

## **Fortune 594**

Chapter 594: Perfection Level Four Symbols Spirit Talisman, Condensing the Four Symbols Realm

Several days later.

The mortals staying in Peach Blossom Valley also migrated to the Ten Thousand Beasts Secret Realm.

At the same time, the Secret Realm World was fully closed.

As a result, even if a Divinity Transformation Cultivator comes to the Celestial Pine Mountain Range, they can't find any trace of humans.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!!!

At this moment, figures suddenly appeared in the sky, revealing themselves to be Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Blood Spider Race.

A bloody aura emanated from them, as if carrying a sky full of blood clouds, accompanied by countless vengeful souls.

"Was Zhu Wuba and the others killed in the Celestial Pine Mountain Range before?"

"But so much time has passed, the murderer has long since fled to who knows where."

"Why bother continuing the search here."

A Nascent Soul Cultivator of the Blood Spider Race spoke.

It had no interest in finding the murderer who killed Zhu Wuba and other cultivators; it would only waste its time.

To it, the dead tribesmen were not worth sympathizing with, purely because they were too weak.

And in the Western Continent, weakness is the original sin; there's nothing more to say about it.

"Initially, I also didn't want to come here."

"But who would have thought that some Tier Three Demon Cultivators of the Celestial Roc Race came to the Celestial Pine Mountain Range, only to die suddenly."

"This incident enraged some elders of the Celestial Roc Race, prompting them to send us to catch the murderer."

"Even if it's just for show, we have to come here and search a bit, to avoid being caught by the Celestial Roc Race."

The Clan Leader of the Blood Spider Race said in a deep voice.

It naturally knew that coming to the Celestial Pine Mountain Range wouldn't yield any clues, as so much time had passed.

The problem was that now even a cultivator of the Celestial Roc Race had died.

One of them was even a direct descendant of a Nascent Soul Elder of the Celestial Roc Race, which further angered the race.

For the future of the Blood Spider Race, they had to act big to avoid trouble.

"No way, who could be so bold to dare kill a Celestial Roc Race cultivator, don't they fear angering the Celestial Roc Race and inviting the disaster of annihilation?"

That Nascent Soul Cultivator of the Blood Spider Race was stunned, never expecting that in the Western Continent there was a demon cultivator so bold, as if courting death.

After all, who on the Western Continent doesn't know the ferocity of the Celestial Roc Race?

Any cultivator or race that offends the Celestial Roc Race would be exterminated, even their entire clan obliterated.

"Ha, there's no shortage of reckless fools in this world who truly think the identity of the Celestial Roc Race is a death immunity talisman."

"Indeed, the Western Continent is full of powerful cultivators beyond count; even the Celestial Roc Race cannot cover the sky with one hand. It's possible those few Tier Three Demon Cultivators were too arrogant, offended someone, and thus met with this disaster."

"Could the murderer of both the Celestial Roc Race and our Blood Spider Race be the same person?"

"To be honest, it's not very clear because there's no evidence, but I think such a demon cultivator shouldn't be that many, so it wouldn't be surprising if they are the same."

"If that's the case, then what should we do? To dare offend the Celestial Roc Race, the opponent is likely formidable. According to previous intelligence, they must be a Tier Four Demon Cultivator."

"Don't worry, relying on our strength, even if we can't defeat them, we can still escape."

"That's right, after all, we're just gathering intelligence. If the opponent is truly strong, we needn't fight them to the death; simply hand this intelligence over to the Celestial Roc Race."

"Exactly, our Blood Spider Race is merely a Tier Four Race; we absolutely mustn't act recklessly. If we're wiped out, the Blood Spider Race could also be finished. It's best to be cautious."

Many Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Blood Spider Race discussed.

Since Jiang Fan always concealed his identity and information, his power is unknown, his race is unknown, and the unknown is the greatest fear.

To these Nascent Soul Cultivators of the Blood Spider Race, the murderer's strength is mysterious and terrifying; they are very apprehensive, fearing to provoke such a formidable enemy.

Therefore, they dare not act recklessly, lest they invite great disaster.

But even so, they diligently searched the entire Celestial Pine Mountain Range, including Peach Blossom Valley.

Despite this, they found no trace of clues.

Ultimately, they sighed with relief and returned to report the news to the Celestial Roc Race, after all, they had done their best.

Fortunately, Jiang Fan relocated all the mortals from Peach Blossom Valley in time.

Otherwise, staying in Peach Blossom Valley would surely be a catastrophic disaster.

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Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, a year had gone by.

The Ten Thousand Beasts Secret Realm, once in ruins, had now been rebuilt.

The central area was comprised of towering peaks.

On top of the peaks, grand palaces were constructed.

At the foot of the mountains, a small town formed, with a population exceeding 150,000.

The reason for such a population increase is due to the many offspring born by mortals over the past year.

Having been freed from the threat of the Demon Race, coupled with ample food and clothing, the population naturally grew rapidly.

It's fair to say, the entire Ten Thousand Beasts Secret Realm has begun to show signs of human habitation, becoming a paradise for the Human Race on the Western Continent.

And the highest peak here is Ten Thousand Beasts Mountain, on which stands a majestic luxurious palace.

This place is naturally where Jiang Fan usually resides.

At this moment, inside the world of the Exquisite Tower.

"Finally, I've cultivated the skill level of the Four Symbols Spirit Talisman to Perfection Level."

Jiang Fan sat cross-legged on the ground.