

Doctor 1841

Chapter 1841: Cremation by Spiritual Fire

“Elder Fang, should we inform City Lord Hua about this matter?”

Leng Rui snapped out of his stunned state and asked Fang Bai in a low voice after a moment.

Fang Bai replied with a question, “What do you think?”

Leng Rui thought for a while, hesitated a bit, and then said, “I think... it might be better not to tell.”

Fang Bai smiled and asked, “Why?”

Leng Rui said, “Because the more people know, the more complicated things might become, which could lead to more trouble.”

Fang Bai laughed, “You’re a smart man! Then, from now on, let’s bury this matter deep in our hearts altogether!”

After speaking, he grabbed the space rings of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua from the void, then flicked his fingers, and two flames fell onto the corpses of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua.

The two flames were only the size of fingertips, but once they appeared, the temperature within a hundred-meter radius suddenly rose, and the air seemed about to ignite.

Leng Rui, being a five-layer Thunder Tribulation expert, nevertheless had to form a defense qi shield around himself to resist the impact of the high temperature.

The two flames touched Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua’s bodies, and immediately ignited, turning into two wisps of smoke and dust in just a few breaths before dispersing with the night wind.

On the scene, not a trace of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua's aura could be sensed anymore, as if they had never been here.

"Those two flames can release such formidable fire power... Could it be the legendary spiritual fire with supreme might?"

Leng Rui watched Fang Bai put away the two differently colored flames, the surrounding temperature returning to normal, and could not help but be secretly shocked.

Legend says that spiritual fire is the most destructive flame with the greatest power in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, second only to the immortal fire of the Immortal Realm.

When the spiritual fire appears, the land for a thousand miles turns red.

Due to its extreme temperature and destructive power, ordinary martial artists dare not approach, and subduing it is as difficult as reaching for the heavens.

Leng Rui couldn't imagine how Fang Bai, with only a three-layer Thunder Tribulation cultivation, could have suppressed the spiritual fire and made it his own to use it.

Of course, such questions, if Fang Bai didn't voluntarily reveal, Leng Rui wouldn't be foolish enough to ask.

"This disciple thanks Elder Fang for the life-saving grace!"

Leng Rui was ambushed by Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua's joint attack, saved by Fang Bai, and thus experienced a narrow escape from death. He was immensely grateful to Fang Bai, bowing deeply to show his gratitude.

Fang Bai waved it off and said, "We belong to the same sect, no need for thanks."

He paused, then flicked the space rings taken from Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua toward Leng Rui, saying, "There are quite a lot of cultivation resources inside, take them. This matter is done, I'll take my leave first!"

"This disciple respectfully sees Elder Fang off!"

Leng Rui caught the space rings that Fang Bai flicked over, watching Fang Bai ride a spiritual artifact to fly into the sky, becoming a streak of light that disappeared.

"This Tong Mengjiao truly deserves to be Tong Shun's beloved daughter, the cultivation resources stored in her space ring are even far more than Feng Zihua's!"

Leng Rui withdrew his gaze, and using his divine sense, noticed the huge amount of cultivation resources in the space rings of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua, more than enough for him for years of cultivation, causing him to be delighted.

"Elder Fang easily slew Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua, his combat power is at least equivalent to the sixth layer of Thunder Tribulation. If not seen with my own eyes, it's hard to believe that he's so young yet possesses such formidable strength!"

Leng Rui originally respected Fang Bai, but after tonight's battle, he was in awe and respect.

What made him even happier was that after tonight's battle, he and Fang Bai now had a bond of fighting side by side.

And with this bond, it would be more convenient for him to ask Fang Bai for spirit pill refinement in the future compared to others.

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After separating from Leng Rui, Fang Bai did not return to Alchemy Immortal City but went straight to the valley where Hu Yichen's family used to live.

Fang Bai came to the valley at this moment naturally for the Bluewater Cold Pond.

In the night, the spiritual energy mist over the surface of the Bluewater Cold Pond seemed even denser, almost solid.

The chill released by the spiritual energy was also more terrifying.

A spirit beast rushed out from somewhere, rushing toward the Bluewater Cold Pond, lowering its head, intending to drink the pond water to quench its thirst.

However, just as it touched the pond water with its mouth, an extremely cold and chilling aura quickly spread from its mouth throughout its body.

The strength of that spirit beast was comparable to a human three-layer Thunder Tribulation expert, yet under the enveloping cold aura, it was unable to move, and in the blink of an eye, a thick layer of ice covered its body surface.

In the next moment, the spirit beast lost its vitality.

“Crack!”

A gust of night wind blew, followed by the sound of a crack; the ice-sealed spirit beast suddenly shattered into pieces and fell to the ground.

What seemed to be the ordinary Bluewater Cold Pond had instantly claimed the life of a powerful spirit beast.

“Amazing!”

Fang Bai landed in the valley right after the spirit beast perished.

He slowly advanced, passing by the shattered spirit beast's body, stopping three feet away from the edge of the Bluewater Cold Pond.

For any other expert of similar realm, standing here would already be unbearable due to the extreme cold and would have to retreat.

Though Fang Bai resisted the encroaching cold due to his strong body, he also felt as if he was in an ice cave, his whole body ice-cold.

Even in the deep night, the water of the Bluewater Cold Pond looked as green as jade, stunningly beautiful.

Fang Bai knew this beautiful-looking pond water was like the gates of hell; if an ordinary Thunder Tribulation expert entered, the result would be like the shattered spirit beast, losing life and even the body.

"Perhaps, by using this pond water, I can further increase my strength."

Fang Bai took a deep breath and stepped forward.

One step.

Two steps.

Three steps.

With each step Fang Bai took forward, the bone-chilling cold intensified, and a layer of frost had formed on his hair and eyebrows.

"Phew!"

Fang Bai took a deep breath and boldly stepped forward with the fourth step.

In this step, one of Fang Bai's feet stepped into the Bluewater Cold Pond.

The pond water covered Fang Bai's ankle, and a thin layer of ice began to spread visible to the naked eye from his ankle, seemingly about to freeze his entire leg.

Fang Bai circulated the Water Element Art, and the Water Spirit Qi in his Qi Sea began to flow furiously through his meridians, blood vessels, muscles, bones, and his whole body.

The Water Spirit Qi in Fang Bai's Qi Sea was purer and more concentrated than the Water Spirit Qi in the Bluewater Cold Pond, yet his Water Spirit Qi flowed like a hot spring, making his body extremely comfortable.

However, the Water Spirit Qi of the Bluewater Cold Pond was so cold and chilling that it was unbearable.

Nevertheless, Fang Bai's Water Spirit Qi and the Bluewater Cold Pond's Water Spirit Qi belonged to the same kind, which greatly neutralized the pond water's coldness.

Chapter 1842: Advancement in the Cold Pool

Fang Bai took step after step into the pond, the water gradually submerging over his head, enveloping his entire body.

Being fully submerged in the pond was completely different from just dipping his ankles in earlier.

Previously, Fang Bai circulated the Water Spirit Qi within his Qi Sea, barely managing to resist the invading chill.

But now, he felt the cold like knives and swords, assaulting him from all directions, constantly slicing into his skin, bones, and flesh, a pain so extreme he could hardly bear it.

He clenched his teeth tightly, his whole body trembling uncontrollably, and whenever he couldn't endure it anymore, he would let out a loud roar to vent that bone-deep chill and pain.

Fang Bai dared not use the Spirit Fire Power within his body to resist the cold because he understood the principle of water and fire incompatibility. If he used the Spirit Fire Power to protect himself, he might destroy the Bluewater Cold Pond, making it very difficult to find such a cultivation treasure again in the future.

Cultivating in the Bluewater Cold Pond not only tempered his physical body but also honed his will, greatly benefiting his cultivation.

After a moment, Fang Bai began to circulate the Water Element Art, absorbing the extreme Yin and cold Water Spirit Qi contained within the Bluewater Cold Pond.

This was yet another great test for Fang Bai.

As streams of extreme Yin and cold Water Spirit Qi flowed in, layers of thin ice constantly formed on Fang Bai's body surface, accumulating and thickening until it was several feet thick, wrapping him firmly within.

Fang Bai's body was now cold both inside and out; not only was his body's surface being invaded by the cold, even his internal organs were frozen into icy confinement.

Several times Fang Bai almost fell unconscious under the extreme cold, but with great willpower and determination, he managed to hold on.

The extreme cold Water Spirit Qi absorbed into Fang Bai's body was eventually refined into wisps of pure Water Spirit Qi, which converged into Fang Bai's Qi Sea, merging into the Water Element Spirit seated cross-legged within.

As Water Spirit Qi continuously merged in, the body of that Water Element Spirit grew in size and solidity, its facial features becoming clearly visible, like a small Fang Bai nurtured within the Qi Sea.

All seven Primordial Spirits within Fang Bai's Qi Sea maintained the same state, sitting cross-legged with closed eyes, hands resting on their knees.

However, since the amount of Spiritual Qi each absorbed varied, so did their powers; this could be seen in their size and the solidity of their bodies.

Among the seven Primordial Spirits, because the Fire Primeval Spirit absorbed two clusters of Spirit Fire Energy, it was currently the strongest, with the largest size and most solid body, most resembling Fang Bai's form.

Due to absorbing the Water Spirit Qi from the Bluewater Cold Pond, Fang Bai's Qi Sea's Water Element Spirit underwent significant change, becoming second only to the Fire Primeval Spirit.

Because of frequent alchemy, which required the use of not only Fire Spirit Qi but also Wood Spirit Qi, the Wood Element God was also very powerful.

As for the Metal, Wind, Earth, and Thunder attributes' Primordial Spirits, which Fang Bai seldom used, their strengths were somewhat similar; if released to fight, their combat power would be comparable.

All seven Primordial Spirits had developed a trace of spirituality. Although far from being able to speak, they could communicate with Fang Bai through consciousness, conveying their thoughts and expressing their emotions.

As Fang Bai absorbed large amounts of Water Spirit Qi, strengthening the Water Element Spirit continuously, the other six Primordial Spirits were somewhat dissatisfied, each communicating with Fang Bai, inquiring when he could absorb some of their corresponding Spiritual Qi to become stronger and more solid.

If Fang Bai could one day ascend to immortality, his body would undergo qualitative transformation, with the seven Primordial Spirits in his Qi Sea turning from substance to flesh, becoming true aids of his own.

The legendary three heads and six arms were not conjured from thin air but were the result of cooperation between the body and Primordial Spirits.

Usually, cultivators with Dual Attribute Innate Spiritual Roots have two Primordial Spirits; once such cultivators ascend to immortality, they can cooperate with their two Primordial Spirits to face opponents with triple the battle power.

However, with seven Primordial Spirits, Fang Bai can certainly materialize more than three heads and six arms.

But when facing many strong enemies in siege, three heads and six arms are just right; there's no space limit, and it prevents collisions among themselves; any more heads or arms would create chaos.

Thus, even the Immortal Realm experts, at most, use three heads and six arms when fighting and don't use four heads and eight arms or more.

After enduring the initial life-and-death ordeal in the Bluewater Cold Pond, the subsequent cultivation seemed much smoother.

Fang Bai slowly sank to the bottom of the pond, sitting cross-legged to cultivate.

It's unclear how much time passed, but the pond's water changed color, from blue-green to colorless; the Water Spirit Qi that filled the pond and was contained within it also vanished.

The flowers, grass, and trees inside the entire valley seemed to lose their vitality, no longer vibrant, looking rather desolate.

"Boom!"

The pond water suddenly surged violently, then exploded outward with a rapid burst of energy, sending giant waves in all directions and creating deafening sounds.

Fang Bai's figure rose in the air several feet above the water as the water burst, still maintaining the cultivation pose with crossed legs, eyes slightly closed, like an Old Monk in meditation, the turbulent aura that once enveloped him gradually calming and flowing back into his body.

“This small Bluewater Cold Pond, yet like a massive Spirit Stone Vein, has an abundance of Spiritual Energy, helping me break through yet another barrier!”

A moment later, Fang Bai slowly opened his eyes, shifting from a cross-legged cultivation state to a standing position, treading lightly on the water surface as if walking on ripples to reach the shore.

“Compared to my previous Thunder Tribulation Third Stage Realm, my current strength is many times greater! But when facing a Thunder Tribulation Eighth Stage expert, the gap is still significant, without the slightest chance of victory.”

Feeling the immense power within him, Fang Bai’s lips curled into a slight smile, yet he didn’t become overly ecstatic like other experts upon advancing, maintaining his composure.

Fang Bai understood that his current Thunder Tribulation Fourth Stage cultivation was capable of contending with a Thunder Tribulation Realm Great Calamity Period expert, but only against a Thunder Tribulation Seventh Stage expert, and he still couldn’t traverse the three thousand great worlds with impunity.

And wanting to confront Tong Shun to avenge Granny Yu was far beyond his grasp.

However, this already marked significant progress for Fang Bai, thinking that even if Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua’s killing was discovered by Tong Shun and he came after him, Fang Bai now had the means to protect himself.

Fang Bai didn’t know how long he had been cultivating in the Bluewater Cold Pond, but now that the time was right, the sunlight was abundant, he lay on a flat large stone by the pondside for a short rest, then departed from the place to return to Alchemy Immortal City.

Fang Bai was unaware that at this moment, Alchemy Immortal City was already in chaos over the disappearance of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua, with all sorts of rumors flying around.

Chapter 1843: Shrouded in Mystery

After the alliance between the Green Rainbow Sect and the City Lord Mansion was finalized, and they had requested a batch of Spirit Pills to be refined, they were about to set off when they discovered that Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua had gone missing.

Initially, they thought the two were wandering around near the Alchemy Immortal City, so they waited patiently. However, waiting left and right, nearly a month had passed without their return, and instead, they received dreadful news from the sect disciples.

The Soul Lamps of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua placed in the Soul Hall of the Green Rainbow Sect had extinguished a month ago.

Upon receiving this message, Tong Shun and several disciples of the Green Rainbow Sect in the Alchemy Immortal City were stunned and found it difficult to accept.

They couldn't believe that someone would dare to kill Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua, both possessing Thunder Tribulation Realm four and five strengths, and as disciples of such a top-tier strong sect as the Green Rainbow Sect.

Could the murderer be unafraid of inciting the wrath of the Green Rainbow Sect and enduring the fiercest revenge?

Some disciples of the Green Rainbow Sect thought of the City Lord Mansion.

In the region around the Alchemy Immortal City, the only ones with the guts to kill disciples of the Green Rainbow Sect would likely be the City Lord Mansion.

But those disciples only thought about it and didn't really suspect the City Lord Mansion.

After all, the City Lord Mansion had always maintained a good relationship with the Green Rainbow Sect, and with their successful alliance this time, they could be considered intimate allies.

To those disciples, the City Lord Mansion harming Green Rainbow Sect disciples would be against their sect's interests, offering no benefit and impossible for them to do.

That day, Tong Shun found Hua Yanqing, the Alchemy Immortal City Lord, to discuss locating the bodies of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua and investigating the murderer.

“Sect Master Tong, rest assured, our City Lord Mansion will fully cooperate! Regardless of who the murderer is, whichever force, our City Lord Mansion will stand firmly with you, ready to jointly attack the opponent!”

Hua Yanqing was shocked and furious upon receiving this message. After comforting Tong Shun, he dispatched elite disciples to assist the Green Rainbow Sect disciples in investigating the matter.

To Hua Yanqing, having members of the Green Rainbow Sect travel from afar to visit the Alchemy Immortal City, only for two important disciples to fall here, not only would leave the sect displeased with the City Lord Mansion but also embarrass the mansion greatly.

Hua Yanqing would never have thought that the “culprits” behind Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua’s deaths were actually Honorary Elder Fang Bai, whom he respected three times, and his favorite Direct Disciple Leng Rui.

The news of Sect Master Tong Shun’s daughter Tong Mengjiao and Direct Disciple Feng Zihua’s demise spread quickly, causing quite a stir throughout Alchemy Immortal City.

Some said the two perished to a Spirit Beast’s mouth or at some perilous place while training outside the city.

Others said they were killed by enemies and their bodies burned to clear all traces.

There were even rumors that Leng Rui discovered the ambiguous relationship between his fiancée Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua and in a fit of rage, killed them.

Some even suspected that it’s possible Fang Bai harbored revenge against Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua due to past grievances, leading him to take action...

Ultimately, regarding the news of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua's demise, opinions varied widely, with truth and falsehood intertwined, creating a mysterious situation.

Meanwhile, led by Xue Hongxing, the experts from the Divine Eagle Sect had not left yet, and after hearing the news, they outwardly appeared indignant, expressing their willingness to assist the Green Rainbow Sect in the investigation while inwardly delighted.

Previously, the relationship between the Green Rainbow Sect and the Alchemy Immortal City's City Lord Mansion was slightly better than with the Divine Eagle Sect. However, after this incident, relations between the two sects would inevitably deteriorate, which was favorable news for the Divine Eagle Sect.

Both the Divine Eagle Sect and Green Rainbow Sect are top-tier strong sects in contemporary times, and given their proximity, they engage in a competitive relationship. Should relations between the Green Rainbow Sect and Alchemy Immortal City's City Lord Mansion worsen further, it would diminish the overall strength of their sect, thus giving the Divine Eagle Sect a competitive advantage.

Ten days later, the Green Rainbow Sect and City Lord Mansion joined forces to investigate. Yet, they failed to discover the location of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua's demise, nor did their bodies leave a trace. Unable to do any further, the two sects announced a manhunt bounty throughout Alchemy Immortal City, stating that anyone who found the murderer would receive generous rewards from both sects.

The substantial rewards offered by two top-tier strong sects were coveted by many Thunder Tribulation experts. Consequently, within Alchemy Immortal City, hundreds of thousands of experts set forth, causing a great commotion both in and outside the city.

Meanwhile, Leng Rui and Fang Bai were respectively focused on alchemy and cultivation, seemingly completely detached from the incident.

Tang Wenrou along with Hu Yichen, Feng Ziyu, and Hu Xue'er, under Fang Bai's meticulous guidance and with the substantial cultivation resources provided by the City Lord Mansion, saw their strengths advance rapidly,

Leng Rui, from having fought a battle with Fang Bai that formed a bond, realized Fang Bai's astonishing prowess and worshipped Fang Bai nearly to the point of reverence, occasionally visiting to seek Fang Bai's guidance.

Fang Bai was generous too, casually offering advice that greatly improved Leng Rui's strength.

Several months later, the attempt to uncover any clues regarding the deaths of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua remained fruitless. Those experts in Alchemy Immortal City who initially aimed to gain rewards gradually lost interest and withdrew.

Thus, the murder case of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua became a "cold case".

At the same time, the discovery of the Ancient Battlefield Ruins in the Blood Sea Desert in the western part of the Eastern Desolate Continent attracted significant interest from numerous experts in Alchemy Immortal City. Some of the city's experts began moving towards the Blood Sea Desert either solo or in groups, seeking opportunities.

"Rumor has it that the Ancient Battlefield Ruins of the Blood Sea Desert contain relics of ancient immortals, no matter truth or falsehood, it's always worth a look."

On this day, Hua Yanqing gathered the high-ranking members of the City Lord Mansion to discuss the matter.

At this point, Tong Shun had already led his disciples of the Green Rainbow Sect out, and after a brief respite upon returning to their sect, they too would head for the Blood Sea Desert.

As for the murder case of Tong Mengjiao and Feng Zihua, both sects would continue dispatching disciples to investigate further.

"On this journey to the Blood Sea Desert, I plan to take half of the elders and stewards along, while the remaining guard the sect."

After a pause, he addressed Fang Bai: "Elder Fang, will you stay, or accompany us?"

Fang Bai thought for a moment and said: "My friends and relatives may be scattered across the Three Thousand Worlds, instead of waiting idly for news, it's better to actively seek them. The Blood Sea Desert should attract countless powerful individuals from the Three Thousand Worlds, and perhaps I'll find news about them there. I'll go with you!"

After everyone agreed on the departure time, they returned to their residences to prepare.

Hu Yichen's family was to stay in the City Lord Mansion, protected by the mansion's powerful individuals.

Fang Bai, on the other hand, traveled with Tang Wenrou alongside Hua Yanqing and others.

On the day of departure, Hu Xue'er held onto the hand of Tang Wenrou, whom she had grown close to, with tears flowing, extremely reluctant.

Tang Wenrou consoled her for quite a while, promising to bring many gifts upon return, which finally led Hu Xue'er to let go.

For convenience in travel, the City Lord Mansion trained a large number of Thunder Tribulation Realm flying Spirit Beasts, and after Fang Bai, Tang Wenrou, and the dozens of City Lord Mansion experts gathered, each mounted a Wind Roc and set off towards the Blood Sea Desert.

Chapter 1844: The Big and Little Beauties at the Edge of the Blood Sea Desert

Located in the western part of the Eastern Desolate Continent, the Blood Sea Desert spans over tens of thousands of miles, with every grain of sand and stone appearing as if dyed in crimson blood.

The Blood Sea Desert is devoid of human presence for tens of thousands of miles, populated only by Spirit Beasts, and filled with dangerous areas. Ordinary Thunder Tribulation Experts who venture inside face a nine-out-of-ten chance of death, making it a death zone in the eyes of Martial Artists.

In the past, Thunder Tribulation Experts from the Three Thousand Great Worlds kept their distance from the Blood Sea Desert. However, since the rumor emerged that the desert might contain the ruins of an Ancient Battlefield and possibly Ancient Immortal Relics, the area has become exceptionally lively.

Since the news broke, one can see a multitude of Thunder Tribulation Experts from all over the Three Thousand Great Worlds arriving daily, forming groups of three to five to venture into the desert.

Due to the fierce Spirit Beasts and numerous treacherous areas within the desert, those loose cultivators with average strength have no choice but to team up temporarily.

As a result, around the Blood Sea Desert's perimeter, at almost every moment, many experts can be seen gathering and then heading into the depths of the desert.

At this very moment, in the western part of the Blood Sea Desert, a stunning beauty in a pale yellow dress is holding the hand of a beautifully delicate young girl, walking back and forth along the edge of the desert.

The beautiful woman appears to be about twenty, with breathtaking features, skin as fair as snow, and an ethereal presence that captivates the beholder. Her long, flowing black hair cascades gracefully down to her elegantly curved waist.

The young girl is about ten years old, with her hair styled in two twin buns, delicate eyebrows, a straight nose, lips red as cherries, and lively black eyes that dart around, making her appear exceptionally spirited.

The young girl wears a peach blossom in her hair and holds another one in her hand, seemingly highly fond of peach blossoms.

The pair of beauties have been lingering at the desert's edge for quite some time, seemingly weighing a decision.

"Sister Wumei, you make the decision. Are we going in or not?"

After a moment, the young girl looked up at the beautiful woman and asked.

The stunning woman named "Wumei" glanced towards the depths of the Blood Sea Desert, patted the young girl's head, and said, "Shall we go in? Inside is too dangerous, I'm afraid we might never come out; but if we don't go in, what if we encounter Ancient Immortal Relics by chance? Ah... Little Mu Yu, I'm really undecided!"

The beauty lightly bit her red lips, a worried expression on her face as she spoke to the young girl named "Mu Yu."

If Fang Bai were here, he would recognize the pair as his close friends Ye Wumei, whom he met in the secular world, and Yan Muyu, whom he got to know in the Three Thousand Great Worlds.

When Fang Bai met Yan Muyu, she was only five or six years old. At the time, Fang Bai left, and Yan Muyu wanted to follow him to explore the Three Thousand Great Worlds together. Fang Bai told her to reach the high rank of the Golden Core first before seeking him out.

It was an offhand remark meant to appease Yan Muyu, but she remembered it by heart.

After Fang Bai's departure, Yan Muyu secluded herself for intensive cultivation, studying the Martial Arts Techniques taught by Fang Bai. She was extraordinarily intelligent, with high aptitude and strong Wuxing, advancing rapidly in cultivation, quickly reaching the high rank of the Golden Core.

Subsequently, Yan Muyu left a letter for her family and found ways to leave home, searching the world for Fang Bai.

Back then, as a six or seven-year-old girl, she encountered numerous dangers along her journey. Fortunately, she was clever, had a sweet tongue, and due to her young age, frequently received assistance from powerful individuals, always managing to escape from crises unharmed.

During this time, Yan Muyu also had several fortuitous encounters, and while many strong fighters saw her talent and wanted to take her as their disciple, she declined all offers, focusing solely on finding Fang Bai.

Later, with the assistance of several Thunder Tribulation loose cultivators, Yan Muyu arrived at the Eastern Desolate Continent and, by chance, met Ye Wumei, who was also searching for Fang Bai.

By that time, Yan Muyu's cultivation level had already reached Soul Severing Perfection, just one step away from the Heavenly Tribulation stage.

The beautiful woman and the young girl felt an instant connection and quickly became close friends. Eventually, during their conversations, they realized their mutual acquaintance with Fang Bai.

After coming to the Three Thousand Great Worlds, Ye Wumei was a lone loose cultivator, but her fortune was favorable, and her encounters were extraordinary. She had now become a powerful practitioner of the second level of the Thunder Tribulation.

This time, Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu came to the Blood Sea Desert for two reasons.

Firstly, they had also heard the news about the ruins of the Ancient Battlefield and came out of curiosity, hoping to try their luck.

Secondly, with so many experts gathered here and the flow of information abundant, they hoped to take the chance to gather any news about Fang Bai.

Upon arriving at the Blood Sea Desert and hearing the numerous terrifying rumors from some experts, they hesitated, concerned that if they ventured into the Martial Arts death zone, they might lose their lives without ever seeing Fang Bai, leaving them with regrets.

The two women had been lingering at the desert's edge for half a day, yet they couldn't make a final decision.

"Then how about this..."

Yan Muyu blinked her lively eyes and took out a Jade Pendant, saying to Ye Wumei, "This Jade Pendant was given to me by Brother Fang Bai. It has two sides. I will toss it up and catch it in my hand. If it lands facing up, we'll go in; if it's face down, we won't. Sister Wumei, what do you think?"

The Jade Pendant was a gift Fang Bai gave to Yan Muyu for protection when he left Peach Blossom Town, and Yan Muyu had never used it, keeping it in perfect condition.

Ye Wumei nodded and said, "Alright, we'll leave it to fate!"

Yan Muyu tossed the Jade Pendant high into the air, waiting for it to fall, then caught it in her right palm.

The two women leaned over to look, exchanged a glance, and said in unison, "It's facing up!"

"In that case, let's go in! Whether we live or die, it's up to fate!"

Ye Wumei said with resignation.

Yan Muyu put away the Jade Pendant, saying earnestly, "I believe we will have good luck, and the heavens will favor us!"

Ye Wumei nodded seriously.

Having made their decision, the two women no longer hesitated and, hand in hand, followed a group of experts into the depths of the Blood Sea Desert.

The group of experts walking ahead of them wore black garments, with a black hawk embroidered on their chests, wings spread in flight. If Fang Bai were present, he would instantly recognize this group as being from the Divine Eagle Sect.

Previously, during the betrothal alliance with the Alchemy Immortal City Lord Mansion, the Divine Eagle Sect sent Elder Xue Hongxing, accompanied by direct disciple Tu Dajiang, to the City Lord Mansion, while Sect Master Feng Lingxiao led another team of Sect experts to the Blood Sea Desert.

The captivating appearance and bearing of Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu caused several young male disciples from the Divine Eagle Sect ahead of them to frequently turn back, their eyes filled with admiration.

Soon, it attracted the attention of the Divine Eagle Sect Master, Feng Lingxiao.

"Oh? That older female there is actually an Innate Wind Spirit Root! And the little girl is an Innate Wood Spirit Root. To find two Innate Spiritual Roots here at the same time, and they're both loose cultivators, how rare!"

Feng Lingxiao turned his head, carefully observing Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu, his eyes showing a look of surprise.

Chapter 1845: What Kind of Sect Is the Divine Eagle Sect?

Though the Divine Eagle Sect is a top sect of the current age, it has very few disciples with Innate Spiritual Roots.

Feng Lingxiao saw the two women, Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu, one older and one younger, both possessing Innate Spiritual Roots and dressed like loose cultivators, and couldn't help but feel a love for talent.

"Elder Qin, go and find out the identity and origin of those two, and ask if they are willing to accompany us."

Feng Lingxiao pondered for a moment, then quietly instructed Elder Qin Sheng beside him.

Elder Qin Sheng, upon hearing this, thoughtfully glanced at Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu, then nodded and went.

"Hold your steps, little ones."

With a smile, Elder Qin approached Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu, asking, "I am Qin Ming, an elder of the Divine Eagle Sect. What are your names, little ones, and where do you come from?"

Elder Qin had lived for hundreds of years, and facing these two women—one large, one small—the older being only about twenty years old, he felt it was natural to call them “little ones.”

Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu saw an old man with a white beard blocking their way; they looked at each other, both showing an expression of inquiry.

“Divine Eagle Sect? Qin Ming? Grandpa, I don’t know you! Sister Wumei, do you know this grandpa?”

Yan Muyu widened her eyes to scrutinize Qin Ming, then turned her head to ask Ye Wumei.

Ye Wumei shook her head and said, “I don’t know him either. Elder, what do you want?”

Having been in the Three Thousand Great World for several years, Ye Wumei knew the dangers of human nature. Although the elder before her looked immortal and kind, not like a bad person, she was cautious and unwilling to easily reveal her name and origin.

Qin Ming thought that upon hearing the name “Divine Eagle Sect,” the older and younger girls would be amazed and show respect. Surprisingly, their expressions didn’t change, leaving him slightly surprised, speculating that the two women must have an extraordinary background, otherwise it wouldn’t be possible for them to remain indifferent upon hearing the name Divine Eagle Sect.

Seeing Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu wary of him, Qin Ming laughed and said, “Don’t worry, I’m looking for you without malice. Our sect master noticed your talents and sent me to ask if you are willing to join the Divine Eagle Sect and become our disciples?”

Yan Muyu tilted her head and asked, “What kind of sect is the Divine Eagle Sect? Is it very powerful?”

Ye Wumei also looked at Qin Ming, her eyes showing the same inquiry.

Qin Ming was momentarily stunned, then smiled bitterly, thinking that ignorance is fearlessness. No wonder they had no reaction when he mentioned the Divine Eagle Sect; they evidently had no idea what it represented or signified.

Ye Wumei saw Qin Ming's strange expression and quickly said, "Elder, sorry. We really don't know what kind of sect the Divine Eagle Sect is."

After some explanation, Qin Ming patiently informed Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu that the Divine Eagle Sect was one of the top sects of the current age, with Thunder Tribulation level eight experts stationed.

Ye Wumei, already a Thunder Tribulation Expert, naturally understood how powerful a level eight expert was, and so her expression showed a bit more respect and awe.

Although Yan Muyu had not yet reached the Thunder Tribulation level, she had sparred with Ye Wumei, who was at Thunder Tribulation level two, and knew that a level eight expert was many times stronger.

"Elder, how about this? We will first travel with your Divine Eagle Sect into the Blood Sea Desert, and after we come out safely, decide whether to join. We don't have other thoughts, just want to learn more about your sect."

Though Ye Wumei's cultivation level wasn't very high, her mind was bright; despite the Divine Eagle Sect being a powerful sect with top-level experts, she didn't want to join rashly.

If the sect were dark and evil, joining would mean being bound by its rules, possibly doing evil deeds, betraying her true self.

"Yes, I'll listen to Sister Wumei."

Yan Muyu nodded eagerly in agreement.

Qin Ming, living for hundreds of years, immediately knew Ye Wumei's thoughts. He chuckled and said, "My Divine Eagle Sect is upright and honest, not comparable to those small sects with crooked ways. Your caution is commendable. Alright, on behalf of the sect, I accept your decision."

Pausing, he added, "You two can follow behind us Divine Eagle Sect all the way; if any dangers arise, we can provide timely protection."

“Thank you, elder!”

Ye Wumei bent slightly to express her gratitude.

Qin Ming returned to Sect Master Feng Lingxiao’s side and reported this matter softly; Feng Lingxiao, upon hearing it, said nothing more than to instruct Qin Ming to take good care of them.

Feng Lingxiao loved talent, but he wasn’t in a hurry to recruit Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu as sect disciples. He believed that after the journey to the Blood Sea Desert, they would willingly join after witnessing the sect’s strength.

Within tens of thousands of miles around the Blood Sea Desert, for unknown reasons, the earth’s pressure is extremely strong, preventing any Thunder Tribulation expert from flying long distances within.

Over fifty experts from the Divine Eagle Sect, under the leadership of Feng Lingxiao and several high-ranking members, moved along the ground.

Entering hundreds of miles into the desert, the wind and sand intensified, occasionally creating tornadoes that seemed to connect the sky and earth, capable of destroying everything, sweeping up blood-red sand, with only blood mist visible to the eyes.

The further forward, the more numerous and powerful the tornadoes became, large and small, thousands of them roaring, deafening, covering the sky, resembling an apocalyptic scene.

At this point, visibility was limited to a hundred feet ahead; even releasing Divine Sense, one could only detect movements within several miles.

Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu had never seen such a celestial phenomenon, feeling fear, closely following the dozens of Divine Eagle Sect experts, not daring to stray far, and constantly avoiding the tornadoes that could sweep over at any moment.

Continuing forward for dozens more miles, a tornado measuring ten feet in diameter, initially supposed to sweep past dozens of feet to their left, suddenly changed direction midway and headed toward Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu.

The tornado moved swiftly, reaching their vicinity in the blink of an eye, like the embrace of death approaching them.

The tornado was ferocious, with terrifying centripetal force; if allowed to approach, one might be dragged into the storm, then crushed and shattered in its overwhelming pressure.

Even experts with Thunder Tribulation level four or five had to avoid it, staying far away.

Chapter 1846: Gathering of Powerhouses

Watching as the enormous tornado surged, engulfing the sky and earth, turning everything into darkness, Yan Muyu was so frightened that her little face turned pale. She stayed frozen in place, forgetting to evade.

“Quick, let’s go!”

Ye Wumei exclaimed, grasping the terrified Yan Muyu with one arm, and flew with all her might in the opposite direction of the tornado.

Although she was fast, it was ultimately a step too late. She could only feel the wind howling by her ears, and an extremely powerful force pulling them off the ground, dragging them toward the tornado.

Though Ye Wumei possessed the innate Wind Spirit Root, enabling her to control the Wind Spirit Energy between heaven and earth, once the power of the Wind Spirit Energy around her exceeded her own cultivation level by too much, she was powerless and unable to manage it.

In her panic, Ye Wumei gritted her silver teeth, her face pale. She immediately performed the Wind Art cultivation technique that Fang Bai had taught her back in the day, frantically channeling the Wind Spirit Energy to circulate, instantly surrounding herself with a thick layer of Wind Spirit Energy.

With this layer of Wind Spirit Energy protection, even if dragged into the tornado, the formidable power within would cause minimal harm to them.

Ye Wumei originally thought she could escape the envelope of the tornado's ravage with Yan Muyu, but she didn't expect the pulling force to be far stronger than she imagined. No matter how hard she struggled, it was to no avail. Both she and Yan Muyu were slowly being dragged into the eye of the tornado, where the destructive power was the strongest.

Ye Wumei let out a desolate sigh. She was prepared to unleash her physical potential, risking her life to toss Yan Muyu outward to safety when a figure suddenly rushed to her side.

The figure wasn't burly, but the aura radiating from him was astonishing. His appearance momentarily paused the surrounding gusts.

Ye Wumei sensed the person's aura, recognizing him as Feng Lingxiao, the Divine Eagle Sect Master. She assumed he had come to rescue her and Yan Muyu, and felt a sudden relief.

Feng Lingxiao was also a Wind System expert and a Thunder Tribulation Realm expert, powerful enough to contend with the violent tornado. If he offered help, both she and Yan Muyu could escape this calamity.

Sure enough, in the next moment, she felt a tight grip on her arm, as Feng Lingxiao's large hand pulled her. They swiftly flew hundreds of meters away, outside the tornado's range, and landed on the ground.

"Luckily, I noticed early on, otherwise, you two girls would have lost your lives. Both of you, stick close to me!"

After saving Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu, Feng Lingxiao glanced back at the tornado, let out a light sigh, and said to the two girls.

Even though Feng Lingxiao was powerful, he held a cautious respect for the tornado imbued with the might of heaven and earth. However, his love for talent made him unwilling to see Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu fall victim to the tornado, hence he risked saving them.

Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu were both grateful people, understanding that without Feng Lingxiao's intervention, their lives would not have been spared. They bowed together towards Feng Lingxiao in gratitude.

Feng Lingxiao received their bow with calm acceptance, then said, "Both of you are rare cultivation talents. I couldn't bear to see you fall, so I intervened. Of course, I also have a bit of selfish desire, hoping you might join the Divine Eagle Sect. But I wish for you to join willingly; I won't force you."

Ye Wumei said, "Thank you, Sect Master Feng, for considering us. We will think it over. If we decide, we will inform Sect Master Feng."

Feng Lingxiao smiled and said, "Alright, then I'll wait."

Along the way thereafter, Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu encountered several dangerous situations, all resolved by Feng Lingxiao's timely intervention.

Because of this, Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu felt naturally grateful. If not for their continued search for Fang Bai, they might have already accepted Feng Lingxiao's invitation to join the Divine Eagle Sect.

"Ahead should be the core area of the Blood Sea Desert. It is said to span a thousand square miles, rumored to be the ruins of an ancient battlefield. However, where there are opportunities, great dangers often follow. All of you must be extremely cautious!"

Seeing the gathering of thousands of Thunder Tribulation experts ahead, Feng Lingxiao turned to remind them.

Upon hearing this, the powerful members of the Divine Eagle Sect nodded in unison, their spirits also becoming excited and fervent. Everyone pondered whether they might be blessed by the heavens, obtaining a great opportunity and fortune to acquire relics of ancient immortals.

The power of Immortal Rank experts is unimaginable to Thunder Tribulation experts. Yet Thunder Tribulation experts know that once one ascends to become an immortal, they could possess life spans ten to a hundred times longer, able to enjoy immortal-grade cultivation resources unavailable in the Three Thousand Realms.

These two points alone are enough to drive countless Thunder Tribulation experts to madness, incurring any cost to explore this place for Immortal Relics.

For those in the Minor Tribulation or Mid Tribulation phase of the Thunder Tribulation Realm, acquiring Immortal Relics might not take them to the Immortal Realm, but it would significantly elevate their strength, making them formidable in one area.

Meanwhile, those Great Calamity Period experts hope to use Immortal Relics to break the constraints of the world's rules and gain the ability to ascend to the Immortal Realm.

"Wow, so many Spirit Beasts!"

Yan Muyu suddenly noticed that in another direction from where human experts gathered, there were also many Spirit Beasts wandering. Some had taken human form, while others appeared in their original forms, casting greedy looks towards the Blood Sea Desert's core.

These Spirit Beasts were comparable to the Thunder Tribulation Mid Tribulation or Great Calamity Period experts among humans, extremely powerful. Like the multitude of human experts, they coveted the Ancient Battlefield Ruins, seeking the highest-ranking Thunder Tribulation experts' relics, or even Immortal Relics.

Human experts wish to ascend to the Immortal Realm, as do Spirit Beasts. Once they ascend, they become Immortal Beasts, capable of soaring through the clouds and summoning the wind and rain, a grand presence indeed. Additionally, the lifespan they would gain then would be even longer than human Immortal Rank experts.

Though there were more human experts present, the combat strength of Spirit Beasts was stronger. Should Immortal Relics appear, neither side would relent, and an intense battle would undoubtedly ensue.

Both human experts and Spirit Beasts were ready for an intense clash.

Immortal Relics drive people to madness.

Once the Immortal item emerges, it will surely trigger a massive battle, where human experts will fight amongst themselves, and Spirit Beasts will do the same, turning on each other mercilessly.

Some loose cultivators had formed temporary alliances, vowing to advance and retreat together. But once an Immortal item emerges, they are the most likely to turn hostile or stab each other in the back.

In contrast, the disciples of major sect forces would be more inclined to unite and stand against external threats.

The Divine Eagle Sect is one of the top sects in the Three Thousand Worlds. The dozens of Divine Eagle Sect experts present belonged to the first tier of strength among the numerous experts present, drawing considerable attention wherever they went.

However, at this moment, no cultivator would fear them. Instead, a number of experts showed malicious intent in their gazes upon them.

Once an Immortal item appears, these cultivators will enter a frenzy and dare to challenge even such a top sect as the Divine Eagle Sect.

Chapter 1847: Breaking Through

The disciples of the Divine Eagle Sect ascended to a high mound, looking ahead, they saw the legendary Ancient Battlefield Ruins, seemingly shrouded in a mystic fog.

And that mystic fog was a combination of dense Spiritual Energy and powerful Evil Qi, the pressure it released was so strong that even several hundred yards away, one could still feel it.

In the midst of the fog, one could see scattered remains on the ground among the blood-colored sand.

Those remains included human experts and formidable Spirit Beasts; over countless years, most have turned to barren bones, though a rare few remained relatively intact.

Almost all the experts present knew that although the remains in the fog dated back a long time, in their lifetime, they were top experts from the three thousand worlds, with bodies incredibly robust, almost forged into iron-like flesh, allowing their remains to endure through ages.

If it were an ordinary Thunder Tribulation Expert, their corpse, after fall, would have become mere dust, blown away by the wind, no trace left over time.

And for the very few whose bodies were relatively preserved, there must be treasures capable of resisting the erosion of time on them.

Those treasures are precisely what countless Thunder Tribulation Experts wish to obtain.

Many Thunder Tribulation Experts also knew that beneath the thick blood sand within the Ruins of the Ancient Battlefield, there may be buried Cultivation Resources and Artifacts.

Because previously, a superior Cultivation Resource of Royal Grade was accidentally discovered here by an expert, causing an uproar among Thunder Tribulation Experts across the three thousand worlds, drawing them to gather in the Blood Sea Desert.

Those buried Cultivation Resources and Artifacts likely belonged to fallen experts from the legendary ancient battle.

No one knows exactly how many Cultivation Resources and Artifacts the thousand-mile area holds, but precisely due to this uncertainty, countless experts were drawn to explore.

Yet, the thousands of experts gathered around the core area hesitated, not daring to venture in easily.

The intense Evil Qi and heavy pressure within that thousand-mile area surely belonged to numerous experts from the ancient battle, possibly weakened with the passing years but not vanished, still posing a lethal threat to most experts present.

"Since we've come, we cannot back down at the last moment, can we? Let's venture forth and see what fate awaits!"

Soon, a few small teams of cultivators at Thunder Tribulation Level Three and Four could no longer hold back, stepping forward with Spiritual Artifacts in hand, fully alert, cautiously advancing on the soft blood sand.

As they moved, numerous experts followed in fear of lagging behind, worrying that Cultivation Resources or Artifacts would be snatched by others.

Elsewhere, numerous formidable Spirit Beasts moved forward, also cautiously.

"Sect Master, shall we proceed as well?"

Seeing thousands of Thunder Tribulation Experts surging forward, a steward of the Divine Eagle Sect urged somewhat anxiously.

"No hurry, let's wait and see how it unfolds..."

Feng Lingxiao slightly furrowed his brow and, watching the first few Thunder Tribulation Experts to enter, waved his hand to speak.

Feng Lingxiao, a Thunder Tribulation Expert of Level Eight, possessed keen insight and extraordinary experience, few could compare. He knew the Ruins of the Ancient Battlefield, after countless top experts fell during fierce combat, left behind Killing Qi, Blood Qi and Spiritual Energy, which combined to form enduring Evil Qi, affecting one's mind, even creating illusions, killing unnoticeably.

It could be said that the thousand-mile range ahead, although a land rich with top-tier treasures, is also filled with endless peril; entering there may equate to entering the Netherworld.

Even though Feng Lingxiao is a Thunder Tribulation Expert of Level Eight with formidable prowess, he remains cautious, not daring to enter first.

All of a sudden, Feng Lingxiao sensed a surge of intense Killing Qi from beneath the blood sand ahead, he focused his gaze forward and gasped.

He saw that the first group of hundreds of Thunder Tribulation Experts, underfoot, the blood sand violently surged like a wave, thousands of Poisonous Spiders, three feet in length, emerged from beneath the sand, launching a frenzied attack on the hundreds of Thunder Tribulation Experts they surrounded.

The sudden appearance of those Poisonous Spiders was eerie, without prior sign, not a hint of aura, and the hundreds of Thunder Tribulation Experts focused attentively on the remains, caught defenseless.

The poisonous scorpions spewed forth thick silver threads, intertwining in midair, weaving into nets of Heaven's Net, whoever was stuck by the threads became paralyzed, unable to move momentarily, watching helplessly as the Poisonous Spiders closed in from all directions.

"Perhaps the thick Evil Qi there masked the aura of those Poisonous Spiders."

Feng Lingxiao thought to himself, fortunately, he didn't rashly lead people into the area.

In the Ruins of the Ancient Battlefield, the pressure was overwhelming, even Feng Lingxiao entering could not fly, had to stay grounded; facing spider attacks, forcing to find ways to repel or kill them all.

However, those Poisonous Spiders were enormous, having absorbed dense Spiritual Energy and intense Evil Qi in this region over the years, not only powerful equalling Thunder Tribulation but bloodthirsty, sensing human experts intruding their territory, they emerged to attack relentlessly.

Thousands of spiders stirred the blood sand as they moved, emitting a "rustling" sound, hearing this outside the Ruins, experts felt their scalp numb, their hearts trembling.

The region where the spiders appeared seemed to form a death line, the hundreds of Thunder Tribulation Experts attacked cried out for help, falling visibly fast, becoming meals wrapped in webs, leaving silvery wrapped bones.

At this point, no expert dared intervene to save them.

Even those with the capability would not act.

They sought to retain strength for the battles ahead.

Moreover, with each expert who fell, they had one less competitor and an increased chance of obtaining treasures.

"Too dreadful..."

Ye Wumei watched those hundreds of Thunder Tribulation Experts become bones, her heart softened, she turned aside, no longer daring to see.

Contrarily, Yan Muyu at her side, eyes widened in interest, watching with hands occasionally loosening and tightening.

After more than half an hour, aside from a few dozen experts above Thunder Tribulation Level Three escaping back, all others fell in the spider attacks.

Witnessing this, cultivators of Thunder Tribulation Level Three or lower decisively chose to observe, not daring to take a step forward.

Meanwhile, those of greater strength than Level Three relaxed subtly, feeling more confident to pass through the Poisonous Spiders' territory.

Chapter 1848: Blade-shaped Spiritual Artifact

Dozens of people from the Divine Eagle Sect, all Thunder Tribulation experts level three and above, led by Sect Master Feng Lingxiao, easily broke through the death zone formed by thousands of Poisonous Spiders.

Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu followed closely behind Feng Lingxiao, sheltered by Feng Lingxiao's powerful Spirit Qi Shield, unharmed by those Poisonous Spiders.

Along with the Divine Eagle Sect, thousands of other experts and Spirit Beasts also rushed through the spider-infested area. Once they reached a safe spot, they turned around and saw the bare bones of hundreds of cultivators who had fallen to the spider attacks, all sighing in relief.

They all understood that these Poisonous Spiders might just be a minor obstacle in the journey, and greater dangers likely awaited them ahead, so there was no room for relaxation.

Continuing forward for dozens of miles, they were approaching some bones at the outskirts of the Ancient Battlefield Ruins.

To the numerous experts entering the Blood Sea Desert, each of these bones might represent an opportunity.

Thus, as they neared those bones, many experts had red eyes and rushed forward desperately, hoping to find some rare artifacts buried beneath the blood sand next to the bones.

Meanwhile, some cautious experts did not rush to approach the bones but observed from afar to prevent any surprises.

The Evil Qi in this area was dense, and even someone like Feng Lingxiao, an eighth-level Thunder Tribulation expert, could not extend their Divine Sense very far, only able to sense movements within a hundred yards around them, making the experts more cautious.

“There might be powerful Spirit Beasts hidden beneath the blood sand here, similar to the Poisonous Spiders or even stronger, so be careful and don’t act rashly!”

Feng Lingxiao observed silently for a moment before speaking to the dozens of Divine Eagle Sect disciples behind him.

At this moment, not far away, a group of third and fourth-level Thunder Tribulation experts surrounded a damaged skeleton, pointing and discussing incessantly.

“That should be the skeleton of an eighth-level Thunder Tribulation expert.”

“Oh? Why do you think so?”

“The bones of our Thunder Tribulation experts are distinctive. I deduced this from the bone surface texture and the degree of weathering.”

“The sand around the skeleton is piled high, perhaps something is buried underneath.”

“An eighth-level Thunder Tribulation expert’s artifacts would likely be Royal Grade Superior, it would be quite impressive if we can obtain them.”

“Just afraid there might be powerful Spirit Beasts lurking under that blood sand, ready to attack suddenly...”

“Who dares to go ahead and explore first?”

...

This group of experts clearly came from the same team, and while they surrounded the skeleton, none rushed forward, instead looking at each other, urging each other to go ahead.

“You all are wimps! Let me take a look! But let me be clear, if I find any treasure, it’s mine, don’t try to snatch it from me!”

At this moment, a burly man nearly two meters tall stepped out from the crowd, holding a Spiritual Artifact, marching forward step by step.

The burly man was a fourth-level Thunder Tribulation expert, not weak in strength, he moved like a tiger, mightily. When he was still several yards away from the skeleton, he suddenly roared and swung the Spiritual Artifact in his hand.

Spiritual Energy transformed into a blade light, emitting a “swoosh” sound, slicing into a mound of sand next to the skeleton.

“Boom!”

The blood sand exploded, soaring into the sky with formidable momentum.

“What is that?”

“Seems like a sword!”

“Should be a Royal Grade Superior sword Spiritual Artifact!”

“There is indeed an expert’s artifact beside the skeleton!”

“If this logic follows, there should be more beside the other skeletons!”

“Haha, if we can acquire a treasure, this journey would be well worth it!”

...

After the burly man leveled the sand mound beside the skeleton, the crowd’s gaze condensed on a ruler-long sword hilt and a half-broken blade.

The Thunder Tribulation experts present had sharp eyes, instantly recognizing it as a Royal Grade Superior sword Spiritual Artifact.

The sword had been deeply buried in the sand mound, its Killing Qi masked by the dense Evil Qi; now re-emerging under daylight, the surrounding experts finally sensed the fierce Killing Qi emanating from the sword.

The burly man laughed heartily, waving his hand to scatter the upper blood sand, revealing the entire sword Spiritual Artifact.

Though it had endured countless years of erosion, the sword Spiritual Artifact still emitted dazzling light, shining like new.

Several experts skilled in wielding swords had glowing eyes, enviously watching.

A few experts slightly stronger than the burly man changed expressions, eyes flashing, giving rise to murderous intent for treasure in their hearts.

“You cowards must be regretting now, right? Haha, this sword is mine now; anyone who tries to take it, I’ll fight them to the death!”

The burly man glanced around arrogantly, then swiftly moved forward, reaching out to grab the sword.

At that moment, a seemingly flat area of blood sand scattered, and a dazzling golden light shot from the sand.

An expert like Feng Lingxiao with keen eyes saw the golden light was a Golden Ring Snake as thick as an arm.

The Golden Ring Snake is one of the top Spirit Beasts in the Blood Sea Desert, extremely rare.

Reportedly, the venom of a mature Golden Ring Snake is potent enough to destroy a Thunder Tribulation expert’s level five Qi Sea, disrupt their entire meridian system, and rob them of life within mere seconds, without any remedy.

The Golden Ring Snake leaped into the air, swiftly biting the burly man’s left arm, before disappearing into the sand again.

The Golden Ring Snake's speed was incredibly fast, its attack executed almost within a single breath, and the burly man only realized after the snake vanished.

"What bit me?"

The burly man muttered softly, looking at the small golden wound appearing on his left arm, vaguely sensing something wrong, but did not pay much attention.

He was a fourth-level Thunder Tribulation expert, with a robust body; an ordinary Spirit Beast could not even break his skin, indicating the thing that bit him earlier had formidable attack power.

The burly man was unaware that death had already cast its sickle over him, right hand grasping the sword Spiritual Artifact on the ground, waving it several times forcefully.

"Good sword!"

The burly man felt the sword Spiritual Artifact was a perfect fit in his hand, imagining how his combat power would enhance with this artifact, he couldn't help but laugh triumphantly.

Yet his laughter hadn't lasted long when he felt his Qi Sea get pierced and twisted painfully, he was then struck by a jolt, convulsing violently.

In the next moment, his Qi Sea ruptured, meridians snapped, his life's vitality quickly vanished, collapsing to the ground.

The surrounding experts noticed his laughter abruptly stopping, his body trembling incessantly, realizing something was wrong. Seeing black blood oozed from his seven orifices and died soon after, they were utterly shocked.

Chapter 1849: Remains of a Ninth Layer Heavenly Tribulation Expert

The burly man's death was seen clearly by only a few Thunder Tribulation Realm Great Calamity Period experts on the scene.

To the other experts, the burly man's death was truly bizarre, and they couldn't tell what the mysterious golden light that attacked him was.

Many Thunder Tribulation experts became fearful as a result. Looking at the knife-shaped spiritual weapon on the ground, they wanted it for themselves but lacked the courage to step forward.

"There are many of us, what are we afraid of? Let's go together!"

The group of Thunder Tribulation experts who had come with the burly man exchanged glances, encouraged each other, and, holding their spiritual artifacts, approached the skeleton.

In their minds, buried beneath the blood sand around the skeleton could be not only the knife-shaped spiritual weapon but also other relics.

If they didn't have the courage to claim the relics of this Thunder Tribulation eighth-level expert, how could they ever compete with other experts for immortal relics in the future?

As expected, when they approached the skeleton of the Thunder Tribulation eighth-level expert, the Golden Ring Snake lurking beneath the blood sand appeared again. However, this time, the group of Thunder Tribulation experts was fully prepared and, after the cost of two deaths and three severe injuries, managed to slay the Golden Ring Snake, which was comparable to a human Thunder Tribulation fourth-level expert.

After obtaining the knife-shaped spiritual weapon, the group of Thunder Tribulation experts found a Spatial Ring beneath a patch of blood sand several meters away from the skeleton.

The Spatial Ring was filled with superior royal-grade cultivation resources, and there was quite a quantity. Even if divided among the Thunder Tribulation experts, they wouldn't have to worry about cultivation resources for years, making them overjoyed.

The other Thunder Tribulation experts watching, although unaware of how many cultivation resources were in the Spatial Ring, could guess a thing or two from the euphoric expressions on the faces of the Thunder Tribulation experts, feeling immensely envious.

Action speaks louder than the heart's desires.

Thus, experts around started to emulate them, surging towards other skeletons, even though they knew the areas around the skeletons were likely fraught with hidden dangers. But they persisted, anxious that if they fell behind, the benefits would fall into the hands of other experts.

In the struggle to control the areas around the skeletons, fierce battles erupted among many experts, resulting in far more fatalities than those caused by Spirit Beast attacks.

Some savage and aggressive Spirit Beasts were also fighting each other, and compared to the fierce battles among human experts, the slaughter between Spirit Beasts was bloodier and more brutal, causing an even larger commotion.

Thus, within a thousand-mile radius of the ancient battlefield, especially near the skeletons, scenes of life-and-death battles played out between human experts and human experts, Spirit Beasts and Spirit Beasts, and human experts and Spirit Beasts, appearing as sheer chaos.

For top sects like the Divine Eagle Sect, no one on-site dared to provoke them, and they were disinclined to participate in the conflicts unless they discovered a treasure that truly moved them.

"That is the skeleton of a Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert!"

Feng Lingxiao suddenly pointed towards a skeleton in the distance and said.

Compared to other skeletons, this one was relatively well-preserved, with a Spatial Ring still on its left finger and a giant axe in its right hand.

The remains of the Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert, needless to say, the giant axe in their hand was also a superior royal-grade spiritual weapon.

It was unclear how many cultivation resources were contained within the Spatial Ring on their hand.

With a surface covered in rust from the erosion of tens of thousands of years, the giant axe still exuded pressure that pierced through the surrounding evil Qi, enveloping a range of a hundred feet.

From the size of the skeleton, it could be inferred that the deceased was a burly man in life, standing over two meters tall.

The chest and neck area of the skeleton exhibited obvious wounds, indicating that in life, these two areas had suffered heavy blows, probably the most lethal cause of their downfall.

“Sect Master, that axe seems quite good and should suit you!”

“The Spatial Ring of a Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert, undoubtedly contains many good things!”

Two elders of the Divine Eagle Sect stood on either side of Feng Lingxiao, their eyes sparkling, whispering to Feng Lingxiao.

Feng Lingxiao nodded, “Indeed. But the better the treasure, the greater the hidden danger. Let’s hold off for now and see if anyone else goes to probe it first.”

Before he finished speaking, an elder from the top sect Xuanyin Sect of the Great Thousand Worlds, holding a spiritual artifact and protected by Spirit Qi, swayed close to the skeleton of the Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert.

The Xuanyin Sect elder was a Thunder Tribulation seventh-level expert, and with his spiritual artifact and defense Qi shield, he could withstand a strike from a Thunder Tribulation eighth-level expert.

“Prepare yourselves. If that person successfully retrieves the giant axe and Spatial Ring, I will act immediately to seize them, while you will block other Xuanyin Sect experts from aiding. We only need to hold them off for ten breaths of time!”

Feng Lingxiao's gaze was fixated on the Xuanyin Sect elder, conveying his instructions to several high-ranking members of the Divine Eagle Sect through the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique.

Xuanyin Sect Master Yin Yi was also observing not far away, accompanied by several other high-ranking members of the Xuanyin Sect.

Feng Lingxiao knew that if he made a move, Yin Yi and the other high-ranking members of the Xuanyin Sect would not stand by and watch. Therefore, the high-ranking members of the Divine Eagle Sect would need to block them, while he needed to seize the relics of the Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert from the Xuanyin Sect elder within an extremely short time.

Although ten breaths of time seemed short, for the high-ranking members of the Divine Eagle Sect to block the Xuanyin Sect members, including Yin Yi, it would not be easy and might even come at a cost.

As the Xuanyin Sect elder swiftly approached the skeleton, nearly within reach of the giant axe and the Spatial Ring, the hearts of the Divine Eagle Sect's high-ranking members were in their throats, each gripping their spiritual artifacts, ready to battle.

"Swish!"

When the Xuanyin Sect elder's fingers were only three feet from the Spatial Ring on the skeleton, a fierce killing intent slashed out diagonally from the ring.

The killing intent was from the Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert's pre-death strike stored within the Spatial Ring. Though it had weakened over countless years, it was still not something the Xuanyin Sect elder could resist.

Under the watchful eyes of thousands of onlookers, the killing intent sliced through the Xuanyin Sect elder like a knife through butter, severing his body from the left shoulder, splitting him in two.

The Xuanyin Sect elder, with a Thunder Tribulation seventh-level cultivation, had no time to react before he crossed into the Ghost Gate.

"Hiss..."

The many experts hovering around sucked in a cold breath, secretly relieved they hadn't impulsively rushed in earlier. Otherwise, they'd have been the one to die.

Even Feng Lingxiao, a Thunder Tribulation eighth-level expert, couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

That killing intent was extremely fierce and powerful. Feng Lingxiao admitted he wasn't fully confident he could block it; even if he survived, he would likely be injured.

"See? Being cautious never goes wrong."

Feng Lingxiao said to the surrounding Divine Eagle Sect experts, who were still shaken.

Chapter 1850: Green Lotus Heretic Venerable

A killing intent cut down a Thunder Tribulation seventh level expert and also shocked all the surrounding observers.

Everyone, although coveting the giant axe and the Space Ring, felt intimidated and dared not approach.

"Help!"

"No!"

At this moment, someone suddenly let out a piercing scream.

Following the sound, everyone saw the Xuanyin Sect Master Yin Yi swaying, grabbing two loose cultivators with Thunder Tribulation fourth level cultivation, then rushing forward. When he was more than ten meters away from the skeleton of a Thunder Tribulation ninth level expert, he forcefully threw the two loose cultivators forward.

The two loose cultivators, helpless in the air, cried out in distress, crashing straight towards the skeleton.

"Swish!"

"Swish!"

Two killing intents slashed out, easily reaping the lives of the two unfortunate Thunder Tribulation fourth level experts.

Their deaths were not unexpected to the bystanders.

However, dying in such a way caused many chills in their hearts.

Everyone knew that Yin Yi did this merely to use the two loose cultivators to exhaust the killing intent within the skeleton's Space Ring.

As long as the killing intent vanished, the giant axe and Space Ring left by the skeleton would be easily obtainable.

This method was not bad, but no one wanted to follow in the footsteps of the two loose cultivators and become spirits under the killing intent of the Space Ring.

Therefore, seeing Yin Yi turn around, many loose cultivators scattered hurriedly, distancing themselves from the Xuanyin Sect disciples' area, fearing they would become Yin Yi's next sacrificial lamb.

Some powerful individuals who banded together formed a Defensive Array for self-protection, putting on a stance that they'd fight to the death if Yin Yi dared to grab them.

Yin Yi's eyes glowed with fierce light, filled with killing intent, his figure flashing rapidly, moving faster than lightning.

As a Thunder Tribulation eighth level expert, those Thunder Tribulation third level and fourth level loose cultivators were like ants in his eyes, and he could grab whoever he wanted without anyone being able to escape.

Soon, several Thunder Tribulation third and fourth level loose cultivators fell into Yin Yi's hands, then were thrown out with cries of desperation, becoming souls under the killing intent.

When Yin Yi threw out the tenth Thunder Tribulation expert, finally no killing intent emerged.

And that tenth expert, landing before the skeleton, realized he was alive and well, his fright mixed with joy, couldn't help but laugh and cry.

He looked up to see the giant axe and Space Ring everyone coveted was within reach, his eyes lit up, thrilled, he swallowed hard, and without thinking, quickly reached out to grab.

In his excitement, he entirely forgot there were still many powerful individuals vying for the treasures from the skeleton and that Yin Yi, who had thrown him, would not allow him to succeed.

"Get lost!"

Before his fingers could touch the giant axe and Space Ring, he heard a loud roar from behind, followed by a substantial Sonic Wave Strike engulfing him like a massive wave.

The power of the sonic wave was immense, causing him to bleed from his mouth and nose, fainting on the spot.

With a loud roar, Yin Yi knocked the loose cultivator unconscious and swiftly approached the skeleton.

At this moment, another figure rushed from the side, moving faster than Yin Yi towards the skeleton.

"Old thief, how dare you!"

Yin Yi realized the figure was none other than the Divine Eagle Sect Master Feng Lingxiao. Both shocked and furious, he accelerated forward with a loud roar, throwing a punch at Feng Lingxiao.

Feng Lingxiao, seeing the giant axe, recognized it as his own, determined to obtain it.

While Yin Yi was randomly grabbing loose cultivators and throwing them, Feng Lingxiao watched coldly. Waiting for Yin Yi to exhaust the killing intent on the skeleton, he knew the opportunity had come. Striking suddenly took Yin Yi by surprise.

Others feared Yin Yi and dreaded the Xuanyin Sect, but Feng Lingxiao, with equivalent strength and tens of thousands of disciples, had no fear. Discovering the skeleton of a Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert, he was already prepared for an all-out war with Yin Yi and the Xuanyin Sect experts.

Feng Lingxiao, a wind system expert practicing Wind System Techniques, surpassed Yin Yi in speed. Having taken the lead, he approached the skeleton more quickly than Yin Yi.

In anger, Yin Yi's punch was a full-force effort, the fist condensed into a large ball of spiritual energy, roaring towards Feng Lingxiao.

Feng Lingxiao didn't dodge, nor did he alter his form. He also threw a punch, using the counter-force to accelerate forward, getting even closer to the skeleton.

Filled with joy, he stretched his arms forward, ready to grasp the giant axe in one hand and remove the Space Ring with the other.

Suddenly, an overwhelming pressure descended, containing intense killing intent that locked Feng Lingxiao in place.

"There's actually a Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert here!"

Alarmed, Feng Lingxiao froze, movements halted, not daring to move a fraction more.

The pressure and killing intent locking onto Feng Lingxiao emanated from a Thunder Tribulation ninth level expert. Although Feng Lingxiao didn't know who it was, he was certain the person stood among the crowd nearby.

A Thunder Tribulation ninth level expert, the pinnacle of strength in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, just a step away from ascending to immortality. These experts could glimpse a thread of Heavenly Dao, and compared to Thunder Tribulation eighth-level experts, the difference wasn't merely one realm.

Feng Lingxiao couldn't discern who or where the pressure and killing intent originated, and his shifting gaze couldn't identify who was targeting him.

"That giant axe is great, it's mine! And the Space Ring too, is mine! Whoever touches them dies!"

At this moment, a hoarse voice came from the back of the crowd.

Everyone turned and looked. The speaker was a short, thin old man, less than one and a half meters tall.

The short, thin elder wore a black robe, with dry skin, muddled eyes, a slightly bent back, and a face full of unkempt beard that hadn't been trimmed for who knows how long, looking disordered. At first glance, he seemed like an old monkey.

The short, thin elder walked out leisurely from the back of the crowd. Although small and weak in appearance, he looked old and decrepit, and no one at the scene dared to underestimate him.

Some Great Calamity Period experts in the Thunder Tribulation realm even thought of a legendary peerless strongman renowned for cruelty, showing expressions of horror and fear.

The soft bloody sand underfoot, when other experts stepped on it, left footprints due to the heaven and earth pressure in this region, but the elder seemed to walk in the air, leaving no trace at all.

Wherever the short, thin elder went, experts on both sides seemed to sense a powerful invisible force pushing them back, forcing them to retreat and make way.

"It's Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, a Thunder Tribulation ninth-level expert."

A Thunder Tribulation expert who recognized the short, skinny elder murmured softly.

Upon hearing the name "Green Lotus Heretic Venerable," other experts were agitated, each showing fear, involuntarily stepping back further.