

Doctor 1541

Chapter 1541: Lu Liyu

Lu Liyu, at the age of twenty, ascended to the initial realm of the Golden Core stage, making her unique among her peers in the Flower Pavilion.

Therefore, this time when she came to Zixia Mountain for training, Lu Liyu also received a spot.

Fang Bai's exclamation momentarily attracted the attention of other Martial Artists present and made Lu Liyu notably focused on Fang Bai.

Fang Bai's handsome appearance, exceptional temperament, and especially the familiar Martial Artist Aura emanating from him all made Lu Liyu feel a strong desire to approach him.

"Who is that man? Judging from his behavior just now, it seems he regards me as someone familiar to him?"

Watching Fang Bai's departing back, Lu Liyu felt a sudden twinge of sadness for some inexplicable reason.

"Junior Sister Lu, long time no see, how have you been?"

Just then, a young disciple from Zixia Manor walked up to Lu Liyu and asked with a smile.

That Zixia Manor disciple, named Qiu Guangxuan, was the youngest son of Qiu Jianren and an Innate Spiritual Root Expert.

Qiu Guangxuan's status in Zixia Manor was equivalent to Lu Liyu's status in the Flower Pavilion; both were outstanding among the younger generation in their respective sects, and both were the focus of their sects' nurturing.

Lu Liyu, with her slender figure, peerless beauty, and extraordinary temperament, was known as the "number one beauty" among the many prominent clans in the region within a hundred thousand miles, receiving admiration from many suitors.

And Qiu Guangxuan from Zixia Manor was one of the many admirers pursuing Lu Liyu.

Qiu Guangxuan shared similar talent and position with Lu Liyu and was decent in appearance, thus considered the most hopeful among her many suitors to win the lady's heart.

However, although Lu Hongyun intended to match her adopted daughter with Qiu Guangxuan, Lu Liyu seemed uninterested in Qiu Guangxuan, repeatedly rejecting his declarations of love, citing her focus on cultivation.

Qiu Guangxuan was shameless and, despite numerous rejections, tirelessly expressed his affection.

Qiu Guangxuan understood the principle that "a sincere heart can overcome obstinate barriers," believing that as long as he persevered, he would eventually move Lu Liyu to open her heart to him.

Seeing Lu Liyu arriving, Qiu Guangxuan was delighted and immediately approached to chat.

"Oh, Senior Brother Qiu, hello."

Lu Liyu gave Qiu Guangxuan a glance and replied indifferently, with a demeanor that kept others at a distance.

Qiu Jianren observed the interaction, slightly furrowed his brows, and cast a casual glance at his son, feeling a mixture of disappointment.

To Qiu Jianren, his youngest son's talent, appearance, and figure complemented Lu Liyu perfectly; they couldn't be more suited for each other. Yet, Lu Liyu seemed aloof and disdainful toward his son, which made him simmer with silent anger.

Qiu Jianren had advised his son to give up on Lu Liyu, telling him that there were plenty of exceptional women in this world, and he needn't focus solely on Lu Liyu.

Regrettably, his youngest son was stubborn, showing a deep affection for Lu Liyu, even declaring he would marry no one but her.

Qiu Jianren was very indulgent of this youngest son and couldn't bear to reprimand him, so he let him be, thinking that once he faced enough rejection, he would eventually change his mind.

Though he thought this way, seeing Lu Liyu's indifferent attitude towards his son made him look displeased, and he let out a snort.

As for Lu Hongyun, she originally favored Qiu Guangxuan, but since her adopted daughter didn't like him, she couldn't say much.

Lu Hongyun was not someone who couldn't reason; she could manage Lu Liyu's cultivation.

But in emotional matters, Lu Hongyun insisted on letting things happen naturally and was unwilling to force her adopted daughter.

Therefore, facing Qiu Jianren's anger, Lu Hongyun just responded with a wry smile, not blaming Lu Liyu.

Even though Qiu Guangxuan received a cold face from Lu Liyu, he wasn't angry at all and continued to chat with a smiling face.

Lu Liyu was distractedly dealing with Qiu Guangxuan while her gaze kept drifting toward the distant Fang Bai.

"Who is that man? Why is she constantly looking at him? Could it be..."

Qiu Guangxuan followed Lu Liyu's gaze to Fang Bai, a sudden realization hitting him, then asked with an uneasy smile: "Junior Sister Lu, do you know that person?"

"Ah?"

Lu Liyu was taken aback for a moment, then her eyes rolled and she said, "Oh... We are sort of acquainted!"

In truth, Lu Liyu and Fang Bai had only a brief encounter and didn't actually know each other, but seeing Qiu Guangxuan's stiff smile, she felt unspeakable satisfaction, so she answered ambiguously.

As expected, Qiu Guangxuan's expression turned uglier, his voice a bit low, and he asked coldly, "Who is he?"

Lu Liyu replied, "He is... Why should I tell you? Qiu Guangxuan, I'll warn you, you are not to target him."

She shouldn't have said that, because upon those words, an unspeakable jealousy flared up inside Qiu Guangxuan.

"Junior Sister Lu, it seems... you really care about him!"

Qiu Guangxuan's gaze fell on the distant Fang Bai, and the smile had long vanished from his face.

Lu Liyu had deliberately blurred her relationship with Fang Bai to prevent Qiu Guangxuan from further bothering her, but if Qiu Guangxuan took it out on Fang Bai, that wasn't her intention.

Lu Liyu's warning was sincere, not just idle talk. If Qiu Guangxuan went to find trouble with Fang Bai, she wouldn't stand idly by.

Lu Liyu sensed that Qiu Guangxuan's anger level was rising, and she was about to explain that she and Fang Bai didn't actually know each other, but Qiu Guangxuan had already stridden forward toward Fang Bai.

"Qiu Guangxuan, what are you doing?"

Lu Liyu hurried a few steps to catch up with Qiu Guangxuan and asked in a low voice.

Qiu Guangxuan replied coldly, "What's the matter, seeing me going to trouble that man, does your heart ache? Feeling reluctant?"

"You..."

"Did I guess right?"

Seeing Lu Liyu seething with anger, her face pale, and her body trembling, Qiu Guangxuan's jealousy grew even stronger, thinking he had guessed correctly. He suddenly grabbed Lu Liyu by the shoulders and asked sternly: "Tell me, is that man your beloved? Is he your little lover?"

Not waiting for Lu Liyu to respond, he raised his voice again: "Don't try to argue! The way you looked at that man was full of affection, I don't believe there was nothing between you! Ha, I thought you were a pure and spotless woman, but it turns out you're a fickle, unfaithful woman!"

"Slap!"

Qiu Guangxuan's last sentence utterly infuriated Lu Liyu, and she swiftly raised her hand, giving Qiu Guangxuan a solid slap across the face.

Caught off guard, Qiu Guangxuan cried out in pain, his body flying out and falling to the ground.

"Qiu Guangxuan! You... you... you despicable! Shameless!"

Lu Liyu was so angry that tears streamed down her face, her jade-like finger pointing at the stunned Qiu Guangxuan, trembling all over as if she were sieved.

Chapter 1542: Hit While Lying Down

Lu Liyu's slap stunned Qiu Guangxuan, shocked Lu Hongyun, infuriated Qiu Jianren, and attracted the attention of numerous martial artists around.

Including Fang Bai, He Wujie, and Zhao Wanqing, all turned their gaze this way.

Lu Hongyun was shocked because she knew how much trouble Lu Liyu's slap had caused, so she stood in front of Lu Liyu immediately, protectively shielding Lu Liyu behind her.

Qiu Jianren was enraged because even he had never hit or scolded his youngest son, yet Lu Liyu, an outsider disciple, dared to hit him. How could he tolerate that?

Therefore, Qiu Jianren, after a moment of hesitation, rushed forward in a furious shout, intending to return an even harsher slap to Lu Liyu to vent for his son.

Qiu Jianren only cared about his son, and when it came to Lu Liyu, he didn't have the slightest bit of tender feelings.

Luckily, Lu Hongyun reacted quickly and protected Lu Liyu in time, otherwise, with Lu Liyu's mere Golden Core initial-stage cultivation level, she wouldn't have been able to withstand Qiu Jianren's Nascent Soul initial-stage attack.

"Lu Hongyun, step aside!"

Qiu Jianren glanced at his son, seeing that although he was not heavily injured, his mouth was full of blood and he was in complete disarray. He thought to himself that with the face his son has lost in front of thousands of martial artists, if he couldn't get justice for him today, there'd be no face to meet people anymore.

Therefore, even at the risk of falling out with Lu Hongyun today, Qiu Jianren was determined to harshly teach Lu Liyu a lesson.

"Qiu, it was your son who was at fault first for today's matter. You want to harm my adopted daughter? No way!"

Lu Hongyun naturally couldn't let Qiu Jianren harm Lu Liyu in the slightest, so she righteously and sternly spoke up.

Qiu Jianren also knew his son was in the wrong, but so what?

In the world of three thousand realms, whoever's fist is harder has the truth!

"Lu Hongyun, you and I have been friends, seeing it from past friendship, let that adopted daughter of yours come over, I'll slap her once, and this will be over. Otherwise, don't blame me for being merciless!"

Qiu Jianren said with a chilling face.

After years of knowing him, Lu Hongyun understood how ruthless he could be. If he delivered a slap, it would not be gentle. Even if Lu Liyu didn't die, she might lose half her life, so she absolutely refused.

At this moment, three other disciples from Zixia Manor stood with Qiu's father and son, all emanating killing qi, their eyes filled with hostility as they looked at Lu Hongyun and others.

At the same time, three female disciples from the Flower Pavilion stood alongside Lu Hongyun and Lu Liyu, their eyes full of indignation and contempt looking at Qiu Guangxuan.

In the eyes of those Flower Pavilion disciples, Qiu Guangxuan was truly despicable, failing to pursue their junior sister, he resorted to cursing, a scum among men.

Qiu Guangxuan's curses were exceedingly vile, and they heard it all clearly. If it were them, they couldn't endure it either, and maybe the slap would have been even harsher.

As for Qiu Jianren's retaliation, that was Elder Lu's concern. They just needed to stand on the same front line with Elder Lu.

Even if the sky fell, there were still high-ranking officials and tens of thousands of disciples from the Flower Pavilion to support them, so why be afraid?

The disciples on both sides squared off at a distance of about three zhang, pressure like a mountain, spiritual energy stirring, hinting at an inevitable clash.

Lu Liyu's eyes reddened, biting her lips hard to hold back tears. She stood by Lu Hongyun, silently summoning her spiritual artifact, ready to fight.

"Mom, I'm sorry! I caused trouble for the sect!"

Lu Liyu knew that the current Flower Pavilion was facing an unprecedented great trouble, and causing further conflict with Zixia Manor due to her personal matter was adding fuel to the fire, so she was incredibly anxious, softly apologizing to Lu Hongyun beside her.

Lu Hongyun turned her head to glance at her, smiling, giving a comforting look, and said, "Silly girl, what are you talking about? Anyway, the sect's troubles are plenty, a little more doesn't matter! Alright, brace yourself and fight!"

"Okay."

Lu Liyu nodded firmly, holding her spiritual artifact across her chest, her eyes once filled with guilt and apology now turning sharp.

She glanced in Fang Bai's direction, secretly hoping that that person could stand up and speak a fair word for her.

But she also knew that was a wishful thought.

Zixia Manor was a major sect with Nascent Soul Realm experts guarding it, renowned far and wide, and that person was merely a Foundation Establishment perfection expert. How could he dare risk offending Zixia Manor to speak up for her?

Besides, this matter was entirely her own doing and had nothing to do with that person, and he had no reason to speak for her.

"Dad, kill that guy and this woman for me! This pair of adulterous couple must not die a good death!"

After being slapped by Lu Liyu, Qiu Guangxuan was almost driven mad, pointing at the distant Fang Bai and the opposite Lu Liyu, shouting hoarsely.

Qiu Guangxuan knew that if he didn't avenge this humiliation today, he would not only never raise his head in the sect again but might also develop inner demons, preventing significant achievements in his future cultivation.

His inner demon was born because of Fang Bai and Lu Liyu, and only by killing Fang Bai and Lu Liyu could his heart knot be untied, allowing his future cultivation path to become smooth.

Qiu Jianren naturally understood this truth as well.

So when his son said this, he intended to do just that.

Seeing Qiu Jianren's gaze suddenly filled with killing qi turning towards him, Fang Bai felt very helpless, thinking how he hadn't offended anyone but still became someone else's target for killing?

To quote a worldly saying: he was a sitting duck!

The oppressive force swept like a wave, rushing in with endless killing qi.

Qiu Jianren, like a bolt of lightning, charged toward Fang Bai, and before reaching him, a huge True Yuan fist was already launched at Fang Bai.

Nascent Soul Realm experts, killing does not require reasons.

Moreover, Qiu Jianren intended to kill a mere Foundation Establishment perfection expert?

But Qiu Jianren forgot that Fang Bai had come along with He Wujie, and beside He Wujie stood Zhao Wanqing.

Both were Nascent Soul Realm experts and had deep ties with Fang Bai.

One was Fang Bai's master, and the other was like a mentor's wife.

With them around, how could they sit by while Fang Bai was bullied?

So when Qiu Jianren launched his attack, He Wujie's figure flashed, he stood in front of Fang Bai, and with a cold snort, threw a punch to meet Qiu Jianren's attack.

"Boom!"

The two True Yuan fists collided in the air, spiritual energy scattering, creating massive waves.

The observing martial artists retreated, creating a space a hundred zhang in radius for the two to duel, and watched their showdown with great interest.

Zhao Wanqing knew that He Wujie didn't like others interfering when he was in a duel, so she stood quietly to the side watching, simultaneously beckoning Fang Bai over to stand by her.

On the Zixia Manor side, including Qiu Guangxuan, four Golden Core experts kept a close watch on Fang Bai, but with Zhao Wanqing's protection, those four wouldn't dare lay a hand on Fang Bai.

Chapter 1543: Did I provoke or offend you?

However, to Zhao Wanqing's surprise, Fang Bai smiled at her, pointed at Qiu Guangxuan, who was glaring at him, and strode over.

"Wanqing, let him go!"

Seeing Zhao Wanqing about to stop Fang Bai, He Wujie, who was fiercely battling with Qiu Jianren, suddenly spoke, "Don't worry, that kid will be fine!"

Zhao Wanqing paused, thinking that if He Wujie said so, it meant Fang Bai had a way to deal with the four Golden Core Realm experts from Zixia Manor, so she didn't need to worry.

Otherwise, with Fang Bai's mere Foundation Establishment perfection cultivation level, provoking four Golden Core Realm experts would be suicidal.

Seeing He Wujie's confident demeanor, Qiu Jianren felt a chill in his heart. After punching He Wujie away, he used the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique to warn his son and the other three disciples from Zixia Manor to be extremely cautious and not take Fang Bai lightly to avoid a disastrous mistake.

"Haha... your son is doomed!!"

Amidst laughter, He Wujie, who was pushed back over ten zhang, leapt into the air and launched a strike, shouting, "And you won't escape death either!"

"You want our lives?"

Qiu Jianren raised his palms to block He Wujie's descending True Yuan fist, smirking, "Just the two of you aren't qualified!"

Though he said so, he felt somewhat unsure inside.

He Wujie's side had only two people, but there was a female Nascent Soul Realm expert watching. If she joined the battle, the situation would immediately reverse, and out of the five Zixia Manor disciples, except for himself, probably none would survive.

However, Qiu Jianren also had some tricks up his sleeve.

This place was close to Zixia Manor. If Zhao Wanqing, the Nascent Soul expert, joined the fight, Qiu Jianren would signal nearby Zixia Manor disciples to come and support, and then it would be uncertain who would win.

"Rest assured, my disciple alone can handle the small fry you've brought! As for you... I could take you down with ease! Don't doubt me, if it weren't for the fact that I haven't exercised in a while and want to use you as practice, you would already be finished!"

He Wujie said with a loud laugh.

"Hehe..."

Qiu Jianren believed He Wujie was deliberately boasting to provoke him and smirked, showing a "I'm not falling for it" attitude.

With long strides, Fang Bai walked directly to Qiu Guangxuan, standing firm in front of him, under Lu Liyu's bright gaze.

"My name is Fang Bai. You probably don't know me, do you?"

Fang Bai clenched his fist, squinted at Qiu Guangxuan, then asked with a teasing tone, "Did I offend you?"

Despite sensing an extremely dangerous aura from Fang Bai, Qiu Guangxuan did not retreat but stepped forward, only two zhang away from Fang Bai, with a fierce expression, "That's right, you did offend me! Do you know? I, Qiu Guangxuan, once vowed to marry only Lu Liyu in this life. But Lu Liyu happens to like you! Only by killing you can I win her heart! Therefore... you must die today!"

Upon hearing Qiu Guangxuan's words "Lu Liyu happens to like you," Lu Liyu's face turned red. She opened her mouth to explain, but Fang Bai burst into laughter.

Fang Bai laughed, saying, "Yes, you guessed right! Lu Liyu does like me, and I like her too. So come on, kill me! Maybe then you can take advantage of the situation and win her heart!"

"Ah, he... how can he say that..."

Lu Liyu's face flushed with shyness, yet she also worried for Fang Bai because, seeing Qiu Guangxuan's red eyes, he truly seemed ready to kill.

Fang Bai was only at Foundation Establishment perfection, while Qiu Guangxuan was at the initial stage of Golden Core. The power gap was enormous, and if Qiu Guangxuan struck, Fang Bai wouldn't stand a chance.

Compelled by a mysterious force, Lu Liyu quickly stepped to Fang Bai's side, blushing as she said, "Um... don't talk nonsense... I... I don't like... oh, you..."

"Li Yu, don't be afraid! I'll protect you!"

Lu Liyu intended to say "I don't like you," but before she could finish, Fang Bai boldly embraced her, pulling her entirely into his arms.

In her life, Lu Liyu had never been held so by a stranger, and she was instantly stunned, unable to react for a while.

In Qiu Guangxuan's eyes, Lu Liyu's dazed expression was transformed into a face full of infatuation, as if she was willingly submitting to Fang Bai.

This was intolerable for Qiu Guangxuan.

"I'll kill you!"

Infuriated, Qiu Guangxuan vented his anger on Fang Bai.

With a roar, he unleashed his Spiritual Artifact, which expanded tenfold upon reaching the air and then flew towards Fang Bai's head.

Qiu Guangxuan's Spiritual Artifact was an iron hammer, originally about the size of a fist. As it smashed towards Fang Bai, it grew to the size of a large water barrel, weighing over ten thousand pounds when it fell, creating a terrifying scene with the whistling wind.

"Be careful!"

Feeling the dreadful threat of the iron hammer, Lu Liyu, clutched in Fang Bai's embrace, shouted in surprise, trying to break free.

However, Fang Bai's arms were as tight as iron bands, and her struggle was futile.

Fang Bai gave her a reassuring smile and, while still holding her, used his other hand to punch upwards.

Flames surged, the heatwave was overwhelming, and Martial Artists close to Fang Bai felt an unparalleled scorching aura.

Weaker Golden Core Realm experts had to circulate Spiritual Energy and form a Qi Shield around themselves to resist the rolling heatwave.

Furious Flame Fist!

This not-so-high-level Fire System martial technique showed unparalleled power in Fang Bai's hands at that moment.

After Fang Bai punched, a large fist condensed from Fire Spirit Energy appeared in the air, resembling a small sun as it flew rapidly through the sky, trailing blazing flames, dazzling in its brilliance.

Boom!

The Fire Spirit Energy Fist collided with the descending iron hammer, causing Spiritual Energy to scatter violently and enveloping a hundred zhang radius.

The iron hammer's descending momentum was entirely halted, and the Fire Spirit Energy Fist vanished, but the scattered Fire Spirit Energy ignited some nearby vegetation, causing a small fire.

Fortunately, there were many strong cultivators present, and more than ten who cultivated Water System Techniques intervened, each striking quickly to extinguish the fire. Otherwise, if the mountain's original forest caught fire, scaring off the Wind Roc preparing to lay eggs or angering the powerful Spirit Beasts in the mountains, it would be the last thing the Martial Artists wanted.

Boom!

No sooner had Fang Bai launched one punch when another followed immediately.

This time, his Spirit Energy Fist struck the iron hammer hanging in mid-air, sending it flying high, directly towards Qiu Guangxuan.

Since the Spiritual Artifact belonged to Qiu Guangxuan, by logic, he should easily control the hammer and prevent it from hitting him.

However, as the hammer fell, Qiu Guangxuan suddenly discovered he had lost control over it.

Chapter 1544: Do you like him?

Seeing the hammer out of his control, smashing towards his head, Qiu Guangxuan couldn't help but be shocked.

Even more terrifying was that he found his body locked by an invisible pressure, like being stuck in a quagmire, moving slower than a snail.

The hammer falling from above was as fast as lightning. How could he dodge it?

"Dad, save me!"

The terrified Qiu Guangxuan felt a strong threat of death and couldn't help but scream out.

Qiu Jianren, who was fiercely battling He Wujie, had been paying attention to Qiu Guangxuan's situation. Hearing his desperate cry for help, he panicked inside.

But Qiu Jianren knew that he must not be distracted at this time, otherwise, he might find himself in danger.

And if something happened to him, the four experts of Zixia Manor, including his beloved son, would likely be unable to escape disaster.

"Get out of the way!"

Qiu Jianren knew that he couldn't hesitate at this moment, or his son's life would be at risk. Thus he exerted all his strength to punch and forced back He Wujie, then rushed towards his son.

Just as he moved, his vision blurred, and Zhao Wanqing stood in front of him.

"Get back!"

Zhao Wanqing yelled sharply, raising her left palm high. A powerful spiritual energy surged like a wave, blocking Qiu Jianren's path.

Qiu Jianren paused in his movement and immediately realized that things were going bad.

In a battle between martial artists, victory or defeat, even life or death, could be decided in a split second.

Qiu Jianren was confident in saving his son in time, but Zhao Wanqing's obstruction made him miss the best opportunity to save his son.

Although Zhao Wanqing only blocked Qiu Jianren for two breaths, it was enough for him to hate her for life.

"Ah!"

A scream reached his ears, and Qiu Jianren fixed his gaze on it, his eyes turning blood-red with rage.

The hammer in the air fell, hitting Qiu Guangxuan's head. His brain splattered, and his life ended, falling just like that.

"My son!"

Qiu Jianren howled in agony, suddenly raised his hand to the sky, and fired an extremely brilliant purple firework.

The purple firework soared a thousand meters into the sky before exploding, filling the sky, and disappearing after a dozen breaths.

Lu Hongyun frowned slightly, showing a worried expression.

The purple firework was a unique signal for disciples of Zixia Manor, visible to anyone within hundreds of miles and prompting them to rush over immediately.

Zixia Manor is the nearest powerful sect, and many of its disciples are nearby. It can be expected that within several hours of Qiu Jianren's signal, at least a hundred disciples of Zixia Manor would arrive.

And in just one day, tens of thousands of disciples from Zixia Manor could gather completely.

By then, not to mention Fang Bai, He Wujie, and Zhao Wanqing, even a Nascent Soul Realm perfection expert would have to retreat obediently.

This is why Lu Hongyun was deeply worried that Qiu Jianren would summon Zixia Manor disciples, fearing that she and her people would be besieged by the crowd.

Just as this thought arose in her mind, Qiu Jianren launched a storm-like frenzied attack on Zhao Wanqing.

Qiu Jianren believed that if Zhao Wanqing hadn't blocked his way, his son wouldn't have fallen. Thus, he hated Zhao Wanqing to the core and aimed to kill her for revenge for his son.

But Zhao Wanqing and Qiu Jianren were both Nascent Soul experts with equivalent strength, making it not easy for Qiu Jianren to kill Zhao Wanqing.

The two sides fought fiercely, from the ground to the mountain peak, then from the peak to the sky, with spiritual energy clashing continuously, intensely and undecidedly.

Meanwhile, aside from Lu Liyu, three disciples of Flower Pavilion battled three disciples of Zixia Manor.

This left He Wujie, Fang Bai, and Lu Hongyun relatively idle.

"Disciple, you've gotten yourself into quite a bit of trouble this time!"

He Wujie had heard of Zixia Manor. If not for his disciple Fang Bai, he wouldn't have easily provoked such a strong sect.

However, He Wujie may avoid trouble but does not fear it. Since his disciple had already killed the son of a Zixia Manor elder, they now had a feud, so he would fight alongside his disciple!

As for Zhao Wanqing, He Wujie would prefer her to steer clear of this matter, but knowing her temperament, even if the sky collapsed, she would stand on the same side as him, making persuasion useless.

After all, Zhao Wanqing was also considered Fang Bai's master's wife, and since she insisted on getting involved, he, his disciple, and Fang Bai would join forces to fight!

To put it this way, the reason his disciple had a grudge with Zixia Manor was due to the Flower Pavilion's female disciple, Lu Liyu.

Therefore, Flower Pavilion could not wash their hands of this matter. If they could pull Flower Pavilion into the alliance, they might match Zixia Manor's power.

By this time, Lu Liyu had freed herself from Fang Bai's embrace, her face blushing as she gave him a quick glance before standing beside her foster mother, Lu Hongyun.

Lu Hongyun softly comforted her a little, then smiled and nodded to He Wujie and Fang Bai to show goodwill.

He Wujie and Fang Bai nodded back in response.

"Hmm, that little girl has both excellent talent and looks. Disciple, have you taken a fancy to her?"

He Wujie looked at Lu Liyu's back, asking with a half-smile.

Fang Bai responded with a noncommittal smile, saying to He Wujie, "Master just saw it too. It's not that I caused the trouble, but the trouble came to me."

He Wujie glanced at Qiu Guangxuan's corpse and nodded, "That's true! This guy brought death upon himself, you can't be blamed."

After a pause, seeing Fang Bai occasionally glancing at Lu Liyu, he thought Fang Bai was indeed interested in the girl, and said with a smile, "If you like that little girl, how about we go to Flower Pavilion together and propose to Fan Luoying, the Tower Master?"

When he said this to Fang Bai, he did not use the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique, so Lu Hongyun and Lu Liyu, not far away, heard it clearly.

Lu Hongyun looked thoughtfully at Fang Bai, then at her foster daughter Lu Liyu, sighing inwardly.

Her foster daughter not only had top-notch talent but also unbelievably beautiful appearance, astonishing wherever she went, which inevitably led to various troubles.

Lu Hongyun thought the so-called femme fatale probably referred to a woman like her foster daughter.

When Lu Liyu noticed her foster mother looking at her, her face got hot and turned even redder. Her cherry lips moved a few times, wanting to say something but not knowing how to start.

Lu Hongyun smiled, patted her head, and asked using the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique, "Liyu, that man has been watching you. It seems he likes you. Do you like him?"

"Huh?"

Lu Liyu was surprised her foster mother would ask such a question, leaving her speechless and wide-eyed.

"Foster Mother, I... I..."

Lu Liyu wanted to deny, to say she didn't like the man, but it was as if she was bewitched, unable to speak the words.

Chapter 1545: Admiring Her Means Being Interested in Her

"Alright, I understand."

Lu Hongyun smiled again, nodding, "Actually, that man isn't bad. At least when Qiu Guangxuan was humiliating you, he didn't choose to stand idly by but came forward. Hmm, he's a man of character!"

Lu Hongyun knew that although her adopted daughter was somewhat reserved in matters of the heart, she had her own mind. When men usually expressed their admiration for her, she would reject them without hesitation.

However, when it came to that man, she hesitated, not saying whether she liked him or not, which spoke volumes.

Sometimes, not expressing an attitude is an attitude in itself.

The private conversation between the two women was naturally unknown to Fang Bai and He Wujie.

Fang Bai rolled his eyes at He Wujie, saying, "I admire her... understand? Admiration and liking are two different things!"

He Wujie grinned, "Admire, my foot! You admire her, which means you're interested in her. I've lived for hundreds of years and understand matters between men and women more clearly than you do!"

Fang Bai smirked inwardly, thinking, "I've lived tens of thousands of years across two lifetimes, how can you compare with me?"

How could He Wujie know Fang Bai's true background? Seeing Zhao Wanqing and Qiu Jianren fighting fiercely, he felt itchy with excitement and said, "They're fighting, and we're just going to watch like this? It's not right! How about we join in? Although a group fight isn't very honorable, having a fight would be quite enjoyable!"

Fang Bai gestured to the martial artists around them and said, "Want to fight? Maybe it won't be long before we have our chance!"

On the day the Wind Roc lays eggs, it will be a time of fighting among thousands of martial artists. One can imagine how intense the battles will be for the five Roc Eggs.

"I'm full of anticipation for this!"

He Wujie rubbed his hands together, and the excitement brought a flush of red to his face.

"He Wujie, leave this madman to you!"

Zhao Wanqing had fought fiercely with Qiu Jianren for over half a two hours. She was somewhat unaccustomed to Qiu Jianren's increasingly reckless fighting style. She was able to cope at first but later felt it was a bit strenuous, so she waved her hand to force Qiu Jianren to retreat and withdrew from the battlefield.

After the intense battle, Zhao Wanqing's spiritual energy was severely depleted. After withdrawing, she immediately moved to a secluded spot to sit down, recuperating to restore her spiritual energy.

Qiu Jianren, in his desire to avenge his son's death, fought Zhao Wanqing with all his might, using a desperate fighting style.

In a duel between two experts with the same cultivation level, the one willing to fight desperately will inevitably have the upper hand.

Therefore, Zhao Wanqing, who was suppressed by Qiu Jianren, lost interest in continuing the fight. She had just reunited with her lover He Wujie and was in a good mood. She didn't want to risk her life fighting, ending up with wounds all over her body, or even losing her life.

Even though it seemed like a tag-team when He Wujie continued the battle, so what?

Zhao Wanqing was confident that even if she and He Wujie teamed up to kill Qiu Jianren, not a single martial artist on the scene would stand up for Qiu Jianren.

While martial artists are often bloodthirsty, they are also incredibly intelligent. They won't involve themselves in matters unrelated to them lightly.

Moreover, this whole matter started because of the Flower Pavilion, and no one would risk offending the Flower Pavilion to speak up for Qiu Jianren.

Sure enough, just as Zhao Wanqing expected, after she retreated, He Wujie continued to battle Qiu Jianren. Most of the martial artists watching wore expressions of indifference, as if it was none of their business, while a small portion watched for fun. Only a very few experts silently criticized them in their hearts but dared not express it openly.

Who has the spare time to provoke the powerful sect of the Flower Pavilion, as well as Nascent Soul Realm Experts like Zhao Wanqing and He Wujie?

"Greetings to you both."

Lu Hongyun thought for a moment and, taking Lu Liyu along, approached Zhao Wanqing and Fang Bai, cupped her hands and said, "I am Lu Hongyun from the Flower Pavilion. This is my adopted daughter, Lu Liyu. May I ask your honorable names?"

Lu Hongyun felt that since Zhao Wanqing and He Wujie were both Nascent Soul Realm Experts, it was necessary to get acquainted. This would not only be beneficial to herself but also establish a good relationship for her sect.

As for Fang Bai, firstly, he was of a similar age to Lu Liyu, and their strength was not much different, marking him as a talented young one; secondly, her adopted daughter, Lu Liyu, had taken an interest in him, and the two had publicly embraced in front of numerous martial artists. Without a proper explanation, it might affect Lu Liyu's reputation somewhat.

Therefore, Lu Hongyun came over to make the acquaintance of He Wujie and Zhao Wanqing and to learn more about Fang Bai.

If she found Fang Bai trustworthy, then it wouldn't be a bad match for her adopted daughter to become a martial dao partner with him.

Although Zhao Wanqing hailed from a renowned cultivation family, she wasn't arrogant or prideful. Seeing Lu Hongyun proactively greet her, she quickly responded, "Greetings, sister. My name is Zhao Wanqing. This is... my disciple, Fang Bai."

Since she and He Wujie had long become martial dao partners, He Wujie's disciple was essentially also her disciple.

The age difference between Zhao Wanqing and Lu Hongyun wasn't large. Both were charming middle-aged women with similar personalities, so after a few words of conversation, they felt like old friends, addressing each other as 'sister' and 'sister-in-law' warmly.

"Sister Wanqing, this matter is actually between our Flower Pavilion and Zixia Manor, and you were innocently dragged into it. Rest assured, if disciples from Zixia Manor come looking for trouble, our Flower Pavilion won't sit by and will certainly stand with you."

Lu Hongyun took Zhao Wanqing's hand, speaking with affection.

Zhao Wanqing smiled with a purse of her lips, "That disciple from Zixia Manor spoke out of turn, insulting Liyu, so he deserved to die. My disciple acted chivalrously, and he did the right thing!"

Lu Hongyun glanced sideways at Fang Bai, suddenly asking, "Sister Wanqing, does your disciple have a martial dao partner?"

Zhao Wanqing looked thoughtfully at Lu Liyu and then at Fang Bai, smiling as if understanding something, "I'm not too sure either. Let me ask for you."

She said this and then gestured to Fang Bai, who had quietly moved aside to watch the duel between He Wujie and Qiu Jianren, signaling him to come over.

Zhao Wanqing and Lu Hongyun's conversation had been heard clearly by Fang Bai, who found it amusing yet helpless, thinking to himself how these two women were uninterested in the intense fight between He Wujie and Qiu Jianren, but were concerned about whether he had a martial dao partner, which seemed quite pointless.

In his previous life, Fang Bai had many close female friends, and in this life, he was surrounded by beautiful women, never having to worry about such matters, yet here he was, surprised that they were worrying about it on his behalf.

"Did you call for me, Master Mother?"

For Zhao Wanqing, his convenient master mother, Fang Bai showed the utmost respect. Seeing her beckon, he willingly approached.

"Come with me."

Zhao Wanqing spoke and acted directly, not liking to beat around the bush. She led Fang Bai to Lu Liyu and straightforwardly asked, "What do you think of this young lady?"

Chapter 1546: Fate Is Predestined

Zhao Wanqing's straightforward question left Fang Bai dumbfounded and made Lu Liyu blush with embarrassment, her head lowered.

Although Lu Liyu was extremely shy, her ears perked up, wanting to hear how Fang Bai would respond.

When Lu Liyu first met Fang Bai, she was merely curious about him.

Later, when Qiu Guangxuan spoke rudely, Fang Bai stood up for her, causing her to develop a slight fondness for him.

Then, when Fang Bai forcibly embraced her, their bodies intimately touched. Not only did she not feel ashamed or angry, but a thread of affection arose out of nowhere.

This change even seemed unbelievable to Lu Liyu herself.

Lu Liyu felt as if destiny had sent this man to her, stirring the calm waters of her long-unperturbed heart.

Lu Liyu hoped for Fang Bai's answer, but was also a bit worried.

If Fang Bai's response wasn't what she hoped, Lu Liyu knew she would be deeply saddened and might remain depressed for a very long time.

Fang Bai smiled wryly and said, "Master's wife, what do you mean? What do you mean by 'how'?"

Zhao Wanqing smiled and said, "Stop pretending! I'm asking you, this Miss Lu Liyu, how do you find her figure and looks?"

Fang Bai glanced at the blushing and bowed Lu Liyu, cleared his throat, and nodded, saying, "Miss Lu has the beauty that could outshine the moon and flowers, a visage that could topple kingdoms. Very good."

Zhao Wanqing nodded with a smile and asked, "I seemed to hear you say earlier... that you like Miss Lu?"

Fang Bai scratched his head and laughed dryly, "Earlier, I said that to anger Qiu Guangxuan, to provoke him to make a move against me..."

Zhao Wanqing scoffed, saying, "Don't dawdle! Just say it straight, do you really like her?"

"I..."

For a moment, Fang Bai didn't know how to answer.

From the first glance, Fang Bai was amazed by Lu Liyu, who resembled Su Linglong, and his heart fluttered for a moment, so saying he didn't like her would definitely be dishonest.

But to say he liked her, Fang Bai felt he had already tangled himself in too many emotional debts, and saying he liked Lu Liyu seemed unfair to her.

Fang Bai's hesitation caused an inexplicable pain in Lu Liyu's heart. She raised her head abruptly, bravely meeting Fang Bai's gaze, her teeth lightly biting her lower lip. Her pitiful appearance instantly softened Fang Bai's heart.

"I... like her."

Fang Bai blurted out these four words as if possessed, and felt an easing of burdens.

Lu Liyu also let out a quiet breath, her tightly clenched fists slowly relaxed, and she lowered her head, a face filled with a radiant smile.

"And you, Miss Lu, do you like my disciple?"

Zhao Wanqing nodded with satisfaction, then inquired Lu Liyu.

Lu Liyu didn't speak, just gently nodded.

Zhao Wanqing and Lu Hongyun exchanged a glance and chuckled softly.

The two young people fell for each other at first sight. If they could become Martial Dao partners, it would surely be a wonderful thing.

Zhao Wanqing said to Lu Hongyun, "Since the two young people fancy each other, after this matter here is settled, we can take Fang Bai to visit Flower Pavilion. By then, we hope Miss Lu can speak well for us before your Tower Master."

Lu Hongyun was also pleased with Fang Bai, smiling and saying, "Rest assured. As long as Li Yu has no objection and I nod in agreement, it should work with the Tower Master. Zhao sister, we shall go to Flower Pavilion together then!"

Zhao Wanqing said, "It's settled then!"

Seeing Lu Liyu's shy silence, she winked at the dazed Fang Bai and cheerfully said, "Disciple, you're a man, and in matters of love, you should be a bit proactive. Go, talk with Miss Lu and get to know each other better."

At this moment, Fang Bai felt that he could only obey his convenient master's wife's words; otherwise, he would displease Lu Hongyun and make Lu Liyu unhappy.

Fang Bai rubbed his somewhat bitter face, then walked over to Lu Liyu and said softly, "Miss Lu... ahem, it feels more intimate to call you Li Yu. How about we take a walk?"

"Oh..."

Lu Liyu's mind went blank and she followed behind Fang Bai like a puppet, walking toward a quieter area.

As for the fierce battle between He Wujie and Qiu Jianren, and the disciples from Flower Pavilion and Zixia Manor, life or death and victory or defeat were none of their concern.

"Those two, both with Innate Spiritual Roots, a handsome man and a beautiful woman, look more and more compatible!"

"Yes, I think so too! If they can't be together, it would be a great regret!"

"Then, sister Lu, you must strive to make this happen!"

"Don't worry, sister Zhao, leave it to me!"

...

Watching Fang Bai and Lu Liyu's figures gradually recede into the distance, Zhao Wanqing and Lu Hongyun whispered to each other, their faces full of smiles.

Many loose cultivator martial artists and sect disciples on the scene, of course, many male martial artists coveted Lu Liyu's beauty, but there were also many female martial artists who admired Fang Bai. These people watched Fang Bai and Lu Liyu walk away together, their hearts shattered.

Having walked thousands of meters away, far from the gathering of martial artists, Fang Bai finally stopped, turning around to focus his gaze on Lu Liyu's face.

"You..."

Lu Liyu felt her face burn under Fang Bai's gaze and asked shyly, "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Because you're beautiful!"

Fang Bai couldn't help but smile at Lu Liyu's shy demeanor, deliberately trying to tease her.

Lu Liyu took a deep breath and gathered the courage to ask, "Do you like me just because... I'm pretty?"

"That's just one reason."

Fang Bai's face turned serious, and he said earnestly, "Secondly, from the first moment I saw you, my heart skipped a beat. I felt that meeting and getting to know you seemed like a predestined thing... Do you believe it when I say that?"

"I believe it!"

Lu Liyu's big eyes gleamed with light, "Actually, I also have that feeling. I guess... this might be what people often call fate?"

Fang Bai reached out a hand to Lu Liyu, saying, "Since fate has destined us to meet, then please hold my hand and let me guide you forward together!"

Lu Liyu placed her hand into Fang Bai's palm, letting him lead the way, her face filled with happiness.

The two walked in silence for a while, then sat on a hillside, facing the setting sun.

"Fang Bai, you seem preoccupied?"

A woman's intuition is sensitive. Along the way, Lu Liyu frequently observed Fang Bai, noticing a hint of melancholy deep in his eyes.

Fang Bai said, "I do have something on my mind..."

Lu Liyu asked, "Can you share it?"

Fang Bai replied, "I'm afraid if I speak it out, I will hurt your heart!"

Fang Bai sighed deeply and added, "But if I don't say it, I'm afraid you'll be even more hurt in the future."

Chapter 1547: My Heart Hurts!

What does he want to tell me? Why is he afraid I'll be upset?

Lu Liyu tightened her grip on Fang Bai's hand, becoming tense all over, and cautiously said: "Fang Bai, can you not say it? I... I'm a little scared..."

There was a hint of tears in her voice, as if she anticipated what Fang Bai was about to say, but didn't want him to say it and ruin the beautiful mood she had just built.

"I come from the secular world. There, I already have Martial Dao partners, and not just one."

Fang Bai's opening two sentences struck Lu Liyu hard.

"Then... why do you still say you like me? Why do you still hold my hand and walk with me this far?"

Lu Liyu finally broke down and cried, tears falling like rain, utterly heartbroken.

"Because I really do like you!"

Fang Bai sighed softly and said with a bitter smile: "When Shiniang asked me that, I didn't want to go against my heart and say I didn't like you."

He reached out with both hands, continuously wiping away Lu Liyu's tears, but her tears flowed even more.

"Why didn't you always keep it from me? If you hadn't said anything, maybe I would never have known. I would rather be forever immersed in this dream and never wake up! Fang Bai, my heart aches! You're so heartless... so heartless!"

Lu Liyu cried out loudly.

Fang Bai said: "As I said earlier, it'd be better to make this clear now so that you don't get even more hurt in the future and end up with a great mistake that you will regret. Liyu, I'm sorry..."

Lu Liyu, crying, said: "Why say sorry? Fang Bai, you just said you'd take me along, and now you're planning on leaving me?"

Fang Bai said: "No, I just feel... a man like me is not worthy of your affection. It's not too late for you to give me up now!"

Lu Liyu turned her head away, wiped the tears from her face forcibly, and with reddened eyes said: "Can you tell me about those Martial Dao partners of yours in the secular world?"

Fang Bai looked at the tear-streaked and pitiful Lu Liyu and after a long while nodded, slowly recounting his stories with Dragon Maiden, Qin Yaorao, Su Linglong, Tang Wenrou, Xia Chenyu, Ye Wumei, Dongfang Rushi, Dongfang Ruhua, Baili Mingyue, Linghu Qianjiao, Linghu Baimei, and Maids he met in the Three Thousand Minor World.

Lu Liyu made no sound, just quietly listening, her eyes flickering with an uncertain light.

Unknowingly, the stars twinkled like fireflies, and a new moon rose into the night sky.

Lu Liyu rested her chin on her hands, and after Fang Bai finished speaking, sniffed and blinked her still somewhat red eyes, asking: "You mean those women in the secular world and that woman you met in the Three Thousand Minor World are all just your confidantes and not truly your Martial Dao partners?"

Usually, a true Martial Dao partner is someone with whom one has broken the final barrier between sexes and had the most intimate physical contact; otherwise, they are at most confidantes.

Thus, hope rekindled in Lu Liyu's heart.

Fang Bai nodded and said: "For now, they are indeed my confidantes, but..."

Fang Bai wanted to say that although he hadn't taken that final step with those confidantes, their hearts and minds were in sync, and they were almost like real Martial Dao partners. But Lu Liyu interrupted him before he could finish.

"I don't want to hear anything else!"

Lu Liyu looked at Fang Bai and said seriously: "So now, am I considered one of your confidantes too? In other words, I'm on the same starting line as your previous confidantes; anyone has the chance to become your real Martial Dao partner, right?"

Not waiting for Fang Bai's response, she continued: "Since everyone is the same, I don't want to lose to anyone, I will do my best to fight for it!"

Fang Bai opened his mouth, giving a wry smile: "Is there a need for this..."

"The women around you, is there a need for them too?"

Lu Liyu seemed to have figured out a lot in an instant, her expression becoming much more relaxed, and she said to herself: "I remember my adoptive mother once said, an excellent man will have many women around him. Similarly, an outstanding woman will have many admiring and pursuing male Martial Artists. My adoptive mother also said, if you truly like someone, don't worry about other things, just capture him with your heart."

She said this, tilted her head, and gently leaned on Fang Bai's shoulder, gazing at the sunset glow on the horizon, and softly said: "Fang Bai, in the future, I will always stay by your side until you say you dislike me. By then, I'll quietly walk away and won't cause you any trouble. Okay?"

Lu Liyu murmured, slowly closing her eyes, as two lines of tears silently fell to the grass.

Though she claimed not to care, it was really just an excuse for herself to stay by Fang Bai's side; the hurdle in her heart wasn't something she could easily overcome.

...

The battle between He Wujie and Qiu Jianren lasted for more than half its scheduled time, ending with Qiu Jianren's fall.

In order to eliminate the already crazed Qiu Jianren, He Wujie not only used the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art" taught by Fang Bai, but also deployed the Puppet Corpse.

Even in his desperate frenzy, Qiu Jianren was only one person, while He Wujie, who personally engaged Qiu Jianren from the front, and the Puppet Corpse ambushed from behind, together killed Qiu Jianren with one strike.

When Qiu Jianren sensed the death threat from behind and intended to Self-Detonate his Nascent Soul to perish with He Wujie, it was too late.

The Nascent Soul Puppet Corpse attacking from behind thrust a hand directly through his back, extracting and crushing his heart.

Even though He Wujie took only a few breaths' time from deploying the Puppet Corpse to retracting it, many Nascent Soul Experts present witnessed it, causing them to become even more wary of He Wujie.

A He Wujie possessing Nascent Soul Realm strength was already formidable enough, and with an equally powerful Puppet Corpse, he ascended to the ranks of the top experts present, becoming a strong contender for the Roc Egg.

Zhao Wanqing, knowing for the first time that He Wujie had refined a Puppet Corpse, was both shocked and pleased. After He Wujie killed Qiu Jianren, she pulled him aside to inquire closely about the origins of the Puppet Corpse.

"What? Your Corpse Refinement Art was taught by Fang Bai?"

Upon learning from He Wujie that it was Fang Bai who taught him the Corpse Refinement Art, Zhao Wanqing was incredulous.

He Wujie blushed, scratched his head, and chuckled dryly: "You don't know, our disciple once encountered a mysterious figure. That figure taught him many great things, and Corpse Refinement Art was just one of them..."

Zhao Wanqing was momentarily stunned, then sighed: "And what have you taught this disciple since accepting him?"

He Wujie thought for a moment and then scratched his head again, saying: "Hearing you say this, it seems I haven't really taught him anything yet."

Zhao Wanqing smiled wryly: "It seems like you and your disciple have somewhat reversed roles!"

Chapter 1548: Did you bully the Lu Family's girl?

The fall of Qiu Jianren left the remaining three disciples of Zixia Manor in disarray, and soon they were killed by three opponents from the Flower Pavilion.

Thus, all five strongmen of Zixia Manor, including Qiu Jianren and Qiu Guangxuan father and son, have perished.

Meanwhile, on the side of the Flower Pavilion, only three disciples suffered minor injuries, nothing serious, it was a complete victory.

However, before Qiu Jianren's fall, he had already sent out a distress signal, so it might not be long before the nearby Zixia Manor disciples arrive on the scene.

Some people worry about the five disciples of Lu Hongyun's Flower Pavilion, while others were gloating.

Lu Hongyun naturally knew how powerful Zixia Manor was, but she secretly calculated that on her side, together with He Wujie, Zhao Wanqing, and the Puppet Corpse that appeared and disappeared, they had four Nascent Soul Realm experts. Together, unless a portion of the Zixia Manor's higher-ups came over, it would be difficult for them to be subdued.

And those Zixia Manor disciples training nearby, having one or two high-level ones would be quite something, while other higher-ups would take longer to arrive.

With this calculation, Lu Hongyun felt much more settled and wasn't as worried as before.

However, after some thought, Lu Hongyun sent out a Flower Pavilion exclusive signal.

In the Zixia Mountain area, it was common for sect disciples or loose cultivators, including Flower Pavilion disciples, to train, though they were certainly fewer in number than those of Zixia Manor.

But if the few Flower Pavilion disciples could come to help, they'd have a much greater assurance when dealing with the Zixia Manor's reinforcements.

"That Fang Bai kid, where did he steal the Lu Family girl? Why hasn't he come back yet!"

He Wujie's eyes wandered as he muttered to himself.

Zhao Wanqing laughed: "Young people fall in love at first sight, passionately hiding away in a secluded place whispering sweet nothings. It's normal, why are you anxious?"

He Wujie said: "I'm afraid that kid acts rashly and does something he'll regret! Even if they do fall in love at first sight, shouldn't they meet with the Flower Pavilion's Tower Master and get consent before becoming Martial Dao companions? If he deflowered the Lu Family girl prematurely, wouldn't he be seen as a scoundrel? The Tower Master might kill him in anger!"

Zhao Wanqing rolled her eyes and said: "What are you thinking? Your disciple is only a Foundation Establishment at perfection, while the Lu Family girl is at early Golden Core! If she isn't willing, what could your disciple do?"

"Hmm... sounds like you might be right..."

He Wujie pondered for a bit and then chuckled: "But if my disciple was instead pursued by the Lu Family girl, then there's nothing to worry about! Even if they broke up due to incompatibility later, it wouldn't be blamed on him!"

...

Lu Hongyun, hearing the conversation between He Wujie and Zhao Wanqing, didn't know whether to laugh or cry, albeit with a hint of worry.

She believed that with Lu Liyu's character, she wouldn't do something so strange as pursuing a man, but if she liked Fang Bai so much she wouldn't marry anyone else, in a moment of impulse, who's to guarantee that something wouldn't happen?

If they did break that final barrier of intimacy, it would be fine if they became Martial Dao companions, but if not, both Lu Liyu and Flower Pavilion would lose face.

So Lu Hongyun really didn't want to see such a regrettable thing happen before their relationship was solidified.

As she was thinking, she suddenly sensed something, lifted her eyes and saw Fang Bai and Lu Liyu walking from a distance hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder.

"Li Yu, have you been crying?"

Seeing Lu Liyu's slightly reddened eyes, Lu Hongyun walked up and asked with a frown.

While speaking, she intentionally or unintentionally glanced at Fang Bai.

"Kid, did you bully the Lu Family girl?"

"Why is the Lu Family girl crying?"

He Wujie and Zhao Wanqing also walked over, questioning Fang Bai.

Before Fang Bai could speak, Lu Liyu already replied: "No! Fang Bai didn't bully me! We were just sharing our life stories, and I cried when it got sad..."

Having accepted her explanation, Lu Hongyun found it plausible.

Lu Liyu was an orphan and never knew her parents, which would always make her sad and tearful when mentioned.

Having fallen for Fang Bai at first sight, bringing up her past and crying from sadness in front of him made sense.

Lu Hongyun, He Wujie, and Zhao Wanqing didn't think much else about it.

Lu Hongyun and Zhao Wanqing comforted Lu Liyu in low voices, while He Wujie walked aside with Fang Bai, continuing to discuss the Roc Egg.

A half hour later, several dozen Zixia Manor disciples and more than a dozen Flower Pavilion disciples arrived in succession.

Among the Zixia Manor disciples, one shared status and cultivation level with the late Qiu Jianren, named Duan Donghai.

The rest of the several dozen were all Golden Core Realm experts.

And the more than a dozen Flower Pavilion disciples were also Golden Core Realm experts.

The numbers and overall strength of the reinforcements that arrived were vastly different.

But if you add Lu Hongyun and the others to the Flower Pavilion's side, this gap would narrow significantly.

And if you include He Wujie, Zhao Wanqing, and Fang Bai, the overall strength would completely flip.

However, the dozens of just-arrived Zixia Manor disciples, except for Duan Donghai, were unaware of the powerful opponents they faced.

"Elder Lu, our Zixia Manor has no grudge with your Flower Pavilion. Why did you kill Elder Qiu and the others?"

Seeing the bodies of the five fallen Zixia Manor disciples, Duan Donghai questioned harshly.

After He Wujie and others killed the five Zixia Manor disciples, they didn't purposely erase the remaining aura of the opponents from their bodies, so Duan Donghai immediately recognized them as the culprits.

"Elder Duan, this matter was instigated by Elder Qiu and his son. Our Flower Pavilion disciples had no choice but to fight back..."

Facing Duan Donghai's questioning, Lu Hongyun calmly and logically explained the previous events and then coldly looked at Duan Donghai.

Lu Hongyun was mentally prepared that if Duan Donghai insisted on avenging the fallen Zixia Manor disciples, then a battle would ensue.

Lu Hongyun and the Flower Pavilion disciples had already formed a unified front with He Wujie, Zhao Wanqing, and Fang Bai. It was predictable that if another battle éclat, none of the several dozen Zixia Manor disciples, Duan Donghai included, would get away.

The three Nascent Soul experts, plus a Nascent Soul Puppet Corpse, could completely crush several dozen Zixia Manor disciples.

Lu Hongyun thought that if she were Duan Donghai, she would choose to temporarily forgo revenge and gather strength to later confront the Flower Pavilion.

Chapter 1549: Request Reinforcements

Just as Lu Hongyun expected, Duan Donghai was not the type to act rashly and impulsively. After silently weighing the strength of both sides, he decisively gave up on the idea of immediate revenge.

However, Duan Donghai knew that even if he didn't retaliate now, he still had to say some harsh words; otherwise, he would seem too weak and incapable as the Elder of Zixia Manor.

"Elder Lu, let's not discuss the rights and wrongs of this matter for now. The fact remains that your Flower Pavilion disciple killed my Zixia Manor disciple! I will report this truthfully to the Manor Master, and your Flower Pavilion should be ready to face the wrath of Zixia Manor!"

After uttering these harsh words, Duan Donghai ordered several junior disciples to gather the bodies of Qiu Jianren and his son, along with the other three Zixia Manor disciples, then waved his hand and led the other Zixia Manor disciples away quickly.

"As far as I know, Zixia Manor has always been domineering and tyrannical; how could they swallow such a huge loss? Perhaps in a few days, they will send experts from the manor to hunt us down!"

Zhao Wanqing watched as Duan Donghai and his group soared into the sky on their spiritual artifacts, furrowing her brow as she spoke.

He Wujie said, "Let them come. We'll fight another battle if necessary!"

Zhao Wanqing rolled her eyes at him and said, "If Zixia Manor sends all their executives, can we win?"

He Wujie replied, "For dealing with just a few of us, Zixia Manor wouldn't need such a grand mobilization, would they?"

"Not necessarily?"

Zhao Wanqing said, "I remember a few decades ago, a small sect without a Nascent Soul expert was annihilated by Zixia Manor because they provoked them. Back then, Zixia Manor's Manor Master, Chao Gaishi, personally led four elders to destroy that small sect. Does that not count as a grand mobilization?"

Lu Hongyun interjected, "What Sister Zhao said is reasonable. The Manor Master of Zixia Manor, Chao Gaishi, is a vengeful and ruthless person. He would personally make a move against a small sect, let alone dealing with just a few of us. It's not out of the question that he might send a Supreme Elder here!"

He Wujie, not knowing much about Zixia Manor, asked, "What is the cultivation level of Zixia Manor's Supreme Elder?"

Lu Hongyun replied, "Nascent Soul, High Rank."

"Hiss..."

He Wujie drew in a breath of cold air.

If it were a Nascent Soul mid-rank expert, they might join forces to battle them, but a high-rank Nascent Soul expert's strength is far beyond them; they wouldn't even have a chance to escape.

"Initially, I wanted to wait until the Wind Roc laid eggs to see if we could snatch a few Roc Eggs and take them away, but it seems now we should retreat quickly to save our lives!"

Even though He Wujie feared nothing, knowing that staying would mean certain death, he wouldn't foolishly seek to compete for Roc Eggs.

Lu Hongyun, however, said, "It's rare to encounter Wind Roc eggs, and it's a pity to leave now after coming all this way. So... I'll have Li Yu take Fang Bai back to Flower Pavilion to report this to the Tower Master. If the Tower Master can send a Supreme Elder from our pavilion to help, we can ensure our safety."

The Supreme Elder of Flower Pavilion has the same cultivation level as the Supreme Elder of Zixia Manor, and their presence would prevent Zixia Manor from acting recklessly.

Lu Hongyun had another reason for sending Lu Liyu and Fang Bai together.

Among their group, Lu Liyu and Fang Bai were the weakest. If Zixia Manor retaliated faster than they expected, allowing the two to leave early might help them avoid disaster.

He Wujie and Zhao Wanqing both understood this and agreed readily.

Fang Bai and Lu Liyu were smart enough to vaguely guess Lu Hongyun's intentions.

Lu Liyu thought to herself that although it was far to Flower Pavilion, flying back and forth on spiritual artifacts would take only three or four days, and they should return before Zixia Manor's disciples launched an attack on their foster mother and others.

"Let's go then."

Lu Liyu and Fang Bai exchanged a glance, cupped their hands in farewell to Lu Hongyun, He Wujie, and Zhao Wanqing, and took to the skies on their spiritual artifacts.

"Sister Zhao, your disciple's blade is extraordinary!"

Lu Hongyun watched Fang Bai, treading on the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, leaving a trail of red light as he disappeared into the sky, her eyes showing a trace of admiration.

Zhao Wanqing said, "Indeed! Even I can't tell what grade his blade is! I think it might be a King Grade Spiritual Artifact!"

He Wujie, to the side, said enviously, "I asked that kid about it; he said his blade is called Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, found at a Martial Artist Remnant site. Even he couldn't tell the specific grade, but it's likely a King Grade Spiritual Artifact!"

Their conversation flourished once Fang Bai was mentioned, especially when He Wujie recounted Fang Bai's various fortuitous encounters, leaving Lu Hongyun and Zhao Wanqing clicking their tongues in admiration and envy.

Around twenty, the Foundation Establishment perfection Martial Artist Fang Bai had explained cultivation techniques and imparted secret techniques to the over two hundred years old Nascent Soul expert He Wujie, from which He Wujie greatly benefited. Such occurrences left Lu Hongyun and Zhao Wanqing astounded and more interested in Fang Bai.

Soon after, He Wujie, Zhao Wanqing, Lu Hongyun, and several Flower Pavilion disciples flew to a nearby mountain peak, sitting cross-legged atop it, waiting for the day the Wind Roc would lay eggs.

Fang Bai and Lu Liyu rode the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade and Green Bamboo Sword, respectively, flying toward Flower Pavilion with all their might.

Lu Liyu's Green Bamboo Sword was a middle-ranked Holy Grade Spiritual Artifact, quite inferior to Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

The speed of a Martial Artist flying on a spiritual artifact greatly depends on the artifact's grade.

Though Lu Liyu's cultivation level was slightly superior to Fang Bai's, her actual combat strength was much weaker. Additionally, Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade was much higher level than her Green Bamboo Sword, so in terms of flying speed, Lu Liyu was noticeably slower than Fang Bai.

Initially, they flew side by side, a yard or so apart. After flying for a while, Fang Bai began to maneuver the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade closer to Lu Liyu.

"Li Yu, come over to me! I'll fly with you!"

When they were only three feet apart, Fang Bai extended his left arm toward Lu Liyu, shouting against the vast gusts of wind.

Lu Liyu said, "Two people flying on one spiritual artifact would be slower!"

Fang Bai laughed, "No, it won't! Come over and try if you don't believe me!"

Hearing this, Lu Liyu reached out to grab Fang Bai's hand, then stored her Green Bamboo Sword into the Space Ring and landed on Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

"Hold tight to my hand! Here we go!"

Fang Bai tilted slightly and locked hands with Lu Liyu, using his divine sense to drive the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade to full speed.

"Whoosh..."

In the sky ten thousand meters high, the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade was like a meteor descending from the heavens, trailing a long, dazzling red beam, its speed astonishingly fast.

Fang Bai, with divine sense, propelled the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade at full speed, while Lu Liyu used Wood Spirit Qi to form a Wood Spirit Qi Shield around them both.

Despite this, due to their rapid speed, they could still hear the sharp whistling of the air around them, the sound of Wood Spirit Qi fiercely rubbing against the air.

Chapter 1550: What Is a King Grade Spiritual Artifact?

Flying in the night sky, the crescent moon overhead seemed almost within reach, and the star-like fireflies appeared within grasp as well.

"So beautiful!"

Lu Liyu gazed at the crescent moon and stars above, her eyes dreamy, murmuring.

"Liyu, do you know that each star you see is a world unto itself? These stars vary in size and brightness and come in colors like red or green... The worlds they represent also vary; some are bathed in sunlight, some are eternally dark, some are worlds of fire, and others are lush with vegetation. Each world is unique."

Fang Bai whispered into Lu Liyu's ear, explaining softly.

"Really?"

Lu Liyu only knew that the world she lived in was vast and boundless, with no martial artist reaching its end, unaware that beyond the heavens lay other worlds.

"It's true. One day, if you can overcome the Ninefold Heavy Tribulations and ascend to immortality, you can leave these three thousand great worlds and roam freely among them. The crescent moon and stars you see now, you can visit them all!"

In Lu Liyu's eyes, a hopeful light flickered as she murmured, "To pass the Ninefold Heavy Tribulations and ascend to immortality... I remember my adoptive mother telling me about these things, but she also said that each moment, there are cultivators attempting to transcend the tribulations to become

immortals. However, most fall under the Ninefold Heavy Tribulations, and only one or two out of ten succeed. Thus, becoming immortal is extremely difficult."

"I don't know whether others can ascend to immortality, but you and I, we will surely succeed!"

Fang Bai chuckled confidently, full of faith.

Generally, for martial artists to ascend to immortality, they must endure eighty-one heavenly tribulations for their cultivation to reach perfection.

However, in his previous life, Fang Bai defied the heavens multiple times, resulting in tribulations several times more severe than other martial artists, narrowly surviving to become a member of the Immortal Realm.

The advantages were that after Fang Bai reached the Immortal Realm, from an ordinary Immortal to becoming an Immortal Emperor, at the pinnacle of the Immortal Realm, his prowess was always the strongest among peers.

If not for the eight top Immortal Emperors' scheming attacks, in open combat, Fang Bai would not have ended up with his body destroyed, with only a remnant soul reincarnated into the mundane world!

If other martial artists heard Fang Bai's words, they would likely deem them "arrogant."

But Lu Liyu had unwavering faith in Fang Bai's words, without a shred of doubt.

Lu Liyu held a blind trust in Fang Bai, willing to believe even if his words sounded more arrogant to others.

Throughout their journey, Fang Bai spoke much about the Immortal Realm, leaving Lu Liyu mesmerized and full of admiration. She asked, "Fang Bai, how do you know so much? It's like you've been to the Immortal Realm."

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Because I've visited the Immortal Realm in my dreams, I suppose it's quite similar to my dreamland!"

Lu Liyu grinned slightly, saying, "I've dreamed too... but my dreamt Immortal Realm differs from yours a bit, though both are equally beautiful. I truly hope that one day, I can explore the Immortal Realm with you and witness its breathtaking beauty!"

Fang Bai replied, "Trust me, it will happen! And that day isn't far off!"

"Yes. I believe you."

Lu Liyu nodded earnestly.

Under Fang Bai's command, the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade flew increasingly faster.

It was deep into the night, and should anyone look up at the sky, they would see a streak of fire dart across, as if a flame igniting the sky.

Lu Liyu initially thought that with her and Fang Bai jointly controlling a spiritual artifact, it would fly faster than she could alone, but not by much. To her surprise, the result far exceeded her expectations.

"I initially estimated that we could reach the Flower Pavilion in three days, but now it seems we can cut that time in half! Fang Bai, your spiritual artifact is awesome! Is it a king-grade spiritual artifact used by Nascent Soul Experts?"

Fang Bai, with a mysterious smile, replied, "What's a king-grade spiritual artifact? Let me tell you, mine is far superior! Oh right, Liyu, your Green Bamboo Sword is too weak. I'll give you a spiritual artifact that you'll adore!"

Lu Liyu, brimming with joy, responded, "As long as it's from you, no matter what the spiritual artifact is, or its strength, I'll cherish it!"

"If I gift you a spiritual artifact, how will you repay me?"

Fang Bai turned his head slightly to Lu Liyu, playfully teasing.

"How do you want me to repay you?"

Lu Liyu's eyes, bright in the night like the stars above, held a hint of bashful shyness.

Fang Bai gestured to his cheek, then mimicked a kissing motion.

"What do you mean by that! I don't understand..."

Lu Liyu, blushing, replied.

"Haha, if you don't understand, why are you blushing?"

"I just don't!"

"Just a kiss! Just one, lightly will do."

"No... I won't..."

"A spiritual artifact better than a king-grade, exchanged just for a kiss—what a deal for you, huh? How about it, I kiss you a few times, and you gift me several spiritual artifacts? Come on, come on..."

"Hehe... quickly move your mouth away... it tickles..."

...

After some playful bantering with Lu Liyu, Fang Bai felt an unprecedented ease within himself, curiously wondering, "I haven't known Liyu for long, yet why have we become close enough to joke like this? And it feels so natural, with Liyu seemingly unbothered. When I first encountered Yan Family's little girl, I felt this same familiarity, much like when I met Lu Liyu, as if we were acquaintances from a past life... How strange!"

Earlier, upon meeting Yan Muyu, Fang Bai once suspected she was the reincarnation of the Peach Blossom Empress from millennia ago.

Now upon meeting Lu Liyu, Fang Bai thought she bore a resemblance to Su Linglong.

But upon multiple interactions, Fang Bai realized neither Yan Muyu nor Lu Liyu had any ties to the Peach Blossom Empress Yan Qingyu or the mortal Hongyan Su Linglong; they bore many similarities but even more differences.

Fang Bai greatly believed in destiny.

He considered his sense of familiarity with Yan Muyu and his immediate connection with Lu Liyu as a sign of fate between them.

In that moment, Fang Bai came to terms with it all—if he and Lu Liyu were destined to be, then whether they become true Martial Dao partners would depend on fate.

Ultimately, Lu Liyu couldn't withstand Fang Bai's persistent coaxing and planted a light kiss on his cheek.

Overwhelmed with embarrassment, Lu Liyu could only submit, while Fang Bai's laughter echoed in delight.

Throughout their flight, Fang Bai didn't stop even once, which greatly surprised Lu Liyu. Only upon inquiring did she learn of Fang Bai's unique physique and his cultivation of special techniques, granting him almost infinite Spiritual Energy, allowing for long-distance travel.