

Doctor 1511

Chapter 1511: Overthinking

The old couple raised their heads, their hair parted to the sides, finally revealing their appearance to the people present.

The female martial artists behind Yun Man were visiting this Blood Pool River for the first time, and upon seeing the true appearance of the old couple, they couldn't help but gape. If Yun Man hadn't stopped them promptly with a sharp gaze, they might have exclaimed out loud.

Fang Bai slightly furrowed his brow and met the gaze of the old couple looking at him. Although he appeared calm on the surface, his heart was not at peace.

The old couple had rough and slack skin, dull and lifeless, like withered tree bark. Their eyes were a dead gray, and their lips slightly purple, giving the impression that they were on the verge of death, not far from it.

From them, what could be sensed was not the vibrant aura of a martial artist, but an ominous aura similar to that of the Nether Corpse Land. This aura enveloped them in a kind of eeriness that made people want to keep their distance.

Apart from Fang Bai, every martial artist who caught sight of the old couple's appearance felt a chill run down their spine and immediately looked away, fearing they might incur the couple's displeasure.

"Oh, it's nothing..."

Fang Bai quickly weighed the pros and cons in his mind, finally opting not to voice his thoughts. Instead, he grinned at Yun Man, pointing to the bowl of Wuyou Soup in her hand, and said, "This Wuyou Soup emits such a refreshing aroma, invigorating the mind... It must taste great! Can I have a few more bowls later?"

Seeing that Fang Bai didn't say anything disrespectful, Yun Man breathed a sigh of relief and shook her head, saying, "No! Only one bowl per person!"

Fang Bai nodded regretfully and said no more.

The old couple's gaze lingered on Fang Bai for a few moments before withdrawing, as if nothing had happened. They continued pouring bowls of Wuyou Soup from the gourd in their hands, handing them to the martial artists in front of them.

When it was Fang Bai's turn, he accepted the Wuyou Soup presented by the old man, tossed a spiritual medicine aside, drank it in one gulp, wiped his mouth, and then strode to catch up with Yun Man and the others.

After he walked by, the old couple's eyes, hidden behind their long hair, glanced at his back. For a moment, a gleam of delight flashed in their gray eyes, as if a hungry wolf had spotted a delicious prey.

"Brother Fang, you just gave me quite a scare!"

When Fang Bai reached his side, Yun Man used Thread Condensation Sound Transmission to say, "Were you trying to tell me something earlier? Hmm, you can say it now."

Fang Bai transmitted his voice, "Sister Yun Man, does that Wuyou Soup really work?"

Yun Man was taken aback, then shook her head, saying, "I don't know. Last time I entered the Nether Corpse Land, I didn't cross the Blood Pool River. But according to some martial artists who drank Wuyou Soup, the soup is indeed very effective in resisting the erosion of evil and corpse qi."

Fang Bai turned his head to look at Yun Man, solemnly and seriously saying, "Though the Soul Settling Grass has calming and soul-settling effects, when mixed with certain other medicinal materials, it can also be used to manipulate a martial artist's mind."

Yun Man was shocked, a feeling of unease rising in her heart, but she quickly dismissed it with a smile, saying, "Fang Bai, you must be overthinking it! I believe that old couple just wants to earn some cultivation resources!"

She added, "Though they are strong, if they dared to do such a thing, they'd be inciting public wrath. Can they withstand the assault of thousands of martial artists? They wouldn't dare!"

Fang Bai sighed, "Two people facing imminent death wouldn't care about so much."

"Imminent death? Brother Fang, what do you mean by that?"

Yun Man sensed that Fang Bai was hinting at something and couldn't resist asking.

Fang Bai thought for a moment, then waved his hand, "Forget it, maybe I really am overthinking! Our goal is to hunt for treasure. Why bother about anything else!"

As he spoke, he had already stepped onto the Naihe Bridge.

Yun Man knew Fang Bai still had more to say, but as he chose not to, she didn't press further. Shaking her head to dispel some uneasy thoughts, she breathed a sigh of relief and, along with several martial artists beside her, set foot on the Naihe Bridge, heading towards the other side of the Blood Pool River.

Hundreds and thousands of martial artists were crossing the Naihe Bridge one after another, reaching the opposite bank.

Beyond the Naihe Bridge was the core area of the Nether Corpse Land, where every martial artist could feel that the evil and corpse qi in the space was even denser than on the opposite side of the Blood Pool River. Although the vast majority of them had drunk Wuyou Soup, which enhanced their resistance to various harmful auras, they were still doubly cautious compared to before.

Perhaps because the evil and corpse qi here was overly dense, Yun Man and the others found that their divine sense was met with various obstacles, allowing them to only probe movements within a radius of five hundred meters at most, beyond which they knew nothing.

A five hundred meters buffer zone was far insufficient for strong individuals like them. Should they encounter a powerful opponent, the opponent could appear at close range in an instant, leaving them little time to react.

"Everyone, stay closer together. If attacked, be sure to promptly help each other!"

Yun Man said loudly.

Upon hearing this, everyone immediately shortened the distance between one another, tightly gripping their spiritual artifacts, and remained on high alert.

The occasional passage through Corpse Mountain Blood Sea sent shockwaves through them. To prevent themselves from becoming part of these innumerable corpses, they needed to unite closely and coordinate seamlessly.

"Hurry up!"

As their group of ten advanced dozens of miles, Yun Man's eyes lit up. At the edge of a Corpse Mountain ahead, she spotted two warrior corpses and quickly led Fang Bai and others closer.

The two martial artists' corpses there hadn't fully dried, appearing to have fallen recently. Nearby were two mid-grade Holy Grade spiritual artifacts scattered, and the rings on their fingers had not yet been removed.

Judging by the attire of these two martial artists, they appeared to be loose cultivators, giving Yun Man and the others peace of mind.

If the fallen were sect disciples, obtaining their cultivation resources would also mean contending with their fellow sect members, causing all sorts of trouble. But loose cultivators posed no such concerns.

"Chirp!"

Along with a piercing sound of something cutting through the air, an arrow glowing faintly green shot forth, grazing the frontmost Yun Man and embedding itself in a tree trunk that had been dead for countless years.

"Bang!"

With an explosive sound, the large tree—requiring several people to encircle it—burst apart, fragments flying everywhere.

"These two are ours, belonging to the Five Poisons Sect! Know your place and get lost!"

An icy voice, as if from the depths of hell, drifted from the distant mist. Following the voice, Yun Man and the others saw five lean martial artists in black attire speeding towards them.

The five martial artists wore matching outfits, with a pouch made of some unknown material hanging from each waist, every one of them bearing a sinister, cold smirk on their lips.

When the five of them got closer, Yun Man and others caught a faint, pungent toxic odor emanating from them.

"They are disciples of the Five Poisons Sect!"

Upon recognizing them, Yun Man's expression subtly changed, with a hint of fear in her eyes.

Several martial artists in their team seemed to have heard of the "Five Poisons Sect"'s reputation and, seeing the five disciples approaching, couldn't help but step back.

Chapter 1512: Five Poisons Sect

Five disciples from the Five Poisons Sect, including four Golden Core early-stage powerhouses and one Golden Core mid-stage powerhouse.

The overall strength of this lineup clearly surpasses Yun Man's martial artist team by a large margin.

But what Yun Man and others fear most is not the strength of these five Five Poisons Sect disciples, but their endless poison techniques.

It's said that Five Poisons Sect disciples are well-versed in the Beast Taming Scripture, specializing in using five kinds of poisons: snakes, scorpions, bats, ants, and frogs for attacks.

Moreover, their spiritual artifacts, spirit stones, spiritual medicines, and other cultivation resources, not to mention the Martial Artist Aura they release, might contain toxins that can unknowingly claim lives, rendering defenses ineffective.

Any martial artist facing off with the Five Poisons Sect will be extremely vigilant, staying on high alert, or else they might unknowingly fall prey to the opponents' strange poisons.

What further intimidates Yun Man and others is the sect master of the Five Poisons Sect, "Poisonous Hand Venerable," who is a Golden Pill Perfection powerhouse, regarded as the top-tier talent within thousands of miles, rarely provoked.

Before this, two Supreme Elders of the Yan Family in Female Immortal City also had Golden Pill Perfection cultivation levels, hence the Yan Family used to reign supreme. However, with the fall of these two Supreme Elders, the Yan Family's overall strength has deteriorated, leading to a decline in reputation.

Within thousands of miles of Female Immortal City, sects and prominent clans capable of challenging Female Immortal City include the Five Poisons Sect.

The Five Poisons Sect has rapidly risen in recent years, aiming to surpass the Yan Family of Female Immortal City, thus beginning to covet Female Immortal City and hoping to replace the Yan Family as the new owner of the city.

The thin dead camel is still bigger than a horse.

Though the Yan Family has declined, it has a profound heritage spanning thousands of years, supplemented with mysterious cultivation methods, resulting in a steady stream of Golden Core Realm powerhouses in the family. If the Five Poisons Sect truly attempts to expel the Yan Family from Female Immortal City, it will encounter fierce resistance and, even if successful, will pay a terribly high price.

This is the outcome the Five Poisons Sect absolutely does not wish to see.

Therefore, despite the Five Poisons Sect being eager and increasingly arrogant, frequently provoking the Yan Family, it has not dared to engage in a full-blown conflict before securing absolute assurance of easily defeating the Yan Family.

Disciples of the Five Poisons Sect are experts due to their daily dealings with poisons. Consequently, the Evil Qi and Corpse Qi in this Nether Corpse Land have minimal effect on them, giving them unparalleled advantages when seeking secrets and treasures in this Nether Corpse Land compared to other martial artists.

For instance, when crossing Blood Pool River, most martial artists need to pass via Naihe Bridge and drink a bowl of Wuyou Soup to effectively resist the invasions of Evil Qi and Corpse Qi, whereas the Five Poisons Sect disciples don't need to do so.

"Senior Brother He has spoken, telling you to get lost! Why aren't you leaving yet?"

Five Five Poisons Sect disciples approached, with one thin and dark-skinned young martial artist pointing at Yun Man and others, shouting sternly.

"Let's go!"

Yun Man bit her silver teeth, clenched her fists tightly, suppressed her inner anger forcefully, and whispered to Fang Bai and others.

Those two martial artist corpses were discovered by them with difficulty, initially thinking they would find some gains, but unexpectedly the Five Poisons Sect disciples intervened arrogantly. Although Yun Man was furious, being less skilled, she had no choice but to bow.

"Sister Yun, we were the first to discover those two corpses, their cultivation resources rightfully belong to us! Why should we give them away!"

A young female martial artist standing beside Yun Man grumbled discontentedly.

That female martial artist named He Ping was a few years older than Fang Bai, also a loose cultivator, with cultivation levels similar to Fang Bai. Petite, with big eyes and a round face, she had a lively personality, always with a smiling face for everyone; she was an adorably playful girl.

On the way to Nether Corpse Land, He Ping often chatted with Fang Bai, showing some fondness towards him, but it was like the falling petals with intent followed the flowing water, while the flowing water had no intent to romance the falling petals. Fang Bai merely treated her as a normal friend and had no other thoughts, leaving He Ping rather disappointed.

He Ping expressed her dissatisfaction through murmuring, and Fang Bai glimpsed the Five Poisons Sect disciples opposite, knowing trouble was coming.

"Why? Just because we are Five Poisons Sect disciples!"

The thin dark-skinned Five Poisons Sect disciple sized up He Ping, his eyes slightly bright, and grinned mischievously: "I am Wu Kun, a core disciple of Five Poisons Sect. You look pretty good, and having a Primordial Yin Physique, why not be my Martial Dao companion? You came to Nether Corpse Land for cultivation resources, right? As long as you follow me and satisfy me well, I guarantee you'll have endless cultivation resources to enjoy!"

As he finished his words, the few Five Poisons Sect disciples behind him burst into unrestrained laughter.

He Ping, both ashamed and angry, her pink face flushed, pointed at the Five Poisons Sect disciple named Wu Kun and spat out: "You... you... you're shameless!"

"Haha... shameless? Let me show you something even more shameless!"

Wu Kun let out a sinister laugh, his body shot forward swiftly, with a pair of hands clawing towards her chest.

He Ping's face turned cold, just as she was about to wield the spiritual artifact in her hand to cut off these approaching claws, she suddenly found herself inexplicably weak, unable to even lift the artifact, horrifying her.

"Be careful, He Ping!"

Yun Man noticed He Ping's anomaly, and without thinking, she called out softly, grabbing her shoulder with her right hand, retreating swiftly with her to evade Wu Kun's humiliating attack.

"Meddding nosy little girl! You're courting death!"

Wu Kun silently released an invisible poison, blending into the surrounding mist, enveloping He Ping and disabling her resistance. His intention was to toy with her for some amusement, but unexpectedly Yun Man meddled, ruining his fun.

Wu Kun felt humiliated in front of his companions, becoming furious. Raising his right hand, a black light shot out towards Yun Man's face like lightning.

Yun Man's rescue of He Ping was purely instinctive, and afterward, she felt a trace of regret, realizing that by doing so, she had formed a grudge with the Five Poisons Sect. From now on, when venturing in the world, she must be extra cautious to avoid retaliation from the Five Poisons Sect disciples.

As this thought arose, Wu Kun's attack was already close.

"Once the deed is done, what's there to regret? If the Five Poisons Sect wants revenge, let them come! I'm ready for it! Killing me won't be that easy!"

Yun Man snorted coldly, her regret instantly vanished, replaced by resolute determination.

Her charming eyes widened, clearly seeing the black light speeding towards her eyes, which was actually a highly poisonous Black-Bellied Snake, startling her internally. Her Crescent Moon Blade in hand slashed two cold lights diagonally, confronting the Black-Bellied Snake.

The Black-Bellied Snake is considered a type of micro-beast. Although its body is small, its attack power is very strong. When it was more than a meter away from Yun Man, the extreme yin and coldness it released enveloped Yun Man, making her feel like she was in an ice cave, shivering uncontrollably.

Chapter 1513: Backlash

Yun Man and Wu Kun, though both are early-stage Golden Core masters with similar cultivation levels, Wu Kun's released Black-Bellied Snake is renowned for its agility, moving like lightning, making its whereabouts difficult to trace. Its venom can corrode steel and bone, which makes Yun Man particularly wary.

"Chirp!"

A soft sound, the Black-Bellied Snake altered its direction in mid-air, and Yun Man's cross-shaped blade light fell on empty ground.

"He Ping, dodge quickly!"

Yun Man shouted urgently once more, simultaneously sweeping her figure sideways towards the stunned He Ping.

After her sword missed, she realized that the true target of the Black-Bellied Snake wasn't herself, but He Ping.

He Ping's cultivation level is only at the realm of Foundation Establishment perfection, while the attack strength of the Black-Bellied Snake is so strong that even Yun Man is wary of it, let alone He Ping's ability to handle it.

Even though Yun Man did her utmost, she still fell one step behind the Black-Bellied Snake, watching as the snake turned into a black lightning bolt about to collide with He Ping.

Yun Man sighed sorrowfully in her heart, closed her eyes, unable to bear watching.

She knew how formidable the Black-Bellied Snake was; once it touched He Ping's body, it would be like a sharp arrow piercing into He Ping's heart, leaving behind its venom, and even the Great Luo Immortal would find it hard to save He Ping's life.

Although He Ping had already formed a Defense Qi Shield around her body in advance, before the impact of the Black-Bellied Snake, that layer of Defense Qi Shield was as thin as paper and could not provide any protection.

He Ping seemed to sense the intense threat, and realizing she couldn't avoid it, her complexion instantly turned bloodless, eyes showing despair.

Standing beside He Ping were two fellow early-stage Golden Core masters from the same team, originally able to lend a hand, but fearing the Five Poisons Sect's retaliation, hesitated slightly, and by the time they wanted to act, they had already lost the chance.

Wu Kun wore a smug smile; he hadn't planned to take He Ping's life, only to have the Black-Bellied Snake bite her once, making her carry the strange poison. By then, to survive, she'd have no choice but to obediently follow his orders and go along with him.

Watching He Ping's terrified expression filled with dread, Wu Kun felt inexplicably satisfied, couldn't help but grin.

However, the next moment, his smile froze there.

The Black-Bellied Snake he had tamed for years suddenly reversed course within three feet of He Ping's chest, charging towards him even faster.

"This... this..."

Now it was Wu Kun's turn to be terrified.

He realized that the Black-Bellied Snake had completely escaped his control, its body releasing the unique frantic and brutal aura of a Spirit Beast, sending shivers down his spine.

"Junior Brother Wu, why did you pull back, feeling reluctant? Haha..."

A fellow disciple behind Wu Kun from the Five Poisons Sect thought he had suddenly softened, unwilling to harm He Ping, and teased with a laugh.

However, as soon as he laughed, his mouth seemed stuffed with a large egg, abruptly stopping.

Several other disciples from the Five Poisons Sect also let out cries of disbelief.

Opposite, Yun Man and the others, were dumbfounded, displaying expressions of incredulity on their faces.

Everyone's gaze at that moment focused on Wu Kun.

Wu Kun's body still stood but was slightly swaying; right at his chest, a bowl-sized bloody hole had pierced through.

Only two people on site saw what had happened: the high-speed Black-Bellied Snake directly pierced through Wu Kun's heart, leaving this terrifyingly horrifying fatal wound.

The two who saw the process were someone called Wu Heng, the most powerful disciple among the Five Poisons Sect, and Fang Bai.

The strongest disciple of the Five Poisons Sect named Wu Heng was Wu Kun's older brother, also one of the Stewards of the Five Poisons Sect, possessing mid-stage Golden Core cultivation.

Wu Heng led four junior disciples from the sect into the Nether Corpse Land for training. Though they hadn't encountered any fortune, through their considerable strength, they managed to reap quite a few benefits from other Martial Artist teams they met.

Upon spotting Yun Man's team, Wu Heng and the Five Poisons Sect disciples harbored the same thought, wanting to seize the cultivation resources on the ten people for themselves.

Wu Heng believed that with absolute advantage on their side, the others would surely surrender their cultivation resources obediently, or else they'd face the ruthless punishment from the five.

Yet what Wu Heng and the other disciples couldn't understand was why Wu Kun, when dealing with the petite and clever Female Martial Artist, clearly had the victory in hand, would suddenly fall victim to a counterattack.

It must be known, the Black-Bellied Snake that killed Wu Kun was a small Spirit Beast he had painstakingly tamed for over ten years, and its sudden backlash was beyond reason, difficult for Wu Heng and the other disciples to accept.

"Boom!"

After Wu Kun's body swayed a few more times, he finally fell to the ground, stirring up a cloud of dust.

The Black-Bellied Snake that pierced Wu Kun's body still wanted to attack other disciples of the Five Poisons Sect but was already at its limit, posed no more threat, and was cut into two by Wu Heng's palm used as a blade, fell to the ground, and after twitching a few times, became motionless.

Wu Heng's complexion was as dark as water; he stepped slowly before the fallen Wu Kun and squatted to inspect.

Yun Man and the others were eager to escape, but none dared to move.

Though Wu Heng wasn't looking at them, the intense Killing Qi emanating from him locked them firmly; whoever moved first would become Wu Heng's first target.

"There are four left on the opposite side. With our ten united as one, we have hope to resist them! Otherwise, we'll all die!"

Yun Man's expression was grave, her demeanor was stern, using Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique, she addressed He Ping and the others.

Though unclear on the cause of Wu Kun's muddled death, she knew the Five Poisons Sect would certainly hold this team of Martial Artists accountable.

Both sides had forged a mortal feud, relentless until death.

Yun Man understood this principle, and He Ping knew it as well.

Though they cried injustice in their hearts, wanting to convey to the Five Poisons Sect disciples that Wu Kun's death had nothing to do with them, they knew any explanation was futile.

He Ping and the others swiftly gathered around Yun Man, holding their Spiritual Artifacts before them, Spiritual Energy enveloping them, bracing for a fierce battle.

Standing among the ten was Fang Bai, who glanced at Wu Kun's corpse ahead, sketched a mocking smile.

As an expert of the Beast Taming Scripture, capable of taming all beasts, it was incredibly easy for Fang Bai to make the Black-Bellied Snake "turn coat" and attack its owner at the crucial moment.

The Five Poisons Sect, famed for controlling poisons, might be fearsome to other Martial Artists, but to Fang Bai, it was not worth a sneer.

"Who was it?"

Wu Heng examined his brother's wounds closely, then rose, eyes red with rage as he advanced towards Yun Man and the others, speaking coldly: "Who controlled that Black-Bellied Snake and killed my brother? Whoever dares, step forward!"

As he spoke, his gaze first swept over Yun Man and the others, then turned towards the haze behind them.

In Wu Heng's view, Yun Man and the others lacked the capability to control the Black-Bellied Snake, surely the attack came from another person hidden within the fog behind these Martial Artists.

Chapter 1514: Mutual Destruction

After Wu Heng's voice fell for a long time, there was no response. The thick evil Qi and corpse Qi in the distance continued to churn and roll as always, with a silence that was somewhat terrifying.

"You two, go take a look!"

Wu Heng's face was gloomy as he gave a glance to the two fellow disciples beside him.

Without figuring out who had attacked secretly just now, Wu Heng couldn't feel at ease and did not dare to rashly initiate an attack on Yun Man and the others.

The two Five Poisons Sect disciples nodded, each brandishing their Spiritual Artifacts, and swiftly bypassed Yun Man and the others, heading into the mist ahead.

Wu Heng guessed that the person who secretly controlled the Black-Bellied Snake to attack Wu Kun must be significantly stronger than Wu Kun, but definitely not stronger than himself. Otherwise, the person would not have stayed hidden and dared not show up openly.

This speculation settled Wu Heng's heart, further deepening his killing intent.

"Dare to kill my brother Wu Heng, even if you are a disciple of the Yan Family in the Female Immortal City, I will not let you go!"

Wu Heng silently vowed with determination, his battle intent rising around him, and the Scorpion Tail Hook, a close-fitting Spiritual Artifact, appeared in his right hand.

Once the two fellow disciples who went ahead to investigate sounded the alarm, he would rush over at the first moment, joining forces with the two to slay the enemy.

As for the martial artist team on this side, leaving a fellow disciple to guard them was enough, even if they could temporarily escape. But in this Nether Corpse Land, where every step forward had to be cautious, how far could they really escape?

Yun Man and the others exchanged looks, filled with perplexity in their hearts, unable to figure out who was secretly aiding them.

A dozen breaths later, two shrill screams suddenly came from the thick fog in the distance.

Upon hearing the screams, Wu Heng and the remaining Five Poisons Sect disciple's faces changed drastically, caring no longer if Yun Man and the others would take the opportunity to escape, they shot like arrows towards the source of the screams.

The two screams came from the two Five Poisons Sect disciples who went to scout the enemy, filled with terror and despair toward death.

"Let's go!"

Yun Man rejoiced, urgently urging the other team martial artists.

The other martial artists shared the same thought, thinking if not to leave now, then when?

"Why leave?"

Fang Bai's voice sounded behind Yun Man and the others. When Yun Man and the others all looked back at him, he grinned and said leisurely, "Of the five Five Poisons Sect disciples, only two are left. With the ten of us joining forces, there's a good chance to wipe them out!"

Yun Man and the others were taken aback, then their gazes brightened.

Intimidated by the Five Poisons Sect's might, they solely thought of fleeing, yet forgot that now their overall strength had completely taken the upper hand, with a great opportunity to kill all the Five Poisons Sect disciples.

"Fang Bai is right! As long as we can take out those few Five Poisons Sect disciples, everything that happened here won't be spread. We also won't be hunted down by disciples of the Five Poisons Sect for enmity."

Yun Man's gaze swept over the faces of several martial artists around her, with fierce killing intent, she said sternly, "If there are no objections, let's do it this way!"

Even though Yun Man is a woman, she is more decisive in killing and fighting than many men in the world. Once she makes up her mind, she will go forward courageously, never retreating or regretting, and certainly not showing mercy.

If someone in the team raised objections at this time, Yun Man would mercilessly strike them down.

After all, whether they could annihilate the five Five Poisons Sect disciples concerned the lives of everyone, they must gather all their strength, join hands with hearts, and cannot allow any objections to stand. Otherwise, it would be difficult to fully engage the Five Poisons Sect disciples, leading to severe consequences.

"I'll listen to Sister Yun, no objections!"

He Ping, who had recovered from the earlier fright, was the first to express support.

He Ping was disgusted with the Five Poisons Sect disciples to the extreme, eager to kill them herself to release her pent-up hatred.

"I have no objections!"

"Neither do I!"

"Listen to Sister Yun!"

...

Including Fang Bai, nine martial artists in the team all declared they would join Yun Man in killing the remaining two Five Poisons Sect disciples, with no one opposing, not even hesitating.

"Good! After killing those Five Poisons Sect disciples, everyone will split the cultivation resources they carry!"

Yun Man said charmingly, waving her arm, she led Fang Bai, He Ping, and others to rush into the fog ahead swiftly.

In the dense fog thousands of meters away, there were frequent booming sounds as four martial artists split and joined, engaged in fierce and crazy battle.

The Spiritual Artifacts in the hands of the four constantly clashed, the sound deafening, making hearts tremble in fear.

The shockwaves from the spiritual energy collisions, like ripples, spread violently around, sweeping clean the objects within the space around.

The four battling martial artists were all already bloody and flesh-exposed, clearly not lightly injured.

"Yan Fei, you three are crazy! Stop now!"

One of the martial artists shouted angrily at the other three encircling him, panic written in his expression.

The three attacking martial artists had dull eyes, expressionless faces, only initiating increasingly fierce waves of attacks, knowing only offense, not defense, completely adopting a life-for-life, mutually destructive fighting style.

This desperate fighting, though lacking any strategy, was most frightening. The martial artist they besieged, although strong, was temporarily forced into chaos, struggling to cope.

In a flash, several additional horrifying wounds appeared on the bodies of the four martial artists.

When Yun Man and the others rushed close, what they saw was such a bizarre scene that left them dumbfounded.

"What... What's going on?"

"Why are the Five Poisons Sect disciples fighting amongst themselves?"

"Haha, dog fights dog! Interesting!"

"Could there be a conspiracy?"

"Hmm, let's observe first!"

...

Yun Man and the others saw the four Five Poisons Sect disciples, who were originally fine, suddenly attack each other like fierce beasts and couldn't understand why. Worried the opponents were playing tricks, they dared not get too close.

"Could it be that the evil Qi and corpse Qi here are affecting their minds?"

Fang Bai muttered to himself.

Yun Man's heart moved, after observing for a moment, she exclaimed with joy, "Brother Fang is right, the four of them indeed seem to have hallucinations due to the evil Qi and corpse Qi, leading to mutual killing."

Another Golden Core expert in the team frowned and said, "Logically speaking, Golden Core experts like us should not be easily confused by the illusions here! Especially that Five Poisons Sect steward, who is a mid-stage Golden Core expert, should have a stronger resistance to evil Qi and corpse Qi... Strange! Indeed strange!"

"Could it be because when they crossed the Blood Pool River, they did not drink Wuyou Soup?"

He Ping interjected.

Yun Man responded, "The Five Poisons Sect disciples are always arrogant and conceited. It's possible they didn't drink Wuyou Soup! Hmm, regardless, everyone get ready to strike! These disciples of the Five Poisons Sect must have scavenged quite a few cultivation resources from other martial artist teams along the way. Once we kill them, we will surely gain significantly!"

With her words, He Ping and others rubbed their fists and were eager to try.

Chapter 1515: Fang Bai is Missing

Full of joy and excitement, Yun Man and the others overlooked one thing.

They believed that the disciples of the Five Poisons Sect were seeing illusions because they hadn't drunk the Wuyou Soup, which led to the scene of mutual slaughter in front of them. However, they forgot that the disciples of the Five Poisons Sect are constantly mixed with all kinds of evil poisons and are not afraid of the invasion of evil and corpse qi.

However, no matter what, Yun Man and the others saw hope for victory.

Wu Heng and the other four disciples of the Five Poisons Sect indeed experienced illusions and indeed slaughtered each other because of these illusions.

It's just that their illusions were not caused by the influence of evil qi and corpse qi, but because Fang Bai controlled their minds with the Soul Capturing Heart Refining Technique.

It can be said that the lives of these four people are now completely under Fang Bai's control.

Although Fang Bai has not yet formed the Core and become a Golden Core Realm expert, his divine sense has far exceeded that of most Golden Core experts. Just now, when Wu Heng and the other four disciples of the Five Poisons Sect met his gaze, they were immediately controlled by his Soul Capturing Heart Refining Technique.

"Boom!"

In the mutual all-out attack between Wu Heng and his three fellow disciples, both sides suffered heavy injuries and were left on the brink of death.

"It's time, kill!"

Eager and impatient, Yun Man and the others seized the moment when the four disciples of the Five Poisons Sect were at their weakest, giving them no chance to recover, and rushed in with their spiritual artifacts, killing all four.

Poor Wu Heng and the other four Golden Core experts didn't even have the chance for self-detonation before they fell at the hands of Yun Man's group.

"We've won!"

With the defeat of Wu Heng and the disciples of the Five Poisons Sect, Yun Man and the others felt as if they were dreaming, only exclaiming with joy after confirming the opponents were utterly dead.

The downfall of Wu Heng and his companions meant that the events here would not be transpired to the outside world, sparing their martial artist team from the pursuit of the Five Poisons Sect.

At the same time, all cultivation resources from the five fallen Five Poisons Sect disciples would belong to their martial artist team.

Adventure groups entering the Nether Corpse Land, like the disciples of the Five Poisons Sect and Yun Man's team, usually probe each other when encountered. If one side believes it can defeat the other, there's likely to be a conflict.

And the result of the conflict determines the ownership of cultivation resources of the martial artists from both sides.

However, usually, as long as the losing side is willing to hand over their cultivation resources, the victor will not keep killing relentlessly.

The complete destruction of the five disciples of the Five Poisons Sect by Yun Man's group was a special case.

The Five Poisons Sect has a notorious reputation, and if Yun Man and the others didn't kill Wu Heng and his peers, they would be the ones to die later.

So, for self-defense, Yun Man and the others had to slay Wu Heng and his companions completely.

Actually, in the Nether Corpse Land, such complete destruction does happen from time to time, and no martial artist feels guilty about it.

"So many cultivation resources!"

"The five disciples of the Five Poisons Sect, who knows how many martial artists suffered at their hands along the way!"

"Most of these cultivation resources were looted by them on the way!"

"We have ten people to divide them among, each one will get quite a share!"

"Haha, even if we return to the Female Immortal City now, this journey wouldn't have been in vain!"

"Are you satisfied with just these cultivation resources? Can't you aim higher?"

"Hehe... contentment brings happiness... "

"Our journey has gone quite smoothly; let's keep going while luck's on our side!"

...

While sorting through the "spoils," Yun Man and the others found a mountain of cultivation resources piled inside Wu Heng's Spatial Rings, continually sighing with a joy they couldn't hide.

"Brother Fang, this is for you!"

"Sister Yun, thanks!"

When Yun Man handed over a portion of the cultivation resources to Fang Bai, he didn't hesitate and casually threw them into his own Spatial Ring.

Fang Bai needs an immense amount of cultivation resources to form his Core and advance to the Golden Core Realm. Therefore, ever since he entered the Three Thousand Worlds, he has started stockpiling various cultivation resources, paving the way for his future Core formation and making ample preparations.

Wu Heng and his companions are Golden Core experts, and the cultivation resources they carry are precisely what Fang Bai requires.

If Fang Bai were malicious and selfish, he could have easily snatched all nine portions of the cultivation resources from Yun Man and the others, given his strength.

But Fang Bai didn't do that, because he knew once a martial artist becomes evil, it's hard to control oneself from committing more, ultimately inexorably falling into Demon Dao, which contradicts his dao heart.

Later, Yun Man and the others returned to the corpse pile where they had previously found the two deceased individuals, took off their Spatial Rings, and similarly divided the cultivation resources within.

The ten martial artists in Yun Man's team each gained, all looking delighted.

Continuing onward, Yun Man and the others encountered six other martial artist teams consecutively. Following mutual probing, four conflicts ensued.

All four conflicts were instigated by the opposing martial artist teams, who initially viewed Yun Man's team as an easy target, only to be defeated by Yun Man and her group and forced to hand over their cultivation resources before retreating in defeat.

Yun Man and the others achieved victory again and again. Some believed they were incredibly lucky, while others were convinced there was an expert aiding them from the shadows.

Regardless, this journey into the Nether Corpse Land turned out to be quite fruitful for them.

"Ahead is the Soul Loss Ridge, crossing it leads to the core area of the Nether Corpse Land. But we've reached here and should return."

Yun Man gazed at the stretching ridge a few hundred meters tall in the near distance, sighed, and said.

If the Blood Pool River is seen as a line of life and death for Foundation Establishment experts, then Soul Loss Ridge is the line of life and death for Golden Core experts.

Martial artists view the area beyond Soul Loss Ridge as the core region of the Nether Corpse Land, mysterious and eerie, with countless Golden Core experts buried there.

Having gathered more and more Golden Core experts' evil and corpse qi, that core area has become increasingly perilous. Hence, in the last ten thousand years, no Golden Core expert below the mid-stage has dared to cross Soul Loss Ridge.

Once across Soul Loss Ridge, the mild consequence is chaotic emotional state, the severe consequence is the soul scattering. Few have escaped.

Years ago, although a Golden Pill Perfection expert from the Yan Family of the Female Immortal City escaped by chance, no one knows what kind of stimuli he received. He went insane, lost his senses, and soon fell, leaving many sighing.

"Yes, let's head back! Soul Loss Ridge is not something we can cross!"

"If we can reach the mid-stage Golden Core Realm in the future, maybe then, we can come for exploration!"

"We will return!"

...

He Ping and others gazed from afar, sighed at the ridge, and felt regret in their hearts.

They knew the path ahead was dangerous but filled with opportunities; returning at such a moment brought a sense of resignation.

Yet they understood, although martial artists fearlessly face death for cultivation, knowingly walking into death is sheer folly.

"Huh? Where's Fang Bai? Where did he go?"

"He was beside me just now; how could he disappear like that?"

Just as the martial artist group was preparing to return, He Ping and another team member suddenly discovered that Fang Bai was missing.

Chapter 1516: Thousand Spirits Elixir

"What should we do?"

Fang Bai's bizarre disappearance left Yun Man and the others looking at each other in confusion, not knowing what to do.

Throughout this journey, Fang Bai has been extremely low-key, never showing off, and helped the team defeat formidable enemies several times without anyone noticing.

It can be said that if it weren't for his close relationship with the Yan Family, he would almost be a negligible character.

Yun Man was very worried about how their martial artist team would respond when they return to Female Immortal City and the Yan Family asks them about Fang Bai's whereabouts.

In the core region of the Nether Corpse Land, disappearing alone poses a high risk of falling; if the Yan Family takes out their anger on them, they fear they won't escape punishment.

Yun Man understands this outcome, as do the other martial artists.

"That Fang Bai, knowing he's not that powerful, still runs around recklessly! If we face the Yan Family's questioning, we'll be truly wronged!"

A martial artist grumbled in a low voice.

"Sister Yun, maybe... we should search around for Fang Bai? He might be nearby?"

He Ping, having always had a fondness for Fang Bai, was worried about his disappearance and suggested softly to Yun Man.

Yun Man nodded, and thus, nine people divided into three groups, searching in different directions, with a range limited to ten miles. If they found Fang Bai, they would summon him with a whistle; if not, they would return to gather.

While Yun Man and the others were searching everywhere for Fang Bai, they were unaware that Fang Bai had already quietly crossed the Soul Loss Ridge, entering a thick mist ahead.

In a past life, Fang Bai had traveled through the Nether Corpse Land once, but back then, Soul Loss Ridge was just an ordinary mountain ridge, without the current ominous name.

Fang Bai separated from the martial artist team to walk alone, aiming to delve into the most core region of the Nether Corpse Land to see what was happening there that made Yun Man and the martial artists so fearful.

Upon crossing Soul Loss Ridge, the surrounding Evil Qi and Corpse Qi nearly became tangible, launching assaults on Fang Bai's mind domain. Fortunately, Fang Bai possessed the Chaos True Body, resistant to all poisons, immune to evil, unaffected.

If it were Yun Man, a Golden Core beginner expert, she'd probably be instantly affected by the intense Evil Qi and Corpse Qi, losing herself and falling into an escapable illusion.

Once engulfed in an illusion here, a martial artist's best outcome is madness; if they later escape, it's fortunate, otherwise, ultimately self-harming and dying, just like that Supreme Elder of the Yan Family back in the day.

Yun Man and others not entering Soul Loss Ridge was a normal decision. Given their cultivation level, even after drinking Wuyou Soup, they couldn't withstand the intrusion of Evil Qi and Corpse Qi here.

Once they cross Soul Loss Ridge, there's definitely no return.

Besides, the Wuyou Soup and the old couple selling it were problematic. Although they disguised well, they couldn't escape Fang Bai's keen observation.

Fang Bai even believed the significant changes in the Nether Corpse Land's core region had a great deal to do with that old couple.

Fang Bai extended his divine sense, probing the movements around, his figure akin to lightning, cutting through layers of mist, steadily advancing.

Previously by the Blood Pool River, Fang Bai sensed a strange atmosphere; now, the closer he got to the core, the stronger this oddity grew, his curiosity deepening.

Driven by this curiosity, Fang Bai decided to investigate.

"Oh? How did you, a little fellow with merely Foundation Establishment perfect realm cultivation, manage to get here?"

An elder voice suddenly sounded in Fang Bai's ears.

The sudden voice startled Fang Bai, as he hadn't detected it beforehand.

Soon, a centenarian old man entered Fang Bai's divine sense sweep.

The old man was chubby and amiable, with a youthful face and white hair, full of life, instantly making one feel kindly and close.

He wore clothes so dirty the color couldn't be discerned, with a small black shiny gourd hanging at his waist, which made bubbling sounds as he moved, evidently filled with some liquid.

"I didn't expect a Nascent Soul Realm expert to be here!"

Upon recognizing the white chubby elder's cultivation, Fang Bai gasped.

With his current Foundation Establishment perfect realm, he could confront a Golden Pill Expert, but against a Nascent Soul expert, he's no match; if the elder wished him harm, he couldn't resist and could only flee; death would be inevitable otherwise.

The white chubby elder was the strongest expert Fang Bai had encountered since his rebirth, and not knowing if the elder was friend or foe, he remained on guard, prepared for any threat.

"Haha, don't worry, little one; I'm not a bad person, I won't harm you!"

While speaking, the white chubby elder moved near Fang Bai, paused, and began observing Fang Bai with interest.

He examined Fang Bai, as Fang Bai scrutinized him.

The old and young were separated by a three-yard distance, engaging in mutual scrutiny, feeling curious inside.

"Curious... Curious..."

Moments later, the white chubby elder frowned deeply, scratching his head, saying, "You're quite peculiar, though merely Foundation Establishment perfect, why can't I see through you?"

Fang Bai chuckled internally, thinking: "In my past life, a dignified Immortal Emperor, now reborn with memories of two lifetimes; if you could see through me, that'd be remarkable! Besides, having lived tens of thousands of years across lifetimes, this old guy's constant 'little one' surely doesn't fear for shortening his lifespan!"

The white chubby elder walked to a large nearby rock, sat, and patted the space beside him, signaling Fang Bai to sit too.

"Want to drink? What's in my gourd is good stuff!"

The white chubby elder was clearly quite easy-going, uncorking the gourd, and leaned back to drink, before offering it to Fang Bai, watching with smiling interest to see if Fang Bai dared to drink.

Other martial artists would definitely hesitate to take the gourd, let alone drink from it.

However, Fang Bai showed no fear, grabbing the gourd from the elder's hand, and drank extensively until the elder's lips twitched, repeatedly shouting 'stop', finally obliged, wiping his mouth and laughing heartily, "Refreshing!"

"You little one, do you even realize how precious this 'Thousand Spirits Elixir' is? You drank seven gulps... no, eight... oh dear! Heartache!"

As he reached to snatch the gourd back, the elder corked it again, hugging it protectively, a picture of distress.

The white chubby elder's 'Thousand Spirits Elixir' was brewed from a thousand spirit fruits aged several thousand years, exceptionally miraculous, akin to immortal nectar for ordinary people, capable of reviving the dead and bones.

For martial artists, a sip of 'Thousand Spirits Elixir' was far more effective than spending millions of Holy Grade Spirit Stones on cultivation.

After traveling countless mountains and waters, painstakingly brewing the gourdful of 'Thousand Spirits Elixir' over several years, Fang Bai's swigging must've been quite the ordeal for him.

Chapter 1517: Where is the Master?

In his two lives, Fang Bai has met countless people and is unmatched in insight. He can tell that the chubby old man harbors no ill will toward him, so he relaxes.

"You old man, you're so dull! You were the one who let me drink, but before I was satisfied, you snatched it back. Are you messing with me?"

Fang Bai rolls his eyes and says irritably.

The chubby old man is stunned, feeling he was at fault. His face reddens as he mutters, "My Thousand Spirits Elixir is not easy to brew. At most, one can have just a sip or two a day. Who knew you'd guzzle so much at once? That's simply wasting a treasure!"

Fang Bai smirks indifferently, "What's so great about the Thousand Spirits Elixir? I drank eight swigs; I'll return you a whole gourd later!"

The chubby old man laughs heartily, "Young lad, don't boast! Do you know what kind of gourd this is? Do you know how many bowls of Thousand Spirits Elixir it can hold? Can you even brew the Thousand Spirits Elixir?"

Fang Bai retorts, "Isn't it just a holy-grade high-level storage spiritual artifact? What's so strange about it! Even though your gourd can hold thousands of bowls of elixir, you can't possibly fill it completely! It's amazing if you store a tenth! As for the elixir... heh, what I brew will definitely be better than yours!"

The chubby old man stares wide-eyed at Fang Bai, "You're quite the braggart, lad! How about you tell me precisely how my Thousand Spirits Elixir is brewed? If you can, I'll give you the rest of the elixir in my gourd!"

Fang Bai asks, "Old man, are you serious?"

The chubby old man replies, "Nonsense! I'm He Wujie, the Thousand-Hand Venerable. My words are always trustworthy!"

"Alright!"

Fang Bai nods, "It's a deal! No backtracking!"

"I'll be a turtle if I backtrack!"

He Wujie indeed doesn't believe Fang Bai can name a thousand kinds of spirit fruits used in brewing the Thousand Spirits Elixir. Even if he names nine hundred and ninety-nine, it would still be wrong.

The secret recipe for the Thousand Spirits Elixir was obtained by He Wujie fifty years ago during a chance encounter at a martial artist remnants site, believing it to be unique, possible only for himself to brew.

However, He Wujie doesn't know that the martial artist remnants he discovered were from a cultivation site left by Fang Bai tens of thousands of years ago. The recipe was something Fang Bai left for those with destiny in future generations.

Thus, when He Wujie handed the gourd with the Thousand Spirits Elixir to Fang Bai, Fang Bai took it without hesitation.

He regarded the recipe for Thousand Spirits Elixir as treasure, thinking no one else could possibly know. Little did he realize he was flaunting his skills in front of an expert.

Suppressing his laughter, Fang Bai earnestly says, "Listen carefully, the Thousand Spirits Elixir requires a thousand kinds of spirit fruits, each over five thousand years old. These fruits include Red Lotus Fruit, Green Light Fruit, Glass Fruit, Snow Secret Fruit, Jade Fruit, Dragon Flame Fruit..."

Fang Bai talks eloquently, reciting over a thousand kinds of spirit fruits in one breath. Initially, He Wujie appears unimpressed, but soon his mouth opens wider and wider, and his face reveals great shock and disbelief.

"Old man, did I get it right? A thousand kinds of spirit fruits, any mistakes or omissions? Oh, do you want me to continue describing the brewing method of the elixir?"

Fang Bai asks with a cheeky smile.

He Wujie remains speechless for a long while.

He knows that since Fang Bai can name a thousand kinds of spirit fruits needed for the elixir, without a single error, he must be familiar with the brewing method.

Feeling deeply stung that he has to give the dwindling elixir to Fang Bai, He Wujie is reluctant. Yet, he remembers that as the Thousand-Hand Venerable, to go back on his word would be shameful.

If it were another powerful individual, perhaps they would "silence the person" to protect their reputation.

But He Wujie is not an evil or malicious person. Unless someone threatens his life, he would never harm another.

He Wujie prefers to "convince people with reason," feeling it suits his status more, and others would respect and trust him more.

"So... young lad, you can have the Thousand Spirits Elixir. But can you tell me where you learned this secret recipe?"

He Wujie asks with a conflicted expression.

Fang Bai spreads his hands, "I learned it from a master, but I don't know his name!"

"Could it be that the method I and this young lad learned to brew the elixir originates from the same master?"

He Wujie scratches his head, guessing that's the case.

"Do you know where this master is currently, young lad?"

He Wujie asks expectantly, slightly excited.

When He Wujie discovered the martial artist remnants, various signs indicated that the martial artist who left the site had cultivation far surpassing his own. Meeting such a person and receiving guidance would leave him without regrets in life.

Fang Bai shakes his head, "I don't know. Masters are always elusive like the Divine Dragon—here one moment, gone the next."

"What a shame then..."

He Wujie sighs, unable to hide his disappointment, glancing at Fang Bai who suddenly sparks a thought, and excitedly asks, "Young lad, what's your name? Are you a loose cultivator or a sect disciple?"

Fang Bai blinks at He Wujie's odd gaze, unsure what's happening, and replies, "I'm Fang Bai, a loose cultivator..."

"Haha, being a loose cultivator is perfect!"

He Wujie cheers, energy restored, and exclaims to Fang Bai, "You don't have a master yet, right? Hmm... Even if you do, he must be useless! You possess dual Fire and Wood Spirit Roots, a rare genius in cultivation, yet haven't reached the Golden Core Realm, showing that your master is worthless! Hurry, become my disciple, and I'll teach you cultivation methods, guaranteeing you form a Core within a year and a Nascent Soul in ten... Quick! Become my disciple!"

Fang Bai says, "Wait... This is our first time meeting; you don't know me, and I don't know you. Just acknowledging someone as a master like this... Doesn't seem right, does it?"

He Wujie waves his hand impatiently, "What's right or wrong! You acknowledge me as your master now, and we get to know each other later! Even though I, He Wujie, detest evil and deceitful people, I can still mold even the most villainous into decent individuals!"

In this world, martial artists aren't limited to one master a lifetime. Switching allegiances is common, as long as they show enough respect to previous masters, it's not frowned upon.

Additionally, having multiple strong mentors allows gathering diverse strengths to become stronger.

Fang Bai holds no resistance to the idea of becoming a disciple; since his reincarnation, he's had more than one master before, gaining considerable help from them.

However, while this help is mostly in cultivation resources, guidance on cultivation methods and the Martial Dao has little meaning for Fang Bai, as he understands these things far better than they do.

Chapter 1518: Thief Realm Master

A Nascent Soul Realm expert was circling around a Foundation Establishment Martial Artist in perfection, keen on accepting him as a disciple, while the latter seemed hesitant, not wanting to agree...

If other Martial Artists saw this scene, they would be so angry they'd want to kill Fang Bai and then stomp on him a few times, cursing, "What an ungrateful brat!"

A Nascent Soul expert, with strength far surpassing a Golden Core expert, is someone many Foundation Establishment experts dream of being guided by, let alone having the opportunity to be accepted as a disciple, which is truly a dream come true for any Foundation Establishment expert.

Yet now, there's a Nascent Soul expert willing to take Fang Bai as a disciple, and Fang Bai appears reluctant. How could any Martial Artist who witnessed this not feel envious and jealous?

Fortunately, Fang Bai didn't hesitate for too long.

Seeing He Wujie's anxious hand-rubbing, Fang Bai knew he sincerely wanted to accept him as a disciple. If he refused, He Wujie wouldn't resort to forceful tactics, but he would certainly persistently pester him.

Fang Bai isn't afraid of others being forceful; what he fears is nagging and persistence, which would be quite a headache.

Fortunately, He Wujie is a Nascent Soul expert, and sticking by his side should offer some benefits, so it's not a bad deal.

"Master above, please accept disciple Fang Bai's bow!"

Fang Bai was straightforward. Once he made up his mind, he didn't hesitate any longer. He stood up and respectfully bowed to He Wujie, formally accepting him as his master.

"Good disciple... haha... good disciple..."

He Wujie was overjoyed, gently helping Fang Bai stand up while stroking his white beard, nodding in satisfaction.

Fang Bai did not hide his cultivation level in the Nether Corpse Land and even revealed his fire and wood dual-attribute innate spiritual root, which instantly sparked He Wujie's interest in such a talented individual.

And after learning that Fang Bai also knew the method to brew the Thousand Spirits Elixir, He Wujie felt this was fate, further solidifying his determination to take Fang Bai as a disciple.

He Wujie himself had a fire and wood dual-attribute innate spiritual root and was also an Alchemist. He had a great fondness for Fang Bai, who shared many similarities with him, and was determined to nurture this newly accepted disciple to surpass his own achievements.

In Fang Bai's eyes, He Wujie, possessing a dual-attribute innate spiritual root, was already over two hundred years old. Logically, his cultivation shouldn't just be at the Nascent Soul initial stage, likely hindered by the limitations of his cultivation technique, preventing further advancement.

Fang Bai understood that no matter how talented a Martial Artist is, achieving greater success in the Martial Dao is impossible without a high-level cultivation method.

And Fang Bai lacked nothing more than cultivation techniques.

Therefore, while it seemed like He Wujie was giving Fang Bai a huge advantage by taking him on as a disciple, He Wujie was actually the truly fortunate one.

After all, Fang Bai possessed the memories of his past life as an Immortal Emperor. As long as he wasn't lacking cultivation resources, his achievements would ultimately surpass He Wujie.

In contrast, He Wujie's cultivation level had already reached a bottleneck, making further progress extremely difficult. If Fang Bai could occasionally provide some guidance, He Wujie might have a chance to break through the bottleneck and take flight.

"Come, good disciple, let's sit and chat..."

By chance, He Wujie had taken on a remarkably talented disciple in Fang Bai. Pleased, he wasn't in a hurry to train within the Nether Corpse Land. He invited Fang Bai to sit on a big rock, talking about anything and everything.

The two discussed topics ranging from the brewing method of the Thousand Spirits Elixir to alchemy techniques, cultivation methods, and even the customs and experiences of the Three Thousand Worlds...

He Wujie had been to many places in the Three Thousand Worlds and experienced hundreds of battles. He prided himself on his vast knowledge, extensive experience, and abundant combat wisdom, thinking there was much he could teach Fang Bai.

However, during their conversation, He Wujie found himself deflated, realizing that his new disciple seemed nothing short of a prodigy, knowing almost as much as he did, even possessing unique insights into cultivation techniques that suddenly enlightened him.

But after the initial dejection, He Wujie felt immensely excited, thinking that now that this kid was his disciple, the higher his achievements, the more glorious it would be for him.

In the future, when this disciple becomes renowned throughout the Three Thousand Worlds, wouldn't he, as the master, also share in the glory?

"Master, how did you earn the nickname 'Thousand-Hand Venerable'?"

Fang Bai suddenly asked with a smile.

"Uh..."

Upon hearing Fang Bai's question, He Wujie's expression turned awkward, as if there was a secret he couldn't fully express. He scratched his head and said, "This... this..."

Fang Bai grinned, "Let me guess... could it be that Master practices a technique related to the name 'Thousand-Hands'?"

He Wujie shook his head, his face unexpectedly turning a bit red.

"Then it must be that when Master faces opponents, he moves exceptionally fast, leaving others unable to react, thus earning the beautiful name 'Thousand-Hands'!"

Fang Bai guessed again.

He Wujie continued to shake his head and, before Fang Bai could guess again, gritted his teeth and said, "Stop guessing! I'll tell you! The 'Thousand-Hands' nickname refers to being a master in the Thief Realm!"

Fang Bai gasped and said blankly, "Master... a master in the Thief Realm?"

Thrown off guard, He Wujie braced himself and awkwardly explained, "It's a bit embarrassing to admit... Actually, Master enjoys a bit of sneaking around... well, like frequently stealing cultivation resources from other Martial Artists! Because Master rarely fails and has a Nascent Soul cultivation level, I gained the moniker 'Thousand-Hand Venerable'!"

He paused, worried that Fang Bai would feel disdain or look down on him. He hurriedly added, "But there's honor even among thieves. The targets are unsavory individuals, and I've never harmed innocent lives..."

As he spoke, he surreptitiously observed Fang Bai's expression, relieved to see no disdain or contempt but rather enthusiasm and excitement.

Upon hearing the explanations, Fang Bai eagerly rubbed his hands together, "I never thought Master had such skills! Would you teach me in the future? Hee hee, I'm currently short on cultivation resources, it would be perfect to steal some for cultivation! Together we'll become the Thief Realm's top master-disciple duo!"

He Wujie's eyes brightened, thinking how perfectly this disciple matched his own inclinations. He burst into hearty laughter, slapping his thigh, and said, "Alright, Master will teach you the art of thievery right now!"

So the master and disciple sat face to face, one teaching earnestly, the other learning diligently, openly and cheerfully discussing a thievery art that other Martial Artists would scorn, without any sense of shame.

In truth, He Wujie's thievery technique boiled down essentially to two things: speed and stealth.

The so-called speed entails taking action quickly and swiftly.

The so-called stealth involves knowing how to conceal one's aura.

With these guarantees, stealing cultivation resources from other Martial Artists becomes an unnoticed act, with a high success rate.

Chapter 1519: Corpse Refinement Art

A pair of "birds of a feather" master and disciple sat cross-legged on the large stone in the core area of the Nether Corpse Land, exchanging thoughts on theft skills for half a day, before standing up with laughter.

"Good disciple, you have learned Concealment Aura Art before, starting at a much higher point than I did back then! Once you've mastered the 'Thousand Skills Hand' and 'Streaming Light Step' as I taught you, you'll be able to move with empty hands and without a trace! Haha, in the future, the title of 'Number One in the Thief Realm in the Three Thousand Great Worlds' will undoubtedly belong to you!"

He Wujie vigorously patted Fang Bai's shoulder, with a look of "I'm very optimistic about you" on his face.

Fang Bai said, "Master, the cultivation method I just mentioned, is it useful to you? Although I don't quite understand this cultivation method, I always felt it's very powerful, master, you should cultivate it, maybe your cultivation level might rise another stage!"

Earlier during their exchange, He Wujie passed on his most skilled theft skills and an incredibly mysterious footwork to Fang Bai.

And in return, Fang Bai meticulously explained to He Wujie a cultivation method he learned before ascending to the Immortal Realm in earlier years, telling He Wujie that he discovered this at a Martial Artist Remnants, but it was too profound for him to cultivate, so he gave it to He Wujie to comprehend.

He Wujie sighed, "The cultivation method you mentioned is indeed... somewhat complex, but I like it very much! I think it should be a King Grade cultivation method... Good disciple, do you know what a King Grade cultivation method means?"

Fang Bai feigned ignorance and said, "Is it even stronger than a Holy Grade cultivation technique?"

He Wujie nodded and said, "Yes, above Holy Grade is King Grade! So the cultivation method you gave me is much stronger than all the methods I have cultivated before! Good disciple, master really thanks you this time!"

Since advancing to the Nascent Soul Realm decades ago, He Wujie has been stuck in the initial stage of the Nascent Soul Realm, with no significant progress in cultivation level.

What he lacked was a higher-level cultivation method.

But as an Individual Cultivation Martial Artist, without the backing of major sects, obtaining high-level cultivation methods is extremely difficult.

It is precisely because of this that He Wujie became a member of the "Thief Realm," trying desperately to steal high-level cultivation methods from other martial artists or powerful sects to enhance his own cultivation level.

However, over the past decades, He Wujie has stolen a lot of cultivation resources and methods, but either their rank was not high enough or they were unsuitable for his cultivation, resulting in repeated disappointments.

Recently, He Wujie traveled to the Nether Corpse Land area and, hearing some legends about it, ventured inside, hoping to encounter opportunity, unexpectedly meeting Fang Bai.

Upon receiving the cultivation method from Fang Bai, He Wujie carefully studied it but was unable to comprehend it, realizing that the method was highly profound and likely just what he needed — a King Grade cultivation method.

He Wujie was ecstatic, believing that as long as he could comprehend part of this method, a breakthrough in cultivation was not a dream.

Having accepted a satisfactory disciple and obtained a much-needed King Grade cultivation method from him, He Wujie already regarded Fang Bai as his lucky star in his heart.

He Wujie was about to discuss the cultivation method further with Fang Bai when his external Divine Sense sensed some fluctuations of Martial Artist Aura coming from the depths of the Nether Corpse Land. His brow arched as he said to Fang Bai, "There seem to be experts showing up over there, let's go have a look!"

Though Fang Bai possesses the ability to challenge those beyond his level, he can fight Golden Pill Experts with full force, yet compared to someone like He Wujie, who has formed a Nascent Soul in his Qi Sea, he is far inferior.

He Wujie's Divine Sense exploration range is already far beyond Fang Bai's. If the Nascent Soul is separated from the body, he can observe even higher and further movements, like activating 'Heavenly Vision.'

However, if Fang Bai's cultivation level reaches He Wujie's current realm, he would be able to leave He Wujie far behind.

Fang Bai moved his form, following next to He Wujie, heading into the increasingly dense fog.

"Here, the Evil Qi and Corpse Qi are nearly tangible. Even a Golden Pill Perfection expert will be affected by these evil energies after a long time, experiencing terrifying illusions. No wonder years ago, two Supreme Elders from the Yan Family entered this core area only to fall one after another."

As Fang Bai sped forward, feeling the evil Qi enveloping him, he also had a sense of bewildered disorientation, secretly startled, knowing that without his unique Chaos True Body constitution, he might not resist the evil Qi's invasion and would have already succumbed to horrifying hallucinations.

Once a martial artist falls into a hallucination, if unable to escape promptly, only two outcomes await: either battling phantom foes until exhaustion and demise or being trapped, ultimately self-harming and perishing.

"Good disciple, the evil Qi here is too heavy. If you can't hold on, let me know!"

He Wujie's voice suddenly came through, not waiting for Fang Bai to respond, he continued, "I forgot... you have the Innate Wood Spirit Root; this constitution is most effective in resisting evil Qi, you should be fine!"

Fang Bai replied with a smile, "Master, don't worry, I'm fine!"

Their forms moved like lightning, breaking through the layers of fog, and instantly traversed dozens of miles.

What puzzled Fang Bai was that upon entering the core area of the Nether Corpse Land with He Wujie, the imagined scenes of Corpse Mountain Blood Sea were absent, with only some weathered corpses and bones left scattered on the ground, otherwise vast emptiness.

"Someone is fighting... strange... strange..."

He Wujie's form suddenly halted, his brows knitted tightly as he uttered 'strange' several times, then darted to the left.

Fang Bai followed behind.

A few miles ahead, Fang Bai also sensed several traces of Martial Artist Aura, along with some exceptionally bizarre aura lingering in the air.

"Unexpectedly, someone here is proficient in Corpse Refinement Art!"

Fang Bai, with extensive experiences from past lives, had seen all sorts of bizarre phenomena. He recognized that the eerie aura came from fallen martial artists devoid of life.

The so-called 'Corpse Refinement Art' refers to certain powerful practitioners who use special methods to refine the corpses of deceased martial artists into puppets, then manipulate these puppet corpses for offensive and defensive combat.

Corpses refined into puppets are commonly referred to as "puppet corpses."

Martial artists of great strength, once refined into "puppet corpses," become even more formidable.

The most terrifying aspect of a "puppet corpse" is its lack of pain and fatigue. Once entangled, it's an exceedingly troublesome situation.

Although 'Corpse Refinement' is deemed a sinister art by many prestigious sects, countless martial artists tirelessly seek to master it.

Once mastering this "sinister art," one can refine numerous "puppet corpses" for assistance in offense and defense, intimidating any opponent.

Chapter 1520: The Great Tomb

Spiritual energy surged like a tide, battle intent sharp like a knife.

Six figures crisscrossed each other, sometimes separating, sometimes merging, fiercely battling within the dense fog.

The spiritual artifacts clashing in the air repeatedly emitted "zheng zheng" sounds that echoed for miles, with a stunning and impressive momentum that shook the soul.

Within a thirty-zhang radius centered around the six silhouettes, the area had long been flattened by the scattered spiritual energy; six pressures enveloped all directions, making it difficult for martial artists below the Golden Core Realm to approach.

He Wujie and Fang Bai appeared on a mountaintop a kilometer away from the battlefield, observing the six people in combat from a distance.

He Wujie was also a man of wide experience. After observing a few times, he saw that four of the six were puppet corpses controlled by someone, and a strange light flashed in his eyes as he murmured, "I didn't expect to encounter the legendary puppet corpses here! Hmm, to be able to control four Golden Pill Perfection puppet corpses, the one behind this must at least be a Nascent Soul Realm expert!"

He continued to observe and then muttered, "The four puppet corpses have a precise offense and defense, advancing and retreating in order, which should be an offensive-defensive formation. Although the two people being attacked are also Golden Pill Perfection experts, they currently don't fall behind, but as time goes on and their spiritual energy is exhausted, their lives could be in danger!"

Standing slightly behind He Wujie, Fang Bai listened to He Wujie's soliloquy, his eyes resting on the four puppet corpses in the battle ahead, his gaze flickering with keen interest.

The two Golden Pill Perfection martial artists battling the four puppet corpses, one with a fat head and big ears, and the other with a sharp mouth and monkey cheeks, both wearing luxurious clothes, their gazes dodgy, exuded a strong killing aura and a cold, sinister vibe, clearly not good people.

"You two, don't stand idly by, quickly come and help!"

The fat and skinny Golden Pill Perfection experts, who were being overwhelmed in the intense battle against the four puppet corpses, noticed Fang Bai and He Wujie appearing on the mountain summit, and the fat martial artist dodged an attack from a puppet corpse, waved towards them, and shouted loudly.

The skinny martial artist added, "Inside the large tomb ahead, there is an abundance of cultivation resources! If the four of us join forces and slay these four puppet corpses, we can evenly divide the cultivation resources within the tomb!"

The fat martial artist, fearing that Fang Bai and He Wujie would not help, continued, "These four puppet corpses are unafraid of spiritual artifacts' chopping, unaware of injury and pain, extremely formidable, we two are no match! If you two do not come to aid, once we fall, it will be your turn!"

After a pause, he shouted again, "We are Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect! If you are willing to help, the Five Poisons Sect will reward you handsomely!"

The fat and skinny martial artists continuously wielded their spiritual artifacts, fiercely battling the puppet corpses that seemed never to tire, all while yelling fervently to persuade Fang Bai and He Wujie to assist.

"Ah, turns out you're Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect! Hehe..."

Fang Bai looked at the two Golden Pill Perfection experts already flustered by the puppet corpses, a cold smile appearing at the corner of his lips.

Previously, Fang Bai had encountered Wu Heng and five other disciples of the Five Poisons Sect, and secretly helped Yun Man and others eliminate Wu Heng and his group. Unexpectedly, he met two more high-ranking members of the Five Poisons Sect here; indeed, enemies were destined to meet.

As for the Five Poisons Sect, Fang Bai felt only disgust, no goodwill.

"Good disciple, did this Five Poisons Sect offend you? Do you want me to help eliminate them?"

He Wujie observed Fang Bai's expression when the Five Poisons Sect was mentioned, noticed the cold smile, and guessed there might be a grudge between them. He rubbed his palms and asked.

Fang Bai smiled blandly and shook his head, "Just a minor grievance, not worth troubling Master!"

Both Fang Bai and He Wujie detested evil as if it were their own enemy. Apart from the enmity between Fang Bai and the Five Poisons Sect, just seeing the appearance of those two high-ranking members, they felt they were not good people, and naturally would not help.

Thus, the mentor and disciple stood on the mountaintop with arms crossed, unmoved by the noisy shouts of the Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect in the distance.

"Disciple, isn't it bad for us to stand by and watch them die?"

"Is it bad? I don't think so! Master, do you think the same amount of cultivation resources is more when divided among four or two people?"

"Of course, two people get more!"

"Exactly, that's why we have to watch them die!"

"Haha, makes sense! When the two of them are dead, the cultivation resources will belong to us!"

"That's right! Let them keep shouting!"

"In this barren wasteland, even if they shout until their throats break, it's useless! Hehe..."

"Haha..."

On the mountaintop, an unscrupulous master and disciple pair laughed together.

The laughter carried by the wind reached the ears of the two Five Poisons Sect Supreme Elders in the distance, making them jump and curse in anger.

"They said there are cultivation resources in the big tomb... There really is a big tomb ahead! Let's go take a look!"

Seeing that the two Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect could hold out for a while longer, He Wujie led Fang Bai down from the mountain, bypassing the scene of the six people battling, heading towards the large tomb his divine sense had detected.

"There might be more puppet corpses in that tomb ahead! Disciple, be careful and stay close behind me; I'll protect you!"

As they advanced a thousand meters, a large tomb covered with lush grass appeared in Fang Bai's divine sense.

The large tomb was about ten zhang high and covered hundreds of zhang, standing like a monumental structure in the dense fog, obscured and hard to discern.

Inside the tomb, several eerie and chilling auras were faintly emanating, similar to but seemingly stronger than the auras from outside the four puppet corpses.

"When I came here for training tens of thousands of years ago, there was no large tomb. It seems it must have been built after my ascension, probably over ten thousand years old. I wonder who might be buried inside."

Following He Wujie, Fang Bai reached the large tomb, and the mentor and disciple circled it, expressing their admiration with "tsk tsk".

This large tomb was built with tens of thousands of massive Earth Spirit Stones, not only exceptionally sturdy but also with formations set inside and out, making it impossible even for an ordinary Nascent Soul Realm expert to damage it.

"Given the scale of this tomb, whoever is buried here must have been a mighty expert! However, although an endless abundance of cultivation resources can be sensed inside, acquiring them won't be easy!"

The mentor and disciple finally stood on the southern side of the tomb, looking at the entrance behind the stone tablet sealed tightly by a three-foot-thick door made of Extraterrestrial Profound Iron. He

Wujie sighed to Fang Bai, "Look at this door; it's not only sturdy but also fortified with a defensive array. Even an ordinary King Grade spiritual artifact cannot damage it in the slightest."

"Haha... You two hit a wall? Hahaha... I'm telling you, neither the two of us nor the two of you can get into this big tomb!"

Just then, the mocking laughter of the two Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect echoed from two kilometers away, filled with schadenfreude.