

Doctor 1851

Chapter 1851: I Want to Make Her My Martial Dao Companion!

It is said that the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable once, by chance, mastered a type of spiritual fire. Since the fire was green and bloomed like a lotus, it was called the Green Lotus Spirit Fire.

As for the name Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, it was given due to his eccentric personality, mercurial mood, and sinister, venomous deeds.

As one of the top strongest fighters in the Three Thousand Great World, the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable was arrogant and rampant, always seeking revenge for the slightest grievance. He did everything purely based on his own preferences, caring not for right or wrong.

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable has offended many sect powers in the Three Thousand Great World. The number of strong fighters who died by his hand is a shocking figure, and thus countless individuals seek to take his life.

Yet he, relying on his formidable strength, remained unrestrained, doing as he pleased without fear.

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's whereabouts were mysterious, always hidden like the head of a dragon. His sudden appearance here was surprising, yet upon further thought, it made sense.

In the ancient battlefield ruins of the Blood Sea Desert, given the legends of the Immortal Relics, for someone like the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, who was but a step away from ascending to the Immortal Realm as a Heavenly Tribulation Nine-layer powerhouse, it posed a great temptation. How could he possibly miss it?

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable demanded Feng Lingxiao to stop, declaring he wanted the giant axe and Spatial Ring left behind by the skeleton. Although Feng Lingxiao was extremely reluctant, he knew he was no match for the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, thus dared not voice his anger and retreated reluctantly.

The other strong fighters thought this Green Lotus Heretic Venerable was inherently greedy. With him here, any treasures found in these ancient battlefield ruins would end up in his pocket, leaving nothing for the others.

Thinking of this, the various strong fighters felt a sense of shared hostility, and those with good relations secretly allied, deciding that if treasures were discovered, they would band together against the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, ensuring he couldn't take all the benefits.

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, seeing the fear on the faces of the strong fighters present, and all retreating, knew they dreaded him. He was exceedingly pleased, laughing heartily as he walked up to the skeleton and took the giant axe into his hand.

The giant axe, including the axe handle, was as long as the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable was tall, hence, when he wielded it, he looked quite comical.

But no one dared to laugh, not even showing a hint of mirth. Otherwise, if seen by the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, a slap might come their way, and survival would be difficult.

The giant axe, once in the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's hands, surged with energy. When brandished, its sharp axe aura enveloped a hundred-foot radius, sweeping up torrents that flattened everything on the ground.

"Just casually swinging it a few times, and it already has such impressive might and momentum. It seems only in the hands of a Heavenly Tribulation Nine-layer powerhouse, can a Royal Grade superior spiritual artifact fully unleash its power!"

The numerous strong fighters, having retreated a hundred feet away, watched the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, bearing the giant axe with an awe-inspiring presence, and secretly marveled in their hearts.

After obtaining the spiritual artifact giant axe, the strength of Venerable Green Lotus undoubtedly increased a few more degrees. In this Three Thousand Great World, there would hardly be many who could suppress him.

Seeing Venerable Green Lotus having acquired the giant axe and taken the Spatial Ring, and with no more relics left near the skeleton, the strong fighters sighed, shook their heads, and turned away, continuing to search elsewhere for ancient battlefield relics.

Feng Lingxiao, who was originally determined to get that giant axe, was deeply disappointed by the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's interference. Yet, he consoled himself that there were hundreds or thousands of skeletons in this ancient battlefield, and there should be plenty of relics. He would just have to search other places.

"Let's go!"

With this in mind, Feng Lingxiao glanced at Venerable Green Lotus, seeing him examining the giant axe in his hand, and thus called out to several dozen Divine Eagle Sect disciples to turn and leave.

"Eh? Two Innate Spiritual Roots? Stop right there!"

After walking a few steps away, he suddenly heard a light exclamation from behind. It was the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable who had spotted Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu, and with a flash of his figure, he blocked in front of the two women.

Feng Lingxiao's heart tightened as he turned around, seeing the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's eyes roving greedily over Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu. Despite his notorious reputation, witnessing this scene, Feng Lingxiao sighed, knowing this spelled trouble.

"Greetings, Senior Green Lotus."

Although Feng Lingxiao did not wish to provoke the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, he couldn't stand to see Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu suffer. He hurriedly walked in front of the two women, clasping his hands towards the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, said, "I am Feng Lingxiao, Divine Eagle Sect Master. These two women are disciples of my sect. May I know why you stopped them, Senior?"

"Divine Eagle Sect?"

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable muttered before glancing at Feng Lingxiao, saying, "Is that old guy Feng Xiaotian still around?"

Feng Xiaotian, Feng Lingxiao's father, was once a revered Heavenly Tribulation Eight-layer powerhouse in his time.

Hearing the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable referring to his father as "old guy," Feng Lingxiao felt displeased and sternly replied, "My father passed away fifty years ago. Did you happen to know him, Senior?"

"Dead?"

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable let out a chuckle, saying, "I fought a battle with Feng Xiaotian a hundred years ago. We were both Heavenly Tribulation Eight-layer powerhouses at the time, and it ended with no winner. After I advanced to Heavenly Tribulation Nine-layer, I always wanted to battle him again, but he died. Such a pity... such a pity..."

Pausing, he then pointed at Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu, saying, "Are these two girls really your Divine Eagle Sect disciples?"

"Yes."

Under his sharp gaze, Feng Lingxiao mustered his courage and replied.

"You lie!"

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable sternly said, "If they are disciples of your Divine Eagle Sect, why aren't they wearing your sect's disciple robes? And why do their Martial Artist auras totally differ from yours? These two are obviously loose cultivators!"

As he spoke, a wave of pressure descended, and Feng Lingxiao felt as if a mountain was pressing down on him, unbearable.

“They... only recently joined the Divine Eagle Sect, thus have yet to change into our sect’s robes or begin cultivating our sect’s techniques.”

Feng Lingxiao, being a Heavenly Tribulation Eight-layer powerhouse and the master of a top sect, refused to easily yield in the face of the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable’s oppression and replied firmly.

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable smirked evilly and pointed at Ye Wumei, saying, “I don’t care whether they are your Divine Eagle Sect disciples or not, hand this older one over to me. I want to make her my Martial Dao companion!”

He, upon seeing Ye Wumei, immediately understood that she was not only a Perfect Body but also possessed the rare Primordial Yin Physique.

For cultivators, dual cultivation with such a woman is equivalent to owning a treasury of cultivation resources, reaping countless benefits.

If not for Yan Muyu being too young to partake in dual cultivation, the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable might have even taken her as well.

Upon hearing that the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable was demanding from Feng Lingxiao to take her as his Martial Dao companion, Ye Wumei was taken aback, her beautiful eyes reflecting fear.

Chapter 1852: I Would Gladly Die with Sister Wumei!

Ye Wumei once heard Fang Bai jokingly say that her appearance and temperament, coupled with her rare Innate Spiritual Root body, would easily arouse the covetous intentions of some evil male cultivators.

At that time, Ye Wumei thought Fang Bai was just joking and did not take it to heart. However, after several encounters in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, she realized that Fang Bai was not lying. Indeed, many evil male cultivators harbored ill intentions towards her, attempting to possess her body.

Fortunately, Ye Wumei was naturally clever and had good luck, allowing her to cleverly avoid those encounters.

What Ye Wumei could never have imagined was that the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, this ugly old monster over hundreds of years old, also coveted her body, wanting to become her Martial Dao partner.

Ye Wumei already knew that the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable was a ninth-level Heavenly Tribulation powerhouse. She had experienced firsthand how powerful a ninth-level Heavenly Tribulation practitioner was from a strand of pressure released by the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable moments ago. She knew that if he wanted to kill her, he wouldn't even need to lift a finger; just a strand of pressure would be enough.

Despite this, Ye Wumei was still prepared that if the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable used forceful means to coerce her into being his Martial Dao partner, she would rather die than submit.

Besides Fang Bai, Ye Wumei could not accommodate any other man in her heart.

Feng Lingxiao was engaged in a fierce internal struggle.

On one hand, Ye Wumei was an Innate Wind Spirit Root, and the Divine Eagle Sect disciples primarily practiced Wind System Techniques. If they could absorb Ye Wumei into the Sect, it would surely greatly enhance the Sect in the future.

On the other hand, the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable had taken a fancy to Ye Wumei. If he defended Ye Wumei, it would undoubtedly enrage the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable and potentially lead to conflict between both sides.

Even though the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable was alone and they had dozens of people on their side, Feng Lingxiao knew very well that if a fight broke out, the most likely outcome would be that their entire side would fall.

Should he watch helplessly as Ye Wumei was taken away by the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable to become his cultivation furnace, meeting a tragic fate?

Or should he step forward and defend Ye Wumei with righteousness?

What should he do?

Despite being a profound schemer, decisive in battle and a top master of a strong Sect, Feng Lingxiao was not cruel or brutal and harbored a trace of kindness, hence his hesitation.

“The Sect Master must consider the Sect’s interests and cannot act impulsively!”

“The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable is just one person; that young girl can still be recruited as a disciple of our Sect!”

Two senior leaders of the Divine Eagle Sect, standing by Feng Lingxiao’s side, saw the Sect Master’s difficult expression and hesitation. Facing them, the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable’s eyes glimmered coldly, showcasing a hostile demeanor with a posture of “Agree with me or I’ll take action.” They were concerned that the Sect Master, in an impulsive moment, might refuse the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, and hurriedly sent a message to Feng Lingxiao.

In the eyes of those two senior leaders of the Divine Eagle Sect, the Sect’s interests were above all else. They could not bring trouble to the Sect for the sake of one woman, even if she was a rare Innate Spiritual Root.

Ye Wumei, who already held a determination to die rather than submit, was not very afraid. She looked at Feng Lingxiao with a calm gaze, showing no sign of expectation or supplication.

No matter what decision Feng Lingxiao made, Ye Wumei would not blame him, for as the master of a Sect, he must prioritize the Sect’s interests and cannot implicate the entire Sect for an outsider.

“Sigh...”

Feng Lingxiao hesitated for more than ten breaths. Under the fierce glare of the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, he let out a long sigh and then looked at Ye Wumei with full apology.

He said nothing, but Ye Wumei had already understood everything from his expression, merely smiling faintly and then beckoning to Yan Muyu.

Though Yan Muyu was young, she was quite sensible, and with her intelligence, she had already comprehended everything in front of her.

With her small pink fists clenched tightly, she cast an aggressive glance at the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable. Only then did she bite her rosy lips and walk to Ye Wumei's side.

"Sister Wumei, no matter when, I will stand by you! If others don't help you, I will!"

Yan Muyu shouted loudly.

Ye Wumei chuckled softly, patted her head, and said, "Silly girl, if you help me, you will also die!"

Yan Muyu's little face was filled with a serious expression as she solemnly said, "I'm not afraid! If I can die together with Sister Wumei, I am willing!"

Ye Wumei knew that Yan Muyu's words came from the heart and was moved, squatting down to look at her lovingly, said through transmitted thought, "Muyu, I might not be able to escape this calamity this time. If I die, you should join the Divine Eagle Sect and then cultivate diligently. In the future, if you have the chance to find Fang Bai, let him avenge me. Remember, the one who kills me is the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable."

Yan Muyu's eyes widened at Ye Wumei, seeing the determination in her eyes and understanding that her mind had been made up. So, she seriously nodded, responding, "Sister Wumei, if you fall today, in the future, I will team up with Big Brother to avenge you. Then, I will personally bring the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's head to pay tribute to you!"

When she said this, her clear and expressive, innocent and lively eyes unexpectedly revealed immense killing intent and intense Evil Qi. Seeing this, Ye Wumei couldn't help but shiver, secretly astonished, thinking that this moment's Yan Muyu did not resemble a ten-year-old girl, but rather a veteran who had experienced countless slaughter and walked out from a Corpse Mountain Blood Sea of killing.

Ye Wumei grasped Yan Muyu's small hand in her palm, gently caressing it for a moment before letting go, saying softly, "Muyu, you should go. In the future, without me by your side, remember to take care of yourself."

"Sister Wumei, I will remember your words!"

Yan Muyu hugged Ye Wumei, then reluctantly took three steps toward the disciples of the Divine Eagle Sect.

Seeing this scene, Feng Lingxiao couldn't help but feel guilty, thinking that his inability to save her today would surely leave a shadow in Yan Muyu's small heart. Even if she became a disciple of the Divine Eagle Sect, she would probably still hold a grudge against him.

Now, he could only treat her better after she joined the Divine Eagle Sect to eliminate her grudges and dissipate the shadow in her heart.

Ye Wumei watched Yan Muyu walk among the strong ones of the Divine Eagle Sect before turning to face the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, expressionless, she said, "Do you want me to be your Martial Dao partner? I would rather die!"

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable kept scrutinizing Ye Wumei, finding this woman charming, reserved, and captivating with every smile and frown, a woman full of invisible allure, belonging to the best among the Primordial Yin Physiques.

The more he looked, the more he liked her. Had it not been for the possibility of finding an Immortal Relic here, he would have immediately taken Ye Wumei somewhere hidden, using her Primordial Yin Physique as a furnace to merge and cultivate diligently.

"Die?"

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable burst into laughter upon hearing this, then said sinisterly, "In front of me, you won't die even if you want to. My Martial Dao partner, you will be whether you want to or not!"

As he said this, his right palm suddenly extended out, grabbing and receiving towards Ye Wumei.

Ye Wumei only felt a sudden strong suction around her, her body flying uncontrollably towards the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, losing all strength in the air, unable to struggle, not to mention self-detonate.

Chapter 1853: Xuan Feng Venerable

“If I fall into the hands of this Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, it will truly be a fate worse than death!”

Seeing herself getting closer to the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, Ye Wumei’s face was pale, her heart ashen.

Though she had the resolve to die, she couldn’t bring herself to end it all. The thought of the consequences of falling into the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable’s hands made her whole body tremble.

“Come over here, little beauty!”

As Ye Wumei’s body flew closer, the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable sensed a fragrance wafting towards him, taking a deep sniff, he laughed heartily, extending his right hand to catch the descending Ye Wumei.

At that moment, a grey Spiritual Energy fist, accompanied by a violent storm, blasted from the side, forming a small tornado mid-flight, sweeping towards the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable.

“Old Man Qinglian, bullying a young girl, have you no shame?”

As the tornado roared forth, a voice thundered out, causing the ears of the strong present to ring, their faces turned pale, feeling dizzy and disoriented.

Some weaker Thunder Tribulation Experts couldn’t withstand the impact of the sonic wave, falling to the ground.

“Xuan Feng Venerable? Hmph, my affairs aren’t for you to meddle in! Keep away, or I won’t rest until I’m done with you!”

The tornado whirled powerfully, its momentum astonishing, even the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable dared not face it directly, choosing to evade instead.

And at the instant he dodged, a grey figure swiftly arrived, standing where he had previously stood.

The grey figure was a tall man whose palm casually waved upwards, Ye Wumei felt herself being supported by an invisible force, gradually landing on the ground.

With the pressure exerted by the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable removed, Ye Wumei’s strength instantly returned to normal.

“Young girl, are you alright? Don’t worry, I’m a mortal enemy of that old man Qinglian, bear you no malice!”

The tall man glanced at Ye Wumei, still pale and shaken with terror, and spoke with a kindly smile.

Ye Wumei could now see clearly, the man who saved her was wearing coarse grey garments, with thick brows, large eyes, unkempt long hair, towering over two meters tall.

Standing next to him, the short, ugly Green Lotus Heretic Venerable’s head could only reach his waist.

The tall man was surrounded by dense Wind Spirit Energy, evidently practicing the same Wind System Technique as Ye Wumei.

The tall man’s smile was filled with comforting goodwill, engendering a sense of closeness in Ye Wumei.

“No...I’m fine. Thank you, senior, for saving me.”

Ye Wumei, intelligent as she was, gathered from the brief exchange between the tall man and Green Lotus Heretic Venerable that this person was no weaker than Green Lotus Heretic Venerable. She moved closer to him, hoping he would assist her.

The people of Divine Eagle Sect had not gone far. Seeing someone standing up for Ye Wumei, they swiftly returned.

Yan Muyu, having lagged behind the strong of Divine Eagle Sect, had been watching Ye Wumei as she walked. Upon realizing Ye Wumei was about to fall into the hands of Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, she shut her eyes, not daring to witness the outcome.

Now seeing Ye Wumei standing beside the tall man, Yan Muyu couldn't help but be excited, her face flushed red, clenching her fists tightly.

"Xuan Feng Venerable has come too. This Ancient Battlefield Ruins is becoming ever more lively..."

Feng Lingxiao noticed the suddenly appearing tall man, his expression shifting, his face peculiar, mumbling to himself.

Others might not know Xuan Feng Venerable, but Feng Lingxiao knew this man was a peer of Green Lotus Heretic Venerable. Now having reached the ninth level of the Thunder Tribulation Realm.

Xuan Feng Venerable and Green Lotus Heretic Venerable were both renowned top-tier experts in the Three Thousand Great World, one assisting with Sky Domain Gang Wind, the other with Green Lotus Spirit Fire. Their strength, capable of cutting mountains and blocking rivers, was beyond ordinary Thunder Tribulation Experts' imagination.

Both were hundreds of years old. Since a battle a century ago, they had become mortal enemies, each wishing to put the other to death, yet their strengths matched, leaving neither able to prevail.

Green Lotus Heretic Venerable was notoriously evil and brutal, acting without any sense of justice, creating a multitude of enemies.

Xuan Feng Venerable, in contrast, was upright, prioritizing reason, harboring compassion for the world, saving countless lives, with friends spread across the realm.

“Young girl possesses the Innate Wind Spirit Root? Haha, very good, very good! I practice Wind System Techniques too, we’re kindred spirits! Do not worry, with me here, that old man Qinglian can’t harm you! Yes, just stand by me, I’ll ensure your safety!”

Xuan Feng Venerable was halfway through his life, yet had not found a satisfactory disciple. Seeing Ye Wumei so young, with Innate Wind Spirit Root, his heart was immediately moved.

“Thank you, senior! The life-saving grace you showed me today, I will never forget!”

Seeing Xuan Feng Venerable willing to protect her, Ye Wumei felt greatly grateful.

Xuan Feng Venerable laughed and said, “The old man Qinglian likes to kill, whereas I like to save. He wants to kill you, but I’ll ensure he won’t succeed! Haha...”

The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable stood tens of meters away, looking at the laughing Xuan Feng Venerable, his face dark, incredibly displeased.

Green Lotus Heretic Venerable had been at odds with Xuan Feng Venerable for a century, their fights ranging from small to large, numbering dozens, each lasting days and nights without a clear winner, depleting their Spiritual Energy before ceasing.

With Xuan Feng Venerable protecting Ye Wumei, Green Lotus Heretic Venerable knew he had no hope of capturing Ye Wumei for his desires.

However, to abandon Ye Wumei completely was something he couldn’t bear.

“Xuan Feng Venerable, hand that girl over to me! Otherwise, I won’t rest until this is settled!”

Green Lotus Heretic Venerable shouted angrily.

Xuan Feng Venerable beckoned at him and said, “Enough with the chatter, if you want to fight, let’s fight! Come on!”

Furious, Green Lotus Heretic Venerable snorted coldly, clenching his right fist, raising a green flame around it.

That flame bloomed like a green lotus, appearing both eerie and majestic, releasing terrifying heat, the Green Lotus Spirit Fire.

Those aware of the Green Lotus Spirit Fire’s danger saw Green Lotus Heretic Venerable wielding the spirit fire, knowing both parties were preparing for battle, they retreated and formed Qi Shields for protection.

As spirit fire emerges, the ground turns red for miles.

The Green Lotus Spirit Fire contained destructive power. Fortunately, the Ancient Battlefield Ruins was enveloped in powerful pressure, greatly diminishing the fire’s power, otherwise, those in the Minor Tribulation Phase and Middle Tribulation Phase of the Thunder Tribulation Realm would have to retreat a hundred miles to avoid being harmed by the spirit fire.

In the ten-mile radius centered on Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, as the Green Lotus Spirit Fire appeared, the temperature skyrocketed dozens of times, forcing experts below the seventh level of Thunder Tribulation Realm to retreat beyond that distance.

Several dozen experts of Divine Eagle Sect, excluding Sect Master Feng Lingxiao, led Yan Muyu to retreat ten miles away.

Ye Wumei stood behind Xuan Feng Venerable, shielded from the high temperature, unaffected.

“Old man Qinglian, don’t always bring out the spirit fire to scare people! Your spirit fire is useless against me!”

Xuan Feng Venerable said, spreading his right palm. In its center, a fist-sized miniature storm spun rapidly.

Chapter 1854: Welcome to Battle, Ready Anytime!

The micro-storm in the palm of Xuan Feng Venerable was not an ordinary storm formed by Wind Spirit Energy, but a fierce wind he had captured and refined in the Ultimate Domain of the Three Thousand Great Worlds years ago.

If Spiritual Fire is the most terrifyingly destructive flame in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, then the fierce wind in the Ultimate Domain is the most devastating storm.

Green Lotus Heretic Venerable and Xuan Feng Venerable have clashed dozens of times, with neither side gaining the upper hand as they matched Spiritual Fire against fierce wind, both evenly matched.

When Xuan Feng Venerable revealed that wisp of fierce wind, the scorching heat around him was immediately dispelled, and the area within several miles was engulfed in a storm, with flying sand and stones that blocked out the sky, resembling an apocalyptic scene.

Even the body of Green Lotus Heretic Venerable was wrapped by a storm, rendering him invisible.

Within the storm, Green Lotus Heretic Venerable snorted angrily, the light of Spiritual Fire on his fist blazed intensely, dazzling and eye-catching, accompanied by rolling waves of heat, breaking through the storm that raged around him, rushing towards Xuan Feng Venerable.

Xuan Feng Venerable also released the fierce wind in his palm, colliding with the incoming Spiritual Fire.

“Boom!”

Amidst the loud explosion, the fierce wind and Spiritual Fire clashed, and the shockwave formed by the mixing of Wind Spirit Energy and Fire Spirit Energy rapidly spread in all directions, leveling everything within the ten-mile radius on the ground.

The blood sand everywhere was propelled dozens of zhang into the air by the shockwave before falling down like a violent blood rain.

After the shockwave dissipated and the blood sand fell, the onlookers gazed in horror, seeing that the ground ahead seemed to have been deeply plowed, forming a depression more than a zhang deep.

If any strong cultivators had remained within that ten-mile radius, they would have been seriously injured if not killed.

The confrontation between cultivators at the ninth level of Heavenly Tribulation was truly astonishing, causing some of the relatively weaker cultivators to retreat further to avoid being caught in the subsequent battle between Green Lotus Heretic Venerable and Xuan Feng Venerable.

The battle did not continue as other cultivators imagined. After the first collision, Green Lotus Heretic Venerable and Xuan Feng Venerable tacitly withdrew and retreated respectively.

This left some cultivators who were prepared to watch the excitement feeling disappointed.

Both Green Lotus Heretic Venerable and Xuan Feng Venerable are experienced and shrewd. Their main purpose in coming here was the legendary Immortal Relic. Before discovering the Immortal Relic, they would not engage in an all-out battle. Otherwise, if the Immortal Relic truly emerged, they would be powerless to compete for it.

“Xuan Feng Venerable, this matter will be remembered! When this is over, I’ll compete with you again!”

Failing to gain any advantage in the confrontation with Xuan Feng Venerable, Green Lotus Heretic Venerable immediately stopped, cursing angrily.

Xuan Feng Venerable laughed, “Welcome to fight anytime!”

Green Lotus Heretic Venerable cast a sinister glance at Ye Wumei behind Xuan Feng Venerable, grinning maliciously, “Beauty, I will come back for you! I won’t rest until I get you!”

Ye Wumei, who had previously disregarded life and death, suddenly felt a hint of fear with someone protecting her. Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's evil-laden gaze startled her, and she quickly hid behind Xuan Feng Venerable.

Without turning his head, Xuan Feng Venerable said to Ye Wumei, "Old Man Qinglian is true to his word. You must be extremely careful from now on. If you are truly afraid, just stay by my side. With me here, Old Man Qinglian can't do anything to you."

Xuan Feng Venerable was interested in Ye Wumei's potential, wishing to take her as a disciple but was too embarrassed to ask directly. Now that Green Lotus Heretic Venerable had threatened Ye Wumei, he felt it presented an opportunity.

Xuan Feng Venerable believed that as long as Ye Wumei was willing to stay by his side, over time, seeing his strength might lead her to voluntarily acknowledge him as her master.

Although Green Lotus Heretic Venerable didn't succeed in taking Ye Wumei, he obtained the relics of a fallen ninth-level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator, which was still a gain. After leaving a harsh word, he left in anger.

Watching Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's departing figure, Xuan Feng Venerable said to Ye Wumei, "Old Man Qinglian is narrow-minded and vengeful. Although he has left, he won't go far, and will always keep an eye on you. When he has the chance, he will still try to capture you. For now, staying with me is the safest option."

Knowing Xuan Feng Venerable was right, Ye Wumei thought for a moment and waved to Yan Muyu among the strong cultivators of the Divine Eagle Sect standing at a distance.

Feng Lingxiao saw Yan Muyu quickly walking toward Ye Wumei, seemingly realizing something was wrong. He raised his hand to stop Yan Muyu but noticed Xuan Feng Venerable was watching with a warning look, so he had to desist.

With a slight bitter smile at the corner of his mouth, he thought how he hadn't been able to protect Ye Wumei earlier. Even though Ye Wumei seemed indifferent on the surface, internally she must be dissatisfied. Now that she had the protection of Xuan Feng Venerable, why would she let Yan Muyu become a disciple of the Divine Eagle Sect?

Yan Muyu quickly returned to Ye Wumei's side, first greeting "Sister Wumei," then bowing deeply to Xuan Feng Venerable, sweetly saying, "Grandpa, thank you for saving Sister Wumei!"

Xuan Feng Venerable examined Yan Muyu for a moment and curiously said, "Wow, little girl, you are actually an Innate Wood Spirit Root? You're only ten years old, but already at Soul Severing Perfection... Excellent! Excellent! This trip to the Blood Sea Desert, I met two cultivation geniuses like you, it was worth it!"

Pausing, he chuckled and said to Yan Muyu, "You called me Grandpa... Do I look that old?"

Yan Muyu tilted her head and said, "You don't look old, but you seem familiar with that big bad guy just now, so I think you two should be around the same age. It's not wrong for me to call you Grandpa, right?"

Xuan Feng Venerable knew the "big bad guy" she referred to was Green Lotus Heretic Venerable. Considering Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's notoriety in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, who inspired terror, yet was now called a "big bad guy" by this little girl, he couldn't help but laugh silently.

After Xuan Feng Venerable and Yan Muyu finished their conversation, Ye Wumei said, "Senior, I hope to follow you, but can I bring her as well? Besides you, I don't trust anyone else here."

"Of course, there's no problem!"

Xuan Feng Venerable said happily.

Both Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu possessed Innate Spiritual Roots, making them rare cultivation geniuses, and such cultivators would be incredibly welcomed by any sect, power, or loose cultivator. Naturally, Xuan Feng Venerable was more than willing.

Yan Muyu originally didn't want to separate from Ye Wumei to join the Divine Eagle Sect. Now, seeing she could stay together with Ye Wumei and have the protection of a powerful ninth-level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator like Xuan Feng Venerable, she couldn't help but cheer in delight.

Feng Lingxiao, at a distance, heard their conversation and realized the Divine Eagle Sect had lost two talented cultivators with Innate Spiritual Roots, sighed melancholy, and shook his head with a bitter smile.

Chapter 1855: The "Big Brother" Mu Yu Talks About Is My Man!

Under the wistful gaze of Feng Lingxiao and the other formidable members of the Divine Eagle Sect, Ye Wumei held Yan Muyu's hand and followed Xuan Feng Venerable away.

The relics of the Thunder Tribulation realm's ninth-level power, were seized by the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable; the expected grand battle of the Thunder Tribulation realm's ninth-level power did not happen as anticipated. The disappointed powerful ones dispersed, preparing to explore other remains near the Ancient Battlefield for cultivation resources.

"This Blood Sea Desert's Ancient Battlefield ruins might truly hold Immortal relics. Let's look around, if there are any opportunities, there will be a share for you both."

As they walked, Xuan Feng Venerable said to Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu.

"The favor of senior's guidance, Wumei dares not forget!"

Having gone through the ordeal with the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, Ye Wumei deeply understood the importance of having powerful strength for her own safety. She now desired to use every possible means to become strong, so that if similar incidents occurred again, she wouldn't have to be afraid or rely on the protection of others.

Therefore, when Xuan Feng Venerable mentioned offering her an opportunity, she didn't refuse, thinking today Xuan Feng Venerable showed kindness to her, she would repay it tenfold one day.

"Big Brother said, the grace of a drop of water should be repaid with a fountain. Grandpa, since you are so good to us, we will treat you even better in the future!"

Yan Muyu said earnestly.

Xuan Feng Venerable laughed and said: "This little girl's words, I, an old man, like to hear! If your brother can say such things, he must be a person of deep emotion and righteousness!"

Yan Muyu nodded and said: "Grandpa, you're right! If you meet my Big Brother, you will surely like him too! Not only is he kind, but also very, very strong, simply an omnipotent person!"

Xuan Feng Venerable asked with interest: "What does it mean to be omnipotent?"

Yan Muyu counted her fingers earnestly and said: "Big Brother can refine pills, craft artifacts, know beast-taming, and is proficient in the array path..."

As she spoke about Fang Bai, her eyes gleamed, her face was radiant, she seemed very excited, obviously, she worshiped Fang Bai to the core.

Ye Wumei listened quietly on the side, feeling proud in her heart, her charming face full of pride.

"Able to refine pills, craft artifacts, know beast-taming, and proficient in the array path... Little girl, your Big Brother truly is omnipotent!"

Xuan Feng Venerable laughed heartily.

Yan Muyu noticed his disbelief, thinking he was belittling Big Brother, and she couldn't help but feel a bit angry, pouting: "Grandpa, I'm not exaggerating about Big Brother, when you meet him, you'll believe my words!"

Xuan Feng Venerable crouched down, lightly flicked her pert nose, and with a chuckle said: "It's not that I don't believe you, it's just that what you said is hard to believe. In this world, there are powerful ones who can both refine pills and craft artifacts, there are those who can both tame beasts and array, but a powerful one who can do all these, I haven't seen yet!"

Yan Muyu really got angry this time, snorted, turned her body away, not wanting to pay any more attention to Xuan Feng Venerable.

Xuan Feng Venerable chuckled silently, realizing that this so-called Big Brother in her heart held a position far above anyone else, and wouldn't allow anyone to speak ill of him.

"Senior, what Muyu said is true."

Ye Wumei looked at Xuan Feng Venerable, and said solemnly: "The Big Brother Muyu speaks of is my man! His name is Fang Bai, and in my eyes, he truly is a man of many talents."

Xuan Feng Venerable put away his smile, becoming more serious than ever.

When it came to Yan Muyu, he could choose not to believe it, but when it came to Ye Wumei, he couldn't help but take her words seriously.

Yet he still found it hard to believe that such a person with multiple mystical arts existed in the world.

"What is Fang Bai's cultivation level? Is he a Sect Disciple, or a Loose Cultivator?"

At Ye Wumei's words "my man," Xuan Feng Venerable saw the pride and self-satisfaction in her expression and was instantly intrigued to meet such a person.

Ye Wumei shook her head and said: "Fang Bai and I come from the mundane world. We were separated when we entered the three-thousand great world. We haven't seen each other for years. I don't know where he is now, or if he has joined any Sect."

Xuan Feng Venerable then asked: "When you and Fang Bai were separated years ago, what was his cultivation level then?"

He thought someone who possesses multiple mystical arts must have a cultivation level no less than somewhere, or at least stronger than Ye Wumei, otherwise how could he win the favor of such a cultivation genius as Ye Wumei, who is at the second level of the Thunder Tribulation realm?

Ye Wumei seemed to know what Xuan Feng Venerable was thinking, and said: "Before entering the three-thousand great world, we were far from reaching the Thunder Tribulation realm. However, I am now at the second level of the Thunder Tribulation realm, and Fang Bai's talent is much better than mine. He will undoubtedly be stronger than me!"

Xuan Feng Venerable had no doubt about Fang Bai's talent exceeding Ye Wumei's. After all, a powerful one who excels in refining pills and crafting artifacts should at least possess a dual-attribute innate spiritual root. With such an advantage, it was natural Fang Bai would be stronger than Ye Wumei with the same opportunities.

"How old is Fang Bai then?"

Xuan Feng Venerable asked again.

The Pill Masters, Artifact Refiners he knew were never under fifty years old, otherwise, they wouldn't dare claim mastery in both pill making and artifact crafting.

Even if Fang Bai was an exceptional genius, starting to study the path of refining pills and crafting artifacts from a young age, without several decades of hard cultivation, it was difficult to achieve great success in these fields to the level of mastery.

Therefore, in Xuan Feng Venerable's opinion, Fang Bai's age should be at least over forty.

Such an age difference between him and Ye Wumei was not too large, and they would be quite compatible.

Before Ye Wumei could answer, Yan Muyu giggled, turned around, and said to Xuan Feng Venerable: "Grandpa, you're really silly! Since I call Fang Bai 'Big Brother,' his age cannot be that much! Let me think... when I first met him four years ago, he was around twenty-four or twenty-five, so now after four years, he hasn't exceeded thirty yet."

Xuan Feng Venerable was taken aback, then shook his head: "Impossible!"

Yan Muyu pouted, wrinkling her nose and said: "Why can't it be? Grandpa, you never believe me! If you don't believe, ask Sister Wumei!"

Xuan Feng Venerable then turned his gaze to Ye Wumei.

Ye Wumei nodded gently and said: "Fang Bai's age is similar to mine."

Xuan Feng Venerable said surprisedly: "So young? Hearing you all say this, I really want to meet him now."

Ye Wumei showed a hint of sadness, her eyes looking into the distance as she softly sighed: "I have been searching for Fang Bai for years, yet unfortunately, there has been no news. I know he must be looking for me too. Hopefully, we will be reunited one day soon."

Chapter 1856: Demi Immortal Spirit Ape

Ye Wumei's sadness seemed to infect Yan Muyu. The little girl frowned, looking dejected and worried.

Seeing her expression, looking like a little adult, Xuan Feng Venerable couldn't help but want to laugh. But knowing that if he laughed, the little girl would definitely get angry, he forcibly held it in.

"When things are settled here, I'll accompany both of you to find Fang Bai. I have some friends who have traveled across many regions of the Three Thousand Worlds. They are well-informed and might have good news."

Seeing Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu, immersed in sadness, Xuan Feng Venerable spoke up to console them.

Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu came to the Blood Sea Desert's Ancient Battlefield Ruins mainly hoping that the gathering of many experts could help them find news about Fang Bai. They were not genuinely interested in the legendary Immortal Relics said to be here.

But Xuan Feng Venerable had already said that after the affairs here were settled, he would accompany them to find Fang Bai. So, they could only temporarily follow Xuan Feng Venerable without daring to stray for fear that the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable might suddenly appear and abduct Ye Wumei.

Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu recalled the harsh words left by the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable before leaving and were still frightened, their eyes surveying the surroundings from time to time.

“Sister Wumei, I haven’t seen that big bad guy; could he have already left?”

Yan Muyu whispered to Ye Wumei joyfully.

“Little girl, you mustn’t have such thoughts, or it will be very dangerous!”

Before Ye Wumei could respond, she heard Xuan Feng Venerable say sternly, “The Green Lotus Heretic Venerable is a dignified Thunder Tribulation Ninefold Expert. If he wants to watch you, you definitely won’t even find a trace of him. Otherwise, it would be too much of a failure! Even I can only sense a faint aura of his, making me know that he hasn’t gone far. But as to where exactly he is hiding, I can’t guess, so I must remain highly vigilant!”

Yan Muyu was startled, stuck out her tongue, and didn’t dare to look around randomly anymore. She clung to Ye Wumei’s hand, approaching Xuan Feng Venerable a bit more, feeling safer this way.

“That’s the skeleton of a Spirit Ape! Let’s go take a look!”

The three of them hadn’t walked far when they saw a giant Spirit Ape skeleton standing in front on top of a dune, over two zhangs tall.

The dune more than a zhang tall had already submerged its two leg bones.

From the bone patterns on the skeleton and the faint pressure it emitted, it could be deduced that its strength in life was comparable to that of a human Thunder Tribulation Ninefold Expert, extremely powerful.

The Spirit Ape’s left hand tightly held a Darkgold Iron Cudgel, longer than its body, with the lower end resting on the ground, supporting the ape’s body upright.

The Darkgold Iron Cudgel was as thick as an adult's arm, and despite being eroded by millennium upon millennium, the cudgel's body remained intact. When the wind blew away a layer of bloody sand from its surface, the cudgel emitted a mysterious dark glow as if it could capture one's soul, causing one's heart to tremble.

Xuan Feng Venerable stopped with Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu a hundred zhang away from the Spirit Ape's skeleton, not daring to go any closer.

"A Spirit Ape powerful as a human's Thunder Tribulation Ninefold Expert is stronger than a human expert of the same realm, nearly capable of battling a Demi Immortal expert. To think it fell here... Could it be that the legendary ancient great war involved Immortals? Unbelievable!"

Xuan Feng Venerable marveled at the Spirit Ape's skeleton, murmuring to himself.

"That Darkgold Iron Cudgel is astonishing, weighing at least three thousand jin! To use such a cudgel as a Spiritual Artifact shows that the Spirit Ape in life must have been born with Divine Power!"

Xuan Feng Venerable's gaze fell on the Darkgold Iron Cudgel held by the Spirit Ape, exclaiming in amazement.

Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu were stunned. They could hardly imagine how one could wield a Spiritual Artifact weighing three thousand jin.

Even if they could lift it, how could one wield it freely to defeat enemies?

"A Spirit Ape capable of battling Demi Immortal experts is a rare sight!"

"The Spirit Ape's skeleton appears undamaged; how did it fall?"

"Perhaps its Qi Sea was instantly destroyed, leading to its demise!"

“Who could kill it but a true Immortal?”

“In legends of ancient times, the barriers between realms weren’t as strict as they are now. Some powerful Immortals could break the rules of heaven and earth and descend into the Three Thousand Worlds.”

“...”

The gathered many experts were all drooling over the iron cudgel in the ape’s hand, knowing its power must exceed that of ordinary Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifacts, incredibly powerful.

At the same time, they all understood that a Spiritual Artifact used by a Spirit Ape possessing Demi Immortal combat power in its life wasn’t something an ordinary Thunder Tribulation expert could covet.

Therefore, despite thousands upon thousands of Thunder Tribulation experts gathering around the Spirit Ape’s skeleton, with more arriving, no one dared to easily approach, only commenting from a distance and whispering.

“Ah! It’s that big bad guy; I see him!”

As Yan Muyu’s gaze wandered, she saw not far away in the crowd a short, thin, ugly old man with glowing eyes looking at the Spirit Ape’s skeleton, a greedy look on his face, constantly rubbing his hands—who could it be but the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable?

Xuan Feng Venerable snorted, sneering, “Old Man Qinglian, so greedy, upon seeing that Darkgold Iron Cudgel, must want to claim it for himself again. But this time, it’s not going to be easy for him to get that cudgel!”

He pointed toward a distant crowd, whispering, “Besides me and Old Man Qinglian, there are several other Thunder Tribulation Ninefold Experts eyeing that Darkgold Iron Cudgel. And those experts mostly have grudges with Old Man Qinglian; they won’t sit idly by and let him take the cudgel! Wait and see, around this Spirit Ape’s skeleton, there will be a great battle!”

Yan Muyu said, "Grandpa..."

Xuan Feng Venerable said, "Stop, stop, stop! Little girl, can you not call me grandpa? It makes me feel as if I'm already on my deathbed! Sigh, I have nearly a thousand years of lifespan, and I'm only halfway through it now!"

Yan Muyu made an "Oh" sound, saying, "Old... then how should I address you? Can I call you uncle?"

Xuan Feng Venerable quickly said, "No, no, no! Uncle sounds too young. If you call me that, I'll feel embarrassed! Hmm, just call me Xuan Feng Venerable! Right, what were you trying to say just now?"

Yan Muyu said, "I wanted to say... are you planning to make a move and compete for that cudgel?"

Xuan Feng Venerable said, "Of course! A Spiritual Artifact used by a Demi Immortal expert is tempting to think about; missing it would be a sin!"

Yan Muyu said, "But if you go to fight for the cudgel, what about Sister Wumei and me? What if someone takes the opportunity to bully us?"

"This..."

Xuan Feng Venerable scratched his head, saying, "I hadn't thought of that... what to do? Hmm, let me think..."

Chapter 1857: Iron Staff

"Got it!"

After frowning and pondering for a few moments, Xuan Feng Venerable took two Jade Pendants from his Space Ring and handed them to Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu.

"Each of these Jade Pendants contains several strikes infused with my killing intent. Once you wear them, do not take them off. Even if you encounter an attack from a powerhouse like Old Man Qinglian,

who is at the ninth level of the Thunder Tribulation Realm, you will be safe for ten breaths. With these ten breaths, I can come over to assist.”

The killing intents infused into the Jade Pendants were each equivalent to Xuan Feng Venerable’s full force strike, allowing Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu to wear them for temporary safety, ensuring they wouldn’t be abducted by evil individuals like the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable.

Having resolved one worry, Xuan Feng Venerable smiled with raised eyebrows, turning his attention back to the bones of the Giant Spirit Ape.

Moments later, four Thunder Tribulation ninth-level experts with a closer relationship communicated cleverly using Thread Condensation Sound Transmission to agree to advance together for further exploration.

The combined power of four Thunder Tribulation ninth-level experts was extraordinarily strong. To the thousands of spectators, even if the bones of the Giant Spirit Ape, which held half-immortal strength, erupted with killing intent, the four Thunder Tribulation ninth-level experts could still withstand it.

The four Thunder Tribulation ninth-level experts approached side by side, with heightened vigilance, step by step towards the bones of the Giant Spirit Ape.

Everyone held their breath, with thousands of gazes fixed on them.

As they closed to within ten zhang, the dual oppression from the bones of the Giant Spirit Ape and the Darkgold Iron Cudgel made the four experts feel like a mountain was pressing down on them. Their legs felt stuck in a quagmire, with each step requiring tremendous effort.

“It’s just a skeleton, yet it exudes such mighty residual power. It’s evident how strong it was during its lifetime! A Demi Immortal expert, truly worthy of its name!”

Xuan Feng Venerable exclaimed.

Suddenly moved, he glanced towards the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable and saw the old man looking back with shifty eyes and a flickering gaze, instinctively heightening his vigilance.

Noticing Xuan Feng Venerable's glance, the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable grinned at him, then turned his focus back to the Giant Spirit Ape's bones.

"That annoying villain keeps glancing our way! His gaze is so disgusting!"

Yan Muyu made a vomit gesture to Ye Wumei.

Ye Wumei replied, "His treacherous nature is unswerving; we just have to be cautious!"

"No, I suddenly feel uneasy again!"

Xuan Feng Venerable withdrew his gaze from the Green Lotus Heretic Venerable and sighed, "If Old Man Qinglian makes a move to snatch the Giant Spirit Ape's iron rod, I'll make a move as well. If he doesn't, neither will I. Protecting your safety is the utmost priority! I can't emulate the Divine Eagle Sect Master who wants to take you as disciples but doesn't fulfill the duty of protection."

The experts of the Divine Eagle Sect weren't far from them, and upon hearing Xuan Feng Venerable's words, felt embarrassed, especially Feng Lingxiao, who was filled with shame and guilt, lowering his head in silence.

His words made the two women happy, with Yan Muyu raising her little face earnestly saying, "Xuan Feng Venerable, it's okay if you don't get that iron rod! When we meet Big Brother later, I'll ask him to craft a Spiritual Artifact for you!"

Xuan Feng Venerable chuckled and said, "That Fang Bai, capable of crafting a Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact?"

Yan Muyu tilted her little head, pondered for a moment, and then said, "He can! By now, he must have already reached the Thunder Tribulation Realm, and with his skills, as long as he has the right materials, he can craft a Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact!"

Xuan Feng Venerable always held some skepticism about a little girl's words, so he instinctively looked towards Ye Wumei.

"Muyu speaks the truth!"

Ye Wumei, who knew Fang Bai very well, understood that if his cultivation level surpassed hers, he indeed had a likelihood of using Half-Immortal Rank materials to craft a Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact.

Xuan Feng Venerable shook his head, "I can believe many things you say, but claiming Fang Bai can craft Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifacts, that, I cannot believe!"

Facing Yan Muyu and Ye Wumei's questioning eyes, Xuan Feng Venerable continued, "Do you know that crafting a Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact requires the craftsman's gold and fire Spiritual Energy to be extremely high, and without a Half-Immortal rank cultivation level, it's fundamentally impossible to craft a Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact!"

He paused and then asked, "Have either of you personally seen Fang Bai craft a Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact?"

Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu exchanged looks and shook their heads, relying solely on absolute confidence in Fang Bai for their claims.

Xuan Feng Venerable smiled, waved his hand, and said nothing more.

After traversing the great three thousand worlds for many years, the best Artifact Refiner he had seen could only craft Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifacts; hearing of one capable of crafting Half-Immortal Rank ones was unheard of.

He thought, if Fang Bai could craft Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifacts, it would be challenging enough, let alone Half-Immortal Rank ones.

At this moment, the four Thunder Tribulation ninth-level experts had approached about three zhang from the Giant Spirit Ape's bones.

Maybe due to nervousness or pressure, fine beads of sweat glistened on their foreheads, and their entire bodies trembled slightly.

"Attack!"

The four shouted in unison with a tacit understanding, and then simultaneously struck, transforming their Spiritual Energy into palms, fingers like iron hooks, reaching for the Darkgold Iron Cudgel in the skeleton's grip.

"Buzz!"

As the four Spiritual Energy Big Palms neared the cudgel, a deep hum emanated from the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, followed by a surge of dark golden light, splitting into four cudgel shadows, smashing towards the Spiritual Energy Big Palms.

The four cudgel shadows crashed down like collapsing mountains, overwhelming with a force that seemed capable of shattering everything in existence.

Facing the crashing iron cudgel, the Spiritual Energy Big Palms vanished into thin air without a trace.

The four cudgel shadows, undeterred, continued to crash down upon the heads of the four Thunder Tribulation ninth-level experts.

The four experts roared defiantly, raising their palms upwards, bracing themselves to withstand the impact, wanting to see if their combined power could endure such an attack.

"Poof!"

As the cudgel shadows descended, the bodies of the four experts quaked as if struck by lightning, trembling followed by a spurt of blood from their mouths, staggering backward.

The combined might of four Thunder Tribulation ninth-level experts couldn't even withstand the killing intent from the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, causing spectators to gasp collectively.

This clearly demonstrated the power of the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, and if someone could claim it and wield it directly, how formidable would its destructive power be?

The immensely powerful Darkgold Iron Cudgel had an irresistible allure to the assembled experts, causing the eyes of several Martial Artists to turn red, with madness beginning to spread among the thousands of Martial Artists present.

In the next instant, hundreds of Thunder Tribulation experts charged from all directions towards the Giant Spirit Ape's skeleton indiscriminately.

Each expert hoped to be fortunate enough to be the first to seize the iron cudgel once its killing intent was expended.

Chapter 1858: Battle of the Mighty

Thousands of powerful warriors rushed towards the bones of the Spirit Ape, all targeting the Darkgold Iron Cudgel held in its hand.

The Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact, whoever obtains it will see their combat strength soar.

Even Thunder Tribulation Experts at the ninth stage are tempted by it.

"You two, stay here and wait for me!"

Xuan Feng Venerable hastily left these words behind, and his figure shot out like an arrow, joining the rush.

His Cultivation Technique focused on speed, having honed a Wind System Technique, allowing him to outpace others and quickly appear among the first wave of warriors closest to the Spirit Ape's bones.

The first wave consisted of fewer than twenty individuals, all Thunder Tribulation Experts at the ninth stage. They all shared the same thought: to seize the Darkgold Iron Cudgel and dominate the three thousand great worlds, invincible.

No matter how strong the killing intent within the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, it won't last forever; eventually, it will be exhausted.

As thousands of warriors surged forth, they gambled on luck — those who fell under its killing intent were unlucky, while those who survived were fortunate.

Once the killing intent within the cudgel is depleted, it will be an opportunity for everyone. Whoever rushes to the Spirit Ape's bones first will have the hope of seizing the cudgel, taking it for themselves.

Even though those who rush ahead are most likely to endure the cudgel's killing intent, facing the tremendous risk of death and obliteration, the risk is considered worth taking by Xuan Feng Venerable, Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, and other ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Experts. No one hesitated, nor did anyone shrink back.

Xuan Feng Venerable was not the first to rush out, but his movement technique was the fastest, so he nearly arrived at the Spirit Ape's bones simultaneously with the other dozen ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Experts.

"The cudgel is mine!"

A ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Expert ahead of Xuan Feng Venerable, winning by a few body lengths, suddenly shouted in excitement, accelerating his pace and reaching out to grab the Darkgold Iron Cudgel within arm's reach.

At this moment, his expression was fervent, and all he saw was the Darkgold Iron Cudgel glowing with ominous light.

Xuan Feng Venerable recognized the ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Expert as Zheng Xianyue, a cultivation genius with an Innate Earth Spirit Root, a Loose Cultivator without affiliations, and much younger than the other ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Experts present.

Xuan Feng Venerable even thought that with Zheng Xianyue's talent, surpassing him was a matter of time; he might one day ascend to become an Immortal and join the Immortals of the Immortal Domain.

"Buzz!"

Just as Zheng Xianyue's fingertips were about to touch the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, a sudden humming sound erupted, and a shadow formed from the cudgel, wielding immense power, striking towards Zheng Xianyue.

The shadow is the killing intent; if struck, there would be no escape from death.

Although Zheng Xianyue was prepared and tried to dodge, the killing intent was too fierce and fast, carrying a heavy pressure that seemed to trap him like in a quagmire, reducing his speed compared to usual.

"Boom!"

With a loud bang, the shadow struck Zheng Xianyue's left shoulder firmly. He grunted, his body bent, and sank into the blood-stained sand up to his waist.

The power of the Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact was immense, shaking Zheng Xianyue's organs, inflicting severe injuries, and blood slowly oozed from his seven orifices.

He was gravely wounded, his body twisting several times, but he couldn't free himself from the blood sand.

Seeing this, Xuan Feng Venerable couldn't bear it and, disregarding the struggle for the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, halted his advance and grabbed Zheng Xianyue's right shoulder, pulling him from the blood sand, retreating a hundred meters, and placing him on the ground.

“Thank you, Xuan Feng brother. If I survive today, I will repay your kindness greatly in the future!”

Zheng Xianyue was extremely weak, his voice frail.

Thinking of his injury, knowing it would take a long time to heal, inevitably missing this grand event, he couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

“Zheng brother, as long as you're alive, there's always hope. Missing out today might lead to opportunities elsewhere in the future; don't dwell on this single gain or loss. Alright, take a Healing Spirit Pill; I'll go over there to check.”

Xuan Feng Venerable said, rushing off again.

Zheng Xianyue's injury did not deter the other dozen ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Experts, who continued to surge forward, all reaching out to grab the Darkgold Iron Cudgel.

The Darkgold Iron Cudgel, being a Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact, had long birthed an Artifact Spirit within.

The presence of the Artifact Spirit endowed the Darkgold Iron Cudgel with a consciousness akin to human thought.

Although its owner had perished long ago, the Artifact Spirit remained, never disappearing.

When the dozen Thunder Tribulation Experts approached, attempting to seize the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, the Artifact Spirit was thoroughly enraged, unleashing waves of killing intent.

Thus, a dozen shadows surged towards the respective Thunder Tribulation Experts.

However, the killing intent of the Darkgold Iron Cudgel was strongest when concentrated on one target. Spread out as it was, its potency diminished significantly, unable to inflict fatal wounds on its opponents.

Despite this, several ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Experts were struck, though fortunately they suffered less severe injuries compared to Zheng Xianyue.

The other experts were deterred by the shadows, forced to retreat several meters.

Including Xuan Feng Venerable and Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, the seasoned ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Experts discerned from the attacking shadows that the Darkgold Iron Cudgel's killing intent had reached its final stretch, likely nearly extinguished, causing them to rejoice.

After releasing several more shadows, the Artifact Spirit of the Darkgold Iron Cudgel fell into silence.

"The chance has come!"

Knowing the opportunity to seize the Golden Crow Iron Cudgel had arrived, Xuan Feng Venerable and the other experts braced themselves, flying forward to grab it.

Xuan Feng Venerable, moving the fastest, was about to touch the Darkgold Iron Cudgel when suddenly a large fist of Spiritual Energy attacked from his side, forcing him to confront it head-on.

As a result, his charge was briefly interrupted, allowing a ninth-stage Thunder Tribulation Expert behind him to overtake.

"Old Man Qinglian, you're shameless!"

Seeing that the attack was from Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, Xuan Feng Venerable knew it was intentional to prevent him from obtaining the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, and he was infuriated, responding with a full force counterpunch.

"Xuan Feng, if I can't have the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, neither will you! You ruined my chances before to become a Martial Dao companion with that girl; now I'll ruin your chances, ensuring you don't get the Darkgold Iron Cudgel!"

Green Lotus Heretic Venerable saw Xuan Feng Venerable seethe with anger, feeling immensely satisfied, bursting into laughter.

"I might as well give up on the Darkgold Iron Cudgel! Today, I'll fight you!"

Flames of anger rising, Xuan Feng Venerable threw another punch, then summoned a Spiritual Artifact, advancing to battle with Green Lotus Heretic Venerable near the Spirit Ape's bones.

Chapter 1859: Fated or Unfated

Two powerful warriors at the pinnacle of the Thunder Tribulation Realm fought fiercely, making an earth-shaking noise.

In the past, other warriors of the same realm might have stopped to watch, hoping to gain some insight from the battle.

But now, their target was solely the Darkgold Iron Cudgel in the Spirit Ape's hand, completely ignoring the fierce battle between Xuan Feng Venerable and Green Lotus Heretic Venerable.

Although the Darkgold Iron Cudgel was within reach, the dozen or so experts constantly thwarted each other. Whenever someone was about to succeed, others would intervene.

Thus, within a short time, it was absolutely difficult for any warrior to obtain the Darkgold Iron Cudgel.

In the vicinity of the Spirit Ape's remains, over a dozen warriors battled fiercely, the spiritual energy surged, and the pressure was like a mountain. Other experts, worried about the influence, had initially rushed close but quickly retreated, only able to watch from afar.

And the remains of the Spirit Ape were guarded by the half-immortal rank Darkgold Iron Cudgel, unaffected like a mountain, despite the waves of spiritual energy.

"Haha, I've got it! The Darkgold Iron Cudgel is mine!"

Suddenly, amidst the heated battle of the experts in the Thunder Tribulation Realm, a burst of laughter was heard. Turning their heads, they saw a tall, fat old man in a red robe with his right hand already on the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, his face flushed with excitement as he laughed triumphantly.

"It's Lieyang Venerable!"

Seeing Lieyang Venerable touch the cudgel, Xuan Feng Venerable felt a sudden jolt of unease, realizing the potential trouble.

Lieyang Venerable was one of his few relentless old rivals. If Lieyang obtained the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, it would certainly enhance his power, and Xuan Feng would find himself unable to compete.

Once Lieyang Venerable increased his strength with the cudgel, the first person he might target would be Xuan Feng, putting him in a dangerous situation, forcing him to flee.

Thinking of this, Xuan Feng Venerable felt anxious, knowing that the cudgel was already in Lieyang Venerable's hand and he couldn't stop him.

However, the next moment, Xuan Feng Venerable felt relieved.

Both he and the surrounding disappointed warriors of the Thunder Tribulation Realm discovered that the end of the Darkgold Iron Cudgel planted in the ground was as if rooted, resisting Lieyang Venerable's efforts to lift it, making it feel much heavier.

"Haha, what's the point in touching it first? If you can't lift it, it still isn't yours!"

"Lieyang old fellow, it seems you're not destined for this half-immortal artifact; its spirit refuses to acknowledge you!"

"Lieyang old fellow, if you can't do it, let me try!"

"Get lost and don't hinder us!"

...

The dozen experts, including Xuan Feng Venerable, burst into laughter upon seeing Lieyang Venerable exert his utmost effort, his face flushed, unable to lift the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, unleashing a flurry of mocking comments.

In the realm of treasures, the destined possess them.

The Darkgold Iron Cudgel, having already formed an artifact spirit, awaited a new owner after its original wielder's demise.

If the artifact spirit willingly acknowledged a new master, then even if it weighed as much as 30,000 pounds, the master could wield it effortlessly.

If the spirit disliked the counterpart, even forcibly taking the cudgel would make it hard to wield, let alone using it effectively.

Artifact spirits are like wild horses; if you can't tame it, you can't control it. But once subdued, it will obey willingly.

Though Lieyang Venerable was powerful, he couldn't forcibly use an unsanctified half-immortal rank artifact.

Lieyang Venerable struggled amidst the Thunder Tribulation Realm experts and got hold of the Darkgold Iron Cudgel first, expecting to dominate the vast world, only to find he couldn't even lift it, understanding it was because the spirit refused to acknowledge him as the master.

"This stubborn artifact doesn't yield, so forget it! I'll look for other opportunities!"

Lieyang Venerable, frustrated and red-faced, angrily gave up amidst the mockery of the others.

However, he didn't go far but stood a distance away, watching to see who might have the ability to tame the half-immortal rank Darkgold Iron Cudgel.

Seeing Lieyang Venerable behave this way, Xuan Feng Venerable and the other experts chose not to rush forward.

If it were a normal artifact, they might have confidence to sanctify it anew, making it controllable, but the Darkgold Iron Cudgel was clearly beyond ordinary artifacts, its spirit too formidable, unless one's cultivation surpassed the Demi-Immortal Realm, it's unlikely to become its new owner.

Following Lieyang Venerable, Xuan Feng Venerable and the dozen others stepped forward to attempt taming the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, but all failed only to sigh wistfully.

"If even a half-immortal artifact can't be secured, discovering an Immortal Relic in the future seems impossible!"

Such thoughts occupied the minds of the dozen Thunder Tribulation Realm experts, including Xuan Feng Venerable, their faces showing disappointment.

"That cudgel is extraordinary; I can't subdue it with my cultivation. Let's go and try our luck elsewhere!"

Xuan Feng Venerable didn't stay long, returning to Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu saying.

"You've tried, but we haven't! Who knows, maybe we're destined for that cudgel?"

Yan Muyu, eyeing the Darkgold Iron Cudgel eagerly, her face full of anticipation.

Xuan Feng Venerable hesitated then laughed, "You want to try too? That Darkgold Iron Cudgel weighs at least 3,000 pounds, you can't move it. Even if you could, it's not suitable for a little girl like you! Wait until you reach the Thunder Tribulation Realm then try!"

Yan Muyu rolled her eyes, dissatisfied, "I haven't tried it, so how do you know I can't lift it? You're a Thunder Tribulation Realm expert too, yet you couldn't! Seems it's about destiny, not cultivation level!"

Xuan Feng Venerable was speechless after Yan Muyu's remarks.

"Muyu, Xuan Feng Venerable has saved us, we should be grateful and respectful!"

Ye Wumei, seeing Xuan Feng Venerable's embarrassment, gently scolded Yan Muyu.

Yan Muyu stuck out her tongue, apologizing to Xuan Feng Venerable.

Xuan Feng Venerable waved it off, "No need for an apology, I'm not upset. The girl has a point; whether you can lift the cudgel indeed depends on opportunity. Since you want to try, go ahead. With me here, you won't get hurt."

The dozen Thunder Tribulation Realm experts had all tried; none could lift the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, and helplessly stepped back.

Chapter 1860: The Shock from Yan Muyu

Tens of thousands of Thunder Tribulation experts observing from afar saw the dozen or so Ninth Level Thunder Tribulation experts retreat, feeling they had a chance, and surged forward excitedly, wanting to try if they could lift the Darkgold Iron Cudgel.

However, these experts were weaker in cultivation, with some even unable to bear the pressure released by the cudgel, unable to approach, let alone lift it.

Finally, a few Eighth Level Thunder Tribulation experts strained to walk up to the Darkgold Iron Cudgel and tried, only to retreat with faces full of shame.

From start to finish, the Darkgold Iron Cudgel was tightly held in the hands of the Spirit Ape skeleton, unmoved by anyone.

The fierce wind and sand blew through the gaps between the Spirit Ape skeleton, making a "woo-woo" sound, seemingly mocking those Thunder Tribulation experts coveting the cudgel in its hand.

"Let's leave! This cudgel isn't meant for us. We'd better go check elsewhere!"

A Thunder Tribulation expert sighed, leaving this remark before dispersing.

As the other experts walked away, Xuan Feng Venerable brought Ye Wumei and Yan Muyu to the Spirit Ape skeleton.

"Little girl, go give it a try!"

Xuan Feng Venerable, seeing Yan Muyu circling around the Spirit Ape skeleton excitedly, couldn't help but laugh and gestured with his mouth.

"Alright!"

Yan Muyu cheered, briskly stepping forward, bouncing towards the Spirit Ape skeleton.

Xuan Feng Venerable originally intended to shield Yan Muyu from the pressure of the Darkgold Iron Cudgel but was surprised that the overwhelming pressure released by the Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact seemed ineffective against her.

"Eh? How...how is this possible?"

Xuan Feng Venerable's eyes widened as if witnessing something unbelievable.

In Xuan Feng Venerable's view, even Seventh or Eighth Level Thunder Tribulation experts would struggle against the cudgel's pressure.

And Yan Muyu, this little girl, is not even of the Thunder Tribulation realm; without his shielding her from the immense pressure of the Golden Crow Iron Cudgel, her young, delicate body would likely be crushed under the pressure, with her tendons snapped and bones broken, organs smashed.

But what amazed and puzzled Xuan Feng Venerable was that the immense pressure that could easily flatten Fifth or Sixth Level Thunder Tribulation experts was somehow ineffective against the Soul Severing Perfection-cultivated Yan Muyu.

Could it be that this little girl has some treasure on her body that can resist the cudgel's pressure?

Not only Xuan Feng Venerable, the other numerous Thunder Tribulation experts heading into the distance also noticed Yan Muyu bouncing towards the Spirit Ape skeleton, looking incredulous and stunned.

Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, watching Yan Muyu's small figure intently, had his eyes flicker with uncertainty, thinking secretly, "This little girl must possess a powerful treasure to be unafraid of the pressure from the Half-Immortal Rank Darkgold Iron Cudgel."

He then thought, "Previously, I only focused on the bigger girl, ignoring this smaller one. The little girl has an Innate Wood Spirit Root and treasure on her; if I capture her, not only would I gain the treasure, but in a few years, I could use her body as a cauldron to dual cultivate, a perfect two-for-one deal!"

As this wicked thought sprouted wildly like bamboo shoots after rain, he looked around, seeing Xuan Feng Venerable not paying attention to him, so he slowly moved closer towards Yan Muyu, ready to capture her at the first opportunity.

Having seen the power of the Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact, he knew if more Immortal Relics emerged, they would be even harder to obtain, so capturing this girl would be a worthwhile gain for this trip.

Xuan Feng Venerable's attention was indeed focused solely on Yan Muyu, being less vigilant about Green Lotus Heretic Venerable, yet Ye Wumei noticed Green Lotus Heretic Venerable's unusual actions and gave a low voice reminder.

"Old Man Qinglian seems intent on harming little Mu Yu! I must keep a close watch!"

Having dealt with Green Lotus Heretic Venerable for nearly a hundred years, Xuan Feng Venerable knew him well; seeing his sneaky way of watching Yan Muyu, he guessed some of his intentions.

Xuan Feng Venerable locked his gaze onto Green Lotus Heretic Venerable; the moment he made a move, Xuan Feng's side would intervene swiftly to stop him.

Amid the crowd's attention, Yan Muyu bounced to the Spirit Ape skeleton, extending her hand to touch the cudgel.

Ye Wumei, watching anxiously, felt her heart jump into her throat.

The countless Thunder Tribulation experts observing from afar widened their eyes to see if this unexpected little girl would have another amazing feat.

Yan Muyu smoothly touched the Darkgold Iron Cudgel, her little hand resting against the cudgel's body, suddenly sensing the presence of its Artifact Spirit, her large eyes showing surprise, curiosity, excitement, and eagerness, beginning to communicate with the Artifact Spirit of the Darkgold Iron Cudgel through her Divine Sense.

Moments later, amidst exclamations, the once immovable Darkgold Iron Cudgel slowly tipped over, falling towards where Yan Muyu stood.

"Mu Yu!"

Ye Wumei exclaimed, twisting her body, wanting to rush over to save her.

"Don't rush!"

Xuan Feng Venerable stopped Ye Wumei's forward movement, looking at Yan Muyu's small figure with sparkling eyes, murmuring softly, "Little Mu Yu will be fine! Haven't you noticed that she seems to have a connection with the Darkgold Iron Cudgel?"

Ye Wumei saw the more than three thousand jin Darkgold Iron Cudgel closing in on Yan Muyu's head, yet Yan Muyu seemingly scared stiff, unmoving, feeling extremely anxious but being blocked by Xuan Feng Venerable, unable to go over and help, thus silently praying that the little girl would be okay.

"My heavens! What have I just seen?"

"I must be seeing things, right? How could this be possible?"

"It's an illusion! Certainly an illusion!"

"A ten-year-old girl, only possessing Soul Severing Perfection in cultivation, how did she do that?"

"Looks like the little girl indeed has a connection with the Darkgold Iron Cudgel; it must be that the Artifact Spirit inside the cudgel acknowledged her as its master!"

"Wow, this thing today is the most extraordinary event I've witnessed in my life!"

"The little girl is extraordinary! Calling her a cultivation genius wouldn't suffice!"

...

Crying out surprises resonated across the scene, all experts focused intently on Yan Muyu and the Darkgold Iron Cudgel she held high with both hands.

A ten-year-old girl, only with Soul Severing Perfection in cultivation, holding a massive iron cudgel weighing over three thousand jin horizontally with both hands — a scene with intense visual impact, leaving each expertise witnessing it speechless with amazement.

That several Ninth Level Thunder Tribulation experts couldn't move the Half-Immortal Rank Spiritual Artifact, yet a weakly cultivated ten-year-old girl subdued it today, indeed an unbelievable event if spread.

"The green needle big brother gave me back then turned out to be an Immortal Artifact! Not only did it suppress the pressure of the Darkgold Iron Cudgel but made the Artifact Spirit willing to acknowledge me as its master. Hmm, I'll first store this cudgel away, and next time when I see big brother, I'll have him refine it for me, so the cudgel can truly become a Spiritual Artifact at my command!"

Thinking this, Yan Muyu casually placed the Darkgold Iron Cudgel into her Space Ring, then patted off the blood-stained sand from her hands, and turned towards Xuan Feng Venerable and Ye Wumei.