

Doctor 1231

Chapter 1231: Have My Own Ways

Upon learning that Fang Bai was in possession of an artifact from an Innate Expert, Ying Guangping's focus shifted entirely to this matter, and concerns such as docking fees were quickly dismissed from his mind.

In Ying Guangping's opinion, as long as he obtained the artifact from the Innate Expert from Fang Bai, he would have the chance to soar into the sky and do as he pleased in the True Martial Realm. Wouldn't the cultivation resources he desired be easily within his grasp then?

Elder Yan and the martial artists who had disembarked from the sea vessel were surrounded by the disciples of the Tianji Sect, and each of them was filled with fear and panic, suspecting that if they did not die here, they would at least suffer greatly.

However, what they did not expect was that after Fang Bai stepped forward, the situation took a turn for the better, and Ying Guangping unexpectedly let them leave without any conditions.

Elder Yan and the others secretly heaved a sigh of relief, hastily departing like they had been granted amnesty. Before they left, each cast a grateful glance towards Fang Bai.

They understood in their hearts that if Fang Bai had not voluntarily disclosed the possession of the artifact from the Innate Expert, Ying Guangping would never have let them go so easily. Among them, the lighter outcomes would involve surrendering a large amount of cultivation resources as a so-called "punishment," while the worse outcomes could result in their deaths here.

In this way, not only did Fang Bai's coming forward prevent all the martial artists on the sea vessel from suffering a great loss, but he also saved the lives of some of them.

Thus, gratitude filled their hearts for Fang Bai.

And among the martial artists, including Elder Yan, besides their gratitude, they also worried for Fang Bai.

Elder Yan and others who knew the way the disciples of the Tianji Sect operated were clear that as long as Ying Guangping and other disciples of the Tianji Sect had not obtained Fang Bai's cultivation resources, they would not harm Fang Bai.

Once Fang Bai's cultivation resources fell into the hands of Ying Guangping and the other disciples of the Tianji Sect, Fang Bai would lose his value to them, and his life was likely to be in danger.

Passing by Fang Bai, Elder Yan gave him a deep look, his eyes conveying a sense of sorrow.

"Elder Yan, don't worry, I have ways to escape safely. As for you all, it would be best if you could set sail and leave the port early tomorrow morning, lest the Tianji Sect disciples come to trouble you after my escape!"

Just as Elder Yan turned to leave, Fang Bai's voice suddenly reached his ears.

Elder Yan turned abruptly, looking towards Fang Bai, only to see Fang Bai wink at him, the corners of his mouth slightly upturned with a confident smile.

Elder Yan looked around and noticed that including Ying Guangping, no other martial artists at the scene showed any change in expression. Apparently, only he could hear what Fang Bai had said.

This discovery astonished Elder Yan immensely.

Elder Yan knew Fang Bai was using the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique, but to keep it from Ying Guangping there were only two possibilities: one was that Fang Bai's strength surpassed Ying Guangping; the other was that Fang Bai's Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique was extraordinary, possibly even belonging to an Innate Technique.

Elder Yan felt the latter was more likely, especially since Fang Bai had admitted to discovering a cultivation cave dwelling of an Innate Expert, making it highly plausible that he had studied one of the Innate Techniques within.

Given that Innate Techniques are among the top martial arts techniques in the world, unable to be practiced unless one was at a certain realm—yet this was only applicable to ordinary martial artists. Some genius martial artists with special physiques were still able to practice high-rank martial arts techniques that exceed their own cultivation level.

Elder Yan was unaware of Fang Bai's true strength and thought him to be a novice who was not afraid of the dangers, hence making such bold statements, and he couldn't help but smile bitterly to himself.

In Elder Yan's view, setting aside Ying Guangping, the early-stage Universe Level expert, even the several dozen Cosmic Level Realm disciples from the Tianji Sect would be too much for Fang Bai to handle. It was almost impossible for him to escape from their encirclement safely.

However, Fang Bai's words urging Elder Yan and the others to leave the port as soon as possible deeply resonated with him.

The disciples of the Tianji Sect were all of poor character and insatiable greed. Although they currently pretended to be generous and did not continue to demand docking fees, who knew if they would change their minds after tonight and escalate their extortion efforts.

Therefore, to avoid any further complications, Elder Yan had already decided to board a ship and depart at the break of dawn tomorrow.

The reason he did not leave immediately was that Elder Yan still had a mission from the Sect, intending to exchange for a batch of cultivation resources at the nearby city's Martial Artists Trading Market to bring back to the Sect.

The rank of the cultivation resources Elder Yan planned to exchange was not high. Disciples from a first-class Sect like Tianji Sect might not even find them appealing, so he wasn't worried that they would be snatched away.

The city Elder Yan was heading to was not far from the port, about a two-hour journey away. The city's Martial Artists Trading Market was open day and night, where martial artists could exchange for the cultivation resources they needed at any time.

Elder Yan planned to take people now to exchange for the cultivation resources and then return to the ship overnight to set sail early the next morning.

As for Fang Bai's life or death, Elder Yan really had no means to assist and could only lament and sigh deeply in his heart.

"Brother Fang, take care!"

Elder Yan nodded to Fang Bai with a solemn expression, then strode away.

In the blink of an eye, nearly a thousand martial artists who disembarked from the ship dispersed each to their own, leaving only Fang Bai encircled by dozens of Tianji Sect disciples.

Dozens of Tianji Sect disciples, aware of Fang Bai's importance, blocked all possible escape routes and emitted the aura of Cosmic Level Experts, creating an intimidating stance against Fang Bai.

Should Fang Bai make any sudden move, the dozens of Tianji Sect disciples with Cosmic Level cultivation could immediately join forces and besiege him.

Dozens of Tianji Sect disciples had strong confidence that even if Fang Bai possessed strength equal to Steward Ying, he would not be able to withstand their tidal onslaught and would end up like a fish on the chopping board, at their mercy.

If he were an ordinary martial artist, faced with such a formation, he would already be frightened to the point of weakening at the knees and collapsing on the ground. However, Fang Bai remained unfazed and complacent. Seeing Elder Yan and the others had walked far away, he simply sat down cross-legged on the ground and began to cultivate with his eyes closed.

With Fang Bai's current strength, escaping from the encirclement of a group of Tianji Sect disciples was as easy as flipping his hand, and the reason he had not yet left was to avoid implicating Elder Yan and others.

After dawn, when Elder Yan and others boarded the ship and left, that would be the time for Fang Bai to settle accounts with Ying Guangping and the other Tianji Sect martial artists.

Fang Bai has always followed the principle of "I do not provoke others unless provoked." Initially, he did not want to have any conflict with the Tianji Sect disciples, but since they had initiated the provocation, he couldn't help but harbor killing intent.

The night passed in a flash.

The next morning, as dawn was just breaking, Elder Yan returned to the ship with his followers. They weighed anchor and set sail under Fang Bai's watchful eye, gradually disappearing into the horizon of the sea and sky.

"Kid, we can go too!"

As the morning sun rose, Ying Guangping disengaged from his cultivation state, stood up from the large stone, walked up to Fang Bai, and spoke.

"Leave?"

Fang Bai chuckled with a "heh heh", his demeanor no longer showing the panicked expression of last night, and lazily said: "The Heaven and Earth Origin Energy in Shenwu Continent is rich, and the cultivation resources are abundant. It is a Martial Artists' Cultivation Holy Land. Now that I have come, I plan not to leave!"

"Are you asking for death?"

Fang Bai's attitude, so different from last night's, infuriated Ying Guangping. Swinging up his right palm, he struck towards Fang Bai's face, intending to give him a taste of pain.

Chapter 1232: Seriously Injured

Ying Guangping struck out in anger, completely forgetting that Fang Bai possessed strength not inferior to his own.

The dozens of Tianji Sect disciples spectating had always believed Fang Bai to be merely a mid-Cosmic Level Martial Artist, thinking that with a casual slap from Steward Ying, Fang Bai would likely be half dead.

The Tianji Sect disciples only wanted Fang Bai's Cultivation Resources; no one cared about his life or death. Watching Steward Ying smack Fang Bai, they each crossed their arms and laughed, waiting to see Fang Bai suffer a setback.

Indeed, the very next moment after Steward Ying's palm struck out, a figure soared high, arcing through the air in a parabola, and planted headfirst into a swamp not far away with a "plop."

"Look, that's what happens when that kid messes with Steward Ying! Hahaha..."

One of the Tianji Sect disciples pointed at the figure with his head buried in the mud and limbs flailing wildly, and burst out laughing.

However, as he laughed, he suddenly noticed something amiss; his mouth remained wide open, but his laughter abruptly stopped.

"The man in the swamp... looks a bit like Elder Ying!"

That Tianji Sect disciple seemed to have seen something inconceivable, his eyes bulging as he muttered to himself.

"What do you mean looks a bit like? That's Elder Ying!"

Another Tianji Sect disciple slapped the back of his head and said loudly, frustrated.

The person who fell in the swamp was dressed in the distinctive attire of a Tianji Sect Steward; even a fool would know it must be Ying Guangping.

"If Steward Ying is in the swamp, then where is that young man named Fang Bai?"

The dozens of Tianji Sect disciples thought of this and turned their gaze to where Fang Bai was standing.

Fang Bai stood with his hands behind his back, a smile on his lips, as if he had not moved at all from the beginning to the end.

In fact, at the same moment Ying Guangping's slap came out, Fang Bai had also made his move. He punched Ying Guangping in the face, sending him flying.

It's just that his movements were too fast, and no one on the scene could see them clearly.

In fact, in terms of strength, Fang Bai and Ying Guangping were not much different. It was only because Ying Guangping, one, looked down on Fang Bai and two, was certain Fang Bai wouldn't dare to act while surrounded by dozens of his own powerful experts, and also because the attack came without any warning, that he suffered a great loss.

Among experts, even the slightest oversight can lead to disaster.

The face of Ying Guangping, who now lay planted in the swamp, was collapsed by Fang Bai's punch, and after struggling for a moment, he passed out, paying a heavy price for underestimating his opponent.

The dozens of Tianji Sect disciples could never have imagined that Fang Bai, who was as meek as a lamb last night, would turn into a fierce beast today, instantly knocking out Steward Ying, who had Universe Level initial stage strength, with one punch.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye, so much so that the dozens of Tianji Sect disciples stared at Ying Guangping, who had fainted in the swamp, and couldn't react for a long time.

"Whooo..."

A long howl suddenly emanated from Fang Bai's mouth.

The Silverwing Hawk, perched on a distant treetop and tamed by Ying Guangping, heard the howl from Fang Bai, and its bright, sharp eyes first became confused, then turned blood red.

With a violent aura enveloping it, the aggressive Silverwing Hawk spread its wings and soared, swooping down from the high sky towards the Tianji Sect disciples that had surrounded Fang Bai.

The attack power of the Silverwing Hawk exceeded that of the majority of the Tianji Sect disciples present. At this moment, as its wings flapped vigorously, it dived down with a violent and berserk aura, causing the dozens of Tianji Sect disciples on-site to panic. Their first instinct was to flee hastily to avoid the sharp talons of the Silverwing Hawk.

However, just as this thought arose in their minds, they felt a surging and forceful True Yuan suddenly assault them—it was Fang Bai launching an attack before they could make a move.

Dozens of Tianji Sect disciples were all Cosmic Level Experts, who, if prepared and united, might pose a challenge to Fang Bai.

Fully aware of this, Fang Bai gave them no chance to join forces. Adopting a preemptive approach, he used the Silverwing Hawk to disturb their focus and disperse their concentration, while simultaneously launching a lightning-fast attack himself.

Fang Bai possessed combat power comparable to a Universe Level beginner expert. With his every strike, he gave it his all, as unstoppable as thunder.

Fang Bai's attacks were swift and fierce. Before the Tianji Sect disciples could react, more than ten of them had already been sent flying by his punches, sustaining heavy injuries and losing their ability to fight.

The rapid and ferocious onslaught from Fang Bai, coupled with the instantaneous heavy injuries of a dozen comrades, shattered the confidence of the other Tianji Sect disciples. Lacking the courage to confront Fang Bai, they fled in all directions like dogs that had lost their homes.

At this moment, the Silverwing Hawk in the sky began to showcase its prowess. With a fierce cry, it rapidly spread its wings, aiming at the fleeing Tianji Sect disciples.

"These Tianji Sect disciples have been stationed here for years, who knows how much cultivation resources they've scavenged. This time, it turned out to be a windfall for me."

With Ying Guangping unconscious and the Tianji Sect disciples in retreat, Fang Bai, free from threat, relaxed and walked toward the swamp where Ying Guangping had fallen.

Naturally, Fang Bai was not there to save Ying Guangping.

After reaching Ying's side, Fang Bai grabbed his collar, dragging him to the seashore, and casually claimed the Spatial Ring on Ying's finger as his own, then tossed Ying into the sea.

The vast Purgatory Sea, limitless and with high winds and surging waves above, and numerous fearsome beasts below—if the unconscious Ying Guangping was thrown into it, his life would be left to fate.

Fang Bai only cared about how much cultivation resources were stored in Ying Guangping's Spatial Ring; he couldn't care less about whether he lived or died.

As for whether Tianji Sect would seek revenge for Ying Guangping's death, Fang Bai didn't care about that either.

The Tianji Sect might be powerful, being a first-rate Sect with numerous disciples and a dozen or so Universe Level Experts whose overall strength was daunting, but on the vast Shenwu Continent, Fang Bai was proficient in the art of disguise, perfectly capable of remaining elusive like a Divine Dragon, seen in its harm but not in its tail—how could the Tianji Sect easily find him to take revenge?

"Good heavens, just how many cultivation resources has Ying Guangping plundered!" Fang Bai exclaimed in astonishment when he sent a strand of his Divine Sense into Ying Guangping's Spatial Ring and saw the mountainous pile of high-rank cultivation resources.

Back in Tiansheng Continent, Fang Bai had once obtained a second-rate Sect's treasure. Although it was astonishing in quantity, its value paled in comparison to the cultivation resources inside Ying Guangping's Spatial Ring.

This highlighted just how precious the resources Ying Guangping had plundered were; saying he was rich enough to rival a Sect was no exaggeration.

And the "Sect" mentioned in being "rich enough to rival a Sect" referred to a second-rate Sect.

Overjoyed, Fang Bai pocketed Ying Guangping's Spatial Ring, then proceeded to other heavily injured Tianji Sect disciples, one by one, and collected their Spatial Rings too.

Even though the cultivation resources in the other Tianji Sect disciples' Spatial Rings were far less than Ying's, the cumulative total was not insignificant.

Fang Bai's own supply of cultivation resources had long been exhausted. The resources he obtained from these Tianji Sect disciples would be enough for him to cultivate for three to five months—how could he not be overjoyed?

Chapter 1233: Huaxia Sect

Dozens of Tianji Sect disciples who encircled Fang Bai ultimately only had a small number escape, while the rest either died or were injured in the attacks by Fang Bai and that Silverwing Hawk, resulting in heavy losses.

The Tianji Sect disciples responsible for guarding this port originally numbered in the hundreds, but when Fang Bai began his massacre, the others sensed the bad situation and had already fled in advance.

In just a moment's time, the entire port became deserted, with the faint smell of blood filling the air, and about a dozen injured Tianji Sect disciples writhing and wailing on the ground.

A few ships at sea that were preparing to dock seemed to notice the abnormal situation at the port and hovered in place, not daring to approach any further.

Fang Bai collected dozens of Space Rings filled with massive amounts of cultivation resources into his pouch and then, with a smile on his face, drifted away.

In just a few short days, the news of the attack on a Tianji Sect-controlled port and the heavy casualties among the disciples quickly spread to many places in the Shenwu Continent, becoming known to countless martial artists.

Particularly when it was known that the attacker of the Tianji Sect port was a young loose cultivator martial artist around twenty years old, everyone was shocked and found it hard to believe.

They were shocked because they didn't expect that a loose cultivator martial artist would dare to provoke Tianji Sect, a first-grade sect with tens of thousands of disciples, and even kill a high-ranking member of Tianji Sect with Universe Level initial stage strength.

They found it hard to believe because the loose cultivator martial artist was only about twenty years old.

In Shenwu Continent, not to mention a loose cultivator, even those geniuses in first-grade sects, hailed as favored sons and daughters of heaven, could not possibly possess the strength to kill a Universe Level expert at around twenty years of age.

Subsequently, another piece of news spread, saying that the loose cultivator martial artist had once discovered the cultivation cave of an Innate Expert and obtained his relics, which was why he possessed such formidable strength at such a young age.

This news, like a boulder thrown into calm waters, created huge ripples.

For a while, thousands of large and small sects in Shenwu Continent as well as countless martial artists went into a frenzy.

Particularly the upper echelons of the first-grade sects, upon hearing this news, immediately dispatched capable disciples to search for any information about the young martial artist named Fang Bai.

As long as they found Fang Bai, they would deploy the full strength of their sects and spare no expense to snatch the Innate Expert's relics from Fang Bai's hands.

To ordinary martial artists, Innate Experts are somewhat elusive, belonging to the realm of legend.

But for the high-ranking members of first-grade sects, they know that Innate Experts are real, just that they rarely concern themselves with worldly affairs or walk among the secular world.

As the strongest entities in the True Martial Realm, the relics of Innate Experts are priceless treasures. Whoever obtains them has a chance to step into the Innate Realm.

Therefore, the sects or martial artists who received this news were overjoyed and desperate to find Fang Bai first and then use all means to take possession of the relics of the Innate Expert for themselves.

For a time, undercurrents surged in the Shenwu Continent, and millions of martial artists covertly or overtly began searching for Fang Bai's whereabouts.

At this very moment, on the shore of a large lake deep in the Shenwu Continent, hundreds of martial artists gathered on a plaza by the lake.

Not far from the square, there is a mountainous area with undulating hills. At the edge of the mountains, houses are erected in close succession.

These houses are made of large stones piled up and look extremely rudimentary, incomparable to the magnificent and luxurious palaces of the powerful sects in the Shenwu Continent, not to mention being inferior to even the ungraded smaller sects.

The hundreds of martial artists gathered in the square include men and women, old and young, all wearing uniforms embroidered with the pattern of a dragon on the chest, evidently belonging to the same sect.

If one looks carefully, they would notice that on the most prominent and tallest house at the edge of the distant mountains, the words "Huaxia Sect" are written in a majestic and flowing script.

If Fang Bai were here, he would certainly recognize a large number of these martial artists as familiar faces.

Those familiar to Fang Bai all come from the Secular World, including Fang Bai's kin, beloveds, and disciples, as well as close friends he had made in the Secular World.

These people, in pursuit of a higher realm in the Martial Dao, willingly left the Secular World and followed Fang Bai to the True Martial Realm.

Unexpectedly, during the teleportation, an anomaly in the Teleportation Array caused them to be dispersed to different regions of the True Martial Realm, separate from Fang Bai and others.

Fortunately, these hundreds of people were all transferred to the same place in the Shenwu Continent and did not scatter.

These hundreds of martial artists were top-notch in the Secular World, but after living in the Shenwu Continent for a while, they realized that not only were martial artists ubiquitous here, but the majority also had strengths far surpassing theirs, which both shocked and frightened them.

Their fear stemmed from the concern that the martial artists of this world might bully the weak and insult them.

Indeed, during the time they arrived on the Shenwu Continent, they were continuously harassed and even attacked by various martial artists.

Fortunately, within a thousand miles of the area where they lived, there was no strong or powerful sect; the strongest sect was a third-grade one, with merely a dozen Vast Level Experts as its backbone.

Initially, this third-grade sect intended to annex these Secular martial artists but included among these several hundred martial artists were Fang Yun, Tang Wenrou, Ye Wumei, Qin Yaorao, and Shi Xiaolian—individuals who, after receiving meticulous guidance from Fang Bai and growing in strength, used the Combined Assault Formation they learned from him to repel the invading martial artists from that sect, allowing them to establish a foothold here.

Realizing they were too few in number and insufficient in strength, these several hundred martial artists from the Secular World decided to establish their own sect after discussion. They planned to recruit

disciples and expand their strength, aiming to have the power to protect themselves in a world dominated by the strong.

These hundreds of martial artists elected Fang Bai's sister Fang Yun as the Sect Master, with Dragon Maiden, Tang Wenrou, Ye Wumei, and Qin Yaorao as Elders, and eight including Fang Bai's parents as Stewards.

The name of the sect was decided to be "Huaxia Sect."

Such a name for the sect was to signify their origins from the Secular World's Huaxia, a reminder of their roots.

After repelling the invasion of the third-grade sect, Huaxia Sect gained some reputation within a thousand miles, attracting martial artists to join out of admiration. The number of sect members quickly expanded to more than a thousand, though the core members were still the several hundred from the Secular World.

At this very moment, these several hundred core martial artists were gathered on the square by the great lake, discussing a matter crucial to the life and death of the Huaxia Sect, with a solemn expression on everyone's face.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you must have all heard that the 'Liyang Sect', which was once repelled by our Huaxia Sect, has now rallied three sects of comparable strength to come back with a vengeance, aiming to doom our Huaxia Sect! Let us brainstorm and discuss how we should respond?"

Elected as the Sect Master of Huaxia Sect, Fang Yun stands on a high platform in the square and speaks solemnly.

Chapter 1234: Discussing Countermeasures

Although Fang Yun is only in her twenties and not the strongest in the Huaxia Sect, she was elected as the Sect Master of Huaxia Sect. The main reasons are as follows:

One, the martial artists from the Secular World either owed Fang Bai favors or held him in very high esteem. Under the affection they had for Fang Bai, Fang Yun naturally received considerable favor.

Two, Fang Yun possesses an Innate Spiritual Root, with excellent aptitude, and has been meticulously guided in Martial Arts Techniques by Fang Bai, suggesting her potential achievements in Martial Dao are immeasurable.

Three, although Fang Yun is a woman, she is decisive in action, swift as thunder, resolute in slaying, and both brave and tactically wise. In the year that several hundred martial artists from the Secular World arrived at Shenwu Continent, it was under Fang Yun's leadership that they were able to establish a foothold and repel various attackers, displaying a true leader's demeanor.

Because of these reasons, Fang Yun has earned the respect and support from the vast majority of martial artists from the Secular World and was elected as the first Sect Master of Huaxia Sect.

After the foundation of Huaxia Sect, it faced hostilities from many surrounding sects. Some sects, boasting greater collective strength, encroached upon Huaxia Sect's interests, bullied the disciples of Huaxia Sect, and even attempted to annex the Huaxia Sect.

Facing other sects' encroachments and bullying, the several hundred disciples of Huaxia Sect, under the leadership of Fang Yun, rallied together using collective Formation techniques to mount a resistance, repel powerful foes, and defend their sect's interests and the dignity of its disciples. They successfully secured their standing, becoming a force to be reckoned among thousands of miles.

Among the hundreds of disciples of Huaxia Sect, there are Fang Yun, Dragon Maiden, Tang Wenrou, Ye Wumei, Qin Yaorao—five Innate Spirit Root Martial Artists, which is quite rare among the sects ranking below the first-grade in Shenwu Continent.

Innate Spirit Root Martial Artists possess aptitude and talents far surpassing ordinary martial artists. Given a suitable cultivation environment and ample cultivation resources, they can achieve great heights in the path of Martial Dao.

Innate Spirit Root Martial Artists in a first-grade sect are treated as treasured and promising individuals, and are marked as key cultivation targets by the sect, where they receive an abundance of cultivation resources and personal training in Martial Arts Techniques by the sect's high-ranking members.

For sects below the first grade, having a disciple with the Innate Spiritual Root is an event worth celebrating.

An Innate Spirit Root Martial Artist, if properly nurtured, could potentially lead their sect to a powerful rise and transform the destiny of the sect.

This shows the significance of warriors with Innate Spiritual Roots to their sects.

Although Fang Yun and the other four female Innate Spirit Root Martial Artists from Huaxia Sect had received meticulous guidance from Fang Bai in the Secular World, the thin Essence Energy and scarce cultivation resources there somewhat impacted their strength progression.

However, after their arrival to Shenwu Continent from the Secular World, although cultivation resources were initially scarce, being immersed daily in the much denser and purer Heaven and Earth Origin Energy compared to the Secular World allowed their cultivation to progress rapidly and their strength to advance by leaps and bounds.

In just over a year, the cultivation levels of Fang Yun and the other four women advanced from Desolate Level to Vast Level. Coupled with their capabilities to challenge higher levels, Huaxia Sect, with these women stationed, was able to repeatedly repel attacks from third-grade sects, making those sects wary and hesitant to attack.

Having firmly established itself and gained some fame in Shenwu Continent, Huaxia Sect showed a rising trend, attracting many individual cultivation martial artists to join.

Today, Huaxia Sect boasts over a thousand disciples. Although the numbers do not match those of fourth or fifth-grade sects, the sect's strength is such that even third-grade sects hesitate to underestimate it.

Unexpectedly for the disciples of Huaxia Sect, the "Liyang Sect," which once attempted and failed to annex Huaxia Sect, has now regrouped with three other third-grade sects for a resurgent attack.

According to a few Huaxia Sect disciples who went out to gather information, Liyang Sect and the other three sects have dispatched several high-ranking members and many elite disciples, numbering in the thousands, giving them an absolute advantage in overall strength and numbers over Huaxia Sect.

Now, Huaxia Sect no longer fears the challenge from one or two third-grade sects, but facing four third-grade sects joining forces is extremely difficult.

Some disciples who joined recently and are not resolute enough have even considered leaving the sect after hearing this news.

Regarding these disciples, Fang Yun and the Huaxia Sect elders did not force them to stay, allowing them to leave freely to prevent them from fleeing when Lieyang Sect and the other three major sects attack, affecting the morale and fighting spirit of other disciples.

"The soldier blocks, and the soil covers the water. If those bastards from Lieyang Sect really come, we'll fight them with all we've got!"

As soon as Fang Yun finished speaking, a somewhat irritated and icy voice arose from the crowd.

Fang Yun looked at the speaker and said with a wry smile, "Wen Rou, the opponent has more people and is stronger than us; fighting head-on, we will suffer greatly!"

The person who just spoke was Tang Wenrou, one of Fang Bai's close female friends from the Secular World.

Underneath Tang Wenrou's frost-covered beautiful face lies a volcano-like temper. In Huaxia Sect, she is feared by over a thousand disciples, resembling an icy beauty-style Elder.

In the more than a year that Tang Wenrou has been in the True Martial Realm, her face has thinned somewhat, her hair has grown much longer, and she wears a yellow dress. Her tall and graceful figure, along with her advancement in cultivation realm, has brought more Spiritual Energy to her presence.

Among Fang Bai's close female friends, Tang Wenrou's stature and appearance are second to none, and her background as a police officer adds a heroic spirit to her demeanor.

"We are indeed a bit short on numbers, but the joint formation techniques we use are more skillful than before! If it really comes down to risking our lives, it's not certain that we would lose to those bastards from Lieyang Sect!"

Tang Wenrou pouted, expressing her disagreement.

"Wen Rou is right! Towards those people from Lieyang Sect, we must face them head-on and never back down! Otherwise, the foundation that we've worked so hard to build will be destroyed in an instant!"

Standing next to Tang Wenrou, Dragon Maiden, who shares a similar temperament and a combative nature, supports Tang Wenrou's faction of favoring war against the encroaching sects like Lieyang Sect.

After Tang Wenrou and Dragon Maiden expressed their stance, many Huaxia Sect disciples also supported them.

In contrast to Dragon Maiden and Tang Wenrou's pro-war stance, the other two elders of Huaxia Sect, Ye Wumei and Qin Yaorao, held different views.

Ye Wumei said, "As long as the green mountains are preserved, there's no fear of running out of firewood. With Lieyang Sect and other sects pressing hard, it may be better for us to temporarily retreat, find a secluded location to diligently practice martial arts, conserve energy, and when our strength grows strong enough and we are confident in defeating Lieyang Sect and the others, we can reclaim our foundation!"

Qin Yaorao nodded deeply and agreed, "Wumei is right, stepping back could open up a broader sky. Temporarily retreating can prevent disciple casualties and preserve the vital forces of our sect. One day, we will surely take back everything we lost!"

Ye Wumei and Qin Yaorao's words also garnered considerable support from many Huaxia Sect disciples.

Chapter 1235: Decision

After Tang Wenrou, Qin Yaorao, and others, other high-ranking members and disciples of the Huaxia Sect also expressed their opinions and views.

The hot-blooded faction advocated fighting to the end and never retreating; the calm and composed faction advocated temporarily avoiding confrontation to preserve strength.

In her heart, Fang Yun, too, was unwilling to retreat and wanted to use the full strength of the sect to resist the Lieyang Sect to the end.

But as the Sect Master, Fang Yun knew that the decision she made concerned the life and death of thousands of disciples of the Huaxia Sect and could not act impulsively and rashly.

"If only my younger brother were here, how wonderful would that be!"

During her moment of indecision, Fang Yun suddenly thought of her younger brother, Fang Bai.

In Fang Yun's opinion, Fang Bai's talents far surpassed her own. Even in the Secular World, his strength was much greater than hers. Now in the True Martial Realm, where she had already become a Vast Level Martial Artist, Fang Bai's achievements must certainly be even higher.

Fang Yun believed that if Fang Bai were here, he would definitely lead the disciples of the Huaxia Sect to repel the invading enemies like the Lieyang Sect.

However, when they first arrived at the True Martial Realm, the Teleportation Array malfunctioned, causing them and Fang Bai to be scattered to different locations. Since then, despite extensive efforts to find him, no trace or news of Fang Bai had been discovered.

Nevertheless, Fang Yun and the others did not lose hope. They firmly believed that Fang Bai must be living in some area of the True Martial Realm, and with his strength, he must be living well.

They believed that Fang Bai was also searching for them, and perhaps one day, they, the martial artists from the Secular World, would be reunited.

Not long ago, news of a martial artist named Fang Bai attacking a port of the Tianji Sect spread, and upon hearing this, Fang Yun and others were greatly heartened.

To confirm whether the Fang Bai who had clashed with the Tianji Sect was the Fang Bai they knew, Fang Yun immediately dispatched several capable disciples of the Huaxia Sect to the port where the conflict occurred to investigate.

However, it would take several months for a round trip from the Huaxia Sect to the port of the Tianji Sect, and during this period, they could only wait patiently for news to return.

When the Lieyang Sect attacked, not only Fang Yun thought of Fang Bai, but also other relatives and friends who were close to him.

"If Fang Bai were here, he would surely make those from the Lieyang Sect retreat without return!"

Tang Wenrou envisioned Fang Bai's figure, her normally cool and beautiful face showing a rare tenderness.

"Yes, it would be great if Fang Bai were here!"

Ye Wumei sighed deeply, reminiscing about the various events she experienced with Fang Bai in the Secular World, her thoughts drifting away.

Qin Yaorao said, "I have a premonition that the Fang Bai who caused trouble at the Tianji Sect port is definitely the one we know!"

Dragon Maiden nodded deeply in agreement, "It must be him! A martial artist around twenty years old, yet able to kill a high-ranking member and dozens of elite disciples of the Tianji Sect... who else could it be but the Fang Bai we know?"

"Oh heavens, please make our master appear soon! With our master here, there's nothing to fear!"

In the Huaxia Sect, the youngest disciple Shi Xiaolian clasped her hands together, muttering to herself.

Back when she lived in the remote Shigong Village of Huaxia with her Grandfather, the young girl Shi Xiaolian happened upon Fang Bai, changing her fate ever since. Later, she left her hometown to seek Fang Bai and became his disciple, studying Martial Arts Techniques alongside his other disciples.

Although Shi Xiaolian was still just a young girl, her strength rapidly increased after Fang Bai activated her Innate Spiritual Root. Now, she was a Desolate Level Perfection Martial Artist, just one step away from advancing to the rank of Vast Level Martial Artist.

Hearing the words of Tang Wenrou and others, Fang Yun couldn't help but smile bitterly and sigh. Although she hoped Fang Bai would suddenly appear and save the situation, she knew it was unrealistic. To protect the lives of the Sect Disciples of the Huaxia Sect, she had to pin her hopes on herself and the others.

After weighing the options, Fang Yun's gaze gradually steadied. Her eyes swept across the faces of the thousands of Huaxia Sect Disciples gathered around her, and she crisply commanded, "Disciples of the Huaxia Sect, listen to my order: pack your belongings and retreat from this place in two hours!"

She paused, her gaze falling on Tang Wenrou and Dragon Maiden, and apologetically said, "The Lieyang Sect and other Sects have come aggressively. For the sake of the disciples' lives, I have no choice but to do this. I hope you can understand!"

Although Tang Wenrou and Dragon Maiden felt somewhat regretful about Fang Yun's decision, they would neither resist nor be angry about it.

Set aside the fact that Fang Yun held the status of Sect Master, she was also Fang Bai's true elder sister. After arriving in the True Martial Realm's Shenwu Continent, she shared joys and sorrows with everyone like sisters, and due to these facts, Tang Wenrou and Dragon Maiden would not ignore her command.

At that moment, Tang Wenrou and Dragon Maiden gave Fang Yun a fist salute, then turned and went back to their rooms to pack their belongings.

Ye Wumei and Qin Yaorao, seeing that the two women weren't causing a scene, heaved a sigh of relief and also returned to their rooms to pack.

The other Martial Artists dispersed.

Two hours later, thousands of Huaxia Sect Disciples packed some clothes and Cultivation Resources into their Spatial Rings, emerged from their rooms, and gathered again at the plaza by the big lake.

"Let's set out!"

Fang Yun turned to glance at the distantly layered houses by the mountain, touched the tears that had spilled over the corners of her eyes, and with a fierce wave of her slender hand toward the deep mountains, declared, "Our new destination is the Red Moon Mountain Range, thousands of miles away!"

The Red Moon Mountain Range, located a thousand miles away in a barren area, had lesser Essence Energy quality and quantity compared to their current location, and the Spiritual Medicine was not as abundant. However, the mountain range was bustling with countless fierce birds and savage beasts, not an ideal place for Martial Artists to live.

Thus, despite its vast area, few Martial Artists chose to reside or Cultivate there, let alone establish a Sect.

Therefore, many Huaxia Sect Disciples, despite knowing it was only a temporary refuge, couldn't help but feel greatly disappointed, showing a listless demeanor.

However, just as the first batch of disciples had set out a few hundred meters, a wave of shouting, getting louder from afar, ensued, soon after, thousands of Martial Artists wielding Spiritual Artifacts, brimming with Killing Qi, rushed toward them.

"They are Lieyang Sect Disciples!"

One of the Huaxia Sect Disciples shouted, immediately causing a stir.

Just moments before, two Huaxia Sect Disciples who had been sent out to gather intelligence on the incoming threat from the Lieyang Sect and others reported that thousands of Lieyang Sect Disciples were still hundreds of miles away and couldn't arrive any time soon.

Yet no one expected that the disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other four major Sects would appear like divine soldiers descending from the sky, suddenly appearing on the path where the Huaxia Sect Disciples were about to leave.

Facing this situation, even the simplest Huaxia Sect Disciple could guess that the two who reported the military intelligence had lied, placing thousands of Huaxia Sect Disciples in jeopardy.

In an instant, almost all Huaxia Sect Disciples turned their gazes to the two informants who had lied about the military intelligence, with every glance filled with fury.

Chapter 1236: Eliminating the Traitors

"Hou Zhen, Hou Bao, tell me what is going on?"

Fang Yun's pretty face was cold as frost, her eyes sharp as lightning, glaring intently at the two Huaxia Sect disciples, sternly questioning them.

The two Huaxia Sect disciples, a brother and sister pair, named Hou Zhen and Hou Bao, had joined the Huaxia Sect half a year ago as individual cultivation martial artists.

Both siblings were high rank martial artists of the Desolate Level, a strength that might not count for much among the millions of martial artists in Shenwu Continent, but among the thousands of disciples of the Huaxia Sect, they were considered upper-middle tier.

The siblings were strong and being native martial artists of Shenwu Continent, upon joining the Huaxia Sect, they were heavily relied on by Fang Yun to scout and gather information from various sources.

Ever since then, the siblings had performed exceptionally well, and were highly trusted by everyone in the Huaxia Sect.

However, what the disciples of Huaxia Sect never expected was that in this matter crucial to the survival of the Huaxia Sect, Hou Zhen and Hou Bao brought back false information, which amounted to a betrayal of the sect.

Originally, if the information brought back by Hou Zhen and Hou Bao were true, then the Lieyang Sect and other three major sects were still hundreds of miles from the Huaxia Sect, and the disciples could have retreated at leisure.

But in reality, the Lieyang Sect and the other three major sects had already quietly arrived near Huaxia Sect in ambush, and showed themselves just as the Huaxia Sect disciples were preparing to retreat, blocking their escape route.

Hou Zhen and Hou Bao did not answer Fang Yun's question, but instead immediately used their movement techniques to break away from the Huaxia Sect disciples, charging towards the imposing disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other three major sects.

At that moment, the vast majority of Huaxia Sect disciples realized that Hou Zhen and Hou Bao must certainly be spies infiltrated into the Huaxia Sect by the Lieyang Sect.

It was evident that after the last failed invasion of the Huaxia Sect, the Lieyang Sect, unswerving in their intention to eradicate the Huaxia Sect, had sent disciples to blend into the Huaxia Sect, leading to this sudden attack.

"They are actually spies!"

"Two detestable worms!"

"Utterly disgraceful!"

"Don't let them get away!"

...

The thousands of disciples of Huaxia Sect, watching Hou Zhen and Hou Bao fleeing towards the opposite side, were enraged and furious.

Had their gazes possessed the power to kill, Hou Zhen and Hou Bao would have been torn to pieces long ago.

"If you do not die, natural justice will be lacking!"

"Kill!"

Ye Wumei and Qin Yaorao both launched their movements, chasing after the fleeing Hou Zhen and Hou Bao.

Although the two women had just advanced to the Vast Level Realm, due to their ability to challenge beyond their level, their combat might was unparalleled below the Cosmic Level.

As mere Desolate Level martial artists, no matter how fast Hou Zhen and Hou Bao ran, how could they outrun Ye Wumei and Qin Yaorao?

Ye Wumei, who possessed the Innate Wind Spirit Root, circulated the Wind Art Cultivation Technique, moving even faster than Qin Yaorao, and was the first to catch up with Hou Zhen and Hou Bao, raising her hand to deliver a palm strike.

While attempting to flee at full speed, Hou Zhen and Hou Bao sensed a sudden furious surge from behind, and in utter terror, they saw Wu Qitian, the Sect Master of Lieyang Sect, not far ahead, and screamed together: "Sect Master save us!"

Before their cry ended, the torrent from behind had already swept them up, tossing them high into the air.

The two siblings were like leaves in the wind, tumbling uncontrollably through the whirlwind.

The twisting and squeezing force from the torrent cruelly ravaged the bodies of Hou Zhen and Hou Bao, the siblings feeling their blood surge like boiling water, their organs seemingly split open, intense pain almost instantly causing them to lose consciousness.

"Die!"

Following closely, Qin Yaorao, who possessed an Innate Golden Spirit Root, shouted sharply, her hands waving continuously as two short swords flew out from her hands, piercing through the bodies of Hou Zhen and Hou Bao in the air, who had already passed out.

Thus, the two Lieyang Sect disciples hidden within the Huaxia Sect met their demise.

"Serves them right!"

"Good riddance!"

"They got off easy!"

"This is the fate of traitors!"

...

Seeing the execution of Hou Zhen and Hou Bao, the disciples of the Huaxia Sect felt a great sense of relief, loudly cheering.

Hou Zhen and Hou Bao were merely minor figures in the Lieyang Sect; thus, their deaths did not adversely affect the other disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the four other major sects who were storming in.

Although the Huaxia Sect was newly established, it rose rapidly. After repelling the last invasion of the Lieyang Sect, they took the opportunity to strike and forcibly seized some of the territories originally belonging to the Lieyang Sect, along with the naturally grown and deliberately cultivated spiritual

medicines, discovered or undiscovered veins of essence stones, and other cultivation resources within these territories for their disciples.

It can be said that due to the few disciples, the Huaxia Sect currently does not lack cultivation resources.

Moreover, various sects within a thousand miles knew that among the high ranks of the Huaxia Sect, there were a few exceptionally beautiful young female disciples with remarkable talents.

Martial Artists in the True Martial Realm all knew that dual cultivating with highly talented female martial artists equated to using high-grade cultivation resources, making the practice highly effective.

Therefore, these exceptional female disciples of the Huaxia Sect drew much coveting and desire from numerous martial artists, each thinking of subjugating them and making them their "Cultivation Furnace Cauldrons."

And among them was Wu Qitian, the Sect Master of the Lieyang Sect.

Originally, Wu Qitian had led the entire power of his sect to invade the Huaxia Sect, aiming to conquer it and have the beautiful female disciples for his own to boost his power through joint cultivation.

However, Wu Qitian hadn't expected that despite having numbers and overall strength, the Lieyang Sect would suffer great losses and return in total defeat, becoming a laughingstock among the major sects within a thousand miles.

Furiously, Wu Qitian secretly contacted other sects, preparing to join forces for another invasion of the Huaxia Sect, to wipe out the previous disgrace.

Meanwhile, Wu Qitian also sent a few inconspicuous disciples from his sect, who changed their names and joined the Huaxia Sect, to gather intelligence and serve as insiders, coordinating attacks from within and without.

This time, when the Lieyang Sect attacked again, Hou Zhen and Hou Bao continuously brought back false information to the Huaxia Sect, causing them to be highly trusted but ultimately misled, unable to evacuate in time.

"Disciples of Lieyang Sect and the other sects, follow me and attack!"

Seeing Hou Zhen and Hou Bao killed before his eyes, Wu Qitian felt his pride was hurt; his gaze turning cold, he brandished the spiritual artifact in his hand and shouted loudly, charging with the three other leading sect masters and high-ranking officials towards Ye Wumei and Qin Yaorao.

Thousands of elite disciples from the four major sects also charged with Wu Qitian, their voices roaring fanatically.

Wu Qitian didn't realize that since the time he led the Lieyang Sect disciples to invade the Huaxia Sect, Fang Yun, Tang Wenrou, and other women had significantly advanced in their capabilities, vastly surpassing the sect masters of these four third-rank sects.

Chapter 1237: It Woke Up?

"This battle is fraught with peril!"

Facing the enemy surging like a tide, Fang Yun sighed in secret, a trace of sadness crossing her beautiful eyes.

Dragon Maiden, Tang Wenrou, Ye Wumei, Qin Yaorao, and others all had somber expressions on their faces.

In single combat, the strength of Fang Yun and her female companions was superior to that of the Sect Masters of the Lieyang Sect and the other three major sects.

In group battles, if the numbers on both sides were roughly equal, the Huaxia Sect was confident in defeating the opponent.

However, the current situation was such that the Lieyang Sect outnumbered the Huaxia Sect by several times, compensating for their lack of individual strength and forming an overwhelming advantage in overall combat power against the Huaxia Sect.

Thus, in this battle, including Fang Yun herself, the disciples of the Huaxia Sect were aware that the outcome was not optimistic.

Of course, with the strength of Fang Yun, Tang Wenrou, Ye Wumei, Qin Yaorao, and the others, it was possible to fight their way out of the encirclement, but they were not heartless and ungrateful. How could they abandon the thousands of disciples of the Huaxia Sect?

"The enemy is strong, and the situation is dire! Xiao Yun, Wen Rou, Wumei, Yaorao, take Xiao Lian and go first!"

"Our lives are not precious, but you few, with your outstanding talents and gifts, are destined to achieve extraordinary things in the Martial Dao; you must not fall here easily!"

"As long as the green hills remain, there will be no lack of firewood! After you escape, if you can find Fang Bai, remember to have him avenge us!"

"Go! Go quickly!"

...

Seeing that the thousands of disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other three major sects were about to charge in, the disciples of the Huaxia Sect were all urgently advising Fang Yun and the others to leave.

Fang Yun pursed her lips tightly, shook her head forcefully, and said with a determined tone: "As the Sect Master, it is my duty to protect all of you, I will not leave first!"

Tang Wenrou shouted loudly, "Everyone stop persuading! The Huaxia Sect is a whole, and the disciples are equal, brothers and sisters to one another, no one will abandon anyone!"

Ye Wumei nodded vigorously, "If we go, we go together! If we stay, we stay together!"

Qin Yaorao, with her long sword in hand, leapt onto a towering boulder, her fighting spirit soaring, and declared in a tender voice: "Though the enemy is numerous, if we unite and fight as one, it is yet to be decided whose deer will be killed!"

The thousand plus disciples of the Huaxia Sect, looking at Qin Yaorao standing on the boulder with her sword at her chest, were all boiling with blood, and shouted in unison: "Fight! Fight! Fight!"

"Then let's fight!"

Fang Yun gritted her teeth and said to Tang Wenrou and the other two women: "Capture the king first. Let's find an opportunity for the four of us to join forces and try to kill the four Sect Masters of the enemy!"

The three women, Tang Wenrou, looked at each other, nodded in unison, each brandishing their Spiritual Artifacts, as if telepathically, they launched an attack simultaneously towards Wu Qitian, the Sect Master of the Lieyang Sect, and the other three major sects' Sect Masters.

Tang Wenrou and the other two understood Fang Yun's intent. The four of them were stronger than the enemy's four Sect Masters in combat power. If they could join forces to kill them, it would greatly inspire the disciples of the Huaxia Sect, and deal a severe blow to the thousands of disciples from the four major sects, possibly causing them to scatter and flee.

Within a thousand miles around this great lake, there were only a few third-rank sects including the Huaxia Sect and the Lieyang Sect. This time, the Lieyang Sect had gathered the other third-rank sects to attack, intending to annex the Huaxia Sect and divide its interests.

Therefore, if the Huaxia Sect can win this battle, it will naturally become the strongest sect within a thousand miles.

By then, more martial artists will flock to join the Huaxia Sect, and its overall strength will rapidly increase.

However, Fang Yun, Tang Wenrou, and other women knew that this was the best possible outcome of the battle.

Should they fail to kill Wu Qitian, they would be besieged by martial artists from the four major sects like a tide, and even if they could make their opponents pay a heavy price with their far superior strength, if they failed to break out, they would most likely exhaust their True Yuan, with unforeseeable consequences.

Given the nature of women like Fang Yun, they would never abandon the other members of the Huaxia Sect to escape alone; they had already decided in their hearts that if the battle went badly, they would go to their deaths together with all the disciples of the Huaxia Sect.

The four women moved like lightning, in an instant they had charged into the midst of thousands of martial artists, their Spiritual Artifacts swinging and summoning a mist of blood, reaping lives one after another.

On the surface, the four women all appeared to be delicate and frail, but after struggling and suffering through hardships, bloodshed, and slaughter since entering the True Martial Realm, over a year of tempering had hardened their hearts into iron, showing no mercy as they killed.

The four women, like lionesses charging into a flock of sheep, wielded their Spiritual Artifacts with no equal in sight, and amidst the wails and screams, martial artists continually fell at their feet, the scent of blood permeating the air.

"Kill! Kill them!"

Wu Qitian saw Fang Yun and the three other women charging towards him, seemingly anticipating their intentions, while retreating, he hoarsely ordered the other martial artists around him to attack the four women in waves, his expression tinged with excitement.

Previously, through the infiltration of siblings Hou Zhen and Hou Bao into the Huaxia Sect, Wu Qitian had gained a comprehensive understanding of the strengths of the Huaxia Sect's higher-ups like Fang Yun, and he knew that his own side, despite its numbers, wouldn't be able to kill the women in a short amount of time.

Wu Qitian planned on using the war of attrition, to first greatly deplete the True Yuan of women like Fang Yun, and when they were nearly exhausted, he and the Sect Masters of the other three major sects would join forces to capture them alive.

At that time, not only would the Sect Masters of the four major sects each gain a highly talented and stunningly beautiful woman for dual cultivation, but they could also divide the Huaxia Sect's Cultivation Resources and eliminate a strong competitor.

Wu Qitian, standing on the periphery of the dense crowd, looked at Fang Yun and the three other women who were fighting valiantly amidst the hundreds of martial artists, his eyes radiating with a greedy gleam.

The stunning beauty, graceful figures, and ethereal temperament of the four women made Wu Qitian's heart itch with desire, wishing he could immediately pounce on them and openly practice dual cultivation on the ground.

More than a thousand Huaxia Sect disciples also clashed with several thousands of martial artists from the Lieyang Sect and the other three major sects.

If the Huaxia Sect disciples were a small wave, then the martial artists from the Lieyang Sect and the other major sects were a tidal wave. When the two waves collided, the larger wave instantly engulfed the smaller one.

In terms of individual fight power, the Huaxia Sect disciples were not inferior to those from Lieyang Sect and the other three major sects, but they were outnumbered.

Disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other sects were attacking the Huaxia Sect disciples in groups of four or even five to one; under such circumstances, the Huaxia Sect disciples quickly fell, suffering heavy casualties.

Fang Yun and the other three women watched with wide eyes as one after another, Huaxia Sect disciples fell into pools of blood, while they themselves were mired in the attacks of hundreds, even thousands, unable to save them, their eyes blurring with tears of anger and desperation.

The four women knew that if things continued like this, it wouldn't be long before all the other disciples of the Huaxia Sect would suffer casualties, leaving the Huaxia Sect in name only.

Just as the four women were preparing to unleash their body's potential and fight their opponents at all costs, a long howl suddenly resounded from a distant house, piercing the sky.

"Is it the Lightning Mink? Has it woken up?"

On hearing this, Fang Yun and the other three women looked in that direction, their expressions revealing a glimmer of surprise and joy.

Chapter 1238: The Lightning Mink with Aroused Ferocity

Lightning Mink, a spirit beast discovered by Fang Bai in a secret place in the Secular World, initially followed Fang Bai around, but later Fang Bai left it at home as a "bodyguard" to protect his family's safety.

However, the Lightning Mink was clearly an incompetent "bodyguard"; most of the time, it was in a state of deep sleep, and when it occasionally woke, it displayed a lazy demeanor, showing no interest in engaging with anyone.

What was most exasperating was that while the Lightning Mink slept, it insisted on sleeping amidst a pile of cultivation resources, and when it woke up, it would have absorbed all the Essence Energy contained in them.

Fang Yun had heard from Fang Bai that the Lightning Mink's speed of absorbing Essence Energy was terrifying, though not as quick as Fang Bai's, but still far surpassing other Martial Artists.

Fang Bai also mentioned that the reason the Lightning Mink was so sleepy was that it was cultivating in this manner, and lying on cultivation resources while sleeping accelerated its cultivation speed.

Sleeping as a form of cultivation was a unique skill of the Lightning Mink, unmatched by other spirit beasts.

When Martial Artists from the Secular World first entered the True Martial Realm via the Teleportation Array, the Lightning Mink accompanied Fang Yun and others.

After entering the True Martial Realm, the Lightning Mink, thrilled like a fish in water, disappeared for a while, and later reappeared in front of Fang Yun, who guessed it must have found a place rich in Heaven and Earth Origin Energy and gone to indulge in a deep sleep.

Later, the Lightning Mink led Fang Yun and others to this great lake, where they found the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy more pure and concentrated than other regions, a beautiful scenery reminiscent of a paradise for cultivation.

The Martial Artists from the Secular World fell in love with this place at first sight and thus settled down by this great lake and subsequently established the Huaxia Sect.

The Lightning Mink itself chose a spot by the lake shore, near a mountain, and lay down there.

Having spent much time with the Lightning Mink, Fang Yun understood its intentions, so she directed the disciples of the Huaxia Sect to build a stone house at the Lightning Mink's resting spot, as its "Mink Nest."

When Fang Bai initially left the Lightning Mink at home, he specially instructed his family, telling them that this Lightning Mink was a spirit beast with high spiritual intelligence; if treated with care, it could bring unexpected benefits to everyone in the future.

Fang Bai's family heeded his words and never treated the Lightning Mink merely as a spirit beast, but as a member of the family, even venerating it like an elder.

When the Lightning Mink was asleep, Fang Yun and others strictly prevented any disturbances from outsiders.

When the Lightning Mink awoke, Fang Yun and others would gather most of the collected cultivation resources around it, trying their best to meet its cultivation needs.

After the founding of the Huaxia Sect, some disciples in the sect had some opinions about wasting large amounts of cultivation resources on the sleeping-only Lightning Mink, but Fang Yun, as the Sect Master, overruled these objections, preferring to take fewer resources for herself rather than deprive the Lightning Mink of its share.

Many disciples of the Huaxia Sect were puzzled, but since the Sect Master and senior members insisted on this practice, no one dared to openly question it, although there were occasional private discussions.

Lightning Mink felt quite justified in its actions, simply nodding to Fang Yun and the others to express its gratitude whenever they brought it Cultivation Resources.

Fang Yun had long been unable to sense the presence of the Lightning Mink, nor did she know the extent of its strength. However, its body underwent almost daily transformations, and over the course of more than a year, it had grown to the size of a small tiger.

However, despite its increasing size, the Lightning Mink had grown lazier and slept more and more, causing even Fang Yun to doubt whether it truly possessed the formidable attacking power that Fang Bai had mentioned.

During the last attack by the Lieyang Sect, the disciples of the Huaxia Sect fought hard and eventually repelled the invaders. During the entire battle, the Lightning Mink slept soundly in its den, seemingly unconcerned with the chaos erupting outside.

This time, when the Lieyang Sect rallied three other major Sects to attack again, Fang Yun went looking for the Lightning Mink, but to her surprise, it had vanished. She thought it might have sensed the danger and fled the area on its own.

Fang Yun had once held high hopes for the Lightning Mink, which Fang Bai had instructed her to take good care of, believing it would contribute during the Sect's life-and-death crisis. The thought that it might have already escaped left her somewhat disappointed.

Unexpectedly, just when Fang Yun and the others were about to lose all hope, the howl of the Lightning Mink suddenly echoed from its stone dwelling.

The sound reached their ears like celestial music, mingling surprise with delight. Fang Yun had an intuition that the appearance of the Lightning Mink could turn the tide, helping the Huaxia Sect escape from crisis and even potentially achieving a counterattack against the Lieyang Sect, turning defeat into victory.

The howl of the Lightning Mink possessed a piercing force. Its waves of sound, like continuous arrows, relentlessly impacted the eardrums of the thousands of Martial Artists engaged in the fierce battle.

All Martial Artists on site, including Fang Yun and Wu Qitian, couldn't withstand the harsh sound waves. They felt nauseous and extremely uncomfortable, causing them to stop their attacks, cover their ears, and grimace in pain.

Whoosh—

As the howling continued, a grey streak of lightning approached from afar, arriving in an instant and shooting like grey lightning into the midst of Wu Qitian and the other Martial Artists of the Lieyang Sect.

That grey streak of lightning was none other than the Lightning Mink.

Previously, when Fang Yun couldn't find the Lightning Mink, it wasn't because it had silently escaped, but because it had gone to a nearby mountain to search for Spiritual Medicine and hunt Spirit Beasts for its own Cultivation needs.

Although the Huaxia Sect had always provided Cultivation Resources for the Lightning Mink, their grade was generally low and could no longer significantly enhance its strength. Out of necessity, the Lightning Mink had to take matters into its own hands.

Fortunately, in the nearby deep mountains, there lived many Spirit Beasts and grew plenty of naturally occurring high-grade Spiritual Medicine. Since arriving at the True Martial Realm, the Lightning Mink had made significant progress in strength over the year and faced little challenge in the deep mountains. Every trip into the mountains allowed it to easily obtain what it needed for Cultivation.

This time, upon entering the mountain, the Lightning Mink found several two-thousand-year-old high-grade Spiritual Medicines. After ingesting them, it had slept for half a month, and its attack power had

broken through to a level comparable to a human at the Cosmic Level perfection. However, when it returned in an excited mood, it found that the Huaxia Sect had suffered an unprecedented attack.

Despite usually being lazy and gluttonous, sleeping amidst piles of Cultivation Resources, the Lightning Mink, when provoked, displayed a ferocity that could make Spirit Beasts with attack power equivalent to Cosmos Level Martial Artists tremble submissively at its feet.

Although usually tame and lazy, when its ferocity was aroused, it was no different from other Spirit Beasts and became even more cruel and wild. It first emitted a howl to deter the battling disciples, then launched its lightning attack, plunging into the crowd of combatants, swiftly using its sharp front claws to claim the lives of hundreds from the Lieyang Sect and other disciples of the four major Sects.

Chapter 1239: Scampering Like a Rat

Swoosh—

The howling had not ceased when a gray shadow approached from afar, arriving in an instant like a bolt of lightning, charging into the ranks of the Lieyang Sect martial artists led by Wu Qitian.

That gray lightning was none other than the Lightning Mink.

Previously, when Fang Yun was unable to find the Lightning Mink in its den, it wasn't because the mink had quietly fled. Rather, it had ventured into the nearby mountains in search of spiritual medicine and to hunt spirit beasts, to fulfill its cultivation needs.

Although Huaxia Sect had always provided the Lightning Mink with a considerable amount of cultivation resources, these resources were still too scanty for the mink, and the grades of these resources were not high enough to satisfy its cultivation requirements.

With no other choice, the Lightning Mink had to find a way to seek out cultivation resources on its own.

Fortunately, the mountains' hinterlands were home to a large number of spirit beasts and many naturally grown spiritual medicines of no low grade, which were just right for the mink's cultivation.

Over the year since the Lightning Mink had arrived in the True Martial Realm, its strength had increased by leaps and bounds. In these mountains, it roamed freely with few adversaries. Each time it went into the mountains, it preyed on spirit beasts and devoured spiritual medicine, feasting to its heart's content before finding a secluded place to sleep deeply, and then it would return to the Huaxia Sect.

This time, the Lightning Mink came across several stalks of high-grade spiritual medicine that were two thousand years old, by chance. After consuming them, it slept deeply for over half a month. Upon awakening, its attack power had broken through to the level equivalent to the perfection of a human's Cosmic Level. However, when it returned to the Huaxia Sect with excitement, it found that the sect had suffered an unprecedented attack, presenting a scene of absolute carnage.

Don't be fooled by the Lightning Mink's usual lazy demeanor, loving to eat and sleep, and liking to slumber amidst piles of cultivation resources. When its ferocity is aroused, its fierceness and brutality surpass those of most spirit beasts.

Initially, when Fang Bai came to the Secular World, the Lightning Mink was the only spirit beast with him, and besides Fang Bai, it was the Lightning Mink whose strength was the most formidable. Thus, before entering the Teleportation Array, Fang Bai specifically instructed the mink that once they arrived in the True Martial Realm, the two of them—one human and one mink—must jointly protect the martial artists from the Secular World and prevent them from being bullied in the True Martial Realm.

The Lightning Mink was dismissive of other martial artists but it heeded Fang Bai alone, following his instructions obediently.

Later, when anomalous fluctuations occurred in the Teleportation Array and Fang Bai's whereabouts became unknown, the Lightning Mink silently assumed the role of guardian. However, until the establishment of Huaxia Sect, the martial artists from the Secular World had never encountered a life-or-death crisis, so the Lightning Mink never had a reason to intervene.

In the eyes of many Huaxia Sect disciples who were unaware of the truth, the Lightning Mink was nothing more than a spirit beast that spent its days sleeping and consuming a great deal of cultivation resources without contributing anything.

Only a few people like Fang Yun realized that the Lightning Mink was a spirit beast highly cherished by Fang Bai. They never complained about the mink and knew it always remembered Fang Bai's instructions, remaining loyal to Huaxia Sect without ever abandoning them.

But now, to see Huaxia Sect's disciples fall heavily wounded or dead under the onslaught of the Lieyang Sect martial artists—how could the Lightning Mink not be furious?

Enraged, the Lightning Mink unleashed the innate ferocity and malevolence of a spirit beast, along with its formidable attack power.

It first used its howl to deter the disciples of both battling sides, then streaked like lightning into the crowd, waving its sharp claws at the forefront of its body. In a flash, it reaped the lives of dozens of martial artists from the Lieyang Sect.

The sudden emergence of the Lightning Mink in the midst of thousands of fiercely fighting martial artists caused an even greater uproar. Disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other major sects saw a gray silhouette flashing like lightning around them, accompanied by companions falling into pools of blood. They were horrified, and a fear spread quickly through their hearts.

The attack power of the Lightning Mink was so strong that it could almost sweep away any adversary below the Universe Level. It charged left and right, and with each swipe of its claws, a Lieyang Sect martial artist would fall—none could withstand or dodge its fatal attacks.

The speed of the Lightning Mink was as lightning-fast as its name suggested. Those it attacked usually only saw a blur before losing consciousness, falling victim to its deadly claws.

Despite the shouts and roars of many disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other major sects waving their spiritual artifacts, trying to mount a joint attack to kill the Lightning Mink, they couldn't even touch a hair on its body.

In the eyes of many martial artists, the speed of the Lightning Mink had reached beyond what they could imagine. On the path the Lightning Mink darted through, afterimages remained, with one fading only for another to appear; at first glance, it seemed like an irregular gray net had been woven.

Within that net, hundreds of bodies had already fallen, the ground stained red with fresh blood.

Spirit Beasts, unlike human martial artists, may not hold any compassion. A strong and enraged Spirit Beast not only unleashes astonishing assault power but also kills without mercy.

The massacre by the Lightning Mink continued, with disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other three great sects falling every moment, their confidence crumbling bit by bit.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

...

The bloodthirsty bravery of the Lightning Mink hugely boosted the morale of the Huaxia Sect disciples. One by one, they turned frantic as if injected with adrenaline, waving their Spiritual Artifacts and launching their counterattack towards the Lieyang Sect and the other three great sects' disciples.

Previously, due to their numerical disadvantage, the Huaxia Sect disciples had been suppressed, forced to watch their comrades fall one after another, filled with sorrow and rage, yet powerless to help, sinking into deep despair.

But now, they saw a glimmer of hope for victory. Each of them erupted with unprecedented combat power, taking on multiple opponents and gradually gaining the upper hand against the disheartened disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other three great sects.

"Little Mink, capture the ringleaders first! Kill their four strongest Sect Masters!"

Fang Yun, surrounded by her Fire Primordial Qi, slapped away a Lieyang Sect disciple and crisply instructed the Lightning Mink.

The stronger the Lightning Mink became, the more spirited it got; it had already understood human speech. The moment Fang Yun finished her command, it twisted its body and charged towards Wu Qitian.

Knowing the situation was dire with the Lightning Mink's dominant arrival and the frenzied massacre of his own side's martial artists, Wu Qitian had been prepared to flee at any moment. Upon hearing Fang Yun's shout, he cursed in his heart, daring not to delay any longer, and immediately turned to escape, no longer concerned about his comrades' lives.

The other three Sect Masters were all cunning foxes, aware that they could not contend with the Lightning Mink. Once Wu Qitian fled, they also escaped in succession.

"The Sect Master has run away!"

"Then what the hell are we still fighting for?!"

"We're defeated, we're defeated!"

"Let's all run for our lives!"

...

Seeing their Sect Masters escaping, the confidence of thousands of disciples from the four great sects instantly collapsed. Who would remain to face death? They abandoned their adversaries, each scurrying away like a rat leaving a sinking ship.

Chapter 1240: Pursuit and Kill

The Lightning Marten, heavy as a weight, tipped the scales of victory instantly in Huaxia Sect's favor with its sudden appearance.

This was something no one had anticipated before.

Disciples of the Huaxia Sect, their morale dramatically uplifted in this dire situation, went all out in pursuit of the fleeing Martial Artists of Lieyang Sect, swearing to avenge their fallen comrades.

The Martial Artists of Lieyang Sect, on the other hand, were like dogs that had lost their homes, completely disheartened and desperately fleeing, each wishing they could grow extra legs.

"How dare they treat our Huaxia Sect so lightly? To come and go as they please?"

Tang Wenrou watched the scattering Lieyang Sect Martial Artists with a frosty expression and eyes filled with chill. Her angry shout was followed by a twist of her delicate body, as she set off with a group of Huaxia Sect disciples to pursue the enemy.

Although the arrival of the Lightning Marten had reversed the outcome of the battle, the Huaxia Sect had paid a heavy price. With Tang Wenrou's hatred for evil and her desire for revenge, how could she let the enemy go without exacting a tenfold or hundredfold repayment?

"Wumei, Yaorao, stay behind to handle the aftermath. Everyone else follows me in pursuit!"

Fang Yun turned her head and instructed Ye Wumei and Qin Yaorao, then, with a hostile air, she said to the hundreds of Huaxia Sect disciples around her, "Catch up with the enemy, kill everyone you see; we will accept no surrenders!"

As the Sect Master, seeing the heavy casualties and unprecedented losses among her Sect's disciples filled Fang Yun with even greater pain and anger than Tang Wenrou. After leaving a message with Qin Yaorao, she followed Tang Wenrou and other Huaxia Sect disciples, putting all her energy into the chase.

"Fang Bai asked us to be kind to the Lightning Marten, saying that one day it might bring us unexpected benefits! He really hit the nail on the head!"

Watching the swiftly departing silhouettes of Tang Wenrou, Fang Yun, and others, and then glancing in the direction where the Lightning Marten had already disappeared, Ye Wumei's beautiful eyes sparkled with admiration as she spoke excitedly.

Qin Yaorao nodded deeply, in agreement, "Indeed! Fang Bai has a discerning eye; he saw the extraordinary nature of the Lightning Marten early on and thus instructed us to treat it kindly. As the saying goes, sow good deeds and reap good rewards; without the Lightning Marten, perhaps our Huaxia Sect would have faced a dire calamity this time!"

She finished speaking and looked around at the wounded and dead Huaxia Sect disciples, her eyes welling with tears and lamenting, "Our Huaxia Sect didn't have many disciples to begin with, and now we've suffered such heavy casualties, greatly damaging our Essence Energy. Recovery will take a long time..."

Ye Wumei was more optimistic, patting Qin Yaorao's shoulder in comfort, "Before coming to the True Martial Realm, Fang Bai had said that this is a world where the strong prey on the weak, where strength is revered, and the law of the jungle prevails. The fall of Martial Artists is a common occurrence, so it's best to get used to it!"

Qin Yaorao responded, "Though that is true... seeing those who were alive and well not long ago become cold corpses still pains my heart..."

Ye Wumei knew Qin Yaorao's gentle nature and sentimental character, so she steered the conversation elsewhere, "It's ok, Sister Yaorao, rather than being overwhelmed by sorrow, we should hurry to save the injured. Every life we save counts!"

"Right! Right! Saving lives is urgent!"

Prompted by these words, Qin Yaorao immediately snapped out of her sorrowful state and, along with other Huaxia Sect disciples staying behind, started to tend to the wounded.

Of course, they only attended to Huaxia Sect's disciples. As for the wounded from Lieyang Sect, they would deal a final punch or stroke with a sword or knife, hastening their departure from this world. Even the normally soft-hearted Qin Yaorao showed no mercy.

Today's battle had made Lieyang Sect and the other three major Sects irreconcilable enemies with Huaxia Sect; there was no room for compromise. Qin Yaorao understood that showing mercy to the enemy equaled brutality towards her own people, so she felt no psychological burden when killing.

While Ye Wumei and Qin Yaorao stayed behind to save others, Huaxia Sect disciples like Fang Yun and Tang Wenrou were taking pleasure in slaughtering the fleeing disciples of the Lieyang Sect.

The martial artists from the Lieyang Sect had been scared witless by the Lightning Mink and only wished to escape as quickly as possible, to get as far from that not-so-large but extremely ferocious Spirit Beast as they could.

What greatly relieved the majority of the Lieyang Sect and the other three major Sect disciples was that, after the Lightning Mink caught up with them, it did not proceed to kill them. Instead, it dashed past them like a bolt of lightning, chasing after Wu Qitian and the other Sect Masters from the four major Sects.

As the fleeing disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other three major Sects breathed a sigh of relief, thinking they had escaped with their lives, Fang Yun, Tang Wenrou, and other Huaxia Sect disciples arrived and began their merciless slaughter.

The disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other three major Sects had no will to fight; they only wanted to escape as fast as they could.

The Huaxia Sect, on the other hand, came with a heart full of hatred, with soaring battle intent and high spirits.

As a result, the numerically disadvantaged Huaxia Sect was like chopping vegetables as they culled the numerically superior disciples from the Lieyang Sect and the other three major Sects.

The Lightning Mink, having dashed past the disciples of the Lieyang Sect and the three major Sects, chased after Wu Qitian and other Sect Masters of the four major Sects.

The Lightning Mink had already developed human-like intelligence, and if it could speak at that moment, it would most want to say: "I, Master Mink, am the protector of the Huaxia Sect. These ant-like martial artists dare to attack the Huaxia Sect; they are essentially slapping me, Master Mink, in the face! They must not allow those four Sect Masters to escape. Only by killing them can I, Master Mink, soothe the hatred in my heart!"

Wu Qitian and the other Sect Masters might be high and mighty within their own Sects, commanding wind and rain, unparalleled in their world, but in front of the Lightning Mink, they were viewed as nothing more than ants.

Although Wu Qitian and the other three exerted their full strength to flee first, the Lightning Mink caught up with them in just a dozen or so breaths.

"Split up and escape!"

Sensing the imminent danger behind him, Wu Qitian immediately shouted, at the same time veering his body toward a slope to the left front.

The other three Sect Masters also dispersed, each escaping in different directions.

In this way, even though the Lightning Mink was formidable, it could not be in more than one place at once, and among the four of them, there was bound to be one who could escape.

"Crafty human martial artists!"

The Lightning Mink cursed inwardly. Although it was infuriated, it was truly helpless and could only focus on chasing after the Sect Master heading straight ahead.

The Sect Master being chased had been persuaded by Wu Qitian to come, originally intending to join forces with the Lieyang Sect and the three other major Sects to wipe out the Huaxia Sect and then share in the spoils. However, he never expected the outcome to turn out like this.

"Don't kill me!"

The Sect Master had fled several hundred meters when he felt a swift wind and Essence Energy surging from behind. Turning his head, he saw the figure of the Lightning Mink rapidly enlarging before his eyes. It had already pounced above his head, its life-snatching claws were within a hair's breadth, and knowing escape was impossible, his scared soul nearly left his body, and he let out a horrified scream.

That Sect Master was just a third-grade Sect Master, with a cultivation level of only Vast Level Perfection. Faced with the attack of the Lightning Mink, he had no power to dodge or resist. In utter despair, his neck was sliced open by the Lightning Mink's sharp claws. His head flew off, blood spurted out, his body fell to the ground, and thus he perished.