

## Medical 1001

### Chapter 1001 Enchanting Smile (Part 2)

Yan Xiaobao took a step back and shouted, "Big brother!"

Almost immediately, a mountain of flesh descended from above.

As he looked up, the burly man's face fell. Then, a massive thud echoed as a mountain of flesh crashed onto him.

As Big Fatty Zhang continued to sit on him, the burly man let out a wretched scream. Although he struggled, he couldn't break free. In fact, if it weren't for his large and robust physique, he would've had the air squeezed out of his lungs, causing him to pass out.

When about seven servants reached the hillside behind the burly man and saw what was happening, their eyes widened in shock.

The two Outer Sect disciples also found it hard to breathe. The burly man trapped by Big Fatty Zhang seemed to deflate momentarily, making them feel a bit sorry for him.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao leaned down and whispered, "Big brother, we have an audience."

Knowing Yan Xiaobao for over a year, Big Fatty Zhang understood his meaning. He glared at the burly man, clenched his large hands into hammer-like fists, and began to hit him hard.

"How dare you try to escape from Lord Fatty! What shameless audacity!"

"It's tough to climb all this way. We wanted to become Outer Sect disciples but happened to give up at the last minute. Of course, we need some compensation!"

"Fuji, I can't believe you refused us!" After beating him, Big Fatty Zhang then leaped into the air and slammed down onto the man. The burly man screamed miserably, almost unable to breathe. As Big

Fatty Zhang prepared to jump again, the man suddenly grasped a wobbly hand. With terror on his face, he blurted, "Here, take some compensation!"

Big Fatty Zhang immediately helped the burly man up. Facing his cheerful demeanor, he picked up the schoolbag, glanced inside, and then helped the man soil his clothes.

"Hahaha. Brother, why didn't you say so earlier? Look, people are already lined up ahead of you. We only need one, and we'll clear the way."

The burly man looked humiliated and angry but dared not say anything. He quietly stood beside the long-faced servant, feeling very dejected. As for the long-faced servant, he felt a bit better, thinking he was smarter than the burly guy.

"That was incredible, big brother!" Yan Xiaobao said with a smile, grinning. Then, he excitedly looked at the servants who had been following the burly man but were now standing there looking terrified.

Big Fatty Zhang proudly smiled and then returned to his position at the entrance, where he sat down again to block the path.

The two Outer Sect disciples exchanged frustrated glances. Compared to what had just happened, Yan Xiaobao and the others seemed rather gentle and mild in how they extorted the long-faced servant.

"They... they're actually robbing people!"

"It's robbery!" They were incensed, but also slightly envious, and couldn't help wishing they had come up with a similar idea when taking part in the fire trial.

The seven servants who had been trailing the burly man were the most disgruntled. As they watched Big Fatty Zhang pummel and beat the burly man, their eyes began to shine brightly.

Previously, becoming an Outer Sect disciple seemed almost impossible. But now... suddenly, they had hope.

Excitedly looking at everyone, Yan Xiaobao suddenly shouted in a high-pitched voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, there's one place left. How about we give it to the highest bidder!"

Soon, a group realized what was happening, and their gasping voices grew louder.

The expressions in their eyes became more peculiar, filled with all sorts of wild emotions. Almost immediately, people began shouting, making it seem almost like an auction.

"I'll bid ten spirit stones!"

"Eleven!"

"That spot is mine. I'll bid fifteen spirit stones!"

Yan Xiaobao, Big Fatty Zhang, and the third fat black man were instantly elated.

When the two Outer Sect followers heard what was happening, it was like pouring oil onto a fire. From their perspective, extortion was one thing, and robbery might be overlooked. But seeing the situation turn into an auction set their minds spinning. It was outrageous, waves of shock seemed to hit their hearts. To them, the most villainous of the three was not Big Fatty Zhang, but the seemingly charming and innocent Yan Xiaobao!

"Outrageous! Shameless!" One of them finally gritted his teeth, turned around, his eyes filled with either jealous or angry bloodshot streaks, unsure of which, as he went to report the matter to the Honorary Guard.

Yan Xiaobao wasn't actually too pleased with the level of bidding. He pondered for a moment, then shouted, "Ladies and gentlemen, we need to get going. Otherwise, other servants will appear, and who knows how long they'll take to decide!"

Responding to his words, a young woman's voice suddenly rang out from further up the mountain.

"I, Hou Xiaomei, bid thirty spirit stones! I come from a cultivation family and have plenty of money. Let's see who dares try to steal my spot!" A young, beautiful girl stormed to the mountaintop. She had fair skin and a slender frame, looking very youthful.

When Big Fatty Zhang saw the young, beautiful girl, his eyes widened. He was about to say something but stopped, looking at Yan Xiaobao.

Almost as soon as Hou Xiaomei's words left her mouth, the rest of the servants descended into a tremendous uproar, calling for higher and higher bids. In the end, she offered a price that made the long-faced youth and the burly man quake with fear. In fact, they even felt like they had just landed a great deal.

Hou Xiaomei proudly stepped out of the crowd, her chest swelling. She glanced back disdainfully at the others, then joined the long-faced young man and the burly guy claiming to be the Wolf King. They headed to the final step together, then exited the fire trial.

Behind them, Yan Xiaobao, Big Fatty Zhang, and the third fatty clasped their hands together, bowing deeply.

"Congratulations, fellow Daoists. You're fish leaping over the dragon's gate, sprinting divine horses!"

The long-faced servant and the others stood atop the mountain, somewhat dazed. Although they were now Outer Sect disciples, for some reason, they didn't feel as joyful as they had imagined. Then they heard what Yan Xiaobao and the others had said and exchanged regretful glances with the long-faced young man and the burly servant.

On the other hand, Hou Xiaomei seemed extremely thrilled. Her charming face even had a slight blush.

"I never imagined I, Hou Xiaomei, would encounter such luck," she thought with pride. Thus, the fire trial ended. As Hou Xiaomei went further, Zhang Dafei watched her, thoughtfully rubbing his chin.

"Ah, so fair, so young, so pure..." he said. Then he looked at Yan Xiaobao as if comparing the two.

Yan Xiaobao also looked at Hou Xiaomei in the distance, his heart filled with conflicting emotions. Then he heard Zhang Dafei and turned to find him watching from the corner of his eye.

"Hey, what are you looking at!?" he shouted.

Big Fatty Zhang laughed heartily at Yan Xiaobao's anger and then pulled out a pile of spirit stones, quickly changing the subject.

"Come, come, why don't we count our spirit stones? We're rich now! Hahaha! What a great idea."

"What's the point of counting them?" Yan Xiaobao said coldly. "No matter how many times you do it, it won't change how many there are."

"Brother Ninth, you don't understand. All you see are spirit stones, but what you should be thinking about is... life." Big Fatty Zhang rarely spoke so deeply about life. Hearing him speak like that left Yan Xiaobao stunned. He picked up the bag to try calculating the spirit stones like Big Fatty Zhang, but soon got bored and handed the package back.

Just about that time, a flash of light rose along the Fire Path. Everyone's vision swam, and when it cleared, they were back at the base of the mountain.

When the middle-aged Honorary Guard in charge of the trial saw Yan Xiaobao and the others, a strange expression appeared on his face. After a moment, he shook his head, ignoring them. As far as he was concerned, the sect would have to figure out how to handle the oven.

Yan Xiaobao and the others were tense, but seeing there was no immediate reaction, they exchanged glances, cleared their throats, and then quickly returned to the oven.

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Chapter 1002 Longevity Pills

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Fatty Zhang counted the stones over and over as they returned to the Roasting Oven. The other fatties soon came back too, all full of cheer. Everyone shared a knowing glance and looked very proud of themselves.

After dividing the loot, Yan Xiaobao went back to his small hut. He had come to this place seeking eternal life. If not for needing medicinal plants to trade for longevity pills, he wouldn't have even thought of the spirit stones.

That night, no one could sleep in the oven. Fatty Zhang and the others were suddenly too excited. In the past, their coin purses had always been empty, but now, the future seemed bright and glorious. That being said, they still worried that what they had done might have consequences, making it hard for them to fall asleep.

As for Bai Xiaochun, he couldn't stop thinking about the longevity pills to extend his life, unable to sleep as well.

The next day, news of the oven's people blocking the path during the trial spread like wildfire throughout the entire servant district on the South Shore of Spirit Stream Sect. Soon, everyone heard about it.

"Have you heard about the Oven crew?!?!"

"Are they crazy? I can't believe they did it! Heavens! They sold spots to the Outer Sect! Unbelievable! Why didn't I think of doing that?!"

"I heard the Oven crew has big connections and are really hooked inside this sect. Otherwise, how could they dare do something so infuriating?" All the departments and individuals in the servant area were talking about the oven.

In the next few days, the crew tried to keep a low profile, even avoiding going out alone. A few days later, one night, Yan Xiaobao was spooning soup into thick-bottomed bowls one by one. Suddenly, he heard footsteps coming down the path outside.

"Everyone in the oven, gather here immediately! The Supervision Department has received orders to investigate what happened during the fire trial!" Even as the voice echoed, the oven's front door was loudly kicked open.

As several servants burst in, the sound of the door being kicked echoed, all of them wearing the robes of the Supervision Department. Leading them was the burly man who had come with Xu Baocai last time.

Fatty Zhang and Yan Xiaobao exchanged a glance, then casually stepped forward to face the aggressive group from the Supervision Department.

"I thought I heard a crow calling this morning," Fatty Zhang said. "I should have known you'd show up today, Chen Fei."

Chen Fei first looked at Fatty Zhang, then at Yan Xiaobao. Their entirely calm demeanor made him frown.

On the way, he had been very excited, believing he had finally gained the upper hand needed to take down the oven and end their departments' years-old feud.

"Stop pretending to be so calm!" Chen Fei said coldly, a fierce glint in his eyes. "Oven people, let me ask you, did any of you nine participate in the recent fire trial to get servants promoted to the Outer Sect?"

"Of course we did," Fatty Zhang replied with a chuckle.

"That's all I need to know. Take them away!" Chen Fei did not mince his words. He waved his right index finger, and immediately, dozens of servants from the Supervision Department with iron chains rushed in to arrest the oven crew.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but laugh and say, "Does your Supervision Department handle everything? Can you even disqualify us from becoming Outer Disciples? You guys are quite powerful."

Chen Fei couldn't help but recall the recent Flying Sword incident. He raised his hand to stop the other servants, then squinted at Yan Xiaobao.

"Brother Bai, if you still don't believe in my authority, then answer me another question. Did your oven crew block the trial exit and then sell spots to the Outer Sect? Do you dare admit you did such a thing?!"

"Of course I admit it!" Yan Xiaobao calmly nodded, looking quite charming. He even pointed at Big Fatty Zhang and the others and said, "They did too."

"That's right, we all did it. So what?!" Fatty Zhang laughed and said.

A flicker crossed Chen Fei's face. He had never expected the oven crew to openly admit to the charges. He had expected them to only give in after a fierce confrontation of wits.

The way things developed seemed odd, giving him a strange feeling inside. Hence, he roared, "Great. Since you've confessed, I don't need to question you further. You'll all come with me to the Hall of Justice. If any of you dare resist us, you'll be expelled from the sect immediately according to the rules!"

He then marched forward towards Yan Xiaobao, followed by the others.

However, at this point, Yan Xiaobao suddenly reached out his right hand, performing a spell. Instantly, a light shot out from his sleeve, transforming into a multicolored Wooden Sword. The moment the sword appeared between the two groups, it emitted an oppressive cold light. Chen Fei halted in his tracks, his face dropping.

"Yan Xiaobao, how dare you resist arrest!"

"Mr. Chen, the Supervision Department might have the right to question us, but where do you get the authority to arrest us?"

"Hmph! You've admitted to violating the sect's rules, so of course I have the authority to arrest you!"

"Wait, what sect rule did we violate?" Yan Xiaobao squinted his eyes and asked. Fatty Zhang and the others also squinted their eyes and looked at Chen Fei with cold smiles.

## Chapter 1003: Longevity Pills (Part 2)

"You've sold a place to the Outer Sect, violating sect rules... wait, hmm?" Suddenly, Chen Fei stopped speaking, his face falling. A string of sweat beads appeared on his forehead.

It was only at this point that he suddenly realized there were actually no sect rules explicitly prohibiting people from selling spots on the fire trial path to the Outer Sect... After all, not many would think of doing something like that, even if they did, they likely wouldn't make such plans...

"Brother Chen, why are you sweating?" Yan Xiaobao asked, sounding shocked. However, as he spoke, his tone grew increasingly louder. "Come on, what sect rule have we violated? Speak. Wait, haven't we violated any sect rule? Brother Chen, have you deceived the Judicial Hall for your personal vendetta? Is that why you're here to punish us? Brother Chen, what you've done is a violation of Chapter Eleven of the Ninth Volume Decree! This brings severe punishment!" At the end of the speech, he felt great.

"Liar! I..." It wasn't just Chen Fei's face that fell. All the other servants of the Supervision Department realized they had made a huge mistake.

It was at this point that Big Fatty Zhang maliciously laughed, raised his hands, and cracked his knuckles. As they started moving toward the group of the Supervision Department, other fatty's eyes flashed intensely.

"Chen Fei, the Judicial Hall will deal with your sect rule violations," Big Fatty Zhang grinned broadly, his energy vigorous. "But now, you'd better explain how you plan to compensate for the cherished gate of the Roasting Oven, meticulously crafted by many ancestors in the past who died in the process!"

Since they dared to block the finish line of the fire trial with fire, they naturally did so after thorough preparation. Yan Xiaobao had long suggested that they study sect rules before devising their grand plan.

"Charge!" Big Fatty Zhang shouted. His mountainous figure immediately caused Chen Fei and the others to begin trembling.

In the courtyard, the sound of battle and clanging erupted immediately. As for Yan Xiaobao, his body flashed in the air as he dismounted from his usual position on the bamboo fence surrounding the courtyard. He flicked his sleeves, hands clasped behind him. Gazing into the distance, he looked like a lonely hero uninvolved in combat.

"With the press of a finger, I, Yan Xiaobao, reduce the Supervision Department to ashes..."

When describing Hou Xiaomei, Big Fatty Zhang used the same character names as Yan Xiaobao had for Supervision Department and Roasting Oven, which had been contentious for years. There was much friction between them, but usually, things were kept under control. The most severe injury ever was minor.

The contention of the fire trial continued for a while with incense burning. Big Fatty Zhang and others beat Chen Fei and the supervision forces until they were black and blue. It was only when they forked over enough spirit stones to pay for the gate that they left, cursing the entire time.

Before leaving, Chen Fei looked at Yan Xiaobao standing on the bamboo fence, deepening hatred in his heart. As far as he was concerned, ever since Yan Xiaobao's appearance, the Roasting Oven had only become more loathsome.

This struggle garnered significant attention in the servant area. Many servants grew angrier than ever upon realizing the Supervision Department was powerless against the Roasting Oven. However, other servants, like Hou Xiaomei, felt that what the Roasting Oven did meant they now had a great opportunity in the fire trial.

In fact, when the next month's fire trial began, the staff of the Roasting Oven proudly stepped up to the starting line.

Surrounding servants looked at them frantically.

Big Fatty Zhang cleared his throat, glanced around at the other servants, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you can reach the peak faster than us, then you don't have to buy a spot. We do this for the benefit of the sect! A good competition brings out the best!"

Yan Xiaobao instructed him to say things like this, resulting in the surrounding servants gritting their teeth in anger.

When the bell began to toll, signaling the start of the fire trial, the staff of the Roasting Oven and all other servants began racing up the mountain as if their lives depended on it.

Soon, the fatties and Yan Xiaobao led by a wide margin, almost out of sight. Other servants smiled bitterly but continued racing.

Clearly, they remembered Big Fatty Zhang's words...

Once again, the staff of the Roasting Oven achieved success in a shocking manner, causing a great stir in the servant area. After all, they had a deep cultivation foundation, and their body frames were enormous. No one dared say anything.

The Roasting Oven received more attention than ever before. Although well-known in the servant area, their current fame surpassed the achievements of past years.

Another two months passed, and whenever there was a fire trial, the staff of the Roasting Oven hurried over. As far as they were concerned, that month's moment was their spiritual payday.

Yan Xiaobao was also excited about accumulating spirit stones. He would soon buy all the medicinal plants he needed. Finally, another round of the fire trial began.

It was now dawn. Big Fatty Zhang, Third Fatty Hei, and all other fatties woke up early. Yan Xiaobao joined them, and nine of them sped up, then split into three groups, with Big Fatty Zhang's group heading to Xiangyun Peak.

However, a group from the Supervision Department intercepted them on the way. Without any explanation, a battle immediately broke out. The Supervision Department held a numerical advantage, causing chaos. Soon, the sound of a bell could be heard, making Big Fatty Zhang so anxious that his eyes became bloodshot.

Upon hearing the bell's sound, the Supervision Department's group scattered. Big Fatty Zhang, Bai Xiaochun, and Third Fatty Hei were furious but had no time to chase. They immediately rushed to the fire test at Xiangyun Peak. When they reached the path entrance, no one was there, so they immediately began racing up the mountain.

"Those Supervision Department bastards!" Big Fatty Zhang cursed. "Just wait until we're done here, I'll gather all the junior brothers, and we'll beat the crap out of them!" He was trying hard to burn the fat in his body, making him noticeably thinner. However, the result was explosive speed.

Yan Xiaobao was also angry. He only needed more spirit stones to reach his goal. Grinding his teeth, he pushed forward at the speed he could muster. Keeping pace with Big Fatty Zhang and Third Fatty Hei, he led the way, passing one servant after another.

When they reached the mountain top, their faces darkened. Blocking the entrance stood three people.

Standing at the forefront was Chen Fei, flanked by two burly men who seemed to be at the third level of Qi Condensation. As soon as they saw Yan Xiaobao and the others, they began laughing.

"Big Fatty Zhang and Yan Xiaobao are here! Well, don't worry, we still have spots left. Do you want one?"

Big Fatty Zhang gritted his teeth. His eyes were bloodshot as he shouted, "Despicable! Shameless! You are clueless!"

"Hey, since this doesn't violate sect rules, then if you people from the Roasting Oven can come here, so can the Supervision Department!"

"Hahaha! This business now belongs to the Supervision Department!"

Upon hearing the mocking laughter of Chen Fei and his companions, Yan Xiaobao and the others felt their anger dissipate. It was now clear why the other supervision department members ambushed them on the way here. It was a big conspiracy!

Big Fatty Zhang made an angry sound, preparing to attack Chen Fei. To him, a fight at this point was inevitable. Moreover, he couldn't know if the same thing would happen again in the future. It was essentially like stealing spirit stones from him, which boiled his anger.

Third Fatty Hei was equally incensed. However, at the exact moment they were about to attack, Yan Xiaobao raised his head and then suddenly said softly, "Boss, run as fast as you can, and push them to the finish line. We might not have any spirit pillars this time, but at least the Supervision Department can't steal our business in the future!"

Big Fatty Zhang's eyes lit up with joy. He became more aware than ever that Yan Xiaobao was a real schemer. He laughed heartily and suddenly shot forward. Third Fatty Hei followed Big Fatty Zhang, chuckling, his eyes shining brightly.

The path wasn't very wide, and when Big Fatty Zhang and Third Fatty Hei charged together, they almost seemed like a massive wall.

As they accelerated directly towards Chen Fei and the others, a gust of wind rushed up.

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Chapter 1004 Frenzied Shouts

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Yan Xiaobao followed Big Fatty Zhang, letting out a wild shout.

Without any hesitation, Chen Fei and his friends launched an attack. However, it was of no use. Big Fatty Zhang and Third Fatty Hei charged forward like frightened wild boars.

Their combined assault was shocking, causing ghosts and gods to cry. They crazily pushed forward, crashing into Chen Fei and his friends, forcing them back. Chen Fei and his friends were extremely shocked, their heads feeling as if they were about to explode when they realized what the Roasting Oven staff were doing.

In any other situation, Chen Fei and his friends would have dodged or counterattacked. But here, retreating backward was of no use; it would actually accelerate their defeat.

As they were pushed back, their faces were filled with rage.

Clearly, they didn't want to become disciples of the Outer Sect. After promotion, they would no longer serve in the Supervision Department and would revert to being mere disciples, losing the chance for ill-gotten gains.

"Brother Zhang, don't say it!" Chen Fei blurted out, sweat running down his forehead. "I want to say something—" However, before he could finish, he was interrupted by Bai Xiaochun.

"Brother, keep going! Push them to the finish line!"

In response, Big Fatty Zhang let out a roar and charged forward even more. Third Fatty Hei joined him, and as they pushed Chen Fei and two other burly fellows onto the narrow path, a rumbling sound echoed out. The first one to cross the finish line was a burly man, who then stood on the mountain top, wanting to cry but unable to.

Another burly guy let out a tragic scream. Wobbling backward, he began pounding his chest in regret.

The last to cross was Chen Fei. No matter how he struggled, the path was too narrow, and as he was forced off the path, a surge could be heard. He glared at Zhang Dapang and the others, his eyes filled with bloodshot rage, brimming with murder.

"Yan Xiaobao!!" The person they hated the most wasn't Big Fatty Zhang, but Yan Xiaobao, who had concocted the despicable plan.

On the mountain top, two disciples from the Outer Sect had been watching the entire scene. They cleared their throats, then slightly stepped back, at a loss for words.

Big Fatty Zhang and Third Fatty Hei now stood at the finish line, proudly sticking out their chests, laughing heartily.

"See you later, Chen Fei!" Big Fatty Zhang said, patting his belly, making the fat wobble. "Hahaha! Although, not in the servant's area! Hahaha! I'll miss you! Congratulations on becoming a disciple of the Outer Sect!"

Chen Fei and his friends nearly coughed up blood; in their hearts, all they desired was murder.

Yan Xiaobao lifted his chin, looking pleased. "No need to thank us, old brothers. Congratulations on being the fish that leap over the dragon's gate. As a disciple of the Outer Sect, your success will gallop like sacred steeds. Our young brothers offer heartfelt congratulations!"

However, even as his words rang out, a cold, trickling sound echoed from the top of Xiangyun Peak.

"No need for congratulations, you'll be coming too."

Almost as the words entered Yan Xiaobao's ears, he began to tremble. His eyes were filled with fear, a powerful force from the mountain intensified, engulfing him, then began pulling him up the mountain.

Yan Xiaobao let out a tragic scream, swiftly wrapping his arms around a tree, the same tree that had once surrounded the fiery trial.

"Brothers, save me!" he screamed.

The development was too swift. Before Big Fatty Zhang and Third Fatty Hei could even react, a crackling sound could be heard, as Yan Xiaobao clung onto a splitting branch. He flew backward like a kite, cut from its string, spinning upwards to the peak. Meanwhile, a middle-aged man appeared above, wearing a long blue cloak, looking not angry but incredibly menacing. This was nothing but... Chen Fei and his friends always reveled in others' misfortunes. When they saw what happened to Yan Xiaobao, they couldn't help but feel that the great law of heaven had indeed been forcibly carried out. As for the two disciples responsible for the trial, they looked on with hatred, a sentiment other servants never had.

"I don't want to go..." Yan Xiaobao collapsed to the ground, immediately beginning to weep, his voice filled with a feeling of maltreatment, any listener would surely cry.

Meanwhile, back on the path, Big Fatty Zhang and Third Fatty Hei saw Li Qinghou start to tremble. They quickly lowered their heads to avoid attention.

"Ah, Ninth Brother, it's not that I refuse to save you. Now that the peak has appeared on Xiangyun Peak, you have no choice but to suck it up in the Outer Church..." Big Fatty Zhang tried to unobtrusively raise his shoulder, sighing continually in his heart, feeling distant. However, at that moment, Li Qinghou's voice suddenly rang in his ears.

"You two will be coming as well." Once Big Fatty Zhang heard these words, a powerful force pulled him and Third Fatty Hei into the air. They had no chance to grasp a tree before being dragged to the mountain top.

"I don't want to go!" Big Fatty Zhang cried, sounding even more tragic than Yan Xiaobao. "I'd rather die in the roasting oven than climb the ladder in the Outer Church..." His tone was pitiful; in fact, Yan Xiaobao stared up in shock, forgetting to cry.

Third Fatty Hei said nothing, but quietly looked down at the foot of the mountain, his face showing a picture of dejection and yearning.

Chapter 1005 Frenzied Shouts (Part 2)

When Li Qinghou heard Fatty Zhang's miserable wails, his face darkened, and he said, "Shut up!"

Yan Xiaobao immediately stood up, and as he stood there, his expression was serious. He wasn't as sullen as before, quite the opposite; it was as if he had suddenly turned his face.

Fatty Zhang stared in shock, then immediately stood up. Deep down, he felt the persecution he endured was like a threatening ocean about to overwhelm him. He simply couldn't understand why Li Qinghou wouldn't say anything when Yan Xiaobao cried, but would yell at him when he did the same.

"Zhang Dahai, starting today, you will become an Outer Sect Disciple of Violet Cauldron Peak!

"Chen Qingru, you will go to Green Crest Peak!

"Yan Xiaobao, you will stay here with me as an Outer Sect Disciple of Xiangyun Peak." Li Qinghou looked at Yan Xiaobao, feeling a headache. When he received news about the staff at the roasting oven and everything, he had just entered secluded meditation. Even the sect elders were talking about it. Naturally, from their perspective, the whole process was very amusing, and it stood out from the monotony of cultivation. None of them tended to issue any punishment.

However, it was not something that could be allowed to continue indefinitely, so Li Qinghou came to resolve the issue.

After the speech, he flicked his sleeve gently, ignoring Chen Fei and the other two men on Xiangyun Peak.

Yan Xiaobao sighed painfully and bid farewell to Big Fat Zhang and Third Fat Black. Suddenly, he remembered something. He turned to look at Third Fat Black with a strange expression on his face and asked, "Third Brother, your name... is actually Chen Qingru? Hahaha! What a nice name. It makes you sound like a smoking hot babe!"

Third Fatty Hei snorted coldly but dejectedly, then turned and started to walk down the mountain.

"What's up with him?" Yan Xiaobao turned to Fatty Zhang and asked.

Fatty Zhang looked back at him with a strange look in his eye. Then, he patted his shoulder, speaking in a solemn and sincere voice.

"Ninth Brother, I never told you before. Third Fatty Hei is actually not your brother. In fact... she's your sister." Clearing his throat, he turned and hurried away.

Yan Xiaobao stared blankly at him. It felt like thunder crashed in his head, as if his whole world was collapsing.

"Elder... sister?" After a long time, Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath, prepared to turn and look at Third Fat Black, when suddenly Li Qinghou's cold voice rang out.

"Close your mouth and catch up!"

Yan Xiaobao rushed after Li Qinghou, looking more miserable than before. After a few steps, he turned his head, glanced at the roasting oven, and sighed.

It had been a while since Yan Xiaobao learned that the Spirit Sect had four peaks on the North Shore and three peaks on the South Shore. Li Qinghou was the Peak King of the Third Mountain, Xiangyun Peak. The peak's position was quite prominent within the sect.

Although Xiangyun Peak didn't look very large, once inside, one would find it filled with birdsong and fragrant flowers. It looked like a heavenly paradise, and was actually much larger on the inside than it appeared on the outside.

In reality, the finish line of the fire trial was merely the top of an auxiliary spur of the entire mountain range, and actually only counted as the foot of the mountain.

Mist swirled everywhere, and there was occasionally a medicinal fragrance, a scent that could uplift the spirit and convey a warm feeling through the body. Yan Xiaobao could immediately tell that this place was extraordinary. He took a deep breath, his cultivation base, which hadn't made much progress in the past few months, suddenly came alive.

Li Qinghou didn't look back, but his eyes flashed with a hint of admiration. Even he felt that Yan Xiaobao's progress in cultivation over the past year was not bad.

"Since you're an Outer Sect Disciple, you can't cause any more trouble," Li Qinghou said slowly. "Practicing cultivation is like rowing a boat; it requires constant effort."

Yan Xiaobao dared not speak any further. He did his best to put on the most charming expression and continuously nodded.

"Sect resources are just one aspect of training Outer Sect Disciples," Li Qinghou continued. "You still need to work hard and seize any opportunities you can. You can undertake many missions for the sect. In a moment, you can go take a look at the missions and select some to begin your training."

When Yan Xiaobao heard this, his heart suddenly thumped. Not long after, when flipping through the sect rules, he noticed a specific rule about Outer Sect Disciples requiring them to complete at least one mission regularly. If they didn't, they would be demoted from Outer Sect Disciples to servants as punishment.

He immediately felt overwhelmed with joy. However, Li Qinghou apparently realized what he was thinking and calmly said, "Don't think about violating the sect's rules. Others may be demoted to servants for not completing missions, but if you try such a thing, I will expel you from the sect and send you back to your village. If by then I haven't forgotten you, maybe in a hundred years, I'll even burn some incense for you."

Yan Xiaobao was so frightened he was half-dead. If he had never seen this Immortal World, it wouldn't have been so bad. But now that he was on the path to eternal life, he didn't want to return to his village at all. If it did happen, he might forget about attempting to live forever. He quickly pounded his chest, promising himself he would definitely complete some missions.

Soon, they were at the middle section of Xiangyun Peak. A building appeared out of the mist, not very large but elegant. Through one of the windows, a young man could be seen quietly sitting there reading.

As if sensing someone approaching, the young man raised his head, revealing a handsome face. When he saw Li Qinghou, he immediately stepped out of the building, clasped his hands, and greeted him.

"Disciple greets the Peak Lord."

"This is Yan Xiaobao, the disciple. Take him outside and teach him." Li Qinghou gave Yan Xiaobao one last look, then transformed into a beam of prism-like light shooting further into the mountains.

Now that Li Qinghou was gone, Yan Xiaobao breathed a sigh of relief. Suddenly, he felt as if a heavy burden had been lifted from his shoulders, and the sky turned blue again.

The young man measured Yan Xiaobao, then smiled.

"Ah, you're the one who used fire to prevent the trial and sell points, right? This is... Yan Xiaobao, correct?"

Yan Xiaobao smiled. "Brother, you flatter me fearlessly. Such minor things are not even worth mentioning."

The young man laughed even harder. Clearly, he was very happy with Yan Xiaobao. Putting the topic aside, he began leading Bai Yunchun around Xiangyun Peak, pointing out important buildings along the way.

"Xiangyun Peak holds an important position on the South Shore. Green Crest Peak is famous for its Sword Planters, while Violet Cauldron Peak is known for its magical techniques. As for Xiangyun Peak, we excel at formulating spiritual medicine.

"Xiangyun Peak is well-known even among the four major sects of this branch of the Heavenspan River. Especially so for the Peak Lord himself, who is one of the two most renowned Pharmacists on the Eastwood Continent.

"Therefore, being an Outer Sect Disciple of Xiangyun Peak will also make you an Apprentice Alchemist. This means you will need to study plants and vegetation, as well as various medicine formulation techniques." The young man continued to provide more detailed explanations to Yan Xiaobao as he led him around. Eventually, they reached the place where Yan Xiaobao received his attire and equipment as an Outer Sect Disciple, including a pouch.

Although the pouch's contents weren't particularly suitable, Yan Xiaobao found the whole thing quite marvelous. After testing it a few times, he stowed it away cautiously like a little treasure.

What brought him the most joy was that being promoted to an Outer Sect Disciple also came with a reward of 200,000 Spirit Stones. Now, he had enough to purchase the medicinal plants he needed.

Soon, it was dusk. Thanks to the young man's explanations, Yan Xiaobao now knew a lot about Xiangyun Peak. Finally, the young man led him to a place called the 10,000 Medicines Pavilion.

From there, he received a piece of jade.

"This jade sliding plate describes 10,000 plants and vegetation. You need to memorize all of them, and then you can receive a second jade."

"Brother Bai, the path of cultivation is long, and spiritual medicine is assistance you cannot do without. If you can become a Pharmacist, you will be able to rise quickly here."

"Apprentice Alchemist, Skilled Pharmacist, Master Alchemist..." the young man chuckled. "Little Brother Bai, your future progress will depend on the good fortune you encounter." By nightfall, the young man had guided him to the courtyard, which had been arranged by the sect as his residence.

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Chapter 1006 Xiangyun Peak

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"Brother Bai, I have to go down the mountain tomorrow, so I can't accompany you to the Holy Scripture Hall. At dawn, go there to obtain the remaining mnemonic for the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Art. You can also select a magical technique from their options. It's a great opportunity to get something for free. After that, you will have to pay merit points for any magical technique you want."

"If there's anything you don't understand, you can always come and find me. My name is Hou Yunfei. I am very grateful for Xiao Mei taking care of me." Hou Yunfei smiled, clasped his hands together, and bowed, then turned and walked away.

"Hou Yunfei?" Yan Xiaobao released his bow and watched Hou Yunfei leave. After some thought, he recalled the face of a young woman.

"Hou Xiaomei!" he thought, blinking. He suddenly realized he was very lucky, as if he had pushed a random stick into the ground only for it to grow into a lovely shade tree.

After a while, he took a deep breath and looked at his courtyard residence. His eyes sparkled as he stood tall under the moonlight.

"Well, I suppose being an Outer Sect Disciple isn't so bad after all!" He flung his sleeves and walked into the courtyard. Moonlight flooded Xiangyun Peak of the Soul Stream, shrouding it in some mist, making the whole scene very beautiful.

About halfway up the eastern side of the mountain, at the end of a small path, was a courtyard residence. The courtyard itself was as large as a field, filled with the fragrance of flowers and plants. The residence itself was a small wooden cabin with a table and a bed, all made of some sort of magenta wood, emanating a lovely fragrance. This place was far superior to anywhere in the servant's quarters.

The fields in the yard had been cleared and prepared for planting. There was even a well in one corner. Yan Xiaobao looked around in the moonlight, his eyes sparkling with satisfaction.

"Outer Sect Disciples are the official disciples of the Spiritual Flow Sect, so naturally, they receive better compensation than servants. This residence is really nice, although, I remember Big Brother saying that the Inner Sect disciples live in Immortal Caves... I wonder what those are like." Yan Xiaobao looked up toward the top of Xiangyun Peak.

Only inner disciples are qualified to live in the upper half of the mountain.

After a while, he went back inside his little wooden cabin, lazily stretched, and took out his satchel. After carefully patting it, a bottle of pills and a string of green incense appeared before him.

"Wow, this stuff is awesome," he thought, fondly hugging the bag. After a while, his eyes landed on the medicine bottle and the green incense. The label on the medicine bottle read "Spirit Condensation." As for the incense, it was inscribed with the words "Green Ascension" on the side. He had received similar items when he was a servant. Consuming such pills would enhance his cultivation base, and inhaling the smoke from the burning incense would have a similar effect.

"It would be a big waste to use them as they are. It would be much better to use spirit enhancement on them first. Maybe I can even use them to break through the bottleneck in my cultivation base." After some thought, he made a decision. However, he only had plain firewood at hand, so he decided to go down the mountain the next morning to get better stuff.

Having made his decision, he sat cross-legged and began to meditate. When it came to his cultivation, he never gave up. Although his progress had slowed recently, he still spent time on it every day.

The whole purpose of practicing cultivation is to live forever, so of course, he would stick to it.

The night passed smoothly and quickly. Sunlight pierced through the thin mist, seemingly bringing down precious treasures. Yan Xiaobao had been cultivating all night. He opened his eyes, put on his Outer Sect Disciple's clothes, and hurriedly left his little wooden cabin to find the Scripture Pavilion that Brother Hou mentioned the day before.

The Holy Scripture Hall was some distance from his own residence, located on the other side of the mountain. It took about an hour of walking before he could see a group of towering pagodas in the distance. They emitted shimmering light and pulsed pressure in all directions.

He encountered quite a few other Outer Sect Disciples, all busy and bustling. When they sensed that Yan Xiaobao was only at the third level of Qi Condensation, they completely ignored him.

Yan Xiaobao didn't care, but considering that most of the disciples he encountered had a cultivation base far higher than his own, he acted cautiously. Some even had cultivation bases so high they were difficult to discern. These individuals always had crowds of other disciples gathered around them, laughing and chatting as they walked.

The closer he got to the Holy Scripture Hall, the more disciples he saw. Just as he was about to enter the area of the building itself, a beam of light flew down from a distant mountain peak towards the area. Within the light, it was possible to see a young man standing on a flying disc, circling around Feiyun Peak, and then flying back into the distance.

"That's Qian Dajin from the Judicial Hall! Brother Qian!"

"Brother Qian is an inner disciple and a member of the Judicial Hall. He's very famous! I heard that he's in the great circle of the eighth level of Qi Condensation and can use temporary flying artifacts. I'm so envious!"

Yan Xiaobao also cast a jealous glance. After Qian Dajin disappeared, he sighed inwardly.

"One day, when I can fly, I'll spend time flying around Xiangyun Peak every day!" he mumbled in anticipation, as he started walking towards the crowd heading to the Scripture Pavilion.

Chapter 1007 Xiangyun Peak (Part 2)

This building is very large. Apart from a long table, the ground floor is completely empty. Behind the table, an old man sits, eyes closed, meditating. All disciples wishing to pass place their identity badges on the table. Under the shimmering glow, they respectfully proceed.

Imitating others, Yan Xiaobao placed his identity badge on the table. It took a moment to glow before he picked it up and followed the other disciples upstairs to the second floor.

This floor is filled with many shelves, containing jade or occasional bamboo scrolls. All of them glowed brightly, making the second floor of the Holy Scripture Hall an extraordinary place.

Seeing another staircase, Yan Xiaobao looked around then walked over. However, when he tried to step onto it, his foot bounced back.

A young man sat nearby, holding a bamboo scroll with straight eyebrows. Sensing what was happening, he looked up at Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao expressed his most charming expression and then curiously asked the young man, "Brother, what qualifications do you need to go there?"

"What, are you new here?" the young man slowly replied. "You must be at the fifth level of Qi Condensation to go up there." Then, he continued reading the bamboo scroll.

Yan Xiaobao could tell the young man did not want to be disturbed. Forgetting about the third floor, he began wandering around the second floor. Occasionally, he would pick up a jade slab to check, or look at some bamboo scrolls. He saw various magical skills, all of which looked very exciting.

Especially a thing called Flame Dao Magic Technique, this technique seemed particularly special.

After a while, he found a jade with descriptions and images from the fourth to eighth level of the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Technique. He quickly grabbed it and continued to stroll.

Time passed, and soon it was evening. Yan Xiaobao had browsed seventy percent of the second floor, and by now, the crowd was thinning.

"These eight look really incredible..." he thought, looking at his selections. One was a bamboo scroll, a bit worn, but when his eyes saw it, they excitedly widened.

"Immortal Eternal Life Skill!"

When he checked the introduction to the skill, he took a deep breath. Apparently, cultivating this technique to the ultimate level would make a person immortal and able to live forever.

Breathing heavily, he checked the name of the technique again and then decided it was his choice!

For immortality, he began practicing cultivation, thus finding such a technique almost seemed mystically connected by fate. He smiled enthusiastically as he descended the stairs, holding the bamboo scroll in his hand.

Back in the main hall on the ground floor, the old man still sat behind the table, eyes closed, looking exactly the same as before. However, as soon as Yan Xiaobao placed the jade slip of the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Technique and the bamboo scroll of the Immortal Eternal Life Skill on the table, the man's eyes slowly opened.

He looked Yan Xiaobao up and down, which made Yan Xiaobao tremble. The man's gaze felt like lightning. Trembling, Yan Xiaobao immediately showed his most respectful expression.

Thankfully, the elder quickly looked down at Yan Xiaobao's identity badge.

"A newly promoted disciple can copy the first eight levels of the Purple Qi Cauldron Control Technique," the elder slowly said, in a hoarse voice. "They can also choose a technique to their liking." Then his gaze fell upon the bamboo scroll of the Immortal Eternal Life Skill, he frowned slightly.

"Although the name of this technique sounds impressive, it is incomplete. Moreover, the more you cultivate it, the more difficult it becomes. The pain is so unbearable that ordinary people cannot endure it. Even most inner sect disciples cannot successfully cultivate it. Most give up. It has been in the Holy Scripture Hall for quite some time. Are you sure you want this magical technique?" the elder looked at Yan Xiaobao.

Upon hearing the elder's words, Yan Xiaobao felt this technique has been waiting here for years. Then he thought again of the words "immortal" and "live forever," his blood seemed to boil. He immediately responded, "Elder, I definitely want it, very much!"

The elder said nothing further to dissuade him. He waved his right hand, causing two blank jades to fly out. Copies were made, then he handed them to Yan Xiaobao, no longer paying attention to him, and returned to meditation.

Yan Xiaobao took the jades. He gazed with anticipation, left the Holy Scripture Hall, and returned to his courtyard dwelling.

When he returned, it was already nighttime. Entering his small cabin once again, he sat cross-legged, took a deep breath, then pulled out the Immortal Eternal Life Skill. He transmitted his spiritual energy and sent it into the jade. After closing his eyes, the magical spell of the technique appeared in his mind.

An hour later, he opened his eyes again, showing a thoughtful expression.

Just as the elder had said, the Immortal Eternal Life Skill was incomplete. According to the description, the technique cultivated through both internal and external means. It was further subdivided into the outer aspects of skin, muscles, and tendons.

The internal aspect was bones and blood.

As for this incomplete version, it only contained the technique to cultivate the skin. Moreover, the cultivation method indeed seemed torturous. Additionally, cultivating it required a lot of resources. However, several secret magics listed within seemed almost unbelievable. For example, there was a thing called Throat Crushing Grasp, reportedly unparalleled.

Yan Xiaobao hesitated, then looked again at "immortal" and "live forever." Finally, his eyes were full of determination, and he began to strike different positions on his body with his hands, as described in the information.

Yan Xiaobao focused on being undead, living far longer than others. Therefore, he completely followed the required techniques and beat himself relentlessly throughout the night.

The next day, he was entirely injured. Whether standing up or sitting down didn't matter. Even lifting his arms hurt. However, he gritted his teeth and continued to do as the technique manual advised, forcing himself to move.

"Owwwwwww.... Relax and bend.... aaaaooowwww.... Bend and relax!" he said, repeating lines from the technique, as he hopped around the courtyard. He let out one miserable scream after another, tears streaming down his face. Ultimately, he gritted his teeth, grabbed some Spirit Stones, and headed downhill.

He thought if he had to move around, he might as well go out and purchase the herbal plants he needed to get longevity pills to extend life. This was much better than exercising in his courtyard.

Soon, many Outer Sect disciples on Xiangyun Peak saw a very strange spectacle. There was a pale-faced young man bouncing around in a very weird manner. He also cried out in a way that sounded nearly euphoric at the top of his lungs.

"Ah ah, oh oh! Ah ah, oh oh! Hahaha..."

Yan Xiaobao didn't want to cry out, but the pain was too much. In fact, it hurt so much that he was sure it would hurt even if he didn't move. However, all he had to do was think of the words "immortal" and "live forever," and he continued with stubborn determination. Thus, he kept going until he reached the market outside the sect.

Trembling, he bought all the medicinal plants he needed, along with some monochrome firewood. Bicolor firewood was much more expensive, so he only bought one piece. After that, he ran out of Spirit Stones.

Grinding his teeth, he returned to the Missionary Office and submitted the tasks he'd performed when he was still a servant. In return, he obtained the longevity pills to extend aging.

The pills were yellow, about the size of his thumbnail, emitting a strange medicinal fragrance. He looked at the pills, his body still burning so much he could barely speak. Sweat poured down, soaking him completely.

Gritting his teeth, he climbed the steps of Xiangyun Peak, leaving a trail of sweat behind him. He received some surprised or even skeptical glances from other disciples of the Outer Sect. After all, he was sweating far beyond normal circumstances.

He truly wasn't sure what was happening. When he returned to his courtyard residence, it was the middle of the night. He walked inside and collapsed onto the ground.

Despite being drowsy, the pain kept him awake several times throughout the night. When dawn light spread across the sky, he awoke to realize the pain was gone.

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Chapter 1008 Living Forever

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"An incomplete small cycle..." he thought, recalling the introduction to this technique. If he could go a whole day without leaving, it would be a complete small cycle. If he could complete 81 small cycles, it would be considered a small loop. After that, his skin would change, reaching a level where the process wouldn't be so painful.

"If the technique were simple, everyone would be doing it, and everyone could live forever. The harder it is, the more I can cultivate it! Then I truly will be immortal, living forever!" His eyes were filled with determination; his obsession with eternal life was intense, reaching a truly astonishing level.

Now his body was no longer hurt, he took out the Age-Prolonging Longevity-Enlightened Pill and studied it. As he was about to eat it, he suddenly recalled something. To ensure no one was watching, he hurried into his small cabin, made a spell gesture with his right hand, causing the turtle tank to appear.

"Consuming it in its current form would be a huge loss. The best method is to eat it after spirit enhancement." Licking his lips, he created dual-colored flame logs, igniting the turtle's scent. The logs

immediately burst into flame, turning into ash after a moment. Meanwhile, two glowing designs appeared on the turtle frying pan.

After some hesitation, he placed the Age-Prolonging Longevity-Enhance Pill inside. Almost as soon as the Spiritual Medicine entered the frying pan, a silver light flashed. After experiencing all this, Yan Xiaobao's expression didn't change in the least; he continued to stare at the frying pan.

After a while, the silver light disappeared, shockingly revealing two silver designs on the longevity pill. The medicinal aroma emanating from it was now much stronger than before, so strong that merely sniffing it would invigorate the soul.

"It's a shame I don't have anything to create a tricolor flame." He picked up the spiritual medicine and put it in his mouth. It melted instantaneously into a scorching current that swept through his body.

Yan Xiaobao felt his thoughts roaring, his body like a furnace. Yet even as he was consumed by the heat, the white hair on his head turned black once more. The powerful life force replenished him, and after a while, he could say it was stronger than before. A trickle of blood seeped from his nose.

"Major success!" he thought, his eyes wide open. He immediately began cultivating the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Art, but found little difference. After all, this spiritual medicine supplanted life energy, not spiritual energy. More blood flowed from his nose, and the scorching current within him expanded. He felt like a bouncing, inflated balloon. Surprise filled him.

In fact, the results of dual enhancement on spiritual medicine ensured that the outcome far exceeded anything before, and was more valuable. Yan Xiaobao's cultivation base at the third level of Qi Condensation could not accept it at all.

At this critical moment, he suddenly thought of the Immortal Eternal Life Skill. He immediately jumped up, starting to hit himself as hard as he could.

The popping sounds rang out, and the scorching current began to disappear. Yan Xiaobao didn't dare to stop. Until an hour later, the current completely dissipated. He was greatly pained, collapsing to the ground, gasping for air. However, he seemed more excited than ever, his eyes shining brightly.

"This relates to spiritual enhancement, but primarily it's the spiritual medicine. Spiritual medicine... is truly amazing... it can increase spiritual energy and longevity.... Well, I wonder if there's a medicine that can make one live forever!" The more he thought about it, the more excited he became, his eyes growing brighter.

"Xiangyun Peak Train Pharmacist..."

"Then, I will become a pharmacist. I will create... the Eternal Life Pill!" Yan Xiaobao started gasping, his interest in spiritual medicine reaching unprecedented levels. Yan Xiaobao lay in the courtyard, filled with his obsession. His body was aching, yet somehow, he could say his skin was harder than before. This made him more eager than ever to become a pharmacist.

After lying in the courtyard for over an hour, this unstable sense of pain finally faded away. Yan Xiaobao climbed into a cross-legged position, his eyes flashing as he patted his bag, producing pills and medicinal aromas.

After careful scrutiny, he took a deep breath, quietly surveying his surroundings, then returned to the small cabin, where he took out the turtle again.

"I can consume this pill as it is. But after spiritual enhancement, it should be able to break my cultivation base from the third level to Level 4 of Qi Condensation. It's a shame the dual-color logs are so expensive. The oven has some, but I'm no longer a servant there, which complicates things." Yan Xiaobao's excitement about the pill continued to grow. After some thought, he ceased any hesitation and made a single-colored log.

"I will make a basic improvement! That will be enough!" He quickly ignited the firewood, and the resultant single-colored flame lit up the first turtle tank design. He opened the Medicine Bottle, pouring out three pills inside, all of which were as big as a longan fruit.

After conducting spiritual enhancement three times, silver flashing patterns appeared on the surface of the pills. He also enhanced the green aroma. Finally, he sat there watching him execute the basic improvement of four different Spiritual Medicine. Lastly, he placed the incense sticks in front of him, then shoved three pills into his mouth.

Chapter 1009 Living Forever (Part 2)

Then, he checked the images in the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Art manual and followed the mnemonic as he began practicing. Soon, the spiritual energy within his body boiled over. He could now maintain a posture for longer than before, and he felt his cultivation base rapidly rising.

After the time it took for the incense to burn, the stream of spiritual energy within him flowed through his body, and he felt he was nearing a breakthrough in fourth-level Qi Condensation.

"I just need to hold my breath a hundred times, and I can break through!" He gritted his teeth and continued maintaining the posture in the fourth picture. His body swelled so much that he felt like a ball, and he could hear cracking sounds inside him. Huge beads of sweat scattered across his body.

It was at this point that the spiritual energy began to weaken. Yan Xiaobao squinted his eyes and spat a mouthful of spiritual energy onto the green incense in front of him.

Once the spiritual energy touched the green fragrance, it ignited, causing tendrils of green smoke to spiral like green snakes. They flew into the air, entering Yan Xiaobao's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, then transformed into powerful spiritual energy. Shortly thereafter, the stream of spiritual energy within him doubled in size.

When Yan Xiaobao emerged from the small cabin and entered the courtyard, rumbles could be heard. His eyes opened, and they glinted with joy.

"Fourth-level Qi Condensation!" he shouted with a smile.

He could immediately feel the spiritual energy surging through him, carrying a powerful life force. He felt more agile, and when he looked down, he saw black grime clumping on his body. It must be the impurities that had just been squeezed from his body.

As he floated out of the small cabin, his body flickered. After tidying up the courtyard, he stood there feeling extremely energetic. He quickly performed a spell gesture, flicked his fingernails, causing his wooden sword to fly out of his bag like a ray of light.

He sent it flying back and forth, his eyes sparkling. The wooden sword was already extraordinary, but now combined with his fourth-level Qi Condensation cultivation base, it had an even more impressive aura.

"The spiritual enhancement is amazing. However, if I could use the tricolor flame, it would be incredible. Pills like that would be unbelievable!" The more he thought about it, the more magical the spiritual medicine seemed. Whether in pill form or incense form, it was an absolute necessity for cultivation practice.

"I am definitely going to become an amazing alchemist! I will create an immortal pill! Then I'll enhance it tenfold – no, wait, I'll enhance it a hundredfold!" Yan Xiaobao's ambition to become a pharmacist grew stronger. Suddenly, he patted his bag to produce a jade slip.

When they went to the Ten Thousand Medicines Pavilion together, Hou Yunfei handed him a jade sliding plate, which was one of them. Inside were images of 10,000 plants and vegetation. Only Fragrant Cloud Peak had this type of ancient record, and they were something all apprentice alchemists must master.

Of course, merely 10,000 plants and vegetation were just the beginning. According to Hou Yunfei, once you memorize these, you can obtain another scroll.

With determined resolve, he spread his spiritual energy and various images of plants and vegetation emerged in his mind. He was filled with an odd feeling, as if an entire page of life opened up before him. It even described the medicinal plants needed for trading longevity enhancement pills to extend one's age.

After examining the contents of the jade artifact, he realized that memorizing each of the 10,000 items wouldn't be that difficult. However, he was not merely an old man. His goal was to become a great pharmacist capable of concocting an immortal pill.

The ruthless determination hidden in his personality erupted once more. It wasn't just memorizing a simple list; he must meticulously observe every detail of each medicinal plant. Only after fully understanding one plant could he move to the next.

When pushed by Xu Baocai like this, he practiced almost manically for most of the six months. Now, even with greater aspirations, similar occurrences awaited.

He studied the details of medicinal plants until he could close his eyes and recall the image of each one.

However, he still felt that this wasn't enough; he wished he could study real items to complete his research. Alas, he was powerless to do so. All he could do was meticulously examine what he had, including the shape of leaves and vein patterns.

Though this wasn't enough for Yan Xiaobao, he also studied the roots and fruits. It was almost as if the plants themselves appeared before him, several times their normal size, unearthed for him to learn.

After that, he still lacked sufficient confidence. Next, he studied the tiny hairs growing on plants, even the small pore-like openings beneath them.

Time flew by. Soon, a month passed. During that time, he spent every day practicing the fourth-level Violet Qi Cauldron Control Technique, and his cultivation base became increasingly comfortable. Meanwhile, he didn't forget the Immortal Eternal Life Skill. Each day, in the courtyard, he endured pain while remembering the plants and vegetation on the jade sliding plate. Unfortunately, the jade slip had no index, so he was unsure about how many he had memorized so far.

#### Chapter 1010 Living Forever\_3

Apart from training in his courtyard, he often lingered in the spiritual field in the corner, where he planted ten medicinal plants.

These ten plants were Spirit Wind Bamboo. Half a month ago, he went to the Outer Church mission group at Fragrant Cloud Peak and selected a simple, non-dangerous task to obtain them.

Yan Xiaobao dared not forget what Li Qinghou had told him. Disciples of the sect needed to complete at least one task every six months; it was a sect rule that Yan Xiaobao always kept in mind.

The merit reward for this task was important, and it could be higher, depending on the final delivery of the goods. It was a simple task, but required considerable time investment; before completing the task, he had to care for these plants for three months.

Of course, the Spiritual Winter Bamboo could be catalyzed by the spiritual energy of a cultivator, which would make them grow faster. Unfortunately, Yan Xiaobao did not have time to test that method; he simply planted the seeds in his spiritual field as soon as he returned.

"You grow so slowly," he said, looking down at the spiritual field. From the jade's description, he knew that Spirit Wind Bamboo required a lot of spiritual energy to grow properly. If the soil it grew in did not have strong spiritual energy, then a cultivator needed to personally add spiritual energy.

He squatted down and picked up a handful of soil from the spiritual field. After a while, he muttered, "I bet this spiritual field doesn't have enough spiritual energy, which is why the Spiritual Energy Bamboo grows so slowly."

"What can I do to make the spiritual energy of the spiritual field stronger...?" After some thought, his expression brightened, and he extended his right hand, manifesting the turtle within it.

He looked at the wok, then back at the spiritual field, his eyes starting to gleam.

"If this wok can enhance anything, then... I should be able to perform a spiritual enhancement on the spirit soil, right?" Driven by curiosity, he quickly dug up the Spiritual Winter Bamboo seeds, then filled the turtle with spirit soil to produce a monochrome log for testing.

Soon, silver light flashed, and the spirit soil in the turtle shimmered with a basic spirit enhancement design. The light quickly faded, but the spirit soil clearly had stronger spiritual energy than before.

Yan Xiaobao was delighted. He felt no inconvenience at all and soon began to gradually enhance a spiritual soil. After more than an hour, just as he had produced a single-color log, the entire spiritual field benefited from basic spiritual enhancement.

Of course, this was only the highest level of the soil. He did not have enough logs to lower the effect. Therefore, since the spirit soil had no foundation, it would gradually return to normal after enough time.

Even so, the spiritual energy of the current spiritual field had undergone an earth-shaking transformation, so intense that it caused a fragrant aroma.

Yan Xiaobao immediately replanted the Spiritual Winter Bamboo seeds and stood by to watch. Before long, some small shoots suddenly appeared and began to grow rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, they were almost over a meter high. In fact, if the disciples in the sect who excelled at cultivating medicinal plants saw what was happening, they would be out of breath. Even if a cultivator skillfully nourished the plants with spiritual energy, they would not grow so quickly.

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