

Doctor 1721

Chapter 1721 Don't Humiliate Yourself

A month later, the sea ship built by the Black Tortoise Sect was ready to set sail, preparing to head to the Eastern Desolate Continent.

“Sect Master, when our master comes out of seclusion, please give him our regards and tell him that we’ve left first. We’ll visit him when we have the chance in the future!”

Baili Mingyue said to Hua Guanghan, the Sect Master of Black Tortoise Sect, before leaving.

Ever since Yun Yi listened to Fang Bai’s explanation of Martial Dao and Alchemy at the bamboo house in the back mountain, he had been deeply engrossed in it, practicing in seclusion until now and had not come out.

Fang Bai and Baili Mingyue initially wanted to bid farewell to Yun Yi, but seeing that he had no imminent plans to come out, they decided not to wait any longer and asked Hua Guanghan to pass on their regards.

Hua Guanghan remained resentful about Baili Mingyue leaving Black Tortoise Island. Hearing this, he did not speak, only nodded with a sullen face.

Baili Mingyue had lived on Black Tortoise Island for several years and had developed some feelings for the place. Before boarding the ship, she asked Fang Bai to accompany her for a walk around the island. Lastly, she said with some sadness, “If you hadn’t passed by Black Tortoise Island and we hadn’t met, I might still be living on the island for quite some time before going to the Three Thousand Great Worlds to train and search for your whereabouts.”

Fang Bai said, “This shows that heaven had mercy, unwilling to see us separated for long, giving us a chance to meet.”

The two returned to the dock, and under the urging of a Black Tortoise Sect disciple, they boarded the sea ship.

After getting on the sea ship, instead of heading directly to the guest rooms, they went to the ship's deck, where they unexpectedly saw a group of Black Tortoise Island disciples standing against the wind, one of whom was Li Sheng.

"Is he also going out for training? I hadn't heard about this before! Traveling with him might mean an uneasy journey."

Baili Mingyue looked puzzled, turning her head to glance at Fang Bai with a bit of worry in her eyes.

This time, accompanying the sea ship to the Eastern Desolate Continent, there were two elders and two stewards from the Black Tortoise Sect. Li Sheng had always had a good relationship with them.

It was conceivable that if a conflict broke out between Li Sheng and Fang Bai during the journey, those elders and stewards would certainly side with Li Sheng.

Previously, in the Black Tortoise Sect, Baili Mingyue was well-liked by the sect's high-level officials, but since she insisted on leaving Black Tortoise Island with Fang Bai, the top officials became displeased.

In their eyes, Baili Mingyue was already akin to an outsider.

Fang Bai knew what Baili Mingyue was worried about and smiled faintly, showing a nonchalant attitude.

Previously, when Fang Bai was merely a Half-Step Thunder Tribulation realm, his strength overshadowed Li Sheng. Now that he was a genuine Thunder Tribulation Expert, he would care even less about Li Sheng?

Fang Bai knew Li Sheng was very dissatisfied with him and might try to provoke him along the way, but no matter how much trouble Li Sheng caused, without solid strength backing him, he was nothing more than a trifling clown, not worth mentioning.

As for those elders and stewards inclined towards Li Sheng, Fang Bai was equally fearless of them.

If a conflict occurred on Black Tortoise Island, Fang Bai might still have some reservations, as there were tens of thousands of Black Tortoise Sect disciples there.

But once the ship reached the open sea, there would be no one who could pose a threat to Fang Bai.

“Junior Sister Mingyue.”

When Li Sheng saw Baili Mingyue, he slightly curled his lips and greeted her, his expression surprisingly composed, as if he were a different person.

The more he acted this way, the more uneasy Baili Mingyue felt in her heart.

“Let’s go back to our rooms!”

Baili Mingyue cast a glance at Li Sheng, her face indifferent, not responding to him, and pulling Fang Bai back to their cabins.

Although the two were genuinely Martial Dao companions, staying in the same room would inevitably attract gossip from Black Tortoise Sect disciples, so they stayed in adjacent rooms.

Watching Baili Mingyue and Fang Bai’s backs fade into the distance, the smile on Li Sheng’s lips gradually disappeared, replaced by a cold and sinister look.

The expressions of the nearby Black Tortoise Sect disciples changed, feeling a chill run down their spines.

“Moo...”

The sea ship emitted a deep, resonant signal, indicating its departure.

Driven by the power of spirit stones, the sea ship slowly left the port, sailing towards the deep sea, heading for the Eastern Desolate Continent.

Accompanying the sea voyage, aside from a few high-ranking members of the Black Tortoise Sect, were hundreds of ordinary Black Tortoise Sect disciples, all possessing a cultivation level of the first realm of Thunder Tribulation.

They would undergo training on the Eastern Desolate Continent, a place teeming with powerful beings and extreme dangers, for a period of up to ten years. Regardless of the outcomes, they were required to return to Black Tortoise Island.

During these ten years of training, some might encounter dangers and perish, while others might gain incredible opportunities; life and death, joy and sorrow, everything was left to fate.

According to past experiences, if half of the hundreds of Black Tortoise Sect disciples who went to train on the Eastern Desolate Continent returned alive after ten years, it would be considered a good result.

Due to traveling on the same ship with Li Sheng, Baili Mingyue seldom ventured outside, spending most of her time in her room practicing in seclusion.

However, Fang Bai, after completely stabilizing his realm in the following half month, showed little interest in cultivation, often visiting the deck of the sea ship, gazing into the distance, unclear what he was looking for.

Half a month into the voyage, they were tens of thousands of miles away from Black Tortoise Island.

The sea ship constructed by the Black Tortoise Sect was long and narrow like a sword, incredibly fast. Viewed from afar, it looked like an arrow shooting across the sea, weaving through the formidable winds and towering waves, steady and unwavering.

“Fang Bai.”

One day, while Fang Bai was standing at the bow, looking into the distance, Li Sheng approached him, looking at him with a fake smile, saying: "If you leave Junior Sister Mingyue, all our past grievances can be wiped clean. What do you say?"

Fang Bai glanced at him sideways and said, "What, you're still not giving up?"

"That's right, I'm not giving up!"

Li Sheng threatened, "This is not Black Tortoise Island, there's no Supreme Elder to protect you here! Do you believe that if I wanted to kill you now, the two elders and two stewards on the sea ship, along with the hundreds of Black Tortoise Sect disciples, would mostly support me? So...I advise you: don't force me!"

Fang Bai sighed, "I also advise you: don't court humiliation!"

"So...you're not planning to compromise?"

Li Sheng's gaze tightened, murderous intent flashed, he spat with hatred, "Don't think that winning me in the Sect Master Hall duel, or even advancing to the Thunder Tribulation realm, makes you truly stronger than me! Hmph, I can kill you easily!"

Fang Bai laughed lightly, too lazy to bother with him, squinted slightly, and looked toward the distant sea.

On the distant sea, a thick mist suddenly appeared, crossing the path of the sea ship, vaguely revealing exquisite buildings and lovely Immortal Mountains, like a dream, with countless human figures and spirit beasts flying back and forth within...

"As expected, the Illusion Mist Sea, which appears once every hundred years, has shown up; this is yet another trial..."

Fang Bai muttered to himself as he looked at the mist.

Chapter 1722 Illusion Mist Sea

The appearance of the dense fog over the sea similarly attracted the attention of many disciples from the Black Tortoise Sect on the sea vessel.

However, the majority of the Black Tortoise Sect disciples, encountering such a situation for the first time, were merely curious about the dense fog stretching for thousands of miles, showing no fear.

On the contrary, a Black Tortoise Sect Elder traveling with the ship, having experienced similar calamities before, suddenly changed color and looked tense.

“It’s over... it’s over... We’ve encountered the once-in-a-century Illusion Mist Sea... Is the heavens going to destroy us?”

On the deck of the sea vessel, the Black Tortoise Sect Elder watched the approaching dense fog with a panicked expression, muttering to himself in a trembling voice.

“Elder Sun, it’s just a dense fog, what’s so frightening about it?”

Another elder frowned and asked.

“Could there be extremely formidable sea beasts hidden within that fog?”

“Even if there are sea beasts, it’s no big deal; we’ll just speed through it!”

“Exactly! Our sea vessel is extremely fast, and at full speed, no sea beasts can catch up.”

Seeing Elder Sun’s ashen face and grief-stricken expression, the other elder and two stewards on the sea vessel spoke indifferently.

They were all strong warriors of the second and third layers of the Heavenly Tribulation. Having experienced countless dangers, how could they be frightened by a patch of fog?

“You don’t understand... you don’t understand...”

Elder Sun, with a deathly pale face, shook his head and said: “Decades ago, I was riding a sea vessel passing by Black Tortoise Island, heading to the Eastern Desolate Continent to train. At that time, the sea vessel also encountered a sea area shrouded in such dense fog. As soon as the ship entered the fog, various dangerous illusions appeared before my eyes. I exhausted myself fighting off numerous opponents attacking me, almost to the point of collapse...”

He continued, a look of fear in his eyes: “It wasn’t until the ship left that sea area that the illusions before my eyes disappeared... Later, someone took count and found that out of almost two thousand strong warriors originally aboard, more than half went missing...”

He forced a bitter smile and said to the watching Black Tortoise Sect disciples: “Now, do you understand the eerie and terrifying nature of the Illusion Mist Sea?”

In fact, the so-called “Illusion Mist Sea” he mentioned did not refer to a specific fixed sea domain.

Because that dense fog drifted around the Black Sea all year round, wherever the fog went, that sea domain would become a dreaded peril.

And this peril was called the “Illusion Mist Sea” by Martial Artists.

If the ships sailing on the Black Sea were unfortunate enough to enter the “Illusion Mist Sea”, all sorts of dangerous illusions would appear before their eyes.

In these illusions, some Martial Artists ended up fighting each other, some attacked the air as if it were an opponent, and some even self-detonated...

It has been statistically shown that if a sea vessel unfortunately encounters the Illusion Mist Sea, it’s a great fortune if even half of the Martial Artists on board survive in the end.

Many sea vessels enter the Illusion Mist Sea fully manned, yet they emerge as empty ships, wandering aimlessly on the Black Sea, becoming what is known as “ghost ships”.

Therefore, Martial Artists who frequently traveled across the Black Sea and experienced the calamity of the Illusion Mist Sea would speak of it with dread, filled with terror.

“Then... what should we do?”

“Adjust the course of the sea vessel and try to go around it!”

“Perhaps we should return to Black Tortoise Island!”

“Impossible! The dense fog is moving too fast, we may not have time!”

...

Hearing Elder Sun describe the various terrifying aspects of the Illusion Mist Sea, the Black Tortoise Sect disciples on the sea vessel began to panic slightly.

“It’s too late... it’s too late...”

Elder Sun watched as the dense fog stretching for thousands of miles rolled in swiftly and overwhelmingly, despair evident in his eyes.

Although Elder Sun was a strong warrior of the third layer of the Heavenly Tribulation with a firm mind capable of resisting the disturbances of illusions, his despair lay in the fact that most of the Black Tortoise Sect disciples aboard the sea vessel were among the most outstanding of the younger generation. Their minds were not yet steadfast enough; once they fell into the Illusion Mist Sea, it would be hard for them to resist the confounding illusions, leading to massive casualties.

Elder Sun could even foresee that after experiencing the calamity of the Illusion Mist Sea, only a few people, including himself, might remain on this sea vessel.

By then, how would he explain it to the tens of thousands of disciples in the sect?

As the sea vessel was about to plunge into the dense fog ahead, under Elder Sun's reminders, hundreds of Black Tortoise Sect disciples aboard returned to their respective cabins, sitting cross-legged to protect themselves with Spiritual Energy, entering a heightened state of alert to prevent their minds from being influenced by the illusions.

In a blink of an eye, the deck of the sea vessel was nearly empty.

Fang Bai stood on the deck, his gaze fixed on the surging dense fog, not moving an inch.

To Fang Bai, having experienced countless similar illusion calamities over two lifetimes, some illusions were far more dangerous than this Illusion Mist Sea, his mind had long been tempered to be incomparably strong, hence the Illusion Mist Sea could interfere with the minds of other strong warriors but posed no threat to him.

Li Sheng also remained unmoved.

Li Sheng always harbored pride and arrogance, internally feeling that this dense fog was not frightening, asserting that Elder Sun's earlier remarks must have been exaggerated.

Moreover, Li Sheng believed in his ability to resist the influence of the illusions, yet was uncertain if Fang Bai could do the same. Once Fang Bai fell into the illusions, he planned to take the opportunity to kill him and shift the blame, avoiding the suspicion of Junior Sister Mingyue.

Elder Sun, like many high-ranking members of the Black Tortoise Sect, bore dissatisfaction with Fang Bai taking Baili Mingyue away. Seeing Fang Bai standing on the deck and showing indifference towards the approaching fog, he couldn't be bothered to address him and instead reminded Li Sheng a few times.

Li Sheng did not return to his cabin but chose to sit down cross-legged on the spot, circulating his cultivation technique and gathering Spiritual Energy to resist the imminent invasion of illusions.

He stayed very close to Fang Bai, waiting for the right moment to strike and send Fang Bai overboard.

A few breaths later, Baili Mingyue finished her cultivation state and came out of her cabin, standing shoulder to shoulder with Fang Bai.

“Mingyue, why did you come out? It’s dangerous outside!”

Baili Mingyue possessed an Innate Spiritual Root, making her mind stronger than that of ordinary Martial Artists, yet her cultivation level was lacking. After entering the Illusion Mist Sea, she would still be somewhat affected. Therefore, Fang Bai tightly grasped her hand to prevent any mishaps.

“I’ve been cooped up in the room for so long, I wanted to come out and take a look! Huh?”

Baili Mingyue noticed the dense fog covering the sea ahead, exclaiming in surprise: “Within that dense fog, there are visions of palaces and pavilions, flowers and trees, humans and spirit beasts looming faintly. How strange... is it a mirage?”

Fang Bai used the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique to quickly tell her about the Illusion Mist Sea.

Upon hearing this, Baili Mingyue’s face changed slightly, stepping closer to Fang Bai.

The sea vessel continued approaching the endless dense fog ahead at a speed visible to the naked eye, and after a hundred breaths, the large sea vessel was finally engulfed by the fog.

As the ship entered the fog, everything aboard instantly became blurry. Even for those with extraordinary sight and strong Divine Sense, the scenes in their eyes were hazy and unclear.

Chapter 1723 The Great Cauldron Suppresses the Bronze Bell

In the Illusion Mist Sea, everything was full of eeriness.

The sea ship sailed through, whether on the deck or in the cabins, the warriors could hear the piercing wail, as if the terrifying sound of vengeful spirits from Hell.

This sound varied in distance, at times seeming to be outside the ship, but at other times seemingly right nearby.

Baili Mingyue looked around, her eyes wide open trying to discern what was causing the wailing sound.

However, at that moment, illusions suddenly appeared before her eyes.

From the seawater, countless sea beasts emerged, roaring and lunging towards her.

In the sky, countless birds swooped down with cries, attacking her.

Both sea beasts and birds were incredibly powerful, their attacking momentum astounding.

Baili Mingyue was taken aback, seeing those sea beasts and birds attacking, she instinctively formed a Spirit Qi Shield and simultaneously activated a Spiritual Artifact to counterattack.

The spiritual artifact she used was the Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifact Willow Leaf Saber, specially crafted by Fang Bai for her, weaving an impenetrable net of blades to kill numerous attacking sea beasts and birds, with a bloody scent permeating the surroundings.

Although the Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifact was strong, Baili Mingyue's current cultivation level made controlling it skillfully quite challenging.

Within just a few dozen breaths, Baili Mingyue had already used up most of her spirit energy, while the sea beasts and birds kept attacking like endless waves.

Baili Mingyue gritted her teeth and persevered for over ten breaths, gradually feeling exhausted, and began to feel fear.

“Mingyue, wake up!”

At this moment, a clear voice reached Baili Mingyue’s ears; it was Fang Bai calling her out of the illusion.

Baili Mingyue snapped out of it, the illusions suddenly disappeared, and she saw only dense mist.

“You don’t have the cultivation level to withstand the illusions; go back to the cabin and rest for a while. I’ll call you once we’re out of the Illusion Mist Sea!”

Fang Bai quickly advised Baili Mingyue.

After escaping the illusions, Baili Mingyue felt worn out and unwell, so she uttered an “Oh” as she returned to her cabin to meditate and recuperate.

Though Li Sheng and Fang Bai were both on the deck, Baili Mingyue wasn’t worried about Fang Bai.

She knew that if Li Sheng dared to start trouble, he’d surely suffer.

Regarding the mist’s effect, since Fang Bai could forcibly awaken her from the illusion, it meant the terrible mist posed no threat to him.

Besides Fang Bai, the other powerful figures on the deck, although undisturbed mentally by the mist, remained solemn, vigilant, without a hint of relaxation.

Li Sheng, with one foot in the second level of Heavenly Tribulation, though not as capable against illusions as the two elders and two stewards, wasn’t affected momentarily.

Keen on killing Fang Bai, Li Sheng was secretly delighted when seeing Baili Mingyue leave Fang Bai’s side after the ship was swallowed by mist, preparing to strike.

Clenching his teeth and filled with hatred, he slowly approached Fang Bai, holding an ancient-looking bronze bell.

Currently, the ship's warriors were all occupied, none paying attention to them, not even the four elders from the Black Tortoise Sect noticed them.

"Fang Bai, feel the power of this spiritual artifact!"

Silently, Li Sheng approached Fang Bai from behind, roaring internally as he sent the bronze bell flying, enlarging it tenfold as it smashed towards Fang Bai.

The bronze bell, acquired years ago from a strong passerby on Black Tortoise Island, appeared unremarkable, but after accidentally activating its partial power, it could shatter mountains and shake seas, its might terrifying.

Li Sheng considered the bronze bell a treasure worthy only for a strong cultivator who overcame great tribulation, cherished it, kept it hidden in his Spatial Ring, never showing it to others.

Now, to deal with Fang Bai, ensuring a fatal strike, Li Sheng wielded this treasure.

The bronze bell emitted a powerful aura, radiating countless beams, which seemed to bind Fang Bai tightly.

"Die!"

Li Sheng's right hand formed a seal, pressing down, and the bronze bell crumbled down towards Fang Bai's head with thunderous speed.

With the bronze bell falling swiftly, Fang Bai had only time to react before it was a mere ten feet from his head, leaving no chance to dodge.

"Let's see you escape death now!"

Li Sheng smirked coldly and cruelly.

Fang Bai didn't evade; somehow, he was holding a bronze Great Cauldron, lifting it to meet the descending bronze bell.

"Buzz!"

The bronze bell struck the bronze cauldron, producing a "buzzing" echo with tremors.

Li Sheng, stunned by the sound waves, staggered back, spewing blood.

Astonished, he realized things were awry, trying to reclaim the bronze bell only to find it suppressed by Fang Bai's cauldron, his efforts futile.

Being closest to Fang Bai, Li Sheng vaguely saw a mocking smile on Fang Bai's lips, as if jeering at his foolishness.

"No... impossible!"

Li Sheng cried out, retreating swiftly.

Realizing his failed sneak attack boded ill, his shout was to alert the elders and stewards for aid.

However, unbeknownst to him, during his ambush, Fang Bai had silently condensed a massive Water Element Qi Shield around them, isolating everything within a ten-foot radius from outside.

Thus, even if they made noise, the Black Tortoise Sect's four senior members wouldn't hear or sense any disturbances from them.

“This bell is mine now!”

After suppressing Li Sheng’s bronze bell with the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron, Fang Bai stored it in his Five Elements Space Ring.

When Li Sheng summoned the bronze bell, Fang Bai sensed its uniqueness but focused on dealing with Li Sheng, planning to examine it later.

“I warned you not to disgrace yourself!”

Fang Bai’s gaze sharpened, Killing Qi rising, delivering a Furious Flame Fist toward Li Sheng.

This Furious Flame Fist contained a trace of Spirit Fire Power, its heat surging, overwhelming, engulfing Li Sheng before striking.

Seeing the radiating fiery fist approaching, Li Sheng’s eyes filled with despair, forgetting to defend.

“Boom!”

The huge fiery fist struck Li Sheng, sending him flying, unconscious in mid-air.

His body flew dozens of feet before plummeting into the mist-covered boundless sea.

Chapter 1724 Immortal Artifact

Fang Bai and Li Sheng’s brief encounter went unnoticed by anyone.

On the ship at this moment, hundreds of disciples from the Black Tortoise Sect were ensnared in illusions, except for Elder Sun and a few higher-ups. Most were either mistaking their fellow disciples as adversaries, engaging in self-slaughter, or fiercely battling imaginary foes.

The booming sound of spiritual energy clashing was nonstop, accompanied by cries and screams of agony, as disciples of the Black Tortoise Sect repeatedly lost limbs and fell into the sea.

Having punched Li Sheng to death, Fang Bai seemed to have accomplished merely a trivial task. After retrieving the Five Elements Origin Qi Cauldron, he sat cross-legged at the forefront of the deck, facing the fierce sea breeze, and closed his eyes to relax.

The illusions within Illusion Mist Sea might not affect Fang Bai, but they could be used to train his mind, greatly benefiting his future cultivation.

As for the lives of the other Black Tortoise Island disciples, Fang Bai had no intention of interfering. He thought, to them, Illusion Mist Sea was nothing but a kind of trial; though many might perish, those who survived would achieve extraordinary success in the path of cultivation.

The ship sailed swiftly through Illusion Mist Sea. A whole half-day passed, the fog gradually thinning, and the sounds of spiritual energy collisions and the screams grew quieter and weaker, eventually subsiding.

Fang Bai opened his eyes and turned to look, only to see Illusion Mist Sea being left behind, with the distance growing farther.

“Finally passed through Illusion Mist Sea...”

Fang Bai exhaled gently and leapt to his feet.

At this moment, the scent of blood filled the ship, and everywhere he looked were severed limbs.

Of the hundreds of Black Tortoise Sect disciples, less than half remained, with many injured among them. Except for the two elders and two stewards, almost no one was unscathed.

The surviving Black Tortoise Sect disciples emerged from the illusion, each showing sorrow on their faces upon discovering that over half of their fellow disciples perished.

“Li Sheng, Senior Brother Li is also gone...”

A disciple close to Li Sheng mourned.

That disciple did not know Li Sheng was killed by Fang Bai; he thought Li Sheng, like the others, fell in Illusion Mist Sea.

Li Sheng, outstanding among the young disciples of the Black Tortoise Sect with a promising future, had now perished in the Black Sea, leaving Elder Sun and the other four higher-ups all looking somber.

“Fang Bai, Senior Brother Li... really perished in Illusion Mist Sea?”

Baili Mingyue, who appeared beside Fang Bai after the ship exited Illusion Mist Sea, couldn’t help but softly ask upon hearing of Li Sheng’s demise.

Fang Bai lightly smiled, transmitted sound to Baili Mingyue: “When the ship entered Illusion Mist Sea, he tried to take the opportunity to kill me but was punched into the sea by me... I guess now he’s become a meal for the sea beasts!”

Baili Mingyue, who initially felt a bit regretful about Li Sheng’s demise, spat upon hearing Fang Bai’s words: “I knew it, Senior Brother Li still harbored ill intent towards you... Hmph! Serves him right!”

The surviving disciples began to clean up the corpses on the ship, handling post-event matters. Seeing they couldn’t help much, Fang Bai and Baili Mingyue stayed on the deck for a while, then returned to their respective cabins.

For a while afterward, the Black Tortoise Sect disciples on the ship remained deeply immersed in sorrow.

Baili Mingyue would occasionally visit Fang Bai’s cabin, clinging to him, but they mostly talked about secretive matters without any overly intimate actions taking place.

Later, when Fang Bai was idle, he set up a formation in his cabin to isolate inside and outside, then took out the bronze bell acquired from Li Sheng and studied it carefully.

This bronze bell, having weathered countless thousands of years, was rusted heavily, appearing incredibly ancient and missing a piece. If not for its faint presence of pressure, it would likely go unnoticed even if thrown on the ground.

“So this bronze bell is called the Soul-Snatching Bell... Hmm, turns out it’s an Immortal Artifact...”

After wiping off a patch of rust from the bell, Fang Bai discovered the words “Soul-Snatching Bell” and some mysterious ancient runes engraved on its surface, causing him great delight.

“Li Sheng somehow lucked into acquiring an Immortal Artifact. Luckily, I had advanced to the Thunder Tribulation Realm at Black Tortoise Peak, my strength skyrocketing, while Li Sheng’s cultivation level was too low to fully control this Immortal Artifact; otherwise, it wouldn’t have been easy to kill him during the ship duel!”

Fang Bai stroked the bronze bell, mumbling to himself.

The Soul-Snatching Bell was a wood-based spiritual artifact. Fang Bai wiped away Li Sheng’s trace of Divine Sense and performed a blood sacrifice, injecting a wisp of Divine Sense to make it his spiritual artifact.

Fang Bai planned to refine the Soul-Snatching Bell again and gift it to Su Linglong, who possessed an Innate Wood Spirit Root, to enhance her power.

After leaving Illusion Mist Sea, despite facing numerous dangers along the way, the ship managed to safely pass through, eventually traversing tens of thousands of miles of sea, and sighting the endless horizon.

“Ahead is the Eastern Desolate Continent!”

Having been silent for long, the Black Tortoise Sect disciples burst into cheers upon seeing the horizon at the sea's end.

To them, experiencing countless perils along the way, their survival felt like a rebirth, naturally filling their hearts with excitement.

Approaching the Eastern Desolate Continent, they could sense the incoming nature's spiritual energy.

Here, the spiritual energy was much purer and denser than in other regions; no wonder this vast continent contained untold natural treasures and resources, birthing many formidable Thunder Tribulation Experts.

The port where the ship docked was named "Red Maple Port," the only port within tens of thousands of miles, named for the abundant red maple trees growing in the area.

Red Maple Port was shared by several major sects on the Eastern Desolate Continent, with benefits divided among them.

"Fang Bai, where should we go?"

After landing, Baili Mingyue followed Fang Bai for a while and casually asked.

It was her first time on the Eastern Desolate Continent, having heard many frightening tales about it. Now standing on this land, she felt somewhat anxious.

Above their heads, streaks of light occasionally passed by, which were Thunder Tribulation Experts flying with spiritual artifacts.

Baili Mingyue worried a powerful individual might suddenly descend upon them and start slaughtering.

She had heard that on the Eastern Desolate Continent, the law of the jungle was played to the extreme, with the weak suffering humiliation, slaughtered, and their cultivation resources seized—utterly normal occurrences.

“First, we’ll stay in the nearby Red Maple City, then make other plans.”

Fang Bai, familiar with the Eastern Desolate Continent from past travels, knew even powerful Thunder Tribulation Nine-Layer Experts wouldn’t kill indiscriminately. Seeing Baili Mingyue’s nervousness, he smiled, took her small hand, and said.

Chapter 1725: Royal Grade Inn

Red Maple City is only about two hundred miles from Red Maple Port, and it is a bustling metropolis with a population of ten million.

Compared to cities of the same scale on other continents, Red Maple City is evidently more prosperous and lively.

Within Red Maple City, martial artists from various continents and regions gather, each carrying a large number of rare cultivation resources to trade in the Martial Artists Trading Market in the city.

The Eastern Desolate Continent is not only a cultivation holy land and an adventure paradise for human martial artists but also home to countless spirit beasts capable of transforming into human forms.

After transforming, these avian spirit beasts look not much different from real human experts in terms of facial features, and they engage in various trades and interactions with human experts, with some even forming alliances with humans, supporting and helping each other.

In the vast world of three thousand realms, not all avian spirit beasts are ferocious, violent, cruel, and bloodthirsty, with a penchant for being enemies of humans. Some are gentle and good-natured, willing to befriend humans.

For such different species, human experts are tolerant enough to allow them to enter cities built by human martial artists to engage in the trade of cultivation resources.

Upon entering Red Maple City, Fang Bai and Mingyue Baili saw many avian spirit beasts transformed into human forms in the streets and alleys, including the mighty Tiger Clan, the enchanting Fox Clan, the docile Crane Clan, the kind Rabbit Clan, and so on.

Though these avian spirit beasts' facial features differ little from real humans after transformation, one can still discern their differences from humans at a glance through their attire and some unmistakable characteristics.

For instance, after the Tiger Clan transforms, their body hair is more abundant than that of normal humans, with a "King" character faintly visible on their foreheads.

Similarly, whether male or female, the Fox Clan possesses slender and enchanting eyes.

The Crane Clan's necks and limbs are especially long.

As for the Rabbit Clan, their skin is extraordinarily fair, with particularly conspicuous ears...

Mingyue Baili initially did not notice these differences until Fang Bai pointed them out, at which he marveled in surprise.

"Those two old folks sure are patient, waiting until now..."

When Fang Bai noticed the ship docking earlier, he sensed that someone was watching him. His divine sense spread out, revealing that it was He Polang from the Blue Sea Sect and Hai Dongsheng from the Fan Hai Sect.

Previously, when Fang Bai was traveling to the Eastern Desolate Continent on a Fan Hai Sect ship, he revealed the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in a battle against sea beasts, inciting the covetous intentions of He Polang and Hai Dongsheng, who desired to claim the blade for themselves.

Afterward, Fang Bai stayed on Black Tortoise Island, without continuing the voyage on the Fan Hai Sect's ship. He Polang and Hai Dongsheng decided to wait for Fang Bai around Red Maple Port, and indeed, their patience was rewarded.

The two concealed themselves in a secret area, and upon discovering Fang Bai's trail, they followed them into Red Maple City, intending to seize the opportunity to kill Fang Bai and snatch the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

They believed their actions to be undetectable, yet they didn't anticipate that Fang Bai was fully aware of their presence.

He Polang and Hai Dongsheng, both being Thunder Tribulation experts, initially instilled some caution in Fang Bai. However, now that he has advanced to the Thunder Tribulation realm, Fang Bai fears them no more.

Red Maple City is bustling with powerful individuals, with Thunder Tribulation experts commonly seen on the streets. People like Fang Bai and Mingyue Baili, at the first level of Thunder Tribulation, are fairly ordinary.

Nevertheless, the elegance of Fang Bai and the beauty of Mingyue Baili, along with both possessing innate spiritual roots, attracted considerable attention from passersby as they entered the city.

Particularly, young male and female experts were especially interested, knowing that forming a Martial Dao partnership with such innate spiritual roots can greatly benefit their own cultivation.

Throughout their journey, daring and thick-skinned young experts frequently approached Fang Bai and Mingyue Baili, initiating conversations.

Some showcased their formidable strength, others boasted about their abundant cultivation resources, and some straightforwardly stated their discipleship under a powerful sect... all in a bid to win Fang Bai and Mingyue Baili's favor.

Unfortunately, despite their efforts, it seemed futile, as both Fang Bai and Mingyue Baili merely smiled and passed by.

“Royal Grade Inn” is the largest and most luxurious inn in Red Maple City, and strong individuals who do not hesitate to spend their cultivation resources choose to stay here upon arriving in the city.

This inn is called “Royal Grade” because everything about it is associated with these two words.

Staying here for one night requires paying ten thousand Royal Grade spirit stones;

The guest rooms are all large courtyards, with Royal Grade spiritual medicine planted in each of them;

The beds for cultivation meditation in the guest rooms are all crafted from Royal Grade spirit stones...

In short, everything within this inn, be it plants, scenery, or objects, carries the Royal Grade hallmark, signifying its unique status.

Fang Bai and Mingyue Baili booked adjacent rooms.

Even though they are true Martial Dao partners and could share a room, Fang Bai, thinking about Mingyue Baili’s well-being, decided to stay in separate rooms to avoid triggering a passion that might lead to dual cultivation again.

Both possessing innate spiritual roots, after each session of dual cultivation, they require a period to digest and absorb, just like ordinary people needing time to digest a full meal before they can continue to the next round.

Otherwise, their bodies would accumulate too much spiritual energy. While such an excess doesn’t harm Fang Bai, who possesses the Chaos True Body, it could prove detrimental to Mingyue Baili, who might not withstand it.

Since their last session of dual cultivation atop Black Tortoise Peak Summit, Mingyue Baili was eager to repeat the experience, wanting to share a bed with Fang Bai and reach bliss together.

After Fang Bai explained the risks to her, Mingyue Baili, concerned for her own cultivation, withdrew her eagerness.

Nevertheless, she asked Fang Bai when their next session might be, and upon receiving an answer, kept counting the days in secret.

In Mingyue Baili's view, her shameless desire to engage in dual cultivation with Fang Bai is merely an attempt to seize the opportunity of being alone by his side, fearing that once Fang Bai's other lovers gather, her chances would diminish.

Besides, engaging in dual cultivation with Fang Bai not only strengthens their bond but also greatly aids both in their cultivation, so why not?

Each courtyard in the Royal Grade Inn is protected inside and out by formations that ensure privacy and security for guests.

"This night is destined not to be peaceful!"

Fang Bai sat cross-legged in his room, his divine sense spreading out in all directions. He sensed that, like him and Mingyue Baili, He Polang and Hai Dongsheng had also checked into the Royal Grade Inn, and they weren't too far away, indicating they might take action tonight.

Chapter 1726: Arena

Before his ascension in a previous life, Fang Bai visited Red Maple City and stayed at the Supreme Guesthouse. He was quite familiar with the rules there.

He knew that inside the Supreme Guesthouse, martial artists were not allowed to resolve personal vendettas, otherwise they would be expelled.

Behind the Supreme Guesthouse stood several powerful sects, which even Fang Bai dared not provoke now.

Therefore, all martial artists staying at the Supreme Guesthouse must abide by the rules.

At midnight, after Baili Mingyue entered a cultivation state in the neighboring room, Fang Bai silently left his own guest room, transforming into a stream of light and flying towards the arena located at the very center of Red Maple City.

The arena was established by the administrators of Red Maple City specifically for martial artists to resolve personal vendettas. It existed even before Fang Bai's ascension in his previous life.

In fact, the arena is a huge formation, and those who duel within it cannot be seen by outsiders.

Everyone who enters the arena is subject to the fate determined solely by their strength; others cannot interfere.

Fang Bai went to the arena to lure He Polang and Hai Dongsheng there and settle things with them.

Fang Bai believed the two of them would surely follow, and they would certainly battle him for the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

Where there are martial artists, there will be vendettas.

The best way for martial artists to resolve vendettas is through combat.

Red Maple City is teeming with millions of experts from all over, and naturally, incidents of vendettas and grievances abound. Thus, from dawn till dusk daily, martial artists can be seen dueling in the city's central arena, with seldom a moment of peace.

When Fang Bai arrived at the arena, He Polang and Hai Dongsheng, who had been secretly tracking him, also followed him there.

Both He Polang and Hai Dongsheng coveted Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade and wanted to claim it for themselves, making them rivals. So, a battle for its ownership was inevitable.

Since Fang Bai landed at Red Maple Port, both of them had been keeping tabs on him, aware of each other's presence, and maintaining a tacit distance.

Until the moment for the final contest for the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, they would not openly confront each other.

Seeing Fang Bai run to the arena at midnight, He Polang and Hai Dongsheng found it strange and wondered what he was up to.

The arena was located at the very center of Red Maple City, spanning a hundred zhang in area, and was square-shaped.

To ordinary martial artists, the arena was just an open space.

However, in the eyes of an Array Master, the arena was a profound and massive formation.

Once martial artists entered the arena, the formation would automatically activate, isolating them from outside martial artists.

Only when the duelists settled their victory and defeat, and decided life or death, would the formation disappear of its own accord.

Though it was deep into the night, the area around the arena remained bustling. Numerous experts gathered around the large arena, waiting for the dueling martial artists to decide the outcome in their life-and-death struggle.

Fang Bai knew that the many experts gathered around the arena were placing bets with cultivation resources, wagering on which dueling martial artist would win or lose.

Betting around the arena had been popular for tens of thousands of years, and even today, it remained just as fervent. The experts placing bets hoped to seize the opportunity to win some cultivation resources.

Standing behind a group of martial artists, Fang Bai gazed into the arena, while He Polang and Hai Dongsheng stood on his left and right, no more than ten zhang apart.

A hundred breaths later, the arena's formation suddenly disappeared, and the many experts watching fixed their eyes there. Among the dueling martial artists, one lay in a pool of blood, while the other was covered in blood, leaning on his blade, breathing heavily.

One had died and the other was injured, thus making the injured one the victor.

Upon seeing this scene, some of the onlookers cheered loudly, while others bowed their heads dejectedly.

Those who cheered naturally had bet on the winner, while those who were dejected had lost a substantial amount of cultivation resources.

"Yang Heng, you old scoundrel, it's the turn for the two of us! I won't rest today until I've killed you!"

"Yun Yan, do you think you can kill me, you stinking woman? Haha, today I'll teach you the strength of Yang Heng!"

As soon as the previous duel ended, another pair of duelists prepared to take the stage.

Fang Bai looked closely and saw that the two preparing to duel this time were a man and a woman, both Thunder Tribulation experts of the first level.

The man appeared to be about fifty years old, ordinary in appearance, tall and thin, with a sallow complexion, looking as if he were just recovering from a major injury.

The woman looked to be around thirty, slender and graceful, with fair skin and a charming appearance, exuding an extraordinary aura.

The two glared at each other, killing qi rising, as if there was deep-seated hatred between them.

Among the onlookers, several recognized the two, and upon hearing them bicker, urged them loudly to quickly enter the arena and settle the matter.

“Yun Yan?”

Upon hearing the name and seeing the woman’s appearance, Fang Bai realized she was likely the daughter of Yun Yi, the Supreme Elder of the Black Tortoise Sect.

Yun Yi had two sons and a daughter; the daughters were now on Black Tortoise Island, except for his daughter Yun Yan, who left years ago to train in the Eastern Desolate Continent and has been unaccounted for ever since.

Before Fang Bai went to the Eastern Desolate Continent, Yun Yi asked him to keep an eye out for his daughter and, if possible, to look after her and persuade her to return to Black Tortoise Island.

Fang Bai scanned Yun Yan and her opponent Yang Heng, realizing Yun Yan was no match for him, making this battle extremely dangerous.

Seeing Yun Yan and Yang Heng trade insults before stepping onto the arena, Fang Bai strode forward, blocking Yun Yan’s path.

Yun Yan saw a young man she didn’t know blocking her way, furrowed her brows, and was about to speak when she saw Fang Bai’s lips move slightly, saying something to her using the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique.

After hearing Fang Bai’s transmission, Yun Yan was first dumbfounded, showing an incredulous expression, then grew excited, clasping her fists and bowing deeply to Fang Bai, saying, “Junior Yun Yan greets Senior Fang. How is my father?”

Since Fang Bai was on equal footing with Yun Yi, even though Yun Yan was a few years older than Fang Bai, she was his junior. After casually accepting her salute, Fang Bai cheerfully replied, “Brother Yun is doing well. In ten years, he is likely to advance to the sixth level of Thunder Tribulation realm.”

Knowing her father's cultivation level had been stuck at the fifth level of Thunder Tribulation for decades, Yun Yan thought he would be stuck there for life, but hearing this good news from Fang Bai both surprised and delighted her.

Thunder Tribulation experts can extend their lifespan by a hundred years with each tribulation passed, and using this additional hundred years, there may be an opportunity for cultivation progress.

After Yun Yi's cultivation stagnated, he was originally awaiting the depletion of his lifespan, but Yun Yan couldn't bear it, so she came to the Eastern Desolate Continent to train, hoping to find treasures to aid her father's cultivation. However, over the years, she didn't find any opportunities and felt guilty. Hearing the news now, how could she not be overjoyed?

Chapter 1727: Thunder Stone

Fang Bai and Yun Yan exchanged a few words, and he realized that she and Yang Heng had a grudge over the competition for cultivation resources.

This time, Yun Yan had proactively suggested holding a duel here to resolve the enmity between her and Yang Heng once and for all.

"Although your cultivation level is comparable to that of Yang Heng, his combat strength should surpass yours. If my prediction is correct, you will undoubtedly be defeated within a hundred moves."

Fang Bai said seriously, transmitting his voice to Yun Yan.

Fang Bai knew that once a martial artist enters the arena, it is a fight to the death, and he couldn't bear the thought of Yun Yan falling, so he kindly advised her.

"In a duel between martial artists, one must accept the stakes and the outcome! Even if I die, I will die without regret!"

Yun Yan bit her lip and said resolutely.

Fang Bai let out a soft sigh, stopped advising, and took out a Jade Pendant to give to Yun Yan, saying, "This is something your father asked me to give you. Wear it, and maybe it will bring you luck."

Yun Yan took the Jade Pendant, casually wore it around her neck, thanked Fang Bai, and then turned to look at Yang Heng before resolutely walking toward the arena.

Yang Heng chuckled and then strode in as well.

As soon as the two stood firmly in the arena, a glow emerged around the edge of the square, and the formation set up around it activated, forming a Qi Shield that isolated the inside of the square from the outside.

With this Qi Shield, even if the powerful contenders in the arena have immense strength, the shockwaves generated during the duel will not spill outside the arena, harming the innocent.

Once the Qi Shield formed, the strong ones watching could no longer see Yun Yan and Yang Heng's silhouettes or hear their voices.

"Betting is open! Betting is open!"

As soon as the Qi Shield formed, a burly man with a Thunder Tribulation level cultivation of two tiers rolled up his sleeves and shouted.

Around the burly man, many powerful individuals gathered, and hearing him, they all took out their cultivation resources to bet, hoping to seize this opportunity to win.

The contenders participating in the bet all had Thunder Tribulation cultivation levels, and what they offered were royal-grade cultivation resources, including Spirit Pills, Spiritual Artifacts, Spiritual Medicine, and special materials for crafting Spiritual Artifacts—small in quantity but extremely precious.

Fang Bai glanced in front of the burly man and saw a palm-sized purple stone. His heart stirred, and he joined in, saying with a smile to the burly man acting as the banker, "Brother, I'll place a bet for Yun Yan to win!"

What he took out was a mid-tier royal-grade Spiritual Artifact. The burly man showed a hesitant look upon seeing it and asked, "Young brother, may I ask your name?"

Fang Bai said, "My surname is Fang, and my name is Bai."

"My name is Lei Zheng!"

The burly man reported his own name, pointed to Fang Bai's mid-tier royal-grade Spiritual Artifact, and sighed, "To be honest, young brother, your Spiritual Artifact is too precious. If you win, I can't afford to pay!"

The man named Lei Zheng was acting as the banker himself, betting on Yang Heng winning, but a small number of people favored Yun Yan and placed their bets on her.

If Yang Heng won the duel, Lei Zheng would earn a considerable sum, but if Yun Yan won, he would have to pay a significant amount of cultivation resources.

Fang Bai smiled and pointed to the piece of purple stone, saying, "If I win, I only want that Thunder Stone of yours, how about it?"

Lei Zheng exclaimed, "Oh? You recognize the Thunder Stone, young brother?"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "I have a friend who cultivates the Thunder-element martial arts techniques. I've seen Thunder Stones at his place before, so I recognize them."

The Thunder Stone is the main material for crafting Thunder Spiritual Artifacts and is extremely rare among materials with various attributes in the world.

Although Lei Zheng had the surname Lei, he cultivated Fire-based martial arts techniques. He was knowledgeable and had obtained this purple stone a few years ago by chance. He knew it was a Thunder Stone but thought its grade was not high, finding it a pity to discard. Thus, he kept it with him.

This time, he took out the Thunder Stone and other cultivation resources as betting stakes, hoping to earn big with small risks, but he didn't expect Fang Bai to be willing to bet with a mid-tier royal-grade Spiritual Artifact, only wanting the supposedly useless Thunder Stone if he won.

Although Fang Bai possessed a unique combination of seven different Innate Spiritual Roots, what he revealed to others was only his Innate Fire Spirit Root. Thus, in Lei Zheng's eyes, Fang Bai appeared to be a Fire System martial artist.

Seeing Fang Bai's intense interest in the Thunder Stone, Lei Zheng felt puzzled and couldn't resist asking a few more questions, wondering if he had mistakenly underestimated the grade of the Thunder Stone.

Seeing him getting suspicious, Fang Bai feigned indifference and said, "A friend of mine is a Tier One Thunder Tribulation expert. If I can get your low-tier royal-grade Thunder Stone, I can invite someone to craft a Spiritual Artifact for him as a gesture."

"So I wasn't wrong; this Thunder Stone is indeed low-tier royal-grade..."

Observing Fang Bai's demeanor, Lei Zheng saw no signs of deception and felt somewhat disappointed.

"Then we're set; if you win, you take my Thunder Stone. If I win, that Spiritual Artifact of yours will be mine... no backing out!"

Lei Zheng said loudly.

"It's a deal!"

Fang Bai and Lei Zheng clapped their hands to seal the agreement.

Over a hundred contenders who had placed bets with Lei Zheng focused their gaze on the arena. Although they couldn't see what was happening inside or hear the sounds of the duelists, they still shouted and cheered for the martial artist they supported.

“Yun Yan, oh Yun Yan, in the Jade Pendant I gave you, I imbued some blade intent that could kill even a two-tier Thunder Tribulation expert. If you can’t win against Yang Heng with this, then there’s nothing more I can do! I can only help you this far...”

Fang Bai also watched the arena, thinking to himself.

A hundred breaths later, the Qi Shield surrounding the arena trembled slightly and then disappeared, and a martial artist walked out confidently.

“It’s Yun Yan!”

“She actually won... How is that possible?”

“Not only did she win, but she’s also unharmed!”

“Her strength is comparable to Yang Heng’s, so if she won, it should have been a hard-fought victory. But this...”

“Gone! My low-tier royal-grade Spiritual Artifact, lost to that guy Lei Zheng!”

“My two bottles of low-tier royal-grade Spirit Pills! Also gone!”

...

Upon seeing Yun Yan emerge from the arena while Yang Heng’s body lay lifeless, having fallen in the arena, the reactions of the spectators varied greatly.

Those who had bet on Yun Yan were overjoyed, laughing heartily.

Those who had bet on Yang Heng felt dejected, a look of pain on their faces.

“Brother Lei, I’m sorry. This Thunder Stone of yours belongs to me now!”

Fang Bai reached out his right hand and, with a swift grasp and release, had the Thunder Stone in his hand, which he then casually tossed into his Five Elements Space Ring.

Lei Zheng stamped his foot and let out a long sigh, full of regret.

“Young brother, will you bet in the next round? I have plenty of good things here...”

Worried Fang Bai would leave after winning, Lei Zheng hurriedly asked.

Seeing that no one was entering the arena after Yun Yan, Fang Bai patted Lei Zheng’s shoulder with a smile and said, “Now, I shall step into the arena for a duel. If you want to make a profit, bet on me to win; I guarantee you’ll earn without loss!”

Chapter 1728 Duel Challenge

“That Fang Bai came here planning to have a duel with someone... Heh, betting on your win? I don’t even know who your opponent is yet! Let’s wait and see...”

Lei Zheng watched Fang Bai turn and stride away, stroking his chin thoughtfully.

Fang Bai tossed a remark to Lei Zheng, then strode towards He Polang.

He Polang’s strength slightly surpassed Hai Dongsheng. Fang Bai planned to fight He Polang first; if he could defeat him, Hai Dongsheng might think twice before confronting him.

Although He Polang was a formidable opponent with a Heavenly Tribulation of three levels, Fang Bai was confident in his ability to vanquish him.

In the arena, where they would duel, formations isolated the area from outside interference, allowing Fang Bai to unleash various techniques freely without fear of being observed by other experts, avoiding undue jealousy or coveting.

As He Polang saw Fang Bai approaching swiftly, his eyes involuntarily narrowed, speculating on his intention.

“Want my Blood-Drinking Mad Blade? Then fight me in the arena; defeat me, and the Blood Blade is yours! Do you dare?”

Fang Bai stopped in front of He Polang and challenged provocatively.

He Polang was momentarily stunned, then chuckled disdainfully, saying, “Why wouldn’t I dare? Killing you is as easy as squashing an ant!”

Fang Bai chuckled, stepped forward, and whispered to He Polang, “Let me tell you something: my name is Fang Bai. I killed Han Dongweng and his disciple!”

He Polang’s eyes widened suddenly, the murderous intent flashing as he stared at Fang Bai.

Han Dongweng was one of the four Great Elders of the Blue Sea Sect, and both he and his disciple Yang Heng were slain. Witnesses reported that the murderer was a strong figure named Fang Bai, also describing his appearance.

The Blue Sea Sect thus issued a Bounty Order across the Three Thousand Great Worlds to hunt Fang Bai down.

Despite keeping his eyes on Fang Bai because of the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, He Polang had not recognized him due to Fang Bai’s disguised appearance.

Upon arriving on the Eastern Desolate Continent, Fang Bai resumed his original appearance without deliberately concealing his aura. He Polang and Hai Dongsheng sensed a familiar aura from him, realizing

he was the young powerhouse carrying the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade on the sea ship, so they pursued him to Red Maple City.

He Polang was entirely focused on Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, neglecting Fang Bai himself, and failed to identify him as the wanted criminal by his sect.

Now, hearing Fang Bai reveal his identity and confess to murdering Han Dongweng and his disciple, He Polang carefully examined his facial features, confirming he was indeed the sect's wanted murderer.

"So, it's you!"

He Polang laughed aloud, then said harshly, "Good! Very good! Now that you have walked into my trap, how could I refuse?"

Though he longed to kill Fang Bai immediately, he knew he couldn't take action freely in Red Maple City and that only in the arena could he take his life.

"To the arena! If I can't kill you within ten moves, I, He Polang, will never dare to face anyone again!"

As He Polang spoke, his figure flickered, appearing in the center of the arena.

"Come here and die!"

He Polang lowered his fists, stared coldly at Fang Bai, and spoke chillingly.

"Senior Fang..."

As Fang Bai was about to step into the arena, Yun Yan called out to him.

"That man is at least a double Heavenly Tribulation expert. If Senior Fang duels with him, you might be in grave danger... Please, take this Jade Pendant as a precaution, just in case..."

Yun Yan couldn't perceive He Polang's cultivation level but knew his strength was formidable, making her worry for Fang Bai, who was of similar cultivation level as hers. She presented the Jade Pendant Fang Bai had given her earlier, offering it to him secretly through voice transmission.

Earlier, she had used a wisp of killing intent from this Jade Pendant to seriously injure and then kill her opponent, Yang Heng, achieving victory in the duel. She believed the Jade Pendant was genuinely from her father through Fang Bai, so she wanted him to wear it in his duel, hoping it might turn the tides in his favor against the expert with a double Heavenly Tribulation cultivation.

Fang Bai laughed heartily, waved his hand, and said, "Killing an opponent is as easy as turning a hand! Miss Yun, if you trust me, go place a bet on my victory!"

With that, he moved like lightning, darting into the arena under Yun Yan's stunned gaze, standing opposite He Polang.

The brilliant light shimmered, the great formation activated, and a Qi Shield enveloped Fang Bai and He Polang within a hundred-zhang radius.

"The bets are open! Place your bets!"

The expert named Lei Zheng, seeing the imminent battle, began hosting the bets, eagerly calling out.

Recalling Fang Bai's earlier words, Yun Yan hesitated for a moment before stepping up to Lei Zheng, placing her Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact before him.

After contemplating, she also placed her Spatial Ring on the table, saying, "There are a hundred thousand Royal Grade lower Spirit Stones, a hundred Royal Grade lower Spiritual Medicines, and ten bottles of Royal Grade lower Spirit Pills in this ring... Betting on Fang Bai to win!"

Her wager was the largest among all the present experts, and Lei Zheng swallowed nervously, rasping, "You're staking all this on Fang Bai?"

Yun Yan nodded, "Yes!"

Lei Zheng said, "But... Fang Bai is just a single Heavenly Tribulation level, while his opponent might be at a double level... Fang Bai is more likely to lose!"

"It's merely some cultivation resources. If I lose, so be it!"

Yun Yan smiled serenely, nonchalant about the risk.

In truth, she also believed Fang Bai might lose, but since he insisted she bet, she complied to show her support for him.

"Alright! The bet is on!"

Lei Zheng calculated the cultivation resources he had on hand, thinking that even if Fang Bai won this fight, he'd still have enough to compensate Yun Yan. And if he won, he'd make a significant profit, so he accepted Yun Yan's bet.

Following Yun Yan, the other experts also placed their bets, most wagering on He Polang, with only a few betting on Fang Bai.

Those betting on Fang Bai were taking a significant risk, but if Fang Bai triumphed, their payouts would be just as rewarding.

As with the previous match, after the spectators placed their bets, they quietly awaited the result in the arena.

"Make your move! Considering you are from the younger generation, I'll let you have three strokes first; otherwise, you'll have no chance to act!"

In the arena, as the formation just activated, He Polang looked at Fang Bai with a disdainful gaze, speaking arrogantly.

“Three strokes?”

Fang Bai chuckled lightly and said, “Three strokes are enough to take your life!”

“You arrogant little...”

Before He Polang finished saying “arrogant,” he noticed Fang Bai’s pupils suddenly ignite with two flames, appearing extraordinarily eerie.

Immediately, Fang Bai’s body erupted in a blaze with a “boom,” his entire being enveloped in a layer of fire.

Strangely enough, despite the fierce blaze, neither Fang Bai’s hair nor his clothing was damaged.

Chapter 1729 Three Moves

As soon as the flames emerged around Fang Bai, the temperature within the arena soared rapidly to an unimaginable level for a regular Martial Artist.

He Polang, being a Heavenly Tribulation Level Three expert, well-traveled across the three thousand great worlds, was knowledgeable. Seeing the flames summoned by Fang Bai, he knew it wasn’t ordinary fire.

“The temperature of ordinary flames couldn’t possibly be this high! Could it be that this kid has a Spiritual Fire within him?”

He Polang was extremely surprised, knowing that Spiritual Fire is naturally formed by heaven and earth, boasting boundless power and might. If this kid truly subdued a Spiritual Fire, it would indeed be a remarkable encounter.

“Even if he has Spiritual Fire, so what? His cultivation level is far inferior to mine.”

Although He Polang thought this, he kept his eyes fixed on Fang Bai, staying vigilant and not daring to be careless.

“Furious Flame Fist!”

Fang Bai suddenly shouted, and the layer of flames surrounding him condensed instantly onto his fist, transforming into a gigantic flaming fist which, with a whistling wind, blasted towards He Polang.

“This punch is almost on par with a strike from a Heavenly Tribulation Level Two expert. I didn’t expect his combat power to increase so much with the blessing of Spiritual Fire! But... if he wants to defeat me, he’s still far from it!”

He Polang was secretly startled, but a slight smile of relief appeared at the corner of his mouth.

He initially thought Fang Bai dared to challenge him because he had some formidable ultimate technique, but if he was only relying on the might of Spiritual Fire, it didn’t pose too much of a threat, merely adding a bit of trouble.

“Watch me extinguish your fire!”

He Polang chuckled, waiting until the blazing fist was three feet away from him, then lightly pushed forward with his left palm. A large palm of Water Spirit Qi coalesced to meet the attack, gripping the flaming fist in its watery hold.

He previously mentioned allowing Fang Bai three moves, meaning he would only defend and not attack. Once the three moves were over, he would strike and kill Fang Bai in one blow.

The flaming fist Fang Bai hurled contained a trace of Spiritual Fire, which ordinary water could not extinguish. However, He Polang’s Water Spirit Qi fist was also powerful; with one grip, the massive flaming fist was reduced to just a wisp of fine Spiritual Fire in the air.

With a thought, Fang Bai took back that wisp of Spiritual Fire into his body.

“Take my second move!”

Fang Bai shouted again, launching attacks with both hands, one transforming into a palm strike, the other pointing a finger, attacking He Polang simultaneously.

“Immortal Incinerating True Fire!”

“Chaos Heavenly River Finger!”

From the sky, a huge flaming palm several meters wide roared, swiftly descending towards He Polang’s head, seemingly igniting the very air it passed through.

Following closely behind the giant flaming palm was a thick, black finger as stout as a celestial pillar.

Upon closer inspection, the gigantic stout finger was actually coalesced from Water Spirit Qi, descending from the void, its tip pressing directly towards He Polang.

Seen from afar, the speed of the descending finger was extremely fast, like a river from the heavens pouring down, its power astonishing.

This palm and finger both contained profound Great Dao Arcanum, their power several times stronger than the previous “Furious Flame Fist,” one that even a Heavenly Tribulation Level Two expert might not withstand with full force.

“He’s just a Heavenly Tribulation Level One, how can he unleash such powerful attacks?”

This time, He Polang finally felt a huge threat. He dared not underestimate, and as the palm and finger rapidly approached, he took a deep breath, gathered all his strength, and punched upwards.

“Twin Dragons Emerge from the Sea!”

He Polang's fists shot up towards the sky, and two black water dragons rushed forth, letting out a resonant dragon's roar.

"Boom!"

"Bang!"

Two thunderous crashes echoed almost simultaneously.

The two water dragons He Polang launched shattered Fang Bai's palm and finger, then disappeared.

The impact from their collided attacks caused a violent tremor in the Spirit Qi Shield surrounding the arena.

Inside He Polang, his blood and Qi were slightly stirred; he secretly regulated his breathing until calm returned, his shock indescribable.

Fang Bai's first strike had little impact on him.

But the subsequent second strike posed a considerable threat, forcing him to confront it with all his strength.

If calculated this way, would the third strike be even stronger?

He Polang looked at Fang Bai, who remained calm, seemingly having more cards to play, his original confidence starting to waver, even feeling a bit anxious.

"Here comes the third move!"

Fang Bai leapt into the air, flying to a height of several dozen meters, then circulated the Nine Heavens Divine Thunder Mantra, raising his right arm high towards the sky.

In the night sky, a fierce wind rose, dark clouds gathered, and thunder roared above Fang Bai's head.

Thin lightning snakes darted out from the clouds, coiling like serpents around Fang Bai's raised arm.

"He can actually control Thunder Spirit Qi, this... how is this possible?"

He Polang looked up at Fang Bai in the sky, his heart filled with shock.

Initially, he thought Fang Bai had an Innate Fire Spirit Root, but during the previous second strike, Fang Bai exhibited strong control over Water Spirit Qi, and now was preparing to attack with lightning.

He Polang, well-informed and perceptive, realized that from Fang Bai's ability to control three types of Spirit Qi, this young strongman unexpectedly possessed Innate Spiritual Roots of water, fire, and lightning.

Having a single attribute Innate Spiritual Root makes a person a genius with unlimited potential.

But possessing the combined Innate Spiritual Roots of water, fire, and lightning is a once-in-a-millennium talent, worthy of being called a monstrous genius.

He Polang never imagined encountering such a monstrous genius, not to mention forming a life-and-death enmity.

"If I don't kill him today, given time to grow, not only me but the entire Blue Sea Sect might be destroyed by his hands! No, in today's battle, I cannot let him live!"

In this moment, murderous intent surged through He Polang, blood filled his eyes, disregarding his promise to allow Fang Bai three moves. He summoned his Spiritual Artifact, striking at Fang Bai in the air.

His Spiritual Artifact, crafted from Royal Grade Water Ice Crystal, was the “Furious Wave Soul Chasing Trident,” a three-pronged steel trident. With his Heavenly Tribulation Level Three strength, he could unleash the weapon’s full potential.

The Furious Wave Soul Chasing Trident transformed into a stream of light, charging like lightning, seemingly piercing through the sky, directly targeting Fang Bai.

At this moment, Fang Bai suddenly lowered his raised right arm, a lightning serpent as thick as a child’s arm striking towards the oncoming Furious Wave Soul Chasing Trident.

In the realm of elements, Thunder Spirit Qi holds the most destructive power. Fang Bai, infusing himself with thunder, instantly gathered immense thunder power, then launched an attack of unfathomable might.

Chapter 1730: Soul-Reaping Bell

“Thunderstrike Roar!”

Fang Bai’s roar was like thunder rolling across the heavens, exploding fiercely next to He Polang’s ear.

He Polang only felt a sharp pain in his tympanum, making him freeze for a moment.

And at that very moment, the lightning from above his head descended with terrifying force.

“Crack!”

The lightning, as thick as an arm, struck He Polang’s Furious Wave Soul Chasing Trident, splitting it in mid-air and sending it crashing to the ground.

When a Martial Artist crafts a Spiritual Artifact, they fuse a part of their essence blood within it, establishing a close connection between them and facilitating control over the artifact.

Therefore, if the Spiritual Artifact is destroyed, its owner—the Martial Artist—will be impacted to some extent.

After He Polang's Furious Wave Soul Chasing Trident was split, he tasted a sweetness in his throat, a trace of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, and his form wavered slightly.

He Polang was utterly shocked, never expecting Fang Bai's strike to be so terrifying, destroying his Spiritual Artifact in one go.

Fang Bai's Thunderstrike Roar was a Thunder System secret technique. When executed, it possessed immense power; after breaking He Polang's Spiritual Artifact, its momentum did not wane and continued to strike toward He Polang's head.

He Polang roared in fury, his clothing billowing, hair standing on end like an enraged lion, he punched upward with both fists, unleashing another "Twin Dragons Emerge from the Sea."

Two massive fists formed of Water Spirit Qi met the lightning descending from the night sky's dark clouds. After a deafening roar, both the lightning and the Water Spirit Qi fists vanished, creating shockwaves from the collision of Water Spirit Qi and Thunder Lightning Spirit Qi, fiercely spreading in all directions.

Fang Bai's third attack destroyed He Polang's Spiritual Artifact, inflicting minor injuries on him, putting him at a significant disadvantage.

He Polang had dominated his life, never knowing defeat, yet unexpectedly stumbled at the hands of a Thunder Tribulation First Rank expert, feeling a mix of shame and rage, utterly furious.

As he was about to muster all his strength to counter, unexpectedly, an enormous bronze bell, carrying the force of thunder, descended upon him.

The bronze bell's pressure was immense, with a faint tolling sound as it descended, making He Polang feel as if a mountain was collapsing before him, instilling an overwhelming sense of powerlessness.

“Could that bronze bell, with such power, be a Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifact?”

Facing the deadly threat of the bronze bell, He Polang’s pupils contracted, his liver and gall about to split, he roared fiercely, igniting the potential of his body, fighting back with all his might against the falling bronze bell.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

The water spirit qi fists He Polang gathered continued to pound the bronze bell, emitting a deep, far-reaching resonance.

After unleashing his body’s potential, He Polang’s attack power increased several folds, its strength formidable. If that bronze bell were a Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifact, its descent would have been impeded by his continuous assaults, allowing He Polang to escape from under its overwhelming power.

However, no matter how vigorously he retaliated, the bronze bell merely trembled lightly, its descent unabated.

“I surrender! I surre...”

Knowing that when the bronze bell fell, he would absolutely die, He Polang could not help but feel his soul leaving his body, collapsing to his knees, begging Fang Bai for mercy.

“The rules of this arena are that the victor leaves, the defeated perishes, and no one has ever broken this rule, nor will you!”

Fang Bai’s gaze was as sharp as a blade, controlling the bronze bell to smash down with full force.

The bronze bell was none other than the Soul Loss Bell that Fang Bai had recently forged.

The Soul Loss Bell did not disappoint as an Immortal Artifact; although Fang Bai could not fully wield its power at the moment, its might still could not be underestimated, beyond He Polang's capability to contend.

"Bang!"

The Soul Loss Bell smashed down on He Polang's head, turning him directly into a pool of flesh, marking the end of his life with its toll.

Controlling an Immortal Artifact for attack expended substantial Divine Sense; after retrieving the Soul Loss Bell, Fang Bai felt a void in his upper Dantian between his eyebrows, a sensation of exhaustion enveloping him, prompting him to hastily sit cross-legged and meditate.

With He Polang's demise, the Isolation Formation around the arena dissipated naturally, and the scene within the formation revealed itself immediately.

Seeing the pool of unrecognizable flesh on the ground not far from where Fang Bai sat cross-legged, the onlookers didn't need to question the outcome of the duel.

"Hiss..."

"This..."

"A Thunder Tribulation Third Rank got taken down by a Thunder Tribulation First Rank?"

...

Among the onlookers, some were stupefied, some exclaimed, and some drew sharp breaths.

Almost all of them were either Thunder Tribulation First Rank or Second Rank experts, so every gaze cast toward Fang Bai carried a trace of awe reserved for the truly powerful.

No one at the scene expected such a wide-efficacy duel to conclude with the fall of Thunder Tribulation Third Rank expert He Polang.

“It’s over...”

Lei Zheng, who had arranged the bets, let out a miserable wail when he saw the result, collapsing to the ground in shock.

“Senior Fang... truly formidable!”

The most pleasantly surprised expert at the scene was Yun Yan.

Fang Bai’s victory not only earned Yun Yan a considerable amount of valuable cultivation resources but, as an acquaintance of Fang Bai’s, her status in Red Maple City would also rise significantly, silencing those who had previously scorned her.

But the one most surprised and terrified was Fan Hai Sect Elder Hai Dongsheng.

Just like He Polang, Hai Dongsheng coveted Fang Bai’s Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, prepared to seize it upon Fang Bai’s arrival, following him into Red Maple City for the opportunity.

Previously, when Fang Bai challenged He Polang, Hai Dongsheng thought Fang Bai was doomed, that the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade belonged to He Polang, causing him much distress.

But what he never anticipated was that Fang Bai would kill He Polang, completely beyond his expectations.

Nobody understood how Fang Bai managed to turn the tide, defeating a stronger opponent and killing He Polang. Regardless, the duel's outcome had decisively proven Fang Bai's extraordinary combat prowess.

Hai Dongsheng's cultivation level was slightly lesser than He Polang's; since Fang Bai could kill He Polang, he could naturally kill him too.

Therefore, upon witnessing He Polang's body turn into a heap of flesh, Hai Dongsheng was struck with terror, drenched in cold sweat.

Seizing the moment before Fang Bai left the arena, Hai Dongsheng dared not linger, fleeing into the far night.

Only after meditating for a while did Fang Bai rise and depart the arena under the keen gaze of the spectators.

Fang Bai was well aware of Hai Dongsheng's hasty escape yet had no interest in pursuing.

After all, Fang Bai's strength had not fully recovered; killing Hai Dongsheng would be an arduous task.

Additionally, there was no significant grudge between Fang Bai and Hai Dongsheng. Fang Bai's initial challenge to He Polang was intended to serve as a deterrent, shocking Hai Dongsheng into retreat, allowing him to leave freely.

Yun Yan stepped forward to meet Fang Bai, clasping her fists, "Senior Fang, congratulations on your victory!"

Fang Bai replied with a smile, "Miss Yun, did you place any bets?"

Yun Yan quickly responded, "I did! And I won quite a bit!"

With that, she took out a Space Ring and offered it to Fang Bai with utmost respect, “If not for Senior’s reminder, I wouldn’t have gained these cultivation resources. I dare not keep them, I offer them all to Senior now.”