

Doctor 461

Chapter 461: The Strange Mound

"Dabai, you're also trained in medicine, and our family's traditional Chinese medicine clinic is currently short-staffed," Fang Bai suggested. "Why not stay and help my dad out?"

The next morning, when Fang Bai met up with Zhou Dabai, he made the suggestion.

Zhou Dabai was someone they knew through and through, and the entire Fang family felt at ease with the idea of him coming over to help.

"Sure!" Zhou Dabai agreed without a second thought.

The reason for his ready agreement wasn't only because the Zhou family owed Fang Bai a huge favor; it was also because he got along well with Ghost Hand.

Most importantly, since Ghost Hand was Fang Bai's disciple and possessed formidable skills, Zhou Dabai knew that together with Ghost Hand, even if Fang Bai wasn't in Zhongzhou, they would still command respect wherever they went, and no one would dare to provoke them.

Regarding Zhou Houde and his wife, Fang Bai arranged for one to join Xia Chenyu's "Beauty Company" and the other to work at a corporation managed by Su Yifei, in accordance with their wishes.

No one brought up the issue of salary; Fang Bai believed that, out of respect for him, Xia Chenyu and Su Yifei would not mistreat them.

After sorting out jobs for Zhou Dabai's family that afternoon, Fang Bai, accompanied by Ghost Hand, bid farewell to his parents and once again left Zhongzhou.

This time, their destination was the Qingcheng Temple.

Located amidst the great mountains to the southwest of Huaxia, the Qingcheng Temple was surrounded by a thousand miles of rugged terrain, steep peaks, and verdant vegetation, making it extremely difficult to access.

However, such difficulties were only for ordinary people. For martial artists like Fang Bai and Ghost Hand, traversing such terrain was as easy as walking on flat ground.

Master and disciple drove out of Zhongzhou and arrived at the foot of the mountain where Qingcheng Temple was located. They then abandoned their vehicle and proceeded on foot into the wilderness.

Neither of them knew the exact location of Qingcheng Temple. Before venturing into the mountains, they made a point of buying a local topographical map and asking the locals roughly where it was. After determining the general direction, they set out.

"Essence Energy has all but vanished from the cities, to cultivate, one must really stay in such deep mountain ranges!" Fang Bai, sensing the abundant Essence Energy around them, couldn't help but remark.

"Master, since you like this place, why don't we, after seeking justice from Qingcheng Temple, drive away all the unrelated disciples and settle down here for focused cultivation?" Ghost Hand suggested with a grin.

Fang Bai shook his head, "That won't work! I have too many worldly matters I can't let go of just yet. Not to mention any other, my parents would never agree to me staying in this deep, remote forest indefinitely!"

He paused, then continued, "There will be a chance in the future! Once I have more free time, I will travel around the world to find where the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy is richest and most suited for martial artists like us. Then, I will set up a Formation that can absorb Heaven and Earth Origin Energy, and we will all cultivate there!"

"Master, you said that when a martial artist reaches a certain realm, they can, like the Immortals in legends, fly through the skies and burrow into earth, move mountains and overturn seas... It feels so distant! Do you think I could reach that realm in this lifetime?" Ghost Hand asked longingly.

"Believe me, you definitely can!" Fang Bai replied with conviction.

Back when he was the Immortal Emperor, flying through the skies, moving mountains, and overturning seas were mere trifles to Fang Bai. Even tearing through the void with his bare hands and traversing thousands of miles in an instant were minor feats he could accomplish effortlessly.

"I believe what you say, Master! I really look forward to that day!" Ghost Hand imagined himself breaking free from Earth's gravity, flying through the sky like a bird, smashing mountains with his fists, shaking the seas with his feet, coming across like a deity out of the legends. He couldn't help but feel his blood surging with excitement.

Before becoming Fang Bai's disciple, he thought the pinnacle of the Martial Dao was to move with such agility that one could walk on snow leaving no trace. His horizons had only really broadened when he started studying under Fang Bai, when he realized just how vast and deep the path of Martial Dao was, beyond imagination.

According to Fang Bai, the true pinnacle of Martial Dao is the comprehension of the mysteries of the world's origin, culminating in the achievement of an Eternal Life Body.

Of course, for Ghost Hand, who was still only at the early Profound Level as a Martial Artist, that was far too mystical and profound, beyond his comprehension, and even beyond his imagination.

Even in his previous life, Fang Bai had never come close to reaching that pinnacle realm of Martial Dao.

"Wait a moment..."

As the two passed by a low hill, Fang Bai suddenly halted his steps and, under the astonished gaze of Ghost Hand, swept up to the front of the hill.

"Master, what have you discovered?"

Seeing Fang Bai stop and observe the hill with barely concealed joy and excitement, Ghost Hand couldn't help but ask.

In Ghost Hand's view, his master must have found some rare treasure; otherwise, he would not show such an expression.

"Take a careful look, does this hill seem unusual compared to other places?"

Fang Bai pointed at the hill before them and asked with a twinkling gaze.

Upon hearing this, Ghost Hand scrutinized the hill before him and after a while finally said, "The vegetation on this hill seems much more luxuriant than on other hills, and despite the season, the branches and leaves of the vegetation have not withered or decayed. How strange..."

"Besides that, have you discovered anything else?"

Fang Bai asked again.

Ghost Hand stared at the hill for a long time before scratching his head and replied with a dry laugh, "No..."

"Yes, your realm is too weak, you haven't birthed Divine Sense, you can't sense it..." Fang Bai muttered to himself, leaving Ghost Hand feeling baffled, then pointed to the east side of the hill, saying, "You go east, I'll go west. Let's circle around this hill and see if there's anything unusual... Remember to look carefully!"

"Understood, Master!"

Ghost Hand responded, bending at the waist and walking slowly to the east, his eyes round and wide, not missing a single blade of grass or leaf.

The hill's circumference was roughly four hundred meters. The master and disciple, one to the east and one to the west, had circled around half of the hill when they suddenly heard Ghost Hand shouting, "Master! Master! There's an entrance here!"

Fang Bai's figure flashed, and he rushed to Ghost Hand's side, following the direction his finger pointed. He saw a dense covering of vegetation concealing a hole with a diameter of about one meter.

As they parted the vegetation blocking the entrance, they could see the hole twisting into the interior of the hill. Peering inside, a chilling cold breath rushed towards them, and it was impossible to tell how deep it went.

"Do you sense anything now?"

Fang Bai stood up and pointed towards the dark cave entrance, then turned back to ask Ghost Hand.

After silently sensing for a moment, Ghost Hand excitedly nodded and said, "Essence Energy! There are fluctuations of Essence Energy! Could it be..."

Fang Bai smiled and said, "That's right. The interior of this hill must be hollow... If my guess is correct, there must be a large amount of Essence Stones inside!"

"That's great! I'll go in first and take a look!"

Excitedly waving his arm, Ghost Hand bent down and stuck his head into the entrance, ready to crawl inside.

Chapter 462: Tomb of the Innate Expert

"Come back!"

Fang Bai extended his hand and patted Ghost Hand on the back, saying in a displeased voice, "You're crawling in without knowing anything about the situation inside? What if there's danger? Do you have a death wish?"

Ghost Hand smiled sheepishly and said, "It's just a cave, what danger could there be..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Fang Bai's brows suddenly furrowed, and then he grabbed Ghost Hand's arm, whispering sharply, "Someone's coming! Let's go!"

Ghost Hand, having no choice, was quickly whisked away by Fang Bai to a patch of grass three hundred meters to the east side of the mound, where they crouched and concealed themselves.

"Try your best to conceal your aura, and don't you dare speak!"

Fang Bai said to Ghost Hand using the Thread Condensation Sound Transmission Technique.

Seeing how unusually serious Fang Bai looked, Ghost Hand didn't dare to make a sound, he just nodded silently and concealed his aura, not letting even a trace leak out.

The "Buddha's Fury Golden Staff Technique" he cultivated was a technique taught by Fang Bai and was of extremely high rank; as long as he deliberately concealed his Martial Artist Aura, even those whose Cultivation Level was much higher wouldn't be able to detect him.

More than ten minutes later, a slovenly fat Taoist crawled out from the cave on the mound. After brushing off the weeds, dead leaves, and dirt from his clothes and looking around to make sure no one was there, he began to turn and pull on a rope attached to his wrist.

"Who would've thought that Fat Taoist was actually a High Rank Earth Level Martial Artist! Could such a powerful figure really exist in the Secular Ancient Martial World of Huaxia?"

Fang Bai was inwardly shocked as he sensed the Martial Artist Aura emanating from the Fat Taoist.

Previously, the strongest opponent Fang Bai had encountered was Nangong Ming, a core disciple from the Hidden Sect's Ghost Doctor Valley, but Nangong Ming was merely an Early Stage Earth Level Martial Artist, far inferior to the Fat Taoist in front of him.

Although Ghost Hand couldn't sense the strength of the Fat Taoist, seeing Fang Bai's expression and demeanor, he guessed that the man was an important figure and became even more cautious, barely daring to breathe.

The Fat Taoist kept pulling on the rope in his hands, and after a short while, the end of the rope revealed a large sack as tall as a man.

"Haha, I'm rich... I'm rich..."

The Fat Taoist mumbled to himself with a gleeful face as he dragged the large sack to the ground,

Then he squatted in front of the sack, untied the ropes sealing it, and fished out several colorful objects, playing with them in his hands.

"Essence Stones!"

When Fang Bai and Ghost Hand saw the colorful objects in the Fat Taoist's hands, they exchanged a silent look, their spirits suddenly lifted.

In the sunlight, the Essence Stones in the Fat Taoist's hands shone brilliantly, sending out dazzling light. Despite the distance, Fang Bai and Ghost Hand could feel the Essence Energy fluctuations emanating from the Essence Stones.

If that big sack was filled with Essence Stones, then a rough estimate meant there were at least a few hundred of them.

For Martial Artists, Essence Stones are an incredibly scarce Cultivation Resource. Fang Bai previously had some but had given some away over time. Coupled with his own Cultivation needs, his Spatial Ring was now almost empty.

If they could snatch that big sack at the Fat Taoist's feet, the several hundred Essence Stones inside would be enough for the Master and disciple to use for their Cultivation for some time.

The mere thought made Ghost Hand's eyes practically glow green with envy; he was dying to leap forward, smack the Fat Taoist unconscious, and claim his large bag for himself.

Fang Bai raised his hand to Ghost Hand's shoulder, giving him a look that clearly said, "Don't act rashly." Ghost Hand nodded in understanding.

"The number of Essence Stones in the tomb of this Innate Expert must be around a hundred thousand, if not eighty thousand. It's such a pity I can only take this much with me... By my predecessors, at this rate, when will all the Essence Stones inside be fully extracted?"

After stuffing the few Essence Stones he had into the large bag and securely fastening it with a rope, the Fat Taoist muttered to himself with a face full of regret.

Upon hearing that this mound was indeed the tomb of an Innate Expert and that it contained as many as a hundred thousand or eighty thousand Essence Stones, Ghost Hand felt his blood boiling, and even the usually composed Fang Bai's eyes lit up.

According to legends in the Secular Ancient Martial World of Huaxia, once Martial Artists ascend to the realm of an Innate Expert, they'd be able to break through the void and enter the mysterious and magnificent Cultivation World filled with grandeur and majesty.

It was said that the Shaolin's Dharma Grandmaster, the Reverend of Eternal Spring from Zhongnan, and the Real Man of the Three Purity from Wudang, among others, had successively ascended to the realm of Innate Experts and ultimately broke through the void, ascending to the higher plane.

But after all, these are matters of legend, and whether they are true or not is subject to individual interpretation.

If the tomb really belonged to an Innate Expert, then the burial goods would certainly include many Cultivation Resources that would drive the warriors of this world into a frenzy.

Not to mention anything else, if the tomb really contained the hundred thousand or eighty thousand Essence Stones the Fat Taoist mentioned, just that alone would be enough to cause an unprecedented upheaval in the Secular Ancient Martial World of Huaxia. Perhaps even Martial Artists from the Hidden Sect World, upon hearing the news, would not be content to stay in the background and would come out of the mountains to join in the fierce scramble to snatch and loot.

For Fang Bai and Ghost Hand, having tens of thousands of Essence Stones would be enough to support their Cultivation for a long period.

Since his resurrection through possession, Fang Bai was in no short supply of various Cultivation Techniques and martial skills, what he lacked were Cultivation Resources. Whether it be Spiritual Medicine, Elixirs, Spiritual Artifacts, or Essence Stones, he needed them all, and the more, the better.

As his realm and Cultivation Level rose, Fang Bai's consumption of Cultivation Resources with each session of Cultivation was several times more than that of Ghost Hand and others. Without a substantial amount of Cultivation Resources to support him, Fang Bai's progress in strength would become extremely slow, or even come to a complete halt.

The road of Martial Dao is like rowing upstream, not advancing means falling behind. Therefore, for a Martial Artist, lacking the support of Cultivation Resources would be a very vexing matter.

Simple physical training, though it can help one to tap into the body's ultimate potential time and time again to condense True Yuan, enhance physical strength, or even break through bottlenecks and advance in rank, is undoubtedly much more difficult compared to using Cultivation Resources to boost one's strength.

Therefore, acquiring Cultivation Resources and using them to assist in Cultivation is a shortcut to improving a Martial Artist's strength.

If there is a shortcut available, who would want to go through a hundred or a thousand times more hardship by physically training to advance in rank?

Even Fang Bai himself was not too keen on spending too much time on physical training.

"Let's go!"

Seeing the Fat Taoist about to leave, dragging the huge bag full of Essence Stones with him, a flash of determination appeared in Fang Bai's eyes. He leapt out from the bushes and dashed toward the Fat Taoist.

Ghost Hand knew his master must have had the intention to "rob the riches" and excitedly howled, following closely behind using his movement technique.

The two moved as swift as lightning, crossing the three hundred meters distance in the blink of an eye, trapping the Fat Taoist's path from front and back.

The Fat Taoist had not expected someone to be lurking nearby and, considering his power, he was even more surprised that he had failed to detect the presence of the two before him. His face changed color slightly.

Chapter 463: Pleasant Cooperation

However, the Fat Taoist soon realized that Fang Bai and Ghost Hand, one at the Earth Level early stage and the other at the Profound Level early stage, posed no threat to him, which allowed him to secretly breathe a sigh of relief.

"These two young men must have practiced some special cultivation technique to conceal their auras. Otherwise, there's no way I, Taoist Master, wouldn't have sensed them!"

The Fat Taoist thought to himself in secret.

"Young brothers, in this vast world, there's plenty of room for all. There are many paths to take, so why insist on standing in my way?"

First, the Fat Taoist sized up Ghost Hand behind him with a beaming smile, then he turned to face Fang Bai, his expression gradually becoming solemn.

In the eyes of the Fat Taoist, Ghost Hand was just a Profound Level early-stage martial artist, not worth mentioning. However, Fang Bai gave him a completely different impression.

On the surface, Fang Bai's cultivation level appeared to be only at the Earth Level early stage, which was vastly inferior to the Fat Taoist's, but he always felt that the young man was enshrouded in mist, making it difficult to see his true face.

As the Fat Taoist was sizing up Fang Bai, Fang Bai was also observing him.

The Fat Taoist was in his early forties, not tall, dressed in a Taoist robe that looked as if it hadn't been washed for days, and filthy, with a strange smell wafting from it from a distance.

From the back, the Fat Taoist's round and chubby figure resembled that of a panda, which should be quite adorable. However, upon seeing him from the front, with short brows, tiny eyes, and a nose red from alcohol, despite the constant smile on his face, he somehow managed to look sleazy.

If it weren't for seeing him in person, it would be difficult to associate such a sleazy and fat Taoist with a High Rank Earth Level master.

"Don't try anything. Even though you are a High Rank Earth Level martial artist, you may not be able to defeat me, especially since I have a helper!"

Seeing the gleam in the Fat Taoist's beady eyes as they darted around, clearly harboring a murderous intent, Fang Bai silently smiled, crossed his arms, and spoke leisurely.

The Fat Taoist's smile suddenly froze on his face as if someone had grabbed him by the throat.

Indeed, he had toyed with the idea of suddenly attacking and killing Fang Bai and Ghost Hand to prevent the news of his discovery of an Innate Expert's tomb from leaking. But after Fang Bai bluntly revealed his cultivation level, he couldn't help but feel some trepidation towards Fang Bai.

"By the Predecessors! Could this young man actually discern my realm and cultivation level? Could he be someone who has concealed his true strength and is even more powerful than me?"

With growing suspicion, the Fat Taoist scrutinized Fang Bai even more intensely, feeling increasingly that the young man was profoundly unfathomable, and he dared not act rashly.

"The items in this Innate Expert's tomb must be plentiful. You alone probably can't handle them all, can you? How about we three work together and split the finds evenly? What do you say?"

Fang Bai, pointing to a small hill beside him, proposed to the Fat Taoist with a smile.

Had the tomb contained only gold and silver treasures, no matter how abundant, they would not have piqued Fang Bai's interest enough for him to compete with the Fat Taoist over them.

However, cultivation resources are far too important for martial artists and exceedingly difficult to come by. Not just Fang Bai, but any martial artist who came across them would definitely get involved.

But Fang Bai disliked the idea of committing murder and monopolizing resources. Since the Fat Taoist had discovered the tomb of the Innate Expert first, it would be best to have everyone work together, divide the finds evenly, and make everyone happy.

"No way!"

The Fat Taoist, like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, let out a screech, jumped on the spot, and with his sleazy small eyes glaring at Fang Bai, shouted angrily, "I discovered this tomb first! I've toiled for months to create this cave, so everything here should rightfully be mine! If you want a share, first ask my fists if they agree."

As he said this, he punched a nearby boulder over a meter high. The boulder exploded with a bang, scattering and smashing into gravel.

"Wow! This Fat Taoist is impressive!"

Ghost Hand couldn't help but click his tongue in amazement. Although he was now able to crack a stele with his fist, casually smashing a stone of such immense size into rubble with a single punch, as the Fat Taoist had done, was something he could not achieve at all.

The power of the Fat Taoist was beyond Ghost Hand's expectations. He wondered if he could cope with this fellow and thought that it all depended on his master now.

"I've said it before, you may be strong, but that doesn't necessarily mean you can defeat me..."

Fang Bai knew that by showing off such a feat, the Fat Taoist intended to intimidate without fighting, to frighten him and Ghost Hand away. Disdainfully curling his lips, he walked to a large stone beside him, lazily extended his palm, and lightly patted the stone. Then he withdrew his hand, turned around, and walked back to his original spot.

He hadn't gone far when the large stone, under the astonished gaze of the Fat Taoist, collapsed with a thunderous crash, turning into a pile of rubble.

Fang Bai's move seemed calm and unimposing, but the Fat Taoist knew that it was even more sophisticated than his own punch that shattered the stone.

If he gave it his all, he could do the same as Fang Bai, but he couldn't do it as effortlessly and freely as Fang Bai had.

"Hehe, what I said before was just a joke... We are all fellow cultivators, and we should share our good fortune and support one another... Come, come, come, this bag of Essence Stones, which I have just brought out from the tomb, I'm giving to you two as a gift for our first meeting!"

The expression of the Fat Taoist changed rapidly. Just moments before he had an unfriendly face, flashing a murderous intent, but after witnessing the power of Fang Bai's palm, his iconic sleazy smile reappeared. He then generously tossed a bag of Essence Stones at Fang Bai's feet.

As he threw the Essence Stone Bag, a smile still plastered on his face, his heart was bleeding inside. He cursed silently, "Damn it! Today has not been my day, running into such guys! I have no idea where they sprang from. Their strength is truly formidable!"

Fang Bai, sensing the dense Essence Energy within the Essence Stone Bag, was filled with all five elemental Essence Stones, felt even happier. He smiled and nodded, "This gift for our first meeting is really nice. I gladly accept it! I wish us a pleasant cooperation!"

"Haha... a pleasant cooperation... By the way, may I know how to address the young brother?"

"Fang Bai. The one behind me is my disciple, Ghost Hand. May I ask the revered..."

"I dare not claim the title of a revered one! I'm just a wild Taoist. You can simply call me Wu De, or you can call me Old Brother Wu. Whatever you prefer!"

"Wu De... without virtue... haha... what a good name!"

"Haha... you flatter me!"

The Fat Taoist and Fang Bai smiled at each other, seemingly putting past grievances behind them with a smile. But just how sincere those smiles were, only the Fat Taoist and Fang Bai knew in their hearts.

Such a large bag of Essence Stones, weighing hundreds of pounds, would not be easy for the average person to carry away, but for Fang Bai, this was not an issue at all.

With a wave of his left hand, the large bag of Essence Stones vanished into thin air, being stored away in the Space Ring on his finger.

"You... you have a Spatial Spirit Device?"

Apparently, the Fat Taoist was also a person with extensive knowledge. Seeing the Space Ring on Fang Bai's finger flicker slightly, his eyes nearly popped out in shock, and he exclaimed involuntarily.

"Hmm? Old Brother Wu, you know about Spatial Spirit Devices too?"

Fang Bai asked with interest.

Chapter 464: Spatial Spirit Device

The so-called "Spatial Spirit Devices" are those Spiritual Artifacts specifically used for storing items, like Storage Bags, Storage Rings, and so on. In Fang Bai's previous life, in both the Cultivation World and the Immortal Realm, Spatial Spirit Devices were essential possessions for every Immortal and cultivator.

The Space Ring on Fang Bai's hand was obtained from a Mysterious Pit nearby Yanjing. It brought a lot of convenience to Fang Bai's daily life.

The only regret for Fang Bai was that the storage space of the Space Ring he obtained was too small to accommodate more items.

"Of course, there's nothing Taoist Master I don't know, given my extensive knowledge across the ages!"

Wu De said proudly.

While he spoke, his eyes never left the Space Ring on Fang Bai's left finger, his gaze filled with a fiery intensity.

To the Martial Artists of this world, Spatial Spirit Devices are mythical treasures, things that only Immortals and Ancient Powers could possess, and they are not supposed to exist in this world.

However, Wu De knew that Spatial Spirit Devices truly existed and that there were some left by Ancient Powers in this world, it's just that even if common folks obtained them, they wouldn't know how to use them.

Take Wu De, for example, he learned the skill of tomb raiding from his unkempt master, a Taoist. Later, by a stroke of luck during a tomb raiding, he stumbled upon a Heaven Level Martial Artist's burial site where he acquired a Cultivation Method, along with many cultivation resources. Thereby, he stepped onto the path of the Martial Dao.

In the years that followed, Wu De traveled all over, ransacking many ancient tombs, including a few burial sites of Heaven Level Martial Artists, from which he got quite a few treasures.

Wu De was also considered a Martial Dao prodigy. Not only did he learn on his own and became a Martial Artist, but he also step by step cultivated up to a High Rank Earth Level realm, which was somewhat of a miracle.

He had discovered the tomb of an Innate Expert for several months now and had spent a great deal of effort to open up a deep tunnel that led to the depths of the tomb. However, before he could fully extract the items within, Fang Bai and his disciples came upon it.

The last time Wu De entered the tomb, he found a ring on the finger of the mummified corpse of the Innate Expert.

He didn't know what material the ring was made from, it looked unremarkable, but considering the Innate Expert wore it until his death, Wu De was certain it was no ordinary item. Coupled with past legends he had heard, he speculated that it might be a Spatial Ring.

Unfortunately, Wu De's cultivation level was too low and he didn't know the Artifact Refining Technique; even with the Spatial Ring in hand, he couldn't use it and had to put it aside for the time being.

When he saw the big bag of Essence Stones that he had given away disappearing into thin air in front of Fang Bai, and then glanced at the ring on Fang Bai's finger, Wu De immediately thought of "Spatial Spirit Devices," feeling a mix of shock and joy.

At the same time, Wu De became even more curious about Fang Bai's identity.

You see, "Spatial Spirit Devices" were said to be possessions that only Immortal cultivators could have. Even those top-ranked Heaven Level Martial Artists from the Hidden Sects might not own one. So, where had Fang Bai obtained it from?

What Wu De cared most about was whether Fang Bai was an expert in Artifact Refining who had crafted the Spatial Ring himself, had it specially refined by someone else, or had come across some fortunate encounter that allowed him direct usage of the Spatial Ring.

Otherwise, Fang Bai would be just like him; even with a Spatial Ring in hand, he wouldn't be able to use it and could only fret about it in vain.

"Since you know about Spatial Spirit Devices, you must have seen them before, or perhaps you even have one yourself, right?"

Fang Bai looked at Wu De with a smile, his interest in the Fat Taoist growing.

After his reincarnation in this world, he had many secrets in his heart that he couldn't share with others. That feeling was hard to describe, and this was the first time he had met someone who knew about Spatial Spirit Devices, instantly making him feel as if he had stumbled upon an old acquaintance in a foreign land.

Even Wu De's smile, which draped across his face at the moment, Fang Bai found had lost its sleaziness and had become much more adorable.

"Um, yes... I've seen... seen..."

Wu De knew that Fang Bai's strength was no weaker than his own and worried that Fang Bai might covet his spatial ring, so he answered vaguely and then asked in return, "Brother Fang, where did you get that ring of yours?"

Respectful in tone due to Fang Bai's immense strength and mysterious origins, Wu De dared not take him lightly. By adding "Brother Fang," he hoped to foster a friendlier relationship between them.

Fang Bai said, "My ring? It was a stroke of fortune, came across it by chance. Do we really need to go into details about that?"

"Of course... of course... haha... I have another question I'd like to ask you, Brother Fang. If you can satisfy my curiosity, I am willing to share all the treasures from this innate expert's tomb with you two, splitting them evenly, and I will not go back on my word!"

Wu De tried hard to keep a smile on his round face, hoping to appear more sincere and honest.

Fang Bai let out a "haha" and said, "Brother Wu, you're too kind! Ask away. If I know the answer, I will surely tell you the truth!"

His words were calculated, implying that Wu De could ask whatever he wanted, but whether Fang Bai would answer was another matter.

Wu De, having encountered all sorts in his travels, was well-seasoned and could clearly understand the implication of Fang Bai's words, prompting a dry chuckle from him.

"I want to know how you manage to use that spatial ring of yours so effortlessly?"

Wu De leaned in close to Fang Bai and, pointing at the ring on his finger, asked in a low voice.

"Why are you asking if you don't even have a spatial spirit device?"

Fang Bai gave Wu De a sly look as he responded.

Fang Bai was aware that this sleazy fat Taoist must also harbor many secrets. If Wu De was trying to pry information from him, Fang Bai wasn't foolish and intended to extract some useful information from him in turn.

"I... um... actually... hehe..."

Wu De chuckled awkwardly. He had previously said that he had only seen spatial spirit devices, which seemed to imply he didn't own one. If he were to reveal his own spatial ring now, wouldn't it be like slapping his own face?

"Brother Wu, I'm someone who appreciates straightforward and decisive people. Just spit it out, stop beating around the bush like a woman! Of course, if you don't trust me, you don't have to say anything!"

Fang Bai said with apparent dissatisfaction.

From Wu De's expressions and tone alone, Fang Bai deduced that he definitely had something as good as his own spatial ring. The only reason Wu De was hesitant to reveal it was surely due to his wariness toward Fang Bai.

Truthfully, even if Wu De really did pull out a spatial ring, Fang Bai wouldn't try to snatch it. While spatial rings have their uses, they don't significantly aid a martial artist's cultivation and advancement.

Moreover, Fang Bai was already an artifact refiner. As long as he could find a space stone, he would be able to refine his own spatial spirit devices in the future.

Chapter 465: Entering the Tomb

"This ring, I stumbled upon it by chance, and I don't know if it's a Space Ring. Little brother, if you can make my ring store items like yours, I'd be eternally grateful... I am willing to take ten percent less of the cultivation resources in this tomb!"

Wu De inched closer to Fang Bai, and like a magician pulling a rabbit out of his hat, produced a simple and ancient ring from his person, whispering to Fang Bai.

"Let me see it!"

Fang Bai glanced at the ring, then extended his hand.

"This..."

"Don't you trust me?"

Seeing Wu De hesitate, Fang Bai curled the corner of his mouth dismissively and said, "Even if your ring is a Spatial Spirit Device, what's the difference between that and junk in your hands? Whether you show it to me or not is up to you!"

"Brother, don't be angry, I trust you!"

Wu De gave a dry laugh, gritted his teeth, and handed the ring to Fang Bai.

Fang Bai made sense; even if the ring was a Spatial Spirit Device, it was as good as garbage if he couldn't use it. It would be better to let Fang Bai have a look—maybe he really had a way to turn it into a usable storage Spiritual Artifact.

Wu De didn't believe Fang Bai would claim his ring for himself, because if he dared to do so, Wu De was determined to fight to the death to take it back.

Although Fang Bai was strong, Wu De was confident that he could fight to a mutually destructive end. He dared to take that risk, but Fang Bai might not, especially since Fang Bai already had a Space Ring and didn't need another one so desperately.

"What I can confirm is... this is indeed a Space Ring, and it seems there are some cultivation resources inside. However, making it useful for you is a bit tricky..."

After receiving the ring from Wu De, Fang Bai's Divine Sense immediately probed inside and involuntarily, his eyelids twitched.

The spatial area inside Wu De's ring was much larger than his own, and it was filled with thousands of Essence Stones, as well as an abundance of Spiritual Medicine and Elixirs.

For Fang Bai as he was now, this amounted to a substantial treasure trove of cultivation resources, enough to sustain his Cultivation for at least a year or two.

One had to wonder what **** luck this sleazy Fat Taoist, Wu De, had encountered to end up with a Spatial Ring brimming with cultivation resources.

With Fang Bai's abilities, he could effortlessly break the existing spatial formation's restrictions on the ring and then refine it so that Wu De could freely store and retrieve items within the Spatial Spirit Device.

Fang Bai deliberately put on a troubled expression; he was preparing to severely extort the Fat Taoist, Wu De. After all, it was very likely that Wu De had stolen the ring, so Fang Bai had no qualms about extorting him.

And who was Wu De? He understood Fang Bai's implication the moment he heard it, and internally cursed 'sly fox' while outwardly smiling and saying, "The usual rule applies, whatever cultivation resources are in the Space Ring, we split them equally!"

"Fair enough!"

Fang Bai laughed heartily, running his hands over Wu De's Space Ring for a few moments before undoing the engraved spatial formation.

"Come on, let's see what's inside your Space Ring!"

Speaking loudly, Fang Bai shook the Space Ring in his hand forcefully.

In the blink of an eye, a rustling sound filled the air as tens of thousands of Essence Stones, hundreds of Spiritual Medicines, dozens of Elixirs, and several Cultivation Techniques and martial skills fell to the ground, piling up into a small mountain.

"****My predecessors... so many Cultivation Resources... I've struck it rich again..."

The Fat Taoist, Wu De, stared in astonishment at the mountain of Cultivation Resources before him, muttering to himself.

At this moment, Ghost Hand also came over, his eyes fixated on the Cultivation Resources, shining with a ravenous glow akin to a Hungry Wolf.

"I don't want the Cultivation Techniques and martial skills; I just want the Essence Stones, Spiritual Medicines, and Elixirs!"

Fang Bai said, his gaze scanning over the pile of Cultivation Resources before him. After locking onto some targets, he began to wave his left hand.

As his left hand waved, the light from the Space Ring on Fang Bai's finger flickered incessantly, and the quantity of Cultivation Resources on the ground started to dwindle rapidly.

In less than a minute, including the large bag of Essence Stones that Wu De had just given him, more than half of the Cultivation Resources had been swept into Fang Bai's Space Ring, becoming his personal possessions.

During the collection of resources, Fang Bai had played a trick; the Essence Stones, Spiritual Medicines, and Elixirs he collected were those with the most Spiritual Energy, the longest herbal age, and the best medicinal effects.

To other Martial Artists, these Innate Techniques and martial skills were treasures they could only dream of, but in Fang Bai's eyes, they were no different from trash. He didn't take any of them and left all for the Fat Taoist, Wu De.

Unlike Fang Bai, Wu De was unconcerned with Essence Stones and other Cultivation Resources. What mattered to him were the Innate Techniques and martial skills. Seeing that Fang Bai hadn't touched what he coveted, Wu De silently breathed a sigh of relief.

"Brother, you can even master the legendary Spatial Spirit Device; truly a gifted prodigy! I'm admirative! Admirative! Haha, then I'll take the rest of these Cultivation Resources!"

Wu De, beaming with joy, took his Spatial Ring from Fang Bai's hand, channeling a strand of Essence Energy into it as Fang Bai had told him. Indeed, he discovered that the seemingly small ring contained a vast space like a large room, from which items could be stored or retrieved at will.

Wu De was both excited and thrilled, quickly gathering the Cultivation Resources on the ground into his own Spatial Ring, then carefully placed the ring on his finger and examined it over and over again, unable to part with it.

"Brother Wu, can we now enter the tomb to take a look together?"

Fang Bai's Divine Sense entered his Spatial Ring to meticulously check the Cultivation Resources inside. Delighted at heart, he thought about the plentiful resources still inside the nearby tomb, and, full of anticipation, spoke to Wu De.

Wu De nodded, "Alright, I'll lead the way! Hehe, with the Space Ring, we can almost completely clean out the resources inside!"

So, the two of them packed up the Cultivation Resources in front of them, and with Wu De leading the way, Fang Bai and Ghost Hand followed closely behind. The three men squeezed into the tomb through a narrow, one-meter-wide passage.

The Innate Expert who had passed away obviously didn't want to be disturbed after death. Not only did he choose a tomb location inside a hill with solid stone, but the chamber was also built very deep.

If the Fat Taoist, Wu De, hadn't been skilled in the art of grave robbing and also possessed freakishly strong abilities, he would never have discovered that this hill was actually a tomb, let alone have been able to enter and steal its treasures.

The tunnel leading to the burial chamber was winding and stretching downward, deeply and darkly.

Fortunately, Fang Bai, Ghost Hand, and Wu De were all above the Profound Level in their Cultivation Levels and had excellent vision. Additionally, with each of them holding an Essence Stone to use its light for illumination, they managed to proceed relatively smoothly as they ventured deeper.

After penetrating about two hundred meters into the hill, they heard Wu De, who was leading the way, declare, "We've arrived."

Chapter 466: Minor World

Fang Bai and Ghost Hand emerged from the cave one after another, only to find themselves in a spacious tomb chamber that was several hundred square meters large.

This tomb chamber was extravagantly constructed, the walls meticulously polished to a mirrored finish, encrusted with countless gemstones and pearls, the majority of which were various Essence Stones.

Fang Bai's gaze swept across the walls, and he roughly estimated that there were about seventy to eighty thousand Essence Stones embedded in them. This was indeed the largest source of cultivation resources Fang Bai had discovered since his rebirth.

With tens of thousands of Essence Stones clustered in this space, the released Essence Energy was undeniably rich. Being immersed within it, each breath inhaled seemed to fill the body with Essence Energy, creating a sensation of lightness as if one could fly. Even Fang Bai felt the urge to sit down cross-legged and devoutly cultivate right there.

Only now did Ghost Hand have a sudden realization. No wonder the vegetation on this hill was much more lush and vibrant than elsewhere; it was due to the nourishment of the abundant Essence Energy emitted from the Essence Stones within this chamber.

However, this place was still deep underground, and cultivating here would mean one couldn't connect with the Heaven and Earth Origin Energy and comprehend the natural laws of the universe, which would greatly reduce the effectiveness of cultivation.

Fang Bai planned to take these Essence Stones out and set up an Essence Stone array at the most suitable location, to utilize them to their fullest potential.

In the entire tomb chamber, aside from the tens of thousands of colorful Essence Stones, what drew Fang Bai and his companions' attention the most was a seated corpse at the center of the room.

The corpse was clad in a white robe, and appeared to have been around fifty years old at the time of death. From his facial features, one could tell he must have been quite handsome in his youth.

Based on the clothing and style of the corpse, it must have been dead for at least a hundred years. It was only due to the dense Essence Energy in the tomb chamber that the body remained uncorrupted, appearing almost lifelike.

Observing the corpse's facial expression more closely, one could detect a hint of regret, reluctance, and resentment between his brows, as if there were unresolved matters before his death.

In front of the body stood a small gravestone, engraved with an inscription that recorded the corpse's name and status.

After reading the inscription, Fang Bai learned that the corpse's surname was Zhuge, named Zhuge Dingtian. He was indeed an Innate Expert in life, and a rare talent with both Water and Wood Spiritual Roots. He was just one step away from shattering the void to enter the legendary Cultivation World.

Regrettably, Zhuge Dingtian was hunted down due to a personal affair, forced to flee the Minor World and hide within mundane society, where he eventually died with lingering resentment.

"This Zhuge Dingtian comes from a Minor World... what place is that?"

Fang Bai muttered to himself.

In his previous life, Fang Bai was born in the Cultivation World. After experiencing countless years, he ultimately became the Immortal Emperor, completely unaware of what the so-called "Minor World" was.

"About the Minor World, I once found a book in the tomb of a Heaven Level Martial Artist, which did briefly mention something about it..."

Wu De racked his brains, thinking hard for a moment before saying, "That book noted that the so-called Minor World is a world even more secretive than the Hidden Sect World, where the people who live there dress in a way completely different from modern people, resembling the ancient people of a thousand years ago..."

"...The book said that the Minor World is a realm where true Martial Artists are revered, brimming with innumerable cultivation resources, where Heaven Level Martial Artists are insignificant. It seemed that above the Heaven Level, there are still several greater realms... As for which realms, it was not clearly stated..."

"Let's put it this way, the way I understand the Minor World is that it's a secretive world that lies between the Hidden Sect World and the Cultivation World... Sigh, I've been feeling more and more that this mundane world is too dull. First, there are too few people following the Martial Dao, and second, cultivation resources are hard to find... How great it would be to mix into the legendary Hidden Sect World or even the Minor World!"

Fang Bai, hearing Wu De say this, thought that so-called Minor Worlds must be the barriers created by some powerful being using heaven-reaching techniques in his previous life.

"Spirit Fox Grass! Tears of Crystal!"

Fang Bai's gaze shifted from the inscriptions on the stone stele to the various flowers and plants surrounding the corpse of Zhuge Dingtian. His eyes suddenly brightened, and he exclaimed in a low voice, then quickly stepped forward to carefully examine the plants.

"Master, what kind of spiritual medicines are these?"

Ghost Hand had been following Fang Bai for some time, often listening to Fang Bai explain things he had never heard before.

For instance, with spiritual medicines, Ghost Hand had previously thought they were just some traditional Chinese medicinal materials with a long history, but now he understood that spiritual medicines could not only heal illnesses and injuries but could also be made into various elixirs to assist martial artists during cultivation.

Moreover, spiritual medicines were graded by quality, with older medicinal herbs being of higher grade and more potent.

Even some higher-grade spiritual medicines, upon consumption, could directly assist in breaking through barriers and advancing a martial artist's realm to an entirely new level.

Ghost Hand knew that ordinary spiritual medicines were unlikely to impress his master, so seeing his master's face filled with surprise and amazement, he knew that the spiritual medicines surrounding Zhuge Dingtian's corpse must be extraordinary.

"Spirit Fox Grass... Tears of Crystal... strange names..."

Although Wu De was stronger and more knowledgeable than Ghost Hand, he was not a pharmacist and had little research into spiritual medicines. He only knew that these plants faintly pulsed with essence energy and had definitely aged for a very long time, likely being medicinal materials of extremely high medicinal value.

The two types of herbs surrounding Zhuge Dingtian's corpse had one variety of leaves shaped like a fox's tail and another with fruit the size of peanuts, shaped like glittering tears.

In the Cultivation World and the Immortal Realm from Fang Bai's previous life, these two types of spiritual medicines were known as the Spirit Fox Grass and the Tears of Crystal.

The Spirit Fox Grass and Tears of Crystal contained Wood Element Qi and Water Element Qi, respectively, and were the main ingredients for concocting the Wood Element Pill and Water Element Pill.

And the Wood Element Pill and Water Element Pill were extremely important auxiliary cultivation resources for martial artists with a Wood Spirit Root and Water Spirit Root respectively.

Before this, Fang Bai had found a few stalks of Spirit Fox Grass from the belongings of Nangong Ming, a core disciple of the Hidden Sect "Ghost Doctor Valley," but those stalks only had two to three hundred years worth of medicinal age, considered low-grade spiritual medicine. Compared to the ones he was currently looking at, they were significantly inferior.

Upon closer inspection, there were at least a hundred stalks of the Spirit Fox Grass and Tears of Crystal, and every single one had at least five hundred years of medicinal age, already classified into the category of mid-grade spiritual medicines.

The essence energy contained within a single mid-grade spiritual medicine was equivalent to nearly a thousand low-grade essence stones, indicating its preciousness.

Under normal circumstances, spiritual medicines needed to be processed into elixirs by a pharmacist before martial artists could consume them for cultivation. Direct consumption of spiritual medicines might lead to injury of the meridians and blood vessels due to the medicine's potency and the consumer's weak constitution.

Chapter 467: Jade Thumb Ring

In Fang Bai's past life, martial artists wouldn't rashly consume spiritual medicine after obtaining it. Instead, they would find a pharmacist, pay a certain reward, and ask them to refine it into an elixir for cultivation.

However, given the toughness of Fang Bai's physical body, he had no such worries. He could completely take those Spirit Fox Grass and Tears of Crystal. Then, after refining the medicinal power, convert it into his own True Yuan. Perhaps the cultivation level of his realm, which had been stagnant for a while, could thus make a breakthrough.

Fang Bai slowly walked around Zhuge Dingtian's corpse and suddenly grabbed something in the air with his right hand. A white cloth laid in front of Zhuge Dingtian's body unexpectedly flew towards him as if carried by an unfelt breeze.

Hiss—

Seeing Fang Bai show this trick, Wu De was shocked, taking a sharp intake of breath.

Obtaining objects from thin air was a technique only achievable when a martial artist's True Essence Force was condensed to a nearly tangible realm and could be controlled at will. Although Wu De was now a high-rank Earth Level martial artist, he admitted he was far from reaching this capability.

Wu De had originally thought that Fang Bai's strength was only slightly better than his own, but now he realized that compared to Fang Bai, they were simply not on the same level.

He subsequently speculated that Fang Bai must be a Heaven Level martial artist.

Wu De had traveled far and wide, even entering and exiting the Hidden Sect World multiple times, and had seen countless young experts. However, he had never seen nor heard of a twenty-year-old Heaven Level martial artist, and he would not even dare to contemplate such a thing.

If it weren't for Fang Bai's modern attire and behavior typical of someone from the Secular World, Wu De would definitely suspect him to be from the legendary Minor World, just like the long-dead Zhuge Dingtian before him.

Surely, only in those legendary Minor Worlds could such astonishingly talented individuals exist, right?

Fang Bai held the white cloth in his hand and slowly unfolded it. It contained several lines of small characters. He frowned and began to read closely.

Curious, Wu De and Ghost Hand leaned in to view it together.

Wu De had entered and exited the tomb several times before and had noticed the white cloth. His mind, though, had been fixated on how to take the Essence Stones, so a mere piece of cloth had failed to pique his interest, and he hadn't realized that it had writing on it.

The writing on the white cloth was the last words of Zhuge Dingtian. It mainly recorded the details of Zhuge Dingtian's escape from the Minor World into the Secular World. In the end, Zhuge Dingtian stated that if someone were to find his tomb in the future, he hoped they would help him fulfill an unaccomplished wish.

"Who would have thought this Zhuge Dingtian was quite the lady's man in life? He not only charmed the daughter of a major Sect Leader but also left her secretly pregnant before slipping away... Predecessors! Such a man who abandons after wooing... I like it! Hahaha..."

After reading the text on the cloth, Wu De couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"What do you mean by 'charmed'? Didn't you see it's written that their affection was mutual here? This man didn't slink away or abandon her after causing chaos. He was forced to hide because he was being hunted by the Sect Leader's men! Read carefully!"

Ghost Hand, seeing Wu De's sleazy laughter, retorted irritably.

Fang Bai ignored the conversation between Wu De and Ghost Hand. He focused on the Jade Thumb Ring on the left index finger of Zhuge Dingtian and murmured, "If I'm not mistaken, that Jade Thumb Ring should be a Spiritual Artifact!"

"What?"

Upon hearing the word "Spiritual Artifact," Wu De's eyes lit up, and he made a move as if to snatch the Jade Thumb Ring.

"If you do not wish to die, go ahead and take it!"

Fang Bai simply stated this, and Wu De dared not move, laughingly standing there and asking, "Brother, what do you mean by that? Could it be that the Jade Thumb Ring..."

Before Wu De's words were finished, Fang Bai had already gathered his True Yuan, and with a flick of his wrist, he launched a Golden Essence Stone that was extremely hard. Its target was the Jade Thumb Ring on Zhuge Dingtian's hand.

Carrying the force of True Essence, the stone whistled and flew like lightning, giving the impression that even if it were to hit an iron plate, it would penetrate through.

"This..."

It was already too late for Wu De to stop Fang Bai. He thought to himself that, after all, the jade in the thumb ring was not as hard as the Golden Essence Stone. If it were to be hit, wouldn't the well-made Jade Thumb Ring shatter on the spot?

Wu De had clearly forgotten that Fang Bai had just said the Jade Thumb Ring on Zhuge Dingtian's finger was a Spiritual Artifact.

If it was a Spiritual Artifact, how could it be so easily destroyed? How could it not have any countermeasures?

Whoosh—

Just as the Golden Essence Stone thrown by Fang Bai was about a meter away from the Jade Thumb Ring, a swift sound as if cut by the wind sliced through the air, and an incredibly sharp blade intent burst forth from the Jade Thumb Ring which let out a faint glimmer of light.

That blade intent, though invisible, nevertheless gave Fang Bai and the others the sensation that their skin might be slashed open, forcing them to quickly retreat backward.

Crack—

The extremely sturdy Golden Essence Stone was cut through as easily as slicing tofu by the murderous intent unleashed from the Jade Thumb Ring, splitting into two pieces that fell to the ground.

"Goodness..."

Feeling a blade intent many times more powerful than his own full-strength strike, Wu De stuck out his tongue and broke out in a sweat.

If Fang Bai hadn't spoken up just now, what would have been sliced into two wouldn't have been the Golden Essence Stone, but likely his body instead.

Indeed, as Fang Bai said, that Jade Thumb Ring was a Spiritual Artifact, but it was one with thorns. Ordinary people who tried to take it would get badly wounded or even lose their lives on the spot.

"Predecessors! This guy named Zhuge Dingtian really lacks virtue. A good Spiritual Artifact and he set up such a fierce trap; isn't this harming people?"

"Nonsense, a great Innate Expert, how could he not have any defensive measures? I bet if you try to touch his corpse now, you will die a terrible death. Do you believe me?"

Fang Bai said irritably.

Fang Bai wasn't just trying to scare anyone; on Zhuge Dingtian's wrists, neck, and even hidden in his hair and clothes, there were all sorts of items like jade pendants and the like, each one a Spiritual Artifact brimming with murderous intent.

Those deadly intents were infused into the Spiritual Artifacts by Zhuge Dingtian while he was alive, to prevent his corpse from being desecrated after his death.

As an Innate Expert, the deadly intent Zhuge Dingtian put into the Spiritual Artifacts naturally equated to the full-strength attack of an Innate Expert, and the power they possessed was so immense that not even Fang Bai, as he was now, dared to touch them.

"Zhuge Dingtian's last words said that if the person entering his tomb chamber is willing to offer a blood oath promising to go to the Minor World someday and inform the woman he loved of his death, he would be greatly grateful and would reward them handsomely... Old Brother Wu, do you want to give it a try?"

Fang Bai picked up the white cloth in his hand, looked carefully at the last few lines once more, and then said to Wu De with a smile.

Chapter 468: Blood-Drinking Mad Blade

"I won't try it!"

Wu De shook his head like a rattle drum and said with rolling eyes, "Who knows where the Minor World is? Even if one could enter a Minor World, Zhuge Dingtian has been dead for at least a hundred years; his beloved woman is probably long gone too. How could I deliver the message to her? Heh heh... some benefits to be delivered... He didn't even specify what the benefits were! This is clearly just an empty promise!"

"If you won't try, then may I give it a shot? Don't regret it later!"

Fang Bai said with a smile.

Wu De advised, "Brother, as martial artists, we value honesty and keeping promises. Once you seal a promise with your blood, you have to keep your word and help this Zhuge Dingtian fulfill his unaccomplished wish! You'd better think this through!"

Fang Bai just laughed dismissively and, no longer paying attention to Wu De, took a few steps forward, stopping in front of Zhuge Dingtian's corpse. He extended his left hand, squeezed out a few drops of fresh blood, and let them fall on the Jade Thumb Ring on Zhuge Dingtian's finger, then stepped back a few paces.

"I, Fang Bai, hereby pledge that if I ever find a way to enter the Minor World, I will be sure to pass on the message of your death to your beloved woman, Zhou Yuruo."

Fang Bai made the promise gravely as he faced Zhuge Dingtian's corpse.

"Wasn't it said that after making a blood oath, some benefits would be delivered? Where are they? Just as I thought, you can't trust the words of a dead man!"

Wu De mumbled discontentedly behind Fang Bai.

Fang Bai pointed at the various treasures, Essence Stones, and Spiritual Medicines inside the tomb and said, "Aren't these benefits enough? People should be content!"

Wu De laughed and said, "When it comes to cultivation resources, the more the merrier! Let's start dividing them up! As we agreed before, you've fixed the Spatial Ring for me, so taking just forty percent is enough for me... I will only take forty percent of the Essence Stones, the rest is all yours!"

Speaking thus, Wu De began bustling around the chamber, waving his hands and collecting the Essence Stones into his Spatial Ring.

Fang Bai was about to kneel down and start by collecting the hundreds of clumps of Spirit Fox Grass and Tears of Crystal under his feet into his Spatial Ring when suddenly he felt a strong sense of danger. It seemed as though a powerful killing intent was about to emerge from the Jade Thumb Ring on Zhuge Dingtian's hand.

Startled, Fang Bai immediately retreated several meters backward with Ghost Hand.

Whoosh—

Whoosh—

Whoosh—

Whoosh—

Four strands of Sword Intent, each far more powerful than the one before, burst out from the Jade Thumb Ring.

However, these four strands of Sword Intent were not aimed at Fang Bai and the others but at the ceiling of the tomb.

The strands of Sword Intent crisscrossed and clashed against a particularly hard section of the ceiling. A series of crashing sounds followed, and unable to withstand the force of the Sword Intents, a large section of the ceiling collapsed.

"Eh? What's that?"

Hearing the noise, Wu De leapt over and, upon seeing a large black box about one meter in length mixed within the falling rubble, grew curious and reached out to grab it.

"Step back!"

Ghost Hand shouted loudly, outrunning Wu De to the pile of stones, snatched up the black box, and turned to hand it to Fang Bai.

"Could it be that the favor Zhuge Dingtian promised is this? Brother, hurry and open it, let's see what treasures are inside!"

Wu De approached Fang Bai, his eyes shining with excitement.

In Wu De's mind, Zhuge Dingtian, as an Innate Expert when he was alive, would surely not offer anything ordinary; he couldn't help feeling a bit of regret.

Just now, Fang Bai had given him a chance, letting him make a blood oath, but he didn't do it. If the box contained a rare treasure useful for Martial Artists' cultivation, that would be a huge loss.

Fang Bai used his Divine Sense Diffusion to explore the inside of the box, confirming that it contained a blade-shaped Spiritual Artifact and a manual for a blade technique, without any murderous intent. He then placed the box on a nearby Stone Platform and slowly opened it.

A fierce and intense aura of destruction, mixed with the smell of blood, burst forth from the box, soaring into the sky.

Fang Bai was fine; in his past life as Immortal Emperor, he had experienced countless battles and seen so much blood that the aura had no effect on him.

However, Wu De and Ghost Hand couldn't handle it. The aura directly invaded their bodies, and they felt a buzzing in their heads. Visions of bloodshed and slaughter suddenly filled their minds.

Affected by the illusions, their auras skyrocketed, their eyes bloodshot, falling into a state of violence where they wanted to kill.

"Wake up!"

Seeing the change in the two, Fang Bai immediately concentrated, and with a loud shout, he awakened them from the illusions created by the Evil Qi.

"Damn it! What's in this box? It's so powerful!"

Coming back to his senses, Wu De wiped the cold sweat off his forehead and warily looked at the box.

He and Ghost Hand both distanced themselves from the box, afraid to approach it again for fear that their minds might be affected once more.

"A blade!"

Fang Bai extended a finger, gently tracing over the blade within the box, his eyes showing a hint of admiration, and said, "This appears to be an offensive Spiritual Artifact. However, it seems that its power has been sealed by some force. Once the seal is broken, its grade should be very high..."

"Another Spiritual Artifact? Such a pity... I dare not touch it, it's too terrifying!"

Upon hearing it was an offensive Spiritual Artifact, Wu De felt a surge of envy, but the fear from the recent experience lingered, reminding him that even if it was a Spiritual Artifact, it was a dangerous weapon. With his own abilities, he simply couldn't control it. Possessing it would not be a blessing but a curse.

Fang Bai picked up the blade manual placed beneath the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade and took a look; he learned that the blade was named "Blood-Drinking Mad Blade" and the technique belonged to the Innate Sword Technique, comprising only three moves: Bloodthirst, Soul Severing, and Annihilation, together called the "Mad Blade Triad".

Although Fang Bai's mind was filled with numerous high-level Cultivation Techniques, with his current realm and Cultivation Level, he could not execute most of them. And even if he could, their power would be greatly diminished.

However, if Fang Bai used the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade in combination with the Mad Blade Triad, even with his current Cultivation Level, a full-powered strike, although far from an Innate Expert's blow, should be able to kill a Heaven Level early-stage Martial Artist without a problem.

The only issue was that the Bloodthirst of the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade was heavy and could easily affect one's state of mind. Therefore, he would need to find time to properly refine it for complete control.

Fang Bai stored the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade along with its sheath and manual in his Spatial Ring, then turned to continue collecting other Cultivation Resources.

However, Fang Bai didn't take all the Essence Stones. He left a significant portion behind and used these Essence Stones to set up a small Formation around Zhuge Dingtian's corpse. This ensured the Essence Energy wouldn't dissipate for a long time, preserving his body from decay.

Having done all this, the three left the tomb chamber and returned the way they came.

Chapter 469: Qingcheng Temple

After emerging from the cave, Fang Bai threw several punches in succession, causing a large amount of rocks to collapse and completely seal the entrance to the cave, so that no one else would disturb Zhuge Dingtian's eternal rest.

"Brother, do you have a way to contact you? If there's something like this again, I'd still contact you, and we can make a fortune together!"

Having witnessed Fang Bai's strength, Wu De deemed him profoundly mysterious and of extraordinary origin. He was keen on making an acquaintance and asked with a beaming smile.

"If you have any trouble in the future, you can find me!"

Fang Bai smiled and gave his mobile number to Wu De, thinking that this guy was a rare talent. Establishing connections with him might lead to more cultivation resources in the future, which would greatly benefit himself and his friends and family who were currently cultivating.

"I'm saying, Brother, you and your disciple didn't come here specifically for the tomb of this Innate Expert, did you?"

After writing down Fang Bai's mobile number, Wu De couldn't help but ask another question.

Fang Bai laughed, "We were just passing by; it was a coincidence that we met you."

"Fate! This is called fate!"

Wu De laughed heartily.

"Brother Wu, we have other matters to attend to, so we'll part ways for now!"

"Wait a second, where are you two planning to go? Would it be convenient to inform me?"

Seeing Fang Bai and Ghost Hand about to leave, Wu De hurriedly asked.

He wanted to chat more with Fang Bai, both to probe his identity and to foster a better relationship, which would make future cooperation easier.

Fang Bai replied, "We're going to Qingcheng Temple."

Upon hearing the name "Qingcheng Temple," Wu De's expression became somewhat unnatural, and he asked with a forced smile, "Are the two of you going to Qingcheng Temple for sightseeing... or is there something else?"

"Brother Wu seems so anxious; could it be that you have some history with Qingcheng Temple?"

Noticing Wu De's unusual expression, Fang Bai asked with a smile, suspecting that Wu De, being a Taoist, might have some relationship with the disciples from Qingcheng Temple.

Fang Bai was accompanying Ghost Hand to Qingcheng Temple to seek justice, and if Wu De was associated with Qingcheng Temple's Taoists, Fang Bai would not be polite with him.

Wu De gave an awkward smile and said, "Well... to be honest, I had a bit of a dispute with an old Taoist from Qingcheng Temple... If Brother Fang has a good relationship with Qingcheng Temple, then for your sake, I won't hold a grudge against that old Taoist anymore..."

Fang Bai could tell Wu De was speaking the truth. He nodded and smiled, "Quite a coincidence, we also have some issues with Qingcheng Temple, and we're going there to seek justice!"

"Haha, didn't I say we were fated?"

Wu De's face instantly filled with a smile, exuberantly saying, "I was actually planning to go to Qingcheng Temple to resolve my grievances with that old Taoist, but then I discovered the tomb of this Innate Expert and concentrated on this instead... Brother Fang, how about we go to Qingcheng Temple together? Although the Qingcheng Temple disciples are many and powerful, the three of us together will surely be invincible!"

"Okay."

Fang Bai hesitated for a moment before agreeing.

Even though Wu De was cunning and had a fondness for tomb robbing, which spoke poorly of his character, he was, in fact, a legitimate Earth Level, high rank martial artist, one of the very best in the Secular Ancient Martial World. Establishing a good relationship with him seemed to have no downside.

Wu De seemed to have visited Qingcheng Temple more than once and was very familiar with the terrain of the area. Under his guidance, Fang Bai and Ghost Hand avoided many detours, saving a lot of time, and soon arrived at the mountain gate of Qingcheng Temple.

The heritage of Qingcheng Temple was much more ancient than that of Jiangnan's Misty Rain Tower, and the number of disciples in the temple far exceeded that of Qingcheng Temple.

Several grand halls of Qingcheng Temple solemnly enshrined the old ancestors of the Taoist Sect, accepting tribute from incense guests from all over the world, and the temple's incense trade was extremely thriving.

Although winter had arrived and the weather was cold, there were still quite a few incense guests coming and going.

Standing at the mountain gate of Qingcheng Temple, Fang Bai looked at those devout incense guests and then at the magnificent Taoist halls built atop the mountain, and he couldn't help but silently lament in his heart.

As a disciple of the Taoist sect, one should focus on cultivation and be wholeheartedly kind; however, some disciples of Qingcheng Temple had privately committed the atrocity of slaughtering over a hundred lives in Myriad Medicine Valley, an act against the Heavenly Dao.

Ghost Hand looked up at the several Taoist halls on the peak, his expression ice-cold, fists clenched tightly, and his whole body emitting a fierce aura.

Among the three major sects that had slaughtered Myriad Medicine Valley, aside from Misty Rain Tower, Qingcheng Temple was the one that had exerted the most effort and had been the most ruthless.

The overall strength of Qingcheng Temple was much greater than that of Myriad Medicine Valley; seeking justice from them would certainly not be easy, and Ghost Hand was prepared for a hard battle.

Although his master, Fang Bai, was with him, Ghost Hand did not intend to rely on his master's strength for revenge. At most, during a great battle, he would ask his master to cover for him so that none of the Qingcheng Temple disciples involved in the slaughter could escape.

"Elder Taoist Qingling is already dead; the overall strength of Qingcheng Temple must have weakened quite a bit. You should not encounter too great a challenge in seeking justice this time!"

Fang Bai patted Ghost Hand on the shoulder, saying with a smile.

Back in Zhongzhou, Elder Taoist Qingling of Qingcheng Temple had abducted Fang Bai's sister, Fang Yun, intending to forcibly take her as a disciple, but was later killed by Fang Bai who rushed to the scene.

Fang Bai had mentioned this incident to Ghost Hand not long ago.

"Elder Taoist Qingling is dead? Really? How come I haven't heard this news?"

Wu De asked incredulously.

"Yes, he died several months ago. I killed him!"

Fang Bai said indifferently.

He and Ghost Hand had come to Qingcheng Temple for revenge; even if Elder Taoist Qingling had not died that time, he would not have escaped this time, so there was no need to hide anything.

With a look of disappointment, Wu De said, "I came here to find trouble with Elder Taoist Qingling this time. I can't believe you already took him down! Hmph, that's letting him off easy! Come on, let's go up the mountain and have a look! We can't find Elder Taoist Qingling to settle scores, but causing a scene is still good!"

The three of them climbed the stairs, and upon reaching the mountaintop, Wu De casually grabbed a young Taoist priest sweeping the floor and asked fiercely, "Who is your current temple master?"

"Our temple master is roaming the world and has been out of touch for several months now. Taoist Qingxuan is temporarily acting as the temple master..."

Seeing Wu De's murderous vibe and hostile expression, the young Taoist priest couldn't help but feel scared and answered in a tremble.

Wu De said, "So it's Elder Taoist Qingling's junior brother, Qingxuan, who has taken over... Good, you take us to find Elder Taoist Qingxuan!"

"Taoist Qingxuan is in seclusion and does not meet anyone..."

Slap—

Before the young Taoist priest could finish speaking, his head was slapped by Wu De.

"Just lead the way when I tell you to. Who asked for your excuses? Do you believe I can kick you down the mountain?"

"I..."

Slap—

The young Taoist priest wanted to argue, but Wu De slapped him again on the head.

Chapter 470: Taoist Master Slaps You to Death!

The young Taoist was not a martial artist, and after being beaten by Wu De a few times, he was almost in tears.

"Going to lead the way, or not? If not, I'll keep hitting you!"

Wu De grabbed the young Taoist's collar with his left hand, his right palm raised high, ready to strike at any moment, his fierce and malevolent face perfectly embodying the image of an evil Taoist.

"I'll lead the way... Wuu wuu..."

The young Taoist, terrified and beaten by Wu De, finally broke down crying, dropped his broom, wiped away his tears, and obediently started leading the way.

Fang Bai and Ghost Hand exchanged a bitter smile, thinking how this fellow, a high-rank Earth Level martial artist and one of the top figures in the Secular Ancient Martial World, would stoop so low as to bully an innocent young Taoist without an ounce of strength, completely abandoning any martial artist's integrity.

Following the young Taoist through several halls, the presence of incense guests gradually faded, while disciples of Qingcheng Temple became more numerous.

"This is the rear hall of our Qingcheng Temple. We have regulations that forbid outsiders from entering! I can only take you this far!"

Standing before an archway, the young Taoist stopped, unable to proceed further, and spoke with trepidation.

"Chongling, how dare you bring outsiders into the rear hall! Are you asking for punishment?"

Just then, a young Taoist priest stepped out from behind the archway, eying Fang Bai and the others before sternly rebuking the young Taoist.

"Brother, I..."

The young Taoist started to explain with a mournful face, but Wu De pushed him aside and waved him off, saying, "You're no longer needed here. Go back to sweeping!"

"Who are you?"

Seeing Wu De dressed as a disheveled Taoist without any air of immortality, the young Taoist priest guessed he must be a wild, rogue practitioner, and a sense of superiority welled up within him.

"I am your Wu Taoist Master!"

Wu De, seeing the disdain in the young Taoist's eyes, flew into a rage, slapped him across the face, and cursed, "You blind fool! Who do you think you are? Mocking how your Taoist Master is dressed, huh? Believe it or not, I can slap you to death with one blow?"

"Damn rogue Taoist, daring to strike me!"

The young Taoist was stunned by Wu De's slap and, regaining his senses, started cursing and swung his fist towards Wu De's face.

Being just a high-rank Yellow Level martial artist, the young Taoist was insignificant to Wu De. With a swift kick, Wu De sent him flying several meters away, then strode forward, grabbed his collar, and hoisted him up.

"Go, tell Elder Taoist Qingxuan to come out to me! Say that a junior Taoist who begged for shelter twenty years ago, only to be humiliated, cursed, and heartlessly driven down the mountain, has come today to seek justice!"

Wu De's eyes blazed with ferocity as he spat out these words, then flung the young Taoist aside.

The young Taoist was no fool; he knew he was no match for Wu De and that resisting would only result in a worse beating. With a mix of hatred and fear in his gaze, he bore the pain, got up, and ran off, stumbling and rolling.

Upon hearing Wu De's words, Fang Bai and Ghost Hand realized there was such bad blood between him and Qingcheng Temple. How times change—in the past, the junior Taoist was expelled, but today he has returned to exact his revenge.

Wu De turned back to Fang Bai and Ghost Hand, flashed a grin, and said, "Twenty years ago, after my rogue Taoist master died, I had nowhere to go, so I came to Qingcheng Temple, hoping they would take me in. But they ruthlessly insulted and cursed me, then shoved and pushed me down the mountain. Among those who insulted and chased me away, were Qingling and Qingxuan, those two old Taoists!"

He paused, and then continued, "Back then, Elder Taoist Qingling and Elder Taoist Qingxuan weren't powerful or high-status, but to think that twenty years later, both of them would become the Temple Masters of Qingcheng Temple... Heh heh, it's fine that Elder Taoist Qingling is dead, but there's still Elder Taoist Qingxuan. If I don't beat him up harshly today, my last name isn't Wu!"

Ghost Hand said expressionlessly, "When you fight, hold back some strength, don't kill them! Leave the killing to me!"

Wu De glanced at Ghost Hand and said with a grin, "Seeing how bitter and resentful you look, do you hold some deep-seated grudge against Qingcheng Temple? How about we join forces and slaughter all these stinky Taoist priests from Qingcheng Temple, and then set the place on fire?"

"I don't need you meddling in my affairs!"

Ghost Hand rolled his eyes and said irritably.

Ghost Hand didn't even consider Wu De's suggestion. He would only kill those Taoist priests who deserved it, and he wouldn't involve the innocent ones, let alone set fire to Qingcheng Temple.

Wu De, not at all discouraged by the rebuff, didn't get angry but instead gave a thumbs-up and praised, "Good, you've got character! I like it!"

The sound of footsteps approached from the distance. More than a dozen Taoist priests from Qingcheng Temple, led by the young Taoist from before, came aggressively, some with long swords in hand.

"Brother, it's this wild Taoist! Not only did he beat me up, but he also yelled for our Temple Master to come out..."

The young Taoist who had been hit by Wu De stood behind a middle-aged Taoist, pointing at Wu De and speaking indignantly.

The middle-aged Taoist's eyes shone with sharpness, his brows tightly furrowed as he looked Wu De over. His expression gradually became more serious.

The middle-aged Taoist was a low-rank Profound Level martial artist, but he found that he couldn't see through the cultivation level of the fat Taoist in front of him, which was enough proof that the stranger's strength was far superior to his own.

Then, the middle-aged Taoist shifted his gaze over the bodies of Fang Bai and Ghost Hand, who stood beside Wu De, and his heart skipped a beat as his face grew even more solemn.

Because he realized that not only Wu De but also his two companions were beyond his ability to gauge their depth.

In other words, the strength of these three people was at least in the medium rank of the Profound Level or above.

Although Qingcheng Temple was filled with many high-rank martial artists and had strong overall strength, they couldn't take this provocation lightly, facing three visitors who were at least medium-rank Profound Level martial artists.

The middle-aged Taoist turned his head and gave a look to a skinny Taoist behind him, who hurried to a ten-meter-high stone platform nearby and struck the great bell hanging there.

Dong—

Dong—

Dong—

The urgent and distant bell rang out above Qingcheng Temple, startling all the disciples.

Such a bell sound, once rung, signified that a powerful enemy was attacking, and disciples with Ancient Martial heritage had to drop whatever they were doing to come and join the defense.

Hundreds of disciples from Qingcheng Temple, with about two hundred of them practicing Ancient Martial arts, responded to the bell. From all directions, they quickly gathered around the area where Fang Bai and the others were.

Even Taoist Qingxuan, who had been quietly cultivating in Yangxin Hall and temporarily assuming the role of Temple Master, had left his cultivation state. His eyes suddenly opened wide as he flicked his horsetail whisk and leaped out.

Watching more and more disciples of Qingcheng Temple gathering and gradually surrounding them, Ghost Hand's expression turned serious. He silently gathered his True Yuan, preparing for battle.