

Doctor 771

Chapter 771: Wild Ginseng

Fang Bai, who burst into the wolf pack, was surrounded by Essence Energy, with his intimidating presence shrouding all directions.

These wild wolves, being just ordinary beasts, couldn't even compare to Spirit Beasts, so how could they withstand the pressure from Fang Bai?

Over twenty wild wolves, under Fang Bai's imposing intimidation, not only dared not attack but instead tucked their tails and turned to flee.

"Think you can run? Not a single one of you!"

Fang Bai's right foot flew up, kicking a football-sized stone high into the air, then with a punch he shattered the boulder in mid-air.

Without waiting for those fragments to hit the ground, Fang Bai's palms struck out like lightning in a flurry, driving over twenty pieces of shattered stone to howl and shoot out, targeting the twenty-odd wolves.

His movements were completed between lightning and flint, too fast for the naked eye to discern.

Dozens of stone fragments, like bullets shot from a chamber, had a force far beyond the hunting rifles in the hands of hunters like Zhao Yunjian, and even the tough skin and flesh of the wolves were pierced directly by the flying shards, killing them on the spot.

Just now the valley was filled with incessant wolf howls, but in a blink of an eye, all was quiet, the whole valley fell into silence, with only the sound of the night wind howling past one's ears.

Standing beside Fang Bai, Zhao Guoqiang, under the moonlight, looked at the twenty-odd wolf corpses on the snowy ground, speechless and in disbelief, his breaths were rapid and heavy.

Hiding behind a large stone in the distance, Zhao Yunjian and the other hunters had expressions and demeanors much like Zhao Guoqiang's.

They had always believed that Fang Bai, who looked tender and weak, was powerless and that their protection was crucial during his venture into the mountain, but what was happening in front of them completely overturned their understanding.

Far from being weak as they had imagined, Fang Bai was powerfully intimidating.

Killing over twenty wild wolves in the blink of an eye, such strength was simply staggering, something Zhao Yunjian and the others couldn't even fathom.

Some hunters, recalling how Fang Bai had treated the sick villagers of Zhao Family Village, where even the gravest illnesses were cured with a touch of his hand, had already begun to regard him as a living deity.

"I've taken care of the wild wolves for you, as for how you'll carry the pelts back, that's for you to figure out," Fang Bai said with a smile as he patted Zhao Guoqiang on the shoulder, as though he had done a trivial thing.

Regaining his senses, Zhao Guoqiang looked at Fang Bai with reverence, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed hard several times before stammering, "Mr. Fang, you...you are truly amazing...really amazing..."

Fang Bai smiled, not saying a word. To him, the attack power of this pack of wild wolves was not even comparable to a group of Yellow Level Martial Artists. Dealing with them was effortless.

Zhao Guoqiang turned his head and saw the twenty-odd wolf carcasses around them, his spirits lifted, and he turned to call out to his father Zhao Yunjian and the other dozen hunters with a wave, shouting, "All the wolves have been killed by Mr. Fang, come on over, everyone!"

Hearing this, Zhao Yunjian and the others rushed out from their hiding spots behind the big stones and ran toward them.

Zhao Yunjian and the other hunters were experienced, and they first checked the wolf carcasses, confirming they were all dead, then gathered around Fang Bai, looking at the young man with eyes full of adoration and fear.

"Not only is Mr. Fang's medical skills impressive, but his martial ability is also exceptional. Truly a master," Zhao Yunjian said, thumb up in admiration, treating Fang Bai as someone who wasn't just proficient in medicine but was also a Martial Arts Expert capable of the most extraordinary feats.

It was clear that, without Fang Bai, the dozen or so hunters surrounded by the wolf pack would have inevitably engaged in a fierce battle, and even if they could eventually repel the pack, casualties would have been unavoidable.

After the incident with the wolf pack, nobody felt like sleeping anymore; they all gathered around the fire to chat, with Fang Bai naturally becoming the focus of the conversation.

With dawn, Zhao Yunjian, his son, and the other dozen hunters who accompanied them began to act, going to where Fang Bai had killed the wolves during the night. They took out sharp daggers, skinned the wolves one by one, and buried the carcasses on the spot.

In the end, Zhao Yunjian calculated that they had skinned twenty-two wolf pelts. Sold in the market, each person would get at least twenty thousand yuan. With those pelts in hand, even without any other gains, this trip to the mountains was well worth it.

The group packed away the wolf hides, ate and drank a bit, then continued on deeper into the Forest Sea Snowfield.

Fang Bai had learned from chatting with the hunters earlier that wild ginseng was highly valuable. If someone was lucky enough to dig up a hundred-year wild ginseng, it could be an income of several hundred thousand, or even millions, a massive fortune.

Fang Bai wanted to give these hunters a stroke of wealth, planning to help them find wild ginseng, so he was on the lookout all along the way.

Wild ginseng over a hundred years old was also considered a kind of spiritual medicine, containing a hint of Heaven and Earth Origin Energy. This meant that anywhere they passed, if there was wild ginseng to be found, no matter how well hidden, it couldn't escape Fang Bai's keen senses.

"Uncle Zhao, go check under that tree, you should be able to dig up some ginseng!"

At noon that day, while passing a hill slope that wasn't too steep, Fang Bai pointed to a large tree on the slope and spoke.

Under that tree, Fang Bai sensed the Essence Energy fluctuations of wild ginseng and guessed the ginseng must be at least a hundred years old.

"Okay!"

Zhao Yunjian now viewed Fang Bai as something akin to a supernatural being. Upon hearing Fang Bai's words, he immediately set down his prey, took his ginseng digging tools, and ran towards the hill slope.

Zhao Yunjian was not only an experienced hunter but also a ginseng digger with decades of experience. Reaching the hill slope, he instantly spotted a wild ginseng growing under the tree.

Judging by the stem and leaves of the ginseng, Zhao Yunjian knew it was of considerable age, and he couldn't help but feel ecstatic.

Zhao Yunjian wielded his digging tools carefully and dug out the ginseng. When he had cleared the soil from the ginseng and saw its "true face," his hands shook uncontrollably, and his face turned bright red with excitement.

He took a deep breath to suppress his elation and carefully placed the ginseng into a box he carried with him, then quickly returned to the midst of the other hunters.

"Dad, did you dig up some ginseng?"

Zhao Guoqiang hurried over to ask as he saw his father return.

"Yes!"

Zhao Yunjian nodded vigorously.

"How many?"

Zhao Guoqiang asked further.

"One!"

Zhao Yunjian answered.

"Just one..."

Zhao Guoqiang sounded a bit disappointed.

Zhao Yunjian slapped his son on the head and scolded with a laugh, "Just one? You brat, do you have any idea how valuable this one ginseng is? I'll tell you, it's a hundred-year wild ginseng!"

"What? A hundred-year wild ginseng?"

Zhao Guoqiang nearly jumped up, his eyes wide as he asked, "Dad, is this for real?"

Zhao Yunjian ignored his son and, facing the curious looks of the hunters, opened the box containing the hundred-year wild ginseng and exclaimed, "Folks, a hundred-year wild ginseng... we've dug up a hundred-year wild ginseng!"

Chapter 772: The Strange Little Lake

Over a dozen hunters fell silent for a moment when they heard the words "Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng," but then they swarmed around Zhao Yunjian. As they saw the Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng he had brought back, a burst of enthusiastic cheers erupted.

Some days prior, a few hunters from a neighboring village had hit the jackpot in the Forest Sea Snowfield, unearthing a Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng that sold for an incredible one million, making the hunters of Zhao Family Village envious for quite some time. They never expected that on their venture into the mountains they would come across such good fortune as well.

The box containing the Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng was passed from one hunter's hands to another, and everyone who got hold of it looked and looked again, reluctant to let it go.

"Add this ginseng to the twenty-some wolf skins we got earlier, and after we sell them, each family could get nearly a hundred thousand dollars!"

One hunter said, rubbing his hands together excitedly.

"With this money, our lives will be so much better!"

Another hunter said, unable to contain his excitement.

Zhao Yunjian quickly regained his composure as he knew the fate of the ginseng was for Fang Bai to decide, since it was found with Fang Bai's guidance. Otherwise, they all might have missed it.

"Mr. Fang, you were the one who discovered this ginseng, so it should belong to you..."

Zhao Yunjian approached Fang Bai, offering him the box with the ginseng.

Immersed in excitement, the hunters regained their senses as well. Seeing Zhao Yunjian about to hand over the ginseng to Fang Bai, although they felt somewhat reluctant and disappointed, they knew it was the right thing to do and showed no dissatisfaction.

Fang Bai pushed the box with the Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng back to them and, looking around at the dozen or so hunters with a smile, said, "This time in the mountains, all I want is the 'Earth Immortal Ginseng.' The rest is yours to keep. I believe there's more than one Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng in the mountains. If we look carefully, we might find a few more. Everyone, time is of the essence. Shall we continue on our way?"

On the way here, Fang Bai had already told Zhao Yunjian and the others that what he was looking for was called "Earth Immortal Ginseng." It was the first time Zhao Yunjian and the others heard of the Earth Immortal Ginseng and were curious as to why Fang Bai wanted these items that no one else seemed to care for.

However, the hunters didn't have any interest in why Fang Bai was looking for the Earth Immortal Ginseng, and upon hearing that Fang Bai didn't want the Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng, they were overjoyed and cheered again.

Although Zhao Yunjian had not had many interactions with Fang Bai, he knew Fang Bai was a generous and straightforward young man. If he said he didn't want the Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng, he meant it.

Zhao Yunjian no longer insisted and expressed gratitude on behalf of the dozen hunters to Fang Bai. Then, he entrusted the Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng to his son Zhao Guoqiang for safekeeping and, with a wave of his hand, led the group onward.

The dozen hunters felt a deep sense of gratitude towards Fang Bai. They perked up, strode forward with large steps, ready to dig up more "Earth Immortal Ginseng" for Fang Bai when the time came, as a way of repaying him.

Along the way, Fang Bai continually brought surprises to Zhao Yunjian and the other hunters.

In just two short days, with Fang Bai's help, the group of hunters had caught dozens of wild chickens and rabbits, and even encountered a ferocious wild boar weighing several hundred jin. Although the boar was killed by Fang Bai, its body was too large to bring back, so they could only cut off some of the meat to barbecue on the way, leaving the rest behind.

By dusk on the third day, Fang Bai discovered two more ginseng plants on a gentle slope. Upon unearthing the two ginsengs, Zhao Yunjian was so excited he almost had a heart attack.

One of the ginseng plants was over a hundred years old, while the other was incredibly over three hundred years old.

Zhao Yunjian, who kept a close watch on the ginseng market, knew that at a ginseng auction two years prior, a ginseng just over three hundred years old had sold for nearly ten million.

The one they had dug out, being older than three hundred years and larger and better in shape, would undoubtedly be worth over ten million if sold.

When Zhao Yunjian shared this news with the other hunters, they went wild. They jumped and hugged each other, with some unable to hold back their tears.

A three-hundred-year wild ginseng and two hundred-year wild ginseng—the total value had already surpassed ten million. After selling them, the dozen or so hunters could each get nearly a million. With this capital, they could engage in other businesses and wouldn't have to risk hunting in the mountains anymore.

The discovery of the three wild ginsengs all owed thanks to Fang Bai. The hunters felt even more grateful towards him, considering this young man to be their lucky star.

"Mr. Fang, those few 'Earth Immortal Ginsengs' we found last time were in this area!"

That afternoon, the group arrived at a small lake deep within the Forest Sea Snowfield. Zhao Yunjian pointed at a cluster of plants around the lake and spoke.

The lake was roughly the size of a soccer field, surrounded by mountains on three sides and a primordial forest on the other. The lake water was smooth as a mirror, unfathomably deep.

What was most astonishing was that the lake water was as black as ink, while a tawny mist lingered incessantly above the surface.

The tawny mist was Earth Element Qi.

Normally, one would expect the Water Element Qi to be more abundant near a lake, but surprisingly, the concentration of Earth Element Qi here even surpassed that of the Water Element Qi.

Fang Bai's heart stirred. In his opinion, there must be some treasure within the lake constantly releasing Earth Element Qi.

Fang Bai only needed a glance to determine the surrounding plants were the exposed branches and leaves of the "Earth Immortal Ginseng."

Roughly estimating, there were about a thousand Earth Immortal Ginsengs by the lake. Although they were all low-grade Spiritual Medicines, their sheer number nonetheless delighted Fang Bai.

"It looks like this trip should yield a good harvest!"

Fang Bai thought to himself.

Under Fang Bai's direction, Zhao Yunjian and the dozen or so hunters began to dig up the "Earth Immortal Ginseng."

Fang Bai didn't plan to harvest all the "Earth Immortal Ginseng" here, only half, leaving the rest for a future visit.

By dusk, the dozen or so hunters had dug up a total of four or five hundred "Earth Immortal Ginseng." Zhao Yunjian let each person carry some, planning to hand them over to Fang Bai for processing once they returned to Zhao Family Village.

Zhao Guoqiang packed several dozen "Earth Immortal Ginseng" into his bag, then ran to the edge of the lake to wash his hands.

In this snowy weather, the lake water was warm. Immersed, one felt an indescribable comfort, warm and cozy, and although the water was ink-black, it didn't stain the skin.

"Guoqiang, be careful!"

Zhao Guoqiang lowered his head, just having washed his face, when he suddenly heard someone far off loudly warning him—it seemed to be Fang Bai's voice.

Zhao Guoqiang instinctively turned his head and glanced in Fang Bai's direction. He only saw a blur as Fang Bai's figure turned into a bolt of lightning rushing towards him.

At the same time, on the face of his father, Zhao Yunjian, not far from him, he saw an expression of sheer terror, as if he had seen some monster.

Wham—

A loud splash sounded as if something huge had surged out from the lake. A dizzying, rancid smell like a tidal wave, crashed over Zhao Guoqiang, engulfing him in it.

Chapter 773: The Giant Serpent

Zhao Guoqiang suddenly felt a chilling sensation down his spine. He rose abruptly and turned around, only to be met with the sight of a giant black snake.

The upper half of the giant snake's body was above the surface of the lake, lunging toward him with its mouth wide open, flicking its tongue as if intending to swallow Zhao Guoqiang whole.

The snake, as thick as a grown man's waist and more than a dozen meters long, had a triangular head the size of a winnowing basket, with a pair of eyes as large as chicken eggs that emitted a cold and forbidding light, causing one to shudder.

Covering the snake's body was a layer of scales, which under the sunlight reflected intimidatingly dark gleams, enhancing the snake's terrifying aura even further.

Zhao Guoqiang, who had never seen such a massive creature in his life, was so shocked that it felt like his soul had left his body, and he stood frozen in place.

Although the snake was immensely large, it moved swiftly through the water, and in the blink of an eye, it was less than two Zhang away from Zhao Guoqiang by the lakeside.

"Guoqiang!"

Witnessing his son about to be consumed by the snake, Zhao Yunjian's eyes split with rage as he raised his shotgun and fired at the giant snake.

At the same time, the other hunters also raised their guns and fired, hoping to repel the giant snake and save Zhao Guoqiang.

However, the scales on the snake's body were like slabs of iron armor, impervious to the hunters' shotguns, failing to inflict even a scratch on its body.

The snake, as if it possessed a sense of intelligence, looked dismissively with its cold gaze, undisturbed by the gunfire, and with its mouth still agape, continued to lunge at Zhao Guoqiang, who was petrified with fear.

"Evil beast, begone!"

Fang Bai arrived like an immortal descending from the heavens, landing in front of Zhao Guoqiang. With a furious shout, his right fist surged forward in a punch.

The Water Element Qi on the surface of the lake instantly gathered at Fang Bai's fist, forming a water orb the size of a basketball. Propelled by the momentum of Fang Bai's punch, the orb, carrying the weight of a thousand jin, whistled through the air and smashed into the giant snake's massive triangular head.

Bang—

The water orb struck the giant snake's head fiercely, and although it did not injure the snake, it managed to momentarily stall its lunging motion.

Seizing this brief opportunity, Fang Bai turned and grabbed Zhao Guoqiang, taking him dozens of meters away to reunite with Zhao Yunjian and the other hunters.

"It's safe now... everyone step back further, I'll deal with that giant snake!"

Fang Bai patted the still-shaken Zhao Guoqiang on the shoulder, then turned around and lunged back toward the giant snake in the lake.

The sudden appearance of the giant snake instilled overwhelming fear in Zhao Yunjian and the others. Seeing Zhao Guoqiang safe, they heaved a sigh of relief.

In the minds of Zhao Yunjian and the others, they should immediately flee the area after Zhao Guoqiang's escape, and they should flee as far as possible to avoid being caught by the giant snake and risking their lives.

But to their astonishment, Fang Bai, after putting down Zhao Guoqiang, excitedly lunged at the giant snake, attacking it head-on. This left Zhao Yunjian and the other onlookers dumbfounded, thinking Fang Bai had lost his mind.

To the experienced hunters like Zhao Yunjian, the giant snake, with its huge body and scales, seemed not far from becoming a spirit. Fang Bai, no matter how skilled a fighter he may be, was just one man—how could he possibly stand a chance against such a ferocious creature?

Of course, Fang Bai was not insane. He attacked the giant snake because he had encountered a rare and worthy opponent and was itching for a good fight with it.

Judging by the Essence Energy fluctuations around the snake, it was much stronger than the Fire Wolf King of Fire Wolves Valley. Its attack power was on par with a mid-rank Heaven Level Martial Artist, and if one considered its body covered in that layer of hard scales, its true strength was likely comparable to a high-rank Heaven Level fighter.

Such a great serpent could be categorized as a Spirit Beast. For Fang Bai, battling with the great serpent was also an excellent opportunity to temper himself.

Fang Bai knew that it was the Essence Energy within this great lake that had nurtured such a formidable great serpent, allowing it to grow into a Spirit Beast with a hint of intelligence and powerful attacking capabilities.

"Dad, what should we do?"

Having snapped out of his stupor, Zhao Guoqiang watched Fang Bai charging at the great serpent in the lake and asked with a tremble in his voice.

"We follow Mr. Fang's lead and retreat... Mr. Fang is a highly capable man, perhaps he can subdue that great serpent..."

Although Zhao Yunjian said this, he couldn't bring himself to believe Fang Bai could subdue the great serpent, given that the creature was so massive in size. If it stood upright, it would be several stories tall, and just its presence alone was enough to make one lose courage.

While Fang Bai was quite skilled, even capable of hunting wild boars that weighed several hundred pounds with his bare hands, the idea of him taking on a great serpent that was about ten times larger than a wild boar with nothing but his bare hands did not inspire confidence in anyone.

Boom—

Whoosh—

As Zhao Yunjian and the others retreated, they heard a series of booming and splashing noises from the lake—it was Fang Bai already engaged in fierce combat with the great serpent.

Having retreated to the distant woods, Zhao Yunjian and the others hid behind the thick trunks of large trees, looking out in the direction of the great lake. When they saw what was happening on the lake, they were once again stunned speechless.

At that moment, Fang Bai stood on the surface of the lake, his figure not sinking at all. His eyes radiated a cold gleam, and Essence Energy surged around him. With his fists swinging and divine might shining through, he seemed like a celestial being descended to the mortal realm.

Water globes containing tremendous power flew continuously from Fang Bai's fists, striking the great serpent's triangular head and making deafening "bang bang" sounds.

Although the great serpent had tough skin and thick flesh, protected by its scales, and possessed strong defensive capabilities, under Fang Bai's relentless attacks, its head spun dizzily, its body kept retreating, and it was completely on the losing side.

"Good heavens, is Mr. Fang a celestial being descended to earth?"

Watching Fang Bai, who stood atop the lake water and continuously attacked the great serpent, Zhao Yunjian was utterly dumbstruck, his face full of amazement as he murmured to himself.

The expressions on the faces of the other hunters were similar.

They were all simple and honest hunters, not worldly or sophisticated. The power displayed by Fang Bai surpassed their understanding, and they could only explain it through the lore of gods and immortals.

Under Fang Bai's relentless assault, the great serpent found itself on the defense. Seemingly provoked, it suddenly opened its mouth wide and spat out a cloud of black fog during a moment of weakness in Fang Bai's attack.

This black fog spread instantaneously across several meters, enveloping Fang Bai completely.

Some of the black fog that reached the shore touched the grass, trees, and rocks, causing the vegetation to wither and yellow instantly while the rocks corroded into powder; some of the fog touched the lake water, making it sizzle as if boiling, releasing wisps of white smoke.

Seeing this, Zhao Yunjian and the others turned pale, realizing that the fog the great serpent had emitted must contain a potent toxin. Merely inhaling or coming into contact with a tiny amount could lead to total body corrosion and agonizing death.

Enveloped completely by the black fog, could Fang Bai withstand the erosion of this lethal poison?

Zhao Yunjian and the others stared wide-eyed, their hearts hanging high with tension as they watched the black fog covering Fang Bai, silently praying that nothing would happen to him.

Chapter 774: Slaying

Suddenly—

A wind seemed to surge from nowhere, instantly dispersing the black fog and revealing Fang Bai's figure.

Fang Bai still stood steadily on the surface of the lake, his demeanor relaxed and completely unharmed.

The highly toxic black fog that could corrode even rocks had no effect on Fang Bai whatsoever.

Zhao Yunjian and others' eyes brightened, and after a moment of silence, they couldn't help but burst into cheers.

They regarded Fang Bai as a living immortal, yet they did not know that he possessed the rare Chaos True Body, with a physique so robust that neither water nor fire could harm him, nor could any poison invade him. The giant snake's poison fog posed no threat to him.

Whoosh—

A flash of blood, killing Qi soared to the sky, and Fang Bai gripped the air with his right hand. The Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, engraved with strands of runes, appeared in his right hand.

"You beast! Take my blade!"

Fang Bai leapt high into the air, letting out a fierce shout. While midair, he swung the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade viciously towards the giant snake's body.

A blood-red blade aura streaked across the sky, striking the giant snake's dark body and emitting a metallic clang, even sparking on impact.

The Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, bolstered by Essence Energy, was extremely sharp and could cut through anything. Although the giant snake's scales were harder than steel, they were to no avail. Large swathes of scales were cleaved apart, and a two-foot-long gash appeared on the body, blood spurting out and falling into the lake.

The giant snake knew it had met a formidable opponent and had no desire to continue the fight. Its body twisted as it attempted to flee.

"Once out, don't think of going back in!"

Fang Bai knew that if he allowed the giant snake to escape into the lake, it would not be easy to kill it later. He laughed heartily and swung the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade repeatedly. With each slash, sprays of snake blood flew.

Blood glows interwove intricately, constantly striking the giant snake's body, causing it evident pain as it twisted madly and blood continued to flow from the wounds, tainting the water within dozens of meters red.

"This giant snake is still a bit weak..."

Fang Bai had wanted to have a good and intense battle with the giant snake, but once the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade appeared, it seemed the blade's emanating imposing aura intimidated the snake, leaving it powerless to resist. Fang Bai completely dominated the battle, feeling somewhat bored.

"Die!"

Fang Bai had no intention of continuing the struggle with the giant snake. He lightly tapped the surface of the lake with his toes, leveraging himself to a position parallel to the giant snake's triangular head, and then executed a horizontal slash with the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.

With this slash, Fang Bai poured in all his strength, vowing to slay the giant snake beneath his blade.

With the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in hand, Fang Bai could defeat any peer within the Heaven Level Realm. The giant snake, sensing the crimson blade rolling toward it, seemed to feel the call of the reaper and desperately swayed its head trying to dodge the slash, but it was too late.

Thud—

The Blood-Drinking Mad Blade slashed below the head of the giant snake, blood burst forth, and the snake instantly was beheaded, its huge triangular head falling into the lake and causing a large splash.

The enormous body of the giant snake that had been above the surface of the lake also followed its head, crashing into the waters with a thunderous sound.

Although the process of killing the giant snake was brief, the energy, spirit, and effort expended were no less than that of fighting a high-rank Heaven Level Martial Artist for half a day. After killing the giant snake, Fang Bai felt as if his comprehension and understanding of the Martial Dao had once again deepened.

"The serpent is dead, come over!"

Fang Bai sheathed the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade and, grasping the body of the giant serpent, dragged it to the shore. Then he waved to Zhao Yunjian and the others, who were hiding in the distance, stunned with fear.

With hunting rifles in their hands and trembling with trepidation, Zhao Yunjian and his group approached and, upon seeing that the serpent was indeed dead, finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"My, my... I've been a hunter for most of my life, and I've killed some snakes, but I've never seen one so huge... Incredible! Absolutely incredible!"

Zhao Yunjian's hands gently caressed the scales that covered the serpent's body, and he uttered "tut, tut" in admiration.

"Dad, don't touch it carelessly, be careful of the poison!"

Thinking of the deadly black mist sprayed by the serpent that would corrode grass, wood, and stone on contact, Zhao Guoqiang's scalp tingled. Seeing his father reaching out to touch the serpent's body, he hurriedly shouted a warning.

Zhao Yunjian had indeed forgotten about that, and, startled by his son's reminder, he immediately withdrew his hands, looking down at them.

Seeing Zhao Yunjian's face turn pale with fright, Fang Bai said with a smile, "The serpent's venom sac is in its head, its body is not only non-poisonous but actually a treasure!"

"Did you hear that? Mr. Fang said there's no poison! You little rascal, you almost scared the soul out of your old man!"

Zhao Yunjian rolled his eyes at his son, rebuking him good-naturedly, and then, with eyes shining, he looked at Fang Bai and asked, "Mr. Fang, you said the serpent's body is a treasure? How so?"

Fang Bai explained, "This serpent has absorbed Heaven and Earth Origin Energy and has lived for over a hundred years, even developing a trace of spirituality. Eating its meat can strengthen the body, prolong life, and one will never fall ill in this lifetime!"

After pausing, he added, "Uncle Zhao, you're over forty this year, right? I suggest you take some serpent meat back home. If you eat a small cooked piece every day, you can live past a hundred without any illness or ailments!"

If anyone else had said this, Zhao Yunjian would surely have scoffed and not believed it, but now he regarded Fang Bai as infallible, and he took his words as the absolute truth.

"The serpent meat has such great benefits? Then that's indeed a treasure... Hmm, such a precious item can't be left here..."

An exhilarated Zhao Yunjian's face flushed red, he rubbed his hands together, circled around the serpent's body, and then said to Zhao Guoqiang and the others, "Fellow villagers, did you hear what Mr. Fang said? Now, throw away all the wild chickens and hares on you. Let's take the serpent meat back! The more, the better!"

Having heard Fang Bai's words, the hunters had already become interested in the serpent meat. Upon Zhao Yunjian's instruction, they discarded all the pheasants and hares, took out their daggers, and started to cut off pieces of serpent meat under his direction.

However, even though their daggers were sharp, they couldn't even budge the scales covering the giant serpent's body, let alone cut the meat.

"These scales are too hard..."

The hunters, exhausted and huffing, found themselves helpless against the scales and turned to look at Fang Bai.

Fang Bai, having a large amount of Spirit Medicine Essence Stones and little interest in the serpent meat with its faint Essence Energy, decided to gift it to the hunters of Zhao Family Village, granting them an opportunity.

"Let me do it!"

Seeing the hunters look at him with hopeful eyes, knowing they couldn't possibly carry the serpent meat without his help, Fang Bai smiled, drew the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade again, and walked up to the gigantic serpent's carcass. The Blood-Drinking Mad Blade waved about like lightning.

In the blink of an eye, the ten-meter-long serpent's body was first stripped of its scales by Fang Bai and then cut into pieces easy to transport.

Zhao Yunjian and the others packed up the serpent meat that Fang Bai had cut, each person carrying as much as they could on their backs, intent on bringing back more. After cooking it, the entire family could eat the meat and enjoy a life free from illness, filled with health and longevity.

Chapter 775: Yellow Core Stone

Zhao Yunjian and the others were busy cleaning up the snake meat, while Fang Bai wasn't idle either. He walked to the edge of the lake, allowing his Divine Sense to spread out beneath the waters.

"It's actually a Yellow Core Stone!"

Fang Bai's Divine Sense delved into the depths of the lake. After searching the lakebed for a moment, his attention finally settled on a fist-sized rock, and he felt a surge of joy in his heart.

The fist-sized rock emitted a faint earthy yellow glow. The surrounding Earth Element Qi gave off a profound and heavy aura akin to that of the great earth itself and continually rose upwards, spilling out over the surface of the lake.

"The lingering Earth Element Qi on the lake's surface must be released from this Yellow Core Stone!"

Fang Bai thought to himself.

"Uncle Zhao, wait for a moment. I'm going to take a look underwater!"

Fang Bai turned his head and called out to Zhao Yunjian and the others who were still dealing with the snake meat. He then circulated his water Element Qi and leaped, plunging into the lake with a "splash." With a stroke of his arms, his body glided through the water like a fish, diving towards the depths of the lake.

The lake was tens of meters deep. An ordinary person plunging into it was akin to falling into endless darkness, unable to see anything. However, with his Divine Sense to guide him, Fang Bai faced no issues.

After jumping into the lake, he swam directly towards the Yellow Core Stone glowing with earthy yellow light on the lakebed.

With Fang Bai's current realm of cultivation, circulating his water Element Qi allowed him to remain submerged for ten days and a half-month without any issues. He could even swim freely in oceans and seas, so this small lake, no bigger than a soccer field, presented no challenge to him whatsoever.

Yellow Core Stones are essential materials for forging Earth Spiritual Artifacts and are considered exceptionally rare treasures in the Cultivation World and among immortals. Moreover, Earth Spiritual Artifacts possess potent defensive capabilities and are indispensable for martial artists who travel on adventures and engage in combat.

Although Fang Bai currently lacked the ability to refine Elixirs and Spiritual Artifacts, with the Yellow Core Stone in hand, he could use it to craft Spiritual Artifacts once his Cultivation Level rose. He could also integrate the Yellow Core Stone into existing Spiritual Artifacts like the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade or the Houyi Bow to make them more durable and solid.

Fang Bai held the Yellow Core Stone in his hand, examining it closely before revealing a satisfied smile on his lips.

He then tossed the Yellow Core Stone into the inexhaustible space within his Spatial Ring. With a push of his toes against the lakebed, his body soared upward like a shooting arrow, bursting through the surface with a "whoosh," gliding several meters through the air before landing on the shore.

By the time Fang Bai came ashore, Zhao Yunjian and the others had finished dealing with the snake meat. They looked at him respectfully, waiting for him to speak, ready to leave together and return to Zhao Family Village.

Regarding Fang Bai's sudden dive into the lake, Zhao Yunjian and the others were tactful enough not to inquire.

In Zhao Yunjian's view, Fang Bai was like a living immortal; whatever he did had its reasons, and it was beyond the comprehension of mere mortals like them.

Zhao Yunjian and the others had accompanied Fang Bai into the mountains to pick Earth Immortal Ginseng, and it had been four to five days. Fang Bai knew that if he didn't return soon, the people from Zhao Family Village would start to worry, so with a wave of his hand, he said, "Let's go! Back to Zhao Family Village!"

He led the way with Zhao Yunjian following closely behind, and Zhao Guoqiang and the others trailed behind the two, all of them full of energy and excitement.

For the hunters from Zhao Family Village, this trip into the mountains was the most rewarding day of their lives. They could already imagine the joyful scenes of their family members in the village welcoming them upon their return.

The hunters' speed on their return journey was much faster than when they had ventured into the mountains. Although they encountered many wild chickens and rabbits along the way, they were too lazy to bother with them now. With the Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng and the century-old snake meat as their prized treasures, everything else seemed uninteresting.

Three days later, Fang Bai and his companions returned to Zhao Family Village.

"Folks of Zhao Family Village, we are back!"

As soon as they reached the entrance of Zhao Family Village, Zhao Guoqiang opened up his loud voice and excitedly started to shout.

Hearing Zhao Guoqiang's voice, the villagers living at the head of the village were the first to run out. Then the news spread from one to ten, and from ten to a hundred, quickly reaching the entire Zhao Family Village.

When they learned that the team that had entered the mountains had returned, men and women, young and old from Zhao Family Village nearly emptied out their homes, all flocking to the village entrance.

Seeing all those who had entered the mountains returning safe and sound, each hunter's family breathed a sigh of relief, approaching their own husbands or fathers to offer warmth and care.

"Yunjian, the haul from this trip seems pretty good, huh?"

An older villager, seeing the bags large and small that the hunters like Zhao Yunjian were carrying, all bulging, couldn't help but ask.

How well the hunt went was the question most cared about by the families of those who had entered the mountains – after all, it was related to their livelihood for the coming period.

Hearing the villager's question, the hunters looked at each other and all broke into joyful smiles.

"Thanks to Mr. Fang's help, during this trip into the mountains, every one of us made a small fortune!"

Zhao Yunjian said to the villagers with a smile.

"This time, we dug up four stalks of Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng! Among them, one is over three hundred years old!"

Zhao Guoqiang, with a smile brightening his face, took out a box containing the four ginseng stalks from the backpack behind him, then opened the box one by one, showing off to the villagers.

Some of the experienced old hunters in Zhao Family Village knew their stuff. They crowded forward to take a look and saw that the ginseng Zhao Guoqiang brought out were indeed four stalks of Hundred-Year Wild Ginseng. One of them was truly over three hundred years old, which excited them immensely.

"These four ginseng stalks could probably sell for several millions! Yunjian, you guys struck it rich! Rich indeed!"

An older hunter said, his expression full of envy.

Zhao Yunjian replied to Third Uncle Zhao with a smile, "Those four stalks of wild ginseng were found and harvested by Mr. Fang and us. Mr. Fang said that after we sell the ginseng, he doesn't want a penny of

the money. Instead, he's letting us – the dozen or so hunters who accompanied him into the mountains – split it evenly! Third Uncle Zhao, your son Zhigang also went into the mountains, so he will have a share of the ginseng money too!"

He paused, then added, "I did some calculations. The four ginseng stalks could sell for more than ten million. Each of us, the dozen or so hunters who entered the mountains, could receive about a million each! With this money, life will be much better from now on!"

The old hunter known as "Third Uncle Zhao" blushed with excitement, and making a bow to Fang Bai, he said, "Mr. Fang treats our villagers' sicknesses for nothing in return, and he doesn't even want the money from selling the ginseng. He is truly a good man! The villagers of Zhao Family Village are grateful and indebted to Mr. Fang!"

Fang Bai waved his hand with a smile and said, "Treating sicknesses is a mere trifle. As for the money from selling the ginseng... to be honest, I'm not short on money, so I don't need the ginseng money!"

The four stalks of wild ginseng were a tremendous gain that delighted the villagers, and when Fang Bai explained about the Hundred-Year Snake meat, each villager became equally excited.

Mr. Fang is a person like an immortal, and he said that snake meat can eliminate all diseases and prolong life. It must be true, so the villagers treated the snake meat as an even greater treasure than the wild ginseng, taking it home to cure for future consumption, planning to eat a little each day.

Chapter 776: Hattori Yumi

As dusk fell, the hunters who had accompanied Fang Bai into the mountains gathered in the yard of Zhao Yunjian's house, where they shared a rich lunch together. Many of them ate and drank heartily, returning home in a drunken stupor.

After seeing off over a dozen hunters with Zhao Yunjian and his son, Fang Bai prepared to rest here another night and leave in the morning to continue his journey of training.

As night approached, Zhao Family Village suddenly saw the arrival of a dozen or so Japanese tourists, carrying large and small bags.

Apart from one woman, the impression these Japanese tourists left on the villagers of the Zhao Family Village was one of few words and stern faces, silent and untalkative.

What surprised the villagers of the Zhao Family Village even more was that in the bitter cold, these Japanese tourists were all dressed very lightly, as though they were not afraid of the cold at all.

The Japanese woman who was responsible for communicating with the Zhao Family Village villagers seemed to be just over twenty, with fair skin, a slender waist, long legs, and was very beautiful. Moreover, she spoke fluent Huaxia.

Introducing herself as Hattori Yumi, during her interactions with the villagers, she always carried a refreshing smile on her face. Whenever the villagers answered her questions, she would bow to express her thanks, appearing very polite.

"Are these Japanese martial artists really tourists traveling in this area? I'm afraid it's not that simple!"

Fang Bai stood among the villagers of the Zhao Family Village, his eyes slightly narrowed as he scanned over the Japanese tourists, sensing fluctuations of Essence Energy from them—knowing they were martial artists, each with considerable skill.

Especially the Japanese woman named Hattori Yumi, who, despite appearing harmless, had the strongest abilities among the Japanese martial artists, an Earth Level Perfection martial artist.

These Japanese martial artists, although they all disguised themselves well, masquerading as tourists, could not hide from Fang Bai's "Fiery Eyes."

Fang Bai's attention was mostly focused on Hattori Yumi, this Japanese woman, and considering her name, he thought of Hattori Jiro, the leader of the Kyokushinkai he met in America.

Having been in this world for a long time, Fang Bai was knowledgeable about the history of various countries and knew that the Hattori Clan was a very famous Martial Arts Prominent Clan in Japan, which had produced numerous renowned ninjas in history. He wondered if this Hattori Yumi had any connection to Hattori Jiro.

Seeing Fang Bai brazenly appraising her, Hattori Yumi's brows furrowed slightly and a sharp glint flashed in her eyes, but she quickly resumed her smiling demeanor.

After interacting with the villagers of Zhao Family Village, Hattori Yumi implied that she hoped the villagers could make a few rooms available for them to spend the night, and that they would leave the next morning.

Given that Japan had invaded Huaxia decades ago, and Zhao Family Village had also suffered greatly at that time, the villagers held a grudge and did not hold any good feelings toward these Japanese tourists. However, after hearing Hattori Yumi say they were willing to pay a high price for lodging, several impoverished villagers were tempted and offered to vacate their homes for them to stay in.

Although many villagers of Zhao Family Village were unhappy with the stay of the Japanese tourists, they kept their discontent to themselves and did not voice it. So, that evening, the dozen or so Japanese tourists were accommodated in Zhao Family Village.

Fang Bai always felt that these Japanese martial artists had not come here merely for sightseeing; therefore, they had other motives.

Harboring this suspicion, late into the night when all was quiet, Fang Bai dispersed his Divine Sense, enveloping the entire Zhao Family Village within it. Thus, every move of every person in Zhao Family Village was under Fang Bai's surveillance.

The place where Hattori Yumi lived was only a hundred or two hundred meters away in a straight line from Fang Bai's house, and her actions could not escape Fang Bai's attention.

The night was at its peak, and Hattori Yumi had not rested; she and several Japanese martial artists were currently gathered in the room she was staying in, huddled around a table, carefully examining a map spread out on it.

The map was actually a landscape painting that depicted the mountains and terrains within a hundred miles around Zhao Family Village. The painting lacked any seals, poetry inscriptions, or signatures and appeared ancient and yellowed, suggesting it had been around for some years.

Some of the mountains and rivers on the map were labeled with names, and Hattori Yumi and the Japanese martial artists were pointing at these names, discussing something indecipherable.

Although Fang Bai could not understand the conversation of the Japanese martial artists, from their expressions and gestures, he could guess they wanted to use the map to search for something.

"Let's see what they're up to tomorrow..."

Since Fang Bai did not understand the Japanese language, he lost interest in eavesdropping further. He then retracted his Divine Sense, sat cross-legged to rest, and prepared to follow the Japanese martial artists the next day to see what they were up to.

After dawn, Fang Bai stepped out of his room and saw about a dozen Japanese martial artists, led by Hattori Yumi, gathered at the door of Zhao Yunjian's home.

Hattori Yumi stood in front of Zhao Yunjian and his son, pointing at the various mountain peaks surrounding Zhao Family Village, inquiring about the names of those peaks.

Zhao Yunjian and his son did not understand why Hattori Yumi was asking about the names of those peaks. Driven by their simple and hospitable nature, they still answered each question.

"Mr. Zhao, you have grown up here since childhood and must be very familiar with the local topography, right? The thing is, we have come here to appreciate the beautiful landscapes of your country... While I was in Japan, I heard there is a 'Flying Dragon Mountain' nearby with exceptionally beautiful scenery. We would like to visit it, but we don't know the exact location... Do you know where 'Flying Dragon Mountain' is?" Hattori Yumi suddenly said to Zhao Yunjian.

Upon hearing the words "Flying Dragon Mountain," Zhao Yunjian's expression became strange, and he frowned, "Flying Dragon Mountain... I do know where it is, but..."

Hattori Yumi's eyes lit up, and she eagerly asked, "But what?"

"Well, this matter is actually related to your country, Japan!"

Zhao Yunjian glanced at Hattori Yumi, his tone turning somewhat unfriendly, "I heard that when your country, Japan, invaded Huaxia, they killed many people in this area. Later, the bodies were dumped in a valley near 'Flying Dragon Mountain', which afterwards became known as 'Deadman's Valley,' a place of ill omen. For the next several decades, no one dared to visit 'Flying Dragon Mountain' for fun, let alone approach 'Deadman's Valley'..."

"For the harm my ancestors caused to your country, I offer my deepest apologies here. I'm truly sorry!"

Hattori Yumi bowed deeply to Zhao Yunjian, speaking sincerely.

Zhao Yunjian waved his hand and sighed, "You weren't born at that time, these matters have nothing to do with you! But I suggest you forget about going to Flying Dragon Mountain. The place has a heavy Yin presence, it's inauspicious!"

Chapter 777: Heading to Flying Dragon Mountain

"Mr. Zhao, taking a trip to 'Flying Dragon Mountain' was a goal I set before coming to Huaxia. I hope to accomplish it, and I also hope to receive your support!"

Miss Hattori Yumi said earnestly.

"If possible, could you please be our guide and take us on a trip to Flying Dragon Mountain? Of course, we wouldn't let you do this for free. We are willing to pay you a reward of one hundred thousand Huaxia Currency. What do you think?"

Miss Hattori Yumi continued without pause.

Hearing the offer of a hundred thousand just to show the way was a great temptation; Zhao Yunjian was stunned and hesitated for a moment.

"Dad, I'll take them! Don't worry, I'll just take them near Flying Dragon Mountain without going into the valley!"

Zhao Yunjian hadn't responded yet, but Zhao Guoqiang couldn't restrain himself from speaking up.

As far as Zhao Guoqiang was concerned, if they could receive the one hundred thousand from Miss Hattori Yumi, it would significantly improve his family's living conditions. Besides, Flying Dragon Mountain wasn't far from Zhao Family Village; a round trip would roughly take just two days.

Zhao Yunjian turned his head and glared at his son but didn't express opposition, apparently acquiescing.

"In that case, we are very thankful to young Mr. Zhao!"

With a smile on her face, Miss Hattori Yumi bowed deeply to Zhao Guoqiang, then turned and whispered something to a Japanese man in a black suit.

The man responded with a "Hai" and nodded, pulling out several wads of Huaxia Currency from his backpack and handing them to Miss Hattori Yumi.

"Young Mr. Zhao, this fifty thousand Huaxia Currency is a pre-payment we're giving to you. Once you get us to Flying Dragon Mountain, we will pay you the remaining fifty thousand. What do you say?"

Miss Hattori Yumi handed over the fifty thousand to Zhao Guoqiang with a smile, asking for his opinion.

Zhao Guoqiang, somewhat excited, took the money and passed it to his father beside him, then nodded, smiling naively, "Great! It's settled then! When do we set off?"

Miss Hattori Yumi said, "If young Mr. Zhao has no other affairs, I would like to depart now! I'm already eager to take in the sights of Flying Dragon Mountain!"

Zhao Guoqiang replied, "Alright! Let's go now!"

"Guoqiang, wait a moment!"

Fang Bai walked up to Zhao Guoqiang, patted his shoulder, then smilingly said to Miss Hattori Yumi, "Miss Hattori, I'm also a visitor here, just staying temporarily. Hearing you talk about the beautiful scenery of Flying Dragon Mountain, I can't help but feel tempted to enjoy it myself! How about we join together for the trip, what do you say?"

Miss Hattori Yumi's brow slightly furrowed, she glanced at Fang Bai. A flash of cold light appeared in her eyes and then vanished; a moment later, her pretty face broke into a smile, as she said, "If this gentleman wishes to go, then let's go together!"

In the eyes of Miss Hattori Yumi and her companions, Fang Bai, devoid of any Essence Energy fluctuations and dressed in a down jacket for warmth, appeared to be an ordinary person. Bringing him along to Flying Dragon Mountain wouldn't interfere with their mission; it would just mean one more life possibly at stake.

"Good! Guoqiang, let Mr. Fang accompany you!"

Zhao Yunjian knew Fang Bai was a person of great abilities; hearing that he wanted to accompany his son to Flying Dragon Mountain, he couldn't ask for anything better. He thought, with Mr. Fang, a character as powerful as an immortal by their side, should they encounter any dangers along the way, he would surely turn peril into safety.

"If Mr. Fang is going, then that's fantastic!"

With Fang Bai accompanying them, Zhao Guoqiang was also very excited. He had initially planned to return home to get a hunting rifle, crossbow, ropes, and other items before accompanying Hattori Yumi to Flying Dragon Mountain, to fend off any wildlife they might encounter on the way. However, since Fang Bai was going with them, these items were no longer necessary.

If Mr. Fang could kill even that terrifying giant snake, what were mere wild animals considered?

Thereupon, with Zhao Guoqiang and Fang Bai leading the way and Hattori Yumi and the others following behind, they set off toward Flying Dragon Mountain.

Flying Dragon Mountain was located to the northeast of Zhao Family Village. The straight-line distance wasn't too far, but to reach the base of Flying Dragon Mountain, one had to take quite a detour. For villagers who weren't from the area and unfamiliar with the mountain paths, reaching Flying Dragon Mountain was not easy.

Zhao Guoqiang had grown up in Zhao Family Village and followed his elders into the mountains to hunt since he was young. He was very familiar with the stones, plants, and trees within a hundred miles. Although the snow-covered mountain made the paths hard to find, with his memory of the routes, he had no difficulty leading Hattori Yumi and the others to the base of Flying Dragon Mountain.

Along the way, Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang chatted and laughed in front, while spreading their Divine Sense to keep an eye on the movements of Hattori Yumi and the others behind them. Although he did not turn his head, Fang Bai could "see" Hattori Yumi staring coldly at their backs, her pretty eyes revealing a thick murderous intent.

"This woman appears kind on the surface but is ruthless at heart, clearly harboring the intent to kill us both! Hah, I really have to see, what is the true purpose of you people coming all the way from Japan!"

Fang Bai sneered inwardly.

Hattori Yumi was a Martial Artist at Earth Level Perfection, a cultivation level which, even in the Huaxia Ancient Martial World, would make one a formidable figure. However, Fang Bai did not take her seriously at all.

As for the strength of the other Japanese Martial Artists, they were much weaker than Hattori Yumi and not worth mentioning.

In this group, apart from Zhao Guoqiang, all the others were Martial Artists. Even if they walked all the way to Flying Dragon Mountain in one go, they would not feel tired. Although Zhao Guoqiang was physically strong, he was ultimately an ordinary person. After walking for an hour or two, he would need to stop and rest for a moment. Hattori Yumi and the others were impatient at heart but could only stop and wait with him.

During these waiting periods, Hattori Yumi would take out the map that looked like a landscape painting, which Fang Bai had seen the previous night using his Divine Sense, and point out features of

the surrounding mountains and terrain with a few other Japanese Martial Artists, then they would discuss in Japanese.

"Miss Hattori, what are you looking at?"

"I'm sorry, Sir, this is our secret and we cannot show it to you!"

Whenever Fang Bai tried to move closer to look at the map in Hattori Yumi's hands, he would be blocked by two Japanese Martial Artists with fierce expressions, forbidding him to approach. Then Hattori Yumi would smile and apologize to Fang Bai.

Hattori Yumi was a beauty, and her smile was even more enchanting, possessing great allure for men. But Fang Bai knew that her smile hid a blade.

Perhaps once Zhao Guoqiang led these Japanese Martial Artists to Flying Dragon Mountain, the smile on Hattori Yumi's face would disappear, and the blade would be unsheathed in that moment.

If he hadn't come along, it was very likely that Zhao Guoqiang would not escape unscathed.

"That mountain is Flying Dragon Mountain!"

At dusk, the group reached the vicinity of Flying Dragon Mountain. Zhao Guoqiang raised his hand and pointed toward a mountain peak in the distance, saying with a beaming smile.

Flying Dragon Mountain stretched from east to west, gradually rising from the west to the east. The part from the mountain peak to the mid-mountain was covered with a thick layer of white snow. From a distance, it looked like a snow dragon poised to take flight, perhaps the reason behind the name Flying Dragon Mountain.

Chapter 778: Treasure

"The northern foot of Flying Dragon Mountain is Deadman's Valley?"

Hattori Yumi gazed at the nearby Flying Dragon Mountain, her eyes sparkling with excitement on her face.

"Yes!"

Hearing Hattori Yumi asking, Zhao Guoqiang nodded and said, "Our elders from Zhao Family Village say that years ago, your Japanese army passed by here, killing hundreds and thousands of villagers in this area, and their bodies were all thrown into Deadman's Valley. It is said that at night, one can faintly hear the cries of wronged souls in the valley... Miss Hattori, I can only take you this far! Deadman's Valley is an inauspicious place, and I won't go there!"

Hattori Yumi smiled and said, "Mr. Zhao, we are very grateful that you brought us here! If you don't want to go to Deadman's Valley, we won't insist! Here is the remaining fifty thousand yuan, you take it back home!"

At Hattori Yumi's signal, a Japanese warrior took out five stacks of Huaxia Currency from his backpack and handed it to Zhao Guoqiang.

Zhao Guoqiang did not stand on ceremony and, with a beaming smile, accepted the money. Then, he turned to Fang Bai with a serious face and said, "Mr. Fang, if you want to appreciate Flying Dragon Mountain, I'll keep you company and admire it here for a while. Deadman's Valley is right next to Flying Dragon Mountain; if you get too close, you'll attract bad luck!"

"Fine, I will just stand here and take a look, and then take some photos to bring back!"

Fang Bai said, taking out his phone and snapping a few photos of Flying Dragon Mountain. After looking at it for a while, he left with Zhao Guoqiang under the watchful eyes of Hattori Yumi and her party.

"Kato-kun, follow those two Huaxia men and find a secluded spot to take care of them!"

Once Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang had walked a good distance away, the smile on Hattori Yumi's face disappeared, replaced by a cold indifference, as she ordered a Japanese warrior standing behind her.

"Understood, Miss Hattori!"

The Japanese warrior was around forty years old, short and stocky with a buzz cut. Upon hearing Hattori Yumi's words, a vicious light flashed in his eyes. He bowed deeply to Hattori Yumi and then turned to chase after Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang.

"We must rush to Deadman's Valley at Flying Dragon Mountain before it gets dark! When dawn breaks tomorrow morning, we will start searching for the treasure!"

Hattori Yumi's gaze swept over the dozen or so Japanese warriors, and when she mentioned "treasure," an uncontrollable excitement spread across her face.

So the group of Japanese warriors, with Hattori Yumi among them, used their movement technique and swept towards the direction of Flying Dragon Mountain.

They were all Profound Level and Earth Level Martial Artists, soaring through the deep mountain snows as if they were walking on flat ground, quick as lightning. In a short while, they had crossed several mountain peaks and arrived inside Deadman's Valley next to Flying Dragon Mountain.

Even though decades had passed since the war, Deadman's Valley still had bones and skulls scattered everywhere, hinting at the brutal carnage of those days. Although Hattori Yumi and her companions were seasoned in killing and accustomed to blood, they couldn't help but turn pale at the sight of these numerous bones.

"We will rest here for the night!"

As darkness began to fall, Hattori Yumi, suppressing the slight discomfort in her heart, coldly gave the order.

Dozens of Japanese Martial Artists cleared an area of several square yards in the valley, setting up a few temporary tents. Some crawled inside to rest, while others stood guard outside, waiting for the dawn to arrive.

As Hattori Yumi gazed at the Flying Dragon Mountain shrouded in the night sky, looking like a ferocious behemoth, her emotions swelled tumultuously and she was unable to fall asleep for a long time,

The Hattori Clan, to which Hattori Yumi belonged, had been one of the most prominent families in Japan's Ancient Martial World for nearly a thousand years. Known for producing a continuous stream of powerful warriors, the clan remained immensely influential across various regions of Japan to this day.

During that war Japan waged against Huaxia, many warriors from the Hattori Clan had participated, one of whom was a high-ranking military official at the time.

After Japan's defeat, that high-ranking official from the Hattori Clan had taken his own life by disembowelment. Before dying, he left his family a Treasure Map, telling the clan's senior members that if they found the treasure according to the map's directions, they would discover a vast fortune he had accumulated in Huaxia, and with that wealth, the overall strength of the Hattori Clan would surge dramatically.

That military official also disclosed that he had forced thousands of local civilians near Flying Dragon Mountain to transport the vast treasure he had collected to the location indicated on the Treasure Map to be buried, and to keep the secret of the treasure, he ordered his troops to shoot all those Huaxia civilians, with their bodies being discarded carelessly in the valley beside Flying Dragon Mountain. This would instill terror in the hearts of the nearby civilians, deterring them from approaching Flying Dragon Mountain and risking the discovery of the treasure.

That valley thus became known as Deadman's Valley among the villagers of Zhao Family Village. Even in later generations, the mere mention of "Deadman's Valley" would send shivers down the spine of the locals, causing no one to dare venture close to Flying Dragon Mountain, let alone step foot into Deadman's Valley.

After the death of the military official, the Treasure Map was kept by the Hattori Clan's descendants and treated as the family's utmost secret, known only to the successive Clan Leaders.

After Hattori Yumi came of age, her father, the current Clan Leader Hattori Jiro, informed her of the Treasure Map and sent her on multiple occasions to delve into Huaxia for exploration.

Hattori Yumi had been in Huaxia for many years, ostensibly to study the Chinese language, but secretly she had always been searching for news of the treasure. Eventually, she confirmed its approximate location and thus recently led her family's elite warriors into Huaxia in batches to search for the exact location of the treasure.

Once the treasure was located, the Hattori Clan would swiftly mobilize various forces within Huaxia to secretly transport the treasure out of the country and back to Japan.

Hattori Yumi and her companions were just one group of the Hattori Clan Martial Artists who had secretly infiltrated Huaxia, also tasked with locating the final position of the treasure.

But even with the Treasure Map in hand, finding the specific location was by no means an easy feat given that the war had taken place decades ago, and the area around Flying Dragon Mountain in Huaxia had changed drastically over the years.

Ultimately, Hattori Yumi and her party had no choice but to arrive at Zhao Family Village, hoping to uncover some clues from the local villagers.

What Hattori Yumi had not expected was that some villagers from Zhao Family Village indeed knew the exact locations of Flying Dragon Mountain and Deadman's Valley, a revelation that greatly delighted her and led to the hiring of Zhao Guoqiang to guide them to Flying Dragon Mountain.

To prevent the secret of the treasure from leaking, Hattori Yumi decided to kill both Fang Bai, who was guiding them, and Zhao Guoqiang, and even contemplated slaughtering the entire Zhao Family Village.

The Japanese Martial Artist tasked with killing Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang was named Kato Noh, an Earth Level novice. Hattori Yumi sent him to ensure the task was foolproof, reasoning that an Earth Level Martial Artist should be more than sufficient to handle two ordinary people.

However, what Hattori Yumi had not anticipated was that Fang Bai was no ordinary man, but a god of death.

For Kato Noh to go after him was like a lamb walking into a tiger's den, a journey with no return.

Chapter 779: Countermeasure

"Mr. Fang, we won't be able to make it back to Zhao Family Village today, so why don't we stay in this mountain cave for the night and set off early tomorrow morning?"

After parting with Hattori Yumi and the others, Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang walked out for over a dozen miles. As the sky darkened, they came across a cave by the mountain path, and Zhao Guoqiang sought Fang Bai's opinion.

"Okay, I'll follow your lead!"

Fang Bai smiled and nodded, saying, "You set up the tent in the cave, I'm going to walk around nearby!"

Zhao Guoqiang didn't think much of it, complied, and entered the cave by the roadside. He opened his backpack, took out a flashlight, and with the help of the light, started setting up the tent.

Fang Bai watched Zhao Guoqiang enter the cave, then turned and glanced at a patch of forest not far behind, a cold smirk forming on his lips.

He walked slowly towards the forest, and as he neared it, his movement technique suddenly accelerated, and in the blink of an eye, he appeared beside a thick-trunked tree within the woods.

Behind that tree stood a dark-skinned, compact man; it was Kato Noh, the Japanese martial artist sent by Hattori Yumi to kill Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang.

Kato Noh had been tracking Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang, waiting for an opportunity to strike, thinking he was undetected, but little did he know, all his movements had been monitored by Fang Bai's Divine Sense all along.

Seeing that Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang were preparing to spend the night in the cave, Kato Noh thought it would be a perfect opportunity to make his move. However, before he could show himself, Fang Bai appeared beside him like a ghostly specter.

Hissss—

Surprised by Fang Bai's sudden appearance beside him, with a mocking smile on his lips, Kato Noh gasped sharply.

But Kato Noh was after all an Earth Level Martial Artist, and a vicious one at that. Although startled, he didn't lose his composure. Once he recovered, he immediately launched an attack on Fang Bai.

With a loud roar, he threw a straight punch, fiercely aiming for Fang Bai's chest.

The strength behind his punch was enough to shatter a boulder, and he thought Fang Bai couldn't possibly escape death, but when his fist landed on Fang Bai's body, it felt as if he was hitting a steel figure.

Crack—

A light snap sounded as Kato Noh's right fist struck, immediately followed by a force several times more powerful than his punch reverberating up his arm. The force traveled from the fist up his entire right arm, and actually shattered the bones in his forearm on the spot.

Ahh—

Kato Noh screamed in pain. Only then did he realize the person standing before him was not an ordinary individual, but a martial artist far more powerful than himself.

Kato Noh failed in his first strike and attempted to escape, but would Fang Bai give him such an opportunity?

"Stay down for me!"

Fang Bai softly shouted, his right index finger swiftly pressing at the center of Kato Noh's chest.

Kato Noh felt a stifling sensation in his chest and a surge of blood and energy. He spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, and his body slowly collapsed to the ground, fainting.

Looking at the unconscious Kato Noh on the ground, Fang Bai's brows furrowed slightly. Although he didn't understand Japanese, he knew that Hattori Yumi and other Japanese martial artists had gone to Longfei Mountain in search of something, and whatever they were looking for must be extremely precious.

Standing in place, deep in thought for a moment, Fang Bai took out his phone and contacted Long Jingtian, who was far away in Yanjing. He relayed to him the matter regarding Hattori Yumi and the Japanese martial artists, accentuating the likelihood that Hattori Yumi and her companions might be from the Hattori Clan of Japan.

"The Hattori Clan is an ancient martial arts family in Japan that has been around for a thousand years. They wield enormous power in Japan and are the founders of the globally renowned 'Kyokushinkai'. Hmm... from what you've said, the purpose of these Japanese martial artists coming to Huaxia seems to be no simple matter!"

As soon as Fang Bai finished speaking, Long Jingtian immediately said, "In that case, Brother Fang, tell me your exact location, and I will have Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan rush to your side overnight. Long Shisan is fluent in Japanese, and he might be able to help you figure out the true purpose of these Japanese martial artists coming to Huaxia!"

"Then I shall wait in Zhao Family Village for Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan!"

"Good, they will definitely arrive before dawn!"

Fang Bai casually sealed Kato Noh's acupoints, ensuring he wouldn't wake up before dawn, then returned to the cave. He sat cross-legged inside a tent that Zhao Guoqiang had set up and quietly regulated his breathing.

At around five in the morning, Zhao Guoqiang woke up from his sleep and continued traveling with Fang Bai.

"Guoqiang, I'll take you with me!"

The two hadn't gone far when Fang Bai looked at the sky and estimated that Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan should have already arrived at Zhao Family Village. Feeling a bit eager, he grabbed Zhao Guoqiang's arm and swept him along at a soaring speed.

Zhao Guoqiang only felt a rush of wind by his ear and saw the scenery swiftly receding at his side. Astonished, he looked down to see Fang Bai's feet lightly touching the snowy ground like a dragonfly skimming water. With each touch, he shot forward several meters at an impressive speed, leaving almost no footprints where he passed.

In less than an hour, Fang Bai and Zhao Guoqiang had already returned to Zhao Family Village.

Upon reaching the entrance to Zhao Family Village, Fang Bai saw Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan standing under a Chinese parasol tree at the village's entrance, obviously waiting for him.

"Guoqiang, those two are my friends, and I'm going to join them!"

Fang Bai pointed at Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan, then patted Zhao Guoqiang on the shoulder and said with a smile.

"Mr. Fang, aren't you going to stay a few more days?"

Hearing that Fang Bai was leaving, Zhao Guoqiang felt a bit reluctant to let him go.

"No, I still have many matters to attend to! Alright, we shall meet again in the future!"

Fang Bai said as he waved goodbye to Zhao Guoqiang, then walked over to Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan, whispered a few words to them, and the three of them, using their movement techniques, tread on the snow and left, vanishing from Zhao Guoqiang's sight in the blink of an eye.

Zhao Guoqiang watched their rapidly retreating figures with a somewhat vacant gaze and murmured, "Mr. Fang's two friends are also masters, it seems!"

On the mountain path leading to Flying Dragon Mountain, Fang Bai led the way, with Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan closely following behind, their three figures flying swiftly like swifts through the sky.

As Fang Bai moved swiftly along, his feet flowed smoothly as if gliding on water, his demeanor graceful and composed, clearly not yet pushing his full strength, while Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan had to exert their movement techniques to their limits just to keep pace with him.

Dragon Maiden and Long Shisan had already been informed by Long Jingtian about the purpose of their visit to Zhao Family Village before they set off, and although they had many questions in their minds, they didn't rush to seek confirmation from Fang Bai at this time, as they knew that when the time was right, Fang Bai would surely explain.

Approaching the vicinity of the cave where they had rested the previous night, Fang Bai dragged Mutou Ye, whose acupoints he had sealed, out from the forest and dropped him in front of Long Shisan.

Mutou Ye had spent the entire night in the snowy forest, with his acupoints sealed by Fang Bai the night before. Fortunately, being a martial artist, he had a strong resistance to cold, or else if he had been a regular person, he might have frozen to death over the course of the night.

Chapter 780: Treasure Map

"Thirteen, I will make this Japanese martial artist speak in a moment—translate for us!"

Fang Bai instructed Long Shisan, then lightly tapped on Mutou Ye's body, releasing his sealed acupoints.

Like being electrocuted, Mutou Ye immediately woke up from his comatose state.

"Damn it!"

Seeing Fang Bai and the others in front of him, Mutou Ye's eyes bulged in anger, cursing loudly and attempting to leap up and attack.

Extending a hand, Fang Bai pointed at Mutou Ye's chest once more—this time, however, Mutou Ye did not fall unconscious; instead, he stood still as if petrified, unable to move an inch.

"Thirteen, tell this Japanese martial artist to look into my eyes!"

Fang Bai commanded Long Shisan.

Long Shisan immediately translated Fang Bai's words to Mutou Ye.

After hearing Long Shisan's translation, Mutou Ye, unsure of what Fang Bai intended to do but without giving it much thought, glared back at Fang Bai with rounded, furious eyes while continuing to curse non-stop.

But when his gaze met Fang Bai's, his head spun with dizziness. Soon after, it was as if he had fallen into an endless abyss, and suddenly, his consciousness was no longer his own.

At that instant, Mutou Ye's thoughts were completely controlled by Fang Bai, who had applied the "Soul Capture Technique." From that moment on, Mutou Ye would reveal everything without reservation, no matter what Fang Bai asked.

"Thirteen, ask him: Are they from the Hattori Clan of Japan? What are they doing in our Huaxia?"

Fang Bai kept his eyes fixed on Mutou Ye and instructed Long Shisan.

Long Shisan did not dare to delay and translated Fang Bai's words to Mutou Ye.

Mutou Ye, with a vacant gaze, resembled a zombie; whatever Fang Bai asked, he responded without hesitation. It didn't take long for all the information Fang Bai wanted to know to be extracted.

"As expected, it's the Hattori Clan from Japan! Humph, the Hattori Clan really has some nerve to extend their reach into our Huaxia!"

Long Shisan clenched his fists and said angrily.

"Kyokushinkai is playing with fire! Do they think our Huaxia's Dragon Guard doesn't exist?"

The Dragon Maiden's beautiful eyes narrowed slightly, her tone cold as she spoke.

Although "Kyokushinkai" is a leading force in Japan, compared to the "Dragon Guard" of Huaxia, which ranks among the world's seven major Meta-Human organizations, it is significantly weaker. Should a confrontation arise, "Kyokushinkai" would inevitably suffer heavy losses.

The Hattori Clan sent martial artists to infiltrate Huaxia, seeking an ancient treasure said to have been hidden decades ago, believing their actions were undetected. Little did they know they would run into Fang Bai who uncovered their plans.

"The treasures from back then were plundered from various places in Huaxia by the Japanese army. They cannot be allowed to fall into the hands of their descendants! Instructor Fang, we must stop them!"

Filled with righteous indignation, Long Shisan said.

Fang Bai said with a smile, "The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind. The Hattori Clan's martial artists will soon find out that the treasure they've painstakingly located will turn out to be a wedding dress for us!"

Dragon Maiden glanced at Fang Bai, and a smile suddenly appeared on her frost-covered face. In a low voice, she said to Fang Bai, "When Thirteen and I were coming here, our leader specifically instructed us that, after we take care of the Martial Artists from the Hattori Clan, the treasures would first be at Instructor Fang's disposal to select a few of his choice, and the remaining would be taken back to the national treasury!"

Fang Bai knew this was an act of goodwill from Long Jingtian towards himself and did not refuse, waving his hand, he said, "Let's talk about the treasure once we find it! There's no time to delay, let's head to Flying Dragon Mountain right away!"

"What about this man?"

Long Shisan pointed to Mutou Ye, who was still in a dazed state.

"Deal with it yourself!"

As Fang Bai spoke, he led the way, and Dragon Maiden followed closely behind. Neither of them looked back at Mutou Ye again.

The members of the "Dragon Guard" were battle-hardened through fire and blood. They held no compassion towards their enemies, so one could imagine the fate that befell Mutou Ye at the hands of Long Shisan.

After dealing with Mutou Ye, Long Shisan quickly caught up with Fang Bai and Dragon Maiden. The three of them sped up and headed towards Flying Dragon Mountain.

At this moment, in the Deadman's Valley of Flying Dragon Mountain, Hattori Yumi stood atop a large rock, about three meters high, directing her dozen or so Martial Artists to search carefully around the mountainside.

According to the Treasure Map, the burial site of the treasure was in a cave on the mountainside of Deadman's Valley, near Flying Dragon Mountain. Back then, a high-ranking military official of the Hattori Clan had ordered the army to drive thousands of nearby civilians to transport the treasure into the cave, then sealed the cave with massive rocks and brushwood, and thereafter, executed nearly a thousand civilians who transported the gold.

Since then, Deadman's Valley had become forbidden territory in the hearts of nearby villagers, and no one dared to step foot in it; thus, the treasure remained undiscovered.

Times change, and people come and go; decades passed, and the side of Deadman's Valley near Flying Dragon Mountain had already grown over with weeds, making it difficult to find the sealed cave entrance.

However, Hattori Yumi firmly believed that as long as the treasure was here, it would definitely be found.

Last night, without Mutou Ye's return, Hattori Yumi did not pay special attention. She did not consider that something might have happened to Mutou Ye. She simply thought that perhaps after killing those two Huaxians, Mutou Ye got lost on his way back. After finding the treasure, it would not be too late to send people to look for him.

About an hour later, suddenly a Martial Artist from Japan shouted in excitement, having found the sealed cave entrance.

Hattori Yumi's spirits soared. After clearing the brush in that area, indeed, they discovered a cave entrance sealed with large rocks.

The rocks blocking the cave could weigh from a few hundred to thousands of pounds. Without heavy machinery or explosives, it was impossible for ordinary people to remove or displace those rocks.

But this was not a problem for Hattori Yumi and the others, who were Profound Level and Earth Level Martial Artists. They had no issue moving rocks weighing several hundred pounds. For the stones weighing over a thousand pounds, they joined forces to shatter the rocks into pieces before moving them aside.

The dozen or so Martial Artists from Japan, as if injected with adrenaline, tirelessly continued their clearing efforts. By noon, they had finally cleared the rocks, revealing an entrance that was three meters tall and about five meters wide.

"Leave eight people outside to guard, the rest follow me into the cave to take a look!"

Looking at the pitch-black entrance, Hattori Yumi suppressed the excitement in her heart, took a deep breath, and followed a few subordinates holding lighting equipment as they slowly walked into the cave.

The cave was deep, and the space opened up the further they went. After about fifteen meters, the sight before Hattori Yumi and the others brightened—ahead were piles of gold, jewels, and ancient paintings and calligraphy.

The gold and jewels shone dazzlingly in the vast darkness of the huge cave, filled with infinite allure.

Hattori Yumi held her breath, her gaze slowly sweeping over the treasure in front of her. Then she stepped forward, touching each piece, her face showing an excitement she could not hide.