

Doctor 1501

Chapter 1501: Martial Dao Companions in a Past Life?

Fang Bai was not surprised by the cultivation level displayed by Yan Muyu; instead, he felt it was only natural.

Among the martial arts techniques Fang Bai left to the Yan Family of Peach Blossom Town in his past life, there was one secret technique to hide a martial artist's aura. The younger generation of the Yan Family must have all cultivated it.

From the first moment Fang Bai saw Yan Muyu, he knew this little girl deliberately concealed her cultivation. Now, having confirmed she is a descendant of the Yan Family in Peach Blossom Town, he thought with her innate wood spirit root talent, having those martial arts techniques left by Fang as a foundation, along with the various cultivation resources of the Yan Family to assist her, it wouldn't be impossible for Yan Muyu to reach the Foundation Establishment Realm at her age.

However, Fang Bai did not know that since Yan Qingyu and Fang Bai ascended to the Immortal Realm tens of thousands of years ago, Yan Muyu was the only cultivation genius to emerge among the descendants of the Yan Family.

Since the moment Yan Muyu embarked on the path of cultivation, she displayed astonishing talent and aptitude, ascending a level each year, becoming the pride of the entire Yan Family, receiving focused nurturing from the upper echelon of the Yan Family.

All the descendants of the Yan Family hope that one day Yan Muyu can pass the Ninefold Heavy Tribulations, ascend to the Immortal Realm, step onto the long path of immortal cultivation, and become a female immortal following her ancestor Yan Qingyu, continuing the glory of the Yan Family for thousands of years in the Three Thousand Great Worlds.

And the name "Yan Muyu" of the little girl was also given in commemoration of her ancestor Yan Qingyu from tens of thousands of years ago.

"Little girl, your cultivation is impressive, but the early stage of the Foundation Establishment is far from enough for us! So... I'm sorry, we can't take you with us!"

The female martial artist also liked the little girl who was as tender as jade in front of her, and attempted to pat her head like Fang Bai did, but the girl avoided her.

"No one is allowed to touch my head except my parents and big brother!"

Yan Muyu said displeasedly to the female martial artist.

The "big brother" she mentioned naturally referred to Fang Bai.

The female martial artist smiled awkwardly and said to Fang Bai, "Little brother, it seems you have quite the charm, even this little girl likes you!"

Before Fang Bai could respond, Yan Muyu interjected, "Yes, I do like big brother! When I first saw him, I felt that he was like family to me! Big brother, do you feel the same way?"

Fang Bai nodded earnestly and said, "Mm, I have the same feeling as you!"

Yan Muyu clapped her hands and cheered, "Really? That's great! Big brother, can you be my family from now on? Just like my parents!"

Fang Bai nodded again, "Okay!"

Fang Bai genuinely liked this little girl from the Yan Family, who somewhat resembled the Peach Blossom Empress Yan Qingyu. How could he refuse such a small request from her?

In his past life, because of Yan Qingyu, Fang Bai had deep ties with the Yan Family.

This life, upon returning to the Yan Family and meeting such a lovable little girl, he decided to lend the Yan Family a helping hand once more.

In Fang Bai's eyes, this Yan Family girl had talents no less than the Peach Blossom Empress from previous generations. Perhaps with his assistance, the Yan Family could usher in another female immortal or even a female empress in the future.

"Big brother, you are so nice!"

Yan Muyu was overjoyed and hugged Fang Bai's left arm, rubbing her cheek affectionately against his hand.

Fang Bai laughed heartily, picked up the little girl, and placed her on his shoulder.

Yan Muyu was extremely excited, letting out a series of joyful laughter as clear as silver bells.

The female martial artist and her companions watched this pair, big and small, getting along so well, and couldn't help but exchange glances.

"Meeting for the first time, yet so close. Perhaps, in your past lives, you two were martial dao companions?"

The female martial artist teased with a smile.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "You might be right, that's exactly how I feel!"

"Big brother, what is a martial dao companion?"

Yan Muyu, sitting on his shoulder, playfully twirled Fang Bai's black hair, asking in her childlike voice.

Fang Bai replied, "You won't understand even if I explain now. You'll understand once you grow up."

Yan Muyu responded with an "Oh" and didn't ask further.

"So, little brother, how about joining us? We've waited for you this whole time, and I'm sure you can see our sincerity!"

The female martial artist was getting anxious as the sky darkened and the city gates were about to close.

Fang Bai thought for a moment and finally nodded, "Sure."

With Fang Bai's cultivation level, he could venture into the core area of the Nether Corpse Land alone, but the female martial artist and her companions were so sincere that he truly couldn't decline. Considering it had been tens of thousands of years since then, he didn't know what changes might have occurred within the Nether Corpse Land, and having a few more people to rely on wouldn't hurt, so he agreed.

The female martial artist was overjoyed and began by introducing herself, then had Fang Bai and the others get acquainted with each other.

Thus, the ten-member team of loose cultivator martial artists, led by the female martial artist, was formed.

The ten members consisted of five men and five women, including five Golden Core initial-stage powerhouses and five Foundation Establishment perfection experts.

The female martial artist was named Yun Man, with a cultivation level of the Golden Core initial stage. Her real age was slightly over thirty, and to reach such a level at her age, her aptitude was considered quite excellent.

Yun Man mentioned that she had lingered in Female Immortal City for many years, during which she formed teams with other martial artists to venture into the Nether Corpse Land, but all efforts ended in failure.

Despite witnessing many strong individuals fall in the Nether Corpse Land, Yun Man was neither afraid nor discouraged. She steadfastly persisted in her pursuit of the immortal dao, even if it meant paying with her life.

Recently, fierce storms blew from the direction of Zixia Mountain at the edge of the Nether Corpse Land, thinning the evil Qi inside the Nether Corpse Land considerably. As a result, martial artists entering would experience fewer illusions.

Hence, this time was viewed by many martial artists as the best opportunity in years to venture into the Nether Corpse Land for training. Martial artists with even a hint of ambition didn't want to miss out on this rare chance.

Under Yun Man's leadership, Fang Bai and the others entered Female Immortal City and found an inn filled with spiritual energy to rest. During their stay, they heard from Yun Man that there were hundreds, nearly ten thousand, teams preparing to enter the Nether Corpse Land this time.

In comparison, their team of ten could only be considered mid-tier to lower-tier in overall strength. If beset by evil Qi or illusions, they might have a hard time coping.

Despite this, the martial artists felt only tension, with no fear.

"Little Mu Yu, how about taking me to your home? Maybe I can persuade your parents to let you join me in the Nether Corpse Land."

After settling in the inn, Fang Bai said to Yan Muyu, who clung to him without wanting to leave.

Yan Muyu looked a bit troubled, tilted her head to think for a moment, and finally nodded, "Okay then! Big brother just needs to convince the family head of the Yan Family! But... I think it'll be difficult!"

Though Yan Muyu was young, she was very clever, and she knew that no one in the Yan Family would likely want her to risk venturing into the extremely perilous Nether Corpse Land.

However, Yan Muyu had great trust in Fang Bai, this big brother who was like family upon their first meeting, and she agreed after hearing his suggestion.

Chapter 1502: The Chaotic Yan Family

When Fang Bai and others settled into the inn of the Female Immortal City, the real controllers of the city, the Yan Family, discovered that their cultivation prodigy, Yan Muyu, had disappeared.

The entire Yan Family immediately fell into chaos.

Although Yan Muyu was very young, she had already shown exceptional talent. The Yan Family's top members regarded her as the most outstanding cultivation prodigy since Yan Qingyu in tens of thousands of years. It was highly likely she would be another Female Immortal who would ascend in the future.

Therefore, from the Family Head downwards, everyone in the Yan Family took great care of and showed immense affection towards Yan Muyu.

When Yan Muyu was three years old, she exhibited a strong interest in cultivation. After a discussion, the Yan Family's top members taught her the Martial Arts Techniques left by Senior Fang tens of thousands of years ago and supplemented her with the family's best Spirit Pills and herbs. Yan Muyu did not disappoint, advancing rapidly in her cultivation and successfully establishing her Foundation within just two or three years.

Now, Yan Muyu could be said to be the most important treasure of the Yan Family.

To protect Yan Muyu, the current City Lord of the Female Immortal City, Yan Family Head, and Yan Muyu's father, Yan Nanshan, specially assigned four female martial artists with Golden Core cultivation levels to follow and protect Yan Muyu closely.

However, no one expected that the usually well-behaved Yan Muyu would manage to elude the attention of those four Golden Core female martial artists and sneak out alone.

Upon hearing this, Yan Nanshan and the family's top members broke out in a cold sweat, thinking that if anything happened to Yan Muyu, they would face their ancestors with shame when they passed away in the future.

After scolding the two female martial artists protecting Yan Muyu, Yan Nanshan immediately ordered the news of Yan Muyu's disappearance to be kept secret and dispatched the family's experts to search for Yan Muyu inside and outside the Female Immortal City.

Though the Yan Family was the controller of the Female Immortal City, within a radius of ten thousand miles, at least three sects and prominent clans had overall strength not much weaker than the Yan Family. All of them were secretly amassing power, wishing to replace the Yan Family and take control of the rich and populous Female Immortal City.

Yan Nanshan was most worried that if those three major sects and clans learned of Yan Muyu's disappearance, they might secretly take action to eliminate the Yan Family's unmatched cultivation prodigy of ten thousand years.

Should Yan Muyu fall, it would undoubtedly be a major blow to the Yan Family.

As night fell, spirit stone lamps lit up inside and outside the City Lord's Hall at the very center of the Female Immortal City, illuminating the hall brightly.

On the square in front of the City Lord's Hall, Yan Nanshan walked back and forth with his arms crossed, a worried and anxious expression on his stern face.

Yan Muyu's mother, known as the "most beautiful woman in the Female Immortal City," Qin Suyun, stood not far from her husband, long past the point of tears.

The disappearance of her daughter Yan Muyu left Qin Suyun panic-stricken, crying while continuously praying for her daughter's safety.

"Family Head, Miss... Miss Yan... Miss Yan she..."

Just when Yan Nanshan and Qin Suyun were desperately anxious, a member of the Qin Family rushed over from outside like the wind, speaking stammeringly due to excessive excitement.

"What about Muyu?"

Yan Nanshan and his wife's eyes fell on the Yan Family member, asking in unison.

Among the Yan Family's younger members, there were many female martial artists, but at this time, the "Miss Yan" mentioned by this Yan Family member must refer to Yan Muyu.

The Yan Family member took a deep breath, calmed himself, and said with great delight, "Miss Yan has returned!"

"Returned?"

"Where is she?"

This news left Yan Nanshan and his wife both surprised and overjoyed. They hurried to the Yan Family member, asking eagerly.

"Outside the main gate..."

Upon saying this, the Yan Family member's expression turned a bit strange and he said, "And with Miss Yan, there is also a young martial artist!"

"A young martial artist?"

Yan Nanshan furrowed his brows and turned to his wife, "Come, let's go and take a look!"

Although their daughter was clever, she was really too young. Yan Nanshan worried that some people with ulterior motives might deceive her to achieve unspeakable purposes. This must be guarded against.

When Yan Nanshan and his wife reached the Yan Family's main gate, they were bewildered to see their daughter sitting on the shoulders of an unfamiliar young martial artist, smiling happily.

Their daughter, although extraordinarily gifted, comparable to the ancestors like Yan Qingyu who ascended to the Immortal Realm tens of thousands of years ago, was held in high regard by everyone in the Yan Family. However, to the couple's helplessness, since their daughter became sensible, she kept a distance from everyone, even refusing kindly gestures like someone trying to pat her head.

Even as parents, Yan Nanshan and Qin Suyun felt a slight sense of estrangement with their daughter, unlike their other children who loved to stick to them and play around.

In the eyes of Yan Nanshan and his wife, this felt like how family bonds should be, blood thicker than water.

But what puzzled them was why this daughter, who made them proud yet somewhat helpless, would be so close to the young martial artist before their eyes?

Not only did their daughter sit on that young martial artist's shoulders, but she also showed a bright and innocent smile, laughing joyously as the young man amused her, appearing extremely cheerful.

The Yan Nanshan couple could tell that their daughter's laughter was genuine and truly that of a child's.

For some reason, seeing their daughter like this, Yan Nanshan and Qin Suyun felt a slight sourness in their hearts, as if someone had snatched away their cherished treasure.

"Muyu, how improper! Come down at once!"

Seeing his daughter safe and sound, Yan Nanshan breathed a sigh of relief, then assumed a fatherly authority, lightly scolding.

"No! I want to play with Big Brother!"

Yan Muyu seemed completely unafraid of her father, shaking her head resolutely.

"You... you child..."

Yan Nanshan pointed at his daughter, eyes wide, face flushed, wanting to scold her harshly but afraid of scaring the child, especially with an outsider present, wore an awkward expression.

Despite being the Yan Family Head and City Lord of the Female Immortal City, a high-ranking Golden Core Realm expert who had fought hundreds of battles, with countless martial artists perishing by his hands, making him a figure terrifying to talk about, he felt utterly helpless against his nearly prodigious daughter.

"Suyun..."

Yan Nanshan turned to his wife, giving her a subtle look.

In Yan Nanshan's mind, his wife Qin Suyun's words were much more effective than his own, and their daughter sometimes listened to her.

"Muyu, come to mommy, okay? Let mommy hug you."

Qin Suyun said softly with a loving smile, reaching her arms forward.

"No, I want to play with Big Brother!"

Yan Muyu still shook her head, setting herself up with a posture that no matter what they said, she would steadfastly not come down.

Chapter 1503: Withered Tree Spring Art

Regarding their daughter's "rebellion," Yan Nanshan and Qin Suyun were greatly troubled, yet couldn't bring themselves to scold or reprimand her.

"Young brother... You're not from our Fairy City, are you?"

Yan Nanshan temporarily abandoned the idea of coaxing his daughter off the young martial artist's shoulder, turning his gaze toward Fang Bai, and asked indifferently.

There was a hint of coldness in his expression, and he emitted the aura of a Golden Pill Expert.

Towards this young martial artist of unknown origin who had somehow managed to make his daughter so happy, Yan Nanshan felt it necessary to remain highly vigilant and simultaneously provide a suitable deterrent, lest he harbor any intentions through his daughter.

At the same time, Yan Nanshan was also very surprised by Fang Bai's cultivation level.

A twenty-something loose cultivator martial artist, possessing cultivation at the level of Foundation Establishment perfection, was truly rare; such a realm could not be achieved without being a martial genius.

And just as the young martial artist appeared outside the Yan family's gates, within a radius of a thousand meters, at least ten Yan family Golden Core Realm experts had already blocked all retreating paths for the young martial artist.

The ten Yan family experts, fully focused and ready, would strike with thunderous means should the young martial artist exhibit the slightest intention to harm Yan Muyu or act with any hostility towards the Yan family.

The young martial artist was, of course, Fang Bai.

After Fang Bai, Yun Man, and others stayed at a guest inn within Female Immortal City, he brought Yan Muyu to the Yan family, intending to see what the Yan family, with which he had intersections in his past life, was like today.

Fang Bai didn't pay much mind to the Yan family's vigilance and hostility; he understood their reasoning.

After all, newly arriving in Female Immortal City and quickly becoming acquainted with the little girl Yan Muyu on his shoulder, it would indeed be strange if they didn't suspect he had any ulterior motives.

Fang Bai secretly circulated his cultivation technique, countering the pressure exerted on him by Yan Nanshan, with a calm demeanor, and said to Yan Nanshan and Qin Suyun, "Are you Muyu's parents? I am Fang Bai, a loose cultivator. Today, during my training journey, I met little Muyu outside the city gates..."

"Your name is Fang Bai?"

Fang Bai was interrupted by Yan Nanshan before he could finish speaking.

The name Fang Bai reminded Yan Nanshan of an old benefactor to the Yan family from tens of thousands of years ago.

According to the Yan family's genealogy, that benefactor was also named Fang Bai, who met and fell in love with Yan Qingyu, the most outstanding cultivation genius in the Yan family's history, tens of thousands of years ago, eventually becoming martial dao partners and ascending to the Immortal Realm.

It is said that Yan Qingyu's ability to ascend to the Immortal Realm was thanks to Fang Bai's assistance; otherwise, who knows how many more years it would have taken.

Before ascending to the Immortal Realm, that benefactor Fang Bai, out of consideration for Yan Qingyu, left several profound and unparalleled cultivation methods for the Yan family. It was by relying on these cultivation methods that the Yan family was able to quickly rise from the small town of Peach Blossom with a population of a few thousand to create the current Female Immortal City and become a powerful clan with many Golden Core Realm experts.

"Why, is the name Fang Bai very rare?"

Fang Bai looked at the somewhat distracted Yan Nanshan and asked with a smile.

"Oh... Nothing, it's just that young brother's name coincides with a benefactor of our Yan family." Yan Nanshan responded coolly, thinking about how many people in the world share the same name. Although this young martial artist is a genius, how can he be compared to that Fang Bai who bestowed great kindness upon the Yan family?

Not only Yan Nanshan but also some high-level individuals of the Yan family, observing the situation from the shadows, merely showed slight surprise upon hearing the young martial artist mention the name "Fang Bai" and did not associate the young martial artist with that astonishingly talented Fang Bai from tens of thousands of years ago.

"Dad, Mom, let me tell you, big brother can also do the Withered Tree Spring Art!"

Yan Muyu, sitting on Fang Bai's shoulder, suddenly said.

Upon Yan Muyu's words, the martial artists from the Yan family, including Yan Nanshan, were utterly shocked.

Yan Nanshan's eyes shone like sharp swords directly at Fang Bai, sternly asking, "Where did you learn the Withered Tree Spring Art?"

The Withered Tree Spring Art is a wood system skill left to the Yan family by the benefactor named Fang Bai tens of thousands of years ago, classified as top secret by the Yan family, allowing only a few high-level individuals of the Yan family to cultivate, inaccessible to the general Yan family disciples.

Yet the daughter claimed that this Fang Bai before her had also cultivated the Withered Tree Spring Art; how could Yan Nanshan not be shaken by this revelation?

Yan Nanshan's first reaction was that there was a traitor within the Yan family who had leaked the Withered Tree Spring Art, otherwise, someone of Fang Bai's ability couldn't possibly have obtained this cultivation technique.

However, the Withered Tree Spring Art has always been safeguarded by the successive family heads of the Yan family; how could it have been leaked?

"Big brother said he once had a chance encounter and learned the Withered Tree Spring Art from an extraordinary person," Yan Muyu hurriedly explained for Fang Bai, sensing the killing intent from her father and the surrounding lurking Yan family experts.

From the first time she laid eyes on Fang Bai, she considered him her closest person and didn't want any conflict between her family and Fang Bai.

Yan Nanshan, upon hearing his daughter, considered how the benefactor Fang Bai had traveled through the three thousand worlds in the past, and he might have imparted this skill to others, which had been passed down over time, and this Fang Bai was fortunate enough to learn it.

Yan Nanshan found this to be the most likely scenario, rather than a Yan family member leaking the skill.

Feeling slightly more at ease, Yan Nanshan's killing intent diminished significantly, and he solemnly addressed Fang Bai, "Does Brother Fang mind demonstrating the Withered Tree Spring Art you learned?"

Fang Bai smiled and began to circulate the Withered Tree Spring Art cultivation technique, with a strand of pure Wood Spirit Qi swirling around him, mixing with the fresh scent of grass and wood, invigorating those who inhaled it.

Even some spiritual medicine plants around the area noticeably thrived more under the nourishment of Fang Bai's strand of Wood Spirit Qi.

Cultivating the Withered Tree Spring Art to a profound level can rejuvenate dead vegetation and even kindle life in a critically wounded martial artist; it's a wondrous skill, considered akin to Immortal Law by some martial artists.

As the family head of the Yan family, Yan Nanshan guarded the Withered Tree Spring Art passed down by the ancestors and focused his cultivation on this technique.

Benefiting from the wonders of this cultivation technique, Yan Nanshan, being under fifty, was already a high-rank Golden Core expert, an enviable feat.

As Fang Bai circulated the Withered Tree Spring Art, Yan Nanshan's internal Wood Spirit Qi seemed to resonate, spontaneously circulating.

Several high-level Yan family members lurking around experienced the same phenomenon.

This discovery astonished the Yan family experts, including Yan Nanshan, instantly transforming their hostility towards Fang Bai into respect.

Because they knew that their internal energy was only induced by Fang Bai for two reasons:

One, because Fang Bai and they practiced the same cultivation technique; two, Fang Bai's cultivation method was of a higher grade than theirs.

All cultivation techniques in the world are thus.

Chapter 1504: Do Not Cross the Blood Pool River

"...The extraordinary person I encountered, his ancestors were fortunate enough to receive cultivation techniques from a powerful figure tens of thousands of years ago, among which was the Withered Tree Spring Art... According to that extraordinary person, the one who taught his ancestors the Withered Tree Spring Art was also named Fang Bai... I never expected that my name would coincide with that of such a powerful figure..."

In response to Yan Nanshan's inquiry, Fang Bai casually concocted a story, providing a reasonable explanation for the origin of his cultivation in the Withered Tree Spring Art, while also tying it to his past life.

This way, in Yan Nanshan's eyes, the current Fang Bai, like the Yan family, cultivated the Withered Tree Spring Art passed down from a powerful figure named Fang Bai tens of thousands of years ago, establishing some sort of historical connection between them.

As a result, any initial hostility Yan Nanshan held towards Fang Bai completely vanished.

During the ensuing conversation, Yan Nanshan gained more insight into Fang Bai, increasingly appreciating him. This young martial artist, being an outstanding cultivation genius, was not arrogant or conceited, but rather gentle and modest, devoid of pride, far surpassing some of the Yan family's younger disciples.

As for why his beloved daughter was so attached to Fang Bai, Yan Nanshan attributed it to two reasons: firstly, both of them cultivated the Withered Tree Spring Art, which naturally created a mutual resonance; secondly, they naturally had an affinity for each other despite their age difference.

Reflecting on his previous misunderstanding of Fang Bai deliberately approaching his daughter with ulterior motives towards the Yan family, Yan Nanshan felt ashamed. Additionally, with the intent of forming a connection with Fang Bai, he warmly invited him into the City Lord's Hall for a conversation.

After both parties took their seats, a female disciple from the Yan family offered spiritual wine made from Thousand-Year Spirit Fruit, then gracefully exited the hall.

Since both Fang Bai and Yan Nanshan had cultivated the wood system skill of the same powerful figure from tens of thousands of years ago, they naturally had topics to discuss. Their conversation ranged from Fang Bai's training adventures, the rise of the Yan family, how the Female Immortal City was established, and finally, mutual exchanges on insights into the cultivation method of the Withered Tree Spring Art.

To Yan Nanshan's delight, Fang Bai's understanding of the Withered Tree Spring Art far surpassed his own. Some profound cultivation principles he previously couldn't comprehend became crystal clear after Fang Bai's casual explanation, akin to an Ambrosia Baptism, leaving him enlightened.

"Listening to Fang Bai's words is worth ten years of my hard cultivation!"

Yan Nanshan looked at the eloquent Fang Bai, feeling deeply moved, and his affection for Fang Bai increased significantly.

During this exchange, Mu Yanyu stopped playing around and sat quietly on Fang Bai's lap, tilting her little head and blinking her big eyes, attentively listening to the discussions on the Dao of Cultivation between her big brother and father. Occasionally, her eyes would gleam, seemingly having gained insights of her own.

To the amusement and perplexity of both Yan Nanshan and Qin Suyun, their daughter remained glued to Fang Bai, refusing to come down no matter how much they persuaded her, as if afraid that once she left, Fang Bai would vanish.

Their daughter didn't share the same closeness with her parents but was extraordinarily attached to an outsider, causing Yan Nanshan and Qin Suyun to feel somewhat defeated and ashamed, realizing that they had previously spent most of their time and energy on cultivation and rarely played with her. They knew they'd have to change this soon; otherwise, the gap between them and their daughter would only widen.

"Are you planning to go to the Netherworld Corpse Lands, Brother Fang?"

Upon hearing Fang Bai mention this, Yan Nanshan's expression became odd, his eyebrows furrowing as he hesitated to speak.

Fang Bai, being younger than Yan Nanshan and not as highly cultivated, should customarily refer to Yan Nanshan as "Senior." However, with Mu Yanyu constantly calling Fang Bai "Big Brother," and Yan Nanshan being highly optimistic about Fang Bai's future, he didn't want to take advantage, ultimately choosing to address Fang Bai as a brother.

Fang Bai accepted this arrangement naturally. After all, he had cultivated for tens of thousands of years in his past life, esteemed as the Immortal Venerable, and had assisted the ancestors of the Yan family. For Yan Nanshan to address him as a brother was quite an honor from Fang Bai's perspective.

"Indeed, I've formed a ten-man team with nine other martial artists, planning to set off to the Netherworld Corpse Lands early tomorrow morning! What's wrong, Brother Yan?"

Seeing Yan Nanshan's peculiar expression, Fang Bai couldn't help but ask.

He hadn't stepped into the Netherworld Corpse Lands in tens of thousands of years. Over such a long period, with the handiwork of nature's supernatural skills, even the mountains and rivers could change significantly, and certainly, the Netherworld Corpse Lands would have undergone substantial transformations compared to tens of thousands of years ago.

Yan Nanshan said, "Brother Fang, there's something you might not know. The most core region of the Netherworld Corpse Lands has, for nearly a millennium, become incredibly peculiar. Many Golden Core experts who entered there have mysteriously vanished, leaving no remains. Hundreds of years ago, two

Supreme Elders of my Yan family at the Golden Core Perfection realm teamed up to explore the core region of the Netherworld Corpse Lands, intending to uncover its mysteries. However..."

As he mentioned this, a hint of sadness crossed his face as he sighed, "Eventually, one Supreme Elder died within, while the other managed to escape but suffered severe wounds, became mentally deranged, unable to say anything, and soon passed away as well... Since then, our Yan family established strict rules forbidding family disciples from entering the most core region of the Netherworld. Upon learning this, various martial artists also dared not get close."

He glanced at Fang Bai, speaking earnestly, "Brother Fang, I won't stop you from going to the Netherworld Corpse Lands for training, but please heed my advice: do not cross the 'Blood Pool River!'"

Fang Bai smiled faintly, neither affirming nor denying.

The "Blood Pool River" is regarded by martial artists as the boundary between the inner and outer regions of the Netherworld Corpse Lands.

Beyond the Blood Pool River lies the outskirts of the Netherworld Corpse Lands, where martial artists typically halt their training.

However, venturing past the Blood Pool River signifies entering the core region of the Netherworld Corpse Lands, a zone where martial artists tread with caution, facing life-threatening risks.

The ten-member martial artist team that Fang Bai joined intended to cross the "Blood Pool River," entering the core area of the Netherworld Corpse Lands.

The Netherworld Corpse Lands span tens of thousands of miles, with its core region comprising one-third of its area. Every year, many Golden Core experts perish there in search of opportunities, leaving behind countless cultivation resources scattered throughout.

Yan Nanshan's advice against Fang Bai crossing the Blood Pool River was purely out of goodwill.

Despite being a genius, Fang Bai's current cultivation level was ultimately only at Foundation Establishment perfection. Even if he teamed up with others, once past the Blood Pool River, if danger arose, others would likely fend for themselves, leaving few to assist him.

Having felt an immediate bond with Fang Bai, coupled with his daughter's exceptional affinity with him, Yan Nanshan didn't wish to see Fang Bai perish.

Observing Fang Bai's indifferent expression, Yan Nanshan realized his advice wouldn't change Fang Bai's decision, resigning himself with a quiet sigh.

"Father and Mother, I want to go to the Netherworld Corpse Lands for training with Big Brother!"

Quietly listening on Fang Bai's lap, Yan Muyu suddenly expressed her sincere desire to join her parents.

Chapter 1505: What is a Puppy?

"Mu Yu, you can't mess around!"

As soon as Yan Muyu spoke, her parents immediately opposed her in unison.

Yan Muyu was young, her mind was not yet mature, and her cultivation level was only at the initial stage of Foundation Establishment. She couldn't withstand the invasion of the Evil Qi in the Nether Corpse Land.

Moreover, Yan Muyu was a once-in-a-millennium cultivation genius of the Yan Family, and she was crucial to the family's future prosperity. Before she advanced to the Golden Core Realm and had some self-protection ability, the entire Yan Family, including the couple Yan Nanshan and his wife, would do everything to protect her from harm. How could they allow her to enter the Nether Corpse Land for training?

The fall of two Supreme Elders of the Yan Family hundreds of years ago still haunted the family. Yan Nanshan felt a deep sorrow every time he thought about it.

A Golden Pill Expert, with a lifespan of several hundred years—if those two Supreme Elders hadn't died back then and continued to protect the Yan Family for another hundred years, the family would be in a

different situation today and wouldn't be facing challenges to its authority in the Female Immortal City by multiple sects and prominent clans.

The Yan Family had placed too many hopes on Yan Muyu and would not tolerate her being harmed in any way.

"I'm not messing around!"

Yan Muyu had already anticipated that her parents wouldn't agree to her following her brother to the Nether Corpse Land. Quickly, her big eyes filled with a layer of mist, and with tears welling up, she said, "I just want to go with my big brother! If you don't let me go, I'll cry and throw a tantrum!"

Seeing her father's stern gaze and her mother's continuous head shaking, Yan Muyu sniffed, turned around, threw her arms around Fang Bai's neck, and burst into tears in his arms.

Since Yan Muyu became sensible, she had never cried like this before. It seemed like she was extremely sad.

Qin Suyun heard her daughter crying so hard that she felt heartache immediately. Hastily, she stood up, walked over to Fang Bai's side, and softly comforted her daughter in his arms.

To her surprise, the more she comforted, the louder Yan Muyu cried, tears falling like rain. Even Fang Bai couldn't do anything.

"Suyun, let her cry, don't comfort her!"

Yan Nanshan hardened his heart, asked his wife to step back, and said sternly with a dark face, "Such indulgence and pampering at a young age, if this continues, how will it ever be managed?"

In front of Fang Bai, Qin Suyun didn't defy her husband, but she pitied her daughter. Standing beside Fang Bai, she watched her daughter cry non-stop and shed tears along with her.

Yan Nanshan thought his daughter was just having a tantrum and would get over it after crying for a while. But to his surprise, half an hour passed, and she still showed no sign of stopping, her voice becoming a bit hoarse.

Yan Muyu's crying drew in several of the Yan Family's senior members.

Hearing that the most important treasure of the Yan Family insisted on going to the Nether Corpse Land for training, the senior members of the Yan Family looked at each other, unsure of what to do.

Concerned that his daughter's excessive sadness might affect her future cultivation, Yan Nanshan had to lower himself and tried to persuade her personally, but it was to no avail. He was so anxious that he didn't know what to do, pacing around restlessly.

Fang Bai also didn't expect the little girl in his arms to be so stubborn. He gently patted her back, soothing her in a low voice, and looked at Yan Nanshan with a helpless smile.

"Why not... send some strong members of the family to accompany her on a trip to the Nether Corpse Land?"

One of the Yan Family's senior members suggested quietly, seeing that things couldn't continue like this.

"She's just a child, full of curiosity, so let her wander around the edge of the Nether Corpse Land!"

Another senior member of the Yan Family nodded.

The two speaking senior members of the Yan Family were Supreme Elders, nearly two hundred years old. Although their cultivation level was the same as Yan Nanshan's, their combat power was slightly stronger. They were highly respected in the family, and even Yan Nanshan, as the Family Head, had to show them respect.

Since the two Supreme Elders had spoken, the other senior members of the Yan Family also nodded in agreement.

With several Golden Pill Experts from the family protecting her, just walking around the edge of the Nether Corpse Land shouldn't affect Yan Muyu.

Since the family's senior members said so, Yan Nanshan couldn't oppose it anymore. He gave a resentful glance at his daughter's gradually softening cries and sighed helplessly, nodding his head.

"Alright, Mu Yu, you see, everyone has agreed to let you go to the Nether Corpse Land! Don't cry anymore, or your face will be crying so much it won't look pretty!"

Fang Bai patted Yan Muyu's back and whispered in her ear.

Yan Muyu immediately stopped crying, wiped away the tears on her face, and broke into a smile.

"This child..."

Yan Nanshan and his wife exchanged a rueful smile, thinking there's always a next time. Once her wish is fulfilled this time, what will they do if she wants to go to the Nether Corpse Land for training all the time in the future?

Perhaps exhausted from crying, Yan Muyu soon fell into a deep sleep in Fang Bai's arms.

Fang Bai carefully handed her over to Qin Suyun, arranged to meet Yan Nanshan early the next morning outside the city, and then returned to the guesthouse where he was staying.

A night passed quietly in cultivation.

The next morning, Fang Bai, Yun Man, and the others ate some poria, Solomon's Seal, and Spirit Beast Meat brought by the inn servant, drank some Spiritual Liquid, and then left the inn together, heading outside the city gate.

By this time, outside the city gate, there were already over a hundred Martial Artist teams gathered, ready to set out.

"Sister Yun, I'm waiting for a few people here!"

After leaving the city gate, the ten people walked under a big tree, where Fang Bai stopped and looked back towards the city gate direction.

"Okay."

Yun Man nodded at Fang Bai's words and didn't ask who he was waiting for, thinking that since the Nether Corpse Land was only a few thousand miles away, everyone could quickly arrive by driving their Spiritual Artifacts, so there was no rush.

Yun Man, being the strongest in the ten-member team and skilled in organization and coordination, was elected as the leader.

A few moments later, four strong figures dressed in the attire of the Yan Family Elders strode out of the city gate and headed towards Fang Bai upon seeing him.

The four Yan Family Elders surrounded a little girl with twin hair buns and wearing a pink jacket in the middle, all with highly vigilant expressions.

Once the little girl was out of the city gate, her pair of jet-black eyes kept turning, peeking out from the gaps between the four Yan Family Elders, seemingly looking for something.

"Big brother, hug!"

Upon seeing Fang Bai standing under the tree, the little girl cheered with excitement and ran toward him with open arms.

Fang Bai greeted her with a smile, lifted the girl, and placed her on his shoulder, asking, "Little Mu Yu, are you happy you can go to the Nether Corpse Land?"

"A little bit unhappy!"

Yan Muyu wrinkled her neat little nose and replied.

Fang Bai asked, "Why?"

Yan Muyu said, "Because last night, big brother sneaked away without telling Mu Yu. Mu Yu was so sad not to see big brother upon waking up!"

Fang Bai laughed, "Alright, it was my fault yesterday! I'll give you a gift later, and you mustn't be angry, okay?"

Yan Muyu tilted her head, pondering, and asked, "What gift will big brother give to Mu Yu?"

Fang Bai said, "That... I haven't thought about it yet. But whatever gift Mu Yu likes, big brother will give it! How about that?"

Yan Muyu said, "Okay, it's a deal! Big brother can't lie!"

"Whoever lies is a puppy!"

"Huh? What is a puppy?"

"Ahem... a puppy... it's a kind of spirit beast in the Secular World..."

"Where is the Secular World?"

"Where exactly, I can't say for sure, but you can get there through a Teleportation Array... Well, the Secular World is a beautiful place, with fewer Martial Artists, not so many ferocious Spirit Beasts, and people who are all very kind... and big brother, I am originally from the Secular World..."

"Wow, the Secular World is where big brother once lived! I really want to see it! Oh, big brother, what is a Teleportation Array?"

...

Chapter 1506: Evil Qi and Corpse Qi

Yun Man and the others never expected that the person Fang Bai was waiting for was this little girl, Yan Muyu.

What surprised them even more was that Yan Muyu was a disciple of the Yan Family from the Female Immortal City.

And judging by the formation of four family elders dispatched by the Yan Family to protect Yan Muyu, she must be an extremely important junior disciple of the Yan Family.

"Could this little girl be the legendary prodigy of the Yan Family, a once-in-a-thousand-years genius? Hmm, succeeding in Foundation Establishment at the age of four or five, she must be the one!"

Having lived in the Female Immortal City for a long time, Yun Man knew a thing or two about the Yan Family, and in recent years had often heard of a peerless genius girl from the Yan Family, but she had only ever heard of her, never seen her.

Looking at Yan Muyu, who was sitting on Fang Bai's shoulder and playing incessantly with him, Yun Man felt both joy and worry.

Joy, because if she could build a relationship with the Yan Family through Fang Bai, she would have a powerful backing in the Female Immortal City, and no one would dare provoke her.

Worry, because with four powerful members of the Yan Family accompanying them, even if they found some treasures during this expedition to the Nether Corpse Land, they wouldn't be able to compete with the four elders of the Yan Family and would gain little.

The four powerful figures from the Yan Family were all Golden Core mid-stage experts. Although their ten-person team did have a numerical advantage, they were simply no match for the four strong individuals from the Yan Family.

Not only Yun Man had these concerns, but several other team members did as well.

Some even considered, if Fang Bai were removed, the four strong members of the Yan Family would not accompany them anymore, easily resolving all issues.

Of course, only a few had such thoughts, and most martial artists, including the team leader Yun Man, didn't even consider it.

From the fact that the Yan Family sent four elders to protect Yan Muyu and accompany Fang Bai to the Nether Corpse Land, it was clear that Fang Bai had a deep relationship with the Yan Family. Removing Fang Bai would not only offend Fang Bai but also the Yan Family behind him.

The Yan Family was essentially the rulers of the Female Immortal City. Although their grip had weakened in recent years, they were still beyond the challenge of these loose cultivators.

"Hopefully, the four elders of the Yan Family won't be too greedy, taking the meat and leaving some soup for us!"

Yun Man thought to himself, exchanging a look with several team members before they all drove their spiritual artifacts, soaring into the sky, heading towards the Nether Corpse Land.

"Big brother, let's go too!"

Sitting on Fang Bai's shoulder, Yan Muyu looked up excitedly at Yun Man and the others as they transformed into long rainbows flying away, urging eagerly.

"Okay, Little Mu Yu, hold on tight!"

Fang Bai laughed heartily, summoned the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, and floated in mid-air.

He leapt onto the blade of the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, and with a slight movement of his mind, the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade soared with a "whoosh", transforming into a dazzling red light, chasing after Yun Man and the others.

Four Yan Family elders also each drove their spiritual artifacts, ascending, two in front and two behind, protecting Fang Bai and Yan Muyu in the middle.

For ordinary people, a journey of several thousand miles might be extremely distant, but for a group like Fang Bai, where even the weakest had a cultivation level of Foundation Establishment perfection, flying on spiritual artifacts required only a day's time.

When they arrived at the edge of the Nether Corpse Land, looking from afar, they saw vast stretches of light smoke and thin mist ahead, as if the clouds in the sky had all gathered here, covering tens of thousands of miles.

At this time, as the sun was setting, its afterglow shone within the thin smoke and mist, transforming into various colors, like a dreamlike illusion of bizarre fantasy.

The light smoke and mist may look beautiful, but those who truly understand the Nether Corpse Land know that hidden behind that beauty are countless dangers. A slight carelessness could result in falling into it.

"Wow, is this the Nether Corpse Land? So beautiful! Many people in the family said before that it's extremely dangerous and not to enter! Turns out it's all lies!"

Yun Man and others who had been here more than once had always been respectful in front of the Nether Corpse Land. But for Yan Muyu, who was visiting for the first time, she was filled with joy and excitement, saying, "Big brother, look at those clouds and mist, they're really beautiful! Quick, take me over to see them!"

A Yan Family elder who had come along rolled his eyes, sternly saying: "Mu Yu, those are not clouds and mist! Those are the evil qi and corpse qi formed by countless martial artists after fierce battles and death! They also contain some toxic smoke and fog."

"Third Grandpa, I know about toxic smoke and fog, but what is evil qi? What is corpse qi?"

Yan Muyu turned her head to the Yan Family elder, blinking her eyes and asked curiously.

The Yan Family elder whom Yan Muyu addressed as "Third Grandpa" was named Yan Zhili, had a Golden Core mid-stage cultivation level, and ranked among the top in the entire Yan Family in terms of strength.

Yan Zhili was severe and inflexible, known for his unemotional demeanor, and was responsible for law enforcement in the Yan Family. Any family disciple who made a mistake would face his punishment.

Among the Yan Family disciples, apart from the Supreme Elder, the Family Head, a few elders, and Yan Muyu, none were unafraid of Yan Zhili. Some disciples would tremble with fear when encountering Yan Zhili, regardless of whether they had made mistakes.

The reason Yan Muyu was unafraid of Yan Zhili, in the eyes of the Yan Family disciples, seemed to be simply because she was too young, a case of ignorance being bliss.

They did not know that Yan Muyu was inherently fearless, unaffected by her age.

And Yan Zhili, being aware of this prodigious talent in cultivation seldom seen in ten thousand years within the Yan Family, naturally treated her differently, refraining from stern scoldings in her presence, even if he did not show a smile.

The four Yan Family elders, including Yan Zhili, brought Yan Muyu on this trip to broaden her experience and insight. Hearing her questions, he explained: "As for evil qi... let me give an example. Say this Nether Corpse Land has existed for countless thousands of years, during which an innumerable number of martial artists have fallen. Most of these warriors died after fierce battles, and their fighting spirit, resolve, killing qi, spiritual energy, etc., may condense over the years in a special environment without dispersing, eventually forming evil qi."

Yan Zhili glanced at Yan Muyu, sitting on Fang Bai's shoulder, seeing her listening intently, continued: "And corpse qi naturally comes from the aura released by decaying corpses of warriors or fierce beasts. This aura... well, it's very unpleasant! When you enter later, remember to hold your breath."

"Sounds... like it could be fun!"

Yan Zhili originally thought his words would frighten Yan Muyu, but the little girl only grew more curious and excited.

Yan Zhili was at a loss, truly worried that this little girl might cause some trouble after entering the Nether Corpse Land, so he exchanged a glance with the other three elders, and the four decided to stick closely to Fang Bai, ensuring that this little girl wouldn't make any mistakes. Otherwise, they wouldn't be able to atone for it even with a hundred deaths.

Chapter 1507: Kindness Acknowledged

Fang Bai and the others each put away their spiritual artifacts, landing on a barren stretch at the edge of the Nether Corpse Land.

At the moment, the edge of the Nether Corpse Land had already attracted hundreds of martial artist teams and loose cultivators, all of whom were staring intently at the thin mist ahead, waiting for the best opportunity to enter.

"Not having been to the Nether Corpse Land for tens of thousands of years, the evil and corpse qi here are heavier than before, and the area has expanded a lot. The number of martial artists coming for training has far exceeded before!"

Fang Bai looked at the bustling crowd around him, feeling deeply moved.

Every expansion of the Nether Corpse Land indicated more powerful beings had fallen here, and after today, who knew how many martial artists would become part of those corpses.

With the cultivation teams and individual cultivation martial artists combined, there were at least ten thousand people, and some martial artists had entered the Nether Corpse Land days ago, while others were still arriving.

This cycle repeated day after day; almost every day of the year, martial artists would venture into the Nether Corpse Land to explore and seek treasures.

Even on days when the evil and corpse qi were thickest and least suitable for entry, there would be some martial artists who, confident in their abilities, would take the risk to enter.

For those strong ones, the fewer the competitors entering the Nether Corpse Land, the greater their chance of finding treasures and gaining opportunities.

"There are many Golden Pill Experts this time, making the competition fiercer than ever!"

Yun Man and the martial artists looked around, roughly estimating that in the past, Golden Pill Experts made up only a third of those entering the Nether Corpse Land, but this time, it was nearly half.

With their team of ten martial artists, it would be great if they could even sip some soup, let alone eat meat.

Seeing the powerful experts around them, all eyeing each other like tigers eyeing prey, Yun Man and the others couldn't help but feel a bit disheartened.

"Before coming here, our family head specifically reminded us that if we encounter danger in the Nether Corpse Land, we can lend Brother Fang a hand."

Yan Zhili suddenly said to Fang Bai.

Hearing this, Yun Man and the others were overjoyed; since Fang Bai was part of their team, the help from the four Golden Core Realm experts from the Yan Family was tantamount to helping them.

But before they could feel happy for long, Yan Zhili added, "Our assistance, however, is limited to the outskirts of the Nether Corpse Land. If you intend to cross the Blood Pool River, we will not be following you there!"

Yun Man and the others couldn't help feeling disappointed again.

They had teamed up to come to the Nether Corpse Land to enter the core region; if they didn't cross the Blood Pool River, what would be the point?

Fang Bai smiled and said to Yan Zhili, "Brother Yan, I appreciate your kind intentions. But I am determined to cross the Blood Pool River. At that time, I will entrust Mu Yu to you four to take back to the Yan Family!"

Yun Man and the others were shocked and envious when Fang Bai referred to the Yan Family Head as "Brother"; they did not know the reason behind it.

In the entire Female Immortal City, including the majority of the Yan Family members, how many could call Yan Nanshan a brother?

This Fang Bai is not simple!

At this moment, Yun Man and the others had a new understanding of Fang Bai.

They thought the Yan Family sent the four elders, partly to protect the gifted young girl from the Yan Family, but also to back Fang Bai.

With this arrangement, if their team found any cultivation treasures in the Nether Corpse Land, even if Fang Bai didn't contribute much, could they leave him out of his share?

Not only could they not leave him out, but they would have to give more to keep the four elders of the Yan Family satisfied.

Yun Man and the others felt bitter inside, unsure whether including Fang Bai in the team was a good decision or not.

Seeing Yun Man and the others' expressions, Fang Bai guessed what they were thinking and could not help but find it amusing, but he did not explain.

He teamed up with Yun Man and the others by chance, not to take advantage of them or benefit from them.

Hearing that Fang Bai was going to leave her behind to cross the Blood Pool River by himself, Yan Muyu immediately protested, saying aggrievedly, "Big brother, you promised to take me to play in the Nether Corpse Land. You can't break your promise! No matter where you go, you have to take me with you!"

Fang Bai laughed, "Little Mu Yu, the other side of the Blood Pool River is too dangerous. Big brother's cultivation level is not enough to protect you! If anything were to happen to you, your parents and family would be heartbroken, and so would big brother! Little Mu Yu, you're the most obedient, right? Oh, yes, when big brother returns to the Female Immortal City, he will give you a present, and you will definitely like it!"

Yan Muyu obviously cared a lot about the gift Fang Bai promised, and her face finally showed some smiles. She nodded obediently and said, "Alright then! I promise big brother I will go back to the Female Immortal City! But... big brother has to take me to play on this side of the Blood Pool River!"

"No problem!"

Having convinced Yan Muyu, Fang Bai also secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

The four elders of the Yan Family nodded to Fang Bai, expressing their gratitude.

Don't be fooled by Yan Muyu's young age; when she throws a tantrum, no one can persuade her. If it weren't for Fang Bai this time, the four elders of the Yan Family would have had a headache for sure.

Of course, they could forcibly take Yan Muyu back, but for this talented and adorable little girl, unless absolutely necessary, they were reluctant to do so.

If the little girl got angry, she wouldn't talk to anyone for a long time. The four elders of the Yan Family adored Yan Muyu like their own, and naturally didn't want to upset her.

The martial artists waited at the edge of the Nether Corpse Land for several hours, and by noon, a strong wind blew from the direction of Zixia Mountain to the east, dispersing much of the dense evil and corpse qi in front of the martial artists' eyes.

Originally, the highest cultivation among these martial artists, after entering the Nether Corpse Land, could only use their divine sense to investigate within a few hundred meters, but now, with much of the evil and corpse qi being blown away, the range they could survey had more than doubled.

This meant that when danger presented itself, they would have much more time to react, allowing them to devise counter-strategies.

"Go!"

As the thick evil and corpse qi became much thinner under the gust of wind, someone shouted, and thousands of martial artists moved swiftly, surging into the Nether Corpse Land.

Fang Bai and the others followed the crowd, moving forward.

When their group of over ten people stepped into the thin mist, a fierce murderous aura along with a pungent, decaying smell engulfed them.

"Mu Yu, hold your breath!"

Yan Zhili, worried that the various auras in the Nether Corpse Land might affect Yan Muyu's mind and cause harm, loudly reminded her.

In fact, without his reminder, Fang Bai had already released the Wood Spirit Qi, forming a protective shield around himself and Yan Muyu, shielding them from those dangerous auras.

Seeing Fang Bai use spirit qi protection as soon as he entered the Nether Corpse Land, Yan Zhili moved his lips, wanting to remind Fang Bai that doing so would quickly deplete his spiritual energy, and he might not be able to sustain it for long, but after thinking it over, he ultimately said nothing.

Yan Zhili thought to himself that the family head valued Fang Bai highly, and Yan Muyu was very attached to Fang Bai. If Fang Bai's spiritual energy ran out too fast and he couldn't hold on, he would have to retreat from the Nether Corpse Land with them back to Female Immortal City.

For Yan Zhili and the four elders of the Yan Family, that would be the best outcome.

Chapter 1508: Scared or Not?

The Nether Corpse Land spans tens of thousands of miles; over ten thousand Martial Artists enter it, akin to ants falling into a vast lake.

When Fang Bai and the others first entered the Nether Corpse Land, they could still see the silhouettes of other Martial Artists, but after penetrating a hundred miles, the thousands of Martial Artists began to disperse, and those visible within sight grew scarce.

Fang Bai's group consisted of ten Martial Artists, along with four elders from the Yan Family, and Yan Muyu on Fang Bai's shoulder, totaling fifteen people.

Among these fifteen, the four elders formed the outermost layer, the inner layer consisted of Yun Man and eight other Martial Artists, together they guarded Fang Bai and Yan Muyu perched on his shoulder.

It can be said that among these fifteen, Fang Bai was the safest.

After all, Fang Bai's cultivation level was considerably stronger than Yan Muyu's, enhancing his ability to protect himself in the face of danger.

The place, named "Nether Corpse Land," is naturally renowned for its corpses.

Upon first entering the Nether Corpse Land, Fang Bai and his companions didn't find any corpses, only sensing the pervasive corpse qi enveloping them.

But after venturing a hundred miles, they seemed to enter the Netherworld, with corpses of human Martial Artists and ferocious beasts, along with blood of various hues, visible everywhere, causing their scalp to tingle and hearts to tense.

These corpses of human Martial Artists and beasts were scattered everywhere, some piled into mountains; some had been corroded into bones by the forces of heaven and earth, while some still retained intact clothing or pelts...

The scene before them was the perfect depiction of "Corpse Mountain Blood Sea Killing."

Although Yun Man and the others had entered the Nether Corpse Land more than once, each time they treaded between piles of bones and countless corpses, witnessing the hellish scenery akin to the Yellow Springs, their scalps would tingle and hearts flinch.

Yet what amazed them was that the four or five-year-old Yan Muyu seemed unafraid, as if accustomed to such sights.

Not only that, her eyes darted around, curious about everything she saw.

"Little Mu Yu, are you scared?"

Fang Bai patted Yan Muyu's little foot and asked.

Yan Muyu replied, "Scared of what?"

Fang Bai said, "There's so many bones and dead bodies here!"

Yan Muyu curiously asked, "Why are bones and corpses scary?"

"Alright then..."

Fang Bai thought to himself that this little girl was not only fearless but incredibly daring, with such audacity at her age. How formidable could she become as an adult?

This trait somewhat resembled the Peach Blossom Empress of the past, fearlessly charging forward.

Thinking of this, Fang Bai felt a stirring in his heart and, with a hint of anticipation, asked, "Mu Yu, do you... know the Peach Blossom Empress?"

Yan Muyu carried many resemblances of the Peach Blossom Empress, which stirred Fang Bai upon first seeing her. At that time, he pondered: after his "fall" in the Immortal Realm, had the Peach Blossom Empress faced the same fate? Could she have been reborn just like him? Was the soul and memory of the Peach Blossom Empress hidden within this little girl's body?

But after, Fang Bai found Yan Muyu didn't recognize him, only sharing a close affinity with him, which left him somewhat disappointed.

Now, asking about it again, Fang Bai harbored some hope and expectation, wondering if perhaps, asking more about the Peach Blossom Empress might awaken the dormant memory.

Yan Muyu blinked her eyes and asked, "Peach Blossom Empress? Big brother, who is she?"

"This..."

Fang Bai knew he misspoke and couldn't help but smile wryly.

Fang Bai forgot that the Peach Blossom Empress was a title given to Yan Qingyu after ascending to the Immortal Realm and attaining the Immortal Emperor Position. Known to all in the Immortal Realm, yet how could anyone in the Three Thousand Worlds know?

With Fang Bai silent, Yan Muyu further asked, "Peach Blossom Empress... her name contains 'Peach Blossom'... Big brother, she should be a woman, right? Does she have any connection to Peach Blossom Town?"

The dialogue between Fang Bai and Yan Muyu caught the attention of the four elders from the Yan Family, who turned their heads towards them.

Fang Bai didn't want others to overhear this, so he vaguely responded before changing the subject, intending to ask Yan Muyu again at a more opportune time.

Yun Man and the others didn't pay much mind to what Fang Bai and Yan Muyu were discussing, their attention focused entirely on the corpses of fallen Martial Artists and beasts along their path.

The corpses fallen in the Nether Corpse Land—whether human Martial Artists or beasts—the weakest had cultivation levels of Foundation Establishment Perfection, yet Yun Man and the others hoped to find Space Rings from the fallen Martial Artists or Spirit Cores from the beasts.

Thus, whenever they spotted a corpse, Yun Man and the others would step forward to carefully search, hoping for a discovery.

However, due to continuous waves of Martial Artists entering the Nether Corpse Land for tens of thousands of years, cultivation resources outside the Blood Pool River have been nearly picked clean, leaving Yun Man and many similar cultivation teams empty-handed during their deepening venture.

Fortunately, no one was disheartened, because they had yet to cross the Blood Pool River or enter the depths of the Nether Corpse Land, where although dangers abound, the cultivation resources are abundant.

Reportedly, those who entered the core area of the Nether Corpse Land and managed to leave alive, returned satisfied.

"The closer to the Blood Pool River, the greater the risk; everyone, be careful!"

About a hundred miles from the Blood Pool River, which struck fear into every Martial Artist, Yun Man, as the leader of the Martial Artist team, reminded them.

It was Yun Man's second entry into the Nether Corpse Land, with the first occurring a decade ago.

Ten years ago, Yun Man was merely a Foundation Establishment Perfection expert; by chance, she acquired a Golden Pill Expert's Spatial Ring in the Nether Corpse Land and successfully progressed to the Golden Core Realm with the cultivation resources within, becoming a Golden Pill Expert.

Despite average aptitude, Yun Man aspired for another breakthrough in cultivation, thus forming this Martial Artist team to seek treasure and explore the Nether Corpse Land once more.

Though they hadn't encountered danger earlier, Yun Man knew that only near the Blood Pool River would the terrifying aspects of the Nether Corpse Land reveal themselves, prompting her reminder to avoid being caught unprepared.

Half of the team consisted of Golden Core Realm experts like Yun Man, but only Yun Man had crossed the Blood Pool River before. Her words led the other Martial Artists to grow serious, holding Spiritual Artifacts, their pace decelerating as they advanced.

The Yan Family's four elders extended their Divine Sense outward to monitor movements within a kilometer radius; should any danger arise, they'd quickly converge around Fang Bai to closely safeguard Yan Muyu.

Chapter 1509: The Eerie Blood Pool River

"Huh? Big brother, look quickly, why is the mist over there red? It's like the sunset glow!"

A dozen people proceeded tens of miles forward, and Yan Muyu, sitting on Fang Bai's shoulder, suddenly raised her hand to point forward.

Although Yan Muyu only had a Foundation Establishment beginner cultivation level, the sharpness of her senses and perception was slightly stronger than that of the several Foundation Establishment perfection experts in this martial artist team.

"That... should be the Blood Pool River, right..."

Fang Bai looked ahead and answered with a smile.

"Yes! We call that red mist the 'blood mist.' And below the blood mist is the Blood Pool River that makes martial artists talk in fear!"

Yun Man explained, "Actually, the blood mist itself is not red; it only appears red from afar because of the reflection of the water in the Blood Pool River below."

Several Golden Pill experts, including Yun Man, had already noticed the strange mist ahead, while the Foundation Establishment perfection experts discovered it several breaths later than Yan Muyu, which made them regard Yan Muyu with surprise.

"Sister Yun Man, is the water in the Blood Pool River red?"

No matter what Yan Muyu saw, she found it novel and kept asking questions.

Yun Man dared not be negligent towards this cherished gem of the Yan family, and smiled kindly, "Miss Yan guessed right; the water in the Blood Pool River is indeed red, dyed by the blood of human martial artists and fierce beasts. It's because martial artists or fierce beasts constantly fall on the banks of the Blood Pool River that the river water remains red."

"Wow..."

Yan Muyu stuck out her little tongue and frowned, "Does that mean many lives fall along the banks of the Blood Pool River every day?"

Yun Man sighed, "Yes! Whether human martial artists or fierce beasts, they all need cultivation resources to enhance their cultivation level and prolong their lifespan. To obtain the cultivation resources here, countless human martial artists and fierce beasts come here, even at the cost of their lives."

Yan Muyu also sighed, "To pursue the path of cultivation, betting one's life... is it worth it? What's the point? Alas, I really don't get it... The corpses here, they were all once vibrant lives!"

Seeing Yan Muyu sigh like Yun Man, Fang Bai couldn't help but laugh silently, "Little Muyu, even at such a young age, you know how to feel compassion? Let me tell you, regardless of whether they are human martial artists or fierce beasts, for their own path, they are willing to die without regret; it's fate, and you don't have to feel pity!"

"Oh..."

Yan Muyu nodded, seemingly understanding but not entirely.

Nearing the Blood Pool River, the evil qi and corpse qi became twice as dense as before. In Fang Bai's team, martial artists below the Golden Core Realm, except for him and Yan Muyu, had consumed Poison Dispelling Pills and Mind Stabilizing Pills to prevent being eroded by corpse qi and affected by evil qi, lest they suffer terrifying illusions, battling imaginary powerful opponents, eventually depleting their spiritual energy and dying from exhaustion.

This is also the main reason those human martial artists and fierce beasts perish in the Nether Corpse Land.

Some human martial artists or fierce beasts also die fighting each other over treasures.

As Fang Bai and others approached the Blood Pool River, they discovered several instances of human martial artists killing each other and fierce beasts engaging in duels, all of them fighting to the death, extremely fierce.

Some human martial artists or fierce beasts watch from afar or hover in the air, waiting for martial artists to fight and determine the victor, or for the fierce beast duel to end, then move forward to reap the benefits like fishermen.

Anyway, on the banks of the Blood Pool River, whenever a treasure appears, it is always accompanied by the death and fall of numerous human martial artists or fierce beasts.

Because the Yan family has four Golden Core Realm elders present and has promised to assist Fang Bai, Yun Man and others are all eager and ready to act.

The items those human martial artists or fierce beasts are fighting over are mostly left behind by Foundation Establishment perfection or Golden Core beginner experts after they fall; the Yan family's four elders couldn't care less, and even Fang Bai didn't bother fighting for them.

However, while they didn't make a move, Yun Man and others couldn't resist when two martial artist teams of comparable overall strength fought each other to exhaustion over two Golden Core beginner spirit beasts' spirit cores, and they rushed forward to easily snatch the cores into their pockets.

Two Golden Core spirit beasts could be exchanged for a considerable amount of cultivation resources in the Martial Artists Trading Market, allowing every member of their martial artist team to receive a share.

The two martial artist teams, robbed of the spirit cores, felt unwilling and initially wanted to join forces against them, but upon seeing the Yan family's four elders, they dared not speak and left quietly.

The Yan family's four elders didn't need to make a move; just standing there intimidated many martial artist teams.

For the next period, Yun Man and others, relying on the Yan family's four elders, boldly snatched cultivation resources from many martial artist teams, becoming increasingly excited.

Fang Bai stood alongside the Yan family's four elders, not making a move, while Yan Muyu, sitting on his shoulder, eagerly waved her hands during Yun Man and others' fierce battles, wishing she could rush forward to help.

As they walked along the Blood Pool River for a while, Yan Zhili looked up at the sky to see a blood-red moon high in the sky.

The red moon, like blood, illuminated the earth, making the blood mist around the Blood Pool River even more eerie.

Yan Zhili's eyes glinted with profound thoughts as he looked towards the blood mist on the other side of the Blood Pool River, his brows tightly furrowed.

For some reason, since the sun set and the moon rose, he felt restless and sensed that great danger might be hidden within the blood mist on the other side.

"Alright, Mu Yu, have you played enough? We should go back to the Female Immortal City!"

Uninterested in lingering here, Yan Zhili sternly addressed Yan Muyu.

Yan Muyu shook her head, "No! I haven't had enough fun yet!"

Yan Zhili knew he couldn't persuade her, so he turned his gaze to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai gently placed Yan Muyu on the ground, pinched her rosy cheeks, and spoke seriously, "Little Muyu, you promised big brother earlier that you would go back after playing by the Blood Pool River. You can't be disobedient!"

"But I haven't had enough fun yet!"

Yan Muyu pouted, looking unhappy.

Fang Bai smiled, "Alright, don't get upset, getting upset will make you look ugly! Hmm, if you return too late, your parents will miss you and might blame big brother for not keeping his word and not letting you go back! How about this, when I return, I'll bring you an extra gift!"

"Then... it's agreed! Pinky swear!"

After hesitating for a moment, Yan Muyu reluctantly nodded to agree to go back and extended a finger to link with Fang Bai's.

"Little Muyu, goodbye!"

Watching Yan Muyu being picked up by Yan Zhili, Fang Bai waved with a smile, feeling a bit of reluctance in his heart.

"Big brother, you must come back soon! I'll be waiting for you in the Female Immortal City!"

These past two days, whenever Yan Muyu saw Fang Bai, she would sit on his shoulder or nestle in his arms, becoming quite attached to him. Now, as they parted, her eyes turned red, lips trembled, and tears sparkled in her big eyes, ready to fall.

Chapter 1510: Naihe Bridge, Wuyou Soup

Watching the four elders of the Yan Family lead Yan Muyu away, Fang Bai felt a sense of loss.

Meanwhile, Yun Man and the others sighed, looking distressed.

With the departure of the four elders of the Yan Family, they could no longer rely on borrowed authority. If they encountered a Martial Artist team in the future, they would not be able to overwhelmingly crush them, and they also had to guard against others trying to take the treasures they had gained.

"Ten li ahead is Naihe Bridge. Once you cross the bridge, you'll reach the other side of the Blood Pool River and enter the core area of the Nether Corpse Land. Everyone, be prepared."

A group of ten was led by Yun Man along the Blood Pool River, and after travelling a hundred li, Yun Man suddenly turned back to the nine people behind her and spoke.

"Naihe Bridge?"

Fang Bai was taken aback. Tens of thousands of years ago when he trained here, he had never heard of any Naihe Bridge.

"Could it be that the Naihe Bridge was built by later generations of Martial Artists? But, the Blood Pool River is not wide, even a Foundation Establishment perfection expert can easily fly over it, so what is the point of building this bridge?"

Fang Bai felt puzzled and mystified.

"Brother Fang hasn't heard of Naihe Bridge?"

Yun Man glanced at Fang Bai and asked with a smile.

Fang Bai cupped his hands and said, "I am new here and indeed have not heard of it. Please, Sister Yun, enlighten me."

Yun Man nodded and said, "The Naihe Bridge was constructed a thousand years ago... Calling it a bridge is somewhat of a stretch, as it's really just two steel cables overlaid with wooden planks. After the bridge was built, most Martial Artists who need to cross the Blood Pool River choose to pass over it... Brother Fang, do you know why?"

She originally wanted to keep him guessing but then realized Fang Bai didn't even know about Naihe Bridge, so how could he know other things? She laughed lightly and continued, "You might not believe this, Brother Fang, but Naihe Bridge was built by a mysterious old couple. After building the bridge, they remained at its entrance, recommending travelers drink their prepared 'Wuyou Soup'..."

"Wuyou Soup?"

Fang Bai frowned slightly, inexplicably reminded of Mengpo Soup in the Underworld.

It's said that Mengpo Soup is brewed from the tears of the deceased, containing the bitterness and sweetness of life. Those who drink it will forget all memories of their past life after rebirth, starting anew.

Then what is this Wuyou Soup? What effect does it have after being consumed? What is the mysterious old couple's purpose?

Fang Bai furrowed his brow in thought, an indescribable eerie feeling suddenly arising in his heart.

Yun Man said, "Wuyou Soup is brewed mainly from Soul Settling Grass, along with various rare Spiritual Medicines. Drinking Wuyou Soup before entering the core area of the Nether Corpse Land effectively resists Evil Qi and Corpse Qi influences, so many powerful warriors are drawn to it. We must also drink a bowl when we reach Naihe Bridge."

Fang Bai remained silent, feeling that there was something strange about the whole affair.

A moment later, as far as the eye could see, hundreds of Martial Artists lined up in two queues, slowly advancing forward.

At the end of the lines stood a bridge made of steel cables and wooden planks, about five feet wide. On this side of the bridge, stood two elderly figures, one on the left and one on the right. Every Martial Artist passing by would exchange the Cultivation Resources they carried for a bowl of the soup to drink.

"The soup those Martial Artists are drinking is the Wuyou Soup."

Yun Man said as she led Fang Bai and others to join one of the queues.

Wuyou Soup emitted a faint medicinal fragrance, invigorating the spirit. Fang Bai's nostrils twitched, his eyes suddenly gleaming differently, his gaze landing on the two elders at the head of the line.

The two elders were an old man and an old woman, hunched and stooped, aged and decrepit, with hair and beard as white as snow, surely over a hundred years old, each holding a gourd in their hands.

Bowl after bowl of Wuyou Soup was poured out from those gourds, quickly selling hundreds of bowls, while collecting quite a lot of Cultivation Resources.

The Martial Artists present all knew that those gourds must be extraordinary Spatial Spirit Devices, otherwise how could they contain almost an endless supply of Wuyou Soup?

"That mysterious old couple, no one knows their names or origins, nor can anyone discern their Cultivation Level. In short, their existence seems to be a mystery..."

Yun Man looked at the two elders at the head of the bridge with a trace of respect in her gaze, lowering her voice to Fang Bai, saying, "Remember, you don't have to drink Wuyou Soup, but never say anything offensive that might annoy them, otherwise..."

"Otherwise what?"

Fang Bai raised his eyebrow.

"Do you see those dead bodies in the Blood Pool River?"

Yun Man pointed to the turbulent river ahead, enveloped in blood mist, her eyes showing a hint of fear, her voice slightly trembling, "Otherwise, you might become one of those corpses... Don't doubt my words, I've personally witnessed them effortlessly kill two mid-level Golden Core experts and casually throw them into the Blood Pool River!"

Blood Pool River meandered not far from Fang Bai and others, just raising their eyes, they could see bodies floating and sinking on the river surface, drifting with the current, heading far away.

"Able to easily kill mid-level Golden Core experts, that old couple must be at least high-level Golden Core experts! No wonder they guard the bridge, other Martial Artists all queue obediently, no one daring to rush forward!"

A female Martial Artist behind Yun Man muttered inwardly.

The combination of two high-level Golden Core experts is indeed formidable. Just one of them can easily eliminate a Martial Artist team like Yun Man's, and if they join forces, it's even more frightening.

It's worth noting that the Yan Family in the Female Immortal City, though strong, only has three high-level Golden Core experts in command.

With such astonishing power, that old couple ensures that most Martial Artists wishing to cross the Blood Pool River choose to cross via Naihe Bridge, exchanging some Cultivation Resources there for a bowl of Wuyou Soup.

Drinking a bowl of Wuyou Soup not only avoids offending two high-level Golden Core experts but also strengthens one's ability to resist the Evil Qi and Corpse Qi within the Nether Corpse Land. Why not?

The lengthy queues slowly advanced, soon bringing Yun Man and her group to the bridgehead before the old couple.

"One bowl of Wuyou Soup."

"I'll take a bowl too."

Yun Man and another male Martial Artist from the team, standing at the front, respectfully spoke, placing a Holy Grade Spirit Medicine beside the old couple at the bridgehead.

The old couple's long hair hid their faces, making their expressions unclear. Without speaking, they mechanically poured a bowl of ochre Wuyou Soup from the gourds in their hands, slowly handing it to Yun Man and the male Martial Artist.

"Thank you."

Yun Man and the other drank the Wuyou Soup eagerly.

"Wait..."

Fang Bai suddenly spoke.

"Brother Fang, what's wrong?"

Yun Man and the others turned to look at Fang Bai, their eyes questioning.

The old couple dressed in black and white slowly raised their heads to look at Fang Bai as well.