

Doctor 911

Chapter 911: Maintenance

"A net broken to catch a perishable fish? Just with you bunch of ants? Haha, Liu Poshan, aren't you overestimating yourself?"

Shi Yan laughed uproariously as he walked step by step toward Liu Poshan.

With each step forward, an oppressive force spread further ahead. Liu Poshan struggled with all his might but managed to hold on for only a few moments before he was forced to retreat.

Seeing his father's pale face and his body trembling slightly, Liu Qi took a deep breath, stepped forward, and stood shoulder to shoulder with him, resisting Shi Yan together.

Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu quickly followed suit, standing on the other side of Liu Poshan.

Soon after, dozens of Martial Artists from Liuhu Village also stepped forward, releasing their Martial Artist Auras to confront Shi Yan.

"A glow-worm's light daring to compete with the bright moon's brilliance?"

Shi Yan's eyes flashed with cold light, his black clothes billowing, as he released the full pressure of a Heaven Level Martial Artist. Invisible waves of force continuously battered the dozens of Martial Artists from Liuhu Village.

Aside from Liu Poshan and Liu Qi, the others from Liuhu Village were too weak. Dozens of them united but could barely hold their ground against Shi Yan.

"Relying on your numbers, are you? Martial Artists of Shi Village, let's not be courteous any longer! Let's go up together!"

Shi Feng bellowed, leading a dozen or so Martial Artists from Shi Village forward, lining up with Shi Yan, and pressing toward the dozens from Liuhu Village.

Although there were only a dozen or so Martial Artists from Shi Village, their overall strength was far superior to the Liuhu Village side's dozens of Martial Artists. Their intervention immediately broke the defensive line formed by the Martial Artists of Liuhu Village.

Liu Poshan and Liu Qi, at the forefront, bore the brunt of the opposition's pressure. Under the assault of wave-like Martial Artist Auras, they staggered backward, blood trickling from the corners of their mouths, having suffered internal injuries.

As for Liu Qingqing, Liu Liehu, and others, they were like small boats in a sudden violent storm, flipped over by the invisible waves, bleeding from their noses and mouths, their faces pale. The weaker ones among them fainted on the spot.

Without even physically clashing, the Martial Artists from Liuhu Village were already thoroughly suppressed, with most of them injured. Seeing this, Liu Poshan couldn't help but let out a sigh of despair.

"If Qingqing marries into Shi Village, Liuhu Village will have no future; but if she doesn't, and conflict arises, our village will surely suffer heavy losses... What should I do?"

Liu Poshan had robustly refused to marry his granddaughter off to Shi Village just moments ago, but now, his resolve began to waver slightly.

Deep down, Liu Poshan was absolutely reluctant to marry off his granddaughter to Shi Feng, but as the village chief of Liuhu Village, he had to consider the well-being of the several hundred villagers.

Shi Yan and his son, Shi Feng, seemed unstoppable, as if they would not withdraw until their goals were met. Did he really have to marry his granddaughter to Shi Feng to quell this dispute?

Noticing the changes in Liu Poshan's expression, Shi Yan knew the man was weighing his options. He gestured for the Shi Village Martial Artists to pause their advance and shouted, "Liu Poshan, there's still time to agree to marry your granddaughter into Shi Village! Otherwise..."

"Who's this yapping and whining like a mad dog early in the morning? Won't let people sleep, will you?"

A languid voice suddenly rose from behind the ranks of Liuhu Village's Martial Artists.

Everyone was startled and turned to look. They saw a young man in a green shirt stretching his limbs as he walked out from Liuhu Village, a hint of annoyance on his face.

The young man had eyebrows like swords and eyes like stars, a handsome and free-spirited air about him. Who else could it be but Fang Bai?

Liu Poshan and the others saw Fang Bai emerge and couldn't help but change their expressions, knowing that Fang Bai's words just now would definitely enrage Shi Yan. Shi Yan was a ruthless man, and this time Fang Bai was bound to suffer greatly.

Sure enough, Shi Yan's expression instantly turned grim. A strong intent to kill flashed in his eyes as he looked at Fang Bai.

Liu Poshan caught the murderous intent in Shi Yan's eyes and shuddered inside, knowing it was a sign that Shi Yan wanted to kill.

"Little bastard, dare to insult my dad, you're looking for death!"

Shi Feng, upon hearing Fang Bai insult his father as a "mad dog," became furious. Losing his temper, he immediately charged out and threw a punch at Fang Bai.

Shi Yan had realized that Fang Bai was a Martial Artist at Earth Level Perfection and knew his son was no match for him. Thus, with a flicker, he also charged at Fang Bai.

He was not trying to stop his son but was planning to join him in attacking Fang Bai. This would protect his son and also conveniently eliminate the youngster who dared to insult him.

As for whether or not killing Fang Bai would trigger a full-blown conflict between Liuhu Village and Shi Village, Shi Yan did not even consider it. In his eyes, Liuhu Village was just a pushover he could crush at will.

Although Fang Bai had been in Liuhu Village for only a short time, the villagers had already accepted him as one of their own. Seeing Shi Yan and Shi Feng, the father and son, join forces to attack Fang Bai, the several dozen Martial Artists from Liuhu Village were filled with indignation.

However, the father and son of the Shi family acted too swiftly and were too powerful, while the Martial Artists of Liuhu Village had all more or less suffered injuries. Therefore, even though they wanted to intervene and save Fang Bai, they were powerless to do so.

Liu Poshan had been seriously injured just moments before and was secretly recuperating. Seeing the situation, he let out a mournful sigh, knowing Fang Bai couldn't escape this calamity. He closed his eyes, not bearing to watch the tragic scene of Fang Bai being killed.

Liu Qi clenched his fists tightly, his eyes aflame with fury. Ignoring his own injuries, he suddenly gathered his True Yuan, intending to help Fang Bai, but unexpectedly, his chest heaved with roiling blood and he couldn't help but spurt out another mouthful of fresh blood.

"No!"

Just then, Liu Qingqing standing next to Liu Qi let out a piercing scream. Her slender figure suddenly threw itself between Fang Bai, Shi Yan, and Shi Feng.

She intended to use her own body to stop the attack of Shi Yan and Shi Feng on Fang Bai.

"Qingqing!"

"Sister!"

Liu Poshan and Liu Liehu, the grandfather and grandson, cried out in shock. In their expressions was sheer despair.

They knew that the area between Shi Yan, Shi Feng, and Fang Bai was like the eye of a storm. The True Yuan of both parties was clashing there, and even a Heaven Level Martial Artist would not dare to enter

lightly. Liu Qingqing was only an early-stage Earth Level Martial Artist—how could she possibly preserve her life?

Shi Yan and Shi Feng, the father and son, were also taken aback that Liu Qingqing would interfere at this time. However, both were ruthless, and the force behind their attacks didn't lessen in the slightest.

Their intentions to marry Liu Qingqing were false. The main goal was still to use this opportunity to suppress Liuhu Village. Since Liu Qingqing was unwilling to marry, it would be better for her to die. That way, Shi Village would have one less problem to worry about in the future.

Besides, Liu Qingqing was simply seeking death by acting this way. Later on, the father and son could shirk their responsibility, and the villagers of Liuhu would have nothing to say.

Shi Yan and Shi Feng had an unspoken understanding. Shi Feng's fist was aimed at Liu Qingqing while Shi Yan's figure shifted, bypassing her, and his target was still Fang Bai.

Before he even arrived, the massive Martial Artist Aura had already enveloped Fang Bai. The surging True Yuan carried by his fist—if it hit Fang Bai—would surely harvest Fang Bai's life.

Chapter 912: Repay Grievances, Avenge Wrongs

At the moment when Shi Yan and Yan Feng, father and son, struck, Fang Bai and Liu Qingqing's fates seemed already sealed.

Almost every person believed that Fang Bai and Liu Qingqing would undoubtedly die under their powerful attack.

At this very moment, the martial artists from Shi Village and Liuhu Village varied greatly in their expressions and attitudes.

The martial artists from Shi Village were smug, looking at the soon-to-perish Fang Bai and Liu Qingqing with disdain. There was no sympathy or pity in their eyes, only sheer pleasure.

On the contrary, each martial artist from Liuhu Village appeared dejected and downcast, everyone turned away, unwilling to witness the gruesome death of Fang Bai and Liu Qingqing. Their eyes were filled with deep helplessness and sorrow.

Slap—

Slap—

Two crisp sounds echoed in everyone's ears, followed by two figures soaring high into the air before falling to the ground several meters away, stirring up a large cloud of dust.

Everyone assumed that the ones sent flying must have been Fang Bai and Liu Qingqing.

The scene fell silent for a few breaths, after which a dozen or so martial artists from Shi Village started to whistle and some could not help but burst into unrestrained laughter.

However, in the next moment, the laughter of those martial artists from Shi Village abruptly stopped; they stood with their mouths agape, as if they had seen something unimaginable.

Even the martial artists from Liuhu Village were stunned.

The ones who should have perished, Fang Bai and Liu Qingqing, were now standing there perfectly fine. The pair stood side by side, Liu Qingqing's pretty face pale, a look of bewilderment upon it, while Fang Bai was composed and tranquil, carefree, with a hint of a smile playing on his lips.

If they were unharmed, then the ones who were just sent flying...

Thus, everyone's gaze shifted back to the two figures who had fallen into the dust. Lying on the ground with their faces to the sky, wearing black shirts, were none other than Shi Yan and Shi Feng, father and son.

Just a moment ago, this father and son duo were aggressive and domineering, but now they lay there like dead pigs, not dead but certainly breathing their last.

Blood trickled from the corners of their mouths and noses, and the left side of their faces were grotesquely swollen, clearly the source of those "slap" sounds were the impact of slaps on their faces.

The ones who had slapped them could only have been Fang Bai and Liu Qingqing, and judging by their expressions and demeanour, anyone present could guess it had surely been Fang Bai who had acted.

Other than the people involved, no one could have imagined that Fang Bai's slaps had directly shattered Shi Yan and Yan Feng's internal meridians and destroyed their Qi Seas, reducing them to invalids.

Fang Bai had not killed Shi Yan and Shi Feng, not because he had grown a heart of compassion but because he planned to leave them to the villagers of Liuhu Village for judgment.

"These two men have been incapacitated by me. They are no longer martial artists but ordinary people, just like you. So... if you have grievances, now's the time to settle them!"

Fang Bai walked over to Shi Yan, stepped on him, and turned his gaze towards the hundreds of villagers from Liuhu Village who were standing at a distance, his firm and powerful voice reaching their ears.

Hundreds of the villagers from Liuhu Village, upon hearing Fang Bai's words, first exchanged glances, then began to stir, and shortly after, someone shouted, "Beat them to death!" Prompted by this, the crowd of hundreds rushed towards Shi Yan and his son, Shi Feng.

For centuries, Shi Village, thanks to a Heaven Level Martial Artist stationed in their village, had been oppressing Liuhu Village, humiliating their martial artists and ordinary villagers, and openly snatching the cultivation resources they had worked hard to acquire. The villagers of Liuhu Village, being no match for them, had no choice but to tolerate the abuse, with each person harboring a pent-up rage.

Now, with Shi Yan and his son, Shi Feng, crippled, and Fang Bai on their side, the villagers of Liuhu Village grew bold. Hundreds surrounded the father and son duo, raining down punches and kicks upon them, venting years of accumulated fury and resentment.

Shi Yan and Shi Feng, arrogant and overbearing, could never have imagined that they would be beaten to death by a mob of ordinary villagers.

"It's bad, Shi Yan and Shi Feng are dead!"

No one knew who exclaimed in shock, but upon hearing it, the hundreds of villagers from Liuhu Village who were attacking immediately stopped their assault, stepped back, and then looked towards Shi Yan and his son, Shi Feng.

Lying motionless on the ground, the bodies of Shi Yan and his son indeed no longer showed any signs of life. Their clothes were torn to shreds, and not a single part of their bodies was unmarked from the countless punches and kicks they had received.

Seeing Shi Yan and his son, Shi Feng, dead, the villagers of Liuhu Village who had participated in the beating felt relieved, yet also a bit frightened.

Even though Shi Yan and his son were dead, Shi Village still had many martial artists, and as a whole, their strength was comparable to Liuhu Village. If they came seeking revenge with the full force of their village, the outcome would likely be both sides suffering. This was not what the villagers of Liuhu Village wanted to see.

"So what if they are dead, what's there to be afraid of? Fang Bai even defeated Shi Yan, so are we still afraid of other martial artists from Shi Village?"

Liu Liehu casually wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and spoke loudly.

Although he had been injured, the wound was not severe, and he would recover after some rest. Excited and thrilled by the downfall of Shi Yan and Shi Feng, his eyes filled with admiration mixed with a trace of awe when he looked at Fang Bai.

The cultivation level and realm Fang Bai had previously revealed were comparable to Liu Poshan and Liu Qi. But now, he had effortlessly crippled the Heaven Level Martial Artist Shi Yan, proving himself to be even more powerful. How could Liu Liehu not feel awed?

"Right, with Fang Bai here, from now on we no longer have to fear Shi Village!"

The hundreds of villagers from Liuhu Village waved their fists excitedly, shouting loudly; for hundreds of years, they had never felt as exuberant as they did today.

The dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village were also greatly encouraged. They surrounded the other dozen or so martial artists from Shi Village, all eager and ready to fight. At Village Chief Liu Poshan's command, they would join forces to take down these martial artists from Shi Village.

The dozen or so martial artists from Shi Village who had come with Shi Yan and his son were all elites from their village. If they were crippled, Shi Village's overall martial strength would suffer greatly, leading them to become a weaker settlement.

If Liuhu Village could crush Shi Village, it would serve as a stark warning to others. From then on, no one around the great lake would dare to provoke Liuhu Village.

"Village Chief Liu, our village chief and his son from Shi Village are already dead; do you really want to annihilate us? If you dare to do so, 'Bitao Martial Academy' will find out sooner or later, and then you Liuhu Village will be unable to bear the consequences!"

A martial artist from Shi Village at the Earth Level Perfection realm said with a mix of grief and anger.

The dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village, upon hearing the words "Bitao Martial Academy," all showed signs of fear and looked towards Liu Poshan.

In the True Martial Realm, there are countless small and big countries, but the power of the Sects is far superior to that of any country. Some large Sects even control many countries, whether openly or covertly. Most of the cultivation resources obtained by these countries are also mostly provided to the Sects behind them.

Chapter 913: The Oddity Among Martial Artists

"Bitao Martial Academy," although merely a fourth-grade sect, had control over Thousand Lakes Country, where Liuhu Village was located.

Thousand Lakes Country was named for its numerous lakes and also included a hundred-thousand Great Mountains, with a population in the tens of millions, and it could certainly be described as vast and rich in resources.

For all martial artists in Thousand Lakes Country, "Bitao Martial Academy" was the sacred ground of their hearts, and martial artists within a thousand-mile radius took pride in being able to enter the academy to cultivate the Martial Dao.

Once one became a disciple of "Bitao Martial Academy," they would enjoy various cultivation resources regularly distributed by the academy, and additionally could choose martial arts techniques suitable for themselves, as well as have the opportunity to receive guidance from powerful beings. This was a dream for martial artists in Thousand Lakes Country.

"Bitao Martial Academy" recruited disciples every three years, and to become a new disciple, one must meet two conditions: one, being under thirty years of age; and two, having a cultivation level reaching the Earth Level Realm.

Martial artists under thirty and at the Earth Level Realm were usually exceedingly talented and rare, so these two conditions excluded many martial artists.

Liu Qingqing just advanced to the Earth Level Realm this year, so she planned to make her attempt at "Bitao Martial Academy" after some time.

Liu Qingqing possessed an Innate Water Spirit Root, and the martial artists of Liuhu Village were all confident in her becoming a disciple of "Bitao Martial Academy."

Once Liu Qingqing gained the identity of a disciple of "Bitao Martial Academy," Shi Village would not dare to bully or oppress Liuhu Village easily anymore, which was originally the biggest wish of the villagers. However, the unexpected emergence of Fang Bai fulfilled their wish ahead of time.

The reason Shi Village was overbearing was not only because they had a Heaven Level martial artist like Shi Yan as their backbone, but also because they had a martial artist currently cultivating in "Bitao Martial Academy." If Liuhu Village were to completely eliminate Shi Village, and "Bitao Martial Academy" got wind of it, they might incur serious trouble.

In the True Martial Realm, martial force was revered, and strength was honored, but as shadow rulers, various major sects would maintain a basic balance within their controlled areas. Once the balance was lost, everything would fall into chaos, which would then affect the sects' rule.

Thus, although Shi Village had been oppressing Liuhu Village for hundreds of years, they dared not to annihilate it, precisely due to this apprehension; otherwise, Liuhu Village would have ceased to exist long ago.

Now, with the downfall of the two strong figures of Shi Village and significant damage to their strength, if Liuhu Village acted with restraint and did not further pressure them, "Bitao Martial Academy" would not get involved.

Conversely, if they did push further, "Bitao Martial Academy" might intervene forcefully, and at that point, the situation would turn unfavorable for Liuhu Village.

"Brother Fang, our Liuhu Village has always valued peace, and it is better to settle enmities rather than to keep them. How about we let them go?"

Liu Poshan contemplated for a moment, then sought Fang Bai's opinion.

The strength Fang Bai had just revealed far exceeded Liu Poshan's expectations. Liu Poshan felt joy in his heart and his respect for Fang Bai increased a notch.

Bearing Fang Bai's character in mind, for his enemies, it was simply a slap to end them—no need for extra words. However, since Liu Poshan had already spoken thus, and considering he was an outsider, it wasn't suitable for him to interfere with the grievances between Liuhu Village and Shi Village, so he said with a smile, "This is a matter between your two villages. You should settle it amongst yourselves."

Liu Poshan nodded, his face cold as he said to the fifteen or so people, "Take the corpses of Shi Yan and his son, and scram!"

The handful of martial artists from Shi Village breathed a sigh of relief, picked up the corpses of Shi Yan and his son Shi Feng, and using their movement technique, sped away.

Watching the retreating figures of the Shi Village martial artists disappear swiftly before their eyes, hundreds of villagers from Liuhu Village surrounded Fang Bai, Liu Poshan, and Liu Qi, cheering, as joyful smiles spread across their faces.

For them, today had swept away a century of humiliation and was worth celebrating. Moreover, from this day forward, the prestige of Liuhu Village would spread throughout the Great Lake region and no one would dare insult Liuhu Village again.

"I have the ability to challenge beyond my level."

Seeing the questioning looks in the eyes of Liu Poshan, Liu Qi, and the others, Fang Bai knew what they wanted to ask and explained with a smile.

"Challenge beyond one's level... No wonder..."

Liu Poshan's eyes gleamed with admiration as he muttered to himself.

In Liu Poshan's mind, Fang Bai's realm was at Earth Level Perfection, which meant that if he could challenge beyond his level, it implied he could contend with a Heaven Level Perfection Martial Artist. Shi Yan was merely an early-stage Heaven Level Martial Artist, so it was his misfortune to encounter Fang Bai—he would be lucky to survive.

"A self-healing physique combined with the ability to challenge beyond one's level... This Fang Bai is truly an anomaly among Martial Artists!"

Watching Fang Bai smiling, Liu Poshan was filled with emotion, and he also secretly rejoiced. Thankfully, they had brought the seriously injured Fang Bai back that day. Had other village's Martial Artists found him, wouldn't that have been a great loss for Liuhu Village?

"Fang Bai has a unique physique and exceptional talent. If he and Qingqing were to enter Bitao Martial Academy together, wouldn't that be even better? They both have significant potential in the Martial Dao and will surely be given focused cultivation by the Martial Academy. With the cultivation resources of the Academy, they will make great strides in Martial Arts. By then, the rise of Liuhu Village will be unstoppable!"

The more Liu Poshan thought about it, the more excited he became. However, the intense fluctuation in his emotions aggravated his previous injuries, causing a severe coughing fit that brought up some blood.

"Grandfather, are you alright?"

Both Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing were extremely anxious. They had only sustained minor injuries and would recover in a few days, but it seemed Liu Poshan's injuries were much more serious.

"It's nothing... it's nothing..."

Liu Poshan waved his hand, managing to show a faint smile.

With a sweep of his Divine Sense, Fang Bai knew that Liu Poshan's internal organs had been damaged, and his brow furrowed slightly.

If it were flesh wounds, they could simply be allowed to heal over time, but internal injuries must be treated promptly. Otherwise, there might be lingering effects detrimental to future cultivation.

If Fang Bai had any Healing Pills on him, he could have given a few to Liu Poshan to take immediately. Unfortunately, his cultivation resources had been exhausted, and with nothing at hand, all he could think to do was to heal with his own True Yuan.

The Chaos Origin Energy within Fang Bai's Qi Sea had now become even more refined and pure. Releasing just a thread of it was more than a Heaven Level Martial Artist could withstand, something truly precious that Fang Bai would not usually use lightly.

However, since Liu Poshan and the others had saved Fang Bai's life, it was only right for him to spend some True Yuan to heal their injuries.

Thus, Fang Bai walked behind Liu Poshan, placing his right palm on the back of his heart, and carefully channeling a pure stream of Water Element Qi from the Chaos Origin Energy into Liu Poshan's body.

Fang Bai's True Yuan was even more effective than Superior Healing Pills. In just a short while, Liu Poshan felt his injuries significantly improve and was amazed.

Chapter 914: That Girl Has a Crush on Fang Bai

In the Five Elements Origin Qi, Water Element Qi possesses a healing effect, but in the cognition of martial artists in the True Martial Realm, the healing effect of Water Element Qi was considered inferior to specialized healing pills.

Liu Poshan had also thought this way before, and thus, like other villages, Liuhu Village had also specifically stocked some healing pills for emergencies.

Liu Poshan was severely injured this time, and in his own view, he believed that even if he took the healing pills, it would take one or two months to fully recover.

However, what now seemed miraculous to him was that the Water Element Qi that Fang Bai transferred into his body had merely circulated through his meridian blood vessels for a few cycles, and the injuries to his internal organs had improved by seventy to eighty percent. It was simply a miracle.

Overjoyed, Liu Poshan knew that Fang Bai's Water Element Qi was extraordinary, and without further thought, he silently began to circulate his cultivation technique, actively cooperating with Fang Bai to guide the Water Element Qi within his body through the channels and limbs.

Dozens of breaths later, Liu Poshan's injuries were healed. Fang Bai sighed lightly and stepped behind Liu Qi, beginning to treat him using the same method.

Liu Qi, like Liu Poshan, had suffered injuries to his internal organs, but his injuries were lighter and relatively easier to treat.

In the blink of an eye, half a day had passed, and Fang Bai had expended a significant amount of True Yuan to treat dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village, each with varying degrees of injuries.

After moving his palm away from the last martial artist from Liuhu Village, a slightly weary Fang Bai sat down cross-legged on the spot, instantly entering a cultivation state and silently began to regulate his breathing.

The dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village, along with hundreds of villagers, gathered around Fang Bai, hundreds of gazes silently watching him. Those gazes contained excitement, agitation, joy, admiration, awe, and gratitude...

That day, from when Liu Poshan, Liu Qi, and other martial artists who had saved Fang Bai and brought him back to Liuhu Village exchanged glances, a similar thought arose in their hearts: without that moment of kindness back then, there would be no today for Liuhu Village!

It seems that "good deeds get good rewards" is indeed true!

By dusk, when Fang Bai sensed his True Yuan was almost fully replenished, he slowly opened his eyes and stood up looking refreshed.

"Brother Fang, we really owe you big time for this incident; otherwise, our Liuhu Village... would have been finished! Please accept our bow!"

As he spoke, Liu Poshan deeply bowed to Fang Bai with his fists clasped.

Like Liu Qi, hundreds of villagers from Liuhu Village also deeply bowed with clasped fists.

If it weren't for Fang Bai, Qingqing might very well have been forcibly taken away by Shi Feng, and without Qingqing, Liuhu Village would have lost its future, suffering the oppression and humiliation from martial artists of other villages including Shi Village for a considerable stretch of time.

It can be said that by killing Shi Yan and his son Shi Feng, Fang Bai not only saved Qingqing from a dreadful fate but also bestowed a great kindness upon the entirety of Liuhu Village.

Thus, Liu Poshan and the others' gratitude towards Fang Bai was truly heartfelt.

Fang Bai sighed, "We're all one family; you being so formal makes it seem rather impersonal!"

"Brother Fang is right!"

Liu Liehu stood straight, his face breaking into a smile as he said, "Brother Fang is now part of our Liuhu Village. Our issues are his issues; why the need for such formality? Hehe..."

In Liuhu Village, Liu Liehu, along with his sister Qingqing, got along best with Fang Bai. Spending much time together made their relationship grow close, and since Fang Bai was a few years older, the siblings affectionately called him "Brother Fang."

As Fang Bai's strength gradually revealed itself, the villagers' predominant feelings toward him were of respect and reverence. The siblings, however, harbored more of an adoration for him, treating Fang Bai like an idol, and speaking to him without the reservations others might have.

However, before he could finish speaking, he saw his father glaring at him fiercely, which frightened him into immediately shrinking his head back and sticking out his tongue before quickly diving into the crowd, prompting a burst of laughter from the villagers around.

Liu Qi gave Liu Qingqing a look, and understanding the cue, she walked up to Fang Bai with a slightly embarrassed expression and said softly, "Brother Fang... thank you..."

Fang Bai said, "Qingqing, we are good friends. Are you still being so formal with me?"

"I..."

Liu Qingqing's bright eyes glanced at Fang Bai, a faint blush spreading across her cheeks. She was about to say something when she saw Fang Bai turn and head towards the lake at the southern end of the village.

"Qingqing, you and Liehu come with me to the lake. I have a set of Martial Arts Techniques here that are suitable for your cultivation,"

Fang Bai continued as he walked.

"Sister, let's go!"

Upon hearing about Martial Arts Techniques, Liehu's eyes lit up. He burst out of the crowd, grabbed Liu Qingqing's hand, and chased after Fang Bai.

Liu Poshan and Liu Qi watched the three disappearing figures, exchanged glances, and saw the color of surprise in each other's eyes.

The Martial Arts Techniques practiced by the martial artists of Liuhu Village were inherited from their ancestors and were of the lowest tier. Unless one was a Martial Dao Genius, advancing to the Heaven Level Realm was exceedingly challenging.

Although Fang Bai's cultivation level was comparable to that of Liu Poshan and Liu Qi, his strength far surpassed theirs. Consequently, Liu Poshan and his son both believed that Fang Bai had to be practicing a higher-tier Martial Arts Technique. Now that Fang Bai was willing to mentor Liehu and Qingqing, it was an excellent opportunity for them.

"Xiao Qi, I think that girl Qingqing seems to have a fondness for Fang Bai..."

As Fang Bai and the others walked further away, Liu Poshan stroked his beard and suddenly whispered to Liu Qi beside him.

Liu Qi's mind was stirred, and he said, "Dad, do you mean..."

Liu Poshan said, "Although this young man Fang Bai's origins are unclear, he has both looks and talent, and what's more, his strength is strong without being arrogant. He has also been a great benefactor to our Liuhu Village...Yes, not bad...not bad..."

Liu Qi understood his father's intent, and said, "I also think Fang Bai is a good match for Qingqing. Maybe... should I talk to them both some day?"

Liu Poshan shook his head and said, "They haven't known each other for long, and besides, we can't be sure what Fang Bai is really thinking. If you bring it up all of a sudden and he doesn't seem willing, it would be awkward..."

"So... what should we do?"

Liu Qi rubbed his palms together, frowning.

Liu Qi was completely satisfied with Fang Bai in his heart, thinking that if Fang Bai married his daughter, he would surely live in Liuhu Village, making him a true part of their community. With Fang Bai there, they would no longer fear provocations from warriors of other villages.

After a moment's thought, Liu Poshan said, "Let's do this... let them get to know each other better for a while first. Keep a close watch on them discreetly, and if you notice that both have feelings, then it wouldn't be too late to bring it up..."

Liu Qi clapped his hands together and said, "Alright, that's what we'll do!"

Chapter 915: Dashan of 100,000

The setting sun cast slanting rays across the lake, creating dazzling, scintillating ripples that resembled golden dragons swimming in the water from a distance.

Under a thick weeping willow on the northern shore of the lake, Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu, two sisters, sat upright on a large, flat rock, solemnly listening as Fang Bai explained the Martial Dao to them from across.

Liu Qingqing possessed an Innate Water Spirit Root, and although Liu Liehu's aptitude was relatively ordinary, she could also cultivate Water System Techniques. Therefore, just before, Fang Bai had taught both siblings the same set of Martial Arts Techniques, and then went on to explain it to them, sentence by sentence.

The Cultivation Techniques stored in Fang Bai's mind were as vast as a sea of smoke, numbering in the tens of thousands. Each one, casually taken out, was profoundly arcane for the Martial Artists of the True Martial Realm. Without Fang Bai's explanations, it would have been difficult for Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu to understand, given their current level of comprehension.

Both Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu were intelligent, especially Liu Qingqing, who, with her innate Spiritual Root, had a superior understanding of Martial Dao. She could grasp Fang Bai's explanations immediately and integrate them on the spot.

Although Liu Liehu's talent was somewhat inferior to her sister's, it was still slightly better than that of an average Martial Artist. Even though she had a hard time grasping Fang Bai's explanations at the moment, she was determined not to be outdone and would study and ponder on her own later, eventually coming to understand about seventy to eighty percent of it.

The Martial Arts Techniques and the detailed explanations of the Martial Dao Arcane taught by Fang Bai opened a new door for the two sisters, allowing them to glimpse a new realm of Martial Dao.

In the following days, the siblings followed Fang Bai to learn the Martial Dao, receiving his careful guidance and immersing themselves in the profound world of martial arts, intoxicated and inseparable.

Liu Poshan and Liu Qi felt greatly comforted seeing the sisters engrossed in Martial Dao and diligently cultivating.

Especially Liu Liehu, who was considered to have lower talent, Liu Poshan and Liu Qi were unwilling to invest much effort and Cultivation Resources in him, instead focusing the village's efforts on cultivating Liu Qingqing.

However, seeing Liu Liehu's current determination, Liu Poshan and Liu Qi began to consider whether they should share some of the Cultivation Resources with him in the future. Even if his achievements wouldn't match his sister's, advancing to the Earth Level Realm would still be beneficial.

"I've taught you quite a lot, and if there were Cultivation Resources to aid you, maybe you both would have advanced by now..."

That day, after explaining some Martial Dao Arcane to Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu, Fang Bai thought about how, aside from a few Spiritual Artifacts, his Spatial Ring was mostly empty, and he couldn't help but shake his head and chuckle ruefully.

Fang Bai had been in the True Martial Realm for almost ten days now. During the first half of this period, he rested and recuperated; in the latter half, he taught Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu Martial Arts Techniques and had not yet stepped out of the small mountain village.

Now that his strength had fully recovered, and Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu were set on a new path of Martial Dao, his next step was to find a way to procure Cultivation Resources.

When Liu Liehu heard Fang Bai mention Cultivation Resources, he said cheerfully, "Grandpa and Dad said that the village's Martial Artists are preparing to go into the mountains again tomorrow! As long as they gather Spiritual Medicine and hunt Spirit Beasts to bring back, they can exchange them for Essence Stones and Elixirs at the nearby market..."

He paused, then added, "In the past, the village's Martial Artists would go into the mountains without taking me and my sister, saying it was too dangerous and they were afraid something might happen to us... Brother Fang, would you take me and my sister with you to follow the village's Martial Artists into the mountains this time? If you say so, Grandpa and Dad will definitely agree!"

Although Liu Qingqing did not speak, her beautiful eyes looked at Fang Bai, clearly eager to try as well.

They were both teenagers, brimming with passion and possessing a certain level of strength; they were not afraid of any dangers. Had it not been for their grandfather and father's prohibition, they would have already joined the village's Martial Artists on their mountain expeditions.

Now that Fang Bai, a powerful figure, was here, as long as he was willing to speak on their behalf, perhaps he could persuade grandfather and father.

Fang Bai thought for a moment, nodded, and said, "Alright! You continue your cultivation here, and I'll go talk to them!"

Saying so, he rose to his feet, leaped down from the rock, and strode towards the small courtyard where Liu Poshan lived.

"That's great! With Brother Fang helping to speak for us, we can definitely go into the mountain this time!"

Once Fang Bai had walked away, Liu Liehu danced excitedly with his hands and feet and laughed heartily.

Liu Qingqing was clearly very happy too, her eyes curving into crescent moons as she smiled.

Whatever method Fang Bai used, he managed to persuade Liu Poshan and Liu Qi to agree to let Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu join them on their venture into the mountain. However, Liu Poshan instructed them to stick closely to Fang Bai and listen to his words, or else they would face family discipline.

After hearing this news, Liu Liehu was so excited that he howled loudly, audible throughout Liuhu Village, which angered Liu Qi and led him to fiercely scold Liehu.

The next day, dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village, after holding a solemn blessing ceremony at the village entrance and, under the leadership of Liu Poshan and Liu Qi, equipped with swords, nets, and other items, ventured into the vast Dashan Mountain, escorted by hundreds of villagers.

Fang Bai, Liu Qingqing, and Liu Liehu, being the leading martial artists of Liuhu Village, bore the future of the village on their shoulders; hence, after entering the mountain, the group of martial artists tightly guarded the trio, marching swiftly towards the deeper parts of the mountain region.

The periphery of Dashan Mountain, where human activity was more frequent and the essence energy was thin, lacked both spirit beast activities and the growth of spiritual medicines. Martial artists around the mountain had to venture deep into the mountain to acquire cultivation resources.

However, deep within the mountain, although there were abundant spiritual medicines, it was a paradise for spirit beasts, home to thousands of spirit beasts. There were gentle herbivorous spirit beasts as well as fierce carnivorous ones.

Regardless of whether the beasts were docile or fierce, any invasion into their territory by human martial artists would result in ruthless attacks. Those who were lucky got only chased away, while the unlucky ones ended up as meals for the spirit beasts.

Human martial artists enjoyed hunting spirit beasts, either consuming their meat directly or trading their carcasses for essence stones, elixirs, and other cultivation resources. For the spirit beasts, they similarly relished the martial artists as delightful meals.

Some carnivorous spirit beasts were very skilled at camouflaging themselves. They would lurk in the dense forests of the mountain and actively attack the entering martial artists.

Moreover, with their fierce nature, tough skin, and formidable attack power, human martial artists of equivalent strength could only contend with one spirit beast between two of them.

Therefore, even Heaven Level martial artists seldom acted alone when entering the mountain. They usually moved in groups, small groups of three to five, or as many as dozens, which allowed them to pool their strength. This way, even if they encountered fierce spirit beasts, they had a better chance to fight back.

To pick spiritual medicines or hunt spirit beasts, martial artists had to venture deep into the mountain, and many conducted a blessing ceremony before entering, praying they wouldn't encounter fierce and powerful spirit beasts.

Chapter 916: Continue Forward!

Liu Poshan, Liu Qi, and others had ventured into the mountains many times before and were rich in experience. They knew that danger lurked everywhere in the depths of the mountains, so each of them was extremely cautious and on full alert.

However, the paths they took into the mountains were those often traveled by numerous martial artists, so they didn't encounter many spirit beasts along the way. They did, after some difficulty, spot a few low-rank Red Fire Chickens and Snow Jade Rabbits, but because the creatures were too cunning and swift, they weren't able to hunt down a single one.

This dealt a significant blow to the morale of the martial artists from Liuhu Village, and their expressions betrayed a touch of despondency.

Red Fire Chickens and Snow Jade Rabbits were relatively docile spirit beasts. Their attack power wasn't strong, but they moved exceedingly fast. To hunt a low-rank Red Fire Chicken or Snow Jade Rabbit with bare hands, at least a martial artist at the Earth Level Perfection realm would need to exert full effort,

and even then, the success rate wasn't high. The chances improved somewhat with the aid of bows and arrows.

Thus, for a relatively weak martial artist team like the one from Liuhu Village, if they could capture a few low-rank spirit beasts or gather some spiritual medicines during a mountain expedition, it was considered a decent harvest.

"Our luck this time... seems not so good, huh!"

After delving several hundred li into the mountain region, the scores of martial artists from Liuhu Village sat down to rest temporarily under a towering tree. Liu Poshan shook his head and sighed.

Liu Qi also sighed and looked around, frowning, "Dad, don't you find it strange? Usually, when we venture into the mountains and reach this place, we encounter many small spirit beasts like the Red Fire Chickens and Snow Jade Rabbits along the way. But this time, there are far fewer. I suspect a group of martial artists passed through here before us."

"That's possible..."

Liu Poshan's face darkened. If martial artists indeed had passed through ahead of them, they would have already startled the beasts, causing any spirit beasts that might be on their path to hide. How could they expect a good harvest then?

Around this vast range of mountains were countless villages and towns, each with many martial artist teams entering the mountains every day in search of spiritual medicines and to hunt spirit beasts—who knew which martial artist team might have come before them?

"Dad, what do we do now? Should we try our luck by heading left or right, or should we keep going forward?"

A middle-aged man, bearing a resemblance to Liu Qi, approached Liu Poshan and asked in a deep voice.

Liu Poshan had four sons and three daughters, but only Liu Wu and Liu Qi had taken the path of the Martial Dao. The middle-aged man in front of him was his fifth son, Liu Wu.

Liu Wu was a high-rank Earth Level martial artist, one small realm below Liu Qi. This time, he and Liu Qi both accompanied Liu Poshan into the mountain.

Hearing his son Liu Wu's question, Liu Poshan found it hard to decide.

They had set out with great momentum, carrying the hopes of hundreds of villagers from Liuhu Village. Returning empty-handed would be an embarrassment for everyone.

But continuing forward, while the possibility of encountering spiritual medicines and spirit beasts might increase, so too would threaten danger.

Therefore, heading left or right seemed like the best options.

"Brother Fang, what do you think?"

Liu Poshan turned to ask Fang Bai.

Although it was Fang Bai's first time entering the mountains, he was the most formidable among them. Therefore, Liu Poshan thought it necessary to seek his opinion.

Liu Wu, Liu Qi, and the others also turned their heads to look at Fang Bai, waiting for him to speak.

A few days ago, Fang Bai easily defeated Shi Yan, the Heaven Level Martial Artist from Shi Village, and established his revered status in Liuhu Village. Everyone, including Liu Poshan, treated him with great respect and were willing to listen to his suggestions.

"Move forward! Keep moving forward! Didn't they say that the deeper you go into the mountains, the more Spirit Beasts and Spiritual Medicines there are? Let's go straight to the heart of the mountains, kill

dozens of large Spirit Beasts, and gather bundles of Spiritual Medicines to make a fortune. Sister, you agree, right?"

"Mmm..."

Liu Qingqing's beautiful eyes sparkled, and oddly enough, she found herself nodding in agreement.

Fang Bai couldn't help but smile wryly, thinking that these siblings were indeed naive and fearless, not knowing what they were getting into. Did they really think the depths of the mountains were all fun and games?

In the depths of the mountains, Spirit Beasts were numerous and ferocious. A moment's carelessness could lead to an intrusion into the territory of large Spirit Beasts and a vicious attack. Ordinary Martial Artists venturing there wouldn't even leave their bones behind.

Moreover, vicious Spirit Beasts usually guarded the Spiritual Medicines that were aged and of high rank. Getting hold of them was not easy.

For Martial Artists like Liu Poshan, the outskirts of the mountain territory extending for a few hundred li were their usual hunting grounds. Going beyond a thousand li was far too dangerous, and the deep mountain regions within a few thousand li were considered by them as an almost certain death trap. Not just them, even Heaven Level Martial Artists wouldn't dare to venture there carelessly.

"My suggestion is... to keep moving forward!"

Fang Bai thought for a moment, then stood up and said, "At the edge of this mountain area, we can only hunt small Spirit Beasts like the Red Fire Chickens and Snow Jade Rabbits, or gather low-grade Spiritual Medicines. Such petty gains are meaningless. There's a saying that goes, 'No venture, no gain.' Only by going deep into the mountains can we make a significant harvest!"

"Brother Fang is right!"

Liu Liehu jumped up, the first to express his agreement.

Liu Qingqing also stood up, her small fist clenched, eager to try.

Liu Poshan exchanged glances with Liu Wu, Liu Qi, and others, hesitated for a moment, then clenched his teeth and said, "Alright, since Brother Fang said so, let's move forward... Everyone, be extra careful on the way, and if we encounter any Spirit Beasts, we'll form a formation to hunt them!"

In the past, no matter how much others tried to persuade him, Liu Poshan wouldn't have gone further forward for the sake of everyone's safety.

However, with a strong presence like Fang Bai accompanying them now, Liu Poshan felt a lot more confident, thinking that even if they encountered some powerful Spirit Beasts, they could join forces with Fang Bai and still have the power to fight.

Spirit Beasts that had reached an age of over a hundred years but less than five hundred years were known as Low Rank Spirit Beasts, and their value varied greatly depending on their age.

The Spirit Beasts that the Martial Artists of Liuhu Village had previously hunted were mostly just a hundred-year-old basic Red Fire Chickens and Snow Jade Rabbits.

A hundred-year-old Red Fire Chicken or Snow Jade Rabbit could only be exchanged for a hundred low-grade Essence Stones or a bottle of low-grade Elixir.

Yet, a nearly five hundred-year-old Red Fire Chicken or Snow Jade Rabbit could be traded for thousands of Essence Stones or dozens of Elixirs.

The value of the Spiritual Medicines was roughly the same as that of Spirit Beasts of the same rank.

Each time the Martial Artists of Liuhu Village went into the mountains, they would only manage to hunt three to five hundred-year-old basic Spirit Beasts, plus around a dozen hundred-year-old Spiritual Medicines. The Essence Stones and Elixirs they got in exchange were hardly enough for the Martial Artists of Liuhu Village's cultivation needs.

Therefore, every time they exchanged their hunt for Cultivation Resources, the Martial Artists of Liuhu Village would discuss and usually allocate the limited Cultivation Resources to those who had the most potential to advance in their realms. The other Martial Artists could only wait for the next opportunity.

Chapter 917: Hunting

This time as they ventured into the mountains, with Fang Bai by their side, whose combat power was comparable to that of a Heaven Level Expert, Liu Poshan also wanted to take this opportunity to risk venturing deep into the mountainous areas to try his luck.

If they could fortunately hunt a few low-level Spirit Beasts that were centuries old or pick a few hundreds-year-old low-grade Spiritual Medicines, they would indeed make a fortune.

As for mid-level Spirit Beasts or Spiritual Medicines, Liu Poshan did not even dare to think about them.

Because mid-level Spirit Beasts were too mighty, even for a Heaven Level Martial Artist like Fang Bai , encountering one could mean a hasty retreat, not to mention those Earth Level and Profound Level Martial Artists.

Beside mid-grade Spiritual Medicines, there would usually be powerful Spirit Beasts guarding them, making it impossible for ordinary Martial Artists to even think of picking them.

Thus, Liu Poshan's greatest wish now was to pick a low-grade Spiritual Medicine that was centuries old, or hunt down a Spirit Beast of the same grade.

"Let's go! Keep moving!"

Liu Poshan said loudly, leading the way, with Liu Wu and Liu Qi following behind, and the other dozens of Martial Artists from Liuhu Village invigorated, moving forward in single file.

Fang Bai, Liu Qingqing, and Liu Liehu still walked in the middle of the group, so he could protect the safety of siblings Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu, while also coordinating the front and rear.

In the past, when the Martial Artists from Liuhu Village entered the mountains, they would stop after venturing hundreds of miles into the mountainous area, not daring to go further, for it was a foreign and dangerous territory to them, and one careless move might cost them their lives in the mountains.

Although the team now had Fang Bai, and their overall strength had increased substantially, the Martial Artists from Liuhu Village were still somewhat apprehensive, and their pace was not as quick as before. Everyone was extremely careful and cautious.

"Liehu, give me your bow and arrows!"

After walking a few miles, Fang Bai suddenly turned his head and spoke to Liu Liehu behind him.

Liu Liehu was shocked, not knowing why Fang Bai needed his bow and arrows. He looked around but saw no sign of Spirit Beasts nearby. However, he revered Fang Bai like a deity and passed his bow and arrows obediently as requested.

As they moved a few hundred meters forward, suddenly a patch of grass on the left front of the team fiercely rustled, and a fiery-red shadow darted out.

This fiery-red shadow moved extremely fast. In the blink of an eye, it soared high, shooting towards a nearby towering tree.

"It's a Red Fire Chicken!"

"Its beast age is at least three hundred years!"

"Catching that Red Fire Chicken, this trip will not have been in vain!"

"Quick, shoot it with the arrows!"

"It won't be in vain!"

...

As people shouted loudly, dozens of Martial Artists from Liuhu Village drew their bows and shot arrows, all at once towards the Red Fire Chicken.

Dozens of arrows, imbued with True Essence Force, whistled through the air like raindrops pursuing the Red Fire Chicken. However, the Red Fire Chicken was seemingly even faster than the arrows. When the force of the arrows exhausted, not a single feather had been touched.

The Red Fire Chicken perched on a branch of the towering tree, looking down at the dozens of Martial Artists from Liuhu Village, and "clucked" a few times, as if mocking their ineptitude.

The Red Fire Chicken, with feathers as red as flame and at least twice the size of ordinary roosters, emanated waves of Essence Energy around its body, making it look exceptionally majestic and akin to a blazing fire from afar.

"Alas..."

Dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village looked up at the Red Fire Chicken, letting out disappointed sighs.

"A Red Fire Chicken with a beast age of three hundred years! In the market town, it could be exchanged for thousands of Essence Stones, dozens of Elixirs... what a pity, what a pity..."

Liu Poshan muttered, his face full of frustration.

Just then, a swift "swoosh" sound came to his ears. Liu Poshan turned his head and saw that it was Fang Bai holding Liehu's bow and arrow, shooting an arrow that flew straight towards the Red Fire Chicken.

The martial artists of Liuhu Village had already given up hunting the Red Fire Chicken before them, and they thought little of Fang Bai's persistence.

It's important to realize that the Red Fire Chicken was now hundreds of meters above the ground, and with its incredibly fast speed, using a bow and arrow to hunt it seemed almost impossible.

Even if Fang Bai were a Heaven Level Martial Artist, it would be difficult to accomplish.

When Fang Bai released that arrow, everyone from Liuhu Village, including Liu Poshan, thought it was impossible.

However, Liu Poshan and the others soon noticed something extraordinary about Fang Bai's arrow.

Everyone was using the same bow and arrow, but the arrow shot by Fang Bai was amazingly fast. It had traversed hundreds of meters almost immediately after leaving the bow string, piercing through the neck of the Red Fire Chicken.

Looking at the Red Fire Chicken plummeting from the sky, there was a moment of silence followed by a burst of loud cheers.

Amid the cheers, Liu Qi leapt up, caught the falling Red Fire Chicken, examined it closely in his hands, and then held it high above his head, excitedly saying, "Yes, it's a three hundred-year-old Red Fire Chicken!"

Dozens of Liuhu Village martial artists crowded around Liu Qi, examining the Red Fire Chicken, all of them extremely excited.

"The last time our Liuhu Village killed a Spirit Beast aged three hundred years, I can't even recall how many years ago that was. This time when entering the mountains, the first Spirit Beast we hunted being a three hundred-year-old Red Fire Chicken is a good omen, signaling that we will definitely reap great rewards on this trip!"

An elderly martial artist from Liuhu Village, nearly sixty years old, said with teary eyes.

If Fang Bai could easily kill a Red Fire Chicken aged three hundred years, then encountering other similar low-tier Spirit Beasts would surely be easy to capture. Hence, having Fang Bai with them, a great harvest this trip into the mountains was expected.

Liu Poshan coughed loudly, and when everyone quieted down, he then said, "Since the Red Fire Chicken was killed by Fang Bai, it shall belong to him! Now, let's all put in more effort to hunt more Spirit Beasts and also keep an eye out for Spiritual Medicine!"

There were no objections to Liu Poshan's words among the Liuhu Village martial artists present, as it was indeed entirely due to Fang Bai's own efforts that the Red Fire Chicken was killed.

And since Fang Bai was also a martial artist in need of cultivation resources to enhance his strength, the Red Fire Chicken could be used to exchange for some cultivation resources at the market town.

For the villagers of Liuhu Village, the stronger Fang Bai's capabilities, the higher their village's status in the surrounding areas of the great lake, the safer the martial artists from the village would be when entering the mountains, and the more cultivation resources they would get.

"Fang Bai, take it!"

Liu Qi, unable to let go of the Red Fire Chicken in his hands, then handed it over to Fang Bai.

"Liehu, take this!"

Fang Bai received the Red Fire Chicken and casually tossed it to Liehu behind him, noticing Liehu's puzzled face, he smiled and said, "When we get back, we'll exchange it for cultivation resources, and there will be a share for you and Qingqing!"

Liehu's spirits were greatly lifted.

Qingqing's eyes also sparkled.

Chapter 918: Seems to Have Encountered Trouble

The Red Fire Chicken that Fang Bai hunted could be traded for thousands of Essence Stones and dozens of Elixirs, a considerable sum of Cultivation Resources. By sharing just a bit with Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing, they would have enough to last them a long time.

Thus, Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing were overjoyed.

Liu Poshan and Liu Qi were also quietly pleased.

They knew this was Fang Bai's way of looking out for Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing. With his support, it was foreseeable that both Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu would make greater progress on the path of Martial Dao in the future.

The Martial Artists of Liuhu Village composed themselves and continued forward.

With this gain, everyone was filled with hope for the journey ahead.

Along the way, Fang Bai's Divine Sense Diffusion spread out, probing the movements within a thousand meters. Whether it was a Spirit Beast or Spiritual Medicine, he was able to detect them first.

After traveling deep into the mountains for a thousand miles, Spirit Beasts gradually became more common. While Liu Poshan and others were excited, they also felt uneasy, fearing that a high-level ferocious Spirit Beast might suddenly emerge and launch a surprise attack on their team of Martial Artists.

They were lucky; along the way, they encountered only low-level Spirit Beasts. Liu Poshan and the others joined forces to hunt several Spirit Beasts that were one hundred to two hundred years old and picked more than a dozen herbs of the same rank, exceeding the goals they had set before entering the mountains. Everyone was thrilled.

Fang Bai, too, was busy. Any Spirit Beast that escaped from Liu Poshan and the others was immediately targeted by his bow and arrows, and he never missed.

As for the Spiritual Medicines missed along the way by Liu Poshan and others, since most were only one to two hundred years old and not greatly beneficial to his own cultivation, Fang Bai had little interest and let Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing pick them.

Even though he was just "picking up what was missed," the Spirit Beasts Fang Bai hunted and the Spiritual Medicines he found far surpassed the gains of Liu Poshan and the others.

Seeing Liu Liehu carrying several Spirit Beasts and Liu Qingqing carrying bundles of Spiritual Medicine, Liu Poshan and the others clicked their tongues in admiration and were happy for them.

Just Fang Bai's gains alone were enough to be traded for tens of thousands of Essence Stones and hundreds of Elixirs when they returned, equivalent to the accumulation of several years' worth of Cultivation Resources for Liuhu Village.

Moreover, Fang Bai had said earlier that Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing would share in the Cultivation Resources he exchanged in the future. Even if they only received a tenth of it, that would still be a substantial wealth.

Liu Qingqing and Liu Liehu were immensely happy. The more Fang Bai gained, the more Cultivation Resources they would have in the future. With such a trend, they wouldn't need to worry about Cultivation Resources anymore.

When they had penetrated nearly two thousand miles into the mountainous area, they faintly heard the roars of tigers, gibbons, lions, and wolves echoing around them.

Fang Bai showed no unusual expression, but Liu Poshan and the others turned pale and trembled with fear.

Beasts like tigers, gibbons, lions, and wolves counted as medium to large Spirit Beasts, and being carnivorous, they were highly aggressive. Encountering one, even a low-level one, would result in a fierce battle.

What Liu Poshan and the others feared most was encountering a mid-level Spirit Beast. That would be big trouble.

The attack power of a mid-level Spirit Beast was comparable to that of a Heaven Level Martial Artist. Even if Fang Bai encountered them, he could only protect himself, and the other Martial Artists would be lucky to escape unscathed.

"Brother Fang, it's too dangerous to go any further,"

Liu Poshan turned around, walked up to Fang Bai, and said, "The gains from this trip into the mountains have already surpassed the total of the past few years. Everyone is already very satisfied. Why don't we... head back?"

Dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village also looked at Fang Bai. Except for Liu Liehu and Liu Qingqing, who had just entered the vast mountains for the first time, everyone else knew that dangerous territory lay ahead, and a sense of retreat sprouted in their hearts.

Originally, according to Fang Bai's intention, he wanted to go deeper and see what kind of formidable spirit beasts were in the deepest parts of the vast mountains, and whether there were any spiritual medicines that would capture his heart.

Moreover, Fang Bai knew the "Beast Taming Scripture," and as long as he did not encounter a spirit beast much stronger than him, he could subdue it without worrying about safety.

However, seeing the expressions of Liu Poshan and the others, who were clearly too scared to take another step forward, it was evident that they were not in favor of advancing any further.

Fang Bai had no intention of revealing his true strength to Liu Poshan and the others, and the "Beast Taming Scripture" was too miraculous a secret technique. Even if he told them, they would probably find it hard to believe at first.

After a brief contemplation, Fang Bai decided to return to Liuhu Village with Liu Poshan and the others for now and planned to venture back into the depths of the vast mountains alone when he found the time.

"Alright, let's go back!"

Fang Bai nodded with a smile.

In the team of martial artists from Liuhu Village, Fang Bai had become a pivotal figure, and even Liu Poshan looked up to him, complying with his commands. Seeing him nod in agreement to return, everyone cheered, and thus the rear group became the leading group as they retraced their steps along the same route they had come.

Not long after they started walking, Fang Bai suddenly furrowed his brow, stopped in his tracks, and looked toward the dense forest on the eastern side.

"What's the matter, Brother Fang?"

Walking behind Fang Bai, Liu Qingqing saw him stop and curiously tilted her head.

Fang Bai sighed and said, "It seems we have run into a bit of trouble..."

Just as he said this, he suddenly shouted, "Folks, if a spirit beast attacks, everyone stand next to that big tree and form a defensive formation!"

As soon as Fang Bai's words fell, the faces of Liu Poshan, Liu Wu, Liu Qi, and others whitened and they immediately led dozens of martial artists to a giant tree a few dozen meters away, forming a defensive stance.

Once the defensive formation was set up, Liu Poshan and the others nervously looked around but saw no spirit beast, which somewhat eased their tension yet also made them secretly wonder. They thought to themselves, considering Fang Bai's character, he wouldn't lie, so where could the spirit beast be?

"Brother Fang, there... I don't see any spirit beast! Could you have... made a mistake?"

Liu Poshan knew that Fang Bai's sensing abilities were surely much stronger than those of the martial artists present. Though he spoke so, he was careful not to let his guard down and kept scanning the surroundings.

Fang Bai raised his hand and pointed toward the eastern dense forest, saying, "It's coming soon! If I'm not mistaken, it should be a Unihorn Tiger... yes, of the middle tier!"

"A Unihorn Tiger? Middle tier?"

On hearing this, Liu Poshan couldn't help but shiver intensely, his face turning ashen as despair filled his heart.

A Unihorn Tiger was said to be one of the most ferocious spirit beasts in the vast mountains, known for its brutality and powerful attack strength. Even a juvenile Unihorn Tiger with a beast age of only two to three hundred years was enough to give a Heaven Level early-stage martial artist a headache, let alone a middle-tier Unihorn Tiger?

Even with Fang Bai, whose strength was comparable to that of a Heaven Level Martial Artist, and their dozens of Earth Level and Profound Level martial artists, they would likely still be no match for a middle-tier Unihorn Tiger in a full-force counterattack!

Chapter 919: Unihorn Tiger

Aoooo—

The deep roar of a tiger, resembling muffled thunder, suddenly resounded in the ears of Liu Poshan and the rest, accompanied by the sound of raging winds sweeping through the mountain forest.

At first, the sound was somewhat indistinct, as if from a faraway place, but in the blink of an eye, it had already drawn near.

Liu Poshan and the others had already sensed the violent and savage fluctuations of Essence Energy, which rolled in from the eastern woods like an overwhelming tide, giving them a suffocating feeling.

Boom—

Boom—

Boom——

One by one, stout trees were knocked flying by the tremendous impact. A tiger with a body over three meters long, covered in golden fur and a foot-long horn on its head, charged out of the eastern forest at high speed. Its momentum and velocity were terrifying, and everything in its path was smashed open by its brute force.

"It's really a Unihorn Tiger... it's over... it's over..."

Watching the Unihorn Tiger charging towards them at high speed, Liu Poshan was petrified, his face as pale as paper, muttering to himself, filled with regret.

If only he had advised Fang Bai to come back to Liuhu Village with everyone from the mountains earlier.

However, Liu Poshan also knew that it was too late for regrets now. The Unihorn Tiger was famously fierce and violent; facing it meant no option but a desperate fight to the death.

"The lives of dozens of martial artists from Liuhu Village are probably going to be lost here today... Alas, I thought after coming down from the mountains this time, we could exchange the Spirit Beast and Spiritual Medicine we gathered for a large amount of Cultivation Resources. Liuhu Village would have been able to hold its head high, embarking on a road to prosperity and rise, but now... it was all just a vain joy!"

Liu Poshan's eyes reddened, his heart desolate, and he thought, "Once we fall, the villagers left are all ordinary people without the strength to truss a chicken. If the people from Shi Village find out, won't they bully them even more? Then..."

Liu Poshan dared not think further, tears already glistening in his eyes.

"No, we can die, but Qingqing and Liehu are the future and hope of Liuhu Village, they cannot die! And there's Fang Bai, as long as Fang Bai lives, he can ensure the peace of our Liuhu Village!"

With these thoughts, Liu Poshan wiped his eyes and yelled at the dozens of Liuhu Village martial artists beside him who were also stunned, "Folks, brace yourselves! No matter what, we must hold back the Unihorn Tiger, to buy time for Fang Bai, Qingqing, and Liehu to escape! As long as those three live, Liuhu Village has hope!"

"For Liuhu Village, fight with all we've got!"

Hearing Liu Poshan's shout, the Liuhu Village martial artists snapped back to reality, thinking to themselves that the village chief was right. Our lives are not precious, but Qingqing and the others must survive.

The group of martial artists from Liuhu Village shouted in unison, each of them bursting with tremendous courage and strength.

Their eyes bloodshot, they gripped their swords and other weapons tightly. True Yuan circulated wildly within their bodies, and a fighting spirit spread around each of them.

Dozens of martial artists from the Profound and Earth levels united against their enemy, forming a force not to be underestimated.

The charging Unihorn Tiger seemed to sense this fearless power and paused momentarily in its rush forward.

The focus of Liu Poshan and the others was solely on the Unihorn Tiger, but Fang Bai's gaze was directed towards the area behind the beast.

A few hundred meters behind the Unihorn Tiger, thirteen figures were rapidly approaching. By their appearance, they seemed to be in pursuit of the tiger.

Clutching weapons such as knives, spears, bows, and arrows, the aura of martial artists emanated from them suggested that the majority were Earth Level Martial Artists, with the three leading figures being Heaven Level Martial Artists.

Three Heaven Level Martial Artists and ten Earth Level Martial Artists made a group more than sufficient to handle a mid-level Unihorn Tiger, no wonder the tiger was panicking and fleeing; it knew if it didn't, it would be hunted down by those people.

"Village Chief, how many cultivation resources can this Unihorn Tiger be exchanged for?"

Just as Liu Poshan and the others were on full alert, preparing for a deadly battle with the Unihorn Tiger, Fang Bai suddenly asked.

His question caused Liu Poshan to be taken aback, followed by a wry smile. He thought to himself that they were on the brink of disaster, and yet there you were, inquiring about this? Even if the Unihorn Tiger could be exchanged for a great amount of cultivation resources, what of it? If we, these people, could even survive, it would be a cause for gratitude to the heavens. Are you still thinking of hunting it?

The Unihorn Tiger moved like lightning, covering the distance from several hundred meters away to just tens of meters from Liu Poshan and the others in a few breaths. A radius of nearly a hundred meters around it was enveloped by the fierce aura it released.

"Fang Bai, we will hold off the Unihorn Tiger, you take Qingqing and Liehu and escape! The rest, prepare to fight with me!"

After Liu Poshan spoke, his eyes suddenly bulged, his beard and hair bristling, his True Yuan peaked, and his entire being entered a battle-ready state.

"Battle!"

Tens of Liuhu Village martial artists roared in unison, their swords and blades pointed at the Unihorn Tiger, having resolved themselves to death, their faces showing determination and fearlessness.

However, the Unihorn Tiger did not intend to clash with them,

Its gaze merely swept over them, hesitated for a moment, and then it turned direction, fleeing towards the woods to the left.

Whew—

All the Liuhu Village martial artists, including Liu Poshan, let out long sighs of relief, feeling as if they had been given a new lease on life, a chance to be reborn.

As the wind from the mountains blew through the woods, everyone felt a shivery coolness on their skin, only to realize that their clothes were soaked with cold sweat.

"This Unihorn Tiger..."

Liu Poshan wanted to say something lighthearted to boost everyone's spirits, but the next moment, his mouth hung open in shock.

For he noticed that Fang Bai, who had been standing by his side, now blocked the Unihorn Tiger's escape path, standing face to face with it in confrontation.

And the Unihorn Tiger, clearly agitated and restless, let out "whoa whoa" low growls. Its paws reached forward, its upper body hunched low, and its jaws opened wide, readying an attacking posture.

The golden fur on its body even emitted a faint golden radiance at this moment.

Clearly, this Unihorn Tiger possessed a physique that could absorb the golden attribute Essence Energy. With this attribute's Essence Energy enhancing its powers, its attack strength was far greater than other spirit beasts of the same tier.

"Mad... completely mad..."

Liu Poshan muttered, watching Fang Bai, who was facing the Unihorn Tiger alone but still had a bright smile on his face.

"Grandfather, let's help Brother Fang! If we kill that Unihorn Tiger, we will make a fortune!"

Liu Liehu excitedly "aow-aowed," dropped the spirit beasts he was carrying on his back to the ground, and took up a blade, ready to rush forward.

Liu Qi, with quick reflexes, grabbed hold of him and sternly said, "Behave yourself!"

Liu Poshan really wanted to help Fang Bai, yet he was well aware that Fang Bai was a Heaven Level Martial Artist and even if he couldn't beat the Unihorn Tiger, he still had a chance to escape, whereas if his own people joined in, they would simply be slaughtered.

So instead of succumbing to death, it was better to watch the battle for the time being, and if they were to help, they would wait until Fang Bai was in danger.

As for abandoning Fang Bai and fleeing for their lives, Liu Poshan couldn't do it, and neither could the other martial artists of Liuhu Village.

Chapter 920: Underfoot

Fang Bai intercepted the Unihorn Tiger just as those thirteen Martial Artists chasing it also pursued with Killing Qi surging forth.

Upon seeing the Unihorn Tiger, each of the thirteen Martial Artists showed joy on their faces, moved swiftly, and surrounded both Fang Bai and the Unihorn Tiger.

"Let's see where you beast can run to now! Take my whip!"

A fragrant breeze stirred, and a red flash appeared. A young woman in her early twenties in a red dress charged at the Unihorn Tiger with a shout, raising the long whip in her hand and lashing it towards the beast.

As she unleashed her whip, True Yuan vibrated powerfully, with astonishing force, creating ripples in the air wherever the whip passed.

"A Heaven Level Martial Artist..."

Liu Poshan, who was standing under a distant tree observing the scene, couldn't discern the red-dressed woman's Cultivation Level, but he could sense the overpowering aura emanating from her. It reminded him of the village chief of Shi Village, Shi Yan.

This woman in red possessed an aura similar to Shi Yan's; therefore, he guessed she was a Heaven Level Martial Artist.

Liu Poshan's gaze then shifted to the red-dressed woman's companions. Among them were two men in their late twenties wearing blue shirts, whose realms he couldn't make out either. However, their aura seemed even stronger than the woman's, making it apparent they were Heaven Level Martial Artists, too.

As for the other ten people, each possessed the strength of at least a high-rank Earth Level realm.

Three Heaven Level Martial Artists, ten of at least high-rank Earth Level realm... In Liu Poshan's eyes, the combined strength of these thirteen individuals was incredibly impressive, though he did not know which Sect they hailed from.

The Unihorn Tiger seemed somewhat wary of the red-dressed woman. Seeing her whip lash towards it, the tiger roared and suddenly charged at Fang Bai, who was blocking its path.

The Unihorn Tiger was clever; it sensed that the threat posed by the red-dressed woman was far greater than that of Fang Bai, who stood before it. So, after evading the woman's whip, it immediately pounced towards Fang Bai, intending to break through from his side.

In the Unihorn Tiger's mind, Fang Bai had no capability to block its charging momentum. Once it dodged past him, it could continue fleeing into the depths of the forest, and the red-dressed woman and her group would not find it so easy to catch up.

Like Liu Poshan and his group, these thirteen individuals in red dresses aimed to hunt Spirit Beasts and gather Spiritual Medicine in the mountains. They had encountered the Unihorn Tiger along the way, and despite their combined efforts to kill it, they did not expect it to escape, leading to this chase.

"Hey, you! Block it! If you let it get away, you're dead!"

Seeing the Unihorn Tiger trying to escape, the red-dressed woman became anxious and shouted at Fang Bai while stomping her foot.

Although she had glanced at Fang Bai and discerned that he was merely an Earth Level Martial Artist and therefore blocking the Unihorn Tiger would be akin to suicide, as long as Fang Bai could slightly delay the beast for a moment, she and her companions would be able to re-encircle it.

Whether Fang Bai lived or died was not her concern.

The thirteen individuals, all disciples of a certain Sect, prided themselves on their status, each with an air of arrogance, thinking themselves invincible.

The red-dressed woman, in particular, considered herself a proud daughter of Heaven. Relying on her beauty and talent, coupled with the praise and indulgence from many fellow Sect members, she developed a character that was self-centered and unruly.

The red-dressed woman had set her sights on the Unihorn Tiger, intent on hunting it down. She didn't care who Fang Bai was and issued orders for him to block the beast.

However, Fang Bai was the type who did not respond well to coercion. Had the red-dressed woman remained silent, or approached the matter more politely, he might have lent a hand. But her commanding tone irritated him.

He chuckled, and as he saw the Unihorn Tiger lunging toward him, his body flashed to the side, allowing the beast to dart past and flee into the forest ahead like lightning.

"You little thief! Are you seeking death?"

The woman in the red dress was furious, rushed in front of Fang Bai, raised the whip in her hand, and lashed out at him violently.

Her whip was thrown in anger, hardly holding back any strength. Had it been an Earth Rank perfection Martial Artist on the receiving end, that one strike would have either killed or gravely injured them.

Although Liu Poshan and others in the distance knew Fang Bai was capable of challenging those beyond his rank, and the woman in the red dress might not be able to hurt him, they were still shocked to see such ruthless action, thinking to themselves how cruel and venomous this woman was to strike to kill over a mere disagreement.

Fang Bai had not expected this woman to be so heartless and brutal either. A hidden anger rose in his heart, and he let out a cold snort, raised his hand to grab the whip that was being lashed at him, and yanked it with a pull.

The woman in the red dress had hated Fang Bai for letting the Unihorn Tiger go, and had whipped out in an attempt to teach this obnoxious brat a lesson, without sparing a thought for whether Fang Bai would live or die under her whip,

However, she could never have imagined that her whip, infused with the True Essence of a Heaven Level Martial Artist and capable of easily snapping a tree trunk as thick as a waist, would be effortlessly caught by Fang Bai, and that a strong pulling force would then drag her to the ground, causing her to fall at his feet, covered in dirt and weeds, looking extremely disheveled.

"Junior Sister Gao!"

"You despicable brat!"

"Junior Sister Gao, are you alright?"

"Kill that brat! Avenge Junior Sister Gao!"

...

The twelve Martial Artists who had followed the woman in the red dress, seeing her at a disadvantage against Fang Bai, were both shocked and angry. They shouted as they rushed over, encircling Fang Bai.

The swords and other weapons in their hands all pointed towards Fang Bai, their eyes brimming with thick Killing Qi, signaling that any second now, they would launch a group attack on him.

Liu Poshan knew that today's matter couldn't end well; he gritted his teeth, glanced back at the several dozen warriors from Liuhu Village, and said in a deep voice, "Fang Bai is one of us from Liuhu Village. We can't just stand by if he's in trouble. Huzi, Qingqing, take what we've gained this time and head back to Liuhu Village immediately! The rest, follow me to help Fang Bai!"

"Grandpa, I'm not leaving. I want to help Brother Fang!"

"And me!"

In Liuhu Village, Liu Liehu, Liu Qingqing, and Fang Bai had the closest relationship. Now that Fang Bai was in trouble, how could they leave?

Liu Poshan's eyes bulged, he stamped his foot, ready to scold the two, when he suddenly opened his mouth wide in shock once more.

Because at that moment, he saw Fang Bai actually lift his right foot, then step on the back of the woman in the red dress, pressing the cursing and struggling woman back down to the ground.

"You thief, let go of me! For humiliating me like this, I swear I will flay you, pull out your tendons, crush your bones to dust! Just you wait... just you wait..."

The woman in the red dress, who had always been held in high esteem, was now trampled under Fang Bai's feet. Overwhelmed by shame and fury, she spat out all sorts of vile curses.

She tried to struggle, but the foot Fang Bai had on her felt as if it weighed thousands of pounds. She, a proud Heaven Level Martial Artist, couldn't move an inch.