

Doctor 1631

Chapter 1631: The Little Tree's Life Force

Fang Bai looked at Linghu Baimi, who was barely breathing, with little life left, and anger surged in his chest.

"Old scoundrel, if I don't kill you today, the hatred in my heart will never be quenched!"

Fang Bai held the ancient cauldron in his hand, cold light glinting from his eyes, stepping upon space, walking step by step towards Bao Zhenhai.

Bao Zhenhai snorted disdainfully, "Kill me? With just you, a mere martial artist of the initial Soul Severing stage, simply delusional!"

"Supreme Elder, this little thief possesses a Blood Blade which seems to be a royal grade spiritual artifact, and the ancient cauldron in his hand is no ordinary item! Please, by all means, kill him and seize those two spiritual artifacts!"

Duan Yi, seeing the return of his sect's Supreme Elder Bao Zhenhai, rejoiced mightily and loudly spoke.

Bao Zhenhai laughed, "More than that, this kid also understands the Beast Taming Art and the art of setting formations, he holds many secrets. I plan to capture him alive and force him to reveal all his secrets!"

Duan Yi's eyes gleamed, thinking to himself that if this were true, this kid would indeed be a living treasure.

"Little Mink, take Qianjiao and Baimei into my Five Elements Space Ring!"

Fang Bai knew that the upcoming battle could be the most dangerous since his rebirth, and the Lightning Mink could offer no assistance, the two Linghu sisters were burdensome, so it was better to hide them in the Five Elements Space Ring for safety.

The Lightning Mink hesitated, not yet understanding what the "Five Elements Space Ring" was, when it felt a strong pulling force sucking itself and the two Linghu sisters into a dark space, adapting shortly after, it found itself in a vast boundless space where spiritual energy floated about.

"Is this the interior space of the Five Elements Space Ring that Fang Bai mentioned? Such a vast space and a ring that can accommodate life... it's indeed a wondrous treasure!"

The Lightning Mink released the two Linghu sisters and examined the surroundings, seeing mountains and water, flowers and grass, even small spirit beasts wandering about; it was clearly a tranquil and harmonious minor world.

"Little Mink, do you see that small tree? Place Baimei under it!"

Fang Bai's voice resounded in the air, echoing in the ears of the Lightning Mink.

The Lightning Mink diffused its divine sense, glanced around, indeed discovering a man-height small tree growing several miles ahead.

The small tree grew in a barren meadow, although its branches and leaves appeared sparse and unassuming, it nonetheless emitted surging and powerful life energy, filling the space of the Five Elements Space Ring, nurturing everything within.

That small tree was the dark deadwood Fang Bai obtained at the Martial Artists Trading Market back in the day; after placing it in the Five Elements Space Ring, it surprisingly took root and sprouted anew.

Fang Bai, being knowledgeable, knew that the small tree was extraordinary, its life energy emissions unmatched even by the Immortal Trees of the Immortal Realm.

And the Lightning Mink also saw that the small tree was an extraordinary treasure, marveling, it swept with the already heavily injured and unconscious Linghu Baimi, laying her flat beneath the tree.

Strangely enough, once Linghu Baimi's body was placed under the tree, the life energy emanating from the tree, seemingly summoned, threaded into her body.

Within mere hundred breaths, Linghu Baimi's previously pale face began to show a slight redness, her breathing calming steadily.

The Lightning Mink did not know that Linghu Baimi's five viscera and six bowels shattered by Bao Zhenhai's palm were, under the nourishment of the tree's life energy, rapidly healing incredibly.

Linghu Qianjiao, seeing her sister's condition improving swiftly, had her sorrow replaced with joy, yet started worrying about Fang Bai outside the Five Elements Space Ring.

At this moment, Fang Bai was desperately holding on under Bao Zhenhai's overwhelming attacks.

Bao Zhenhai's punches and palms were immensely powerful, as fierce as sweeping gales and surging waves, while Fang Bai's body, like a fallen leaf in the wind or a reed in water, was constantly being tossed high and thrown low, in constant danger of capsizing.

Fang Bai, though he vowed to kill Bao Zhenhai, was also aware that solely based on his own combat power, he could not contend with a first-level Heavenly Tribulation powerhouse like Bao Zhenhai. Therefore, when Bao Zhenhai initiated attacks, he never confronted head-on, either cleverly evading with his movement technique or using the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron to block Bao Zhenhai's spiritual energy assaults.

Fang Bai, possessing the Chaos True Body and Innate Wind Spirit Root, could fly with the wind, his speed far surpassing warriors of the same stage. Bao Zhenhai, for the moment, could not catch him, the pressure he released only slightly delayed Fang Bai's movement speed; capturing him alive would be difficult in a short time.

"Little thief, let's see how long you can hold on!"

Bao Zhenhai muttered to himself.

He initially thought Fang Bai's reckless consumption of spiritual energy would naturally slow down his movement speed soon; yet, after another hundred breaths, Fang Bai's spiritual energy showed almost no signs of depletion.

Bao Zhenhai closely examined Fang Bai, realizing this kid had a special physique, able to absorb nature's spiritual energy around him while consuming his own.

With this, Fang Bai's spiritual energy, though not endless, was sufficient for him to hold out for a long time.

With each attack, Bao Zhenhai let out an angry roar.

In his eyes, for him, a dignified first-level Heavenly Tribulation powerhouse, to be unable within a hundred breaths to deal with a mere initial Soul Severing stage martial artist, it was utterly disgraceful, and if spread, would become a laughingstock.

"Boom!"

Bao Zhenhai's punch slammed onto the ancient cauldron shielding Fang Bai, sending him along with the cauldron back a hundred feet, his internal energy and blood surging turbulently, nearly spitting out blood.

"You want to kill me, but I won't let you feel good either!"

Fang Bai suspended the cauldron above his head, extending his hands forward, two clusters of seemingly weak flames suddenly emerging from his palms.

As soon as those flames appeared, the entire Taixuan Sect for over a thousand miles was enveloped in scorching heat, smoke rising from grass and wood, igniting subsequently with a boom.

Tens of thousands of Taixuan Sect disciples could not resist the heat; their clothes and hair were instantly burned away, and the next moment, their bodies were scorched, suffering heavy damage.

Some Taixuan Sect disciples who failed to protect themselves with spiritual energy were directly charred into corpses by the high temperatures.

Meanwhile, some powerful disciples of the Taixuan Sect fled far beyond a thousand miles, escaping the heat envelope, finally letting out a breath of relief.

Even some high-level figures in the Soul Severing Realm within the Taixuan Sect kept their distance from Fang Bai, not daring to approach.

At that moment, of the tens of thousands of Taixuan Sect disciples, only Supreme Elder Bao Zhenhai and Sect Master Duan Yi remained before and behind Fang Bai, forming a siege to attack Fang Bai from both sides.

Fang Bai knew that though Duan Yi had not fled, he deeply feared his clusters of spiritual fire, not daring to act recklessly. His true formidable enemy was still Bao Zhenhai.

Chapter 1632: Fierce Battle Against Two Mighty Foes

Duan Yi watched as two flames emerged from Fang Bai's palm, sensing the terrifying heat within them. He couldn't help but feel apprehensive and cautiously retreated several dozen steps.

"Spirit fire... that is the legendary spirit fire..."

Bao Zhenhai fixed his gaze on the two clusters of spirit fire, speaking to himself in an excited tone.

In his younger years, Bao Zhenhai had traveled across three thousand great worlds, visited many regions, and gained extensive knowledge. Though he hadn't seen the spirit fire personally, he had heard many legends about it.

He knew that the spirit fire was born of heaven and earth, virtually eternal and unextinguished, with extraordinarily high temperatures. Wherever it appeared, hundreds of miles would become scorched land, and ordinary martial artists couldn't approach it. Conquering the spirit fire was as hard as ascending to the heavens.

But this Fang Bai, with some unknown physique, feared not the spirit fire and astonishingly subdued two clusters of it simultaneously, which was truly unbelievable.

Though Bao Zhenhai was a first-layer Heavenly Tribulation expert, he could only stay within the high temperature of the spirit fire for a brief moment. Therefore, if he wanted to deal with Fang Bai, he could only use a swift approach to achieve a quick victory. Otherwise, he too couldn't withstand the spirit fire's might.

What Bao Zhenhai didn't know was that Fang Bai, with only an initial stage Soul Severing cultivation level, could only exert a tenth or so of the spirit fire's might. If its full power were unleashed, Bao Zhenhai would have already perished and not remain standing here unharmed.

Fang Bai held the two clusters of spirit fire, a cold gleam in his eyes, standing proudly with the firelight illuminating his face, revealing a determined and resolute expression.

In this battle, Fang Bai decided not to flee. Even if it means unleashing his life potential and suffering severe injuries, he was determined to destroy the Taixuan Sect to quell the anger in his heart.

Fang Bai now knew that the small tree growing from a broken piece of wood in his Five Elements Space Ring was actually a World Tree.

According to Fang Bai's knowledge, in this vast universe, besides the three thousand small worlds and three thousand great worlds, there were countless other worlds. And in each world, there was a naturally occurring World Tree.

The World Tree continuously released spiritual energy, nurturing the life within its world.

Originally, the World Tree was supposed to survive eternally. Without a terrifying external force, it couldn't be destroyed.

The World Tree in Fang Bai's Five Elements Space Ring somehow had been destroyed by some powerful being, leaving only a small stump. If not consciously planted by Fang Bai within the Five Elements Space Ring, it would have remained a mere piece of wood, unable to regain its vitality.

After Linghu Baimi was placed beneath that World Tree, her vitality rejuvenated, her life force gradually strengthened, and her shattered internal organs began to quickly heal, showing just how miraculous the World Tree is.

It could be said that without the World Tree, Linghu Baimi's life would be in jeopardy and perhaps already dead, which was the root of Fang Bai's anger.

"If this person is not eliminated, the Taixuan Sect will never know peace!"

Bao Zhenhai's pupils reflected the light of the two clusters of spirit fire as he spoke harshly with a spiritual artifact already tightly gripped in his hand.

Young, exceptionally talented, possessing spirit fire, and knowledgeable in many secret techniques, such a martial artist destined for great success must either not be provoked or, once provoked, must be eradicated to the root to prevent future troubles.

However, by himself, Bao Zhenhai had no absolute confidence to kill Fang Bai and needed to join forces with Duan Yi to be assured of victory.

Duan Yi had some fear of the spirit fire and originally didn't want to approach Fang Bai again. However, when the Supreme Elder spoke like this, he felt it made a lot of sense.

If they let Fang Bai escape this time, should he advance in cultivation and return later, the Taixuan Sect would face an even greater crisis.

Rather than let it get to that, it was better to nip the crisis in the bud.

"For the sake of the Taixuan Sect's future, he cannot be allowed to live!"

Duan Yi gritted his teeth, raised the spiritual artifact over his head, and prepared to attack Fang Bai from front and back together with Bao Zhenhai.

A first-layer Heavenly Tribulation expert and a Soul Severing Perfection expert joining forces to attack a martial artist with only an initial stage Soul Severing cultivation level would be incredibly shocking if known.

Fang Bai took a deep breath and circulated the Nine Revolutions True Fire Art, activating the fire primordial qi within the two clusters of spirit fire, preparing to fight them with all his might.

Hotter fire primordial qi spread in all directions, enveloping the entire Taixuan Sect.

The herb gardens planted by the Taixuan Sect for thousands of years withered and died amidst the scorching fire primordial qi.

The disciples of Taixuan Sect, unable to escape the spirit fire's range in time, were burned to the point their skin split, with many dying on the spot, and countless others gravely injured, rolling and wailing on the ground, presenting a tragic sight.

Even if Fang Bai could be killed at this moment, the Taixuan Sect suffered immense losses and might not recover to its former state in a thousand years.

Bao Zhenhai and Duan Yi were heartbroken, filled with rage, wishing to capture Fang Bai immediately, skin him alive, and tear him to pieces.

Fang Bai's mouth curled with a cold smile, showing no mercy.

Bao Zhenhai and Duan Yi both stood in the core area of the spirit fire's aura and needed to form a defense qi shield with spiritual energy to protect themselves.

Bao Zhenhai managed okay, but Duan Yi couldn't help but open some distance from Fang Bai again for normal breathing.

This distance, although it took Duan Yi out of hand-to-hand combat range, still allowed him to launch distant attacks with spiritual artifacts, which were equally formidable.

“Attack!”

Bao Zhenhai shouted, his fingers rapidly weaving a hand seal, then tapped his forehead lightly, and a stone seal the size of a fist flew out.

The stone seal was called the “Mountain Suppressing Seal,” second only to the Lotus Platform used by Sect Master Duan Yi in the Taixuan Sect. However, Bao Zhenhai’s cultivation level was much higher than Duan Yi’s, so its power was not inferior to the Lotus Platform.

“Kill!”

Duan Yi also shouted loudly, forming a hand seal with his fingers, tapping his forehead lightly, and the Lotus Platform was once again summoned.

The Mountain Suppressing Seal and Lotus Platform, two great spiritual artifacts, attacked Fang Bai from front and back, placing him in a perilous situation.

Fang Bai looked up at the sky, his eyes sharp, and the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron once again floated above his head, taking the brunt of Bao Zhenhai’s and Duan Yi’s spiritual artifact attacks.

“Boom!”

In a deafening noise, the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron trembled violently, withstanding the impact from the Mountain Suppressing Seal and Lotus Platform.

However, Fang Bai, positioned under the cauldron, wasn’t so fortunate.

His face turned slightly red, blood dripping from the corners of his mouth, showing that this attack had caused him considerable pain.

“If I take ten to eight more such attacks, I’ll be severely injured!”

Fang Bai smiled bitterly inside, quickly wiped off the blood from his mouth, and let out a long howl, preparing to summon spirit beasts again, using them as the vanguard to sound the horn of counterattack.

As the howl echoed out, the primeval forest immediately became agitated, and with loud “rumble” sounds, it seemed as though thousands of troops were rushing over.

And in the sky, there was also a “whoosh” of wind. Birds as far as the eye could see left their habitats in the primeval forest, soaring through the sky, singing to the heavens, and then charging toward Fang Bai.

Chapter 1633: Reinforcements, Fierce Battle

Thousands of vicious flying beasts surged from the sky and earth, and in the blink of an eye, they were upon them. Under Fang Bai’s control, they surrounded Bao Zhenhai and Duan Yi.

“Damn it, not this again!”

Bao Zhenhai and Duan Yi had suffered at the hands of spirit beast sieges before and were deeply frustrated by it, but there was nothing they could do.

Once these spirit beasts were controlled, they would become frenzied and fearless of death. Even though battling them posed no real danger, it was undoubtedly a headache.

Fang Bai’s spiritual fire was aimed solely at the Tai Xuan disciples and posed no threat to those flying beasts. As a result, the beasts attacked unrestrainedly, while the Tai Xuan disciples struggled to cope, suffering greatly.

“Brother Fang, let us lend you a hand!”

As the thousand flying spirit beasts surged forth, a low voice entered Fang Bai’s ears from afar.

Fang Bai’s heart was moved. He turned his head sharply and gazed into the distance, seeing a cloud of dust with thousands of tigers charging at high speed. Leading them was Hu Xiao of the Tiger Clan, accompanied by the elite disciples and upper echelons of the Tiger Clan.

Earlier, when the Wind Roc returned to the Tiger Clan to deliver a message, Fang Bai set off to the Tai Xuan Sect to rescue the Linghu Sisters. Upon learning this, the Supreme Elder Hu Xiao of the Tiger Clan allowed Fang Bai and the Wind Roc to set off first, while he arranged for the elite disciples of the clan to come to their aid.

At that time, Fang Bai thought Hu Xiao was merely speaking casually, after all, the Tai Xuan Sect was powerful, far beyond the Tiger Clan. It seemed unlikely they would take the risk to help from such a distance.

But Fang Bai didn't expect that Hu Xiao had meant what he said and came with full force, which touched Fang Bai deeply for a moment.

Once the Tiger Clan's elite arrived on the scene, Hu Xiao quickly surveyed the situation and made arrangements for the Tiger Clan elite disciples to engage the Tai Xuan disciples, the Tiger Clan's high ranks to fight the Tai Xuan high ranks, while he himself went to confront the Tai Xuan Sect Master, Duan Yi.

This way, Fang Bai would not face the dual pressure of Bao Zhenhai and Duan Yi.

"Brother Fang, I'll handle this one! Be careful!"

After drawing the attention of the Tai Xuan Sect Master, Duan Yi, to himself, Hu Xiao shouted loudly.

"Thank you, Brother Hu! Your aid will surely be richly rewarded!"

Fang Bai responded loudly.

Without Duan Yi, facing only Bao Zhenhai, Fang Bai felt his pressure significantly alleviated, and he was a bit more confident.

Fang Bai knew that Bao Zhenhai had some fear of his spiritual fire, even if he wasn't his match, Bao Zhenhai wouldn't be able to do much to him either. As the standoff continued, the final outcome would

depend on the results of the spirit beasts he controlled through the Beast Taming Scripture allied with the Tiger Clan.

If the Tiger Clan and the spirit beasts he controlled could overpower the Tai Xuan disciples, then Bao Zhenhai might very well escape to avoid being besieged.

Otherwise, if the alliance of the Tiger Clan and the spirit beasts could not withstand the Tai Xuan disciples, he could only temporarily avoid Bao Zhenhai's sharpness, choose to leave, and return later.

Fang Bai was filled with confidence in victory.

At this moment, the Tai Xuan Sect, under the onslaught of his spiritual fire and the attack of numerous flying beasts, was suffering heavy losses. Their fighting spirit and morale were almost crushed, and chaos had already set in. With the sudden addition of the Tiger Clan, it seemed unlikely for the Tai Xuan Sect to hold out much longer before collapsing.

As the thousands of Tai Xuan disciples were defeated, their high ranks would surely lose confidence as well, losing the will to fight, which would further affect their combat strength.

As long as he could hold off Bao Zhenhai, allowing the Tai Xuan high ranks and disciples to see no chance of victory, then the comprehensive collapse of the Tai Xuan Sect was just a matter of time.

"You old bandit, let's fight again!"

Seeing Bao Zhenhai static, Fang Bai decided to take the initiative to attack.

He crazily pushed the Nine Revolutions True Fire Art, and when the blazing flame enveloped his fist, he then raised his hand to strike.

"Furious Flame Fist!"

Fang Bai's roar was like thunder as he punched out.

The Spiritual Energy fists carrying the might of two spiritual fires grew larger like a snowball, and by the time they reached Bao Zhenhai, they were several meters tall. A massive burning flame, like a giant spirit beast with its mouth wide open, seemed ready to swallow Bao Zhenhai.

Bao Zhenhai's hair and beard turned to ash under the scorching high temperature of the flames, and even his skin felt a faint pain. Inwardly startled, he realized the potent power of this Spirit Fire.

"Disperse!"

Bao Zhenhai shouted deeply, pushing his right palm flatly forward, and a huge Golden Spiritual Energy palm struck the enormous flame.

"Poof!"

The fire was extinguished, and the golden palm disappeared as well.

This strike seemed like neither side gained an advantage, but Fang Bai knew that as the attacking party, he had some early-move advantage. Yet, with Bao Zhenhai easily deflecting his attack, it was evident that Bao Zhenhai's combat strength was slightly superior to his own.

However, Fang Bai wasn't afraid. He had the Chaos True Body, allowing him to absorb nature's spiritual energy on his own, and he possessed the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron, the Five Elements Space Ring, and the World Tree within it. These treasures could all supply him with Spiritual Energy, and as long as the battle wasn't continuously fierce, he had little risk of exhausting his Spiritual Energy.

"Take a hit from me as well!"

Bao Zhenhai's eyes flared with anger, and he summoned the Mountain Suppressing Seal again. Originally only fist-sized, the stone seal swelled dozens of times against the wind, crashing down on Fang Bai's head like a massive millstone.

"I'm not afraid of you!"

Fang Bai raised the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron with his left hand and forcefully flung it upward.

The golden glow descended and the green glow rose, and the two spiritual artifacts collided mid-air, producing a “thump” that made both Bao Zhenhai and Fang Bai’s hearts palpitate.

Fang Bai’s body staggered several times, and his face instantly turned pale, but it soon regained some color.

Although Bao Zhenhai’s Mountain Suppressing Seal was formidable, without Duan Yi’s cooperation, it posed no great threat to Fang Bai. It wasn’t as devastating as the previous combined strike that directly injured Fang Bai, making him cough up blood.

“You brat! I won’t believe I can’t kill you!”

Bao Zhenhai realized that relying solely on spiritual artifacts was ineffective in slaying Fang Bai. Thus, while continuing to strike with the Mountain Suppressing Seal, he lunged forward and, upon reaching a point over ten yards from Fang Bai, transformed his palm into a blade, slicing diagonally.

The golden blade aura slashed from Bao Zhenhai’s palm, swift as lightning, emitting a thunderous sound with faint lightning snakes intertwining. This scene, peculiar to a Thunder Tribulation Realm attack, indicated his strike was an all-out effort.

As Bao Zhenhai’s palm blade swept across, even the space produced ripples. This terrifying and destructively powerful force made Fang Bai’s pupils contract.

Faced with Bao Zhenhai’s most powerful strike, Fang Bai’s expression turned serious. He no longer solely used the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron for defense but prepared to counterattack, to gauge the strength gap between himself and a Thunder Tribulation Realm expert.

“Stacking Waves Palm!”

“Furious Flame Fist!”

Fang Bai pushed his combat strength to the limit, moving both right and left hands simultaneously. His left palm condensed black Water Spirit Qi for a palm strike, while his right fist turned into a flame for a punch.

Water and fire, almost simultaneously, met Bao Zhenhai's incoming golden blade aura.

Chapter 1634: Overthrow

Under the high temperature released by the Nether Spirit Fire and the Red Silkworm Spirit Fire, the vast majority of Taixuan Sect disciples could not withstand it. Some stayed behind to fight to the death, swearing to live and die with the Sect, while others only thought of saving their lives and decisively chose to flee.

Amidst the fierce battle between Fang Bai and Bao Zhenhai, the originally tens of thousands of Taixuan Sect disciples either perished or fled, leaving less than one-tenth remaining.

Though Bao Zhenhai had the upper hand in the battle with Fang Bai, he could never inflict any significant damage on Fang Bai. He knew that if the fight continued, he might face not only Fang Bai but also be surrounded by numerous spirit beasts and the strong of the Tiger Clan, making it difficult for him to escape.

As such a formidable power, Bao Zhenhai was long past the age of hot-blooded impulse. The more dangerous the moment, the calmer he became.

Knowing it was hopeless to kill Fang Bai and fearing he might get bogged down in a prolonged battle, Bao Zhenhai immediately had the thought of retreating.

Although he knew his escape might lead to a total collapse of Taixuan Sect disciples, Bao Zhenhai also understood that if he preserved his strength, Taixuan Sect might have a chance to rise again. Otherwise, if tens of thousands of Taixuan Sect disciples fell here, it would be equivalent to the destruction of the Sect.

"I will return!"

Bao Zhenhai made a feint to hold off Fang Bai, then put away the Mountain Suppressing Seal and turned into a stream of light, disappearing in an instant.

"That old fellow can really escape fast!"

Fang Bai hadn't expected Bao Zhenhai to flee so abruptly and was taken aback.

A Thunder Tribulation Realm expert like Bao Zhenhai, once in escape mode, moved at an astonishing speed that Fang Bai couldn't hope to catch.

Therefore, watching that stream of light disappear into the horizon, Fang Bai could only gaze in frustration.

Bao Zhenhai could flee, but Fang Bai decided not to let Duan Yi slip away.

Bao Zhenhai was the "Sea-Calming Divine Needle" of Taixuan Sect. With his escape, how could the other Taixuan Sect disciples have any fighting spirit left? They promptly abandoned their opponents and scattered like birds and beasts.

At this moment, Taixuan Sect Master Duan Yi was secretly lamenting in his heart.

Duan Yi was entangled by the Supreme Elder of the Tiger Clan, Hu Xiao, and wished to escape but had no opportunity. Seeing Fang Bai drive away their Sect's Supreme Elder and advance towards him, he grew panicked.

Dealing with one Supreme Elder of the Tiger Clan was already taxing enough for him, let alone the prospect of facing Fang Bai with his myriad secret techniques. He had no chance.

In a rush, Duan Yi called upon his Royal Grade spiritual artifact, the Lotus Platform, and hurled it towards Hu Xiao, hoping to force him back and create an opportunity to escape.

However, Hu Xiao, with Fang Bai's help, had upgraded his Purple-Gold Hammer to a Royal Grade spiritual artifact of even higher quality. When the two spiritual artifacts collided in the air, there was a loud noise, and the Purple-Gold Hammer left a fine crack on the Lotus Platform.

Spiritual artifacts are mentally linked to the Martial Artist using them. When a spiritual artifact is damaged, the Martial Artist also suffers injury.

With the crack on the Lotus Platform, Duan Yi's body wavered, and a trace of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

"How can this be?"

Duan Yi's eyes widened, letting out an incredulous cry.

From what he knew, even though the Tiger Clan was powerful, no Royal Grade spiritual artifacts existed among them. To his utter surprise, not only did the Tiger Clan's Supreme Elder wield one, but its power seemed to surpass his Lotus Platform. He found himself caught off guard.

Just as his scream ended, Fang Bai closed in from behind, using two clusters of spiritual fire to fuel a blast of Fire Spirit Energy, unleashing another Furious Flame Fist.

The fist, like a Fire Dragon, unleashed a wave of heat overwhelming the entire area, instantly engulfing him completely.

Duan Yi, after his battle with Hu Xiao, had already expended considerable Spiritual Energy and could only form a Defense Qi Shield to block out the raging flame that Fang Bai emitted.

His focus was on Fang Bai, forgetting that a Tiger Clan Supreme Elder was still eyeing him like a hawk from the side.

"Die!"

Hu Xiao, seeing Duan Yi concentrating all his defenses against Fang Bai's strike while neglecting his presence, mentally commanded his suspended Purple-Gold Hammer. It quivered, descended once more onto Duan Yi, and shattered his surrounding Defense Qi Shield with overwhelming force.

The Purple-Gold Hammer crashed directly onto Duan Yi's head, breaking it open and causing him to scream as he desperately retreated.

He forgot that his Defense Qi Shield was now broken by the Purple-Gold Hammer, allowing the previously blocked waves of fire to sweep over and engulf him completely.

Though strong in cultivation, Duan Yi lacked Fang Bai's formidable physique and had no energy shield to rely on. He could not withstand the fiery onslaught, and his skin began to sizzle, swiftly burning away to a bloodied mess.

"Help me...help me..."

Duan Yi tumbled from the sky to the ground, rolling and howling in misery.

Fang Bai and Hu Xiao, standing above, watched Duan Yi's struggle and gradual diminishment with expressionless faces, no trace of pity in their eyes.

To the Tiger Clan, the close ties between Taixuan Sect and the Lion Clan were like a mountain pressing down upon them. Its fall was much to their delight.

As for Fang Bai, Taixuan Sect had provoked his woman, fueling his resentment and desire for its obliteration.

The flight of Bao Zhenhai and the fall of Duan Yi signaled Taixuan Sect's demise. Those disciples who hadn't managed to escape were thrown into panic, unable to fight, and were killed by the controlled spirit beasts and Tiger Clan experts.

Within the span of a few breaths, the entire territory of Taixuan Sect was quieted, with only the stench of blood lingering.

After Taixuan Sect's destruction, Fang Bai released Wind Roc and Linghu Qianjiao from the Five Elements Space Ring. Linghu Baimei, however, remained unconscious, still recovering under the World Tree.

"Brother Fang, Baimei and I have searched so hard for you all these years!"

Linghu Qianjiao, in her white dress, was teary-eyed and poignant as she tightly embraced Fang Bai, sharing her longing since their separation and expressing deep concern for her severely injured sister.

"Don't cry! In a few days, Baimei will be as good as new!"

Seeing Linghu Qianjiao's heartbroken tears, Fang Bai gently patted her shoulder in comfort.

Nearly ten thousand elite disciples of the Tiger Clan had their own casualties in this battle, but compared to the fallen disciples of Taixuan Sect, it was minor. Under orders from their higher-ups, some attended to their injured, some dealt with the bodies of fallen clan warriors, and others scoured the area for Taixuan Sect's cultivation resources.

"Reporting to the Clan Leader, we discovered Taixuan Sect's treasure under the Sect Master Hall! However, the entrance is guarded by a formation that we cannot immediately breach."

Soon after, a Tiger Clan steward reported with barely contained excitement.

Taixuan Sect had been established for tens of thousands of years, and its treasures were undoubtedly abundant, which explained the steward's excitement.

Though Fang Bai was credited chiefly for the victory, the Tiger Clan had also contributed significantly, and they expected to share in a bounty of cultivation resources. This represented a golden opportunity for the Tiger Clan.

"Let's go and take a look at Taixuan Sect's treasure!"

Fang Bai took Linghu Qianjiao's hand and, led by the Tiger Clan steward, along with the Tiger Clan Supreme Elder and Clan Leader, walked towards the Taixuan Sect's Sect Master Hall.

Chapter 1635: Beneath the Surface

The Sect Master Hall of Taixuan Sect suffered severe damage during the recent battle between Fang Bai and Bao Zhenhai, with half of the hall collapsing.

Hu Chong, the Clan Leader of the Tiger Clan, walked up to the hall and struck it with a powerful palm, sweeping the entire hall away, revealing an empty space inside.

"The entrance is here!"

The Tiger Clan Steward who discovered the treasure entrance dashed under the sect master's seat, cleared the area, and revealed an entrance a few feet in diameter.

At the entrance was a rectangular stone slab engraved with ancient and complex array patterns. It was these patterns that made the slab seem as if it was part of the ground, even using a royal-grade spiritual artifact couldn't budge it.

"It's quite a formidable defensive array!"

Hu Xiaoshan, the Supreme Elder of the Tiger Clan, who knew some array arts, went over to take a closer look but shook his head in resignation, indicating he was powerless.

"Brother Fang, you're skilled in array art, see if you can break it."

Seeing Fang Bai walk up to him, Hu Xiaoshan stepped back a couple of steps, giving Fang Bai space.

Fang Bai crouched down, gently brushing his fingers over the complex array patterns, realizing that a high-level imperial rank array had appeared in Taixuan Sect, suggesting that the ancestors of Taixuan Sect might have included Thunder Tribulation Realm experts proficient in array arts.

Imperial rank high-level arrays are not something an ordinary array master can even comprehend, let alone break, but they posed no obstacle for Fang Bai.

Fang Bai turned his fingers into a blade, making simple swipes over the stone slab's array patterns. Soon, beams of light radiated from the slab, and after a slight tremor, it shattered loudly, revealing an entrance a few feet square.

The Tiger Clan's high-ranking members exchanged glances, admirably praising Fang Bai's array art.

Rich spiritual energy immediately overflowed from the entrance, bathing Fang Bai and the others, prompting them to take deep breaths. Even the Lightning Mink, feeling refreshed, let out a contented sigh.

"Swish!"

A silver flash darted into the underground treasure entrance, with the Lightning Mink rushing in first while everyone was dazed.

"This guy..."

Seeing the disappearing silver streak, Fang Bai couldn't help but smile wryly, then said, "Let's go down and take a look... Hopefully, the Taixuan Sect's underground vault contains some good items."

"Brother Fang, after you."

The Tiger Clan's high-ranking members courteously said.

Among these people, Fang Bai's cultivation level wasn't the strongest, but his combat strength was second to none, and he contributed the most to the battle. Now at the division time of cultivation resources, it was only natural for him to enter first and make his selection.

Fang Bai, taking Linghu Qianjiao with him, entered first as the Tiger Clan high-ranking members followed in order of hierarchy.

The first thing Fang Bai saw upon entering the underground vault wasn't the mountain of cultivation resources but a person and a beast.

The beast was the Lightning Mink, and the person was Wu De.

At that moment, Lightning Mink and Wu De were standing in front of a pile of royal-grade spirit stones, glaring at each other with big eyes and small eyes.

"Wu De? When did you get in here?"

Seeing Wu De there, Fang Bai was quite bewildered, but then he thought about Wu De's expertise in stealing, perhaps there wasn't only one entrance to the vault. Who knows where he sneaked in, even before the rest of them.

Seeing Wu De's eyes darting around, Fang Bai knew this guy had already harvested quite a number of treasures.

"Me? Hehe... I just got in here too!"

Wu De chuckled awkwardly, instinctively tightening his grip on the space ring on his left hand.

Fang Bai rolled his eyes, led Linghu Qianjiao to the pile of royal-grade spirit stones, and said, "You've certainly pocketed quite a few of these royal-grade spirit stones, haven't you?"

Fang Bai's divine sense diffused, discovering that in this vast underground vault, this pile of royal-grade spirit stones was the most valuable, and given Wu De's character, if he discovered such cultivation resources, he would definitely fill his spatial ring.

Wu De shook his head like a rattle drum, repeatedly saying, "No! No!"

Fang Bai appeared doubtful, but didn't argue with Wu De, knowing his spatial ring had limited space and couldn't hold many royal-grade spirit stones.

Yet the million spirit stones before them were plentiful enough for everyone to divide.

"I don't believe it! Old Taoist Wu, show me your spatial ring. If there's other good stuff inside, we must share!"

Fang Bai ignored Wu De, but Lightning Mink wasn't as forgiving. He noisily demanded to take Wu De's spatial ring, probing it with his divine sense.

Even though Wu De yelled "Wah wah," being outmatched, he had no choice.

After Lightning Mink had looked into the ring for a while, seeing his disappointed expression, Wu De grumpily said, "Have you seen enough? Apart from royal-grade spirit stones, there's nothing in my spatial ring that would interest you! Humph, you brazenly snatched the Taoist Master's spatial ring. The Taoist Master is angry. If I could beat you, I would have already taught you a lesson to vent my frustration!"

Lightning Mink chuckled and said, "When you reach my realm, Master Mink will already be a Thunder Tribulation expert! So, you'll never be my match! Haha..."

Lightning Mink, seeing Wu De's annoyed and hopping mad expression, couldn't help but laugh triumphantly.

"You all take these royal-grade spirit stones first... Fill your own spatial rings as much as you can! Of course, if there are other cultivation resources you fancy, don't hold back!"

Fang Bai addressed the high-ranking members of the Tiger Clan.

There were over a million royal-grade spirit stones here, but only a dozen Tiger Clan high-ranking members, whose spatial rings could hold at most tens of thousands of stones. Fang Bai wasn't worried they'd take them all.

Even if they did, so what?

Like Wu De, Fang Bai had also realized that within the Taixuan Sect on Taixuan Peak, there's a spirit stone vein inside. Judging from the spiritual energy it emits, it surely contains some royal-grade spirit stones.

"Brother Fang, you should take them first!"

Hu Xiaoshan still thought Fang Bai was being courteous and hurriedly insisted.

Fang Bai raised his left hand showcasing the Five Elements Spatial Ring and smiled, "My spatial ring can accommodate millions of spirit stones. If I take them first, you'd have no chance. You take them first, then the rest will be all mine."

Upon hearing this, Hu Xiaoshan realized Fang Bai wasn't being courteous but was rather generously sharing the benefits among them.

Now, Hu Xiaoshan and the Tiger Clan experts stopped being polite, one after another, and began storing the pile of royal-grade spirit stones into their spatial rings.

By the time their spatial rings were filled, half of the million royal-grade spirit stones were still left.

Fang Bai laughed "Haha," moved his left hand slightly, and in a flash of light, the remaining half of the royal-grade spirit stones disappeared, all taken into his Five Elements Spatial Ring.

"Everyone scatter and see if there are other preferred cultivation resources."

The underground vault was immense, and every so often there were piles of cultivation resources. After Fang Bai finished speaking, he took Linghu Qianjiao's hand and headed towards a pile of spiritual medicine, stretching out his hand to collect a few royal-grade spiritual medicines.

Seeing this, Wu De and others also scattered, each seeking their treasures.

Chapter 1636: The Spirit Stone Veins Beneath the Peak

In the underground treasure vault of the Taixuan Sect, cultivation resources were abundant and endless. Wu De and the others checked this and touched that, almost overwhelmed by the choices.

In the end, besides selecting tens of thousands of Royal Grade spirit stones, each of them picked some Royal Grade spiritual medicine.

Their choices were not necessarily the most valuable, but they were certainly the best auxiliary effects for their own cultivation.

Looking at their space rings filled to the brim, smiles of joy and satisfaction appeared on their faces.

Especially the Tiger Clan, who had exhausted their elite forces to assist Fang Bai, paid a considerable price, and acquiring these cultivation resources compensated for some losses.

And yet, the remaining cultivation resources were still plentiful, none of which were below King Grade.

"I'll hold onto these," Fang Bai said.

Currently, Fang Bai needed a massive amount of cultivation resources and was no longer polite. With a wave of his left hand, the Five Elements Space Ring glowed faintly, and all remaining cultivation resources in the underground treasure vault were absorbed into it.

Although plentiful, the cultivation resources from the underground treasure vault only occupied a small corner inside Fang Bai's Five Elements Space Ring.

Watching the suddenly empty underground treasure vault, Wu De and the others were all left wide-eyed and speechless.

They couldn't imagine what kind of space ring could harbor such a vast amount of cultivation resources.

Fang Bai neither flaunted nor explained the origin of his Five Elements Space Ring. Seeing everyone staring at him in shock, he smiled and said, "Let's go, and take a look at the scale of the spirit stone veins beneath Taixuan Peak!"

Upon hearing the words "spirit stone veins", Wu De became anxious, caught up with Fang Bai, and whispered to him, "Fang Bai, why did you mention this? Wouldn't it be better for just the two of us to secretly exploit it for cultivation?"

Fang Bai glanced at Wu De and chuckled as he whispered back, "Firstly, the Tiger Clan has helped me, so involving them in mining the spirit stone veins is my way of repaying them; Secondly, the Royal Grade spirit stones in the veins only account for a tiny fraction, with the majority being King Grade... rest assured, we will certainly discover more superior spirit stone veins in the future!"

Wu De opened his mouth, wanting to say more, but finally just sighed without uttering another word.

"What? There are spirit stone veins beneath Taixuan Peak?"

"Is it true?"

"No wonder the spiritual energy here is much denser than in other areas, it's because of the spirit stone veins!"

"Why has the Taixuan Sect never mined it? Could it be that they never discovered this secret?"

"If so, those disciples who fled the Taixuan Sect would be furious if they found out!"

...

The Tiger Clan's high-ranking members followed Fang Bai with excitement, pouring out from the entrance.

"Wu De, you lead the way!"

Along the stone steps, the group reached the halfway point of Taixuan Peak. Fang Bai, with a smile, instructed Wu De.

Fang Bai knew that Wu De must have already dug a tunnel straight to the spirit stone veins inside Taixuan Peak, so letting him lead the way would save himself some trouble.

Wu De pursed his lips and mumbled something unintelligible. After dawdling for a while, he finally led Fang Bai and the others to a patch of lush weeds.

"The entrance is here."

Wu De pointed to the clump of weeds.

Fang Bai gave Wind Roc, who was in human form, a knowing look. Understanding the gesture, Wind Roc pushed aside the weeds in front of him and cleared a pile of rubble, unveiling a tunnel just large enough for one person to pass through.

Once the tunnel was revealed, thick spiritual energy started pouring out, indicating that there truly was a large accumulation of spirit stones deep inside.

"Master, let me lead the way!"

With joy on his face, Wind Roc took a deep breath and was the first to enter the tunnel.

"I'm going in too!"

Afraid of being left behind, Wu De followed as the second person to enter.

“Qian Jiao, stay behind me, let’s go in too!”

Turning back, Fang Bai called out to Linghu Qianjiao, and the two followed Wind Roc and Wu De into the tunnel.

The Tiger Clan’s top echelons were close behind.

The tunnel wasn’t very deep, only around two or three hundred meters, and the further they went, the denser the spiritual energy became.

At the tunnel’s end was a small space that could only accommodate over twenty people. All around, spirit stones were densely stacked, countless and dazzling.

“Dear me... how many spirit stones could there be!”

Authorized to follow inside, the brothers Hu Wei and Hu Zhuang doubted their own eyes, rubbing them vigorously and touching the stones to confirm the spirit stones before them were real.

“According to my estimation, this spirit stone vein extends from Taixuan Peak downwards, several miles deep underground, with a reserve of tens of millions. Most are King Grade spirit stones, and Royal Grade spirit stones should make up about a tenth.”

Having been inside before, Wu De didn’t show astonishment like the other Tiger Clan experts. Instead, he introduced it with a stern face, while feeling a pang of regret in his heart.

Originally, Wu De thought he was the only one who had discovered this spirit stone vein, planning to enjoy it slowly in the future, without worrying about cultivation resources for years. Yet, unexpectedly, Fang Bai also discovered the veins and publicly shared them with the Tiger Clan.

Thus, in terms of allocation, how could the Tiger Clan receive less of this spirit stone vein?

The Tiger Clan had many members, and if they participated in the distribution of the spirit stone vein, naturally, they couldn't receive too little; otherwise, it would tarnish Fang Bai's reputation.

Wu De glanced sideways, seeing the high-ranking members of the Tiger Clan with eyes shimmering, feeling a sense of painful regret, and secretly vowed to stick with Fang Bai in the future, hoping he would find another spirit stone vein to make up for his loss.

"Tens of millions of spirit stones... with a tenth being Royal Grade..."

The words of Wu De echoed in the minds of the Tiger Clan's experts led by Hu Xiao, unable to suppress their excitement.

In normal circumstances, if this spirit stone vein could be distributed to them by a third, they could cultivate many experts, possibly seeing more Soul Severing Experts emerge within the Tiger Clan in the future.

Furthermore, the Supreme Elder Hu Xiao could potentially advance once more, entering the Thunder Tribulation Realm. At that time, even if the Taixuan Sect disciples who fled returned for revenge, what would the Tiger Clan have to fear?

"Brother Hu, how about moving your Tiger Clan's territory here?"

Fang Bai suddenly suggested to Hu Xiao.

Hu Xiao was taken aback, but soon understood Fang Bai's intent. After considering for a moment, he exchanged glances with Sect Master Hu Chong, and both Tiger Clan experts showed joy in their eyes.

This area around Taixuan Peak had dense nature's spiritual energy, highly suitable for cultivation. Although the medicinal garden planted by the Taixuan Sect disciples was nearly burned down, the existence of a spirit stone vein with tens of millions in reserves was enough to make up for all losses.

Moreover, the vicinity of Taixuan Peak was near the primeval forest, where the Tiger Clan, if overwhelmed by powerful attackers, could retreat into for defense.

After a brief discussion with the upper echelons of the Tiger Clan, they unanimously agreed to Fang Bai's suggestion and decided to relocate the Tiger Clan's territory to the Taixuan Sect.

Chapter 1637: Scenery

Regarding the allocation of Spirit Stone veins, Fang Bai only took hundreds of thousands of Royal Grade Spirit Stones, and nothing else.

Because for Fang Bai, Spirit Stones below the King Grade hold little significance, but for the Tiger Clan, they are of great use.

As for Wu De, firstly, his Space Ring was almost full, secondly, since Fang Bai took so little, he was embarrassed to take more, so he also took only one or two thousand Royal Grade Spirit Stones symbolically, and then pretended to be generous, saying that the rest should remain for the Tiger Clan.

Linghu Qianjiao and Wind Roc each took some as well, but not in large quantities.

The Tiger Clan also didn't want to take advantage, declaring that in the future, whether Fang Bai or others, once they enter the Tiger Clan Territory, they can use cultivation resources freely as needed.

In the following month, Fang Bai and others temporarily stayed at Taixuan Peak, waiting for the Tiger Clan people to finish relocating. During this time, Fang Bai taught Martial Dao to the Tiger Clan disciples, refined Spirit Pills and Spiritual Artifacts for them, and set up several integrated defense-offense formations in the new Tiger Clan territory...

Within this short month, Supreme Elder Hu Xiaoshan from the Tiger Clan had a breakthrough in cultivation, advancing to the first level of the Heavenly Tribulation.

And from Hu Chong downwards, the Tiger Clan's high-ranking members and elite disciples also benefited from Fang Bai's exquisite teachings, each advancing in cultivation levels.

Overall, the Tiger Clan made a significant leap in strength, surpassing the previous achievements of the Taixuan Sect.

Ten days after the fall of the Taixuan Sect, Linghu Baimei awakened. Upon meeting Fang Bai, she hugged him excitedly while crying and laughing, and even publicly kissed him passionately, displaying a fiery personality opposite to her sister Linghu Qianjiao.

After Linghu Baimei woke up, Fang Bai gave up on everything else and began to retreat to teach and guide the two sisters.

After entering the Three Thousand Great Worlds, the Linghu sisters didn't encounter many fortunes, so despite their extraordinary talents, their current cultivation level was only at the high rank of the Golden Core.

This level of cultivation, in the Three Thousand Great Worlds filled with powerful individuals, couldn't ensure their own safety, which was why they were easily captured by the Taixuan Sect and almost came to harm.

With Fang Bai's personal guidance and an abundant supply of cultivation resources, the cultivation of the Linghu sisters advanced rapidly, improving by leaps and bounds.

They followed Fang Bai into seclusion, and after a month's time, emerged from the cultivation state, with a completely transformed aura, and both had advanced to the Nascent Soul Realm.

Subsequently, Fang Bai reforged two Royal Grade Sword-Type Spiritual Weapons for them, making it so with the help of Royal Grade Spirit Weapons, the two were nearly unbeatable within the Nascent Soul realm.

After emerging from seclusion, they sat together and chatted. Fang Bai talked about other friends and family, and the Linghu sisters knew nothing about them, unaware of their whereabouts.

"Fang Bai, you actually established a sect in the Three Thousand Great Worlds? Why is it named 'Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace'?"

Linghu Baimei asked about Fang Bai's experiences in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, learning about his founding of the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace in the Heaven's Net Realm, and couldn't help but feel curious.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Yes. My goal is to ascend to the Nine Great Heavenly Domains in the Immortal Realm and become an Immortal Emperor, so I named it the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace."

Linghu Baimei asked again, "So how many members or disciples have you recruited into the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace now? Is there someone guarding the palace after you left?"

Fang Bai thought of Lu Liyu, who was guarding the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace alone, sighed inwardly, and shared the story of how he met and got to know Lu Liyu, without hiding or shying away from any details.

Linghu Qianjiao, being not very expressive and not easily showing her feelings, just furrowed her brows slightly after hearing Fang Bai's words, but didn't say anything.

Meanwhile, Linghu Baimei was much more straightforward and directly said, "Lu Liyu? Such a nice-sounding name, she must be an exceptionally beautiful woman. Brother Fang, just how many confidantes have you met in this Three Thousand Great Worlds?"

When it came to the confidantes surrounding him, Fang Bai always cared about their feelings. Seeing the two women's faces showed no displeasure, he sighed in relief and said with a wry smile, "Only her."

Linghu Baimei glanced at Fang Bai with her sparkling eyes and said coquettishly, "You are so flirtatious and leave feelings everywhere, who would believe you only met just one!"

Worried that her sister's words might offend Fang Bai, Linghu Qianjiao tugged at her sleeve and softly scolded, "Baimei, don't talk nonsense!"

"I'm not talking nonsense!"

Linghu Baimei blinked her eyes, looking innocently, and said, "Sister, think about it, from the Secular World to the Three Thousand Great Worlds, how many women have been around Brother Fang?"

Pausing, seeing Fang Bai rubbing his nose with a somewhat embarrassed expression, she continued, "Brother Fang, don't be angry! I'm not jealous or anything like that, what I mean is... with so much beautiful scenery around you, you should stop and take a good look!"

By "scenery," she naturally referred to the numerous confidantes around Fang Bai, herself included.

In fact, regarding Fang Bai's romantic and sentimental nature, none of the women around him were truly surprised anymore.

And to the Linghu sisters, no matter how many women were around Fang Bai, it didn't concern them, as long as they held a place in his heart.

Moreover, both women understood that a Martial Artist's longevity requires peace of mind for cultivation. If they were to constantly vie against every woman around Fang Bai, they couldn't focus on cultivation, and ultimately, no one wanted to see such an outcome.

Rather than that, it's better to coexist peacefully, and naturally, those who truly love Fang Bai would stay, while those disappointed would leave quietly.

But Fang Bai seemed to have a kind of magic, once they met, knew, and loved him, they were entangled in a cocoon they couldn't untangle from, like moths drawn to a flame, throwing caution to the wind.

From the Secular World to the Three Thousand Minor Worlds, none of the confidantes around Fang Bai ever expressed disillusionment or fatigue with him, nor did anyone leave his side.

Fang Bai shook his head and said, "Why would I be angry? Baimei, you're right, I should spend more time with you all..."

Before he could finish, Linghu Qianjiao interjected, "Brother Fang, don't listen to Baimei! Now, friends and family from the Secular World and the Three Thousand Minor Worlds are scattered throughout the

Three Thousand Great Worlds. To prevent them from suffering at the hands of the strong in this world like we did, you need to find them quickly and bring them together at the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace."

She furrowed her brows slightly, thought for a moment, and said, "How about this, Baimei and I will depart for the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace now to guard it along with Lu Liyu. Meanwhile, you continue to search for those friends and family."

Linghu Baimei added, "Sister is right, we should go see how the palace you've built manifests, and check how charming Sister Lu Liyu is!"

From Fang Bai's earlier words, it was already clear that Lu Liyu had established herself as his true partner in Martial Arts before any of these women, which somewhat unnerved Linghu Baimei.

Chapter 1638: Wuya Sect and Wushuang City

Fang Bai was indeed a bit worried about the meeting between Linghu Baimei and Lu Liyu, wondering if any conflict might arise, which made his head ache. He said with a wry smile, "Baimei, I hope when you two meet, you will chat amicably and get along. When I return to the Emperor's Palace in the future, I'll spend more time with you and Qianjiao. How about that?"

Linghu Baimei chuckled and said, "Remember, you said it yourself! I want you to spend twice as much time with me and my sister as you do with other women!"

As she said this, she leaned closer to Fang Bai, wrapping both arms around one of his and pressing her body against him. Her watery eyes gazed at Fang Bai as she whispered breathily into his ear, "I don't believe our two sisters together would serve you any worse than other women!"

She was born with a natural allure, and having practiced enchantment arts from a young age, the slightest glance from her eyes held a thousand charms and countless seductions. Even with Fang Bai's firm resolve, he couldn't help but feel a flutter at this moment.

Beside her, Linghu Qianjiao heard her younger sister's words and saw her shameless demeanor, her pretty face suddenly flushed, unable to hold back a soft curse.

Linghu Baimei giggled, "What's wrong, sister? Don't you want to? If not, I'll just have Fang Bai all to myself then! When the time comes, I'll be keeping an empty room alone, enduring unbearable loneliness, so don't blame me then!"

Listening to her get more outrageous, Linghu Qianjiao couldn't bear it any longer, stomped her foot, got up, and left.

The next day, for safety's sake, Fang Bai specifically arranged for Wind Roc to carry the Linghu sisters back to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace in the Heaven's Net Realm, while he left the Tiger Clan Territory with Wu De.

During Wind Roc's stay in the Tiger Clan Territory, thanks to Fang Bai's guidance and the support of Royal Grade cultivation resources, it had transformed into a deity, reaching the initial stage of Soul Severing. Combined with the Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact crafted by Fang Bai, its combat strength was now able to rival high-rank Soul Severing experts.

Therefore, with Wind Roc flying all the way, escorting the Linghu sisters to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace, there shouldn't be any safety issues, and Fang Bai felt very assured.

"Hey, where are you planning to go?"

After leaving the Tiger Clan Territory, Wu De casually asked Fang Bai.

This time before and after the battle with Taixuan Sect, Wu De also benefited greatly, having reached Nascent Soul Perfection. He also possessed a Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact crafted by Fang Bai, already capable of battling a Soul Severing Expert.

As for Lightning Marten, after the war with Taixuan Sect ended, it had been lazily sleeping in Fang Bai's Five Elements Space Ring, guarding the heaps and heaps of cultivation resources, refusing to come out.

Fang Bai knew that once it fell asleep, he didn't know how long it would take for it to wake up. With so many cultivation resources in the Five Elements Space Ring, enough for it to squander, he just let it be.

"I plan to go to the Wuya Sect, do you dare to go?"

Fang Bai replied with a smile.

Upon hearing the three words "Wuya Sect," Wu De was taken aback and exclaimed, "What do you intend to do?"

The Wuya Sect was the backer of the now-destroyed Taixuan Sect, with Thunder Tribulation experts in charge and core disciples who were Soul Severing Experts, making their overall strength multiple times stronger than Taixuan Sect.

According to Tiger Roar Mountain, the Supreme Elder of the Tiger Clan, after Taixuan Sect's Supreme Elder Bao Zhenhai fled, he would surely rush to the Wuya Sect for assistance. Whether Wuya Sect would support the already annihilated Bao Zhenhai's sect was uncertain.

To prevent Wuya Sect from backing Bao Zhenhai, the Tiger Clan sent envoys to Wuya Sect the day Taixuan Sect was destroyed, planning to "appear weak," proposing to follow the previous practice of Taixuan Sect, offering more cultivation resources to Wuya Sect, and taking its lead.

Based on speculation from Tiger Clan's top levels, it's unlikely that Wuya Sect would oppose the currently powerful Tiger Clan for the sake of a fallen Bao Zhenhai.

However, the Tiger Clan leadership's predictions are only speculative and do not rule out the possibility that Wuya Sect would support Bao Zhenhai.

For the Tiger Clan, Bao Zhenhai is indeed a threat, and Wuya Sect is equally a sword hanging over the Tiger Clan, ready to fall at any time.

Fortunately, before leaving, Fang Bai made thorough arrangements for the Tiger Clan. Even if Wuya Sect launched a large-scale offensive, the Tiger Clan is ready for battle.

Wuya Sect would have to make significant sacrifices to wipe out the Tiger Clan.

Fang Bai believes it's unlikely Wuya Sect would risk substantial losses to wage war against Tiger Clan just to support Bao Zhenhai.

So for the time being, the Tiger Clan should be safe.

Wu De had also heard about the power of Wuya Sect, so he was shocked when Fang Bai mentioned Wuya Sect, thinking he was going to become enemies with them.

Fang Bai said, "Don't worry, I'm going to Wuya Sect only to eliminate Bao Zhenhai! It's unsettling knowing he's a Thunder Tribulation expert; he must be removed!"

Fang Bai wanted to kill Bao Zhenhai not just for the Tiger Clan's sake but also for his family and friends.

After all, Bao Zhenhai would certainly harbor deep resentment against Fang Bai after the Taixuan Sect battle. If he finds out about Fang Bai's family and friends and seeks revenge, it would not be good news for Fang Bai.

Therefore, making Bao Zhenhai disappear completely is the best way to eliminate the danger.

Hearing Fang Bai wasn't targeting Wuya Sect, Wu De sighed in relief and said, "Since that's the case, Taoist Master will accompany you on this trip. But first, let it be known, after killing Bao Zhenhai, I want half of the cultivation resources on him."

Fang Bai laughed, "Giving it all to you is fine too!"

Wu De's spirit lifted, "It's a deal!"

Immediately, they wielded their Spiritual Artifacts and flew towards the direction of Wuya Sect.

.....

Near Wuya Sect, Wushuang City was a large city with a population of tens of millions, mostly inhabited by Martial Artists.

On this morning, six Martial Artists dressed in the same style of black clothes gathered in the courtyard of a house in Wushuang City.

The six, both men and women, with their Spiritual Artifacts, planned to leave the city to hunt in the primitive forest a thousand miles away.

These six men and women didn't belong to any sect; they were Individual Cultivation Martial Artists, who formed a team named "Falcon Group," annually venturing into nearby primitive forests for training.

Originally, Falcon Group had seven members, but one sustained severe injuries, and their life is uncertain, so only six appeared on the scene.

Falcon Group was one of the thousands of Martial Artist teams in Wushuang City. Though established for merely two years, the seven members, sharing similar temperaments, immediately bonded and treated each other like siblings.

The severely injured member was named Lin Rou, the youngest in Falcon Group.

A month ago, while training in the primitive forest, Lin Rou was injured by a Dark Ice Serpent, and her Qi Sea was ruined by the venomous liquid, leaving her in a dire state with little time left.

Since then, the six members of Falcon Group spent a large amount of cultivation resources, exchanging them for many spirit pills, but failed to heal Lin Rou's wounds.

Seeing Lin Rou's condition worsening and life dwindling, the six members of Falcon Group unanimously decided to hunt the Fire Cloud Leopard in the primitive forest.

"Ghost Hand, are you sure the Fire Cloud Leopard can save Lin Rou's life?"

In the courtyard, a dark-faced man with a build like a mountain whispered to the young handsome man beside him.

Chapter 1639: Lin Rou

The handsome man named "Ghost Hand" had sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes, with a sturdy build and an extraordinary demeanor. His cultivation level was at the high rank of the Golden Core, ranking third among the six martial artists in the courtyard.

Upon hearing the inquiry from the dark-faced man, Ghost Hand nodded and said, "I consulted several alchemists in the city. They all say that Lin Rou's injuries can only be healed with the inner core of the Fire Cloud Leopard. The Fire Cloud Leopard is a fire-based spiritual beast. Its inner core's fire attribute can counter the Dark Ice Serpent's ice attribute. This way, Lin Rou might have a chance to survive, but..."

As he spoke, his expression dimmed, showing a look of sorrow, unsure of how to continue.

"But what? Come on, tell us!"

The dark-faced man asked anxiously.

Ghost Hand took a deep breath and sighed, "Those alchemists said, while Lin Rou's life can be saved, her Qi Sea is severely damaged. Whether she can ever embark on the cultivation path again is highly uncertain."

Everyone in the courtyard knew Ghost Hand was euphemizing; in reality, Lin Rou's martial dao journey was surely over, and she would become a normal person from now on.

A martial artist at the Golden Core suddenly becoming a powerless ordinary person is hard to accept even for a man with great mental resilience, let alone Lin Rou, a timid and introverted girl of eighteen or nineteen?

The six people in the courtyard fell silent, a wave of sadness permeating everyone's hearts.

In the Falcon Group, Lin Rou was the youngest and weakest, her gentle and shy demeanor naturally evoking a desire to protect her.

The speaker, a straightforward, loyal martial artist named Dazhuang, had the same high rank Golden Core cultivation level as Ghost Hand.

However, Ghost Hand's battle prowess slightly surpassed Dazhuang, thus ranking higher in the Falcon Group.

The six people in the courtyard were ranked by cultivation strength: Zhan Fei, Lieying, Ghost Hand, Dazhuang, Yingniang, Lin Jian.

Among them, Zhan Fei is the leader of the Falcon Group, and Lieying is the deputy leader. The name "Falcon Group" was derived from both of their names.

Zhan Fei is the only Nascent Soul expert in the Falcon Group, but merely an initial rank, completely unrecognized within Wushuang City.

Lieying's cultivation level is Golden Core perfection; like Zhan Fei, both are Wind System martial artists known for their movement technique speed.

Yingniang, this year thirty-something, is a mature yet heroic woman. Her martial dao partner was killed by enemies years ago, and she's never sought a new partner since.

Although her enemies are overwhelmingly strong, Yingniang's desire for revenge remains unyielding. Falcon Group members know of Yingniang's situation and want to help, but their strength is too weak, so they can only slowly accumulate power.

As for Lin Jian, he's Lin Rou's brother, currently at mid rank Golden Core cultivation level; within the Falcon Group, his strength is just slightly above his sister Lin Rou.

His sister Lin Rou suffered severe injuries; potentially severed from martial dao, Lin Jian, upon hearing the news, naturally became grief-stricken.

"I'll avenge Lin Rou!"

Lin Jian's eyes were blood-red as he suddenly turned and strode swiftly towards the courtyard's exit.

The one who harmed Lin Rou was a Dark Ice Serpent, and its master was a disciple of Wuya Sect, so Lin Jian naturally was off to seek revenge on that Wuya Sect disciple.

Wuya Sect has two Thunder Tribulation experts overseeing it, with dozens of Soul Severing experts and countless Nascent Soul experts. In Lin Jian's eyes, it's an insurmountable mountain, an existence he can only look up to.

The one who harmed Lin Rou is one of Wuya Sect's core disciples with initial level Soul Severing cultivation. Although Lin Jian knows that revenge is hopeless with just his current strength, he cannot swallow this grievance.

"Lin Jian, come back here!"

Zhan Fei shouted loudly. Seeing Lin Jian stop, he stepped forward a few steps, heavily slapping his shoulder, and said in a deep voice, "You know how powerful Wuya Sect is. Going there now is no different from throwing your life away. Revenge can wait ten years; once your strength is sufficiently strong, it's not too late for vengeance."

Lin Jian clenched his fists tightly, making a "popping" sound, his eyes full of blood threads, and he spoke with grief and anger, "But...but Lin Rou is so weak now, her life precarious, making me feel unbearable inside! The two of us siblings grew up depending on each other, and as her brother, I cannot even protect my sister. What meaning is there in living?"

Lieying also stepped forward, exclaiming loudly, "Ghost Hand mentioned earlier, as long as we hunt a Fire Cloud Leopard and obtain its inner core, Lin Rou won't die!"

Lin Jian replied, "But what we're going to hunt is a high rank Nascent Soul Fire Cloud Leopard! With the strength of the six of us, the chances of success are terribly slim. I really don't want everyone to risk themselves for this!"

"Lin Rou is your sister, but she's also a sister to all of us. It's worth taking the risk for her!"

Ghost Hand stood in front of Lin Jian, his eyes filled with determination, "Do you forget what we said when the seven of us became sworn brothers?"

Lin Jian murmured, "I don't ask to be born the same year, month, and day, but for the same year, month, and day to die..."

"As long as you remember!"

Ghost Hand's gaze swept over the other five before he spoke loudly, "Today Lin Rou is in trouble; if we don't step up for her now, when any of us encounters problems, who would still be willing to step up? For our Falcon Group to grow stronger, unanimity and cooperation are essential!"

"Ghost Hand is right! To save Lin Rou, I'm willing to risk my life!"

Dazhuang pounded his chest as he spoke.

Yingniang said, "I share sisterly affection with Lin Rou, offering all I have for even the slenderest chance to save her!"

Seeing such unity among the team, leader Zhan Fei nodded in satisfaction and spoke with pride, "Since that's the case, then let's set off! If we don't hunt a Fire Cloud Leopard this time, we won't return! Go!"

He finished speaking and took the lead.

"Go!"

Lieying and the others responded one after another, closely following Zhan Fei out of the courtyard, leaving Wushuang City, heading toward the primeval forest thousands of miles away.

On the third day after the six left, voices were heard from one of the rooms on the northern side of the courtyard of that household.

"Ms. Li, where did brother and the others go?"

A faint voice of a girl came from inside the room.

"They went to hunt the Fire Cloud Leopard and left three days ago... Xiao Rou, you just woke up after days of coma, your body is too weak, lie down and rest!"

The voice belonged to a middle-aged woman.

The girl asked again, "Why did they go to hunt the Fire Cloud Leopard? Ms. Li, tell me everything..."

The girl was none other than Lin Rou, a member of the Falcon Group, and Ms. Li was a Golden Core initial rank martial artist hired by the Falcon Group, specifically to take care of the injured Lin Rou.

Three days after the other six members of the Falcon Group left, Lin Rou awoke from her coma but was too gravely injured to do anything other than speak while lying in bed.

"Ms. Li, do you think... my brother and the others might be in trouble?"

After hearing from Ms. Li about the Fire Cloud Leopard's ability to heal her injuries, Lin Rou's tone was immediately filled with concern.

Chapter 1640: Was the One Who Gave You the Jade Pendant Called Ghost Hand?

Ms. Li is a kind-hearted person, quite sympathetic to Lin Rou's plight, and knows the dangers of the Falcon Group's trip, but she dare not show anything on the surface.

"Don't worry, every one of them is so strong, how could something happen? Xiao Rou, just wait here for them to come back safely!"

Ms. Li smiled and comforted her.

Despite Ms. Li's constant reassurance, Lin Rou still felt a faint unease in her heart.

"Ms. Li, help me up. I want to go to the Martial Artists Trading Market..."

An alarming thought suddenly occurred to Lin Rou, and she struggled to sit up.

Ms. Li was startled and said, "What are you going to the Martial Artists Trading Market for?"

Sweat beaded on Lin Rou's forehead, and her face turned even paler. Her head spun for a moment, and after a brief recovery, she forced herself to speak, "I want to ask the Alchemists there if my injury can indeed be healed..."

How could Ms. Li let her go? She hurriedly said, "It can be healed! It can be healed! As long as Lin Jian gets the Fire Cloud Leopard's inner core, your injury can be healed!"

Women are naturally thoughtful, and Lin Rou's eyes fell on Ms. Li's face, noticing her nervous expression. This further confirmed her suspicions, and her eyes reddened, tears falling from the corners of her eyes.

"Xiao Rou, why are you crying? Ah... you child, you're talking so well, why are you crying?"

Seeing Lin Rou's tears, Ms. Li became flustered. She knew Lin Rou was a clever woman and must have guessed something, but the Falcon Group members had repeatedly instructed Ms. Li not to tell Lin Rou the truth, so Ms. Li would never say anything.

Lin Rou tried to probe indirectly, hoping to get something out of Ms. Li, but Ms. Li kept her lips tightly sealed and refused to say anything negative.

The more Ms. Li acted this way, the more convinced Lin Rou became that her suspicion was correct. She smiled sadly and said, "Ms. Li, even if you don't say it, I know. I fear my injury cannot be healed..."

Ms. Li forced a smile and wiped the sweat off Lin Rou's forehead, saying, "I'm telling you, your injury isn't as serious as you think. You mustn't indulge in wild thoughts!"

Lin Rou turned her head to look outside the window. Seeing the fine weather, she thought about how many more days she would be able to see such skies and, on a whim, said, "Ms. Li, I want to go outside and take a look. Could you help me outside?"

Ms. Li hesitated and said, "This... Xiao Rou, your body is too weak..."

"Ms. Li, I'm begging you."

Tears welled up in Lin Rou's eyes as she sobbed, "I don't know how long I will live with this injury! Can you not grant me this small request?"

Hearing her poignant words, Ms. Li had no choice but to say, "Then... I'll help you, and we'll just take a look in the yard?"

Lin Rou nodded.

So Ms. Li cautiously supported the unable-to-walk Lin Rou and brought her into the courtyard.

"Ms. Li..."

"Hmm?"

"I want to see the street outside the courtyard."

"No, you promised, just in the courtyard..."

"Just one look... I'm begging you, Ms. Li..."

Lin Rou continued to plead.

In the courtyard, she couldn't see anyone else, and it felt as if she was isolated from the outside world, making her feel somewhat stifled.

In the end, Ms. Li couldn't resist Lin Rou's pleas and decided to fulfill this small wish for her.

Supporting one of Lin Rou's arms, she opened the courtyard gate and stood by the street outside.

Seeing the bustling crowd passing by, Lin Rou's pale face finally showed a hint of a smile.

"Let's go back."

After a moment, Ms. Li saw Lin Rou becoming weaker and feared she might faint again, so she urged her.

Lin Rou felt as if all her strength had been drained. Although supported by Ms. Li, she was struggling to stay upright, and she nodded in agreement.

"Stop!"

Just as the two were about to turn back to the courtyard, a few figures suddenly appeared in front of them.

"It's you..."

Upon recognizing the leader of those figures, Lin Rou's face turned even paler, and her eyes filled with boundless hatred.

Ms. Li also changed her expression upon seeing the attire of the few people.

The people blocking Lin Rou were all clad in luxurious clothing, all from the Wuya Sect's disciples.

And the leading Wuya Sect disciple was none other than Ji Bin, who had severely injured Lin Rou with the Dark Ice Serpent.

Ji Bin was one of the Wuya Sect's top ten Core Disciples, currently at the early stage of Soul Severing cultivation level.

Previously, in the primeval forest outside Wushuang City, Ji Bin encountered the Falcon Group, who were also undergoing training at the time. Ji Bin took a fancy to Lin Rou from the Falcon Group and wanted to form a Martial Dao bond with her.

After being rejected, Ji Bin, infuriated, attempted to forcibly abduct Lin Rou.

Originally, the collective strength of the Falcon Group was utterly incapable of stopping Ji Bin, but just as Ji Bin was about to act, he was summoned by the Sect's higher-ups with urgent matters and had to leave immediately.

Before leaving, Ji Bin severely injured Lin Rou, leading to the subsequent series of events.

Now seeing Ji Bin again, how could Lin Rou not be angry?

"Haha, little girl, your life is tough. I never thought you would still be alive!"

Ji Bin's gaze swept over Lin Rou, and he sneered, "However, you were poisoned by my Dark Ice Serpent. If you can't be treated in time, you probably won't live much longer. Of course, even if your injury can be healed, you'll never be able to cultivate again in the future..."

Ms. Li knew it was bad news the moment Ji Bin spoke the last sentence. She instinctively interrupted him before he could finish, shouting, "Shut up!"

Although Ji Bin's words were interrupted, even a fool would know what he wanted to say.

"I knew it... I knew it..."

Lin Rou lost all vitality, her eyes blankly staring ahead, murmuring to herself.

Ji Bin was displeased with Ms. Li, who interrupted his words, and he looked at her with a venomous gaze, grinning viciously, "Old woman, quite daring to shout at me like that!"

Ms. Li was just a Martial Artist at the initial stage of the Golden Core, and in Ji Bin's eyes, who was at the early stage of Soul Severing cultivation, she was less significant than an ant. He casually waved his palm as if swatting a fly, and a turbulent wave instantly surged forth.

Ms. Li's face changed drastically. She pushed Lin Rou several meters away and then crossed her palms to defend with all her might against Ji Bin's attack.

"Hmph! A mere firefly dares to compete with the bright moon!"

Ji Bin sneered aloud.

Ms. Li's strength was vastly inferior to Ji Bin's, not on the same level at all. The turbulent wave easily swept her away.

Her body flew like a leaf in the autumn wind, tumbling backward several meters, crashing hard into a solid high wall behind her, collapsing that section of the wall, bleeding from all orifices, barely clinging to life, her fate uncertain.

"Ms. Li!"

Shoved away forcefully by Ms. Li, Lin Rou nearly lost consciousness as she fell to the ground. When she regained her senses and saw Ms. Li being knocked away by Ji Bin, she cried out trembling.

At this moment, a passing man in white saw Lin Rou and exclaimed with an "Oh," walking over to kneel beside her. Pointing to a Jade Pendant hanging from her waist, he asked, "Is the person who gave you this Jade Pendant called Ghost Hand?"