

Doctor 1591

Chapter 1591: Both Bow and Ding Appear

The cultivation level of Sikong Changjian is only at the initial stage of Soul Severing, and his clone is currently just a solidified entity of spiritual energy, far from reaching a state of flesh and blood life.

However, once his clone is summoned, it can fight alongside his main body, effectively increasing his strength by half.

Sikong Changjian's clone also wields a sword-shaped spiritual artifact, which, although not as formidable as the golden greatsword in the main body's hand, is still a superior holy grade spiritual artifact.

The clone of Sikong Changjian stood side by side with the main body, then, controlled by the main body, performed unified attack and defense maneuvers. In an instant, countless spirit beasts were killed and injured under their combined force, carving out a bloody path to approach Fang Bai.

"You want to kill me, then I will make you die first!"

Sikong Changjian soared into the air, brandishing the golden greatsword and slashed down at Fang Bai.

Fang Bai was well-prepared and withdrew dozens of feet back, ready to counterattack, when suddenly from a distance the golden flood dragon emitted a dragon's roar and charged forward, seemingly intending to help him deal with Sikong Changjian.

"Little Flood Dragon, that short old man with the mid-stage Soul Severing level is too powerful, I can't handle him. You go handle him! This person, leave him to me!"

Fang Bai gestured as he spoke.

The ferociously powerful golden flood dragon, comparable in strength to a mid-stage Soul Severing human, was called "Little Flood Dragon" by Fang Bai, but showed no discontent. It turned its head and rushed towards the Spirit Serpent Venerable attempting to escape, entwining him.

The Spirit Serpent Venerable tried to escape but couldn't, and in a state of fury, simply summoned his own clone to fight the golden flood dragon.

Meanwhile, tens of thousands of Scorpion Tail Bees and Blood-Sucking Bats changed their attack target to Sikong Changjian's eighteen warriors and other powerful beings.

The eighteen warriors and other powerful beings were all only Nascent Soul level cultivators, how could they withstand the attacks from tens of thousands of beast swarms? In moments, they all fell, their corpses reduced to skeletal remains, sinking into the lake.

The water of Dragon Lake had turned blood-red, with skeletal remains floating on the surface, grim as a human hell.

Meanwhile, Fang Bai retracted his divine sense, and once the spirit beasts were freed from control, they quickly dispersed, flying back into their deep mountain forests.

The tremulous buzzing over the lake soon vanished, and the world seemed to suddenly become calm again.

The various factions that were watching the battle from afar had already fled the moment the spirit beast swarms appeared, not daring to return for fear of getting caught in the crossfire.

Thus, at this moment around the lake, besides Fang Bai in confrontation with Sikong Changjian, Spirit Serpent Venerable, and the golden flood dragon, there was no one else present.

Initially, Sikong Changjian was apprehensive of the golden flood dragon interfering, so he didn't dare make a swift move to kill Fang Bai. Seeing the golden flood dragon locked in battle with the Spirit Serpent Venerable and its clone, unable to determine a victor in a short time, Sikong Changjian finally lost patience. The golden greatsword was sent forth into the air, aiming to stab Fang Bai from above.

Even at this moment, Sikong Changjian harbored hopes of joining forces with the Spirit Serpent Venerable to slay the golden flood dragon, and in order to eliminate Fang Bai and rid himself of the distraction, Sikong Changjian decided to strike with full force to kill him.

As he sent forth the golden greatsword to stab Fang Bai, his clone attacked from behind Fang Bai as well.

With both the main body and the clone combined, their power far exceeded that of an initial stage Soul Severing expert, striving for a one-shot kill.

But how would Fang Bai respond after losing the support of the spirit beast swarm?

In fact, Fang Bai had already been confident before releasing the spirit beast swarm. Facing the incoming golden greatsword, he summoned the divine artifact Houyi Bow, shooting an arrow infused with spiritual energy and blood essence, intercepting the golden greatsword.

At the same time, he also summoned the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron, smashing it towards the clone of Sikong Changjian behind him.

The Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron is a proper divine artifact. Due to unfamiliarity with its operation, Fang Bai used it sparingly, but at this critical moment, he had no choice but to expend a large amount of divine sense and spiritual energy to summon it, smashing it down heavily.

The smash of the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron carried a force of tens of thousands of pounds, heavier than a mountain. The clone seemed to realize the threat, raising its spiritual artifact to block with all its might.

“Boom!”

When the tens of thousands of pounds heavy Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron slammed down, it abruptly erupted with ten thousand feet of green glow, its power increasing, directly shattering the superior holy grade spiritual artifact in the hands of Sikong Changjian’s clone. Its momentum unabated, it then crashed onto the clone’s head, causing severe injury.

The Martial Artist’s clone and main body are closely connected, and when the clone is severely injured, the main body is also affected.

Sikong Changjian's main body swayed, his face pale as paper, just about to recall the clone, but unexpectedly Fang Bai willed it so, and the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron rose again and smashed down, forcibly crushing the clone to pieces.

"Puff!"

Sikong Changjian's main body spewed a mouthful of fresh blood. The fall of the clone caused his main body's combat strength to instantly halve, and even the golden greatsword, he could no longer control at will.

Sikong Changjian had planned to secure his victory, but never expected that the bow and cauldron Fang Bai summoned were both so powerful that instead of gaining the upper hand, he suffered severe injuries.

Although he realized the two artifacts Fang Bai summoned were in no way inferior in grade to his own blood-colored long knife originally, at that moment, Sikong Changjian could only think about escaping, with no mind to covet them.

"Thinking of fleeing?"

Seeing Sikong Changjian transform into a streak of light to escape, Fang Bai sneered, mustering all his strength, and shot another arrow with the Houyi Bow.

"Swoosh!"

The arrow, infused with spiritual energy and blood essence, released terrifying energy waves, trailing flames like lightning across the sky, pursuing Sikong Changjian with unstoppable momentum, piercing through his protective spiritual energy from the back and passing through his body.

"Urgh..."

Sikong Changjian grunted, falling into the lake, where his body was torn apart by the spirit beasts within, leading to his demise.

Fang Bai, after drawing his bow and shooting twice, and summoning the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron twice, had exhausted both his spiritual energy and divine sense. As the last arrow was released, he felt drained, his head spinning. After retrieving the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron and the Houyi Bow, he blacked out, temporarily losing consciousness, and fell towards Dragon Lake.

As Fang Bai fainted and fell into the water, the golden flood dragon's roar resounded again. The spirit beasts in the lake heard it and immediately retreated.

Fang Bai's body fell into the water, slowly sinking to the bottom of the lake, where a silver-scaled crocodile several feet long supported his body, placing him on a smooth Water Spirit Stone at the lake's bottom.

No one knows how long had passed, Fang Bai only felt his body warm and comfortable beyond words.

He slowly opened his eyes, finding himself lying flat, with the massive body of the golden flood dragon coiled beside him, and above his chest, a Flood Dragon Pill, the size of a fist, suspended, its shimmering glow enveloping his entire body.

The Flood Dragon Pill of the golden flood dragon possessed astonishing healing abilities, and Fang Bai felt the spiritual energy and divine sense he had exhausted rapidly recovering.

In fact, without the golden flood dragon's Flood Dragon Pill, Fang Bai's Chaos True Body had special traits allowing a swift recovery to peak strength, but he was too lazy to circulate his cultivation technique and simply lay there comfortably, letting the golden flood dragon nurse him with the Flood Dragon Pill.

Chapter 1592: Five Elements Space Ring

Fang Bai was currently situated on a gigantic stone bed, located at the deepest part of Dragon Lake.

Because the stone bed itself could emit light, the area within a ten-zhang radius was brightly illuminated.

Beyond that, it was completely dark.

Fortunately, Fang Bai felt that his strength had fully recovered. After spreading his Divine Sense, he could detect movements within dozens of miles at the lake's bottom.

The Water Spirit Qi released by the stone bed formed a Spirit Qi Shield around Fang Bai, isolating the surrounding lake water and preventing it from intruding.

In the distant darkness of the lake, many Water System Spirit Beasts were slowly moving. These beasts were non-aggressive, seemingly guarding Fang Bai.

Before long, the lake water subtly flowed. As Fang Bai focused his gaze, he first saw two lantern-like eyes, followed by a flash of golden light. A ten-zhang long Golden Flood Dragon leaped out from the dark waters and swam before him.

"Human, thank you for saving me! Without you, I might have been captured and dismembered by now!"

The head of the Golden Flood Dragon was much larger than Fang Bai's body. It extended its head towards Fang Bai, rubbing its head against him, its human-like eyes showing gratitude and goodwill.

The Golden Flood Dragon could also transform into human form, but unlike other Spirit Beasts, its transformation was more difficult and consumed more spiritual energy, so it often remained in its dragon body.

"You don't need to thank me. I killed those Martial Artists for you because they had provoked me before."

Fang Bai amiably patted the head of the Golden Flood Dragon and smiled, saying: "In fact, I should thank you! You used the Flood Dragon Pill to help condition my body, which cost you a lot. It seems it would take at least three to five months of cultivation for you to recover, right?"

The huge head of the Golden Flood Dragon shook, and it said: "It's nothing, you saved me, so of course I must help you!"

Fang Bai looked at the immense golden body of the Golden Flood Dragon and asked: "Little Flood Dragon, I've heard your ancestor was a True Dragon that ascended to the Immortal Realm, is that true?"

The head of the Golden Flood Dragon slightly raised, proudly saying: "That's true! There is a trace of dragon blood in my veins, and as my lifespan grows and my cultivation deepens, the dragon blood becomes purer. If I have the chance to pass the Heavenly Tribulation, I might follow my ancestor's footsteps and transform into a dragon and ascend."

The Golden Flood Dragon's eyes sparkled with hope.

Fang Bai nodded and said: "Perhaps I can help you."

The Golden Flood Dragon was visibly taken aback and said: "Hmm? Human, what do you mean by this? Your cultivation is only at Nascent Soul Perfection! How can you help me?"

Fang Bai replied: "Do you know the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture'?"

The Golden Flood Dragon was again taken aback, then shook its head slowly.

Fang Bai continued to ask: "Then do you know about the Dragon Clan?"

The Golden Flood Dragon excitedly said: "I know. We Golden Flood Dragons are descendants of the ancient Dragon Clan!"

Fang Bai nodded and said: "What I speak of, the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture,' is the supreme cultivation treasure of your Dragon Clan. Only those who practice the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture' have the chance to transform into a dragon and ascend!"

The Golden Flood Dragon's eyes flickered, staring at Fang Bai and asking: "Human, how do you know about this?"

Fang Bai mysteriously smiled and said: "I heard it from a miraculous person with great powers. That person by chance learned the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture,' and thus gained much understanding of the ancient Dragon Clan. I too, by chance, learned the Dragon Transformation Scripture from that person..."

At this point, looking into the eager and excited eyes of the Golden Flood Dragon, he asked: "Little Flood Dragon, do you want to learn the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture'?"

"Yes!"

The Golden Flood Dragon nodded vigorously.

From Fang Bai's gaze, the Golden Flood Dragon knew this human was not maliciously deceiving it; it only couldn't understand why this human was so kind, passing on the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture,' such a precious Dragon Clan cultivation secret, after just one meeting.

The Golden Flood Dragon certainly wouldn't know that in Fang Bai's previous life in the Immortal Realm, he was close friends with the Clan Leader of the Dragon Clan, and he indeed had the intention to support this descendant of the Dragon Clan.

As for the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture,' it was indeed taught by a miraculous person, which was none other than the Clan Leader of the Dragon Clan in the Immortal Realm.

Back when Fang Bai and the Dragon Clan Leader were discussing cultivating Immortal Law, the Dragon Clan Leader had shown him the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture' for advice. Fang Bai had pointed out many of its flaws, making the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture' more complete and reasonable, thus making it simpler and easier for Dragon Clan descendants to cultivate.

Therefore, Fang Bai probably knew more about the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture' than the true descendants of the Dragon Clan.

Without any delay, while sitting on the Spirit Stone Bed, Fang Bai immediately began teaching the Golden Flood Dragon, word by word, the supreme cultivation method of the Dragon Clan, the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture.'

The intelligence of the Golden Flood Dragon far exceeded that of ordinary humans, comparable to human Martial Dao geniuses. As Fang Bai imparted the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture' to it, its eyes shone with excitement, and in its thrill, its massive body kept revolving, stirring the entire water of Dragon Lake.

Fang Bai laughed heartily and said: "Little Flood Dragon, the 'Dragon Transformation Scripture' has already been passed to you. How far you can cultivate all depends on your own Wuxing! Here, I wish for you to soon transform into a dragon and ascend to the Immortal Realm!"

"Human, what is your name?"

Seeing Fang Bai about to leave, the Golden Flood Dragon bit onto his clothes and wouldn't let go, asking.

Fang Bai said: "My name is Fang Bai. We will meet again!"

"Fang Bai, please wait a moment!"

The Golden Flood Dragon dove into the dark depths of the lake and returned shortly after, gesturing for Fang Bai to extend his palm.

Fang Bai opened his left palm, and the Golden Flood Dragon opened its mouth and spat out three rings.

"This is..."

Fang Bai discovered that one of the rings was ancient and bore complicated patterns, distinct from the others. With a slight sound, he infused his Divine Sense into that ring, finding that it contained mountains and water, trees and grass, as well as numerous small Spirit Beasts among the bushes and woods. The space within spanned several hundred miles, like a miniature world.

"This is the Five Elements Space Ring!"

Fang Bai exclaimed.

Ordinary Space Rings could only hold inanimate and lifeless objects, and their space was small.

Yet the Five Elements Space Ring had a vast area, with its space incorporating the five elements of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth, almost capable of holding all forms of life.

In truth, the Five Elements Space Ring was a supremely valuable treasure that only existed in the Immortal Realm. It's surprising to find it in this vast realm of three thousand worlds, and moreover, obtained by the Golden Flood Dragon.

"This Five Elements Space Ring has existed at the lake bottom since my birth. I don't know who discarded it here. I'm giving it to you now as a token of my gratitude."

The Golden Flood Dragon stated sincerely.

Fang Bai was extremely fond of this Five Elements Space Ring and, without pretense, wore it on his finger.

As for the other two rings, Fang Bai quickly scanned them with his Divine Sense, realizing they belonged to Spirit Serpent Venerable and Sikong Changjian, filled with a wealth of cultivation resources, with a considerable portion being King Grade items.

Chapter 1593: Familiar Aura

Fang Bai tossed everything on him into the Five Elements Space Ring, then lifted the arm wearing it and smiled at the Golden Flood Dragon, saying: "Little Jiaolong, thank you! I really like the things you gave me!"

He paused for a moment, looked upwards, and said: "I've stayed at the bottom of the lake for a few days, it's about time I leave."

Seeing Fang Bai about to leave, the Golden Flood Dragon's eyes showed a sense of nostalgia, saying: "Fang Bai, you're the most congenial human martial artist I've ever met! I hope we can meet again someday."

Fang Bai replied: "If fate allows, we will meet again. Little Jiaolong, farewell!"

"Goodbye, Fang Bai."

The Golden Flood Dragon watched as Fang Bai departed, feeling a bit lost, and after a moment coiled up on the stone bed, starting to comprehend the "Dragon Transformation Scripture" taught by Fang Bai.

Fang Bai burst out from Dragon Lake, flying over Golden City, and found that the previously serene Golden City had descended into chaos, with many strong auras battling to claim the position of the new City Lord.

Fang Bai shook his head, feeling there was no point in staying, and flew towards the distant mountains.

Flying above the mountainous region, Fang Bai let out a long whistle, summoning the Wind Roc. Together, they set off again to explore the three thousand worlds.

On this day, Fang Bai's Divine Sense suddenly detected strong auras ahead, causing his heart to jolt. He urged the Wind Roc to land atop a northern mountain peak.

Screech!

Screech!

Screech!

Four figures, one leading and three following behind, riding Spiritual Artifacts, turned into streaks of light, racing from the eastern sky towards the west at unbelievable speed.

“Four Soul Severing stage experts! One fleeing and three pursuing, what are they up to? The one escaping in front has a large sack on their back, with a martial artist aura fluctuating inside, seems like a person... Hmm? The person in that sack... that aura seems familiar!”

Watching the four streaks dart past him, Fang Bai’s eyebrows moved. He urged the Wind Roc to chase after them.

With his current strength, Soul Severing stage experts held no fear for him, so he didn’t suppress his aura and openly pursued them on his Wind Roc.

The four ahead also noticed Fang Bai. Seeing him as a Nascent Soul perfection stage expert riding a Wind Roc, they thought perhaps he was just curious and didn’t pay him much attention.

“Twin Pupil Venerable, you old thief, you won’t escape today!”

After flying several hundred miles, the person in front, perhaps because of excessive spiritual energy depletion, began slowing down, while the three behind were closing in, shouting angrily.

The fleeing Twin Pupil Venerable realized escape was unlikely, so he descended into a vast valley, tossed the sack behind him into a patch of grass, then spun around to face his pursuers, his expression grim and constantly sneering.

“Twin Pupil Venerable, hand over that person, and we’ll spare your life!”

After landing, the three pursuers approached step by step, but their eyes were fixed on the large sack behind him.

“Mo Da, Mo Er, Mo San, you three brothers are going to bully me with numbers?”

Twin Pupil Venerable sneered aloud.

His eyes were naturally double-pupiled, causing the Mo family brothers to feel dizzy when making eye contact with him, hence they looked at other parts of his body, avoiding direct eye contact.

“Bully with numbers? So what? Our Mo family brothers always advance and retreat together!”

The eldest Mo brother sneered.

Mo Da was small and thin, like a bamboo pole, seemingly able to be blown away by the wind. However, Twin Pupil Venerable knew that his strength was the greatest among the Mo family brothers and his attacks were the most ruthless, not to be underestimated.

“The same words: leave the person in the sack, and we won’t harm you. Otherwise... you’ll have no resting place even in death!”

Mo Er rolled up his sleeves, revealing a pair of bowl-sized fists, with blue veins bulging, and spoke word by word.

Mo Er was tall and strong, as robust as a calf, with muscles knotted and hard as steel, resembling a Spirit Beast in body might.

“The person in the sack is said to be extremely sensitive to Spiritual Energy, adept at finding Spirit Stone veins and discovering strong masters’ tombs. Such a remarkable person, how could we Mo family brothers let go?”

Mo San was medium in height, with an ugly face, hair and beard like steel needles, and eyes emitting a green glow, resembling a vicious wolf.

As the brothers spoke, their steps continued without pause, drawing closer to Twin Pupil Venerable, whose aura of pressure forced him to retreat repeatedly.

Twin Pupil Venerable’s face turned ashen, extremely unsightly, and he roared: “I was the first to capture this person, so naturally, they belong to me. Do the Mo family brothers have no sense of reason?”

“Reason? Hahaha...”

Crackling sounds came from Mo Er’s clenched fists as he laughed loudly and said: “Twin Pupil Venerable, you’ve lived for hundreds of years, don’t you know that in this world, strength is reason?”

Twin Pupil Venerable knew that today’s situation couldn’t end well, his eyes flickered with indecision, and he sighed deeply after a long while, saying: “I admit defeat today. You can take this person.”

With that, he stepped aside, looking dejected.

“That’s the right choice!”

Mo San laughed heartily, seeing Twin Pupil Venerable back down, and approached, reaching to grab the large sack as he passed by.

“Be careful, San!”

Mo Da and Mo Er suddenly shouted in unison, their voices filled with fury.

Mo San was startled in his heart, sensing a rush of wind at his side. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw several black rays shooting in, causing him to instinctively retreat at full speed.

But his reaction was ultimately slow by a step, and he was struck by several black rays sent by Twin Pupil Venerable, piercing one arm and a leg, causing several sprays of blood, leaving him severely injured instantly.

In Twin Pupil Venerable’s left hand was a chessboard, from which the black rays, which were chess pieces, emanated.

The board and pieces were forged from Extraterrestrial Meteoric Iron, exceptionally heavy and containing astonishing energy, making them highly destructive and one of the most powerful King Grade Spiritual Artifacts.

Twin Pupil Venerable first feigned weakness, then suddenly deployed his Spiritual Artifact to successfully ambush and severely injure a foe.

This greatly alleviated his pressure.

“Shameless old thief, you deceived me!”

Heavily injured, Mo San’s eyes were blood-red, and he yelled frantically, consumed with rage.

“San, don’t be anxious; let’s kill the wretch and avenge you!”

Mo Da initially thought the Twin Pupil Venerable was truly intimidated, having subdued by the three brothers, but he was shocked and angered to find him lashing out, exchanging looks with Mo Er by his side, and together they deployed their Spiritual Artifacts to attack Twin Pupil Venerable.

Three Soul Severing initial stage experts began a fierce battle in the valley, with auras clashing and Spiritual Artifacts flashing, locked in a stalemate.

Meanwhile, the gravely injured Mo San sat cross-legged, healing his wounds.

For the moment, none of the four paid any heed to the large sack lying in the grass.

Chapter 1594: Encountering the Fat Taoist Again

Fang Bai concealed his aura, hid his form, and crawled slowly yet resolutely through the grass, quickly approaching the large bag that the Twin Pupil Venerable had tossed into the underbrush.

The person in the large bag struggled and twisted continuously, muffled grunts escaping their mouth, gasping for breath.

“Wu De, you’d better be quiet, don’t make a sound. I’ll get you out of here!”

Fang Bai reached out and lightly poked the bag, then sent a voice transmission to the person inside.

“Wow, Brother Fang, it’s you? Quick... get me out of here! Damn it, they caught me and stuffed me in this bag; I’m about to suffocate!”

The person in the bag quieted down and quickly sent a voice transmission to Fang Bai. Hearing the voice, who else could it be but the fat Taoist Wu De, known for treasure hunting and grave robbing?

Fang Bai hadn’t expected Wu De to come to the Three Thousand Great Worlds, and after sensing his cultivation level, found that he’d reached the high rank of Foundation Establishment, progressing rapidly.

Thinking about it, with his nature, he definitely wouldn’t lack cultivation resources, and since Fang Bai had once explained the Dao of Cultivation to him, it was only natural that he progressed quickly.

Since Wu De had come to the Three Thousand Great Worlds, it was very likely that many others had arrived too.

Thinking of this, Fang Bai couldn’t help but feel excited. Seeing that the mouth of the bag was tied tightly and couldn’t be untied for a moment, he said to Wu De, “It’s not safe here. Bear with it a little longer; I’ll get you out first.”

Then he placed the bag into the Five Elements Space Ring and slowly backed away. Once at a distance, he controlled his Spiritual Artifact to fly away.

Meanwhile, the Twin Pupil Venerable and the Mo brothers were still fiercely fighting, unaware that Wu De, whom they fought over, had long been rescued and disappeared without a trace.

Fang Bai flew a thousand miles away and stopped in a dense forest. He casually set up a small Concealment Formation, then put down the bag and untied it.

Wu De rolled and crawled out of the bag, spitting grass out of his mouth, dusting off dirt, and began cursing loudly.

“Alright, Wu De, stop cursing.”

Fang Bai patted Wu De’s shoulder and loudly asked, “You came, but what about the others?”

Wu De sized Fang Bai up and down, clicking his tongue, “My, Fang Bai, you seem more and more unfathomable! Tell me, what is your cultivation level now? Is it possible you’ve reached Foundation Establishment Perfection?”

Fang Bai replied irritably, “Answer my question first.”

Wu De sniffed and said, “You mean the others... Only your lovely companions and a few disciples came to the Three Thousand Great Worlds with me. But they were teleported to unknown places, while I ended up in this Heaven’s Net Realm!”

After pausing and removing some grass from his hair, he said angrily, “I stayed in this Heaven’s Net Realm for a year and even made a name for myself, but unexpectedly a few days ago, some Soul Severing experts started fighting over me. They wanted to force me to seek secrets and treasures, and explore cultivation resources... Damn them, why should I listen to them?”

Seeing Wu De in unkempt clothes, with bruises and a battered appearance, Fang Bai couldn’t help but laugh, “You, this sneaky fellow, couldn’t resist showing off your skills in tomb raiding and treasure hunting after arriving here, could you?”

Wu De initially shook his head in denial but seeing Fang Bai staring at him knowingly, he couldn’t help but laugh dryly, “You know, when entering a new world, I had to show some skill, or I wouldn’t survive...”

Fang Bai poked him and sighed, “This Three Thousand Great Worlds is ten, a hundred times more dangerous than the Secular World and the Minor Worlds. You could easily lose your life, so you must remain inconspicuous and patient. But no, you chose to be high-profile, no wonder people are after you!”

Wu De grimaced and said, "I didn't know there'd be so many powerful beings here. Back in the Secular World and the big world, no one dared to provoke me..."

Fang Bai rolled his eyes, "It's good to suffer a bit this time; it'll teach you a lesson! In this world, might makes right, and without enough strength, you should keep your head down and focus on cultivating."

Wu De circled around Fang Bai a few times and said, "You managed to get me here without alerting those three Soul Severing experts, showing your cultivation isn't weak! Tell me, what's your cultivation level exactly? Let me see if there's any hope of catching up with you!"

Fang Bai smiled and calmly revealed his current cultivation realm, then shot Wu De a sideways glance.

"Nascent Soul... Perfection..."

Wu De's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open in shock.

He'd thought Fang Bai might have been at Foundation Establishment Perfection or a Core Formation expert, and possibly only one or two minor realms higher than himself.

But to his disbelief, after several years apart, Fang Bai had reached Nascent Soul Perfection, just a step away from being a Soul Severing expert.

Wu De also knew that Fang Bai could fight beyond his level, and even against an initial-stage Soul Severing expert, he had a chance at victory.

No wonder Fang Bai had been able to easily take him away from the three initial-stage Soul Severing experts!

Reflecting on his own pride for quickly advancing to the high rank of Foundation Establishment upon arriving in this world, Wu De felt ashamed and deeply frustrated in Fang Bai's presence.

He had thought he could follow in Fang Bai's footsteps or even surpass him, but now he understood that while he progressed, Fang Bai was progressing even more, and significantly faster.

The current Fang Bai had reached a level he could only look up to, making the thought of catching up seem as difficult as reaching the heavens!

Wu De sighed repeatedly, inquiring about the fortuitous encounters Fang Bai had experienced in the Three Thousand Great Worlds that made his cultivation progress so rapidly.

Fang Bai didn't feel like elaborating and instead asked him about any news concerning his dear friends and companions after he left the Minor World.

The two talked for a long time until suddenly several auras passed overhead, lingering nearby.

These auras belonged to the Twin Pupil Venerable and the Mo brothers.

Fang Bai knew they must have discovered the missing bag during the battle and tracked their way here, searching for him and Wu De in the area, so he signaled Wu De to stay silent.

They both sat cross-legged within the Concealment Formation, holding their breath and staying quiet, waiting for the four to leave.

"They've gone far away!"

Wu De, sensing the absence of their auras, breathed a sigh of relief and leaped to his feet.

"Watch out!"

Fang Bai pressed Wu De down forcefully, making him sit immovable on the ground.

At this moment, four streaks of light shot back like lightning; the Twin Pupil Venerable and the three others had returned.

Chapter 1595: Xuankong Mountain, 9-Level Linglong Tower

The four members of the Twin Pupil Venerable sensed the presence of Fang Bai and Wu De suddenly vanish in this area, so they searched back and forth several times in hopes of discovering something.

Wu De was pressed down to the ground by Fang Bai, breaking out in a cold sweat and tightly covering his mouth, not daring to breathe heavily.

He knew that if he had leapt into the air just now, the Twin Pupil Venerable and others would surely have discovered him.

At that point, he and Fang Bai would face the siege of four Soul Severing Experts. Perhaps Fang Bai could escape, but he would certainly fall back into their hands, suffering even more brutal torture and torment.

A Soul Severing Expert punishing someone would have endless means, a variety of methods, and just thinking about the feeling of living death made Wu De shiver with fear.

“Let’s go!”

Several hours later, Fang Bai spread his Divine Sense in all directions, and, not sensing the presence of the Twin Pupil Venerable and others, he and Wu De emerged from the concealment array and sped away in the opposite direction.

The two flew out a thousand miles, Fang Bai summoned the Wind Roc, and together with Wu De, they sat on it, flying straight toward the east for tens of thousands of miles before they could relax.

“Brother Fang, the big bird you tamed is actually at the Nascent Soul level, impressive!”

Wu De stroked the smooth feathers on the Wind Roc’s head, envious.

Fang Bai said irritably, "What big bird? It's called the Wind Roc, a type of Wind System Spirit Beast. Among Wind System Spirit Beasts, the Wind Roc is one of the best in terms of flight speed and endurance."

Wu De said, "Flying with a Spiritual Artifact really consumes too much Spiritual Energy. With this big bird... oh, Wind Roc... as a mount, it's convenient! Brother Fang, where did you get this Wind Roc?"

Fang Bai saw his covetous look and smiled, "You can forget about getting this Wind Roc. However..."

"However what?"

Hearing Fang Bai's words, Wu De perked up.

Fang Bai said, "If you can help me find Linglong, Chenyu, or Ghost Hand, or Hero, I'll give you this Wind Roc!"

Wu De's face fell, "The three thousand great worlds are vast beyond measure, finding a few people is harder than finding a needle in a haystack. You want me to find them? I'd rather you kill me now!"

Fang Bai's face hardened, "Will you go or not?"

Wu De shouted, "I'm too weak. If I encounter a strong enemy again, how will I survive? Brother Fang, don't get me killed!"

Fang Bai said, "What if I make you a Golden Pill Expert within a few days?"

"I... what? You can make me a Golden Pill Expert within a few days?"

Wu De swallowed, "Brother Fang, are you joking? I'm only at the high rank of Foundation Establishment; forming a core in one or two years is already fast. You're saying a few days to become a Golden Pill Expert... that's not easy!"

Fang Bai said, "I say it's easy, so it's easy! Do you agree or not?"

"I agree!"

Wu De straightened his back and patted his chest, "Finding people in the three thousand great worlds is tough, but I believe that perseverance pays off. As long as I search diligently, I can definitely find them!"

Fang Bai laughed, "Good, then we'll split up, you search east and west, or north and south, together!"

The Wind Roc flew eastward, passing one town after another beneath the clouds. Wu De suddenly slapped his forehead and said, "In the Xuankong Mountain at the edge of Heaven's Net Realm, there's a gigantic Gu Ta, but unfortunately, many strong individuals gather around it, the weakest being Nascent Soul initial stage. I didn't dare get close back then, knowing that even with great fortune, it wouldn't be my turn, so I quietly slipped away... should we take a look?"

"The Nine Layers Linglong Tower?"

Fang Bai blurted out.

"Right! Right!"

Wu De's eyes lit up, "How do you know the name of that ancient tower?"

Fang Bai said, "Heard of it."

Actually, Fang Bai's impression of the Nine Layers Linglong Tower stayed with him from before his ascent to the Immortal Realm in his previous life.

At that time, Fang Bai's cultivation level was at the initial stage of Soul Severing, where he entered and trained within the Nine Layers Linglong Tower, becoming the only human martial artist to reach the

eighth layer of the Gu Ta. There, he obtained a bottle of King Grade superior “Nine Revolutions Creation Pill,” thus advancing a minor realm.

However, when breaking through to the ninth layer of Gu Ta, as the time for the tower’s opening ended, he was involuntarily ejected and never got a second chance to enter, a definite regret.

Upon hearing Wu De mention the Nine Layers Linglong Tower, Fang Bai couldn’t help but reminisce about his past life’s experiences, filled with longing.

While others might not know the origins of the Nine Layers Linglong Tower, after ascending to the Immortal Realm and becoming the Immortal Emperor, Fang Bai learned some of its secrets.

The Nine Layers Linglong Tower was a Spiritual Artifact left by a Beast Clan Great Emperor from the Immortal Realm in the three thousand great worlds, originally a place for the lower realm Beast Clan to gain cultivation opportunities. However, later on, human martial artists participated, turning it into a shared cultivation holy land for both races.

The Nine Layers Linglong Tower opens once every ten years, and each opening lasts for eighty-one days. Any human or beast clan strong individuals with cultivation levels at or above Nascent Soul Realm can enter for training.

Once the eighty-one days are over, regardless of who they are, they will be expelled from the tower, and the ancient tower will close, leaving them to wait for the next ten-year cycle.

Fang Bai and Wu De, riding the Wind Roc, flew towards Xuankong Mountain at the eastern edge of Heaven’s Net Realm. In less than a day, they saw majestic peaks suspended in mid-air, some towering and majestic, others imposing and steep, as if fixed there by a deity’s magic, inspiring awe and wonder.

The floating peaks were shrouded in ribbons of spiritual energy, with Spirit Birds occasionally flying by, misty and obscure, appearing like Immortal Mountains in a fog, resembling a paradise beyond the world.

The entire Xuankong Mountain spanned a thousand miles, seemingly a huge Barrier set by a powerful being. Upon entering its central area of hundreds of miles, the pressure suddenly increased, and the

Wind Roc could no longer fly; even Fang Bai, a Nascent Soul Perfection Expert, couldn't use a Spiritual Artifact.

"This place is really creepy!"

Wu De muttered under his breath.

On his last visit here, he couldn't reach this place due to his weakness but heard many tales of the Nine Layers Linglong Tower through indirect inquiries.

This time, revisiting the area, upon entering the core, he felt the intensified power, hard to bear, and would have had to withdraw if not for Fang Bai channeling a strand of Spiritual Energy into him to counteract the pressure.

Seeing Fang Bai store the Wind Roc into his Five Elements Space Ring, Wu De couldn't help but marvel.

When he learned from Fang Bai that the Five Elements Space Ring could house living beings, Wu De's eyes turned red with envy, vowing to acquire a space ring like that in the future.

The two followed a path trampled by travelers, quickly advancing, and upon reaching the depths of Xuankong Mountain, they began to encounter some strong individuals.

Most of these strong individuals traveled in pairs or small groups, and after some questioning, they learned these people were heading to the Nine Layers Linglong Tower, preparing to partake in the training journey after its opening.

Chapter 1596: Tiger Clan Strongman

The eighty-one days of training inside the nine-story Linglong Tower is a grand event that occurs once every ten years for many Nascent Soul Realm and Soul Severing Realm experts. This opportunity is incredibly rare, and regardless of the final outcome, they all want to join in the excitement.

If a martial artist has good fortune and can ascend to the higher levels of the nine-story Linglong Tower, they have a chance to acquire cultivation resources of extremely high grade, allowing their strength to advance rapidly.

Fang Bai noticed that among these experts, more than half were beast clan members in human form. Their attire and appearance were exactly like that of the human clan experts, and without carefully sensing their aura, it was truly difficult to discover that they were powerful beings from another race.

There were also some human clan experts arriving hand in hand with beast clan experts, talking and laughing, evidently close friends or relatives.

Although most spirit beasts are fierce and bloodthirsty, preying on human martial artists, many spirit beasts are also gentle by nature and become friends with human martial artists, exchanging ideas and sparring together.

In his past life, Fang Bai had many allies from other races; for instance, the Dragon Clan from the Immortal Realm was a steadfast ally of Fang Bai.

On the journey forward, Fang Bai and Wu De encountered two Nascent Soul experts from the Tiger Clan. They conversed joyously, feeling an instant camaraderie.

The Tiger Clan is known for being straightforward and open among the myriad spirit beast tribes; they lack scheming and, once they recognize someone as a friend, they earnestly commit to the friendship without any false pretenses.

According to the two Tiger Clan experts, this is their second time coming to train in the nine-story Linglong Tower. The first time, they only reached the second level and were ejected after training for eighty-one days. However, they gained some cultivation resources and many insights into the Martial Dao.

Over the next ten years, they practiced diligently within their tribe's territory, advancing from the early Nascent Soul realm to the high Nascent Soul realm, which was the benefit they acquired from training in the nine-story Linglong Tower.

The two Tiger Clan experts, the older brother named Hu Wei and the younger brother named Hu Zhuang, matched their robust and majestic physiques very well.

Hu Wei and Hu Zhuang neither looked down on Wu De for being only at the high Foundation Establishment level nor flattered Fang Bai for being a Nascent Soul Perfection expert.

In their view, friends should treat each other as equals, irrespective of wealth or status, and this attitude resonated well with Fang Bai and Wu De.

"The nine-story Linglong Tower has arrived!"

The four walked side by side, and after traveling a hundred miles into Xuankong Mountain, they saw a towering ancient tower shrouded in mist in the mountains ahead.

From the outside, the ancient tower spanned a hundred feet in diameter and soared over a thousand feet high, imposing and majestic like a great mountain.

The tower, with its nine-story Linglong levels, was engraved with thousands of mysterious runes, crisscrossed with complex paths, left by unknown hands.

The traces of time's wear and the layers of moss on the ancient tower made it appear somewhat dilapidated, yet Fang Bai knew how incredibly sturdy this old tower was, standing undamaged despite the ravages of countless storms, lightning, and thunder over thousands of years.

As they approached the nine-story Linglong levels, an ancient aura and oppressive force washed over them. All the martial artists, including Fang Bai, treated the ancient tower with deep reverence.

Having trained within the nine-story Linglong Tower before, Fang Bai clearly remembered that each level inside the tower seemed like a Minor World, filled with the five elements, wind, and thunder, landscapes and rivers in abundance, an endless array of spiritual herbs and medicines, and dangerous beasts lurking around every corner, filled with opportunities and unknown risks.

The nine-story Linglong Tower is a unique world within itself. Every time it opens, it attracts tens of thousands of Nascent Soul Realm and higher experts to train within it. After entering, every martial artist feels as small as an ant on a great mountain.

Although the nine-story Linglong Tower is filled with peril, its purpose is to test a martial artist's strength, temper their mind, and grant them opportunities without taking lives, ensuring every martial artist can ultimately leave the tower alive.

In the nine-story Linglong Tower, a significant part of determining a martial artist's destiny is their own strength, while luck also plays a role.

For instance, among those who reach the eighth level, some may obtain Spirit Pills that allow them to advance their cultivation level, others might receive Spiritual Artifacts that assist in battle, while some may find Spiritual Medicines.

Martial artists who acquire Spiritual Medicines are considered unlucky since most Spiritual Medicines yield the best effects only after being refined into Spirit Pills.

Refining Spirit Pills requires a Pill Master and carries a risk of failure, and if it fails, it would all be for nothing.

Fang Bai considered this experience too valuable to miss and thus found a secluded spot to release the Wind Roc from his Five Elements Space Ring. He let it take human form to accompany him.

The Wind Roc, also being at the Nascent Soul realm, could withstand the ancient tower's oppressive aura, allowing Fang Bai to focus his attention only on assisting Wu De.

The presence of the Wind Roc piqued the interest of Hu Wei and Hu Zhuang from the Tiger Clan. They instantly recognized the Wind Roc as one of their own kind, finding much to discuss, and quickly became friends.

Wu De felt somewhat downhearted seeing that the martial artists gathered around the ancient tower were at least Nascent Soul initial stage experts like the Wind Roc, while he was the only one not even at the Golden Core stage.

"Don't look so glum. The nine-story Linglong Tower is a rare training opportunity for you. If fortune smiles upon you, the Core Formation is a minor matter. You might even succeed in Nascent Soul Formation, becoming a Nascent Soul expert."

Fang Bai patted Wu De's shoulder and said with a smile.

Fang Bai wasn't just making empty promises. Wu De, having Dual Attribute Innate Spiritual Root of earth and metal, was a rare Extraordinary Holy Body, a true Martial Dao Genius destined to rise swiftly like a dragon in a storm.

Fang Bai could have helped Wu De achieve Core Formation within days originally. If in this training he could once again ascend to the eighth level of the nine-story Linglong Tower and obtain a bottle of King Grade Superior Nine Revolutions Creation Pill, he might really have a chance to achieve Nascent Soul Formation, crossing a major realm.

"Around the nine-story Linglong Tower, thousands of experts have gathered; it seems the day of the opening is near!"

"Let's go check out the vicinity!"

Having been to the nine-story Linglong Tower for training once before, Hu Wei and Hu Zhuang were quite experienced, leading Fang Bai, Wu De, and Wind Roc into the throngs of martial artists and started roaming around the ancient tower.

The closer they got to the nine-story Linglong Tower, the stronger the aura became. Wu De stayed increasingly close to Fang Bai, not daring to stray even half a step.

He understood clearly that, unless he no longer cared for his own life, following Fang Bai was the right move, as only Fang Bai could protect him from the oppressive aura of the ancient tower.

The addition of several Nascent Soul experts like Fang Bai did not attract attention among the present experts. However, Wu De, a mere Foundation Establishment martial artist, seemed like a lone sheep amidst a pride of lions, surprising many experts.

"What's a Foundation Establishment expert doing here? Are they looking for a death wish?"

Some Nascent Soul experts sneered at Wu De.

Chapter 1597: A Bet

"Laugh as you will! Laugh to your heart's content! I'm thick-skinned and mentally strong; I fear nothing! Someday, my strength will surpass yours! And then, I'll trample all of you beneath my feet!"

As mocking glances shot from all directions, Wu De's chubby face formed a smile, and his fist clenched secretly.

Wherever he went, whether in the Secular World or in the Three Thousand Minor Worlds, Wu De had always been a cut above, greeted by endless praise. Yet here, he found himself at the bottom, facing humiliation he had never endured.

"Bear with it. Once you emerge from the Nine-layer Linglong Tower, you'll definitely leave people in awe!"

Fang Bai patted Wu De's shoulder, smiling as he spoke.

Wu De sniffed, grinning as he replied, "No problem, just a minor grievance, I can handle it! As they say: 'Today you ignore me; tomorrow you can't reach me!' I believe my tomorrow will be filled with utmost honor! Utmost glory!"

Hu Wei said simply, "Wu bro, you don't need to worry about others' opinions. It's enough that we value you!"

Hu Zhuang nodded vigorously, "Brother's right! Present weakness doesn't mean future weakness! We all believe in your extraordinary future accomplishments, Wu bro!"

Wind Roc added, "I agree with the two Tiger brothers!"

Wu De patted the shoulders of Hu Wei, Hu Zhuang, and Wind Roc, appearing grateful and touched, and said, "Just for these words, you three will be my best friends, just like Brother Fang!"

The four ignored the strange, mocking glances from others, walking arm in arm to an ancient towering tree near the Nine-layer Linglong Tower, and sat cross-legged, quietly waiting for the day the tower would open.

Tens of thousands of Nascent Soul Realm and Soul Severing Realm experts gathered around the ancient tower, their Martial Artist Auras intertwining magnificently. Thus, the day of the ten-year opening of the Nine-layer Linglong Tower is hailed as the grandest event of the Heaven's Net Realm.

"Haha... Hu Wei, Hu Zhuang, are you two idiots back again?"

Not long after Fang Bai and the others sat down, four burly men in yellow clothing laughed wantonly, approaching them, their eyes falling on Hu Wei and Hu Zhuang, their smiles filled with scornful ridicule.

"Hmph!"

Facing these four, the Tiger brothers' expressions turned grim, releasing a cold snort filled with anger.

"Lion Clan strongmen?"

Though the four burly men had taken human form, Fang Bai recognized them immediately, transmitting, "Do your Tiger Clan and the Lion Clan have a grudge?"

Hu Wei replied, "Tiger and Lion Clans don't have deep grudges, but these four are very annoying!"

Pausing, he continued, "We're sons of the Tiger Clan's leader, while those four are sons of the Lion Clan's leader. In our respective races, we're the favored ones, with high expectations, challenging each other. But..."

Hu Wei sighed silently and continued, "Ten years ago, our cultivation was equal, but their experience in the Nine-layer Linglong Tower granted them great fortune, quickly surpassing us. Now, they ridicule us every time we meet, truly detestable!"

"Are Lion Clan strongmen truly so uncouth? Get lost!"

After finishing with Fang Bai, Hu Wei turned his cold gaze on the four Lion Clan strongmen.

The four Lion Clan strongmen were not angered, laughing together before the leader spoke, "Hu Wei, how about another wager this time?"

"A wager it is! What if you lose?"

Hu Wei stood abruptly, glaring as he spoke.

Last time, the Tiger brothers wagered against the four Lion brothers on who would gain better fortune and faster strength in the Nine-layer Linglong Tower. The Tiger brothers lost, handing over many Cultivation Resources as a result.

The Tiger brothers held onto their bitterness, dreaming of reclaiming victory, so they accepted the Lion's provocation immediately.

The leading Lion strongman, named Huang Paoxiao, the eldest son of the current Lion leader, fixed his gaze on Hu Wei, chuckling, "Did you always want my Split-Mountain Fork? If we lose, I'll give it to you. How about that?"

"Deal!"

Hu Wei's eyes shone brightly, exclaiming in excitement.

The Split-Mountain Fork is one of the Lion Clan's treasures, Huang Paoxiao's Spiritual Artifact, of King Grade medium rank, said to pierce mountains and shatter rocks with tremendous power.

Hu Wei hasn't had a suitable Spiritual Artifact, and ten years ago coveted Huang Paoxiao's Split-Mountain Fork, impulsively betting against him, losing substantial Cultivation Resources, leaving him aggrieved.

Now Huang Paoxiao offered the fork as the wager, pleasing Hu Wei immensely.

What if he loses... Hu Wei hasn't even considered.

"But... what if you brothers lose?"

Huang Paoxiao asked with a smile.

Hu Wei stared, clenched fists, and said, "This time, we brothers will definitely win!"

Huang Paoxiao laughed, "Anything that worries about what might happen isn't afraid of ten thousand, but of a single chance. What if you do lose? What's your stake?"

Hu Wei thought for a moment and said, "I'll wager my Soul-Compelling Staff against you!"

The Soul-Compelling Staff is Hu Wei's current Spiritual Artifact, slightly inferior to Huang Paoxiao's Split-Mountain Fork, but notable nonetheless.

Huang Paoxiao shook his head firmly, "No! Your Soul-Compelling Staff doesn't interest me! It can't compare to my Split-Mountain Fork!"

"What about with my Profound Iron Seal?"

Hu Zhuang interjected.

Huang Paoxiao still shook his head.

Hu Wei snapped, "Then tell us, what do you want?"

Huang Paoxiao chuckled slyly, whispering, "I want your Tiger Clan's treasured Sky-Tearing Claw!"

Hu Wei inhaled sharply in shock, "No way! Absolutely not!"

The Sky-Tearing Claw is the Tiger Clan's most fearsome sacred artifact, King Grade superior rank, usually sealed, only wielded by the strongest Supreme Elder during existential threats.

"What, you don't dare wager?"

Huang Paoxiao sneered, contemptuous as he taunted the Tiger brothers, "I knew it, you don't have the guts..."

"How about I wager this blade with you, how's that?"

Suddenly, Fang Bai interjected, revealing his Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

Huang Paoxiao's gaze fell on the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, inspecting it intensively, unable to discern its grade, hesitating.

"Young brother, I'm willing to trade a bottle of Royal Grade Spirit Pill for your Blood Blade, are you interested?"

At this moment, a slender man in green robes approached briskly, his eyes filled with admiration for Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

Chapter 1598: Qingzhu Venerable

The four characters "Royal Grade Spirit Pill" exploded like a clap of thunder in the ears of the many martial artists present, leaving them stunned and speechless.

Numerous fervent gazes fell upon the lean man in the azure robe.

If those powerful figures hadn't discerned that the lean man's strength was unfathomable and beyond their reach, someone might have directly tried to seize the Royal Grade Spirit Pill from him.

Royal Grade cultivation resources, being of a higher grade than King Grade cultivation resources, play a greater auxiliary role in martial artists' cultivation and are naturally more precious.

However, Royal Grade cultivation resources are extremely rare, and even those of inferior Royal Grade are coveted treasures for martial artists' cultivation.

Among the tens of thousands of martial artists present, probably only Fang Bai could discern that the man in the azure robe was a high-rank Soul Severing expert, also one of the highest cultivation levels among these tens of thousands of martial artists.

The man in the azure robe appeared to be around fifty years old, with sword-like eyebrows, starry eyes, and cascading black hair. His face bore a gentle, warm smile, evoking a sense of elegance and nobility yet being approachable.

In his left hand, he held an emerald green fan, fanning it leisurely. Others thought the fan was ordinary, but Fang Bai's eyes narrowed, knowing that the seemingly unremarkable fan was indeed a superior King Grade Wind System Spirit Weapon, capable of easily stirring a fierce gale with a gentle wave.

The man in the azure robe stopped before Fang Bai, first assessing the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in Fang Bai's hand with admiration, then looked at Fang Bai with a smile, exuding complete self-assurance.

Clearly, he believed that the Royal Grade Spirit Pill he offered was sincere enough to sway Fang Bai.

After all, in his eyes, Fang Bai was merely a Nascent Soul Perfection expert, and a bottle of Royal Grade Spirit Pill might very well help him advance to the Soul Severing realm. How could such a temptation be resisted?

"I refuse!"

No one expected that Fang Bai would shake his head and reject the man in the azure robe's request to exchange his blood-red long blade for the Royal Grade Spirit Pill publicly.

The man in the azure robe was momentarily stunned, then asked with interest, "Why not trade? Is my cultivation resource not persuasive enough? How about two bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills?"

Fang Bai shook his head again and smiled, "It's not about the cultivation resources; I simply don't want to trade."

The man in the azure robe said, "I am indeed fond of your Blood Blade... Name a condition; if I can meet it, I will agree. How about that?"

With these words, the martial artists around couldn't help but become envious and jealous of Fang Bai.

In their minds, a powerful person daring to produce two bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills in broad daylight must be confident of their strength, implying that the man in the azure robe was at least a Soul Severing middle-rank expert.

And for a Nascent Soul Realm expert like Fang Bai, obtaining a promise from a Soul Severing middle-rank expert was a tremendous opportunity.

Some even grew more interested in Fang Bai's blood-red long blade, wondering if the man with such immense power was willing to exchange two bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills for it, that the Blood Blade had to be an extraordinary spiritual artifact.

Yet, no one present, including the man in the azure robe, could determine the grade of Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, leading to judgments purely based on speculation.

But regardless of the terms offered by the man in the azure robe, Fang Bai simply shook his head in refusal.

Fortunately, the man in the azure robe, repeatedly rejected, did not become angry, and instead sighed regretfully, standing with his hands behind his back beside Fang Bai and the others.

“Fine, use your Blood Blade as a wager! No backing out if you lose!”

Huang Paoxiao, seeing the man in the azure robe and Fang Bai discussing the Blood Blade for so long, realized that Fang Bai’s Blood Blade wasn’t an ordinary item. Upon this realization, he immediately brightened and addressed Fang Bai excitedly.

Huang Paoxiao currently used a Split-Mountain Fork, which was a medium King Grade spiritual artifact, while Fang Bai’s Blood Blade certainly had a higher grade. If he could win it and claim it as his own, it would be like adding wings to a tiger, greatly enhancing his combat strength.

Before Fang Bai could speak, Hu Wei had already shaken his head, “No way! Brother Fang, how can we use your artifact as a wager?”

Fang Bai smiled, “No worries! I believe your brothers’ trials in the nine-layered Linglong Tower will surpass their opportunities, and your strength will increase faster!”

Hu Zhuang clenched his fist, “Brother, since Brother Fang trusts us so much, what else is there to say? We just need to strive harder during the trial! Last time the Huang brothers had good fortune, it doesn’t mean this time will be the same; last time our luck was poor, it doesn’t mean this time will be too!”

Hu Wei frowned, “But what if...”

Hu Zhuang said, “If we lose, we’ll just compensate Brother Fang with our brothers’ artifacts and some cultivation resources to make up for Brother Fang’s loss! We have the confidence to win, but can afford to lose!”

Hu Wei glanced at Fang Bai, who nodded with a smile, then looked at the arrogant-looking Huang Paoxiao, and gritted his teeth, nodded heavily, and said solemnly to Huang Paoxiao, “I’ll wager with you! If I win, your Split-Mountain Fork is mine; if you win, Brother Fang’s Blood Blade is yours!”

Huang Paoxiao laughed and shook hands with Hu Wei as an oath, pledging not to go back on his word.

“Such extravagance! Such extravagance!”

Seeing that Fang Bai dared to use the Blood Blade as a wager, the man in the azure robe couldn't help but shake his head and sigh, looking full of regret.

Fang Bai, however, took some interest in the man in the azure robe, initiating a conversation, “May I know your esteemed name, Senior?”

The man in the azure robe casually replied, “You can call me Qingzhu Venerable.”

Many experts around who heard the name of the man in the azure robe couldn't help but be taken aback, showing signs of respect.

Qingzhu Venerable was a loose cultivator from the Heaven's Net Realm's Green Bamboo Mountain, possessing an Innate Wood Spirit Root, a high-rank Soul Severing, one of the top experts in the Heaven's Net Realm.

Though Qingzhu Venerable was powerful, he never bullied the weak, and his ancient and warm-hearted nature, coupled with chivalry, earned him significant renown and respect among many martial artists.

Fang Bai clasped his hands, “So it's Qingzhu Venerable, I've long admired you!”

Pausing for a moment, his gaze fell on the green fan in Qingzhu Venerable's hand, and he smiled, “Among the weapons used by martial artists in this world, there are the most blades, swords, spears, and axes; those who use a fan are rare. However, this fan is quite a formidable spiritual artifact; anyone who underestimates it will suffer!”

“Oh? Do you know what grade my fan is?”

Seeing Fang Bai interested in the Green Bamboo Fan in his hand, Qingzhu Venerable couldn't help but ask.

Fang Bai said, "Superior King Grade. If there were Royal Grade Green Wood Marrow, it could be reforged and upgraded to a Royal Grade spiritual artifact!"

"Indeed!"

Qingzhu Venerable looked at Fang Bai, moved, "It sounds like you are quite knowledgeable about Royal Grade spiritual artifacts!"

Fang Bai smiled, "I know a bit of artifact refining, and I have some insights on refining Royal Grade spiritual artifacts! If Senior were to obtain Royal Grade Green Wood Marrow, feel free to come to me and give it a try."

"Are you serious about that?"

Qingzhu Venerable immediately became excited.

Chapter 1599: Linglong Tower Opens

The Qingzhu Fan in Qingzhu Venerable's hand is crafted from the essence of ten thousand acres of bamboo forest, fused with his own divine sense and blood, making it a pinnacle creation of wood-element spiritual artifacts, truly a "once the fan is wielded, the winds and clouds change" type of formidable power.

However, what makes Qingzhu Venerable feel regretful is that this spiritual artifact is only of King Grade Superior Level, still significantly inferior to a Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact.

Qingzhu Venerable once consulted the most renowned artifact refiner in the Heaven's Net Realm, and the answer was the same as Fang Bai's: upgrading to a Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact is possible, but it requires Royal Grade Green Wood Essence to reforge it.

However, that artifact refiner could only offer suggestions and lacked the ability to forge a Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact.

Green Wood Marrow is an extremely rare and exceedingly precious cultivation resource, even finding a King Grade one is difficult, let alone a Royal Grade one?

This time, Qingzhu Venerable came to the Nine-layer Linglong Tower to participate in the training, hoping to try his luck. After all, the cultivation resources within the Nine-layer Linglong Tower are innumerable, and if fortune smiles upon him, there would be a chance to obtain Green Wood Marrow.

It is said that the eighth and ninth layers of the Nine-layer Linglong Tower hold Royal Grade cultivation resources; if he could obtain a few, the trip wouldn't be in vain.

Originally, Qingzhu Venerable was worried that even if he managed to find Royal Grade Green Wood Essence this time, it would be a challenge to find an artifact refiner capable of forging a Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact afterward. But after hearing Fang Bai, how could he not be excited?

After the excitement, Qingzhu Venerable had some doubts. Fang Bai was just at Nascent Soul Perfection in cultivation level; he might be able to refine a King Grade spiritual artifact, but the Royal Grade was beyond his capability. Could he truly have the ability to refine it?

Though not an artifact refiner himself, Qingzhu Venerable knew quite a bit about it, and after asking Fang Bai a few questions, he finally confirmed that this somewhat too youthful guy wasn't bragging but had real skills.

"Fang Bai, if you can refine my Qingzhu Fan into a Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact, I will give you two bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills as compensation!"

From the conversation, Qingzhu Venerable learned Fang Bai's name and started negotiating with him.

Fang Bai turned his head to look at Wu De, Wind Roc, and the Hu brothers and said, "I have one more condition, hoping Qingzhu Venerable can agree."

Qingzhu Venerable replied, "Speak. As long as it doesn't surpass my limits, I will agree."

Fang Bai used the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique to tell Qingzhu Venerable, "I hope you can look after these four friends of mine once inside the Nine-layer Linglong Tower and escort them to higher levels for training."

He used the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique because he didn't want the four Huang brothers to hear and complain about fairness.

In fact, in the vast world, where is there true fairness?

For example, in the Nine-layer Linglong Tower training, many sect powerful figures help younger disciples reach higher levels, so they can obtain better cultivation resources.

Hearing Fang Bai's request, Qingzhu Venerable sighed in relief and smiled, saying, "Naturally, that's no problem. These four friends of yours, leave them to me."

He examined Fang Bai and said, "You possess an extraordinary holy body and are a born martial dao genius. With your cultivation at Nascent Soul Perfection, if luck is on your side, you should reach the fifth layer by yourself. If you follow me, I might help you reach the sixth layer."

Fang Bai shook his head and said, "Thank you for your kind offer, senior, but I'd like to test myself and see how far I can go!"

Qingzhu Venerable regarded Fang Bai as youthful and zealous, reluctant to accept his help, so he didn't insist and smiled, saying, "That's good too."

Thereupon, Fang Bai secretly instructed Wu De, Wind Roc, and the Hu brothers via the voice transmission technique, telling them to follow behind Qingzhu Venerable once inside the Nine-layer Linglong Tower, as he would ensure their safety.

Upon hearing this, the Hu brothers couldn't help but feel exuberant, thinking with Qingzhu Venerable's protection, their brotherhood would surely climb higher in the tower levels and surpass the Huang brothers in cultivation level.

Three days later, the Nine-layer Linglong Tower rumbled, exerting pressure and eliminating many martial artists with cultivation under the Nascent Soul Realm who had mingled among them.

Of course, some martial artists, unlike Wu De, received protection from other strong figures, allowing them to remain around the Nine-layer Linglong Tower with prospects for training inside.

The dense spiritual energy surrounding the Nine-layer Linglong Tower gradually dissipated with the wind, and the gate facing south opened, with a barrier like a water wave trembling in front of the tower gate.

Experienced powerful figures who have trained in the Nine-layer Linglong Tower knew that passing through the water wave-like barrier would lead into the Nine-layer Linglong Tower to officially begin the eighty-one-day training journey.

Tens of thousands of martial artists rushed towards the tower gate the moment it appeared, eager to enter first for fear others would seize the cultivation resources.

In reality, the cultivation resources within the Nine-layer Linglong Tower do not decrease with each opening. Every ten-year opening day presents randomly appearing resources akin to the previous opening, so martial artists need not worry.

"Let's go in!"

Qingzhu Venerable and his group understood this, so they weren't anxious. Only when most had entered did they go in leisurely.

The wall, resembling a water wave, was composed of water spirit energy, its purity and concentration awe-inspiring, with no one able to scatter or destroy it.

When Qingzhu Venerable and his group passed through the water spirit energy wall, all turned momentarily dark before brightening. As they refocused, an entirely new world appeared before their eyes.

The world, compared to the outside, had more concentrated spiritual energy; the scene was picturesque, with fragrant vegetation, spiritual medicine everywhere, and spirit beasts appearing and disappearing.

Qingzhu Venerable casually infused Wu De with a burst of spiritual energy, granting him the power to withstand the immense pressure inside the tower, then slowly spoke: "Each layer of the Nine-layer Linglong Tower is a Minor World. Nascent Soul initial stage experts may opt to train on this layer first."

After saying this, he handed four Jade Pendants to Wu De, Wind Roc, Hu Wei, and Hu Zhuang, and instructed, "Wear these Jade Pendants on your person and begin cultivation separately. Should you encounter a perilous situation, press the Jade Pendant, and I will arrive to assist you swiftly!"

With a flicker of his form, he departed, disappearing from Fang Bai and the others' sight in an instant.

"He promised to protect us, yet he left?"

Wu De looked towards the direction Qingzhu Venerable vanished, scratching his head in inquiry, with unease evident on his face.

Among Fang Bai and the others, he was the strongest, and on the first layer of the tower, danger lurked everywhere with Nascent Soul experts all around. Without Qingzhu Venerable by his side, he felt a lack of backbone, anxious and restless.

Chapter 1600: Giant Python Valley

Fang Bai pointed at the Jade Pendant hanging around Wu De's neck and said, "This thing given to you by the Qingzhu Venerable is a treasure. With it, you can withstand the pressure within the tower, and in the first few levels of the Linglong Tower, no one can harm you!"

Hearing this, Wu De's eyes lit up as he looked at the Jade Pendant given by the Qingzhu Venerable. With a smile, he said, "I get it. This Jade Pendant is a token from the Qingzhu Venerable. It can intimidate some experts, and it also contains the Venerable's Killing Qi. Anyone who tries to harm me will have bad luck, right?"

Seeing Fang Bai nod, Wu De excitedly pumped his fist, immediately erasing any sign of nervousness from his face.

He carefully tucked the Jade Pendant under his clothes, placing it close to his body. He thought to himself that from now on, this Jade Pendant would be his protective charm, and he must take good care of it, ensuring it doesn't get lost.

Feng Peng, Hu Wei, and Hu Zhuang shared the same thought, considering the Jade Pendant as an incredible treasure.

Fang Bai thought for a moment, then gave each of the four a piece of Jade Pendant, reminding them that they could summon him if they needed to. He then said, "In this nine-level Linglong Tower, to get the best training experience, it's best to rely on your own efforts. So... let's all go our separate ways and seek our opportunities. Let's meet outside the tower in eighty-one days!"

After Fang Bai said this, he immediately shot toward the second level of the Linglong Tower.

Following closely behind him were the two Hu brothers, Hu Wei and Hu Zhuang.

"Just ran like that? Three unfaithful guys!"

Watching Fang Bai and the other two leave, Wu De grumbled discontentedly. Noticing Feng Peng still by his side, he smiled and said, "Peng brother, you're the reliable one!"

Feng Peng said, "This is my first time here, and my cultivation level is only at the initial stage of the Nascent Soul. So I can only train on the first level first. If I have the chance, I'll go to the second level and check it out."

Wu De said with a bitter face, "Come on, you all left, how can I manage alone? This place is full of Nascent Soul Experts. Even if I find any treasures, how can I compete with them? Peng brother, why don't we team up and split the treasures we find?"

Feng Peng didn't say a word. He just pointed to the Jade Pendant around his neck, implying, with this protective charm, what do you have to worry about?

Wu De and Feng Peng moved forward aimlessly, encountering many Nascent Soul level experts along the way. These experts were in a hurry, their eyes darting around, searching for potentially hidden cultivation treasures.

During this time, Wu De and Feng Peng also saw some King Grade cultivation resources, but every time they made a move, they were a step slower than others. Consequently, these cultivation resources ended up in the hands of other experts, and they ended up with nothing.

Wu De was so angry about this that he yelled, “Wah wah,” but Feng Peng was indifferent. He had heard from the Hu brothers that there were plenty of opportunities within the nine-level Linglong Tower, and almost no Martial Artist would leave empty-handed.

After an unknown amount of time, the two reached the entrance of a valley and found over a thousand Nascent Soul level experts gathered there.

Most of these Nascent Soul experts stood outside the valley entrance, not daring to rush into the valley. However, a few fearless Martial Artists gritted their teeth and charged right in.

“Giant Python Valley? Brother Wu, shall we go in and take a look?”

Feng Peng glanced at the three crimson characters carved on the cliff outside the valley entrance, seeking Wu De’s opinion.

“Well...”

Wu De actually really disliked snake-like creatures, but seeing the hint of disdain in Feng Peng’s eyes directed at him, he puffed out his chest and said, “Let’s go in and take a look! Together!”

He said “go in together,” but once they were actually in Giant Python Valley, he fell a few steps behind Feng Peng, becoming tense and gripping his Spiritual Artifact tightly, remaining on high alert.

In Giant Python Valley, giant pythons five or six meters long could be seen everywhere, the longest reaching more than ten meters. They either lay amongst the rocks on either side of the path or hung from thick branches, appearing incredibly intimidating, making one's scalp tingle.

Although the giant pythons appeared clumsy, they were not slow at all and with extremely tough bodies. In battle, they were formidable foes against Martial Artists of the same realm.

However, the giant pythons within Giant Python Valley seemed relatively docile, not proactively attacking human experts.

Nonetheless, the human experts entering the valley who sought fortunes had no choice but to incite a fight first, attacking the giant pythons to seize opportunities.

It should be known, the giant pythons in Giant Python Valley were comparable to human Nascent Soul Realm, and their Python Cores were of immense auxiliary utility for Martial Artists, greatly igniting the killing intent in Martial Artists.

Therefore, once Wu De and Feng Peng entered Giant Python Valley, they witnessed scenes of fierce battles between human experts and giant pythons everywhere, with human experts being devoured by pythons and pythons being slain by human experts.

The ground of Giant Python Valley was already stained by streams of blood, a heavy scent of blood lingering in the air, and dismembered human limbs and severed python heads scattered everywhere.

Fortunately, both Wu De and Feng Peng were used to such bloody sights, so they did not find it astonishing.

"Let's find a giant python, kill it, and after you swallow the Python Core, perhaps you'll successfully form your core."

Feng Peng quietly suggested to Wu De.

Wu De's eyes lit up, and he grabbed Feng Peng's sleeve, grinning, "Peng brother, you're a Nascent Soul expert, you must lend me a helping hand! If I can form my core, I won't forget your favor today. Although my capabilities aren't impressive, I am quite adept at finding cultivation resources. If we hit the jackpot, I'll share it with you!"

Feng Peng stated, "You are a friend of my master, I will naturally assist you!"

Wu De slapped Feng Peng's shoulder vigorously, "You're a true friend!"

The two searched around for a moment then spotted a green-skinned giant python coiled on a towering ancient tree nearby. Feng Peng launched the attack, while Wu De supported from the side.

Feng Peng transformed back into his avian form to face the enemy, having the upper hand from above. Moreover, with the Jade Pendant from Qingzhu Venerable enhancing his pressure, it hugely increased his odds against the python.

Despite the python's robust body and nimble moves, it was still weaker compared to Feng Peng; in no more than a hundred breaths, the python was covered in wounds, bleeding profusely.

"Peng brother, keep at it, finish it off!"

Wu De shouted excitedly, wanting to help but knowing he could not contribute significantly.

Suddenly, Feng Peng let out a piercing cry, transforming into a gray streak of lightning, carrying a formidable wind spirit energy, swooping down in a gust of fierce wind.

The giant tree where the python resided swayed and snapped under the tempest, sending the python's massive body plummeting from the sky toward the ground.

"Snap!"

Before the python hit the ground, Feng Peng swooped down in a strike, claws gouging out its pair of eyeballs.

Blinded, the python lost half its fighting capability, becoming even less of a match for Feng Peng. Within a dozen breaths, Feng Peng's claws had decapitated it, snuffing out its life.