

Doctor 1571

Chapter 1571: Great Victory

Over ten thousand elite disciples from Zixia Manor fled in defeat, while tens of thousands of Flower Pavilion disciples pursued them for thousands of miles and returned victorious.

The thousands of foreign Martial Artists, seeing the Flower Pavilion's great victory, followed behind the tens of thousands of Flower Pavilion disciples and joined in the pursuit for a while.

However, their purpose was not to help chase down the retreating disciples of Zixia Manor, but to snatch the Space Rings from the fallen Zixia Manor disciples along the way and seize the cultivation resources within.

In this battle, Zixia Manor lost eighty percent of its ten thousand disciples, so almost every one of the thousands of foreign Martial Artists gained something, making everyone quite delighted.

The tens of thousands of Flower Pavilion disciples did not partake in the scramble for cultivation resources. After ending the chase, they quickly returned to their territory, surrounding Peony Island layer by layer to prevent the high-ranking officials of Zixia Manor from escaping.

"Disciple, did you save the two Supreme Elders, Qin and Ye, from Flower Pavilion?"

He Wujie suddenly inquired via Thread Condensation Sound Transmission.

The two Supreme Elders of Flower Pavilion, severely injured and unconscious, had suddenly regained consciousness, with their injuries mostly healed. Someone must have come to their aid.

Among the twenty-odd people who entered Myriad Flowers Tower, He Wujie could only think of Fang Bai having the ability to administer such treatment.

Fang Bai possesses a Dual Attribute Innate Spiritual Root of fire and wood and knows the Alchemy Technique. It is indeed possible that he helped heal the two Supreme Elders of Flower Pavilion.

"Yes, it was I who saved them."

Fang Bai confessed that he had used Wood Spirit Qi to awaken the two Supreme Elders of Flower Pavilion and had administered King Grade Spirit Pills to heal their injuries.

Previously, He Wujie and Fang Bai had acquired a vast amount of cultivation resources within that great tomb, including some exceptionally precious King Grade Spirit Pills. He Wujie never expected Fang Bai to be willing to use the King Grade Spirit Pills on the two Supreme Elders of Flower Pavilion.

Upon pondering deeply and glancing at Lu Liyu beside Fang Bai, He Wujie's face showed a look of sudden realization. He chuckled, thinking to himself that he understood; his disciple must be doing all this to win the favor of the Lu Family's lady!

His disciple had spared no effort to please the Lu Family's lady.

First, he explained the Cultivation Technique to over twenty younger disciples of Flower Pavilion in Myriad Flowers Tower, helping them all advance in their ranks; then he taught them the Formation, enabling them to successfully trap the two Supreme Elders of Zixia Manor; finally, he resurrected the two Supreme Elders of Flower Pavilion.

With such deeds, he managed to pull the powerful sect of Flower Pavilion back from the brink of destruction. How could the lady of the Lu Family, a member of Flower Pavilion herself, not be utterly devoted to his disciple?

"Hehe, this boy has a brain and the means, resembling my style back in the day!"

He Wujie mused to himself.

Their conversation was conducted using the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique, so naturally, others could not hear them.

The two Supreme Elders of Flower Pavilion, Qin Hanbing and Ye Chunxue, regained consciousness with the help of Fang Bai's Wood Spirit Qi, and each took a bottle of King Grade Spirit Pills given by Fang Bai, thereby rapidly restoring their strength to seventy or eighty percent.

Though only at seventy or eighty percent of their strength, the two of them joining the battle instantly reversed the situation.

The two Supreme Elders of Flower Pavilion, Qin Hanbing and Ye Chunxue, with the cooperation of Fan Luoying and other high-ranking members of Flower Pavilion, effortlessly swept away Chao Gaishi and a dozen other high-ranking officials of Zixia Manor.

During which, two high-ranking officials of Zixia Manor self-detonated their Nascent Souls, creating a powerful shockwave spreading over dozens of miles. Fortunately, the ten-plus high-ranking members of Flower Pavilion withdrew with timely awareness, sustaining only minor injuries.

After dealing with Chao Gaishi and the other dozen high-ranking members of Zixia Manor, Qin Hanbing and Ye Chunxue entered the "Five Elements Immortal Extermination Grand Formation," joining forces with Li Muyun and twenty other younger disciples. After a day and night of fierce battle, they exhausted the Spiritual Energy of the two Supreme Elders of Zixia Manor, eventually killing them.

With the fall of the last Supreme Elder of Zixia Manor, tens of thousands of Flower Pavilion disciples wept tearfully and erupted in cheers like a tidal wave, celebrating their side's victory.

Fang Bai held Lu Liyu's hand, and they exchanged smiles.

"Fang Bai, if it weren't for you this time, our Flower Pavilion would have been doomed. Thank you so much!"

Lu Liyu said to Fang Bai, her smile mixed with tears, choking on her words.

Fang Bai reached out and lightly brushed her elegantly erect nose, playfully scolding, "We're family, why say thanks? Come on, stop crying. We've won a great victory; we should be laughing with joy! Come on, give me a smile!"

Lu Liyu wiped away her tears, broke into a radiant smile, her face still marked with tear stains, looking as captivating as pear blossoms in the rain.

Including Qin Hanbing and Ye Chunxue, more than a dozen high-ranking members of Flower Pavilion inspected the battlefield, then left the aftermath to other disciples while they gathered together, whispered something, and came up to Fang Bai.

"Guess what they're up to?"

Standing at a distance, He Wujie observed the figures of the dozen high-ranking members of Flower Pavilion with a smile and asked Zhao Wanqing beside him.

Zhao Wanqing replied, "Do you think I'm a fool? Obviously, they're going to express their gratitude to Fang Bai! After all, Fang Bai helped them greatly! Saying it was a life-saving favor wouldn't be an exaggeration!"

He Wujie widened his eyes at Zhao Wanqing, sighed, and said, "Wife, you're so smart, how can I ever compare?"

"You're just sweet-talking!"

Zhao Wanqing lightly scolded him and then smiled, "Wujie, what do you think they will offer Fang Bai as thanks?"

He Wujie said, "What else could they give? Probably just some cultivation resources for him. But... my disciple may not appreciate them, and with the Lu Family's lady there, he might be embarrassed to accept... Ah, this favor he has done for nothing!"

Zhao Wanqing said, "It wasn't entirely for nothing; at least he earned the Flower Pavilion's gratitude. If he faces any issues in the future, just a word from him, and wouldn't Flower Pavilion lend their full support?"

He Wujie said, "Hmm... makes sense! My wife, you're indeed clever!"

Zhao Wanqing, watching Fang Bai hand-in-hand with Lu Liyu, laughed, "You really benefited from taking this disciple! From what you said, it seems you've gained more from him than he has from you, right? Haha... You as his master, aren't you embarrassed!"

He Wujie's face turned red, and then he grimaced and said, "Having such an extraordinary disciple, what choice do I have? When one day Fang Bai's cultivation surpasses mine, perhaps we should switch, and let him be the master!"

Zhao Wanqing burst into laughter, giving him a sideways glance, "Nonsense! Since Fang Bai was willing to apprentice under you initially, he will always regard you as his master deep down! I'm extremely accurate in judging people, never wrong. Rest assured on this point!"

He Wujie raised his thumb in praise, "Wife, you are formidable! You're almost like an Immortal who can predict the future!"

While the two exchanged playful banter, Qin Hanbing, Ye Chunxue, and the high-ranking members of Flower Pavilion were already standing together solemnly, bowing to Fang Bai in unison, saying, "Many thanks for Brother Fang's life-saving grace!"

Chapter 1572: Egg of the Wind Roc

He Wujie and Zhao Wanqing were taken aback when they heard the Nascent Soul Realm experts like Qin Hanbing, who were well over a hundred years old, actually refer to Fang Bai as "Brother Fang".

However, they quickly understood that the senior members of the Flower Pavilion regarded Fang Bai as an equal due to the strength he demonstrated in the recent battle, significantly elevating his status.

He Wujie was overjoyed and clapped his hands, saying, "If they call my disciple 'Brother Fang', doesn't that mean they're a generation lower than me? Haha..."

Zhao Wanqing glared and said, "They're calling your disciple that as a show of gratitude for saving their lives; it has nothing to do with you. You'd better not put on airs as a senior in front of them, or you'll just be a laughingstock!"

He Wujie grumbled, "They call me 'Brother He' and my disciple 'Brother Fang', doesn't that make me and my disciple the same generation? This... this is a bit confusing..."

In this regard, Fang Bai also thought the same as He Wujie, so he insisted that the senior members of the Flower Pavilion call him by his name, and they had no choice but to comply.

After exchanging a few pleasantries with the senior members of the Flower Pavilion, Fang Bai leapt to the side of Duan Donghai's corpse, the Elder of Zixia Manor, and explored his Space Ring with his Divine Sense. A hint of joy appeared at the corner of his mouth as he took off the Space Ring and smiled at Tower Master Fan Luoying, saying, "Tower Master Fan, I have no other requests, just this Space Ring; would that be alright?"

Fan Luoying was secretly puzzled, unsure why Fang Bai didn't want the Space Rings of the two Supreme Elders of Zixia Manor but insisted on Duan Donghai's. Though full of questions, he nodded and said, "Fang Bai, you may take anything you want from here!"

Fang Bai put away Duan Donghai's Space Ring and then winked at He Wujie in the distance, nodding in mutual understanding.

For the time being, Lu Liyu separated from Fang Bai and joined Fan Luoying and other senior members of the Flower Pavilion to discuss the aftermath and how to take over the territory following Zixia Manor's collapse.

With nothing better to do, Fang Bai then gathered with He Wujie.

The master and disciple sneakily went to a secluded and deserted place on Peony Island, looking around to ensure no one was nearby. He Wujie stretched out his hand towards Fang Bai and said, "Give it here."

Fang Bai pouted and took out a fist-sized gray-shelled Wind Roc Egg from his Space Ring, handing it to He Wujie, saying, "There are only two in total, one for each of us."

He Wujie said, "Really only two? I remember the Wind Roc on Zixia Mountain laid a total of five eggs!"

Fang Bai rolled his eyes and said, "Five is right, but there were thousands of Martial Artists eyeing the Roc Eggs at that time. Duan Donghai was lucky to get two; it was quite an achievement!"

Duan Donghai was one of the Elders of Zixia Manor. He had appeared on Zixia Mountain not long ago and encountered Fang Bai, Lu Hongyun, and others. After Lu Hongyun and the others left, Duan Donghai participated in the subsequent battle for the Roc Eggs and successfully grabbed three.

Fang Bai planned to give He Wujie one Roc Egg and keep two for himself, intending to give one to Lu Liyu later.

Once the Roc Egg hatches into a Wind Roc, it can be used as a mount and assist Martial Artists in offense and defense, providing great benefits to them.

Especially the adult Wind Roc, possessing Nascent Soul Realm's power, each time its wings flap, it can soar a hundred miles and can fly thousands of miles without stopping in a day, great stamina, and incredible speed.

This is why many Martial Artists will go to great lengths to fight for the Roc Eggs.

He Wujie stared at Fang Bai for a long while, seeing Fang Bai's expression unchanged, not looking like he was lying, then said, "I was thinking if you had an extra Roc Egg, I'd give one to your Master's wife! Oh well!"

Fang Bai thought, well, the Master's wife is indeed the Master's wife, but she can't be more important than my dear friend and Martial Dao companion. Giving this Roc Egg to Lu Liyu is a must, and I will compensate the Master's wife from other aspects later!

Thousands of foreign martial artists departed one after another; some continued their training journeys, while others followed the ten thousand elite disciples of the Flower Pavilion to Zixia Manor, tens of thousands of miles away, to try their luck, hoping to gain some benefits.

The collapse of Zixia Manor's senior members and ten thousand elites meant a significant reduction in Zixia Manor's overall strength. The ten thousand elite disciples of the Flower Pavilion would be sufficient to wipe out all remaining Zixia Manor disciples.

After the fall of Zixia Manor, the Flower Pavilion would become the sole ruler within a hundred thousand miles, with no one daring to challenge its sharpness.

Fang Bai kept an eye on Zhang Yang, who possessed the Nether Spirit Fire, and seeing him lingering without leaving, he knew Zhang Yang was also watching his movements, waiting for an opportunity to strike.

Fang Bai knew that if he wanted Zhang Yang's Nether Spirit Fire, he would have to create an opportunity for Zhang Yang to make a move because Zhang Yang wouldn't dare to strike in the Flower Pavilion's territory.

"I have some private matters to attend to, leaving tonight and returning at the earliest tomorrow!"

Fang Bai bade farewell to Lu Liyu, He Wujie, and others and flew away from Peony Island on the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

"That brat finally left!"

Seeing Fang Bai suddenly fly away, Zhang Yang was overjoyed. Together with a few friends he had arranged with, they took off, directly pursuing Fang Bai.

After Fang Bai reached the mid-stage Golden Core cultivation level, Zhang Yang knew he was no longer a match for him alone, so he used the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique to invite four friends of equivalent strength, promising them generous rewards, intending to join forces to kill Fang Bai.

Just as Fang Bai predicted, Zhang Yang wouldn't dare make a move against him in the Flower Pavilion's area, but as soon as Fang Bai left a thousand miles away, Zhang Yang would dare to use the most ruthless means to kill him and seize the Spiritual Fire.

Besides, Zhang Yang also knew Fang Bai had many secrets, like the blood-colored long blade under his feet, how he healed the two Supreme Elders of the Flower Pavilion, and how he set up the powerful formation that trapped the two Supreme Elders of Zixia Manor...

For Zhang Yang, each of these things was of infinite allure.

And to obtain these things, he had to first subdue Fang Bai and then learn from him.

No matter how strong Fang Bai was, he was ultimately just one person. Zhang Yang thought with the five of them, who all had mid-stage Golden Core power, they could surely subdue him.

Zhang Yang's primary goal was the Spiritual Fire within Fang Bai. After obtaining the Spiritual Fire, he would decide whether to contend with the others for Fang Bai's blood-colored long blade or force Fang Bai to reveal other secrets.

Fang Bai flew like lightning on the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, reaching a mountainous area a thousand miles away in just over an hour, then descended on a high mountaintop, turning to look at Zhang Yang and the other four as they approached.

"Hmm? He actually stopped? What's that kid up to?"

Zhang Yang didn't expect Fang Bai to suddenly land and, with eyes like lightning and a slight smile, look as if he knew they were pursuing him.

Chapter 1573: Spiritual Fire vs. Spiritual Fire

"Fang Bai, we meet again!"

Zhang Yang halted, suspended in the air, standing several dozen feet away from Fang Bai at the mountain peak. He asked expressionlessly, "It seems like you deliberately lured us here?"

Fang Bai praised, "You're really smart!"

A trace of annoyance appeared on Zhang Yang's face. He snorted lightly, "What's your intention in leading us here?"

Fang Bai responded with another question, "And what was your intention in chasing me here?"

At this point, Zhang Yang no longer hid his intentions. With a sinister grin, he said, "I'm interested in the spiritual fire within you. Offer it to me and I might spare your life!"

Fang Bai mocked, "Would you really spare me? Do you dare to swear to the heavens?"

Seeing Zhang Yang unable to reply, Fang Bai sneered, "You don't dare to swear because you never intended to spare me!"

He paused, lifted his eyebrows, and smiled, "But the Nether Spirit Fire within you seems nice. Why don't you offer it to me? If you do, I'll spare your life. I dare to swear to the heavens!"

Zhang Yang was taken aback, "How did you know about the Nether Spirit Fire?"

Years ago, Zhang Yang stumbled upon a fortuitous encounter in a secret realm and discovered the Nether Spirit Fire. After much hardship, he barely managed to subdue and control it. He thought he was the only one in the world who knew of the Nether Spirit Fire, never expecting Fang Bai to mention it so easily. How could this not shock Zhang Yang?

On the contrary, Zhang Yang didn't know what spiritual fire was within Fang Bai, leaving him extremely frustrated and secretly raising his guard.

Since Fang Bai knew about the spiritual fire within him, he would have some understanding of it. In the upcoming battle, Zhang Yang needed to be twice as cautious to avoid an unexpected defeat.

Fang Bai laughed indifferently, "Not only do I know the spiritual fire within you is the Nether Spirit Fire, but I also know you haven't fully subdued and controlled it. A single mistake could cause it to backfire. Am I right?"

"You're spouting nonsense! I control the Nether Spirit Fire at will, as easily as moving a limb. It's more than enough to deal with you!"

Having his weakness pinpointed by Fang Bai, Zhang Yang was even more startled, but he stubbornly refused to admit it aloud, remaining incredibly defiant.

Fang Bai stated, "Whether I'm talking nonsense, you know it better than anyone! Now, let's have a true battle, spirit fire against spirit fire!"

He then addressed the four Golden Core mid-stage experts behind Zhang Yang, "Are you going to be Zhang Yang's accomplices, or will you leave now? Here's a piece of advice: if you want to live, leave now!"

The four Golden Core mid-stage experts hadn't yet expressed their stance when Zhang Yang loudly declared, "My four brothers here have an eye on your Blood-Drinking Mad Blade and your many secrets. Do you think they'll let you go? Fang Bai, in today's battle, it's five against one. You're bound to lose!"

Indeed, those four Golden Core mid-stage experts had such thoughts. Once Zhang Yang mentioned it, they voiced their agreement, their figures flickering as they surrounded Fang Bai atop the mountain peak, eyes gleaming viciously, unleashing the intimidation of martial artists as they slowly closed in on Fang Bai.

"Fang Bai, bring your life forth!"

Zhang Yang shouted, and suddenly, in the palm of his left hand, appeared a cluster of dim yet powerfully condensed flames.

With this move, Zhang Yang deployed the Nether Spirit Fire, assuming the posture for the strongest attack.

The location not far from the Flower Pavilion, Zhang Yang was worried that the disciples of the Flower Pavilion might notice. If a high-ranking member from the Flower Pavilion arrived to save Fang Bai, everything would be ruined.

Thus, Zhang Yang decided to go for a swift fight, aiming to resolve Fang Bai as quickly as possible.

Once the Nether Spirit Fire appeared, the temperature within several dozen feet soared instantly. The four Golden Core mid-stage experts that came with Zhang Yang seemed as though they were in a sea of fire, the heat waves scorching them, forcing them to circulate their cultivation techniques to summon qi shields around themselves to fend off the invading heat waves.

With a "snap," Fang Bai snapped his fingers with his left hand, and at the tip of his left thumb, an orange flame emerged.

Except for the color difference, the flame at Fang Bai's fingertip was similar in both shape and size to the Nether Spirit Fire.

Red Silkworm Spirit Fire!

One of the spiritual fires Fang Bai had subdued, its power rivaling that of the Nether Spirit Fire.

Once the Red Silkworm Spirit Fire appeared, even with the protection of spiritual energy, the four Golden Core mid-stage experts accompanying Zhang Yang couldn't remain in place and had to rapidly retreat, or else they risked being engulfed by the heat waves, leading to injuries.

"What... what kind of spiritual fire is that?"

Seeing the orange spiritual fire at Fang Bai's fingertip and sensing the powerful energy contained within, a fanatic greed appeared in Zhang Yang's eyes, as if he couldn't wait to pounce and claim the spiritual fire for himself.

"This spiritual fire of mine is called the Red Silkworm Spirit Fire! How does it compare to yours?"

Fang Bai critically examined the Red Silkworm Spirit Fire in his hand, then looked at the Nether Spirit Fire in Zhang Yang's palm, carefully comparing the two.

This time, the comparison results pleased Fang Bai even more.

Fang Bai realized that if the Nether Spirit Fire's full power was unleashed, its power would outmatch the Red Silkworm Spirit Fire under the same conditions. Unfortunately, it had remained in Zhang Yang's hands, considered a hidden gem left concealed and scorned.

"I must claim the Nether Spirit Fire!"

Fang Bai thought to himself.

Two mighty individuals with spiritual fires inside each clutched their fist while holding their respective fires, then punched out, causing two large fists, imbued with spiritual energy, to collide fiercely in the air.

"Boom!"

With a loud explosion, heat waves swept across in all directions, blowing Zhang Yang and Fang Bai's hair and clothes wildly.

Meanwhile, the four Golden Core mid-stage experts watching were directly thrown off by the scorching shockwaves dispersing wildly. If they hadn't retreated quickly enough, and shielded themselves with spiritual energy, they would have suffered severe injuries.

After a prior clash, both sides had some understanding of each other's strength, so neither left anything in reserve during this first collision.

However, Zhang Yang knew that Fang Bai post-advancement was far stronger than himself. He was prepared for being repelled, intending to join forces with the four experts he brought to wear Fang Bai down as much as possible, consuming his divine sense and spiritual energy until he was overwhelmed and defeated.

Yet Zhang Yang never imagined that Fang Bai, even before advancing, had the power to kill him in one strike, let alone after the advancement.

With one punch, Fang Bai unleashed the power of an initial-stage Nascent Soul expert. Combined with the Red Silkworm Spirit Fire, its power was close to that of a mid-stage Nascent Soul expert's. Zhang Yang, only bearing the cultivation level of a Golden Core mid-stage expert, couldn't withstand this blow even with the aid of the Nether Spirit Fire.

Zhang Yang groaned as his body, like a stringless kite, plummeted from the sky to the ground, creating a large pit several yards across upon impact, unable to emerge from it for a while, obviously heavily injured.

Fang Bai's strike left a significant impact on the four Golden Core mid-stage experts accompanying Zhang Yang. Realizing the situation was not favorable, they immediately commandeered their spiritual artifacts, transforming into four streaks of rainbow light, fleeing into the distance.

Chapter 1574: Devouring Spiritual Fire to Advance Again

"Earlier, I gave you a chance to leave, but you refused. Now it's too late to go!"

Fang Bai sneered coldly, striking out with lightning speed, sending four Spirit Qi Big Palms from the void to crush down on the heads of four fleeing mid-Golden Core level combatants.

"No, please!"

The four were powerless to resist, clutching their heads and screaming for mercy.

With eyes gleaming coldly, Fang Bai showed no mercy, as the four Spirit Qi Big Palms pressed down mercilessly.

The heat from the Spirit Qi Big Palms was unbearable, and the four mid-Golden Core cultivators couldn't withstand it, instantly turning into charred corpses and falling to the ground.

Fang Bai casually collected their Space Rings, then descended to the huge pit they had made, and with a grasp into the void, pulled the unconscious Zhang Yang from the bottom.

Zhang Yang, struck by Fang Bai's palm, had fallen heavily to the ground, unconscious and severely injured, his clothes soaked through with blood, looking utterly miserable.

Carrying the unconscious Zhang Yang, Fang Bai flew a thousand miles into the deep mountains, landing in a valley.

He tossed Zhang Yang's body to the ground, crouched beside him, and placed his palm gently on his Qi Sea, circulating the Nine Revolutions True Fire Art to draw out the Nether Spirit Fire within his Qi Sea with Fire Spirit Energy.

The dusky Nether Spirit Fire floated out from Zhang Yang's Qi Sea, hovering above his body, emitting a terrifying and horrific heat.

Fang Bai slowly extended his hand, holding the Nether Spirit Fire in his palm, scrutinizing it with a look of indescribable delight.

If he could swallow and subdue this Nether Spirit Fire, he would have two types of Spirit Fires within him, doubling his strength at the very least.

The Nine Revolutions True Fire Art ran wildly, enveloping Fang Bai in roaring flames. The sky in this area was illuminated by the fiery glow, and heat waves swept across a thousand-mile radius.

Spirit Beasts are incredibly sensitive to danger. When Fang Bai drew out the Nether Spirit Fire from Zhang Yang's body, Spirit Beasts within a thousand miles sensed a strong threat and scattered, so when the area turned into a scorched land, most Spirit Beasts managed to escape.

Without the Nether Spirit Fire, Zhang Yang's defense against Fire Spirit Energy greatly diminished, and in his unconscious state, he was consumed by the flames burning on Fang Bai, reduced to ashes that drifted in the valley wind.

The blaze shrouding Fang Bai gradually disappeared, and the Nether Spirit Fire in his palm was forcibly absorbed into his body.

The reason Fang Bai dared to forcibly swallow the Spirit Fire was primarily due to three reasons.

First, he possesses an Innate Fire Spirit Root, naturally attuned to fire. Although Spirit Fires are far more terrifying than mundane flames, they still fall within the domain of fire.

Second, his Chaos True Body is extremely formidable, with some resistance to Spirit Fires.

Third, in his past and present lives, he has swallowed numerous Spirit Fires, making him highly experienced in this matter.

After enduring the initial period of excruciating pain from the Nether Spirit Fire entering his body, the two types of Spirit Fires in Fang Bai's Qi Sea finally coexisted peacefully.

Fang Bai's Chaos True Body, after undergoing the suffering and the tempering by flames, became even more robust, harder than a steel body.

Settled and calm, Fang Bai sat in meditation like an Old Monk in tranquility, not moving for an entire day and night.

It wasn't until the early hours of the following day that he suddenly opened his eyes, with flames dancing in his pupils.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, a powerful surge of Spiritual Energy erupted from Fang Bai's body, sweeping everything clean within ten miles.

A moment later, the flames in Fang Bai's eyes receded, and everything returned to tranquility.

Within just a few days, Fang Bai's cultivation level had advanced from Foundation Establishment perfection to high-rank Golden Core. This speed of advancement is enough to crush many of the peerless geniuses of the current era, even faster than in his previous life.

Fang Bai himself was extremely satisfied, taking a deep breath and springing to his feet, letting out a long howl to the sky.

"It's time to go back!"

Fang Bai gathered Water Spirit Qi to cleanse himself, changed into fresh clothes, and then flew back to the Flower Pavilion, riding the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

The Flower Pavilion now showed no trace of the battle that had raged with tens of thousands of Martial Artists, with corpses piled and blood flowing just a day and a night ago. It had regained the peaceful and serene atmosphere it had before the great battle.

Many Flower Pavilion disciples were flitting between the islands, busy handling various tasks assigned by the higher-ups.

"Greetings, Senior Fang!"

"Senior Fang, you're back!"

Throughout his return to Peony Island, Fang Bai encountered numerous disciples of the Flower Pavilion, each looking at him with respect and awe.

Clearly, they all knew that the Flower Pavilion managed to avert destruction and counterattack successfully, even destroying Zixia Manor, all due to the contributions of this young and handsome Martial Artist before them.

Many young and beautiful, talented female disciples of the Flower Pavilion watched Fang Bai pass by, silently lamenting their lack of fortune compared to Junior Sister Lu, who had won the favor of this paragon of talent.

Fang Bai didn't put on airs. He smiled and nodded courteously to every Flower Pavilion female disciple who greeted him.

"Fa... Senior Fang, hello!"

"Hello, Senior Fang!"

As he approached Myriad Flowers Tower, a Martial Dao couple eagerly came forward to greet Fang Bai.

Fang Bai focused his gaze and realized the couple was Lu Dong and Shui Mo, prompting a hearty laugh as he teased, "So it's you two! Brother Lu, congratulations on winning over the beauty! Sister Shui Mo, congratulations on finding an ideal gentleman!"

After a pause, noting Lu Dong and Shui Mo's reserved expressions, he added, "Brother Lu is my friend, and so Sister Shui Mo is as well. There's no need for you to address me as 'Senior.' Just call my name! It sounds more intimate to me!"

Lu Dong didn't mind, but Shui Mo, being a Flower Pavilion disciple, knew that even high-ranking members at the Pavilion considered Fang Bai their peer. As a mere menial servant, how could she dare to call him by name?

Fang Bai chuckled, "As the saying goes, when you marry a chicken, follow the chicken; when you marry a dog, follow the dog. Now that you've become Martial Dao partners with Brother Lu, just follow his lead in calling my name. Come now, don't refuse, or I'll be upset!"

Shui Mo dared not provoke his anger. She glanced at Lu Dong, received his approval, and then shyly agreed.

"By the way, Brother Lu, you mentioned treating me to Snow Spirit Chicken before. When are you planning to fulfill that promise?"

Fang Bai asked casually.

Lu Dong grinned and said, "I've kept that in mind! I wanted to invite you earlier, but you left suddenly. Now we finally have the chance. Hmm, the Snow Spirit Chicken in Jiangyuan City, ten thousand miles away, is quite good. How about we go there to eat?"

Jiangyuan City, located ten thousand miles from the Flower Pavilion, is a small town with a population of a million, named because it's at the source of a major river.

In the vast world of three thousand realms, a city with about a million people is considered small, a medium-sized city has several million, and only those with populations over ten million can be called large cities.

Chapter 1575: Yin Yang Spring

In the mountains near Jiangyuan City, Snow Spirit Chickens are abundant.

The Snow Spirit Chicken is completely snow-white, a gentle micro Spirit Beast twice the size of a regular domestic chicken. The meat is delicious, melting upon entering the mouth, and beneficial for the cultivation of Martial Artists. It is one of the most favored meats among Martial Artists in the Great Thousand Worlds.

Snow Spirit Chickens are either domesticated or wild. Wild ones are tastier and especially favored by Martial Artists, though they are quite expensive.

On that day, Lu Dong and Shui Mo, along with Fang Bai and Lu Liyu, flew to Jiangyuan City with their Spiritual Artifacts, and there they enjoyed a taste of the Snow Spirit Chicken.

After eating the Snow Spirit Chicken, all four of them couldn't stop praising its deliciousness.

"There's a mystical sight in Jiangyuan City called the Yin Yang Spring. Shall we go take a look?"

After a hearty meal, the four of them left the hotel, and Lu Dong proposed.

Upon hearing the words "Yin Yang Spring," Fang Bai's heart skipped a beat, and he couldn't help but feel excited.

In his previous life, Fang Bai had visited the "Yin Yang Spring" and used some of its waters to nourish rare and unique Spiritual Medicines.

According to ancient legends, the Yin Yang Spring has existed since the beginning of the world and only surfaces every millennium in a fist-sized patch, never drying out.

Martial Artists with fate could collect a small amount of spring water from the Yin Yang Spring, while those without fate couldn't even get close.

Once a certain amount of Yin Yang Spring Water is taken, no one can approach it anymore.

Fang Bai had taken too much Yin Yang Spring Water in the past, causing it to be inaccessible to other Martial Artists for tens of thousands of years, only allowing them to watch the black and white, yin-yang fusion spectacle from afar.

Locally, the Yin Yang Spring is called a divine spring, because within a ten-mile radius, any Spiritual Medicine planted grows tenfold faster than in other places.

This means that a hundred-year harvest of Spiritual Medicine near the Yin Yang Spring is equivalent to a thousand years elsewhere.

Originally, the planting rights around the Yin Yang Spring were shared by the Flower Pavilion and Zixia Manor sects, but after Zixia Manor's demise, it became the ultimate "back garden" of the Flower Pavilion.

Fortunately, Fan Luoying, the Tower Master of Flower Pavilion, understood the principle of "it's better to enjoy together than alone," and invited other four major sects within a hundred thousand-mile radius to join, collectively managing and guarding the Yin Yang Spring.

Currently, the five major sects, including the Flower Pavilion, have dispatched disciples to guard the Spiritual Medicine around the Yin Yang Spring.

Every day, countless Martial Artists come to see the Yin Yang Spring, knowing its extraordinary nature, but no matter what methods they use, they cannot obtain even a drop of its water.

In the current Great Thousand Worlds, perhaps only Fang Bai knows that possessing an Innate Water Spirit Root is the basic condition for obtaining Yin Yang Spring Water. The purer the Innate Water Spirit Root, the more water one can acquire.

In Fang Bai's view, the Yin Yang Spring Water is akin to the Water of Life; just a drop can rejuvenate any withered plant, restoring its vitality and vigor.

This time, Fang Bai wants to obtain Yin Yang Spring Water because he thought of the piece of Dark Deadwood he received at the Martial Artists Trading Market in Flaming Sun City.

That piece of deadwood seemingly completely withered on the surface, yet it contained astonishing and pure Wood Spirit Qi; Fang Bai knew it was extraordinary.

Fang Bai plans to use the Yin Yang Spring Water to nourish that section of deadwood to see if he can reawaken its vitality, allowing it to live again, to discover its astonishing secrets.

The Yin Yang Spring is located not far south of Jiangyuan City. After three of them walked out of the city, they soon saw throngs of people as tens of thousands of Martial Artists surrounded something in the distance.

"Every day, Martial Artists gather around the Yin Yang Spring, hoping to be the lucky ones to take some Yin Yang Spring Water back. But unfortunately, for tens of thousands of years few have succeeded!"

Lu Dong looked at the multitude of Martial Artists before him, speaking helplessly.

"I've heard in ancient records, tens of thousands of years ago, a prodigy came and took a lot of spring water, causing a sensation in the Great Thousand Worlds. But since then, rarely has anyone replicated that prodigy's feat."

Shui Mo, who rarely spoke, said softly.

Fang Bai knew the prodigy Shui Mo mentioned was likely himself; he hadn't expected the incident from tens of thousands of years ago to still be spoken of.

Probably no one would imagine that tens of thousands of years later, he himself, reincarnated, would come to this place again, aiming to acquire Yin Yang Spring Water.

A ten-mile radius around the Yin Yang Spring is planted with Spiritual Medicines. However, the Flower Pavilion and the other four major sects left four one-zhang wide paths in the east, south, west, and north directions, leading directly to the Yin Yang Spring.

At present, thousands of Martial Artists crowded the four paths, each attempting to approach the Yin Yang Spring, only to be bounced away by a layer of Water Spirit Qi concentrated around the spring.

"It's too crowded now, let's come back at night."

Fang Bai said, he and Lu Liyu, Lu Dong, and Shui Mo wandered around, admiring the Spiritual Medicines, before circling to where Flower Pavilion's disciples were stationed, meditating and resting.

Towards midnight, most of the Martial Artists near the Yin Yang Spring returned to Jiangyuan City, planning to return the next day, leaving only a few Martial Artists attempting to obtain Yin Yang Spring Water.

"Let's go."

Seeing the moon at its zenith, Fang Bai stood up and said.

The four squeezed through the crowd along the north path, soon reaching the edge of the Yin Yang Spring.

Though some Martial Artists were displeased along the way, upon seeing the Flower Pavilion disciple attire on Lu Liyu and Shui Mo, they dared not voice their discontent.

Currently, the Flower Pavilion, having just eliminated Zixia Manor, was riding high in power; who would dare to clash with them?

The four of them soon arrived at the edge of the Yin Yang Spring. They saw ahead a pool area several zhang wide, with waters of black and white, reminiscent of Yin Yang fish embracing each other, like a still Tai Chi diagram.

"So this is the Yin Yang Spring..."

Lu Dong muttered to himself as he looked at the Yin Yang Spring Water just ahead. He tried to get closer to touch the water, but before his hand came within a zhang of the water's surface, an overwhelmingly strong force rebounded, sending him flying back.

After several attempts, each recoil force growing stronger, until his mouth bled, Lu Dong finally gave up.

Next, Shui Mo and Lu Liyu both attempted the same, each unsuccessfully resisted by the recoil force, but fortunately withdrew in time, sustaining no injuries.

The Martial Artists watching nearby began unleashing cold ridicule, urging the four to quickly leave the edge of the Yin Yang Spring, making room for others.

If not for Lu Liyu and Shui Mo being Flower Pavilion disciples, impatient Martial Artists might have already tried to forcefully remove them.

Chapter 1576: Obtaining Spring Water

As Fang Bai approached the Yin Yang Spring, he noticed that the piece of dark deadwood lying quietly inside his Space Ring seemed to be influenced by the pure and concentrated Water Element Qi within the Yin Yang Spring, quietly releasing a wisp of Wood Spirit Qi, emitting a trace of vitality, as if showing signs of magical rebirth.

This discovery made Fang Bai overjoyed.

"Fang Bai, you should give it a try too!"

Lu Liyu, seeing Fang Bai's gaze fixed on the Yin Yang Spring Water with a look of joy, reached out and tugged his sleeve, whispering softly.

Fang Bai nodded, enveloped himself in Water Element Qi, and walked step by step towards the Yin Yang Spring.

"That young man... actually passed through the Water Spirit Qi Defense Qi Shield formed around the Yin Yang Spring!"

"He must have an Innate Water Spirit Root!"

"It seems he has the potential to obtain the Yin Yang Spring Water!"

"Not necessarily! For hundreds and thousands of years, it's not unheard of for martial artists with Innate Water Spirit Roots to pass through that Water Spirit Qi Defense Qi Shield, but they have ultimately failed to obtain the Yin Yang Spring Water as they wished!"

"Why is that?"

"Because Innate Spiritual Roots also have levels. The purer the Innate Water Spirit Root, the greater the hope of obtaining the Yin Yang Spring Water, and the more spring water they can obtain!"

"Oh, I see. It's just like water; some are murky, while others are clear. The clearer the water, the purer the Innate Water Spirit Root, and the more likely it is to obtain the Yin Yang Spring Water. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, exactly. So passing through that Water Spirit Qi Defense Qi Shield is just the beginning, as to whether he can obtain the Yin Yang Spring Water, it depends on the young man's fortune."

...

Under the envious gazes of the onlookers, Fang Bai effortlessly passed through the Water Spirit Qi Defense Qi Shield surrounding the Yin Yang Spring and stood at its edge.

At this moment, Fang Bai was less than a zhang away from the surface of the Yin Yang Spring.

"Huh? The Yin Yang Spring Water is moving, what's going on?"

Suddenly, someone among the martial artists exclaimed.

The other martial artists heard this and focused their gaze, indeed noticing that the Yin Yang Spring, originally smooth as a mirror, began to ripple without any wind.

It's said that ever since the existence of the Yin Yang Spring, such fluctuations have rarely occurred, and the approach of that young man actually caused the surface of the Yin Yang Spring to ripple gently, no wonder the onlookers marveled.

At this time, everyone knew that the young man had something extraordinary, and in their hearts, there was more anticipation about whether he could obtain the Yin Yang Spring Water.

Fang Bai lowered his head and gazed into the distinct black-and-white Yin Yang Spring Water, took a deep breath, then gradually squatted down and extended his palms towards the surface of the water.

The breath of the surrounding martial artists seemed to hold, every gaze following Fang Bai's hands, thinking that as long as the young man's hands touched the surface of the Yin Yang Spring Water, he would be able to take the spring water away.

However, it's said that trying to touch the Yin Yang Spring Water isn't easy; there's a possibility of encountering a more intense repulsive force the moment the fingertips touch the water surface, potentially resulting in severe injuries.

At this time, most of the surrounding martial artists felt worried for Fang Bai, hoping he could successfully obtain the Yin Yang Spring Water and create a legendary story.

Of course, there were also some narrow-minded martial artists with the mentality of "if I can't have it, then neither should you," hoping to see Fang Bai fail and suffer severe injuries.

"Fang Bai, be careful!"

Seeing the facial expressions of the surrounding martial artists, Lu Liyu also became nervous as if affected, clenching her fists tightly, with her heart hanging high.

"Splash!"

A soft sound of water echoed as Fang Bai's fingertips touched the Yin Yang Spring Water, creating a slight ripple sound.

"Phew..."

Many of the surrounding martial artists sighed in relief, and Lu Liyu's hanging heart also relaxed.

A small part of the martial artists had their expressions turn a bit grim.

They didn't expect Fang Bai to touch the Yin Yang Spring Water so easily, meaning the spring water was now at his disposal.

Fang Bai first dipped his fingers, then his entire palm into the Yin Yang Spring Water.

A surging and magnificent life essence emerged from the Yin Yang Spring Water and enveloped Fang Bai's entire body. He suddenly felt the vigorous vitality of all things growing, filling him with power.

It was as if the black-and-white spring water, with the Yin Yang Fish embracing, rapidly accelerated its rotation as Fang Bai's hands immersed in it, and the released Water Spirit Qi seemed even more concentrated.

Past experience told Fang Bai that he only had mere tens of breaths to collect the water; after those few moments, even if his cultivation level were several times stronger, he would still be mercilessly thrown out by the Yin Yang Spring Water.

Moreover, the Yin Yang Spring seemed to have a memory; once touched by a martial artist, it would take a hundred years before they could approach it again.

Fang Bai took out a jade bottle with a relatively large capacity from the Space Ring and swiftly filled it with Yin Yang Spring Water.

The bottle he filled held Yin Yang Spring Water that wasn't enough for an adult to drink a hundred mouthfuls, yet it accounted for a tenth or so of the total Yin Yang Spring Water, highlighting its rarity.

With the Yin Yang Spring Water losing a tenth or so, the water level noticeably lowered, leaving some onlookers envious, while others felt jealous.

Some more powerful martial artists, seeing that Fang Bai was only at the high rank of the Golden Core Realm, and his three companions were just at the low rank of the Golden Core, had a gleam of malice flickering in their eyes.

The Yin Yang Spring Water, rumored to 'bring the dead back to life and regrow bones,' was regarded as a treasure among martial artists, leading many to risk their lives and spare no expense to seize it.

After filling one bottle with Yin Yang Spring Water, as he watched the black-and-white spring water's swirling speed gradually slow down, Fang Bai rapidly retreated more than ten zhang.

Just as he withdrew, the Water Spirit Qi Defense Qi Shield within several zhang around the Yin Yang Spring reformed, preventing other martial artists from entering again.

"Brother Fang, you've obtained this divine spring, it's best not to linger here; let's leave quickly!"

Lu Dong, always observant, saw many martial artists around with malign intentions, knowing that they coveted the Yin Yang Spring Water Fang Bai had collected, hurriedly urged.

Thus, Fang Bai, Lu Liyu, Lu Dong, and Shui Mo, using their Spiritual Artifacts, took to the sky, flying toward the Flower Pavilion.

After flying several hundred Baili, more than a dozen divine rainbows closed in from behind at high speed, revealing more than a dozen Golden Core Realm experts.

"Leave the Divine Spring Water and we'll let you go!"

After catching up with Fang Bai's group of four, those more than a dozen Golden Core Experts hovered in the air, surrounding them. One of them, brandishing a Spiritual Artifact, pointed at Fang Bai, saying with a sinister expression.

The rest of the powerful experts also shouted, with tones full of threat.

Among these dozen or so Golden Core Experts, two had reached Golden Pill Perfection, while the others ranged from mid- to high-rank Golden Core, gathering together forming a force not to be underestimated.

However, such a formation might only intimidate Lu Dong and Shui Mo.

Lu Liyu already knew that Fang Bai had two Nascent Soul Realm puppets in his Space Ring, let alone these dozen Golden Core Experts; even if their number doubled, they would not be feared.

As for Fang Bai himself, he didn't even bother to glance at them, casually saying, "If you don't want to die, get lost!"

Chapter 1577: Master Above

Fang Bai's dominance immediately enraged the dozen or so Golden Pill Experts who had been tracking them.

In fact, those experts had already decided to leave no survivors from the moment they chose to chase Fang Bai and the others; they intended to kill them all.

After all, Lu Liyu and Shui Mo were both disciples of Flower Pavilion. If they let them go and they reported this to Flower Pavilion, the consequences would be unimaginable.

So, rather than leaving endless trouble behind, it was better to kill all four of them together, eradicating the problem at its source. As long as no traces or clues were left at the scene, even if Flower Pavilion sought revenge later, there would be no target to find.

"In that case, let's do it!"

The Golden Pill Perfection expert who first spoke shouted, launching an attack on Fang Bai.

The other dozen or so experts also attacked violently, aiming at Lu Liyu, Lu Dong, and Shui Mo separately.

Fang Bai had just obtained the Yin Yang Spring Water and was planning to take it back to Flower Pavilion. He looked for a secluded spot to use the spring water to nourish the dark wooden stick, hoping to see if it could come back to life and flourish.

His mind was focused entirely on the Yin Yang Spring Water and the dark wooden stick. He had no desire to get entangled with the dozen or so Golden Pill Experts?

Therefore, their intent to kill also ignited his own killing intent.

He held nothing back as he struck.

"Whoosh!"

The wind howled, crimson light flashed, and blood splattered. The Golden Pill Perfection expert attacking Fang Bai was sliced in two with a single cut from the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, dying instantly.

After slaying the enemy with one strike, he did not give the others any time to react. His figure moved like lightning, rapidly flickering in mid-air.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

...

Amid the howling blade winds, streaks of crimson light continuously tore through the void. With each flash of crimson, a pursuing expert fell.

In mere moments, the dozen or so Golden Pill Experts who had chased them were all dealt with by Fang Bai alone, each with a single strike.

Lu Liyu was fine, but Lu Dong and Shui Mo stared at Fang Bai, who seemed like a god of slaughter, in disbelief.

The dozen or so Golden Pill Experts, including two at Golden Pill Perfection, were strong enough that even a Nascent Soul beginner would have struggled against them. Yet under Fang Bai's blade, none could withstand a single blow, defeated so swiftly and utterly. Just how powerful was Fang Bai?

In the previous counterattack at Zixia Manor, Fang Bai had ranked first, but that was by trapping and killing enemies with formations, not showcasing his actual strength.

Only now did Lu Dong and Shui Mo realize that although Fang Bai's cultivation level was just at the high rank of Golden Pill, his combat power was definitely not inferior to a Nascent Soul beginner.

Lu Dong looked at Fang Bai, who had already put away the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, and sighed inwardly.

During the Groom-Recruiting Event at Flower Pavilion, when he had become sworn brothers with Fang Bai, Fang Bai's cultivation was only at Foundation Establishment Perfection and had not yet formed a core. It hadn't been long since then, and not only had Fang Bai successfully formed his core, but he had also reached the high rank of Golden Pill in one shot. It felt like a dreamlike scenario.

Ironically, under Fang Bai's help, he himself had only advanced one small realm and felt quite pleased with himself. Thinking about it now, it was somewhat embarrassing.

Lu Dong and Shui Mo, who had become Martial Dao companions and understood each other instinctively, exchanged a glance and read each other's intentions.

"Fang Bai, I have a request. I wonder if you might agree..."

Lu Dong's face reddened, his demeanor awkward as he spoke.

Fang Bai chuckled, "Why don't you tell me first?"

Before Lu Dong could speak, he fell to his knees in mid-air in front of Fang Bai with a "thud."

Seeing this, Shui Mo also knelt behind him, her expression respectful.

"What is this..."

Fang Bai, though he faintly understood, pretended to be puzzled, saying, "Brother Lu, Sister Shui Mo, you can say what you need to standing up. It's not good to kneel like this..."

"Fang Bai... No, Master, please accept Shui Mo and me as your disciples! From now on, we are willing to follow you, serving you with utmost loyalty!"

Lu Liyu didn't expect Lu Dong and Shui Mo intended to take Fang Bai as their master, staring in shock at them, then at Fang Bai, unsure what to say.

In fact, Lu Liyu was quite in favor of Fang Bai accepting the two. After all, one was a brother he clicked with instantly, the other was her fellow disciple, and both had decent aptitude.

In the vast world, sect boundaries were not so strict. After Shui Mo became Martial Dao companions with Lu Dong following the Groom-Recruiting Event, she had stepped half a foot out of Flower Pavilion and could only be considered half a disciple of Flower Pavilion.

In the future, Shui Mo could cultivate outside or stay in Flower Pavilion, and she would have the freedom to choose whom to take as a master.

Of course, the premise for her apprenticeship is not to betray Flower Pavilion or turn against it.

Otherwise, Flower Pavilion still had the right to pursue action against her.

As for Lu Dong, although he was a few years older than Fang Bai, in cultivation, the more accomplished is the teacher; Fang Bai's prowess far exceeded his, so it was not an issue.

"Do you really want to take me as your master?"

Seeing that no matter how he persuaded them, Lu Dong and Shui Mo were resolute in their decision to take him as their master, Fang Bai's face became serious, and he said solemnly, "I am determined to travel across the vast world, traversing many mountains and rivers. Following me will bring a lot of hardship, fatigue, danger, and possibly even death! Have you both made up your minds?"

"We've made up our minds!"

Lu Dong and Shui Mo exchanged a glance and then nodded firmly.

"Alright! I shall accept you both!"

Only then did a smile appear on Fang Bai's face. He said, "Stand up! Later, when you meet the grandmaster, you'll bow to him, and then you will officially be inducted!"

The "grandmaster" Fang Bai mentioned was none other than He Wujie.

Lu Dong and Shui Mo were aware that the grandmaster was a Nascent Soul Expert, with two Nascent Soul Puppet Corpses, making him far more formidable than ordinary Nascent Soul experts.

Lu Dong, a Loose Cultivator yet to form a core, had no opportunity to meet a Nascent Soul expert ordinarily.

And Shui Mo, a menial servant disciple in Flower Pavilion, couldn't attract the attention of those Nascent Soul-level seniors either.

Now, having taken Fang Bai as their master, it was equivalent to having a grandmaster with Nascent Soul cultivation, greatly elevating their status, which was truly wonderful.

With Fang Bai becoming the master, his Martial Dao companion Lu Liyu was promoted to "Master's Wife."

When Lu Dong cheerfully called out "Master's Wife," Lu Liyu's pretty face turned bright red, too shy to control, yet she still softly acknowledged with an "um."

In Shui Mo's eyes, having Lu Liyu transition from "Senior Sister" to "Master's Wife" felt somewhat awkward, but after hesitating, she eventually said it, causing Fang Bai to burst into laughter and tease them a little.

The four returned to Flower Pavilion, where they met with Fan Luoying, He Wujie, and others. Upon mentioning Lu Dong and Shui Mo's apprenticeship, Fan Luoying and the others naturally congratulated them.

He Wujie, thrilled at gaining two grand-disciples, immediately, together with Zhao Wanqing, gifted them some rare cultivation resources, which made the other Flower Pavilion disciples present envious.

Chapter 1578: Three Years

At Fan Luoying's invitation, Fang Bai temporarily stayed at the Flower Pavilion, and ended up staying for an entire month.

During this month, Fang Bai used the Yin Yang Spring Water within the Space Ring to nourish the piece of Dark Deadwood. To his immense joy, the Dark Deadwood finally sprouted a tender green shoot, rejuvenating with life energy, and it was growing robustly.

In his spare time, Fang Bai explained the Martial Dao and taught formations to the disciples of the Flower Pavilion, and he specifically took time to instruct his newly accepted disciples, Lu Dong and Shui Mo, causing their cultivation levels to skyrocket and successfully reach Core Formation, becoming Golden Pill Experts within just one month.

One could say that during this month, the overall strength of the Flower Pavilion improved significantly, especially with the few offensive and defensive formations Fang Bai taught, which had an immeasurable impact on the future development and expansion of the Flower Pavilion.

The disciples of the Flower Pavilion were also full of confidence, thinking that even if a Nascent Soul Perfection expert were to invade in the future, their side could withstand by setting up formations, making the Flower Pavilion impregnable and difficult to break.

Every late night, Fang Bai roasted the two Roc Eggs he got from Elder Duan Donghai of Zixia Manor using Fire Primordial Qi to accelerate the hatching process.

One month later, the Wind Rocs, each the size of a fist, finally broke out of their shells, chirping adorably.

Fang Bai quietly gave one of the hatched Wind Rocs to Lu Liyu, letting her slowly tame it to use as a mount in the future.

A Wind Roc raised from childhood has extremely high loyalty, even a regular Beast Taming Scripture would find it difficult to control it. This was why Fang Bai decided to tame the Wind Roc.

The Wind Rocs grow rapidly, changing almost daily. From the time they hatched to being able to carry people in flight, it only took three to five months.

And when the Wind Roc matures, its power rivals that of a Nascent Soul expert. With wings spreading over ten zhang wide, it can fly over a hundred li with a flap, stirring up gusts of strong wind, very fierce indeed.

"You brat, didn't you say you only got two Wind Roc eggs? What about Lu Family girl's Wind Roc?"

The matter of Lu Liyu taming a Wind Roc couldn't be hidden from He Wujie. When he noticed the Wind Roc following Lu Liyu, he managed to extract the origins of that Wind Roc from her with just a few words and immediately found Fang Bai to "settle accounts."

Fang Bai looked innocent and said, "Master, I did get two Wind Roc eggs! That one of Li Yu's... she probably got it on her own."

He Wujie replied, not pleased, "Stop with the nonsense! I asked the Lu Family girl, and she said you gave it to her. Humph, deceiving even your master is an affront, you know? That's punishable, you know?"

Fang Bai noticed He Wujie wasn't truly angry, sensing he wanted something from him, and smiled, "Alright, I was wrong about this! Master, how do you plan to punish me?"

With a serious expression, He Wujie said, "With your current strength, those two Nascent Soul Realm Puppet Corpses are probably useless, right?"

Upon hearing He Wujie bring this up, Fang Bai immediately understood his intentions, laughed heartily, and asked, "Does Master want me to give those two corpses to the Mistress?"

He Wujie, embarrassed at being exposed, blushed, and then kept a solemn face, "So what if I do? Just tell me if you're giving them or not!"

Before Fang Bai could reply, he sighed and softened his tone, saying, "Disciple, it's not easy for your mistress to be with me, and I've always wanted to give her a surprise to make her happy... But I only have one Roc egg, a bit reluctant to give it away... Those two puppet corpses of yours are of no use anyway, why not give them to her, alright?"

If He Wujie had not mentioned it, Fang Bai intended to give the puppet corpses to Lu Liyu later, to provide her with a stronger means of self-protection.

But since He Wujie brought it up, Fang Bai was reluctant to refuse, and besides, Lu Liyu would be with Fang Bai in the future, with him for protection, the presence or absence of puppet corpses was inconsequential.

Yet, Fang Bai didn't want He Wujie taking advantage without reason. He glanced at the treasure gourd hanging at He Wujie's waist and cheekily asked, "Master, your Thousand Spirits Elixir, you still have quite a bit, right?"

"What are you planning, boy? Let me tell you, I have at most ten pounds left of my Thousand Spirits Elixir, I can't give any more away."

He Wujie tightly held the treasure gourd at his waist, looking at Fang Bai warily.

Holding up two fingers, Fang Bai said, "Two pounds of Thousand Spirits Elixir, in exchange for two puppet corpses."

He Wujie's eyes rolled, "You want the elixir to give it to the Lu Family girl?"

Fang Bai replied, "Correct. You use puppet corpses to surprise the Mistress, I also use the Thousand Spirits Elixir to win Li Yu's favor! Fair!"

"You kid... alright, it's a deal!"

After the master and disciple reached a verbal agreement, the exchange was made immediately.

He Wujie gave Fang Bai two pounds of the Thousand Spirits Elixir and got two puppet corpses from Fang Bai.

Those two puppet corpses had already been forcefully stripped of Divine Sense by Fang Bai. Once Zhao Wanqing learned the Corpse Refinement Art from He Wujie, she could control the puppet corpses.

Four months later, the three Wind Rocs had grown to a length of a zhang, with wings nearly ten zhang wide, capable of easily carrying people in flight.

Thus, Fang Bai, Lu Liyu, He Wujie, Zhao Wanqing, Lu Dong, and Shui Mo, a group of six, bid farewell to the leaders of the Flower Pavilion, rode on the three Wind Rocs, and began exploring the three thousand great worlds in search of cultivation opportunities.

Time flies like an arrow, and three years passed in a flash.

During these three years, the six of Fang Bai traveled to many dangerous mountains and rivers of the three thousand great worlds, visiting many cities and countries, also admiring many famous cultivation holy lands, and gained countless cultivation resources.

In these three years, Fang Bai and the others practiced diligently, and both their cultivation level and strength had greatly improved, which could even be described as a leap.

Currently, Fang Bai's Golden Core within his Qi Sea had transformed into a Nascent Soul, officially stepping into the Nascent Soul Realm. With his ability to challenge across levels, he could defeat any opponent in the Nascent Soul Realm.

Lu Liyu, with her Innate Wood Spirit Root, under Fang Bai's close guidance and the accumulation of countless cultivation resources, advanced from mid-stage Golden Core to Golden Pill Perfection.

And the Green Bamboo Sword, the Spiritual Artifact in her hand, was repeatedly refined by Fang Bai to reach the King Grade Spiritual Artifact level, allowing her to hold her own against early Nascent Soul experts in battle.

Fang Bai's newly accepted disciples, Lu Dong and Shui Mo, although not possessing Innate Spiritual Roots, had good qualifications. Their cultivation levels reached Golden Core High Rank, and with the assistance of two Superior Grade Holy Grade Spiritual Artifacts crafted by Fang Bai, they could contend with Golden Pill Perfection experts.

As for He Wujie and Zhao Wanning, this Martial Dao couple also benefited from Fang Bai's guidance, advancing from the early Nascent Soul stage to the mid-stage, thereby extending their own lifespan by another sixty years.

The puppet corpses in their Spatial Rings were repeatedly refined using the Corpse Refinement Art, and their strength also improved to the mid-stage Nascent Soul, becoming a powerful aid to them.

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In the Xuanyang Realm, in front of a huge teleportation array passed down from ancient times inside Xuankong Mountain.

Hundreds of elders or stewards from various sects of the Xuanyang Realm gathered, waiting for the teleportation array to open automatically every three years. Then they would scramble to recruit some Foundation Establishment martial artists from the thousands of minor worlds to bolster their sect's strength and select those with outstanding qualifications for cultivation.

Chapter 1579: Dongfang Sisters

As the sun rose, its rays shone upon the teleportation array, and a beam of light refracted upwards, piercing the sky.

"The teleportation array is about to activate!"

Some experienced sect stewards or elders whispered, their eyes fixed on the teleportation array ahead, ready to seize potential recruits.

Of course, they wouldn't grab people randomly, but first assess the qualifications of the martial artists being teleported over.

This requires not only keen eyesight but also quick reflexes.

Otherwise, if they fall behind, outstanding talents would be taken by other sects, leaving them with lesser talents and certain reprimands from their sect master.

Moments later, the teleportation array spun rapidly and roared to life, a broad beam connecting heaven and earth, its radiance dazzlingly bright.

After another moment, several silhouettes appeared within the beam of light.

Those figures, all Foundation Establishment Martial Artists, hailed from different regions of the three thousand minor worlds, and were teleported together into this ancient and massive teleportation array.

As the light beam vanished, dozens of Foundation Establishment Martial Artists came into view of the stewards or elders dispatched from the Xuanyang Realm.

Among the dozens of Foundation Establishment Martial Artists, some faces looked confused, some ecstatic, and others tense, their expressions varied.

Clearly, having traveled from the three thousand minor worlds, it's natural to feel confused, nervous, or excited upon first arrival; very few maintained a calm demeanor.

Among the dozens, the two beautiful faces of young girls caught the attention of elders or stewards from major sects in the Xuanyang Realm.

The two girls appeared similar in age, both having bright eyes and white teeth, with features elegantly picturesque and sharing a six to seven resemblance in looks.

One girl wore a black dress, the other a pink one.

The girl in the black dress was tall and curvaceous, her skin like snow, as lustrous as jade, with her silky hair flowing like satin.

She naturally exuded a cool and distant aura, giving an impression of being unapproachable, like keeping people at arm's length.

The girl in the pink dress was petite, with twin ponytails, exquisite features, and skin supple and fair like a baby's, appearing like a freshly blooming flower, noble and adorable, youthful and vivid.

"Sister, there are so many people here..."

The girl in the pink dress, seeing the eyes full of covetous gleams around, felt a bit scared and tightly gripped the arm of the girl in the black dress, her large eyes darting nervously.

"Ruhua, don't be afraid, I'm here!"

Though saying this, the girl in the black dress also showed some tension in her expression.

After all, the two sisters came from the three thousand minor worlds to a new place, unfamiliar to them, and seeing these seemingly powerful martial artists, unsure whether friend or foe, how could they not be anxious and worried?

"Sister, is this really the three thousand major worlds that Big Brother talked about?"

Mentioning "Big Brother," the girl in the pink dress relaxed a bit, her curious eyes wandering around as she whispered.

The girl in the black dress replied, "Probably so! However... I remember Fang Bai saying that each realm of the three thousand major worlds is vast, and the teleportation array's destination is not fixed, so it might take a while to meet him."

The girl in the pink dress grinned, "We've waited several years, so there's no rush to meet instantly! Let's slowly inquire about Big Brother's whereabouts after arriving here."

She paused, took a deep breath, and sighed, "The Essence Energy here is so dense... oh no, Big Brother said in the three thousand major worlds, it's called Spiritual Energy, not Essence Energy... hmm, it's really rich with Spiritual Energy here!"

The girl in the black dress said, "Fang Bai arrived in the three thousand major worlds years ahead of us, and his cultivation level must be very high now, so we must focus on cultivation too, striving not to let the gap widen further."

At this, she glanced affectionately at the girl in the pink dress, her usually indifferent face showing a hint of a smile, "From now on, you're not allowed to slack off in cultivation, or I won't forgive you!"

The girl in the pink dress made a pained face and nodded, "Okay. I remember."

While they spoke, the sisters walked hand in hand out of the teleportation array.

Just as they stepped out, a few figures dashed out from among the observing martial artists in the distance.

"This little girl is an Innate Water Spirit Root... Excellent! Very good! Girl, what's your name?"

An elderly woman of about a hundred years carefully examined the girl in the black dress, her eyes gleaming, and asked.

The girl in the black dress replied coolly, "Dongfang Rushi."

"Dongfang Rushi, are you willing to join our Ice River Sect?"

The elderly woman asked, seeing Dongfang Rushi unmoved, her eyebrows raised, "Our Ice River Sect is a strong sect with Foundation Establishment perfection powerful cultivators stationed. If you join, with your qualifications, we would certainly nurture you with all the sect's resources..."

The elderly woman continued with a lengthy self-praise speech, looking expectantly at Dongfang Rushi, "Little girl, what do you think? You have an Innate Water Spirit Root, and our Ice River Sect disciples practice Water System Techniques, I think you have affinity with our sect!"

Dongfang Rushi felt a sense of movement in her heart and said, "I'll join you if you help me find someone."

"We at the Ice River Sect have thousands of disciples, with connections across the three thousand major worlds, isn't it easy to find someone? Rest assured, I swear by my name as an elder of the Ice River Sect, if you join, this matter will be taken care of by me."

The elderly woman readily agreed.

"My sister..."

Dongfang Rushi glanced at Dongfang Ruhua by her side, about to say "Please take in my sister too" when unexpectedly, a gruff man beside her said, "Your sister has an Innate Thunder Spirit Root, right? Thunder Spirit Roots are outside the Five Elements Spiritual Roots, very special, and the Ice River Sect has no cultivation techniques for Thunder Spirit Roots... Therefore, your sister should join our Leiyun Sect!"

The man with the beard looked eagerly at Dongfang Ruhua, rubbing his palms continuously, and if Dongfang Ruhua hadn't moved behind Dongfang Rushi, he might well have grabbed her in his enthusiasm for talent.

The overall strength of the Leiyun Sect was comparable to that of the Ice River Sect, both being sects with Foundation Establishment perfection martial artists stationed, considered minor and weak in the vast three thousand major worlds, but locally they were top-tier strong sects.

"I... I don't want to be separated from my sister..."

Dongfang Ruhua said weakly.

The bearded man smiled broadly, "That can be arranged. Our Leiyun Sect and the Ice River Sect are not far apart, allowing you two sisters to meet frequently."

After pausing, he added, "Little girl, within tens of thousands of miles here, the sect primarily focusing on cultivating Thunder Techniques is only our Leiyun Sect. With your current cultivation level, securing your safety as a loose cultivator is challenging, but by joining our Leiyun Sect, you gain a strong backing... Consider this carefully!"

Though the bearded man appeared rugged, his mind was meticulous, patiently and gently persuading Dongfang Ruhua.

Chapter 1580: Please Take Care of Me

Under the constant persuasion of that hundred-year-old woman and the burly man with curly beard, the sisters Dongfang Rushi and Dongfang Ruhua hesitated for a while. After privately discussing it, they finally decided to join the sect of the opposite party.

They traveled from the Minor World to the unfamiliar Major World, neither familiar with the situation here nor strong enough to ensure safety. Therefore, as the burly man suggested, they planned to first find a safe place and then continue cultivating while searching for Fang Bai.

Ultimately, the hundred-year-old woman and the burly man got their wish as Dongfang Rushi and Dongfang Ruhua agreed to join their sect.

When the sisters Dongfang Rushi and Dongfang Ruhua were parting, they embraced each other and cried, tears streaming down their faces. They privately agreed to meet once a month and asked their respective sects to help search for Fang Bai.

As long as they found Fang Bai, they would continue cultivating by his side in the Major World.

The hundred-year-old woman was named He Bing, one of the four Great Elders of the Ice River Sect. She was overjoyed when she got Dongfang Rushi, who had the Innate Water Spirit Root, and immediately manipulated her Spiritual Artifact to take Dongfang Rushi back to the sect.

"Haha, young girl, the people are far gone, yet you're still unwilling to part? Don't be sad. It won't be long before you and your sister can meet again."

The burly man with the curly beard couldn't help but feel sympathy when he saw Dongfang Ruhua weeping nonstop while looking in the direction her sister disappeared and comforted her with a smile.

Dongfang Ruhua cried for a while before wiping her somewhat reddened large eyes and looked at the burly man with curly beard, asking: "This... Uncle..."

"Uncle?"

The burly man was stunned for a moment, then laughed heartily.

Dongfang Ruhua was baffled by his laughter and asked: "Is it wrong for me to call you Uncle?"

The burly man said: "Young girl, do you know how old I am?"

Dongfang Ruhua replied: "At most forty years... Am I guessing right?"

The burly man shook his finger, saying: "I established my foundation at forty years old and am now over one hundred years old."

Dongfang Ruhua was taken aback and stuck out her pink tongue, saying: "How can that be? You don't look old at all!"

The burly man said proudly: "That's the benefit of us cultivators. I successfully established my foundation at forty and am now mid-rank Foundation Establishment. It's due to continuous progress in cultivation that my appearance has remained in the state it was when I established my foundation. If I can advance further and reach high-rank Foundation Establishment while I'm alive, my lifespan will be extended by dozens of years and my appearance will stay the same until a moment before death."

Seeing a look of envy on Dongfang Ruhua's face, he continued: "Young girl, you are so beautiful, do you want to maintain your looks forever?"

"Yes."

Dongfang Ruhua nodded vigorously.

No woman in this world doesn't love beauty or wish for eternal youth, and beautiful women are even more so.

Dongfang Ruhua hoped to appear before Fang Bai in her most beautiful state when they would meet in the future, becoming the most noticeable among the many women surrounding him.

"If you wish for it, come with me to the Leiyun Sect to cultivate! Oh, by the way, my name is Lei Hou. I am currently Steward of the Leiyun Sect. You can call me Steward Lei in the future."

The burly man was tall with a loud voice like thunder, yet he deliberately softened his voice when speaking to Dongfang Ruhua, trying not to scare this seemingly delicate young beauty.

"Oh, Steward Lei, I hope you will take good care of me in the future!"

Dongfang Ruhua deeply bowed to Lei Hou.

Lei Hou waved his hand and asked: "Do you think I will be the one teaching you cultivation techniques and martial arts in the future?"

"Isn't it?"

Dongfang Ruhua was momentarily taken aback.

Lei Hou sighed: "You are an outstanding talent, the Leiyun Sect hasn't seen such in a thousand years. Honestly, I really want to be your master, but unfortunately, I lack the qualifications! Once I take you back, you're sure to become a target of fights among several elders, and even the Sect Master might personally instruct you. Your fortune has come..."

After a pause, he asked: "By the way, young girl, your sister is Dongfang Rushi, what is your name?"

"Dongfang Ruhua."

"Rushi, Ruhua... Ha, you two sisters have chosen good names! Alright Ruhua, let's head to Leiyun Sect!"

Lei Hou summoned his Spiritual Artifact, stepping onto it, floating in the air, waiting for Dongfang Ruhua.

"Oh? This young girl actually possesses such a Spiritual Artifact!"

Seeing Dongfang Ruhua also summon her own Spiritual Artifact, which was no less in rank than his, Lei Hou revealed a bit of astonishment in his gaze.

Dongfang Ruhua's Spiritual Artifact was gained during a trial in the Minor World. After she advanced to Foundation Establishment, she could maneuver it freely.

The two of them soared into the sky, riding their Spiritual Artifacts, and after a day, landed on a mountaintop near Leiyun Sect.

"That is our sect!"

Lei Hou pointed to a "small city" located several kilometers below the mountaintop.

The "small city" was built against the mountainside, with thousands of houses and buildings nestled by the water, arranged beautifully. Shadows of people were seen bustling among them, all of whom were disciples of Leiyun Sect.

From a valley on the east side of the small city, Dongfang Ruhua faintly sensed Thunder Spirit Qi, and her eyes lit up.

Lei Hou chuckled: "That valley produces Thunder Stones required for Thunder System Martial Artists' cultivation, where Thunder Spirit Qi is most concentrated. If you're accepted as a direct disciple by some elder, you'll surely be allocated a significant amount of Thunder Stones every month!"

Dongfang Ruhua looked toward the direction of the valley, unconsciously clenched her fists, thinking: "Ruhua, you must strive hard! With enough strength, you can venture anywhere in the Major World to find your sister and elder brother!"

The two flew down the mountain peak, landing in front of the mountain gate. Several male disciples of Leiyun Sect on duty hurried forward, bowing their fists, saying: "Greetings, Steward Lei!"

When their gazes landed on the radiant Dongfang Ruhua, each face showed a look of amazement, and their breathing constricted. They felt that once this woman appeared, all female disciples of Leiyun Sect instantly turned to mediocre and plain varnish.

"Ahem..."

Seeing the duty disciples' eyes fixed on Dongfang Ruhua, Lei Hou coughed vigorously in annoyance, casting them a fierce glare before taking Dongfang Ruhua directly up the sect master peak.

"Is that woman a new disciple brought back by Steward Lei from the teleportation array?"

"Is there a woman so beautiful in the world!"

"This must be the most beautiful I've ever seen!"

"Initially, our Leiyun Sect had many beauties, but compared to her, they seem rather insignificant!"

"Senior Brother Feng, you are one of the most good-looking men in Leiyun Sect and an early Foundation Establishment level cultivator, a perfect match for that woman. I think if you approach her more often in the future, you have a chance to win her heart and form a Martial Dao partnership with her."

"Wish Senior Brother Feng success in winning her!"

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