

Doctor 1171

Chapter 1171: Space Wind Crystal

After all, as a Cosmic Level expert at the peak of perfection, Feng Peilan had experienced countless battles, big and small. Though startled, she was not thrown into chaos. Sensing the fierce gale surging from behind her, she didn't bother to look back and gathered her True Yuan, striking backwards with a palm.

Boom!

Two equally robust streams of Wind Essence Qi collided behind Feng Peilan, forming a powerful whirlwind. As Essence Energy surged violently, sand and stones flew about, and the scattering shockwave flattened everything protruding from the ground within a several zhang radius.

Under the rebounding force of the two streams of Essence Energy, even with True Yuan protecting her body, Feng Peilan was still significantly affected. She felt her qi and blood churning inside and her breath catching; greatly alarmed, she took advantage of the momentum to dash forward more than several zhang, finally freeing herself from the impact of the rebounding force.

She halted in her tracks, abruptly turned around, and saw Fang Bai, who had not taken advantage of the situation to attack. Instead, he stood there, with an indifferent expression, his face bearing a hint of mockery.

"This youngster is merely a high-rank Vast Level expert, yet he is able to deliver a strike with a might comparable to a Cosmic Level elite at the peak of perfection. The Martial Arts Techniques he has cultivated must be of an extremely high tier!" Feng Peilan remained highly alert, ready to prevent Fang Bai from attacking once more, as she thought to herself.

Throughout her life, Feng Peilan had encountered some martial artists capable of challenging those beyond their level, and apart from a rare few with formidable physical constitutions, the others had cultivated high-tier Martial Arts Techniques.

Now, with Fang Bai possessing the cultivation level of a high-rank Vast Realm but being able to fight evenly against herself, a Cosmic Level expert at the peak of perfection, Feng Peilan was greatly shocked. She speculated that Fang Bai must have had a fortuitous encounter, obtaining Martial Arts Techniques of a very high tier, which endowed him with this powerful capability to challenge beyond his level.

Considering this possibility, Feng Peilan felt an intense excitement; if she could acquire Fang Bai's Martial Arts Techniques for her own cultivation, wouldn't she have the hope of challenging the strongest Universe Level martial artists in the True Martial Realm and reaching the peak of the Martial Dao in this world?

With this thought, Feng Peilan's desire to kill Fang Bai intensified like never before.

She raised her right hand, and a zhang-long grey ribbon appeared in her grasp. Whipped up by the night breeze, it fluttered and rustled menacingly.

The ribbon was suffused with Wind Essence Qi, exuding a pressure that one could feel.

The ribbon that Feng Peilan used was not made of fabric, but rather crafted from the Wind System Spirit Weapon, the "Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon," made from Space Wind Crystal.

Space Wind Crystal, soft yet durable, is said to form amidst space storms beyond the heavens, containing extremely pure Wind Essence Qi.

For billions of years, some Space Wind Crystals have fallen from beyond the heavens to the True Martial Realm, obtained by some warriors, becoming the primary material for crafting Wind System Spirit Weapons.

Creating Wind System Spirit Weapons is exceptionally challenging; throughout the entire True Martial Realm, only a few Artifact Refiners in the warrior-dense Shenwu Continent have the capability to craft them.

Feng Peilan's ribbon was close to being a high-grade Spiritual Artifact. When deployed, it was like the fierce winds from above the nine heavens, possessing great offensive power and destructive force, capable of increasing Feng Peilan's combat effectiveness by thirty percent; hence it warranted the name "Life-Snatching."

Sensing the Wind Essence Qi emanating from the ribbon, Fang Bai's interest was piqued, and he asked, "Do you have Space Wind Crystal?"

Feng Peilan did not expect that amid a fierce battle, Fang Bai would still have the state of mind to ask such a question. She snorted coldly without answering, swinging her right hand. The Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon lashed out like a whip, making a sonic boom as it struck towards Fang Bai, who stood a zhang away.

The lash of the Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon brought with it a formidably sharp and intense wind, like a knife or a sword, as if slicing the very space between the two of them.

Using the strike of her Spiritual Artifact, Feng Peilan's attack was three times more powerful than her full-force strike with bare hands. If it were to hit the body, even a body as tough as iron would suffer severe damage, let alone one of flesh and blood.

Fang Bai, although he possesses the Chaos True Body with an extremely formidable physique, would not foolishly use his own body to hard endure the long ribbon lashed by Feng Peilan.

Swoosh!

Before the Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon could reach him, Fang Bai's silhouette once again vanished, his speed so swift that even Feng Peilan, who had nearly a hundred years of cultivation and excelled in movement techniques, could not help but feel inferior.

The movement technique used by Fang Bai was the Dragon Soaring to the Heavens from the Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique.

Although Dragon Soaring to the Heavens was one of the lowest-ranking martial arts in Fang Bai's mind, it was far superior to any Martial Arts in the True Martial Realm; it was more than enough to dodge Feng Peilan's attacks.

However, Feng Peilan was, after all, a Cosmic Level martial artist at the peak of perfection, and she also possessed a Spiritual Artifact. Even though she couldn't do anything to Fang Bai, he also couldn't defeat her with his bare hands in a short period of time.

Feng Peilan coveted Fang Bai's Martial Arts Techniques and wanted to capture him alive to force the secrets out of him before killing him.

Fang Bai wanted to deplete Feng Peilan's strength as much as possible, waiting for her to weaken before striking her down with the force of thunder.

One was fiercely attacking, and the other was evasively dodging; thus, they commenced their entangled struggle.

Gu Li and the others, who were hidden in the primitive forest, became anxious when Fang Bai had left for a long time without returning, and the planned time to raid Swiftwind Valley was approaching. After a brief discussion, they decided that Gu Li would lead Su Linglong, Zhuge Lian, Linghu Qianjiao, and Linghu Baimei, the four women, to search for Fang Bai.

When Gu Li and the five others reached the edge of the primitive forest and saw Feng Peilan and Fang Bai in fierce battle, they couldn't help exchanging incredulous glances, their expressions one of shock.

What astounded Su Linglong and the other three women was that Fang Bai, who they saw as invincible and omnipotent, was actually being suppressed by a middle-aged female martial artist, with only the capacity to defend and no power to counterattack.

What shocked Gu Li was that near Swiftwind Valley, there would appear a Cosmic Level martial artist at the peak of perfection as powerful as himself. Since Fang Bai was fighting her, the opponent must surely be an enemy, not a friend. This added a great deal of uncertainty to their mission of annihilating Swiftwind Valley.

After observing for a moment, Gu Li secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Even though the middle-aged female martial artist relied on the might of her Spiritual Artifact to launch fierce and sharp attacks, Fang Bai was like a sturdy little boat amidst the giant waves, undulating in the surging sea but never capsizing. This was enough to prove that Fang Bai possessed sufficient power to protect himself.

"Brother Fang, we've come to help you!"

Su Linglong and the other three women, concerned for Fang Bai's well-being and seeing him only defending and in an unfavorable situation, wanted to step forward and help him.

"Not so fast!"

Gu Li stopped Su Linglong and the others in time, his expression somber: "If you four go, you will only make things worse and hinder Fang Bai!"

His expression softened, and he continued: "Elder Fang will be fine for now! If anything does happen, you don't need to act, I will assist him!"

Once Su Linglong and the three women saw that Fang Bai was indeed in no real danger, they felt somewhat relieved. They stood not far from where the two were clashing, watching intently and ready to rush in selflessly to rescue him should Fang Bai face any crisis.

"Stronghold Head Gu, this old witch is the sister of the Swiftwind Valley Master, with exceptional strength. I will hold her off here, you go start attacking Swiftwind Valley!" Fang Bai suddenly spoke amidst the intense battle.

Chapter 1172: Are You Scared?

Gu Li and Swiftwind Valley's Valley Master, Feng Lingtian, had been arch-rivals for many years, and Gu Li had an extensive understanding of him, never having heard about Feng Lingtian having a sister. Upon hearing Fang Bai's words, he couldn't help feeling greatly astounded.

"When did Feng Lingtian get such a powerful sister?"

Gu Li gazed intently at Feng Peilan and noticed that her appearance indeed resembled Feng Lingtian by six or seven points. Moreover, like Feng Lingtian, she was also a Wind System Martial Artist, and her Cultivation Level was even a notch above Feng Lingtian's.

Gu Li took a sharp intake of breath, and as thoughts raced through his mind, he spoke out loud, "Elder Fang, this woman is a significant threat. It would be better for us to join forces and kill her first, then go and annihilate Swiftwind Valley..."

Before Fang Bai could speak, Feng Peilan shouted harshly, "I, Feng Peilan, am a Direct Disciple of the Tianji Sect from Shenwu Continent. Whoever dares to harm me, brace yourselves to be reduced to ashes!"

"Shenwu Continent... Tianji Sect..."

Upon hearing these words and taking a closer look at the clothing worn by Feng Peilan, which indeed carried the unique pattern of Tianji Sect disciples, Gu Li confirmed she was truly a disciple of the Tianji Sect. He took another sharp intake of breath, his face showing a trace of fear.

In his past travels, Gu Li had once visited the Shenwu Continent and knew of the sects and their power structures there. He knew that Tianji Sect was one of the few top-tier sects in the True Martial Realm, where even the personal disciples had reached the Cosmic Level Perfection Realm. Above these direct disciples were a dozen Universe Level Experts, regarded as the most powerful among the Martial Artists of the True Martial Realm.

Although Green Bamboo Stronghold was a second-tier sect, formidable enough to look down upon the entire Tiansheng Continent, it was still no match for a top-tier sect like the Tianji Sect.

If Gu Li and Fang Bai truly collaborated to kill Feng Peilan, and the news reached the Tianji Sect, there would be no need for their Universe Level Experts to come; just ten disciples at the Cosmic Level Perfection Realm could easily annihilate Green Bamboo Stronghold.

Thinking of the grave consequences that killing Feng Peilan might bring, Gu Li's back ran cold, and he broke into a cold sweat.

Furthermore, since Feng Peilan was a Direct Disciple of the Tianji Sect and the sister of Feng Lingtian, this meant that Swiftwind Valley effectively had the powerful Tianji Sect as its support. If Green Bamboo Stronghold were to attack Swiftwind Valley, it would undoubtedly face retaliation from Tianji Sect, and the worst-case scenario could lead to the sect's destruction.

This was a risk Gu Li didn't dare to take.

"Stronghold Head Gu, are you afraid?"

Seeing the fear apparent on Gu Li's face and sensing his intention to back down, Fang Bai, having dodged an attack from Feng Peilan, shouted, "Do you think that by retreating now, Swiftwind Valley will spare Green Bamboo Stronghold?"

Hearing this, Gu Li felt a jolt, awakening from his fear.

This time, when Green Bamboo Stronghold launched a surprise attack on Swiftwind Valley, they specifically chose the dead of night, hoping to do so without alerting anyone. However, to their surprise, they were discovered by Feng Peilan.

Gu Li understood that even if he immediately led the disciples of Green Bamboo Stronghold away from this place, Feng Peilan would not ignore this incident and would definitely inform Feng Lingtian.

And with Feng Lingtian's vengeful nature, he would surely seek fierce retaliation against Green Bamboo Stronghold.

Just dealing with Swiftwind Valley alone was enough to cause a headache for Green Bamboo Stronghold, let alone if Feng Peilan and the Tianji Sect were to come to its aid. Green Bamboo Stronghold might not be able to escape unscathed.

However, Gu Li was also a decisive person when it came to killing and fighting. He knew that no matter what, Green Bamboo Stronghold could no longer stay out of the conflict, and would sooner or later face the vengeance of Swiftwind Valley. Rather than waiting, it would be better to have a fierce battle tonight, to kill the woman before his eyes first, followed by destroying Swiftwind Valley.

As for the retaliation from Tianji Sect, that would be a problem for the future; Gu Li decided not to think about it now.

Besides, Tianji Sect was located in Shenwu Continent, separated from Tiansheng Continent by tens of thousands of miles of treacherous seas, where travel was especially difficult. From the time the news of Feng Peilan's death reached Tianji Sect, until the Sect's disciples arrived at Green Bamboo Stronghold for retribution, at least a year would be needed—a totally impossible timeline.

And with this year's time, Green Bamboo Stronghold would have adequate opportunity to devise various countermeasures.

Gu Li was even already thinking that after slaying Feng Peilan and wiping out Swiftwind Valley, he would take all the cultivation resources plundered from Swiftwind Valley back to Green Bamboo Stronghold. He would then disperse those disciples with potential, having them hide temporarily, to preserve some seeds for Green Bamboo Stronghold's potential revival one day.

As for Gu Li himself, as the Stronghold Chief, he would definitely stay behind to guard Green Bamboo Stronghold and share its fate.

"Elder Fang is right; if Swiftwind Valley isn't destroyed, Green Bamboo Stronghold will soon suffer a backlash! By destroying Swiftwind Valley, Green Bamboo Stronghold might then have a slim chance of survival!"

Once Gu Li had made his decision, he no longer hesitated and spoke out loudly.

Seeing that Gu Li had made up his mind, Fang Bai laughed heartily, "Stronghold Head Gu, rest assured in annihilating Swiftwind Valley! As for this woman, leave her to me to handle!"

He then addressed Su Linglong and the other three ladies, "You also go and assist Stronghold Head Gu with all your might! If confronted by a powerful enemy, employ the formation to meet them in battle!"

Before entering the True Martial Realm, Fang Bai had specifically gathered his confidantes and martial artist friends and family, teaching them combined assault formations to ensure they would have some means to defend themselves after entering the True Martial Realm.

The combined assault formation taught by Fang Bai, formed by two or more people, was extremely powerful and could withstand enemies several times stronger than themselves.

Especially Su Linglong and her confidantes, who possessed Innate Spiritual Roots and exceptional Wuxing, Fang Bai taught them even higher rank combined assault formations. Previously in Green Bamboo Stronghold, Fang Bai had them pass on the formation to Zhuge Lian.

Su Linglong, Zhuge Lian, Linghu Qianjiao, Linghu Baimei, these four ladies had all entered the Vast Level Realm in terms of their cultivation level. If they arranged themselves in a formation, even against the elders of Swiftwind Valley, they would be invincible.

That is to say, Su Linglong and her three companions, who had just entered the initial phase of the Vast Level Realm, when united, could contend against an expert at the high rank of the Cosmic Level. The strength of the formation passed on by Fang Bai is evident from this.

During the surprise attack on Swiftwind Valley by Green Bamboo Stronghold, as soon as the battle started, Gu Li and the upper echelons of Green Bamboo Stronghold could completely hold off the higher-ups of Swiftwind Valley. As for the other disciples of Swiftwind Valley, Su Linglong and the four ladies would not fear single combat, so Fang Bai was not worried about their personal safety. He only admonished them not to separate, and to form the formation when faced with a powerful enemy, to avoid injuries.

"If you dare to attack Swiftwind Valley, my Tianji Sect will make all the disciples of Green Bamboo Stronghold wish they were neither alive nor dead!"

Seeing Gu Li turning to leave, Feng Peilan brandished her Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon in his hand, stirring up a fierce wind that pushed Fang Bai back several dozens of feet away, then threatened out loud.

Gu Li paid her no attention, gestured a fist salute towards Fang Bai, energized his Essence Energy, employed his movement technique, and raced into the ancient forest.

Su Linglong and the three other ladies knew that Fang Bai's words were final, and seeing him becoming even more adept under the assault of Feng Peilan, they were relieved of their worries. After giving Fang Bai a deep look and silently mouthing "Take care" in their hearts, they too followed Gu Li into the ancient forest.

Chapter 1173: Banter

Several dozen breaths later, in the primordial forest, sounds of clothing tearing through the air began to resonate, accompanied by faint trails of Essence Energy dispersing.

Hidden within the forest, thousands of Green Bamboo Stronghold disciples, under the leadership of high-ranking members like Gu Li from Green Bamboo Stronghold, were stealthily maneuvering through the air toward Swiftwind Valley, a hundred miles away under the cover of night.

Most of the Sects on Tiansheng Continent would spend significant manpower and resources to build multi-layered defense networks around their Sects, to protect their safety and interests from intrusion. However, Swiftwind Valley was too lazy to do so, as every disciple of the Valley believed that on Tiansheng Continent, they were the strongest entity. If any Sect dared to provoke them, it would be akin to seeking their own demise.

If Swiftwind Valley were compared to a tiger or a wolf, then in the eyes of its disciples, other Sects would be nothing but lambs. And which lamb would dare to attack a tiger or a wolf?

Therefore, one could imagine the shock that would be felt by the disciples of Swiftwind Valley when thousands of elite disciples from Green Bamboo Stronghold suddenly descended upon them.

Moreover, Green Bamboo Stronghold was no longer a lamb. With the guidance of Fang Bai over the past few months, every disciple from top to bottom among the tens of thousands in the Sect had greatly improved their cultivation, significantly enhancing the overall power of the Sect.

These thousands of elite disciples who had been coached by Fang Bai represented the beginning of a nightmare for the disciples of Swiftwind Valley.

Feng Peilan saw Gu Li ignoring her threats, and sensing the streams of Essence Energy hastening away, with their target being Swiftwind Valley, she couldn't help feeling anxious.

Feng Peilan knew that since Green Bamboo Stronghold had the audacity to attack Swiftwind Valley, they must have made sufficient preparations in advance. If she couldn't arrive at Swiftwind Valley before them to warn her fellow disciples, the Valley might suffer a great loss.

Feng Peilan had been confident that by joining forces with Swiftwind Valley, they could easily eliminate Green Bamboo Stronghold and Falcon Mountain. But now, her confidence had vanished completely.

The youngster before her was not weaker than herself, and Gu Li, the Stronghold Chief who had just left, was also a formidable opponent to the Valley Master Feng Lingtian. The strength of these two men far exceeded Feng Peilan's expectations.

Therefore, Feng Peilan really couldn't predict the outcome of a battle between Green Bamboo Stronghold and Swiftwind Valley.

"Kill!"

Feng Peilan's eyes flashed coldly; her long ribbon danced, stirring up fierce gusts of wind, launching another wave of attacks at Fang Bai.

Feng Peilan planned to quickly finish off the youngster before her and then rush to Swiftwind Valley ahead of Gu Li and the other Green Bamboo Stronghold disciples to join forces with Swiftwind Valley and annihilate any invaders.

However, Fang Bai was as strong as she was; how could she kill him just because she wished to?

Like a ghostly apparition, Fang Bai's movements were unpredictable, his figure floating and elusive, no matter how violent Feng Peilan's assault, she couldn't even touch a corner of his clothes.

Feng Peilan was in a hurry to get to Swiftwind Valley and had no patience to become further entangled with Fang Bai, so she pushed him back with a palm strike and turned to dart towards Swiftwind Valley.

But just as her figure moved, Fang Bai followed close behind, launching an attack from her rear, forcing her to turn back and focus her attention on countering Fang Bai's onslaught.

Yet, when she initiated a counterattack, Fang Bai once again employed a hit-and-run fighting technique, keeping her engaged.

In this manner, Feng Peilan was tightly entwined by Fang Bai, and for a while, she couldn't find a way to escape.

Feng Peilan was furious, cursing loudly, trying to provoke Fang Bai into a head-on fight, but no matter how unpleasant her words, Fang Bai simply wouldn't take the bait.

Feng Peilan had been at the Cosmic Level of perfection for decades and had touched upon the threshold of the Universe Level Realm. Among Cosmic Level Experts, she was among the elite.

Although Fang Bai possessed the power to challenge those beyond his level, it was one thing to take on opponents at the higher echelons of the Vast Level, but quite another to face a Cosmic Level Expert at the pinnacle of perfection. As a result, killing Feng Peilan in a short period of time was not an easy task.

Therefore, Fang Bai prepared to fight a war of attrition with Feng Peilan, to gradually deplete her True Yuan, and when her Essence Energy was nearly exhausted, he would then look for an opportunity to kill her.

Fang Bai had a special constitution that allowed him to absorb Essence Energy from the natural world at any time, meaning his True Yuan was practically inexhaustible, a never-ending flow that no martial artist could outlast.

Feng Peilan quickly realized this issue as well. As she tangled with Fang Bai, her own Essence Energy was rapidly diminishing, while Fang Bai still appeared full of vigor. This realization filled her with alarm, and she couldn't help but think that this youngster was practically a monster.

Moments later, Feng Peilan increasingly felt overwhelmed. She looked up at the sky, guessing that Gu Li and the other disciples from Green Bamboo Stronghold should be arriving at Swiftwind Valley soon, and her anxiety mounted.

"This can't go on; I will surely be defeated! I can no longer engage with this youngster in a drawn-out battle!"

Feng Peilan gritted her teeth, her fighting spirit suddenly soaring to its limit. She gathered all her Essence Energy, and with a fierce shake of the long ribbon in her hand, the air was immediately filled with its shadows.

Innumerable ribbon shadows danced in the air like spirit snakes, stirring up violent stormy winds that swept towards Fang Bai. The space within several yards around him seemed to tremble and warp, visible ripples appearing all around.

Instantly, Fang Bai felt an immense pressure surrounding him, making it almost impossible to breathe. Suddenly, his vision blurred as a length of ribbon shot through the air, coiling around his body.

"Die!"

Feng Peilan, seeing that her ribbon had ensnared Fang Bai, couldn't contain her elation. She shook the ribbon in her hand fiercely, intending to yank Fang Bai into the air and then smash him mercilessly back to the ground.

Feng Peilan's Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon was crafted from Space Wind Crystal fused with over a dozen special materials. Although it was supple, it was incredibly tough, and once it had wrapped around a martial artist, freeing oneself was harder than ascending to the heavens.

Now that the ribbon had bound Fang Bai, rendering him unable to exert his strength, Feng Peilan regarded his demise as a certainty.

However, what Feng Peilan had not anticipated was that no matter how hard she tried, Fang Bai stood firm as if rooted to the spot, completely immovable.

"Where did you get the Space Wind Crystal that was used to forge this ribbon? Tell me, and I'll spare your corpse!"

Fang Bai suddenly spoke, his expression tinged with a mocking smile.

"You're not capable enough to take my life yet!"

Feng Peilan replied with an angry laugh, gripping the ribbon tightly to prevent Fang Bai from breaking free, then she darted towards him like a bolt of lightning, condensing Wind Essence Qi in her left palm and slashing towards Fang Bai's neck like a blade.

Her palm, infused with Wind Essence Qi, wielded a force far greater than that of an ordinary Spiritual Artifact. She thought if she could land the hit on Fang Bai, it would at least take half of his life.

"Scram!"

When Feng Peilan was still a yard away from Fang Bai, he suddenly bellowed, unleashing the Lion's Roar Sonic Wave.

The sound wave surged like a tidal wave, shaking the heavens and the earth. The flora and fauna nestled amidst the hills within miles were startled into frantic flight by the roar, with the sound of tigers' growls and monkeys' cries echoing ceaselessly.

Feng Peilan's head reeled briefly from the dizziness, her forward charge halted, and the Palm Blade strike meant for Fang Bai was disrupted without striking.

Before she could regain her senses, a streak of blood shimmered in Fang Bai's hand, and a blood-red long knife had already appeared in his right hand.

Chapter 1174: High-Quality Explosive Essence Pill

"This spiritual artifact is permeated with such heavy evil Qi!"

Feng Peilan was drawn to the blood-colored long blade in Fang Bai's hand. Gazing intently at it, she was hit by a wave of intense, blood-scented evil Qi that made her mind reel, conjuring up a terrifying hallucination of corpse mountains, blood seas, and an underworld hell.

Had she been a weaker martial artist, she would have been trapped in this illusion, unable to extricate herself, left to await slaughter by Fang Bai. But Feng Peilan was strong and resolute. Shaking off the momentary bewilderment, she broke free from the hallucination.

"Sever!"

Just as Feng Peilan had escaped the illusion, she heard Fang Bai cry out once more. The blood-colored long blade in his hand swept out a streak of crimson light like flowing silk, slashing down swiftly.

Feng Peilan felt a lightness in her right hand—the Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon that was wrapped around Fang Bai’s waist had been cut in two.

"How is this possible!"

Feng Peilan exclaimed in shock, her face filled with disbelief.

Initially, Feng Peilan had paid the steep price of decades’ worth of accumulated cultivation resources to commission an artifact refiner to craft the wind system spiritual artifact, the Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon, and she was quite pleased with its power.

Over the years, it was precisely with this wind system spiritual artifact that Feng Peilan had defeated countless powerful opponents.

The Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon, made of a special material, was supple and unyielding, like the wind and clouds, elusive, and even when clashing with genuine high-rank spiritual artifacts, it would remain undamaged.

But what Feng Peilan could never have imagined was that Fang Bai’s blade cut through her laboriously crafted Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon as easily as slicing tofu.

Feng Peilan stood there, stunned, looking at the broken Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon in her hands, her heart bleeding, still not daring to believe it was true.

"That kid’s blood-colored long blade must also be a high-quality spiritual artifact! He destroyed my Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon; I will take his blade to compensate!"

Discarding the broken Life-Snatching Wind Ribbon from her hand, Feng Peilan consumed an elixir like lightning, then charged at Fang Bai with towering hatred, screaming, her ten fingers spread wide in an almost frenzied attack.

The moment she lunged out, her already waning Essence Energy suddenly surged, and her combat power skyrocketed, surpassing even her peak state by a few notches.

"High-quality Explosive Essence Pill... this old hag has gone mad..." Fang Bai sensed Feng Peilan's dramatically increased combat power, his heart growing cold.

The Explosive Essence Pill is one of the essential elixirs for martial artists to wander the world. When encountering powerful opponents or emergencies, taking an Explosive Essence Pill could momentarily boost a martial artist's combat power considerably, thereby aiding them in overcoming difficulties, making it a favorite among many martial artists.

However, there are side effects to taking an Explosive Essence Pill. For several two-hour periods after the pill's effects end, the martial artist will be extremely weak, with greatly diminished strength, which is why martial artists do not lightly use them unless it's a life-or-death moment.

The higher the rank of the Explosive Essence Pill a martial artist consumes, the faster and more substantial the increase in strength. After Feng Peilan took the high-quality Explosive Essence Pill, her combat power nearly grew exponentially, immediately putting immense pressure on Fang Bai.

Therefore, facing Feng Peilan's frenzied attack, Fang Bai could only swing the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in his hand to fend off her assaults, while rapidly retreating to momentarily evade her sharp edge.

Yet, having consumed the Explosive Essence Pill, Feng Peilan's Essence Energy exploded, and her movement speed increased significantly as well. Her movements were sudden and unpredictable, like a startled swan or flashing lightning, slightly outpacing even Fang Bai's Dragon Soaring to the Heavens Technique.

Fang Bai, wielding the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, albeit capable of slaying Cosmic Level high-rank experts, faced Feng Peilan—a Cosmic Level perfect expert who practiced Wind System Martial Arts Techniques and who, after consuming the Explosive Essence Pill, had reached a strength nearly on par with Universe Level Experts—felt an enormous pressure bearing down on him.

"Chi!"

Sharp sounds of tearing through the air erupted as Feng Peilan caught up to Fang Bai in the blink of an eye. She leapt high into the sky and struck down from above. Her ten fingers, like eagle claws, swept through the void toward Fang Bai below.

Ten invisible blades of wind, condensed from wind elements, were born from Feng Peilan's fingertips and violently slashed towards Fang Bai, seemingly cutting through the very space they traveled.

These ten invisible wind blades covered a range of several meters around, sealing off all Fang Bai's retreat paths and forcing him to confront her attack head-on.

Fang Bai took a deep breath, his feet slightly parted, and he raised his head high, his eyes filled with a mad fighting spirit as he momentarily boosted his combat power to its peak.

"Bloodthirst!"

Fang Bai roared as he swung his Blood-Drinking Mad Blade from below upwards, a meter-long arc of blood-red light separating from the blade, clashing against the ten invisible wind blades Feng Peilan had drawn.

Chi!

The collision between the invisible wind blades and the bloody blade light erupted in the air between Fang Bai and Feng Peilan, causing ripples that swept in all directions. The scattered Essence Energy transformed into powerful shockwaves that swept over the surrounding grass and forests, with the sound of trees snapping incessantly ringing out.

Fang Bai was pushed back repeatedly by the powerful recoil, only managing to stabilize his footing after retreating over a dozen steps.

His hair was a mess, his clothes were torn, and the blood in his body surged uncontrollably, with a trickle of blood spilling from the corner of his mouth, indicating he had sustained minor injuries.

However, Fang Bai possessed the Chaos True Body, which made his physique extremely resilient. Such a minor injury had no impact on his combat strength; on the contrary, it stirred the long-dormant ferocity and combativeness within him.

Although he had suffered a minor injury and appeared somewhat ragged, the fact that he could withstand a full-force blow from Feng Peilan after she had consumed an Explosive Essence Pill greatly bolstered his confidence.

After performing an aerial somersault, Feng Peilan landed steadily on the ground. Seeing Fang Bai only lightly wounded, which was vastly different from the severe injury she had anticipated, she couldn't help but feel greatly disappointed.

It must be noted that after ingesting the Explosive Essence Pill, each of Feng Peilan's strikes burned a massive amount of Essence Energy. With an all-out attack like the last, she could at most execute it only eight to ten times. If Fang Bai could withstand those, then it would soon be Feng Peilan's turn to be in a tight spot.

"Soul Severing!"

Just as Feng Peilan was preparing to launch another attack and not give Fang Bai a chance to catch his breath, to her surprise, Fang Bai took the initiative to counterattack.

"Soul Severing!" As soon as these two words were uttered, Feng Peilan's mind hazed over as if she had plummeted into the Nether Hell, surrounded by a sea of blood with countless severed limbs and white bones floating amidst the terrifying scene.

"Not good!"

Feng Peilan inwardly cursed the dire situation. She bit down hard on her tongue, and the intense pain immediately snapped her out of the illusion.

And at that moment, she saw Fang Bai wielding the blood-color long blade, shooting towards her like lightning, closing to within less than ten meters in front of her.

"Silence Annihilation!"

Fang Bai's third thunderous shout followed as the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade swung once again.

A strong evil Qi that emanated from the blade muddled Feng Peilan's mind. She had just escaped the illusion, only to fall back into a deeper version of the previous terrifying phantasm.

Feng Peilan could feel countless hands suddenly reaching out from the blood sea around her; those hands firmly grasped her feet, dragging her bit by bit into the depths of the blood sea.

Chapter 1175: Obtaining the Treasure

Feng Peilan's last consciousness was the sensation of a sharp blade's edge passing across her neck, followed by her entire being sinking into eternal darkness.

At this moment, if there were others present, they would see Feng Peilan, caught in a dazed and bewildered state, decapitated by Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

During the months of secluded cultivation in Green Bamboo Stronghold, not only did Su Linglong and the other four ladies experienced a great surge in their realm and cultivation level, Fang Bai himself had also greatly improved his strength. The power of his Mad Blade's three techniques increased significantly; otherwise, it would have been much more challenging for Fang Bai to slay Feng Peilan.

In the confrontation with Feng Peilan, Fang Bai used the first technique of the Mad Blade "Bloodthirst" to block her full-force attack, the second technique "Soul Severing" to counterattack, and with the third technique "Silence Annihilation," he confounded her mind and thus seized her life.

After slaying Feng Peilan with minimal cost, Fang Bai was filled with intense pride. He let out a long howl towards the sky, thinking that after this battle, probably only Universe Level Experts beyond the Cosmic Level could withstand the three techniques of his Mad Blade.

In other words, on Tiansheng Continent, Fang Bai's strength had already reached the pinnacle, making him the truly unparalleled number one.

"The direct disciple of a first-class Sect, whose strength and status are comparable to the Sect Master of a second-class Sect, she must have quite a few good items on her!"

Fang Bai walked over to Feng Peilan's corpse and removed the spatial ring from her finger.

The spatial ring worn by Feng Peilan was a high-grade storage Spiritual Artifact. After Fang Bai examined it for a few moments, he then infused a strand of Essence Energy into it to see what inventory was piled inside.

The space inside a high-grade storage Spiritual Artifact was many times larger than that of a mid-grade one, able to accommodate more cultivation resources. When Fang Bai injected Essence Energy into the spatial ring, a host of cultivation resources appeared before his eyes, like small mountains.

Compared to the haphazardly strewn, chaotic mix of cultivation resources in Fang Bai's spatial ring, Feng Peilan's was much more orderly. Resources of various grades and types were neatly sorted together, creating a clear and immediate overview.

Fang Bai's gaze lazily swept across those cultivation resources, a hint of satisfaction emerging at the corner of his mouth, thinking to himself that Feng Peilan, as a direct disciple of a first-class Sect, had stored in her spatial ring cultivation resources that were not only greater in quantity but also higher in grade than those of Swiftwind Valley Elder Qiu Heming, who had already fallen to his hands.

Qiu Heming's hoard consisted mainly of mid-grade cultivation resources, whereas Feng Peilan's spatial ring not only contained a large amount of mid-grade resources but also a small portion of high-grade ones.

Though the high-grade resources were few, their value far exceeded all other cultivation resources in the spatial ring.

What delighted Fang Bai even more was the discovery of a pile of high-grade Space Wind Crystals and a piece of high-grade Space Stone the size of a millstone in a corner of the spatial ring.

Space Wind Crystals are the main material for forging wind Spiritual Artifacts, and Space Stones are the primary material for creating storage Spiritual Artifacts. Both of these items are extremely rare treasures, and the higher their grade, the more expensive they are.

With this piece of high-grade Space Stone, Fang Bai could create a batch of high-grade spatial rings, henceforth no longer worrying about having no place to store cultivation resources.

"The first-class Sects and Universe Level Experts of the True Martial Realm are mostly concentrated in Shenwu Continent; it seems that the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy and cultivation resources there are extremely abundant and rich. In the future, I must visit Shenwu Continent and experience it for myself."

Fang Bai thought to himself as he casually redrew the spatial formation on Feng Peilan's Spatial Ring, then wore it on his own finger.

Fang Bai's spatial formation was intricate and unique. Once inscribed on the Spatial Ring, no one other than himself could open it and access the cultivation resources within, should they acquire it.

The Life-Snatching Wind Scepter, which was severed by the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, was also collected into Fang Bai's Spatial Ring to be repaired later, as it is considered a high-grade Spiritual Artifact, a coveted treasure for the vast majority of martial artists in this world.

Fang Bai circulated the Nine Revolutions True Fire Art, summoning the Fire Primordial Qi, and lightly tapped on Feng Peilan's corpse, which instantly burst into flames with a "boom". In moments, the body was reduced to ash and dispersed into the night with the wind, leaving no trace behind.

"At this time, the disciples of Green Bamboo Stronghold should have already arrived at Swiftwind Valley, and the prelude to the grand battle between the two second-rank sects of Tiansheng Continent has likely begun. How could I miss such a large-scale battle?"

Fang Bai gazed into the distance towards Swiftwind Valley, envisioning the gruesome scene of a battle with thousands of combatants, blood surging hotly within him. After taking a deep breath, his figure shot towards Swiftwind Valley like lightning.

A hundred li was nothing to Fang Bai. Propelling himself madly with Wind Essence Qi, his feet almost lifted off the ground as he soared forward, barely touching the tops of grass and trees. In the darkness of night, his speed was so fast that his figure was nearly invisible.

If other martial artists were to traverse at full speed, their Essence Energy would quickly deplete. However, the faster Fang Bai moved, the more violently the Chaos Origin Energy in his Qi Sea spun, absorbing the surrounding Heaven and Earth Origin Energy into his body, exceeding the rate at which he was expending his Essence Energy.

Thus, when Fang Bai reached Swiftwind Valley after a hundred li, not only was his Essence Energy not depleted, but it was also even more profound and abundant than before. His entire state had reached an unprecedented peak.

At the entrance of Swiftwind Valley's gate, numerous bodies were strewn about haphazardly, most of them belonging to the disciples of Swiftwind Valley. There were few casualties from Green Bamboo Stronghold.

Clearly, the Combined Assault Formation Fang Bai had taught was very effective, achieving an overwhelming advantage in the confrontation.

Fang Bai extended his Divine Sense forward, discovering that from the gate and all the way forward, the path was littered with severed limbs and corpses of both Green Bamboo Stronghold and Swiftwind Valley disciples. The thick, nauseating stench of blood permeated the night, and disciples of both sects who were heavily injured and incapacitated rolled on the ground, screaming in agony—their heart-wrenching cries echoing through the mountains.

This scene was like a human hell.

Fang Bai, in his previous life, had experienced thousands of battles, ones even a hundred and a thousand times more gruesome than this. To him, the scene before his eyes was trivial, not even worth a sneer.

Continuing to soar along the mountain path, his Divine Sense probed ahead until he saw a vast valley spanning tens of li at the end of the path.

Inside the valley, thousands of Green Bamboo Sect and Swiftwind Valley disciples were engaged in fierce combat. The disciples of Green Bamboo Stronghold formed variously sized Combined Assault Formations, clashing with those from Swiftwind Valley. Nearly every breath saw a martial artist fall into a pool of blood with a scream.

Fang Bai's Divine Sense swiftly swept over the thousands of disciples of both sects in the valley and soon found Su Linglong, Zhuge Lian, Linghu Qianjiao, and Linghu Baimei—four women who were grouped into a small formation, besieging an elder of Swiftwind Valley.

The four of them were only in the early stages of the Vast Level, yet combined, they managed to fight to a stalemate against the elder from Swiftwind Valley, who possessed high-rank Cosmic Level strength.

Chapter 1176: Wind Valley

Su Linglong and the other three ladies were safe, so Fang Bai relaxed a little. He did not rush to assist them, allowing them a chance to gain real combat experience.

Led by Gu Li, the high-ranking members of Green Bamboo Stronghold clashed with the leaders of Swiftwind Valley. The strength of both sides was evenly matched, and it seemed difficult to determine a winner in a short amount of time.

The confrontation between dozens of Cosmic Level Experts was truly astonishing. Each collision of True Yuan would send intense shockwaves that leveled everything within a radius of several meters, the thundering sound was incessant.

Slightly weaker Martial Artists had no choice but to stay away from the fierce battle scene of the two Sects' high-ranking members, in order to avoid being injured by the residual True Yuan shockwaves.

In this vast valley, colorful Spiritual Medicines were scattered around, various houses and grand palaces stood interspersed among trees, and the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy was much more abundant and rich than other places. It was the headquarters of Swiftwind Valley.

Swiftwind Valley was not far from the sea, and due to its unique topography, the continuous sea breeze blowing from the ocean surface brought with it Wind Essence Qi that gathered and lingered among the mountains behind Swiftwind Valley, forming dozens of large and small Wind Valleys.

Inside the Wind Valleys, the pure and rich Wind Essence Qi rapidly circulated, forming intense wind currents, which eventually converged into whirlwinds and storms.

The storms varied in size; some were a mere meter tall, small storms, while others that reached dozens of meters in height were large storms.

Within the storms, the twisting and tearing force was astonishing, especially the large storms that reached dozens of meters in height. Slightly weaker Martial Artists who rashly approached could be pulled into the center of the storm by the strong suction force, have their limbs torn and bones shattered, and meet their demise within.

The disciples of Swiftwind Valley cultivated Wind System Techniques and had an innate affinity for Wind Essence Qi. Therefore, those deadly and terrifying storms, that could snatch the lives of other Martial Artists, were in fact perfect places for Swiftwind Valley disciples to cultivate their Wind System Martial Arts Techniques.

Every year, Swiftwind Valley disciples who met the requirements would enter the Wind Valleys to be baptized by the storms and undergo arduous cultivation in the immersion of Wind Essence Qi.

After effortlessly killing several Swiftwind Valley disciples, Fang Bai leaped onto a nearby peak, diffused his Divine Sense in all directions, and sensed the Wind Essence Qi from the Wind Valleys behind Swiftwind Valley. His eyes shone with excitement.

"Those Wind Valleys are a treasure trove for cultivators of Wind System Martial Artists! By possessing those Wind Valleys, Swiftwind Valley effectively owns an inexhaustible source of Cultivation Resources. The Wind Valleys are indispensable to Swiftwind Valley's continuous dominance among the major Sect powers on Tiansheng Continent!"

Fang Bai thought to himself.

"Wu De that guy isn't present at the scene. Needless to say, he must be taking the opportunity to search for Swiftwind Valley's Cultivation Resources!"

After entering Swiftwind Valley, Fang Bai saw many familiar faces from Green Bamboo Stronghold but did not find any trace of Wu De. He figured that with Wu De's opportunistic nature, his first act upon arriving in Swiftwind Valley wouldn't be to assist Gu Li and others in dealing with the disciples of Swiftwind Valley, but to sneak off on his own in search of Swiftwind Valley's Cultivation Resources.

Fang Bai stood on the mountain peak and observed for a moment, seeing that the majority of Green Bamboo Stronghold's disciples had gained a firm upper hand in the conflict with Swiftwind Valley disciples. Knowing that the outcome of the life-and-death confrontation between the two Sects was now secured by Green Bamboo Stronghold, he leaped down from the peak and swept towards the cluster of buildings at the core of Swiftwind Valley, targeting a dozen or so grand palaces.

Those dozen or so palaces were the dwellings of Swiftwind Valley's high ranks, where Essence Energy faintly overflowed. Fang Bai knew that Cultivation Resources were stored there, and he intended to go and see if there was anything he needed.

The treasure from the Underground Palace of Dragon Tiger Palace had brought Fang Bai a pleasant surprise, yet Dragon Tiger Palace was merely a third-tier Sect—their foundation couldn't compare to a second-tier Sect like Swiftwind Valley. If he could find the place where Swiftwind Valley stored its Cultivation Resources, it would undoubtedly yield a significant harvest.

The dozen or so grand halls where the Swiftwind Valley's upper echelon resided were the core areas of Swiftwind Valley. The Classics Palace and Elixir Hall, in particular, held the Swiftwind Valley's Martial Arts Techniques and Elixirs and Essence Stones designated for the Disciples—these resources were especially crucial.

Therefore, the Classics Palace and Elixir Hall were the first targets for the Green Bamboo Stronghold Disciples to seize, and they were also the places Swiftwind Valley Disciples would defend to their deaths. Around these two grand halls, over a thousand Disciples from both sides were embroiled in fierce combat.

However, important areas of a Sect are usually protected by Defensive Arrays, and it's not easy to break through these Formations to gain entry. Some Green Bamboo Stronghold Disciples had broken through Swiftwind Valley Disciples' defense line with much difficulty, only to be stopped outside by the Defensive Array.

But the Green Bamboo Stronghold Disciples were not in a hurry. They had already planned that after annihilating Swiftwind Valley, they would gather the sect's elite Disciples to concentrate their power and breach the Defensive Array.

Swiftwind Valley's Cosmic Level Experts were being held up by the high-ranking members of Green Bamboo Stronghold, so no one posed a threat to Fang Bai. Thus, Fang Bai easily broke through the tightly secured defenses formed by Swiftwind Valley Disciples, and then casually decoded the Defensive Arrays of those grand halls to enter them.

The quality of Swiftwind Valley's Martial Arts Techniques was not low, treasured among the Disciples of Green Bamboo Stronghold, yet Fang Bai had no interest in them.

What Fang Bai wanted were merely the Cultivation Resources that could aid in his own cultivation.

To Fang Bai's great disappointment, though, after he searched through the grand halls of Swiftwind Valley's upper echelon, he did not find any treasures that surprised him. Moreover, some of the grand halls were in total disarray, obviously plundered by someone who had gotten there first.

"It looks like Wu De has already been here," Fang Bai muttered to himself with a wry smile as he picked up a hint of Martial Artist Aura left by Wu De in one of the messy grand halls.

Following that trace of Martial Artist Aura, Fang Bai exited the grand hall and dashed towards the Wind Valley behind Swiftwind Valley.

Since Wu De had headed to the Wind Valley, it seemed that he had discovered something—perhaps generations of Cultivation Resources stored by Swiftwind Valley were located in that area.

The closer he got to Wind Valley, the stronger the Wind Essence Qi became. Fang Bai, with his extremely sensitive perception, sensed threads and strands of several other different types of Essence Energy mixed within the pure and rich Wind Essence Qi.

This discovery filled Fang Bai with immense joy; he was certain that a vast amount of Cultivation Resources were hidden within that Wind Valley.

"This tricky Taoist is really here!" Fang Bai intoned as he pursued Wu De's faint Aura through several dozen large and small valleys, arriving beside the largest Wind Valley, where he spotted Wu De standing at the edge of the valley, staring blankly at a massive Storm within the valley, looking troubled.

The Storm towered dozens of yards high, seemingly connected to the skies, with a diameter that nearly spanned half the valley. The incredible suction force generated by its high-speed rotation made the entire valley a whirlwind of sand and stones, darkening the sky, presenting a fear-inducing spectacle.

Even though he was nearly a hundred yards away from that massive Storm, Fang Bai could still feel its terrifying power. In his eyes, the twisting and tearing force from the center of the Storm could only be endured by a Wind System Martial Artist who had reached the Cosmic Level. Any other Martial Artist of the same realm would certainly be unable to bear it, at the risk of sustaining serious injuries.

Chapter 1177: Taoist Master Goes Crazy with You!

Wu De is now a Vast Level Martial Artist, and with his keen perception far surpassing that of other martial artists, he could be as aware as Fang Bai—able to watch every direction and listen to all sides. Even for a Cosmic Level Expert, approaching him silently would not be easy.

However, Fang Bai was able to completely conceal his own essence energy, easily deceiving Wu De and positioning himself behind him.

"What are you looking at?"

Fang Bai stretched out his left hand and, while speaking, lightly patted Wu De on the shoulder.

Wu De had been entirely focused on the Wind Valley ahead, completely unprepared for someone behind him, which made him terribly startled.

"Ah!"

Caught off guard by the sudden change, Wu De shouted loudly. His first reaction was to throw a punch behind him while his body surged forward.

Regardless of whether it's a friend or foe behind him, Wu De's thought was to first create a safe distance before anything else.

His movement was swift like lightning, rushing several meters forward. Then, suddenly turning around and looking carefully, he saw a handsome young man in a white shirt with sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes, smiling at him—it was none other than Fang Bai.

Wu De sighed in relief, rolled his eyes at Fang Bai, and said grumpily, "So it's you! You really gave me a fright!"

Before Fang Bai could respond, Wu De continued, "Speaking of which, where's Feng Lingtian's sister? Did you manage to shake her off?"

Fang Bai had previously held back Feng Peilan to allow the disciples of Green Bamboo Stronghold and Gu Li to ambush Swiftwind Valley. Wu De had thought the two strong practitioners would be entangled for a long time, but to his surprise, he and the others reached Swiftwind Valley in just a short while, and Fang Bai had already arrived.

Feng Peilan was a Cosmic Level perfection expert, her strength was renowned across the Tiansheng Continent. Wu De assumed Fang Bai must have relied on his amazing movement technique to escape from her and then rushed here, without considering other possibilities.

After all, although Fang Bai possesses the special ability to fight above his level, Feng Peilan's strength was acknowledged by even Gu Li to be slightly superior. For Fang Bai to escape from her grasp was quite an achievement.

"What if I said I killed that old lady, would you believe me?"

Fang Bai said with a smile.

"Of course not!"

Wu De shook his head vehemently and said, "That old lady's strength is immense, even Stronghold Head Gu feels inferior to her; managing to hold your own against her is already something to be proud of!"

"I knew you wouldn't believe it! But... take a look at what this is?"

Fang Bai raised his left hand, showing Wu De the Spatial Ring that belonged to Feng Peilan.

"Is this... a high-quality Spatial Ring? That old lady's?"

Wu De's gaze fixated on the Spatial Ring on Fang Bai's finger, his face filled with disbelief.

Wu De had noticed the Spatial Ring on Feng Peilan's finger when he saw her previously, and now, unexpectedly, it was in Fang Bai's possession. It seemed that what Fang Bai had said was true; he truly had killed Feng Peilan. Otherwise, how could such an intimate and crucial possession for a martial artist like a Spatial Ring end up in Fang Bai's hands?

Fang Bai did not continue the topic but pointed toward Wind Valley ahead and smiled, saying, "The cultivation resources stored in Swiftwind Valley should be within this Wind Valley, right?"

Wu De knew that if he could find this place, Fang Bai certainly could as well. It seemed impossible to monopolize the cultivation resources of Swiftwind Valley by himself. Reluctantly, he replied, "Yes, I have observed here for a while and found that Essence Energy keeps overflowing. It is evident that beneath the surface of this Wind Valley, there must be a location similar to the Underground Palace Treasure of Dragon Tiger Palace. However, I have yet to determine the entrance of the underground palace."

Fang Bai's sensitivity to Heaven and Earth Origin Energy was much stronger than Wu De's. His Divine Sense swept through the Wind Valley before him, then he pointed at the large storm and said, "The entrance is in the center of that storm."

"Ah?"

Wu De was stunned, looking at the large storm containing the power of heaven and earth and murmured, "If it's really there, that would be troublesome... That storm is highly destructive; aside from the strong individuals of Swiftwind Valley, who would dare to venture into it? It's outrageous for Swiftwind Valley to set the entrance of the underground palace there!"

"In the secular world, there is a saying, 'How can you capture tiger cubs without entering the tiger's lair?' Let's go down and take a look!"

Saying this, Fang Bai leaped forward, using protruding rocks and vines hanging on the cliff to rapidly descend into the thousand-foot-deep valley of Wind Valley.

Wu De never expected Fang Bai to jump down so suddenly and was momentarily dumbfounded.

It must be noted that the Wind Valley was filled with intense Wind Essence Qi, especially at the bottom of the valley where the wind was even stronger, like thousands upon thousands of sharp blades. Being in it carelessly could lead to injury from the howling winds.

Just now, Wu De had stood at the edge of Wind Valley for a while but did not dare to take the risk of descending.

"For the sake of Swiftwind Valley's cultivation resources, Taoist Master will join you in this madness!"

Watching Fang Bai's figure getting farther and almost reaching the valley floor, Wu De, worried about being outpaced and having the best cultivation resources snatched away like at Dragon Tiger Palace, hesitated for a moment then stomped his foot and gritted his teeth before also leaping down.

The two of them reached the valley floor one after the other in a short while.

Here, closer to the center of the large storm in Wind Valley, the high-speed rotating storm emitted thunderous roars, deafening and making hearts tremble.

Even though the two were at the very edge of the valley floor, they still felt the impact of the storm's power, with their hair and clothes whipping wildly, barely able to stand steadily, their skin feeling as if it were being sliced by countless sharp blades that whistled past.

Fang Bai circulated Wind Art, driving Wind Essence Qi, and soon merged with the surrounding violent winds, uninfluenced by any fierce wind conditions.

Wu De, however, had to activate Earth Element Qi to form a layer of Defense Qi Shield around himself to feel somewhat better.

"Brother Fang, are... are you also an Innate Wind Spirit Root?"

Sensing the pure Wind Essence Qi permeating around Fang Bai, Wu De found it unbelievable, his eyes bulging, almost falling to the ground.

Before this, Wu De knew that Fang Bai, being both an Alchemist and an Artifact Refiner, possessed wood, metal, and fire Innate Spiritual Roots and had immense potential in the path of Martial Dao. Unexpectedly, he also had an Innate Wind Spirit Root.

A martial artist possessing four major Innate Spiritual Roots was absolutely a monstrous talent in Martial Dao. This made Wu De both amazed and envious, thinking that with such high potential, it was exciting to imagine how far Fang Bai could go on the path of Martial Dao.

Fang Bai did not answer Wu De, his gaze fixed on the huge storm making thunderous noises and obscuring the sky, and suddenly he strode toward the storm.

"Brother Fang, wait for me!"

Thinking that Fang Bai, having even defeated a Cosmic Level perfection expert like Feng Peilan, possessed strength far beyond his imagination, and had an Innate Wind Spirit Root naturally close to Wind Essence Qi and thus fearless of the powerful storm, Wu De followed closely behind Fang Bai with a nervous heart, step by step approaching the center of the storm.

Chapter 1178: Wu De, Without Virtue

The closer to the center of the storm, the more terrifying the power of heaven and earth could be felt.

It was now the early morning, with the sunrise revealing a corner, the sky bright as day, but as Wu De advanced a few dozen feet forward with Fang Bai, he felt the world around him growing darker, and the wind essence qi became increasingly violent and aggressive, the destructive force doubling the pressure on him.

Though Wu De had already formed a defense qi shield, his clothes were slashed with cuts from the howling, knife-like fierce winds, revealing pieces of white flabby flesh beneath, and his hair was a disheveled mess, looking like a chicken coop, comically wretched and laughable.

Moreover, the sand and stones swept up by the storm posed a huge threat to Wu De, forcing him to divide his attention in order to guard against the high-speed flying debris.

The crazily fierce wind currents and omnipresent sand and stones left Wu De in a scrambly and overstrained state, with strength that couldn't keep up, yet he dared not slack in the slightest, for the smallest carelessness could result in a predicament beyond redemption, falling to the terrible storm.

What terrified Wu De even more was the formidable pulling force of the storm in front of him, ceaselessly dragging him towards the core area of the storm, as if a giant beast with a gaping maw wished to devour him.

Standing his current position, dozens of feet away from the core area of the storm, the destructive power was already alarming. Wu De didn't dare to think what would happen if he were to be dragged into the core of the storm.

Wu De exerted all his strength, trying to break free from that pulling force and steady his posture, but he was well-meaning yet powerless, moving forward involuntarily step by step.

Wu De felt like he was a tiny boat in a tempest at this moment, rocking and rolling, following the waves, at any time liable to be overturned and shattered by a giant wave, his fate utterly beyond his control.

As he drew closer to the core of the storm in Wind Valley, the sky also became increasingly dark, and the roaring sound of the storm swirling around his ears buzzed so loudly it nearly deafened him.

The defense qi shield around Wu De began to tremble violently under the impact of the increasingly fierce wind essence qi, at any moment liable to collapse and vanish.

Wu De realized that in this area close to the core of the storm, without the protection of a true essence barrier, relying solely on his not overly strong body, it would be difficult to contend with the might of the storm, and if he could not promptly escape the storm's domain, he would likely meet a tragic fate.

"It's all over, I've been brought to misery by that kid Fang Bai! If only I had known, I would not have come down with him! Although Swiftwind Valley is abundant in cultivation resources, one needs to be alive to claim them! Ah, I never imagined that I, the Taoist Master, a hero all my life, would foolishly lose my life here!"

Wu De's face paled, fear and regret evident, thinking if heaven gave him another chance, he would rather die than come down here.

Just as Wu De's defense qi shield was about to collapse, Fang Bai's figure suddenly appeared by his side.

"Fang Bai, you're gonna get me killed, Taoist Master!"

Wu De, seeing Fang Bai actually smiling as if amused by his plight, cried out in frustration and anger.

No sooner had he spoken, the pressure around him sharply decreased, the strong pulling force and the roaring wind at his ear disappearing, as if all the threats the storm posed to him suddenly receded.

Upon closer inspection, Wu De realized that he and Fang Bai were both enclosed within a qi shield formed by the condensation of wind essence qi, separated from the storm.

Wu De took a deep breath of relief, feeling as if he had ascended from hell to heaven, then understood - this was the benefit of Fang Bai possessing an innate wind spirit root.

Though wind essence qi's destructive force was swift and powerful, it was not fearsome to a wind system martial artist. As long as a wind system martial artist's strength wasn't too weak, they could easily handle the onslaught of the wind.

Fang Bai, capable of killing a cosmic level perfection powerhouse, was much stronger than Wu De had imagined. Wu De knew that the large storm could no longer trouble the two of them. His mood shifted from earlier despair to excitement, and he became thrilled.

"Haha, Brother Fang, you really have a way! I wondered how you dared to venture into this deadly storm. You've got something to fall back on, I see!"

Wu De burst into laughter as he clapped Fang Bai on the shoulder, then he remembered that Brother Fang had long since become a different person. According to the world's customs, he should respectfully address him as Senior Fang. Patting his shoulder like this could be considered a great disrespect towards the strong.

In the case of other strong people, this pat might have brought disaster upon himself, even costing him his life. However, Wu De felt that Fang Bai was not like the other strong ones with quirky tempers and arrogant demeanor; he probably wouldn't take offense at this.

Despite this, Wu De still felt a bit uneasy. He quickly withdrew his hand and said with an awkward chuckle, "Brother Fang, it was unintentional... really unintentional..."

Seeing Wu De looking tense and constrained, Fang Bai sighed, "Wu De, we have known each other in the Secular World, we are old friends. You should know the kind of person I am. I hope that in the future, no matter when, we can maintain our true disposition with each other... You understand what I mean, don't you?"

"Understood! Understood!"

Wu De was a smart man, he knew Fang Bai's words were heartfelt and immediately cheered up, asking, "So I can still call you Brother Fang in the future?"

"Of course, I find it endearing when you call me that!"

Fang Bai said with a smile.

"I think it's more fitting for you to keep calling yourself 'Fat Taoist'!"

Fang Bai burst into laughter.

Wu De curled his lips, thinking only you would dare to call me "Fat Taoist." When others see Taoist Master Wu De, isn't everyone respectfully calling me "Elder Wu"?

"If I carelessly pat your shoulder again in the future, you won't get mad, right?"

Wu De asked again.

Fang Bai replied, "If I were to get mad, you would have been blown away by my punch just now, how could you still be standing here talking?"

"That also makes sense. With your strength, if you don't want me to pat your shoulder, then I certainly wouldn't be able to."

Wu De nodded in agreement and continued to ask, "What if I talk behind your back in front of you, you..."

Fang Bai rolled his eyes and said, "I am both magnanimous and petty. You can freely criticize me on reasonable matters, no matter how harsh the words are, I won't get angry; but if it's unreasonable, you can't talk nonsense, otherwise, I'll beat you up harshly!"

"Hehe," Wu De chuckled, "That's great! There's a 'De' character in Taoist Master Wu De, which means I convince people with virtue!"

Fang Bai laughed out loud, "Wu De... without virtue... how can you talk about convincing people with virtue when you have no virtue at all?"

"..."

As the two talked, they kept walking towards the core area of the storm.

Upon entering the core area of the storm, darkness immediately enveloped them, not a hint of daylight to be seen.

The center of the storm was obviously different from the outer areas, with the twisting and tearing forces sharply increasing. The wind elemental Defense Qi Shield around the two fluctuated violently under the impact of the storm's power, causing Wu De's heart to tremble with fear.

Chapter 1179: Essence Stone Killing Formation

No wonder Wu De was afraid, at the center of the storm, if it weren't for Fang Bai's Wind Essence Qi barrier, the violent force of the wind would have torn his body apart in an instant.

Fortunately, the Wind Essence Qi barrier was just fiercely fluctuating and showed no signs of collapsing. Wu De breathed a sigh of relief, wiped the sweat beads on his forehead, and like Fang Bai, lowered his head to examine the ground, searching for a possible entrance to the Underground Palace.

The ground of Wind Valley was primarily sand and stone, appearing unremarkable at first glance. Luckily, Fang Bai and Wu De could sense the Essence Energy continuously overflowing from below the ground, so they quickly determined the exact location of the entrance.

"Wu De, step aside!"

The entrance to the Underground Palace should be buried deep under the sand and stones. Fang Bai gestured for Wu De to move aside and took out the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade from his Spatial Ring, fiercely stabbing it into the ground.

"Clang!"

A crisp sound. The tip of the blade met resistance, as if it had struck some hard metallic object.

"This is the entrance to the Underground Palace!"

Fang Bai and Wu De exchanged looks, both showing joy.

Fang Bai waved the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, digging up the sand and stones underfoot in a few strokes, and a large square heavy iron plate suddenly appeared.

The iron plate was three feet in length and width, and its material was extremely hard and solid. The sharp Blood-Drinking Mad Blade could not even pierce through it.

"Let me try!"

Wu De knew that the entrance to the Underground Palace must be beneath that iron plate. He gathered his spirits, jumped beside the plate, grabbed the iron ring on it, and tried to lift the plate.

However, the iron plate was not only large but also extremely heavy. Wu De tried several times, but the plate only moved slightly.

"I don't know what this iron plate is made of; it must weigh more than ten thousand pounds! Fang Bai, you try, Taoist Master here can't do it!"

Wu De, unable to lift the plate, reluctantly stepped aside and gave the place to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai squatted down, touched the iron plate and said, "This should be a piece of Extraterrestrial Profound Heavy Iron. A foot-long piece weighs ten thousand pounds. It's really good for crafting Spiritual Artifacts! Heh, Swiftwind Valley really lives up to its reputation as a second-tier sect, rich and robust, to use such precious meteoric iron to cast an iron gate..."

He paused and then said, "This iron plate is extremely heavy; if not a Cosmic Level Expert, it will not be easy to move it! From this, we can deduce that there really are treasures beneath this iron plate!"

"Haha, Brother Fang, hurry and move this iron plate! Let's see what treasures are hidden underneath!"

Wu De was rubbing his hands in eagerness, imagining the precious Cultivation Resources piled like mountains underneath the iron plate, his saliva nearly dripping, urging Fang Bai to open the iron gate quickly.

Fang Bai's strength far surpassed Wu De's, and his power was naturally much stronger. He grabbed the iron handle, exerted force upwards, and with a "squeak, squeak" sound, the iron plate slowly opened.

Suddenly, pure, rich Heaven and Earth Origin Energy crazily overflowed from the opening of the iron plate, filling the Wind Essence Qi barrier created by Fang Bai.

With another forceful effort, Fang Bai lifted the whole iron plate with a "whoosh" from the ground and unceremoniously stored it into his Spatial Ring.

This piece of Extraterrestrial Profound Heavy Iron was more valuable than many high-grade Cultivation Resources. Adding some to the process of crafting a Spiritual Artifact could greatly enhance its power. It was truly a waste that Swiftwind Valley used it as the door plate for the entrance to the Underground Palace.

Wu De, clearly not recognizing its value, showed little interest in the Extraterrestrial Profound Heavy Iron plate. Seeing Fang Bai lift the iron plate, he immediately peeked below, only to see a deep hole beneath the iron plate.

"Brother Fang, Taoist Master is going in first!"

Wu De said, and was about to jump into the hole, trying to get to the precious Cultivation Resources before Fang Bai.

"If you're not afraid of death, then jump down!"

Fang Bai said with a smile all of a sudden.

Wu De stopped in his tracks, then looked at Fang Bai with a skeptical glance and asked, "What do you mean?"

Fang Bai casually picked up a large stone and threw it hard into the cave. With a "whoosh" sound, the stone hadn't even touched the ground when it was sliced into two by a slanted slash of killing intent.

That killing intent was equivalent to the full-force strike of a Cosmic Level mid-tier expert; with Wu De's strength, if he were to jump down rashly, his fate would hardly be better than that of the stone.

"At the bottom of this cave entrance, there's a small Slaughter Array. If you jump down, you will trigger it. At best, you'll be wounded by the killing intent within the array; at worst, you'll fall."

Fang Bai looked at Wu De, whose face had turned pale and who was noticeably shaken, and said with a smile.

Fang Bai had just used his Divine Sense to detect that next to the entrance of the Underground Palace, a small Slaughter Array was set up. The killing intent of the small array was extremely strong; Cosmic Level mid-tier and below experts who rashly enter would hardly withstand this killing intent and would either be injured or killed.

Setting up such a small Slaughter Array requires a significant amount of high-grade Essence Stones, which are rare Cultivation Resources for Swiftwind Valley. This indicates that there must be many treasures inside the Underground Palace; otherwise, Swiftwind Valley wouldn't spend high-grade Essence Stones to set up such an array to guard the entrance.

With this Slaughter Array as protection, out of the tens of thousands of disciples in Swiftwind Valley, only the four Elders and the Valley Master, Feng Lingtian, were capable of entering the Underground Palace through the cave entrance.

"Thankfully, Brother Fang, you reminded me in time, else today my hundred-plus pounds would have been left here," said Wu De, wiping the sweat from his forehead, overflowing with gratitude towards Fang Bai.

"So, you better honestly follow behind me, don't act rashly, or you'll suffer a great loss!"

After saying this, Fang Bai leaped down into the cave, and when Wu De looked down, he found that Fang Bai had already reached the bottom.

"Brother Fang, wait for me!"

Knowing Fang Bai dared to go down, Wu De must have the ability to protect himself, so he gritted his teeth and also jumped down, landing behind Fang Bai.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

...

Several bursts of killing intent shot out from an Essence Stone Killing Formation in front of them, crisscrossing towards Fang Bai and Wu De, emitting sharp sounds as they cut through the air.

Fang Bai brought his palms together like a blade, waving them repeatedly, and several bursts of Essence Energy shot out from his palms, turning into wind blades and meeting those bursts of killing intent.

The Essence Energy collided with the killing intent, causing bursts of spatial fluctuations, then both vanished into thin air.

Fang Bai and Wu De continued moving forward, facing several more bursts of killing intent from the Essence Stone Killing Formation, all of which were dissolved by Fang Bai.

After about a dozen attacks, the Essence Energy contained within the several hundred high-grade Essence Stones that made up the Killing Formation was exhausted, leaving them without any value.

"Let's go!"

Knowing there was no more danger ahead, Fang Bai strode forward vigorously.

This was a long and quiet corridor; Essence Stones embedded in the walls of the corridor provided lighting, and abundant Essence Energy flowed like waves from ahead, purer and denser than anywhere else in Swiftwind Valley, and the feeling grew stronger the farther forward they went.

Wu De knew they were getting closer to where Swiftwind Valley stored its Cultivation Resources, and he couldn't help but feel extremely excited. If he weren't concerned about sudden dangers ahead, he would have already rushed ahead of Fang Bai.

Chapter 1180: Don't Be Greedy!

Hundreds of Spiritual Artifacts, thousands of Elixirs, tens of thousands of Spiritual Medicines, and more than a million Essence Stones, in addition to countless Spirit Beast Cores, skeletons and furs, and special materials for crafting various Spiritual Artifacts...

When Fang Bai and Wu De completed the long corridor and entered a massive underground space, both of their eyes lit up, with Wu De even trembling with excitement.

"As expected of the number one powerful sect in Tiansheng Continent, Swiftwind Valley has much more Cultivation Resources than Green Bamboo Stronghold! Hehe, Brother Fang, we've made a fortune... we've really made a fortune..."

The Underground Palace before their eyes was much larger than the one used by Dragon Tiger Palace to store Cultivation Resources. Although the quantity of resources was similar, the quality was not on the same level. The resources before them were mainly of medium grade, with a substantial portion being of high grade, their value far surpassing those from Dragon Tiger Palace.

The two wandered among the heaps of Cultivation Resources, bathing in the dense Essence Energy, feeling indescribably comfortable.

Wu De sat down amidst a pile of high-grade Essence Stones, picking up several and caressing them, lamenting, "If I could meditate and cultivate in seclusion here for a year and a half, perhaps my Cultivation Level could advance again. Brother Fang, why don't we seclude ourselves here for a while? Considering Swiftwind Valley is doomed to fall, and Green Bamboo Stronghold's disciples won't find this place soon, it would be very peaceful for us to cultivate here."

Fang Bai shook his head, responding, "If you like cultivating here, you can stay by yourself. I have many people to find and many things to do; I can't stay in one place for too long."

Upon hearing this, Wu De immediately stood up and said with a bitter smile, "The storm outside is too strong, and I can't make it out on my own. If you leave, I guess I'll have to go with you."

Then, his gaze wandered around, looking for the most treasured and valuable Cultivation Resources, then saying, "Since we can't stay here long, let's each take some Cultivation Resources with us. Hehe, everyone for himself, and may heaven and earth perish otherwise! We should only take the best things, otherwise we'll have advantage others inadvertently, especially those disciples of Green Bamboo Stronghold!"

Although Wu De was the Elder of Tribute in Green Bamboo Stronghold, ultimately, their relationship was based on mutual interests; Wu De didn't feel much of an attachment to Green Bamboo Stronghold, and if there were benefits to be had, he would still prioritize himself, disregarding the disciples.

After entering the Underground Palace, Wu De sensed many top-quality Cultivation Resources and, fearing that Fang Bai might snatch them first, rushed like a hungry tiger towards a nearby heap of resources. His hands moved like lightning, throwing several over a thousand-year-old Spiritual Medicines into his Spatial Ring to claim as his own.

"Lucky... really lucky..."

In Wu De's view, those over a thousand-year-old Spiritual Medicines were likely the oldest and most valuable in the entire palace, and assuming he had snagged something great, he laughed heartily towards Fang Bai.

Fang Bai, however, calmly approached a pile of Spirit Beast skeletons, surveyed it for a while, and incredibly found two Spirit Beast Cores from it that were over a thousand years old.

One of these Cores belonged to a thousand-year-old Fire Cloud Leopard, containing a large amount of pure and scorching Fire Primordial Qi; the other belonged to a Gigantopithecus Thunderape, containing fierce and violent Thunder Essence Qi.

Previously, these cores were obscured and enveloped by the remains of Spirit Beasts, hence their Qi fluctuations were not very strong, causing Wu De to miss out on obtaining two highly valuable Spirit Beast Cores.

Wu De knew his stuff and understood that the two millennium-old Spirit Cores in Fang Bai's hand were even rarer and more precious than the millennium-old Spiritual Medicines he had obtained, causing him to stamp his foot with a sigh of regret.

At that moment, Fang Bai suddenly moved with great speed, darting among piles of Cultivation Resources. High-grade Cultivation Resources continuously disappeared from their original spots, being collected into Fang Bai's Spatial Ring.

Seeing the high-grade Cultivation Resources that Fang Bai collected, most of which Wu De had previously had his eye on, now snatched up in the blink of an eye by Fang Bai, Wu De's heart bled.

"Brother Fang, don't be too greedy! At least leave some good stuff for Taoist Master me!"

Driven by frantic desperation, Wu De cried out "wah wah" and madly rushed towards the remaining few high-grade Cultivation Resources.

Fang Bai had no intention of taking all the high-grade Cultivation Resources. Hearing Wu De's outcry, he laughed "haha" and left a small part of the high-grade Cultivation Resources for him, then he turned to collect some middle-grade Elixirs and Essence Stones, filling up every Spatial Ring until there was no more room, before stopping.

Seeing Wu De still picking amongst the piles of Cultivation Resources, Fang Bai decided to wait for him a while, so he sat down cross-legged on the ground and immediately entered a Cultivation State.

After wiping out Swiftwind Valley, Fang Bai still needed to return to Green Bamboo Stronghold, where he would wait for messages from the disciples of Green Bamboo Stronghold about relatives and friends in the Secular World from all over the True Martial Realm, and then he would cross the ocean to the distant Shenwu Continent for training.

Therefore, while Swiftwind Valley was a treasure trove for cultivation, Fang Bai did not plan to stay long. However, the abundant Essence Energy in the Underground Palace made it regrettable to just leave, so taking advantage of Wu De's search for Cultivation Resources, he decided to cultivate here for a while.

In fact, upon entering the Underground Palace, Fang Bai's body had already begun to automatically absorb Essence Energy. His Qi Sea was already filled with a vast amount of Essence Energy. Now, as he sat cross-legged cultivating, the ball of Chaos Origin Energy composed of seven different types of Essence Energy in his Qi Sea began to spin rapidly, generating a strong centripetal force, like a black hole capable of devouring all Essence Energy, crazily drawing in True Yuan from the surrounding piles of Cultivation Resources.

Threads and strands of Essence Energy visibly entered Fang Bai's body at a visible rate, converging like rivers into the sea into his Qi Sea.

When the Qi Sea could no longer tolerate any more overflowing Essence Energy, Fang Bai stopped absorbing Essence Energy and began to circulate his Cultivation Technique, guiding the Essence Energy inside his body to circulate through the large and small heavenly circuits of his meridians.

Eventually, the vast amount of Essence Energy stored in the Qi Sea was refined into a thread of pure True Yuan, merging with the floating ball of Chaos Origin Energy within the Qi Sea.

Thus, repeatedly, vast waves of Essence Energy were absorbed by Fang Bai, then refined into pure True Yuan, blending into that ball of Chaos Origin Energy.

Fang Bai, observing with his Divine Sense, found that the ball of Chaos Origin Energy was gradually growing larger—already bigger than a bowling ball in the secular world—each of the seven differently colored True Yuans more distinct and dazzling, each containing astonishing energy.

Suddenly, Fang Bai's body slightly tremored, his Martial Artist Aura surged explosively, like a calm surface of water suddenly whipping up a towering wave, and then it returned to calm.