

Doctor 901

Chapter 901: The Choice

Linghu Hongyan had accumulated tens of thousands of Essence Stones over the years, which were originally intended for her future cultivation in the True Martial Realm. However, she had already expended a portion to activate the Teleportation Array, and now it seemed that the remaining Essence Stones she carried might also have to be given to Fang Bai for his use.

Although losing the Essence Stones pained Linghu Hongyan, she thought it would be worth any price to return to the Sect in the True Martial Realm, even if it meant parting with them.

"I have Essence Stones here, which should be enough to activate the Teleportation Array!"

Fang Bai waved his hand, indicating that Linghu Hongyan should keep the Essence Stones for herself, and then asked, "By the way, are cultivation resources also scarce in the True Martial Realm?"

Linghu Hongyan replied, "The Heaven and Earth Origin Energy in the True Martial Realm is much more abundant compared to this world, and the cultivation resources are much richer. However, with numerous Martial Artists in the True Martial Realm, the resources for cultivation become immensely precious. Thousands of Sects, large and small, often erupt into bloody conflicts over these resources, which makes the True Martial Realm far less peaceful than this world."

Linghu Baimei said, "If that's the case, why does Master insist on returning to the True Martial Realm? Why not stay in this world instead?"

Linghu Hongyan sighed, "Although this world is good, it's not my homeland. The True Martial Realm may be chaotic, but it is where my family, who gave birth and raised me, is."

Fang Bai looked at the two sisters Linghu and pondered for a moment before asking, "Qian Jiao, Baimei, do you both also intend to follow your Master to the True Martial Realm?"

Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei exchanged glances. They had not really thought about this question before, and their Master had not consulted them about it either.

"Regarding this matter, I have already given it careful consideration."

Linghu Hongyan smiled and continued, "The cultivation environment in the True Martial Realm is much better than this world. If Qian Jiao and Baimei follow me there, they will achieve greater accomplishments on the path of Martial Dao. But at the same time, the True Martial Realm is a place of survival of the fittest where killing is incessant. Given the relative weakness of Qian Jiao and Baimei, a slight misstep could lead to irredeemable disaster. Therefore... whether you wish to follow me or choose to stay, I respect your decisions!"

Fang Bai's gaze turned to Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei as he asked seriously, "What do you two think?"

Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei lowered their heads in silence for a moment, then, as if telepathically linked, they lifted their heads together, their eyes revealing decisive determination, clearly having made up their minds.

"In my heart, Master is not my mother, but she is more than a mother to me. Wherever Master goes, I naturally will go there too!"

"I am also willing to follow Master to the True Martial Realm and continue to serve by her side!"

Linghu Qian Jiao and Linghu Baimei said one after another.

"Good... good... You two are both my good disciples..."

Linghu Hongyan clutched the hands of her two disciples, her eyes brimming with tears, overcome with emotion,

Although she had said she respected the disciples' choices, deep inside, she truly hoped they would come with her to the True Martial Realm.

After all, both of her disciples possessed Dual Attribute Innate Spiritual Roots, which were an extremely rare constitution in the True Martial Realm. Bringing them back to the Sect, the Sect would surely fully cultivate them, which would be to great advantage for her, as well as for the two disciples.

Of course, if the two disciples chose to stay, although Linghu Hongyan would regret it, she would not hold any complaints.

At the very least, in this world, they would not have to worry about their lives, for with their strength and cultivation level, they were already among the top martial artists in this world; there were not many who could harm them.

Besides, in this world, they had Fang Bai to look after them.

Seeing that Linghu sisters were determined to accompany their master to the True Martial Realm, Fang Bai's face took on a serious expression as he said, "Have you considered that once you're in the True Martial Realm, it will be extremely difficult to return to this world?"

Hearing the implication in Fang Bai's words—that once the Linghu sisters went to the True Martial Realm, they might never be able to return—they realized that seeing Fang Bai again in the future would become even more challenging, wouldn't it?

Being orphans, the sisters had always followed wherever their master went, carefree and unattached, but now, both of them had Fang Bai in their hearts. Thinking of a farewell that might mean never crossing paths again, they fell silent once more.

Linghu Hongyan's heart was also hanging high with worry. She had noticed early on that both her disciples had feelings for Fang Bai, and she was uncertain which side they would choose between their master and their lover.

"Qian Jiao, Baimei, you should follow your master," Fang Bai suddenly said with a smile. "Your master is right, the True Martial Realm may be more dangerous, but the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy there is abundant, and cultivation resources are plentiful. Cultivating there, you can achieve greater heights on the Martial Dao's path! Additionally, you'll get a real sense of how martial arts influence life in the True Martial Realm, which will greatly benefit your future cultivation."

Linghu Hongyan smiled and said, "Indeed, the cultivation environment is very important for martial artists! Has Mr. Fang ever considered going to the True Martial Realm? I think it would be more suitable for Mr. Fang!"

Fang Bai said, "Hmm, I've thought about it. But there are some people in this world I can't bear to leave behind, and there are also things I must do, all of which will take time! So... I won't be going to the True Martial Realm for now!"

"Does that mean, once everything here is settled, Mr. Fang will go to the True Martial Realm in the future?"

"Exactly!"

Seeing Fang Bai nod, Linghu Hongyan let out a sigh of relief and a smile returned to her face.

"My goal is the nine major domains of the Immortal Realm. How could the True Martial Realm, merely one of the three thousand Minor Worlds, ever confine me?" Fang Bai thought to himself.

Since Fang Bai had said he would go to the True Martial Realm in the future, the once dim mood of the Linghu sisters brightened. Although they might not see Fang Bai for a long time after this parting, they now had a glimmer of hope and something to look forward to in the True Martial Realm.

Quickly making up their minds, the sisters decided to follow their master to the True Martial Realm and wait there silently for news from Fang Bai.

To go to the True Martial Realm, they must first activate the Teleportation Array, a task that naturally fell to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai had already inspected the Teleportation Array earlier and knew exactly what to do. He took out some Essence Stones from his Spatial Ring to replace the ones in the array whose Essence Energy had dissipated. Then he began to redraw the spatial formation on the Essence Stones.

Half a day later, the spatial formation was finally complete. Fang Bai touched a specific point on the Teleportation Array, and it seemed to come alive, bursting forth with a five-colored brilliance representing the five elements: metal, wood, water, fire, and earth.

Chapter 902: Farewell

After the teleportation array was successfully activated, the tens of thousands of Essence Stones that composed the formation began to release a continuous flow of Essence Energy.

White Golden Essence Energy, blue Wood Element Qi, black Water Element Qi, red Fire Primordial Qi, yellow Earth Element Qi... five types of Essence Stones released five different colors of Essence Energy.

This Essence Energy slowly converged on the teleportation platform at the center of the array, eventually forming an elliptical, multicolored portal of light there.

Fang Bai and Linghu Hongyan both knew that this elliptical, multicolored light portal was the gateway connecting two different worlds.

As long as one passed through this portal, the next moment would bring them to another world.

"This portal, once opened, can only be maintained for the duration of a hundred breaths. After that time, the portal will automatically close. Therefore..."

Fang Bai's gaze swept over Linghu Hongyan, Linghu Qianjiao, and Linghu Baimei one by one, he sighed lightly and said, "If you decide to go to the True Martial Realm, you need to hurry."

"Mr. Fang, you have shown great kindness to us, master and disciples. If one day you come to the True Martial Realm, please make sure to visit us at the Xuannv Sect. We will have ample rewards for you!"

Linghu Hongyan, tears of gratitude in her eyes, said to Fang Bai, thinking of stepping through this portal to return to her homeland, the True Martial Realm, after more than twenty years of separation, her voice trembled with excitement.

"The Xuannv Sect, right? Okay, I'll remember that! If I have the chance, I will definitely visit!"

Fang Bai nodded with a smile.

Linghu Hongyan took a deep breath to calm her excited emotions, then turned her gaze to the light portal on the teleportation platform and said to Linghu Qianjiao and Linghu Baimei by her side, "Let's go!"

"Wait just a moment!"

As Fang Bai watched Linghu Hongyan and her two disciples walk towards the teleportation array, he suddenly waved to stop them, then he walked up to Linghu Qianjiao and Linghu Baimei, his eyes intently focused on their two nearly identical, exceptionally beautiful faces.

"This Spatial Ring contains some cultivation resources, which should be enough for you to use for a while..."

Under the puzzled gazes of the two women, Fang Bai took out two Spatial Rings he had refined not long ago and slipped them onto their fingers, then explained how to use them.

Linghu Hongyan, standing aside, was both shocked and delighted to hear that Fang Bai had given her two disciples Spatial Rings.

It should be noted that Spatial Rings, a type of storage Spiritual Artifact, are extremely rare in the True Martial Realm, owned by only a few premier disciples of major sects.

Linghu Hongyan was also wearing one on her hand, which she had acquired by chance during her adventures in the True Martial Realm, having stored tens of thousands of Essence Stones in it over the years.

What Linghu Hongyan hadn't expected was that Fang Bai not only possessed such rare Spiritual Artifacts like Spatial Rings but also had gifted two to her disciples, which in her view, was definitely considered a generous gift.

Linghu Hongyan was curious to ask Fang Bai whether the Spatial Rings were acquired from elsewhere or if he had refined them himself.

If it were the former, that indicated his good fortune; if the latter, then he truly was a monstrously talented individual.

At such a young age, he possessed immense strength, understood many profound and arcane Martial Arts Techniques, had multiple types of Innate Spiritual Roots, was proficient in formations...

Just these abilities alone made Fang Bai what could be called a "freak of nature," and if he also knew how to refine artifacts, then Linghu Hongyan didn't know how else to describe him.

The more Linghu Hongyan interacted with Fang Bai, the more she felt that he was mysterious and difficult to see through.

Linghu Hongyan hesitated for a moment but ultimately did not ask Fang Bai whether he was an Artifact Refiner, feeling that it was his personal privacy. It was better not to touch on it; otherwise, if Fang Bai refused to answer, it would be very embarrassing. If Fang Bai truly went to the True Martial Realm in the future, maybe then she would have a chance to know.

As for what Cultivation Resources Fang Bai had given to her two disciples, Linghu Hongyan did not ask, thinking they were probably just some Essence Stones and Spiritual Medicine.

The Linghu sisters, curious, followed the method Fang Bai had taught them to scan inside the Spatial Ring. They discovered it was filled with tens of thousands of Essence Stones and hundreds of porcelain vials containing Elixirs.

These elixirs in the porcelain vials were also freshly refined by Fang Bai and provided far greater aid to a Martial Artist's cultivation than the Essence Stones. Fang Bai had already used the "Thread Condensation Sound Transmission" technique to tell the sisters how to consume the Elixirs and had warned them not to casually reveal the cultivation resources in the Spatial Ring in front of others in the True Martial Realm, to avoid attracting trouble.

Both sisters, being Martial Artists, knew very well what these cultivation resources meant and were deeply moved.

Although Linghu Qian Jiao was actually reluctant to leave this world, her master was determined to go, and as a disciple, she could only follow.

Listening to Fang Bai's instructive words and looking into his gentle eyes, Linghu Qian Jiao suddenly felt a sting in her nose and her eyes turned red. Sobbing, she asked, "Fang Bai, will we... will we ever meet again?"

"Yes! And it won't be long!"

Fang Bai, smiling, said, "For a Martial Artist, this world is too comfortable, and the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy is sparse; the cultivation resources are scarce. It is ultimately not the ideal land for cultivation. To go further on the path of Martial Dao, one must leave... Maybe in three to five years, we can meet in the True Martial Realm!"

Linghu Qian Jiao sighed deeply and said, "Then I... we will await your good news in the True Martial Realm!"

Fang Bai nodded. At the moment of departure, he also felt a bit sentimental and seriously said, "The True Martial Realm is not like this world; take care everywhere and look after yourself!"

"Qian Jiao, we don't have much time left, let's go!"

The hundred breaths of time would soon pass, and Linghu Hongyan, worried that the hardly opened teleportation gate would close, hence urged them on.

Linghu Qian Jiao knew that the more she talked, the harder it would be to leave. She took a deep look at Fang Bai, bit her lip, and quickly walked over to Linghu Hongyan's side.

Linghu Baimei stood in front of Fang Bai, suddenly tiptoed, leaned in with her lips, and kissed him on the cheek, leaving a faint lip mark.

"You taught me Martial Arts Techniques and gave me such precious items. I have nothing to repay you with but to offer a kiss as a token of my gratitude! I'm leaving now, see you in the True Martial Realm!"

After finishing her words, Linghu Baimei giggled and walked towards her master and sister.

Fang Bai touched the spot Linghu Baimei kissed, watching her charming and graceful retreating figure, a bittersweet smile appeared on his lips.

"Mr. Fang, we shall meet again!"

"Fang Bai, take care!"

"We'll be waiting for you in the True Martial Realm!"

Linghu Hongyan and her two disciples waved goodbye to Fang Bai, then turned around and entered the teleportation gate one by one, their figures instantly vanishing from sight.

Chapter 903: A Few Years

Fang Bai stood still, silently watching the teleportation portal that emitted rainbow lights and pulsed slowly, his expression filled with reluctance and melancholy.

Only when the teleportation portal disappeared did Fang Bai let out a long sigh, picked up his spirits, and perked up.

According to Fang Bai's speculation, this teleportation array had already existed and was likely set up by a powerful being in this world during ancient times.

Once a teleportation array was completed, it would be extremely sturdy, unlikely to be destroyed unless a major environmental change occurred. For some reason, this portal had sustained some damage. After Fang Bai had repaired it, it was able to be reactivated.

In Fang Bai's view, this teleportation portal might be the only passage to other worlds from this one, and it must be protected at all costs.

Now, without the ability from his previous life to directly tear through space for time-space travel, Fang Bai needed this teleportation array to travel to new worlds like the True Martial Realm.

For safety, Fang Bai specially set up a Concealment Formation around the teleportation array to ensure that it wouldn't be discovered by others before he left the Snowy Plateau.

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In the following years, Fang Bai focused on his own cultivation while also wholeheartedly teaching his family and friends, disciples, and beauties to cultivate diligently.

During this period, Fang Bai's footsteps covered the mountains and rivers of the entire world, discovering several Essence Stone Veins of various sizes and a few strongholds left behind by powerful beings, acquiring a large number of cultivation resources.

Most of these cultivation resources were used on his family and friends, disciples, and beauties. He seldom used any for himself.

Despite that, Fang Bai's speed of advancing his cultivation level still far outstripped others, having progressed from the initial stage of the Surging Essence Realm to the realm of perfection.

Perfection in the Surging Essence Realm was equivalent to Vast Level Perfection in the Ancient Martial World. With his ability to challenge those beyond his level, Fang Bai's current cultivation level allowed him to contend with any powerful being within the higher Cosmic Level Realm.

Fang Bai was confident that even if he went to the True Martial Realm now, he would have a foothold.

While Fang Bai made rapid progress, his family and friends, as well as his beautiful disciples, also achieved remarkable feats, especially those who possessed an Innate Spiritual Root. Under his intensive mentorship, all had reached the Heaven Level Realm.

As for the Lightning Mink, it had spent the years eating and sleeping without a worry for cultivation resources. Unknowingly, it had broken through to the Desolate Level Realm, becoming Fang Bai's number one "expert."

Long Jingtian had also ascended to Heaven Level Perfection. Surprisingly, over these years, his white hair turned black, his teeth were renewed, and both his body and spirit saw improved well-being, putting him in a state of "reverse growth," as if he had become youthful again.

Having tasted the sweetness of cultivation, Long Jingtian's obsession with the Martial Dao grew stronger. He eventually resigned from his position as the leader of the Dragon Guards.

Long Jingtian initially wanted the Dragon Maiden to take over as the leader of the Dragon Guards, but she too was engrossed in cultivation and showed little interest in the leadership role. With no other option, Long Jingtian had to entrust the Dragon Guards to Long Da's control.

"The overall strength of the 'Dragon Guard' has also undergone a qualitative leap in the past few years, sweeping the organizations of meta-humans around the world and becoming the strongest force secretly maintaining Huaxia's interests."

Those who were led by Fang Bai onto the path of the Martial Dao understood it more profoundly than other Ancient Martial Cultivators. They learned from Fang Bai that reaching the extremes of the Martial Dao could also lead to immortality and godhood, possessing ten thousand years of life, or even eternal life, which held a fatal attraction for them.

Although they did not understand why Fang Bai knew so much, the Martial Dao Arcane that Fang Bai explained to them was profound and mysterious, subtly conforming to the ultimate principles of the Heavenly Dao, which left them no choice but to believe.

When Fang Bai spoke of the True Martial Realm, they all yearned for that unfamiliar and mysterious world, especially people like Long Jingtian, who had little family ties, and was eager to try, repeatedly asking Fang Bai to send him to the True Martial Realm to struggle and train, and strive for higher breakthroughs in the Martial Dao.

Even though Fang Bai mentioned that the True Martial Realm was a place where the weak were prey to the strong and full of dangers, Long Jingtian was not afraid at all. He patted his chest and said that the True Martial Realm was the place where martial artists should go, and that even if he died there, he would have no regrets.

There were actually quite a few people who shared the same determination as Long Jingtian, such as "Doctor Pavilion" Pavilion Master Wen Yu and others from the Secular Ancient Martial World, Xuan Nan and Xuan Ku from Shaolin; Sect Disciples from Hidden Sects like 'Spirit Crane Sect', 'Yunnv Sect'...

Even Wu De, who came to Fang Bai once wanting to collaborate with him to explore an Essence Stone Vein, cried out excitedly "Wow, wow" after hearing about the True Martial Realm from Fang Bai, pestering Fang Bai to let him go to the True Martial Realm with Long Jingtian and others.

Among Fang Bai's disciples, Ghost Hand and Alian had no attachments and were eager to experience life in the True Martial Realm;

If Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong did not have family at home, they would probably have gone with Ghost Hand.

Among Fang Bai's several close female friends, Baili Mingyue's family was like rootless duckweed in this world, so they were willing to go to the True Martial Realm;

The Dragon Maiden was an orphan and was willing to follow Long Jingtian to struggle in the True Martial Realm;

Although Xia Chenyu had a father, they were like archenemies and did not communicate with each other.

As for her 'Beauty Company', after completely defeating the Anxi Shen Family, Xia Chenyu had resolved her heart knot, and in the past two years had devoted all her heart to cultivation. She put the management of the 'Beauty Company' in the hands of Wu Xiuyun and Zhao Xiaomeng, so she had no more concerns about this world.

Others like Dongfang Rushi, Dongfang Ruhua, Su Linglong, Tang Wenrou, Ye Wumei, Qin Yaorao and other women all had family, and it was difficult for them to cut ties temporarily.

Ever since Fang Bai gained the ability to refine elixirs, he spared no cost, expending a great deal of energy and Spiritual Medicine to create elixirs that could improve the physique of ordinary people, allowing his parents to take them and successfully embark on the path of the Martial Dao.

Though Fang Gang and Yang Mei were of average aptitude, with Fang Bai's guidance and the pile-up of a large amount of Cultivation Resources, their journey on the Martial Dao would not be too mediocre in the future.

Having resolved the issue with his parents, Fang Bai finally relaxed. In this way, if he went to the True Martial Realm in the future, he would be able to take his family with him.

More than a year passed in a blink of an eye, and the Cultivation Resources that Fang Bai found in this world were almost exhausted. The scarcity of Cultivation Resources had also caused the cultivation progress of Fang Bai and his close friends, disciples, and confidantes to come to a halt.

For martial artists, the path of the Martial Dao is like sailing with the current; if you do not advance, you retreat. The scarcity of Cultivation Resources severely affected the cultivation progress of Fang Bai and the others, which they found hard to accept.

Chapter 904: Anomaly in the Teleportation Array

Fang Bai originally thought that in a few more years, when everyone's strength had become stronger, they could go to the True Martial Realm with more ability to protect themselves; however, the scarcity of cultivation resources forced him to advance the trip to the True Martial Realm.

Fang Bai, based in Yanjing, sent messages to his close friends and family, and his disciples, Hongyan, asking them to gather in Yanjing to discuss the journey to the True Martial Realm together.

The day after the messages were sent, nearly a hundred martial artists from the Ancient Martial World, deeply connected with Fang Bai, gathered in the huge courtyard of his villa in the Yanjing suburbs, many of them showing signs of excitement.

Before coming to Yanjing, everyone had learned from Fang Bai that they might be setting off for the True Martial Realm, so they had already taken care of their affairs at home, ready to leave here without worries and head to the unknown True Martial Realm to continue their new journey in life.

When Fang Bai saw several of his disciples and close friends Hongyan appear before him, some with red-rimmed eyes and expressions filled with reluctance, he knew they too had painfully let go of familial ties in this world, willing to follow him to experience and strive in the True Martial Realm, feeling a warmth in his heart filled with emotion.

After exchanging a few words with everyone, Fang Bai shared that the resources for cultivation in this world were severely depleted, then left them to decide on their own whether to stay or leave.

Among the nearly hundred people present, most were willing to go with Fang Bai to the True Martial Realm to continue their pursuit of Martial Dao, while some were still undecided, unsure whether to go or stay.

To go was to struggle with leaving family behind, also fearing that once gone, one may never return.

To stay was to possibly miss a significant turning point in life, perhaps regretting it forever.

For those still unsure, Fang Bai did not rush them, as he was not going to the True Martial Realm immediately anyway, giving them enough time to make up their minds.

Three days later, apart from a few individuals, everyone else was willing to follow Fang Bai to the True Martial Realm.

On the fourth day, Fang Bai, along with nearly a hundred relatives, friends, and disciples, set out for the Snowy Plateau near Mount Everest.

Before this, Fang Bai had allocated part of his enormous wealth to his good friend Zhou Dabai and others, and placed another portion in a charity foundation established in his own name.

The foundation was jointly managed by several major families deeply connected with Fang Bai, such as the Lu Family, Ye Family, and Tang Family, so there was no worry of any issues arising.

Fang Bai even thought, as long as his strength could return to its former peak as the Immortal Emperor, he could tear through space for time travel, and there would always be a chance to return to this world again in the future.

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The wind was fierce, and the snowflakes were swirling.

In front of the teleportation array near Mount Everest on the Snowy Plateau, nearly a hundred people were lined up in order, all with excited expressions.

These people, led by Fang Bai, were secular and Hidden Sect martial artists from the Ancient Martial World, their gazes fixated on the teleportation array that Fang Bai had already activated.

To activate the teleportation array once again, Fang Bai's remaining Essence Stones were also spent, and besides a few Spiritual Artifacts, his Spatial Ring was devoid of any cultivation resources.

Looking at the empty space of the ring, Fang Bai couldn't help but smile bitterly, thinking that upon arrival in the True Martial Realm, he would have to start from scratch.

However, according to what Linghu Hongyan said, the True Martial Realm was abundant in Heaven and Earth Origin Energy and rich in cultivation resources, though the competition for these resources was fierce due to the large number of martial artists.

Nevertheless, Fang Bai was confident that with his strength and means, obtaining some cultivation resources should be no problem at all.

Soon, a slowly fluctuating multicolored gate appeared at the center of the Teleportation Array on the Transmission Platform.

Upon seeing the gate, people on-site couldn't help but cheer, because they knew that this was the passage to another world that Fang Bai had mentioned.

Although the new world on the other side of the teleportation gate was filled with infinite possibilities and had a huge allure for the people present, before stepping through the teleportation gate, they couldn't help but turn back for one last wistful look at the world they had lived in, then they stepped through the gate without any reluctance.

The Teleportation Array could only be maintained for a hundred breaths each time it was activated, meaning that the nearly hundred people present had to pass through the gate as quickly as possible, without any delay.

Under Fang Bai's urging, the Martial Artists entered the teleportation gate one after another, their figures instantly disappearing.

And each person's entry would cause a slight fluctuation of the teleportation gate.

"Farewell, this world... If I have the chance, I will come back to visit..."

Fang Bai was the last one to enter the teleportation gate, and unlike the others who were excited, thrilled, and nervous, he felt more melancholic and reluctant.

Despite the fact that this world was not suitable for the cultivation of Martial Artists, having lived here for many years, made many friends, disciples, and beloved ones, Fang Bai had developed some attachments.

Fang Bai was a sentimental person, and this departure, whether temporary or forever, made it difficult for him to forget the beautiful and unforgettable memories he had here.

Casting his gaze toward the distant snow peaks, Fang Bai sighed softly, then turned and stepped into the teleportation gate.

The moment his figure entered the teleportation gate, the gate fluctuated violently and then disappeared.

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Fang Bai felt he was very unlucky.

He had not anticipated that after he entered the teleportation gate, the teleportation space would become extremely unstable due to some unknown influence, and the spatial channel underwent serious distortion instantly.

Under normal circumstances, if the spatial channel is stable, Martial Artists who enter the teleportation gate will be transported to a fixed location, but once the spatial channel fluctuates, the address coordinates become chaotic, and no one can predict where they will be transported to next.

What's more terrifying is that if the spatial channel fluctuation is intense, and the force of the spatial distortion strong enough, it could instantly tear the Martial Artists within the teleportation channel into a mist of blood, completely annihilating them.

Though Fang Bai possessed the Chaos True Body, making his body extremely strong, his cultivation level was somewhat weak. And since the power of spatial distortion was comparable to the force of heaven and earth, with his current strength, Fang Bai was utterly unable to contend against it.

The sudden twist and fluctuation of the spatial channel caught Fang Bai off guard, and in haste, he could only spread his True Yuan throughout his body to protect himself.

However, the force of the spatial distortion was too powerful and almost instantly tore through the True Yuan surrounding Fang Bai. He felt as if his body were being sliced by knives and chopped by axes, the pain was excruciating. Soon, his skin split and flesh burst open, his tendons snapped, and bones broke, with blood continuously spilling from his wounds, making him look like a bloodied figure.

This was the most severe injury Fang Bai had suffered since his rebirth by seizing a new body, so much so that he passed out before even exiting the spatial channel.

Chapter 905: Otherworldly Young Men and Women

I don't know how much time had passed, but Fang Bai eventually regained a slight consciousness, though his eyelids were as heavy as lead, making it impossible to open his eyes. His senses were also far from as sharp as usual, and he was in a state of complete self-enclosure.

Despite this, Fang Bai was ecstatic in his heart, knowing that he had escaped unscathed and had not perished in the spatial passage.

Fang Bai's Chaos True Body possessed an extremely powerful self-healing ability. At this time, he could distinctly feel his severely damaged body rapidly recovering.

After an unknown amount of time passed, Fang Bai finally had some awareness of the outside world and felt as though he was lying on a soft bed and that there were people whispering beside him.

"The spatial passage experienced an anomaly, which means the destination of the teleportation might have been disrupted. I don't know where I have been teleported to now. If this place is not the True Martial Realm, it could perhaps be one of the Minor Worlds... If that's the case, it would be extremely difficult for me to see my family and friends, disciple Hongyan, again!"

Thinking of this, Fang Bai became anxious and wanted to open his eyes to see the environment he was in, but he could only open his eyelids slightly before they closed again, exhausted.

In the moment he managed to open his eyes, Fang Bai vaguely saw that he was lying in a thatched hut, with a young boy and girl sitting beside him, looking at him with a touch of concern in their eyes.

Fang Bai's eyes opened and then closed immediately, so he couldn't make out the faces of the young boy and girl.

"Ah! Sister, it seemed like his eyes moved just a bit!"

A slightly childish young boy's voice rang out, filled with surprise.

"Huzi, keep your voice down, don't disturb him! Daddy said he's badly hurt and needs to rest well to heal sooner!"

A voice as gentle as a spring breeze, belonging to a young girl, spoke softly.

"I'll go tell Daddy and Grandpa!"

Urgent footsteps gradually distanced themselves, clearly indicating the boy with the slightly childish voice had left the bedside.

A short while later, Fang Bai heard the sound of water near his ear, followed by a soft and warm towel falling on his face, gently wiping it.

Fang Bai knew that the person wiping his face was the girl with the gentle voice.

The girl's wiping movements were slow and gentle, as if afraid to disturb him, while a faint fragrance of a young girl wafted into his nostrils.

Several moments later, Fang Bai heard a series of disordered footsteps approaching, and sequentially people entered the hut and stood in front of the bed, observing him.

"Strange, this young man's injuries are healing so quickly... Qing'er, when he wakes up, stew the Red Fire Chicken for him to eat!"

The person who spoke was a middle-aged man with a deep and resonant voice.

The girl sitting by the bed responded and stood up to leave.

"But Daddy, that Red Fire Chicken was something you and Grandpa and several uncles risked your lives to get from the mountains, and you need it for your cultivation! What will you do if it's given to him to eat?"

The young boy with the slightly childish voice muttered.

"If the Red Fire Chicken is gone, we can always go get another! Healing him is what's crucial right now!"

The middle-aged man said in a tone that brooked no argument.

The boy murmured an acknowledgment and then fell silent.

Fang Bai felt a slight stir in his heart upon hearing the words "Red Fire Chicken."

In his former life in the Cultivation World, the Red Fire Chicken was also a type of Spirit Beast. When stewed, it had the effect of strengthening muscles and bones for ordinary people and also provided some benefits to a Martial Artist's cultivation.

From the young man's words, it could be inferred that the middle-aged man was also a Martial Artist. However, although Fang Bai had regained some consciousness, his Qi Sea was in a closed state and he could not release his Divine Sense, so others could not see his identity as a Martial Artist, nor could he sense the cultivation level of others for the time being.

After a few low-voiced conversations, the people in the house hurriedly left, and Fang Bai felt weak and drowsy. He decided not to think about anything and soon fell into a deep sleep.

When he woke up again, Fang Bai could easily open his eyes and found that he was alone in the straw hut.

Fang Bai assessed himself and found that his injuries had mostly healed, his Qi Sea had reopened, his Divine Sense could spread out, and his True Yuan could circulate freely within his body.

Although it would take some time for his strength to fully recover, Fang Bai was now capable of fighting any Martial Artist within the Desolate Level Realm.

Fang Bai's Divine Sense quickly covered a nearly two thousand meter radius, discovering that he was in a small mountain village.

Unfortunately, although all the villagers in the small village were Martial Artists, none of them had the familiar aura he knew.

That is to say, due to the anomaly in the spatial channel, he was transported to an unknown location, far from his relatives, friends, and disciple Hongyan. Even if they were in the same True Martial Realm, they must be very far apart, otherwise they would have sensed each other's presence due to their deep connection.

The small mountain village had just over a hundred households, with a population of around four to five hundred.

The village was surrounded by mountains on all sides, with a large lake adjacent to the south end of the village. The lake was surrounded by willows, making the scenery picturesque and extremely beautiful.

The straw hut where Fang Bai was staying was located on the north side of the lake. A hundred steps from his door was the lakeshore.

At this moment, a girl in a green dress was practicing sword by the lakeside near the willows.

The girl was only about sixteen or seventeen years old, with an oval face, bright eyes and white teeth, and a beautiful appearance, making her a rare beauty.

Sweat had formed on the girl's forehead, obviously practicing her swordsmanship very hard, and she was still gritting her teeth and persevering.

The long sword in the girl's hand faintly emanated Essence Energy fluctuations, indicating it was a low-grade Spiritual Artifact.

As the girl swung her sword, the blade shimmered, and the sword energy was fierce. The Essence Energy released by the sword occasionally caused willow leaves on the ground to fly into the air.

The girl's flowing hair and elegant figure made her sword practice look light and graceful, like a crane moving up and down, which was pleasing to the eye.

Unfortunately, the sword technique practiced by the girl was of a low grade and too gentle, lacking the sharp and decisive aura necessary for combat, favoring aesthetics over practicality.

A few meters from the girl, a boy about thirteen or fourteen years old, but as tall as her, stood with his arms crossed over his chest, gazing intensely at her. When he saw her perform impressively, he couldn't help but clap and cheer loudly.

The young man and woman had some similar features, suggesting they might be siblings.

Fang Bai's Divine Sense swept over the young man and woman, knowing they were the first people he saw, and from the previous conversations in the straw hut, he knew that the girl's name was Qing'er and the boy's name was Huzi.

When Fang Bai got out of bed, he realized that his original clothes were gone, replaced by a green shirt like the one worn by the boy Huzi.

Fang Bai smiled, completely withdrew his aura, straightened the green shirt on his body, and stepped out of the straw hut, heading towards the young man and woman by the lakeside.

Chapter 906: The Liu Family Siblings

"Eh? How are you up already?"

The young man in green clothes, who was watching the girl in the blue dress practicing swordsmanship, turned his head to see Fang Bai, first startled, then with an expression of disbelief, strode over to Fang Bai's side.

"I heard from Dad that when they found you in the mountains, you were covered in blood with your skin split open, your muscles torn, and your bones broken, hanging onto life by a mere thread of a heartbeat. They all said you definitely wouldn't make it, and the only reason they brought you back was so that the spirit beasts in the mountains wouldn't eat you..."

As the young man spoke, he circled around Fang Bai's body, examining him intently from top to bottom with his bright, tiger-like eyes, and clicked his tongue in amazement, "When you were brought back to the village, everyone said you wouldn't survive two or three days, but no one expected that not only would you live, your injuries would also improve day by day... My grandpa said, this might be because your constitution is unique and you have self-healing abilities..."

Reaching this point in his explanation, he glanced at the wounds on Fang Bai's body, which had been bleeding profusely but were now scabbed over, and judged that it wouldn't take many days for the scabs to fall off, a notion which especially piqued his curiosity.

It was only then that Fang Bai realized that after he had lost consciousness in the spatial passage, he had been transported to the nearby mountains and luckily rescued by the villagers of a small mountain village.

"Brother, is this... the True Martial Realm?"

Unsure of his current location, Fang Bai couldn't help but ask.

"Yes! This is the Tiansheng Continent of the True Martial Realm, our village is located in the Liuhu Village of the Thousand Lakes Country in Tiansheng Continent... Hmm, the meaning of Liuhu Village is that it has willow trees and a big lake... By the way, what's your name? Where are you from?"

The young man in green blinked and asked, meanwhile wondering whether this guy had lost his memory due to his serious injuries, as he didn't even know if this was the True Martial Realm.

"So it is the True Martial Realm..."

Fang Bai breathed a sigh of relief, his mood greatly improved, and then smiled, "My name is Fang Bai. And you, brother?"

The young man in green replied, "I'm Liu Liehu. Everyone in the village calls me Huzi!"

By now, the girl in the blue dress by the lake had finished her practice and put away her sword. She cast a glance over here, and a trace of surprise flickered through her eyes when she saw Fang Bai. She then brushed a few stray strands of hair behind her ear and started walking this way with light, graceful steps.

A gentle breeze tugged at the girl's blue dress, pressing it against one side of her delicate frame and outlining her graceful figure.

"That's my sister, her name is Liu Qingqing. Hehe, my sister Qingqing is the only one with an Innate Spiritual Root in Liuhu Village for hundreds of years. Right now, 'Bitao Martial Academy' is recruiting disciples, and after the New Year, Dad will take sister to the 'Bitao Martial Academy' to test. If sister becomes a disciple of the 'Bitao Martial Academy,' no one in Liuhu Village will dare to bully us!"

As Liu Qingqing approached, Liu Liehu proudly boasted to Fang Bai, seemingly as though becoming a disciple of "Bitao Martial Academy" was a matter of immense honor in his words.

Fang Bai had already discerned with his Divine Sense that Liu Qingqing possessed an Innate Water Spirit Root. However, in his view, Liu Qingqing likely lacked proper guidance from a master and also lacked cultivation resources, which resulted in significant limitations to her martial progression. Otherwise, with her talent, she at least ought to be a Heaven Level Martial Artist to be considered normal.

"Bitao Martial Academy... which rank does its sect belong to?"

Fang Bai was aware that in the three thousand major worlds of his former life, the size and strength of a sect were graded. He wondered if the True Martial Realm, being one of the three thousand minor worlds, followed the same system.

Liu Liehu said, "It's a fourth-grade sect! Its Sect Master possesses cultivation at the Desolate Level Perfection realm, and within a thousand miles from here, he's the strongest!"

"Fourth-grade..."

Fang Bai quietly shook his head.

Based on the information Fang Bai had obtained earlier from the Purple Flame Sect disciples He Huan and Pei Litong, he knew that any sect in the True Martial Realm with a Desolate Level powerhouse was a fourth-grade sect.

A fourth-grade sect, in the True Martial Realm, was considered the weakest, with third-grade, second-grade, and first-grade sects above it, and even the legendary super sects.

However, although a fourth-grade sect was weak, for the villagers of Liuhu Village who didn't even have a Heaven Level Martial Artist among them, it was already a huge entity, and the martial artists within a thousand miles were proud to become disciples of the Bitao Martial Academy.

"Sister, look, it's only been a few days, and Fang Bai is already able to walk around... You didn't expect that, did you?"

Liu Liehu, seeing his sister approach, pointed at Fang Bai and said with a laugh.

Liu Qingqing stopped in front of the two and scanned Fang Bai with her clear black and white eyes, then spoke with concern, "Your wounds haven't fully healed yet, you should go back to your room and rest more!"

After a pause, she added, "Oh! Father mentioned earlier that once you wake up, he would stew that 'Red Fire Chicken' for you to eat! Your name is Fang Bai, right? Wait in your room, I'll go stew the 'Red Fire Chicken' for you, it's very nourishing and good for the body!"

With that, she twisted her slender waist and hurried away.

"That Red Fire Chicken was hard to come by, we only got one, and it was originally meant for father to eat. But now it's going to be eaten by a common person like you... What a waste of natural resources!"

Watching his sister's figure entering a nearby house, Liu Liehu muttered to himself in a low voice, as if talking to himself, yet seemingly saying it for Fang Bai to hear.

Since he couldn't detect Fang Bai's Martial Artist Aura, he thought Fang Bai was an ordinary person without the slightest martial strength and looked down on him somewhat.

Although the True Martial Realm was filled with many martial artists and powerful figures, ordinary people who did not follow the Martial Dao were even more numerous. Martial artists naturally felt a psychological superiority over ordinary people.

Fang Bai wasn't angry and just smiled faintly at Liu Liehu, casually asking, "Are there many Red Fire Chickens in the nearby mountains?"

Liu Liehu, still upset about the Red Fire Chicken, replied grumpily, "Many! But Red Fire Chickens are very cunning and also fast, it's not easy to catch one! Moreover, there are many Spirit Beasts in the mountains, and if you meet a formidable one, it can be dangerous!"

Fang Bai nodded, patted Liu Liehu's shoulder, and said, "Today I'll eat one of your Red Fire Chickens, in a little while, I'll repay you with ten or a hundred!"

Fang Bai knew that there were many types of Spirit Beasts, some of which had delicious meat that not only tasted delightful but also contained traces of Essence Energy. Martial artists benefited greatly in their cultivation from eating their meat, which was why many martial artists frequently hunted or bought Spirit Beast Meat at high prices from other martial artists.

Now that Fang Bai's Spatial Ring was empty of cultivation resources, any resources were incredibly precious to him; plus, he hadn't eaten Spirit Beast Meat for quite some time and was starting to miss it. Hearing that there was "Red Fire Chicken" available, he didn't hesitate to take up the offer.

But given Fang Bai's nature, even the smallest favor from someone would be reciprocated with a generous reward. Therefore, Fang Bai decided to hunt more Red Fire Chickens in the future to give to the father of Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu, as a way of compensation.

Chapter 907: Harvest

"Just you? And you're going to take down ten, a hundred Red Fire Chickens? Ha... Hahaha..."

Upon hearing Fang Bai's "boasting," Liu Liehu couldn't help but burst into laughter, pointing at Fang Bai and saying, "Do you think you're a Martial Artist? Alright, even if you are, could you possibly be more

formidable than my grandpa and dad? If you were that powerful, you wouldn't have gotten injured in the mountains, almost dying..."

Fang Bai merely smiled, unwilling to argue with the boy who was only thirteen or fourteen years old, and turned to go back to the thatched hut.

"Hey, wait! I have a lot of questions for you... Why did you go into the mountains alone? How did you get injured? Was it a Spirit Beast attack? It's truly amazing you weren't eaten by a Spirit Beast; you must be really lucky..."

Fang Bai ignored Liu Liehu, but like sticky candy, Liehu followed Fang Bai into the thatched hut and sat down by the bed, looking at Fang Bai and asking questions.

Half-reclining on the bed, Fang Bai looked at the low ceiling, seeming to be lost in thought. After a long while, he finally spoke, "I don't remember much about the past, just my name. By the way, Huzi, where are your grandpa and dad? They saved my life, and I haven't thanked them for their kindness yet!"

Liu Liehu said, "A few days ago, grandpa and dad led another group of villagers into the mountains... I hope they'll come back with a full load this time!"

Small mountain villages like Liuhu Village had no arable land and couldn't grow grain. They could only rely on the mountains and the water to sustain their livelihood.

Liu Poshan, Liehu's grandfather, and Liu Qi, his father, were the two strongest among the dozens of Martial Artists in Liuhu Village, highly respected and were elected as the village head and deputy head, respectively.

Usually, they would take the village Martial Artists into the mountains behind the village, where they would gather Spiritual Medicine or hunt some mild-mannered, weaker Spirit Beasts, either keeping them for their own use or selling them at the Spiritual Medicine and Spirit Beast purchase center set up by Bitao Martial Academy in a nearby market town, to make a living.

"Every time they go to the mountains, they refuse to take me with them, saying I'm too young and weak... Hmph, I'm already a Martial Artist at Profound Level Perfection; that's not weak, right? If we do encounter a formidable Spirit Beast, I could definitely be of help!"

When the subject of going to the mountains came up, a look of grievance couldn't help but appear on Liehu's slightly immature face.

While they were talking, suddenly a cheer erupted from the village entrance.

"Grandpa, dad, and the villagers are back from the mountains!"

Hearing the cheering outside, Liehu's spirits instantly lifted, and he rushed out of the thatched hut in a flurry after leaving a remark.

With nothing better to do, Fang Bai also got out of bed and headed for the village entrance to see what the commotion was about.

When he reached the village square at the entrance, Fang Bai discovered that nearly all of Liuhu Village's hundreds of villagers had gathered there, and each person's face was filled with joy, regardless of age or gender.

Dressed in cyan shirts, dozens of Martial Artists, led by a white-haired elderly man and a dark-skinned middle-aged man with a square face, walked briskly from the distance, soon arriving at the village entrance.

These Martial Artists were villagers from Liuhu Village, some with bundles of Spiritual Grass on their backs and others holding Spirit Beasts like Red Fire Chickens and Snow Jade Rabbits. The excitement was evident on all their faces.

No wonder, the villagers of Liuhu Village usually came back from the mountains with scant rewards, barely enough to maintain their everyday needs.

But this time, the Spiritual Medicine they gathered and the Spirit Beasts they hunted were the biggest haul they had seen in years, which could mean that the villagers' lives might improve in the near future.

The villagers who had been waiting at the entrance crowded around the returning Martial Artists, warmly greeting and embracing each other. Some were also looking for their relatives, checking to see if they were unharmed.

In the past, when the Martial Artists from the village went into the mountains, they would return safely if they were lucky, but if they were unlucky, such as encountering a fierce large beast, there might be injuries or even deaths among them.

Seeing the martial artists return safely from the mountains, the villagers all breathed a sigh of relief and were delighted at the sight of the spiritual medicines, Red Fire Chickens, and Snow Jade Rabbits— all valuable spirit beasts— that they brought back.

When Fang Bai approached the entrance of the village, what he saw was this lively scene,

and Fang Bai's arrival also captured the attention of some villagers. Many stopped their conversations and turned their heads to look at him, and some children ran up to Fang Bai and curiously sized him up.

Liu Liehu also noticed Fang Bai, and he whispered something to an old man with snow-white hair and a square-faced, slightly dark-skinned middle-aged man before the three of them walked over to Fang Bai.

"Fang Bai, this is my grandpa, and this is my daddy! If it weren't for my grandpa and daddy rescuing you from the mountains, you would have been eaten by a spirit beast by now!" Liu Liehu said to Fang Bai with a chuckle.

Fang Bai bowed with clasped fists to the white-haired elder and the square-faced middle-aged man, his face filled with gratitude, and said, "For the life-saving grace of you two, Fang Bai is eternally grateful!"

The white-haired elder was Liu Poshan, grandfather to siblings Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing, as well as the village chief of Liuhu Village. His cultivation level was at Earth Level Perfection.

The square-faced middle-aged man was named Liu Qi, the father of Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing. He was also an Earth Level Perfection martial artist, and he had been elected as the deputy village chief by the villagers, poised to be the next village chief.

Liu Poshan and Liu Qi, father and son, were the strongest martial artists in Liuhu Village and the mainstay for the hundreds of villagers there.

"You're Fang Bai, right? I really didn't expect your injuries to have healed so quickly..."

Liu Poshan stroked his beard, eyeing Fang Bai, who seemed to be in good spirits, with some surprise.

When they had rescued Fang Bai from the mountains, he was so gravely injured that he could have died at any moment, but a few days later, not only was Fang Bai not dead, but he was also rapidly recovering. At this rate, it might not be long before he completely healed.

Liu Poshan had, during his past travels, heard that a very few individuals in this world were born with self-healing abilities. Perhaps Fang Bai was one of those rare few.

"My physique is a bit special, with some capacity for self-healing, so I tend to recover faster than most people after being injured," Fang Bai responded with a smile.

Liu Poshan nodded, thinking to himself that it was indeed as he had speculated— a pity that Fang Bai was not a martial artist, for with such a special physique, it would truly be an additional strength.

"Qing'er, have you stewed that Red Fire Chicken for Fang Bai to eat?"

Liu Liehu's father, Liu Qi, glanced at his daughter and suddenly asked.

Liu Qi had joined the other martial artists from the village in rescuing Fang Bai from the mountains simply out of kindness. Seeing Fang Bai awake and recovering well, he felt very pleased.

Hearing her father's question, Liu Qingqing quickly replied, "It's already stewing in the pot; it'll be ready soon."

Liu Qi nodded, then turned to Fang Bai and said, "After eating the Red Fire Chicken, your injury will heal even faster! Also, you'd better rest more and move less so that your injury can heal better. In a few days, I'll have Qing'er stew a Snow Jade Rabbit for you to eat!"

Chapter 908: I Am Also a Martial Artist

Several days ago, Liu Qi asked his daughter Liu Qingqing to stew the Red Fire Chicken for Fang Bai when he woke up, but Liu Liehu was somewhat displeased at the time. Now, hearing his father say they also needed to provide the Snow Jade Rabbit for Fang Bai to eat, he felt even more gloomy.

For Liu Liehu, his father was at a critical moment of attempting to break through to the Heaven Level Realm, and whether he could successfully advance was crucial for Liuhu Village. Both the Red Fire Chicken and the Snow Jade Rabbit could be used for food or traded for Essence Stones and Elixirs, which were valuable cultivation resources that would greatly benefit his father.

As for Fang Bai, Liu Liehu believed he was an outsider, merely an ordinary person, and he also possessed self-healing abilities. Giving him the Red Fire Chicken and Snow Jade Rabbit to eat was simply a waste of resources.

Yet Liu Liehu knew his father was a generous and resolute man. If he objected to his father's decisions, he would surely be reprimanded. His lips moved hesitantly for a while, but in the end, he chose to remain silent. However, his gaze towards Fang Bai became slightly less friendly, blaming him for snatching his father's cultivation resources.

Liu Liehu, after all, was just a thirteen or fourteen-year-old teenager, unable to hide his displeasure, which was plainly written across his face.

Fang Bai glanced at Liu Liehu and knew the young man was looking out for his father's interests. He smiled faintly and said to Liu Qi, "My body has a certain self-healing ability. My injuries have already mostly healed, and in a few days, I should be fully recovered. The benefits of the Red Fire Chicken and Snow Jade Rabbit are indeed numerous, but they don't do much for me, so... you should keep them for yourselves!"

Upon hearing Fang Bai's words, Liu Liehu felt a surge of joy inside, and when he looked at Fang Bai again, he thought he seemed much more likable.

"Yes, Dad, Fang Bai is right. He can recover from his injuries on his own, without the need to eat the Red Fire Chicken and Snow Jade Rabbit. As for you, you could take the Red Fire Chicken and Snow Jade Rabbit to the nearby market to exchange for Essence Stones and Elixirs for cultivation, which could increase your chances of breaking through to the Heaven Level Realm!" Liu Liehu said to his father with a grin.

Liu Poshan also chimed in, "This gentleman Fang Bai's injuries also seem to be nothing serious now. Since that's the case... Xiao Qi, you keep the Red Fire Chicken and Snow Jade Rabbit for yourself!"

After a pause, he spoke solemnly, "Out of the dozens of martial artists in Liuhu Village, you have the best chance of breaking through to the Heaven Level Realm. You must diligently cultivate and not disappoint everyone! If you can advance to the Heaven Level Realm, then our Liuhu Village won't have to suffer bullying by the martial artists from the nearby villages any longer!"

Liu Qi pondered for a moment before nodding seriously and saying, "Dad, I understand! I will put in the effort!"

Then he patted Fang Bai on the shoulder with a hearty laugh and said, "I heard before that there are special constitutions in this world that can self-heal injuries; I never expected to really see one! It's just a pity you're not a martial artist, otherwise, such a constitution would be of great use—the equivalent of having an extra half a life!"

Fang Bai blinked and said, "Actually... I am a martial artist..."

As soon as he said this, Liu Poshan, Liu Qi, Liu Qingqing, Liu Liehu, and the several dozen martial artists of Liuhu Village all showed expressions of astonishment and began to reassess him.

A faint smile on his face, Fang Bai quietly released a thread of martial artist aura, and in the midst of the surrounding gazes filled with shock and confusion, he slowly said, "I have cultivated a technique that can conceal one's strength. If I wish, others will not be able to sense the martial artist aura on me."

The strongest among the several dozen martial artists of Liuhu Village was Liu Qi, who was no more than an Earth Level Perfection martial artist. Fang Bai, not wanting to frighten them, only released an aura equivalent to that of Liu Qi, an Earth Level martial artist. Even so, it still left Liu Qi and the others incredulous and dumbstruck.

Liu Qi and the others had thought the person they saved was just an ordinary man, yet it turned out he was an Earth Level Perfection martial artist. What astonished them additionally was that Fang Bai was only in his early twenties.

Around twenty years old and at Earth Level Perfection, such a Martial Artist is unparalleled in the nearby villages, spanning eight or ten miles, not to mention when looking at the entire Tiansheng Continent, it's probably only a big Sect with a graded status, like "Bitao Martial Academy", that could possibly cultivate such a disciple, right?

Liu Liehu's mouth gaped open as he stared dumbfounded at Fang Bai, thinking about his somewhat unfriendly attitude towards him just now, his heart couldn't help but feel apprehensive.

In the True Martial Realm, this world that revered Martial Artists, people have always held awe for the strong. Although Fang Bai was at the Earth Level Perfection realm, on par with Liu Qi, his youth and boundless potential made everyone imagine that his future achievements in the Martial Dao would certainly far surpass Liu Qi's.

If Fang Bai were a vengeful person, that would definitely be troublesome; he might even bring disaster to Liuhu Village in the future.

Liu Qingqing looked at Fang Bai with an unusual brilliance in her eyes, even carrying a hint of admiration, thinking to herself that if she were a few years older and could reach the level he was at now, she would be completely content.

"I never imagined Brother Fang's strength to be so formidable... I was rude just now! Please don't take offense!"

Liu Qi bowed with his fists clasped towards Fang Bai, his face showing sincere remorse.

In the True Martial Realm, the respect and hierarchy among Martial Artists is not determined by age, but by strength; the stronger one is the senior, the weaker one is the junior.

Fang Bai and Liu Qi were on equal footing in strength, granting Fang Bai a status equal to Liu Qi's. However, Liu Qi had earlier patted Fang Bai's shoulder, an action that treated Fang Bai as a junior; it was indeed somewhat offensive. If Fang Bai were a petty person, he would certainly feel disgruntled.

Liu Poshan watched Fang Bai with a contemplative look, his slightly squinted eyes flashing with a sharp glint that quickly disappeared.

Although unable to guess Fang Bai's identity, Liu Poshan, who had seen countless people in his life, could tell that Fang Bai was not a bad person. Considering their life-saving grace towards him, even if his son had been inadvertently rude without knowing the situation, Fang Bai surely wouldn't repay kindness with enmity, right?

Of course, Fang Bai wouldn't hold such trifles against Liu Qi. He smiled and waved his hand, saying to Liu Qi, "Brother Liu, you're too kind! You all saved my life; I have yet to repay you. How could I possibly blame you?"

Liu Qi breathed a sigh of relief inwardly, his expression taking on a respectful tone as he asked, "I have yet to ask where Brother Fang is from? Which Sect are you a disciple of?"

In Liu Qi's view, Fang Bai was so young yet possessed Earth Level Perfection strength, he must be a disciple of some major Sect.

Of course, Fang Bai couldn't say he had come from another world through a Teleportation Array. He acted as if he was completely bewildered and sighed, "Speaking of that... Alas, when I woke up just now, I found that aside from remembering my own name, I can't seem to recall anything else..."

Liu Qi was first stunned, then showed a look of sudden realization.

Fang Bai was extremely injured when rescued, with not a single part of his body intact; it would have been extraordinary for him not to die. Thus, it was very possible that his injuries led to memory loss.

Chapter 909: Pushing Things Too Far

A young martial artist with such potential, yet suffering from amnesia and becoming homeless, was indeed a matter for sighs.

"This Fang Bai has considerable strength and immense potential. Wouldn't it be great if we could have him stay in Liuhu Village?"

Liu Qi's heart suddenly stirred, and he exchanged a glance with his father, Liu Poshan. The father and son communicated silently for a moment, then nodded together.

Liu Qi cleared his throat and asked, "Brother Fang, do you have any plans after your injury heals?"

"Any plans?"

Fang Bai thought for a while, then shook his head dejectedly and sighed, "I don't know..."

Liu Qi said, "In that case, why don't you stay in Liuhu Village for a while? When you have recovered your memory, it won't be too late to leave. What do you think?"

"It seems like the only option..."

Under the hopeful gazes of Liu Qi and Liu Poshan, Fang Bai frowned in thought for a moment, then finally nodded and said.

Liu Qi and Liu Poshan were overjoyed. As long as Fang Bai was willing to stay, living in Liuhu Village for a long time would inevitably build some emotional ties. Even if he recovered his memory in the future, he would remember this kindness and look after Liuhu Village.

That very noon, Liu Poshan, the village chief of Liuhu Village, set up several tables of food and drink in his courtyard to welcome the martial artists who had entered the mountains and also to welcome Fang Bai as a member of Liuhu Village.

Liu Qi personally slaughtered several Red Fire Chickens and Snow Jade Rabbits to make a rich broth, while Liu Poshan took out some of his cherished liquor to feast and drink merrily with the villagers.

The Heaven and Earth Origin Energy in the True Martial Realm was much more abundant than in the Secular World where Fang Bai had been before. Outside the village, in the great Dashan, the Essence Energy was even more pure and dense. Red Fire Chickens and Snow Jade Rabbits that had grown while bathing in the Origin Energy of the mountain wilderness, whether roasted or stewed, were delicious and favored by martial artists.

The precious delicacies that Liu Poshan brought out were brewed from some flowers and fruits from the mountains. Although these were not Spiritual Medicines, they grew in the nourishing Origin Energy, and after being turned into liquor, they had a significant effect on strengthening the body and improving health.

The ordinary villagers of Liuhu Village occasionally drank such fine liquor; each was in robust health, free from sickness and disaster, and the vast majority of villagers lived well beyond a hundred years.

After the feast dispersed, Liu Qi personally arranged for Fang Bai to stay in a small courtyard inside the village.

The courtyard consisted of three stone houses, which were rather simple but were considered the best constructions in Liuhu Village.

The fact that Fang Bai was given this courtyard, which was usually reserved for important guests, indicated the importance the villagers of Liuhu Village placed on him.

In the following days, Fang Bai focused on cultivation in the small courtyard, his injuries healed rapidly, and after the scars fell off, his skin was not only free of any marks but also appeared fairer and more delicate than before, to the envy of Liu Qingqing who came to visit her.

Liu Qingqing and her brother Liu Liehu were close in age to Fang Bai and got along well with him. So, when the brother and sister had some free time, they frequently visited Fang Bai in the small courtyard to chat, and sometimes they took him to play by the great lake at the southern edge of the village.

Liu Poshan and Liu Qi watched with joy in their hearts, thinking that having fostered a good relationship with Fang Bai, it would bring many benefits to themselves and to Liuhu Village in the future.

By the third day, Fang Bai's injuries had completely healed, and his cultivation level seemed to have improved somewhat following the incident.

With his injuries healed, Fang Bai spent more time outside. His gentle demeanor and courteous ways quickly endeared him to the villagers of Liuhu Village. In just a few days, he had earned the good opinion of almost every villager, who came to regard him as one of their own.

Liu Poshan and Liu Qi had not been seen for several days. Fang Bai heard from the siblings Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing that they had exchanged the Red Fire Chicken and Snow Jade Rabbit they had hunted for some Essence Stones and Elixirs, then went into seclusion to cultivate.

Liu Poshan and his son were both at the Earth Level Perfection realm and had been striving to break through to the Heaven Level Realm. However, limited by their own talents and the lack of cultivation resources, they had been unable to advance.

Around the lake, including Liuhu Village, there were more than a dozen large and small villages, with many of them having Heaven Level Martial Artists in residence. Liuhu Village, on the other hand, only had Liu Poshan and Liu Qi, two Earth Level Perfection Martial Artists, and as such, they were often subjected to the bullying of Martial Artists from other villages.

Just a few months ago, Martial Artists from the neighboring Shi Village, upon learning that Liuhu Village's Martial Artists had reaped a bountiful harvest in the mountains, ambushed them on their way back, injured many Martial Artists of Liuhu Village, and seized all the cultivation resources.

This incident infuriated all the villagers of Liuhu Village. Liu Poshan, the village head, led the village's Martial Artists to Shi Village to reason with them, but conflict ensued. Without a Heaven Level Martial Artist, they were soundly defeated. Liu Poshan and his son Liu Qi were seriously injured and had to be carried back to the village, where it took more than two months for their injuries to heal.

Because of this, the villagers of Liuhu Village all harbored deep resentment. The Martial Artists in the village trained even harder in their cultivation, hoping that one day a Heaven Level Martial Artist, or even more, would emerge to protect the villagers from further humiliation.

Whenever Fang Bai talked about the incident with Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing, the siblings would clench their fists tightly, their faces filled with indignation, denouncing the Martial Artists from Shi Village as excessively oppressive.

Fang Bai simply smiled faintly in response, for he knew that this was the rule of the Martial Dao World, where the strong are revered, and the weak are despised, the same everywhere.

To change this situation, one must continuously improve their cultivation level, strengthen their own power, and earn respect with their fists.

After his recovery, Fang Bai also began to consider his own cultivation.

Fang Bai was presently without any cultivation resources. Fortunately, Liuhu Village was protected by Dashan, a mountain range said to be rich in Spiritual Medicines and Spirit Beasts, which represented a treasure trove to Fang Bai.

"It's bad! The Martial Artists from Shi Village are here again!"

That morning, while Fang Bai was cultivating in the small courtyard, he suddenly heard panicked shouts from children in the eastern part of the village.

Upon hearing the words "Martial Artists from Shi Village," Fang Bai's heart stirred, and he extended his Divine Sense to discover a group of about fifteen Martial Artists in black robes swiftly approaching Liuhu Village.

The black-robed elder at the front had half-white hair and whiskers, was not tall, and had a lean figure with narrow eyes and a hooked nose. Based on the Essence Energy fluctuations emitted from his body, he was a Heaven Level Realm Martial Artist.

The dozen or so people following the black-robed elder were all Earth Level Realm Martial Artists.

The group of black-robed Martial Artists briskly walked to the open space at the eastern end of Liuhu Village and stopped, pointing around the village and wearing disdainful, arrogant smiles on their faces.

Chapter 910: The Marriage Proposal

A long howl broke the tranquility of Liuhu Village.

Upon hearing this howl, dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village rushed out from their homes and converged on the square at the eastern end of the village.

"It's that bunch of bastards from Shi Village!"

"What do they want to do this time?"

"It doesn't look good!"

"Hmph, if they come to bully us again, we'll fight them to the death!"

"Right! Fight to the death!"

...

When they saw the dozen or so black-clad martial artists in the square, the martial artists of Liuhu Village were instantly inflamed with fighting spirit. They spread out and surrounded the black-clad martial artists from Shi Village layer by layer.

It was these martial artists from Shi Village, relying on the presence of a Heaven Level Expert in their village, who often came to Liuhu Village to show off their power and bully the villagers. Not long ago, they even forcefully took away the cultivation resources that the martial artists of Liuhu Village had worked so hard to obtain from the mountains.

Liuhu Village and Shi Village had been enemies for hundreds of years with constant disputes. Shi Village, being more powerful, had always suppressed Liuhu Village. Without a Heaven Level Expert, even when bullied by Shi Village, Liuhu Village ultimately had no choice but to swallow their grievances.

Although there were only a dozen Shi Village martial artists who came to Liuhu Village this time, these were the strongest in Shi Village. Facing the encirclement of dozens of Liuhu Village martial artists, they showed no fear, each with a face full of mockery and disdain.

In their eyes, although there were many martial artists from Liuhu Village, they were just a disorderly mob, vulnerable and easily defeated.

"Shi Yan, what esteemed business brings you to our Liuhu Village?"

The face of Liuhu Village Chief Liu Poshan was covered with a frosty chill as he walked out from among his village's martial artists, standing opposite the black-clad elderly man with half-white hair and beard, and coldly asked.

Liu Poshan had suffered a great loss at the hands of the black-clad elder across from him and was quite wary of him. As he spoke, Essence Energy filled the air around him. He was highly vigilant as if facing a great enemy.

The elder with half-white hair and beard was the Chief of Shi Village, Shi Yan, and the village's only Heaven Level Martial Artist. Hearing Liu Poshan's question, he "hehe" laughed, clasped his fist towards Liu Poshan, and said, "Village Chief Liu, don't be nervous. I have come to you this time to discuss a matter... Relax, this matter will be all to the benefit of Liuhu Village and not in the slightest harmful!"

Village Chief Liu had dealt with Shi Yan for dozens of years and knew him all too well. How could he believe his nonsense? With a cold snort, he said, "What matter?"

Shi Yan twirled his beard, his gaze sweeping over Liu Qingqing who stood behind Liu Poshan, then pointed to a young man beside him, and said, "My son, Shi Feng, has reached the age suitable for marriage. He has taken a fancy to your granddaughter quite early on, feeling that Miss Qingqing is his perfect match..."

Before Shi Yan could finish, the martial artists of Liuhu Village had already begun to stir, each one's face filled with anger.

Liu Qingqing was the only person in Liuhu Village in hundreds of years to possess an Innate Spiritual Root, and she was also the one most likely to breakthrough to the Heaven Level Realm. Furthermore, her future cultivation in the Martial Dao would certainly not be limited to this level.

With Liu Qingqing present, the rise of Liuhu Village was inevitable. Once Liu Qingqing surpassed Shi Yan's strength, the villagers of Liuhu Village, under her leadership, would be able to wash away their shame and hold their heads high.

And Shi Village, which had been embroiled in enmity with Liuhu Village, would undoubtedly become the primary target of Liuhu Village's retribution.

But now, from what Shi Yan suggested, he actually wanted to match Liu Qingqing with his son, Shi Feng.

Once Liu Qingqing married Shi Feng, she would be a person of Shi Village, and by then, Liuhu Village would have no hope of rising.

Shi Yan's actions were effectively pulling the rug from under their feet, revealing his wolfish ambitions. If he succeeded in his cunning plan, it would be a significant blow to Liuhu Village.

Liu Qingqing herself paled, her teeth biting her lips, her fists clenched tightly. Seeing Shi Feng eyeing her with lust, a sense of panic surged within her, and she turned her head away, refusing to look at him.

As for Shi Feng, Liu Qingqing had a thorough understanding of him. Although he did not possess an Innate Spiritual Root, his talent was not bad. Coupled with Shi Yan spending a lot of cultivation resources to assist his cultivation, he had reached the Earth Level High Rank realm at a young age, making him stand out among his peers in the neighboring villages.

However, with a face full of fleshy growths, Shi Feng was not only ugly but also very short-tempered. His notorious arrogance and domineering reputation were well-known around the great lake area. Plus, considering the deep-rooted enmity between Liuhu Village and Shi Village, Liu Qingqing would rather die than marry Shi Feng.

"Your son wants to marry my daughter? Dream on!"

Liu Qi stepped forward, glowered at Shi Yan and Shi Feng, and flatly refused.

Before Shi Yan could respond, Shi Feng was already irate, his eyes bulging as he pointed at Liu Qi and yelled, "Liu Qi, my young master marrying your daughter is an honor for you! Don't spurn the toast only to drink a forfeit! Let me tell you, I've set my mind on marrying your daughter!"

Liu Qi was not the least bit weak, shouting back fiercely, "Even if it costs me my life, I won't let you have your way!"

Shi Yan coughed loudly to interrupt the pair, then turned to Liu Poshan with a smile, "Village Chief Liu, if your granddaughter marries my son, Liuhu Village and Shi Village would then be related by marriage. From now on, with Shi Village backing you up, no one would dare to bully the people of Liuhu Village. This would be beneficial for both parties. Why not agree to it? Village Chief Liu, you should consider it carefully!"

Liu Qi spoke up loudly, "No need to consider, I will never agree to this! Qingqing will never marry Shi Feng!"

"Indeed, she won't marry him!"

Liu Liehu shouted from behind.

Liu Poshan was not only the Village Chief of Liuhu Village but also Liu Qingqing's grandfather. His word was law in Liuhu Village, and the decision of whether Liu Qingqing would marry was his to make. Thus, all eyes were now focused on him.

Seeing her grandfather silent and deep in thought, Liu Qingqing feared he might be swayed by Shi Yan's words. Her bright eyes filled with tears, on the brink of falling, making her look pitiful.

"My granddaughter Qingqing, who possesses an Innate Spiritual Root, is a Heaven's proud daughter with boundless potential on the Martial Dao. Your son... is not worthy of her!"

After a moment of silence, Liu Poshan met Shi Yan's gaze and said each word emphatically.

No sooner had his voice fallen than the dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village behind him erupted into cheers.

Liu Qingqing heaved a sigh of relief, lowered her head to wipe away the tears in her eyes, and broke into a smile.

However, the faces of the martial artists from Shi Village darkened, and they became increasingly menacing.

"Liu Poshan, have you really made up your mind? You'll regret it!"

Shi Yan wore a cold smile, his tone turning unfriendly as he released the pressure of a Heaven Level Expert, bearing down on Liu Poshan.

Liu Poshan felt as if an invisible mountain had come crashing down on him, almost suffocating him. His face slightly changed as he quickly circulated True Yuan, resisting with all his might, and gritted his teeth as he said, "I'll only regret if Qingqing marries your son! Shi Yan, don't think that just because you are a Heaven Level Martial Artist you can do whatever you want! If you push too hard, we'll fight to the bitter end!"