

## Doctor 1521

### Chapter 1521: Breaking the Grave

"Two juniors at the Golden Core Realm, just because you can't do it doesn't mean this Venerable can't!"

He Wujie snorted coldly, disdaining the two seemingly crazed Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect, stepped forward, stood before the thick Meteoric Iron Gate of the grave, took a deep breath, and with a "hey", punched straight ahead.

To an ordinary Martial Artist, his punch looked plain and unremarkable, but in Fang Bai's eyes, it contained a force capable of shattering stone, easily breaking massive rocks, and splitting steel several meters thick.

If he had casually thrown this punch at the two Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect, they wouldn't be able to withstand it, and they might fall immediately.

"Boom!"

He Wujie's punch exploded forth, with a deafening roar, the air surged, the ground shook, and Fang Bai's body swayed unsteadily where he stood.

As the dust settled, both He Wujie and Fang Bai's gaze fell upon the thick Meteoric Iron Gate of the grave.

"What a solid iron door! I underestimated it!"

He Wujie looked at the shallow fist mark left on the iron door and couldn't help but smile bitterly.

Even though it was just a casual punch, he had tested the door's solidity and realized that if he continued hitting it like this, he would exhaust his spiritual energy without causing significant damage to the door.

And as for breaking in, who knows how long it might take.

That punch from He Wujie exposed his Nascent Soul Realm cultivation level, and the two Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect, who were struggling with four puppet corpses in the distance, sensed the aura of a Nascent Soul Expert and were greatly shocked.

But shortly thereafter, they were overjoyed, thinking that if this Nascent Soul Realm Expert were to lend a hand, the two of them could definitely escape this deadly predicament and make it out alive.

With a strong will to survive, the chubby Supreme Elder of the Five Poisons Sect said hoarsely, "Senior, am I wrong? No matter how strong you are, it's impossible to enter the grave alone! If you are willing to save us, the four of us together might have a chance to break that Meteoric Iron Gate and enter!"

The other thin Supreme Elder of the Five Poisons Sect was already close to collapse, yelling, "Senior, time waits for no one! Come save us! If you delay any longer, we're doomed, and you will forever lose the chance to enter the grave!"

He Wujie didn't even glance at them, trying once more with his fists, but aside from producing more impressive results, there was still no progress.

"Let me try using a spiritual tool!"

He Wujie said, then removed the small bottle at his waist containing the "Thousand Spirits Elixir" and hurled it at the Meteoric Iron Gate of the grave.

"Thud!"

With a muffled boom, the mix of spiritual energy and sound waves' impact made Fang Bai's heart contract violently, and the earth trembled again, with large pieces of rock rolling down from the top of the grave.

That small bottle of He Wujie's was forged with Space Stone and Fire Essence Iron from heaven, capable of being used both as a Spatial Spirit Device and an offensive spiritual tool, it was extremely formidable, equivalent to a King Grade elementary spiritual artifact.

Yet even with such a spiritual artifact, all it managed was to leave a fist-sized pit on the Meteoric Iron Gate without causing substantial damage.

Actually, Fang Bai understood clearly that the reason He Wujie's attacks were ineffective was both because the Meteoric Iron Gate was indeed solid and due to the defensive array outside the tomb absorbing part of the attack's force.

To destroy the Meteoric Iron Door, the defensive array outside the tomb must first be cracked.

"Those two Golden Core juniors of the Five Poisons Sect were right, it's hard! Hard! Hard to destroy this Meteoric Iron door!"

He Wujie tried to smash the Meteoric Iron door with his small bottle several times, each time in vain, and let out a breath while saying "hard" thrice in a row.

Though He Wujie knew a bit about the Array Path, he was not a true Array Master, and the arrays outside the grave were set up with extreme subtlety, so he did not perceive how the defensive array greatly enhanced the Meteoric Iron Door's solidity.

In the distance, the two Supreme Elders of the Five Poisons Sect also seemed to realize that He Wujie and Fang Bai were dead set on not rescuing them. Seeing their death was certain, the cries for help turned into cold ridicule, and they uttered every unpleasant word.

"Ah..."

A prolonged, mournful scream echoed, as the chubby Supreme Elder of the Five Poisons Sect had an arm severed by the spiritual tool wielded by the puppet corpse opposite him.

At the same time, the puppet corpse was decapitated by a sweeping blade from the chubby Supreme Elder.

With the loss of an arm, the chubby Supreme Elder's combat power diminished by forty percent, and the intense pain made him break out in a cold sweat, involuntarily crying out.

Yet the headless puppet corpse continued unaffected, swinging its spiritual tool for another attack on him.

One side's strength decreased, while the other's remained, and in just over a dozen breaths, the chubby Supreme Elder screamed again, being cut in half, with his innards spilled everywhere, instantly losing vitality.

The fall of a companion made the thin Supreme Elder flustered, and shortly thereafter, he was severely injured amidst the assault of two puppet corpses.

"I'll fight you to the death!"

The thin Supreme Elder knew his doom was inevitable, steeled himself, and unleashed his Golden Core for an immediate self-detonation.

The power of a Golden Pill Perfection Expert's self-detonation was several times their usual combat strength, and the powerful blast swept through heaven and earth, laying waste to everything.

In an instant, the surroundings within several thousand meters turned to nothing, except for the grave and the two hiding behind it.

Even the four tireless, pain-free puppet corpses were shattered into hundreds of pieces in the self-detonation of the thin Supreme Elder.

Thus, both Golden Pill Perfection Experts of the Five Poisons Sect perished.

The might of the puppet corpses was evident.

"Gone just like that? Truly not worth a single blow!"

He Wujie scoffed at the death of the two Supreme Elders from the Five Poisons Sect.

Fang Bai also paid them no heed. Circled the grave again and said, "Master, I once learned some array techniques from that mystical figure, maybe I can crack the defensive array inside and outside this grave."

He Wujie replied, "The same one who taught you how to brew the 'Thousand Spirits Elixir'?"

Fang Bai nodded.

He Wujie sighed, "Encountering that mystical figure is a great fate! Well, if you can crack this grave's defensive array, we'll have a better chance of destroying this Meteoric Iron door. Give it a try!"

To other Array Masters, this grave's defensive array might seem extremely advanced, but Fang Bai only needed a few glances to feel confident that he could crack it with ease.

He circled the grave, stepped left nine times, then turned right and walked seven steps, stopping to point a finger at the grave.

Chapter 1522: Nascent Soul Leaving the Body

It's strange, He Wujie couldn't budge the grand tomb with powerful punches or smashing spiritual artifacts, but when Fang Bai lightly pointed a finger at it, a fist-sized, foot-deep pit appeared.

"This kid actually knows formation breaking... Haha, I've really found a treasure!"

He Wujie watched Fang Bai moving around the grand tomb, sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, his finger occasionally pointing at the tomb, and every time he pointed, another foot-deep pit appeared, causing He Wujie to marvel in amazement.

"It's done!"

When Fang Bai pointed his finger one final time, the tomb trembled slightly, and the defensive array on its surface broke on its own.

He Wujie clearly sensed that the spiritual energy surrounding the grand tomb weakened significantly compared to before, making him overjoyed.

"I'll try again!"

He Wujie summoned his gourd and fiercely smashed it down upon the meteorite iron gate of the tomb once more.

With a loud "boom," that shook the earth and mountains, fine hairline cracks appeared on the meteorite iron gate.

"Haha... Now it's hopeful we can break the gate!"

He Wujie laughed out loud, continuously summoning the gourd to smash on the meteorite iron gate, with the incessant sounds of "boom boom," the cracks on the gate multiplied, and the gaps widened.

After dozens of powerful strikes, the three-feet-thick meteorite iron gate of the tomb finally shattered and rolled down with a crash.

A wide and deep tunnel entrance appeared before Fang Bai and He Wujie, an eerie and chilling aura gushing forth from within, instilling an uncanny feeling of dread.

Past the dark entrance lay a long passageway leading straight into the depths of the tomb.

The deeper the passage, the dimmer the light, and nothing could be seen beyond ten feet.

Even when Fang Bai and He Wujie released their divine sense, they couldn't probe anything beyond ten feet inside.

Evidently, the passage was permeated with a strange power that obstructed martial artist aura and even divine senses.

"This grand tomb is very peculiar!"

He Wujie stroked his beard, gazing solemnly at the pitch-dark entrance, "If the tomb's interior holds the body of a certain martial artist, then that martial artist's cultivation level was surely extremely powerful in life. Entering might bring great fortune! However..."

He paused and then continued, "Great fortune often comes with great danger! Just now, I sensed several puppet corpse auras inside this tomb that seem even stronger than those four puppet corpses from before. Besides that, there might be other unknown risks inside... Disciple, why don't you guard outside while I go explore alone?"

Fang Bai knew He Wujie wasn't trying to abandon him to hoard all the cultivation resources inside the tomb for himself, rather, he worried that the tomb's dangers could threaten Fang Bai's life. If they both entered at once, he might not be able to protect Fang from harm, so Fang smiled and said, "In we go together, out we come together! As master and disciple, we should share both blessings and hardships! Don't you agree, Master?"

He Wujie laughed and said, "You're right! Since you're not afraid, then accompany me in! But remember, if there is real danger, I will do everything to protect you, so watch for the chance to retreat!"

Fang Bai nodded in agreement.

"Follow behind me! Let's go!"

He Wujie kicked aside a shattered piece of the door blocking them and strode into the passageway.

Fang Bai followed closely behind.

Entering the passageway, a chillingly cold aura enveloped the two, as if they were in an ice cave. Fortunately, He Wujie and Fang Bai, one being a Nascent Soul Realm expert, and the other having a Chaos True Body, could resist the invasion of that icy aura.

However, after passing ten feet, their figures were swallowed by the darkness within the tomb, and the cold aura suddenly intensified.

He Wujie had to silently operate his cultivation technique to circulate the fire spirit energy rapidly within him to drive away the penetrating cold aura.

At the same time, worried that Fang Bai, who only had Foundation Establishment perfection cultivation level, might be affected by the cold aura, he formed a spirit qi shield with fire spirit energy to cover Fang Bai.

Deep inside the tomb, objects more than three feet away were difficult to discern, divine sense was thwarted, and no plan could be devised regardless of strength.

He Wujie took out a fire spirit stone, intending to use it for illumination. Unfortunately, the fire spirit stone only lit up a mere few feet, providing no significant help, and risking exposure instead.

After walking a short distance, He Wujie simply put away the fire spirit stone again, finding rather a sense of safety within the darkness.

"This way, we're too passive! If ambushed, we'd be defenseless! Let me release my Nascent Soul to scout ahead!"

Reaching a corner, He Wujie paused, glowing brilliantly around him, his body trembling slightly, before a miniature figure condensed from spiritual energy separated from him and quickly darted ahead like a cat.

"Nascent Soul outing..."

Watching the significantly shrunken "He Wujie" gradually disappear into the darkness ahead, a strange gleam flickered in Fang Bai's eyes.

After a Golden Core expert advances to Nascent Soul expert, the golden core within the Qi Sea transforms into a baby, not only enhancing strength but also doubling lifespan, thus recognized by martial artists as truly powerful.

Upon releasing the Nascent Soul, a Nascent Soul expert can probe the surroundings in place of divine sense, and the range of exploration relates directly to the martial artist's cultivation level.

He Wujie is only at the initial Nascent Soul realm; the probing range is farther than divine sense but still falls short compared to mid, high rank, or perfection Nascent Soul experts, there can be no comparison.

An initial Nascent Soul expert can't directly use the Nascent Soul to fight; but at mid Nascent Soul, the Nascent Soul possesses some auxiliary offensive and defensive abilities; at high rank or perfection Nascent Soul, the Nascent Soul's strength equals half of its body's cultivation.

If two Nascent Soul experts duel, the strength of their Nascent Souls could decisively determine the battle's outcome.

When detached from the martial artist's body, the Nascent Soul is controlled by it but has independent awareness, and its sensitivity to danger is sharper than the body, issuing warnings and swiftly retreating to the body in a crisis.

He Wujie released his Nascent Soul intending for it to scout risks ahead and promptly provide feedback, thus gaining more time to counter dangers.

He Wujie's Nascent Soul moved cautiously in the direction a hundred meters ahead, and the scenery it witnessed was fed back in real-time to He Wujie's mind, as if he saw firsthand.

Inside this grand tomb, Fang Bai experienced severe hindrance to both his aura and divine sense, rendering him like a blind person, helplessly following He Wujie's lead.

It's the first time Fang Bai felt so powerless since his reincarnation, silently lamenting his cultivation level was still too weak.

"Quick, retreat!"

Suddenly, He Wujie grabbed Fang Bai's arm and swiftly fled backward, simultaneously retrieving his Nascent Soul.

"What happened?"

During their retreat, Fang Bai noticed He Wujie's serious expression and blurted out.

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"What happened?"

During their retreat, Fang Bai noticed He Wujie's serious expression and blurted out.

Chapter 1524: Do You Want to Live or Die?

He Wujie resolutely refused the unreasonable demands of the elderly couple, while also preparing to defend against their attacks.

At the same time, Fang Bai's "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art" was transmitted word by word into He Wujie's ears.

Originally, this fire-based cultivation technique contained profound Martial Dao Arcane, very difficult to comprehend, and He Wujie could not possibly grasp it in a short moment.

However, during Fang Bai's explanation, he integrated his own cultivation insights, making the fire-based cultivation technique easy to understand. Even an ordinary person would not find it difficult to grasp, let alone someone like He Wujie with over a hundred years of cultivation experience as a Nascent Soul Realm expert.

Listening to Fang Bai's teachings of the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art," He Wujie quickly grasped the intricacies of it, feeling a sense of sudden enlightenment, and his gaze grew ever brighter.

"Wait..."

Seeing the elderly couple seem to lose patience, their killing intent visible, He Wujie hastily said, "Your terms are too harsh, can you give me some time to consider? After all, this is not a trivial matter!"

He Wujie knew that every bit of delay would allow him to comprehend more of the arcane of the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art," thereby increasing his strength, giving him more confidence to confront the elderly couple.

"I'll give you ten breaths to consider. After ten breaths, decide whether you want to live or die!"

The old man among the couple said coldly, showing no expression on his face.

After asking that question, He Wujie remained silent, focusing all his attention on gaining as much insight as possible from Fang Bai's teachings of the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art."

As the ten breaths neared their end, He Wujie cupped his fists toward the couple and casually asked, "May I know the esteemed names of you both?"

The old woman opposite him said coldly, "You're talking too much! The ten breaths are up, have you made a decision?"

He Wujie was talking to the couple not to get a real answer but to buy time, thus responding evasively, "I have something I can't figure out: we've never met and have no grievances, why are you targeting me?"

Seeing that the couple hadn't attacked, He Wujie secretly breathed a sigh of relief and continued, "Even if I were willing to give you all my cultivation resources and my Nascent Soul, shouldn't I at least know who you are? Shouldn't I know your purpose? Otherwise, I won't rest in peace!"

The "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art" isn't long, only slightly over a hundred words, but each word contains profound cultivation insights and Martial Dao Arcane.

Fang Bai spoke quickly, and while He Wujie was talking with the couple, he had already instilled a section of the cultivation technique into He Wujie's mind and began explaining it in detail.

However, the couple eventually lost patience and wouldn't continue to spar with He Wujie verbally. Before Fang Bai could entirely explain the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art" to He Wujie, they launched a fierce attack.

The simultaneous actions of the two Nascent Soul experts carried immense power, and Fang Bai felt a tsunami-like wave of force rushing toward them, as if a collapsing mountain was pressing down overhead. The air around him seemed to compress and withdraw, forming a vacuum, momentarily cutting off Fang Bai's breath.

"Go!"

He Wujie couldn't withstand the joint attack of two Nascent Soul experts; he threw a punch to counter the incoming powerful wave and retreated with Fang Bai towards Dashan.

If faced with just one opponent, He Wujie had no fear, but responding to two equally powerful adversaries left him no confidence. With Dashan at his back, he wouldn't be attacked from all sides and could also keep an eye on Fang Bai.

The elderly couple followed closely like shadows, one on the left and one on the right, trapping the two in front of Dashan, their murderous intent locking onto them.

"Master, how much of the Nine Revolutions True Fire Art have you comprehended?"

Standing behind He Wujie, Fang Bai suddenly asked.

He Wujie, eyes fixed on the couple, answered without turning his head, "The time's too short; I've comprehended only ten percent. If I had another hundred breaths, I could grasp twenty or thirty percent."

Fang Bai nodded, thinking that in such a short time, it's remarkable for He Wujie to have comprehended ten percent. Although not yet a match for the couple, he could at least hold on for a while longer.

If he could understand thirty percent, He Wujie's strength would significantly increase, making it possible to reach a stalemate with the couple. Only then would they truly be safe.

But as He Wujie mentioned, the only thing he lacks is a hundred breaths of time to comprehend more.

Though a hundred breaths may seem short, facing the attacks of two Nascent Soul experts, getting through those breaths is far from easy.

With Dashan at his back, Fang Bai racked his brain for a good strategy, and suddenly a bulge behind him caught his attention, recognizing it as an earth spirit stone used to build Dashan.

"Master, if you can hold on for twenty breaths, we have a way out!"

While saying this, Fang Bai turned around, grabbed a several-foot-tall earth spirit stone from Dashan, pulled it out with force, and tossed it behind Dashan.

He moved swiftly, and in the blink of an eye, dozens of tall earth spirit stones were thrown behind Dashan, forming a peculiar array as they fell.

"A Minor Demon Trapping Array might not hold them! It's safer to form a Greater Demon Trapping Formation!"

Thinking this, Fang Bai continued to dismantle the earth spirit stone from Dashan and threw them out.

Fang Bai arranged the formation behind Dashan to prevent it from being disrupted by the confrontation between He Wujie and the couple before it was completed. Once the formation was set, even a Nascent Soul Realm expert couldn't easily destroy it.

By then, Fang Bai planned to use the Greater Demon Trapping Formation to trap the couple for a significant period. During that time, together with He Wujie, they could subdue the puppet corpse within Dashan and make off with the cultivation resources inside.

While Fang Bai was setting the array, the confrontation between He Wujie and the couple erupted.

He Wujie, using his own strength, had to fight against two Nascent Soul experts with full effort from the start.

The couple, seemingly eager to obtain He Wujie's cultivation resources and his Nascent Soul, stopped holding back after a few probing attacks and went all out.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

...

The couple, one on the left and one on the right, with eyes like ice and expressionless faces, launched attacks on He Wujie in unison.

They didn't employ any fancy moves, merely gathered boundless and robust spiritual energy in their fists and palms, continually blasting it towards He Wujie.

To protect Fang Bai behind him, He Wujie had no choice but to engage in a direct confrontation with them, making avoidance impossible. After taking a few moves, he felt the spiritual energy within him raging, his blood boiling, and his arms growing numb, almost losing sensation.

He Wujie knew that if this continued, he wouldn't last much longer, and couldn't help but lament internally.

#### Chapter 1525: Formation Complete

The spiritual energy unleashed by the three Nascent Soul Experts carved deep pits several feet deep into the ground, colliding with a thunderous crash, sending wave after wave of rippling shockwave furiously spreading in all directions.

The dense evil qi and corpse qi were forced a hundred feet back under the relentless pressure of the shockwaves, leaving the space within a hundred feet clear and bright.

"Let's see how long you can hold on!"

"Surrender your cultivation resources and leave behind your Nascent Soul, and we'll spare your lives!"

Seeing He Wujie retreat a small step every time he took a blow from the elderly couple, with a trickle of blood already flowing from the corner of his mouth, they knew his internal organs were injured. The couple coldly snorted, alternating their sentences.

"Never!"

He Wujie also let out a cold snort, putting on a determined expression of preferring death over submission, gritting his teeth and persevering.

A dozen or so breaths later, his clothes were torn, his hair disheveled, and his face flushed, looking nothing like his previous carefree demeanor, but rather embarrassingly disarrayed.

"Disciple, what are you doing? Are you done yet? I can't hold on much longer!"

After taking another blast from the elderly couple, He Wujie retreated two steps, seeing black before his eyes. Wiping away the bloodstains on his lips, he stole a brief moment to shout out.

"Almost! Just ten more breaths should be enough! Master, we rely on you!"

Fang Bai loudly responded.

The Greater Demon Trapping Formation he was setting up had reached the final crucial stage, and its success hinged entirely on whether He Wujie could hold on for the last ten breaths.

"You little brat, you're going to be the death of me! Fine, I'll fight them to the bitter end!"

He Wujie felt bitter inside, cursed with a laugh, and began to circulate the recently comprehended first level of the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art", to drive the fire spirit energy within him, preparing to unleash the most powerful strike of his life.

Having comprehended the first level of the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art", He Wujie had reached initial success. With his Nascent Soul cultivation level, he directly leaped through a layer or two, reaching the third layer, the fire spirit energy he gathered represented the azure flames of the third layer of this fire-based technique.

Compared to the red and orange flames condensed at the first two levels of the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art", the azure flames of the third level were hotter and more powerful.

Given Fang Bai's current cultivation level, he could only condense the orange flames of the second level. However, with the addition of the Red Silkworm Spirit Fire, the flames he released were no less powerful than the azure flames of He Wujie, perhaps even more so.

When the azure fire spirit energy gathered at the ends of He Wujie's fists, he quickly drew a magic seal in the air, and the azure fire spirit energy instantly transformed into two azure dragons. They twisted their massive bodies, letting out two ear-splitting dragon roars, pouncing towards the elderly couple opposite them.

"Twin Dragons Ascension!"

As the two azure dragons pounced out, He Wujie let out a sharp cry to bolster his momentum.

This attack by He Wujie, utilizing the "Nine Revolutions True Fire Art", unleashed azure flames of considerable destructiveness, even three parts stronger than when he was at his peak.

Roaring heat waves followed the twin dragons, sweeping forward like two giant fiery beasts. When they reached overhead, they circled with a long howl, engulfing the elderly couple entirely.

"Haha... you two old bastards, taste the might of me, the Thousand-Hand Venerable!"

He Wujie, having been suppressed by the elderly couple until now, saw them enveloped by the fire dragons he released. He felt a long-cherished relief, breaking into excited laughter.

Besides Fang Bai, He Wujie was the only one to fully appreciate the power of the azure flames. Although the elderly couple were Nascent Soul experts, caught within the azure flames, they likely couldn't escape unharmed.

The elderly couple, who practiced earth element techniques, saw themselves being swallowed by azure flames and began to gather earth spirit energy around them, forming a yellowish-brown defense qi shield. They charged forward, trying to break free from the entanglement of the two azure dragons.

But the two azure dragons, seemingly sentient, followed along wherever the couple moved, hovering above them, persistently releasing rolling heat waves.

The elderly couple's skin was scorched by the heat waves, and both were furious, finally launching a frenzied counterattack at any cost.

The two of them together, ultimately stronger than He Wujie, under their near-maddened punches and palm strikes, finally dissipated the two azure dragons formed by fire spirit energy, which disappeared without a trace.

Nonetheless, the elderly couple did not come out unscathed; their bodies bore multiple burn injuries, with patches of skin flayed to reveal raw flesh, faintly smelling of charring, with bones peeking through, looking utterly terrifying.

The ten-breath duration passed amidst the three of them exchanging attacks.

"Success!"

Fang Bai clapped his hands, watching the successful setup of the Greater Demon Trapping Formation, his face full of excitement, mentally noting, "I hope this Greater Demon Trapping Formation can trap that elderly couple for a bit longer."

"Poof!"

Just then, He Wujie suffered a heavy joint blow from the elderly couple, his body falling, spewing blood midair.

Earlier, the "Twin Dragons Ascension" He Wujie executed instantly drained over half of his spiritual energy, causing his combat strength to drop nearly by half, unable to withstand the aggrieved couple's

joint strike. His chest received a heavy blow, caved in about the size of a bowl, and several ribs were broken.

Though He Wujie was severely injured this time, Nascent Soul experts had strong life force. As long as vital areas like the head or heart weren't critically damaged, it wouldn't be fatal.

Moreover, He Wujie possessed innate fire and wood spirit roots, allowing him to heal swiftly using his wood spirit energy without the need for healing spirit pills.

Seeing He Wujie injured, Fang Bai did not hesitate. He grabbed an arm of his and leaped over the huge tombtop, landing inside the Greater Demon Trapping Formation he had just successfully set up.

The elderly couple, thinking he was trying to escape, instinctively pursued without thinking.

Regarding the Greater Demon Trapping Formation Fang Bai set up, the elderly couple dismissed it with disdain, thinking how could a mere Martial Artist at Foundation Establishment perfection set up anything formidable? When they saw Fang Bai take He Wujie into the formation, they didn't hesitate at all and followed in.

Fang Bai was overjoyed to see them enter the formation, immediately activating it, causing the formation to operate at high speed.

The elderly couple, being Nascent Soul experts, were ultimately seasoned and experienced. Once the Greater Demon Trapping Formation was activated, they instantly sensed something wrong and attempted to escape, but it was too late.

As the Greater Demon Trapping Formation activated, the scene around the elderly couple warped, illusions appeared like mirages, vanishing and reappearing, dazzling them.

Only then did they realize they were trapped in an extremely formidable formation. Becoming anxious, they began launching relentless attacks on the giant earth spirit stones standing around, trying to forcefully break the formation with brute methods, but regardless of how ferocious their attacks were, it yielded no result, sinking like a stone in the ocean.

Chapter 1526: Formation Traps the Enemy

With the strength of that old couple, if they fell into an array set up by a low-level Array Master, they might be able to break it with brute force.

But the Greater Demon Trapping Formation set up by Fang Bai could trap even a Nascent Soul Perfection expert for an hour or two, let alone a Nascent Soul early-stage expert like that old couple.

Fang Bai estimated that once the old couple fell into the Greater Demon Trapping Formation, it would take them at least half a day to break out.

And with this half a day, it would be enough for Fang Bai and He Wujie to delve into the Great Tomb.

After the old couple was trapped in the Greater Demon Trapping Formation, worried that the cultivation resources in the Great Tomb would fall into the hands of He Wujie and Fang Bai, they were immediately extremely anxious and launched a fierce attack, hoping to break through the formation and kill Fang Bai and He Wujie.

But after a fierce offensive, the old couple, having exhausted a lot of spiritual energy, gradually calmed down, realizing that this formation was mysterious beyond compare, and that blindly attacking would only waste their spiritual energy and have no effect in a short time.

The best way to break this formation is to wait for the formation's power to weaken on its own, then use a fierce attack to break it in one fell swoop.

However, what made the old couple anxious and restless was that by the time they broke the formation, the cultivation resources in the Great Tomb might have already been taken away by Fang Bai and He Wujie.

Fang Bai's Demon Trapping Array not only trapped the two of them firmly but also isolated their aura and divine sense from the outside world. As a result, they could no longer effectively control the two Nascent Soul Puppet Corpses in the Great Tomb, rendering them useless in stopping Fang Bai and He Wujie.

"Old man, what should we do?"

"What can we do? We can only wait!"

"Alas, if we had known this formation was so formidable, we shouldn't have broken in recklessly!"

"We misjudged! Who would have thought a Foundation Establishment perfection Martial Artist could set up such a powerful formation?"

"If I get out, the first one I'll kill is that brat!"

"I'm afraid by the time we break out, that brat and the Nascent Soul expert will have taken the cultivation resources from the Great Tomb and fled far away!"

"Humph! Dare to ruin our plans, even if we have to chase them to the ends of the earth, we'll shred him to pieces!"

"Our lifespans as a couple are nearing their end, with little vitality left. It seems it's unlikely we'll make it out of this Nether Corpse Land!"

"If we could obtain the Nascent Soul of that Nascent Soul expert, absorb its essence, our lifespan could be extended by a few more years. Perhaps within those years, our cultivation level could break through again. If we could ascend a small realm, we could gain an additional sixty-year lifespan!"

"That's right, with an extra sixty-year lifespan, we could achieve higher accomplishments on the path of cultivation, gaining more years to live. Unfortunately..."

"The Great Tomb is heavily trapped; they won't easily obtain the cultivation resources inside!"

"Don't forget, that brat is a brilliant Array Master. The traps inside the Great Tomb might not pose much threat to him... Alas, it all depends on fate!"

"Humph! My fate is decided by me, not by the heavens!"

...

The old couple inside the Demon Trapping Array, knowing it wasn't realistic to break the formation in a short time, simply sat cross-legged, nurturing their True Yuan, trying to recover the strength they had just lost, to accumulate power for breaking the formation later.

Meanwhile, as the old couple was trapped in the Demon Trapping Array, Fang Bai and He Wujie had already exited the array.

"Disciple, your formation... truly miraculous!"

Standing outside the Demon Trapping Array, He Wujie marveled as he observed the formation composed of eighty-one Spirit Stones, feeling both admiration and immense relief.

He marveled at the formation's incredible mystery, able to easily trap two Nascent Soul experts, something he had never seen in his life.

He felt relieved because, if not for the formation trapping the old couple, he and Fang Bai might have already fallen under their powerful attacks.

Fang Bai smiled slightly, listening intently in the direction of the Great Tomb for a moment, then said, "Master, that old couple is trapped in the formation and can't escape for a while, posing no threat to us. Moreover, they can't effectively control the two puppet corpses in the Great Tomb. It's a good time for us to enter the Great Tomb now."

"Cough, cough..."

He Wujie suddenly coughed lightly a few times, showing a trace of pain on his face, and said with a bitter smile, "Not now... cough, my injuries are quite severe... give me a hundred breaths of time to recover a bit."

Fang Bai knew he had suffered a heavy blow from the old couple earlier and was severely injured, so he nodded and said, "Then Master, please meditate to heal. I'll stand guard."

He Wujie sat down on the spot, concentrating his mind, and instantly entered a cultivation state.

Although He Wujie was severely injured, he possessed an Innate Wood Spirit Root. After being injured, the Wood Element Qi within his body circulated on its own, healing himself continuously, and now, focused on healing, his injuries were recovering even faster.

In the blink of an eye, a hundred breaths passed, and He Wujie's injuries were visibly improving.

Especially his chest, which had been deeply sunken from the severe blow, with bones quickly mending, showing no visible sign of injury from the outside, and his overall energy and spirit improved significantly.

And during these hundred breaths, there was no movement inside the Demon Trapping Array, as the old couple apparently continued accumulating power.

Fang Bai nodded secretly, thinking that if the old couple had panicked and tried to escape the formation earlier, they would have been trapped even longer.

"Whew..."

He Wujie exhaled a long breath, leapt up, took a few gulps of Thousand Spirits Elixir, and said to Fang Bai, "Although my injuries haven't fully healed, my combat strength has recovered seventy to eighty percent. We can enter the Great Tomb now!"

According to He Wujie's estimation, the two puppet corpses in the Great Tomb, without the old couple's effective control, would have less than half their usual combat strength. His seventy to eighty percent combat power was more than enough to handle them.

With that, He Wujie took the lead, with Fang Bai following, kicking open the Meteoric Iron Gate blocking the passage to the Great Tomb.

As the shattered pieces of meteoric iron were cleared away, the two Nascent Soul Realm puppet corpses appeared before them.

The two puppet corpses had been wandering in place, but upon sensing the living aura from Fang Bai and He Wujie, they turned their figures and rushed towards them with mechanical steps.

However, their reactions were noticeably duller than before.

"I'll handle them!"

Seeing this, He Wujie felt completely at ease, shouting lowly as he met them.

"Master, you just need to subdue them. Don't destroy their bodies!"

Fang Bai suddenly reminded.

He Wujie's figure paused, asking curiously, "What do you intend to do?"

Fang Bai chuckled and said, "If I can control the two Nascent Soul Realm puppet corpses and have them at my disposal, wouldn't that be great?"

He Wujie asked in surprise, "You know the Corpse Refinement Technique?"

"What's so difficult about the Corpse Refinement Technique?"

While thinking this to himself, Fang Bai said, "That eccentric who taught me to brew the 'Thousand Spirits Elixir' was knowledgeable about ancient and modern matters, and also imparted some cultivation methods and secret techniques to me. The Corpse Refinement Technique is just one of them."

He Wujie said enviously, "You lucky boy, you've really hit a huge opportunity!"

## Chapter 1527: Copper Coffin Dao Patterns

The two puppet corpses in the Nascent Soul realm, which had lost control, moved sluggishly and retained only half their combat power, naturally posing no threat to He Wujie.

He Wujie easily subdued the two puppet corpses and then tightly bound them with the tendons extracted from a Holy Rank Fire Bull Rhino, rendering them immobile.

The tendons drawn from a Holy Rank Fire Bull Rhino were exceptionally tough; once a typical Nascent Soul realm expert was bound by them, escaping was nearly impossible, let alone two lifeless puppet corpses devoid of self-awareness.

"They're all yours."

He Wujie pushed the two puppet corpses in front of Fang Bai, urging him impatiently, "Quickly use your Corpse Refinement Technique. I want to see how you, young man, control these two Nascent Soul realm puppet corpses!"

In He Wujie's mind, if Fang Bai could truly control these two puppet corpses, he would have two powerful allies, and in the future, even when encountering a genuine Nascent Soul realm expert, there would be no fear and he would have the strength to contend with them.

However, He Wujie still found it hard to believe that Fang Bai, with his mere Foundation Establishment perfection cultivation level, could control two puppet corpses in the Nascent Soul realm.

One must understand that for a martial artist to control puppet corpses stronger than themselves, it wasn't just a matter of knowing the Corpse Refinement Art; a sufficiently strong divine sense was also necessary.

Fang Bai approached the two puppet corpses and, with lightning-fast hands and a secret corpse refinement technique, forced out a drop of blood essence and a strand of divine sense belonging to an old couple that was integrated into the puppet corpses. Then, he infused his own blood essence and divine sense into the two puppet corpses, becoming their new master.

"It... it's that simple?"

Seeing Fang Bai busy patting and hitting on the puppet corpses before untying the binding tendons, and the puppet corpses obediently standing still after that, He Wujie walked up, circled around the two puppet corpses, and asked.

"If Master doesn't believe it, you can try."

Fang Bai said, and with a thought, the two puppet corpses under his control suddenly launched a fierce storm of attacks towards He Wujie, unleashing overwhelming power and intent, locking onto He Wujie, who had no chance to escape even if he wanted to.

Caught off guard, He Wujie found himself scrambling to defend. Knowing he couldn't match the puppet corpses, he retreated rapidly, shouting loudly, "Stop! Stop! You brat, I'm still recovering from serious injuries and can't withstand such attacks!"

Fang Bai laughed heartily, sending a signal with his divine sense to cease the attack, and the puppet corpses stopped instantly, maintaining their attack posture.

He Wujie let out a long breath, wiped the fine sweat from his forehead, and looked at the puppet corpses with lingering fear, saying, "Disciple, these two puppet corpses in your hands somehow seem stronger than before?"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Perhaps the Corpse Refinement Technique I learned is more advanced than that of the old couple!"

He Wujie let out an "Oh," then said, "Um... disciple, do you think your Corpse Refinement Technique would be something Master could learn?"

With growing interest in this secret art after watching Fang Bai easily control the two Nascent Soul realm puppet corpses, He Wujie's desire to learn it was undeniable.

Previously, after a fierce battle with that old couple that left him heavily injured, he thought that if he had had a puppet corpse of the same realm to assist, he might not have ended up so humiliated—he might even have defeated his opponents.

Moreover, as he journeyed across the vast worlds, having one or two puppet corpses accompanying him would leave him unafraid even when confronted by martial artists stronger than himself.

However, as a master, asking a disciple to learn a secret technique made He Wujie feel a bit embarrassed, thus, he displayed a hint of "bashfulness" when mentioning, "Could Master learn it?"

Fang Bai easily saw through He Wujie's thoughts and replied with a smile, "Master, as a Nascent Soul expert with strong divine sense, learning the Corpse Refinement Technique wouldn't be difficult. Once things here are settled, we shall delve into the technique together."

By saying "delve into it together," Fang Bai actually agreed to teach He Wujie the Corpse Refinement Art.

Overjoyed, He Wujie was utterly satisfied with this "considerate" disciple.

The disciple being generous and openhanded, while the master was not stingy or tightfisted; in his excitement, He Wujie gave Fang Bai some of the "Thousand Spirits Elixir" he painstakingly brewed, letting him have a few more sips.

Without the puppet corpses blocking their way, Fang Bai and He Wujie smoothly entered deeper into the giant tomb, and although they encountered some formidable traps along the way, all of them were effortlessly dismantled by the puppet corpses leading the way.

Inside the grand tomb was a large burial chamber with a copper coffin placed in the center.

"Inside this copper coffin lies a high-rank Nascent Soul expert..."

Fang Bai and He Wujie read about the owner's life engraved on a stone tablet in front of the copper coffin.

The owner of this great tomb was named Wu Qianling, a high-rank Nascent Soul expert who had fallen over ten thousand years ago.

Wu Qianling, during his lifetime, lived almost four hundred years before eventually falling due to his inability to make a breakthrough in cultivation, resulting in his lifespan being exhausted.

Before his death, Wu Qianling, to prevent his remains from being desecrated by later generations, chose his burial site in the core area of the rarely-entered Nether Corpse Land. Furthermore, after the construction of the grand tomb, he crafted the copper coffin using special materials.

On the day he sensed his life force waning, Wu Qianling set up formations and mechanisms inside and outside the tomb, then lay inside the copper coffin and sealed it, awaiting the arrival of death.

Wu Qianling never expected that more than ten thousand years after his fall, more than one person would enter his burial site.

Fortunately, the copper coffin holding his remains was engraved with intricate, profound array patterns that were extraordinarily firm, making it impossible for anyone to open until this day. Otherwise, whether his remains would remain intact would be a big question mark.

After reading the epitaph on the tombstone, He Wujie enthusiastically studied the array patterns on the copper coffin, knowing that unlocking these patterns would greatly increase their chances of opening the coffin.

Yet the array patterns were beyond He Wujie's understanding, and after a moment of struggling to comprehend them, he had no choice but to give up. He then remembered his disciple, who was quite adept at formations, might have a way to crack it.

"Wu Qianling, a high-rank Nascent Soul expert! There must be a spatial spirit device placed beside his remains containing countless cultivation resources. Disciple, you are knowledgeable about formations, aren't you? Come and see if you can decipher the array patterns on this copper coffin?"

He Wujie beckoned Fang Bai over and said.

Fang Bai walked up beside him, observing the array patterns for a few moments, discerning some additional elements from it, and sighed, "Master, I can decipher the array patterns on this copper coffin,

but given that this expert has fallen more than ten thousand years ago, maybe we should refrain from disturbing his remains?"

Chapter 1528: Under the Great Grave

"Why?"

Upon hearing that Fang Bai had no intention of opening the copper coffin, He Wujie asked perplexedly, "The cultivation resources of a high rank Nascent Soul expert should mostly be stored in his personal space rings. If we don't try to open the copper coffin, how can we obtain those cultivation resources?"

Fang Bai pointed to the formation patterns on the copper coffin, countering with a question instead of answering, "Master, do you know that some of the copper coffin owner's hidden wishes are concealed in these formation patterns?"

"Hidden wishes?"

He Wujie's gaze returned to the multitude of formation patterns on the copper coffin, sensing that the patterns appeared increasingly profound, complex, and mysterious, difficult to comprehend. He scratched his head and said, "Disciple, tell me, what wishes are hidden in these patterns?"

Fang Bai said, "The main message of the hidden wishes is actually a plea for those who, in the future, enter the ancient tomb and possess the ability to decipher the formation patterns on the copper coffin to not destroy the coffin holding his remains, lest he be left without a resting place."

He Wujie burst into laughter, "How is that possible? Without destroying the coffin, how can we get his space rings? How can we obtain the rarest cultivation resources he collected his whole life? Fine, even if we don't disturb the coffin, who's to guarantee that future visitors won't? Since that's the case, we might as well..."

"Master, hear me out first."

Fang Bai turned around, under He Wujie's gaze, slowly walked to the southeastern corner of the burial chamber, took down a triangular-shaped earth spirit stone used for illumination from the wall, then walked to the northwestern corner, gently crouched, and placed the triangular earth spirit stone in an inconspicuous triangular groove on the floor.

"What... what does this mean?"

He Wujie thought that Fang Bai's actions seemed to hold significant meaning.

Fang Bai smiled, "Master, didn't we enter this ancient tomb for cultivation resources? The owner of the copper coffin mentioned that before his death, he placed all his cultivation resources down below."

Fang Bai stood up and tapped the ground with his toe.

"You mean... the copper coffin owner placed all the cultivation resources underneath this ground?"

He Wujie widened his eyes, his gaze resting at the conjunction of the triangular earth spirit stone and the triangular groove. He continued, "What you just did, was it to open an underground passage?"

Fang Bai nodded with a smile.

He Wujie rubbed his hands, thought for a moment, and said, "Let's first see what treasures are underneath the ground! If they satisfy us, we won't disturb the coffin. But if they don't, the copper coffin can't be spared!"

Fang Bai said, "I think the same. But I believe that since the owner of the copper coffin left this back-up plan, it surely won't disappoint us."

He Wujie said, "Let's hope so."

As they spoke, the conjunction of the triangular earth spirit stone and the triangular groove suddenly shone brightly, followed by a rumbling sound.

He Wujie and Fang Bai only felt the ground tremble beneath their feet, and quickly retreated several yards, only to see a square hole several feet wide appear where they had been standing.

As soon as the opening appeared, dense spiritual energy immediately began to pour out, filling the entire tomb space in an instant.

"Incredible! Incredible! There must be quite a few holy grade high-level cultivation resources beneath the ground!"

He Wujie took a deep breath and felt as if every pore of his whole body was filled with power while being bathed in this dense spiritual energy.

After saying that, he flickered out of sight, entering the underground space through the opening.

Fang Bai chuckled and followed him down.

Beneath the ground lay a vast space, much larger than Fang Bai had imagined.

Within the space, spirit stones, spiritual medicine, spiritual artifacts, spirit cores, special materials, and all sorts of cultivation resources were piled, exceeding Fang Bai's imagination.

Fang Bai roughly estimated that among those cultivation resources, there were over a million holy grade high-level spirit stones.

And a million holy grade high-level spirit stones could be exchanged for tens of millions of holy grade mid-level spirit stones.

Moreover, the spiritual medicine, spiritual artifacts, spirit cores, and various other cultivation resources were similarly abundant in number.

"Geez..."

Having entered the underground space before Fang Bai, He Wujie looked at the mountains of cultivation resources, his eyes seemed insufficient to take it all in, stared in shock for a long time before coming to

his senses, and sighed deeply, "Considering I, He Wujie, have wandered the three thousand worlds for a hundred years, thought I had collected enough cultivation resources, but compared to Wu Qianling, it's nothing at all!"

Suddenly he grew excited again, laughed heartily and said to Fang Bai, "With so many cultivation resources, they should be enough for the two of us for ten or eight years! This truly is a fortune!"

Fang Bai curled his lips and thought to himself, "Ten or eight years?! For me, one or two years might not even be enough!"

His body's Chaos True Body constitution was far beyond what He Wujie could compare to, requiring absorption of spiritual energy that was practically bottomless during cultivation.

One could say that Fang Bai currently needed cultivation resources to advance a small realm, similar to two or three times what He Wujie would require.

And when Fang Bai reaches Nascent Soul Realm, the spiritual energy needed for further advancement would be a terrifying amount for other martial artists.

However, solving Fang Bai's cultivation resource needs for one or two years was enough to illustrate how abundant the resources in this underground space were.

"But with so many cultivation resources, it's difficult for us to take them all away at once!"

He Wujie burrowed among a pile of spiritual artifacts, touching this one, examining that one, and inevitably began to worry again.

Fang Bai walked to a pile of spiritual artifacts, and quickly found a dozen space rings from them, divided them in half and tossed half to He Wujie, saying, "Eight pieces of holy grade high-level storage spiritual artifacts for each person should be enough! Try to pick the best items and leave the lesser good ones behind!"

"Even the lesser good ones should be picked, or they'll benefit future visitors!"

After grumbling one sentence, He Wujie happily started picking cultivation resources suited to himself.

Fang Bai helplessly shook his head, thinking at least they'd all be taken, and besides those few space rings just now, they both still had plenty of free space rings.

This immense underground space housed tens of millions of different cultivation resources, and Fang Bai and He Wujie spent half a day sweeping them clean before finally clearing it out.

Thus the originally crowded underground space became empty once again.

"That's about it, let's go!"

He Wujie worried that the elderly couple trapped in the Demon Trapping Array might break out and cause trouble, and seeing only some low-value cultivation resources remaining, he began to urge Fang Bai.

At that moment, a rumbling sound came from the ground above, one after another, and the underground space shook continuously, with fractured spirit stones occasionally falling, as if collapse was imminent.

Chapter 1529: When I command you to live, you shall live! When I command you to die, you can only die!

Fang Bai and He Wujie moved like electricity, instantly emerging from the space on the ground and leaving the great tomb, appearing in the open area outside.

Fang Bai looked at the violently shaking Demon Trapping Array, knowing that the defensive capability of the array was weakening, and that old couple had already accumulated their strength, fiercely attacking the array.

If it continues like this, within half a two hours, the array will definitely be broken.

"Master, don't you want puppet corpses?"

Fang Bai pointed at the Demon Trapping Array and said to He Wujie, "How do you see those two people?"

"You mean?"

He Wujie's eyes gradually brightened, showing a hint of greed, just like a hunter seeing desired prey.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "Those two are Nascent Soul Experts; if they are refined into puppet corpses, they would not be weaker than the two puppet corpses I subdued!"

He Wujie was overjoyed, nodding repeatedly, and said, "Exactly! Those two are about to die anyway; refining them into puppet corpses is just perfect! Disciple, quickly teach me the Corpse Refinement Art, then help me restrain them; I want to refine them into my puppet corpses!"

"Then please listen carefully, Master. Actually, the Corpse Refinement Art isn't difficult..."

Fang Bai taught the Corpse Refinement Art to He Wujie word by word.

The Corpse Refinement Art was straightforward and clear, unlike cultivation techniques that are obscure and difficult, and since He Wujie was very intelligent, he remembered it after hearing Fang Bai explain it once, overjoyed, saying, "Is that all there is to it? Haha, good! I've remembered it! I'll try it later!"

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

With two loud bangs, the Demon Trapping Array, set up with ninety-eight Earth Spirit Stones, was finally destroyed under the old couple's increasingly frantic assaults.

Amidst the dust and smoke, hundreds of shattered Earth Spirit Stones scattered in all directions, and the figures of the old couple gradually emerged.

"Did you enter the great tomb?"

After breaking the array, the old couple turned their heads upon seeing the destroyed entrance to the great tomb, feeling a stir within, and fiercely stared at Fang Bai and He Wujie, sternly questioning.

He Wujie laughed "Hehe," saying, "Correct, we not only went in but also took all the cultivation resources inside!"

"Good, now save us the trouble! Hand over everything you took!"

The old woman in the couple commanded with an authoritative tone.

As she spoke, she and the old man together released the pressure of Nascent Soul Experts, pressing toward Fang Bai and He Wujie.

Many years ago, the old couple was hunted by enemies, severely injured, and narrowly escaped into the deepest part of the Nether Corpse Land to hide. Though the injuries eventually healed, they left lasting effects, reducing their lifespan drastically, nearing the end of their vitality.

Discovering the great tomb years ago, the couple believed it buried a powerful expert, guessing the tomb contained many rare cultivation resources, and tried by all means to enter the tomb to use the cultivation resources within to advance their cultivation level, extending their lifespan.

However, the tomb was already incredibly solid, further reinforced by formations inside and outside, preventing them from entering for many years.

As the years passed, with their lifespan running out, they began relentlessly killing Golden Core Realm experts entering the Nether Corpse Land for training, using the Golden Cores of these experts to prolong their life, maintaining vitality until today.

Regarding the Wuyou Soup sold by the old couple at the Blood Pool River's Naihe Bridge, it is naturally not soup at all; Golden Core Realm experts drinking the soup would have their minds and divine senses easily manipulated by the couple.

When Fang Bai and He Wujie first discovered the great tomb, the several Golden Core Realm puppet corpses they encountered attacking them were refined by the old couple.

He Wujie was the only Nascent Soul Realm expert to appear near the great tomb in many years, and the old couple believed that obtaining He Wujie's nascent soul could extend their lifespan by several decades. Therefore, they tried every means to subdue He Wujie.

But they never expected that they, two seasoned Nascent Soul Realm experts, would be trapped by a Martial Artist in their mid-twenties at perfection Foundation Establishment, being held by his formation for nearly half a day.

For the old couple, this was a severe disgrace and insult.

Fortunately, after breaking the array, noticing that both the Nascent Soul Realm expert and the perfection Foundation Establishment Martial Artist had not yet left, amplifying their joy upon knowing they had successfully entered the tomb and obtained the cultivation resources inside, they secretly felt it was heaven's favor.

Both being Nascent Soul Realm experts, although their power was no longer at the peak of their younger days, they were full of confidence in dealing with the combination of a Nascent Soul primary-stage expert and a perfection Foundation Establishment Martial Artist.

Their pressure enveloped Fang Bai and He Wujie, locking onto them with killing intent; as soon as either moved, their attack would be launched.

"Ha... Haha... Hahaha..."

He Wujie, naturally fearless, seeing the old couple threatening them, laughed out loud, holding several Spatial Rings in his palm, saying, "These Spatial Rings contain half of the cultivation resources in the

great tomb, with most being high-grade Holy Grade cultivation resources. If you have the ability, come and take them!"

The couple's eyes sparkled, displaying a greedy expression.

"Old man, I'll go kill the younger one, you handle the older one! Then refine the older one into a puppet corpse, and we'll have one more great ally!"

The old woman in the couple whispered, then shrieked, lunging toward Fang Bai.

At the same time, the old man launched his attack on He Wujie.

"Disciple, that old woman wants to kill you, show her what you're made of! I'll handle the old man!"

Knowing Fang Bai had two Nascent Soul puppet corpses, He Wujie naturally wasn't worried for him, laughing "Haha" as he punched toward the old man.

He previously battled the old couple under unfavorable circumstances, suffering severe injuries while one against two, but now facing just one, it was much easier.

Additionally, having received the Nine Revolutions True Fire Art from Fang Bai, increasing his combat power by thirty percent, he immediately gained the upper hand against an opponent of the same realm.

Meanwhile, the old woman dealing with Fang Bai thought she could kill him with a flick, thus not using her full strength; she struck casually with a palm.

Her underestimation cost her dearly.

"Die!"

With a fierce expression, the old woman shouted harshly, raising a palm to smash down on Fang Bai.

A spirit qi big palm, about a foot wide, appeared over Fang Bai's head, then, following the old woman's palm strike motion, like a meteor falling, smashed toward Fang Bai with astonishing momentum.

Fang Bai raised his head, staring at the quickly descending spirit qi big palm, motionless as if scared stiff.

"A mere ant, if I want you to live, you live; if I want you to die, you can only die!"

The old woman's mouth curled, showing a cold smile.

Chapter 1530: A Web of Thousand Vines

"Wh... what's happening?"

As the Spirit Qi Big Palm descended, the old woman felt her vision blur and saw two figures suddenly appear on either side of Fang Bai.

The appearance of these two figures beside Fang Bai was so sudden and eerie that it shocked the old woman.

"Boom!"

The old woman had yet to discern who or what these two figures were when the Spirit Qi Big Palm she unleashed descended upon Fang Bai's head, erupting with a thunderous boom that made the ground tremble.

The expected scene of Fang Bai being crushed into pulp did not occur. Through the billowing dust stirred by the spiritual energy, she squinted to see a figure, arms raised skyward, actually catching the Spirit Qi Big Palm, which contained the force of tens of thousands of pounds.

And Fang Bai stood hands behind his back beneath this figure, seemingly unaffected, as steady as a mountain.

"How is this possible?"

The old woman gasped.

Even though she hadn't used her full power, her palm had five to six times her usual strength, power that even a Golden Pill Perfection expert couldn't withstand.

"That is... a puppet corpse? A Nascent Soul Realm puppet corpse?"

The dust swiftly dispersed in the wind, and the old woman finally saw clearly that the being catching her palm was an emotionless yet immensely powerful puppet corpse, from which she sensed a power akin to that of a Nascent Soul expert.

Shocked and dismayed, the old woman nearly cried out.

According to her plan, she could easily kill Fang Bai and then team up with the old man to subdue He Wujie, making it a battle without suspense from the beginning.

But to her complete astonishment, a Nascent Soul Realm puppet corpse was by Fang Bai's side, balancing the power with two Nascent Soul level combatants on each side.

"Wait... one is a Nascent Soul Realm puppet corpse, but what about the other?"

The old woman's scalp prickled, and she immediately looked again, only to find that the figure originally standing on the other side of Fang Bai had already vanished.

The damn Foundation Establishment Perfection expert was now looking at her with a mocking gaze, a cold smile playing at the corner of his mouth.

"Not good!"

Just then, a strong sense of crisis hit, and the old woman felt a gust at the back of her head, a tremendous wave surging from behind.

"Damn it!"

In front, the Nascent Soul Realm puppet corpse glared menacingly, and the attack from behind was equally formidable, seemingly also from the hand of a Nascent Soul expert, leaving the old woman flustered and at a loss.

In battles between experts, any distraction can lead to disastrous mistakes, resulting in tragedy.

"Boom!"

The wave surging from behind originated from another puppet corpse controlled by Fang Bai, unleashing a Spirit Qi punch with all its might, landing squarely on the old woman during her moment of distraction.

"Pfft!"

The old woman's body was sent flying, spitting out a mouthful of blood in mid-air, and she passed out upon hitting the ground.

"Old woman!"

On the other side, the old man, who was fighting fiercely with He Wujie, and was the martial partner of the old woman, felt her grievous injury and cried out, rushing over.

"Planning to escape? No way!"

He Wujie was reveling in the battle with the old man, having gained the upper hand, and couldn't allow him to escape. Seeing him turn and rush over, he swiftly manipulated the void with his hands, weaving a giant green net made of thousands of green threads to encase the old man.

This was He Wujie's wooden-element attack technique "Thousand Vines and Ten Thousand Tendrils Net," aimed not at injuring opponents but subduing them.

The old man's cultivation level was already inferior to He Wujie's, and divided his focus to save the old woman, making him even more overwhelmed.

Feeling the impending crisis overhead but knowing he couldn't overcome it, the old man let out a frustrated roar, desperately swinging his Spiritual Artifact skyward in final resistance.

Despite his Spiritual Artifact slashing a large hole in He Wujie's "Thousand Vines and Ten Thousand Tendrils Net," the gap quickly resealed, maintaining a complete green net.

The green net continued to fall, covering an area of ten feet in all directions, trapping the rapidly escaping old man within.

The old man struggled wildly within the net, attempting to break free from the binding vines of thousands of green threads, but to no avail within a short time.

"Heh, old man, both of you, obediently become my puppet corpses!"

Fearing the old man might break free and escape, He Wujie kicked him, sending the old man flying.

The force of his kick was tremendous, nearly shattering the old man's internal organs, causing him too to fall unconscious.

"Got them! Hahaha..."

Seeing the couple rendered unconscious, the perfect moment for crafting puppet corpses, He Wujie was overjoyed, grabbing them both with one hand each, putting them together.

"This one's yours, this one's mine! Haha, just made a small fortune!"

Before beginning the corpse refinement, He Wujie took the Spatial Rings from the couple's fingers, tossing one to Fang Bai without a second glance and keeping one for himself.

The couple had stayed in the Nether Corpse Land for years, obtaining countless cultivation resources in exchange for Wuyou Soup, ensuring their Spatial Rings contained ample resources.

He Wujie directly severed their heart meridians, extinguishing their last breath of life, then focused on crafting puppet corpses using the Corpse Refinement Art Fang Bai had taught him.

Fang Bai, having nothing to do, sorted through the cultivation resources within his own Spatial Ring, organizing them systematically for future use.

As for the two Nascent Soul initial-stage puppet corpses, Fang Bai placed them in the Spatial Ring with the richest Spiritual Energy, allowing them constant nourishment and to grow even stronger.

No one outside the Grand Tomb knew of the events transpiring within, as the experts who came for training were mostly below the Nascent Soul Realm, afraid to cross the Soul Loss Ridge to explore around the Grand Tomb.

In tens of thousands of years, only the owner of the Grand Tomb, the couple, and He Wujie, along with a few Nascent Soul experts, had ever reached this region.

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"We haven't found Fang Bai within a hundred-mile radius; he's likely stumbled over the Soul Loss Ridge into the core area of the Nether Corpse Land. We all know the outcome of entering there... we've done all we can! It's time to leave the Nether Corpse Land now!"

Near the Soul Loss Ridge, after Fang Bai's disappearance, the martial artist team led by Yun Man, after searching a hundred miles around and deliberating, dared not stay longer and began to withdraw.

Ten came, but only nine returned, missing Fang Bai, an unavoidable regret.

Especially the female martial artist He Ping, with a slight fondness for Fang Bai, who lamented the entire way.

The nine exited the core of the Nether Corpse Land, crossed the Naihe Bridge, passed the Blood Pool River, reached the land's edge, and soon left the Nether Corpse Land.

Seeing the clear sky and breathing fresh air again, smiles appeared on their faces, and the more extroverted among them couldn't help but cheer aloud.