

Doctor 1531

Chapter 1531: Where is my big brother?

"You all came out, where is my big brother?"

A clear and tender child's voice suddenly rang in the ears of Yun Man and others.

Upon hearing this voice, the cheering at the scene came to an abrupt halt. Yun Man and the others turned their heads towards the source of the sound.

With arched eyebrows, big eyes, long eyelashes, a neat nose, fair skin, and cherry-red lips, she was wearing a small jacket embroidered with peach blossoms...

A little girl of only four or five stood gracefully under a nearby big tree, blinking her lively big eyes, looking eagerly in their direction, with a hint of question on her pink cheeks.

The little girl was none other than Yan Muyu, a Martial Dao genius of the Yan Family in the Female Immortal City, unprecedented in ten thousand years.

Standing behind Yan Muyu were four elders of the Yan Family.

"Muyu, you... weren't you supposed to return to the Female Immortal City?"

Yun Man had a deep impression of this little girl Yan Muyu and knew she had a deep connection with Fang Bai. Just a few days ago, the little girl had returned to the Female Immortal City along with four Yan Family elders at the Blood Pool River. How could she appear here again?

"I did return to the Female Immortal City! But I missed my big brother very much, so I came to find him again!"

Yan Muyu tilted her little head and looked behind Yun Man and the others, still not seeing Fang Bai's figure. Disappointment flickered in her big eyes as she asked again, "Big sister, you all came out, where is my big brother?"

"Well..."

Yun Man and He Ping, who were beside her, exchanged glances, not knowing how to answer, thinking that if they told her Fang Bai might have already perished, the little girl would be very heartbroken.

"What's wrong? Did something happen to my big brother?"

Although Yan Muyu was young, she was very sensitive and, seeing the expressions of Yun Man and others, knew Fang Bai might be in danger. But then she comforted herself by murmuring, "No way, big brother is so powerful, nothing will happen to him! Hmm, I can still sense his presence; he should be in good condition now..."

Between Yan Muyu and Fang Bai, there was a mystical connection. If Fang Bai encountered danger, she would be restless and even feel heartache.

Previously, when Fang Bai and He Wujie were attacked by an old couple and a Puppet Corpse near the big grave, Yan Muyu, who had returned to the Female Immortal City, was agitated and cried to return to the Nether Corpse Land to find Fang Bai.

Yan Nanshan and Qin Suyun had no choice but to let Yan Zhili and the four elders accompany their daughter to the Nether Corpse Land again.

When Yan Muyu and the others arrived at the Nether Corpse Land, they were preparing to enter to find Fang Bai, but they encountered Yun Man and others coming out from within.

"Fang Bai was originally with us, but somehow he suddenly disappeared..."

Yun Man looked at Yan Muyu's face, speaking cautiously, seeing that Yan Muyu didn't look sad, she added, "But Muyu, you're right, Fang Bai must be fine. Maybe he just got lost in the Nether Corpse Land..."

Yan Muyu nodded forcefully and said, "Hmm, that's definitely what happened!"

She turned to the four elders of the Yan Family behind her and said, "Let's go find big brother! If we can't find him, I won't go back!"

Yan Zhili knew this little princess of the Yan Family was stubborn and wouldn't listen to reason. He exchanged looks with the other three elders and sighed, "Muyu, you can go find your big brother, but you have to promise me one thing..."

Yan Muyu said, "Third Elder, you want me to promise you not to cross the Blood Pool River to find big brother in the core area of the Nether Corpse Land, right?"

Yan Zhili took a deep breath and said solemnly, "Yes! Muyu, you should know what you mean to the Yan Family. For the sake of the Yan Family's future, we will not allow you to engage in any risky activities, including going to the core area of the Nether Corpse Land."

Yan Muyu said, "If we can't find big brother in the outskirts of the Nether Corpse Land, I will definitely go to the core area! Third Elder, if you don't want to accompany me, then I'll go by myself!"

Yan Zhili frowned tightly and said sternly, "Muyu, you are the hope of the Yan Family's rise, you must not act on impulse!"

Yan Muyu pouted, her big eyes quickly filling with tears, and said with grievance, "Third Elder, please don't say that, okay? I'm only five and can't bear such a heavy burden!"

Yan Zhili was taken aback, looking at Yan Muyu's aggrieved little face, suddenly feeling a pang of guilt.

Just as Yan Muyu said, she was just a five-year-old child, and the phrase "the hope of the Yan Family's rise" was as heavy as a mountain. How could her frail shoulders bear it?

Yan Zhili sighed lightly, forcing a smile on his face, and said warmly, "Muyu, be good. The three elders and I will accompany you to search around the outskirts of the Nether Corpse Land. Regardless of whether we find your big brother, we will return to the Female Immortal City, okay?"

"No!"

Yan Muyu's eyes were filled with an indomitable determination as she said, "I can feel that big brother is still in the Nether Corpse Land. We'll search the entire place to find him!"

Seeing that Yan Zhili wanted to say more, Yan Zhiren, who was next to him, coughed lightly and whispered, "Zhili, let's listen to Muyu and accompany her to search..."

After speaking, he signaled to Yan Zhili with a look and used the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique, saying, "Our bottom line is not crossing the Blood Pool River! If Muyu insists on crossing it, we'll have to forcibly bring her back! Otherwise, if something happens to Muyu, we won't be able to answer to the Clan Leader and the thousands of descendants of the Yan Family!"

Yan Zhili nodded silently, thinking that at that time, they might only be able to do so, letting Muyu cry and make a fuss as she wished.

Until now, Yan Zhili couldn't understand what was special about Fang Bai, why Yan Muyu was so attached to him after just meeting him once, treating him even more intimately than her own parents.

Yan Zhili couldn't help but think of Yan Qingyu, an ancestor who ascended to the Immortal Realm thousands of years ago.

According to Yan Family genealogy, the ascended ancestor Yan Qingyu and a powerful man named Fang Bai, who had once passed through Peach Blossom Town and greatly benefited the Yan Family, also met only once, fell in love at first sight, developed mutual feelings, and eventually became Martial Dao companions.

However, at that time, Yan Qingyu and that elder named Fang Bai were of similar age, leading to a later love story and becoming Martial Dao companions.

Yet now, Yan Muyu was only five years old, completely ignorant of love between men and women. Why was she so attached to Fang Bai?

If not for Yan Muyu's young age, many high-ranking members of the Yan Family, including Yan Zhili, would believe that the events of thousands of years ago were repeating themselves.

Chapter 1532: Yan Family Genealogy

The four Elders of the Yan Family finally accompanied Yan Muyu into the Nether Corpse Land once again.

Meanwhile, Yun Man and the nine-member team of Martial Artists returned to the Female Immortal City to exchange for the cultivation resources they needed at the Martial Artists Trading Market.

Regarding Fang Bai's life or death, Yun Man and the others could do nothing but silently pray for heaven's protection over Fang Bai.

With the company of the four Elders, Yan Muyu searched for three whole days on the outskirts of the Blood Pool River in the Nether Corpse Land, yet Fang Bai was nowhere to be found.

Just as Yan Zhili and the others were worried that Yan Muyu might insist on crossing the Blood Pool River to enter the core area of the Nether Corpse Land, Yan Muyu herself suggested leaving.

"Big brother is no longer in the Nether Corpse Land. Let's go."

Yan Muyu said this to the four of them, Yan Zhili included.

Seeing her turn and leave, Yan Zhili and the four Elders sighed with relief, finally able to relax their anxious hearts.

"Muyu, can you sense where big brother is?"

Yan Zhili followed alongside Yan Muyu, asking gently.

With a smile on her little face, Yan Muyu said, "If my senses are accurate, big brother should be in the Female Immortal City right now... Hmm, maybe he's gone to the Yan Family to find me! Big brother

promised me, after leaving the Nether Corpse Land, he would bring me gifts! Third Elder, let's hurry, I want to see what gifts big brother has brought me!"

The more she spoke, the more excited Yan Muyu became, and in the end, she quickly transformed into a pink phantom, leaving the Nether Corpse Land, then flew toward the Female Immortal City with the accompaniment of Yan Zhili and the four Yan Family Elders, driving a Spiritual Artifact.

.....

As Yan Muyu said, Fang Bai was indeed already in the Female Immortal City.

Accompanying Fang Bai to the Female Immortal City was He Wujie.

Fang Bai and He Wujie left the Nether Corpse Land via another direction, over a hundred miles away from Yan Muyu and the others, so they were unaware of each other's presence, only faintly sensing that the other was safe for the time being.

After returning to the Female Immortal City, Fang Bai immediately headed to the Yan Family to fulfill his promise to Yan Muyu.

The gift Fang Bai prepared for Yan Muyu was a Space Ring.

Inside the Space Ring was a portion of the cultivation resources Fang Bai acquired from the great tomb in the core area of the Nether Corpse Land.

These cultivation resources included Spirit Stones, Spirit Pills, Spiritual Artifacts, etc., most of which were of Holy Grade high level, and there was even a King Grade Spiritual Artifact used by Nascent Soul Experts, obtained from an old woman's Space Ring by Fang Bai.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the cultivation resources Fang Bai prepared for Yan Muyu are so valuable that they cannot be rivaled even by the Yan Family, with tens of thousands of years of history.

Fang Bai wasn't sure if Yan Muyu would like this gift of his.

But what Fang Bai didn't expect was that when he arrived at the Yan Family, he learned that Yan Muyu, along with the four Yan Family Elders, had gone to the Nether Corpse Land to look for him again, and they had been gone for two days.

"Brother Fang, it's good to have you back! It's good to have you back!"

Seeing Fang Bai return unscathed, Yan Nanshan and his wife were overjoyed and said to Fang Bai, "You have no idea, that girl Muyu was like a lost soul these days without seeing you, weeping and causing a scene several times, insisting on looking for you. We had no choice but to let the four Elders accompany her to the Nether Corpse Land again. We never expected you would miss each other..."

Pausing, he glanced at He Wujie beside Fang Bai, his heart stirred, and he respectfully asked, "And this senior is...?"

From He Wujie, Yan Nanshan sensed a powerful aura, but couldn't discern He Wujie's cultivation level, knowing that this person might be even stronger than the two Supreme Elders of the Yan Family, who were of the Golden Core Perfection realm.

Fang Bai smiled and introduced, "Brother Yan, this is my master, He Wujie, known as the 'Thousand-Hand Venerable.' Master, this is the Family Head of the Yan Family, Yan Nanshan. He is also a friend of mine."

"Ah, it's Senior He. I am honored! I am honored indeed!"

In the three thousand worlds, anyone who could be called "Venerable" was at least a Nascent Soul Realm Expert, and being the master of a Heaven's Chosen like Fang Bai, how could he be an unknown figure? Hence, in Yan Nanshan's respectful demeanor, there was also added awe.

For thousands of years, the strongest cultivation levels in the Yan Family were those of the two Supreme Elders from a few centuries ago, but even those two Supreme Elders were only at the Golden Core Perfection realm.

Yet it was with the power of those two Golden Core Perfection Supreme Elders that the Yan Family dominated the region of tens of thousands of miles around Fairy City for hundreds of years, with no one able to shake its position.

Therefore, it is evident how shocking it would be for Yan Nanshan to encounter a Nascent Soul Realm Expert far surpassing the strength of Golden Core Perfection experts.

Thus, upon guessing He Wujie to be a Nascent Soul Expert, Yan Nanshan felt a sense of reverence and thought that if the Yan Family could establish a connection with such a powerful entity, the sects and prominent clans outside the city that had long coveted the Yan Family would likely hesitate even more, not daring to challenge the Yan Family's dominance in the Female Immortal City so easily?

He Wujie stroked his beard, with an indifferent expression, slightly nodding to Yan Nanshan, fully embodying the aura of a Master.

In the eyes of a Nascent Soul Realm Expert, a High Rank Golden Core expert was not much different from an ant.

If Yan Nanshan did not have the connection of being "Fang Bai's friend," He Wujie might not even acknowledge him.

"Fang Bai, would you and Senior He consider staying at my Yan Residence for the time being? I will have someone find Muyu and the others to return! Otherwise, I'm worried Muyu will throw a fit if she comes back and doesn't see you! Alas, that girl truly... I am at a loss with her!"

Fang Bai chuckled, "Alright, I'll wait for Muyu to return at the Yan Residence! Master, why don't you stay as well?"

He Wujie shook his head and said, "I need to visit a few Martial Artists Trading Markets in the city to see if there's anything interesting. At that time, Master will come to find you."

As he spoke, He Wujie left the Yan Residence, not minding how much Yan Nanshan tried to persuade him, and ventured into a Martial Artists Trading Market within the Female Immortal City.

Though the Martial Artists Trading Markets in the Female Immortal City dealt mostly with Holy Grade cultivation resources, every Martial Artist could make a mistake, and perhaps they might find a King Grade cultivation resource among them?

That was precisely the intention He Wujie had.

Under the arrangements of Yan Nanshan, Fang Bai temporarily stayed in a small courtyard within the Yan Family, treated as a distinguished guest.

When unoccupied, Fang Bai strolled alone through the vast Yan Family estate, hoping to find something related to the Peach Blossom Empress, Yan Qingyu.

Unfortunately, the Peach Blossom Empress had ascended tens of thousands of years ago, and the only thing in the entire Yan Family related to her was the family genealogy that had been passed down.

The family genealogy of the Yan Family was a highly private item, not to be viewed by non-high-ranking members of the Yan Family. However, Yan Nanshan gave special permission for Fang Bai to enter the small building housing the genealogy to peruse it.

"Qingyu... Qingyu... how are you now?"

When Fang Bai turned to a certain page in the Yan Family's genealogy and saw the familiar name of his beloved companion, he couldn't help but remember the wonderful times they spent together in the past, muttering to himself with his eyes slightly moist.

Chapter 1533: Wind Roc

Female Immortal City, which has been calm for days, suddenly became turbulent today due to the arrival of one person.

A Pill Master named He Wujie set up a stall in the largest Martial Artists Trading Market within Female Immortal City, and boldly declared himself a high-rank Holy Grade Alchemist, ready to refine elixirs for the martial artists in Female Immortal City.

However, this alchemist had two prerequisites for refining elixirs for others: first, he would not refine anything less than Holy Grade Elixirs; second, his remuneration would be twice that of other alchemists.

The first condition hardly mattered, as the Golden Core Realm experts in Female Immortal City are countless, and what they need are precisely Holy Grade Elixirs.

But the second condition made many martial artists hesitate and back off.

It's known that other alchemists usually charge three portions of medicinal materials for refining a furnace of spirit pills for martial artists, yet this alchemist named He Wujie was charging double, which was really too high.

In other words, martial artists had to pay He Wujie at least six portions of medicinal materials to obtain a furnace of spirit pills.

Numerous martial artists opted to watch from the sidelines, waiting to see He Wujie's embarrassment.

However, despite the exorbitant fees He Wujie charged, those seeking his alchemy services surprisingly kept coming incessantly.

Some observant martial artists noticed that the first ones to give He Wujie support were indeed those high-ranking members of the Yan Family in the Golden Core Realm.

According to several high-level members of the Yan Family afterward, the pill formation rate when He Wujie refined spirit pills for them was at least over fifty percent.

This news stirred many hesitating martial artists, thinking if He Wujie could consistently maintain a pill formation rate above fifty percent, then it was certainly worth it to seek his elixir refining services despite his higher fees.

After all, other alchemists usually only have a pill formation rate of twenty to thirty percent, thus recalculating, the fees He Wujie charged weren't actually high.

With the endorsement of the Yan Family's high-ranking members, those martial artists who were previously on the fence moved quickly and flocked to He Wujie.

As a result, He Wujie's stall became unprecedentedly popular, reminiscent of the bustling scene when Fang Bai used to set up a stall for alchemy.

After Fang Bai learned of this matter, he couldn't help but laugh, understanding that He Wujie's main purpose was not merely to gather cultivation resources but to search for some treasures.

There are many treasures in this world, hidden among common folks and in the hands of lower-rank martial artists, unnoticed by anyone, and the various martial artists trading markets gather all kinds of martial artist cultivation resources, where some rare treasures may lie hidden.

Whenever He Wujie traveled to a major city, he would dive into the local martial artists trading market to "pan for gold," and over the years, he indeed found many coveted treasures.

This night, when most of the martial artists in Female Immortal City were either resting or in a cultivation state, sudden fierce winds arose, and black mist enveloped the city.

An unprecedentedly fierce storm descended upon Female Immortal City without warning.

It was the first time such a fierce storm had occurred since records began in Female Immortal City, and the martial artists residing inside felt as though an apocalypse was coming.

This unprecedented storm ravaged the entire night, and countless houses collapsed during the storm, countless martial artists fell.

At dawn the next day, after the storm subsided, many martial artists stepped outside and saw the devastating scene, feeling secretly relieved while also lamenting that no human power could contend with the might of nature.

Most martial artists in Female Immortal City had no idea how the storm was formed.

Only a handful of martial artists sensed a dense presence of wind spirit energy and the breath of flying monstrous beasts from the storm.

"This storm appeared bizarrely, possibly due to human reasons or powerful spirit beasts acting up."

Early that morning, He Wujie came to the Yan Family, and upon meeting Fang Bai, he spoke with lingering fear.

The storm that just passed not only destroyed numerous houses within Female Immortal City, but even several martial artists trading markets within the city were not spared. Under the panic of the city's martial artists, no one thought of alchemy or artifact refining, making He Wujie leisurely, who then decided to leave his stall and came to the Yan Family to find Fang Bai.

"When the storm arose, I sensed an abnormal and intense fluctuation of spiritual energy in the heavens and earth, thinking it's more likely wind system spirit beasts were causing trouble!"

Fang Bai said with flashing eyes.

During the night when the storm was fierce, Fang Bai soared with the wind, wielding the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, flying high, vaguely seeing a pair of eyes like lanterns and giant wings extending thirty zhang wide, guessing it was a massive and formidable monstrous bird.

Each flap from the monstrous bird's wings carried thick black smoke, violent winds, stirring formidable storms, and its momentum was terrifying.

Fang Bai sensed that it was a monstrous bird whose cultivation equaled a high-rank human Nascent Soul expert, judging from its size, likely a rare Wind Roc.

The Wind Roc is one of the strongest yet rarest wind system spirit beasts across the three thousand great worlds. It's said to have been born from ancient times, a hybrid of the Roc from the three thousand great worlds and the Immortal Roc of the Immortal Realm.

The juvenile Wind Roc is born with a cultivation of Nascent Soul initial rank, with wings spanning ten zhang. An adult Wind Roc's cultivation can reach high-rank Nascent Soul and even higher, with a wingspan reaching over thirty zhang, truly a colossal aerial overlord.

Adult Wind Rocs possess extremely formidable flying capabilities; a single flap of their wings allows them to fly over hundreds of miles swiftly and durably, covering tens of thousands of miles in a single long-distance flight.

To subdue an adult Wind Roc, one must at least be a Nascent Soul Realm perfection expert and also know the Beast Taming Technique.

When Fang Bai observed that Wind Roc, he was tens of miles away from it, completely hiding his presence, only then avoiding detection, else the consequences would be unimaginable.

Given Fang Bai's current cultivation level, if that Wind Roc discovered his presence, just a flap of its giant wings directed at him would send him tumbling like a leaf in a storm, whirling uncontrollably, drifting thousands of miles.

Even though his formidable Chaos True Body wouldn't let him fall in the storm cast by the Wind Roc ultimately, he would undoubtedly suffer severe injuries.

Yan Nanshan listened to Fang Bai and He Wujie's conversation, seemingly recalling something, and remarked with a gasp, "The Yan Family's ancient tales say, in Zixia Mountain, a hundred thousand miles east of Female Immortal City, some monstrous birds of Nascent Soul Realm reside. And those monstrous birds go for food hunting every hundred years. They might feed on their kind, spiritual medicine, or even human martial artists without exception..."

At this point, Qin Suyun, standing beside him, turned slightly pale and interjected, "Could it be that over a thousand martial artists who disappeared the stormy night ended up as meals in the bellies of the monstrous birds?"

Yan Nanshan nodded, speaking heavily, "The storm came so strangely, unlike normal celestial might, it's likely some monstrous birds causing mischief as Brother Fang suggested!"

Upon hearing this, Qin Suyun sighed sorrowfully, clasped her hands in prayer for the thousands of fallen martial artists.

Chapter 1534: Gift

He Wujie heard the words "Wind Roc," his eyes lit up, and his spirit was invigorated. He said to Fang Bai, "Disciple, since we have nothing to do, how about we take a look at Zixia Mountain? Hehe... If we can tame an adult Wind Roc as a mount, it would be really magnificent!"

Fang Bai rolled his eyes and said, "You should know how powerful an adult Wind Roc is, right, Master?"

He Wujie said proudly, "Of course! Your Master has traveled through the Three Thousand Great Worlds. What Spirit Beast haven't I seen? An adult Wind Roc is only comparable to a high rank Nascent Soul human!"

"Only?"

Fang Bai rolled his eyes again and said sarcastically, "So, Master, do you think the two of us can tame an adult Wind Roc?"

He Wujie didn't want their conversation to be overheard by Yan Nanshan and the other Yan Family people present, so he used the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique to say to Fang Bai, "Originally, there was no hope, but now I think we could give it a try..."

Pausing, he continued, "Think about it, disciple. We now have four Nascent Soul Realm Puppet Corpses, plus me. Five initial stage Nascent Soul experts against one high rank Nascent Soul ferocious bird, there's bound to be some chance, right?"

Seeing Fang Bai's skeptical expression, He Wujie got a bit anxious and said, "As Martial Artists wandering around for training, if we don't use dangerous situations for honing ourselves, how can we achieve great things? The Wind Roc is very powerful and difficult to deal with, but should we back down because of that?"

Not waiting for Fang Bai to answer, he continued, "I believe that to confront challenges and to overcome difficulties is the essence of a Martial Artist! It is the prerequisite for a Martial Artist to continuously

improve their cultivation level! Disciple, what do you say? Ahem... This is a great opportunity for self-improvement!"

Fang Bai smiled bitterly and said, "What else can I say? If I say no, you'll definitely accuse me of retreating in the face of difficulties and lacking ambition, right?"

He Wujie joyfully said, "So, you're agreeing to go to Zixia Mountain with me?"

Fang Bai said, "Congrats, you've successfully persuaded me! Let's go! Why not? I also want to see what a Wind Roc looks like!"

Yan Nanshan and his wife saw Fang Bai and He Wujie suddenly stop speaking and exchange understanding glances. They knew they were having a secret conversation and were curious about what they wanted to keep from them.

However, neither Fang Bai nor He Wujie were people they wanted to provoke, so they dared not ask what the two were discussing.

He Wujie was overjoyed to hear that Fang Bai was willing to go to Zixia Mountain and wanted to set off immediately.

"Master, no rush! Let's wait for Mu Yu to return, I have something to say to her. Then we can leave."

Fang Bai had promised Yan Muyu a gift and wouldn't leave without fulfilling it. Otherwise, who knows how heartbroken the little girl would be.

As soon as he finished his sentence, his eyebrows rose, his ears twitched slightly, and a hint of joy appeared on his lips. He thought to himself, "What a coincidence, just mentioning Mu Yu, and she's back!"

Yan Nanshan also sensed his daughter's presence, and both he and his wife went out to greet her.

A moment later, Yan Muyu's innocent and crisp voice rang out, "Big Brother, is that really you?"

Fang Bai stood up, walked to the entrance of the great hall, and met the young Yan Muyu running over. He squatted down, opened his arms, and said cheerfully, "Mu Yu, I'm here!"

Seeing Fang Bai, Yan Muyu was overjoyed. With a giggle, she threw herself into Fang Bai's embrace, wrapped her arms around his neck, and planted a big kiss on his cheek, saying sweetly, "Big Brother, Mu Yu missed you so much!"

Fang Bai laughed heartily, lifted Yan Muyu up, and placed her on his shoulder, saying, "Big Brother missed you too! I've been waiting here for Mu Yu for a long time!"

Yan Muyu sighed like a little adult and said, "Mu Yu went to the Nether Corpse Land to find Big Brother, but you weren't there! If I hadn't sensed you in Female Immortal City and rushed back, Big Brother might have already left, unable to wait for Mu Yu!"

At this point, she blinked her large eyes nervously and asked, "Big Brother, are you going to leave Female Immortal City soon?"

Fang Bai thought for a moment and said, "I'll stay a few more days. During these days, I'll play with Mu Yu as much as you want!"

Yan Muyu clapped her hands in delight, "That's great!"

Suddenly remembering something, she jumped off Fang Bai's shoulder to the ground, extended her hands in front of him expectantly, and said, "Big Brother, the gift?"

Yan Nanshan, seeing his daughter asking Fang Bai for a gift, glared at her disapprovingly and said sternly, "Mu Yu, don't be rude!"

Fang Bai waved his hand, signaling Yan Nanshan not to reprimand Yan Muyu, and said with a smile, "Yan brother, please don't. I promised Mu Yu a gift; how can I break my word?"

Hearing this, Yan Nanshan smiled awkwardly and stopped scolding her, thinking that since Fang Bai was just a Foundation Establishment Perfection cultivator, the gift for his daughter shouldn't be too valuable. When Fang Bai leaves, he would provide some cultivation resources in return so Fang Bai wouldn't be at a loss.

Fang Bai squatted down and lightly tapped Yan Muyu's straight little nose with his finger, saying with a smile, "Big Brother has many good things here. What does Mu Yu want? Can you tell Big Brother?"

Yan Muyu thought seriously for a while before saying, "Whatever Big Brother gives Mu Yu, Mu Yu will like it! But... but there's just one gift Mu Yu wants, not sure if Big Brother will agree..."

Fang Bai said, "Go ahead, Big Brother is listening! As long as Big Brother can do it, I will promise you!"

Yan Muyu bit her lip, then said word by word, "Mu Yu doesn't want Big Brother to leave, but she knows Big Brother has other things to do and will eventually leave. So... Mu Yu hopes Big Brother can stay... stay with Mu Yu for ten more days. Is that okay?"

The gift she wanted was indeed unusual. Everyone, including Fang Bai, was taken aback.

Yan Nanshan and his wife exchanged glances, sighing in their hearts, "This Mu Yu girl has quite a bond with Fang Bai! It's just a pity she's too young. If they could meet again in ten years, it would truly be a tale of destiny!"

For a Martial Artist, ten years is nothing. By then, Yan Muyu would be a graceful fifteen-year-old, and her strength might have reached the Golden Core Realm.

And with Fang Bai's exceptional talent, he would certainly be a Golden Pill Expert in ten years.

If they meet again then, and their daughter still has such affection for Fang Bai, Yan Nanshan would certainly support them both.

Fang Bai looked into Yan Muyu's pleading eyes and once again felt a pang of emotion.

"Big Brother, you don't want to? Then... then forget it..."

Seeing Fang Bai silent in a daze, Yan Muyu's small mouth pouted, and her expression turned dejected.

Chapter 1535: Azurewood Needle

"How could Big Brother not agree to such a small request from Muyu?"

Fang Bai, coming back to his senses, picked up Yan Muyu once more and said with a smile, "Big Brother promises to stay and accompany you for another ten days! Haha, are you happy now?"

"Mm."

Yan Muyu, her wish fulfilled, nodded vigorously with a beaming smile.

He Wujie, standing to the side, felt a bit displeased, signaling Fang Bai with his eyes, thinking, you promised our master to go to Zixia Mountain together, how could you go back on your word?

But how could He Wujie, an old man of two hundred years, argue with a little girl of four or five? With a sigh, he said dejectedly to Fang Bai, "You continue having fun. I'll come find you in ten days!"

Fang Bai, holding Yan Muyu, accompanied Yan Nanshan and his wife to see He Wujie out of the Yan family.

"Muyu, besides staying to accompany you for ten days, Big Brother has another gift for you!"

After returning to the Family Head Hall of the Yan family, Fang Bai, in front of Yan Nanshan and his wife, placed a small azure needle as thin as a hair onto Yan Muyu's palm.

"Big Brother, is this..."

Yan Muyu looked down at the small azure needle about an inch long in her hand, greatly puzzled, not understanding what her big brother meant by giving her such a small needle.

However, Yan Nanshan noticed the uniqueness of that azure needle. Within that inch-long needle was contained an extremely powerful wood attribute energy, and Yan Nanshan thought that if that wood attribute energy were to erupt, even he, a high-ranking expert of the Golden Core stage, might not be able to withstand it.

That azure needle could very likely be a high-rank holy-grade spiritual artifact!

In the Yan family, even someone like Yan Nanshan, a high-ranking Golden Core expert, only used a mid-tier holy-grade spiritual artifact, which showed how precious a high-rank holy-grade spiritual artifact was!

Fang Bai's gift to Yan Muyu was something even the entire Yan family could not present; it was indeed a significant present!

"Muyu, aren't you going to thank your big brother?"

Yan Nanshan, seeing his daughter fiddling with the azure needle in her hand, was afraid she might utter the words, "I don't like this gift", and, suppressing the excitement in his heart, urged eagerly.

"Muyu, this spiritual artifact is called the Azurewood Needle; it's a very powerful wood attribute high-rank holy-grade spiritual artifact. As you have an Innate Wood Spirit Root and practice Wood System Martial Arts, this spiritual artifact is just right for you to use."

As Fang Bai spoke, seeing the bright light flashing in Yan Muyu's eyes, he knew the little girl was moved and continued with a smile, "Muyu, drop a drop of your essence blood on the Azurewood Needle, then merge your Divine Sense with it. See what changes the Azurewood Needle undergoes."

This Azurewood Needle was one of the "Five Elements Needles" that Fang Bai acquired in the secular world. After multiple refinements, it had now been upgraded into a high-rank holy-grade spiritual artifact.

"Oh."

Yan Muyu circulated her cultivation technique, forcing a drop of essence blood to her fingertip, then merged a strand of her Divine Sense with it and dropped the essence blood onto the Azurewood Needle.

A light "sizzle" was heard as the drop of essence blood was instantly absorbed by the Azurewood Needle.

At that very moment, Yan Muyu also formed a spiritual connection with the Artifact Spirit within the Azurewood Needle, gaining the ability to control it.

"This Azurewood Needle can grow larger or smaller according to your will. Whether for offense or defense, it is very powerful. Muyu, do you want to try it out?"

Fang Bai looked at Yan Muyu, whose small face was lit up with excitement, and asked with a smile.

"Mm! Mm!"

Yan Muyu nodded vigorously, and with a thought, the inch-long Azurewood Needle expanded several dozen times its size in the wind, growing to five feet in length and as thick as an egg, floating in the air, emitting an azure glow.

At this moment, the Azurewood Needle appeared like an azure iron rod, exerting a formidable pressure that enveloped all directions. The experts of the Yan family, including the two Supreme Elders who were in seclusion cultivating, were all alarmed, thinking something major happened, and appeared on the square outside the Yan family's Main Hall.

"Brother Fang gifted Muyu a spiritual artifact, and Muyu is trying to control it."

Yan Nanshan, seeing his daughter Yan Muyu just conjuring the spiritual artifact and causing such a commotion, had no choice but to come out and explain to the Yan family's high-level members and the two Supreme Elders.

"Oh? What kind of spiritual artifact is so powerful? Nanshan, have Muyu come out; let's all witness it!"

A Supreme Elder of the Yan family, with a bright eye, said with interest.

Yan Nanshan nodded, first inviting Fang Bai to the outside square, then summoned Yan Muyu, letting her demonstrate the power of the spiritual artifact for everyone to witness.

"Azurewood Needle, hit it!"

Yan Muyu, newly possessing the spiritual artifact and because it was a gift from her big brother Fang Bai, was overjoyed, and without any hesitation, controlled the enlarged Azurewood Needle with her Divine Sense to strike at a Ruyi Stone, which was a foot tall and located at the eastern Practice Battle Arena of the square.

Like a green lightning bolt, the Azurewood Needle cut through the void, with its sharp end striking hard on the Ruyi Stone.

That Ruyi Stone, a relic of the Yan family's ancestors, was significantly harder than steel and was used by the Yan family to test the strength of their disciples. Regular holy-grade spiritual artifacts couldn't damage it in the slightest.

However, the Ruyi Stone could not withstand a single strike from the Azurewood Needle. With a loud boom, the Ruyi Stone shattered, scattering fragments all over the ground.

As for the Azurewood Needle, it remained unscathed.

"This..."

The high-level members of the Yan family at the scene gasped, never expecting such a small Azurewood Needle to possess such immense power.

If that previous strike had targeted them instead of the Ruyi Stone, then apart from the two Supreme Elders and Family Head Yan Nanshan, the other high-level members would likely have been hard-pressed to withstand it.

With this spiritual artifact in Yan Muyu's possession, it was akin to her having a powerful protective amulet. In the future, when she ventures outside, the four elders will no longer need to follow her for protection.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

With booming sounds continually reverberating, many sturdy objects in the Practice Battle Arena were thoroughly devastated by Yan Muyu with the Azurewood Needle, and nothing could withstand a single strike from it.

Seeing this, Yan Nanshan hurriedly ordered his daughter to stop, thinking that if he allowed her to continue destroying, the Practice Battle Arena, painstakingly built, would probably be ruined.

"Azurewood Needle, let's fly!"

Yan Muyu, pleased beyond measure with the great power of the Azurewood Needle, giggled endlessly. She leapt up, her feet stepping on the Azurewood Needle, directing it towards the sky, soaring into the clouds.

"Suyun, you'd better go follow. This girl, once she goes crazy, it's formidable; don't let anything happen!"

Yan Nanshan said to Qin Suyun beside him.

Qin Suyun nodded, maneuvered her spiritual artifact to fly up, caught up with her daughter, and accompanied her in flight.

Yan Muyu soared up and down in the sky, playing for quite a while, before guiding the Azurewood Needle down to the ground.

"The spiritual artifact Big Brother gave to Muyu, Muyu really likes! Thank you, Big Brother!"

Yan Muyu returned the Azurewood Needle, which had shrunk back to its original size, to her space ring. She then threw herself into Fang Bai's arms, planting a kiss on his cheek with a "pop", and said joyfully.

Chapter 1536: Ten-Day Seclusion

Fang Bai laughed heartily and said, "As long as you like it! However, your cultivation level is a bit low. Do you find it difficult to control the Azurewood Needle?"

Yan Muyu nodded and said, "Yes! I feel a bit exhausted after just playing with it for a while! I really want to become stronger quickly!"

Fang Bai said, "Since you wish it, I shall lend you a helping hand."

Yan Muyu's eyes lit up with infinite joy as she said, "Big Brother, do you mean... you can help Muyu improve her cultivation level?"

Yan Nanshan and the senior members of the Yan family all looked towards Fang Bai. Some showed doubtful expressions, while others were full of anticipation.

Those with doubtful expressions believed Fang Bai was too young, and since he himself was only a Foundation Establishment Expert, how could he possibly help Yan Muyu, also a Foundation Establishment Expert, improve her cultivation level?

Those full of anticipation believed Fang Bai to be a martial genius with peerless aptitude; perhaps he had some favorable experience or method to help Yan Muyu improve her cultivation level.

Moreover, standing behind Fang Bai was He Wujie, whose cultivation level was at least at Golden Pill Perfection. If Fang Bai could borrow a little strength from him, perhaps Yan Muyu's cultivation level could progress.

Thinking of this, the senior members of the Yan family couldn't help but secretly rejoice, with some even envying the little girl Yan Muyu for her opportunity.

"Big Brother will help you!"

Fang Bai said with a smile, "During the ten days I will be staying to accompany you, I will teach you well, and you must cultivate diligently too! Hmm, we shall strive together; perhaps we can elevate your cultivation level by one or two minor realms."

Yan Muyu counted on her fingers and said, "I am currently at Foundation Establishment initial stage. If I progress by two minor realms... wow, wouldn't that be Foundation Establishment high rank? Then I wouldn't feel so exhausted controlling the Azurewood Needle, right?"

"Indeed."

Fang Bai nodded with a smile.

Yan Nanshan and the senior members of the Yan family looked at each other, both surprised and delighted in their hearts.

In their minds, it was impossible for Fang Bai to elevate Yan Muyu by one or two minor realms within ten days with his own ability. To fulfill this promise, he must call upon his mentor, He Wujie.

If He Wujie were to guide Yan Muyu, it would indeed be a great opportunity and fortune for her.

Given Yan Muyu's extraordinary talent and intelligence, if she could win He Wujie's favor, he might impart some high-level cultivation techniques and secret arts to her, laying a solid foundation for Yan Muyu's future in the Martial Dao.

If what Fang Bai said came true and Yan Muyu's cultivation level advanced by one or two minor realms in ten days, she would reach Foundation Establishment high rank at the age of five, surpassing the legendary ancestor Yan Qingyu, who ascended to the Immortal Realm thousands of years ago.

"Brother Yan, please prepare a quiet location... hmm, the spiritual energy should be abundant, and the larger the area, the better. I plan to stay there with Muyu for ten days. During this period, I hope no one disturbs us... including my mentor. If he seeks me out, tell him I'm in closed-door cultivation; I won't see anyone for ten days!"

Fang Bai, holding Yan Muyu, said to Yan Nanshan.

"Ah? Brother Fang, you... you truly intend to personally guide Muyu?"

Upon hearing that Fang Bai planned to close himself off for ten days, without even seeing his mentor He Wujie, Yan Nanshan was taken aback.

In Yan Nanshan's expectations, Fang Bai would spend these ten days jointly guiding Yan Muyu with his mentor, and his mentor would take the lead role, which might allow Yan Muyu's cultivation level to rise by one or two minor realms.

But now, for Fang Bai to say he won't see his mentor for ten days seemed rather unusual!

Fang Bai chuckled and said, "What? Brother Yan doesn't believe I can properly teach Muyu?"

"Um... it's not that... I mean... if your mentor comes looking, and you avoid him, will he be upset?"

Yan Nanshan naturally wouldn't voice his thoughts, as doing so would offend Fang Bai, a young martial artist with boundless potential.

Fang Bai waved his hand and said, "No worries! When my mentor comes, just convey my words directly to him! He will understand.

Having said this much, Yan Nanshan naturally couldn't refuse any further, sighed secretly in his heart, and arranged accommodation for Fang Bai and his daughter.

The City Lord Mansion in the Female Immortal City was quite spacious, making it easy to find a secluded spot.

That same day, Fang Bai took Yan Muyu to live in a large courtyard within the City Lord Mansion.

Following Fang Bai's instructions, Yan Nanshan temporarily reassigned the disciples who usually managed the courtyard, leaving only Fang Bai and Yan Muyu residing in the area that spanned several dozen acres.

To ensure no one disturbed Fang Bai and his daughter Yan Muyu during their cultivation, Yan Nanshan instructed Yan Zhili and four other elders to lead over a hundred disciples to guard the surrounding area, creating tight security so that even a mosquito would find it hard to enter.

Ten days passed by swiftly.

During those ten days, Female Immortal City returned to its former prosperity. The anxious expressions previously seen on the faces of martial artists had vanished, as if the storm that happened earlier had never occurred.

The formidable strength of martial artists determined their remarkable construction capabilities. The city's injuries from the storm, with the help of thousands of martial artists working unstintingly day and night, were completely restored, showing no signs of having been ravaged by the storm.

He Wujie came to look for Fang Bai on the fifth day; after Yan Nanshan carefully relayed Fang Bai's words with a smile, He Wujie wasn't angry and left after muttering a few things.

He Wujie knew that Fang Bai once encountered a remarkable person who taught him many cultivation techniques and secret arts—even the Nine Revolutions True Fire Art and the Corpse Refinement Art he learned were passed down by Fang Bai.

Now that Fang Bai was to guide Yan Muyu to help the young girl elevate her cultivation, while the Yan family found it unbelievable, He Wujie believed that if Fang Bai promised it, he surely had the confidence to deliver.

On the tenth day of Fang Bai and Yan Muyu's seclusion, Yan Nanshan and the senior members of the Yan family gathered outside the courtyard to await their emergence.

During these ten days, they hadn't sensed the aura fluctuation typical of martial artists progressing in rank inside the courtyard, leading them to think perhaps Yan Muyu hadn't even advanced one minor realm, causing a sense of disappointment.

Unexpectedly, by dusk, two successive waves of spiritual energy ripples spread outward from the courtyard, and the familiar aura fluctuation came from none other than Yan Muyu.

"It's Muyu! Muyu has advanced!"

The elders of the Yan family couldn't hide their joy, standing up one after another, gazing toward the courtyard.

"Two successive advances... Brother Fang truly keeps his word! A man of incredible genius!"

Yan Nanshan rubbed his hands excitedly, his face glowing with admiration for Fang Bai.

A five-year-old Foundation Establishment high rank expert setting a precedent in the Yan family, and possibly rare even across the vast three thousand worlds, holds much promise for Yan Muyu's eventual ascendancy to immortality, provided she does not meet major setbacks in her cultivation future.

Chapter 1537: I Will Be Very Obedient

Several tens of thousands of years ago, the ancestor of the Yan Family, Yan Qingyu, ascended to the Immortal Realm after enduring nine Heavenly Tribulations, ensuring the prosperity of the Yan Family for the following tens of thousands of years.

In the future, if Yan Muyu can live up to expectations and also ascend to immortality, then the Yan Family is destined to embark on another glorious path.

The high-ranking members of the Yan Family thought of this, and couldn't help but feel excited and their emotions stirred.

"Creak!"

A moment later, the door of the courtyard opened slightly, and Fang Bai walked slowly out, carrying Yan Muyu on his shoulder.

Both faces, large and small, were filled with joy.

"Dad, Mom, Elders, you're all here!"

Yan Muyu saw the Yan Family members quickly approaching, her large eyes curving into crescent moons, and she happily said: "Let me tell you, I'm now a Foundation Establishment high-rank expert!"

Fang Bai laughed, clasping his fists in greeting to Yan Nanshan as he approached, saying: "Brother Yan, I am fortunate not to have failed my mission!"

"Brother Fang, thank you for nurturing my little girl! Please accept my bow!"

Yan Nanshan glanced at his daughter Yan Muyu, confirmed that she had indeed advanced to Foundation Establishment high-rank, and couldn't help but beam with joy. Grateful, he deeply bowed to Fang Bai with clasped fists.

Fang Bai repeatedly expressed his humility, then gently placed Yan Muyu on the ground, touched her little head, and said: "Mu Yu, go to your parents!"

The smile on Yan Muyu's face gradually disappeared, replaced by a sense of loss and reluctance. She pouted and, with a choked voice, asked: "Big brother, are you preparing to leave?"

Her words made the scene suddenly quiet, and the gaze of Yan Nanshan and others focused on Fang Bai's face.

Fang Bai smiled and nodded, saying: "Yes! We promised before: I would stay to play with you for ten days, and when I leave, you mustn't cry!"

Yan Muyu's eyes turned red, her lips pouted, and she suddenly cried out loudly, hugging Fang Bai's body and shaking her head, saying: "Big brother, Mu Yu doesn't want you to leave! Mu Yu doesn't want you to leave! Can't you stay?"

Fang Bai squatted down, wiped away Yan Muyu's tears, gently scraped her nose, and said seriously: "Yan Yu, we just agreed no crying, you have to keep your word!"

Yan Muyu tried hard to hold back her tears, her fair and rosy little face flushed red, crying: "But... but Mu Yu can't help it! Wah..."

Yan Muyu's crying grew louder, drawing attention from those around.

Qin Suyun, feeling sorrow for her daughter, hesitated and softly said to Yan Nanshan: "Perhaps... let Brother Fang stay a little longer?"

Yan Nanshan replied: "Nonsense! The longer Brother Fang stays, the deeper Mu Yu's feelings for him will be, and the harder it will be for her to let him go!"

Fang Bai nodded with a smile, saying: "Brother Yan is right. I've already stayed at the Yan Family for ten days, it's time to leave. Moreover, my master is waiting for me, I can't delay any longer."

"But Mu Yu..."

Qin Suyun looked at her daughter, who was crying uncontrollably, worried that this stubborn girl would remain melancholy and unhappy due to Fang Bai's departure, affecting her development.

"I'll try to persuade her!"

Fang Bai gently held Yan Muyu's shoulders and said: "Mu Yu, listen to big brother: Big brother leaving the Female Immortal City is only temporary, when there's a chance, I'll come back to visit you."

Yan Muyu's crying eased a bit, she asked: "Then... when will that be?"

Fang Bai paused, then said: "Maybe in one or two years, possibly three or five years. It won't be too long."

Yan Muyu said: "Several years sounds like a long time... Big brother, can you tell Mu Yu, where will you and Grandpa He go after leaving the Female Immortal City?"

She naturally referred to He Wujie as "Grandpa He."

Fang Bai said: "Of course, it's to travel the Three Thousand Worlds. If a martial artist stays in one place for too long, their cultivation level may hit a bottleneck after reaching a certain realm, making it difficult to advance further. However, venturing out may encounter various risks, giving a chance to engage in battles big and small, which can temper both the mind and body, breaking through the cultivation bottleneck and greatly increasing one's cultivation level."

Yan Nanshan and others deeply agreed with Fang Bai's words and nodded repeatedly.

As martial artists, Yan Nanshan and others naturally understood the importance of venturing out, but as high-ranking members of the Yan Family, they had the responsibility to guard the family, preventing them from venturing far. Thus, they lack great opportunities, failing to form a grand vision internally, resulting in limited breakthroughs in their cultivation paths.

Yan Muyu raised her head, tearfully looking at Fang Bai, and asked: "Big brother, when you go to train, can I go with you?"

Seeing Fang Bai shake his head, she cried: "Really can't I? I'll be very obedient!"

Fang Bai sighed and said: "Mu Yu, how about this: I'll go train first, and you stay home and cultivate well. If one day your cultivation level reaches Golden Core high-rank, then you can leave the Yan Family to find me. But before that, you must be obedient to your parents and not wander outside at will. How does that sound?"

Yan Muyu gradually stopped crying, her eyes brightened with hope. She turned to her parents and asked: "Dad, Mom, did you hear what big brother said? When my cultivation reaches Golden Core high-rank, will you let me leave?"

"This..."

Yan Nanshan and his wife Qin Suyun exchanged looks, both feeling somewhat troubled.

They knew that given their daughter's natural talent and the Yan Family's full support, reaching Golden Core high-rank within one or two decades wouldn't be difficult. But they truly didn't want their daughter to leave one day and seek Fang Bai all over.

Yet, considering their daughter's stubborn and determined character, if they didn't agree, she might cause a big fuss.

"Alright, alright, your mother and I agree..."

Yan Nanshan said with a bitter smile.

For the current plan, he could only vaguely agree, hoping that children were forgetful, maybe after Fang Bai's departure and with time, his daughter would eventually forget about it.

Yan Muyu finally smiled through her tears, happy once more.

Not aware of the challenges of cultivation, she believed she was an intelligent little girl, confident that she could advance to Golden Core high-rank in the shortest time. Then, she could go find her big brother.

Yan Muyu no longer made a fuss; both Fang Bai and the Yan Family members let out a sigh of relief.

Fang Bai leaped into the air, letting out a clear shout towards the sky.

A moment later, He Wujie, stepping on his precious gourd containing the Thousand Spirits Elixir, flew towards him like a streak of light, hovering beside Fang Bai.

"Disciple, are you finally prepared to leave? Haha, quickly, quickly, I've been impatiently waiting!"

He Wujie said with a happy laugh.

Originally, He Wujie planned to take Fang Bai with him and leave ten days ago, heading hundreds of miles away to Zixia Mountain in search of the fearsome Wind Roc. Later, Fang Bai wanted to teach Yan Muyu, so he stayed for another ten days. Just moments ago, upon hearing Fang Bai's shout, he immediately flew over, and his mood was excellent.

Fang Bai said: "Yes, I'm ready to leave! Master, please wait a moment, I still have a few things to address to the Yan Family head!"

Chapter 1538: Zixia Mountain

"Brother Fang, if you have anything to say, feel free to instruct us."

Yan Nanshan heard Fang Bai's voice, looked up at the sky, and said loudly.

Fang Bai organized his thoughts and slowly said, "Brother Yan, I need your Yan family to keep an eye out for some martial artists for me in the future..."

Fang Bai, word by word, relayed the names of his relatives, friends, and dear confidants from the three thousand Minor Worlds to Yan Nanshan, urging him to remember them well, and then said, "If these people ever have the chance to pass through the Female Immortal City, please make sure to keep them there, Brother Yan. I will return to Female Immortal City within one to five years at the latest to visit. Brother Yan, I'm counting on you!"

After speaking, Fang Bai threw a thin book from the air. When Yan Nanshan caught it, he continued, "This set of Wood System Skills is superior to the 'Withered Tree Spring Art'. If your Yan clan members study it diligently, within ten years, you may produce several Golden Pill Perfection experts. With luck, even a Nascent Soul expert might emerge. It's all up to your destiny."

Seeing the incredulous looks on the faces of Yan Nanshan and others, Fang Bai knew his words were quite shocking. He smiled nonchalantly and continued, "As for Mu Yu, I have imparted cultivation techniques and secret techniques to her. She can cultivate on her own henceforth, no need for your guidance."

"Mu Yu is astute and intelligent, exceptionally gifted. Her cultivation level will surpass everyone in the Yan family within ten years. Her future achievements will far exceed what the Yan family could imagine! That's all I have to say! Farewell, everyone! Little Mu Yu, goodbye!"

After finishing, Fang Bai waved at everyone below. Amidst Yan Muyu's tearful calls and blurred eyes, he flew away with his master He Wujie, transforming into two divine rainbows, vanishing into the horizon.

"Tsk tsk, you young fellow, your eyes are red! What, can't bear to leave that little girl? Oh, that little girl is extraordinary; not only will her Martial Dao achievements be remarkable, but she's bound to grow into a rare beauty! But... she's too young now!"

Flying, He Wujie saw Fang Bai's somber expression, looking desolate, and teased him with a wink.

Fang Bai rolled his eyes, spat, and said, "You disrespectful old fool, what nonsense are you talking about!"

He sighed and said sadly, "But to be honest, I really can't bear to leave Mu Yu. I always feel... we seem to have known each other in a previous life, that's why in this life, we hit it off instantly. Alas, she can't bear to see me go, and how can I bear to leave her?"

He Wujie put away his smile, and solemnly said, "That little girl is indeed quite lovable. If I hadn't met you first, I might have taken her as a disciple!"

Fang Bai grumpily replied, "Then why don't you go back and take her as a disciple now, let's cut ties! Really, I'd be overjoyed if you went back to guide Mu Yu!"

He Wujie chuckled, "No way, I am a man of integrity, and I never regret what I've done!"

Fang Bai snorted a laugh, gesturing a middle finger at He Wujie.

Though He Wujie couldn't understand what this gesture meant, he could tell from Fang Bai's mischievous smile that it was hardly a compliment.

He Wujie said, "If you can't bear to leave that little girl, why didn't you bring her along? With our teaching, she's bound to learn better than with the Yan family's crowd!"

Fang Bai replied, "We're headed to Zixia Mountain this time to subdue the Wind Roc, which is bound to be dangerous. Bringing Mu Yu along is like carrying a burden! It's better for her to stay safely with the Yan family!"

The master and disciple flew and chatted, gradually shifting the topic from Yan Muyu to the Wind Roc of Zixia Mountain.

Though Fang Bai had visited almost every region of the three thousand large worlds in his past life, the scenery has changed dramatically over tens of thousands of years, becoming unrecognizable now.

For instance, when he revisited Zixia Mountain, he found it vastly different from his memories.

The previous Nether Corpse Land too; tens of thousands of years ago, there were no Nascent Soul experts' grand tombs in the core area, but now there are. These changes exceeded Fang Bai's expectations.

This sense of unfamiliarity due to thousands of years of changes piqued Fang Bai's interest in Zixia Mountain, wondering if it would, like the Nether Corpse Land, bring him some opportunities.

Fang Bai had experienced the power of the Wind Roc in a previous life. In this lifetime, He Wujie had also heard of it. If they hadn't possessed two Nascent Soul Puppet Corpses each, they wouldn't dare venture to Zixia Mountain.

Before heading to Zixia Mountain, both had mentally prepared thoroughly and made various assumptions, thinking that even if they couldn't subdue the Wind Roc, they'd ensure their safety, treating it as a trial.

From Female Immortal City to Zixia Mountain, it spans a vast hundred thousand miles, a journey that might take ordinary people years to complete on foot.

Even low-level martial artists riding Wind-Chaser Steeds would need at least several months to arrive.

By flying with spiritual artifacts, Fang Bai and He Wujie traveled much faster than riding a Wind-Chaser Steed, but they still spent half a month traveling as they stopped along the way at various small towns, finally entering the Zixia Mountain region.

"Why are there so many martial artists gathered there? What are they doing?"

Upon reaching the southern foothills of Zixia Mountain, Fang Bai and He Wujie peered down from under the clouds, seeing martial artists gathered like ants, numbering in the thousands, seemingly waiting for something.

From deep within Zixia Mountain, the roars of tigers and apes, and the screeches and cries of eagles and cranes echoed from time to time, inducing apprehension.

"Let's go down and have a look!"

With a thought, He Wujie lightly tapped his toe, and the gourd changed direction, swooping down. Moments later, they landed on the ground together.

"The weakest here are Golden Pill experts! Something big must be about to happen!"

After landing, approaching where the martial artists gathered at the mountain's foot, they realized that among the thousands of martial artists, there wasn't a weakling among them. Nearly a hundred had cultivation levels similar to He Wujie's Nascent Soul realm, forming an impressive lineup.

Fang Bai and He Wujie were secretly shocked as they walked into the gathering of martial artists, reaching a group of Nascent Soul experts.

"Brother, what's happening here? Why are you all gathered here?"

He Wujie stepped up to an individual cultivation Nascent Soul expert, cupping his hands as he inquired.

The individual Nascent Soul expert glanced at He Wujie, responding coolly, "Don't you know it's the season for the Wind Roc to lay eggs?"

"Laying eggs?"

He Wujie and Fang Bai exchanged looks of joy on their faces.

Subduing an adult Wind Roc is challenging, but if they could obtain its eggs and find a way to hatch them, taming them from youth would be much easier!

However, with so many martial artists gathered here, they're likely all after the Wind Roc's eggs. Snatching a few eggs from such a crowd would be no easier than dealing with an adult Wind Roc.

Chapter 1539: Master's Wife

He Wujie talked with the Nascent Soul Realm Expert for quite a while and finally extracted some useful information from him.

"The Wind Roc is expected to lay its eggs within these three to five days. However, during these days, the Wind Roc is at its most irritable. Unless you are a Martial Artist stronger than the Wind Roc, no one dares to approach it! Disciple, let's find a spot and wait quietly!"

He Wujie whispered and walked with Fang Bai to a secluded spot, where they sat cross-legged, preparing to wait patiently for three to five days before joining the other martial artists to enter the mountains.

The two of them, combined with the Puppet Corpse, could certainly battle an adult Wind Roc, but at this moment, they should not reveal their true strength to avoid attracting the united hostility of other experts.

In fact, besides the two of them, other martial artists present all had their own trump skills. But unless it was the critical moment to seize the Roc Egg laid by the Wind Roc, who would show their full strength?

There were thousands of martial artists present. However, the Wind Roc lays eggs only once every ten years, and each time it lays only five Roc Eggs. By then, for those five Roc Eggs, martial artists will surely use all their skills to see who can ultimately snatch an egg from beneath the Wind Roc's watch.

In short, whether dealing with the Wind Roc or vying for the Roc Eggs, everything relies on strength, which is destined to be a battle among Nascent Soul Realm Experts, while Golden Pill Experts can only play a supporting role.

The hundreds of Nascent Soul Realm Experts present would not have expected that He Wujie, whose strength was not seen as outstanding among them, would actually be a low-key, reserved person who, once the big battle breaks out, would pose a serious threat to them.

Neither would anyone have expected that the "odd one" among them, who only had the strength of Foundation Establishment perfection, would be more difficult to deal with than the vast majority of them.

"Why is she here too?"

He Wujie, sitting cross-legged, suddenly muttered and then quickly turned his back, trying hard to hide his aura, seemingly not wanting to be discovered by someone.

"Master, who is that woman? You seem a bit afraid of her!"

He Wujie's unusual expression was not lost on Fang Bai, who looked at a Female Martial Artist in the distant crowd with interest, smiling as he inquired.

That Female Martial Artist was also a Nascent Soul Realm Expert, with cultivation comparable to He Wujie's. Her apparent age seemed to be around forty, with a slender waist, and still charming; one could tell she was a rare beauty in her youth.

At the moment, that Female Martial Artist was talking with a companion, occasionally scanning the crowds around, seemingly looking for something.

Whenever her gaze swept towards Fang Bai and He Wujie, He Wujie would cleverly hide behind Fang Bai to avoid her gaze.

"Kid, don't ask what you shouldn't!"

When Fang Bai inquired about the identity of that Female Martial Artist, He Wujie blushed and said sternly, glaring at him.

"Heh, your face is all red. Could she be your old lover?"

Though Fang Bai acknowledged He Wujie as his master, he was not afraid of him at all. Their relationship was both teacher and friend, allowing them to joke around without reserve, to which He Wujie was helpless.

"Disciple, don't mess around! That woman and I... have only met a few times. Who knew she... she would cling to me, saying she must be my Martial Dao companion, and then followed me all the way... Disciple, maybe we should just leave? As for the Wind Roc's matter, we'll deal with it later."

He Wujie seemed very reluctant to meet that Female Martial Artist, displaying a look of dread.

Fang Bai guessed that He Wujie and that Female Martial Artist might be a pair of fated adversaries, chuckling as he said, "We've come all the way here, how can we leave? That woman... oh, can I call her Master's Wife? My Master's Wife is at least a Nascent Soul Realm Expert; with her joining us, wouldn't our strength be even greater? Wouldn't our chances of obtaining the Roc Egg be higher?"

He Wujie waved his hand repeatedly, anxiously saying, "No! No! Don't cause me trouble. Seeing that woman gives me a headache!"

Though he said he couldn't do it, Fang Bai noticed that he kept sneaking glances at the Female Martial Artist, showing a complex expression, seemingly wanting to meet her but hesitating over something.

Fang Bai didn't quite understand the actual relationship between the two, but one thing was certain: He Wujie definitely liked that Female Martial Artist very much, only choosing to hide from her for some unknown reason.

"Master, don't you really like Master's Wife?"

"I don't..."

"Touch your heart and speak the truth!"

"I... I..."

"If you like a woman, go pursue her boldly! If you can't win her heart, then take her by force... uh, cough cough... What's with this sneaky hiding around, does it make you a real man?"

"You wretched brat! I..."

"Master, may I know Master's Wife's name?"

"She's called Zhao Wanqing."

"Alright, I'll go call Master's Wife for you! Any misunderstanding, you both can sit down and talk! What in this world can't be resolved through dialogue? If once isn't enough, then twice..."

"You don't understand... you don't understand... things are complicated... Hey, what are you doing, kid?"

He Wujie was muttering, until he saw Fang Bai suddenly striding towards that Female Martial Artist, causing him to stomp his foot, shouting anxiously, his forehead breaking out in a cold sweat as he hurried to hide behind a large tree.

With a mischievous smile at the corner of his mouth, Fang Bai walked briskly in front of the Female Martial Artist who was scanning around, cupped his hands, and bowed: "Excuse me, senior, are you Zhao Wanqing?"

The Female Martial Artist was startled, then looked at Fang Bai sharply, frowning: "Who are you?"

As she spoke, the pressure of a Nascent Soul Realm Expert emanated, which would have caused any other martial artist to weaken at the knees, trembling all over. Yet, Fang Bai stood fearlessly, meeting the Female Martial Artist's gaze with a smile, answering each word clearly: "I'm called Fang Bai, He Wujie is my master."

"You... you're telling the... truth?"

The Female Martial Artist named Zhao Wanqing, upon hearing "He Wujie," froze as if struck in a vital spot, then grew uncontrollably excited. If not for the consideration between men and women, she would have grabbed Fang Bai by the shoulders and shaken him while asking.

"Of course, it's true."

Fang Bai replied with a smile: "Senior, you haven't answered my question yet."

Zhao Wanqing, a bit dazed, responded with an "oh" and nodded repeatedly: "Yes... I am Zhao Wanqing."

Fang Bai straightened his expression, cupped his hands deeply again in salute, and said respectfully: "Master's Wife, please accept a disciple's bow."

Hearing him call herself "Master's Wife," Zhao Wanqing's face flushed slightly, but inside, she felt extremely pleased, lifting her hands to symbolically help Fang Bai up, glancing him over approvingly and saying with satisfaction: "Hmm, not bad, a good seedling for cultivation! He Wujie recruiting you as a disciple shows he has a good eye. By the way, Fang Bai, your master... where is he now? Didn't he come with you?"

Chapter 1540: "Betraying the Master

He Wujie, who was hiding behind a large tree, had been eavesdropping on the conversation between Fang Bai and Zhao Wanqing.

Upon hearing Zhao Wanqing suddenly inquire about his whereabouts, He Wujie was startled and immediately sent a secret message to Fang Bai. He also stretched out a hand from behind the tree, waving frantically, signaling Fang Bai not to reveal his whereabouts.

Fang Bai grinned, his gaze shifting to the tree where He Wujie was hiding, prompting Zhao Wanqing's gaze to follow his.

Zhao Wanqing had excellent vision and was deeply in love with He Wujie, so when she saw the waving hand, she immediately recognized it was He Wujie and couldn't help but feel overjoyed.

"He Wujie!"

Zhao Wanqing exclaimed joyfully, her figure moved like lightning to the tree's side.

"He Wujie, you made me search for you everywhere!"

Seeing He Wujie's distressed face behind the tree, Zhao Wanqing was as excited as a little girl, rushing forward to hug He Wujie tightly, refusing to let go.

"Oh my... my mistress looks pure on the outside but is wild at heart!"

Seeing Zhao Wanqing unabashedly embrace He Wujie tightly, Fang Bai was stunned and couldn't help but admire this woman who dared to love and hate intensely.

He Wujie's hands hovered awkwardly in midair, unsure whether to embrace or not, his face filled with embarrassment.

After a moment, He Wujie resignedly sighed, placed his hands gently on Zhao Wanqing's back, tapped twice lightly, and whispered something in her ear.

Zhao Wanqing released her embrace with a radiant smile, opting instead to hold He Wujie's arm.

"You little brat, you dared to sell out your master, you deserve a beating!"

After extricating himself from Zhao Wanqing's grasp, He Wujie pointed at Fang Bai and yelled, seemingly ready to give him a good thrashing.

He Wujie was quite angry at Fang Bai for "betraying" him, thinking he must teach this disrespectful disciple a lesson, or else he would lose all authority as a master.

"He Wujie, what do you think you're doing? Fang Bai is your disciple, which means he's also mine. I won't let you touch him!"

Zhao Wanqing shot He Wujie a glance, then turned to defend Fang Bai.

Zhao Wanqing was very pleased with Fang Bai as a disciple, finding him both considerate and sensible, knowing how to align with her.

Fang Bai knew that He Wujie couldn't possibly hit him, so he wasn't worried at all. He spread his hands and said to He Wujie, "Master, don't blame me. I just think it's too difficult for Mistress to search for you everywhere. Hiding like this isn't a solution. Since you like each other, why not sit down and discuss it together?"

Fang Bai guessed that there must be a very complicated love story between He Wujie and Zhao Wanqing, so he prepared to play matchmaker and bring them together.

"You two..."

He Wujie opened his mouth, realizing he'd made a big mistake by confessing about himself and Zhao Wanqing to Fang Bai, thinking he likely couldn't escape Zhao Wanqing's entanglement.

"Alright, now that you two lovebirds have met, you must have a lot to talk about. I'll wander elsewhere for now."

With that, Fang Bai winked at He Wujie with a grin, then swiftly made his exit under He Wujie's glare.

"How did I end up with such a disciple? I really chose the wrong person!"

Watching Fang Bai disappear into the crowd, He Wujie stomped his foot, sighing in frustration.

"I think he's quite nice! Wujie, congratulations on taking in a good disciple!"

Zhao Wanqing was in an exceptionally good mood, holding onto one of He Wujie's arms, pointing at a large rock in the distance, "Wujie, it's been so long since we've seen each other, I have so much to tell you. How about we sit over there?"

Even though she phrased it as a question, she didn't even wait for He Wujie to respond, dragging him along.

He Wujie sighed deeply as Zhao Wanqing led him forward, his expression resembling that of a prisoner walking to the gallows.

Fang Bai left the gathering of over a hundred Nascent Soul experts, wandering along the foot of the mountain, occasionally diffusing his divine sense to probe the deep mountains.

Recently, a Wind Roc preparing to lay eggs, said to have a battle strength comparable to a human high-rank Nascent Soul expert, stronger than all martial artists present, had unleashed its unique and

powerful spirit beast aura, covering a circumference of a hundred miles, and Fang Bai could vaguely sense the Roc's presence from there.

Just then, in the distant sky, five martial artists riding spiritual artifacts drew five divine rainbows and landed on the ground.

Those five martial artists were all graceful in stature and beautiful in appearance, led by a Nascent Soul initial-stage expert, while the remaining four were Golden Core experts, the strongest being at Golden Core Perfection, and the weakest at the Golden Core initial stage.

The weakest, a Golden Core initial-stage martial artist, was only twenty years old, donned in a green dress, with features like Ruhua, long hair cascading to her waist, and bore a striking resemblance to Su Linglong, Fang Bai's worldly confidant, even their aura was very similar.

"Ling... Linglong?"

In a moment of haze, Fang Bai mistook the twenty-year-old woman in the green dress for Su Linglong, and as she landed, he quickly advanced and exclaimed in astonishment.

His exclamation drew the attention of many experts, including those five female martial artists, who all turned to look at him.

"That... I got the wrong person..."

Fang Bai, seeing the female martial artist resembling Su Linglong look at him, seized the opportunity to look at her carefully, then sighed inwardly, "I was seeing things. This woman isn't Su Linglong after all!"

The twenty-year-old woman in the green dress saw Fang Bai walk away with a lost expression, watching his back with curiosity, also experiencing a sense of familiarity, yet hesitated to speak.

"To think Elder Lu Hongyun from the Flower Pavilion came to join the excitement! Haha, Elder Lu, a pleasure to meet you!"

A Nascent Soul expert, seeing the five female martial artists landing, approached with several junior disciples, laughing heartily.

"Elder Qiu typically seldom shows himself; what brings you out here? Could it be for the Roc's egg too?"

The Nascent Soul Realm Expert from Flower Pavilion, named Lu Hongyun, smiled and spoke.

The Elder Qiu she mentioned, named Qiu Jianren, was one of the four great elders of Zixia Manor.

Both Zixia Manor and Flower Pavilion are renowned and formidable sects with Nascent Soul experts presiding in the Zixia Mountain area, spreading their fame far and wide.

This time, with the Wind Roc laying eggs in Zixia Mountain, both Zixia Manor and Flower Pavilion dispatched elder-level experts to lead several juniors, firstly to seize the Roc Egg, and secondly to let the juniors gain experience, broaden their horizons, and enhance real combat skills.

Unlike Zixia Manor, all disciples of Flower Pavilion, numbering in the tens of thousands, were women, and today, the juniors that Lu Hongyun brought were among the most outstanding in the pavilion.

The young woman in the green dress, who Fang Bai found resembled Su Linglong, was named Lu Liyu, an abandoned infant Lu Hongyun found in the wild twenty years ago and brought back to the pavilion to raise, adopting her as a foster daughter and personally overseeing her training.