mistake could be allowed. If someone died or made a wrong move, the others would most likely suffer the same fate.

Everyone could only take on a limited number of White Sand Giants at a time. As a matter of fact, the number of White Sand Giants assigned to each member of the party had already exceeded their limit.

Either way, the plan was the most achievable one they could think of. The closer they stayed together, the more White Sand Giants were going to appear. Their white sand sabers were too powerful to defend against, unless they were all defensive Magicians.

"I'll be heading off then. Please keep an eye on the time. If not, once I wake all the White Sand Giants up, it's my corpse that you'll be retrieving," said Zhang Xiaohou nervously, his forehead covered in sweat while standing at the edge of the party.

Zhao Manyan replied sternly, "Don't you worry. If that's what happens, we won't have the guts to retrieve your corpse, either."

Zhang Xiaohou secretly gave Zhao Manyan the middle finger.

"Everyone, head to your spots. The White Sand Giants in this area are still being pacified, so you can still move around freely. It will be too late once the effect wears out," Lingling reminded them.

Xinxia was trying to earn more time for the party. She raised her hand high up in the air, and when she placed it down, it was the signal that her Psychic Spell's effect had worn out. At that time, everyone would have to focus on fighting against the White Sand Giants!

The team was split up into five groups.

Zhang Xiaohou was the furthest away from the rest of the party. Zhao Manyan was around five hundred meters away, while Mo Fan was in the opposite direction from him, around seven hundred meters from Xinxia. As for Chen Yi, she was standing in the direction the party was moving, with Mo Fan's Swift Star Wolf.

Xinxia and Lingling were right in the middle of everyone. With the Psychic Element, Xinxia was able to hold a large area of the White Sand Giants off. If anyone from the team could no longer hold their ground, they could move closer to her to guarantee their safety, but it would increase Xinxia's burden.

"I shouldn't have come in such a rush. If I waited until I've got the armor from Huo Tuo, it would be a lot easier to fight these White Sand Giants," mumbled Mo Fan, walking across the white sand.

Everyone within a few hundred meters was filled with the white sand. It seemed to be clean and elegant, yet when he thought of the countless corpses lying under the ground, and the White Sand Giants that could appear in any second and kill without hesitation, he could feel his hair standing on end!

Mo Fan glanced into the distance, where Zhang Xiaohou was standing. The guy was like a criminal standing on the execution ground waiting for his death, extremely nervous.

After all, they had only come up with the plan, they had no idea if it would work.

Everyone shifted their gazes toward the center, where Xinxia was standing. As Xinxia slowly lowered her hand, they could feel their hearts tightening!

Their breathing slowed down, as they could feel a spasm in their legs, yet it was only the touch of the sand drifting in the wind.

The sun was hanging on the horizon, its last hint of calming rays withdrawing into the darkness. Meanwhile, Xinxia's pale and skinny right hand dropped to her side.

Like a goddess of light who had abandoned the land, handing it over to be ruled by evil and slaughter... no one knew what was going to happen next!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 468: The Wild Formation of the White Sand Giants

Loud thuds were heard coming from the sand, which felt like the drums of death in the quiet evening.

White sand swept into the air, like countless dragons rolling in the white sand river, to a height that could shroud the sky...

A sinister, cold aura swept across the place, as the White Sand Giants rose from the white sand, like devils from the palaces of Hell, climbing out from the ground.

They were each holding a three-meter-long giant sand saber in their hands. Their bodies of sand did not look weak or vulnerable, and as the sand packed densely together, it looked like they were clad in sturdy armor plates.

Their eyes were filled with menace. The thing that they hated the most was their sleep being disturbed by other living things.

Bloodshot eyes, thunderous roars!

The Magicians felt like something was exploding in their heads at the deafening noise, but before their hearts were overwhelmed by fear, the countless White Sand Giants filled their sight.

Once these Elemental Beasts became hostile, they were a lot scarier than demon beasts of flesh and bone, as they were fairly reckless.

The tides of sand exploded simultaneously. The fine sand drifting in the air prevented the Magicians from learning how the others were doing.

As they recalled the plan they had agreed on, and the fact that any failure would place the others in danger too, everyone immediately took their roles seriously.

"Crap, Zhao Manyan is targeted by the most White Sand Giants!" yelled Lingling, who was in the safest spot right in the center of everyone.

Ideally, according to their plan, they assumed the number of White Sand Giants would be equally distributed to everyone's position when they split up. The truth was, these White Sand Giants were not robots, thus they did not simply follow the script. It was obvious that Zhang Manyan's area had the highest number of White Sand Giants, and they were all gathering toward Zhang Manyan's position instead of targeting Mo Fan or Zhang Xiaohou.

-I guess it's a reflection of one's moral quality...-, crossed Mo Fan's mind.

However, Mo Fan knew that now was not the time to ridicule the guy. It did not matter if Zhao Manyan was the weakest among them, he had to find a way to ease his burden. Otherwise, the playboy would simply turn into a lump of meat in a few minutes!

Line after line, these White Sand Giants were exactly like some well-trained soldiers, and would always appear in an orderly fashion.

The creatures were so perfectly aligned in rows that they were pretty much layers of walls. Once they attacked with their sabers, their target would not have enough space to dodge. It was the perfect body-crushing saber formation!

Zhao Manyan looked at the White Sand Giants surrounding him. As his vision was blocked, he had no idea that he was in the worst position out of everyone else.

He tried to remain calm, by casting a Water Barrier first, which summoned a layer of water to circle around his body.

The Water Barrier was a very effective defensive Spell. The unique effect from its third tier, Circulation, allowed the Magician to continue stacking up layers of the same defensive Spell around himself...

Zhao Manyan had stacked three layers of Water Barrier on him when the White Sand Giants appeared. Three layers was his limit, while those with better control of the Water Element could go four or even five layers. Most of the time, they would need to rely on a Water Element Magic Tool!

The three layers of Water Barrier: Circulation was enough to defend Zhao Manyan from the White Sand Giants attacks. However, Zhao Manyan had underestimated the White Sand Giants' strength and numbers. When the sand sabers that were looming over him struck down, his Water Barrier: Circulation immediately turned into droplets...

Zhao Manyan's face turned pale. Luckily, he was already forming a Star Pattern.

Zhao Manyan's fundamentals were quite solid. If he was like the previous group of Hunters, whose Star Patterns were disrupted when they panicked, the second wave of attacks would easily smash him into a lump of meat.

"Light Protection: Sacred Shield!"

Zhao Manyan did not cast the second-tier of the Light Protection, as the Light Protection: Rampart was more suitable for defending against attacks coming from the same direction. Meanwhile, even though the Light Protection: Sacred Shield was weaker than the Light Protection: Rampart, it was able to protect his whole body!

The sacred light produced some slight heat, as it perfectly wrapped around Zhao Manyan's figure, who let out a relieved sigh after hiding behind the sacred shield. He finally realized through the gaps between the White Sand Giants that the numbers surrounding him were uncountable!

These White Sand Giants were not strong when they were alone, yet they seemed to know battle formations in skirmishes used by the warriors in the ancient times, which involved taking turns to execute their attacks!

As a result, after hacking with their sand sabers, the White Sand Giants that were slowly reforming their weapons switched positions with those behind them who were ready to attack. The area Zhao Manyan was at immediately turned into a giant pit after receiving three waves of attacks in a row, while Zhao Manyan who was holding his ground with his defense was almost covered in the sand.

"Help! Help me!" screamed Zhao Manyan into the communication device.

His surroundings were covered in blasts, his voice simply did not reach too far. Everyone else was surrounded in the same loud blasts too, which either consisted of rolling sand gusts, the explosive blows of the sand sabers, or the deafening roars of the White Sand Giants...

The only people aware of Zhao Manyan's current situation were Lingling and Xinxia, who were monitoring the tide of the battle.

Xinxia stood on the ground, her eyes fixed in Zhao Manyan's direction. She was thinking of spreading her Psychic Spell in his direction, to help him Pacify some of the White Sand Giants.

"Don't do it, it's difficult to pacify the triggered White Sand Giants. If we start using up your energy now, the path ahead will be more troublesome!" Lingling quickly stopped the kind-hearted Xinxia.

Xinxia bit her pink lips, and could not help but feel worried about Zhao Manyan.

"Don't worry, he won't die so easily," said Lingling.

"Mmm," Xinxia nodded, choosing to believe Lingling. She subconsciously glanced in Mo Fan's direction.

She worried about Mo Fan subconsciously, it had almost become second nature.

Luckily, the number of White Sand Giants that had appeared at her brother Mo Fan's position were not as many as those in Zhao Manyan's area...

If Zhao Manyan, who was currently surrounded by the White Sand Giants, knew what the two girls were thinking, he would have had the urge to simply kill himself by slamming his head into a White Sand Giant's body!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 469: Fourth-Tier Fleeing Shadow, Part I

As Lingling predicted, even though Zhao Manyan was panicking slightly at the start after receiving the waves of attacks from the White Sand Giants, his defensive Spells were able to stabilize the situation. The enormous size and large number of the White Sand Giants were blocking one another, and they had no ranged attacks.

Besides, a defensive Magician like Zhao Manyan could not possibly eliminate the White Sand Giants surrounding him, thus it would not matter how many circles of them there were. The ones that were attacking were only from the first and second circles. As long as the White Sand Giants could not break his defense with a single wave of attacks, he could still hold them off for a certain amount of time!

Meanwhile, Zhang Xiaohou was in a much more favorable situation. The fact that so many White Sand Giants were at Zhao Manyan's area also meant that there were fewer White Sand Giants in his!

Similar to Zhao Manyan, Zhang Xiaohou did not have any destructive Spells he would use. Therefore, instead of wasting his energy trying to kill the White Sand Giants, he was simply kiting them around in circles.

The white sandy ground allowed Zhang Xiaohou to cast Earth Wave at his will. In addition to that, his Earth Element Spells also had special effects because of his Soul Seed.

The White Sand Giants were not very quick. Even raising their heavy sand sabers alone would take a whole two seconds, which gave the agile Zhang Xiaohou lots of time to react.

Clank!

Clank!

The bulky sand sabers were slashing in Zhang Xiaohou's direction, yet they could only hit the gusts left in his wake. There were only three movement Spells among all Basic Spells, and Zhang Xiaohou had two of them!

On top of that, Zhang Xiaohou was wearing a pretty good pair of Magical Boots. With so many ways of moving around, he was one of the few Magicians that could weave his way through the demon beasts.

Zhang Xiaohou maintained his speed as he ran. When he turned around and saw the clumsy White Sand Giants had been left a hundred meters behind, and was just about to feel pleased with his speed, clouds of white sand jetted into the air ahead of him suddenly!

Ten White Sand Giants rose from the ground, using their bodies to build a twenty-meters-long wall!

Zhang Xiaohou suddenly realized that the White Sand Giants would not stupidly chase after him with their feet. They could easily move through the sand under the surface and quickly arrive at their destination. Otherwise, how was it possible for the White Sand Giants to quickly gather at an enemy's position?

The long sabers waved wildly, slashing in Zhang Xiaohou's direction. With enemies on his trail, he could not afford to alter his path, so he swiftly drew a Star Pattern under his feet.

"Rock Barrier!"

Zhang Xiaohou halted his running, skidding toward the White Sand Giants, and pushed his hands forward. A Rock Barrier wall formed with the Soul Seed Flowing Mud emerged from the ground! As the Rock Barrier rose to protect Zhang Xiaohou, the ten sand sabers that were hacking at him collided with the spell!

Under the White Sand Giants' shocking strength and the blunt blows from the sand sabers, the Spirit-grade Earth Element Defensive Spell was soon shattered into pieces.

Zhang Xiaohou's heart raced when his defense crumbled. A blue swirl suddenly wrapped around his feet in the shape of a pair of boots.

The wind boots boosted Zhang Xiaohou to his limit, raising an aftertrail of sand behind him. The White Sand Giants pursuing after him were planning to crush him into minced meat, but ended up slamming into the wall of White Sand Giants ahead of him.

As a loud crash similar to a traffic accident came from behind him, Zhang Xiaohou broke into a frightened sweat.

Fortunately, he was able to put the magic Boots that he had recently acquired to use. If he was cornered by the White Sand Giants, he would die to their sand sabers despite the variety of movement Spells he had.

While catching his breath, Zhang Xiaohou glanced in Mo Fan's direction to check how he was doing.

Unlike Zhao Manyan and Zhang Xiaohou's approach, Mo Fan was focusing on killing!

Mo Fan had plenty of offensive Spells. There was no need for him to delay fighting against the White Sand Giants. Even their thick sand armor plates stood no chance against the destructive power of the Lightning and Fire Elements.

The full power of Fiery Fist: Nine Halls was displayed against demon beasts that lined up in rows. Every time Mo Fan cast the Spell, the White Sand Giants would fall to the ground in chunks!

However, Mo Fan needed some time to cast the Fiery Fist: Nine Halls, so he had to switch between different Spells before he had enough time to illustrate the Star Pattern. Luckily, the battle broke out as the sun was setting, allowing him to utilize his Shadow Element. Otherwise, with so many White Sand Giants flanking him at the same time, he would never have the chance to complete the complicated Star Pattern.

It was not like Mo Fan had never experienced being surrounded by demon beasts before. When he was in the middle of the Giant Lizards back in Jinlin City, he had used his fourth-tier Lightning Strike to create a paralyzing Electric Field around him.

Unhappily, the paralyzing effect of Lightning Strike was not effective against these White Sand Demons. The Elemental Beasts did not have flesh or blood, so the damage inflicted by the Lightning Element was reduced to a certain degree. As such, Mo Fan was only using the Lightning Spells to penetrate their armor plates for a killing blow.

The most effective Element was Fire. Even though a single fourth-tier Fire Burst alone was not enough to inflict serious damage to the White Sand Giants, it was able to disrupt their formation briefly, and a few more would blast them into pieces.

Every time he killed a White Sand Giant, the Little Loach Pendant would retrieve their Soul Remnant. Mo Fan quickly killed at least ten White Sand Giants. It appeared that the Soul Remnants from the White Sand Giants were relatively high-quality. Initially, Mo Fan needed thirty Servant-class Soul Remnants to refine a Soul Essence, but after collecting ten Soul Remnants of the White Sand Giants, the Little Loach Pendant produced a Servant-class Soul Essence!

As a matter of fact, Mo Fan had already strengthened five of the Stars in the Shadow Element Nebula. He could strengthen another with the freshly acquired Soul Essence, which meant he was only one Soul Essence away from improving the Shadow Element Basic Spell, Fleeing Shadow, to the fourth tier!

That being said, he would need to kill around forty more White Sand Giants to refine another Servant-class Soul Essence and rank up his Fleeing Shadow.

If he could level up the Spell, it would be a glimpse of hope that could change the tide of this difficult battle!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 470: Fourth-Tier Fleeing Shadow, Part II

Mo Fan never assumed himself to be outstanding when it came to luck. The main protagonist in many TV dramas and novels would always acquire a manual of some peerless Martial Arts after jumping off a cliff, or discovering some rare drop from killing an ordinary wild pheasant that turned out to be a rare

golden pheasant. However, it appeared that he was pleasing to the eyes of the Goddess of Luck for once.

Mo Fan was a Servant-class Soul Essence away from ranking up his Shadow Element Fleeing Shadow to the fourth tier, and to his astonishment, the fourth White Sand Giant he killed somehow dropped a Servant-class Soul Essence!

It was only his second time having such good luck. It was extremely rare for a demon beast to drop a Soul Essence, despite the number of demon beasts he had killed in the past.

Normally, Mo Fan would sell the natural Servant-class Soul Essence for money. After all, he could not withdraw the Soul Essences that the Little Loach Pendant had refined, thus he could only use them to strengthen his Spells. The natural ones were sold for money, and the artificial ones were used to strengthen his Spells, since he was able to slowly collect Soul Remnants and refine them into Soul Essences.

Currently, Mo Fan was just a Soul Essence short. Knowing that the party was in a dangerous position, it was better to improve his Spells, to provide some relief for the difficult situation!

The White Sand Giants obviously had a purer lineage among Servant-class demon beasts, hence their Soul Remnants were of higher quality, with a higher chance of dropping Soul Essences.

Mo Fan used his Fleeing Shadow to move to a safer spot. After buying himself some time, he quickly diverted some attention to strengthening the last two Basic Stars of his Shadow Element.

The transformation of the Stars in the Spiritual World seemed like a time-consuming process, but it actually happened almost instantly. As the White Sand Giants chopped with their sand sabers in Mo Fan's direction, his figure sank into the shadow of the clouds once again.

The White Sand Giants were not brainless. When they learned that Mo Fan would always turn into a lump of shadow after casting Fleeing Shadow, they began to chase after the shadows to drive Mo Fan out. Their good teamwork was displayed as they worked together to block the direction Mo Fan was moving towards.

They raised their sabers, and as they chopped down, they immediately raised a tide of sand. The sand gust tumbled around the sabers, doubling the power of their attacks!

If a Shadow Magician was attacked while under Fleeing Shadow's effect, the damage inflicted to the Magician was higher. Mo Fan, who had turned into the shadows, had nowhere to escape to.

As the sand sabers struck the shadow fiercely, it exploded into pieces and was swept away by the shockwave. If someone were hiding in the shadow, they would be dead for sure!

The White Sand Giants had stiff grins after they finally eliminated the annoying Magician. They did enjoy having an intruder's blood smeared on the sand.

"Rose Flame Fiery Fist: Nine Halls!"

Mo Fan's attempt at a dignified voice suddenly appeared from another direction!

The White Sand Giants quickly turned around and stared at Mo Fan, who was supposed to be dead, yet still appeared out of nowhere. They were totally confused about how he had escaped, even though they had been chasing after the shadow all along.

Mo Fan's figure was engulfed in bright, rose-colored flames. The light from the flames revealed a smile with a hint of smugness on his face.

The White Sand Giants could never expect Mo Fan to level up his Fleeing Shadow to the fourth tier in the middle of the battle!

The four-tier Fleeing Shadow was very useful. It allowed him to summon a deceiving shadow to confuse the enemy, while his true self could hide at the same spot and moved to their blind spot while their attention was driven away.

The fake shadow had managed to catch his enemies' attention, giving him enough time to cast his strongest destructive Spell!

The flames around Mo Fan's body quickly gathered on his hand as he stared at the group of White Sand Giants. As the energy reached a limit, Mo Fan drove the overwhelming energy in his fist into the ground!

The surging magma penetrated the sand and swiftly split into nine streams.

The White Sand Giants had grouped up when they tried to stop Mo Fan's shadow, and now the sands around them were burning red from the heat of the Fiery Fist.

Nine scorching pillars jetted out from the ground in a row, with burning molten stone shooting into the air. Flames like serpents spread wildly between the nine pillars. The extreme temperature and the imperious aura of the flames felt like Purgatory, leaving no room for anything to live.

Even though the White Sand Giants were huge in size, their bodies were made of sand. The power of the fire pillars was strong enough to scatter them, while the flames quickly destroyed their life force.

The attack of the Fiery Fist: Nine Pillars was shocking. When many demon beasts were gathered in an area, it could destroy them all without mercy.

Even the White Sand Giants, whose bodies were as sturdy as the flesh of a Warrior-level creature, stood no chance against the destructive Fire Spell. All the White Sand Giants that were caught in the flames of the nine fire pillars were annihilated. The twenty White Sand Giants turned into Soul Remnants and were drawn into Mo Fan's pendant!

Twenty Soul Remnants of the White Sand Giants were equivalent to sixty Soul Remnants of ordinary Servant-class demon beasts. As such, Mo Fan was halfway to refining his next Servant-class Soul Essence already!

He had already improved three of his Basic Spells to the fourth-tier, but if he could strengthen all forty-nine Stars of his Nebula, it would improve his Intermediate Spell to the fourth-tier too!

The Fiery Fist: Nine Halls power was already this shocking, and if he managed to improve it further, it would surely bring him lots of success!

He had strengthened seven out of the forty-nine Fire Element Stars, which meant there were only forty-two left to strengthen. It was a fairly big project, which Mo Fan could not wait to see succeed!

The Fiery Fist: Nine Halls completely turned the tide of his fight. For someone with many offensive Spells, once he seized the initiative, he could cast his Intermediate Spells fearlessly, and the White Sand Giants stood no chance at all.

Meanwhile, around five hundred meters away from Mo Fan, the cooperation between Chen Yi and the Swift Star Wolf was still not enough to escape from the White Sand Giants' surround. They seemed to be in a tough spot, and had only eliminated ten White Sand Giants so far.

Chen Yi was shocked when she saw that Mo Fan had killed all of the White Sand Giants in his area from a quick glimpse!

-How is the guy's strength so terrifying!?-