

World 1101

Chapter 1101: Steam Rises over Yun Meng Ze

Just as Sheng Zhaoxi retreated, on the distant island, the claw of the Seven-colored Cloud Dragon that had been suppressing the Sky Waterfall Divine Light suddenly flashed even more brilliantly, and its power surged dramatically.

Feeling the increase in suppressive force, the formation on the island immediately followed the pre-set program, drawing a portion of the innate power from the two adjacent islands, maintaining the equilibrium of the situation with the descending claw of the Seven-colored Cloud Dragon.

At this critical moment, as Sheng Zhaoxi retreated and needed the cover of the Sky Waterfall Divine Light, the action of the Seven-colored Cloud Dragon's claw almost determined the outcome on the battlefield.

The six Foundation Establishment practitioners, who were channeling spiritual power into the Array Plate on the small island, turned pale simultaneously, all spitting out a mouthful of blood, their bodies trembling.

Four of them couldn't withstand such extraction and passed out on the spot.

The remaining two practitioners in the late phase of Foundation Establishment, although still conscious, felt as if their Sea of Knowledge at the Purple Mansion had been hammered, with spiritual power chaotically coursing through their bodies, scarcely better off than those who had fainted.

Without the spiritual power infusion from these six, the Array Plate began to flicker erratically. Even though the other six Foundation Establishment practitioners rushed over to take their place in channeling spiritual power, the Sky Waterfall Divine Light at Sheng Zhaoxi's back dissipated at that very moment.

"Not good!"

Sheng Zhaoxi's face changed drastically as she sensed this scene.

At that time, a green inner core, bringing with it wildly fierce Wind Thunder, struck right in front of her.

Sheng Zhaoxi could only take out a gray-red jade talisman from her Storage Bag. After infusing it with spiritual power to activate it, it turned into a rising flame cloud light, enveloping her completely.

This was her last-resort protective talisman, a fourth-grade lower class Fire Cloud Shield Talisman, given to her by Ancestor Hunyuan!

It could defend against any third-rank attacks, and even withstand a fourth-rank force for a short time.

Sheng Zhaoxi had only this one talisman, and she truly did not wish to use it if possible.

But at this life-and-death moment, she couldn't afford to be reluctant.

The green inner core, carrying boundless Wind Thunder, heavily struck the flame cloud light, instantly unleashing a brilliance even more terrifying than that of the third-rank Taiyi True Fire Divine Thunder Beads.

Even the Demon Turtle involuntarily retracted into its shell, turning around to present its defensively strongest turtle shell towards the core of the colliding forces.

Amid the thunderous booms,

Sheng Zhaoxi's face was as pale as golden paper; the violent Wind Thunder from the green inner core had been entirely blocked by the flame cloud light, but the spiritual power within her had been drained by the Fourth Order Talisman.

Blue-green ripples of light appeared behind her, as the Sky Waterfall Divine Light reformed, ready to surge into the sky and protect her once again.

A goose egg-sized green-black inner core, with a faint water light, was spat out by the Demon Turtle. It drew ripples in the air as it fell, holding back the force from the Large Formation.

With intelligence comparable to humans, third-rank demonic beasts naturally understood the principle of focusing all their power in one strike.

The Demon Turtle, having also expelled its inner core, revealed a malicious gleam in its mung bean-sized eyes. It then raised its foot, gathering a large mass of Sunflower Water Yin Thunder, and stomped down towards Sheng Zhaoxi, who no longer had any means of defense.

Even in the face of death, Sheng Zhaoxi still did not give up any chance of survival.

Using the Blood Escape Secret Technique, she squeezed out some spiritual power from her body and activated a Third Rank Superior Grade Defensive Talisman.

Although the talisman's firelight blocked the Sunflower Water Yin Thunder, it couldn't stop the enormous foot of the Demon Turtle, which descended like a mountain.

Sheng Zhaoxi maneuvered her body, trying to dodge.

But with her insufficient spiritual power, her speed was simply too slow, and the covering range of the Demon Turtle's foot was far too vast.

Finally, as the shadow covered her entirely, Sheng Zhaoxi let out a wry smile and closed her eyes, ready to accept death.

"Master!"

An extremely familiar cry rang out at her side.

Sheng Zhaoxi recognized the voice as her disciple Tan Rong's, but wasn't she in Rock Country? How did she come to Yun Meng Ze?

Could it be hallucinations before death? Even if she had come, her disciple who was only at the level of Foundation Establishment couldn't possibly change the inevitable outcome of her death.

Despite those thoughts, instinctively, Sheng Zhaoxi still opened her eyes, turning toward the direction of the voice.

Then, she saw at the end of the water, a spectrum of colored clouds leapt forth, flying towards this side at an incredible speed.

With her keen vision, Sheng Zhaoxi clearly saw her attractive disciple Tan Rong indeed standing atop those clouds.

Beyond her, there were seven or eight cultivators of various elegant demeanors.

But first and foremost, Sheng Zhaoxi's attention was captured by a young man in a red-black long robe in the lead.

For, in the moment she saw the young man, his figure vanished like a flame atop the clouds, and then as if time had stood still, he suddenly crossed the expanse of water between them, materializing right before her eyes.

Sheng Zhaoxi looked at the young man's back, realizing who he must be!

It must be Junior Brother Chen, whom she had never met before!

At the same time, the gargantuan foot of the Demon Turtle descended!

But two golden, glowing fireballs also rose in the young man's palms. Standing in front of Sheng Zhaoxi, he casually drew two brilliant, burning beams of fire in the air, weaving them into a radiant "X" right there.

Chapter 1102: Vapors Rise Over Yun Meng Ze _2

The cross ascended into the sky, striking precisely at the center of the demon turtle's foot.

“It’s an aquatic demonic beast, with a strong resistance to fire spells...”

Sheng Zhaoxi couldn’t help but remind Chen Mobai, but before she could finish, she witnessed a shocking scene.

The demon turtle’s shell armor, which she needed to exert her full strength to break through, was effortlessly sliced into by the golden fire cross like it was mere soil, and its foot was split into four in an instant.

A smell of charred roasted meat filled the air, and the demon turtle couldn’t help but cry out in pain.

Then a dark, mysterious light emitted from its mouth onto the root of the foot that was severed by the Flame Sun Slash. The cold, clear water light evaporated into clouds of steam, but the golden flame that was burning its flesh finally extinguished.

“To take two of my Flame Sun Slashes and still not die, this beast’s fire resistance is indeed extraordinary!”

Chen Mobai spoke indifferently, and upon hearing this, the corner of Sheng Zhaoxi’s mouth twitched slightly. She had exerted all her effort and used her Lifespan Artifact, only just managing to break through this demon turtle’s defenses.

But the Junior Brother Chen before her seemed to have casually sliced off one of the demon turtle’s foot.

The stark contrast made it hard for her to accept, especially considering she had two hundred more years of cultivation than him.

Although it was previously heard that this junior brother was a talent beyond compare, known as the number one sword cultivator in the Eastern Wilderness.

But Sheng Zhaoxi thought that the reason for Chen Mobai’s renowned reputation and brilliant battle record was mostly due to that mythical sword from the Longevity Sect, a Rank-4 Holy Sword!

If without using the Sword Artifact, Sheng Zhaoxi felt that with her own mid Foundation Establishment Stage cultivation level, she should be able to overcome this Junior Brother who had only just reached Foundation Establishment and not yet reached its ten-years mark.

After all, they both cultivate fire vein techniques, and Sheng Zhaoxi believed she had a deeper understanding of the path of fire than the young man.

However, today's scene made her realize how shallow her assumptions were.

It turned out there were indeed incredible geniuses in the world!

Brother Zhou is truly fortunate to have such an exceptional successor!

Boom!

Just as Sheng Zhaoxi narrowly escaped death and her thoughts were swirling, a dull roar sounded.

The demon turtle had retracted its inner core and joined up with the Rank-3 Black Plague Bird.

With their obstruction gone, the Sky Waterfall Divine Light finally rose, enveloping and protecting Sheng Zhaoxi.

"This is Senior Brother Chen of the Divine Wood Sect; even the Sky Waterfall Divine Light's protection is bestowed upon him!"

Seeing the disciples below only applying a teal wave on their own bodies, Sheng Zhaoxi frowned slightly and shouted to the disciple leading the formation.

"Yes..."

“Sheng Shijie, I appreciate your kindness, but I have never combined forces with this Sky Waterfall Divine Light before. I’m about to push my Red Flame Sword Art to its peak and combat these vile creatures. I’m afraid the incompatibility of water and fire will hinder each other. Let’s not use it for now,” said Chen Mobai, declining the offer. He then slowly floated up, step by step, until he stood before the two Rank-3 demonic beasts.

“Junior Brother Chen, even though your Red Flame Sword Art is highly accomplished and your offense is at the Third Rank Peak, the demon turtle’s shell is capable of stopping your Flame Sun Slash. It would be better to wait for me to recover my Elemental Energy, so we can join forces to fight them again. With the support of the large formation, we have a seven to eight percent chance of victory,” Sheng Zhaoxi saw Chen Mobai’s recklessness and immediately tried to stop him, wishing to proceed with her stable strategy.

“Sheng Shijie, against merely two demonic beasts, I alone am a hundred percent confident!”

However, Chen Mobai’s calm response left Sheng Zhaoxi with wide eyes, unsure of how to reply.

[This young man is an unmatched sword cultivation genius, invincible in his rank since his debut, and after reaching Foundation Establishment, he has severed Nanxuan Jing and made Xuan Shu retreat with his sword. He has never tasted defeat, which fostered his prideful character that looks down on everything. But these two demonic beasts are not simple, and the gaze of that Poisonous Dragon is watching...]

Thinking thus, Sheng Zhaoxi knew she couldn’t persuade him any further. She could only consume an elixir to restore her spiritual power and took out a Rank-3 Divine Thunder Pearl, planning to throw it to Chen Mobai if he encountered imminent danger, to help him break free.

She guessed that this junior brother must have a Fire Spirit Body; otherwise, it wouldn’t be possible to master the Red Flame Sword Art to completion at such a young age.

This True Fire Thunder Pearl does almost no harm to a Fire Spirit Body.

“Human, you can only injure me once at most,”

At this moment, the dull voice of the Demon Turtle rang out. Although it had not yet transformed, it had already refined its Transverse Bone.

As it spoke, its head, limbs, and tail all retracted, and then a dark water light shone from the green and white Spiritual Patterns on its turtle shell, enveloping its body in an instant.

In that moment, it had exerted its defensive power to the utmost.

Chen Mobai waved his right hand sword finger, and two golden flames under the control of his Divine Sense condensed into a glinting golden flame sword blade, stretched across the mid-air like a sword that reached the sky, and heavily chopped towards the center of the turtle shell!

Dark Xuan Guang burst forth, clashing with the Great Achievement of the Flame Sun Slash!

The two extremely opposed forces of water and fire erupted with a might in the skies above Yun Meng Ze that was even more terrifying than the earlier clash between Sheng Zhaoxi's Fourth Order Talisman and the Green inner core.

Boom, boom, boom!

Clouds of steam evaporated, causing a violent gas explosion sound.

"Oh, that's interesting!"

Chen Mobai found that his two balls of golden flames driving the Flame Sun Slash truly could not break through the turtle shell's defense, and his eyes lit up. Just as he was about to stimulate a third ball of golden flame, a streak of green thunder charged towards him at high speed.

Another Rank-3 Demonic Beast made its move!

After executing the Earth Departing Flame Light Escape, Chen Mobai had already vanished from the spot.

Expressionless, he flickered in front of the Rank-3 Black Plague Bird, the third ball of golden flames condensed at his glabella, and, like a stream of light, it slashed onto its protective demonic Qi.

During the flashing and stirring of the green Wind Thunder, the Black Plague Bird also pulled away in an extremely short time, aiming to rely on its speed advantage in coordination with the Demon Turtle.

However, because all of its feathers had been incinerated, its flying track was no longer as free and untroubled as at the beginning, becoming predictable. Sheng Zhaoxi, who was watching from the sidelines, seized the opportunity and flicked her Divine Thunder Pearl into its flight path.

Amid a huge explosive noise, the Black Plague Bird was blasted again.

Chen Mobai watched the giant bird beast that wanted to burst forth from the ball of fire with Wind Thunder power, his palm shooting out balls of golden flames one after another.

In Sheng Zhaoxi's dazzled, incredulous gaze, five golden flames, carrying glistening trails of light, like five golden meteors, plunged into the core of the Divine Thunder True Fire.

Amidst a piercing screech, five golden lights crisscrossed within the fireball, like a sword net slicing past, cutting the burning firebird into dozens of pieces.

The scent of burnt chicken instantly spread across the entire battlefield.

"He actually mastered seven Flame Sun Slashes!"

Sheng Zhaoxi wore an expression of disbelief. The two that suppressed the Demon Turtle, plus the five that killed the Black Plague Bird, meant that Chen Mobai was only two away from attempting to cultivate the Extreme Sun Slash!

Where did he get so much Qingyang Fire, Green Wood Evil?

She knew that when she chose the Great Sun's True Fire Art rather than the more powerful Red Flame Sword Art, it was not only because she was not particularly fond of the Sword Dao but also because she felt that waiting for Qingyang Fire and Green Wood Evil was too troublesome.

After slaying the Rank-3 Black Plague Bird, the five balls of golden flame light flew out from within the Divine Thunder True Fire, trailing five long marks of flames. Under Chen Mobai's control, they merged into the flame sword blade suppressing the Demon Turtle.

After that, the initial flame sword blade that was only the size of a sword tip began to become more complete, outlining a massive gold-gleaming fire sword in the air.

With the enhancement of seven Flame Sun Slashes, the turtle shell became even more scorched but still showed no signs of cracking open.

However, the Demon Turtle's dark water light couldn't bear the brunt and exploded completely. Golden flames burned fiercely on the turtle shell, the intense fire penetrating its body and boiling its blood.

The Demon Turtle couldn't help but fall into Yun Meng Ze, seeking to employ the boundless waters to eradicate the dreadful golden flames.

Yet the might of the golden flames was fully displayed at this moment.

The surface of Yun Meng Ze's lake, in that instant, actually dropped by as much as half a finger's width.

Chapter 1103: Slash Slash Slash

This was also the first time Chen Mobai unleashed the full power of his seven Flame Sun Slashes since mastering them, and he hadn't expected them to be so overwhelmingly strong.

However, the consumption of Spiritual Power was also very significant.

After successively suppressing the Demon Turtle and slaying the Black Plague Bird, followed by knocking down the Demon Turtle again, golden flames blazed furiously without pause, drawing upon his Spiritual Power and evaporating the vast expanse of Yun Meng Ze.

As the water level dropped sharply, the Spiritual Power in Chen Mobai's Dantian Qi Sea was also completely depleted.

He immediately severed his connection with the Golden Flame, ceasing to let it scorch and evaporate all that it touched.

Without Chen Mobai's supply of Spiritual Power, the Demon Turtle finally managed to survive the catastrophe.

The endless Water Elemental Power from Yun Meng Ze surged into the Demon Turtle's body, extinguishing the rootless Golden Flame and gradually soothing the boiling and scorching energy within the Demon Turtle.

"Where did this kid come from? Thankfully it wasn't the Extreme Sun Slash, otherwise my Turtle Shell would definitely have been split open..."

The Demon Turtle hid within the waters of Yun Meng Ze, secretly sizing up Chen Mobai from behind the cover of the water.

It thought back to the time when it followed the Poison Dragon King out of the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion and fought a major battle with human Cultivators. Back then, when it was just a Rank-2 little black turtle, it had witnessed its ancestor foolishly blocking the way of Ancestor Hunyuan, only to be cleaved in half by a single strike of his Extreme Sun Slash—a bloody scene that left a deep psychological shadow on its young self.

As the Demon Turtle was contemplating whether to retreat, it suddenly saw through the water's surface the fair-faced youth in the air turning a shade paler, and the seven swirling golden flames around him beginning to shrink and extinguish.

"Is this kid's Spiritual Power exhausted? Makes sense, after all he's only at the Early Golden Core Stage. The seven Flame Sun Slashes can only be easily wielded by a Cultivator in the Core Formation Late Stage. He must have used some secret technique or consumed a mystical pill to boost his Spiritual Power at the expense of his vital essence, and now the backlash has occurred. This is the perfect time to take his life!"

Among all the Demonic beasts of the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion, the Demon Turtle was renowned for its high intelligence. Since being released from the seal by the Poison Dragon, although it had been causing trouble, it had also captured many human Cultivators, forcing them to divulge their text and knowledge.

It prided itself on understanding human Cultivators more than anyone else.

It concluded that even if Chen Mobai wasn't completely drained of vital energy, after using the seven Flame Sun Slashes, he must be running out of Spiritual Power.

With this thought in mind, its eyes the size of mung beans started to spin as it hesitated whether to strike again.

After all, the black bird had already been slain, and it was the only one left.

Although it was confident in its defenses and believed it could withstand another unified strike of the seven Flame Sun Slashes, it did not want to endure the feeling of being nearly roasted again.

As the Demon Turtle hesitated, it suddenly saw the youth in the sky take out a Spirit Stone from his Storage Bag and begin to absorb its Spiritual Energy.

"I can't wait any longer. After all, this kid cannot break through my defense. I'll give it another try, and if I can kill him, Wind Rain Hamlet will easily be trampled underfoot."

Believing itself to be in an unconquerable position, the Demon Turtle eventually decided to take the risk.

In the crashing tumult of waves, the enormous and fierce Demon Turtle resurfaced again.

It rode the wave-like mountains towards the sky, retracting its head, limbs, and tail into its Turtle Shell, resembling a cannonball, flickering with streak after streak of Sunflower Water Yin Thunder. It revolved with the roaring sound of the waves, heavily smashing towards Chen Mobai in mid-air.

“Lucky you have a brain, otherwise I really couldn’t kill you!”

But just as the Demon Turtle charged at Chen Mobai, it heard the youth say a slightly mocking phrase.

What does that mean?

As the Demon Turtle puzzled over this, the Void opened up, and Chen Mobai drew out a Longsword wreathed in Purple Lightning. With a flick of his wrist, the blade tore through the air, cleaving towards the roaring, spinning Turtle Shell in the sky.

Sizzle!

A dazzling and blinding arc of Purple Lightning Sword light flashed in front of Chen Mobai, tracing a fan-shaped trajectory. It sliced through the Turtle Shell as easily as cutting through tofu, neatly splitting it into two halves.

Amidst the splattering of blood, the Demon Turtle’s head, hidden within the shell, emerged in disbelief as its defense was shattered.

“What sword is this...”

To think that not even Ancestor Hunyuan, a hundred years ago, possessed such a powerful and terrifying Sword Artifact.

“The sword that kills you!”

Chen Mobai said indifferently, his Purple Electric Sword swung again. Amidst the booming thunder, the Demon Turtle’s head flew off.

It opened its mouth wide, the Inner Core nearly ejecting, but not as swiftly as the Purple Electric Sword.

Chen Mobai swept his sleeve, and the five-colored clouds soared out like a gentle hand. They suppressed and neutralized the surrounding Sunflower Water Yin Thunder, and captured the Inner Core into his robe sleeve.

Then he swung his sword again, cleaving open the Taiyi Divine Thunder True Fire that still burned fiercely in the air. His Void Spirit Eye had long locked onto the Inner Core of the Black Plague Bird, and he used the "Red Misty Cloud Silk" to pull it into another sleeve.

"Well done."

After slaying two Rank-3 Demonic beasts, Chen Mobai placed the Top-grade Spirit Stone he was holding into the blade of the Purple Electric Sword, as the agreed reward for its help.

"Thank you, Master. That green Inner Core looks so delicious."

However, after receiving the Top-grade Spirit Stone, the Purple Electric Sword suddenly spoke again, uttering words that surprised Chen Mobai.

Chapter 1104: Slash Slash Slash_2

But he quickly realized that the Black Plague Bird belonged to the wind type of demonic beasts. The interaction between wind and thunder would indeed greatly benefit the Purple Electric Sword.

However, in the Eastern Wilderness, an inner core could nurture a cultivator with the combat power of the Golden Core level, even if it were just a Fake Pill. At the very least, it could overshadow the realm of Foundation Establishment.

For the Divine Wood Sect, having one more combatant of such realm meant that they could dominate the Eastern Wasteland ten years earlier.

And if given to the Purple Electric Sword, at best, the sword artifact would be happier and its might might increase slightly, but its grade would definitely not break through Rank-4.

Compared to a Golden Core level combatant, this would be too wasteful.

“I have another use for this inner core.”

After Chen Mobai had thought it through, he immediately gave another top-grade Spirit Stone, pacified the Purple Electric Sword, and quickly sent it back into his domain.

“Junior Brother Chen, we truly owe you a great deal this time!”

At this moment, seeing Chen Mobai cutting through the demonic beasts as if they were vegetables and fruits, Sheng Zhaoxi flew over too. Her face was filled with shock as she respectfully thanked him.

“As a cultivator of the Eastern Wilderness, it is my duty to guard the peace of the Eastern Wilderness,”

Chen Mobai spoke solemnly. At this time, without the two Rank-3 demonic beasts leading them, the originally orderly demonic beasts that were attacking Wind Rain Hamlet from land, sea, and air, started to stampede and clash with one another.

It wasn't long before some demonic beasts began to retreat, but others became even more frenzied in their assault on land.

On the surface of the water, streaks of Spiritual Light flickered, hunting various demonic beasts.

These were the people brought by Chen Mobai.

All of them were Foundation Establishment Practitioners; as long as they were careful not to get surrounded by the hordes of demonic beasts, they were largely able to handle themselves with ease.

However, there were some whose style was quite different.

Zhuo Ming lacked experience in magic duels. At the beginning of her confrontation with the demonic beasts, she was ambushed by a strange fish hiding in the water with a Water Arrow that hit her right leg.

But her clothes were only torn, her skin that resembled yellow jade emitted Spiritual Light, and there wasn't even a white mark left on it.

The third level of the Ninefold Law Body made the strength of her flesh comparable to a Rank-2 intermediate grade Defensive Magic Weapon.

Only demonic beasts at the peak of Rank-2 could break through her defense.

However, Zhuo Ming was unaware of her own strength. In her panic, she directly summoned the All-things Altruistic Cauldron, forming an earthen Spiritual Light outside of her Ninefold Law Body, adding another layer of defense.

Among the sounds of "bang, bang, bang"!

Dozens of Water Arrows hit the earthen Spiritual Light. Two powerful ones broke through the defense, but Zhuo Ming blocked them with the back of her right hand.

As a result, her right sleeve was torn, and two white spots appeared on the back of her hand.

At this time, she was vaguely beginning to realize something.

It seemed that the demonic beasts could not break her defenses.

Boom!

Suddenly, a huge shadow appeared under the water's surface near Zhuo Ming. A strange fish with teeth as white as bone and a mouth wide enough to swallow half a person leaped out of the water, attempting to devour her.

Chen Mobai's brows slightly furrowed, ready to intervene.

With a slicing noise!

Zhuo Ming expressionlessly pulled out a Golden Jade Axe from her storage bag. As she infused it with Spiritual Power, she expertly chopped off the entire head of the fish.

During the many years spent at Xiao Nanshan, what she was most adept at was slaughtering fish and chicken.

Amidst the splattering of blood, Zhuo Ming even took the time to store the fish head in her special storage bag for ingredients, thinking to herself that she should make a soup later for her master to taste, to see how the soup of a demonic beast's head differs from that of Xiao Nanshan's fish head soup.

These demonic beasts were nothing special; just treating them as ingredients would do!

After slaying the strange fish, it was as if Zhuo Ming had an epiphany.

With the Golden Jade Axe in hand and the All-things Altruistic Cauldron hovering above her head, she chopped down the approaching demonic beasts one by one with her axe.

Chen Mobai saw this scene and couldn't help but reveal a satisfied expression.

Among his four disciples, Zhuo Ming was the one he was most worried about.

As the true successor who would inherit his mantle, proficiency in magical duels was indispensable.

After all, having been unbeatable across two realms and known as the Battle Law Victory, Chen Mobai would not want his successor to be somebody who was only fit for farming—lest they be bullied in the future.

Now, with Zhuo Ming dispatching demonic beasts without so much as a blink, he already possessed a bit of the same demeanor that Chen Mobai had during his Qi Cultivation days, fighting fiercely across the battlegrounds of Green Light Island.

It seemed he had been too conservative before and should have brought this treasured disciple out to see the world much sooner.

Otherwise, Chen Mobai wouldn't have realized that Zhuo Ming's talent for magical duels was not insignificant.

At the very least, he was like him in one respect—his hand never wavered.

In comparison, Jiang Zongheng's battle record was somewhat lesser. His practice of the Longevity Scripture gave him average sieging capability. However, with the Lifebound Magic Artefact Embryo, the Tao Walker's Ruler, and having cultivated the first layer of the Longevity Dao Body, he was most adept at drawn-out battles.

His figure flitted across the surface of the lake and the heads of demonic beasts were split open. By the time they saw him coming, they were already meeting darkness as their heads burst and they fell into the watery depths.

The other disciples, Yu Lian, Tan Rong, Ding Ying, and the rest, all demonstrated the strength expected of true heirs from a grand sect at the Foundation Establishment level—some handled a group alone, while others confronted other formidable Rank-2 demonic beasts.

In contrast, those from clan backgrounds like Wang Xuan Ming were somewhat in disarray.

“Junior Brother Chen, I'm not sure how much spiritual power you've recovered, but Brother Nu Jiang might also need our assistance,”

Chen Mobai, who was observing the battlefield, suddenly heard Sheng Zhaoxi's reminder.

With a total of four Rank-3 demonic beasts surrounding the island, he had luckily been closer to this location, enabling him to relieve Sheng Zhaoxi's crisis.

But Nu Jiang was facing a similar situation.

“Then, I’ll trouble Senior Sister to look after the people I brought, and I’ll go,”

Chen Mobai had expended a lot of spiritual power, but he had the Small Void created by the Returning Essence Secret Technique and twenty-six vertebrae of the All Laws Persona, all condensed from Void Stones.

This indicated that he had twenty-six pools of spiritual power. He had just drawn from one of them to consecutively execute the seven-in-one Flame Sun Slash and the Purple Electric Sword!

But this wasn’t to say that Chen Mobai could endlessly extract spiritual power from the Small Void. He once tried depleting his spiritual power at the Immortal Gate, but due to the intensity of his Divine Consciousness, he could only draw from two at most.

Even when tapping into the second pool of spiritual power, he had some difficulty maintaining control.

This was the situation under rapid consumption of spiritual power in a short period. If it had been a slow and steady drainage, Chen Mobai, given his realm, could perfectly control and deplete all twenty-six pools.

Chen Mobai had a rather favorable impression of Nu Jiang and began to slowly drain the first spiritual power pool. Then, he extracted some from a second one, replenishing the Pure Yang Spiritual Power in his Dantian Qi Sea, before preparing to rush to the rescue.

Just at that moment, a sky-shattering dragon’s roar suddenly erupted from not far above the great island.

Everyone’s attention was immediately captivated.

They saw the cloud dragon, which had been operating according to the Sky Waterfall Divine Light and the Wind Rain Three Element Large Formation, suddenly and unexpectedly release its colossal seven-colored cloud dragon claw.

The cloud dragon’s body was as agile as a startled swan, soaring toward the heavens.

At the same time, the Sky Waterfall Divine Light, suppressed for a long while, began to rebound, striking toward the ascending seven-colored cloud dragon with a thunderous fury.

Subsequent to the collision of these two titanic powers in the Nine Heavens, an explosion of terrifying might occurred that even caused Chen Mobai's expression to change subtly.

"Not good, half of the big formation's power has been detonated by the Poisonous Dragon..."

Sheng Zhaoxi's complexion changed drastically upon witnessing this.

Chen Mobai did not know what consequences this would have, but he soon found out.

The originally bright aqua-blue waves that shrouded the three islands of Wind Rain Hamlet began to dim, and the demonic beasts, already in chaos from the death of their leader, now all had blood-red eyes that seemed to lose all reason, furiously rushing toward Wind Rain Hamlet's formation.

At the same time, both felt a tremendous surge of Water Spiritual Power explode in the distance like a cascade from the Nine Heavens, but it also brought with it two other shocking demonic auras.

Chen Mobai no longer dared to delay. Transforming into a flaming rainbow, he burned away hundreds of demonic beasts in his wake as he flew toward the island where Nu Jiang was located.

Chapter 1105: Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion

Chen Mobai had just broken through a distance when he suddenly came to a halt.

Looking up at the sky, he felt as if a powerful and profound gaze from above was watching him.

Could it be the Poisonous Dragon?

In Yun Meng Ze, the only creature capable of pressuring him was this formidable Rank-4 Demonic beast.

When dealing with such a Rank-4 being, Chen Mobai dared not extend his Divine Sense outside his body but pushed his Void Spirit Eye to the extreme.

He had already reached peak mastery in the Art of Spiritual Eyes, and now, with his full power, he saw clearly in all directions instantly.

Soon, his lucid gaze caught something unusual.

He abruptly turned his attention to the center of Yun Meng Ze, to the fog that lingered above the pool like gossamer silk.

That lake, which seemed like a fairyland, contained a powerful evil intent capable of devouring all things.

The mist emitted a faint rainbow hue under the sunlight's reflection on the lake, forming a pair of hollow eyes.

It was these misty eyes, like voids, that watched over the entire Wind Rain Hamlet.

And now, they started to watch Chen Mobai!

Is this the Poisonous Dragon?

Chen Mobai's face grew stern, considering whether to use the Turtle Treasure to flee.

Fortunately, though the absorbing gaze was fixed on him, the Poisonous Dragon seemed unable to break through the seal of the three Nascent Souls. Or perhaps the power unleashed when exploding the Sky Waterfall Divine Light Large Formation had drained all the strength it could exert. Chen Mobai waited for a while, but did not encounter the violent assault he had imagined.

"Not good, Brother Nu Jiang!"

At this moment, Chen Mobai suddenly realized that he had been caught by that gaze!

His expression shifted slightly as he suppressed the discomfort from the Poisonous Dragon's stare and immediately used the Earth Departing Flame Light Escape technique.

Fortunately, Nu Jiang had operated the Wind Rain Hamlet for many years and mastered the use of the Sky Waterfall Divine Light. Despite the weakened strength of the Large Formation and facing two at once, he managed to hold out until Chen Mobai arrived.

And as firelight emerged at the water's edge, the two Third Rank Demonic beasts attacking Nu Jiang joined forces, leading their kin and sweeping into the waters, escaping toward the center of Yun Meng Ze shrouded in fog.

Flames flickered continuously as Chen Mobai crossed the void and rushed to the battlefield.

Upon seeing the two Third Rank Demonic beasts leave, he immediately controlled seven clusters of brilliant golden fireballs and executed Flame Sun Slash, attempting to intercept them.

An inner core of a Third Rank Demonic beast was equivalent to a Golden Core Level combat power, and it was not to be wasted at all costs.

"Junior Brother Chen, cough cough... don't pursue a desperate enemy... Further ahead is the location of Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion. The Poisonous Dragon's Divine Sense can already seep through slightly, and the closer it gets, the more power it can wield, which is very dangerous."

However, at this moment, Nu Jiang's coughing voice sounded, stopping Chen Mobai in his tracks.

He was slightly pale, but the Sky Waterfall Divine Light around him remained bright, indicating he had yet to disengage his battle state. The entire Large Formation of Wind Rain Hamlet was connected to him, and the might and Spiritual Power he wielded even made Chen Mobai take notice.

“Brother Nu Jiang, as the master of Wind Rain Hamlet, is indeed formidable. Facing the siege of two major Demonic beasts and the suppression of a Poisonous Dragon, you’ve managed to hold out for so long.”

Chen Mobai couldn’t help but express his admiration, seeing how Nu Jiang’s weakness was due to the partial force of the Large Formation triggered by the Poisonous Dragon, shaking his Qi Sea and consciousness.

“Sigh, who knows how much longer I can hold on. The seal from the master and the two elders is gradually weakening. It won’t be long before the multitude of demonic beasts in Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion can break out of their Seals.”

Seeing Chen Mobai, Nu Jiang seemed to relax, and the vast Spiritual Power he held began to subside slowly.

Half a day later.

On the grand island of Wind Rain Hamlet, three Golden Core Cultivators sat in the main hall, directing all the Cultivators to hunt down the remaining dispersed Demonic beasts while collecting useful body parts from the corpses.

The most precious of all were naturally the bones of the two Third Rank Demonic beasts.

The Demon Turtle’s Turtle Shell, which the Flame Sun Slash couldn’t penetrate, forced Chen Mobai to use the Purple Electric Sword to break it open, making it clear it was excellent material for Refining Defensive Magic Weapons.

It’s just a pity that the originally intact Turtle Shell was cleaved in half, greatly diminishing its Spirit nature.

Even so, if it fell into the hands of a skilled Artifact Refiner, it could still be Refined into two excellent Magic Artifacts.

By good fortune, The Barren's number one Artifact Refiner was present.

Sheng Zhaoxi couldn't help but inspect the Turtle Shell and then showed a regretful expression.

If it had been intact, she felt confident in Refining it into a mid to superior grade Rank-3 Defensive Shield, but now, she feared she could only Refine two Peak Rank-2 ones.

After hearing her remarks, Chen Mobai kept silent.

Having studied Artifact Refining skills for some years, he also considered himself a novice. According to his judgement, an intact Turtle Shell would definitely refine into a Peak Rank-3 Magic Artifact, and even now split in two, based on the principles of the Immortal Gate, two lower-grade Rank-3 shields should be no issue.

But to save face for Sheng Zhaoxi, he could only nod in agreement with the assessment of The Barren's number one Artifact Refiner.

"Two Peak Rank-2 Defensive Magic Weapons would be excellent gifts for the disciples. Junior Brother Chen, you can entrust the materials to me, but I'm not familiar with the Refining Workshop here in Wind Rain Hamlet; it may take some time after I return for them to be ready for you."

Chapter 1106: Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion_2

Sheng Zhaoxi generously said that within the entire Eastern Wilderness, it was only with her intervention that the two turtle shells could be refined into Rank-2 peak defensive magic artifacts.

It was this time she owed Chen Mobai a life debt, which is why she took the initiative to speak up; otherwise, her stand as the number one artifact refiner in the Eastern Wilderness was also quite high. Even if common folk obtained complete materials like turtle shells and sought her services, she might not agree to help.

"Having you refine it would be a terrible waste!"

But this thought surfaced in Chen Mobai's mind, and he immediately shook his head to refuse.

Nevertheless, he was still full of emotional intelligence, thinking of a very good excuse.

“Sister Sheng, you also suffered severe damage to your vital energy in the battle against the demonic beasts. How could I allow you to expend more energy refining magic artifacts? I plan to boil these turtle shells into a medicinal soup to replenish the body of my body refining apprentice.”

Turtle shells are indeed an exceptional medicinal ingredient; whether boiled into medicinal powder or steeped in liquor, both can replenish essence blood and strengthen the heart and kidneys.

Turtle shells of Rank-3 are a treasure that body refining cultivators dream of obtaining.

However, many who possess such items usually refine them into magic artifacts because, after all, once you consume them as medicine, they are gone.

“That disciple who cultivated the Ninefold Law Body? That is indeed a good idea. However, these turtle shells are abundant in elemental energy and mixed with demonic power; you must be careful to dilute them when boiling.”

Previously, when Chen Mobai went to rescue Nu Jiang, Sheng Zhaoxi, who had taken charge of the entire battlefield, naturally noticed Zhuo Ming, whose unique painting style was noteworthy. She couldn't stop singing her praises, thinking it befitting of Junior Brother Chen's successor—cold in killing intent, merciless in execution!

“Thank you for the reminder, Sister.”

As the two conversed, Nu Jiang finally put down the array plate that was floating in front of him.

He called over his disciple Ji Guanhai, informing him of the damaged parts of the large formation detected through the array plate's operation, and instructed him to lead his disciples to repair them one by one.

After Ji Guanhai left, Nu Jiang sighed deeply, took out some materials from his storage bag, and repaired a missing corner of the array plate in his hand.

“The seals outside the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion will probably completely fail in at most sixty years; when that happens, it will be the time of Wind Rain Hamlet’s demise.”

The very center of Yun Meng Ze was the cave dwelling of the Rank-5 Yellow Dragon from the past.

However, following the ascendance of True Lord Yuan, the cave dwelling disappeared without a trace, and no one could find the entrance to get in.

It was only until a few hundred years ago, when the Poisonous Dragon flew out of the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion, rampaged Yun Meng Ze with the might of a Rank-4, gathered myriad water demons, and stirred up massive waves, assaulting the shores on both sides.

At that time, there were no Nascent Soul cultivators in either the East Barbarians or the Dongwu domain. Faced with a Rank-4 demonic beast, they could only retreat step by step, allowing it to slaughter at will.

Although there were Nascent Soul cultivators in the East Barbarians, they were too lazy to come over and play the role of heavenly avengers, to save the common people.

It wasn’t until Sun Huangwu formed his Golden Core in the Dongwu domain that the Poisonous Dragon found an opponent.

However, the Poisonous Dragon had inherited the legacy of the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion; it had strong bloodlines and startling divine skills. After Sun Huangwu’s Core Formation, they dueled seven times, and he was outmatched in each one.

To protect the Eastern Wu Territory, the Sun family made use of the external threat of the Poisonous Dragon to incorporate all the immortal cultivation clans into their alliance. Then, along the shore, they arranged an immense Fourth Grade Superior large formation. With Sun Huangwu personally overseeing it, they finally managed to repel the Poisonous Dragon, ensuring it could not set foot in the Eastern Wu Territory.

More than a hundred years after Sun Huangwu's Core Formation, Ancestor Hunyuan returned from his ascendance journey in the East Land.

Together with Baiwu Ancestor from the East Barbarians, these three cultivators joined forces to try to slay the Poisonous Dragon, eradicate the water demons of Yun Meng Ze, and remove this great peril.

The Poisonous Dragon, however, was extraordinary in strength, and also had two powerful legal treasures. It managed to form a battle formation with its followers and flee back to the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion, even under pursuit by three armies led by Nascent Soul Cultivators.

Of course, Ancestor Hunyuan and the others wanted to pursue and kill it inside.

Unfortunately, the cave dwelling left by the ascendant demonic beast contained a natural killing formation. Baiwu Ancestor's fellow disciple, Grey Feather Daoist, died within it. If the three Nascent Soul cultivators didn't retreat promptly, they likely would have been trapped inside as well.

After escaping, the three great Nascent Soul Cultivators, to prevent the Poisonous Dragon from wreaking havoc again, joined hands to set up a massive seal outside the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion.

Equivalent to sealing the door, this cave dwelling not only became a sanctuary for the Poisonous Dragon but also its prison.

However, the power of Nascent Soul Cultivators can't remain forever.

With the passing away in meditation of Sun Huangwu and Ancestor Hunyuan, the power of the seal, lacking replenishment, couldn't maintain its integrity after nearly a hundred years, and fissures appeared.

This fissure was tiny, unable to let a Rank-4 being like the Poisonous Dragon squeeze through, but it could allow Rank-1 and Rank-2 Demonic beasts to escape.

Some weaker Rank-3 Demonic beasts were also forcefully sent out by the Poisonous Dragon.

This was the conclusion reached by observers at Nu Jiang in recent years.

“Unfortunately, it was still discovered too late. The mysterious Rank-3 Demonic beast that wreaked havoc in Yun Meng Ze over thirty years ago should be the first Rank-3 that came out of the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion. We thought it was a native Demonic beast of Yun Meng Ze that had advanced...”

Nu Jiang sighed as he spoke, and Chen Mobai was reminded of his own arrival at Yun Meng Ze, when Green Light Island was destroyed due to a mysterious Rank-3 Demonic beast breaking the Formation.

Later, Chen Mobai also asked Fu Zongjue about it, that time Fu and Mo Douguang chased the beast but let it escape into the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion.

Because they thought it was a newly advanced Demonic beast from within Yun Meng Ze, and after confirming that it had entered the sealed area and would not reappear, they relaxed their vigilance, believing that they had rooted out the trouble.

But in recent years, as more and more Rank-3 Demonic beasts began appearing in Dongwu territory, Nu Jiang also noticed something was amiss.

After numerous verifications, it was finally confirmed that a gap had appeared in the seal formed by the three Nascent Soul Cultivators around the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion, and the Demonic beasts under the Poisonous Dragon’s command were surging out one after another.

It seemed that because Sun Huangwu died relatively early, the seals at the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion’s exit facing Dongwu broke more quickly, resulting in a greater outflow of Demonic beasts.

On the side of Wind Rain Hamlet, Ancestor Hunyuan passed away several decades later, so the seals were still relatively intact, with few Demonic beasts squeezing through.

It is also thanks to Dongwu that they withstood the pressure and their defensive lines did not collapse under the onslaught of Demonic beasts.

Otherwise, Wind Rain Hamlet might have already fallen.

After all, the number of Golden Core Cultivators in the Eastern Wilderness is actually less than that in Dongwu.

Especially since Ji Zhenshi and Librarian Nan were cut down, the situation where the previous seven sects harmoniously co-developed Yun Meng Ze completely collapsed, and only the Five Elements Sect and Divine Wood Sect were left to shoulder the responsibility!

“We will hold out for as long as possible. If Wind Rain Hamlet fails, Dongwu will have to bear pressure from both sides, which will be even tougher,” Sheng Zhaoxi said with a helpless expression on her face.

There are so few Golden Core Cultivators in the Eastern Wilderness, Zhou Ye hardly leaves Hunyuan Immortal City, and in recent years, Divine Wood Sect has been on a killing spree, causing Back to Sky Valley and Snow-blowing Palace to band together for warmth. Back then, we really didn’t expect the seals of Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion to fail so quickly, putting all the pressure on her and Nu Jiang.

Thankfully, Divine Wood Sect still cared about ties to the same sect, or perhaps they understood the grave consequences should Wind Rain Hamlet fall. Over the years, they have sent many Foundation Establishment and True Disciples to help.

This time, faced with the Rank-3 Demonic beasts’ siege, Sect Leader Chen Mobai personally led a team, helping to stabilize the situation.

“Very soon, Brother Fu will bring disciples from our sword training and spirit beast departments. Brother Mo is in closed-door cultivation, but four of the twelve sword wielders have already set out with their own disciples,”

Chen Mobai shared the news he knew, and this allowed Nu Jiang and Sheng Zhaoxi to breathe a sigh of relief.

“It’s just a pity that after our master passed away, the favors from Baiwu Ancestor faded. If he was willing to come and reinforce the seal, Dongwu and the Eastern Wilderness would not have to bear such enormous pressure,”

Sheng Zhaoxi mentioned another private matter, having once gone to the Sun Bathing Sea to request Baiwu Ancestor's presence in Yun Meng Ze in hopes that he would personally come. However, she was flatly rejected.

"We still need our own Nascent Soul Cultivator, whether it's Dongwu or the Eastern Wilderness. Just one would suffice,"

Nu Jiang let out a sigh. Ever since his Core Formation, he had been stationed at the great formation of Wind Rain Hamlet, deeply longing for release.

Upon hearing his words, Chen Mobai felt an irresistible urge rising within him.

Chapter 1107: Significant Increase of the Water Spirit Root [Gold 23, Wood 45, Water 21, Fire 84, Earth 20]

After finishing the fish soup prepared by Zhuo Ming, Chen Mobai checked his own Spiritual Root with the Spirit-Testing Instruments and couldn't help but nod slightly.

The Water Spirit Root had increased by 5 points, the source being the ingredients from the demonic beasts of Yun Meng Ze.

He had been stationed at the Wind Rain Hamlet for a month now. Ever since he had slain those two Rank-3 demonic beasts, the creatures emerging from the Yellow Dragon Cave Mansion, although no longer mounting large-scale attacks against Wind Rain Hamlet, were still wreaking havoc in various other islands and markets within Yun Meng Ze.

In the face of this situation, the three Golden Core Cultivators, including himself, had no good solution, and could only dispatch Foundation Establishment Practitioners under their command to support the various markets affiliated with their Sects.

After giving it some thought, aside from keeping Zhuo Ming by his side, Chen Mobai sent out everyone else he had brought along, to guard the markets on the islands that had been developed in Yun Meng Ze by the Divine Wood Sect over the years.

But even so, the manpower was still insufficient.

Thanks to the years of fighting in every direction, the Divine Wood Sect had established itself as the ruler of the Eastern Wilderness and had also brought under its control the marketplaces of Shake Mountain Peak and Liu Jia Mountain within Yun Meng Ze, significantly increasing its territory.

Currently in Yun Meng Ze, there were a total of thirty-eight markets belonging to the Divine Wood Sect.

They occupied almost half of the core area.

These markets, by renting out Spiritual Qi Cave Houses, selling Sect elixirs, magic artifacts, Spirit Rice, etc., and by buying and selling demonic beast materials, generated net profits varying from fifty to sixty thousand Spirit Stones, and in some cases, as much as several hundred thousand—a considerable income.

Besides the ones under direct control, there were nearly twenty markets developed by Foundation Establishment families affiliated with the Divine Wood Sect, located on islands near the shoreline. These were basically joint ventures with various countries' town guards, mutually assisting in development.

For example, the Iron Blue Market, although the Divine Wood Sect did not take a cut, relied on the transportation arrays within these markets to construct an integrated commerce network throughout Yun Meng Ze, greatly facilitating the transport of goods between Sects.

Therefore, they could not allow these island markets to be overrun by demonic beasts and, if possible, needed to send assistance.

The Divine Wood Sect normally had ten Foundation Establishment Practitioners stationed in Yun Meng Ze, and even with those Chen Mobai brought, it wasn't possible to have one Foundation Establishment Practitioner guarding each market.

But facing the demonic beasts roaming within Yun Meng Ze, not knowing which island market they would attack next, a Foundation Establishment Practitioner's presence was essential.

In such cases, even if they faced an attack by demonic beasts, they would be able to unleash the full power of the island's defensive large formation, holding on until additional cultivators from nearby markets could arrive to provide support.

Upon hearing about these circumstances from Zheng Deming, an old Foundation Establishment Practitioner of the Divine Wood Sect who had been stationed in Yun Meng Ze for almost a lifetime, Chen Mobai made a decisive decision to have the tribes from Rain Country, Yun Country, Lei Nation, and Sky Country, who had originally been setting up defenses along the shoreline, choose a market to be responsible for, leaving behind only one Foundation Establishment Practitioner and dispatching the rest to guard nearby markets.

The guards from the four nations naturally obeyed the order and had personally led their teams into Yun Meng Ze!

King Zhou Wangshen of the Sky Country was especially enthusiastic, as his vanguard had already been stationed within the Iron Blue Market.

Upon receiving the Sect Leader's order, he immediately led his people into the Su Feng Island Market closest to Wind Rain Hamlet and even made a special trip to visit Chen Mobai.

Chen Mobai invited him to stay for a meal, with Zhuo Ming personally taking charge of cooking, and even opened a jar of Spiritual Wine.

After deploying the Foundation Establishment Practitioners from the four nations, the twenty-eight markets of the Divine Wood Sect had barely managed to stabilize the situation.

During this period, three Fang Markets indeed faced large-scale attacks by groups of demonic beasts. Thanks to the rapid spread of the news, nearby markets supported each other with mutual defense. After experiencing fierce battles, they managed to hold their ground.

However, intelligence was present among the demonic beasts as well. After three attacks on the islands, they discovered the alliance between the Divine Wood Sect's markets.

In another attack on the island, they employed a strategy to lure the enemy away from their base. When the Foundation Establishment practitioners from Jingbo Island went to provide support elsewhere, the demonic beasts suddenly emerged from underwater. Led by five Rank-2 beasts, they directly shook the island's spirit veins and breached the large formation.

Although Chen Mobai received the news later and personally tracked this group of demonic beasts near Jingbo Island, he only found two Rank-2 beasts leading their groups. Even after annihilating them, he couldn't reverse the loss of the entire island market being flattened.

Time flew, and a year passed by quickly.

Chen Mobai had almost devoured all the demonic beasts in Yun Meng Ze, and his Water Spirit Root had also been enhanced to 35 points.

Even within the Immortal Gates, this was considered a decent value.

The only regret was that the situation in Yun Meng Ze was tense, and as a Golden Core Cultivator, his responsibilities were significant, so he did not dare to leave even for a moment.

Therefore, he had not gone to the Divine Wood Secret Realm to touch the Talent Tree.

But for him, this was a simple gap to fill, after all, the Tianhe Realm was vast and rich in resources, and there were definitely many heavenly and earthly treasures that could enhance his Spiritual Root. He was also cultivating the Pure Yang Body, and there would eventually be a chance to obtain the remaining twenty-four grand spells.

"Junior Brother, Brother Mo has arrived!"

At this moment, Fu Zongjue's voice transmission reached Chen Mobai's ears, prompting him to immediately put down the freshly simmered turtle shell soup prepared by Zhuo Ming.

By the time Chen Mobai came out, both He Jintong and Fu Zongjue were already waiting outside the teleportation array.

Previously, Sheng Zhaoxi had a fierce battle with two Rank-3 demonic beasts, and not only did he use a secret technique, but he also took spiritual medicine. Although he saved his life, he had suffered severe

damage to his vital energy and went back to his Flame Country's Fire Truth Palace to heal after Fu Zongjue and the Divine Wood Sect members arrived.

After Sheng Zhaoxi left, Chen Mobai still cited the overpowering momentum of the demonic beasts and the insufficient strength of both the Five Elements and Divine Wood sects as an excuse, inviting Yan Shaoyin from Back to Sky Valley and Kong Lingling from the Snow-blowing Palace to Wind Rain Hamlet for assistance.

Unfortunately, both were more cowardly than he expected, preferring to let their own markets in Yun Meng Ze, which they had worked hard to develop, be besieged by demonic beasts rather than coming over.

However, they did have some shame; at least the Foundation Establishment members they had left in Yun Meng Ze were not ordered to retreat.

Or maybe, they also did not want to give up on the benefits of Yun Meng Ze.

He Jintong from Back to Sky Valley proved to be competent. Seeing the rampage of Cloud Dream Marsh monsters and knowing that the Divine Wood and Five Elements sects could only protect themselves and could not be relied upon, he immediately abandoned seven peripheral islands. He led six Foundation Establishment brothers and sisters to tightly guard the core three markets and three islands where precious spiritual medicines were cultivated.

And before abandoning the island markets, they took everything valuable with them, destroying anything they couldn't carry, leaving nothing for the demonic beasts.

In the end, the six islands that He Jintong guarded were not far from each other. Although they were attacked by demonic beasts twice, they managed to hold on by relying on the disciples of Back to Sky Valley and recruiting loose cultivators, among others.

Compared to Back to Sky Valley, the Snow-blowing Palace suffered much worse.

Kong Lingling had previously only sent four Foundation Establishment practitioners here.

During the onslaught of the demonic beasts, the leading late-phase Foundation Establishment practitioner was indecisive and unwilling to abandon all the markets. In the end, the distribution of their forces led to successive breaches by the demonic beasts.

By the time she realized it and wanted to draw back her power, two Foundation Establishment practitioners had already died in the defense of the island, outnumbered and overwhelmed by several Rank-2 demonic beasts.

Even she had used all her trump cards in a desperate attempt to escape with her life.

In the end, of the nine Fang Markets of the Snow-blowing Palace, only the most central one remained.

It too was under constant attack by the demonic beasts, with the defense large formation on the brink of collapse.

“Xue Ting, this is the sect’s last stronghold; we must not lose it at any cost,”

The late-Phase Foundation Establishment practitioner was named Qi Cuizhen; her right arm had been devoured by a strange fish, her complexion pale.

After gathering all the Spirit Stones and other precious items on the island into her Storage Bag, she boarded the Teleportation Array to leave first, handing over the responsibility of guarding the island to Xue Ting, the last Foundation Establishment practitioner.

However, after half a year of defending, Xue Ting finally couldn’t hold on any longer.

Seeing the island defense formation beginning to shatter, she could only grit her teeth, leading the few dozen remaining disciples of the Snow-blowing Palace into the Teleportation Array, pumping in spiritual power hoping to escape.

But after waiting a while, the Teleportation Array showed no response.

Xue Ting’s eyes widened in disbelief as she tried again twice.

Still the same!

She finally realized, the other side of the Teleportation Array had been sabotaged!

Who did it?

Qi Cuizhen?

Or the sect?

A wave of despair flooded Xue Ting's heart; they had exhausted their last strength for the sect in Cloud Dream Marsh, defending this last stronghold.

Yet what they received in return was betrayal!

"Uncle-Master, does the sect not want us anymore?"

A girl with baby-fat cheeks realized the implication of the inactive Teleportation Array.

Her eyes were filled with disbelief, grief, and anger.

"We..."

Boom!

Just as Xue Ting was about to say something to comfort them, the ice and snow-colored barrier covering the island, under the relentless assault of countless demonic beasts, finally shattered completely.

“My fellow disciples, scatter and run for your lives; save whoever can be saved!”

Xue Ting could only say these last words before mounting her white Flying Sword and ascending into the sky, heading eastward.

Their island was not too far from the coasts of Yun Country and Lei Nation, which was precisely why this Teleportation Array could directly transport them onto shore.

With the speed of a Foundation Establishment practitioner like Xue Ting, as long as she could hold on for three days, she would reach the shore.

But after consecutive battles with demonic beasts, her spiritual power was less than sixty percent; she knew she couldn't hold out that long.

And for certain, there would be demonic beasts pursuing her.

Thus, she chose to head in the direction of the closest Divine Wood Sect Fang Market.

It was an island that had been rebuilt, named Green Light!

She had visited it twice before.

As long as she could make it there...

Clutching that belief, Xue Ting's Flying Sword flew even more urgently. But soon, a streak of blue wind surged through the midair attempting to intercept her.

It was a Rank-2 Black Plague Bird; on the water's surface, a strange fish was cutting through the waves as well.

Strong demonic auras from both locked onto Xue Ting, clearly unwilling to let her escape.

Wind Blades and Water Arrows crisscrossed through the air and water, forcing Xue Ting to constantly change speed and direction to dodge.

Under such circumstances, she was quickly overtaken by the two Rank-2 demonic beasts.

Xue Ting bit down on her silver teeth and took an elixir that would overdraw her vital energies, restoring her spiritual power to its peak. Then she used her Flying Sword to clash with the two demonic beasts while struggling towards Green Light Island.

Finally, after half a day, she saw the outline of Green Light Island.

The Foundation Establishment practitioner on the island noticed as well and immediately a burst of Divine Sense surged out to ascertain the truth.

“Who goes there?”

Xue Ting immediately reported her identity swiftly, stating she was a Snow-blowing Palace sect member, and their market had been breached, hoping the Divine Wood Sect could lend assistance.

“Sorry, we cannot allow any Foundation Establishment practitioners of unknown origin into the island during wartime,”

But the Divine Wood Sect practitioner stationed on Green Light Island simply refused outright and then withdrew his Divine Sense.

At that moment, Xue Ting was utterly desperate!

Chapter 1108: Sword Wipeout Thunder Sound

Over the Wind Rain Hamlet, Chen Mobai and Mo Douguang hovered in the sky, their sword light crisscrossing under the command of their sword fingers, varying in hues.

The golden sword light was like burning flames, flickering and casting a heat that caused mist to rise from the water's surface, refracting light like a dazzling rainbow.

As Chen Mobai focused his thoughts, he pushed the power of the Flame Sun Slash to the utmost, and in an instant, it fell before Mo Douguang.

However, Mo Douguang's tranquil eyes twinkled with a sharp gleam, and then he raised his right index finger and gently waved it at Chen Mobai.

A cyan-white sword light released slightly later, and before the Flame Sun Slash could even touch Mo Douguang, it had already sliced past Chen Mobai's cheek, cutting off a lock of hair.

At that moment, Chen Mobai's face burst into a swirl of multicolored clouds, the automatic protective function of the "Red Misty Cloud Silk," but Mo Douguang's sword light had already passed by.

Simultaneously, Chen Mobai's ears heard a thunderous boom from the void.

Is this the Sword Wipeout Thunder Sound?

Indeed, it's impossibly fast to react to!

But this was mainly because Chen Mobai wanted to personally experience such a realm; otherwise, with his full focus on the Void Spirit Eye, he still could have used the Earth Departing Flame Light Escape to evade.

Yet, this required an intense concentration, to judge the trajectory of Mo Douguang's sword light in the moment it burst forth, ensuring that his own escape path didn't intersect with the sword light.

"Brother Mo has achieved Grand Mastery in Sword Dao; truly invincible within the Eastern Wilderness," Chen Mobai said.

After a round of sword training, Chen Mobai laughed heartily as he retracted the Flame Sun Slash and together with Mo Douguang, descended toward the Wind Rain Hamlet.

“Congratulations, Brother Mo.”

Fu Zongjue and others who had witnessed the entire duel between the two great sword cultivators of the Eastern Wilderness were also delighted. With Mo Douguang’s strong support, as long as the Poisonous Dragon didn’t come in person, the Wind Rain Hamlet would remain as steady as Mount Tai.

“I didn’t expect that, Junior Brother, you would also be moving ahead of us,” Nu Jiang commented with a myriad of emotions, recalling the days when they were disciples of Ancestor Hunyuan. He and Sheng Zhaoxi were stuck in the mid Foundation Establishment stage, while Zhou Shengqing and Zhou Ye were in the late Core Formation stage, and now they had Mo Douguang as well.

Moreover, Mo Douguang had also mastered the Sword Wipeout Thunder Sound.

To think that even in his lifetime, Ancestor Hunyuan, famed for his prodigious talents, had only achieved so much in the Sword Dao Realm.

After Sword Wipeout Thunder Sound, comes Condensing Sword into Thread, One Sword Breaks Ten Thousand Laws. These are the peaks of Sword Dao that even Nascent Soul Cultivators might not be able to achieve.

“Although Sword Wipeout Thunder Sound is strong, it still has no power when facing a Nascent Soul,” Mo Douguang said calmly.

In response, those who knew his character merely smiled slightly.

“With your Core Formation Late Stage, Junior Brother Mo, and mastery of the Sword Wipeout Thunder Sound realm, I wonder how much chance you have against Sun Huangji?” Nu Jiang suddenly raised a question.

Sun Huangji was renowned as the number one expert of East Wu Territory, reaching perfect Core Formation in just sixty years and the next Huangwu in the World. Zhou Shengqing had once dueled Sun Huangji and only managed a draw by relying on the powerful defense of the Longevity Scripture.

However, Zhou Shengqing later admitted that it was because they couldn't use secret techniques and magic artifacts during their sparring. If Sun Huangji truly let loose and utilized the Fourth-grade Magical Weapon left by Sun Huangwu, harnessed by his bloodline, Zhou Shengqing would have been thoroughly defeated.

Sun Huangji was so renowned that even the East Barbarians knew of him. In his youth, he even traveled to the East Land, where his outstanding talent attracted the attention of a reclusive elder of a grand sect who took him in.

Unfortunately, after Sun Huangwu passed away in meditation, Sun Huangji left the grand sect of East Land and returned to Dongwu to continue the family lineage.

Zhou Shengqing speculated that Sun Huangwu must have left behind resources for forming a Nascent Soul, which was why Sun Huangji returned from the East Land.

Despite the grand sects of East Land sounding prestigious, the internal competition for disciples and resources was extremely fierce.

Returning to Dongwu, Sun Huangji took over the territory forged by Sun Huangwu and was able to gather more resources to aid his Nascent Soul Formation.

"Without having fought, I can't say for sure, but if Sun Huangji doesn't use his Fourth-grade Magical Weapon, I don't believe I will lose," Mo Douguang declared with calm confidence.

Sword Cultivators grow increasingly formidable as they progress; even before reaching his current cultivation level and Sword Dao Realm, Mo Douguang was already acknowledged as the foremost sword cultivator in the Eastern Wilderness, having cut down Ji Zhenshi and Nan Shidao. Now, having mastered Sword Wipeout Thunder Sound and reaching the peak of the Core Formation late stage, he could be considered top tier among all cultivators below Nascent Soul.

But this was only within the realm of Core Formation.

If confronted with a force of Rank-4, most sword cultivators, known for their offensive prowess but weaker defenses, would meet their end in despair.

“With Brother Mo stationed here, I can return with peace of mind,” Chen Mobai said with a smile. In fact, ever since he had killed two Rank-3 demonic beasts, the situation in the Yun Meng Ze of the Eastern Wilderness had stabilized, with the Wind Rain Hamlet being free from large-scale attacks by demonic beasts for quite a while.

It was only the outlying islands and Fang Markets that were being sporadically attacked by the dispersed demonic beasts.

That’s why Chen Mobai felt staying here was a bit of a waste of time.

However, without his presence, should they once again face an assault from Rank-3 demonic beasts, just Nu Jiang and Fu Zongjue might not hold up.

Thus, he had been somewhat stuck here, and if it weren’t for Zhuo Ming venturing out daily to hunt various exquisite and fresh foods for him to enjoy, he would have found it hard to stay.

Chapter 1109: Sword Wipeout Thunder Sound_2

Now that Mo Douguang was here, Chen Mobai could finally leave with peace of mind.

“During this past year, Junior Brother Chen has worked hard.”

When it was time to leave, Nu Jiang came to see him off and earnestly thanked him. He even specially prepared a peck of pearls as a thank-you gift.

These were a specialty of Yun Meng Ze, containing water spirit qi of the purest essence. In the Eastern Wilderness, they were equivalent to spirit stones; moreover, due to the gentle nature of their spiritual energy, easy to absorb, they were more precious than spirit stones in the eyes of cultivators with specific attributes in their cultivation techniques.

The peck of pearls from Nu Jiang were naturally of the highest intermediate grade, each one equivalent to a top-grade spirit stone.

After declining twice, Chen Mobai naturally accepted them as a matter of course.

When he stowed them away in his storage bag, he counted them with his divine sense, a total of eighty-eight, a very auspicious number indeed.

“Farewell, my three senior brothers!”

Chen Mobai laughed heartily with Nu Jiang, Mo Douguang, and Fu Zongjue, and then, along with Zhuo Ming and Jiang Zongheng, they entered the central grand hall of Wind Rain Hamlet.

This was one of the only two medium transporting formations in the Eastern Wilderness.

Leading them was Ji Guanhai, a true disciple of Nu Jiang, who explained in detail to Chen Mobai the functions of this teleportation array.

“Uncle-Master Chen, in theory, this medium transporting formation can connect to any small teleportation array of the border countries near Yun Meng Ze.”

The words from Ji Guanhai surprised Chen Mobai slightly. Wasn't this to say that through Wind Rain Hamlet's teleportation array, the Five Elements Sect could have direct access to the territory of the Divine Wood Sect?

“However, this requires the reception of the small teleportation array on the other side. The Nascent Soul ancestors are all aware of this matter, and when they divided the families back then, it was agreed that only the border fang markets of Rain Country and Yun Country would be open to this medium transporting formation. This was also a demand by Ancestor Zhou Shengqing back in the day, as it could save a lot of transportation time by utilizing this medium transporting formation.”

After hearing Ji Guanhai's explanation, Chen Mobai couldn't help but nod slightly.

“Please choose your destination, Uncle-Master Chen!”

After the introduction, Ji Guanhai pointed to a large map hanging on the wall, which depicted the whole territory of the Eastern Wilderness. Within Rain Country and Yun Country, there were six red dots, marking the fang markets to which they could choose to directly teleport.

“Then let’s go to Southstream Market!”

Seeing the familiar name, Chen Mobai chose it immediately, his own Land of Dragon Prosperity, and then stepped into the medium transporting formation with his two disciples.

The rest of the Foundation Establishment practitioners he had brought along, including Ding Ying, were left behind in Yun Meng Ze, waiting for the end of this massive surge of demonic beasts before returning.

After hearing his selection, Ji Guanhai immediately nodded, placing a piece of void stone into a specific slot.

Soon, the silver radiance began to light up, enveloping Chen Mobai and his two disciples, and transporting them toward Southstream Market.

...

In the skies above Green Light Island!

Xue Ting probed into her storage bag with her divine sense, wanting to see if she had any talismans or elixirs left. Her intense desire to survive, despite her spiritual power being down to its last 10%, and her flying sword cracked with a crevice, kept her valiantly battling with two rank-2 demonic beasts.

But at this moment, she was truly at her wits’ end.

With a clang! Her flying sword, after taking yet another blow from a wind blade and thunderous strike, finally broke apart completely.

Her pallid cheeks showed a look of desperation as she consumed her last pill that restored spiritual power. Then, with great care, she took out a red ribbon from around her neck.

Tied to the red ribbon was a talisman.

It was a gift from Chen Mobai when Xue Ting had completed her studies at Xiao Nanshan and was leaving.

An intermediate-grade, rank-2 Purple Fire Sword Talisman.

She had always kept this talisman as her most precious treasure, and she would never have used it if she hadn't found herself completely exhausted and facing death.

“Sect Master Chen, assist me!”

After silently invoking the name, Xue Ting followed the method etched in her memory by Chen Mobai, transforming her spiritual power to activate the Purple Fire Sword Talisman.

In the midst of roaring waves, the rank-2 demonic beast in the water, with its gaping maw, leaped high, poised to swallow the frail girl whole.

A strand of purple light ignited within Xue Ting's palm, which in the next instant, burst into a dazzling purple flame. Like a column of purple fire connecting heaven and earth, it sliced into the open mouth of the rank-2 strange fish.

With a bang!

The demonic beast, whose scales had been impervious to Xue Ting's flying sword, exploded into pieces under the Purple Fire Sword Talisman, turning into a cloud of blood and flesh.

These remnants were alight with a purple glow, quickly giving off the scent of roasted fish before turning charred black, and by the time they fell to the water's surface, they had already become heaps upon heaps of ash.

Merely a single talisman had killed a Rank-2 demonic beast!

Upon seeing this, Xue Ting's respect and awe for Chen Mobai surged like a towering mountain. After all, when she received this talisman, Sect Master Chen had not yet reached Core Formation.

Yet, even the talisman refined by him in the Foundation Building Realm was still capable of instantly killing a Rank-2 demonic beast, which truly attested to his reputation as an unparalleled genius in the Sword Dao!

However, death was still imminent.

After using this cherished Sword Talisman she had kept for over twenty years, the last of the spiritual power in Xue Ting's Dantian Qi Sea was depleted.

If she hadn't taken an elixir earlier that was gradually restoring her strength, she'd probably be unable to fly by now, and would have fallen into the water.

A fierce shout echoed as she lifted her head to see a Rank-2 Black Plague Bird nearby, seemingly enraged by the death of its companion.

But it also feared that Xue Ting might have a second talisman just as powerful, so it did not rashly approach. Instead, it used its Innate Divine Ability again, condensing Wind Thunder into a green blade.

Amidst the piercing howl, the green blades that the Black Plague Bird slashed with its wings were already crossing through the air towards Xue Ting.

I hope in my next life, I can become a disciple of Sect Master Chen!

In the moments before her death, this was the wish that emerged in Xue Ting's mind.

A faint smile appeared on her lips, her eyes closed as she prepared to face her own demise.

Whirl!

Just then, the sound of water coalescing rang in her ears, followed by the collision of two streams of spiritual power, as a powerful current pushed Xue Ting away.

And soon, a surge of water rose to support Xue Ting's backward-falling body.

"Where did you get this Sword Talisman?"

A clear and melodious voice sounded by Xue Ting's ear. She opened her eyes and saw a young girl in a long dress, with a delicate jade belt tied around her waist, standing in mid-air, her figure as graceful and fluid as water.

She extended her right hand and used the Water Controlling Technique, protecting Xue Ting within a Water Elemental Shield.

"It was bestowed upon me by Sect Master Chen of your sect."

In such a dire situation, Xue Ting naturally clung to this last straw. Seeing the girl with bright, spiritual eyes remaining silent, she immediately recounted her experience of learning Fire Spirit Rice planting at Xiao Nanshan before her Foundation Establishment.

"Do you know Senior Sister Zhuo?"

The delicate girl asked a question, to which Xue Ting nodded, indicating that when she was studying on South Mountain, Chen Mobai was preoccupied with secluded cultivation, and it was mostly Zhuo Ming who imparted the skills to her as they became close friends.

“Then you must know how many layers there are in Senior Sister Zhuo’s wine cellar, right?”

“When I left, Senior Sister Zhuo had just dug down to the third layer. When I came over to your sect to present a gift during Sect Master Chen’s Core Formation ceremony, I spoke with Senior Sister Zhuo, and she said that she had dug down to the sixth layer, but I’m not quite sure how many there are now.”

After hearing Xue Ting’s response, the delicate girl finally nodded.

At that moment, the Rank-2 Black Plague Bird launched another Wind Thunder Green Blade, but Xue Ting’s body was already being taken by the young girl through the defense shield of Green Light Island and into the protection range of the Large Formation.

With a bang, the demonic beast’s attack was shattered.

Afterward, as the Black Plague Bird hesitantly hovered above Green Light Island, a pure and brilliant beam of Sacred Tree Divine Light shot into the sky, accurately predicting its flight path and directly vaporizing the Rank-2 demonic beast into a mist of blood.

“Thank you for your help, Senior Sister. May I ask your honorable name?”

Though Xue Ting was weak, she still retained her manners and gave a respectful nod to the spiritual and delicate girl.

“My name is Gu Yan. If we’re talking about the time of Foundation Establishment, you can call me Junior Sister.”

Gu Yan gently bowed in return.

She too had once served alongside Chen Mobai and happened to recognize the Purple Fire Sword Talisman.

Chapter 1110: Breakthrough “Zong Heng, it was here that Ming’er and I passed the Sect’s assessment and selection,”

After arriving at South Creek Market, Chen Mobai couldn’t help but start reminiscing about the past, sharing his memories with Jiang Zongheng.

By his side, the Foundation Establishment practitioners from the four major families of South Creek Market had all come, respectfully following him and listening to him instruct his disciple.

After a while, Chen Mobai, who was leading the way, stopped in his tracks and then waved to Liu Jingxian.

Amidst the envious gazes of the other three Foundation Establishment practitioners, Liu Jingxian suppressed the smile at the corner of his mouth and quickly walked to the side of Chen Mobai and his two disciples.

“Greetings, Sect Master Chen!”

“No need for such formality. How is the upgrade of your family’s Spirit Field enterprise going?”

As a family of disciples hailing from the Sect, and a designated partner for the Divine Wood Sect in expanding the Spirit Rice market, Chen Mobai paid close attention to the Liu family. During his previous inspection tour of the six countries, he had even personally helped them plan the development of a new Spirit Field.

“Very well, following Sect Master Chen’s guidance, I led the family cultivators to integrate the new and old Spirit Fields. The Rank-1 fields are now sown annually. As for the Rank-2 fields, we divided them into four sections, sowing crops in sequence to avoid the over-demand of earth qi when Rank-2 Spirit Rice matures, which could damage the essence of the Spirit Fields.”

“Seven years have gone by, and now the family is able to harvest a large amount of Rank-1 Spirit Rice every year, as well as 3,000 catties of Rank-2 Spirit Rice. All of these are in high demand, especially the Rank-2 Spirit Rice. Families from Yun Country and even those from neighboring countries with Foundation Establishment practitioners come over to reserve it in advance.”

“This year’s Rank-2 paddy rice is also maturing nicely, and I’ve had someone slaughter a Rank-2 Azure Blood Carp; Sect Master Chen and the two distinguished disciples might as well dine at my Liu family’s establishment.”

With Liu Jingxian making such an offer, how could Chen Mobai refuse?

“Zong Heng probably hasn’t tasted Azure Blood Carp before; this was the first delicacy of the immortal cultivator that I had the chance to enjoy,”

Chen Mobai said with a smile to his disciple, considering himself very lucky.

After coming to the Tianhe Realm, within the Water Mansion, he had obtained Azure Blood Carps and Jade bamboo shoots, both ingredients capable of enhancing the Spiritual Root.

Jiang Zongheng, knowing that Liu Jingxian was from his senior brother’s family, also expressed his thanks very politely.

As they headed towards the dining hall of the Liu family in South Creek Market, a disciple from the Divine Wood Sect suddenly came over, apparently with something to report.

Fei Liang, the person in charge of the Sect in the market, immediately went to liaise with the messenger, then hurried back.

“Oh, that’s quite a coincidence. Then let’s invite them to join us for the meal,”

After hearing the news, Chen Mobai said to Fei Liang, who nodded and immediately went to carry out the Sect Master’s command.

The Divine Wood Sect disciple who had initially come to report was then called over by Fei Liang to follow alongside Chen Mobai and his group.

The visitor was a slim but tall youth who radiated a scholarly air, with deep-set eyes that left a lasting impression.

“You must be Shen Wei. I didn’t expect you to have grown so much,”

At this moment, Zhuo Ming, looking at the young man, recognized him and couldn’t help but speak up.

“I didn’t expect Uncle-Master Zhuo to remember me.”

The youth, named Shen Wei, was a disciple who had passed the assessment in South Creek Market alongside Chen Mobai and Zhuo Ming in the same year, and he possessed exceptional Spiritual Root Talent.

Unfortunately, he was too young at that time, so Yuan Chiye left a token with Shen Wei’s Loose Cultivator parents, allowing them to give it directly to the Divine Wood Sect’s emissary during the next recruitment to directly admit their son without examination.

Zhuo Ming, being nostalgic, had a lasting impression of that year’s cohort from South Creek Market.

“You’ve reached the Eighth Layer of Qi Cultivation; work hard, strive to become a true transmission disciple in the next Sect competition for the Foundation Building Pill, and bring honor to our generation of disciples.”

“I am but dull-witted, not daring to compare with the Sect Master and the various uncles and senior uncles,”

Shen Wei said humbly, repeatedly waving his hand to downplay Zhuo Ming’s words.

That year’s cohort, aside from the unrivalled genius Chen Mobai, also had Yu Lian, Luo Yixuan, Liu Wenbo, and Zhuo Ming — four Foundation Establishments hailed as the greatest honor in the hundred years since the establishment of South Creek Market.

It was for this reason that many Loose Cultivators heading to Yun Meng Ze chose to rest and recuperate in this South Creek Market.

Reminded by Zhuo Ming, Chen Mobai also remembered who Shen Wei was. Since fate had brought them together, he offered a few pointers, deeply moving the latter.

In all of the Eastern Wilderness, everyone knew that Sect Master Chen was an excellent mentor. Anyone who received his advice was guaranteed at least a breakthrough.

And Shen Wei had been stuck at the Eighth Layer of Qi Cultivation for quite a while.

In the middle of the instruction, Fei Liang arrived with two beautiful female cultivators where Chen Mobai was to dine.

“Greetings, Sect Leader!”

“Greetings, Sect Master Chen!”

Both Gu Yan and Xue Ting greeted him respectfully.

“Ah, your injury is quite serious,”

With Chen Mobai’s cultivation, he could tell at a glance the condition of Xue Ting.

Despite her attempts to hide it, the symptoms of depleted Spiritual Power and waning vitality were very evident.

Xue Ting did not conceal her circumstances, sharing her experience in Cloud Dream Swamp.

“Pass my order, have Dong Xuanze look into this matter,”

Chen Mobai instructed Fei Liang, who nodded and promptly excused himself to carry out the Sect Master's directive. Following that, Chen Mobai signaled Xue Ting to step forward and extend her hand for a closer examination of her injuries.

"Injured to the core; that's a bit problematic,"

After taking her pulse, Chen Mobai frowned slightly.

"Master, what should we do now?"

Zhuo Ming, who was worried, asked. She and Xue Ting were good friends, and hearing this, she couldn't help but grip Xue Ting's hand with a sigh.