

Doctor 1581

Chapter 1581: Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace

Almost at the same time, Dongfang Rushi, who arrived at the Ice River Sect, also stirred the excitement of countless male disciples of the sect, considering her a heavenly beauty.

However, the personalities of the two sisters determined their differing popularity within the sect.

The charming and sweet-talking Dongfang Ruhua could get along with anyone in the Thunder Cloud Sect, so much so that among its ten thousand disciples, almost everyone liked or even spoiled her.

On the other hand, the aloof and distant Dongfang Rushi in the Ice River Sect was only favored and welcomed by the male disciples, while most of the female disciples felt various envy, jealousy, and hatred towards her.

Nonetheless, Dongfang Rushi's rapidly advancing cultivation and formidable strength earned the appreciation and praise of the high-ranking members of the Ice River Sect, so no one dared to speak a bad word about her to her face, let alone disrespect her.

Both sisters had learned the high-tier cultivation techniques imparted by Fang Bai, and the reason they joined the sects, living under the protection of others, was first for their personal safety and second to obtain cultivation resources.

Previously, while cultivating in the Three Thousand Minor Worlds, they went through great hardships, and their cultivation resources were almost exhausted. Upon reaching the Three Thousand Great Worlds, without enough cultivation resources, their progress would be greatly hindered, and their personal safety would be even harder to guarantee.

Fang Bai once instructed his dear ones to avoid revealing the cultivation techniques he taught them if they could not ensure absolute safety, as it might bring trouble.

Whether it was Dongfang Rushi in the Ice River Sect or Dongfang Ruhua in the Thunder Cloud Sect, they both remembered Fang Bai's instructions, practicing the sect-taught techniques when others were around and secretly practicing Fang Bai's techniques when alone.

With the cultivation techniques taught by Fang Bai and ample cultivation resources provided by the sects, both women's cultivation levels skyrocketed, astonishing the sect's high-ranking members, attributing it to their outstanding talent, deeming them prodigies in the Martial Dao.

.....

Dongfang Rushi and Dongfang Ruhua each found a place to settle, while Xia Chenzhong, Su Linglong, and other women, who entered the Three Thousand Great Worlds from the Three Thousand Minor Worlds through the teleportation array at the same time as them, were transported to different domains like the Heaven Fiend Realm and Great Compassion Realm.

Years ago, there were hundreds of martial artists who entered the Three Thousand Minor Worlds from the mundane world with Fang Bai. The first to successfully establish their foundation were those friends and dear ones with innate spiritual roots.

Those who succeeded in foundation establishment arrived in the Three Thousand Great Worlds before others, while the remaining still had to cultivate hard, waiting for the right opportunity.

Much like Dongfang Rushi and Dongfang Ruhua, those martial artists transported to the Three Thousand Great Worlds either voluntarily or under compulsion joined different sects and powers.

Of course, a few were unwilling to join any sect and chose to embark on the solitary path of cultivation.

For instance, Wu De.

Wu De, with a lazy demeanor, detested being under control. Even with the dangers of the Three Thousand Great Worlds, he was willing to be a loose cultivator, continuing his solitary exploration, relic robbing, and cultivation journey.

.....

The arrival of Dongfang Rushi, Dongfang Ruhua, and others faintly resonated with Fang Bai, who was far away, filling him with immense joy.

However, the Three Thousand Great Worlds are vast, and it would take an entire lifetime for even the most persistent martial artists to search through them, making it extremely difficult to find a few individuals, like finding needles in a haystack.

Nonetheless, Fang Bai had a plan. After entering the Three Thousand Great Worlds, he befriended many martial artists and established good relations with many sects. He sought out those martial artists and sects to mobilize forces to help him search within the Three Thousand Great Worlds.

Simultaneously, Fang Bai issued a bounty to the entire Three Thousand Great Worlds, promising hefty rewards to anyone who found his dear ones or friends, even for concrete information.

Ten bottles of king-grade spirit pills, one king-grade spiritual artifact, or one Nascent Soul realm spirit beast, choosing any one of the three.

These were the rewards Fang Bai offered; though they seemed few, each was enough to drive the countless martial artists of the Three Thousand Great Worlds mad with desire.

By this time, Fang Bai had made a name for himself while wandering in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, with many martial artists knowing of his multiple identities as a pill master, artifact refiner, and beast tamer, trusting his words without doubt.

Thus, upon the bounty's announcement, millions of martial artists were moved and began searching for Fang Bai's dear ones and friends.

Fang Bai believed that with their help, it wouldn't be long until he reunited with his dear ones and friends.

After traveling the Three Thousand Great Worlds for several years, Fang Bai arrived at the Heaven's Net Realm and easily located the site of an ancient, desolate palace that had been abandoned for tens of thousands of years. There, he expended tremendous effort to rebuild a majestic palace named "Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace."

The site of this “Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace” was originally a palace of the same name constructed by Fang Bai in a past life, which was later destroyed by lightning during Fang Bai’s Ninefold Heavy Tribulations.

Following that, Fang Bai ascended to the Immortal Realm, progressing all the way until he became the Immortal Emperor, never returning to the Three Thousand Great Worlds, leading to the “Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace” becoming entirely abandoned, covered in weeds over tens of thousands of years.

Fang Bai initially built this “Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace” to inspire himself to “ascend to the Nine Heavens, achieving the Immortal Emperor,” a dream he eventually realized.

In this life, Fang Bai rebuilds the “Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace” not only to ascend to the Nine Heavens and achieve the Immortal Emperor but also to eliminate the Immortal Emperors across the eight great heavenly domains, avenging past humiliations and grudges.

The “Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace” is optimally located, rich in the five elements of spiritual energy, and upon completing this grand hall, Fang Bai laid numerous formations both inside and outside, making the entire hall as solid as a fortress, such that even a Soul Severing expert above the Nascent Soul level couldn’t breach it quickly.

When the Immortal Emperor Palace was first established, besides Fang Bai and Lu Liyu, He Wujie, Zhao Wanqing, Lu Dong, and Shui Mo also resided there. Eventually, He Wujie and Zhao Wanqing grew bored with their prolonged stay, and thus rode the Wind Roc to bid farewell to Fang Bai and the others, setting out for further training.

Lu Dong and Shui Mo, after acquiring sufficient self-defense capability, also left together to train and seek opportunities in the three thousand great worlds.

With the departure of He Wujie and the others, the vast Immortal Emperor Palace was left with only Fang Bai and Lu Liyu, who, besides cultivating in seclusion, spent their time atop the mountain beside the Immortal Emperor Palace, enjoying the sunrise and sunset, the clouds drifting by, living quite comfortably.

The affectionate couple, spending every day together, naturally became true Dao partners.

When Fang Bai and Lu Liyu united in the most intimate way, the merging of Prime Yin and Prime Yang was like lightning igniting a fiery interaction, triggering a temporary celestial phenomenon and subsequently, both advancing in rank.

Lu Liyu, from a Golden Core stage, transformed into a Nascent Soul expert.

While Fang Bai advanced from a high-level Nascent Soul stage to the realm of Nascent Soul perfection, just one step away from the Soul Severing Realm.

Chapter 1582: Golden City, Golden Flood Dragon

Not long after Fang Bai ascended in rank, he sensed the presence of his close female friends Dongfang Rushi, Dongfang Ruhua, and some other friends and relatives.

“I have friends coming from the three thousand Minor Worlds... Li Yu, how about we go find them together?”

On this day, Fang Bai, feeling something in his heart, spoke to Lu Liyu.

After pondering for a moment, Lu Liyu shook her head and said, “I haven’t been in my new realm for long; I need to cultivate for a while to stabilize it. Moreover, someone needs to watch over the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace, so I’ll stay here.”

Fang Bai, being so clever, understood that Lu Liyu chose not to accompany him to avoid awkwardness should they meet Dongfang Rushi and Dongfang Ruhua.

The women around Fang Bai may seem gentle and docile on the surface, but that’s only towards Fang Bai. In front of others, they are very assertive and proud. If Lu Liyu were to meet them, it could cause friction, and it would be awkward for Fang Bai to take sides.

If Lu Liyu stayed away, such a situation could be avoided.

From this perspective, Lu Liyu was not only wise but also thoughtful of others, truly making Fang Bai admire her even more.

However, Fang Bai was worried about leaving Lu Liyu alone in the vast Nine Heavens Immortal Palace. Therefore, he summoned Lu Dong and Shui Mo, who were training outside, and also brought back He Wujie and Zhao Wanqing to keep Lu Liyu company.

With these four accompanying her, plus the layers of offensive and defensive great formations set up inside and outside the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace, Lu Liyu had greater security and company to chat with, avoiding feeling too lonely.

Once everything was arranged, Fang Bai, under Lu Liyu's tearful gaze, soared into the sky, jumping onto the Wind Roc's back and flying towards the distance.

Although he sensed the presence of Dongfang Rushi, Dongfang Ruhua, and others, Fang Bai didn't know their exact location, so he could only aimlessly urge the Wind Roc to fly, hoping for the luck to meet them.

Golden City is an ancient city in the Heaven's Net Realm, with the entire city's architecture made of Golden Spirit Stone.

During the day, basked in the sunlight, the entire ancient city reflects dazzling golden lights, like a dream city cast in gold.

At night, under the moonlight, Golden City emits a gentle golden glow, making the ancient city look like a city that never sleeps.

With a population of tens of millions, Golden City is bustling and lively, with strong and skilled people filling the city. The only trading market is crowded from morning till night.

Every day, the martial artists appearing at Golden City's trading market number in the tens of thousands, including Foundation Establishment experts, Golden Pill experts, and Nascent Soul experts, with cultivation resources ranging from Holy Grade to King Grade.

Located at the very center of Golden City, the City Lord Mansion stands atop a mountain peak. It's the tallest building in Golden City and its most conspicuous landmark.

Surrounding the City Lord Mansion, purple mist rises all day long, with auspicious clouds swirling around. Spirit beasts fly around, making it look like a castle where immortals reside.

The City Lord of Golden City, Sikong Changjian, is a Nascent Soul Perfection expert, over three hundred years old, having ruled Golden City for more than a century.

Sikong Changjian has eighteen warriors under his command, half male and half female, all Nascent Soul mid-stage experts.

Individually, the eighteen warriors are not particularly powerful, but together they form the "Storm Sword Formation," which is exceedingly formidable, capable of contending with Nascent Soul Perfection experts.

Sikong Changjian rarely appears in public, as he usually secludes himself in cultivation, relying on the eighteen warriors to manage Golden City and maintain its order.

However, the most famous aspect of Golden City is neither the City Lord Mansion nor Sikong Changjian, nor even the eighteen warriors, but the Golden Flood Dragon in Dragon Lake to the north of the city.

It's said that in ancient times, a flood dragon once dwelled in Dragon Lake, and after thousands of years of cultivation, it ultimately shattered the void, endured the Ninefold Heavy Tribulations, and transformed into a Golden True Dragon, entering the Immortal Realm.

The name "Dragon Lake" was thus called by later generations.

The current Golden Flood Dragon in Dragon Lake is said to be the descendant of that former Golden True Dragon, with now thousands of years of lifespan, having a cultivation level comparable to a half-step Soul Severing expert.

Fortunately, although the Golden Flood Dragon is extremely powerful, it feeds on spirit beasts and has been dwelling at the lake bottom for years, never having ventured out to disturb or attack humans. Otherwise, how could Golden City have its current prosperity?

However, while the dragon has no intention of harming humans, humans do intend to harm the dragon.

Over the years, countless martial artists have attempted to hunt the Golden Flood Dragon, using its Flood Dragon Pill and dragon blood for cultivation, and its tendons and bones to craft spiritual artifacts.

But although the Golden Flood Dragon is mild-mannered, it has times when it is provoked.

Two hundred years ago, ten Nascent Soul Perfection experts joined forces to cause chaos in Dragon Lake, intending to jointly slay the Golden Flood Dragon, but they were all swallowed by it.

Since then, no martial artist has dared to target the Golden Flood Dragon, and Dragon Lake has since been peaceful for two hundred years.

On this day, Fang Bai arrived near Golden City, attracted by the dazzling golden lights throughout the city, and so he entered the city with the Wind Roc, planning to stay for a few days to inquire about Dongfang Rushi, Dongfang Ruhua, and others.

By now, the Wind Roc could transform into human form, though not for long. However, after taking the Transformation Pill that Fang Bai refined, it could maintain human form for several days.

Transformed, the Wind Roc stood two meters tall and followed Fang Bai, its eyes electric and imposing, appearing like a mighty, black, and robust bodyguard.

“Master, there’s a terrifying spirit beast presence in this city!”

Upon entering the city, the Wind Roc seemed somewhat fearful, whispering to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai too faintly sensed a powerful spirit beast's presence. After inquiring a few locals about the area's customs and legends, he learned about Dragon Lake and the Golden Flood Dragon.

Upon hearing about the Golden Flood Dragon, the Wind Roc's fear mingled with excitement, and it communicated telepathically, "It seems that the Golden Flood Dragon does indeed exist! The Flood Dragon Pill and dragon blood are innate treasures. Whether for humans or spirit beasts, consuming them will greatly increase cultivation! Master, should we..."

Before it could finish, Fang Bai smiled wryly and said, "Didn't you hear what those people said? The Golden Flood Dragon's strength is comparable to a half-step Soul Severing realm expert. Even if we join forces, we can't beat it!"

The Wind Roc, unwilling to give up, said, "It's rare to encounter such a dragon; it's an opportunity not to be missed. Master, you have vast powers and many life-preserving methods. Why not give it a try?"

Fang Bai sighed, "That Golden Flood Dragon has never harmed innocent lives, showing that it's mild-tempered and doesn't like to kill. Even if I could kill it, I couldn't bring myself to do it!"

The Wind Roc knew its master to be ruthless and decisive with enemies but deeply feeling and thoughtful with friends and family, never quick to engage in battles. Although it felt regretful, it did not continue persuading.

Fang Bai and the Wind Roc wandered Golden City for a while, before entering a city tavern, ordering several Snow Spirit Chickens and a few large bowls of Spiritual Wine made from Thousand-Year Spirit Fruits, planning to eat and drink their fill before continuing on.

Chapter 1583: Soul Severing Expert

"Oh? A transformed Wind Roc, an extraordinary holy body... haha, this is truly searching high and low, only to find it all effortlessly!"

While Fang Bai and the Wind Roc were eating, a skeleton-like, white-haired short elder suddenly entered the tavern.

Upon seeing Fang Bai and the Wind Roc, the dull eyes of the elder suddenly lit up, his gaze pierced like lightning onto the two of them.

Fang Bai and the Wind Roc, caught by that elder's gaze, felt their hearts skip a beat, sensing immense pressure.

"A Soul Severing mid-stage expert! This person comes with ill intent, Wind Roc, be careful!"

Fang Bai scanned the elder with narrowed eyes, fully on guard, and quickly transmitted the message to the Wind Roc.

The Wind Roc, hearing this, turned pale with a "swish", his nerves taut and fists clenched, entering a pre-battle state.

A Soul Severing expert's divine sense is greatly enhanced over a Nascent Soul realm expert's; their Nascent Soul within is as substantial as a physical body, when flying out, it can attack and defend on its own, allowing for dual cultivation benefits.

Though Fang Bai can challenge levels above, at high ranks, the effectiveness of level-challenge weakens.

With Fang Bai's current Nascent Soul Perfection level, he could barely fight a Soul Severing initial stage expert, but against a mid-stage expert, he could only keep a respectful distance.

The short elder chuckled eerily, leaning on a snake-shaped cane, with a sinister smile, sat at the table beside Fang Bai and the Wind Roc, shamelessly sizing them up, as if they were fish on the chopping block, at his mercy.

"Senior, do you have any business here?"

Fang Bai did not expect to encounter a Soul Severing mid-stage expert in this Golden City, shocked inwardly, but outwardly feigned calm.

The elder's skin clung to his bones, lacking blood color, dry and rough like a piece of wood, looking quite terrifying.

"I'm not long for this world, hoping to borrow two things from you, to prolong my life. How about it?"

The short elder laughed chillingly, causing alarm.

Seeing his malicious smile, Fang Bai knew what he wished to borrow would undoubtedly put him and the Wind Roc in a difficult position, so he said, "I have a few bottles of King Grade spirit pills, how about giving them to senior as a meeting gift?"

The short elder shook his head and said, "Though King Grade spirit pills are good, I have plenty, so I'm not interested in yours."

Fang Bai frowned and asked, "May I know senior's name? Maybe my master and you are old acquaintances!"

"Old me is Spirit Serpent Venerable! Who's your master?"

Upon hearing Fang Bai say "master," the elder named Spirit Serpent Venerable couldn't help but have his heart skip.

He thought Fang Bai himself was a Nascent Soul Perfection expert, so his master's cultivation must be formidable; he might have encountered a hard nut to crack, and getting into a fight wouldn't be good.

Fang Bai keenly caught a glimpse of worry on Spirit Serpent Venerable's face and immediately smiled, "My master is called 'Thousand-Hand Venerable', a Soul Severing high-rank expert... hehe..."

Spirit Serpent Venerable's eyelid twitched, muttering, "Thousand-Hand Venerable? I've traveled three thousand great worlds for hundreds of years and never heard of that name..."

Fang Bai said, "My master always stays hidden; it's normal senior hasn't heard of him!"

Spirit Serpent Venerable hummed, appearing a bit hesitant, then sighed lightly, laughing harshly at Fang Bai, "Good lad, almost fooled me, trying to bluff me away, right?"

Fang Bai, unfazed, said, "Why would I lie to senior? If you mistrust, you can come meet my master with me!"

Spirit Serpent Venerable gritted his teeth, angrily said, "Enough nonsense! If you two will lend me your Nascent Soul and lifeblood today, I'll let you live, otherwise, I'll annihilate your existence, turning you into dust!"

As he spoke, afraid Fang Bai and the Wind Roc would self-destruct their Nascent Soul, he locked his breath tightly onto them, leaving no opportunity to self-destruct.

Fang Bai and the Wind Roc looked at each other, frowning in thought.

If they fought, even together they wouldn't be Spirit Serpent Venerable's match.

If they fled, with Spirit Serpent Venerable's cultivation, he would surely catch them, and the outcome would be grim.

"Ten breaths have passed, have you decided?"

Spirit Serpent Venerable's gaze swept coldly over Fang Bai and the Wind Roc, asked icily.

"When the chance arises, you escape! I'll think of a way!"

Fang Bai communicated to the Wind Roc.

"Master goes first, I'll hold him off with my life!"

The Wind Roc, bent on protecting its master, urgently responded.

Fang Bai said, "You are no match for him, how can you hold him off? Don't worry, once you escape, I'll go with him and have my means to escape!"

"Master, don't deceive me!"

Wind Roc knew if his master spoke true, staying would only hinder him, better to escape first.

"Absolutely truthful!"

Fang Bai smiled and winked at the Wind Roc, giving a reassuring look.

"Alright, I'm going!"

The Wind Roc moved at a word, exerting force at his feet, his figure shot through the tavern window, transforming mid-air into the Wind Roc, flapping his wings furiously, ascending to the sky, vanishing instantly.

As the Wind Roc flapped, a gale swept around the tavern, sand and stones whipped up, blurring the vision, resembling the end of days.

"Haha... He escaped quickly! But a Wind Roc escaping is not a big deal, my true target is you."

Spirit Serpent Venerable watched the Wind Roc fly away without pursuit, smiling at Fang Bai.

Fang Bai also smiled, "I know your target is me, that's why I knew you wouldn't pursue it, allowing it to escape. Otherwise, after killing me, you might kill it too. Am I right?"

Spirit Serpent Venerable clapped and laughed, "You're a clever kid, I like it! Now, will you lend me your Nascent Soul and lifeblood?"

"Lend you... in your dreams!"

Fang Bai suddenly flipped over the stone table, causing it to spin rapidly through the air, crashing toward the neighboring Spirit Serpent Venerable, while he retreated swiftly, crashing through another window, riding his Spiritual Artifact, fleeing with all his might.

"Oh, what a blood-colored long blade! I can't even discern its grade! At least a King Grade superior Spiritual Artifact!"

Seeing the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade beneath Fang Bai's feet, Spirit Serpent Venerable, chasing closely behind, lit up with astonishment, clicking his tongue in admiration.

Chapter 1584: Golden City Lord

The two pursued and fled, unknowingly reaching the northern region of Golden City, only a thousand feet away from the famous Dragon Lake.

"You can't escape; come back to me!"

The Spirit Serpent Venerable, getting closer to Fang Bai, suddenly extended his withered left hand and clawed at Fang Bai in mid-air.

A Spirit Qi Big Palm formed in the air, speeding towards Fang Bai's head, attempting to grab him back.

Fang Bai felt a gust of wind behind his head and a powerful force of confinement closing in. Shocked, he didn't look back, grasping the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade at his feet and executing a "Silence Annihilation" strike without turning.

"To think he could strike such a sharp blade light, it truly is a treasured blade!"

Seeing Fang Bai's blade light from the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade nearly slicing his Spirit Qi Big Palm in two, the Spirit Serpent Venerable's eyes showed surprise but he was even more pleased, certain that the Blood Blade was a King Grade superior spiritual artifact.

One must know that the snake-shaped cane currently in his hand was merely a King Grade medium spiritual artifact. If he could slay Fang Bai and obtain his Blood Blade spiritual weapon, it would be quite a windfall.

Fang Bai's "Silence Annihilation" strike could pose a certain threat to a Soul Severing First Stage expert, but not to the Spirit Serpent Venerable.

The Spirit Serpent Venerable's eyes flashed sharply, emanating terrifying battle intent and killing Qi as he reformed the Spirit Qi Big Palm to grab Fang Bai faster.

"Shoo!"

"Shoo!"

"Shoo!"

Fang Bai unleashed three consecutive strikes with the mad blade, yet was unable to prevent the Spirit Qi Big Palm from descending.

At that moment, a golden beam shot up from the dense forest below, tracing a golden arc in the sky, and appeared instantly between Fang Bai and the Spirit Serpent Venerable.

The golden figure was a man in a golden robe, with a white, beardless face. He flipped his hand and unleashed a majestic sword light to meet the Spirit Qi Big Palm, shouting, "Stop!"

A palm and sword clash resounded with a roar and disappeared simultaneously.

"Who are you?"

The Spirit Serpent Venerable was slightly taken aback when he saw the gold-robed man's cultivation level was only at the Soul Severing First Stage, yet with the addition of a golden greatsword in his hand, his combat power was not much inferior, casting a scrutinizing gaze at the other.

The gold-robed man had sword-like eyebrows and bright eyes, with a jade-like face, displaying a hint of regal demeanor. He appeared to be around fifty years old, but the Spirit Serpent Venerable judged that his actual age couldn't be much less than his own.

The golden greatsword in the gold-robed man's hand seemed to be forged from gold, a foot wide and five feet long, a true golden greatsword.

The sword of the golden greatsword faintly shimmered with flowing light, mixed with strands of blood Qi, exuding a soaring killing intent and evil Qi.

"What a sword!"

The Spirit Serpent Venerable's eyes fell on the golden greatsword, brows raised in greed, thinking to himself how lucky he was today to first encounter an Extraordinary Holy Body with a Blood Blade and now someone with a golden greatsword.

Ignoring the Extraordinary Holy Body, just capturing the one blade and one sword would surely double his combat power with the Blood Blade in his left hand and the golden greatsword in his right.

"Honoring senior's great name?"

The gold-robed man cupped his fists in greeting.

Although the addition of the golden greatsword made the gold-robed man's strength comparable to the Spirit Serpent Venerable, his base cultivation was still a notch lower, so he addressed the Spirit Serpent Venerable as senior, as a sign of respect towards the stronger.

The Spirit Serpent Venerable kept his aura locked on Fang Bai to prevent sudden escape, coldly snorted, "Have you heard of the Spirit Serpent Venerable's name?"

“So it’s Senior Spirit Serpent Venerable, I’ve long admired your reputation!”

The gold-robed man was startled, hastily bowing in greeting to the Spirit Serpent Venerable.

The Spirit Serpent Venerable was renowned in the area, with a formidable reputation known to most.

The gold-robed man had never met the Spirit Serpent Venerable but gathered plenty of information about him, knowing him to be ruthless and unscrupulous, undoubtedly pursuing what treasure that young person carried, chasing him all the way here.

“Short old man, I don’t mind you chasing that young person, but why come here? I’ve painstakingly laid Heaven’s Net around Dragon Lake to catch the Golden Flood Dragon, you better not ruin my plans!”

Gold-robed man looked at the Spirit Serpent Venerable, silently cursing in his heart.

To capture the Golden Flood Dragon in Dragon Lake, he spent ten years setting mechanisms around it, recently observing signs of it appearing again, causing him secret delight.

If the Spirit Serpent Venerable’s pursuit brought Fang Bai above Dragon Lake, it might startle the Golden Flood Dragon, making it refuse to appear, wasting his ten years of effort.

In truth, the gold-robed man also had private motives for stopping the Spirit Serpent Venerable’s pursuit of Fang Bai.

Because he too noticed Fang Bai’s Blood-Drinking Mad Blade was a treasure, not inferior to his golden greatsword.

He and the Spirit Serpent Venerable had the same thought, dreaming of owning both a blade and a sword to double combat power.

In this way, the Spirit Serpent Venerable and the gold-robed man fell into a standoff, temporarily relieving Fang Bai of his crisis.

“I am Sikong Changjian, the current City Lord of Golden City, and have some connection with this young man. Might I ask why senior is pursuing him?”

The Spirit Serpent Venerable was momentarily dazed, then concealed his anger, thinking he couldn't say he coveted the young man's Extraordinary Holy Body, wanting to seize his Nascent Soul, devour his essence, and take his blood-red blade.

“What's your connection with this young man, City Lord Sikong?”

The Spirit Serpent Venerable shifted the topic, asked sternly.

Sikong Changjian smiled slightly, glancing at Fang Bai sideways, said, “Truth be told, this young man is a nephew of mine. So, I ask senior to show some favor and spare him once. How about it?”

The Spirit Serpent Venerable, sly and cunning, observed Fang Bai's expression and knew Sikong Changjian was lying, silently thought, “Don't think I'm a fool! You must want his blood-red blade, trying to drive me away for yourself! Hmph, I'll never let you succeed!”

Thinking of this, the Spirit Serpent Venerable laughed heartily, “Well said... well said...”

Sikong Changjian thought he agreed to spare Fang Bai and was about to speak when suddenly a whooshing sound came beside him, and a shadow shot past him, lunging at Fang Bai.

The shadow was none other than the Spirit Serpent Venerable, unafraid of Sikong Changjian and unwilling to let Fang Bai go, seizing the momentary distraction of Sikong Changjian to dart past him.

“You...”

Sikong Changjian, having recently progressed from Nascent Soul Perfection to Soul Severing First Stage realm, had acquired a golden greatsword to challenge mid-stage Soul Severing experts, brimming with pride, yet how could he allow the Spirit Serpent Venerable to act recklessly in front of him?

Realizing he was deceived, Sikong Changjian was furious, turning around, the golden greatsword flew out, transforming into a golden beam targeting the Spirit Serpent Venerable's back.

Chapter 1585: Eighteen Warriors

The golden giant sword transformed into a streak of golden lightning, piercing through the void, carrying endless killing intent and terrifying energy fluctuations as it charged at the Spirit Serpent Venerable.

"Clang!"

With a light sound, the Spirit Serpent Venerable, who was rushing toward Fang Bai without turning his head, swung the serpent cane in his hand to meet the golden giant sword.

However, the serpent cane was clearly no match for the golden giant sword; after the collision, it was shattered into two pieces and fell to the ground.

The Spirit Serpent Venerable laughed heartily, using the reactive force from the spiritual artifact's collision to accelerate toward Fang Bai, reaching a distance so close they could touch.

Fang Bai knew that both the Spirit Serpent Venerable and Sikong Changjian were eyeing the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in his hand, and it would be incredibly difficult for him to escape from them.

His eyes darted around, and he simply sealed his own Qi Sea, ceasing to flee, allowing himself to be easily captured by the Spirit Serpent Venerable.

"Where are the Eighteen Generals?!"

Seeing the Spirit Serpent Venerable capture Fang Bai, he suddenly sped towards Dragon Lake, alarming Sikong Changjian, who shouted angrily.

Eighteen figures clad in golden armor, wielding long swords, turned into eighteen streams of golden light, soaring from the ground to the sky, surrounding the Spirit Serpent Venerable.

“Do we kill or capture? Please instruct us, master!”

The ones enclosing the Spirit Serpent Venerable were none other than the famous Eighteen Generals under the Golden City Lord, Sikong Changjian.

The formation with which they besieged the Spirit Serpent Venerable was their renowned “Storm Sword Formation.”

“Senior, that young man you captured is indeed my relative. If you are willing to release him, we can shake hands and make peace, how about that?”

Sikong Changjian did not wish to clash with the Spirit Serpent Venerable, fearing it might disrupt his plan to hunt the Golden Flood Dragon, but he was also reluctant to let go of the blood-colored long blade in Fang Bai’s hand.

If the Spirit Serpent Venerable insisted on capturing Fang Bai and taking away the blood-colored long blade, Sikong Changjian would not hesitate to fight him.

In this Golden City, no one could challenge Sikong Changjian’s authority, not even a Soul Severing mid-stage expert like the Spirit Serpent Venerable. Otherwise, his dignity as the City Lord and his face would be lost.

“Stop the nonsense! This young man is mine for sure!”

The Spirit Serpent Venerable was also a proud person and would not show weakness in this situation.

Though his serpent-shaped spiritual artifact was severed, he had more than one spiritual artifact on him. As he spoke, he unleashed eighteen small green snakes.

With a “chirping” sound, eighteen green snakes carrying a deathly aura charged at the Eighteen Generals surrounding him from extremely tricky angles.

“Kill!”

The eighteen generals in golden armor, seeing the approaching green snakes, remained fearless, swinging their long swords to form sword nets in front of them to enclose the green snakes.

The Eighteen Generals, like Sikong Changjian, had recently advanced to Nascent Soul Perfection level. Their “Storm Sword Formation” was more than sufficient to kill a Soul Severing beginner, and they could still contend against a mid-stage expert like the Spirit Serpent Venerable.

The eighteen green snakes were not actual snakes but a type of wooden spiritual artifact tainted with deadly poison, shaped like snakes. Anyone below the Soul Severing realm who came in contact with them would face dire consequences.

Upon the instant the green snakes shot out, the Storm Sword Formation of the Eighteen Generals was simultaneously activated. The sword nets woven by eighteen long swords shredded the eighteen green snakes, instantly filling the air with green smoke and toxic mist, causing the Eighteen Generals to retreat in shock.

“A mere formation, trying to trap me, Spirit Serpent Venerable?”

With a “jeering” laugh, the Spirit Serpent Venerable, grasping Fang Bai, swept over Dragon Lake and fled towards the distant mountains.

Sikong Changjian and others dared not follow the Spirit Serpent Venerable’s retreat path, fearing they might alarm the Golden Flood Dragon lurking at the lake’s bottom, and could only watch helplessly as the Spirit Serpent Venerable took Fang Bai away, stamping their feet in frustration.

Fortunately, Dragon Lake remained calm, and the Golden Flood Dragon seemed undisturbed, which gave Sikong Changjian a sigh of relief.

“Don’t chase a desperate foe! Let’s continue guarding Dragon Lake! Humph, Spirit Serpent Venerable... I’ll settle accounts with him sooner or later!”

Sikong Changjian glanced menacingly in the direction the Spirit Serpent Venerable fled, his eyes flashing with a sharp light, then continued to lie in ambush around Dragon Lake with the Eighteen Generals, patiently waiting for the Golden Flood Dragon to appear.

The Spirit Serpent Venerable, with Fang Bai, arrived at a remote deep mountain a thousand miles away and stopped inside a secluded cave.

“Boy, let’s see where you run this time!”

The Spirit Serpent Venerable lightly tapped Fang Bai’s Qi Sea, confidently feeling he sealed his spiritual energy, then casually tossed him on the ground, smirking, “I advise you to release your Nascent Soul and essence blood yourself, or you’ll suffer ten times the pain if I have to do it!”

Fang Bai spat, then grinned, “Old fool, dream on if you think you can consume my Nascent Soul and essence blood! My body, you won’t be able to handle it!”

Fang Bai was speaking the truth. He was a one-in-an-eternity Chaos True Body, his tendons and bones were incredibly resilient, with exceptionally vigorous essence blood; even if an Immortal Emperor were to consume it, their body might not withstand it and would ultimately explode and perish.

Of course, the Spirit Serpent Venerable wouldn’t know this. In his eyes, Fang Bai was merely a person with a Dual Attribute Innate Spiritual Root and Extraordinary Holy Body, whose Nascent Soul and essence blood held immeasurable value, capable of greatly enhancing his cultivation level and strength upon consumption.

Hundreds of Essence Stones embedded in the cave walls lit up the cave brightly; piles of herbs and a Great Cauldron could be seen inside.

The Great Cauldron was still exuding a faint herbal scent, clearly used for alchemy to produce spirit pills.

Those herbs were exceedingly rare, suited for refining Holy Grade Elixirs, some even capable of producing King Grade Elixirs. If sold at the Martial Artists Trading Market, they would incite a frenzy among martial artists.

“These herbs are all prepared for you...”

The Spirit Serpent Venerable pointed at the herbs, his gaze finally resting on the Great Cauldron, sneering, “Soon, I’ll cut your wrist to let your blood out to brew a few spirit pills. When your blood is nearly drained, I’ll force out your Nascent Soul to consume. Finally, I’ll boil your tendons and bones to eat... heh heh, an Extraordinary Holy Body, treasures from head to toe, consuming you will definitely elevate my cultivation to the next level.”

“Old thief, chewing on my bones, beware of breaking your teeth!”

Fang Bai scolded loudly.

The Spirit Serpent Venerable ignored him, immersed in gathering herbs.

“Hmm? Missing a Jade Redheart Grass!”

Momentarily puzzled, the Spirit Serpent Venerable scratched his head and muttered to himself.

“Boy, live a while longer! Let me find one more herb!”

With that, he exited the cave, carefully checking the defensive array he’d previously set at the entrance, feeling confident that the sealed Qi Sea of Fang Bai could not allow him an escape, and assuredly left.

“^

Chapter 1586: The Price

"You think you can trap me like this? How naive!"

After Spirit Serpent Venerable left, Fang Bai dispersed his Divine Sense, saw that Spirit Serpent Venerable had moved far away, gathered the Spiritual Energy within his Qi Sea, and forcibly broke through the seal left by Spirit Serpent Venerable, leaping up.

"This old scoundrel, where did he loot so many rare herbs from?"

After easily breaking through the Defensive Array set up by Spirit Serpent Venerable outside the cave, Fang Bai turned and re-entered the cave. Seeing it filled with many herbs, he collected them all into his Space Ring without hesitation.

Then, Fang Bai smashed the large alchemical cauldron in the cave with his palm and released a burst of Fire Spirit Energy, burning everything in the cave clean.

"Old scoundrel, this is the price for provoking me!"

Looking at the cave engulfed in flames and thick smoke, Fang Bai coldly laughed, summoned the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, and flew out, heading straight into the sky.

He flew back to a dense forest near Golden City and let out a long whistle.

A few breaths later, the Wind Roc responded with a screech, then flew out from the dense leaves of a towering tree, landing beside Fang Bai.

"Wind Roc, I'm going to Dragon Lake and will return before sunset. Wait for me here!"

As Fang Bai spoke, he patted the Wind Roc's body and transformed into a streak of light, vanishing.

By the shore of Dragon Lake, it was quiet and serene, as if even the wind was still.

But few knew that at this moment, forces were lurking around Dragon Lake.

Among them, the Golden City Lord Sikong Changjian and his eighteen generals were the strongest.

All these forces were here for the Golden Flood Dragon lurking within Dragon Lake.

Like Sikong Changjian, the other lurking forces also hoped to hunt the Golden Flood Dragon and had set up Slaughter Arrays around Dragon Lake. As soon as the Golden Flood Dragon entered their formation, they would swarm and attack with full force.

On the surface, it seemed there weren't many experts intending to hunt the Golden Flood Dragon, but in the shadows, countless experts were on edge.

After all, the Golden Flood Dragon was said to be a descendant of the Golden Dragon that ascended to the Immortal Realm. Consuming its flesh, blood, and sinews would greatly benefit Martial Artists' cultivation.

Fang Bai masked his aura, sneaked into a mountain peak ten li from Dragon Lake and took a vantage point to observe the surroundings, using Divine Sense to probe which individuals were around Dragon Lake within ten li.

Soon, Fang Bai discovered that besides the Golden City Lord Sikong Changjian and his eighteen generals, at least three or four forces of comparable strength were lurking at a distance, waiting for an opportunity. "Hmm? Isn't that old scoundrel supposed to be harvesting Jade Redheart Grass? Why is he here too?"

Among the forces lurking around Dragon Lake, Fang Bai sensed the presence of the Spirit Serpent Venerable, unexpectedly finding him back here, probably having heard about the Golden Flood Dragon, wanting a share of the spoils.

"It seems if the Golden Flood Dragon appears, a fierce battle will ensue here. For now, I'll lurk here, waiting to reap the fisherman's profit! I won't harm the Golden Flood Dragon, but I won't spare the cultivation resources on those human Martial Artists."

Fang Bai thought internally.

Although Fang Bai had never seen a Golden Flood Dragon, he had once encountered a Golden Dragon in the Immortal Realm, knowing it was a formidable member of the Immortal Realm Dragon Clan. If the Golden Flood Dragon in Dragon Lake were indeed its progeny, he felt somewhat connected, and if it were in danger, he would help if he could.

More than two hours passed, and the smooth-as-mirror surface of Dragon Lake suddenly started rippling without wind.

"The Golden Flood Dragon is stirring!"

All the experts intensely monitoring Dragon Lake, including Fang Bai, were suddenly tense, fully alert.

The ripples on the lake became larger and more intense, waves upon waves crashing in succession.

At the center of Dragon Lake, a vortex suddenly appeared, its spinning speed increasing rapidly, extending across a large area, forming a vast, deep hole spanning a hundred meters and reaching the lake's bottom.

"Boom!"

With a water explosion, a ten-zhang-long golden single-horned flood dragon burst from the deep hole in the lake, creating a massive wave and hovering a hundred meters in the air.

The golden-horned flood dragon circled in the air for several breaths, preparing to fly to the distant mountains to hunt, when suddenly, a dark green net a hundred meters wide descended from the clouds.

Simultaneously, nearly a hundred Nascent Soul Realm experts charged from all directions around Dragon Lake, wielding their Spiritual Artifacts, flying swiftly close, tightly gripping the edges of the dark green net, attempting to close it and subdue the Golden Flood Dragon within.

"Naive! If the Golden Flood Dragon could be subdued so easily, I wouldn't have wasted ten years and immense effort to set up that Slaughter Array!"

The Golden City Lord Sikong Changjian, hidden in the grass on the south side of Dragon Lake, coldly watched the nearly hundred Nascent Soul Realm experts attempting to capture the Golden Flood Dragon with the net, with a hint of sarcasm on his face.

In his view, the Golden Flood Dragon was massive, immensely powerful, and its cultivation level surpassed his own. If even he wasn't fully confident of capturing it, what chance did those mere hundred Nascent Soul experts have?

Sikong Changjian remained still, as did the other forces, all coldly observing the situation, ready to act when the time was right.

As expected by Sikong Changjian, after the Golden Flood Dragon was ensnared by the dark green net, it let out an enraged roar and fiercely swung its tail several times, shattering the net, rendering it powerless to restrain it.

The nearly hundred Nascent Soul experts holding the net were sent flying by the immense force of the dragon's tail, with a dozen bodies smashing hard against each other with a dull thud, falling into the lake below.

Within Dragon Lake, along with the Golden Flood Dragon, were hundreds of Golden Scales Crocodiles. Although these creatures were only at the Nascent Soul Realm, their underwater attack power was incredibly formidable. The experts who fell into the lake were quickly surrounded by the Golden Scales Crocodiles, which bit off limbs, dragging them underwater, directly devouring them.

The remaining dozens of Nascent Soul experts, seeing the shattered net and the Golden Flood Dragon's ferocity, shouted and scattered in retreat.

The Golden Flood Dragon rarely lost its temper, but once angered, its retaliation was fierce. How could it let those Nascent Soul experts escape easily?

It opened its maw, spewing strands of golden beams condensed from Gold Spirit Energy, each beam like a gold sword, piercing through several fleeing Nascent Soul experts.

In the blink of an eye, under the continuous golden beam attacks from the Golden Flood Dragon, more than half of the dozens of fleeing Nascent Soul experts fell, while the rest, though escaping by chance, were left with a terrifying shadow in their hearts, never daring to return lightly.

Chapter 1587: Flood Dragon Blood

Sikong Changjian knew that the Golden Flood Dragon, whose attack power was comparable to that of a mid-stage human Soul Severing expert, had strength far beyond that.

If it truly went on a rampage, it could stir up the entire Dragon Lake.

This attack was merely a minor test by the Golden Flood Dragon.

Moreover, Sikong Changjian also knew that with the Golden Flood Dragon's sharp perception, it must have already detected the numerous hidden threats around Dragon Lake. Its slaying of those Nascent Soul experts might also serve to intimidate the lurking forces, making them retreat.

The Golden Flood Dragon's intimidation clearly had a significant effect, as the other lurking forces, seeing nearly a hundred Nascent Soul experts suffer a major loss, dared not make a move lightly.

While the other forces held back, Sikong Changjian could not remain idle.

He had prepared for this for decades and spent ten years setting up layered Slaughter Arrays around Dragon Lake with enormous manpower and resources, precisely for this day. How could he miss such a rare opportunity?

"Kill!"

Sikong Changjian finally made his move.

With a loud cry, he soared into the sky, straight into the clouds.

The Eighteen Warriors followed closely behind.

From a distance of dozens of meters, the nineteen people, led by Sikong Changjian, surrounded the Golden Flood Dragon, forming a large Sword Array.

"Eh? Demon Trapping Array?"

Fang Bai saw the sword array that Sikong Changjian and the others arranged and was taken aback, as it was the Demon Trapping Formation he created in his past life.

He immediately thought that before his ascension in his previous life, he left many fortuitous encounters across the three thousand worlds, waiting for the fated, and somehow Sikong Changjian learned the Demon Trapping Array from one of those.

However, the Demon Trapping Array arranged by Sikong Changjian and the others seemed somewhat unrefined, grasping only a tenth or twentieth of the original formation's essence at best.

But Fang Bai believed that even this unrefined Demon Trapping Formation was many times stronger than the Eighteen Warriors' "Storm Sword Formation," otherwise they wouldn't use it to trap the Golden Flood Dragon.

With the cultivation levels of Sikong Changjian and the nineteen others, if instructed by Fang Bai, they could easily trap the Golden Flood Dragon, and perhaps even slay it.

"Attack!"

After forming the Demon Trapping Array, the nineteen people launched the first wave of attacks.

Sikong Changjian's golden giant sword, along with the eighteen long swords of the Eighteen Warriors, slashed out over a hundred sharp, unmatched sword beams, interwoven with invincible spiritual energy, forming a tight sword net that enveloped the Golden Flood Dragon from all directions.

A human-like cold glint appeared in the Golden Flood Dragon's eyes. Seeing the sword net approaching, its body, ten meters long, spun in the air, instantly releasing ten thousand golden beams that expanded in all directions, sending waves of Water Spirit Qi crashing against the approaching sword net.

During the Golden Flood Dragon's counterattack, it was at its weakest defense. Taking this opportunity, Sikong Changjian pointed his golden giant sword to the sky, releasing a golden sword beam that darted into the clouds.

In an instant, a dark red net, dozens of meters in diameter, descended rapidly from the sky, covering the Golden Flood Dragon.

The dark red net was woven from the tendons of thousands of Single-Horned Golden-Eyed Bulls. Although not as tough as the Golden Flood Dragon's tendons, it was challenging for an ordinary Soul Severing Realm expert to escape once trapped.

"It seems Sikong Changjian put in quite some effort to capture the Golden Flood Dragon!"

Fang Bai mused to himself, sensing the astonishing energy fluctuations and terrifying aura emanating from the dark red net, feeling concerned for the Golden Flood Dragon.

Indeed, after the dark red net enveloped the Golden Flood Dragon, it lashed its tail, twisted its body, attempting to tear the net apart with its usual method, but the more it struggled, the tighter the dark red net bound it.

"Kill!"

Sikong Changjian and the others knew the opportunity was fleeting. With a shout, their eyes shot with electric rays, and the golden beams from the golden giant sword in their hands spat out several feet long, piercing through the gaps in the dark red net, stabbing at the Golden Flood Dragon's weakest point under its neck.

The golden sword beams, like sudden lightning in the night, were dazzling and bright, illuminating the lake as they struck straight at the struggling Golden Flood Dragon's neck.

If it were an ordinary Spiritual Artifact or even a Holy Grade Spirit Stone, it couldn't harm the Golden Flood Dragon, but the golden giant sword was a mid-level King Grade Spiritual Artifact. Combined with Sikong Changjian's power, man and sword as one unleashed astonishing attack power.

"Puff!"

The sound of metal piercing flesh echoed, as the tip of the golden giant sword pierced into the Golden Flood Dragon's body. Although it didn't inflict severe damage, the gushing blood still made the Golden Flood Dragon feel pain.

Injured, the Golden Flood Dragon was evidently enraged, emitting a roar almost like dragon's cry, its tail coiling back with a massive surge of water, whipping straight at Sikong Changjian.

Sikong Changjian shielded himself with spiritual energy and blocked with the golden giant sword, yet was still flung back dozens of meters by the tremendous force of the dragon tail, his internal organs churning, his expression changing dramatically.

Clearly, in a one-on-one fight, Sikong Changjian was no match for the Golden Flood Dragon.

The Spirit Serpent Venerable lurking atop a towering tree, also a mid-stage Soul Severing expert, watched the Golden Flood Dragon's strike and thought he'd struggle to withstand it just as Sikong Changjian did, albeit less embarrassingly.

Nobody expected the Golden Flood Dragon in Dragon Lake to be so powerful!

The Golden Flood Dragon, having flung Sikong Changjian away, struggled mightily, attempting to escape the dark red net woven from Single-Horned Golden-Eyed Bull tendons. Yet, the net's resilience was overwhelming, expanding and contracting with its struggle, never tearing.

Eighteen beams of golden light slashed through the air, as the Eighteen Warriors forming the Storm Sword Formation launched a fierce assault on the Golden Flood Dragon.

Sikong Changjian knew the net couldn't restrain the Golden Flood Dragon for long. With time fleeting, he gritted his teeth, boldly advancing once more.

The nineteen strongest individuals of the City Lord Mansion joined forces against the Golden Flood Dragon high above Dragon Lake. Golden light shone, spiritual energy surged, and the immense pressure spread in all directions, stirring the entire lake as towering waves rose continually.

Bound by the net, the Golden Flood Dragon's power was significantly restricted, yet its counterattacks remained formidable. Its giant tail swung left and right, leaving no foe to withstand even a single clash.

Sikong Changjian and the others were repeatedly flung away by the dragon tail, with some of their clothes torn and blood dripping from their mouths, evidently suffering serious injuries.

Meanwhile, the Golden Flood Dragon was covered in scars, bleeding profusely, its blood dripping continuously into Dragon Lake below.

The Golden Flood Dragon was half-dragon, and its blood was incredibly precious, capable of enhancing the effects or power of Spirit Pills or Spiritual Artifacts if used in refining.

In normal times, obtaining even a drop of Golden Flood Dragon blood was nearly impossible, but now the blood was gushing out, dripping like rain into the lake, wasted, making the lurking forces nearby deeply regretful.

Chapter 1588: Joining Forces

In the end, only a few Martial Artists lurking around Dragon Lake, aware that they couldn't touch the Golden Flood Dragon, couldn't hold back and flew to the surface of the lake, taking out jade bottles or other containers from their Space Rings to collect the Golden Flood Dragon's blood.

Some Martial Artists didn't even let the dragon's blood that had fallen into the lake, yet not dispersed, go to waste, scooping up both blood and water to purify it later.

However, as a noble and proud Spirit Beast, how could the Golden Flood Dragon allow human Martial Artists to easily take its blood?

Seeing many human Martial Artists frantically snatching its fallen blood, the Golden Flood Dragon was thoroughly enraged, its eyes quickly covered with a layer of blood-red, looking skyward, it let out a roar resembling a dragon's.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Amidst the Golden Flood Dragon's roar, the water of Dragon Lake began boiling furiously, constantly exploding.

The exploding lake water turned into countless icy arrows, shooting into the sky like a celestial maiden scattering flowers.

Many Martial Artists collecting the dragon's blood were caught off guard, pierced through by the icy arrows, some dying on the spot, others severely injured and falling into the water, only to be devoured by Spirit Beasts within the lake.

In moments, the lake surface was shrouded in a mist of blood, beneath the surface blood spread like dye, everywhere was blood-red.

"All hidden friends, please act swiftly, or if this net is broken, we will have no chance to hunt the Golden Flood Dragon again! I, Sikong Changjian, pledge on the honor of the Golden City Lord that if the Golden Flood Dragon is slain, all who assist will receive a share!"

Sikong Changjian saw that the net and Demon Trapping Array he had prepared for ten years could hardly restrain the Golden Flood Dragon, knowing that in moments, the net would be torn apart by the Golden Flood Dragon, and the Demon Trapping Array would lose its effect, surely unable to withstand the furious Golden Flood Dragon's attack, thus he had no choice but to call for help.

He knew that there were several powerful forces lurking around Dragon Lake, and only by the alliances of these forces was there hope to hunt the Golden Flood Dragon, otherwise, it would be a futile effort with no gain.

And Spirit Serpent Venerable and others, facing the Golden Flood Dragon alone, stood no chance, acknowledging Sikong Changjian's truth that only by joining forces did they have hope to hunt the Golden Flood Dragon.

If they each fought alone, none could hope to kill the Golden Flood Dragon, and once the Golden Flood Dragon dived back into Dragon Lake, killing it later would be exceedingly difficult.

The several hidden forces were initially adversaries of the City Lord Mansion, but at this time, for mutual benefit, everyone had to abandon past prejudices and jointly ambush the Golden Flood Dragon.

Thus, over a hundred figures, soared from the grasslands and forests around Dragon Lake, gathering alongside Sikong Changjian and the Eighteen Battle Generals, confronting the Golden Flood Dragon together.

Rip!

The sound of tearing echoed, and the dark red net was bitten and torn by the Golden Flood Dragon using its sharp teeth, its enormous body twisting a few times before bursting out of the net's gap, regaining freedom.

Roar!

The Golden Flood Dragon roared toward the sky, its voice echoing in all directions, startling the Spirit Beasts in the lake to dive into deep water, while Spirit Beasts in the surrounding mountains lay low, not daring to move.

An unbound Golden Flood Dragon could unleash its strongest combat power, and an injured yet freely moving Golden Flood Dragon, when berserk, could boost its combat power by thirty percent.

Once a powerful Water System Spirit Beast like the Golden Flood Dragon transforms into a dragon, it can summon clouds, rain, and swallow rivers.

And although this Golden Flood Dragon in front did not have the ability to summon rain, it could easily manipulate Water Spirit Qi, forming various shapes to attack.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

...

The enraged Golden Flood Dragon opened its mouth, spewing countless ice arrows, launching an attack on the hundred human experts opposite.

The dense rain-like ice arrows broke through the air with sharpness, easily penetrating the Defense Qi Shields formed before some human experts, piercing through their bodies, severely injuring them.

“Friends, this dragon is innately vicious, we must give our all to slay it!”

Sikong Changjian cried out, first to wield his Golden Greatsword, slashing through the air toward the Golden Flood Dragon.

Other experts also each unleashed their Spiritual Artifacts or launched attacks with various mystery secret techniques.

The “clang” sounds were endless, as the crisp clashes between Spiritual Artifacts and ice arrows echoed; ice arrows kept disappearing, but some Spiritual Artifacts were forcefully broken.

A great battle between nearly a hundred human Nascent Soul Experts, Soul Severing Experts, and the Golden Flood Dragon unfolded in the sky above Dragon Lake, a hundred meters high.

With every confrontation between the two sides, fierce shockwaves were produced; the expanding shockwaves continuously caused the lake water to explode, stirring monstrous waves.

The Golden Flood Dragon, never easily provoking humans, once driven to ferocity, was exceptionally fierce in combat, with each tail swipe and ice arrow spray claiming at least one human expert, and its cost was merely one or two minor wounds.

Moreover, the Golden Flood Dragon's blood had special self-healing abilities, no matter how serious the injury, as long as life force wasn't cut off, it could quickly recover to initial condition.

This was precisely what Sikong Changjian, the Golden City Lord, feared most, aware that if this hunt for the Golden Flood Dragon failed, the City Lord Mansion would never again find peace, and he might not be able to maintain his position as City Lord.

Though Sikong Changjian's position as City Lord was won through strength, if he brought trouble upon Golden City, how would the millions of Martial Artists accept him? When everyone opposed him, he could hardly continue as City Lord!

Sikong Changjian shot a sideways glance, seeing that even though Spirit Serpent Venerable, the strongest in cultivation among everyone, had acted, he hadn't gone all out, seemingly holding back, anger welled inside him, and he shouted loudly, "Spirit Serpent Venerable, if you don't give it your all now, when will you?"

Spirit Serpent Venerable chuckled, "If we slay this dragon, the Flood Dragon Pill must belong to me! Else, I withdraw immediately and no longer participate in the hunt for the Golden Flood Dragon!"

"You!"

The Flood Dragon Pill was the most crucial item on the Golden Flood Dragon, and Sikong Changjian desired it most; he never expected Spirit Serpent Venerable to use it as leverage, making him both angry and anxious.

But at this moment, if the strongest Spirit Serpent Venerable withdrew, it would definitely frustrate other experts' morale, possibly causing the hard-earned alliance to crumble, making it even harder to hunt the Golden Flood Dragon.

"Fine, I agree! The Flood Dragon Pill is yours then!"

Sikong Changjian said with a somber expression.

"Swear a venomous oath publicly! Else I won't believe you!"

Spirit Serpent Venerable added.

Sikong Changjian was nearly exploding with rage, holding back the rising fury in his chest, he declared word by word, "I, Sikong Changjian, hereby swear: if we can kill the Golden Flood Dragon, the Flood Dragon Pill belongs to Spirit Serpent Venerable. If I break this oath, may I be struck by lightning and die a horrible death!"

He made the vow publicly, unless he wanted no reputation or shame, he'd have to abide by it.

Spirit Serpent Venerable displayed an expression of satisfaction, laughing loudly, his attack suddenly becoming fiercer.

Chapter 1589: Beast Tide

As the only mid-level Soul Severing Expert present, Spirit Serpent Venerable unleashed his full strength, instantly turning around the situation where the human Martial Artists were struggling to cope, allowing them to both attack and defend against the Golden Flood Dragon.

The Golden Flood Dragon was smarter than most human Martial Artists. It knew Spirit Serpent Venerable was the key figure on the human side, so the majority of its attacks were directed at him.

As a result, Sikong Changjian and the others found themselves with a bit more ease.

However, Sikong Changjian and the others were not in the least bit relieved, nor dared to be complacent, because they knew if Spirit Serpent Venerable went down, they would be doomed as well.

This way, the humans, who originally had different motives, instead became united in their efforts.

“You beast dare!”

Forced into a flurry by the Golden Flood Dragon’s attacks, Spirit Serpent Venerable was furious and his fierce disposition was roused.

His body suddenly rose several meters, and with continuous swipes of his hands in the void, a stream of black mist surged out, converging into a dark cloud dozens of meters wide, which enshrouded the Golden Flood Dragon opposite him.

The ink cloud formed by the black mist contained a deadly poison capable of corroding even refined steel and meteorite iron. Spirit Serpent Venerable believed that even with its strong physical defense, the Golden Flood Dragon could not withstand his potent toxin.

“Swish!”

The Golden Flood Dragon spewed out a large amount of mist, hoping to dispel the ink cloud, but the cloud expanded rapidly upon contact with the moisture, growing several times larger, instantly enveloping the massive body of the Golden Flood Dragon.

Under the soft “sizzling” sounds, the surface of the Golden Flood Dragon was corroded by the intense toxicity of the ink cloud, forming one black blister after another. Upon rupturing, black, inky blood gushed out.

The waves of pain from its body made the Golden Flood Dragon involuntarily roll in the air, and as it thrashed around, the ink cloud gradually dispersed.

Looking intently at this moment, it could be seen that the Golden Flood Dragon was entirely covered with oozing black poisonous blood, seemingly heavily injured. However, the powerful Self-Healing abilities in its blood caused its wounds to mend at a speed visible to the naked eye.

“Everyone, if not now, then when?”

Spirit Serpent Venerable’s cold voice rang out.

Spirit Serpent Venerable knew that the poison mist he released could only temporarily inflict wounds on the Golden Flood Dragon, far from taking its life. At this moment, when the Golden Flood Dragon was most hurt and its defense was weakest, a combined fierce attack from others might just inflict a greater injury on the beast.

Spirit Serpent Venerable even thought this might be their last chance to capture and kill the Golden Flood Dragon, as once it managed to dive into the water and lick its wounds at the lake’s bottom, no matter how great their skills, they could do nothing to it.

Sikong Changjian and the others seemed to understand this logic as well, hence nearly a hundred Spiritual Artifacts rose into the air, raining down upon the Golden Flood Dragon.

The Golden Flood Dragon spewed out beams of golden light, destroying one Spiritual Artifact after another that was attacking, but with nearly a hundred Spiritual Artifacts, it simply couldn’t destroy them all in a moment, leaving the majority to land on its body, rendering it a bloody mess instantly.

The number of human Martial Artists was overwhelming, and before the Golden Flood Dragon could catch its breath, the next wave of attacks had already arrived, causing dozens more wounds in an instant.

Although these wounds were not large, when combined together they appeared shocking.

The Golden Flood Dragon wanted to dive into the lake below to escape but was tightly entangled by nearly a hundred Martial Artists, leaving it no chance at all.

It seemed to realize its crisis, continuously raising its head to issue roaring dragon cries, expressing intense indignation and unrest.

Just then, howling sounds also emanated from the mountains on the north side of Dragon Lake.

This sudden howling made the human warriors engaged in the fierce battle above Dragon Lake vaguely feel something amiss.

However, the Golden Flood Dragon's spirits were suddenly lifted.

From those howling sounds, the Golden Flood Dragon sensed a goodwill from a human expert, who even seemed intent on helping it.

The human experts, feeling something amiss after the howling started, formed incantations with their hands, desperately controlling their Spiritual Artifacts to intensify the attack.

The Golden Flood Dragon's cries grew more urgent, the situation increasingly dire.

"Quick, look, what is that?"

Some experts who had been lurking around Dragon Lake and had not dispersed saw large swaths of "dark clouds" surging from the northern mountains.

"It's Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats... My God, at least tens of thousands of them!"

Upon narrowing their eyes for a closer look, these experts discovered that the dark clouds were composed of tens of thousands of Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats.

A closer examination of those Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats revealed each one as large as a millstone, and based on the aura they emitted, the vast majority were comparable to human Golden Pill Experts, with a small fraction even akin to human Nascent Soul Realm Experts.

If only tens or hundreds of such Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats attacked, the experts present, including Spirit Serpent Venerable and several others in the Soul Severing Realm, could easily wipe them out with a snap of the fingers, unafraid of them at all.

However, with tens of thousands of Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats swarming in hordes like an enveloping sky, it was truly terrifying.

Ordinary Nascent Soul Experts were utterly powerless to resist when faced with such a massive horde of Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats, and even Eighteen Battle Generals, who had just advanced to the Nascent Soul Perfection realm, would find it headache-inducing and exhausting to cope.

Only Spirit Serpent Venerable and Sikong Changjian, the two Soul Severing realm experts, might remain unscathed under the onslaught of tens of thousands of Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats.

“Buzz!”

Tens of thousands of Spirit Beasts rapidly approached, their wings creating a buzzing sound that made the eardrums tremble.

“Ah!”

The dozen or so early Nascent Soul stage experts closest to the Spirit Beast horde failed to escape in time and became engulfed in the tide of Spirit Beasts, letting out despairing screams after resisting for a few breaths before being overwhelmed by the beasts.

A dozen breaths later, as the Spirit Beast horde howled past, the early Nascent Soul stage experts were reduced to skeletons, stripped of flesh, grotesque, and frightening.

A dozen early Nascent Soul stage experts faced with such a massive Spirit Beast horde showed not the slightest resistance, a sight that made the other experts gasp.

However, there was no longer any opportunity to flee, and the only remaining strategy was to fight desperately.

Thus, the vast majority of experts ceased attacking the Golden Flood Dragon, instead standing back to back, forming a defensive formation to resist the tidal wave of the Spirit Beast horde, thinking first to keep their own lives.

With this shift, the pressure on the Golden Flood Dragon was significantly reduced, allowing it to regain its vigor and start countering the few human Martial Artists still attacking it, quickly gaining the upper hand.

Recognizing the tide had turned against them, Spirit Serpent Venerable and Sikong Changjian gave a resigned sigh, preparing to break out and escape.

The two Soul Severing experts were formidable in their strength, and having decided to flee, they targeted the weakest defended spots in the Spirit Beast horde to launch attacks, attempting to cut a path of blood.

Large swathes of Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats suffered casualties under the overwhelming and aggressive assault from the two, falling into the lake, and it seemed they were about to break through.

Chapter 1590: Soul Severing

A white-robed man holding a blood blade shot like a streak of white lightning from the distant mountains, blocking the escape route of Spirit Serpent Venerable and Sikong Changjian.

The long, controlling howls commanding the Spirit Beast army to attack came from the mouth of the white-robed man.

"It's actually him!"

"You brat, how did you escape?"

When they saw the face of the white-robed man through the dense Spirit Beast swarm, both Spirit Serpent Venerable and Sikong Changjian exclaimed in surprise.

Sikong Changjian thought that this kid with the blood blade was captured by Spirit Serpent Venerable before, so how could he suddenly appear here?

As for Spirit Serpent Venerable, he was even more shocked and felt something was amiss.

He had thrown Fang Bai into that cave, and before leaving, not only sealed Fang Bai's Qi Sea, rendering him unable to circulate Spiritual Energy, but also set up heavy defenses at the entrance.

By all reasoning, Fang Bai should absolutely not be able to escape the cave on his own, but how to explain what was seen now?

The first thought that Spirit Serpent Venerable had upon seeing Fang Bai was that some other expert had broken the Formation set up outside the cave and the seal on Fang Bai's Qi Sea to rescue him, and that expert's strength should be no less than his own.

Fortunately, Spirit Serpent Venerable looked around and only saw Fang Bai alone, not discovering any other expert accompanying him, otherwise Spirit Serpent Venerable would certainly feel incredibly troubled.

"It's me! Surprised?"

Facing Sikong Changjian and Spirit Serpent Venerable's shocked expressions, Fang Bai grinned mockingly.

He then emitted an even clearer and urgent howling sound, causing tens of thousands of Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats to go insane and attack recklessly.

Even the hundreds upon thousands of Water System Spirit Beasts in Dragon Lake below, in response to the howl, kept emerging, ready to devour whoever came near.

"A beast tamer... he's actually a beast tamer..."

Many experts at the scene looked at Fang Bai, whose strange howls controlled the Spirit Beasts with fear in their eyes.

An ordinary beast tamer who could control one or several normal Spirit Beasts was not terrifying, but a beast tamer who could simultaneously control thousands of Spirit Beasts, including many in the Nascent Soul Realm, was indeed frightening.

Although Fang Bai's cultivation level was only at Nascent Soul Perfection and couldn't compare to Spirit Serpent Venerable, a mid-Soul Severing realm expert, if Spirit Serpent Venerable had known Fang Bai was such a formidable beast tamer, he probably wouldn't have provoked Fang Bai so easily.

After all, in this world, whether an Alchemist, Artifact Refiner, or Beast Tamer, they couldn't be provoked easily, especially beast tamers, as they could control Spirit Beasts for attack and defense, making Martial Artists wary of them.

Spirit Serpent Venerable knew the enmity between him and Fang Bai could no longer be resolved, and facing each other now, the outcome would be either he dies or I perish.

"You brat, die!"

Spirit Serpent Venerable waved his hands in the air, generating waves of black clouds that opened a path through the dense Spirit Beast swarm, surging toward Fang Bai.

In Spirit Serpent Venerable's eyes, even the mighty body of Gold Dragon was wounded by his summoned black clouds, so although Fang Bai possessed the Extraordinary Holy Body, he still couldn't compare to the strong physique of a Spirit Beast like Gold Dragon, and would surely be heavily injured.

How could he have known that Fang Bai's body was inherently immune to all poisons, and the black clouds he released posed no threat to Fang Bai at all?

"Haha, let's see where you will escape this time!"

Seeing Fang Bai enveloped by the black clouds, Spirit Serpent Venerable proudly laughed.

Yet the next moment, he was dumbfounded and looked on in disbelief.

The black clouds were dispersed by several blood-colored rays slashed out by Fang Bai with his blood-red blade, disappearing without a trace, while Fang Bai himself was unscathed, not showing any signs of being corroded by the lethal poison.

Sikong Changjian remained silent, wielding his massive golden sword to fiercely slash at the Swarm of Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats charging at him, propelling forward nonstop.

"Brother, it was Spirit Serpent Venerable who captured you, if you want revenge, you should look for him! I hold no grudges with you, can you spare my life?"

Seeing Fang Bai unmoved, he added, "I only ask for you to withdraw these Spirit Beasts attacking me, and I'll even concede the position of Golden City Lord to you!"

The vast swarm of Spirit Beasts left Sikong Changjian handling them with difficulty, feeling distressed, as he knew continuing like this would exhaust his Spiritual Energy before he became an opponent for that Golden Dragon.

This white-robed youth was clearly aligned with Golden Dragon, so lowering himself and showing submission seemed a wise choice to Sikong Changjian.

After all, he had painstakingly cultivated to reach the Soul Severing realm and still had hundreds of years to live, possibly even advancing further to ascend to immortality wasn't impossible. If he were to fall here, what a waste it would be?

"Sikong Changjian, we agreed to join forces against our enemies, how can you compromise?"

Seeing Sikong Changjian yield to Fang Bai, Spirit Serpent Venerable felt both shocked and angry, knowing full well that if Fang Bai let Sikong Changjian leave, he'd then join forces with Golden Dragon to fully attack himself, putting him in real danger.

Sikong Changjian ignored Spirit Serpent Venerable, defending against the Spirit Beast attacks while looking at Fang Bai with hopeful eyes.

"Neither you nor Spirit Serpent Venerable are good! If you want me to spare you, ask if Golden Dragon agrees first!"

Fang Bai said coldly, his eyes emitting a chilling glare.

Sikong Changjian was stumped by the remark, knowing full well that Golden Dragon detested him deeply and wouldn't let him go.

Spirit Serpent Venerable chuckled gleefully, taunting, "Sikong Changjian, you're trying to curry favor, but the other won't even give you a chance. Isn't this awkward? Isn't this embarrassing? Haha...hahaha..."

"Shut your damn mouth!"

Sikong Changjian cursed furiously and said to Fang Bai, "Golden Dragon is a Spirit Beast, and they're often fierce. If you ally with it, be careful of it turning against you and costing you your life!"

Fang Bai replied, "I understand Spirit Beasts better than you do, good or evil. Don't bother worrying about me on this!"

Sikong Changjian retorted bitterly, "So, there's no discussion between us?"

Fang Bai shook his head.

Furious, Sikong Changjian declared, "Do you think it's easy to kill me? Now, let me show you my strength!"

His body trembled lightly, and a light flashed at his Qi Sea, surprisingly summoning a clone unique to Soul Severing experts.

The clone, evolved from the Nascent Soul, appeared identical to the Martial Artist's body once summoned outside, differing only in the lack of blood, flesh, and emotions.

Only when a Martial Artist reached Soul Severing Perfection could their clone be endowed with blood, flesh, and emotions, becoming a living entity.

A Soul Severing expert could have their clone wander externally, take action for them, and serve as a second life.