

Doctor 1761

Chapter 1761: Seventh-Level Heavenly Tribulation Puppet Corpse

The World Tree, which can stimulate vitality, not only continuously exudes Wood Spirit Qi but also has a magical effect of preserving youth for humans.

If a Martial Artist trains under the World Tree year-round, they can maintain eternal youth and unchanging appearance.

If a corpse is placed under the World Tree, it will remain lifelike and never decay into bones.

This is why Wu De and the Lightning Mink have been training in the Five Elements Space Ring, unwilling to come out. This text is hosted at

Li Fenghou somehow acquired a few World Tree leaves and placed them by his side, which is why his body has remained intact.

Otherwise, after tens of thousands of years, his body would have decayed into mere bones.

"Such a strong and intact body, burying it deep underground would be a waste... Hmm, better put it to use for eliminating evil and promoting good, letting it continue to shine!"

Fang Bai has been encountering more and more Thunder Tribulation Experts, including several in the tribulation phase of the Thunder Tribulation Realm, who are quite challenging to deal with.

For instance, in the matters involving Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong, if Fang Bai had enough strength, he could directly attack the Cangyan Sect to demand justice.

However, the Cangyan Sect has a Thunder Tribulation Expert at the fifth level holding the fort, making Fang Bai believe he is no match and thus not daring to provoke them, forcing him to use Beast Taming Techniques to drive away the Spirit Beasts, scare away the disciples guarding the Spirit Stone Veins of the Cangyan Sect, and then search for traces of Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong.

If he could gain aid like Li Fenghou's, Fang Bai would have no fear of any expert in the Cangyan Sect, able to fight in and out triumphantly.

With that thought, Fang Bai decisively grabbed Li Fenghou's body, and using his Divine Sense and blood essence, he crafted it into a Puppet Corpse within a few hours, placing it in the Five Elements Space Ring.

"Fang Bai, what are you doing bringing a corpse in here? Don't you know Little Mink and I are inside? Tsk, tsk, tsk, how unlucky!"

Wu De, having just finished his seclusive training, was sparring with the Lightning Mink in the Five Elements Space Ring. Upon seeing Fang Bai toss a dead body inside, he shouted in annoyance.

Lightning Mink didn't say anything but circled around the Puppet Corpse. It seemed to sense the unordinary nature of this Puppet Corpse, showing excitement in its eyes.

"This corpse is the Puppet Corpse I refined; I'm keeping it for a purpose! Old Taoist Wu, don't underestimate this Puppet Corpse. He was a Thunder Tribulation Expert at the seventh level before, capable of blowing you away with a breath!"

Fang Bai laughed as he conversed with Wu De inside the Five Elements Space Ring.

Wu De drew a sharp breath, exclaiming, "A Thunder Tribulation Level Seven Puppet Corpse? Fang Bai, you'd better take it out quickly! If it goes berserk and you can't intervene in time, Little Mink and I could die!"

"Old Taoist Wu, don't bolster others' courage while diminishing your own! I think the two of us together could take on this Puppet Corpse!"

The Lightning Mink, though naturally lazy, was fond of battle. Upon hearing that the Puppet Corpse was a level seven Thunder Tribulation expert, it was surprised but unafraid, with its combative spirit instantly aroused, eager to try.

Fang Bai laughed, "Little Mink is right! You two have been cooped up inside for so long; don't you feel bored? Now, I'll let this Puppet Corpse have a match with you, which can enhance your practical combat experience!"

After a pause, he continued, "Don't worry, I am controlling this Puppet Corpse, so your lives are not at risk... though minor and major injuries are unavoidable! Regardless of how serious the injuries are, once you reach that tree to heal, you'll recover quickly!"

Wu De said with a wry face, "Fang Bai, don't do this! Although our lives aren't at risk, suffering severe injuries is both painful and torturous!"

"Without experiencing pain and hardship, how can one become a true master among the strong? All right, I have matters to attend to, you guys enjoy yourselves!"

Fang Bai chuckled mischievously and ignored Wu De, who continued to stomp and scream.

With a Thunder Tribulation Level Seven Puppet Corpse in hand, Fang Bai felt his courage rise and his spirit soar. No longer hiding his cultivation level, he unleashed his presence.

Why worry about being detected by the Cangyan Sect disciples?

If they come, kill them! If two come, kill them both!

Resealing the bronze coffin, Fang Bai pursued the lingering trace of Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong, continuing on his way.

The passageway Fang Bai was currently traversing might have been excavated by Li Fenghou when he was alive; it was winding and deep, leading straight underground, with the end unknown.

However, compared to the initial passage that might have been dug by Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong, which was only wide enough for one person, this passage was broad enough for two people to pass through with ease.

Following the passage, Fang Bai delved deeper, about a hundred feet underground, when suddenly, the faint sound of rushing water came to his ears.

Feeling a surge of joy, Fang Bai sped forward, and soon his eyes caught sight of a subterranean river below at the end of the passage.

The underground river was swift and several feet deep. Fang Bai leapt into the river, swimming like a fish downstream, presuming there was an outlet at the river's end.

After drifting downriver for half a day, light finally appeared ahead, and Fang Bai couldn't help but feel heartened.

Moments later, the underground river turned into an overground river. Fang Bai leaped out of the river, landing in the middle of a thousand-foot-high mountain, looking around and finding himself in the heart of Yuhu Mountain.

"Hmm?"

Fang Bai cast his gaze to the left, where a dense forest was a few miles away, his ears twitching slightly as he heard the sound of rocks rolling and trees falling.

Spreading out his Divine Sense, he discovered two young men with bull-like bodies and tattered clothes battling a Spirit Beast in that forest, both covered in injuries and looking like bloody men, driven back by the Spirit Beast and appearing quite bedraggled.

The two young men, with thick eyebrows and wide eyes, let out angry roars and bellows, one focusing on defense and the other on counterattacking. Even though they knew the likely outcome, they refused to give up any glimmer of hope.

"These two guys have only reached the initial stage of Soul Severing and are rather weak! However, as a duo, they've done quite well against a Spirit Beast comparable to a human Thunder Tribulation Realm!"

Though those two young men were covered in dust and had dirt-streaked faces, Fang Bai recognized them at a glance as Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong.

Confirming that the two wouldn't be in life-threatening danger shortly, Fang Bai didn't rush and quietly moved closer, ready to step in and help at any moment.

"Hero, we both can't die here. I'll hold off the Spirit Beast, you go!"

Niu Ben thrust his palms forward, forming a brown defensive energy wall in front of himself and Xiong Yingxiong, blocking the Spirit Beast's attack, then turned to shout at Xiong Yingxiong beside him.

Xiong Yingxiong pursed his lips, sullenly saying, "I won't go! If anyone leaves, you go first!"

Niu Ben glared, exclaiming, "My defensive capability is stronger than yours; I can hold off the Spirit Beast for a while longer, giving you a better chance to escape!"

Xiong Yingxiong still said sullenly, "We two will either both leave or both stay! I won't abandon you!"

At that moment, the Spirit Beast abruptly spat out a surge of spiritual energy, shattering the Earth Spirit Energy defensive wall Niu Ben had erected and crashing into the two of them.

Unable to withstand the impact of the spiritual energy, the duo spat blood abundantly, and their bodies were simultaneously thrown backward.

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Chapter 1762: Master, Please Punish Us!

"This time, neither of us can escape!"

As he watched the Thunder Tribulation Realm Spirit Beast slowly closing in, Niu Ben, who was in immense pain and unable to move, said with a bitter smile.

Xiong Yingxiong wiped the bloodstain from the corner of his mouth and laughed heartily, "We brothers, dying together isn't so bad! It's just a pity that since coming to the Great World of Three Thousand, we haven't seen our Master, and we don't know how he is doing now."

"What do you mean by 'old'? Do I really look that old?"

Fang Bai descended like a god from the sky, landing with his back to the Thunder Tribulation Spirit Beast. Looking at the blood-covered Xiong Yingxiong, he said with a hint of annoyance.

"Mas... Master?"

Seeing Fang Bai suddenly appear, Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong were both dumbfounded and in disbelief, wondering if their eyes were deceiving them.

"Niu Ben, am I dreaming?"

Xiong Yingxiong rubbed his eyes hard, murmuring to himself.

"It really seems to be the Master..."

Niu Ben's eyes bulged as he stared intently at Fang Bai in front of him, muttering under his breath.

At that moment, the Thunder Tribulation Spirit Beast behind Fang Bai let out an earth-shaking roar and charged towards him like lightning.

Fang Bai let out a "hmph" and, as the Spirit Beast charged behind him, he swung back his hand with a powerful strike.

His fist landed solidly on the extremely hard head of the Spirit Beast, causing it to pause in its charge momentarily before flying backward like a cannonball, crashing through dozens of ancient trees and landing with a thump. New novel chapters are published on

Typically, the heads of Spirit Beasts are the hardest part, but Fang Bai's punch directly smashed through the beast's head, shattering its organs and leaving it dead where it fell.

"You two have been in the Great World of Three Thousand for several years now, right? How are you only at the initial stage of Soul Severing? Even teamed up, you can't handle a single Spirit Beast... Shameful! Truly shameful!"

Fang Bai cleanly finished off a Thunder Tribulation Realm powerhouse, then walked over to the still-dazed Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong with his hands behind his back, expressing his disappointment.

Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong, sensing the familiar aura from Fang Bai, exchanged glances after realizing they weren't dreaming, filled with both surprise and joy.

"Master!"

The two burly men cried out, rushed to Fang Bai, and then fell to their knees, hugging Fang Bai's legs as they burst into tears.

Seeing their mixture of snot, tears, and blood wiping onto his pant legs, Fang Bai couldn't help but chuckle despite himself and said, "What are you doing? Two grown men crying like women, isn't it embarrassing? Stand up and talk!"

Niu Ben wiped his tears, stood up, and said with unconcealed joy, "Master, I'm crying because I'm excited to see you, Master!"

"I'm excited too! Master, it's been so many years, I've missed you terribly!"

Xiong Yingxiong stood up after him and said in a muffled voice.

Fang Bai waved his hand, "Alright, master is master, don't call me an old man... I'm not even older than you two, but you make me sound like an old man..."

Seeing that Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong were seriously injured, he tossed each of them a bottle of royal grade mid-level Healing Pills, instructing them to take one to heal before continuing the conversation.

Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong were only at the initial stage of Soul Severing cultivation level, so the royal grade mid-level Healing Pills were indeed miraculous medicines for them.

Moreover, both had Innate Spiritual Roots, allowing them to recover several times faster than ordinary people, and within two hours, they were no longer in danger.

"Tell me about your experiences after coming to the Great World of Three Thousand."

Sitting on a fractured ancient tree, Fang Bai pointed to a patch of grass opposite him, signaling Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong to sit and respond.

Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong took turns recounting how they joined Cangyan Sect after arriving in the Great World of Three Thousand, then got demoted to mining here due to offending Steward Qiu, and were eventually betrayed and buried underground by Cangyan Sect's direct disciple, Zong Jinhai. Thanks to Niu Ben's efforts in digging a tunnel, they stumbled upon an underground cavern with an ancient bronze coffin and an underground river and escaped here.

Xiong Yingxiong said, "After we were buried under the mountain, we thought we were sure goners. Later, Niu Ben circulated Earth Spirit Energy and, with all his might, dug a tunnel that finally got us a way out... If not for Niu Ben, Master might be looking at our corpses now."

Fang Bai laughed and said, "Then you ought to thank Niu Ben properly. Without him, you wouldn't be standing here talking!"

Xiong Yingxiong nodded, turned towards Niu Ben, clasped his fists, and bowed deeply, saying sincerely, "Niu Ben, thank you for saving me!"

Niu Ben scratched his head with some embarrassment, "Hehe," and said, "Hero, I should also thank you. Without your full effort in using Fire Spirit Energy to counterattack that Spirit Beast, we wouldn't be alive!"

Xiong Yingxiong glanced at Fang Bai and sighed, "We, as fellow brothers, need not thank each other. What Master said earlier is true; even when teaming up, we couldn't handle a single Spirit Beast and almost got killed by it. It's truly disgraceful!"

Niu Ben fell to his knees again with a "thump," with a bitter face saying, "Master, I, Niu Ben, lack skill and am willing to accept punishment!"

Seeing him kneel, Xiong Yingxiong hurriedly followed suit, kowtowing and saying, "We ask for Master's punishment!"

Fang Bai waved it off and said, "Enough with the kneeling, get up! I merely said those things in passing earlier; I didn't really mean to blame you. Since you joined Cangyan Sect, you've been mining Spirit Stones here, lacking cultivation resources, and without any significant opportunities or encounters; to have reached the initial stage of Soul Severing is quite commendable."

Once Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong were back on their feet, Fang Bai instructed Niu Ben to gather the Beast Core from the Thunder Tribulation Spirit Beast, adding, "As Martial Artists, it's about acting on grievances and grudges. Return enmity for enmity, and reciprocate grace. Now that Cangyan Sect has treated you both so harshly, you will have no connection with them from here on out!"

As he said this, his gaze turned icy, with a hint of murderous intent, "No one is allowed to bully and oppress my disciples! As for Steward Qiu and personal transmission disciple Zong Jinhai from Cangyan Sect who wanted to harm you, I'll make them pay!"

"Not a single good person in Cangyan Sect! I've wanted to leave their sect for a long time, but my ability isn't enough; I can neither fight nor escape, left only to mine their Spirit Stones... Just thinking about it makes me feel aggrieved!"

Niu Ben sighed and lamented.

Xiong Yingxiong cautiously asked, "Master, Cangyan Sect is very powerful and reportedly has a Thunder Tribulation Realm expert of the sixth level. Your current strength..."

Fang Bai replied, "Rest assured, I only intend to kill Zong Jinhai and Steward Qiu. I won't go against the entire Cangyan Sect unless absolutely necessary!"

Seeing the pallor still evident on Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong's faces, knowing their injuries weren't fully healed and required rest, he waved his left hand and brought them into his Five Elements Space Ring, to stay with Wu De and the Lightning Mink.

Chapter 1763: This Is Called Poise

"Where is this place?"

Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong felt a sudden darkness engulf their vision, and when they saw light again, they found themselves in a mysterious space. Around them were small mountains of cultivation resources, and the area was filled with pure and dense spiritual energy.

"Huh? How did you two little guys get in here too?"

Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong hadn't yet gathered their wits when a round-bellied man in a Taoist robe suddenly appeared beside them, startling them.

Once they saw the man's face clearly, Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong couldn't contain their joy.

"Fat Taoist! Haha, long time no see!"

Niu Ben laughed heartily and hugged Wu De tightly.

After he let go, Xiong Yingxiong stepped forward with large strides and gave Wu De a bear hug.

"Two grown men hugging like this, what a sight! Get off me!"

Wu De struggled free from Xiong Yingxiong's embrace, grumbling irritably.

Niu Ben chuckled, “Fat Taoist, we’re just happy to see you! Didn’t expect you to be here... By the way, where is this place?”

“This is the world within the Five Elements Space Ring! Welcome! Welcome!”

A silver-robed youth with a folding fan in hand swayed his head as he emerged from behind a pile of spirit stones, answering with a grin.

The youth had sword-like brows and starry eyes, his demeanor as elegant as a jade tree. So attractive was his appearance that, were he to don a dress, even most women might feel overshadowed.

“Are you... Little Mink?”

Xiong Yingxiong, upon seeing the silver-robed youth, felt an odd familiarity. After staring for a moment, he furrowed his brows and asked.

Lightning Mink had long since gained the ability to transform into a human, but as his cultivation level increased, his human form’s appearance and temperament had slightly changed, making Xiong Yingxiong unsure if he was mistaken.

“That’s right, it’s Little Mink! Hehe, back then when he transformed into human form, he always carried around that tattered fan, constantly fanning himself... Such a flamboyant youth, who else could it be?”

Niu Ben laughed broadly.

Lightning Mink snapped the fan shut with a “clap” and rolled his eyes, retorting, “Flamboyant? It’s called style! Elegance! Hmph, not that a big oaf like you would understand!”

He circled Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong, then suddenly chuckled and said, “You two are only at the initial stage of Soul Severing? It seems we arrived in the Three Thousand Great Worlds together, and it’s been years now, right? I’m at Soul Severing Perfection, just a step away from the Thunder Tribulation Realm. Even Old Taoist Wu is stronger than you two, he’s at the high rank of Soul Severing!”

When Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong heard this, they flushed at the mention.

“We’ve spent these years laboring and suffering, mining for others, where was the time for cultivation? You’ve been in this spiritually rich space for years, focusing on cultivation, so naturally, your level surpasses ours!”

Niu Ben mumbled softly.

Xiong Yingxiong added, “Yeah! If we had the chance to stay here for a few years, our cultivation level might surpass yours!”

Upon hearing the word “mining” from Niu Ben, Wu De’s eyes lit up, and he interjected, “Wait... What kind of mine were you mining? Spirit Stone Veins?”

Niu Ben replied, “Yes! We’ve been mining disciples at the Cangyan Sect for years, enduring a lot of hardship! Just thinking about it makes me angry!”

Wu De’s eyes gleamed even brighter as he beckoned Niu Ben to sit on a pile of spirit stones and said kindly, “Niu Ben, come, tell me in detail about the spirit stone veins of Cangyan Sect...”

Niu Ben didn’t want to talk about such painful topics, but seeing Wu De’s intense interest, he sighed and recounted his and Xiong Yingxiong’s hardships.

“According to what you say, the Spirit Stone veins at Yuhu Mountain are vast, it should be a large Spirit Stone mine! Hmm... Even though most of the stones are of the lower Royal Grade, there are also quite a few of the middle Royal Grade, which is really tempting...”

After Niu Ben finished speaking, Wu De stood up and paced around, eyes darting, immersed in his thoughts.

Ignoring Wu De, Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong strolled around the inside of the Five Elements Space Ring.

Through Wu De's words, they'd learned that this minor world they were in was actually the inner space of the Space Ring worn on their master Fang Bai's finger, which left them deeply shocked.

Seeing the massive heaps of cultivation resources within the Five Elements Space, none lower than Royal Grade, left them flabbergasted, as if in a dream.

"Do you see that human-sized small tree? Go rest under it, heal your injuries, and then stay here to cultivate yourself. All the cultivation resources in this space are yours to use at will."

Fang Bai's voice seemed to echo from the heavens, resonating in the ears of Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong.

Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong had extraordinary potential, but their cultivation progress was extremely slow due to a lack of cultivation resources. Now hearing their master say they could freely use the Royal Grade resources here, how could they not be overjoyed and excited?

With those resources, their cultivation might skyrocket, and catching up to Fat Taoist Wu De and Lightning Mink might not be just a dream.

Encased in happiness, Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong leisurely strolled to the World Tree within the Five Elements Space Ring, seated cross-legged opposite each other, and calmly began healing, utilizing the endless spiritual energy emanating from the World Tree.

"Fang Bai, let me out! I hear the Cangyan Sect has lots of Spirit Stone veins, let's explore them together!"

Wu De suddenly looked up and shouted towards the sky.

"No need to explore. I'll just catch a Cangyan Sect elder or steward and ask them directly. You stay inside obediently, once I've got the Spirit Stone veins, I'll put them all in the Space Ring. You can use as much as you like!"

Fang Bai responded with a chuckle.

Wu De's current cultivation was only at the high rank of Soul Severing. Letting him outside to explore the Spirit Stone veins of the Cangyan Sect would be sending him to his death; how could Fang Bai agree?

Though not blood relatives, Wu De was at least a friend he'd shared experiences with, and Fang Bai didn't want to see him suffer.

Wu De, unaware of the Cangyan Sect's might and terror, ambitively wanted to showcase his skills outside, relying on his acute spiritual energy sense to locate Spirit Stone veins. However, despite his efforts, Fang Bai ignored him, leaving Wu De no choice but to give up.

Lightning Mink initially wanted to head out with Wu De for some fresh air too, but seeing Fang Bai refuse Wu De, he smartly kept quiet and continued his slumber.

Fang Bai's figure soared through the air, returning to the valley at Yuhu Mountain where the Spirit Stone veins were located.

By this time, the spirit beasts in the valley, losing his control, had scattered back to the deep mountains and forests, and the Cangyan Sect disciples had yet to return. The vast valley was empty, devoid of a single person or beast.

Countless Spirit Stones were scattered throughout the valley, which Fang Bai unceremoniously collected into the Five Elements Space Ring.

Just as he was about to enter the mountain to mine the Spirit Stone veins on his own, a thunderous shout came from above, followed by a massive boulder weighing thousands of pounds hurtling down towards him.

Chapter 1764: Am I Still an Idiot?

The massive boulder, like a meteor falling, carried an astounding momentum, instantly crashing down on top of Fang Bai's head.

Fang Bai swung his right hand upwards fiercely, unleashing a blood-red flash from the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, slicing onto the boulder.

“Boom!”

The boulder exploded mid-air, shattering into countless pieces, dropping like raindrops onto the ground around.

Swish!

Swish!

Swish!

Three streaks of light shot through the sky from outside the valley, landing in front of Fang Bai.

The three were white-haired elders, surrounded by spiritual energy, emitting a powerful Martial Artist Aura.

Fang Bai glanced at the three, knowing they were the Cangyan Sect elders responsible for guarding this place, Yin Hao and two stewards.

“Who are you? Why have you trespassed onto our Cangyan Sect territory?”

Yin Hao stared sharply at Fang Bai, asking sternly.

“So you’re Yin Hao, right? Let me ask, where are Qiu Dechang and Zong Jinhai?”

Fang Bai replied with a question instead.

Yin Hao was momentarily stunned, unexpected that the other party ignored his question. Laughing instead of getting angry, he said, "Yes, I am indeed Yin Hao, an elder of the Cangyan Sect. What business do you have with Steward Qiu and Zong Jinhai?"

Fang Bai replied earnestly, "Those two bullied my disciples, I want to kill them to vent for my disciples!"

"..."

Yin Hao was first dumbfounded, then couldn't help but laugh out loud.

The two Cangyan Sect stewards also sneered, looking at Fang Bai as if he were an idiot.

Fang Bai blinked and asked, "Why are you laughing? Is this funny?"

Yin Hao pointed at him and said, "Just a mere first-level Heavenly Tribulation practitioner, and you dare to claim you can kill our sect's stewards? Are you an idiot?"

Fang Bai chuckled, suddenly and without warning, he swung the blade horizontally.

Swish!

A blood-red flash separated from the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, ripping through the air, striking toward one of the stewards beside Yin Hao.

Although that steward was a third-level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator and reacted swiftly, the speed and intensity of Fang Bai's strike were far beyond his expectation.

By the time he reacted, the blood-red flash was already upon him, his skin sensing a tearing feeling from the rapidly approaching blade energy.

Even Yin Hao, standing nearby, was startled by Fang Bai's strike, instantly assessing that the steward might be injured by this strike, but it was too late to intervene.

Yin Hao and the others' laughter abruptly stopped, their smiles frozen on their faces.

As the blade light approached, the terrified steward hastily raised his spiritual artifact to defend himself.

Clang!

The blade light from the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade collided with the spiritual artifact in the steward's hand, producing a crisp metallic clash.

Immediately after, the steward's body trembled, unable to withstand the impact of the blade light, he was sent flying backward, spewing a mouthful of blood in mid-air.

After flying back dozens of feet, he landed on his feet, retreating several steps before barely stabilizing himself, his face turning crimson, and he couldn't help but spit out another mouthful of blood.

His chest was splattered with bloodstains, his clothes and beard disheveled, looking extremely battered.

His internal organs were shaken, and he was quite injured, yet the shock in his heart far exceeded the physical injury.

Just moments ago, he had looked down on Fang Bai, even mocking him as an idiot.

Yet, it was this "idiot" who with one slash had injured him and made him bleed.

Even though he was caught unprepared and defended hastily, the fact that the other party, only a first-level Heavenly Tribulation cultivator, was able to injure a third-level cultivator like him was evidence that the other party's strength was no weaker, maybe even stronger.

“Now, do you still think I’m an idiot?”

Fang Bai stood firm after retracting his blade, smiling as he asked.

With Fang Bai’s display of power, Yin Hao and the others immediately stopped underestimating him, their expressions becoming solemn.

Thoughts raced in Yin Hao’s mind, wondering whether such a young and strong individual might be a disciple from a top-tier sect, making him hesitant to act against Fang Bai, fearing future trouble for Cangyan Sect.

“May I know the names of your disciples? What grievances do they have with our Steward Qiu and Zong Jinhai?”

Yin Hao asked with a grim face.

Fang Bai snorted and said, “My two disciples joined your Cangyan Sect. One is named Niu Ben, the other Xiong Yingxiong.”

“Niu Ben... Xiong Yingxiong...”

Yin Hao murmured to himself, racking his brains but couldn’t recall when the sect had accepted such disciples.

The two stewards beside him also exchanged bewildered looks, evidently unaware of the existence of the two disciples.

This was understandable, as menial servant disciples were usually of low cultivation and mediocre talent, hard to catch the eye of high-ranking sect members, even meeting them was rare.

After joining Cangyan Sect, Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong worked as menial servant disciples for only a few days before being sent to work as mining disciples by Steward Qiu. Yin Hao and the others, as high-ranking sect members, were naturally oblivious of their existence.

Fang Bai sneered, "My two disciples joined your sect seeking refuge from other powerful individuals. Yet, Steward Qiu sent them to laboriously and exhaustingly mine Spirit Stone Veins, where they suffered humiliation from fellow disciples... Tell me, as their master, should I not demand justice for them?"

The steward who was injured by Fang Bai's attack returned to Yin Hao's side, glaring at Fang Bai and accusing angrily, "Your disciples must be of mediocre talent and slow progress in cultivation to be dispatched here for mining. In the vast world of three thousand sects, which one doesn't do the same? Steward Qiu sending them to mine was not wrong! You wanting to kill Steward Qiu over this, to seek justice, is simply tyrannical and unreasonable!"

The other steward also joined in, "That's right! We won't allow you to kill Steward Qiu!"

"Mediocre talent, you say?"

Fang Bai smirked, "Within ten years, their cultivation will surpass yours. Believe it or not?"

Yin Hao and the others, of course, didn't believe him.

It was hard for anyone to believe.

In their view, menial servant disciples were only at the early Soul Severing realm, and within ten years, advancing by one minor realm was already remarkable, let alone reaching third or fourth-level Heavenly Tribulation?

Unless a miracle happened!

"Sir, as the saying goes, enemies should be resolved, not antagonized. Your disciples suffered some grievances in our sect, and on behalf of Cangyan Sect, I offer them some Cultivation Resources to let this matter rest... How about it?"

Yin Hao thought this wasn't much of a big deal and considered giving some Cultivation Resources to avoid future problems.

Fang Bai pondered for a moment, "Compensation, is it? Very well..."

He pointed back toward the valley, "From now on, this Spirit Stone Vein no longer belongs to you, but to my two disciples!"

"Arrogant!"

"No way!"

"Impossible!"

As soon as Fang Bai finished speaking, Yin Hao and the others shouted in unison, angrily.

Chapter 1765: Xingluo Shield

The Spirit Stone Veins at Yuhu Mountain is a large deposit of Spirit Stones, capable of providing the Cangyan Sect disciples with a massive amount of Spirit Stones for their cultivation, and is highly regarded by the upper management of the sect.

Hearing that Fang Bai actually wanted the entire Spirit Stone Veins, the three of Yin Hao were all furious.

"Unwilling, are you?"

Fang Bai shrugged and said, "Whether you agree or not, I'm determined to take this Spirit Stone Veins!"

Yin Hao laughed angrily, "You want these Spirit Stone Veins? You don't have the capability yet!"

He glanced at the two stewards beside him, and the two stewards understood, moving their bodies to form a triangular formation with Yin Hao, surrounding Fang Bai and blocking any possible escape routes for him.

“Whether I have the capability, let’s give it a try!”

Fang Bai shouted, the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in his hand moved like lightning, launching an attack on the trio first.

Yin Hao was a Heavenly Tribulation stage four expert, and the two stewards were both stage three experts; the strength of the three teaming up was extraordinary.

But now, Fang Bai, at the first stage of Heavenly Tribulation cultivation level, attacked the three simultaneously. To Yin Hao and the others, this boy couldn’t merely be described as arrogant.

“Crazy! This guy must be insane! He’s seeking death!”

The three of Yin Hao thought this in their hearts.

The three of them were usual powerful figures in their respective regions, and it was unprecedented for them to team up against a supposedly weaker opponent.

Initially, Yin Hao only had the two stewards surround Fang Bai to prevent his escape, intending to personally eliminate him, but he didn’t expect Fang Bai to arrogantly strike first, dragging all three of them in.

“Since he’s courting death, let’s fulfill his wish!”

Yin Hao roared, his fists unleashing a barrage; one punch nullified Fang Bai’s blade attack, while another launched a counterattack.

As a stage four expert of the Heavenly Tribulation, his strength far surpassed the two stewards, allowing him to handle Fang Bai's attack without using a Spiritual Artifact, and then to counterattack.

However, the two stewards lacked this caliber of strength, and had to summon their Spiritual Artifacts to contend with Fang Bai's assault.

But the two stewards were prepared, fully capable of withstanding Fang Bai's attack, avoiding the hasty and injurious response of the previous steward.

Facing Yin Hao's counterattack, Fang Bai couldn't afford to be careless. The Blood-Drinking Mad Blade once again sliced out, striking at Yin Hao's incoming fist of Spiritual Energy.

"Boom!"

The blow of a stage four Heavenly Tribulation expert was formidable; even with Fang Bai's ability to challenge upwards and the battle power enhancement from the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, he was still struck flying, tumbling several times in mid-air.

"This old guy's battle strength is quite robust! But thinking you can hurt me like this is still lacking in technique!"

Fang Bai's figure floated in the air, his chest heaving as he circulated his Cultivation Technique to regulate his breath, quickly returning to normal.

"Come on again!"

Fang Bai gripped the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade with both hands, the blade pointing directly at Yin Hao, then he merged with the blade, carving out a streak of blood light in the sky as he charged towards Yin Hao.

Challenging three at once, while knowing he wasn't their match, filled Fang Bai with exhilaration.

This kind of epic battle, while he couldn't defeat the opponents, wouldn't easily allow them to kill him either, providing a rare opportunity for experience.

Such a high-pressure battle, teetering between life and death, could effectively awaken Fang Bai's potential, enabling his strength to improve.

"Boom!"

"Bang!"

"Thump!"

...

The deafening sound of Spiritual Energy clashes rang continuously, and the intense battle among the four grew increasingly fierce.

The two stewards intended to watch at first, yet since Yin Hao couldn't completely suppress Fang Bai, and Fang Bai kept attacking them to taunt, they couldn't hold back any longer and joined the fray.

Fang Bai didn't rely on other trump cards; fighting Yin Hao alone wasn't his match, barely managing with the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in hand.

When the two stewards joined the fight, his pressure increased significantly, pushing him entirely into the defensive.

"Puff!"

While parrying the attacks of the two stewards, Yin Hao seized the opportunity to punch him in the chest, causing Fang Bai to spit blood and his body to tumble backward in the air.

“This kid’s physical body is surprisingly resilient! It seems mere fists won’t claim his life!”

Seeing Fang Bai take a punch yet not sustain grave injuries, after wiping the blood from his mouth and charging again, Yin Hao was secretly astonished.

Unwilling to get tangled with Fang Bai any longer, he decided to hold nothing back. His left hand’s Space Ring shone, revealing a foot-long earth-yellow shield in his hand.

The shield’s front was intricately engraved with runes, shining like stars adorning the sky.

He unleashed the earthen-yellow shield skyward, and it expanded dozens of times, a dark cloud descending upon Fang Bai.

It was unknown how many thousands of pounds the shield weighed, releasing a formidable pressure, locking on Fang Bai’s figure, slowing his movements.

“Hmm? It’s actually a Royal Grade Superior Spiritual Artifact!”

Fang Bai looked up, spotting the extraordinary shield, not only unafraid but showing excitement instead.

He wielded his blade like a sword, stabbing upward to hold back the shield’s descending force.

“See if you can withstand it!”

Yin Hao, with a thought, intensified his control over the shield, pressing it down further.

Fang Bai’s figure descended with the shield’s pressure, eventually landing firmly on the ground.

“Get down!”

Yin Hao roared, his eyes shining brightly, and the shield exploded in earthen-yellow brilliance, growing heavier.

“Bang!”

In a cloud of dust, the shield hit the ground heavily, burying Fang Bai entirely underground.

“Hahaha... No matter how tough your body is, you can’t withstand my Xingluo Shield!”

Yin Hao landed on the ground, striding towards Fang Bai.

“Elder Yin is indeed formidable!”

“Once Elder Yin’s Xingluo Shield is out, it’s invincible!”

The two stewards descended to the ground, loudly praising.

The three of them, assuming Fang Bai had been “subdued,” wore smiles.

But they didn’t expect that the next moment, Fang Bai’s seemingly cut-off aura suddenly rejuvenated, even stronger than before.

“How is this possible?”

Yin Hao’s face showed horror, exclaiming in disbelief.

He knew well the power of his Xingluo Shield; once released, not even stage five Heavenly Tribulation experts would confront it lightly. How could a mere stage one boy survive its strike?

“Bang!”

A powerful force surged from the underground, striking the Xingluo Shield, sending it spinning high up into the sky.

Immediately afterward, Fang Bai's figure shot up from a deep pit on the ground, holding a Great Bell in his left hand.

The Great Bell appeared very ancient, evidently of an age gone by, with intricate mysterious array patterns carved all around, emanating a grand aura—none other than the Immortal Artifact, Soul Loss Bell.

Chapter 1766: Fratricidal Strife

Yin Hao and the two stewards from the Cangyan Sect stared at Fang Bai holding the Great Bell, their expressions filled with shock.

They knew the Xingluo Shield was a superior Royal Grade weapon with astonishing power, capable of shattering even the strongest bodies with a single blow.

Yet the ancient bell in Fang Bai's hands seemed to exert a pressure even greater than that of the Xingluo Shield.

Something stronger than a superior Royal Grade Spiritual Artifact—could it be the legendary Immortal Artifact that only the strongest from the Immortal Realm possessed?

As soon as they thought of the words "Immortal Artifact," the shock on the faces of Yin Hao and the two stewards instantly turned into fiery greed.

"Kid, where did you get this Great Bell? What grade of Spiritual Artifact is it?"

Yin Hao pointed at the ancient bell lifted in Fang Bai's hands, eyes gleaming, loudly questioning.

As he spoke, his hands trembled slightly, his voice quivered, clearly unable to contain his excitement.

Fang Bai laughed, "Spiritual Artifact? You underestimate the Soul Loss Bell; it's something left behind by an ancient immortal in the Three Thousand Worlds, truly an Immortal Artifact!"

With these words, the three of them trembled all over, their breaths became rapid and heavy, and their eyes radiated a beast-like light as they gazed at the Great Bell.

"Give me the Great Bell! Spare your life!"

Yin Hao stepped forward, reaching out his right hand towards Fang Bai, sternly saying.

The two stewards of the Cangyan Sect, though eager to compete, knew they were not a match for Yin Hao even together, so they exchanged glances, their eyes flickered, but they did not speak.

"You want this Immortal Artifact? Fine, catch!"

Fang Bai tossed the Soul Loss Bell into the air, letting it fall towards Yin Hao.

Yin Hao thought Fang Bai was truly willing to exchange the bell for his life, feeling a surge of joy, he soared into the sky, reaching with both hands to catch the falling Soul Loss Bell.

At that moment, his mind was filled with images of himself wielding the Immortal Artifact, intimidating all around, and he couldn't help but smile.

"Kill!"

Just as Yin Hao soared, his hands about to touch the Soul Loss Bell, the two stewards from the Cangyan Sect, as if their minds were in sync, simultaneously unleashed their Spiritual Artifacts in a frenzied attack.

Their target was not Fang Bai, but Yin Hao.

According to legend, an Immortal Artifact can suppress all Spiritual Artifacts in the Three Thousand Worlds, and if this ancient bell were truly an Immortal Artifact, anyone who obtained it would significantly increase their power.

Thus, as much as Yin Hao wanted the Immortal Artifact, the two stewards wanted it just as much, if not more intensely.

But to get the Immortal Artifact, they first had to remove Yin Hao, their strong competitor blocking the way.

So, in that instant, the two stewards exchanged glances, deciding to temporarily join forces to eliminate Yin Hao before discussing the bell's ownership.

Immortal Artifacts are rare in the world, incredibly powerful, and to obtain one, the two stewards of the Cangyan Sect didn't hesitate to turn against their own kin to take down Yin Hao.

Knowing they were far weaker than Yin Hao, they chose this moment, when Yin Hao was reaching for the Soul Loss Bell, to launch their surprise attack.

As Yin Hao ascended into the sky, his mind partly guarded against Fang Bai and partly on the Soul Loss Bell, he never expected his comrades would attack from behind.

Feeling the fierce energies rushing at him from behind, Yin Hao knew things had gone awry, and it was too late to evade.

Helplessly, he accelerated upward while gathering Spiritual Energy behind him to instantly form a defensive energy shield to counter the two sharp attacks from the rear.

By doing so, though he might suffer injuries, he could minimize the damage, and as long as he got the Immortal Artifact, the cost would be worth it.

Yin Hao already knew it was his two fellow stewards who attacked him, a raging hatred swelling within, and once he got the Immortal Artifact, he would kill them first.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

Two thunderous sounds echoed as the attacks from the two stewards of the Cangyan Sect shattered the defensive energy shield on Yin Hao's back, the momentum unchecked, striking his body.

Yin Hao spat out a mouthful of blood but used the force from the two impacts to surge upward several more meters, finally grasping the Soul Loss Bell in his hands.

"Hahaha..."

Yin Hao, holding the Soul Loss Bell, hovered in the air, unable to stop himself from laughing loudly.

Seeing the Immortal Artifact in Yin Hao's hands, the two stewards of the Cangyan Sect were enraged. They knew that if Yin Hao didn't die today, then surely they would, so gritting their teeth, with looks of ferocity, they charged into the air to engage in fierce battle with Yin Hao.

The two stewards understood this battle was life or death, adopting a fight-to-the-death strategy, seemingly mad.

And Yin Hao, apart from dealing with the two of them, had to be wary of Fang Bai, who watched from the sidelines, forcing him to reserve some of his strength.

As such, the three ended up evenly matched in a short period.

They all came from the same sect, acquainted for decades, considered old friends, yet now, over an Immortal Artifact, they turned on each other.

It showed that when interests grow large enough, even close friends may become enemies, and even the strongest friendships can fracture.

Fang Bai leaped to a distant mountain peak, arms crossed, leisurely watching the three men battle with boom after boom, his eyes full of indifference and mockery.

He didn't care a bit about the lives of the three, believing that if they fought to mutual destruction or even perished together, it would be best, allowing him to calmly collect the Spirit Stone Veins here.

As for the nearly thousand mining disciples of the Cangyan Sect, they stayed far away, not daring to approach. Though numerous, they posed no threat to Fang Bai, and he didn't regard them.

Spiritual Energy surged, thunder roared, as the three Thunder Tribulation Experts battled fiercely in the air and on the ground in the valley, the noise echoing for miles, scaring away many Spirit Beasts.

They had long since summoned their respective Spiritual Artifacts, even fighting with their Primordial Spirits, unleashing their full strength to try and kill their opponents.

"Kong Sheng, Ding Xun, you two bastards stop this madness now! If we keep fighting like this, in the end, that kid will reap the benefits!"

Yin Hao punched one steward, making him spew blood, while taking a heavy hit to his left shoulder himself, rendering an arm numb and painful, barely able to lift it, and shouted angrily.

The steward named Kong Sheng showed a ferocious grin, "Elder Yin, once we've started, there's no turning back. It's too late for words now! This fight, either you die, or we do!"

The other steward, Ding Xun, shouted, "That's right! Kill you, get the Immortal Artifact, and we won't fear being excommunicated from the Cangyan Sect!"

Kong Sheng said, "Elder Yin, your strength may be greater than both of ours, but even if you kill us, you'll deplete a lot of Divine Sense and Spiritual Energy, making it hard to face that kid, ensuring your death! Instead, why don't you give the Immortal Artifact to us, and go your way; let us handle that kid!"

Yin Hao, having stored the Soul Loss Bell in his Space Ring, wouldn't take it out again, laughing in fury, "The Immortal Artifact is mine, no one else can take it! With you two and that kid, who can kill me? If I want to leave, who can stop me?"

Chapter 1767: Refining Puppet Corpses Again

After Yin Hao obtained the Immortal Artifact Soul Loss Bell, he lost the will to continue battling. Had it not been for being tightly entangled by two Stewards, he would have long fled back to the Cangyan Sect.

He knew that if the fight dragged on for even a moment longer, his Divine Sense and Spiritual Energy would be overly depleted, putting him in real danger when Fang Bai made his move.

With a decision to leave, he forced back the two Stewards with all his might, transformed into a stream of light, and flew swiftly into the distance.

The two Stewards, seeing this, pursued relentlessly with their Spiritual Artifacts.

"My Soul Loss Bell, isn't something that can be easily taken!"

Fang Bai, watching Yin Hao escape several miles away in an instant, smirked slightly, extending his right hand and snapped his fingers with a "snap".

"Boom!"

A loud explosion occurred, and while Yin Hao was flying, the Space Ring on his left finger suddenly shattered. The Soul Loss Bell appeared beside him in the air.

"Engulf him!"

Fang Bai's voice rang out, and the Soul Loss Bell instantly emitted a dazzling radiance, expanding several times in a flash, pushing down towards Yin Hao.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye. By the time Yin Hao reacted, all he saw was darkness before him, and his entire being was already enveloped by the Great Bell. With the momentum of the bell's descent, he rapidly plummeted towards the ground.

"Open up for me!"

Yin Hao smashed upwards with his fists, trying to lift the bell enveloping him, but a series of strikes proved futile as the Soul Loss Bell remained unmoved.

Fang Bai flew from the distant mountain peak, landing his feet on the rapidly descending top of the Soul Loss Bell. Then, he swung his fist down, striking heavily on the bell's body.

"Boong!"

A deep and sonorous bell sound echoed, its sound waves spreading in all directions.

Trapped beneath the bell, as the bell sound rang out, Yin Hao felt his mind buzz, his world spinning.

"Boong!"

"Boong!"

Fang Bai threw two more punches, making the bell sound even louder and the sound waves even more potent. Under the Soul Loss Bell, Yin Hao felt as if his head was about to explode, clamping his hands over his ears in excruciating pain.

The Soul Loss Bell's power lies not only in its robust body as an Immortal Artifact but also in its sound, capable of confusing and unsettling an opponent's mind, mentally destroying them, achieving the strategic goal of defeating the enemy without fighting.

As the Soul Loss Bell descended, Fang Bai continuously launched punches at the bell's body. By the time the Great Bell landed with Yin Hao inside, he had already been tormented to the brink of collapse by the intense sound waves, utterly exhausted.

"Such a pity to kill someone with four levels of Heavenly Tribulation. Transforming him into a Puppet Corpse would be more valuable!"

Fang Bai had the thought of slapping the weakened Yin Hao to death after reclaiming the Soul Loss Bell, but reconsidered and changed his mind.

In his Five Elements Space Ring, there was a Puppet Corpse refined from the body of Li Fenghou who was at the seventh level of the Heavenly Tribulation. However, that Puppet Corpse was too powerful, and Fang Bai's current cultivation level left his Divine Sense somewhat inadequate, making it impossible to control that Puppet Corpse at will.

After refining Li Fenghou's corpse into a Puppet Corpse, Fang Bai had attempted to manipulate it for offensive and defensive maneuvers, but within just ten breaths of time, his Divine Sense was largely depleted, an astonishing result.

For Fang Bai, without sufficient Divine Sense, many Mystical Arts cannot be executed. Hence, he decided not to use that powerful Puppet Corpse unless in life-and-death short crises, letting it lie dormant in the Five Elements Space Ring.

Fang Bai formed hand seals and slapped Yin Hao several times, refining him alive into a living Puppet Corpse.

So-called living Puppet Corpses are those where a strong individual is subjected to Corpse Refinement Technique while still alive, retaining a sliver of vitality, and can even speak, but completely lose their own consciousness, being controlled by others for life.

Although living Puppet Corpses are technically not dead, they are comparable to the dead.

Puppet Corpses of the same realm, living ones are more agile and powerful than dead ones.

Fang Bai could not fully control the Puppet Corpse of Li Fenghou, but could manipulate Yin Hao, this living Puppet Corpse with four levels of Heavenly Tribulation, with precision, using Divine Sense to command it for a hundred breaths.

The Cangyan Sect Stewards, Kong Sheng and Ding Xun, watched with wide eyes as Yin Hao, Elder Yin, who was significantly stronger than them, was first suppressed by Fang Bai's Soul Loss Bell, then refined by him into a Puppet Corpse using the legendary Corpse Refinement Art, scaring them to death.

"Run!"

Before Fang Bai could put Yin Hao into the Five Elements Space Ring, they rode their Spiritual Artifacts, transforming into meteors, fleeing towards the east and west horizons respectively.

Having just battled Yin Hao, they had already consumed a considerable amount of Spiritual Energy, and considered themselves fortunate to be able to escape, believing they were not a match for Fang Bai.

They also knew that if they fled in the same direction, neither might escape, so they tacitly understood to part ways.

As for whom Fang Bai would pursue, and whether he could catch up, it was left to fate.

"You two, stay here as well!"

With his mind, Fang Bai sent Yin Hao the Puppet Corpse after Kong Sheng, while his left hand made a motion in the air, and the Houyi Bow was already in his grasp.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Drawing the bow, he shot arrows, and with a rapid swoosh, two fiery arrows flew one after another, blazing towards Ding Xun like meteors chasing the moon.

In the midst of his escape, Ding Xun heard the rapid whooshing sound behind him and felt the rolling heat waves, intimidatingly intense, as if about to engulf him, shocking him immensely.

He clutched his Spiritual Artifact tightly, swinging it forcefully behind him with all his might in an attempt to deflect the leading arrow.

With Fang Bai's Houyi Bow, what power do you think one arrow could hold?

"Zheng!"

There was a crisp sound as Ding Xun's Spiritual Artifact was shattered by Fang Bai's first arrow, which only slightly veered off, passing through Ding Xun's left arm.

The scorching temperature incinerated the severed portion of Ding Xun's arm to cinder almost instantaneously, emitting the smell of burning.

"Ah!"

Ding Xun looked down at his suddenly vanished left arm, shrieking in horror.

However, his scream was abruptly cut short as Fang Bai's second arrow pierced through his heart, instantly taking away all his life force.

Ding Xun's corpse plummeted a hundred meters from the sky, hitting the dust.

Meanwhile, the Puppet Corpse Yin Hao pursued Kong Sheng for dozens of miles, finally catching up.

Kong Sheng, like a beaten cur, without an ounce of fighting spirit, found himself alone in that moment, his combat strength greatly reduced with no Ding Xun to lend a hand.

Conversely, the Puppet Corpse Yin Hao, devoid of fatigue or comprehension of life and death, executed Fang Bai's will without hesitation, maintaining peak combat strength.

Despite Kong Sheng's desperate attempts to resist Yin Hao, the disparity in strength was too great. Within just a dozen breaths, he suffered multiple severe injuries.

"I'll fight you to the death!"

Kong Sheng's eyes filled with blood, his body inflated like a balloon, Spiritual Energy inside raging wildly.

"The old guy's going to self-detonate. Retreat!"

Though Fang Bai was dozens of miles away, he sensed the anomaly and immediately issued a command to Yin Hao the Puppet Corpse.

Consequently, Yin Hao flew backward to retreat.

"Boom!"

A massive explosive sound, shaking the heaven and earth, the self-detonation of Kong Sheng with his three levels of Heavenly Tribulation strength, causing a grand spectacle.

Intense shockwaves swept through the surrounding sky like a tsunami, distorting the airspace there with the force of the explosion, momentarily darkening it.

Yin Hao retreated quickly but still got affected by the shockwaves, his chest and abdomen caving in significantly.

To other strong individuals, this would be a severe injury, but for him now, akin to a living dead, there was no sensation, no pain; such a wound was negligible.

Chapter 1768: I Decide the Fate of the Spirit Stone Veins

The Cangyan Sect had dispatched three high-level members to oversee this Spirit Stone vein at Yuhu Mountain. Now, one was turned into a puppet corpse by Fang Bai, and the other two had fallen, leaving nearly a thousand mining menial servants hiding in a distant dense forest.

The battle that had just occurred in this valley had already alarmed those nearly thousand mining disciples, but since they were all from the Soul Severing Realm, upon seeing several Thunder Tribulation experts clash, they worried about getting caught in the crossfire and didn't dare to get close.

Some of the braver Cangyan Sect menial servants, having had enough of the mining hardship, took this opportunity to flee.

Some remained loyal to the sect, sensing the unfavorable situation, they rode their Spiritual Artifacts toward the Cangyan Sect, intending to inform the higher-ups of the situation.

As for the core disciple of the Cangyan Sect, Zong Jinhai, who nearly brought Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong to their deaths, he had seen the dire situation before the battle concluded and had fled early.

Fang Bai took Yin Hao into his Five Elements Space Ring, launched into the sky, and leapt onto the peak of a nearby mountain a thousand feet high, releasing a long whistle.

A few dozen breaths later, four streaks of light flew from the distant sky, landing beside Fang Bai.

They were Lei Zheng, Luo Xin, Luo Zhong, and Luo Yi, who had led Fang Bai here.

"Senior Fang, have you found your two disciples?"

Lei Zheng observed Fang Bai's spirited demeanor and asked with delight.

If Fang Bai found Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong, it meant the four of them could soon claim a generous bounty.

Fang Bai nodded with a smile and pointed to the valley behind him, saying, "This Spirit Stone vein previously belonged to the Cangyan Sect, but from this moment on, it is mine! You may go and take some spirit stones, consider it an extra reward from me!"

The four of Lei Zheng, unaware that the three great Cangyan Sect experts stationed here had either been slain or turned into puppet corpses, were taken aback upon hearing this. They thought to themselves that this Senior Fang truly loved to joke—how could the Cangyan Sect's Spirit Stone vein belong to him?

The Cangyan Sect commanded tens of thousands of disciples and numerous Thunder Tribulation experts. Its Supreme Elder was a sixth-level Thunder Tribulation expert, ranking as a top-tier sect across the entire Three Thousand Great Worlds.

In the eyes of the four, Fang Bai wanting to claim the Cangyan Sect's Spirit Stone vein was nothing short of a joke.

Not to mention that facing the Cangyan Sect was like an ant trying to stop a carriage; even dealing with the three Cangyan Sect experts stationing here, he might find it hard to subdue them.

Fang Bai's ambition to occupy this abundantly rich Spirit Stone vein seemed to be nothing but a passing fancy to them.

"Take a look at this..."

Fang Bai knew the four did not believe him, so he casually tossed three plaques before them.

The four of Lei Zheng fixed their eyes on the three plaques and couldn't help but gasp.

The three plaques were made of special materials, each engraved with the names and positions of Yin Hao, Kong Sheng, and Ding Xun, serving as their tokens.

In the Three Thousand Great Worlds, disciples from major sects all had similar plaques, which would remain with the person, gone when the person was no more.

Now that the plaques of the three Cangyan Sect experts stationed here were in Fang Bai's hands, could it be that Fang Bai had killed or subdued them?

"Senior Fang, have the elder Yin Hao and the two stewards of the Cangyan Sect been..."

Lei Zheng asked with a trembling voice.

He didn't believe Fang Bai could single-handedly kill the three great Cangyan Sect experts.

But if this were true, Fang Bai was stirring up a hornet's nest.

It was known that the Cangyan Sect's main base had a Soul Hall, where soul lamps made from the blood essence and Divine Sense of the sect's high-ranking members and important disciples were kept.

If the soul lamps of the three suddenly extinguished, the Cangyan Sect would know something major happened at this Spirit Stone vein and would undoubtedly send a large number of experts to besiege and kill.

"That's right, they're finished! Now, this Spirit Stone vein is under my command, you can take whatever you like!"

Fang Bai said with a smile.

Even though they had already speculated this, hearing Fang Bai confirm it shocked the four of Lei Zheng.

"Senior Fang, we better hurry back to Red Maple City!"

Lei Zheng thought to himself that the Cangyan Sect's headquarters wasn't too far from here, and it's possible that strong experts were already on their way after discovering the soul lamps of the three had extinguished. If they were late in leaving, it might be hard to escape.

Lei Zheng also understood that although he and the others hadn't participated in Fang Bai's killing of Yin Hao and the others, they couldn't extricate themselves. While pursuing Fang Bai, the Cangyan Sect would definitely hold them accountable too.

Moreover, Red Maple City was their "home ground" and being home to millions of experts, the Cangyan Sect would also dare not rashly invade. Only by returning there would Lei Zheng and the others feel at ease.

As for Fang Bai's invitation to help themselves with the spirit stones, normally, they would have rushed over excitedly to fill their Space Rings to the brim. But at this moment, all they wanted was to leave this trouble spot quickly; they weren't in the mood for anything else.

"Back to Red Maple City?"

Fang Bai waved his hand with a smile, saying, "You go ahead! I have to go to the Cangyan Sect to settle scores with Qiu Dechang and Zong Jinhai, for the sake of venting anger for my two disciples!"

Lei Zheng forced a smile and said, "Senior Fang, the Cangyan Sect is guarded by a sixth-level Thunder Tribulation expert, and its overall strength far surpasses sects like the Wind Blade Sect and the Fire Cloud Sect. Should you go alone, the consequences might be... unpredictable!"

Fang Bai laughed arrogantly and said, "Whether it's a mountain of knives or a sea of flames, I'll brave it all!"

He patted Lei Zheng's shoulder and added, "When you get back to Red Maple City, tell my friends and family that everything is fine here and not to worry! It won't be long before I return to Red Maple City."

Seeing that Fang Bai wouldn't heed his advice and was determined to go to the Cangyan Sect to demand justice, Lei Zheng couldn't help but sigh inwardly, thinking, "This Senior Fang... so youthful and impulsive!"

"I have to first protect this Spirit Stone vein, and return to mine it later."

As he spoke, Fang Bai flew to the massive valley's periphery, moving like lightning, circling around while occasionally sketching markings on the ground, continually embedding spirit stones along the way.

The four of Lei Zheng didn't understand what Fang Bai was doing and watched with bewilderment.

"Done!"

After a short half an hour, Fang Bai clapped his hands to lightly touch one of the spirit stones under his feet. Instantly, tens of thousands of spirit stones emitted light, intertwining over the sky above the valley, forming a breathtaking light and shadow pattern.

Immediately, the light and shadow pattern vanished, and gone with it was the enormous valley of several miles in radius.

The four of Lei Zheng were dumbfounded. It was only then they realized that Fang Bai had just set up a large Concealment Formation that hid the entire valley.

This way, even if the Cangyan Sect disciples wanted to continue mining the Spirit Stone vein, they would find it difficult to locate the entrances to those pits in the valley.

Unless someone more skilled in formations than Fang Bai intervened to break this Concealment Formation, this Spirit Stone vein would truly become Fang Bai's alone.

Chapter 1769: Entering the Sect Alone

The four of them, Lei Zheng and his companions, although not knowledgeable about formations, knew that setting up one was very difficult, and arranging a large formation like the one before them was even more so.

Therefore, Fang Bai's revelation of such skill genuinely left them deeply shocked.

"I shall go ahead first; let us part for now!"

As Fang Bai spoke, his figure soared into the sky, stepping on the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, flying towards the Cangyan Sect.

“The more I interact with Senior Fang, the more I find myself unable to see through him...”

Watching Fang Bai’s silhouette swiftly disappear at the horizon, Lei Zheng scratched his head and murmured.

“Senior Fang excels in alchemy and artifact refining, rare talents in the Three Thousand Great Worlds, and now he has revealed exceedingly high proficiency in formation techniques... I really don’t know how many secrets remain hidden within him.”

“Future top experts of the Three Thousand Great Worlds will surely include a place for Senior Fang!”

“It’s our honor to know Senior Fang!”

Luo Xin, Luo Zhong, and Luo Yi each said with their sentiments.

Lei Zheng let out a long sigh and said, “Senior Fang is indeed formidable, but I’m truly worried as he heads to the Cangyan Sect alone!”

Luo Xin, considering the terrifying nature of Cangyan Sect, agreed, “Indeed. The Cangyan Sect is a gigantic entity, and Senior Fang going there alone, he’s truly acting somewhat impulsively... Unfortunately, there’s nothing we can do to persuade him.”

But Luo Zhong said, “From my observation, Senior Fang, though young, doesn’t seem to be someone who acts on impulse easily. Perhaps his journey to the Cangyan Sect speaks for his perfect readiness.”

Luo Yi chimed in, “We all know the strength of the Cangyan Sect, surely Senior Fang does too? If he dares to go there, he must be well-prepared.”

Lei Zheng waved dismissively, "Alright, alright, let's not ponder these matters for now. Since Senior Fang suggested we return to Red Maple City first, let's head back!"

The four took one last look at the place where Fang Bai had vanished, then mounted their spiritual artifacts and flew away as streams of light.

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The Spirit Stone Veins of Yuhu Mountain are several thousand miles away from the headquarters of the Cangyan Sect.

Such a distance is quite vast for ordinary people, but for experts capable of flying on spiritual artifacts, it's nothing at all; a Thunder Tribulation Realm expert can reach it within a day.

As Fang Bai headed to the Cangyan Sect, he was unaware that the Cangyan Sect was also mobilizing experts, preparing to set off towards the Spirit Stone Veins at Yuhu Mountain.

After Fang Bai killed the Cangyan Sect stewards Kong Sheng and Ding Xun, the disciple guarding the Soul Hall at the Cangyan Sect headquarters noticed the extinguishing of their soul lamps and was greatly shocked.

Although Elder Yin Hao's soul lamp had not gone out, it flickered between dim and bright, appearing extremely weak, indicating that Elder Yin might have encountered life-threatening danger.

The disciple guarding the Soul Hall immediately reported this shocking news to Sect Master Wei Zongping.

Upon hearing the news, Wei Zongping was shocked beyond measure and immediately summoned the sect's high-ranking members to the Sect Master Hall for discussion.

After a brief consultation with the various elders and stewards, Wei Zongping decided to personally head out, taking along two elders and four stewards, to quickly rush to the Spirit Stone Veins at Yuhu Mountain to investigate what exactly had occurred there.

With several high-ranking members and the Supreme Elders overseeing the base, Wei Zongping felt reassured.

Not long after Wei Zongping left the Cangyan Sect with six high-ranking sect members, Fang Bai arrived at the mountain gate of the Cangyan Sect.

In Fang Bai's left hand hung a disheveled, wounded, and wretched disciple of the Cangyan Sect, none other than Zong Jinhai, who had fled from the Spirit Stone Veins of Yuhu Mountain.

Zong Jinhai was truly unfortunate; on his way back to the Cangyan Sect, his flight path coincided with Fang Bai's, leading Fang Bai to easily catch up with and capture him, bringing him all the way here.

During his previous flight, Zong Jinhai had learned from Fang Bai that this person was the master of Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong and heard that they survived the collapse of the mountain, which caused him great fear, worrying that Fang Bai might kill him to avenge his disciples.

"Help! Someone save me!"

Seeing that Fang Bai brought him to the mountain gate of the Cangyan Sect, and seeing a few stationed disciples not far away, Zong Jinhai began struggling frantically, screaming as if he were being slaughtered.

"Senior Brother Zong? Why is it you? What... What happened to you?"

A disciple stationed at the mountain gate recognized Zong Jinhai and couldn't help but exclaim in astonishment.

To him, Senior Brother Zong was always dashing and elegant. Today, however, seeing him tortured into such a state left him surprised.

In fact, Zong Jinhai mainly suffered superficial injuries, not serious ones, or else he wouldn't have the energy to struggle and scream so wildly.

“This person killed Elder Yin and the stewards Kong and Ding at Yuhu Mountain, and now he’s here to kill Steward Qiu... Quick! Send a warning! Inform the sect’s high-level members!”

After Zong Jinhai screamed these words, he suddenly felt Fang Bai’s grip loosen slightly, allowing some strength to return to his body.

Overjoyed, he struggled with all his might, broke free from Fang Bai’s grasp, and bolted towards his fellow disciples across the way.

He knew that if he could return to his camp, he would receive protection from his fellows, ensuring his safety.

Only a dozen yards stood between him and his fellow disciples, a distance he could usually cover in an instant, but right now it felt endlessly long.

“Whoosh!”

Suddenly he heard a sharp sound near his ear, recognizing it as the sound of a blade cutting through the air, and his heart tensed sharply.

“Help...”

Before he could finish uttering the word “help,” Zong Jinhai felt his legs go cold, and his body abruptly sank down.

He then saw his own two legs racing ahead of his body.

“My legs! Ah...”

Zong Jinhai looked down and discovered his legs severed at the knees, with boundless pain radiating from the severed parts throughout his whole body, causing him to let out a wretched scream.

Fang Bai inflicting injury at the Cangyan Sect's mountain gate, and injuring a core disciple no less, was undoubtedly a strong provocation.

Several Cangyan Sect disciples witnessed Zong Jinhai writhing on the ground, unable to stem the blood from his wounds, which turned their faces pale. They promptly summoned their spiritual artifacts and went on high alert.

Fang Bai's Blood-Drinking Mad Blade carried heavy evil qi, making wounds inflicted by it hard to heal, which was one of its terrifying aspects.

One Cangyan Sect disciple quickly sent out an enemy attack alarm.

As the alarm sounded, streams of light immediately soared into the sky, descending upon the mountain gate.

Within mere moments, nearly a thousand Cangyan Sect disciples had gathered before the mountain gate. Seeing the blood-covered, continuously rolling Zong Jinhai, they did not immediately recognize him.

"Who are you, trespassing upon our Cangyan Sect? Unless you give a proper explanation today, don't think about leaving!"

A lean Cangyan Sect steward stepped forward, glanced at Fang Bai, then at Zong Jinhai on the ground, and sternly spoke.

"Steward Qiu... save me..."

Zong Jinhai couldn't stop the bleeding, and each drop of blood lost drained a little more life from him. In agony and fear, he suddenly heard Steward Qiu's voice, clinging onto it like a lifeline and weakly called out.

Chapter 1770: Just to Avenge My Disciples

The skinny elder, referred to as “Steward Qiu,” furrowed his brow and at this moment, sensed a faint Martial Artist aura emanating from Zong Jinhai.

“Zong Jinhai? How did you end up like this?”

The skinny elder, named Qiu Dechang, was a steward of the Cangyan Sect, possessing the cultivation level of the third stage of the Heavenly Tribulation.

Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong had been mining disciples at the Cangyan Sect for several years as a result of being suppressed by the combined efforts of Zong Jinhai and Qiu Dechang.

Seeing Zong Jinhai in such a state, Qiu Dechang was slightly shocked.

“He... he...”

Zong Jinhai weakly pointed at Fang Bai with his hand, feeling dizzy and barely able to speak.

“Was it this person who injured you?”

Qiu Dechang’s gaze once again landed on Fang Bai, asking sternly.

Zong Jinhai nodded with difficulty, opened his mouth, about to say something more, but Qiu Dechang had already walked past him, standing in front of Fang Bai.

“Are you Qiu Dechang?”

Fang Bai glanced at the Cangyan Sect steward, asking with an expressionless face.

Qiu Dechang was a senior member of the Cangyan Sect, one of the few high-level figures, possessing the third stage of the Heavenly Tribulation strength, yet this youth, with merely the first stage, dared to address him by name, which made him feel quite irritated, and he completely ignored Fang Bai.

“Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong are both my disciples. I’m here today to demand justice for them!”

Fang Bai looked directly at Qiu Dechang, his expression slightly cold, continuing: “Did you send Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong to be mining disciples at the Spirit Stone Veins on Yuhu Mountain? And did you instruct Zong Jinhai to seize the opportunity to harm them? Is that right?”

Behind Qiu Dechang stood many disciples of the Cangyan Sect, who had previously heard that an unexpected collapse of the Spirit Stone Veins on Yuhu Mountain led to Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong being buried and perishing there.

But now, hearing Fang Bai’s words, some Cangyan Sect disciples could not help feeling suspicious, and their eyes involuntarily drifted towards Qiu Dechang.

Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong were merely menial servant disciples of the Cangyan Sect, and if truly harmed by a sect steward using such means, it would be chilling.

Knowing such a matter wasn’t honorable, how could Qiu Dechang admit it? He raised his eyebrows and said coldly: “Nonsense, utter nonsense!”

“Utter nonsense?”

Fang Bai chuckled, pointing at Zong Jinhai, who was lying on the ground, barely alive from excessive blood loss: “Your direct disciple of the Cangyan Sect revealed everything along the way, you can’t hide it! A sect steward and a direct disciple conspiring against two weak mining menial servant disciples... Steward Qiu, what an imposing presence you have!”

Some suspicious disciples from the Cangyan Sect, seeing Qiu Dechang’s face turning pale with anger and embarrassment, guessed that Fang Bai was likely telling the truth.

Originally, in some sects, if a junior disciple seriously violated sect rules, any senior member had the right to kill them, but Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong were inexplicably conspired against by Steward Qiu and Zong Jinhai.

Such matters would naturally chill the hearts of tens of thousands of disciples within the Cangyan Sect, and if spread, it would be disdained by the world.

“Qiu Dechang, you harmed my two disciples, now I want your life... isn’t that fair?”

Fang Bai put the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade inside the Five Elements Space Ring, rubbed his palms, and said.

“Haha... hahaha...”

Qiu Dechang suddenly burst into loud laughter.

Fang Bai wasn’t offended, looking at him laughing calmly, with an indifferent expression.

Qiu Dechang laughed for a while, the laughter gradually subsiding.

“Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong, buried under the Spirit Stone Veins, are already dead, leaving no evidence. Of course, you can say whatever you want! Zong Jinhai, tormented by you beyond recognition, can only be at your mercy! However, there is no one among our Cangyan Sect disciples who would believe your nonsense!”

Qiu Dechang said loudly, suddenly turning around, his gaze sweeping across the faces of those Cangyan Sect disciples gathered before the mountain gate.

Some disciples who had suspicion about the deaths of Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong hurriedly lowered their heads, not daring to meet Qiu Dechang’s eyes.

Others, eager to curry favor with Qiu Dechang, shouted loudly: “We don’t believe it! Steward Qiu is frank and upright, not the person you say he is!”

Including Qiu Dechang, the disciples at the Cangyan Sect didn't know that Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong had already escaped safely and were currently recuperating and cultivating within Fang Bai's Five Elements Space Ring, in excellent condition.

Fang Bai had no intention of making Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong come out from the Five Elements Space Ring to testify; today, he came to the Cangyan Sect only to seek justice for the two disciples.

This justice was to kill Qiu Dechang and Zong Jinhai.

Zong Jinhai's legs had been severed by the blade light of the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, and even the most precious Spirit Pill in the world probably couldn't stop the blood from flowing.

Zong Jinhai's ultimate fate would be to perish from excessive blood loss.

As for Qiu Dechang, Fang Bai very much wanted to turn him into a Puppet Corpse, then throw him into the Five Elements Space Ring, handing him over to Niu Ben and Xiong Yingxiong, letting them smash and kick the Puppet Corpse to vent their anger.

"Whether you believe it or not, it doesn't matter! Anyway, I came today just to vent for my disciples!"

Fang Bai laughed heartily, his hands suddenly reaching out, fingers forming claws, and from a distance of several meters, he grabbed directly towards Qiu Dechang.

Strands of Wood Spirit Qi shot out from Fang Bai's fingertips, weaving a large net of green Spiritual Energy in the air, enveloping the spot where Qiu Dechang stood.

"Arrogant!"

Seeing Fang Bai, just a first-stage Heavenly Tribulation practitioner, daring to attack him, Qiu Dechang couldn't help but snort coldly.

Ignoring the large green net coming down on him, he quickly surged forward, launching a strong Spiritual Energy punch with his right fist.

Fang Bai's battle strength, even unarmed, could defeat a second-stage Heavenly Tribulation expert, but without other means, he wasn't a match for a third-stage Heavenly Tribulation expert.

Qiu Dechang's Spiritual Energy punch collided with Fang Bai's green Wood Spirit Qi net, only slightly hindered before breaking through, still aiming at Fang Bai, but with its momentum greatly reduced, posing no significant threat to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai neutralized Qiu Dechang's attack with just a Flame Fist.

The green net woven with thousands of strands of Wood Spirit Qi was precisely the Wood-based martial art "Heaven's Net."

Though Heaven's Net isn't lethal, once ensnared, it's hard to escape.

Those strands of Wood Spirit Qi, like vines wrapping around the body, snapped one only for two or even more to ensnare in its place, causing frustration and slowing movement techniques.

At this moment, Qiu Dechang was experiencing this, having launched several attacks without injuring Fang Bai, only to find more and more Wood Spirit Qi entangling around him.

The strands of Wood Spirit Qi, some as thin as hair, others as thick as fingers, densely covering the sky, slowing Qiu Dechang considerably under this vast net.

Fang Bai's figure also suddenly appeared within the Wood Spirit Qi net, once more wielding the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade.