

Doctor 571

Chapter 571: Dark Silkworm Soft Armor

Wu De knew that the killing intent left by the Innate Martial Artist was far beyond what he could contend with. Hearing this, he called out to Ye Wumei and the two of them retreated far away together.

Fang Bai stood before the remains of the Innate Martial Artist, closely scrutinizing them, then slightly furrowed his brows and slowly stepped back a zhang away, concentrating mentally and accumulating energy, preparing to launch an attack to lure out the killing intent entrenched within the jade pendant.

Placed in his previous life, Innate Martial Artists were less than ants in Fang Bai's eyes; he could erase thousands with just a breath.

However, now that Fang Bai had been reborn through soul possession and his strength had greatly waned, the Innate Martial Artist had become an existence he had to look up to. Therefore, Fang Bai was extremely cautious to avoid harm from the killing intent.

Fang Bai took out a sturdy Golden Essence Stone, gathered all his strength, and flung it toward the jade pendant worn around the neck of that Innate Martial Artist.

Whoosh—

The Golden Essence Stone, carrying a streak of True Yuan, emitted a sharp whistle, and with a speed much faster than a bullet, struck that jade pendant.

Three feet from the jade pendant, it flashed with light, and two trails of killing intent transformed into crossed beams of light that slashed outward.

Hiss—

With a soft sound, the incredibly sturdy Golden Essence Stone, like a block of tofu, was cut into four pieces by the intersecting beams and fell to the ground.

"Hiss..."

Seeing the Golden Essence Stone, firm as steel, easily cleaved by the two beams of killing intent, Wu De couldn't help but suck in a cool breath. If Fang Bai had not warned him earlier, then the one slashed apart by the killing intent would not have been the Golden Essence Stone, but himself.

Ye Wumei's pretty face also turned pale, her beautiful eyes wide, and her mouth forming an "O" shape.

Whoosh—

Whoosh—

Whoosh—

...

Fang Bai kept attacking, using Essence Stones to provoke the killing intent of the jade pendant.

With Fang Bai's current level of cultivation, he could only infuse three trails of killing intent into a jade artifact, yet the Innate Martial Artist in front of him had infused dozens of trails into the pendant. It took a whole thirty Essence Stones for Fang Bai to finally exhaust all the killing intent within the jade pendant.

This showed how formidable the strength of the Innate Martial Artist was.

Crack—

When Fang Bai's thirty-first Essence Stone flew out, he no longer faced retaliation from the killing intent. The Essence Stone struck the jade pendant at high speed, and with a crisp sound, it shattered into slag.

"Bravo!"

Wu De and Ye Wumei applauded and cheered, rushing over to Fang Bai's side.

"My apologies!"

Fang Bai bowed his fists in respect toward the remains of the Martial Artist, then stepped forward cautiously, carefully removing the vest-like Dark Silkworm Soft Armor.

The Dark Silkworm Soft Armor emitted a glossy sheen, was light and soft as cotton, smooth as silk, and felt excellent in hand. Despite enduring for hundreds of years, it was still spotless—a rare find indeed.

"This Dark Silkworm Soft Armor is a priceless treasure for a martial artist. Wearing it, even the attacks of a Heaven Level Martial Artist can be defended against—it can save a life several times over! Brother Fang, if you're willing to let me have the Dark Silkworm Soft Armor, I'm willing to offer twenty billion... No, forty billion!"

Wu De said with a hehe chuckle.

For Wu De, who was obsessed with the "great cause of tomb robbing" and dedicated to pursuing the peak of Martial Dao, money was a worldly possession, almost as trivial as soil. His Spatial Ring was filled with a small mountain of jewelry and jade artifacts, each worth a city's ransom. If all were to be sold, their value would definitely exceed a hundred billion.

"Go away! Not for sale even for a hundred billion! Do I look like someone who's short on cash?"

Fang Bai tapped Wu De, saying, "With your size, even if you lost sixty pounds, you still couldn't fit into it. Giving this Dark Silkworm Soft Armor to you would be a total waste!"

Wu De chuckled dryly, "I could lose weight!"

Fang Bai ignored him, turned his head, and casually handed the Dark Silkworm Soft Armor to Ye Wumei with a smile, "Try it on and see if you like it; if you do, it's yours!"

Ye Wumei never expected the Dark Silkworm Soft Armor to be so precious, easily valued at tens or hundreds of billions, in the conversation between Fang Bai and Wu De. She was astounded as she took the armor, feeling as though she had received a tremendous fortune, her heart pounding ceaselessly.

"You're really giving it to me?"

After caressing and admiring it for a while, Ye Wumei grew fond of the Dark Silkworm Soft Armor and looked at Fang Bai with joy, asking,

Seeing Fang Bai nod, Ye Wumei was overjoyed. If Wu De hadn't been there, she would have already rushed forward to embrace Fang Bai and given him a kiss.

Under Wu De's envious gaze, Ye Wumei put the Dark Silkworm Soft Armor under her outer garment with a beaming smile, then buttoned up her coat to avoid others seeing it when she went out.

"Let's see if there are other treasures!"

Seeing that Ye Wumei got a piece of armor with strong defense capabilities, Wu De was not satisfied. He scanned the Martial Artist Relics with widened eyes, but ultimately, he was disappointed.

Apparently, this fallen Innate Martial Artist was a pauper compared to Zhuge Dingtian, whose tomb was discovered near the Qingcheng Temple.

"A legendary Innate Martial Artist, on the verge of shattering the void, couldn't possibly just have one piece of Dark Silkworm Soft Armor and these Spirit Stones and elixirs on the ground, right? This is too poor!"

Wu De grumbled unwillingly.

Seeing Wu De looking disheartened, Fang Bai pointed to the pile of Spirit Stones and elixirs around the stone platform and said, "There's quite a bit here!"

"A few thousand Essence Stones, a few hundred Spiritual Medicines, that's not enough to share!"

Wu De sighed. Back in Zhuge Dingtian's tomb chamber, he and Fang Bai each got tens of thousands of Essence Stones and hundreds of Spiritual Medicines. Moreover, Fang Bai got an extra attack Spiritual Artifact, the Blood-Drinking Mad Blade, and a manual of blade techniques.

Fang Bai pointed to the one hundred and eight stone pillars that made up the Stone Array, saying, "Do you think this Corpse Mountain Blood Sea Slaughter Array could be set up with just ordinary stone pillars?"

Wu De's eyes brightened, fixing his gaze on those stone pillars and said, "Could it be that there's something special about these stone pillars? Let me try!"

He walked up to a pillar and struck it with his fist. His fist impacted the pillar, and his powerful True Yuan burst forth, only to disappear like a pebble in the ocean. The thick and tall stone pillar remained unmoved, undamaged.

"Our Predecessors, these stone pillars are too strange; no wonder the Martial Artists outside couldn't damage them no matter how they attacked!"

Wu De exclaimed, then looked at Fang Bai and said, "Brother Fang, what's so peculiar about these stone pillars? Also, you said you could break this Stone Array, right? How do you plan to do it?"

Fang Bai turned his head to look at the Martial Artist Relics and sighed, "If I break the Stone Array, these Martial Artist Relics will probably be desecrated. They'll definitely be violated by those Martial Artists outside, ending up with no bones left unturned!"

Wu De said, "Then let's bury him, giving him a peaceful rest will do!"

Fang Bai thought this was also a solution and nodded. He casually threw a few punches at the ground, and a deep pit with a radius of about one yard gradually appeared on the solid ground.

Fang Bai laid out a layer of Essence Stones and Spiritual Medicines at the bottom of the pit, placed the Martial Artist Relics inside, then covered the relics with another layer of Essence Stones and Spiritual Medicines. He followed up with several more punches, using soil and stone to cover them, forming a mound about a yard high.

"Hundreds of Essence Stones, dozens of Spiritual Medicines gone!"

Seeing Fang Bai waste Essence Stones and elixirs on a dead person, Wu De couldn't help but feel the pinch.

Fang Bai moved a large stone in front of the mound, channeled strength through his fingertips, and inscribed "Tomb of the Nameless Martial Artist" on the rock.

Chapter 572: The Secret in the Stone Pillar

After burying the remains of the Martial Artist, Fang Bai used over a dozen large stones and several hundred Essence Stones to set up a Concealment Formation around the grave.

"Eh? It's gone!"

"Who would have thought Brother Fang was a master of formations!"

Once the Concealment Formation was activated, the grave of the Martial Artist seemed to vanish into thin air, leaving no trace to be seen, which greatly astonished both Ye Wumei and Wu De.

Fang Bai said, "This Concealment Formation works like a kind of blinding spell that can confuse one's vision. With this formation protecting it, there's no need to worry about the grave being disturbed, and the Martial Artist can truly rest in peace!"

"Brother Fang, you are a genius! Not only do you excel in both medical skills and martial arts, but you also have a mastery of formations. Even in the Hidden Sect World, it would be hard to find someone like you!"

Wu De said feelingly, deciding to closely follow Fang Bai from then on.

Ye Wumei felt proud and smug to herself, thinking, "The man I, Ye Wumei, like, is of course extraordinary!"

Fang Bai gave a faint smile, raised his hand to point at a stone pillar, and said to Wu De, "Try hitting that stone pillar with all your might!"

Wu De's heart stirred, understanding that the stone pillar Fang Bai mentioned might very well be the Array Eye of the Stone Array. He excitedly walked to the pillar, circulated his True Yuan, took a deep breath, and punched the stone pillar with force.

Crack—

The stone pillar fractured, rays of light shooting out from the cracks, dazzling to the eyes.

Startled, Wu De thought the stone pillar contained killing intent left by the Martial Artist and hastily retreated several feet, crossing his arms in front of his chest in a defensive stance, looking tense.

Fang Bai chuckled, "Don't worry, it's filled with Essence Stones; there's no problem!"

Upon hearing the words "Essence Stones," Wu De's spirits lifted, he relaxed his guard, and moved back to the cracked stone pillar. Squinting, he indeed found it stuffed with Essence Stones of various colors, the dazzling light emitting from them.

The so-called stone pillar was merely an inch-thick layer of stone on the outside.

"These one hundred and eight stone pillars, each filled with a large number of Essence Stones, are what make the Slaughter Array possible. While ordinary stone pillars can also be used to form some arrays, they couldn't possibly have such strong defensive capabilities."

Fang Bai explained.

Wu De threw another punch, and the already cracked stone pillar burst open, the Essence Stones scattering all over the ground.

"There's about four to five hundred Essence Stones in one pillar, and with one hundred and eight pillars... heh heh, this trip was not in vain; I've made a tidy sum!"

Brushing away his earlier downcast expression, Wu De said to Fang Bai with a smile, "Same old rules, we split it fifty-fifty. I'll take the Essence Stones from this pillar first!"

As he spoke, Wu De walked over to the scattered Essence Stones. With a wave of his left hand, his Spatial Ring glinted and he gathered the several hundred Essence Stones into it.

After Wu De and Fang Bai had divided up a large amount of cultivation resources from Zhuge Dingtian's tomb last time, Wu De saw that there was not much space left in his Spatial Ring. He found a secret location to store most of the resources, planning to use them later, and now he kept only a small portion in his ring.

Similarly, Fang Bai, in a mountain area near Zhongzhou, had stored most of the Essence Stones from his Spatial Ring, then set up a Concealment Formation; apart from him, no one could discover those Essence Stones, ready to be retrieved when needed in the future.

Therefore, in both of their spatial rings, there was enough empty space for each to carry tens of thousands more essence stones.

The stone pillar that Wu De had just shattered was the array eye of this slaughter array; once the array eye broke, the array lost its offensive and defensive capabilities. However, the other martial artists had already given up on attacking the stone array, retreating to a distance to spectate, waiting for news from Fang Bai, Ye Wumei, and Wu De.

From inside to outside, Fang Bai and Wu De blasted apart pillar after pillar, then used their spatial rings to greedily collect essence stones and spiritual medicines. Ye Wumei, standing aside, was stunned and extremely envious, wondering when she would be able to own a spatial ring herself.

Apart from the pillar that served as the array eye taking a toll on Wu De's True Yuan, he and Fang Bai found bursting the other pillars to be a breeze, easily crushing them with a punch and then conveniently collecting the essence stones within into their spatial rings.

In less than half an hour, they smashed all one hundred and eight pillars, and by the time the onlooking martial artists surrounding the stone array realized something was amiss and closed in, Fang Bai and Wu De had already blasted the last few pillars and collected their essence stones.

As for whether the other martial artists would be green with envy and openly loot, the two of them remained fearless.

Any martial artist who dared to provoke them was in for a fight!

"They actually broke the stone array!"

"Why was it so easy for them to shatter those stone pillars when we couldn't? What's the reason?"

"What was that shining out of the pillar just now? It was glittering!"

"It looked like gems! It seems that each stone pillar had many inside!"

"What happened? The relics of the martial artists in the stone array are gone!"

"Indeed, it must have been those three playing tricks!"

"Surround them, press them for answers, and see what happened!"

The nearly one hundred martial artists surrounding the stone array saw the pillars destroyed, the array nonexistent, and even the martial artist relics they coveted had vanished, causing a stir and fervor to bubble up from all directions as they encircled Fang Bai, Wu De, and Ye Wumei with greedy eyes.

The middle-aged man and woman, suspected "Ghost Doctor Valley" disciples, along with eight other Earth Level senior martial artists, all from hidden sects, knew that the shining objects were not gems but essence stones, far more precious and crucial for aiding martial artists in their cultivation.

Essence stones were rare even in the Hidden Sect World; seeing them in such abundance here was joyously unexpected for them. The fleeting appearance of these essence stones astonished them, now completely out of sight.

However, the martial artists from the hidden sects, privy to more knowledge, recalled ancient texts which mentioned storage spiritual tools, legendary treasures. Their eyes turned red at the sight of Fang Bai and Wu De.

If they managed to acquire such a spiritual artifact and learned how to use it, it would be a great contribution once they returned to their sects.

Although other martial artists were not aware of storage spiritual tools, they knew Fang Bai and Wu De must have some treasure for storing items, otherwise, how could the essence stones before their eyes disappear into thin air?

After Fang Bai and the other two collected the essence stone elixirs with their spatial rings, they ignored the nearly one hundred martial artists around them and strode towards the air cushion boat, ready to return to the yacht when they were blocked by a few martial artists.

"Leave behind what you've got before you go! Or else..."

"Predecessors be damned! Get lost for Taoist Master!"

A mid-level Profound Level martial artist hadn't finished speaking when he was kicked several meters away by Wu De, violently spewing blood and suffering severe injuries, which rendered him powerless to fight.

Chapter 573: Each Harboring their Own Ulterior Motives

The Profound Level mid-rank martial artist who was severely injured by Wu De was an elder of "Tie Sect Master" from the Secular Ancient Martial World of Huaxia, possessing great strength and a celebrated reputation. Unexpectedly, he was kicked into a grievous state by a casual kick from Wu De.

"Thieving Taoist, how dare you injure our Elder Liu!"

"This is simply intolerable!"

"Stand shoulder to shoulder! Avenge Elder Liu!"

"Let's fight him!"

...

Accompanying Elder Liu from Tie Sect Master were several disciples, each of them a Profound Level martial artist. Seeing Elder Liu injured, they couldn't contain their rage, shouting angrily as they launched an attack on Wu De.

"Taoist Master here has been itching for a fight these last few days. I'll use you lot for some practice!"

Wu De showed disdain, a cold smile playing on his lips as his figure flickered, zipping lightning-fast among the disciples of Tie Sect Master.

A series of screams and howls followed as the disciples of Tie Sect Master were scattered like leaves in a gale, sent flying in all directions, none of them able to rise again, every one of them seriously injured.

Wu De was ruthless in striking, aiming to establish his authority with a few of Tie Sect Master's disciples and thus deter the nearly hundred martial artists around him who were itching for action.

Although Wu De wasn't afraid of being surrounded, among the martial artists nearby were ten whose strength was comparable to his. If they disregarded their status as experts and joined the fray, things could get troublesome.

On Wu De's side, even with the strong support of Fang Bai, the two of them couldn't possibly win against ten Earth Level high-rank martial artists, let alone the other Earth Level and Profound Level

martial artists eyeing them covetously. If they joined the battle as well, it could drag his and Fang Bai's demise.

Especially since Fang Bai had to keep an eye on Ye Wumei, his fighting power was greatly reduced.

Therefore, Wu De, if not striking, must strike like thunder, seriously injuring several of Tie Sect Master's disciples to instill dread in the other martial artists and deter them from acting rashly.

Indeed, the onlooking martial artists seeing that Tie Sect Master's disciples were no match for a single move from Wu De were secretly shocked. The look in their eyes towards Wu De was filled with fear, with martial artists below the Earth Level retreating far away and those above Earth Level hesitating, not daring to make a move.

Even the ten Earth Level high-rank martial artists showed a shift in their expression, their thoughts racing as they pondered if they had any chance of victory should they decide to intervene.

Seeing that he had established his might in one battle and intimidated a hundred martial artists, Wu De felt secretly proud. After exchanging a glance with Fang Bai, he took the lead, with Fang Bai holding Ye Wumei's small hand and following behind, the three of them continued to stride towards the hovercraft.

"This Taoist Priest, keeping the spoils to yourself and not sharing them doesn't seem quite right, does it?"

A gloomy male voice suddenly rang out, and then two figures blocked the path of Wu De and his companions. It was the middle-aged man and woman suspected to be disciples from Ghost Doctor Valley. The one speaking was the middle-aged man, his face wearing a smile that was not quite a smile, and his eyes flickering uncertainly.

"Predecessors! I knew these damned scoundrels wouldn't let us leave easily!"

Wu De inwardly sighed.

"What of it if Taoist Master keeps what he gets to himself?"

Wu De glanced sideways at the middle-aged couple in front of him, his face full of contemptuous disdain.

The middle-aged man replied with a smile that didn't reach his eyes, "All of us friends from the Ancient Martial World have traveled far and wide. When there is a benefit, who wouldn't want a share? If this Taoist Priest wants to keep everything to himself, you should first ask if everyone agrees!"

"We don't agree!"

"Think you can swallow it all alone? No way!"

"We got to Gemini Island before you, and your ability to break the Stone Array was partly due to our relentless attacks beforehand!"

"Exactly, whatever you've found should include our share!"

"Take out the treasures you've found and let everyone have a look at what you've got!"

"If you don't show us, the three of you can forget about leaving Gemini Island today!"

"Can't nearly a hundred of us stop just three of them?"

...

As soon as the middle-aged man finished speaking, the surrounding Martial Artists responded in kind, including those who had already backed off, who now clenched their fists and gathered back around.

Wu De also had a disposition to resist pressure but not persuasion, seeing the Martial Artists around him stirred up by the middle-aged man and becoming agitated again, he became furious. Scanning the crowd

with a cold smile, he said, "Who would dare to fight me? Do you know that I was holding back against those bastards just now? If anyone else dares to fight, I guarantee I'll send him to meet the Infinite Heavenly Venerable!"

The Martial Artists all had their own schemes. If it were a matter of sharing the loot, they'd be more eager than anyone, but the thought of fighting Wu De, a High Rank Earth Level Martial Artist, made them look at each other in dismay, with none willing to step forward.

After waiting in vain for someone to challenge him, Wu De knew their minds were divided, superficially united but inwardly disconnect, and he finally let his guard down. He burst into a loud laughter and pointing at the middle-aged couple who were blocking his way yelled, "You two, fight or scram, don't get in my way!"

The middle-aged man, who thought he had successfully incited a common rage among the Martial Artists at the scene, was secretly pleased, hoping to provoke a melee from which he could benefit. But seeing the Martial Artists hesitate at the critical moment made him silently fume.

The middle-aged couple were top-notch experts in the Hidden Sect World and could almost sweep through everything in the Secular Ancient Martial World. And now, being publicly challenged by Wu De, they couldn't help but look dreadful and gloomy.

"If you want to leave, showcase some of your skills! If you can withstand one palm strike from me, I'll let you pass!"

Stepping forward, the middle-aged man said coldly to Wu De.

"One palm strike is not enough! Come on, let's have a battle for three hundred rounds!"

Wu De laughed heartily and threw a punch towards the middle-aged man.

He knew his opponent was extraordinary, and their strength comparable, so he struck with full force from the start to suppress his opponent and seize the initiative.

True Yuan surged, creating a tumultuous wave.

Wu De's fist was like an indestructible golden cudgel, its sonic boom reverberating as it smashed forcefully towards the man's chest.

Wu De, after joining hands with Fang Bai last time, had obtained a wealth of Cultivation Resources in the tomb chamber of the Innate Expert Zhuge Dingtian. With the help of these resources, his Cultivation Level had advanced significantly, and he was confident that he could sweep all opponents among High Rank Earth Level Martial Artists.

The middle-aged man, seeing Wu De take the initiative to attack with a powerful punch, changed his expression slightly and let out a bellow, his right palm, ready and charged, struck out like lightning to meet Wu De's punch.

As their strength was almost equal, their fist and palm collided, causing a True Yuan explosion that emitted a thunderous boom. The powerful shockwave caused stones to fly and sand to scatter within several meters, while the grass on the ground was sheared as though cut by a knife, sheared off at the roots.

The Martial Artists watching nearby, who were too late to dodge, were knocked backward by the engulfing True Yuan shockwave, spitting out blood and seriously injured.

Those further away also suffered to varying degrees, everyone wounded.

Out of nearly a hundred watching Martial Artists, only eight High Rank Earth Level Martial Artists stood motionless with unchanged expressions, allowing their clothes to flutter with the shockwaves.

Chapter 574: Guidance in the Shadows

Wu De's cultivation level was on par with the middle-aged man's, but his True Yuan was a bit more pure and condensed, giving him a slight edge in strength. As their fists and palms collided, Wu De's figure swayed a little, while the middle-aged man stepped back half a step.

"To think you can block the path of Taoist Master with just this level of ability? You're overestimating yourself!"

Wu De laughed "haha," and his laughter was full of scorn.

"One can't stop you, but what about two?"

Seeing the middle-aged man unable to withstand Wu De, the middle-aged woman standing behind him grew cold in expression, stepped forward, and stood shoulder to shoulder with the man, speaking in a frosty voice.

"What about two? Come on, come at me together, so Taoist Master won't have the trouble of dealing with you one by one!"

Wu De, engaging with the middle-aged man, had the upper hand and his confidence soared. He thought that even if both opponents attacked together, giving it his all, he would be able to maintain an unbeatable position for a short while.

If he really couldn't hold on, Fang Bai, who was stronger than him, would definitely step in to help. With it being two against two, their victory was certain.

"Arrogant!"

"Seeking death!"

The middle-aged couple showed rage, exchanged glances, and both attacked Wu De from the left and right simultaneously.

They seemed to be using some kind of combined attack technique. Their teamwork was like a single entity, with their coordination in punching and kicking incredibly close-knit, resulting in a strength that was more than the sum of its parts.

Wu De originally thought he could hold on for dozens of moves against their combined effort, but unexpectedly, in less than ten moves, he became flustered and struggled to cope, with defeat clearly imminent.

"Hit the left shoulder, strike the right abdomen!"

Under increased pressure and just as he was about to call for Fang Bai's assistance, Wu De suddenly heard Fang Bai's voice in his ear. On instinct, he threw out both fists, one targeting the left shoulder of the middle-aged woman, the other the abdomen of the middle-aged man.

These two punches, unexpected, targeted areas that the couple had to defend, forcing them to switch from continuous attack to defense.

"Kick the left face, strike the right chest!"

Fang Bai's Thread Condensation Sound Transmission followed swiftly into Wu De's ears.

Without thinking, Wu De leaped up, infusing his legs with True Yuan, creating a strong breeze as he kicked towards the face of the middle-aged woman on the left and the chest of the man on the right.

"Step to the left, punch the woman's flank!"

"Step to the right, kick the man's rear!"

"Duck down, and sweep with the left leg!"

...

Fang Bai's words came out rapid-fire, incessantly transmitting them to Wu De via Thread Condensation Sound Transmission.

Wu De knew that Fang Bai was coaching him on the spot, and seeing how effective the guidance was, disrupting the combined attack technique of the middle-aged couple and forcing them into disarray, he was overjoyed, not thinking of anything else and just following Fang Bai's instructions for each move.

In the first ten exchanges, Wu De was purely on the defensive, but in the following dozens of moves, the situation turned into Wu De attacking.

The middle-aged couple grew more alarmed as the fight went on, feeling as if Wu De had peered into all the flaws of their combined attack technique. No matter how tightly they coordinated, Wu De always hit their critical points with each strike, disrupting their rhythm and putting them at a disadvantage.

The middle-aged man and woman knew that if this continued, not only would they fail to beat Wu De, but they would also be defeated.

Surrounded by nearly a hundred martial artists, all eyes were on them, and a few of them came from the Hidden Sect World just like the couple. If they, as a pair, were defeated by Wu De in a two-against-one situation and the word spread, the embarrassment would be too great.

The couple seemed to share an unspoken understanding. After blocking Wu De's fierce attacks, they simultaneously leapt back several yards.

"Why are you running? Come on and keep fighting!"

With pointers from Fang Bai, Wu De had mounted a counter-offensive and was currently gaining the upper hand. He had also gleaned plenty of practical experience from the battle, and he was thoroughly enjoying himself. Seeing the middle-aged couple retreat suddenly, he couldn't help but shout after them.

The middle-aged woman snorted coldly and said, "We have some urgent matters to attend to, so we must leave now. We'll fight you again later!"

With those words, she turned and left. The middle-aged man gave Wu De a deep look and then turned to follow her.

The pair boarded a hovercraft, paddling back to a sea vessel. Shortly after hopping onto the sea vessel, it turned around and departed.

"Predecessors my foot! Clearly beaten and just running away, what excuses are you making?"

Wu De watched the couple board their ship and, stretching out his middle finger toward their retreating figures, he also secretly let out a sigh of relief.

He was well aware that if he continued fighting with the middle-aged couple, even if he could eventually win, his True Yuan would be almost completely depleted. If other martial artists took advantage of this to rob him, the consequences would be unimaginable. Since the couple had taken the initiative to back down, it was time for him to also quit while he was ahead.

Otherwise, with Wu De's temperament, if he had been winning the battle with certainty, how could he have let the middle-aged couple leave? He certainly would have relentlessly pursued them like beating a dog in the water.

"Brother Fang, let's go!"

Wu De turned his head, looking at Fang Bai with gratitude and admiration, and headed toward the seaside.

A smile lingered on Fang Bai's lips as he walked, hand in hand with Ye Wumei.

The other martial artists, including several high-rank Earth Level ones, saw that the middle-aged man and woman were no match for Wu De together. Not one dared to intercept any further, they could only watch as Wu De and his two companions took the hovercraft back to their yacht and then headed off.

Once the trio had left, other martial artists started to disperse. Some left, others, unwilling to give up so easily, searched the island to see if they could find anything of value. But in the end, they all left disappointed.

After leaving Gemini Island, Fang Bai and his companions didn't rush back to the coast, but instead, they cruised slowly over the boundless sea aboard their yacht.

At noon, Fang Bai, Ye Wumei, and Wu De sat by the dining table on the deck of the yacht, enjoying exquisite dishes prepared by the crew-cum-chef and sipping fine wine specially prepared by Wang Maode, while admiring the seagulls over the waves and chatting about their adventure to Gemini Island, laughing from time to time.

"Got tens of thousands of Essence Stones, hundreds of Spiritual Medicines... hehe, this trip was well worth it!"

Under the distressed gazes of two gorgeous female attendants, Wu De chugged down a glass of red wine worth tens of thousands, wiped the stain from the corner of his mouth, and laughed contentedly.

"On Gemini Island, you became the target of nearly a hundred martial artists! Be careful, when you get back to land, someone might follow and rob you!" Fang Bai said with a laugh.

Wu De replied nonchalantly, "Of the nearly a hundred martial artists, only those few high-rank Earth Level martial artists pose any threat to me. The rest are a disorganized rabble, not worthy of concern! Even if those high-rank Earth Level martial artists want to track me, it won't be easy!"

After a pause, he added, "Brother Fang, I have you to thank for my guidance on Gemini Island. Otherwise, the one facing defeat and embarrassment would have been this Taoist Master myself!"

It was only then that Ye Wumei learned that Wu De's retreat of the middle-aged couple was thanks to Fang Bai's guidance. She said with a smile, "Taoist Priest, that's not very generous of you! Since Fang Bai helped you, do you have the heart to keep half of those cultivation resources? Come, come, you should give another two-tenths to Fang Bai!"

Wu De chuckled awkwardly, "Sister-in-law, that Dark Silkworm Soft Armor that Brother Fang gave you is worth as much as all the cultivation resources I got! How about this, I give all my cultivation resources to Brother Fang, and you give me the Dark Silkworm Soft Armor, what do you say?"

Chapter 575: The Innocent Love of That Summer

Wu De uttered "sister-in-law," causing Ye Wumei's pretty face to blush, her heart bursting with joy as she giggled and said, "You wish! There are plenty of cultivation resources, but there's only one Dark Silkworm Soft Armor, and I certainly won't trade with you for it!"

Wu De said, "That's why Brother Fang getting the Dark Silkworm Soft Armor and giving it to you was a huge advantage! Taoist Master here also wanted the Dark Silkworm Soft Armor, but a good man doesn't compete with a woman. Since Brother Fang has given the armor to you, I had no choice but to painfully cut my love for it! If you mention the matter of cultivation resources to me again, would you feel no shame?"

Ye Wumei giggled, "Taoist Priest, you're so stingy! I was just joking with you!"

As evening approached, after dinner, Wu De tactfully did not stick around to be a third wheel and returned to his cabin for silent cultivation.

The two beautiful attendants saw Ye Wumei's gesture for them to leave and also retired to their respective rooms to rest.

The bright moon rose from the sea surface, its silver glow scattering across the undulating waves like fish scales.

Ye Wumei and Fang Bai left the dining table, walked hand in hand to the front of the deck, and stood at the bow, letting the night breeze blow their clothes and tousle their hair.

"What a magnificent view!"

Moved by the vast starry sky and the boundless sea, Ye Wumei spoke out, and then turned to face Fang Bai with a deep question, "Are you going back to Yanjing tomorrow?"

"Mmm."

Fang Bai nodded.

"I don't want you to go!"

Ye Wumei leaned closer to Fang Bai, wrapping her arms around his waist and resting her head on his chest, murmuring, "Once you leave, we'll be thousands of miles apart, one in the south and one in the north, I don't know when we will be able to see each other again..."

Fang Bai's fingers combed through her hair, inhaling the fragrance from her strands, and he said, "If I have time, I will come to Lingnan to see you. You can also call me, or come to Yanjing to find me. However, 'Wrathful Beauties' have threatened to deal with the Ye Family, I think there's more to it than just empty threats, so you should try to stay indoors as much as possible!"

He added, "I've set up the Gathering Essence Array for you, remember to keep cultivating, and work hard to increase your cultivation level. Once you have the ability to protect yourself, you'll be free to go wherever you wish without others worrying about you!"

Ye Wumei nodded earnestly. "I will take you as my goal and diligently cultivate! The next time you see me, I will surely surprise you!"

Fang Bai smiled and said, "I hope so!"

"Tonight, you're not allowed to rest or cultivate. I want you to hold me just like this, and accompany me watching the sea and stars."

Ye Wumei spoke in a coquettish tone, snuggling closer into Fang Bai's embrace, as if wanting to meld herself with him.

"Okay!"

Fang Bai embraced her a little tighter, saying, "Actually, admiring the vastness of the starry sky and the expanse of the sea is also a form of cultivation..."

"No talking about cultivation!"

Ye Wumei protested.

She nestled in Fang Bai's arms, intoxicated by his masculine scent, listening to the steady and strong beat of his heart, and just wanting him to whisper sweet nothings that made her heart race and cheeks flush.

Fang Bai laughed with a "haha" and said, "Alright, we won't talk about that now, it does spoil the mood a bit... So, Star Ye, I want to hear you sing now, can you sing a song for me to listen to?"

When Ye Wumei heard Fang Bai call her "Star Ye," she couldn't help but remember the first time they met. She had been kidnapped by several assassins from 'Wrathful Beauties', and Fang Bai had rescued her. During their escape at sea, Fang Bai had stolen her first kiss.

Looking back on it now, Ye Wumei felt a thrill along with the sweetness in her heart.

Sometimes, Ye Wumei would also feel grateful to the assassins of "Wrathful Beauties." If it weren't for their kidnapping, she might never have crossed paths with Fang Bai in her life.

"Hmm, what do you like to listen to?"

Ye Wumei asked.

"As long as it's you singing, I love to listen to everything!"

"Flatterer! Well... I'll sing 'Naive Love in That Summer' then!"

As Ye Wumei spoke, she cleared her throat and began to hum softly.

The song "Naive Love in That Summer" was Ye Wumei's claim to fame when she debuted at seventeen—depicting the innocent love story between a young boy and girl. The melody was beautiful and winding, the tone positive and uplifting, with catchy lyrics that captured the bold pursuit and longing of young love.

Ye Wumei's voice was melodious and ethereal, like the sound of heaven, cleansing the soul. Even without musical accompaniment, her singing intoxicated the listener.

"It's beautiful! Even a divine melody would not surpass this. From now on, I am your die-hard fan!"

After Ye Wumei finished singing, Fang Bai expressed his admiration, insatiable for more.

Ye Wumei chuckled and said, "If you like it, I'll sing for you often! I rarely sing for just one person, you know!"

Fang Bai laughed, "Really? Then I truly am honored!"

Perhaps knowing that they would soon part, Ye Wumei sang continuously that night, wanting to share every one of her songs with Fang Bai.

When they came to a duet, Ye Wumei taught Fang Bai the male part and then asked him to sing it with her.

Unexpectedly to Ye Wumei, Fang Bai learned the song incredibly quickly—he listened to it twice and remembered the melody and lyrics, able to sing in harmony with her. Moreover, his singing level was even more practiced than that of singers who had debuted for many years, surprising Ye Wumei.

With his profound True Yuan and a strong body, Fang Bai's control over voice and breath had reached an incredibly meticulous level. How could he be compared to an ordinary singer?

"Thank goodness you didn't join the music industry; otherwise, there would be no chance for other male singers to shine! I dare say if you decided to debut as a singer now, within three years, your achievements in the music industry would definitely surpass mine!"

Ye Wumei looked at Fang Bai and said with a sigh.

Fang Bai laughed, "Really? Then get ready, I might just steal your spotlight!"

Ye Wumei giggled and replied, "Sure, I welcome you to try!"

Of course, Fang Bai was only joking. Regardless of past or present life, his unwavering pursuit was always the Martial Dao Peak.

In his previous life, he was besieged by the eight Immortal Emperors and left with endless regrets on his Martial Dao journey.

In this life, he reincarnated with a new start, determined not to let the regrets repeat themselves, and vowed to reach the Martial Dao Peak.

With the experience of two lifetimes, he believed he could make up for the past and achieve his heart's desire.

Under the bright moon and starry sky, the yacht sailed slowly across the ocean. Fang Bai and Ye Wumei shared their hearts and confessed their feelings to each other until they returned to the port the next afternoon.

Wang Maode, who had received the news earlier, had been waiting at the port for a while to welcome Fang Bai and the rest back.

After the yacht carrying Fang Bai and the others had left the port, Wang Maode immediately went to the hospital for a heart examination. The results showed everything was normal. Only then did Wang Maode truly believe his angina had been cured by Fang Bai, and he respected Fang Bai's medical skills immensely.

Chapter 576: Wu De, a Man of Loyalty and Righteousness

"Divine Doctor Fang, Miss Ye, Taoist Priest, are the three of you satisfied with your experience?"

As Fang Bai, Ye Wumei, and Wu De got ashore, Wang Maode asked with a beaming smile, his attitude deferential.

Fang Bai nodded and said, "Very satisfied! Boss Wang, thanks for the trouble!"

"No trouble at all! It's only right... only right..."

Wang Maode pointed to the yacht docked at the harbor and said, "From now on, that yacht is exclusively for Brother Fang's use. Whenever Brother Fang wants to go out to sea and play, you can come here anytime!"

Wu De clamored, "Boss Wang, you can't play favorites! If Brother Fang has his own exclusive yacht, what about Taoist Master's?"

Wang Maode chuckled and said, "Taoist Priest, if you want to come play, I'll give you a free ride too!"

Wu De discontentedly said, "So you mean I don't get my own exclusive yacht? Predecessors! This is discrimination!"

Ye Wumei laughed and said, "Fang Bai is Boss Wang's life-saving benefactor; Boss Wang is willing to give a yacht to Fang Bai without any second thoughts. Taoist Priest, you're neither related nor acquainted with Boss Wang, why should he provide you with an exclusive one? It's only because of Fang Bai's influence that he's willing to offer you a free ride! You should be satisfied with what you have!"

Wu De rolled his eyes and said, "Fine, if you won't give me one, then Taoist Master doesn't care! Hehe, Taoist Master has plenty of money; tomorrow I'll buy ten or eight of these yachts to keep by the seaside, so I can sail out whenever I wish!"

After hearing Wu De's words and seeing his slovenly attire, Wang Maode thought the fat Taoist was boasting. But Fang Bai and Ye Wumei knew that Wu De really wasn't short on money; saying he was wealthy enough to challenge nations wouldn't be an exaggeration.

The trio left the harbor, and Fang Bai and Wu De both noticed they were being followed. Realizing that some Martial Artists who departed from Gemini Island hadn't given up and were looking to rob them on the way, they couldn't help but sneer to themselves.

"Let's part ways here! We'll keep in touch!"

Fang Bai and Wu De had a quiet exchange and Fang Bai passed him a jade pendant infused with his own killing intent. At an intersection in the city area, they waved goodbye to each other.

"Who would've thought, Taoist Priest Wu is quite loyal!"

Watching Wu De's figure disappear into the distance, his sleeves fluttering, Ye Wumei spoke with a touch of emotion.

Ye Wumei had also heard Fang Bai and Wu De's conversation. Wu De volunteered to "draw fire onto himself," planning to spread the word that the treasures of Gemini Island were on him. This way, those Martial Artists' attention would undoubtedly focus on him, lessening the trouble for Fang Bai.

Wu De's "self-sacrificing" spirit touched Ye Wumei quite a bit.

Fang Bai smiled and said, "You've been fooled by Wu De! That fat Taoist isn't that kind-hearted!"

"How so?"

Surprised, Ye Wumei thought, could she have been mistaken? Could it be that Wu De's eagerness to attract the attention of the Martial Artists from Gemini Island had an ulterior motive?

Fang Bai explained, "Wu De is quite cunning! Which of those Martial Artists from Gemini Island doesn't have treasures on them? If they follow him and he ends up robbing them instead, those treasures will become his!"

Ye Wumei had a sudden realization and laughed, "So that's what Taoist Priest Wu is thinking! Isn't he afraid that many Martial Artists will join forces to deal with him?"

Fang Bai said, "Those Martial Artists have different agendas and it's hard for them to unite. And even if they do, with Wu De's strength, he can escape if he can't defeat them, and then pick them off one by one! Although there are a few High Rank Earth Level Martial Artists present on Gemini Island, and if they're willing to work together, they could indeed trouble Wu De quite a bit!"

Ye Wumei said, "The jade pendant you gave Wu De, you're also worried about him encountering trouble, right?"

Fang Bai nodded and said, "After all, it's an acquaintance made; I wouldn't want him to run into trouble! Besides, we'll have many more opportunities for cooperation in the future!"

After returning Ye Wumei to the Ye Family Manor and staying there until dusk, Fang Bai politely declined the Ye family's entreaty to stay longer. Under Ye Wumei's reluctant gaze, he walked away from the Ye Family Manor, striding towards the city center.

Halfway through his walk on a path through the woods, a sneer appeared on Fang Bai's lips. He shifted sideways into the dense forest on his left, completely hiding his presence; he seemed to vanish into thin air.

A moment later, a middle-aged couple appeared where Fang Bai had disappeared.

"That kid is cunning, he must have spotted us!"

"Now we can be sure, he has learned some kind of cultivation technique that conceals his cultivation level, otherwise we wouldn't have failed to sense his presence!"

"Hmm, he is only at the early stage of Earth Rank, and his speed can't match ours. Knowing he can't escape, he simply used his technique to hide and sneaked into this forest! He can't have gone far!"

"Let's split up and search!"

The middle-aged man and woman were the two suspected disciples of Ghost Doctor Valley. After returning from Gemini Island, they did not track Wu De but instead set their sights on Fang Bai. It seemed Fang Bai's "special cultivation technique," capable of hiding his cultivation level, was more attractive to them than the treasure Wu De had obtained.

"No need to search anymore, I'm right here!"

Fang Bai appeared suddenly behind the middle-aged man and woman like a ghostly figure, looking at them with a mocking gaze.

The middle-aged man and woman whirled around, their eyes bulging with disbelief in their expressions.

They couldn't believe that Fang Bai was able to appear behind them without either of them noticing.

This was enough proof that Fang Bai's cultivation level was at least on par with theirs.

"So the early Earth Rank was not this kid's true cultivation level, he's hidden it very deeply!"

The middle-aged man and woman exchanged glances, growing more cautious while their hearts burned with eagerness, speculating that Fang Bai's cultivation technique could not only conceal his cultivation level but also suppress his realm. It was indescribably treacherous.

"You have been following me time and again, what exactly are you planning?"

Fang Bai asked emotionlessly.

Though these two were suspected disciples of Ghost Doctor Valley, Fang Bai had never intended to let them go from the beginning. Now that they had shown up uninvited, it fit right into Fang Bai's plans.

"Kid, you've got some skills, which sect do you hail from?"

The middle-aged man asked with a forced smile.

"Tell us, maybe there's a connection between us!"

The middle-aged woman added immediately.

The two of them already considered Fang Bai to be a disciple of a Hidden Sect, in their eyes, only within such sects could such an exceptional genius emerge.

If the sect Fang Bai belonged to was stronger than their own Ghost Doctor Valley, they would think twice before acting rashly.

If Fang Bai's sect was weaker, they would subdue him directly, forcing him to reveal the secrets of his cultivation technique before silencing him permanently.

"Well then, listen up, I am a disciple from the Hidden Sect 'Ghost Doctor Valley'!"

Fang Bai chuckled "heh heh" as he spoke.

"You're lying!"

"Impossible!"

No sooner had Fang Bai finished speaking than the middle-aged man and woman facing him started to scoff.

The middle-aged woman said, "If you were a disciple of 'Ghost Doctor Valley,' we would have definitely met you before!"

The middle-aged man sneered, "This is a case of Li Kui meeting Li Gui, the fake encountering the real!"

Chapter 577: Just You Guys?

"Could you also be from the Hidden Sect 'Ghost Doctor Valley'?"

Fang Bai heard the middle-aged couple announcing their affiliation and indeed, they were disciples from the Hidden Sect "Ghost Doctor Valley." He pretended to look shocked and exclaimed in surprise,

The middle-aged man laughed out loud and said, "I am Nangong Lv, an elder of the 'Ghost Doctor Valley'!"

The middle-aged woman said, "I, Liu Fengying, have been an elder in 'Ghost Doctor Valley' for ten years, and I've never seen someone like you! Speak, what's your intention in impersonating a disciple of our 'Ghost Doctor Valley'?"

Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying were a married couple, both serving as elders of the Hidden Sect "Ghost Doctor Valley." They had two main objectives for venturing out: one was to search for their son Nangong Ming, and the other was to hunt down and kill the family of the renegade disciple Nangong Zhan from "Ghost Doctor Valley."

After arriving in the secular world, they heard about Gemini Island and took a flight to Lingnan, hoping to try their luck on the island and see if there were any gains to be had. Along the way, they encountered Fang Bai and saw that he displayed the ability of a concealed cultivation technique, which they wanted to snatch for themselves.

After Fang Bai, Ye Wumei, and Wu De left Gemini Island, ten Earth Level high rank martial artists from the Hidden Sect World, including the couple Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying, tracked the three of them back to Lingnan, seeking an opportunity to strike and snatch the treasures obtained on Gemini Island from Fang Bai and Wu De.

Later, when Fang Bai and Wu De split up, the other martial artists tracked Wu De upon learning that the treasures of Gemini Island were on him, while Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying coveted Fang Bai's technique of concealing his cultivation more, thus they chose to track Fang Bai.

They originally thought Fang Bai was just an Earth Level primary rank martial artist, and any one of them could easily subdue him. However, to their surprise, Fang Bai's concealment was so profound that his power was no less than theirs, which greatly exceeded their expectations.

Nevertheless, the couple didn't take Fang Bai seriously and believed that with a two-against-one advantage, they could win easily, as long as they didn't come across a freak like Wu De.

"It seems my earlier guess was correct; you two are indeed from 'Ghost Doctor Valley'!"

Once Fang Bai confirmed the identities of Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying, a surge of killing intent arose within him. He thought that since they were elders of "Ghost Doctor Valley," they must know a lot about it. If he could subdue them and apply the "Soul Capturing Heart Refining Technique," he would be able to learn much about "Ghost Doctor Valley" and even the Hidden Sect World.

Fang Bai had always been interested in the Hidden Sect World but lacked sufficient understanding. While the couple Baili Zhan came from a Hidden Sect, they were only ordinary disciples and didn't know much. Fang Bai only gained a preliminary understanding of the Hidden Sect World from them.

Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying were both elders of "Ghost Doctor Valley," with extensive experience and knowledge far richer than that of the Baili Zhan couple. Fang Bai believed that by speaking to them, he could gain a more comprehensive understanding of the Hidden Sect World.

"Boy, disclose your master's Sect and the cultivation technique you practice, and hand them over. In consideration that you're also a disciple of the Hidden Sect, my wife and I can spare your life! Otherwise... don't blame us for killing to silence you," Nangong Lv threatened with a cold face and chilling tone.

Fang Bai asked, "You two from 'Ghost Doctor Valley' should know Baili Zhan, right?"

"You know that traitor Baili Zhan?"

Liu Fengying's eyes flashed sharply as she asked coldly.

Fang Bai said, "Yes, we not only know each other but are also friends!"

"Speak, where is Baili Zhan? Otherwise, I'll make you beg for life and death!"

Liu Fengying's voice was filled with hatred as she spoke through clenched teeth.

Previously, "Ghost Doctor Valley" had sent two disciples, Cuihun and Life-Snatching, into the secular world to hunt down the family of Baili Zhan. Not only had there been no news from them, but they had

also vanished without a trace. As a result, "Ghost Doctor Valley" dispatched their core disciple, Nangong Ming, but he too disappeared without a trace.

As the parents of Nangong Ming, Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying were extremely anxious about their son's absence and feared he had met with some unforeseen calamity. So they took the initiative to ask the Valley Master Li Ao for permission to leave the sect and come to the secular world to find their son, and at the same time to pursue and kill the renegade Baili Zhan.

Although they had not found their son yet, obtaining news about Baili Zhan still brought joy to Nangong Lv and his wife. If they could kill the entire family of Baili Zhan, they would consider fulfilling one of the two major tasks assigned by Valley Master Li Ao.

"Desperate to live, unable to die? Ha, just with you two mere Earth Level high rank martial artists?"

Fang Bai let out a disdainful cold laugh, his expression filled with mockery and tease.

When Fang Bai's cultivation level was only equivalent to a mid-level Earth Level martial artist, he had fought against Master Xuan Nan, a Heaven Level early-stage strongman from the Shaolin, and was not defeated. Now that he had advanced in cultivation level and was capable of battling mid-level Heaven Level fighters, the couple Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying, although powerful, were indeed not enough in his eyes.

Even if the couple joined forces, Fang Bai would still be able to crush them with ease.

"Presumptuous!"

"You arrogant brat!"

Nangong Lv and his wife Liu Fengying were furious, their gazes sharp as swords, their aura exuding outward, the invisible pressure bearing down on Fang Bai.

The couple simultaneously released their invisible pressure. Even a high rank Earth Level martial artist would have to retreat continuously under this force, yet Fang Bai stood firm, as if nothing was amiss, which greatly surprised Nangong Lv and his wife.

"Oh right, your name is Nangong Lv, isn't it?"

Fang Bai's gaze fell on Nangong Lv, and he mused, "What's your relation to Nangong Ming?"

As soon as he uttered these words, both Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying shook, staring at Fang Bai without blinking and asked harshly in unison, "You know my son?"

Fang Bai laughed and said, "Ha, so Nangong Ming is your son! Truly like family, all speaking in such an oddly sarcastic tone!"

"Tell me, where is my son right now?"

Nangong Lv, hearing Fang Bai's tone, sensed that he was not on friendly terms with his son, and an ominous premonition loomed in his heart. He stepped forward with his right foot, causing dust to scatter as the ground shook within several zhang around him.

Fang Bai pointed towards the western sky and said, "Your son is over there!"

"What do you mean? Keep being cryptic, and believe it or not, I'll slap you to death!"

Liu Fengying, worried about her son, seeing that Fang Bai was vague, couldn't help but ask loudly and demandingly.

Fang Bai was not angry. He smiled and said, "That's the Western Paradise! Your son has ascended to the bliss of the Western Paradise!"

"What?"

"Impossible!"

Nangong Lv and his wife Liu Fengying shouted in unison, unwilling to believe their son was dead.

Fang Bai shrugged and said, "Don't believe it if you don't want to! Pretend I said nothing!"

"Tell me, where is my son?"

Liu Fengying's eyes were bloodshot, her voice trembling, and she said shrilly, "Even if he is truly dead, there should at least be some remains, right?"

Chapter 578: Overwhelming Domination

Although Nangong Lv said it was impossible, he knew that if his son had provoked this young man, it was very likely that he had perished.

"My son, was it you who killed him? Is that right?"

Nangong Lv took another step forward, advancing towards Fang Bai with every step, his voice was almost a roar.

"That's right, I did kill your son! He, just like you, tried to rob me halfway, but ended up being killed by me! Ah, I just don't understand, why does your entire family like to engage in robbery? You keep overestimating yourselves and seeking your own deaths!"

Fang Bai looked at Nangong Lv and his wife, who were trembling with rage and sorrow, and gave a faint smile before saying, "There's something called 'Corpse Disintegrating Powder' that can turn a corpse into a puddle of liquid in a very short time. Have you heard of it?"

Fang Bai's words struck Nangong Lv and his wife Liu Fengying like a heavy hammer to their hearts.

No wonder they had been feeling uneasy lately!

No wonder there had been no news from their son!

No wonder that even though they sent people to look for him in the secular world, they couldn't find any trace of him!

So it turned out that their son had been killed by this damned young man in front of them, and not just that, his body had been burnt to ashes, leaving no trace behind.

Such a death was truly tragic.

"My son!"

Liu Fengying cried out in grief, her eyes nearly splitting.

"You little bastard, your heart is really vicious! Today, unless we flay your skin, pull out your sinews, crush your bones to dust, and scatter them in the air, we will not rest as humans!"

Nangong Lv's eyes were round with rage, his hair stood on end, and he clenched his fists tightly, making a "pop pop" sound. In an instant, his fighting spirit soared to its peak, and the vegetation around him, influenced by his furious aura, shook uncontrollably as if blasted by a strong wind.

"Give me back my son's life!"

In the midst of her screeching, Liu Fengying was the first to strike, her figure swift as the wind, pouncing towards Fang Bai.

She seemed crazed, launching her attack before she even arrived, her palms striking continuously, with True Yuan roaring like raging waves towards Fang Bai.

She harbored a deep-seated hatred for Fang Bai, putting all her strength into these strikes, wishing to kill him with her palms.

Fang Bai's eyes flashed coldly, and he let out a sneer, swinging his palm as if lifting a storm from flat ground, nullifying Liu Fengying's attack, and with strength to spare, enveloped her completely, sweeping her up in the turbulent winds.

Liu Fengying let out a muffled groan, falling backwards with the powerful gust, blood gushing out in midair, losing consciousness, and landing heavily on the ground.

"Fengying!"

Seeing his wife exert her full strength only to be no match for Fang Bai in one exchange, Nangong Lv was shocked and cried out, rushing forward to check on her condition.

Liu Fengying's meridians were broken, her internal organs nearly displaced, and her path in the Martial Dao completely severed, reducing her to nothing more than a disabled person.

With just a casual palm strike, Fang Bai took out an Earth Rank High Rank Martial Artist, something only a Heaven Level Martial Artist could achieve.

Could it be that this young man's cultivation level was comparable to that of Li Ao, the Valley Master of Ghost Doctor Valley, having reached the Heaven Level Realm?

Turning his head to look at the indifferent Fang Bai, Nangong Lv felt a chill in his heart.

The couple had been following Fang Bai, ready to seize an opportunity to force him to hand over the cultivation technique that could hide one's cultivation level. They originally thought this was an easy task, but thinking about it now, it was laughable.

Just as this young man had said earlier, the couple were truly overestimating their own abilities!

Nangong Lv deeply regretted their actions, but regret was of no use now. Given the situation, how could Fang Bai let them go?

His son had died at the hands of this young man, and his wife had been gravely injured by him. Even if he were to fight to the death, he probably wouldn't qualify.

This young man was so strong that it was beyond appearance.

Nangong Lv, with a face full of sorrow and anger, turned to face Fang Bai, ready to receive his attack.

Fang Bai looked at Nangong Lv expressionlessly and said coldly, "I'll ask you a few questions. If you answer truthfully, I don't mind sparing your lives!"

Nangong Lv closed his eyes, calming his heart filled with immense grief from the loss of his son and the injury to his wife, and with the thought that a gentleman's revenge could wait ten years, he sighed and said, "Ask away. I will speak of what I know; there's nothing I can do about what I don't."

Fang Bai saw that Nangong Lv had not followed in his wife's footsteps and fought him desperately, and he thought to himself that this man was crafty, capable of endurance, and truly not simple.

Fang Bai asked some questions related to the "Ghost Doctor Valley" and the Hidden Sect World, to which Nangong Lv answered each one with no concealment.

He didn't dare to hide anything, fearing that if he misspoke a single word, Fang Bai would sense it and strike him dead. If that happened, he would never have the chance to avenge his wife and child.

He and his wife, as Elders of the "Ghost Doctor Valley," were considered powerful figures who dominated a section of the Hidden Sect World. They had thought that once in the secular world, they would be invincible, only to encounter someone as abnormal as Fang Bai – they felt immensely frustrated but hopeless.

In the Hidden Sect World or the secular world, might makes right, and strength commands respect. What could they do if the other party was stronger?

"I promised I wouldn't kill you. But while the death penalty can be spared, a living punishment cannot be overlooked!"

As he spoke, Fang Bai extended a finger towards Nangong Lv's Jingong Acupoint.

The Jingong Acupoint is what martial artists call the "Middle Elixir Field," connected to the "Sea of Consciousness" above and the "Qi Sea" below, a vital "hub" for True Yuan circulation. Once the Jingong Acupoint is destroyed, the True Yuan can no longer circulate throughout the body, and the martial artist's strength is effectively rendered useless.

"You dare..."

Nangong Lv, seeing Fang Bai's finger approaching to disable his cultivation, was horrified and attempted to resist. But he found that Fang Bai was far too fast, his efforts in vain, feeling only a sharp pain in his chest as if pricked by a needle, followed by a complete loss of strength through his body.

"This is too much! Better to kill me!"

Nangong Lv knew that with Fang Bai's finger strike, he was no better than a common man, and consumed by grief and rage, his eyes bloodshot, he roared furiously.

"I keep my word and spare your lives! If you no longer wish to live, you can end it yourselves. I won't stop you,"

Fang Bai said, withdrawing his finger.

Fang Bai's strength was more than enough to contend with top fighters from the Hidden Sect World, and according to Nangong Lv, even the Valley Master Li Ao of the "Ghost Doctor Valley" was only at the initial level of Heaven Rank. Therefore, Fang Bai was not worried that Nangong Lv and his wife would spread the word about him after returning to the Hidden Sect.

Even if the "Ghost Doctor Valley" sent all their experts to deal with him, so what? He could crush them all the same.

And given the current state of Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying, it was uncertain whether they could safely return to the Hidden Sect World.

A short while later, Fang Bai left the two disabled individuals on this forest path that lacked a village in front and a shop behind, and he went on his way.

Of course, before leaving, Fang Bai didn't forget to search Nangong Lv and Liu Fengying for any treasures, but unfortunately, all he found were some low-rank cultivation techniques and martial skills, as well as some elixirs concocted by "Ghost Doctor Valley."

These things, Fang Bai had plenty of and much superior ones at that; he didn't bother looking at them with any interest.

Chapter 579: Xiong Yingxiong

Fang Bai didn't take a plane back to Yanjing this time; instead, he took an ordinary passenger train.

In Fang Bai's words, taking the train brings one closer to the common folk and allows one to witness all facets of life, which is more beneficial for cultivating one's state of mind.

An hour later, Fang Bai was already seated in the train compartment heading from Lingnan to Yanjing.

The train hadn't started moving yet, and passengers with large and small bags continuously poured into the compartment. Holding their tickets, they searched for their seats; some called out to friends, causing a noisy and chaotic atmosphere throughout the space.

Seeing that there was still a while until the train's departure, Fang Bai closed his eyes to meditate, secretly circulating the "Dragon-Tiger-Lion-Elephant Technique" cultivation technique and began to cultivate in the disorderly compartment.

Although he withdrew his senses during his practice, shutting out all external noise and entering a realm of self-forgetfulness, his consciousness was crystal clear, his divine sense extended, and every movement and breath of all the passengers on the train were within his control.

This was the marvelous use of divine sense, like a round-the-clock surveillance system without dead angles, able to control everything around him at any time, even Martial Artists several realms stronger than Fang Bai did not possess this magical ability.

Moments later, a young man took the seat next to Fang Bai.

This man, although ordinary, sparked great interest in Fang Bai.

Fang Bai's divine sense could penetrate anything, and now, he didn't need to physically "feel the bones" to assess a person's physique. Just a sweep of his divine sense over someone's body was enough to determine if they were of ordinary constitution or a Martial Dao genius suited for cultivation.

"It's actually an Innate Fire Spirit Root!"

From the young man, Fang Bai sensed a trace of violent fire Qi, thus he ended his cultivation state and slowly opened his eyes to look at the young man beside him.

The young man seemed to be around twenty years old, carrying a black backpack, with thick brows and big eyes, a few pimples on his face, and dressed like a student returning to school.

"Hello, my surname is Xiong, and my name is Xiong Yingxiong!"

The young man had seen Fang Bai with closed eyes, seemingly resting, and hadn't disturbed him, but seeing him open his eyes and look toward himself now, he smiled warmly and friendly, flashing two rows of white teeth, introducing himself while extending his hand to Fang Bai.

"Xiong Yingxiong? Haha, that's an interesting name!"

Fang Bai smiled and shook hands with Xiong Yingxiong.

"Hehe... My dad picked the name! I didn't have this name when I was little. I was often bullied by classmates in school and was nicknamed 'clumsy bear.' My dad, furious, changed my name to what it is now. Dad hoped that I would grow up to be a hero..."

Xiong Yingxiong was an extremely talkative person, and once he started, he just kept going on and on.

"In the past few years, I spent two years at a Martial Arts School in Lingnan learning some boxing and kung fu. I grew stronger, and I became good at fighting, so nobody dared to bully me anymore! Hehe, last year I even helped the Lingnan police catch some pickpockets and received the 'Lingnan Righteous and Brave Good Citizen' honorary title!"

Xiong Yingxiong grew more excited as he spoke until his voice was loud enough for everyone in the carriage to hear.

In the corner at the far end of the compartment on the north side, three skinny youths looked around shiftily, their gazes occasionally settling on Xiong Yingxiong, revealing a hint of malevolence.

Although those three scrawny youths were ordinary people, a faint whiff of blood lingered about them—they had clearly taken lives before, and when they looked at Xiong Yingxiong, a killing Qi surged forth.

The killing Qi, formless and shadowless, was of course not sensed by Xiong Yingxiong, but Fang Bai's cultivation level had reached a realm so intricate that he could easily capture the fluctuation of emotions like joy, anger, sorrow, and joy.

Fang Bai glanced at the three slender youths, then solemnly said to Xiong Yingxiong, "Helping the police catch pickpockets is good, but pickpockets are organized, so you should be careful of retaliation from the accomplices of those you've caught!"

Xiong Yingxiong dismissed the concern with a scoff, "What's there to fear? If they want to retaliate, let them. I'll take on one if one comes, and if two come, I'll take them both! Heh, it's been a while since I've caught bad guys, my fists and feet are itching for a fight!"

Fang Bai shook his head with a smile, knowing that Xiong Yingxiong was in the prime of youth, and combined with his martial training and having helped the police before, felt overly confident and wouldn't listen to his advice.

Nonetheless, since Xiong Yingxiong possessed an Innate Spiritual Root and was full of righteousness, there likely wasn't a problem with his character. Therefore, Fang Bai felt an appreciation for talent and would help him if trouble arose and he was able to assist.

After a few more exchanges, Fang Bai discovered to his surprise that this rough-and-tumble youth was actually a student at Yanjing Medical University, majoring in traditional Chinese medicine, no less.

"Why study traditional Chinese medicine? It's declining, and I've heard it's hard for students who major in this field to find jobs after graduation!"

Fang Bai asked with interest.

Scratching his head, Xiong Yingxiong answered, "Because my dad is an old practitioner of Chinese medicine, and we have a clinic that's been around for more than twenty years. My dad hopes that I can continue his legacy and expand the clinic!"

Xiong Yingxiong hit it off with Fang Bai, and upon learning that Fang Bai was interning at Yanjing Hospital and that his family also ran a Chinese medicine clinic, he immediately felt a closeness and, realizing Fang Bai was a few months older than him, started calling him "big brother" earnestly.

"Big brother, can I come to Yanjing Hospital to see you when I need medical care?"

Xiong Yingxiong asked jokingly.

Fang Bai replied, "No problem! Just mention my name when you arrive, and the hospital staff should offer you some convenience!"

Fang Bai wasn't boasting; he was now a person of influence at Yanjing Hospital. Younger medical staff would respectfully call him "Teacher Fang" upon seeing him, and even the older staff would politely refer to him as "Doctor Fang."

If Xiong Yingxiong were to truly invoke Fang Bai's name at Yanjing Hospital, the staff would undoubtedly treat him extremely well and prioritize his needs.

Of course, Xiong Yingxiong was unaware of these details. He assumed Fang Bai was just an intern doctor and wouldn't hold much sway at Yanjing Hospital. Mentioning his name probably wouldn't garner any attention when he went for medical care.

To Xiong Yingxiong, Fang Bai's "boasting" didn't really matter. He thought to himself that everyone loves face, and when people come together for a chat, doesn't everyone brag a little? He had just been boasting about his own fighting skills a moment ago!

"Yanjing Hospital isn't far from our school. I'll come hang out with you when I have time!"

After getting Fang Bai's mobile number, Xiong Yingxiong laughed and said.

Fang Bai nodded, "Anytime, welcome!"

A moment later, the train slowly started moving, and Fang Bai continued chatting with Xiong Yingxiong. Unbeknownst to them, their conversation drifted onto the subject of medical skills.

Chapter 580: Accepting an Apprentice

Benefiting from growing up in a family of traditional Chinese medicine practitioners, Xiong Yingxiong had been deeply influenced since childhood and knew quite a bit about the field. According to Xiong Yingxiong, he had studied diligently at school and also received guidance from his father at home. Occasionally, he would even practice in his family's clinic, which enabled him to achieve some modest success in traditional Chinese medicine.

Calling it "modest success," Xiong Yingxiong still felt somewhat proud when he spoke of these accomplishments.

However, after delving deeper into the subject of Chinese medicine, Xiong Yingxiong soon realized that what he had learned was child's play compared to Fang Bai—it was hardly worth mentioning.

The way Fang Bai talked about traditional Chinese medicine made Xiong Yingxiong realize for the first time how profound and mysterious it could be. Some concepts were even new to him, while others were only known in the legends of the medical community.

For instance, using Qigong in medical treatment was a practice that existed in ancient times and had proven very effective. However, with the advent of modern science and technology and various other reasons, the so-called Qigong therapy in Chinese medicine had nearly been lost to time.

Even when occasionally a "Qigong master" appeared, they were mostly frauds.

However, Xiong Yingxiong had once heard from his father that in today's Huaxia, there were five Ancient Medicine Sects that still preserved Qigong therapy, and their disciples were adept in both medicine and martial arts.

Xiong Yingxiong greatly aspired to join an Ancient Medicine Sect to master medical skills, to hold the power to heal, and to save the common people, but he was frustrated by the lack of connections.

Xiong Yingxiong's father had sent his son to Yanjing Medical University to study traditional Chinese medicine because all four National Doctors of Huaxia were in Yanjing. Moreover, there was the Doctor Pavilion in Yanjing, which was said to be one of the five Ancient Medicine Sects. His father hoped that, by some lucky chance, his son might catch the eye of one of the National Doctors or the Doctor Pavilion Sect and receive their favor and guidance.

In discussing the philosophy of Chinese medicine with Xiong Yingxiong, Fang Bai was also subtly instructing him. Seeing that Xiong Yingxiong was listening attentively, lost in thought, and would even occasionally respond with a question, Fang Bai knew he was absorbing the information. He nodded to himself, thinking the young man was indeed teachable.

After Fang Bai finished speaking, Xiong Yingxiong felt he had benefited greatly and was filled with admiration for Fang Bai. He asked, "Brother, do you also know how to perform Qigong therapy?"

He had just heard Fang Bai mention that some complicated human diseases couldn't be cured by medical expertise alone and that "Qigong" was required to assist the treatment. This had greatly piqued his interest.

Fang Bai nodded with a smile and replied, "Well, what is referred to as Qigong is essentially the True Yuan produced by Martial Artists of the Ancient Martial World through Cultivation. As an ordinary person who's never been exposed to Ancient Martial arts, it's normal for you not to know this! You just have to understand that a practitioner of Chinese medicine who isn't trained both medically and martially is destined to have limited prospects, only able to treat minor ailments. Faced with serious diseases, they'll be helpless and eventually have to rely on Western medicine to solve the problem!"

Xiong Yingxiong scratched his head, saying, "I've learned some martial arts too and should also be considered a Martial Artist, right? But why don't I have any True Yuan?"

Fang Bai couldn't help but laugh, "To be honest, the martial arts you've learned... are just amateurish skills. Coming up against a real Ancient Martial practitioner, they could take your life with just a finger! And True Yuan is developed through Cultivation of certain techniques that have been handed down. Have you cultivated any such techniques?"

Xiong Yingxiong shook his head, saying, "No. When I was at the Martial Arts School, it was all about punching bags and learning some grappling and fighting techniques. I've never even heard of Cultivation techniques!"

After a pause, with a sycophantic look on his face and a sheepish grin, he said, "Um... Brother, could you teach me how to cultivate Qigong... no, I mean True Yuan! Can you teach me how to cultivate True Yuan? I'm willing to pay for the lessons... or even become your disciple if that's what it takes!"

Fang Bai said, "I don't lack money! However, I do have room for more disciples... If you truly are sincere about learning medicine and martial arts from me, then take me as your master."

"Deal!"

Convinced by Fang Bai's words, Xiong Yingxiong, a man of action, immediately stood up and knelt down before Fang Bai in the aisle of the train carriage, respectfully kowtowing three times.

The other passengers in the carriage watched this scene and found it amusing, unable to comprehend what the two young people were up to.

Seated at the back, three skinny youths curled their lips into a sneer, revealing a look of cruelty and mockery in their eyes.

About an hour into the journey, the train stopped at an intermediate station, where passengers got on and off.

Just then, the three skinny youths exchanged glances and stood up simultaneously. They slowly approached Xiong Yingxiong, walking down the center aisle of the carriage.

"I'm going to hit the restroom!" Fang Bai stood up and walked toward the three skinny youths.

As they brushed past each other, Fang Bai's left hand lightly flicked a few times, touching each of the three skinny youths with a finger. Then, with a smile on his lips, he headed towards the train's restroom.

The three skinny youths didn't notice anything unusual. They reached Xiong Yingxiong, and the one in front suddenly pulled out a folding knife from his pocket. With a casual flick, he revealed half a foot of the blade and, amidst the screams and shouts of the surrounding passengers, stabbed it towards Xiong Yingxiong.

Xiong Yingxiong, engrossed in playing with his phone, hadn't paid attention to the three skinny youths approaching him. Only after hearing the screams did he suddenly look up and see the flash of a knife. Startled, he instinctively dodged to the side.

After all, he was someone who had practiced martial arts for a few years and had been in more than a few fights, gaining some real combat experience. As he dodged to the side, he lifted his right leg and fiercely kicked towards the abdomen of the skinny youth in front of him.

The skinny youth was about to stab Xiong Yingxiong with his knife when suddenly his body convulsed as if electrocuted. The knife in his right hand clattered to the ground.

Immediately after, his abdomen was hit by Xiong Yingxiong's kick. In pain, he burst into tears and snot, collapsing to the ground and curling up like a shrimp.

"Damn it!"

"I'll slaughter you!"

Seeing their companion kicked down, the remaining two skinny youths didn't back down. Instead, they were enraged, their eyes flashing fiercely, their faces cruel. They each pulled out a folding knife and, one after the other, stabbed towards Xiong Yingxiong.

However, unknown to them, they fell under the same spell as their fellow had fallen under. Barely extending their knives, still far from Xiong Yingxiong's body, they began to tremble violently. They were similarly kicked down by Xiong Yingxiong, curling up unable to stand.

The sudden incident caused chaos in the carriage, with cries and shouts echoing all around. Some passengers, worried about getting involved, stood up and ran to the next carriage.

Soon, several fully armed train police arrived, some carrying guns, some holding batons, and others with handcuffs.

A few passengers cautiously approached the three skinny youths on the ground, seeing that they were limp and had lost their ability to resist, they finally relaxed. They handcuffed the three and then took them away.