

Doctor 1811

Chapter 1811: How About I Kill Him for You?

"We ten can form two Limitless Quadrants Formation, then lurk around the outskirts of Bluewater Sect. As soon as we meet disciples from Bluewater Sect, if we're confident, we'll strike without hesitation! If not, conceal yourselves well, and don't expose yourselves prematurely. Hmm, we won't make a move easily, but once we do, we must make it hurt!"

Still three hundred miles away from the territory of Bluewater Sect, Fang Bai and the others landed in a valley, and Fang Bai shared his thoughts with Fang Yun and the others.

Among the ten, Fang Bai could act alone, and eight of the remaining nine could form two Limitless Quadrants Formation, leaving one as backup to provide support at any time.

Fang Yun and the other nine were all strong practitioners at the second level of Heavenly Tribulation. They could form a powerful Limitless Quadrants Formation in groups of four that combined offense and defense. Once the formation was complete, they could ambush practitioners at the fourth or even fifth level of Heavenly Tribulation.

As for Fang Bai, himself at the third level of Heavenly Tribulation, he could control Puppet Corpses at the seventh level. With countless techniques at his disposal, he directly targeted formidable figures like the Sect Master or Elders of Bluewater Sect.

At that moment, Fang Bai and Dongfang Ruhua stood aside, watching Fang Yun and the others practice the Limitless Quadrants Formation several times. Once they were adept enough, after thorough arrangements, they divided into four teams and went their separate ways.

Fang Yun, Su Linglong, Baili Mingyue, and Dongfang Rushi formed one team; Wu De, Lightning Mink, Niu Ben, and Xiong Yingxiong formed another; Fang Bai and Dongfang Ruhua were a standalone team.

Dongfang Ruhua was responsible for providing support at any time to either the Fang Yun team or the Wu De team.

Fang Bai had already taught Fang Yun and the others the secret technique of concealing their aura. As long as they were careful, it would not be easy for Bluewater Sect to discover their presence.

Fang Bai's four teams were stationed in the east, west, south, and north directions of Bluewater Sect, ensuring that disciples from Bluewater Sect, no matter where they entered or exited the sect, would face ambushes and attacks from Fang Bai and his group.

With the strongest cultivation level and the most techniques, Fang Bai took it upon himself to guard the path leading in and out of Bluewater Sect's mountain gate.

It was a primitive forest located on the right side of the mountain path, with grass growing so tall it towered overhead.

Fang Bai was concealed within a cluster of weeds, hiding his aura, closely monitoring any movement on the mountain path.

Over the next two days, Fang Bai saw many inner and outer courtyard disciples of the first and second levels of Heavenly Tribulation from Bluewater Sect come and go, yet he restrained himself and did not make a move.

In Fang Bai's view, inner and outer courtyard disciples were mere small fish and shrimp. Slaying them would not weaken Bluewater Sect to the core.

Only by killing elite disciples or senior members of the sect would Bluewater Sect truly feel excruciating pain.

On the third day, Fang Bai finally found the opportunity he was waiting for.

"Steward Zhou, slow down! We have something to discuss; don't be angry..."

On the mountain path, two Stewards from Bluewater Sect walked one behind the other.

Both Stewards appeared to be over a hundred years old, one tall and thin, the other short and fat, with the tall thin one walking ahead while the short fat one followed closely, continuously explaining something.

After walking several miles, the tall thin Steward suddenly turned around, glared at the short fat Steward behind him, and angrily said, "Wu, we discovered that Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifact together, yet now you've claimed it and refuse to hand it over. What's your reasoning? If you agree to give it to me, fine; otherwise, from now on, we're just strangers!"

The short fat man chuckled, "Steward Zhou, you're mistaken! As the saying goes: 'Treasures belong to those who are destined for them.' This artifact feels more attuned to me than to you, indicating it's my destiny. If I hand it over to you, wouldn't that be a waste?"

The tall thin man coldly smirked, "Such attunement! You've used it longer, so naturally, it feels more attuned. Are you willing to let me use it for a year first?"

The short fat man replied, "Why mar our century-long friendship over an artifact? Steward Zhou, how about this: we go out adventuring together like last time. If we find any strong figures' relics, you can have the best treasures, with no objection from me. How does that sound?"

The tall thin man angrily retorted, "You speak so lightly! Fortuitous encounters aren't so easy to find. Some strong figures spend a lifetime without encountering one! Wu, are you giving me the artifact or not?"

The short fat man shook his head like a rattle drum, "I've already refined the artifact with my blood essence; we're now connected, sensing each other's presence. It's impossible to give it to you!"

The tall thin man laughed aloud, "Then just get lost! Wu, from today, our friendship is over, and if we meet, we'll be strangers."

The short fat man sighed repeatedly, "Why must it come to this... why must it come to this..."

The two walked ahead and behind, arguing as they turned a corner, when suddenly a figure flashed before their eyes like a ghost.

They looked closely and saw the figure was a young man in a white shirt, at the third level of Heavenly Tribulation.

The young man had his arms crossed in front of his chest, his clear and bright eyes held a teasing smile.

"Steward Zhou, is it? This Wu took your artifact, a total scumbag! How about I help you kill him?"

The white-shirted young man looked at Steward Zhou, who was stunned, speaking with laughing eyes.

Steward Wu, possessing a fifth-level Heavenly Tribulation cultivation and being high-ranking in Bluewater Sect — a notable strong figure in the Three Thousand Worlds — was scorned as "scum" by Fang Bai. Enraged, he pointed at Fang Bai and shouted, "Who are you, boy? Declare your name!"

Fang Bai replied, "Who I am isn't for you to know! Just know I'm here to kill you!"

Steward Wu scoffed, "Can't even declare a name! Hmph, nameless runt!"

Steward Zhou, frowning and looking at Fang Bai, appeared somewhat grave.

Although Fang Bai offered to kill Steward Wu for him, Zhou felt no joy. Especially seeing the trace of mocking smile on Fang Bai's face, he felt a chill spreading throughout his body.

Displaying such a smile before two fifth-level Heavenly Tribulation strong figures, this third-level practitioner was definitely the first person he'd ever encounter.

Moreover, this young man's appearance was so sudden, neither of them sensed even the slightest aura fluctuation beforehand.

All this indicated the young man was extraordinary, far from the surface simplicity he displayed.

"Young man, who exactly are you? What is your intention here in Bluewater Sect's territory?"

Steward Zhou asked solemnly while signaling to Steward Wu with his eyes.

Though they argued over an artifact, they'd shared the same sect for over a century and had mutual understanding.

Seeing Zhou's signal, Steward Wu got it, his figure blurred, leaving an afterimage in place, and he suddenly appeared behind Fang Bai.

The two Bluewater Sect Stewards, positioned front and back, trapped Fang Bai in the middle, killing qi surging, prepared to attack.

Chapter 1812: One Sword to the Throat

Fang Bai looked directly at Steward Zhou in front of him, ignoring Steward Wu behind him, and laughed, "Who I am, you don't need to know. I've come to the Bluewater Sect just to kill a few people for fun!"

His words were arrogant and presumptuous. Upon hearing them, Steward Zhou and Steward Wu's eyes shot fierce light, and the murderous intent from both of them immediately locked onto Fang Bai.

Both of them were experts of the fifth realm of Heavenly Tribulation, confident that any one of them could crush this young man into dust with a single move.

"Ignorant fellow who doesn't know heaven and earth!"

"With merely the third realm of Heavenly Tribulation cultivation, you dare utter such arrogant words?"

"Ignorance is fearless! Kid, do you not know the might of the Bluewater Sect?"

"I could crush you with one slap!"

Steward Zhou and Steward Wu sneered and said.

The Bluewater Sect was full of experts, and disciples of the Heavenly Tribulation realm were like clouds. There were quite a few disciples with the same cultivation level as this young man.

Therefore, Steward Zhou and Steward Wu thought Fang Bai was unaware of the Bluewater Sect's might, hence his arrogant remark.

The Bluewater Sect and Qinglei Sect were two powerful sects standing side by side within a hundred thousand miles. This young man came to provoke them, claiming he wanted to kill Bluewater Sect disciples, which was nothing short of a huge joke to Steward Zhou and Steward Wu.

Since its establishment, many experts had come to challenge the Bluewater Sect, seeking fame in battle, but the results were invariably tragic.

In a valley in the back mountain of the Bluewater Sect, there were piles of bones, all the bones of those who had come to provoke over thousands of years.

And at the moment Fang Bai released his arrogant words, Steward Zhou and Steward Wu had already internally declared his death sentence. Today, the valley would see another corpse added to the pile.

"Originally, I thought about killing a few Elders for fun, but unexpectedly you two stepped forward first! Fine, I'll offer you to my blade first!"

Under the murderous aura of Steward Zhou and Steward Wu, Fang Bai's expression remained unchanged, and with a buzzing sound, the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, filled with immense evil aura, appeared in his hand.

Steward Zhou and Steward Wu only saw the blood-red light shining before them, as a strong aura full of Blood Fiend Qi broke through their released murderous intent and enveloped them instead.

"Not good! That Blood Blade is strange!"

Under the Blood Blade's fiendish aura, Steward Zhou and Steward Wu felt dizzy, seeing terrifying illusions of Corpse Mountain Blood Sea Killing. Knowing this was caused by the Blood Blade Fiend Aura, they were startled and immediately retreated swiftly.

As they retreated, Fang Bai advanced.

As Fang Bai charged at Steward Zhou, he released the seventh realm Heavenly Tribulation Puppet Corpse, Li Fenghou, to launch an attack at Steward Wu behind him.

Li Fenghou was extremely fast, arriving before Steward Wu even faster than Fang Bai, then fiercely swung his Blood Blade Sword.

"Whoosh!"

Sword light like lightning, blood-red light like threads; Li Fenghou's Red Blood Sword, which had a mysterious similarity to the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, sliced across Steward Wu's throat.

"Splat!"

A blood arrow shot several zhang away from Steward Wu's throat, turning into a mist of blood in the air.

As Steward Wu saw the blood mist before him, he felt a chill in his throat and was shocked, subconsciously wanting to speak.

Unexpectedly, as soon as he opened his mouth, a large amount of blood overflowed from it.

In the next moment, his head tilted; only a few tendons and muscles connected his head, preventing it from falling to the ground.

Li Fenghou, a sword to seal the throat!

Though Steward Wu possessed the fifth realm of Heavenly Tribulation cultivation, encountering the seventh realm of Li Fenghou, how could he be a match? In one face-off, Li Fenghou claimed his life with a single sword.

Until his death, Steward Wu never saw clearly who had taken his life.

Li Fenghou efficiently finished off Steward Wu; without further instructions from Fang Bai, he stood still holding his sword.

In contrast, Fang Bai found it not so easy to deal with Steward Zhou.

Fang Bai himself had the third realm of Heavenly Tribulation cultivation but could challenge fourth realm experts, and with the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade's assistance, he could battle fifth realm experts. However, wanting to kill Steward Zhou quickly was not easy.

As Steward Zhou retreated, while resisting Fang Bai's attacks, he caught a glimpse of the scene with the corner of his eye where Li Fenghou had claimed Steward Wu's life with a sword.

He did not know Li Fenghou was a Puppet Corpse, thinking he was Fang Bai's accomplice lurking in the shadows. Seeing Steward Wu's fall, he knew that man's power far exceeded both of them, and in shock, he stamped his foot and soared into the air, fleeing towards the Bluewater Sect's palace.

"Stay here and join your companion!"

The Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in Fang Bai's hand vanished, replaced by the Divine Bow Hou Yi.

He pulled the bow and set an arrow, releasing it with a whoosh; a fiery arrow, imbued with Spirit Fire Might, chased after Steward Zhou fleeing madly, as if piercing through time and space.

"No!"

Feeling the fiery arrow like Death's scythe coming from behind, knowing he couldn't resist, Steward Zhou cried out in horror.

"Splat!"

Blood splattered; the fiery arrow pierced through Steward Zhou's chest, taking away his heart. He was dead in the air, with life extinguished.

"Slaying fifth realm Heavenly Tribulation experts isn't very challenging!"

Fang Bai collected the Spatial Rings of Steward Zhou and Steward Wu and escaped towards the distant mountains and dense forests.

In truth, Steward Zhou and Steward Wu's swift demise had Li Fenghou's assistance, but it was also due to their underestimation and Fang Bai's surprise attack.

Otherwise, with their strength, had they been properly prepared, Fang Bai would have faced more obstacles, even with Li Fenghou.

Aware that the brief yet intense battle would surely attract stronger individuals from the Bluewater Sect, Fang Bai withdrew immediately after the killings, seeking a prepared hidden spot to lurk and waiting for another chance.

Sure enough, just a few moments after Fang Bai's escape, four figures appeared on the scene.

The four figures possessed the sixth realm of Heavenly Tribulation cultivation, remarkably the four Great Elders of the Bluewater Sect arriving together.

"It's Steward Zhou and Steward Wu!"

Seeing the two bodies on the ground, a Bluewater Sect Elder exclaimed in shock.

“The two Stewards have just fallen... The killer must not have gone far!”

The four Elders were about to trace the killer’s aura but found no trace left by the killer, as if they had evaporated from the world after the killings.

“The killer is very powerful! I think they are at least at the seventh realm of Heavenly Tribulation!”

An Elder furrowed his brow and made his judgment.

“Who could it be that attacked? When did we offend such a strong enemy?”

Another Elder pondered deeply, confused.

Chapter 1813: Justice Returned

“The three of you look around nearby first to see if you can find any clues... Remember, the opponent is powerful, do not get too close. If you discover anything, immediately send out a warning signal, others will come to assist.”

After throwing down these two sentences, the eldest Great Elder of the Bluewater Sect turned and flew towards the Sect Master Hall of the Bluewater Sect.

Losing two stewards at once, and not knowing who the murderer is, this is an unprecedented major event in the Bluewater Sect for many years. It must be discussed with the Sect Master as soon as possible to formulate a response.

Watching the Great Elder leave, the other three elders each flew into the air and headed in three different directions, simultaneously releasing their Divine Sense, staying highly vigilant, and investigating any disturbances along the way.

Early the next morning, six Core Disciples and Direct Disciples who had gone out for training and returned to the Bluewater Sect were found fallen on a mountain path a hundred miles away, their deaths identical to that of Steward Zhou and Steward Wu.

The strength and importance of Core Disciples and Direct Disciples are not as great as the stewards, but they are the future mainstays and high-level candidates of the Bluewater Sect. The fall of these six is even more painful for the high-ranking members of the Bluewater Sect than the previous loss of two stewards.

“Who is it? Who exactly did this?”

Upon receiving news of the fall of these six elite younger disciples, the Sect Master of the Bluewater Sect, Meng Honghai, roared in anger, facing the high-ranking members inside the Sect Master Hall.

Having lost two stewards yesterday without any clues, and now this incident today, it’s no wonder Meng Honghai is so furious.

After discussions, Meng Honghai and the leaders of the Bluewater Sect concluded that the killer was the same person or group, and it was clearly a deliberate targeting of the Bluewater Sect.

“Sect... Sect Master, bad news!”

While Meng Honghai and the high-ranking members of the Bluewater Sect were discussing countermeasures, a gate-guarding disciple asked for an audience. Upon entering, he spoke with panic, “In the deep mountains to the east, west, and north of the sect, a few senior brothers’ bodies were found. They fell not long ago...”

“What did you say?”

Before the gate-guarding disciple could finish, he was grabbed by the collar by the Sect Master Meng Honghai, who shouted angrily, “Say it again!”

The gate-guarding disciple, stammering and trembling, repeated what he just said, then noticed that the Sect Master’s expression was so grim that it seemed water could drip from his face, looking terribly terrifying.

“Go! Issue my Sect Master order. Without my permission, no disciple is allowed to leave the sect by a single step!”

Meng Honghai released the gate-guarding disciple and instructed with reddened eyes, “Also, send out more menial servants, let them leave the sect and tell the disciples who are out training that they must not return to the sect in the near future.”

In Meng Honghai’s eyes, those going out for training are the elite disciples of the Bluewater Sect, the hope of the sect’s future, while menial servant disciples have mediocre qualifications and no future. It does not matter even if they are killed.

Currently, it seems that there is not just one killer, and they are all very powerful. However, from the fact that they only target at least Thunder Tribulation Realm Core Disciples, they likely have no interest in the menial servant disciples of the Bluewater Sect.

If that is the case, sending out more menial servant disciples will aid in communication and connection inside and outside.

There is no wall in the world that does not let wind through.

The news of the fall of two stewards and six elite disciples of the Bluewater Sect quickly spread throughout the tens of thousands of disciples of the sect, causing everyone to feel at risk. Except for those menial servant disciples sent out by command, the other disciples stayed in their quarters for cultivation.

For more than a month thereafter, all disciples of the Bluewater Sect remained highly vigilant, not stepping out of the mountain gate by a single step.

Unexpectedly, half a month later, news came from Qing Zonglei, stating that the Qinglei Sect also lost a considerable number of high-ranking and elite disciples, with losses even more severe than those of the Bluewater Sect.

What made the disciples of the Bluewater Sect find incredible was that most of the fallen disciples of the Qinglei Sect had their throats sealed with a sword or hearts pierced with an arrow, dying in almost exactly the same manner as the fallen disciples of the Bluewater Sect.

Upon receiving this news, not a single person in the Bluewater Sect felt schadenfreude, instead, there was only the feeling of worry akin to mourning the death of one's own kind.

Due to this incident, the two great sects united like never before, each sending out some experts to jointly search for the killer.

However, when the two great sects sent out a large team to track down the killer, he seemed to vanish into thin air, never appearing again.

In the months that followed, after confirming that the killer had already left, the leaders of the two great sects felt both frustrated and relieved.

Of course, for sects as powerful as theirs, they would never be willing to take such a loss without retaliation. They subsequently dispatched a large number of disciples to covertly or overtly investigate, vowing to find out who the killer was.

"Good! Well done! Thank you, Friend Fang, for seeking justice on our behalf!"

As the Bluewater Sect and Qinglei Sect were busy searching for the killer, Fang Bai and his companions returned to the Ice River Sect and Leiyun Sect to inform the higher-ups of the incident.

Upon learning that many high-ranking and elite disciples of the Bluewater Sect and Qinglei Sect had fallen, the leaders of the Ice River Sect and Leiyun Sect felt immensely gratified and expressed sincere gratitude to Fang Bai.

"Fang Bai, it was thanks to you!"

The Dongfang Sisters knew that their sect's grievances could be avenged, largely due to Fang Bai's efforts. Although they did not utter the word "thank you," their expressions and demeanor revealed their gratitude and joy, which Fang Bai could see.

"Your matters are my matters!"

Fang Bai held the hands of the two Dongfang Sisters on either side and spoke earnestly.

"My beloved companions, as well as Wen Rou, Wumei, Yaorao, Dragon Maiden, and Xiao Lian, have yet to be found. I don't know whether they are in the Eastern Desolate Continent or other realms. I cannot sense their presence, making it difficult to find them."

After resolving the concerns of the Dongfang Sisters, Fang Bai began to worry about the other beloved companions he had yet to find.

Xiao Lian is not Shi Xiaolian, but Zhuge Lian, whom Fang Bai met in the Minor World, the daughter of Zhuge Dingtian and Zhou Yuruo. Back when they entered the Three Thousand Great World along with Fang Yun and other women, it was unknown where they were teleported to by the teleportation array.

"Fang Bai, we'll accompany you to find Wen Rou and the others. The more people, the more strength!"

Upon learning that Fang Bai intended to search for Tang Wenrou and the others, Su Linglong and the other women spoke up one after another.

"I can't sense Wen Rou and the others, so they must be in a farther, more secluded place. To gather them all, who knows how many years it will take! If you accompany me, it will affect your cultivation on one hand, and on the other, I worry we may encounter greater dangers, and I won't be able to look after you..."

When Fang Bai spoke to this point, seeing Su Linglong and the other women open their mouths to speak, he continued: "You all are now in Thunder Tribulation Realm Level Two cultivation. If you join forces and form an array, you can contend with other Great Calamity Period Experts at Thunder Tribulation Realms, unless you encounter Level Eight or Nine experts."

“Thus, I still hope you can temporarily return to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace, to keep company with Li Yu, Chenyu, and the others, safeguard the Immortal Emperor Palace for me, and wait until I return with Wen Rou and the others... agree?”

Chapter 1814: Before Parting

Fang Yun and the others knew that Fang Bai spoke reasonably.

If they followed Fang Bai, encountering experts of the Eighth or Ninth Level of Heavenly Tribulation, they wouldn't be able to help and might even become burdens.

And staying in the Five Elements Space Ring was equally risky; if something were to happen to Fang Bai, they would be trapped there forever.

With Fang Bai alone, he could act without concerns, and this would allow him to better utilize his skills.

Su Linglong and the others had not met Fang Bai for long, and naturally, they were reluctant to part with him, but they were not unreasonable. Since they found Fang Bai's words logical, they looked at each other in silence for a moment before making their decision.

“Fang Bai, once we part, who knows when we'll see each other again.”

Su Linglong bit her cherry lips, her beautiful eyes welling with tears, choked up as she spoke.

“Fang Bai, you must come back soon! Ten years... no, five years... if you don't return in five years, we'll come and find you!”

Baili Mingyue sniffled, eyes reddened as she spoke.

“Big brother, no matter how long or how far we part, I'll think of you, miss you, and await you every day!”

Dongfang Ruhua cried, wiping her tears.

“Take care!”

Dongfang Rushi’s nose tingled, tears silently flowed, and she nodded vigorously at Fang Bai, expressing everything without words.

The four of them were all Fang Bai’s close friends, having known, understood, and loved Fang Bai since the secular world. They were already spiritually connected, in perfect harmony. Knowing they were about to separate made them feel melancholy, with an endless stream of words they wished to express.

Su Linglong and the others were heartbroken, but Fang Bai grinned carelessly, saying, “Hey, hey, hey, can’t you all be a little happier? Say some auspicious blessings for me to hear? You are either teary-eyed or crying, as if this is a farewell never to meet again!”

Fang Yun sighed, “Little brother, I know you want to make us happy, but at this moment, how can we be happy! As for blessings, let me speak for everyone: wish you a safe journey, smooth and successful, and may you soon find Wen Rou and the others, then bring them back to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace.”

Upon hearing Fang Bai intended to travel alone, without taking him along, Wu De immediately objected, his small eyes glaring as he shouted, “Fang Bai, whether Linglong and the others return to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace, I don’t care, but I’m not leaving! I’ll stay in your Five Elements Space Ring... If something happens to you and I’m trapped in the ring, that’s my bad luck, not blaming you, okay?”

The Lightning Mink folded away the fan in his hand, shaking his head, “I’m with Old Taoist Wu! If he stays, I stay; if he leaves, I leave!”

Fang Bai glanced at Wu De and the Lightning Mink, shaking his head, “You two must leave this time!”

Seeing Wu De and the Lightning Mink’s dissatisfied expressions, about to protest, Fang Bai snorted lightly, a pressure enveloping them.

Though Fang Bai's cultivation level was only one realm higher than Wu De and the Lightning Mink, they felt as if faced with a strong expert of the Fifth or even Sixth Level of Heavenly Tribulation. Under that pressure, their faces turned pale, legs trembled, unable to withstand it.

"Fang Bai's strength progresses at lightning speed, becoming increasingly powerful. In the future, it'll be even harder to turn things around against him! Alas, it's sad!"

Wu De endured Fang Bai's pressure with all his might, deeply shocked and more in awe of Fang Bai.

The Lightning Mink had similar thoughts as Wu De.

The Lightning Mink and Fang Bai had been "old friends" for years, witnessing Fang Bai's growth and increasing strength since the secular world. Although unruly, in his heart, he already regarded Fang Bai as his master.

Moreover, Spirit Beasts are the most loyal; once they submit to a human expert, they remain loyal for life. If Fang Bai didn't let him accompany, he'd surely follow Fang Yun and the others back to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace.

"Can you listen quietly until I finish speaking? Fat Taoist, if you keep shaking, we won't be friends anymore!"

Fang Bai spoke in a displeased tone to Wu De.

As he spoke, he withdrew the aura he released, making the pressure on Wu De and the Lightning Mink disappear.

Wu De, feeling relaxed, took a deep breath. Though knowing Fang Bai was partly joking, he dared not speak further, fearing the loss of this friend.

Seeing Wu De silent, Fang Bai chuckled inwardly, then continued, "Among you, the Fat Taoist and Little Mink are the strongest and already know where the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace is.

Therefore, you will protect and guide the others back to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace this time.”

“The nine of you should best not separate on the journey. Even if you encounter a strong opponent, you can form the Nine Bends Soul-Loss Great Formation for defense. Additionally, I’ll give each of you an amulet with my killing intent embedded, which will provide some protection when worn.”

At this point, Fang Bai suddenly remembered something. He took out several items from the Five Elements Space Ring and gave them to Su Linglong, Fang Yun, Niu Ben, and Xiong Yingxiong.

“This Soul Loss Bell should be an ancient wood elemental Immortal Artifact from the archaic era, Linglong, you have Innate Wood Spirit Root, so you shall wield this Immortal Artifact.”

Fang Bai handed the Soul Loss Bell, taken from Li Sheng, to Su Linglong.

The Soul Loss Bell is an archaic Immortal Artifact of boundless power. Although Su Linglong cannot fully harness its power, it might save lives when used at a crucial moment.

Knowing that an Immortal Artifact surpasses even the highest Royal Grade Spiritual Artifacts, and that Fang Bai entrusted it to her, Su Linglong accepted the Soul Loss Bell solemnly from Fang Bai, placing it carefully into her Space Ring.

“This Red Blood Sword is a fire-element Royal Grade top Spiritual Artifact of immense power. Hero, you have Innate Fire Spirit Root, so this sword is for you to use for self-defense.”

Saying this, Fang Bai handed the Red Blood Sword, used by Li Fenghou, to Xiong Yingxiong.

“Thank you, Master!”

Xiong Yingxiong’s black face turned red with excitement as he gratefully examined the Red Blood Sword.

“Niu Ben, this Puppet Corpse was a Fourth Level Heavenly Tribulation expert who cultivated earth element techniques, making you the most suitable to control it. Along with his Royal Grade top Spiritual Artifact Xingluo Shield, these are now yours.”

Fang Bai gave the puppet corpse of Yin Hao, a cultivator of Fourth Level Heavenly Tribulation, to Niu Ben.

“Thank you, Master!”

Niu Ben, receiving not only a Spiritual Artifact but also a corpse, was even more thrilled than Xiong Yingxiong.

Fang Yun teased from the side, pretending to be dissatisfied, “Little brother, you give gifts to your wife and disciples, what about me? You can’t favor them over me!”

Fang Bai laughed heartily, “Hahaha, sister, how about I give you a puppet corpse too?”

Fang Yun feigned disgust, “A puppet is a corpse, after all. The thought of carrying it around every day feels awkward... I don’t want it!”

Fang Bai said, “Not even a puppet corpse at Seventh Level Heavenly Tribulation?”

Fang Yun’s bright eyes lit up, speaking crisply, “A puppet corpse at Seventh Level Heavenly Tribulation? This I must have!”

Chapter 1815: Without Third-Level Heavenly Tribulation, Don’t Dare to Ascend Wolf Mountain

In Fang Yun’s view, carrying a puppet corpse at the Sevenfold Heavenly Tribulation realm may feel a bit awkward, but if encountering a formidable enemy, it can be unleashed at a critical moment as a powerful weapon.

Meanwhile, for Fang Bai, although retaining the puppet corpse of Li Fenghou would be like adding wings to a tiger, handing it over to his sister Fang Yun to take back to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace would undoubtedly be more effective.

At present, Fang Bai handed Li Fenghou over to Fang Yun and taught her the method of controlling the puppet corpse.

Then, Fang Bai took out the cultivation resources inside the Five Elements Space Ring, filling Fang Yun and the others' space rings to the brim, letting them take them back to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace for cultivation.

This way, Fang Bai's Five Elements Space Ring was almost emptied of cultivation resources.

Regarding this, Fang Bai felt indifferent, believing that with his skills and abilities, no matter where he went, replenishing cultivation resources wouldn't be difficult.

In the days that followed, Fang Bai once again explained the Dao of Cultivation to Fang Yun, Su Linglong, and others. This time, what he explained would be enough for Fang Yun and others to spend ten years pondering and cultivating.

Fang Bai believed that with the Dao of Cultivation explained by him, coupled with the innate spiritual roots of Fang Yun and others, their cultivation level would definitely advance greatly when they meet again.

"On your journey to the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace, try to keep a low profile and preferably travel in disguise. With the strength of you nine, as long as you leave the Eastern Desolate Continent and reach the Western Desolate Continent where the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace is located, no one will be able to rival you."

Fang Bai gave detailed instructions and then shared some tender and affectionate words with Su Linglong, Baili Mingyue, Dongfang Rushi, and Dongfang Ruhua, before steeling his heart to urge Wu De and the Lightning Mink to lead them away.

"I hope you have a smooth journey and take care!"

Fang Bai held back his reluctance and waved goodbye to Fang Yun, Su Linglong, and others.

“Fang Bai, you take care too!”

Everyone reluctantly bid farewell to Fang Bai, waving tearfully.

Watching Fang Yun and others fly off with their spiritual artifacts, Fang Bai felt emptiness in his heart, sighing after a while, he gathered himself and walked aimlessly.

The Eastern Desolate Continent is vast and boundless, with millions of martial artists. Finding a few people among them is harder than finding a needle in a haystack.

Despite Fang Bai’s urgency to find Tang Wenrou and other women, he didn’t know any of their whereabouts or tracks. Helplessly, he decided to look for traces while searching for cultivation resources.

Fang Bai believed that finding people, like cultivation, only happens when the opportunity arises, then the other’s news would surface.

Having mostly emptied the cultivation resources from the Five Elements Space Ring, Fang Bai had to first search for cultivation resources to ensure the needs of future cultivation.

Before his ascension in his previous life, Fang Bai had trained on the Eastern Desolate Continent and had been to many dangerous and secret places. He also entered some cultivation holy lands, knowing where royal grade spiritual medicine grows, where royal grade spirit stones are stored, and which spirit beasts are the most aggressive and formidable.

Fierce Wolf Mountain, located at the junction of the Burning Heaven Sect and the Unparalleled Sect, is named for having numerous and powerful attacking Purple-Eyed Wolves within the mountains.

Fang Bai remembered clearly that under a dragon-shaped mountain range in Fierce Wolf Mountain, there was a spirit stone vein with rich reserves.

That spirit stone vein was discovered and exclusively owned by Fang Bai himself, but he only mined about one tenth of it before undergoing the Ninefold Heavy Tribulations, resulting in his ascension.

Therefore, most of the remaining spirit stone vein became a boon for future generations.

Fierce Wolf Mountain is an extremely dangerous place. Mining the spirit stone vein would inevitably intrude into the territory of the Purple-Eyed Wolves, leading to conflicts with a large number of Purple-Eyed Wolves.

An old saying goes: Not a third tribulation, don't dare to go to Wolf Mountain.

This phrase means that those below the third heavenly tribulation won't dare to enter Fierce Wolf Mountain, otherwise, it's certainly a dead end.

This shows how fearsome the Purple-Eyed Wolves of Fierce Wolf Mountain are.

Crossing the endless wilderness and dark swamps, gliding over vast forests and wide rivers, Fang Bai finally arrived at the edge of Fierce Wolf Mountain after flying for half a month.

Upon entering Fierce Wolf Mountain, Fang Bai's divine sense spread, sensing tens of thousands of emanating auras in the mountain, realizing that the spirit stone vein had already been discovered and mined, becoming someone's possession.

"Could it be that someone discovered the spirit stone vein and established a sect here? This place is clearly the territory of the Purple-Eyed Wolves, and given their ferocity, it's improbable that they would tolerate humans settling here!"

Fang Bai was perplexed, flying continuously while extending his divine sense to probe the situation.

A hundred leagues away from the dragon-shaped mountain range storing spirit stones, Fang Bai knew that a large number of human elites were fiercely battling with the Purple-Eyed Wolves, both sides suffering significant casualties.

Fang Bai concealed his own aura, landed on a mountain peak a dozen miles away from the dragon-shaped mountain range, and looking down from above, saw large numbers of human elites battling fiercely with the Purple-Eyed Wolves near the spirit stone vein.

The number of human elites was slightly more than the Purple-Eyed Wolves, but the Purple-Eyed Wolves fought with twice the strength, extremely ferocious, overwhelmingly victorious.

The human elites wore varied attire, their cultivation levels all above the third heavenly tribulation, with the strongest reaching the seventh tribulation, clearly originating from various mountains and regions, and their purpose was undoubtedly for that spirit stone vein with rich reserves.

Fang Bai focused his gaze, noticing a large gap at the dragon head of the dragon-shaped mountain range, exposing a large amount of Five Elements Spirit Stones inside, emitting dazzling multi-colored lights.

The gap was not deep, indicating that this spirit stone vein was discovered not long ago, with little development.

“Human elites want to seize this spirit stone vein, while the Purple-Eyed Wolves want to drive the humans out of their territory. It seems this fierce battle will rage for quite a while!”

Fang Bai quietly observed for a moment, knowing that without several days of fierce fighting, victory would be hard for either side, then quietly bypassed hundreds of miles to the dragon’s tail.

At the dragon’s tail, there was an entrance Fang Bai dug in the past, later hidden with concealment formation by Fang Bai, leaving the gap undiscovered till now.

Fang Bai didn’t want to be embroiled in the battle between the human elites and the Purple-Eyed Wolves, so he entered the interior of the mountain through the entrance at the dragon’s tail and began mining spirit stones.

Fang Bai mined spirit stones at lightning speed, a wave of his hand causing hundreds of spirit stones to vanish, entering his Five Elements Space Ring.

Over several days, nearly half of the royal grade spirit stones under this dragon-shaped mountain range were mined by Fang Bai, and his Five Elements Space Ring was refilled.

“There’s still so many spirit stones that I can’t take with me; I can’t waste them either!”

Fang Bai sat cross-legged, as the seven primordial spirits within his Qi Sea simultaneously entered the cultivation state, starting to madly absorb the spiritual energy of the surrounding spirit stones.

At this point, one could visibly see the immeasurable spiritual energy from the surrounding royal grade spirit stones pouring into Fang Bai’s body, followed by the spirit stones being drained turning into piles of ash scattered on the ground.

Chapter 1816: Alchemy Immortal City

Cultivation knows not the passage of time.

Fang Bai, deep within the belly of the Dragon-Shaped Mountain Range, spent days and nights in cultivation, until the vast reserves of Royal Grade Spirit Stones beneath the Dragon-Shaped Mountain had all turned to ashes, finally emerging from his cultivation state.

The abundant spiritual energy from the spirit stones, once absorbed by Fang Bai, was refined into strands of pure Chaos Spirit Qi and injected into the five Primordial Spirits within Fang Bai’s Qi Sea—Gold, Wood, Water, Fire, and Earth—enhancing their power.

Although the spiritual energy Fang Bai absorbed was vast, the amount of Chaos Spirit Qi refined into was not substantial, far from enough for an advancement.

Nevertheless, Fang Bai’s combat power improved slightly.

Amidst the fierce battle between the human warriors and the Purple-Eyed Wolves, they suddenly noticed that the massive amount of spirit stones piled at the huge gap in the mountain head had turned to ashes, and the depths of the mountain belly became empty, not a trace of spiritual energy remaining, leaving them in disbelief as they ceased fighting.

Several human warriors, sevenfold Heavenly Tribulation experts, dashed into the Dragon-Shaped Mountain opening, exploring the deep mountain belly, and then cried out: “The spirit stones are gone! Not a single piece remains, all turned to ashes!”

The other human warriors were shocked and surprised, baffled as to why such a thing occurred.

Nearly half of the Spirit Stone veins, millions of Royal Grade Essence Stones, suddenly turned to ashes—this was incredibly bizarre.

Without spirit stones, the fight lost its purpose, so the human warriors flew away from Fierce Wolf Mountain while the Purple-Eyed Wolves regained calm and withdrew to their lair.

At the same time, Fang Bai quietly escaped from the Dragon-Shaped Mountain Range and flew away.

In the ensuing months, Fang Bai appeared at several other Spirit Stone veins across the Eastern Desolate Continent, taking the spirit stones he could carry and absorbing those he couldn’t, wasting none.

Over these months, the spiritual energy within Fang Bai’s Qi Sea accumulated rapidly, laying a solid foundation for future advancements.

...

Alchemy Immortal City, built in the center of the Eastern Desolate Continent, is a giant city and an ancient city.

It is called a “giant city” because its population far exceeds those of metropolises with tens of millions of people, and its area spans thousands of miles.

It is termed “ancient city” because its history can be traced back millions of years to the Desolate Ancient Era.

Legend says the creator of Alchemy Immortal City was an Immortal skilled in alchemy during the Desolate Ancient Era.

The Immortal built a residence here for alchemy, attracting thousands of cultivators seeking Immortal Pills, with many even mimicking the Immortal by settling here while awaiting the completion of the Immortal Pills.

Gradually, it formed a city, growing in scale.

Later, with the great changes in the world and the isolation of various realms, the Alchemy Immortal ascended to the Immortal Realm, leaving his disciples in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, who succeeded as City Lords generation after generation.

Successive City Lords of Alchemy Immortal City mastered alchemy techniques, earning admiration from countless strong warriors. Though they all had names, no one dared to address them directly, referring to them as “Alchemy Immortal,” and with time, their true names were forgotten.

Two rivers intersect and flow through Alchemy Immortal City, creating interconnected transportation routes, where countless cultivators come and go daily.

Of course, the current City Lord of Alchemy Immortal City, despite his high alchemy skills, cannot produce Immortal Pills; however, he can refine Royal Grade Superior Spirit Pills, although the pill formation rate is not high, it always offers hope to strong warriors seeking Spirit Pills.

Fang Bai visited Alchemy Immortal City before ascending to the Immortal Realm, exchanging insights in alchemy with the City Lord of the time and earned great admiration.

After ascending to the Immortal Realm, during his adventures across the Nine Great Heavenly Domains, Fang Bai also met a descendant of the Immortal that ascended from Alchemy Immortal City, who had reached the Immortal King Realm; although far from Immortal Emperor, his combat power was formidable enough to be considered a top-tier Immortal.

Fang Bai forged ties with Alchemy Immortal City’s City Lord before and after ascension, establishing a significant connection.

On this day at dusk, Fang Bai appeared in Alchemy Immortal City.

Fang Bai came to Alchemy Immortal City not for anything else but to seek help from the City Lord, hoping he could use the city's influence to help find information about Tang Wenrou and others.

The vast expanse of the Eastern Desolate Continent made it extremely challenging for Fang Bai alone to find Tang Wenrou and others quickly. However, the City Lord of Alchemy Immortal City had extensive connections and influence. If persuaded, he could spread the information about the search across the Three Thousand Great Worlds swiftly.

"The years have passed, Alchemy Immortal City has further expanded, its population more flourishing, truly bustling!"

Walking down the broad avenues of Alchemy Immortal City, observing the crowds around him, Fang Bai couldn't help but exclaim.

"Make way! We are here to visit the City Lord of Alchemy Immortal City! Everyone, make way!"

Fang Bai turned a street corner and suddenly saw ahead five mighty and majestic tall dragon horses galloping towards him.

Legend has it that Dragon Horses originated from the union between Immortal Dragons and Heavenly Horses in the Desolate Ancient Era. However, through generations, the dragon characteristics of Dragon Horses have faded, with only the dragon horns on their foreheads and a few dragon whiskers showing traces of their ancestor's Immortal Dragon lineage.

In the eyes of many cultivators, Dragon Horses are proud and noble; in terms of attack power, they rank among the top-tier Spirit Beasts of the Three Thousand Great Worlds.

Hence, taming a Dragon Horse is no small feat.

Traveling on the five Dragon Horses were passengers of varying genders and ages, all donned in purple robes, exuding immense pressure, with all being Heavenly Tribulation 4th layer experts.

The most conspicuous among the five was the young woman in purple robes in the center.

The purple-robed woman was slender, with her long hair draping over her shoulders, beautiful and alluring, with a gaze full of exalted arrogance, seemingly disregarding everyone else, evidently a proud and overbearing individual.

“It’s Tong Mengjiao, the beloved daughter of Tong Shun, Green Rainbow Sect Master!”

“It’s her! This woman is astonishing!”

“She is undeniably beautiful and strong, yet reportedly arrogant and difficult to deal with!”

“Indeed, she scarcely recognizes the prodigies from other top sects.”

“I heard she’s promiscuous, with Martial Dao partners changing like the tides! Tsk tsk, she is at the Heavenly Tribulation 4th level, graceful and comely, combining with her for cultivation would not be in vain!”

“Hehe, indeed! But she has strong backing, beyond our reach!”

“Just saying.”

...

Many pedestrians on the street, upon seeing the purple-robed woman, whispered quietly, but as the five Dragon Horses drew near, they fell silent, clearly intimidated by the purple-robed individuals, not daring to let them overhear.

The Dragon Horses galloped with the speed of lightning, stirring fierce gusts, racing down the street, with riders wielding whips to drive away pedestrians blocking the road.

Some pedestrians were slow to dodge and suffered whip lashes, leaving them bruised but not daring to voice their anger.

Chapter 1817: Tong Mengjiao

Five dragon-horses galloped side by side, taking up most of the street.

Although Fang Bai was walking along the street side, he still blocked the passage of one dragon-horse on the side.

"Hey kid, get out of the way!"

The passenger on that dragon-horse, driving the beast at high speed, was about to collide into Fang Bai. Yet, Fang Bai seemed stunned with fear, standing still as the passenger yelled angrily and swung his whip at him.

Fang Bai's brow furrowed slightly, a trace of anger flashing in his eyes. He let out a soft snort, followed by a low whistle.

The dragon-horse, racing at high speed, upon hearing Fang Bai's whistle, its originally sharp, bright eyes suddenly became dazed and confused. Its front hooves reared up abruptly, making it stand on its hind legs, letting out a long neigh to the sky.

The passenger on the dragon-horse, though a formidable Fifth Level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator, and quite powerful, was taken by surprise by this change. Reacting too slowly, he was thrown from the horse's back, ending up covered in dust, looking extremely embarrassed.

The surrounding bystanders burst into laughter at the sight.

The passenger on the horse was a Direct Disciple of the Green Rainbow Sect, possessing a Fifth Level Heavenly Tribulation Cultivation Level at just over thirty, an outstanding talent within the Sect. He had

never suffered such a loss before. Seeing that Fang Bai was merely a Third Level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator, he shouted in fury, "Bastard! I'm going to kill you!"

He swung his right palm like a blade, sending a slice of green Spiritual Energy towards Fang Bai.

A Fifth Level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator, launching an attack in anger, surely carried great power. The surrounding onlookers, seeing the Green Rainbow Sect disciple unleash a lethal move, thought Fang Bai was certainly doomed, feeling pity for him.

Just then, another streak of green light struck out, nullifying the blade-shaped Spiritual Energy. Then a woman's clear, sweet voice rang out: "Senior Brother Feng, wait!"

Fang Bai didn't need to look to know that the person who stopped the Green Rainbow Sect disciple from attacking him was the beautiful woman in purple.

"Junior Sister Tong, why did you save him? Could it be you've taken a liking to him?"

Senior Brother Feng turned to look at his Junior Sister Tong Mengjiao, asking angrily.

He knew that his junior sister had a flirtatious nature, falling for any handsome young man she met. He guessed she might have taken a fancy to the handsome, graceful young man in front of them, making his face darken with a nasty expression.

Tong Mengjiao let out a few coquettish giggles, her almond eyes sparkling, and asked sweetly, "Senior Brother Feng, are you jealous?"

Senior Brother Feng snorted angrily, his face sullen and silent, his gaze towards Fang Bai filled with hatred and murderous intent.

Tong Mengjiao's face turned cold, letting out a sneer, she said, "Feng Zihua, who are you to me? What right do you have to meddle in my affairs? Yes, I have taken a liking to him! We've been fellow disciples for years, don't you know I prefer young, handsome men?"

Feng Zihua's face flushed, and he exclaimed loudly, "But... but you said yesterday that your favorite man was me!"

Tong Mengjiao impatiently replied, "Yesterday was yesterday, today is today. I don't like you anymore. Is that okay?"

Her gaze turned, landing on Fang Bai's face, throwing a flirty wink at him, her voice sweet and sticky, she said, "This little man's appearance and temperament are much better than yours. What's wrong with me liking him? Hee hee, this little man is fair and pinkish, with an extraordinary temperament, like an immortal boy. The more I look, the more mesmerized I am!"

If it were any other man, he would likely be overwhelmed by Tong Mengjiao's gaze and provocative words, either blushing and lowering his head or flirting back with her.

However, Fang Bai, having lived through two lifetimes, had seen countless breathtaking beauties, especially during his years in the Immortal Realm, where numerous fairy maidens served as maids and slaves in his mansion, naturally wouldn't care for someone like Tong Mengjiao, who didn't even match up to those maids.

Facing Tong Mengjiao's continuous flirting, Fang Bai remained indifferent, a fleeting smile on his lips, completely unfazed.

For Tong Mengjiao, used to men vying for her favor and showering her with flattery, Fang Bai's distant attitude instead piqued her interest even more.

She jumped down from her dragon-horse, walked up to Fang Bai, and with a grin, said, "I am a Core Disciple of the Green Rainbow Sect, my name is Tong Mengjiao. Little brother, what's your name? Which Sect do you belong to?"

In Tong Mengjiao's mind, Fang Bai was merely a Third Level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator, while she was the beloved daughter of the Green Rainbow Sect Master, a Fourth Level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator. Taking the initiative to approach him, even if it didn't shock him with surprise, he should at least respectfully reply, right?

But to her immense surprise, Fang Bai just glanced at her indifferently, didn't say a word, turned around and left, acting like he couldn't be bothered with her.

Tong Mengjiao's smile froze on her face, watching Fang Bai's figure go further and further away, a hint of anger in her eyes.

Feng Zihua was overjoyed at this, approached to comfort her, saying, "Junior Sister Tong, don't be angry. This kind of man is not very powerful, yet he thinks highly of himself. What's so good about him?"

"Feng Zihua, get lost!"

Tong Mengjiao gave Feng Zihua a disdainful glance, then chuckled coquettishly towards Fang Bai's retreating back, saying, "This little brother has personality, I like it! He doesn't care about me now because he doesn't know my good points! Once he tastes the sweetness from me, he won't want to leave."

Feng Zihua knew well what she meant by "taste the sweetness". Seeing her curvaceous and enchanting body, remembering her seductive ways when they cultivated together, he couldn't help swallowing, but his resentment and hatred towards Fang Bai deepened.

"Senior Brother Sun, could you please find out where that person lives, and it'd be best if you could uncover his identity and name as well."

Tong Mengjiao turned her head, speaking to another middle-aged man who was accompanying them.

Senior Brother Sun was already used to Tong Mengjiao's ways, and upon hearing this, he didn't ask much, just nodded silently.

Feng Zihua knew that once his junior sister set her eyes on a man, she would never stop until she got him. For a moment, his heart was filled with both grief and distress, thinking to himself, "Perhaps I should strike first and kill that kid, cutting off my junior sister's thoughts."

However, he also understood that if his junior sister found out about his actions, she would hate him for a lifetime.

Thus, if the matter were to be done, it had to be flawless.

Fang Bai walked briskly, directly arriving at the Martial Artists Trading Market of Alchemy Immortal City.

Although Fang Bai had connections with the ancestors of Alchemy Immortal City, it's been countless millennia since then. The descendants of the Alchemy Immortal City Lord Mansion might not know him, and he couldn't just say he was reborn through possession. Even if he claimed to be a descendant of Fang Bai, they might not believe it.

Therefore, Fang Bai planned to first refine Spirit Pills for others at the Martial Artists Trading Market, using this to make a name for himself, attract the attention of the Alchemy Immortal City Lord Mansion, and then build connections with them, discussing other matters afterwards.

Chapter 1818: Alchemist Hu Fan

Because Alchemy Immortal City is a massive city with a population of tens of millions, there is more than one martial artist trading market within it.

The five largest martial artist trading markets in Alchemy Immortal City are located in the east, west, south, north, and central regions. Among them, the central market is the largest and most bustling, with countless martial artists trading various cultivation resources daily.

The five major martial artist trading markets are all somewhat connected to the City Lord Mansion of Alchemy Immortal City.

The central region's martial artist trading market is located in the city's center, not far from the City Lord Mansion, bustling with business and challenging to find a spot.

Fang Bai intended to spend a high price to rent a stall in the central region's martial artist trading market, but upon entering, he discovered that even the stalls in the corners had been rented out.

Out of options, Fang Bai had to pay double the price and negotiate extensively to have an alchemist transfer their stall in the northwest corner to him.

The owner of the stall adjacent to Fang Bai is a Thunder Tribulation Stage Four expert and an alchemist who has been at this stall for ten years, crafting spirit pills for thousands of cultivators.

The saying goes that peers are rivals, but in this martial artist trading market, due to the numerous cultivators coming for alchemy daily, each alchemist doesn't worry about lacking business, so there's no malicious competition or turning against each other.

Even some neighboring stall alchemists, when free, exchange tips and assist each other, thus becoming close friends.

Fang Bai chatted with the neighboring stall owner, sharing some understanding. He learned the person was named Hu Fan, over fifty years old, practicing Wood System Skill, possessing a superior royal grade alchemy furnace passed down from his ancestors.

A proper alchemist with infinite potential should possess dual attribute innate spiritual roots of fire and wood.

Even a wood system innate spiritual root alchemist can achieve notable accomplishments in alchemy with the aid of a fire-series alchemy furnace.

Someone like Hu Fan, who lacks innate spiritual roots, is destined to face difficulty in making breakthroughs in alchemy. Although he inherited his ancestor's alchemy technique from a young age, he can only craft inferior spirit tools of royal grade, with a pill success rate of merely thirty percent.

Hu Fan's level of alchemy places him among the lower middle ranks of the hundreds of alchemists within Alchemy Immortal City.

Even so, business still comes daily, keeping Hu Fan busy with little downtime.

"Brother Fang, you seem unfamiliar. Is it your first time here?"

Recently finishing crafting a batch of spirit pills with a moment of leisure, Hu Fan chatted briefly with Fang Bai. Seeing Fang Bai young yet already a Thunder Tribulation Stage Three expert and knowledgeable in alchemy, he was quite amazed.

"It is indeed my first visit to Alchemy Immortal City."

Fang Bai nodded smilingly, cupping his hands toward Hu Fan, saying, "I would appreciate your guidance in the future, Brother Hu."

Hu Fan heartily patted his chest, saying, "No problem! But being new here, you probably won't have much business initially. Hmm, if I have more business than I can handle, I'll pass some to you... but you need to have real skills too!"

Fang Bai smiled, saying, "Thank you, Brother Hu. Rest assured, I'm very confident in my alchemy technique."

Hu Fan laughed heartily, saying, "That's good! That's good! Might I ask, where do you come from, Brother Fang? Which sect are you a disciple of?"

Fang Bai replied, "I'm from the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace in the Heaven's Net Realm of the Western Desolate Continent. Currently, I'm the Palace Master of that sect."

Hu Fan was momentarily stunned, then laughed, saying, "Unexpectedly, Brother Fang is young yet has already established a sect and become a Palace Master. Impressive! Impressive!"

Fang Bai also laughed, saying, "Ashamed! My Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace has only a few dozen people, just purely for fun!"

Though he spoke thus, he felt quite proud within, thinking although the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace currently has only a few dozen people, more than half possess innate spiritual roots. Looking across the entire three thousand worlds, it's rare for dozens of individuals with innate spiritual roots to gather in one sect.

Therefore, the Nine Heavens Immortal Emperor Palace has limitless potential, and Fang Bai is confident in crafting it into the top sect in the three thousand worlds within decades.

Hu Fan earnestly said, "Don't feel ashamed, Brother Fang! In the three thousand worlds, which sect wasn't built from scratch, from a weak sect to a strong one, from a small sect to a large one? I believe within a hundred years, Brother Fang's sect could grow from dozens to thousands, possibly tens of thousands!"

Hu Fan was not speaking randomly. From his knowledge, the Western Desolate Continent's nature's spiritual energy is far worse than that of the Eastern Desolate Continent here. Thus, Thunder Tribulation experts are seldom seen, and someone like Fang Bai, a Thunder Tribulation Stage Three expert knowledgeable in alchemy, is undoubtedly a dominant force in a region.

It's not impossible for this formidable figure's sect founded in the Western Desolate Continent to have tens of thousands of disciples in the future.

Everyone loves to hear good words, and Fang Bai is no exception. Hearing Hu Fan's words, Fang Bai grinned broadly, cupping his hands, saying, "Brother Hu, thanks for your kind words!"

Hu Fan and Fang Bai chatted briefly before cultivators arrived for alchemy, thus Hu Fan greeted Fang Bai and returned to his alchemy room to continue working.

Fang Bai wore a smile, sitting cross-legged behind his stall, patiently waiting for business to come.

Good wine is feared not even deep in alleys.

Fang Bai knew he only needed a small opportunity to become famous and draw public attention, so he wasn't in a hurry to solicit business.

With nothing to do, Fang Bai's divine sense entered Hu Fan's alchemy room next door, observing his spirit pill crafting process.

An alchemist's alchemy room typically has an isolation formation to prevent probing or disturbance. Hu Fan's alchemy room indeed had one, but it was useless against Fang Bai.

Hu Fan was crafting a royal grade inferior Explosive Essence Pill, and Fang Bai just watched for a moment, knowing this furnace would likely fail.

Sure enough, half an hour later, a burnt smell emerged from the alchemy room, and Hu Fan sighed, shaking his head, cleared the ruined dregs, and immediately started crafting new spirit pills.

Typically, cultivators prepare at least three sets of alchemy materials for the alchemist, as long as one set crafts a spirit pill, it's considered a good result.

Previously, Hu Fan's spirit pill crafting succeeded roughly one furnace out of three sets of materials, but today, for some reason, luck was terrible, all three furnaces failed, becoming mere dregs.

Hu Fan smiled wryly, dejectedly exiting the alchemy room, addressing the waiting customers, "Is there any extra material? If not, kindly prepare more sets and come back tomorrow!"

There were three customers in total. Initially, their faces were full of expectation, but upon hearing his words, they immediately lost hope.

"You ruined all three sets of materials?"

One of the customers, upset and angry, kicked Hu Fan's stall away and pointed at him, angrily shouting, "You useless alchemist, compensate us for the alchemy materials, we'll switch to a different alchemist!"

Chapter 1819: True Identity

Throughout the vast world, there exists an unwritten rule: when a cultivator asks an alchemist to concoct a pill, whether successful or not, it is entirely voluntary for both parties, and one cannot hold the alchemist accountable for failure.

Within the Martial Artists Trading Market of Alchemy Immortal City, should any cultivator be found blaming an alchemist, they will be expelled by the market authorities and shall never be allowed to set foot in this place again.

If they cause injury or death to the alchemist, the market authorities have the right to kill the offender to serve as a warning to others.

Therefore, in Alchemy Immortal City, it is extremely rare for cultivators to dare provoke trouble with alchemists.

Hu Fan had been concocting pills for others in this Martial Artists Trading Market for ten years, and it was the first time he encountered such a situation as before his eyes.

Looking at the stall kicked into disarray, Hu Fan was a bit stunned; after coming to his senses, he couldn't help but be enraged.

However, seeing the three people in front of him, one was a powerful figure at the fifth realm of Heavenly Tribulation, while the other two were at the fourth realm. Hu Fan, feeling cautious, didn't dare to retaliate.

"You three have broken the rules of the Martial Artists Trading Market; just wait for the City Lord Mansion's people to deal with you!"

Hu Fan said angrily.

Though there are many sect forces in Alchemy Immortal City, the City Lord Mansion remains the sole overlord. Its overall strength leaves other sect forces in the dust, thus the management of the five major Martial Artists Trading Markets are handled by the experts dispatched by the City Lord Mansion.

Hu Fan believed that this news would soon reach the market authorities, who would then demand justice for him.

He initially thought that bringing out the market authorities would make the three troublemakers fearful, apologizing and compensating humbly, then he would let them off the hook.

But what he didn't expect was that the three remained unfazed.

One of them sneered, "Isn't the market authority here the City Lord Mansion of Alchemy Immortal City? Ha, what a coincidence, we of the Divine Eagle Sect are about to ally through marriage with the granddaughter of the City Lord Mansion's master, the Alchemy Immortal. Tell me, will the City Lord Mansion help you or us then?"

Upon hearing the term "Divine Eagle Sect," Hu Fan's face changed slightly, thinking about the rumor circulating days ago about Divine Eagle Sect marrying into the City Lord Mansion, cold sweat formed on his forehead, and his clenched fists trembled slightly.

The man stared at Hu Fan, continuing to sneer, "What's the matter, afraid now?"

Hu Fan wiped the sweat off his forehead, sourly saying, "I don't understand, Divine Eagle Sect is a top strong sect on par with the City Lord Mansion of Alchemy Immortal City, why would they trouble a mere alchemist like me?"

The Divine Eagle Sect has a good relationship with the City Lord Mansion of Alchemy Immortal City, so disciples from the Divine Eagle Sect can directly request alchemists from the City Lord Mansion for pill concoction. Yet now, they have come to find him. Hu Fan couldn't help but suspect these three people were deliberately causing trouble, seeking to stir up conflict.

"You don't understand? Maybe you know better than anyone."

The Divine Eagle Sect disciple speaking laughed aloud, then with a cold gleam in his eyes, stared at Hu Fan and said word by word, "Hu Yichen, do you think at this moment you can still conceal the truth and continue hiding your identity?"

Hu Fan's body trembled, his face changed before stabilizing, and he sighed, "I never thought after all these years of changing my appearance, hiding my strength, living low-profile, you would still find me. Tell me, what do you plan to do with me?"

Fang Bai watched coldly from the side, seemingly unsurprised.

In fact, with just one look, Fang Bai noticed Hu Fan didn't show his true appearance, and had concealed some of his strength. Ordinary experts couldn't discern this, but he couldn't escape Fang Bai's "Fiery Eyes."

Fang Bai knew that experts like Hu Fan, who hide their identity and live inconspicuous lives, tend to have a hidden past and secrets they don't want known, thus he chose not to reveal it, still considering Hu Fan as a close acquaintance and conversing jovially.

As for the Divine Eagle Sect, Fang Bai had heard of it in his previous life. However, at that time, the sect wasn't renowned and lacked outstanding experts. He didn't expect it to now equal a top sect like the City Lord Mansion of Alchemy Immortal City.

And why this alchemist named Hu Yichen got entangled with the Divine Eagle Sect, to the extent that they came after him was unclear.

Judging by the sarcastic manner and tone of the Divine Eagle Sect disciples' conversation, it was evident that they were enemies, not allies.

In Fang Bai's eyes, Hu Yichen's true age should be around thirty, with a cultivation level of the fifth realm of Heavenly Tribulation.

A thirty-year-old expert at the fifth realm of Heavenly Tribulation is considered exceptional across the vast world.

"Hu Yichen, every corner of this Martial Artists Trading Market has been laid with Heaven's Net; you can't escape! Come with us obediently to meet Sect Master Feng!"

The Divine Eagle Sect disciple of the fifth realm pointed at Hu Yichen and shouted sternly.

Hu Yichen released his divine sense and sensed all around, indeed discovering dozens of powerful auras targeting him, and in the sky above, more than ten Fire-eyed Divine Hawks comparable to human experts at the third realm of Heavenly Tribulation were circling.

Hu Yichen knew the dozens of powerful auras around originated from Divine Eagle Sect disciples, and the Fire-eyed Divine Hawks above were the sect's sacred guardians.

Clearly, the Divine Eagle Sect had been eyeing him for a while and had deployed meticulous arrangements for his capture.

Luckily for Hu Yichen, he hadn't returned to his residence outside the city for over a month; otherwise, his beloved wife and daughter might be exposed. If the sect disciples discovered them, it could lead to a tragic separation of life and death for his family.

But currently, should he follow the Divine Eagle Sect disciples to meet the sect master Feng Lingxiao, his fate would be unpredictable, and Feng Lingxiao might use him to lure out his wife and daughter.

In a rapid turn of thoughts, Hu Yichen decided to first attempt escaping. If he could escape, he would immediately relocate his wife and daughter to continue living in seclusion elsewhere.

If escape wasn't possible, he would rather die, preventing the Divine Eagle Sect from extracting any information from him about his wife and daughter.

Using his own life to ensure his wife and daughter's safety felt worthwhile to Hu Yichen.

Having made up his mind, Hu Yichen's fear vanished; he laughed aloud toward the sky, his face and body muscles quickly shifting and positioning, transforming from a middle-aged man in his fifties, of average height, into a graceful young man in his thirties, with a handsome and charming appearance.

Simultaneously, his aura changed significantly, revealing his cultivation level of the fifth realm of Heavenly Tribulation.

Watching the restored face of Hu Yichen, the Divine Eagle Sect disciples secretly felt awed, thinking that his countenance was as lovely as jade, with exceptional demeanor; no wonder the sect master's beloved daughter, Feng Ziyu, would be enamored by him and willingly elope with him.

However, this event enraged the sect master, prompting a chase command issued by the enforcing elder to all disciples, vowing to kill Hu Yichen and retrieve the beloved daughter.

Yet, unexpectedly, Hu Yichen vanished with the sect master's daughter, Feng Ziyu, with not a trace for ten years.

But no secret can remain unrevealed; a few months back, a Divine Eagle Sect disciple, disguised in identity, came to this Martial Artists Trading Market requesting Hu Fan to concoct a Spirit Pill, discovering traces after subtly observing for a long time, finally confirming Hu Fan was Hu Yichen, leading to today's incident.

Chapter 1820: The Troublemaker

"Without rules, nothing can be accomplished. In this Martial Artists Trading Market, everyone follows the rules, but do the disciples of the Divine Eagle Sect intend to make an exception? Did you get the consent of the Alchemy Immortal City Lord Mansion? Otherwise, where does this leave the City Lord Mansion?"

Fang Bai suddenly interjected.

Fang Bai had just seen Hu Yichen clenching his fists tightly, his eyes revealing a determined glint, knowing that he was preparing to risk everything in a fight. He also knew that once he made a move, he would be doomed to fail, and might even end up dying on the spot, so he wanted to help him.

Previously, after a conversation with Hu Yichen, Fang Bai knew he was of good character. The reason he eloped with the daughter of the Divine Eagle Sect Master must have been because they faced fierce opposition despite mutual affection.

Fang Bai was always opposed to matters where mutual affection was forcibly broken. If he didn't encounter it, it was fine, but if he did, he wouldn't stand by idly and would help if he could.

Fang Bai also knew that with only his and Hu Yichen's abilities, escaping the Heaven's Net laid down by the Divine Eagle Sect would be extremely difficult, so he planned to involve the Alchemy Immortal City Lord Mansion in the chaos, increasing the chances of escape.

When Fang Bai spoke, he deliberately raised his voice so that all the experts in the Martial Artists Trading Market could hear.

Fang Bai believed that even if the several Divine Eagle Sect disciples in front of him had already informed the market management not to intervene, his loud declaration would make the entire Martial Artists Trading Market aware, forcing the market management to respond to maintain their reputation.

In the Three Thousand Great Worlds, any Martial Artists Trading Market values “reputation” greatly. If they lose their reputation, who would dare to trade in the market in the future?

Sure enough, Fang Bai’s words resonated with many experts in the Martial Artists Trading Market, especially the alchemists and strong individuals who had a good relationship with Hu Yichen, who loudly supported him.

The group of alchemists, esteemed and revered in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, are highly respected. Although there are competition and even hostility among them, they stand united in safeguarding the dignity and honor of alchemists.

All the alchemists in this Martial Artists Trading Market understood if Hu Yichen faced provocation today without anyone intervening, they might face the same tomorrow. Therefore, they must unite and resist.

Soon, several strong individuals from the City Lord Mansion responsible for managing this Martial Artists Trading Market arrived. Seeing hundreds of alchemists and nearly a thousand martial artists surrounding a few Divine Eagle Sect disciples, all filled with indignation, beads of cold sweat formed on their foreheads.

The Divine Eagle Sect disciples had informed them before confronting Hu Yichen, and in view of the long-standing friendly relations between the two sects, they tacitly approved of the matter but warned the Divine Eagle Sect disciples not to escalate the situation, as it would be hard to manage.

But the development of the situation far exceeded their expectations, catching them off guard and causing them a headache.

“Ahem... let us through! What’s going on?”

The strong individuals from the City Lord Mansion squeezed through the crowd, standing in front of Hu Yichen, glanced at the few Divine Eagle Sect disciples, cleared their throats, and loudly asked.

“Divine Eagle Sect disciples provoking Master Hu!”

“An esteemed top sect bullying the weak, taking advantage of its strength!”

“We alchemists are not easily bullied!”

“The City Lord Mansion claims to maintain the fairness of the Martial Artists Trading Market, not allowing anyone to break the rules, yet Divine Eagle Sect disciples are running amok. What do you say about this?”

“If we don’t get a satisfactory answer, we will take this matter to the City Lord Mansion!”

...

Now, hundreds of alchemists and nearly a thousand cultivators were making a ruckus, creating quite a stir.

Some sincerely stood by Hu Yichen, fighting for justice on his behalf, while others were just joining the commotion.

Regardless, the wave of protests and denunciations triggered by Fang Bai’s words was quite formidable.

“Everyone... everyone... please calm down! The Divine Eagle Sect disciples were indeed in the wrong, and we will drive them out immediately, giving Master Hu fairness!”

Seeing more and more experts surrounding them with growing momentum, the strong individuals from the City Lord Mansion hurriedly reassured the crowd, worried the matter would reach the City Lord’s ears and become unmanageable.

“You are not welcome here. Please leave!”

After exchanging glances indicating a decision, the strong individuals from the City Lord Mansion resolutely drove out the several Divine Eagle Sect disciples from the Martial Artists Trading Market.

“Oh...”

Seeing the Divine Eagle Sect disciples leaving in disgrace, the experts on-site erupted in cheers.

The martial artists in this Martial Artists Trading Market, mostly loose cultivators, had long despised the arrogant and domineering behavior of top sect disciples like those of the Divine Eagle Sect. Seeing the disciples suffer defeat, they felt delighted.

“Thank you, Brother Fang.”

Watching the Divine Eagle Sect disciples and City Lord Mansion strong individuals walk away, Hu Yichen secretly breathed a sigh of relief, then smiled kindly at Fang Bai.

He knew Fang Bai’s loud questioning of the Divine Eagle Sect disciples was intentionally aiding him; otherwise, he might have already been engaged in a disadvantageous battle against several Divine Eagle Sect disciples.

“Brother Hu, you’re too kind.”

Fang Bai also smiled, then added, “Though the Divine Eagle Sect disciples have been driven away, they certainly won’t go far, and might be waiting for Brother Hu outside the market. Therefore, Brother Hu, leaving safely won’t be easy!”

Hu Yichen smiled wryly and said, “Yes! But for now, I can only take it one step at a time!”

After a pause, he apologized to Fang Bai, saying, "Brother Fang, I previously concealed some truths from you for unavoidable reasons, please don't take offense!"

Fang Bai waved his hand with a smile and said, "If I were offended, I wouldn't have helped you."

Hu Yichen nodded, remained silent, gazed into the distance, and after a long time, sighed with melancholy.

Fang Bai said, "How did Brother Hu come into enmity with the Divine Eagle Sect? Oh, I'm just asking casually; if you have secrets, you don't need to tell."

Hu Yichen replied, "My identity has already been exposed, what else could be hidden?"

Although his acquaintance with Fang Bai was short, he felt a pleasant connection, so he briefly recounted his relationship with Feng Ziyu, the daughter of the Divine Eagle Sect Master.

Fang Bai listened, then jokingly said, "So Brother Hu has abducted Feng Lingxiao's beloved daughter and even fathered a daughter. No wonder Feng Lingxiao is furious and sent Divine Eagle Sect disciples to capture you."

Hu Yichen appeared very indignant and said, "Ziyu and I are deeply in love, yet Feng Lingxiao strongly opposes and obstructs us unreasonably. In despair, Ziyu and I eloped and hid here... Unexpectedly, Divine Eagle Sect disciples have formidable means and still discovered me... Alas, this time, our family might not escape disaster!"