

Doctor 1111

Chapter 1111: Saving People

Fang Bai's Divine Sense Diffusion spread in all directions, and he quickly assessed the power levels of the dozen or so Martial Artists plummeting downwards, comprehending the situation at a glance. He realized the one most likely in mortal danger was Hu Ren's son, Hu Yi.

Hu Ren and Miao Feng, the Martial Dao couple, although both were Desolate Level Perfection experts, failed to catch their son in time during the moment the Iron Chain Bridge broke. They watched in horror as their son fell faster than they did, resigned to the grim fate that awaited their child, their eyes filled with tears and their cries of anguish piercing the air.

"Don't worry, Brother Hu. Your son won't die!"

Fang Bai spoke to the couple with the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique, then accelerated his fall. When he was still five hundred meters from the gorge's bottom, he reached out and grabbed Hu Yi's right arm, then shifted mid-air and rapidly approached the falling Zhuge Lian, seizing her left arm.

Hu Yi had already fainted from fear, while Zhuge Lian, although also somewhat panicked, remained clear-headed. After Fang Bai grabbed her left arm, her rapid descent halted momentarily before slowing down towards the bottom of the gorge.

Zhuge Lian exhaled a long breath, filled with a sense of having narrowly escaped death.

"You..."

Zhuge Lian turned her head and saw that the one holding her left arm was an ordinary-looking, unfamiliar middle-aged man, which startled her.

"Girl, don't be nervous. I'm helping you!"

Fang Bai gave Zhuge Lian a slight smile, without revealing his identity.

Zhuge Lian noticed that the stranger's Cultivation Level was comparable to hers, but he was surrounded by Wind Essence Qi, which indicated he was a Martial Artist who cultivated Wind System Martial Arts Techniques.

At this moment, only a Martial Artist who practiced Wind System Techniques could maneuver through the wind and maintain composure during a fall.

Zhuge Lian understood that if it weren't for this middle-aged man catching her in time, she would have sustained inevitable injuries upon reaching the bottom of the gorge.

And with many ferocious Spirit Beasts living in the gorge, any injury would render her less effective against the attacks of the beasts, subsequently increasing the likelihood of perishing.

From this perspective, the middle-aged man had saved Zhuge Lian's life.

"Uncle, thank you!"

Zhuge Lian expressed her gratitude earnestly and then pleaded, "Can you help save my fellow disciples?"

The middle-aged man had a Cultivation Level similar to Zhuge Lian's, but he was significantly older, so Zhuge Lian felt it appropriate to address him as "Uncle."

"Uncle?"

Fang Bai paused, then laughed heartily, "Just for that 'Uncle,' I promise you! But let's get down first!"

After speaking, Fang Bai, with Zhuge Lian and the unconscious Hu Yi in tow, hastened their descent and in the blink of an eye had landed on the ground at the bottom of the gorge.

"Watch him! I'll save the others!"

Fang Bai pushed Hu Yi towards Zhuge Lian and then, like an arrow, leapt onto the top of a tall tree several zhang high, lifting his gaze skyward. He saw dozens of figures plummeting from the sky at high speed, their wretched screams reaching his ears.

At that moment, it would be impossible for Fang Bai to save each individually.

Fang Bai took a deep breath, his eyes gleaming sharply as he fiercely stirred the Wind Essence Qi. Within moments, centered around him, the Wind Essence Qi converged to form a thin, vast, invisible Qi Shield that spanned dozens of zhang in diameter.

The invisible Qi Shield, like a vast net unfurled at the bottom of the gorge, caught the scores of Martial Artists who fell from the broken Iron Chain Bridge.

Upon touching the Qi Shield, the bodies of the Martial Artists felt as if they had landed in a pile of cotton. The force from their rapid descent was significantly dissipated, and then these warriors used their movement techniques to gently float to the ground, astonishingly without a single person being injured.

The scores of Martial Artists who landed safely on the ground looked at each other in dismay. Many still had terror and confusion on their faces, not understanding what had just taken place. A moment later, joy and excitement of surviving a calamity spread across everyone's faces.

"Yi'er!"

Hu Ren and Miao Feng's eyes darted around, frantically searching for their son. When they saw their son, who had been woken up from unconsciousness and supported by Zhuge Lian, they both shouted and rushed forward. Seeing their unharmed son, they wept tears of joy.

"It was that senior who saved us! Thank you for your lifesaving grace!"

Suddenly, a Martial Artist with a cultivation level of Heaven Level Perfection raised his hand, pointing to Fang Bai who stood atop the tree, and then loudly said with a clasped-fisted salute.

Then, everyone looked up toward Fang Bai and clasped their fists in thanks.

Fang Bai lightly lifted his foot, as if ascending an invisible ladder, step by step descending from the treetop to the ground. He then said to the scores of Martial Artists with a smile, "It was nothing. I'm glad you are all alright!"

Just then, three figures rushed to the front of Fang Bai, they were Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi, the family of three.

"Brother Bai, you saved our Yi'er! Please accept our bow!"

As Hu Ren spoke, he, his wife, and child knelt before Fang Bai "thump" onto the ground and bowed deeply.

When Fang Bai had gone to save Hu Yi, he had used the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique to inform Hu Ren. Hu Ren had recognized the voice as the same Loose Cultivator, Bai Fang, with whom he had conversed before.

Hu Ren had only that one son and cherished him more than his own life. When the Iron Chain Bridge broke, he thought his son was doomed, and his heart was filled with grief. Never did he expect that Fang Bai would rescue him. Overcome with gratitude, he pulled his wife and child to express their thanks to Fang Bai.

"Brother Hu, please rise quickly!"

Fang Bai hurriedly reached out to pull Hu Ren's family to their feet, saying, "After all, we have met each other. How could I stand by and not save him? No need for such courtesies!"

Hu Ren shook his head, "Us Martial Artists, we value favors and promises above all. Brother Bai, you have saved my son, this is a great favor. Our family will always remember it in our hearts!"

After a pause, he vigorously patted his chest and continued, "If Brother Bai ever encounters any troublesome matters and needs my Hu Ren's help, just give me a shout. Whether through blades and flames, I Hu Ren, will be there with you!"

Fang Bai nodded, just about to speak when suddenly a fragrant breeze wafted by—it was Zhuge Lian appearing at his side.

Coming with Zhuge Lian were Han Xingyu and the rest of the Xuannv Sect Disciples.

"Uncle, this is Elder Han Xingyu of the Xuannv Sect. You saved our Xuannv Sect disciples, and Elder Han has specifically come to thank you," said Zhuge Lian, her beautiful eyes surveying Fang Bai as if there was a sense of familiarity about this ordinary-looking middle-aged man.

Upon hearing "Xuannv Sect," Hu Ren and others caught sight of Han Xingyu, who was dressed in an elder's attire, and awe immediately filled their eyes as they respectfully stepped back.

The Xuannv Sect was one of the two great third-ranked Sects in Qingping Country, with immense strength and far-reaching fame. Its elders were Vast Level Experts; naturally, Hu Ren and the other Desolate Level Martial Artists held Han Xingyu in veneration.

There were also some Martial Artists who remembered that they had fallen to the bottom of the gorge because of a situation involving Han Xingyu and the other Xuannv Sect disciples. They couldn't help but harbor some resentment.

Chapter 1112: Love It or Not!

"Brother, thank you for your help just now."

Elder Han walked out from among a group of disciples of Xuannv Sect, stood in front of Fang Bai, looked him over a few times, and bowed slightly.

To other Martial Artists present, Han Xingyu's status as an Elder of Xuannv Sect was prestigious, and her power far surpassed that of Fang Bai. When she expressed gratitude to him, Fang Bai should have at least reciprocated with a respectful bow and then politely exchanged a few words.

However, to the surprise of those Martial Artists, Fang Bai barely gave Han Xingyu any attention, showing some impatience as he waved his hand and said, "Elder Han, spare me the pleasantries! We should be thinking about how to deal with the impending Spirit Beast siege!"

After all, Han Xingyu was an elder. Fang Bai's attitude showed not the slightest respect, which astonished the Martial Artists on the scene, who quietly worried for him.

Some of the Xuannv Sect disciples looked disgruntled; if it wasn't for the face Fang Bai had just saved, someone would have already spoken out to scold him.

As for Fang Bai, the fact that the Linghu sisters were imprisoned by Xuannv Sect already disgruntled him. If he were to go there and Xuannv Sect refused to release them, a conflict would be inevitable. At that time, Han Xingyu, as an Elder of Xuannv Sect, would definitely stand opposite Fang Bai. How could he possibly show her any goodwill?

Elder Han also frowned slightly; a touch dissatisfied, but considering her status, she didn't want to argue with Fang Bai. She looked around and said indifferently, "Brother, aren't you being a bit alarmist? There are no Spirit Beasts nearby!"

Although there were many Spirit Beasts at the bottom of the gorge, they were not found everywhere. Elder Han did not sense the presence of Spirit Beasts within a few hundred meters and believed that Fang Bai was talking nonsense, scaring the present Martial Artists. Her impression of Fang Bai worsened.

"If I say there are, then there are! Believe it or not!"

Fang Bai, having said this, went to an open area near the bottom of the gorge that was bare of trees and undergrowth and leaped onto a boulder that was tall enough to accommodate four or five people. He then waved over to Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi, saying, "Brother Hu, the Spirit Beasts are coming quickly, come over here! When they attack, we'll join forces to defend!"

Although Hu Ren also didn't sense the presence of Spirit Beasts and was skeptical of Fang Bai's words, Fang Bai had saved his son's life, and he felt it was inappropriate to refuse. So, he nodded, bringing his wife and child onto the boulder, standing beside Fang Bai.

Seeing Fang Bai's actions, Elder Han no longer concerned herself with him. She commanded Zhuge Lian and other disciples to look for suitable vines near the cliff walls, preparing to climb up.

The bottom of the gorge was nearly a thousand meters from the top. Even with her formidable power, Elder Han couldn't directly ascend using her movement technique and had to rely on climbing the vines growing on the cliff walls.

Seeing her actions, dozens of Individual Cultivation Martial Artists followed suit, searching the vicinity for suitable places to start their ascent.

Though the bottom of the gorge was wide enough and light could shine down, it was not a place for a prolonged stay. It was best to get up sooner rather than later.

A few breaths later, a rustling sound seemed to come from all directions. Initially almost inaudible, but moments later, the sound reached the ears of every Martial Artist present, giving them a chilling sensation.

Elder Han focused and listened carefully, then her face suddenly changed, and she looked at Fang Bai with a complex expression, yelling loudly, "Disciples, take heed! Spirit Beasts are attacking this way! Gather around me quickly!"

Apart from Fang Bai, Elder Han was the strongest and most sensitive Martial Artist at the scene. As soon as the rustling started, she sensed the approach of thousands of Spirit Beasts rushing towards them and realized that what Fang Bai had said was true.

Unaware of Fang Bai's disguised appearance, Elder Han didn't recognize him. She never expected this middle-aged man, only at Desolate Level Perfection in cultivation, to have an even sharper intuition than hers, detecting the Spirit Beast attack before anyone else.

Zhuce Lian and the other eight Xuannv Sect disciples, upon hearing Han Xingyu's warning, immediately retreated to her side, forming a circular defensive formation around her. Seeing Han Xingyu's grave expression, they, too, unsheathed their swords, ready for battle.

The dozens of Individual Cultivation Martial Artists witnessing this also gathered around the Xuannv Sect's disciples, each with their weapon in hand, as if facing a formidable enemy.

These martial artists were wise, knowing that Han Xingyu was the strongest among them. Being closer to her, they might be able to request her help at a critical juncture.

As for Fang Bai and Hu Ren, the four of them on that large rock seemed somewhat isolated. If they were to be surrounded by a Spirit Beast attack, relying solely on themselves would hardly be sustainable for long.

"Brother Bai, should we... join them? You know, there's strength in numbers!"

The martial dao couple, Hu Ren and Miao Feng, felt uneasy, believing that joining Han Xingyu and the others would be safer.

Fang Bai glanced at Han Xingyu and the others and, with a dismissive sneer, said, "Elder Hu, if you trust me, stay here! I'll ensure your family's safety. If you wish to go there, I won't stop you!"

"This..."

Hu Ren scratched his head, exchanging uncertain looks with his wife, Miao Feng.

Naturally, their confidence in Han Xingyu was higher, after all, she was a Vast Level middle-rank powerhouse. However, Fang Bai had saved their son, Hu Yi. To leave now would be ungrateful and this they could not reconcile.

"Miao Feng, you take Yi'er there; I will stay here with Brother Fang."

Hu Ren suddenly said in a deep voice.

"I won't go, we'll face death together!"

Miao Feng refused to leave her husband, shaking her head with a determined stance.

"Dad, I want to stay too! You've always said that we should be grateful and repay kindness. If not for Uncle Bai saving me, I'd be dead by now! So if Uncle Bai doesn't leave, nor will I. I want to fight the Spirit Beasts with Uncle Bai! I know I'm crippled, but if the Spirit Beasts come, I can still throw stones at them!"

Although most of Hu Yi's meridians were severed, rendering him nearly useless, this fourteen- or fifteen-year-old boy possessed a heart full of gratitude and stubborn resilience. After speaking, he picked up several stones and placed them in front of him, ready to resist any Spirit Beast's attacks with these rocks.

Seeing his wife and son's resolve, Hu Ren heaved a sigh and said, "Alright! We'll stay together!"

Fang Bai saw in Hu Yi a youth who, despite his age, knew to repay kindness and was loyal. He admired him greatly, patting his head with a smile, "What a boy you are, Hu Yi. For what you've just said, Uncle Bai won't let you die. Moreover, once this is over, I'll repair your meridians for you, so you can step back onto the path of the Martial Dao!"

"Uncle Bai, really? Can I really cultivate again?"

Upon hearing Fang Bai's words, Hu Yi's frail body trembled. He looked at Fang Bai with surprise and joy, his eyes shining with hope and anticipation.

Chapter 1113: Scarlet Poison Spider

"Brother Bai... Brother Bai, do you think... Yi'er can be cured?"

Upon hearing Fang Bai's words, Hu Ren's eyes suddenly widened as he asked with a trembling voice.

Although Hu Ren and his wife had said they would take their son, Hu Yi, back to Qingping Country for treatment, in their hearts they had little hope. Now, hearing what Fang Bai said, it was as if they saw a glimmer of hope and were naturally filled with immense excitement.

Although they didn't fully believe Fang Bai's words, for their son's sake, they were willing to try everything if there was even a slight chance.

"I am an Alchemist!"

Fang Bai's gaze shifted to the trees in the distance, listening to the increasingly loud and eerie "rustle," then he added, "a mid-grade Alchemist!"

"Mid-grade Alchemist!"

Hearing this, Hu Ren and Miao Feng shuddered, their eyes brimming with ecstasy.

This time, when they took their son back to Qingping Country, they planned to use the cultivation resources they had accumulated over many years to seek the help of a mid-grade Alchemist to make a "Nine Revolutions Rebirth Pill."

The Nine Revolutions Rebirth Pill could reconnect meridians and regenerate limbs, which was an Elixir that Martial Artists dreamed of possessing.

However, making the Nine Revolutions Rebirth Pill required not only a primary herb "Wansui Fruit" of over five hundred years but also more than a dozen rare Spiritual Medicines as auxiliary ingredients, making it extremely difficult to gather all the necessary alchemy materials.

The key issue was that even if they could gather all the materials, they still needed to find at least a mid-grade Alchemist to make the Nine Revolutions Rebirth Pill, and whether the alchemy would succeed was left to fate.

After their son was injured, Hu Ren and his wife went through many hardships and, by a stroke of luck, managed to gather the materials needed to make the Nine Revolutions Rebirth Pill. They planned to ask a mid-grade Alchemist from Qingping Country to undertake the task, but they were worried about the Alchemist's temperamental and haughty nature, unsure whether he would be willing to make the Elixir for them.

What worried them even more was that the success rate of this mid-grade Alchemist in Qingping Country was not very high. They only had one set of materials, and if the alchemy failed, all their hard work and efforts would be in vain, leaving them in utter despair.

Now, Bai Fang claiming himself to be a mid-grade Alchemist filled Hu Ren and his wife with both shock and joy.

However, after the initial excitement, doubts followed.

As far as Hu Ren and his wife knew, the youngest mid-grade Alchemists in nearby countries were at least in their sixties and possessed at least Vast Level Realm abilities. Bai Fang, being only about forty and only at Desolate Level Perfection, seemed unlikely to be a mid-grade Alchemist.

Hu Ren was about to inquire further from Fang Bai when suddenly, he heard exclamation after exclamation nearby. Looking up, he inhaled sharply.

"Scarlet... Scarlet Poison Spider!"

Miao Feng burst out in alarm beside Hu Ren, her voice trembling and her face filled with terror.

"So many Scarlet Poison Spiders..."

Hu Ren looked around, murmuring to himself.

At this moment, countless red dots were approaching from all directions, surging towards the gathering of dozens of martial artists from the dense forest and the mountain walls on both sides. At first glance, it looked like a tidal wave of red rushing forward.

Each of these red dots was a Scarlet Poison Spider.

The Scarlet Poison Spider, a highly poisonous and aggressive spirit beast of the True Martial Realm, was massive in size, akin to a grinding plate. It was called "Scarlet Poison Spider" because of its vibrant red color.

The entire body of a Scarlet Poison Spider was toxic. Not only could it spin huge poisonous webs, but it could also spit intensely poisonous venom. Ordinary people who encountered it were doomed, and even regular martial artists had little chance of survival.

The approaching Scarlet Poison Spiders, large and long-limbed, moved swiftly like the wind. Wherever they passed, vegetation withered, rocks cracked, and the toxic wind was revolting - these were clearly no ordinary Scarlet Poison Spiders.

"These Scarlet Poison Spiders are all intermediate spirit beasts... we're doomed... we're doomed..."

Hu Ren, looking at the Scarlet Poison Spiders that had surrounded them in a narrow area, tightly grabbed his wife and child's hands, a look of utter despair on his face.

The seemingly endless Scarlet Poison Spiders in front of him numbered many, and it was unclear how many there were. In Hu Ren's view, maybe only the Elder of Xuannv Sect, Han Xingyu, who possessed mid-Vast Level strength, had the capability to break out alive among these dozens of martial artists.

"Hu Ren, what should we do? It's fine if we fall, but Yi'er is still young, must he fall with us here? Think of something! Ah right, let's beg the Elder of Xuannv Sect to take Yi'er and escape!"

Miao Feng held her son Hu Yi tightly in her arms, her eyes red, her voice choking up.

Hu Ren looked towards the disciples of Xuannv Sect, sighed, and shook his head sadly, "It's useless, Elder Han doesn't know us. She would save her own disciples from Xuannv Sect, why would she care about our Yi'er's life or death?"

Though he said this, he still harbored a bit of hope, and yelled towards Han Xingyu, "Elder Han, my child is only fifteen years old, no different from an ordinary person. If you have the spare strength, please save my child! We would be eternally grateful and repay you by serving you in any way!"

However, Hu Ren's plea did not elicit a response from Han Xingyu.

It wasn't that Han Xingyu did not want to respond, or lacked compassion, but as Hu Ren had said, at this moment, faced with the impending assault of Scarlet Poison Spiders, what she considered was how to save more Xuannv Sect disciples. As for the lives and deaths of other martial artists, how could she afford to care?

With Han Xingyu's strength, she could only take one person to break out from the encirclement of the Scarlet Poison Spiders. Taking an extra person might risk her own safety.

Han Xingyu had already decided to take the most potential disciple, Zhuge Lian, to break out from the siege of the Scarlet Poison Spiders. The other eight disciples, she could only abandon.

Thinking about how those eight disciples were also elites of Xuannv Sect and now had to fall to their deaths, Han Xingyu felt both fury and pain, cursing her insufficient strength.

Han Xingyu glanced at Fang Bai, thinking that he practiced the Wind System Martial Arts, which allowed him to manipulate wind forces for a short time and move faster than martial artists of the same realm. If it were not for the fact that Scarlet Poison Spiders also covered the surrounding mountain walls, he might have had a chance to escape.

Hu Ren's words were also heard by Han Xingyu, but she just gave a bitter smile and did not reply, thinking to herself that she could barely save the disciples of Xuannv Sect, how could she save your child? Your child will have to fend for himself!

Spirit beasts all possess a certain intelligence, and the higher their level, the smarter they are. As countless intermediate Scarlet Poison Spiders swarmed towards the gathering of dozens of martial artists, they slowed down several meters away from them, seemingly assessing the situation. Then, under the command of the largest Scarlet Poison Spider, they rapidly changed formation, ingeniously separating Han Xingyu and the others from Fang Bai and his group.

Chapter 1114: The Attack Begins

Fang Bai and his three companions were originally only a dozen yards away from Han Xingyu and the others, close enough to support each other, but now they were separated by dozens of Scarlet Poison Spiders. It was as if they were separated by an insurmountable chasm. Seeing this, the couple Hu Ren and his wife felt even more desperate.

The bodies of the Scarlet Poison Spiders naturally emitted an invisible toxin. At the moment, countless Scarlet Poison Spiders gathered together, and the invisible toxin they emitted spread through the air. Some of the weaker Heaven Level Martial Artists had already started to experience dizziness, incessant vomiting, and other symptoms.

Other Martial Artists began to circulate their True Yuan and formed Defense Qi Shields around their bodies to prevent the surrounding toxins from invading.

However, at this rate, their True Yuan would eventually be depleted. At that time, the Scarlet Poison Spiders wouldn't even need to attack; the Martial Artists would be trapped to death.

Everyone at the scene, apart from Fang Bai, was silently bemoaning their fate.

"That Spider Queen must be nearly a thousand years old; it's almost a High Rank Spirit Beast..." Tsk, tsk, if I could get its Spirit Core, I could exchange it for a lot of Cultivation Resources!"

In the swarm of spiders, Fang Bai immediately spotted the Spider Queen, the largest and most brightly colored of them. His eyes lit up at the sight.

The Spider Queen was the leader of the numerous Scarlet Poison Spiders, and all the actions of the swarm were directed by it.

Compared to the other Poisonous Spiders, the Spider Queen was undoubtedly the most formidable.

Its scarlet carapace was extremely tough, and the toxicity of its venom and silk was several times stronger than that of the other spiders.

Fang Bai thought that even for someone like Han Xingyu, a mid-tier Vast Level powerhouse, facing the Spider Queen would mean nothing but flight.

Next to him, True Yuan surged—it was the couple Hu Ren and his wife, who had begun to circulate their True Yuan and formed a Defense Qi Shield around themselves for protection.

Looking at the young Hu Yi, who was held in the arms of Miao Feng, his face was pale as paper, and his expression was one of deep discomfort. It was clear that some of the toxin that had spread through the air had entered his body when he breathed. Now, like an ordinary person without any Protective True Essence, how could he withstand it?

Faced with the slowly approaching Scarlet Poison Spiders, Fang Bai did not show the same tension and vigilance as the other Martial Artists. Instead, he chose to ignore them. He squatted down next to Hu Yi and lightly patted him, saying, "Hu Yi, sit up cross-legged and try to circulate the Cultivation Technique you've learned."

With that single pat from Fang Bai, he had infused a strand of Chaos Origin Energy into Hu Yi's body.

"Brother Bai, Yi'er is in no condition to sit..."

Before Hu Ren could finish his sentence, he saw his son Hu Yi struggle out of his mother's embrace, then sit cross-legged on the large rock, slightly closing his eyes. Faint True Yuan began circulating around his body. Within a few breaths, he entered a Cultivation State.

"This..."

"Yi'er he..."

Hu Ren and Miao Feng exchanged looks, feeling as if they were in a dream, unable to believe what they were seeing.

After their son Hu Yi had been injured, his meridians were all severed and his Martial Artist Aura had completely disappeared. But now, True Yuan was circulating around his body, and he could even enter a Cultivation State, just like what a normal Martial Artist could achieve. How could this not amaze Hu Ren and his wife?

"This is real! This is real!"

Hu Ren pinched himself hard to confirm he wasn't dreaming, then yelled out excitedly.

"Um, I know... I know..."

Miao Feng nodded vigorously, her gaze landing on Fang Bai, knowing that the changes occurring in her son must be related to him.

"I had intended to wait until this matter was over before treating your son's injuries, but now I've changed my mind! I have just infused a strand of True Yuan into your son's body. In about two hours, his severed meridians will be reconnected. Once your son exits the cultivation state, have him swallow these two bottles of elixirs to attempt a breakthrough to the Heaven Level High Rank realm!"

Fang Bai spoke, then flipped his right palm to reveal a bottle of medium-grade Gathering Yuan Pill and a bottle of medium-grade Marrow Cleansing Pill, casually tossing them to Hu Ren.

Hu Yi, with decent potential and only fifteen years old, was already a Heaven Level beginner Martial Artist. With the strand of Chaos Origin Energy that Fang Bai had transferred into him, along with the two medium-grade elixirs, not only could he recover his former strength, but he also had a good chance of advancing two minor realms and becoming a Heaven Level High Rank Martial Artist.

Both the medium-grade Gathering Yuan Pill and the medium-grade Marrow Cleansing Pill are very rare elixirs in the True Martial Realm, difficult to refine and highly valuable, especially the medium-grade Marrow Cleansing Pill, which is used for Marrow Cleansing to alter a Martial Artist's physique. It is most suitable for lower-level Martial Artists like Hu Yi to consume.

As a Desolate Level Perfection Martial Artist, Hu Ren originally had some medium-grade elixirs, but he had to trade these precious pills for materials to refine the Nine Revolutions Rebirth Pill because of his son's injury. Now, he was financially embarrassed, left without a single medium-grade elixir.

"Brother Bai, given the current situation, it's very unlikely that the three of us will be able to leave alive, while you might have a chance. So... please take the elixirs back. We don't want to waste them. For the kindness you have shown my son Yi'er, I can only repay you in the next life."

Hu Ren looked around at the Scarlet Poison Spiders, his face filled with sorrow as he attempted to return the elixirs to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai chuckled and said, "Just a bunch of Poisonous Spiders can't take our lives! Keep the elixirs and do as I just told you!"

He paused, then flipped his hand and took out a jade pendant, hanging it around Hu Yi's neck. He turned to a puzzled Hu Ren and said, "This jade pendant is a Spiritual Artifact. It contains several killing intents, and it can protect your son's life at critical moments!"

No sooner had he finished speaking than a shrill, agonizing scream was heard not far away.

Looking intently, it turned out to be an Individual Cultivation Martial Artist at the Heaven Level Realm who had been suddenly struck by a Scarlet Poison Spider's venomous silk, breaking through his Protective True Essence and landing on his left forearm. The venomous silk was extraordinarily toxic. In just a few breaths, it corroded the Martial Artist's left forearm and the poison quickly spread upwards. Seeing this, a companion next to the injured Martial Artist had no choice but to cut off his entire right arm with a swing of a sword.

At the same time, several more screams were heard from other Martial Artists who had also been wounded by the poisonous spiders' venomous silk.

Clearly, the Scarlet Poison Spiders had begun their attack, intending to turn these dozens of human Martial Artists into their feast.

True Yuan surged, sword light flashed, and shouts of fury filled the air as the counterattack from the dozens of Martial Artists officially began.

Though more than half of the surrounded Martial Artists were Desolate Level Martial Artists, and there were even Vast Level Martial Artists like Han Xingyu, every single Scarlet Poison Spider possessed the attack strength equivalent to an early-stage Desolate Level Martial Artist and had an absolute advantage in numbers. Thus, after a brief exchange, casualties among the Martial Artists started to occur, and the others were gradually forced into an even smaller area.

Among the human Martial Artists, there were a few who wielded Spiritual Artifacts as well—though low-grade, these weapons were extremely sharp, easily piercing the sturdy exoskeleton of the Scarlet Poison Spiders, cleaving them in two, and bringing them to their demise.

The deaths of their kin incited an even more ferocious attack from the Scarlet Poison Spiders, their venomous silk, toxic liquids, and eight knife-sharp long limbs all becoming deadly weapons in their assault.

Over by Fang Bai's side, the Scarlet Poison Spiders also began their assault.

Chapter 1115: The Emergence of a Spiritual Artifact

Fang Bai had shown foresight by leaping onto the huge stone boulder before the arrival of the Scarlet Poison Spiders.

Hu Ren and the couple Miao Feng also secretly rejoiced that they had sided with Fang Bai.

You see, when a Scarlet Poison Spider attacks, it has three significant weapons: its silk, venom, and eight nearly two-meter-long limbs. Contact with any one of these could be fatal.

At this moment, the dozens of martial artists gathered around the disciples of the Xuannv Sect were on a flat surface at the bottom of a gorge. With the Scarlet Poison Spiders' trio of deadly tools all coming into play, they were unable to defend properly, suffering constant casualties, each one looking panicked.

The giant stone boulder upon which Fang Bai and the other three stood was ten meters tall. As a result, the attacking Scarlet Poison Spiders' long limbs posed no threat to them. The spiders could only attack by spitting silk and venom. This greatly reduced the pressure on Fang Bai and his companions.

Fang Bai, Hu Ren, and Miao Feng stood on three sides of the boulder, guarding Hu Yi in the middle as he sat cross-legged in a cultivation state. They continuously swung their fists and feet, using True Essence Force to repel the silk and venom spat out by the Scarlet Poison Spiders.

Fang Bai could have used the Beast Taming Scripture to control the Spider Queen, causing the countless surrounding Scarlet Poison Spiders to retreat, but he did not want to waste such a rare opportunity for real combat experience.

Furthermore, most of the dozens of Individual Cultivation Martial Artists were out for training; without life-and-death trials, it would be difficult to break through in Martial Dao. If Fang Bai stepped in now and drove away the Scarlet Poison Spiders to save them, it might affect their insight into Martial Dao and their potential advancements. He might even end up doing a thankless job, facing their complaints and accusations.

Therefore, Fang Bai intended not to intervene for the time being and planned to have a fierce battle with these Scarlet Poison Spiders first.

As for the fate of those dozens of martial artists during this time, it was up to fate.

Among the three, Hu Ren and the couple Miao Feng were Desolate Level Perfection powerhouses. Enjoying a superior vantage point, they continuously blasted out True Yuan, successfully fending off wave after wave of the ferocious attacks of the Scarlet Poison Spiders.

The carapace of the Scarlet Poison Spiders was exceedingly sturdy, and their defensive abilities strong. Even with the power of Hu Ren and his wife, a full-force True Yuan attack could only make the spiders recoil, unable to inflict substantial damage, which caused them great frustration.

Fang Bai, on the other hand, was continuously suppressing his own realm of cultivation. If he were to use his full strength, he could easily kill a Poisonous Spider with a single punch, but that would defeat the purpose of this training experience.

"Brother Hu, don't you and your wife have any weapons?"

After Fang Bai saw that Hu Ren and his wife were fighting the enemies barehanded, without using any weapons, he frowned and asked after swatting away several strands of silk.

In Fang Bai's view, martial artists at the Desolate Level Perfection like Hu Ren and Miao Feng, even if they didn't have a Spiritual Artifact, should at least possess a sharp weapon for self-defense. Yet here they were, fighting the Scarlet Poison Spiders with their fists and feet and not using weapons, which was quite strange.

With a loud roar, Hu Ren threw both his fists out, repelling two Scarlet Poison Spiders trying to climb the stone. He said with a wry smile, "Brother Bai, I won't lie to you. We both had low-grade Spiritual Artifacts, but we traded them for materials to refine the Nine Revolutions Rebirth Pill for Yi'er. We planned to forge a new weapon each once we returned to Qingping Country, but we did not expect to encounter such a situation... Alas, if we had our Spiritual Artifacts today, even if we were to die, it would be a satisfying fight!"

Miao Feng added, "Without weapons, we can only let these damned Scarlet Poison Spiders attack us, and we can only defend passively, which is truly frustrating!"

Fang Bai laughed heartily and called out, "I have a few Spiritual Artifacts on me. I will give one to each of you now, and let's give these spiders one heck of a fight together! Brother Hu, Lady Hu, catch!"

In the midst of conversation, a dark glow flashed from the Spatial Ring on Fang Bai's left hand, and subsequently, two low-grade Spirit Weapons flew toward Hu Ren and Miao Feng.

When Fang Bai was at the Martial Artists Trading Market in Purple Flame City, providing Alchemy and Artifact Refining services for others, he had received quite a lot of rewards, among which included some materials for Artifact Refining. Therefore, he handily forged some low-grade and medium-grade Spirit Weapons to store in his Spatial Ring, planning to give them to friends and relatives from the Secular World when he reunited with them in the future.

Giving them to the couple, Hu Ren and Miao Feng, at this moment was also to honor the bond they had formed.

Initially, Fang Bai had intended to give the couple medium-grade Spirit Weapons, but after reconsidering, he realized that as Desolate Level Martial Artists, they would find it difficult to wield medium-grade Spirit Weapons and would be unable to unleash the full power of the weapons. In contrast, low-grade Spirit Weapons would be more suitable for them.

With their left hands ready to defend against the attack of the Scarlet Poison Spiders, Hu Ren and Miao Feng caught the Spirit Weapons thrown by Fang Bai with their right hands. Feeling the faint Essence Energy emitting from the Spirit Weapons, they knew these were low-grade Spirit Weapons and were overjoyed.

After catching the blade, Hu Ren swung it with momentum, unleashing a slashing strike. In the blink of the blade's glow, a nearby Scarlet Poison Spider, unable to dodge, was sliced into two pieces, and blood immediately spread everywhere.

"What a sharp blade! Haha, Brother Bai, I really like this Sword-Type Spirit Weapon! Thank you very much!" Hu Ren ran his palm over the blade lightly, his expression exhilarated, and he was extremely excited.

To Hu Ren, this three-foot-long sword with a Green Glow was even more suitable for him than the low-grade Sword-Type Spirit Weapon he had previously spent a lot of money to commission an Artifact Refiner to make. Moreover, its power was much stronger.

Almost at the same moment Hu Ren wielded his blade to kill the Scarlet Poison Spider, Miao Feng also used the Sword-Type Spirit Weapon in her hand to strike down two more Scarlet Poison Spiders.

"Brother Bai Fang, commissioning these two Spirit Weapons must have cost a lot of Cultivation Resources, right? We cannot accept them! If we are lucky enough to carve a bloody path and escape with our lives today, we'll return the Spirit Weapons to you!" Miao Feng, despite her fondness for the Sword-Type Spirit Weapon, understood the principle of not accepting rewards without merit and declared loudly.

"Right! Right! We'll return them after using them!" Although Hu Ren was very reluctant, he nodded repeatedly upon hearing Miao Feng speak.

Fang Bai casually responded, "If I said it's for you, then you should keep them with peace of mind! I have my own!"

Fang Bai spread the fingers of his right hand and then clenched his fist out of thin air. In an instant, a red glow shimmered, and the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, which had been dormant in his Spatial Ring for a long time, appeared in his hand.

When the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade emerged, an invisible fierce blade Qi filled the space in all directions, with the scent of blood diffusing within several meters. The Scarlet Poison Spiders attacking the group of four sensed the blade Qi and the smell of the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, seemed quite

frightened, and their onslaught paused. Then, to everyone's astonishment, they started to retreat hastily.

"Brother Bai, your blade has such a strong aura of slaughter! Those Scarlet Poison Spiders seem to be scared!" Seeing the Scarlet Poison Spiders swiftly retreating from around the large stone, Hu Ren was both shocked and elated. Looking at the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in Fang Bai's hand, he felt an agitated and uneasy emotion radiating from the glow of the blade, realizing that it could affect one's mind. He couldn't help but click his tongue in amazement, murmuring, "My, my, what a fearsome blade!"

Chapter 1116: A Bit Crazy

Fang Bai pulled out the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, originally intending to unleash a slaughter, but he was taken aback when the Scarlet Poison Spiders started to retreat.

Then, Fang Bai remembered that the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in his hand was not just an ordinary Spiritual Artifact. Its rank was so high that he couldn't see through it with his own eyes, and it was very likely a Divine Artifact that had fallen into the mortal world.

Within the blade of the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, countless amounts of Martial Artist and Spirit Beast blood had been absorbed. From inside out, the blade emitted a dense and oppressive aura of slaughter. Weaker Martial Artists, by just one glance at it, would see violent bloody illusions and might even fall into a state of madness.

Fang Bai speculated that the reason the Scarlet Poison Spiders recoiled in fear upon seeing the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade was likely because the blade had absorbed the blood of a Spirit Beast that was even more venomous and powerful than them, or perhaps the blood of their natural predator.

"Brother Hu, if you get a chance, leave without waiting for me! I'm going to kill some enemies!"

Seeing the retreat of the Scarlet Poison Spiders, Fang Bai, who was itching for a major battle, grew impatient. He left a message for Hu Ren and his wife Miao Feng, and then, holding the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, he leaped down from a large rock and chased after the rapidly retreating Scarlet Poison Spiders.

The Spider Queen, who had been commanding the spider swarm to attack dozens of Martial Artists, also seemed to notice Fang Bai with the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade pursuing her. She rapidly waved her two front limbs, apparently signaling a retreat.

In an instant, the thousands of Scarlet Poison Spiders, which had surged forward like a tidal wave, retreated just as quickly.

The dozens of Martial Artists who had been desperately fighting to survive did not expect the sudden retreat of the Scarlet Poison Spiders. Some of them did not react in time and continued to crazily swing their fists and legs, launching blasts of Essence Energy until their companions shouted loudly, prompting them to gradually stop.

Dozens of Martial Artists stared dumbfounded at the retreating Scarlet Poison Spiders. Once they were sure it was safe, they finally breathed a sigh of relief. Many of the Martial Artists' legs went weak and they collapsed on the ground. The joy of narrowly escaping death surged through everyone's heart, and some couldn't help but cry.

On the ground lay several ghastly white skeletons, which were the remains of a few Martial Artists whose flesh had been corroded by the venomous silk and venom.

Fang Bai, holding the blade, broke into an area engulfed by Scarlet Poison Spiders, moving away with the retreating spiders. Due to his incredibly fast movement technique, except for Han Xingyu, no other Martial Artists noticed his presence.

"The spiders have retreated, let's move up quickly!"

Some of the regained Martial Artists shouted loudly.

Thus, except for the ten disciples of Xuannv Sect and the family of Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi, the other dozens of Martial Artists quickly found some vines on the cliff and began to climb up.

"Elder Han, what should we do?"

Zhuge Lian put away her long sword and asked Han Xingyu who was beside her.

Han Xingyu looked up and then frowned, "The people of Dragon Tiger Palace are probably still up there. If we go up now, we'll be forced into a fierce battle. They have more people and are stronger—we can't compete with them!"

She glanced in the direction where the Scarlet Poison Spiders had retreated, then waved her hand and said, "The path where the spiders retreated should be free of any more Spirit Beasts. Let's follow them and figure out what to do as we go!"

Ten disciples of the Xuannv Sect, led by Han Xingyu, swiftly flew towards the direction where the Scarlet Poison Spider had retreated, keeping a distance of nearly a kilometer. This arrangement ensured that if the Scarlet Poison Spider attacked again, they would have ample preparation and reaction time to climb swiftly from the cliffs on both sides.

After dozens of Martial Artists left, only Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and their son Hu Yi remained at the scene.

"Yi'er's father, I've heard there are many Spirit Beasts at the bottom of this gorge. What if other Spirit Beasts attack us?"

Miao Feng glanced at her son Hu Yi, who was still in his Cultivation State, then looked around, her heart racing with fear that a powerful Spirit Beast might suddenly appear.

Hu Ren was worried too, but he saw that his son was at a critical moment in his cultivation and couldn't leave. Pretending to be unconcerned, he said, "What's there to fear? As long as we don't get ambushed by a group of Spirit Beasts like before, the two of us can handle it! Hehe, the Spiritual Artifact Brother Bai gave us is much more powerful than what we used before! Also, Brother Bai mentioned that the jade pendant he hung around Yi'er's neck could save our lives at a critical moment. I guess it must be an exceptionally powerful protective Spiritual Artifact!"

Hu Ren's outward calm reassured Miao Feng, who said earnestly, "That Brother Bai Fang we met by chance... he's truly a kind soul to help us like this! If Yi'er's injury can be healed and we can escape from here, we must never forget his great kindness today!"

"That's for sure! It's just..."

Hu Ren paused, a shudder running through him as he glanced in the direction from which they had retreated, and sighed, "Brother Bai's actions just now were a bit crazy! He went after those tens of thousands of Scarlet Poison Spiders alone. If he gets surrounded..."

"Yi'er's father, don't speak such unlucky words!"

Before Hu Ren could finish, Miao Feng cut him off.

"Look at what I'm saying! I should be slapped!"

Hu Ren slapped himself on the face, then added, "How could I forget! Brother Bai can easily produce several Spiritual Artifacts. He wouldn't be an ordinary Martial Artist like us. Certainly, he must have other powerful means to protect himself! Hmm, that blood-red blade of his, with its intense aura of Killing Qi and blood... I felt terrified with just one glance. It might even be a mid-grade Spiritual Artifact!"

"Good people get good karma, Brother Bai Fang will definitely be alright!"

Miao Feng clasped her hands together and silently prayed.

The couple spoke briefly, and seeing no Spirit Beasts in the vicinity, they finally settled down. They then sat down on a large rock, crossing their legs and began to circulate their Cultivation Techniques to recover the Essence Energy they had expended while also protecting their child.

After Han Xingyu led the nine disciples of the Xuannv Sect forward for about two thousand meters, they started to find the corpses of Scarlet Poison Spiders. Nearly a thousand meters ahead, the ground was littered with their bodies, roughly amounting to a thousand, the dizzying toxicity mixed with a nauseating blood stench filling the air of the gorge, making it almost unbearable.

"So many dead Poison Spiders... What happened here..."

Zhuge Lian held her breath, trying not to look at the bisected corpses of the Scarlet Poison Spiders, her eyebrows furrowed as she muttered to herself.

"That man, he alone slaughtered so many Scarlet Poison Spiders... Could it be that he concealed his Cultivation Level and isn't just a Desolate Level Perfection Martial Artist? Or could it be that the Spiritual Artifact in his hand is even more powerful than a mid-grade Spiritual Artifact?"

Han Xingyu envisioned the image of the middle-aged man wielding the blood-colored blade as he pursued the spiders, her expression unable to hide her astonishment as she murmured to herself.

Chapter 1117: Spider Queen Spirit Core

In Han Xingyu's eyes, a martial artist who could slaughter nearly a thousand Scarlet Poison Spiders either had to have much stronger strength than him or possess a spiritual artifact more powerful than an ordinary one; otherwise, it would have been impossible.

What puzzled Han Xingyu the most was why those Scarlet Poison Spiders, which could easily turn their group of tens of martial artists into a sumptuous feast, suddenly retreated without any warning.

With numerous doubts in mind, Han Xingyu led the nine disciples of the Xuannv Sect while holding their breath, braving the pungent stench of poison, and following the corpses of the Scarlet Poison Spiders scattered everywhere, continued to chase forward, wanting to investigate the situation.

After chasing for nearly a thousand meters, vague sounds of trees in a forest ahead breaking and stones shattering could be heard. Clearly, there was a powerful martial artist or an extremely ferocious spirit beast engaged in a fierce confrontation.

"You all wait here; I'll go and take a look!"

Han Xingyu turned back and instructed Zhuge Lian and the other Xuannv Sect disciples before he leaped forward toward the forest.

Being a mid-rank Vast Level expert, Han Xingyu had a certain ability to protect himself, even in the face of such a large swarm of spiders. As for Zhuge Lian and the other Desolate Level martial artists, they would have faced certain death if they encountered the spiders. Han Xingyu's decision for them to wait was also for their safety.

"Ha ha, die, you poisonous spider!"

Just as Han Xingyu approached the edge of the forest, he heard a thunderous shout, followed by a whirlwind of True Yuan in the woodland, twigs flying in the air, and a blinding, dazzling blood-colored blade light soaring into the sky.

Immediately, the blood-colored blade light slashed from the sky towards the ground, seeming to hit something with a "puff" sound, followed by a wave of nauseating, acrid poison filling the entire forest.

Han Xingyu raised his eyebrows, held his breath, sped up his movement, and dashed into the forest, leaping onto a large tree several meters high, and looked towards an empty space ahead.

Through branches and leaves, the robust middle-aged man who had saved dozens of martial artists just moments earlier was now tightly holding a heavy blood-colored broadsword, looking at a Scarlet Poison Spider in front of him that he had slashed in two, his lips curling into a slight smile of pleasure.

That Scarlet Poison Spider, large in size with extremely long appendages, was indeed the leader of the swarm—the Spider Queen.

The Spider Queen, the most venomous and powerful Poisonous Spider in the swarm, had been split in two by Fang Bai. The splattering blood, filled with intense toxicity, corroded all vegetation within several meters into dust, even eroding the solid stones unevenly.

There were originally hundreds of Scarlet Poison Spiders in the forest, but once the Spider Queen died, the leaderless spiders scattered in all directions like headless flies, disappearing in an instant.

"That Spider Queen, almost seven or eight hundred years in beast age, with attack and defense capabilities so strong that even I would struggle to contend with it. To think that martial artist could slay it with one stroke is simply unbelievable!"

Watching the slain Spider Queen, Han Xingyu couldn't help but gasp in amazement and felt great admiration for the robust man.

However, that martial artist's cultivation was only at Desolate Level Perfection. Han Xingyu believed that his ability to kill the Spider Queen was entirely due to the might of the spiritual artifact in his hand.

Han Xingyu carefully observed the blood-colored broadsword in the hands of the robust man, unable to discern what rank of spiritual artifact it was. Moreover, the longer he looked, the more terrifying visions of Corpse Mountain Blood Sea Killing surfaced in his eyes, nearly leading him to fall into demonic possession.

"What rank could a spiritual artifact that induces illusions be?"

Han Xingyu was horrified, hastily turning his gaze away, not daring to continue to look whilst developing a deep interest in the Spiritual Artifact used by the middle-aged man.

The ability of the artifact to enhance the strength of a Desolate Level Perfection martial artist to surpass that of a middle-tier Vast Level expert was indeed a rare treasure. Not just Han Xingyu, a Vast Level expert himself, but even Cosmic Level experts would be tempted and covetous upon seeing it.

If a martial artist with malicious and evil intentions were to see it, they might plan and use all methods possible to snatch this middle-aged man's Spiritual Artifact for themselves.

However, Han Xingyu did not harbor such thoughts.

Firstly, Han Xingyu, who prided himself as someone from a major sect like the Xuannv Sect, would not stoop to despicable methods; secondly, with Han Xingyu's strength, there was no certainty of defeating the middle-aged man who wielded such a powerful Spiritual Artifact; and thirdly, since the middle-aged man had repeatedly saved the lives of Xuannv Sect disciples, if Han Xingyu were to attempt to steal his Spiritual Artifact, it would be equivalent to ingratitude and would be despised by martial artists of the True Martial Realm.

The middle-aged man, after slaying the Spider Queen of the Scarlet Poison Spiders, swung the blood-red long blade again, chopping the corpse as big as a millstone into pieces and gently prodded out a fist-sized Spirit Core, as dark as ink jade, from within a pool of blood.

"That's almost a High Rank Spirit Beast's Spirit Core!"

Han Xingyu, watching from a distance as Fang Bai played with the Spirit Core in his hand, felt the surging essence energy emanating from within the core and was extremely excited.

The Spirit Core contained Heaven and Earth Origin Energy absorbed by the Spirit Beast since its youth; the older the beast, the more essence energy it contained.

For martial artists, the Spirit Core could not only aid directly in cultivation but also be added during the crafting of Spiritual Artifacts to make them more robust and powerful.

A Spirit Beast aged seven to eight hundred years would contain seven to eight hundred years of Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, equivalent to a million low-quality essence stones or a hundred thousand medium-quality essence stones, which illustrates the immense allure it held for martial artists.

Han Xingyu was certain that if such a Spirit Core were to appear in the Martial Artists Trading Market, it would undoubtedly drive countless martial artists wild.

Even in the Xuannv Sect where Han Xingyu belonged, their Elixir Hall stored a massive amount of cultivation resources, including many Spirit Cores, but the oldest were only five or six hundred years; none were like this one, aged seven or eight hundred years.

The middle-aged man fiddled with the Spirit Core a few times, then a slight glimmer of light appeared in his left hand, and both the blood-red long blade and the Spider Queen's Spirit Core vanished without a trace.

Han Xingyu was stunned, then he guessed that the middle-aged man must be wearing a Spatial Ring.

The middle-aged man was naturally Fang Bai.

He had been pursuing the Scarlet Poison Spider, killing nearly a thousand Poisonous Spiders along the way, with the sole aim of obtaining the Spirit Core in the Spider Queen, and now that he had successfully obtained it, Fang Bai was naturally happy.

Fang Bai had long noticed Han Xingyu spying from the side, but he did not pay it much attention. After killing the Spider Queen, he collected the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade and the Spider Queen's Spirit Core, acted as if he hadn't noticed Han Xingyu, and swept out of the forest to return the way he came to look for Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi.

After Fang Bai had left, Han Xingyu soon followed him.

As Fang Bai swept along, he quickly saw Zhuge Lian and other Xuannv Sect disciples waiting along the way. Passing by them, he smiled and waved his hand.

Zhuge Lian and the other Xuannv Sect disciples, grateful for the middle-aged man's two lifesaving deeds, bowed deeply to show their respect.

Chapter 1118: Let's Get Rich Together

Fang Bai had not long passed by Zhuge Lian and the others when Han Xingyu also arrived to meet up with them.

"That Lin Xiaotian said their Dragon Tiger Palace is now joining forces with Snow Fox Mountain, Spirit Crane Sect, Wind Cloud Island, and Ruyi Monastery, and they are attacking our Xuannv Sect. This matter is unlikely to be false! We must hurry back to support!"

Thinking about the Xuannv Sect being besieged by the five major Sects, Han Xingyu was distressed and anxious, saying a few words before looking for vines on the surrounding cliffs to climb up and reach the top of the gorge.

This place was about ten miles away from where Han Xingyu and the others had fallen into the gorge, and disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace would not expect that they could have survived such a fall and climbed back up so soon, so they did not pursue them to kill them.

What was frustrating for Han Xingyu, though, was that the Swiftwind Horses they had been riding had died in the fall into the gorge, so once they got back up, they had to move swiftly on foot. Only after reaching a small town a hundred miles away did they manage to exchange a considerable amount of Cultivation Resources for ten more Swiftwind Horses, then whipped the horses and sped back towards the Xuannv Sect.

They only hoped they could return to the Xuannv Sect sooner, to fight shoulder to shoulder with the tens of thousands of fellow disciples, and resist the joint attack by the Dragon Tiger Palace and the other four great Sects.

When Fang Bai returned to Hu Ren's family, he found that the fourteen or fifteen-year-old Hu Yi had already left his Cultivation State and from the Martial Artist Aura emanating from him, it was clear not only had his injuries fully recovered, but he had also successfully advanced two minor realms. He had leaped from the early stages of the Heaven Level to the high stages of the Heaven Level, greatly enhancing his strength.

"Congratulations, Hu Yi!"

Fang Bai said with a smile on his face from a distance.

Seeing Fang Bai return, Hu Ren's family immediately hopped down from the boulder they were on and excitedly greeted him.

"Thank you, senior, for granting us a new lease on life!"

Hu Yi quickly approached Fang Bai, then knelt down with a thud and gave him a deep bow.

"Get up! Get up!"

Fang Bai pulled up Hu Yi, laughing, and patted him on the shoulder. "Now that your injuries are healed, you must work doubly hard at your Cultivation in the future. Strive to take your strength to another level. That way, when you face a strong enemy again, not only can you protect yourself, but you can also protect your parents! That's it, keep it up, I have faith in you!"

The strand of Chaos Origin Energy that Fang Bai had transferred into Hu Yi's body was superior to any Spirit Pill in the world. It had not only completely healed Hu Yi's injuries but had also greatly improved his constitution, which would significantly influence his path of the Martial Dao for some time to come.

After stopping the multitude of thanks from Hu Ren and Miao Feng, Fang Bai looked up at the bottom of the gorge, a cold murderous intent flashing in his eyes, and murmured, "It's time to go up! I've got to show those guys up there a lesson..."

Hu Ren, hearing Fang Bai's words, realized he intended to take revenge on the disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace atop the gorge. This startled him, and he hurriedly advised, "Brother Bai, I understand your feelings, but right now, Elder Lin Xiaotian from the Dragon Tiger Palace is stationed on top of the Nine Bends Gorge! Lin Xiaotian is a mid-rank Vast Level Martial Artist, even slightly stronger than Elder Han of the Xuannv Sect. I think..."

He wanted to persuade Fang Bai with words like "a Martial Artist's revenge can wait ten years," but Fang Bai simply waved his hand and asked, "I have my own judgment on this matter! Brother Hu, Madam Hu, I have only one question, are you willing to join me in making a fortune?"

"Making... making a fortune?"

Hu Ren and his wife Miao Feng were both bewildered.

"Uncle Bai, can you tell us what kind of fortune you're talking about?"

Hu Yi asked, confused.

Fang Bai laughed and said, "For us Martial Artists, suddenly getting a large amount of Cultivation Resources is no different from striking it rich, right?"

Hu Yi responded, "That is indeed... But where can we suddenly obtain a large amount of Cultivation Resources?"

Hu Ren and Miao Feng seemed to think of something, their complexions turning somewhat pale as they felt that what Fang Bai wanted to do was akin to suicide.

Fang Bai, smiling, pointed to the top of the gorge and said, "We're going up from here, taking out those Dragon Tiger Palace disciples, and then seizing their cultivation resources... eh, those Dragon Tiger

Palace disciples have been collecting bridge tolls here, could they possibly have a shortage of cultivation resources? Tsk tsk, one elder, two stewards, and numerous disciples, as long as we take them out, all their cultivation resources will be ours. Ha, the thought is a little exciting!"

"Thinking about it is indeed exciting, but first we need to be able to take out those Dragon Tiger Palace disciples! It'd be tragic if they ended up killing us instead."

Hu Ren thought to himself.

Although this Brother Bai had strong personal strength and could enhance his combat power with an extremely powerful spiritual artifact, Dragon Tiger Palace Elder Lin Xiaotian was stronger, also assisted by spiritual artifacts, plus two stewards with Vast Level strength. No matter how Hu Ren thought about it, he felt Brother Bai was no match for Lin Xiaotian and the other Dragon Tiger Palace disciples.

However, it seemed Brother Bai had made up his mind and was brimming with confidence. Hu Ren knew that if he tried to dissuade him again, it might be taken by Brother Bai as a sign of weakness and would displease him.

"Forget it! Forget it! Brother Bai, our family of three owes our lives to you. If we're unlucky this time, we can consider it repaid to you! Let's go, through mountains and seas of fire, we'll join you on this journey!"

After hesitating for a moment, Hu Ren gritted his teeth and spoke loudly.

"Uncle Bai, let's go up now! Those Dragon Tiger Palace disciples almost killed me, I absolutely despise them!"

Hu Yi, oblivious to the danger, swung his fists energetically and said excitedly.

"Don't worry, with me, death is not an option, making a fortune is for sure!"

Fang Bai laughed heartily and approached the cliffside, grabbing onto a vine as thick as an arm that dangled from the top of the gorge and started to climb up nimbly like an ape.

Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi, the family of three, each grabbed a vine and followed after Fang Bai.

Out of the four, the weakest, Hu Yi, who was also a Heaven Level High Rank Martial Artist, found it effortless to climb up the nearly thousand-meter-high top of the gorge with the help of the vines.

"We've made it up!"

When they were just a few dozen meters from the top of the gorge, Fang Bai activated his Wind Essence Qi, soaring upwards like a Dapeng spreading its wings to the skies, leaping several meters over the gorge's edge, and then lightly landing on the rim.

At that moment, a group of Dragon Tiger Palace disciples at the top of the gorge were preparing to set up a new Iron Chain Bridge to continue collecting the bridge toll. They were startled to see Fang Bai suddenly emerge from the bottom of the gorge, but upon seeing Fang Bai's face clearly, they recognized him as one of the martial artists who had been in line to cross the bridge earlier.

"This guy, wasn't he one of the dozens of martial artists who fell when the Iron Chain Bridge broke just now?"

"A thousand meters deep at the bottom of the gorge, and it's full of spirit beasts; how is it that this guy didn't die? He must be really lucky!"

"Not a single injury on him! Strange!"

"Even a Vast Level beginner martial artist falling down wouldn't be able to come up unscathed, and he's just a Desolate Level Perfection martial artist!"

"He must have some powerful life-saving secret technique or treasure!"

"Capture him and search his body!"

...

After coming to their senses, a group of Dragon Tiger Palace disciples quickly moved into action, encircling Fang Bai in a small area by the edge of the gorge, their faces showing ferocious smiles.

Chapter 1119: Bizarre Golden Light

Fang Bai leaped onto the top of the gorge, and ten breaths later, Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi, the family of three, also clambered up. When they saw the Dragon Tiger Palace disciples closing in from three sides, their faces involuntarily paled. They drew their own Spiritual Artifacts, circulated True Yuan, and stood ready for battle.

The dozen or so Dragon Tiger Palace disciples before them were all Desolate Level Martial Artists, including four at Desolate Level Perfection. Meanwhile, the Elder of Dragon Tiger Palace, Lin Xiaotian, and two Stewards should be resting in a huge stone house not far away.

In Hu Ren's view, even if the three Vast Level Experts of Dragon Tiger Palace, including Lin Xiaotian, didn't make a move, these dozen or so disciples alone were enough to cause them headaches.

"Brother Bai, my wife and I will hold off the Dragon Tiger Palace disciples later. You take Yi'er and break through! If we are unfortunate enough to fall here today, please take good care of Yi'er for us!" Hu Ren whispered to Fang Bai beside him, then exchanged a sorrowful smile with Miao Feng.

Hu Ren and his wife only had Hu Yi as their son, whom they cherished deeply, finding his life more precious than their own. As long as their son could survive this catastrophe, they were willing to sacrifice themselves here and also repay Fang Bai for saving their lives.

"I won't go! If we flee, we flee together! If we die, we die together!" Hu Yi said loudly.

"If I tell you to run, you run, what's there to hesitate about? If we die, you'll still be there. But if you die, the Hu family line will end!" Hu Ren glared at his son and scolded with a stomp.

"I..."

"Enough! Enough!" Fang Bai interrupted Hu Ren and his son, saying irritably, "What kind of talk is all this? Escape, death, ending the family line... can't you say something more auspicious? If you face an opponent and feel fearful before you even fight, how can you expect to emerge victorious?"

"Uncle Bai is right! We face a formidable enemy now, we mustn't lose our spirits! The Dragon Tiger Palace disciples just cut off the Iron Chain Bridge to put us in a desperate situation. Now it's our turn to strike back! Attack!"

Brash and fearless like a calf unafraid of tigers, Hu Yi, who had just advanced by two minor realms, was filled with high spirits and a fighting urge. By the end of his shout, he had already charged ahead, initiating an attack on several Dragon Tiger Palace disciples.

"Yi'er, are you mad!"

"Come back!"

Seeing this, Hu Ren and Miao Feng were taken aback and shouted as they rushed forward, trying to stop their son.

The Dragon Tiger Palace disciples facing them were all Desolate Level Perfection Martial Artists, each wielding a low-grade Spiritual Artifact. With Hu Yi's Heaven Level High Rank Cultivation Level, attacking them was tantamount to courting death.

Opponents stood close by, and with Hu Yi's sudden rush, Hu Ren and his wife were caught off guard. By the time they realized what was happening, Hu Yi had already reached the disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace, and his fist had already thundered out.

"The boy is courting death!"

One of the opposing Dragon Tiger Palace disciples, possessing High Rank Desolate Level prowess, let out a scornful, cruel smile at the corner of his mouth. He violently shook the zhang-long iron spear in his hand, twirling several large spiral patterns with the spear tip before lunging it toward the charging Hu Yi's chest.

With only the strength of a Heaven Level High Rank Martial Artist, Hu Yi was no match for the High Rank Desolate Level Martial Artist holding the spear. The gap in their realms was so great that even if five Hu Yi's attacked simultaneously, they wouldn't be a match for that Dragon Tiger Palace disciple.

Moreover, the iron spear in the hands of the Dragon Tiger Palace disciple was a low-grade Spiritual Artifact, with a sharp tip that was indestructible and could easily pierce through the Protective True Essence Hu Yi had conjured around his body, potentially impaling him through and through.

"Yi'er!"

"No!"

Hu Ren and Miao Feng, watching in horror as the iron spear's tip came within three feet of their son's body, imminently reaching him, realized it was impossible for them to intervene in time. It was as if they were witnessing the gruesome scene of their son's death under the spear, their eyes nearly bursting with rage and sorrow as they cried out in grief.

Yet, at this critical moment, Fang Bai stood with his arms crossed, unmoving, a slight smile even appearing on his face.

Hu Yi had launched an attack on the Dragon Tiger Palace disciple, driven solely by passion, without considering whether he had the ability to vanquish his opponent. Now, as the spear thrust toward him, closing in within a blink of an eye, a sudden surge of intense danger engulfed him, causing his scalp to explode with fright and an overwhelming sense of despair to take hold.

"My life is over!"

Hu Yi internally screamed, only now realizing how rash his actions had been and that he might have to pay with his life. Filled with regret, he acknowledged that it was too late.

However, though young, Hu Yi's character was exceedingly tough and tenacious; he refused to fall without a fight. His right fist remained in an offensive thrusting position, determined that even if he was to die, he would still inflict damage on his adversary, at least lessening the burden on his parents and Uncle Bai.

"Hmph, overestimating oneself!"

Seeing this, the spear-wielding Dragon Tiger Palace disciple sneered, his arm holding the spear seemingly extending a bit further, speeding up the spear's piercing motion with a faint yet sharp whooshing sound.

The spear tip, empowered by strong True Yuan and the authority of the Spiritual Artifact, easily tore through the Protective True Essence around Hu Yi, brushing against the thin shirt outside his skin.

Hu Ren and Miao Feng shut their eyes at that moment, unable to bear witnessing the tragic fall of their son.

The other Dragon Tiger Palace disciples widened their mouths, already beginning to laugh triumphantly.

"Swish!"

Abruptly, the sound of a blade cleaving the air arose, and a metre-long saber-shaped golden light appeared out of nowhere from Hu Yi's chest, striking with the force of thunder, as fast as lightning, slashing across the neck of the spear-wielding Dragon Tiger Palace disciple.

The emergence of the saber-shaped golden light was too sudden and elusive, catching everyone off guard and moving with unimaginable speed. Even the spear-wielding Dragon Tiger Palace disciple, a high-rank Desolate Level Martial Artist, had no time to react.

Pfft!

The golden light crossed the Dragon Tiger Palace disciple's neck, and his body twitched slightly from the shock. The iron spear in his hand halted, unable to advance even slightly further.

Staring with wide eyes, the Dragon Tiger Palace disciple looked at Hu Yi, his gaze filled with disbelief. His mouth twitched slightly, as if he wanted to say something, but the next instant, his head rolled off his neck to the ground.

Immediately thereafter, a fountain of blood burst forth from the severed neck.

The metre-long iron spear also dropped from his hand.

Not just the spear-wielding Dragon Tiger Palace disciple, but also the five Vast Level Experts behind him weren't spared. They, too, were sliced by the mysteriously appeared saber-shaped golden light—some decapitated, others halved.

In the blink of an eye, among the dozen or so Dragon Tiger Palace Desolate Level Martial Artists present, six lay dead due to that golden light, including four at the level of Desolate Level Perfection.

Chapter 1120: A Killing Intent Cuts Down the Top Six

All these changes happened in the blink of an eye, too fast for anyone to react. Everyone at the scene, besides Fang Bai, stood there gaping and petrified.

"What... What just happened?"

Hu Yi, the man in question, had thought for sure he would die this time, but he hadn't expected such a bizarre event to take place. It wasn't until the blood spurted from the neck of the Dragon Tiger Palace disciple in front of him, splattering all over him, that Hu Yi snapped out of his daze.

"It was the pendant... Uncle Bai's pendant saved me!"

A lightbulb went off in Hu Yi's head, and he lowered his gaze to the small jade pendant hanging around his neck, a surprise and excitement flickering in his eyes as he murmured to himself.

Hu Yi guessed correctly. The sudden sword-like golden light was indeed a strand of killing intent contained within his jade pendant.

The pendant that Fang Bai had given to Hu Yi was one of the defense spiritual artifacts he had casually forged not long ago, which harbored three strands of killing intent equivalent to a Cosmic Level novice's strength.

The Dragon Tiger Palace disciple who had just attempted to stab had threatened Hu Yi's life and thus triggered one of the strands of killing intent in the pendant he wore.

The strength of a killing intent equivalent to a single strike from a Cosmic Level novice was incredibly formidable, how could those Desolate Level Martial Artists possibly withstand it?

As a result, once the killing intent was unleashed, not one of the six Dragon Tiger Palace disciples standing before Hu Yi was spared; all perished in an instant.

The dozen or so disciples from the Dragon Tiger Palace had seemed invincible, regarding Fang Bai, Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi as lambs to the slaughter. They never imagined that the smallest "lamb" among them would transform into a fierce tiger, devouring six of their companions in one fell swoop.

"Run!"

After a moment of stunned silence, the remaining Dragon Tiger Palace disciples looked at Hu Yi with eyes full of terror. It's unclear who shouted first, but they all scattered like rats, fleeing toward the direction of a large stone house.

Inside that stone house were Lin Xiaotian, an elder of the Dragon Tiger Palace, and two stewards. They believed that it was only there that they would be safe.

"These Desolate Level Martial Artists have some cultivation resources on them; gather them up! I'll take care of those three high-ranking members of the Dragon Tiger Palace!"

Fang Bai said this, striding confidently toward the stone house where Lin Xiaotian and the other two high-ranking members of the Dragon Tiger Palace were located.

The six Dragon Tiger Palace disciples who had just fallen to the pendant's killing intent, the strongest of whom was merely at Desolate Level Perfection, had space rings containing cultivation resources. However, nothing there was of high quality to pique Fang Bai's interest. Instead, Lin Xiaotian and the other high-ranking members were likely to possess truly valuable items.

Hu Ren, Miao Feng, and Hu Yi, the family of three, regained their composure from the shock, looking at Fang Bai's departing figure, knowing that they had met a person of great importance - feeling both excited and emotional.

The three quickly searched the fallen Dragon Tiger Palace disciples and found two spatial rings. Upon infusing their Essence Energy, they indeed discovered numerous cultivation resources and were overjoyed.

"Should we give these cultivation resources to Senior Bai... Senior Bai?"

Miao Feng held a spatial ring and asked softly. She had previously referred to Fang Bai as "Brother Bai Fang," but now that she was aware that this "Brother Bai Fang" must be a mighty expert concealing his true power, she promptly corrected herself, filling her tone with respect.

Hu Ren thought briefly, then shook his head, "Senior Bai is unfazed by Dragon Tiger Palace Elder Lin Xiaotian and the two stewards; he is going to confront them alone, indicating that his strength is no less than theirs. A powerful figure like him, why would he care for these small cultivation resources? Hmm, since Senior Bai told us to gather them up, let's just keep them!"

Miao Feng nodded and then said, "Should we... Should we go help Senior Bai? He is, after all, just one person..."

Hu Ren responded with a wry smile, "If Senior Bai and Lin Xiaotian's group start fighting, with our strength, do you think we could be of assistance? We might end up causing more harm than good! It's best if we just watch from a distance! In case Senior Bai truly faces defeat, we must then fight alongside him with all our might!"

Miao Feng thought so too. The small jade pendant from Senior Bai effortlessly slaughtered six Desolate Level Experts of the Dragon Tiger Palace, which was enough to show that Senior Bai's strength was extraordinary. If he and his family went to help, they wouldn't be of any use; instead, they might even drag Senior Bai down.

"Senior Bai looked utterly confident. I believe he will definitely defeat those disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace!"

Hu Yi, watching as Fang Bai moved swiftly like the wind toward the stone house, clenched his fists tightly, his expression one of excitement, his eyes shining with a bright light, as he spoke out loud.

Fang Bai was only in his early twenties, not much older than Hu Yi, yet he possessed the strength to confront an elder of a third-rate Sect. This filled Hu Yi with envy and his admiration for Fang Bai reached its peak.

They hid their figures within the grass nearby and watched attentively.

"Elder Lin, save us!"

"Please, save us quickly!"

...

The few lucky Dragon Tiger Palace disciples who had escaped death were now forcefully stimulating their Essence Energy, using their movement techniques to madly dart toward the stone house in fear of falling behind, becoming like their slain fellow disciples. All the while, they shouted loudly, their faces filled with terror.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

With the sound of clothing slicing through the air, three figures shot out from the enormous stone house to confront the fleeing Dragon Tiger Palace disciples.

These three figures were none other than Dragon Tiger Palace Elder Lin Xiaotian and two Stewards.

The three of them were originally meditating inside the stone house. Hearing the panicked cries for help from the Sect's disciples, they didn't know what had happened, and immediately rushed out of the stone house to investigate.

"Wu Meng, what has happened? Why such panic?"

Lin Xiaotian frowned as he looked at the first arriving Dragon Tiger Palace disciple, asking sharply, while his gaze swept over Fang Bai who was following closely behind, somewhat contemplatively.

"Res... reporting to Elder Lin... dead... all six Senior Brother Zhou... they're dead... it was that guy who killed them... Where is he? Why can't I see that person?"

The Dragon Tiger Palace disciple called Wu Meng, seeing Lin Xiaotian and the other two powerful figures of his own Sect appear, couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief before speaking with lingering fear. Yet, when he turned to point out Hu Yi, he found Hu Yi had disappeared. Only Hu Yi's accomplice was quickly closing in on them.

"What? Dead? How did they die? Wu Meng, you need to explain this clearly to me!"

Lin Xiaotian was taken aback, his eyes flashing with a sharp light. The aura of a Martial Artist released, exerting pressure on Wu Meng, making him tremble.

The "Senior Brother Zhou" that Wu Meng mentioned—all six disciples—were at the High Rank or Desolate Level Perfection of cultivation within the Dragon Tiger Palace. To kill all six of them, even a Vast Level beginner would find it hard to accomplish. However, before Lin Xiaotian observed the Martial Artists at both ends of the Nine Bends Gorge when the disciples cut the Iron Chain Bridge, he had noted that apart from the Elder of the Xuannv Sect, Han Xingyu, there was no Vast Level Expert present.

So who could have killed the six Desolate Level disciples of the Dragon Tiger Palace?

Could it be him?

Lin Xiaotian's gaze once again fell upon Fang Bai, then he revealed a hint of surprise.