

Doctor 1661

Chapter 1661: The Auction

Until recently, Shi Xiaolian heard from a fellow disciple who had returned from a training expedition in the Heaven's Net Realm that there seemed to be a martial artist named Fang Bai offering a large reward across the entire Three Thousand Great Worlds, seeking some relatives or friends.

Upon hearing this news, Shi Xiaolian was so excited that she again begged her master to take her out for the expedition, planning to make a trip to the Heaven's Net Realm.

And this Danxia City was a must-pass through place on the way to the Heaven's Net Realm.

Shi Xiaolian and her master and others stopped to rest in Danxia City, preparing to continue their journey in two days. Currently having nothing to do, she accompanied her master and fellow disciples to visit the Martial Artists Trading Market in the city.

She was preoccupied with thoughts of Fang Bai, so she naturally had little interest in selecting cultivation resources. Instead, Jiang Liang and Yu Wei, who always cared a lot for her, spent a hefty sum exchanging for spirit pills and spiritual artifacts to win her favor.

"Master, shall we go back to the inn? It's so boring here! How about we hit the road tomorrow?"

After accepting gifts from her two senior brothers, the smile on Shi Xiaolian's face lasted only for a moment before she began pulling at the old woman's clothes, shaking continuously, urging her to return.

The old woman's name was Huo Zhenying, and it was she who discovered Shi Xiaolian, took her into the Yunhai Sect, and became her master.

Huo Zhenying had regarded Shi Xiaolian as her own granddaughter after years of companionship, and no matter how coquettish Shi Xiaolian was, she wouldn't get angry.

"Xiao Lian, tomorrow is your birthday. Let's leave after you celebrate it here in Danxia City! Oh, and by the way, I've heard that this afternoon, there's going to be an auction at the Alchemy Cauldron Pavilion

Manor in the northern part of the city where they will auction off some King Grade and even Royal Grade cultivation resources. Let me see if I can buy some for you to aid your cultivation."

Huo Zhenying smiled and stroked Shi Xiaolian's head.

Shi Xiaolian pouted and muttered, "There's nothing exciting about a birthday..."

Huo Zhenying laughed, "You girl, you've been acting quite odd recently. Why do you insist on going to the Heaven's Net Realm for training? From what I know, the nature's spiritual energy there is less abundant than here in the Heaven Fiend Realm."

She paused, scanning Shi Xiaolian's face with a knowing look, and continued, "I know you must have something to do in the Heaven's Net Realm. Even though you hide it well, how can it escape my perception? Tell me quickly, what is it? Maybe I can help you!"

Shi Xiaolian stomped and said, "Oh, Master, there's really nothing! It's just... I heard someone in the Heaven's Net Realm is offering a large reward looking for someone, and I just want to join the excitement!"

Huo Zhenying was taken aback and vaguely remembered a disciple mentioning it, then laughed silently, "I heard the one offering rewards promised royal-grade cultivation resources? That's quite interesting... Could it be that you have your eye on those royal-grade cultivation resources?"

Shi Xiaolian's eyes lit up and she nodded, "Yes, I want those royal-grade cultivation resources! What Brother Jiang and Brother Yu gave me are only mid-tier King Grade, far inferior to Royal Grade!"

Upon hearing this, Jiang Liang and Yu Wei couldn't help but feel dejected, thinking to themselves, "Oh dear sister, to exchange for that middle-ranked King Grade spiritual pill and spiritual artifact, we nearly exhausted all our resources. Now where can we find royal-grade cultivation resources for you?"

Even Elder Huo, a high-ranking figure in the Yunhai Sect, probably has few royal-grade cultivation resources in her spatial ring!

Huo Zhenying said with a bitter smile to Shi Xiaolian, "This girl, could it be that you have news about the friends and relatives that person is searching for? If not, it would be akin to finding a needle in a haystack!"

Shi Xiaolian replied, "That's easy, isn't it? When we get to the Heaven's Net Realm, we can find out the names and characteristics of those relatives and friends that person is looking for, and then gradually search... With the strength of the Yunhai Sect, it shouldn't be hard to find anyone, right?"

Huo Zhenying lightly chided, "Nonsense! Though there are tens of thousands of disciples in our Yunhai Sect, they're either cultivating or on expeditions. Who has the free time to search the world for you?"

Seeing Shi Xiaolian's mouth droop with apparent grievance, she hurriedly added, "Alright, alright, when we reach the Heaven's Net Realm, Master will accompany you in the search. Whether we find them or not, we'll see what fate has in store!"

"I knew Master treats me the best!"

Only then did Shi Xiaolian smile again.

The group continued to walk around the Martial Artists Trading Market for a while, each exchanging for some cultivation resources, and then they left.

Fang Bai, seeing Shi Xiaolian closely accompanied by a few others, did not hasten to make his acquaintance. He concealed his presence, altered his appearance, and followed them discreetly.

The group wandered through the streets of Danxia City for more than a double hour. Near midday, they stopped at a nearby hotel to eat some Spirit Beast Meat and drink some Spiritual Wine. After being well fed, they continued on their way.

Their destination was the Alchemy Cauldron Pavilion Manor located in the northern part of the city.

Danxia City is jointly governed by four major forces, each overseeing the eastern, western, southern, and northern city districts, with the Alchemy Cauldron Pavilion Manor being the administrator of this northern district.

The Alchemy Cauldron Pavilion Manor rose to prominence through alchemy, and though it has few disciples, it has more than a dozen high-ranking members, all Alchemists. The strongest among them is a Royal Grade Alchemist with a triple-layer Heavenly Tribulation cultivation level.

This Royal Grade Alchemist usually refines lower Royal Grade spirit pills for others, though the pill formation rate is somewhat unsatisfactory. Despite this, many strong individuals are drawn to them.

After all, in the entire Heaven Fiend Realm, the number of alchemists who can refine royal-grade spirit pills is quite limited, and a low pill formation rate is a common issue among alchemists worldwide.

The alchemists of Alchemy Cauldron Pavilion Manor not only refine pills for other powerhouses but occasionally auction off their self-refined spirit pills to exchange for some royal-grade spirit stones or other royal-grade cultivation resources.

The auction held this time by the Alchemy Cauldron Pavilion Manor was promoted in advance, and it spread throughout Danxia City, attracting some external powerhouses eager to join the event.

This auction mainly focuses on superior King Grade spirit pills, with a few Royal Grade spirit pills appearing, which is enough to draw the attention of many strong individuals.

However, the seats at the auction site are limited, and there are only two thousand admission tickets, with only Soul Severing Realm powerhouses in Danxia City eligible for a ticket to enter the auction site at the Alchemy Cauldron Pavilion Manor.

As a first-level Heavenly Tribulation powerhouse, Huo Zhenying easily obtained an admission ticket, allowing her to enter. However, since each attendee can only bring one companion, aside from Huo Zhenying and Shi Xiaolian, the other Yunhai Sect disciples had to wait outside.

Fang Bai's cultivation level was in the initial Soul Severing stage. After paying a considerable entry fee, he not only obtained an admission ticket but also secured a spot in a very private VIP room on the second floor of the auction house.

From Fang Bai's position, he could just make out Huo Zhenying and Shi Xiaolian sitting in the regular seats on the first floor.

Chapter 1662: Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill

At this moment, the auction hall of Danxia Manor had nearly two thousand seats filled, with some familiar powerful figures whispering and discussing topics related to today's auction.

The large auction hall was bustling, noisy and extremely lively.

Fang Bai's eyes wandered, realizing there were hundreds of Soul Severing Perfection experts among the nearly two thousand strong figures present, making him marvel at Danxia City, the largest city within a hundred thousand miles. The number of Soul Severing Perfection experts alone far surpassed that of Wushuang City.

Among these hundreds of Soul Severing Perfection experts, there were dozens of Alchemists.

However, few of these dozens of Alchemists possessed Innate Spiritual Roots, so they could only rely on Spiritual Artifacts and external Fire Primordial Qi and Wood Element Qi to refine pills. The best Pills they produced were only of King Grade initial rank.

In contrast, all of the high-level figures at Danxia Manor were Alchemists, with several possessing Innate Spiritual Roots, resulting in higher-grade Pills that attracted and were favored by powerful figures from all directions, keeping Danxia Manor's alchemy business booming.

Especially Supreme Elder Jiang Pengcheng of Danxia Manor, who was a rare Dual Attribute Innate Spiritual Root of wood and fire among millions, and the only Alchemist capable of refining Royal Grade Spirit Pills in Danxia Manor and even Danxia City.

Though Danxia City was governed by four major forces with each having Thunder Tribulation Third Realm experts in control, Jiang Pengcheng, holding the identity of an Alchemist among these Thunder Tribulation experts, undoubtedly held the highest status and was most revered.

Thus, Danxia Manor subtly took the lead among Danxia City's four major forces.

Half a time later, the two thousand participating individuals of various backgrounds had all arrived, filling the hall to capacity.

"Everyone, please quiet down..."

The host of this auction was a steward from Danxia Manor named Zhuang Ling, possessing Soul Severing Perfection level cultivation. As he appeared at the hosting platform at the front left of the hall, the noises quickly quieted down, with two thousand pairs of eyes falling upon him.

"Everyone, I am Zhuang Ling, currently a steward of Danxia Manor, and I will be hosting this auction. Next, please allow me to once again introduce the items to be auctioned..."

As Zhuang Ling spoke, four young ladies in red dresses gracefully entered from the side door.

The four young ladies were all sixteen or seventeen years old, in their youthful prime, with graceful figures and captivating movements. Their appearance caught the eyes of the numerous powerful figures.

The four young ladies walked behind Zhuang Ling, stood in a row without speaking, their delicate features showing charming smiles.

The attention of the two thousand strong figures was completely on the trays held by the four ladies in red dresses.

They knew under the red cloth of those trays were the four bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills to be auctioned in this event.

“Indeed, as you have guessed, in these trays are the four bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills personally refined by our manor’s Supreme Elder...”

Turning slightly, Zhuang Ling pointed at the four trays and said, “These four bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills are Gathering Yuan Pill, Creation Pill, Wood Element Pill, and Fire Yuan Pill, all of Royal Grade lower rank. If any of you are interested, you may bid. The old rule is that Royal Grade Spirit Pills must be paid for with Royal Grade Spirit Stones, and each increase in bidding should not be less than one thousand...”

His gaze swept over the two thousand powerful figures in the hall as he loudly continued, “If there are no issues, then this auction officially begins.”

“Steward Zhuang, enough with the talking, start the bidding! The Royal Grade Spirit Stones in my Spatial Ring can’t wait any longer!”

Just as Zhuang Ling finished speaking, a robust black-bearded man below urged.

His words triggered a burst of laughter from the surrounding crowd.

Zhuang Ling smiled faintly and nodded, “Alright, since everyone is getting impatient, I’ll skip further talking. Now, the auction officially begins! First to be auctioned is a bottle of Royal Grade lower rank Gathering Yuan Pill...”

“As everyone knows, the Gathering Yuan Pill can assist martial artists in absorbing more concentrated nature’s spiritual energy during cultivation, thereby speeding up the cultivation process—an invaluable Spirit Pill...”

“The starting price for this bottle of Royal Grade lower rank Gathering Yuan Pill is ten thousand Royal Grade lower rank Spirit Stones! If any friend is interested, you may start bidding!”

“Fifteen thousand!”

Just after Zhuang Ling’s words, a high-rank Soul Severing expert raised the bid, adding five thousand to the starting price.

“Twenty thousand!”

Another high-rank Soul Severing cultivator called out loudly.

“Thirty thousand!”

At this point, a Soul Severing Perfection expert joined in, immediately raising the bid by ten thousand.

As his “thirty thousand” bid was made, a stir arose at the scene; the powerful figures who had bid earlier quickly fell silent.

For Soul Severing experts, while the Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill is valuable, Royal Grade Spirit Stones are also rare. Securing a bottle of Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill for thirty thousand Royal Grade lower rank Spirit Stones was already at the limit, with little purpose in raising the bid further.

The Soul Severing Perfection expert, seeing no one else competing against him, looked around with a complacent expression, as if he alone was unrivaled.

“Thirty-five thousand! I’ll take this Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill!”

Just then, Huo Zhenying, sitting in the front row, slowly spoke.

This time, Huo Zhenying brought Shi Xiaolian along to attend the auction with the intention of securing several bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills to assist her disciple Shi Xiaolian in further advancing her cultivation.

The Soul Severing Perfection contender, believing there was no competition, did not expect Huo Zhenying to abruptly raise the bid by five thousand, which sparked anger in his heart, and he glared at Huo Zhenying.

However, upon realizing he couldn't sense Huo Zhenying's cultivation, he immediately quieted down, sitting obediently with a look of exasperation.

If one cannot sense another's cultivation, it indicates at least a Thunder Tribulation first-level expert, daring not to provoke recklessly.

"Master, thirty-five thousand Royal Grade lower rank Spirit Stones, it's so expensive!"

Shi Xiaolian stuck out her tongue and tugged at Huo Zhenying's sleeve, saying, "We'd better not buy it!"

Huo Zhenying patted her head, smiling, "For your cultivation, what's the harm in spending a bit more? Your master can afford it!"

Shi Xiaolian, touched, choked, "Master, you're so kind! Thank you!"

Huo Zhenying laughed, "You don't need to thank me! As long as you cultivate diligently, I will be happy!"

Zhuang Ling's gaze fell on Huo Zhenying, nodding at him friendly, before loudly declaring, "Thirty-five thousand Royal Grade lower rank Spirit Stones—is there a higher bid? If not, this bottle of Royal Grade lower rank Gathering Yuan Pill belongs to that expert!"

The auction hall's two thousand strong figures all turned to look at Huo Zhenying, deciding against further bids upon discovering her Thunder Tribulation expert status.

Some other Thunder Tribulation experts deemed continued bidding unworthy and voluntarily withdrew.

Chapter 1663: The Struggle for Possession

"Thirty-six thousand pieces!"

Just as Huo Zhenying thought the bottle of Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill had belonged to him, unexpectedly, someone else intruded halfway.

Huo Zhenying raised his eyebrows and looked toward the source of the voice, only to see an elderly man in a purple robe smiling at him, his smile containing obvious provocation.

“Han Dongweng, is it you?”

Upon seeing the purple-robed elder, Huo Zhenying’s pupils slightly contracted, and he said in a low voice with a heavy face, “Are you doing this on purpose?”

The elder named Han Dongweng put away his smile and said seriously, “Huo Zhenying, what do you mean? How am I doing it on purpose? You want to buy the Royal Grade Spirit Pill for your disciple, right? I have the same thought as you! So, is that not allowed?”

Saying that, he patted a young strong man sitting beside him.

The young strong man looked to be twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, with sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes, possessing extraordinary valor. While his master Han Dongweng engaged Huo Zhenying in conversation, the young man’s gaze turned to Shi Xiaolian, filled with undisguised intensity.

Huo Zhenying snorted, saying, “Then let’s compete! Let’s see who will ultimately get this bottle of Spirit Pill!”

Within the auction hall, two thousand martial artists sensed a hint of gunpowder in the conversation between Huo Zhenying and Han Dongweng, and their spirits were instantly lifted, eager to witness a good show.

The auctioneer Zhuang Ling on stage also had his eyes light up.

For him, as long as there are strong contenders, the value of this bottle of Royal Grade lower-tier Gathering Yuan Pill has enormous room for enhancement, thus providing Danxia Manor with greater benefits.

“Master, it’s that annoying guy from the Blue Sea Sect again!”

Shi Xiaolian noticed the fiery gaze from the young martial artist beside Han Dongweng, who seemed eager to devour her, revealing disdain in her eyes. She pursed her lips, unwilling to cast him another glance.

Huo Zhenying said, "Ignore them! Hmph, wanting to compete with me for that bottle of Spirit Pill... I will contend with them to the end!"

Han Dongweng is an elder of the Blue Sea Sect, holding a position equivalent to Huo Zhenying's in the Yunhai Sect. Sitting next to him was a young martial artist named Yang Heng, his direct disciple, also with an Innate Spiritual Root and exceptional aptitude, whose current cultivation level was a realm higher than Shi Xiaolian.

However, Shi Xiaolian was over ten years younger than Yang Heng, and she secretly cultivated the Martial Arts techniques Fang Bai had once taught, possessing strong abilities to challenge higher levels, surpassing Yang Heng.

If they were to truly duel, Shi Xiaolian could easily defeat Yang Heng.

Shi Xiaolian followed Fang Bai's teachings, being low-key in conduct and never revealing her true strength before others, even her current master Huo Zhenying was unaware of her ongoing cultivation of the Martial Arts techniques Fang Bai had imparted.

The Yunhai Sect, where Shi Xiaolian resides, and the Blue Sea Sect, where Yang Heng belongs, are not far apart, and the two sects had connections during their establishment. However, their relationship soured due to unfair distribution of Spirit Stone veins.

Ever since Yang Heng saw Shi Xiaolian a year ago, he couldn't forget her, asking his master to visit the Yunhai Sect hoping to become Martial Dao partners with Shi Xiaolian.

At that time, Shi Xiaolian was only fourteen years old, naïve about love between a man and a woman, harboring only Fang Bai in her heart, unable to accept anyone else, definitely unwilling to accept Yang Heng's affection.

Yang Heng's repeated pestering was resolutely rejected by Shi Xiaolian, and seeing her unwillingness to associate with Yang Heng, Huo Zhenying refused to allow further encounters between them.

Martial artists forming Martial Dao partnerships requires mutual affection; one-sided coercion is pointless.

Yet neither Huo Zhenying nor Shi Xiaolian anticipated that their rejection would foster resentment from Han Dongweng and Yang Heng, leading the two disciples to often utter malicious remarks whenever they met.

Each time Yang Heng saw Shi Xiaolian, his gaze was intense, resembling a Hungry Wolf spotting a delectable prey.

Huo Zhenying had no doubt that if Shi Xiaolian fell alone and encountered Yang Heng, who knows what atrocities his disciple might face.

Therefore, Huo Zhenying has warned Yang Heng multiple times, advising him not to harm Shi Xiaolian, otherwise, he would be dealt with unmercifully, yet Yang Heng seemingly turned a deaf ear.

"I suspect Han Dongweng and his disciple are deliberately following us, intending to harm us. Anyway, we must remain vigilant on this journey from now on!"

Huo Zhenying transmitted a message to Shi Xiaolian, carefully advising her.

Shi Xiaolian nodded, casting a scornful glance at Yang Heng, her eyes brimming with deeper disdain.

"This bottle of Royal Grade lower-tier Gathering Yuan Pill, someone has currently bid thirty-six thousand pieces of Royal Grade lower-tier Spirit Stones; is there anyone willing to bid a higher price?"

The auctioneer Zhuang Ling said aloud, he aimed his question at Huo Zhenying, obviously aware that she wouldn't back down easily.

Huo Zhenying said, “Forty thousand!”

“Forty-one thousand!”

As soon as Huo Zhenying’s words fell, Han Dongweng immediately responded.

Huo Zhenying replied without hesitation, “Fifty thousand!”

After speaking, she coldly looked toward Han Dongweng, meaning for him to continue bidding!

When Huo Zhenying announced fifty thousand pieces of Royal Grade lower-tier Spirit Stones, many Soul Severing Realm martial artists in the venue began to draw sharp breaths.

The number “fifty thousand” had already exceeded the inherent value of the bottle of Royal Grade lower-tier Spirit Pill.

At this point, it was purely a matter of pride between Huo Zhenying and Han Dongweng; whoever claimed the bottle would gain face, benefiting the Danxia Manor.

Just as Han Dongweng hesitated slightly, the disciple beside him, Yang Heng, said, “Master, we must not show weakness! We must acquire this bottle of Spirit Pill at any cost! Let them witness our strength!”

Han Dongweng nodded and spoke, “Fifty-one thousand!”

Every time he raised the bid, it was only by one thousand.

In truth, by this point, Han Dongweng was already feeling some regret.

Though the Blue Sea Sect has powerful resources, Royal Grade Spirit Stones are not plentiful; Han Dongweng is allocated only tens of thousands annually, making the cost for one bottle of Royal Grade lower-tier Gathering Yuan Pill seem disproportionate.

But at this moment, with his disciple urging him and so many people watching, Han Dongweng found himself in a difficult situation, forcing himself to continue.

Though Huo Zhenying wasn't pained by spending tens of thousands of pieces for her disciple, she felt constrained due to limited resources.

Leading the team on this cultivation expedition, she only carried sixty to seventy thousand pieces in her Space Ring; now bidding over fifty thousand was nearing her limit.

With some anxiety, she thought it would be ideal to run into a friend at this time to borrow some Spirit Stones.

"Sixty thousand!"

Huo Zhenying gritted her teeth and raised the bid again.

"Sixty-one thousand!"

Han Dongweng responded unhurriedly, yet his eyelid involuntarily twitched.

The Royal Grade Spirit Stones in his possession exceeded Huo Zhenying's by only a little, but he was uncertain about her exact amount, causing his words to lack confidence.

Chapter 1664: Want to See Me? You're Not Worthy!

Huo Zhenying glanced at Han Dongweng, feeling somewhat tense. She clenched her fist secretly, then slowly relaxed it, took a deep breath, and said each word clearly, "Seventy thousand pieces!"

That was her final limit. If Han Dongweng increased the bid again, she would be powerless.

She could only hope that the Royal Grade Spirit Stones Han Dongweng carried were fewer than what she had, and that he wouldn't continue to raise the bid.

"Seventy-one thousand pieces!"

Han Dongweng observed his surroundings, seemingly noticing Huo Zhenying's embarrassment, and couldn't help but sneer with satisfaction.

With Han Dongweng's opening bid, Huo Zhenying's hopes were shattered. She forced a bitter smile and whispered to Shi Xiaolian beside her, "Xiao Lian, Master... did her best."

Shi Xiaolian replied, "It's okay, Master. There's still the Creation Pill next! If they get the Gathering Yuan Pill, they won't be able to compete with us for the Creation Pill! The Creation Pill is more beneficial for Martial Artists than the Gathering Yuan Pill!"

Huo Zhenying shook her head and sighed, "Precisely because the Creation Pill is more useful, the upcoming competition will surely be even fiercer! Most of the experts present are probably here for it. I fear these Royal Grade Spirit Stones I have are not sufficient..."

"It's a pity I don't have any Royal Grade Spirit Stones on me, otherwise I'd lend them all to you, Master."

Shi Xiaolian said sorrowfully.

Royal Grade Spirit Stones are suitable for aiding Thunder Tribulation Experts in cultivation. As a Nascent Soul Realm Martial Artist, Shi Xiaolian only had a small amount of King Grade Spirit Stones, and thus could offer no help.

"Seventy-one thousand pieces! Everyone, is there a higher bid? If not, this bottle of lower-grade Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill belongs to that expert!"

Steward Zhuang Ling of Danxia Manor cleared his throat and looked down at the two thousand experts below, announcing loudly.

When his gaze fell upon Huo Zhenying, he paused deliberately, as if waiting for her to raise the bid.

Huo Zhenying, looking dejected, gently shook her head.

“Hehe, Elder Huo, why not compete? Keep bidding! I’ll accompany you!”

Knowing full well that Huo Zhenying had no more Royal Grade Spirit Stones, Han Dongweng nonetheless taunted her mockingly. His smug demeanor made the surrounding spectators think he was going too far.

Huo Zhenying, furious, knew that if it weren’t for being at Danxia Manor where causing a disturbance was forbidden, she would have already charged at Han Dongweng for a heated confrontation.

Han Dongweng, aware of her fiery temper, would normally not provoke her lightly. He knew that here, she dared not make a move, so he repeatedly provoked and openly humiliated her.

Despite her fiery temper, Huo Zhenying was well aware of the consequences, so no matter how much Han Dongweng provoked her, she gritted her teeth and endured, eventually closing her eyes, quietly meditating, to avoid seeing Han Dongweng’s gloating face.

“You can’t beat me! This Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill is now my disciple’s!”

Seeing Huo Zhenying ignore him, Han Dongweng also lost interest. After a few cold and sarcastic remarks, he fell silent.

“Since no one else is raising the bid, I will announce this bottle of lower-grade Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill belongs to...”

Zhuang Ling’s gaze wandered around the auction hall briefly. Seeing no objection, he prepared to declare the auction’s result.

“Eighty thousand pieces!”

At that moment, a clear voice rang out, directly raising the bid to eighty thousand and causing a stir throughout the venue.

Everyone turned their heads, looking towards a VIP room on the second floor, as the voice had come from inside.

Shi Xiaolian trembled, her beautiful eyes widened suddenly, and she turned to look at the VIP room, her fists clenching tightly in excitement.

The voice from the VIP room sounded just like the one she had been longing for, morning and night.

But... could it really be him?

Everyone originally assumed that someone in the VIP room had to be a Thunder Tribulation Realm expert since it was hard to imagine anyone else affording eighty thousand Royal Grade Spirit Stones. But they were shocked to sense only the aura of a Soul Severing stage Martial Artist in the room.

“How can a Soul Severing Martial Artist afford eighty thousand Royal Grade Spirit Stones?”

“Yes, it’s truly unbelievable!”

“This young man is remarkable!”

“Isn’t he afraid that someone will covet his Royal Grade Spirit Stones?”

“Perhaps he’s a disciple of a powerful sect, and who would dare provoke him?”

“Even the stewards of Danxia Manor might not be able to come up with that many Royal Grade Spirit Stones!”

“Does that mean the sect this young man belongs to is far more powerful than Danxia Manor?”

“Maybe this young man had some fortuitous encounter and acquired many Royal Grade Spirit Stones?”

“If that’s the case, there might be many who would target him after the auction ends!”

“Hehe...”

For a moment, the auction hall was abuzz with discussion. Some ill-intentioned experts had their eyes glistening and their minds racing, deciding to follow the young man secretly after the auction to see if they could benefit from him.

“The person in that VIP room seems to be a young Loose Cultivator. It’s unexpected that he possesses so many Royal Grade Spirit Stones... Ah, young people, after all, have too little life experience and don’t understand the concept of treasuring a jade ring. By revealing so many Royal Grade Spirit Stones, he might invite calamity upon himself!”

As the Steward of Danxia Manor, Zhuang Ling naturally knew precisely who the experts in every VIP room were. Initially, he thought that the young Martial Artist had spent a lot of Spirit Stones just for the spectacle. Yet, unexpectedly, once this young man made a move, he stunned everyone present.

Like many experts there, Zhuang Ling believed that the young Martial Artist likely had a fortuitous encounter, which was why he possessed a large number of Royal Grade Spirit Stones.

Zhuang Ling, despite feeling that it was unfortunate the young Martial Artist might face calamity, knew Danxia Manor’s responsibility was only to ensure their safety within the manor. Once they left, their fate was no longer tied to Danxia Manor.

“Would the person inside be willing to meet me, Han?”

Han Dongweng, believing the Spirit Pill was his, never expected someone to intervene. Infuriated, he turned his gaze towards the VIP room, his eyes filled with malice.

“Old bald thief, want to see me? Heh, you’re not worthy!”

The young Martial Artist in the VIP room chuckled lightly.

The experts in the auction hall looked at Han Dongweng's head, couldn't help but laugh uproariously.

Han Dongweng's hair was almost gone, revealing a shiny head, and he was most sensitive about being referred to as "bald." Hearing the young Martial Artist call him an "old bald thief," he felt pricked, his face flushed red in anger, and he jumped up grimacing.

"Brat, if you have the guts, come out and face me! What kind of skill is it to be a cowardly turtle?"

Han Dongweng pointed at the VIP room, shouting sternly.

The young Martial Artist sneered and said, "Old bald thief, I said you aren't worthy! If you really want to see me, step forward and pull back the curtain in my VIP room!"

"You think I don't dare?"

With that, Han Dongweng was about to leap forward.

Chapter 1665: His Voice, I'll Never Forget for a Lifetime!

Zhuang Ling's gaze turned sharp as he forcefully cleared his throat and sternly said, "Both of you, pay attention! This is Danxia Manor, not a place for your brawls! If you have any personal grudges, wait until you leave the manor to resolve them on your own. Otherwise, we have the right to expel you both!"

The young Martial Artist in the VIP room remained silent, and Han Dongweng was also at a loss for words.

Han Dongweng dared to shout at the young Martial Artist, but he didn't dare to bicker with Zhuang Ling. After all, this was Danxia Manor's territory. If he angered Danxia Manor, just the appearance of the Manor Master would be enough to suppress him.

It's wise to avoid immediate losses.

Han Dongweng chose to keep his mouth shut and obediently sat back in his seat. However, his eyes occasionally drifted toward the direction of the young Martial Artist in the VIP room, a murderous intent rising in his chest.

He had already decided that no matter who that young Martial Artist was, for daring to mock and provoke him and snatch away the Royal Grade Spirit Pill he was about to acquire, he would be a mortal enemy and must be dealt with after leaving Danxia Manor.

"A mere Soul Severing junior, yet so arrogant! Master, this guy needs to be eliminated!"

Yang Heng, sitting beside Han Dongweng, had a flickering gaze and spoke in a deep voice. After speaking, he couldn't help but glance toward Shi Xiaolian, with a look of infatuation and greed.

However, Shi Xiaolian's gaze remained fixed on the curtain of the VIP room where the young Martial Artist was, her eyes misty, her expression dazed, lost in thought.

Huo Zhenying also noticed Shi Xiaolian's peculiar state and curiously asked, "What's wrong, Xiao Lian?"

Shi Xiaolian came back to her senses and said tremulously, "Master, that person... resembles a friend of mine from the secular world. I... I want to go and see..."

"Oh?"

Huo Zhenying knew Shi Xiaolian had arrived in the Three Thousand Great Worlds through a secular Teleportation Array and had been separated from some friends. Therefore, every time she brought Shi Xiaolian out for training, she harbored the intention of helping her find those friends.

"Let's wait and see."

Huo Zhenying pondered for a moment and said, "After the auction ends, I'll accompany you to visit. I'm curious to see who dares to openly provoke and taunt Han Dongweng, and what kind of person they are!"

Shi Xiaolian responded with an "Oh", her body unmoving, but her heart had already flown away.

Shi Xiaolian's Divine Sense Diffusion attempted to scrutinize if the young Martial Artist in the VIP room was the person she had been desperately searching for, but unfortunately, the VIP room was equipped with a miniature Formation, isolating it from the outside world. People inside could hear and see the outside, but those outside could not detect anything within.

Shi Xiaolian was helpless, so she had to sit and wait until the auction ended to seek him out in the VIP room.

"Someone has bid eighty thousand Royal Grade Spirit Stones... Does anyone want to increase the bid? If not, then this bottle of Royal Grade lower Gathering Yuan Pill goes to that esteemed guest."

Zhuang Ling proclaimed loudly.

Han Dongweng had been disrespected by Huo Zhenying, and now his own face was hit by the mysterious young Martial Artist in the VIP room, his expression a mix of shame and anger, sitting there with a dark and unsightly look.

"Eight Royal Grade lower level Spirit Pills... sold!"

Seeing no one else bidding, Zhuang Ling finalized the deal with a decisive hammer.

A delicate girl in a red dress behind Zhuang Ling walked elegantly towards the VIP room with a tray holding the bottle of Royal Grade lower Gathering Yuan Pill, intending to deliver the Spirit Pill to the young Martial Artist inside the VIP room and collect the Spirit Stones in return.

"Miss, please deliver the Spirit Pill I won to the young lady in the yellow dress sitting in the middle of the second row. Then come to me to collect the Spirit Stones."

The young Martial Artist in the VIP room suddenly spoke.

The young girl in the red dress paused, not expecting such a request, and turned with some difficulty to look at Steward Zhuang Ling on the auction stage.

Zhuang Ling was also taken aback, but he quickly recovered with a smile, saying, "In that case, let's fulfill the esteemed guest's request!"

The young girl in the red dress nodded, and with a pursed smile, followed the instruction of the young Martial Artist in the VIP room, walked to Shi Xiaolian, bent over and presented the tray to her with a smile, saying, "Please accept the Spirit Pill."

Huo Zhenying furrowed his brow, not understanding the intentions of the young Martial Artist in the VIP room with this gesture, and was about to urge Shi Xiaolian to refuse, but Shi Xiaolian, with lightning speed, had unabashedly taken the bottle of Royal Grade Spirit Pill in her hand, and smiled sweetly at the young girl in the red dress, chirping, "Thank you, sister!"

"Xiao Lian, how can you accept someone else's items?"

Huo Zhenying reproached.

Shi Xiaolian tilted her head, giggling and saying, "Master, this isn't someone else's item; it's a gift from my friend. I like it so much! So I'm keeping it!"

Huo Zhenying, a bit exasperated, remarked, "Just by the voice, you conclude that must be your friend?"

Shi Xiaolian nodded earnestly, "Yes! I'll never forget his voice!"

With that, she lifted the bottle of Spirit Pill in her hand, waved it toward the VIP room, and said, "Big Brother, I received what you sent me! I'm so happy! Thank you!"

Her voice was as melodious as a nightingale, pleasant and charming, along with her youthful vivacity and adorably coquettish appearance, attracting a wave of attention from the present strong cultivators.

Huo Zhenying, indulgent as always to Shi Xiaolian, couldn't bring himself to scold her. Seeing her like this, he let her be, thinking her friend was indeed generous, casually gifting the Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill acquired for eighty thousand Royal Grade Spirit Stones.

In the VIP room, silence reigned. Not getting a response, Shi Xiaolian felt somewhat disappointed, dejectedly settling back into her seat, murmuring, "Why isn't Big Brother acknowledging me? Could it be... a mistake?"

Huo Zhenying couldn't help but say, "I just mentioned, we shouldn't accept someone's Spirit Pill without merit. But you... ah, Xiao Lian, you must understand, many Martial Artists, like Yang Heng from the Blue Sea Sect, see your beauty and Innate Spiritual Root and desire to make you their Martial Dao partner. What if you mistook someone else, and that person gifted you the Spirit Pill as a means to woo you with ulterior motives? You must be cautious!"

Shi Xiaolian let out an "Oh," soon glancing again at the VIP room's direction, murmuring, "But that was undoubtedly Big Brother's voice..."

The young girl in the red dress, after delivering the Spirit Pill to Shi Xiaolian, was preparing to leave but was stopped by Shi Xiaolian who tugged on her sleeve.

"Sister, could you do me a favor?"

Shi Xiaolian asked with a hopeful face.

"What do you wish?"

The young girl in the red dress smiled.

Every one of the two thousand strong cultivators present was a guest, and any reasonable request would be accommodated to the best of their abilities.

Shi Xiaolian pouted towards the VIP room, whispering, "Sister, you are going there to collect the Spirit Stones, right?"

"Yes, I am."

The young girl in the red dress nodded.

Shi Xiaolian lowered her voice further, leaning close to the young girl in the red dress's ear, saying, "When you're collecting the Spirit Stones, could you see what that person inside looks like?"

"This..."

The young girl in the red dress showed a troubled expression.

"Please, dear sister, I'm begging you! Please!"

Shi Xiaolian pleaded, looking pitifully hopeful.

Chapter 1666: I'm So Heartbroken

Facing Shi Xiaolian's soft plea, the young girl in the red dress finally agreed to take a look at the appearance of the young Martial Artist in the VIP room while collecting his Spirit Stones.

Soon enough, the young girl in the red dress came out of the VIP room with a strange expression. As she passed by Shi Xiaolian, she communicated telepathically, "I saw him... That person inside, about thirty years old, with rough skin, very ugly-looking..."

Shi Xiaolian exclaimed, "Ah! That's impossible! Big Brother isn't that old, his skin is fair, and he's very good-looking... Did you see it wrong?"

The young girl in the red dress replied, "At such a close distance, how could I be wrong?"

After saying this hurriedly, she went back to the auction stage, leaving Shi Xiaolian looking dazed.

Huo Zhenying saw Shi Xiaolian looking lost and seemingly heartbroken, so he gently touched her head and asked, "What's wrong?"

"That person might not be my friend... but his voice sounds so similar... Master, I'm really sad..."

Tears kept welling up in Shi Xiaolian's eyes.

She had thought the person in the VIP room was Fang Bai, whom she had been separated from for a long time, but their appearances were completely different, which struck her deeply.

Huo Zhenying comforted her, "If he's not your friend, then like Yang Heng, he must have other motives towards you. After the auction ends, you should return that bottle of spirit pills to him."

Shi Xiaolian responded with a nod.

After the young Martial Artist paid the Spirit Stones, the next auction item was presented.

This time, the item was a bottle of Royal Grade Creation Pill.

The Creation Pill can aid Martial Artists in breaking through and advancing in their cultivation, and the higher the grade of the pill, the greater the assistance it provides.

Most of the strong attendees were there for that bottle of Royal Grade Creation Pill, as obtaining it would greatly increase their chances of advancing during cultivation.

Especially for some Soul Severing Perfection and Half-Step Thunder Tribulation Experts, determined to advance to the Thunder Tribulation Realm, they had prepared a large number of royal-grade Spirit Stones in advance, determined to obtain that bottle of Creation Pills.

"This bottle of Royal Grade Creation Pill is mostly being bid on by Soul Severing Perfection and some Thunder Tribulation Experts might also participate. I estimate its value could exceed one hundred thousand royal-grade spirit pills, and we have no hope of obtaining it!"

Huo Zhenying sighed, feeling a bit regretful.

In her view, if she could obtain that bottle of Royal Grade Creation Pill and give it to Shi Xiaolian to aid her cultivation, Shi Xiaolian's cultivation level could immediately advance a small realm, and her later cultivation progress would accelerate. Advancing another small realm within a year wouldn't be impossible.

Unfortunately, Huo Zhenying did not have many royal-grade Spirit Stones on her, not enough to even bid for a bottle of Gathering Yuan Pill, let alone the Royal Grade Creation Pill coveted by many powerful beings present.

Shi Xiaolian sat there dazedly, her mind blank, missing everything her master said, only thinking to herself, "Why isn't the person in the VIP room him? Why isn't it him?"

On the auction stage, Steward Zhuang Ling from Danxia Manor pointed at the tray held by another young girl in a red dress and announced again, "Everyone, this is a Royal Grade Lower Creation Pill concocted by our manor's Alchemist, capable of greatly increasing the success rate of breaking through. The auction starts now, with a starting price of twenty thousand, and each increment must be no less than a thousand."

"Fifty thousand!"

As soon as Zhuang Ling finished speaking, someone immediately raised the bid to fifty thousand, though it surprised few, as they knew the value of that bottle of Royal Grade Creation Pill was far above this.

Indeed, the competition for the bottle of Royal Grade Creation Pill was as fierce as expected. From the start, more than a dozen Soul Severing Perfection, Half-Step Thunder Tribulation, and Thunder Tribulation Experts joined the bidding, quickly bringing the price to one hundred thousand royal-grade Spirit Stones.

During this time, Huo Zhenying and Han Dongweng also symbolically raised their bids once, but when someone bid eighty thousand, they withdrew from the bidding, just watching the excitement from the side.

Once the bottle of Royal Grade Creation Pill was bid up to one hundred thousand royal-grade Spirit Stones, only two Thunder Tribulation realm experts were left competing in the auction hall.

The two Thunder Tribulation realm experts were both competing for the Creation Pill for their disciples, but they too seemed strapped for resources, increasing the bid only by increments of a thousand, without the boldness they had at the beginning.

"One hundred twenty thousand!"

When one of the Thunder Tribulation realm experts raised the bid to one hundred eleven thousand, a clear voice suddenly rang out, again from the VIP room where the bottle of Gathering Yuan Pill had been won earlier.

"It's him again!"

"Does he want to take all four bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills auctioned today?"

"Where did he get so many royal-grade Spirit Stones?"

"He's crazy! Doing this, he's going to offend a lot of strong people!"

"Doesn't know how to keep a low profile, he'll regret it later."

...

The hall buzzed again, with eyes darting towards the VIP room, some disdainful, some schadenfreude, others filled with anger.

The two Thunder Tribulation realm experts participating in the bidding also looked displeased, their gazes full of hostility towards the VIP room.

A mere Soul Severing Initial Stage Martial Artist daring to contend with Thunder Tribulation Experts, what a preposterous act!

"That guy has already become the target of public criticism, really ignorant of life and death!"

Han Dongweng sneered.

"Better if he dies!"

Yang Heng said, his eyebrows arched and eyes slanted.

In Yang Heng's view, the Martial Artist in the VIP room earlier had given the Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill to Shi Xiaolian clearly to curry her favor, which thoroughly displeased Yang Heng and filled him with hostility towards that person.

In the end, the young expert in the VIP room bid twelve hundred thousand royal-grade Spirit Stones to win the Royal Grade Creation Pill, making it the second item he successfully acquired today.

"Miss, please deliver the spirit pill to the young lady in the yellow dress in the second row... Yes, her!"

When the young girl in the red dress on the auction stage was about to deliver the Creation Pill to the second floor VIP room, the young Martial Artist inside spoke again.

Seeing this, some martial artists felt envious, others jealous, some even resentful, thinking that giving two bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills to the girl in the yellow dress solely for a smile was quite the extravagant gesture.

Shi Xiaolian sat in her seat, her expression desolate, her gaze dull, appearing gloomy and disheartened. The young Martial Artist in the VIP room sending her the Creation Pill was the envy of others, but she showed no interest or enthusiasm.

"Xiao Lian, put the spirit pill away first, and return it to him once the auction ends!"

Huo Zhenying whispered to Shi Xiaolian.

Shi Xiaolian listlessly accepted the bottle of Royal Grade Creation Pill, not even looking at it, and absent-mindedly tossed it into her Spatial Ring.

Chapter 1667: It Really Is You!

The auction at Danxia Manor continued.

After the Gathering Yuan Pill and the Creation Pill were auctioned off, the Wood Element Pill and the Fire Yuan Pill were also sold at high prices to two Thunder Tribulation experts.

Other experts who couldn't purchase the Royal Grade Spirit Pill felt a tinge of regret.

However, Danxia Manor subsequently added many Superior King Grade Spirit Pills to the auction, igniting the enthusiasm of numerous Soul Severing experts on site.

Since the Creation Pill, the young Martial Artist in the second-floor VIP room remained silent and did not participate in any more bids.

Despite this, some ill-intentioned and scheming experts continued to keep an eye on that VIP room, lest the young Martial Artist leave quietly.

Two hours later, the auction ended, and two thousand experts on site rose to leave.

Huo Zhenying saw his disciple Shi Xiaolian staring blankly in the direction of the VIP room on the second floor and said, "Xiao Lian, don't look anymore. That person has already left."

VIP rooms have dedicated passageways for guests to leave first. Shi Xiaolian, in a trance, didn't realize that person had left, while Huo Zhenying couldn't sense that person's presence.

"Left?"

Shi Xiaolian shivered, snapped back to reality, and asked Huo Zhenying, "Master, do you know where that person went? I'd like to see what he actually looks like."

Huo Zhenying knew that once this disciple made up her mind, even he, as her master, couldn't change it. Sighing softly, he said, "If that person were your friend, he should have revealed himself now. You won't give up... I'll take you to find him! While we're at it, return the Royal Grade Spirit Pill he gave you!"

The two left the auction hall, joined by Jiang Liang, Yu Wei, and other Yunhai Sect disciples, and departed Danxia Manor. Outside Danxia Manor, they each mounted their Spiritual Artifacts and followed the aura of the young Martial Artist westward under Huo Zhenying's lead.

"That young Martial Artist was too ostentatious at the auction and has become a target for many experts seeking to capture and kill him. Some experts are now following him, probably waiting for an opportunity to act. Let's follow slowly too."

After flying a distance, Huo Zhenying extended his Divine Sense, looked towards the western sky, and murmured.

Shi Xiaolian became somewhat worried for the young Martial Artist and urged, "Master, let's hurry and catch up! If that person isn't really my friend, then we won't interfere."

Huo Zhenying nodded and accelerated forward. Soon, they saw several expert figures appear ahead; they were all Soul Severing experts who had shown their faces at the auction. Flying further, they discovered two Thunder Tribulation experts who had bid for Royal Grade Spirit Pills at the auction.

And, as Huo Zhenying had speculated, the closest to the young Martial Artist was Elder Han Dongweng and Yang Heng, the master and disciple from the Blue Sea Sect.

Previously at the auction, the young Martial Artist in the VIP room had mocked Han Dongweng, snatching a bottle of Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill from him and humiliating him greatly. Why would Han Dongweng let it go?

Therefore, as soon as the young Martial Artist left Danxia City, Han Dongweng and his disciple immediately pursued him.

The young Martial Artist ahead, flying at ease on his Spiritual Artifact in the sky, seemed unaware that people were eyeing him behind, wanting his life.

“Big brother...”

From a hundred feet away, Shi Xiaolian saw the familiar silhouette ahead and called out subconsciously, her eyes red with emotion.

The young Martial Artist flying ahead seemed to hear her call, even at a distance, and turned his head to look back.

Shi Xiaolian vaguely saw the young Martial Artist’s face and was greatly disappointed, thinking that he was indeed, as the red-dressed girl at the auction had said, coarse-skinned and ugly, looking nothing like Fang Bai she remembered.

“It’s really not him!”

Shi Xiaolian was heartbroken, utterly despondent.

Huo Zhenying said, “Now have you given up? Let’s catch up to him, return that bottle of Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill, and then leave to continue our training.”

Shi Xiaolian, her heart in turmoil, murmured, “I’ll leave it to you, Master.”

Huo Zhenying sped up the chase, catching up to the young Martial Artist ahead of him in just a few breaths, flying alongside him.

Seeing this, Han Dongweng also caught up at full speed, chuckling, “Heh heh, Elder Han, it seems you’re interested in the cultivation resources on this little thief too... Alright, let’s see who can catch him first; whoever does, gets the resources on him!”

Huo Zhenying spat, “Bah! Bullying the weak is the disgusting deed only you, Han Dongweng, would do. Once I return his things, I’ll leave and not meddle in this!”

Han Dongweng sneered, “That little thief probably has quite a few Royal Grade Spirit Stones on him. I don’t believe you’re not tempted!”

Huo Zhenying snorted, ignored him, and gestured towards the young Martial Artist, telling Shi Xiaolian, “Return that bottle of Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill to him, and let’s go!”

Shi Xiaolian uttered an “Oh,” retrieved the bottle of Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill, and tossed it to the young Martial Artist, saying, “Here’s your thing back!”

The young Martial Artist, caught between two Thunder Tribulation experts, Han Dongweng and Huo Zhenying, with two more experts closing in behind, remained composed and unflustered.

“Alian, you’ve grown older, and your temper has grown with it! If you really don’t want the gift from big brother, then I’ll keep it!”

The young Martial Artist caught the Royal Grade Gathering Yuan Pill thrown by Shi Xiaolian, winked at her, and said with a grin.

The name “Alian” was Shi Xiaolian’s childhood name during her time in the secular world; only Fang Bai and those secular friends and family called her that.

Hearing the young, ugly Martial Artist call her “Alian” and refer to himself as “big brother,” Shi Xiaolian froze.

“Big brother! Is it really you?”

Shi Xiaolian looked at the grinning and winking ugly young Martial Artist with suddenly bright and clear eyes, her mind buzzing, realizing something, and trembled as she spoke, “Big brother... you’ve changed your appearance, haven’t you? It’s really you, isn’t it? I’m not dreaming, am I?”

She asked repeatedly, hoping the ugly young Martial Artist in front of her wouldn’t shake his head and say “no.”

Han Dongweng and Huo Zhenying stared intently at Fang Bai’s ugly face, trying to spot any clues.

The ugly young Martial Artist laughed heartily, and his facial muscles, bones, and features began to change and shift rapidly. In just a few breaths, he transformed back into the handsome young figure with sword-like eyebrows and bright eyes, none other than Fang Bai.

“Big brother, it’s really you!”

Shi Xiaolian shouted excitedly, tears streaming down her face. Were she not mid-air, she would’ve run forward to throw herself into Fang Bai’s arms.

Huo Zhenying looked at Fang Bai and then at the tearfully excited Shi Xiaolian, feeling they didn’t seem like ordinary friends.

“Master, kill him!”

Yang Heng, seeing Shi Xiaolian’s infatuated look upon seeing Fang Bai while always ignoring him, felt jealous and angry.

Chapter 1668: Arrogance and Presumption

Han Dongweng knew that his disciple was infatuated with Shi Xiaolian, and he also harbored intentions to kill Fang Bai. Thus, he raised his right palm, intending to strike Fang Bai down.

"Elder Han, since this young man is Xiaolian's friend, I have the duty to protect him. If you wish to harm him, you must first get past me!"

Huo Zhenying stood in front of Fang Bai and quickly transmitted a message to Fang Bai, "Han Dongweng is treacherous and vindictive. You provoked him at the auction, and he's already set on killing you. I'm holding him back for now, so hurry and leave! You can head to our Yunhai Sect, and once there, Han Dongweng won't dare to touch you!"

Shi Xiaolian also spread her arms, blocking Fang Bai, and shouted fiercely at Han Dongweng, "If you dare harm my big brother, I'll fight you to the death!"

Han Dongweng naturally didn't regard Shi Xiaolian highly, but he was somewhat wary of Huo Zhenying. Seeing both the master and disciple defending Fang Bai, he hesitated to take action and laughed in anger, "Elder Huo, this man mocked me at the Danxia Manor auction, and I must kill him today! Protecting him like this, are you trying to make enemies with our Blue Sea Sect?"

Huo Zhenying sneered, "You can't scare me with the Blue Sea Sect. Our Yunhai Sect doesn't fear your Blue Sea Sect!"

Han Dongweng laughed instead of getting angry, "Is it worth tearing the two Sects apart over a brat?"

Huo Zhenying chuckled, "Han Dongweng, this is a personal grudge between us, don't involve the entire Sect! Besides, the senior members of your Blue Sea Sect aren't fools. They definitely won't start a war with our Yunhai Sect over you alone. Am I right?"

Seeing Huo Zhenying resolute in protecting Fang Bai, Han Dongweng angrily retorted, "I refuse to believe you can protect him for a while, but not for a lifetime!"

Worried Fang Bai might use the opportunity to escape while Huo Zhenying was preoccupied, Han Dongweng pointed disdainfully at Fang Bai, who was sheltered by Shi Xiaolian, "Kid, what skill is it to hide behind two women? If you have any spine, step out!"

Han Dongweng knew that martial artists around Fang Bai's age were often hot-headed and might fall for the provocation, feeling embarrassed to accept Huo Zhenying's protection.

"Yes! If you have courage, step out!"

Yang Heng also shouted strangely. Although he was envious and jealous of Fang Bai, he self-admitted that he wasn't as strong as Fang Bai, so he didn't dare to act rashly.

Seeing Fang Bai hadn't followed her advice to leave, Huo Zhenying thought he had really fallen for Han Dongweng's provocation and sent another message to Fang Bai, "Don't be fooled! Leave now!"

Fang Bai naturally wouldn't fall for Han Dongweng's provocation, nor would he require Huo Zhenying's protection, and he certainly didn't plan to flee. He patted Shi Xiaolian's shoulder and smiled, "Xiaolian, come, stand behind me!"

Shi Xiaolian anxiously said, "Big brother... he is a Thunder Tribulation expert, very powerful, and you..."

Fang Bai replied, "What now, don't you have confidence in your big brother? Don't worry, a Thunder Tribulation expert can't do anything to me!"

Upon hearing this, Huo Zhenying furrowed her brow slightly, thinking he was just a beginner in the Soul Severing realm, while Han Dongweng was a Thunder Tribulation first-level expert, a whole major realm above him. To kill him, a mere palm would suffice, yet he claimed he couldn't be harmed?

It's fine for young people to be spirited, but being too arrogant and ignorant is no good.

Unbeknownst to her, Fang Bai had already slain several Thunder Tribulation first-level experts before, even contending against Thunder Tribulation second-level experts like Gui Jiuding, the Supreme Elder of Wuya Sect. Naturally, he didn't consider Han Dongweng a threat.

Shi Xiaolian, however, was full of trust in Fang Bai. Hearing his words, she promptly stepped behind him.

"You're Shi Xiaolian's master, right? These years, thank you for taking care of Shi Xiaolian,"

Fang Bai said to Huo Zhenying, who was still blocking in front of him, his tone sincere.

The little girl from Shigong Village in the secular world had grown into an adult now, but in Fang Bai's eyes, she was still like his little sister.

Among Fang Bai's relatives and friends, Shi Xiaolian was the youngest. Therefore, after arriving in the macro world of three thousand, she was the one he worried about the most. Unexpectedly, throughout these years, she had become the disciple of a Thunder Tribulation expert, who seemed to treat her well.

Due to Fang Bai's arrogance, Huo Zhenying developed a slight prejudice against him and replied coldly, "Xiaolian is my disciple, it is my duty to take care of her."

Fang Bai didn't mind her change in attitude, sidestepping her to face Han Dongweng, disdain on his face, "I'm standing out now, what do you intend?"

Huo Zhenying, who initially intended to protect him, felt upset seeing his recklessness and snorted softly, stepping back to stand beside Shi Xiaolian, muttering, "Xiaolian, your friend here..."

She wanted to say, "Your friend here is truly arrogant," but seeing Shi Xiaolian's concern for Fang Bai, she couldn't bring herself to say it.

"Master, big brother is really strong! Truly!"

Shi Xiaolian, as smart as ice and snow, seemed to sense her master's displeasure and declared earnestly.

In Shi Xiaolian's heart, besides her deceased grandfather, Fang Bai was the closest and most important person, even surpassing her master, who had cared for her these past years.

Huo Zhenying, seeing Shi Xiaolian protect Fang Bai so steadfastly, couldn't help but smile wryly, thinking to herself that now, if she said that her disciple and Fang Bai were merely ordinary friends, she wouldn't believe it herself.

"A few years ago, Xiaolian was only eleven or twelve, right? She and this Fang Bai couldn't possibly have the kind of relationship I imagine... sigh, maybe I've overthought it!"

She thought silently.

Little did she know that even at that young age, her disciple had already developed a budding affection for Fang Bai. Now, in her teenage years, with the onset of romantic feelings, her attachment to Fang Bai had evolved into love as she matured.

Though she hadn't seen Fang Bai for years, his appearance and figure had never faded from her heart, not even slightly blurred.

Meeting Fang Bai again at this moment filled her heart with boundless joy, and though they hadn't exchanged many words, the seed of love planted back then crazily flourished, spreading its branches and leaves to fill her entire heart, leaving no room for anything else.

Han Dongweng was delighted to see Fang Bai being provoked into stepping out, and even more so when Huo Zhenying backed off, seemingly unwilling to intervene further.

"At the Danxia Manor auction, you insulted me verbally, so it's only natural for me to strike you down. However, out of respect for Elder Huo, I won't take it too far. Hand over your cultivation resources as an apology!"

While Han Dongweng wanted to kill Fang Bai, he didn't dare act rashly with Huo Zhenying still present, fearful of provoking her into a battle, allowing Fang Bai to escape amid the chaos, leaving him empty-handed.

Rather, it would be wiser to first acquire the resources he needed. As for Fang Bai, he could always be dealt with later. After all, within a hundred thousand miles, the Blue Sea Sect was among the top Sects, and Fang Bai would struggle to escape in the short term.

Chapter 1669: The Consequence of Underestimating Your Opponent

"Cultivation resources, I have plenty here! I still have hundreds of thousands of Royal Grade Spirit Stones! If you want them, come and take them with your skill!"

Fang Bai extended his left hand, showing the Five Elements Space Ring on his finger to Han Dongweng, and said with a smile.

Upon hearing Fang Bai's words "hundreds of thousands of Royal Grade Spirit Stones," Huo Zhenying showed a look of surprise, thinking this Fang Bai must have had some opportunities; how else could he obtain so many Royal Grade Spirit Stones?

One must know, earlier at Danxia Manor, Fang Bai had spent about two hundred thousand Royal Grade Spirit Stones to auction two bottles of Royal Grade Spirit Pills. Adding the tens of thousands he has in his Space Ring, doesn't that mean he originally possessed hundreds of thousands of Royal Grade Spirit Stones?

And being able to hold that many Royal Grade Spirit Stones indicates that the Space Ring on his finger is also no ordinary item.

"This time I've found a treasure! I can't let him go no matter what!"

Han Dongweng looked at the Five Elements Space Ring on Fang Bai's finger with a greedy expression, his killing intent locked onto Fang Bai.

He glanced at Huo Zhenying and sneered, "Elder Huo, did you hear that? This kid wants me to take his cultivation resources with skill, I hope you won't intervene!"

Huo Zhenying was about to speak when Fang Bai hurriedly said, "This is between you and me, naturally no need for others to meddle!"

Huo Zhenying was thinking about asking Fang Bai to give some Royal Grade Spirit Stones to Han Dongweng to resolve their feud, so that Fang Bai wouldn't be hunted by disciples of the Blue Sea Sect everywhere in the future. Unexpectedly, Fang Bai's one sentence blocked all the ways, which made him quite frustrated.

"Xiao Lian, your friend... is a bit overly confident! Okay, since he doesn't want others to intervene, let's just stand by!"

Huo Zhenying said angrily.

Shi Xiaolian looked at Fang Bai, saw him smiling and looking calm, knew he was confident enough to deal with Han Dongweng, so he relaxed and comforted Huo Zhenying: "Master, don't be angry! Since elder brother says so, he must be confident!"

Huo Zhenying laughed angrily and said, "You girl, you have such faith in him? Don't forget, there's a whole realm difference between the two, one at the initial stage of Soul Severing, the other at the first level of Thunder Tribulation! Even some geniuses in sects with the ability to challenge higher levels couldn't do it!"

Shi Xiaolian nodded and said, "Yes, Master. Elder brother never lies! He says there's no need to intervene, then there's really no need!"

Huo Zhenying couldn't help but be taken aback, wondering how his usually intelligent disciple could be so muddled today?

For her to say such words, either she knows Fang Bai very well or blindly believes in him.

Huo Zhenying prefers to believe it's the latter.

No matter what, Fang Bai is just a young Martial Artist in his twenties, even if his cultivation has reached the initial stage of Soul Severing, making him a genius among his peers, how could he be a match for an elder Thunder Tribulation level expert in his hundreds?

Huo Zhenying really wanted to ask clearly what exactly was the relationship between his disciple and Fang Bai, but at this time, it seemed a bit inappropriate to ask.

"Boy, today I'll show you the might of a Thunder Tribulation level expert!"

After confirming that Huo Zhenying would no longer intervene, Han Dongweng, to avoid any issues, did not hesitate any longer, and struck a palm toward Fang Bai.

With this palm, he used only half of his strength, believing it would at least severely injure Fang Bai, who only had the initial cultivation of Soul Severing.

As for whether Fang Bai could escape death from this palm, that would depend on his luck.

When the Thunder Tribulation expert struck, the rolling thunder resounded, loud and magnificent, making people fearful.

Shi Xiaolian, only at the Nascent Soul initial stage, couldn't withstand even the edge of the palm's power, quickly retreated behind her master Huo Zhenying for protection.

Huo Zhenying condensed a wall of spiritual energy in front to protect the two of them but kept her gaze on Fang Bai, seemingly seeing Fang Bai being struck away by the big spirit palm, falling to the ground, and couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

She had already decided that if Fang Bai could survive this palm, she would step in to save him, lest Shi Xiaolian be too heartbroken by his death.

But if he couldn't withstand this palm, there was nothing she could do, and Shi Xiaolian might be saddened for a while, but over time, everything would pass.

"Underestimating the opponent often ends very tragically..."

Seeing Han Dongweng attacking with only half strength, Fang Bai couldn't help but smirk slightly.

While Han Dongweng underestimated the enemy, he did not hold back his strike. The Blood-Drinking Mad Blade instantly appeared in his palm, and then he swung it downward with full power.

"Bloodthirst!"

Fang Bai uttered softly.

A blood beam several meters high, carrying an earth-splitting momentum, slashed towards Han Dongweng.

“Soul Severing!”

Fang Bai shouted again.

The second blade followed immediately, with even greater force.

“Silence Annihilation!”

Fang Bai slashed the third blade, accompanied by a loud shout.

This chain of three blades was none other than the unique three-style technique of the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, each style more powerful than the last. By the time the third blade came out, the entire world seemed to turn blood-red, the scent of blood permeating all the space.

“These three blades... what immense killing intent!”

Huo Zhenying, seeing the chain of three blades slashed by Fang Bai, couldn't help but gasp in shock, only now realizing how much she had underestimated Fang Bai before. She never imagined that Fang Bai had such a formidable Spiritual Artifact.

Although at least thirty percent of the power of these three blades from Fang Bai came from that Blood Blade, Fang Bai's own combat strength was also extraordinary, far exceeding Huo Zhenying's expectations.

Huo Zhenying couldn't fathom how a Martial Artist with only the initial stage of Soul Severing could have combat strength comparable to a Half-Step Thunder Tribulation.

Such formidable cross-level challenge ability was too terrifying, something Huo Zhenying had never seen or heard of.

Huo Zhenying now understood why Shi Xiaolian had such confidence in Fang Bai.

Not to mention anything else, just the power of this chain of three blades, even if Fang Bai couldn't defeat Han Dongweng, it would certainly allow him to stay undefeated.

While quietly cheering for Fang Bai in his heart, Huo Zhenying also hoped his chain of three blades could make Han Dongweng suffer a little.

Huo Zhenying had crossed paths with Han Dongweng before, although she had never lost, she had never won either, and if she could see Han Dongweng suffer a bit, she'd feel quite pleased and could later tease him about it.

For a Thunder Tribulation level expert to be set back by a Soul Severing Martial Artist, even if he eventually turned the tables, his reputation would greatly suffer if this spread.

Because Han Dongweng underestimated the enemy, when he saw the three blood beams Fang Bai slashed out, he was affected by the Killing Qi contained within and was momentarily distracted.

Although he responded in time, the speed at which those three blood beams slashed was like a flash of lightning, breaking through his spirit qi big palm in an instant and slashing toward him.

"Ah!"

Han Dongweng felt as if he wasn't facing a Soul Severing Martial Artist, but a strong opponent of equal strength, causing his pupils to contract, and he exclaimed in shock.

Chapter 1670: Instant Kill

Han Dongweng underestimated the enemy, leading to being caught off guard by Fang Bai's powerful counterattack.

Fang Bai's three successive strikes were comparable to the full-force attacks of a first-level Thunder Tribulation expert. The blade light was as fast as lightning, coming too quickly for Han Dongweng to fully gather spiritual energy to defend.

Han Dongweng secretly cried out in his heart, realizing that if he couldn't withstand this attack, he might suffer a severe blow.

In a duel between strong fighters, if one is severely injured, the outcome is tantamount to death.

Helpless, Han Dongweng was forced to instantly activate his body's potential, using the spiritual artifact in his hand to block Fang Bai's three consecutive strikes.

After activating his potential, Han Dongweng's strength surged significantly, compensating for the combat power lost due to his carelessness and surprise.

Despite giving his all, he was still at a slight disadvantage due to the hasty defense.

"Clang!"

"Clang!"

"Clang!"

The sound waves released from the clash of metal mixed with the spiritual energy shockwaves, powerfully spreading in all directions, making the ears of everyone present buzz.

The weaker ones on the scene, Yang Heng and Shi Xiaolian, were dizzy from the shock, their figures swaying.

Shi Xiaolian was fine, quickly recovering under the protection of the defense Qi shield cast by her mentor, Huo Zhenying.

Yang Heng, however, cried out in pain, affected by the shockwave, his inner energy and blood in turmoil, he was thrown back in the air like a kite with a broken string, plummeting to the ground.

He fell heavily, suffering significant injuries, lucky that no one intended to harm him further, otherwise even Shi Xiaolian alone could have easily killed him.

Fang Bai's first blade, Bloodthirst, and the second, Soul Severing, broke through Han Dongweng's hastily conjured defense Qi shield in front of him.

The third blade, Silence Annihilation, severed the spiritual artifact in Han Dongweng's hand, the residual blade light slashing across his body, tearing his clothes and leaving a scar several feet long on his chest.

Although the scar was not deep, not causing a severe injury, it still scared Han Dongweng into a cold sweat.

Only then did Han Dongweng realize that this young martial artist he had underestimated had an attack power not weaker than his own, especially the mysterious, haunting abilities of that blood-colored long blade in his hand.

Han Dongweng knew that if the fight continued, it would be difficult for him to win, and with Huo Zhenying watching eagerly nearby, if she saw an opportunity and intervened, he would suffer greatly.

What is image, what is reputation, compared to life itself?

Having figured this out, Han Dongweng made a decisive retreat, using the force of Fang Bai's three consecutive strikes to fly back a hundred meters, then turning to flee towards the distant horizon, leaving his disciple Yang Heng behind.

Seeing his mentor escape, leaving him at the scene, Yang Heng was frightened out of his wits, screaming, "Master, save me!"

"The old man actually ran away, truly disgraceful!"

Seeing Han Dongweng flee at the first wave of Fang Bai's attack, Huo Zhenying, though scornful, also felt a burst of satisfaction.

"Swoosh!"

A piercing sound of something cutting through the air suddenly occurred, an arrow wrapped in terrifying flames shot out from a large bow that had somehow appeared in Fang Bai's hand.

The arrow was like a bolt of lightning cutting through the night, with immense power, catching up to the fleeing Han Dongweng in the blink of an eye.

Han Dongweng felt a strong sense of danger approaching from behind, his hair standing on end, and accelerated forward, trying to shake off that dangerous presence.

However, no matter how fast he flew, he couldn't outpace the astonishingly swift arrow shot from Fang Bai's Houyi Bow.

"Puff!"

Although Han Dongweng dodged the vital parts, the flame arrow still pierced through his left shoulder, leaving a large bloody hole, blood gushing out.

This attack caused considerable injury to Han Dongweng, seriously reducing his combat power and slowing his escape.

"Don't kill me!"

Seeing Fang Bai approaching with a cold smile and ready to strike, Han Dongweng was terrified, shouting, "I am Han Dongweng, Elder of the Blue Sea Sect. If you kill me, you'll be opposing the entire Blue Sea Sect!"

The Blue Sea Sect is one of the top sects within a hundred thousand miles. Han Dongweng thought he could intimidate Fang Bai, but Fang Bai seemed to pay no heed, his blood blade resolutely slashing down.

Han Dongweng screamed fiercely, resisting with all his strength, but how could he withstand this blade from Fang Bai?

The blade light flashed, cutting through Han Dongweng's head, sending it flying high and landing deep in the mountains.

His body hung in the air for several breaths, convulsing, before falling to the ground.

Thus fell the dignified Elder of the Blue Sea Sect, a first-level Thunder Tribulation expert.

This all happened in a flash, yet it gave Huo Zhenying, who was watching, a great shock, leaving her dumbfounded and full of disbelief.

Before this, Huo Zhenying thought Fang Bai was young, reckless, and arrogant, having a poor impression of him, yet she did not expect Fang Bai was not arrogant without reason, but had the power to back it up.

Almost instantly defeating a first-level Thunder Tribulation expert, such power could probably only be managed by at least a second-level Thunder Tribulation expert, right?

Yet Fang Bai managed to achieve it.

Seeing Fang Bai holding the blood blade, standing in mid-air, Huo Zhenying involuntarily felt the sensation of the waves behind pushing the waves in front, while also feeling ashamed for her previous scorn and discomfort with Fang Bai's arrogance.

"Xiao Lian, is he... really your friend?"

Huo Zhenying couldn't help but lowly ask Shi Xiaolian, thinking she had speculated about their relationship earlier, but even if they were as she imagined, so what?

That Fang Bai, so young, was already at the initial phase of Soul Severing cultivation level and possessed formidable abilities to challenge beyond realms, more than enough to match Xiao Lian.

Shi Xiaolian, excited over Fang Bai killing Han Dongweng, said, "Yes, he was already my friend in the secular world. He saved my life and taught me martial arts techniques. I have always considered him the closest person..."

Huo Zhenying, hearing this, realized the depth of the connection between her and Fang Bai, feeling increasingly delighted.

While the mentor-disciple duo conversed, Fang Bai had already ended the life of Han Dongweng's disciple, Yang Heng, took both of their spatial rings, and returned.

"They have a considerable amount of cultivation resources stored, you can have them."

Fang Bai said, casually tossing Han Dongweng's and his disciple's space rings to Shi Xiaolian.

Yang Heng was only a Nascent Soul Martial Artist, with not many cultivation resources, but Han Dongweng, an experienced Thunder Tribulation expert, had as many as seventy to eighty thousand Royal Grade Spirit Stones in his space ring, which Fang Bai casually gave away, showing his generosity.

This also indicated the extraordinary relationship between Fang Bai and Shi Xiaolian.

Huo Zhenying was secretly pleased by this.

Shi Xiaolian, not hesitating to accept Fang Bai's gift, after smiling and accepting it, casually hugged one of Fang Bai's arms, saying, "Big Brother, I'm so happy to see you again!"